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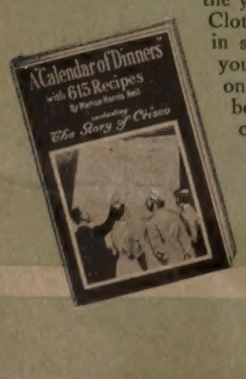

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Our Program for 1921

"HERE is a thought for you," says an observant friend of the Christian Herald. "This old world in the last half-dozen years has really lived the full equivalent of a thousand years, if we reckon progress as life."

"Then," we remarked in response, "you agree with H. G. Wells, that 'human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe,' and that, whichever way it turns out, the world is making progress and will continue to progress."

"Precisely," was the reply. "And if you can get people to realize that in that one little group of years, the biggest conceivable transformations have happened—all through intensive education and application—you will be doing real service."

And this along with other reasons is why the Christian Herald's program for 1921 (which is outlined in detail on another page) has the outstanding qualities of novelty, variety, attractiveness and intrinsic worth. It is in large measure a Program of Christian Service for the New Year, and expanded to meet the op ortunities of the New Age just begun.

FORTY-TWO years have passed since the first issue of the Christian Herald was printed in New York. It was a small, modest-looking publication, and from the outset it carried a staunch Gospel message. This is what the announcement set forth of its character and purpose:

"The Christian Herald is the organ of no sect or class; it does not advocate the interests of any denomination or party; we enter into no competition with existing periodicals; but are ready to give the right hand of fellowship to all engaged in the circulation of the pure Gospel."

In all the years since that was written and printed, the Christian Herald has steadily held to its original program of a broad interdenominationalism, and a sound presentation of the old Gospel. Every year has seen its growth and the extension of its influence. And now, with a constituency still rising in the hundreds of thousands, it feels, in facing the new era, a greater responsibility than at any previous time in its history.

A prince had for his motto the words: "I Serve." But it was the Master himself, the rightful King of this world, who laid down the great truth that "he who would be greatest of all must be the servant of all"—a truth which the world has been slow to apprehend. This principle of service is one which has been specially emphasized in the history of the Christian Herald, and which in the coming year will be kept more to the front, if possible, than ever.

AMONG the well-known personalities in authorship, in the pulpit, and in various fields of intellectual and spiritual work, who will be strong features in the pages of the Herald for the next twelve months, are such well-known names as Edwin Markham, who may be called the American Poet Laureate and philosopher; Dr. J. H. Jowett, most delightful and helpful of spiritual writers; Dr. John McNeill, foremost among British evangelicals; Paul Rader, eloquent successor of Dwight L. Moody in the Chicago pastorate, and who is now touring the world on a missionary quest; Sherwood Eddy, delightful in his stories and philosophy of travel and observation; Prof. Albert L. Clay, of Yale, with new findings and new ideas of the ancient peoples of Bible lands; W. E. ("Pussyfoot") Johnson, who will tell what Prohibition is still winning for the world—these and many more, not forgetting Dr. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor, who is writing his world travels for our readers, and our own Dr. Sheldon, whose wonderful series of "In His Steps Today" will be finished during 1921.

In the same category we place Bishop Quayle, one of the most eloquent of Methodists, Dr. E. M. Stires (Episcopalian), Dr. J. B. Remensnyder (Lutheran), Dr. Peter Ainslie (Disciples), Dr. A. C. Dixon (Baptist), Dr. Burrell of Marble Collegiate (Reformed), Dr. John Kelman (Presbyterian), Dr. Torrey and "Billy" Sunday (Evangelicals).

Former readers of World Outlook have begun to enjoy the regular visits of the Christian Herald. They see that the old World Outlook clientèle is not forgotten. In the series of articles by Willard Price (formerly the editor of that paper), and which has already begun to appear, there will be a continuous world-view of missionary activities, which none should miss reading.

OF COURSE, the women will form this year, more than ever, an important element of the literary attractiveness of the Christian Herald. Quite a group of new names are likely to appear in this connection, including Miss Alice Robertson, the only woman Congressman, who will tell what she hopes to be able to do for her sex in legislation; Margaret E. Sangster, whose charming sketches, poems and stories are a constant surprise and delight to our readers; and then there is that talented group of women story writers of which Annie Hamilton Donnell, Ida Alexander, Gertrude Brook Hamilton, Jean M. Plank, Ruth Mason Rice and Charlotte C. Kinney, are among the brightest examples—all of these and more will be represented in the Christian Herald during the year.

All who profess to follow Jesus' teachings must now stand together as a mighty army to carry out the mission which He laid upon His church. That mission is "to preach the Gospel to all the nations," and prepare for the setting up of His Kingdom in the hearts of men and women even in the "uttermost parts of the earth." This is the great mission of the Church of Christ today, of which hundreds of thousands who read the Christian Herald are earnest loyal members.

It is, however, in the field of Christian service that the great expansion of Christian Herald activities must necessarily come in 1921. With the biggest calamity of its kind prevailing in China, and with distressing conditions in half a dozen other countries, the Christian reader must feel it a duty to be linked up with the service which our country is now rendering to save humanity in these unfortunate lands. Every reader of the Christian Herald can have an opportunity for practically getting in touch with this great life-saving and soul-winning work.

China's great calamity means not only the saving of innumerable lives, but of the winning of multitudes of souls. Our rescue work there, begun by the Christian Herald, has been emphasized and reinforced on a national scale by the Government in Washington, and promises mighty results in which not only readers of the Christian Herald can unite, but all with whom they come in contact, for the true spirit of Christian service is not that it shall be "done in a corner," but in the open light of day.

Some of the Things You Will Find

in the

Christian Herald in 1921

ARTICLES

By the highest authorities obtainable.
Giving the Christian interpretation of world events.
Written in a popular vein; short, snappy, understandable.
As broad as the Church, with no denominational accent.
Emphasizing humanity; its hopes, its aspirations, its needs, its ideals.
About everything men and women are interested in.

FICTION

By the best authors.
Wholesome, clean and uplifting.
Excellent short stories, in addition to four serials a year.

CURRENT EVENTS

A weekly summary of the news of the world.
Told concisely.
Interpreted in the light of their permanent importance.
Of real significance, omitting the ephemeral.

SERMONS

One a week.
Written by the great leaders of all denominations.
One a month by Dr. Jowett.
Straight Gospel messages with especial application to the needs of the present day.
That bring the most wonderful preachers of the world to your home regularly.
With which are published a complete program for a Sunday service in the home.

MEDITATIONS

One for every day in the week.
Seven good thoughts a week.
A page written by ministers from all sections of the country and from all denominations. This is one of the most popular departments in the magazine.

EDITORIALS

Short, forceful, inspiring.
Containing the Christian angle on world affairs.
A constant source of impetus to service to the Church.

MISSIONS

The best articles from the best writers on world-wide missionary activities.
The most comprehensive picture of the mission fields to be found among American magazines.
Human interest stories of life in the far corners of the earth.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Practical advice on Sunday school management.
Weekly exposition of International Lesson.

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD
(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
AN · ILLUSTRATED · NEWS · WEEKLY · FOR · THE · HOME ·
· GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER ·

Prohibition enforcement was no joke to the owners of this wine—ten 3,310-gallon tanks of it—which was used to spray a Los Angeles street, and then flowed into the sewers

Rum-Running a Crime, Not a Business

Prohibition a Growth, Not a Fixed Status by Law

By WAYNE B. WHEELER

(General Counsel and Legislative Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America)

THE article in the Christian Herald of December 11, "Rum-Running as a Business," is part true, part misleading, and part false. The statements are practically all generalities, with nothing specific to back them up.

It is true that the law is violated. The laws prohibiting murder, theft, and other crimes are violated in some places, but no good citizen condemns these laws as failures, or advocates their repeal.

"It took a long, hard campaign to make Prohibition a law," as Mr. McNutt says, and it will take another hard fight to make its enforcement a complete success, as he indicates. No one knows better than the friends of Prohibition that the fight against liquor is not yet over.

Ten states have no state enforcement codes to help enforce the Eighteenth Amendment.

Governor Edwards is still trying "to make New Jersey as wet as the Atlantic Ocean."

Massachusetts voted recently for a beer law in direct conflict with the Federal Constitution.

California on November 2 voted against a law enforcement code.

Milwaukee is in the United States geographically, but in spirit is not a part of it.

Rhode Island is living up to her reputation of being "corrupt and satisfied."

Connecticut is still "buying wooden nutmegs" from the outlawed brewers.

Maryland is trying hard to shake off the ignominy of a liquor-dominated administration.

New York is going through the nerve-racking experience of—the morning after the night before—

Pennsylvania is in the indefensible position of "letting Uncle Sam do it."

Many public officers are still wet, corrupt and derelict. The wets are laying their plans to capture the next Congress after reapportionment.

THESE are some of the many left-over problems of a saloon régime. They furnish no justification for the sweeping allegation that "there has been no Prohibition in Chicago." More than three thousand ex-saloons, now decent places of business, furnish the answer. Ask the people who recently believed Mr. McNutt's statements concerning Prohibition and have been landed in jail by Judge Landis and other officers they know. Mr. McNutt had to rake with a fine tooth comb to find one point where there was an increase in offences. He forgot to call attention to the facts set forth by Judge William W. Gemmill, of the Municipal Court in Chicago, in his report of October 5, 1920.

> "Since the enactment of National Prohibition, the total number of arrests for all offences has fallen off about 40 per cent. This includes arrests for drunkenness, fighting, stabbing, shooting, embezzlement, contributing to the delinquency of children, wife and child abandonment, and other kindred offenses.
>
> "In the city we have abolished two criminal courts, located in the worst saloon sections, because there was no longer sufficient business to justify their maintenance.
>
> "Two-thirds of our Bridewell or City Prison, where all prisoners convicted of misdemeanor are sent, has been closed. Before National Prohibition became effective this prison was continuously filled to capacity. (Twenty-two hundred.) For the last year it has averaged about 600. Before Prohibition we had in our Court of Domestic Relations an average of about 40 cases per day of wife and child abandonment and non-support of wife and children.
>
> "In most cases drunkenness of the husband and father was the cause. Now we have less than one-half of that many."

Judge Victor P. Arnold, of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, Chicago, said October 5, 1920:

> "Regarding the effect that Prohibition has had on the decrease in juvenile delinquency and dependency, our statistics, covering the first six months of actual Prohibition, show a decrease in delinquent petitions filed of 37 per cent.
>
> "National Prohibition has undoubtedly removed temptations and has raised the home standards among the people with whom the Juvenile Court touches most closely.
>
> "The record of the Bridewell, which is our House of Correction for men and women, shows a decrease in population of 33⅓ per cent.
>
> With reference to new institutions, which it is claimed have been built in order to take care of inebriates since Prohibition came into effect, we wish to state that Neal Institute, which was a large private sanitarium, caring for alcoholics, has been closed, and now only cares for drug addicts.
>
> "Washingtonian Home, which was a private institution caring for alcoholics, giving them the bromicide cure, has been entirely closed. This same applies to the Home which was known as The Martha Washington Home for Women."

MR. McNUTT quotes, with an assumed virtue, as he explains away the effects of his figures, that "Arrests for misdemeanors have increased from 28,255 to 35,088 in the first quarter of 1920 in New York." It is true that Tammanyized New York and its liquor-protecting mayor furnish no criterion for judging the results of Prohibition, but it would be fairer to tell what partial enforcement of Prohibition by Federal officers has done even in New York.

According to the statistics in the District Attorney's office, for the first ten months of 1920:

Murders decreased	38
Robberies "	200
Burglaries "	100
Homicides "	21
Petit Larceny decreased	203
Receiving Stolen Property	57

Many other beneficial results could be added.

Mr. McNutt refers to Canda and Detroit to prove that "Liquor is coming into the United States faster than it is being stolen or legitimately withdrawn from the warehouses." He gives nothing to prove this statement. What are the facts? In Canada you can have liquor shipped to your home for private use, except in four provinces. This makes the problem of enforcement more difficult in Detroit, but the whole characterization about the "young farmer boys, high-school students, clerks, delivery boys, etc., going into the business and making large fortunes" is inexcusable exaggeration. This illicit trade is being fought by the Federal Prohibition agents and the Chief of Police of Detroit. It has been reduced over one-half in the last sixty days. Michigan is not impressed with the argument that Prohibition is a failure in that state. They increased their dry

THE Christian Herald published in its issue of December 11 an article by William Slavens McNutt, designed to arouse the friends of National Prohibition to the fact that the prohibition battle is not over, and that they must push the fight in order to make it fully effective. That article gave the views of a newspaper man who had traveled widely over the country and had seen the law flaunted in many cities. It gave the darker side of the picture. Here we are happy to present, as a complement to Mr. McNutt's account, an article by Mr. Wheeler which shows the brighter side of the prohibition situation. There are many black spots, the battle is far from over, but it can be won if the friends of law enforcement continue their efforts.

from 80,000 to over 200,000 at the and dry election in the State.

misleading to say that "Prohibition ot been tried, and any judgment of its ts, its virtues, or evils, is impossible." hibition has been tried out in most of this country. About 90 per cent. of the territory of the Nation is dry under local or State Prohibition laws. The people experimented with it, voted dry, then wet, compared results, and found that Prohibition actually decreased drunkenness, crime, delinquency, and increased wealth, health and happiness. It is because Prohibition was tried out in most of the territory of the Nation and by over 60 per cent. of its population that we have National Prohibition today. The wet minority of the Nation are now trying it out, and in some places find it hard to sober up.

IT IS false to say that "all over the country except in the oil-fields a year ago last summer it was perfectly easy to buy liquor." Public officials and private citizens know that this statement is false. There is a large part of the country where t is as difficult to find a liquor seller as a horse thief.

One of the most efficient Prohibition officers in the third largest city in the United States, upon reading Mr. McNutt's article, said: "Many of the statements in this article are not true. To say that it is a perfectly simple matter to buy whiskey is ridiculous. Bartenders scan carefully each customer, and, if he looks suspicious or has a witness with him, he gets no liquor. The fellows who are hanging on in this outlawed trade are leading a dog's life. They make little more than a living with few exceptions. They are living daily in fear of arrest. Let any two or three strangers walk into a liquor joint in a business-like manner, in nearly every instance the bottle of liquor near the drain suddenly disappears, or the whiskey glass already filled is swept aside and the whiskey poured into the drain.

"Over half of the old saloons are closed, or filled with another line of business. Others are closing up daily. This is a sample of how many of these men feel about it. I was raiding a liquor joint, and we had to use physical force to prevent the destruction of the liquor. The proprietor, when apprehended, said to me, 'I am sick of this —— business. It is a dog's life anyhow, and, listen to me, I have a fine son and daughter and have struggled to educate them, and want them to be able to associate with nice people. They can not do it while I am in this business.'"

This officer, who is fighting night and day to enforce the law in Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey, said in closing:

"If men like Mr. McNutt will give us the evidence, instead of talking in generalities, and will accompany me with any two of my men, I will prove to him that 'Prohibition is a fact,' and that his statement that 'it is a simple matter to buy liquor' is false."

PROHIBITION COMMISSIONER KRAMER made the following observation on Mr. McNutt's article:

"If one is not particular as to the kind of liquor he secures, or the methods he employs to secure it, he can undoubtedly secure whiskey in New York City, but to say that 'the saloons are open and are selling whiskey across the bar as they did before Prohibition became a law' is far from the truth. Those persons who are selling liquor across the bar have usually a little hidden under the counter which they dole out to those who they know will not give evidence which will lead to their arrest and conviction.

"If Mr. McNutt should care to give the evidence which he seems to have in his possession, I would be pleased to make arrangements to have him appear before the Federal Grand Jury and give the same."

The old form of wet propaganda was: "The Prohibition laws not only prevent a person from getting a drink of liquor, but also prevent one from getting it for medicinal use." We all have read the thread-worn stories about women who became suddenly ill traveling through these Prohibition districts and were prevented from getting one drop of liquor even to save their lives. That kind of propaganda is now being replaced by an equally false one, that "you can buy liquor anywhere." Why not face the facts?

RUM-RUNNING, recently described in The Christian Herald, is not a business; it is a crime. The person who makes, sells, furnishes, barters, transports, imports, or exports intoxicating liquor for beverage use is a criminal. He defies the Constitution and the laws of the United States. He has no more rights under the law than a traitor like Aaron Burr, an assassin like Booth or Czolgosz, or a highwayman like Jesse James.

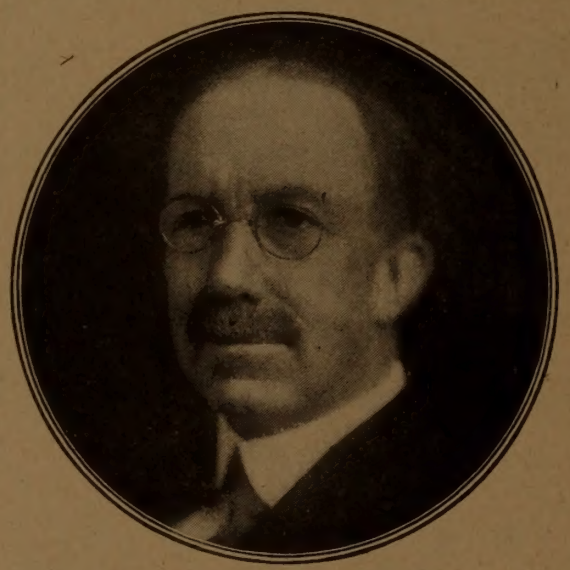
Patriotic citizens should treat violators of the law as criminals, not as business men.

The stories of great fortunes made by rum-running and illicit liquor dealers are mostly myths. Only a few get rich, and if those who claim to know about their illegal transactions would testify instead of generalizing, these too could be sent to jail.

The average outlawed liquor dealer is a sorry creature. Corrupt officials graft on him. He is in constant fear of arrest as the Prohibition officer truthfully said. The jail, the injunction and the prohibitive tax hang over his head like the sword of Damocles.

International

A saloon, most of its furnishings intact, which has been transformed into a book store



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WAYNE B. WHEELER

One of the outstanding leaders in the prohibition fight

International

Federal officers searching the galley of a ship for smuggled liquor

Within the few months since National Prohibition has been in effect, over twenty million dollars of tax has been assessed under the Prohibition Code. The financially responsible violators can be stopped or bankrupted by this one section without any court proceedings.

Over $795,000 in fines have been assessed by Federal officers since Prohibition went into effect.

Over one million dollars' worth of automobiles and property have been seized during this time.

Over 1,700 arrests have been made by Federal officers for violation of the Prohibition law.

This does not include state arrests, fines, etc., which are taken care of largely by state officers in thirty-eight states. Put yourself in a liquor dealer's place in view of these facts and imagine yourself comfortable if you can.

Prohibition should be judged with reference to the stage of its development. It is a growth, not a fixed status by law. Education of public sentiment favorable to the reform is the first step. Crystallizing that sentiment into prohibitory legislation is the second step. Building the law enforcement machinery and putting it into operation is the third step. This is the most difficult part of the task. When the law is enacted, that much of the program is a fact, but it does not constitute all of the program. We are now clearing away the wreckage caused by liquor and uprooting the old liquor system that debauched and disgraced this Nation for more than one hundred years. That system was entrenched in the social, economic and political life of the Nation, and by many it was thought to be a fixture. The power and viciousness of it was revealed in the testimony taken before the United States Senate Judiciary Committee. It showed that this organized traffic had made a survey of practically every state; that business men and politicians were blacklisted or boycotted who dared oppose the traffic. They attempted to subsidize the public press, and were successful in some instances, as the evidence shows. Magazine writers, ministers, doctors and lawyers were employed to advocate that trade. The traffic did not hesitate to ally itself with, and use, the disloyal forces in the Nation in a vain effort to try and save their crime-producing traffic.

This liquor system made alcohol slaves of millions of our people. Many of them will neglect their families, lie or steal if necessary, to get liquor to satisfy their thirst. To uproot a system and a condition like this is a hercuiean task.

THE political influence of the liquor interest that dominated this Nation for years is broken. This was evidenced by the last election, when they made a last stand to elect a beer and wine Congress. Their failure was humiliating and complete. It is worth all that Prohibition cost to oust this boycotting vicious system that corrupted the politics of the Nation.

The decreased arrests for drunkenness and crime in the great cities, where it has been hardest to enforce the law, are convincing. Detroit reduced the arrests for drunkenness from 19,309 in the year 1917 to 6,244 this year. Boston in 1919 had 88,593 arrests for drunkenness; in 1920, 47,395. In Baltimore there were 3,992 fewer commitments in 1919 than in 1918, or an average of 270 fewer prisoners a day for the last six months of that year, according to Warden Lee of the City Jail. Not a week passes but that some jail or reformatory closes its doors, or abandons a large part of the institution, for lack of inmates. Deaths from suicide, alcoholism and accident have decreased about 60 per cent. The removal of the saloon as a public drinking place is in itself one of the greatest victories of Prohibition.

Recently in Boston I found that the twenty-six saloons formerly within a few minutes' walk from the Parker House are now occupied by food and clothing merchants. In one section where there were four hundred, all are now occupied for legal purposes except six that are vacant. Multiplied thousands of saloons which distributed daily large amounts of liquor have been supplanted by decent places of business which cater to the comforts and necessities of life.

It is not necessary to accumulate evidence concerning the decrease of crime, misery and poverty; the increase of savings accounts, home-owners, attendance in the public schools and colleges, increased wealth of citizens, and the hundreds of other benefits that come directly or indirectly from the abolition of the beverage liquor traffic. A policy of government that brings these results is not a failure. It can and will be, however, made more successful as time goes on.

There are many critics of Prohibition. Some find fault because it interferes with their easy access to liquor; others are just naturally kickers. They are against the Government. Some expected too much all at once; others talk glibly about the violations of the law, and refused to tell the officers the name of a single place where

Continued on page 23

Slavery Under the Frigid Equator

The Third Article in a Series on "New Worlds"

By WILLARD PRICE

A LAND which is only a few degrees from the equator, yet as cold as Maine—a land where the streams freeze in the July winter and flowers bloom when summer comes in January—a land far above the clouds, two and a half miles above the average level of the United States, and boasting the loftiest capital city in the world, La Paz, even higher than Lassa of Tibet. Such is the world's roof-garden, where the vast empire of the Incas once stood, on the plateaus of Peru and Bolivia.

If one could pile twenty-five Metropolitan Towers on top of each other and take an elevator to the summit of the stack, he would experience two of the sensations of the visitor to Inca-land.

One would be cold—the other, *soroche*. The sensation a fish has when thrown ashore must be something like *soroche*—except that he suffers from too much air, while on the Andean plateau there is not enough. Oxygen is at a premium. The newcomer has a continuous strangling sensation, and if he makes any sudden exertion he comes out from it half-smothered, gasping for air. Although the houses get bitterly cold, fires cannot be burned, for they would take the oxygen out of the air, leaving none to breathe.

Foreign visitors must go carefully, or their lives will be the forfeit. Foreign children born in Bolivia rarely live. Thus it is no mean heroism which takes missionaries to this land.

The native Indians have developed huge chests, encompassing expansive lungs, so that they look for all the world like overgrown brownies, with their squat heads, enormous trunks and spindling legs. They are able to inhale vast quantities of the thin air, extracting from it enough oxygen to keep the machinery of life going. Adapted by centuries to such an altitude, they dare not go to live in the lowlands—for then the great unutilized lung areas become breeding places for disease, and in as little as sixty days' time the Indian will almost certainly contract tuberculosis. This explains why the descendants of the Incas do not migrate and are not to be found in any other part of the world. If they leave their historic land, death is the penalty.

THERE are a few pure-blooded Spaniards in this country, and many mixed bloods, but the vast bulk of the population is Indian. These are the people whose fabulous wealth and remarkable civilization were recounted by Pizarro—and who were crushed into slavery and penury by this same Pizarro and the other *conquistadores*.

Some majestic remnants of their civilization still remain, brilliant in contrast with the tragic conditions of today—like gold buttons still clinging to a rotted garment.

Reminders of the past are thick along the shores of Lake Titicaca. This remarkable sheet of water is 150 miles long by two miles high—above the level of our own Great Lakes. I found descendants of the Empire sailing their ships of straw upon its surface, as their ancestors did centuries ago. But now the Indians gazed in dull wonder at our graceless steamer which had been brought up the mountains in small pieces on the backs of llamas and donkeys, was then jointed together, and had since regularly violated the sacred groves of the Island of the Sun with the smudging of soft coal smoke and the racket of machinery.

I remember particularly one evening: The red lamp of the sun was sinking in the northwest; the yellow lamp of the moon was rising in the southeast. Islands about us floated high in the air, entirely detached from the surface of the lake—or such was the optical illusion. The sky was sparkled with brilliant points of light. The old schoolbook distinction between stars and planets did not hold here, because, in this rare atmosphere, none twinkled. The Southern Cross, looking as much like a giant kite with a boy flying it, dominated the display. Our familiar North star and Big Dipper were not to be seen—buried beneath the northern horizon.

SOUTH of the equator, the seasons being reversed, we were shivering in the ice-cold blasts of wintry June. Garbed in the heaviest winter clothing still I felt it necessary to glue my back to the smokestack for warmth. Lowell's lilt, "What is so rare as a day in June," had always appealed to me as being very beautiful. Now there seemed a note of icy irony in it. A sailor climbed the rigging and took down the hams which had been hanging there all day to refrigerate, and carried them below so they would not freeze solid over night. (And all this even nearer the equator than torrid India and the blazing Sahara!)

The chief engineer opened a bottle of mineral water. The release of the gas made it freeze. The Padre, whose main spiritual care had been that his coffee should be hot (and our half-breed cook had learned to make sure of this before every meal by inserting his thumb into the liquid) danced about the deck doing his rosary as he danced, his long black vestments waving in the wind.

But there was one who seemed oblivious to the cold. He had sat on the floor of the deck for an hour without making a motion. He was an Indian. His ancestors had lived on the shores of this lake.

We passed through a narrow channel between two villages. Here on black nights the captain blows his whistle to make the dogs bark. Then he is able to tell which side is nearer, and steer accordingly. But on this night, the moonlight made such an expedient unnecessary.

THE two huge mountains, one on either side of the channel, resembled pyramids of Egypt, built with a succession of terraces tapering to the summit. Here the Indian began to take interest. He rose and looked, and—what is more rare for the stoic Indian—talked. Through the chief engineer as interpreter, he told us that these elaborately terraced mountains were the ancestral estate of his family and tribe, long since filched from them by the Spanish.

The stupendous remains of a highly perfected civilization were still there—not in the form of great buildings, for the Incas were primarily an agricultural people. Range on range the terraces rose to the peak. In each case the buttress of the terrace was a gigantic stone wall, built of rocks so huge that they could not have been moved without the combined labor of hundreds of men. Then dirt was brought, often from miles away, and filled in to make the terraces. It has been computed that in many cases it would cost $6,000 or $7,000 gold an acre to do now the work that was put upon these hanging gardens of Peru.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were puny compared with many of these. The Babylonian gardens are estimated to have been from seventy-five to three hundred feet high. Many of the huge staircase gardens of Peru, still in existence, are more than five hundred feet high.

And the puzzle of the building of the pyramids is out-puzzled by the mystery as to how the huge rocks in these walls were matched together so perfectly that it is impossible to insert a knife blade or a piece of tissue paper between them. In fact, in some cases the joints are too fine to be seen with the naked eye and a lens is necessary to make sure that there is really a seam. How was it ever possible to grind together with such minute accuracy the edges of stones that weighed tons?

Then to think of all the other great works of these ancients—their tremendous irrigation projects—the way they turned rivers hither and thither at will—their great aqueducts—their magnificent temples—their highly organized social and political systems.

I went below to crawl, fully dressed, under eleven blankets, and reflect upon how thoroughly this marvelous people had been crushed and enslaved.

An Indian woman of Bolivia in market finery, with her baby strapped to her back

THE word "slave" is mild in this case. Rarely have slaves been treated so brutally. But "slave" is the strongest word I know, and therefore must do.

They are threefold slaves—under religious slavery, the slavery of ignorance and economic slavery. The last is made possible by the first two. Therefore we shall consider religious slavery first.

After four hundred years of contact with so-called Christianity, religious conditions are worse than they were under the Incas. From more or less simple beliefs, the people have passed to complicated beliefs which have as their basis the money-gouging schemes of priests.

Before a man dies he must confess to a priest. This costs so and so. If he dies without confessing, he must be prayed out of Purgatory. This is a very expensive process. Even if he does die confessing, his future welfare will not be secure unless the priest is hired at regular intervals to sprinkle some holy water on the grave and repeat a pater noster over it.

Marriage is a luxury which only the well-to-do can afford. When the priests charge a minimum fee of eight dollars for a marriage ceremony and a peon earns only a few cents a day, the high cost of marriage is such that most Indian families live and toil and multiply without ever having known the rite.

If a child is not baptized, the priests declare it will be cast into outer darkness—and the fee for baptism is fixed at a little more than the applicant can afford.

Ignorant mountain priests extract incomes which would do credit

A pack train of llamas—these strange animals used so much by the ancient Incas—resting high up amid the mountains

etropolitan pulpits. The cura of a village ed San Pedro is reported to take in $4,800 ear. The cura of another small village has naged to organize and enforce the local erstitions to such a degree that he derives 200 a year from his fear-stricken flock. Weird pagan beliefs are still persisted in by Indians. The wily priest is not above orporating these beliefs into his "Chris- ity" in order that he may have them to to his list for fees.

A FOREIGNER who wishes to introduce an innovation such as a trolley line or a eam-engine will do well to see the priest st—otherwise his project will be declared be "of the devil" and he will have no tronage.

The local priest called upon an American ho had proposed putting in an electric light lant. He insisted upon free current for his hurch. If this were not granted, he would have to notify all his parishioners that electricity was of the devil. The American saw the force of the argument and the free current was supplied!

The greatest financial ingathering takes place on the "Christian" feast days. Then the Indian garbs himself in feather head-dress, hideous mask, and tiger-skin garment, takes down his drum or shrill reed pipe and sets out with his family to the nearest church. There, plenty of alcohol is supplied. When the brain begins to spin, the legs follow suit, and the dizzy dance is on. Even before the altar the bacchanal is continued, accompanied by the shriek and clatter of reed and drum. Men, children, even women with babes on their backs, drink and reel until they fall to the ground in a drunken stupor.

The priest chooses the psychological moment to collect his fees of silver, grain, poultry or sheep, and then rides off to the next church in his charge where this "Christian" celebration is repeated.

"The state has entered into a kind of partnership with the church," says a Bolivian newspaper, "the former to sell alcohol to the Indians (having a monopoly of its sale), and the latter to provide in her festivals the occasion for its consumption."

Such is the slavery of the Indians to a religion that Jesus of Nazareth would never have recognized as containing any of the marks of His own teaching.

The slavery of ignorance spells illiteracy for eighty-five per cent. of the population. One out of every thousand of the Indians of Bolivia is literate. The ordinary Indian has never heard of the "Republic of Bolivia." Needless to say, he knows nothing about the United States. Even the literate Indian has received the scantiest sort of education. One of these did know of the United States, and asked, "How long has Uncle Sam been President of the United States?"

Various attempts have been made to educate the Indian. Such efforts have always come up against a stone wall of opposition on the part of estate owners, who object that schooling will "spoil" the Indians, give them "foolish notions," and make them "feel above their work."

They know they can defraud the Indian only because he is too ignorant to figure the true cost of his purchases at the owner's store, to compute his debt, or to contend for his rights.

A mission school on the shore of Lake Titicaca has had almost insurmountable difficulty in meeting the opposition of white neighbors, who prefer to keep the Indian ignorant so they can exploit him.

The result of fleecing the Indian by taking advantage of his religious superstitions, and of keeping him confined in the prison of ignorance, is that it has been possible to grind the Indian into the most abject economic slavery.

An estate or industry wanting peons will go out and "hook" them; that is, give them enough money to get drunk on, then seize them and carry them off to work out their debt. There the peon discovers that the store where he must buy his food and supplies is under the control of the owner for whom he is working. And the owner charges enough in the store so that the peon can never get out of debt. Since the law requires that he should continue to work until his debt is paid, he works until he dies—or escapes.

Child servitude is common. Nearly every house in Arequipa has a child slave, purchased from Indian parents at an early age.

THIS land needs a great missionary invasion to help lift the triple slavery from the backs of the sons of the Incas. But the number of missionaries is pitifully small. There are more ordained ministers for the State of Iowa than in all South America, with Mexico and Central America added.

In the very few and struggling mission schools, Indian students promptly show their capacity for education. Medical missions are desperately needed. Prevention of disease must be taught. Three out of four of the children born die before reaching two years of age.

Although the need is as great in the interior of South America as in Africa or India, American mission boards do not support one hospital in the whole continent.

Education in elementary hygiene is needed. The Indian occasionally washes his clothes but never himself. He wears a cap with large ear muffs, winter and summer, day and night, in bed and out. He never takes it off. All manner of troubles flourish beneath it.

And, beyond schools and hospitals, the greatest need is for a genuine Christianity.

This land of the sky, raised aloft in the heaven of untwinkling stars, is without the light of the Star of Bethlehem. More of the exports from this part of the world come to the United States than go to any other country. The United States can send one gift in return that will more than repay for all that is received—the Bible—a Book containing a message of new freedom for these enslaved descendants of a once great and free empire.

Invocation

By HAROLD S. PETERS

THE glowing hope of every glad New Year
Lies like a snow-white mantle on the earth;
Let it not die, that it may give new birth
To that deciding faith which brings God near.

That such a faith in things which are to be
May bloom throughout the world—a God-like right,
Given to Man that in far-seeing might
He yet may conquer—this be all my plea.

The Year 1920 Among the Churches

A Look Backward Discloses Real Achievements for the Kingdom

By H. K. CARROLL, LL.D.

THE biggest and best thing to be said for the churches in the year just past is that they are well on the way to recovery from the effects of the great war. The year previous was, perhaps, the hardest they had known in recent times. Few of them were able, in 1919, to hold their own. Their ingathering was not large enough to fill the vacancies caused by death—and in not a few cases the deaths were twice as large as usual—by expulsion and by losses due to removals and other causes. Denominations representing an aggregate of 41,500,000 members reported a net increase of only 56,000. It was a sore defeat, and it is gratifying to know that all the signs point to 1920 as a year of at least measurable prosperity.

The cessation of growth, even for a year, of the great body of churches in a country of increasing population is very much like the stoppage of heart throb in the human body, a cause for alarm and immediate action.

It would appear that the work of propagating the Gospel among the unconverted was resumed in 1920, the results are so encouraging. A number of the leading churches have made up their membership reports and they agree in indicating that the year has been one of ingathering.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, for example, reports for the year a net gain of more than 183,000 members, at home and abroad. This is the largest increase for a long time. It follows a net loss in 1919, in the United States only, of nearly 70,000.

The Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. (Northern), which in 1919 had a net loss of nearly 29,000, gained in 1920 34,072 which, though not up to the average for the three years preceding 1918, more than make good the loss of 1919.

Other churches, including the Northern and Southern Baptist Conventions and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have had a good year in 1920, and the total increase of membership in all the churches will again rise in the hundred thousands, and with the gain in church membership we shall have undoubtedly increases in membership in the Sunday schools and Young People's Societies.

IT IS rather strange that the war should affect the children and young people in their relation to the church, but the figures seem to show that it does. In the Methodist Episcopal Church there was a loss in 1918 and 1919 of 1,274 Sunday schools and 45,160 members, of 60,360 members of the Senior Epworth League, and of 15,558 members of the Junior Epworth League. Such results would seem to be due largely to lack of pastoral supervision and effort. Many churches had to be content with Sunday supplies instead of pastors.

DURING the year the number of denominations has been reduced by one. The Welsh Presbyterian Church united with the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. (Northern). Negotiations for the union of various bodies bearing the same family name—for example, the whole Presbyterian group—have not yet been brought to a definite conclusion.

The success of the union of three large Lutheran bodies—the General Synod, the General Council and the United Synod South—has been emphasized by the proceedings of the second convention of the United Lutheran Church in America in Washington, D. C., in October. There was no sign of dissatisfaction with the union, or of a coming rift. The spirit of the Convention was joyful as it counted up its gains. One of these, according to a member of the Convention, is that "Lutheranism, through its partial merger, has acquired a national voice. At last the Nation listens when the Church has something to say." Union of synods in various states is going on, reducing expenses and enlarging their power and influence. Recently four synods in Ohio became one. The Convention plans a World Conference of Lutherans in 1922 or 1923. It adopted a declaration of principles defining its understanding as to what constitutes the Holy Catholic Church and its relation to other Protestant Churches, and to co-operative movements among them. It insists that agreement concerning the Gospel and the Sacraments is necessary to organic union and that it can co-operate with other bodies in "works of serving love," provided that such co-operation does not involve surrender of essentials.

The negotiations for the unification of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have not yet been renewed. The General Conference of the former church rejected last May the basis agreed upon by the two Commissions, but proposed a renewal of the attempt to get together by a somewhat different method.

Increased activity in home and foreign mission fields has resulted from increased receipts from "drives" or campaigns by most of the denominations. Evangelization has been more extensive and successful, largely through pastoral effort. Religious education has advanced and the theological seminaries have filled up. Increase of ministerial salaries has been quite general, and normal conditions once more invite increase of spiritual activities and the full round of church work.

The re-establishment of diplomatic relations by European nations with the Vatican, including the return of France, the "oldest Son of the Church," to intercourse with the Pope, indicate a wise and politic head of the Roman Catholic Church, who has also removed the ban on the visit of Catholic rulers to Rome. The fiction that the Pope is a prisoner in the Vatican may end ere long in an understanding between the Vatican and the Quirinal.

The Russian Church in America has adopted a policy of Americanization, and is hereafter to celebrate its ritual in English, ceasing to be a foreign church, under foreign domination, at least while Bolshevist rule continues in Russia, and endeavoring to turn its communicants toward American ideals.

One thing is increasingly evident, the world is not turning from but toward the Church, and the Church is facing the world with its divine message more confidently and hopefully than ever before.

Church Advertising in Newspapers

How One Congregation Handles the Publicity Problem

By Rev. HAROLD HOLT

E subject of advertising—causing people to turn toward—the church is one of the most to me interesting subjects there is to the average call minister. In any church, in any size of town, a the metropolis with its crowds hurrying past the Fch door, to the small village with people too indif-ent to go three blocks to church, the problem of advertising is a real one.

There are a great many different ways of advertising a church, and none of them need be undignified. ere is no excuse for dragging religion in the dust order to have it attract attention. The street akir's methods are not the only methods of advertising. But this article will deal only with advertising in the home-town newspapers—advertising one particular church and in a particular way. We are so restricting ourselves because this one particular way has been found to work successfully in the case of Trinity Church of Niles, Michigan, and, we believe, will work equally wel in the case of other churches similarly situated. In larger cities it might not work so well—or rather it would work as well, but would be too expensive, and so becomes impracticable for all bu the wealthiest churches.

The particular type of advertising about which we are writing was worked out through the whole of last year. "Worked out" is the right expression, for, while the idea was born whole, the details were worked out by experiments, each experiment being carefully checked on charts, and if successful that detail was kept; if not so successful it was discarded and another detail tried. In this way every detail of the appearance of the advertisements, every line of text, even the length of the reading matter, was worked out as carefully as a laboratory experiment.

The situation was this: A small city of eight thousand; six churches, all more or less prosperous; an old settled element in town, indifferent, watching the procession pass, and content to let it pass; and a new labor element coming in in great numbers with very little use for the churches, the old inhabitants, or anything else except the job upon which they were for the time being engaged.

THE problem that confronted the church was to interest these strangers, not so much in a particular church at first, but in religion itself; to awaken its own old membership to the latent possibilities in themselves and to make them interested in a real sense in the church. Another and equally great objective was to pull the organization together and make it function as it should.

With the assistance of Mr. Benjamin Jefferson, an advertising expert—or rather under his direction with him doing all the work, and the rest of the organization giving him its moral support—it was decided to try newspaper advertising first.

Advertising of the usual sort had been tried before and given up because it was found to have little or no effect. Few of these people that we wanted to reach cared about the text of tomorrow's sermon—they might enjoy the sermon after they got to church, but the clever and rather mysterious combination of words which indicated the subject of Sunday's discourse interested them not at all except as a guessing contest.

Neither did a mere announcement of the services printed in large type, with the name of the church conspicuously displayed over it, draw them.

Both of these types of advertisements worked all right as giving valuable information to the people who intended to come to church and wanted to make sure of the time, or the sermon they wished to hear, but failed miserably in reaching the "unchurched."

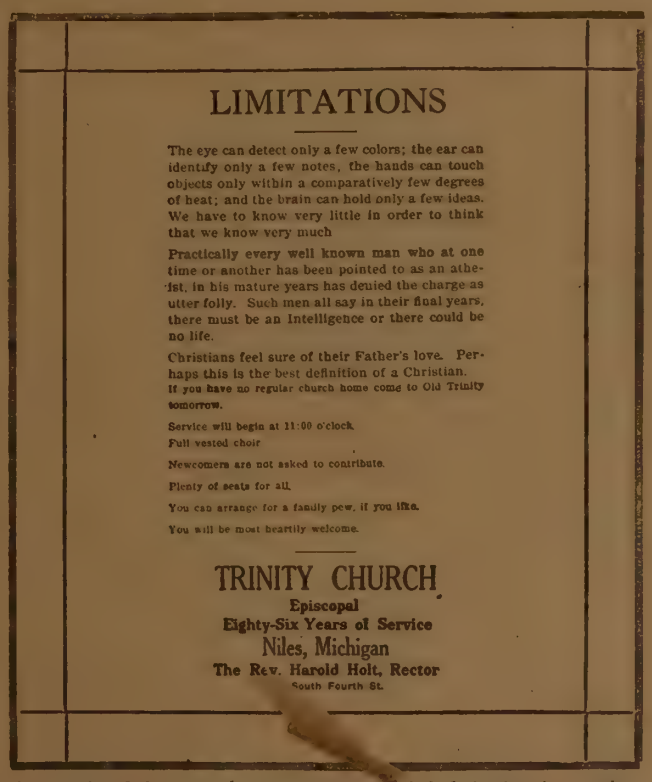
THE advertisements which would accomplish this purpose must have several characteristics, which are lacking in the usual church announcement—or so-called advertisement. It must be: (1) Dominating on its page; (2) of a dignity consistent with the religion of Christ; (3) of new interest every week so that it would be looked for; (4) of universal appeal—that is, it must not make any one mad, must not stir up unfriendly rivalry or hereditary prejudices, must not divert a man's mind from the message by bringing in other ideas; (5) stir the curiosity to know what the church is like.

The advertisements as finally worked out incorporated all five of these points. Point number one was easily solved by contracting for a space of thirty inches. That is, thirty newspaper inches, which means a space of three columns wide by ten inches deep, about eight by ten inches, roughly. As the advertisements were to run on Saturday night when the papers have very little advertising (stores as a rule do not use the newspapers on Saturday) we got a cut price for the space. To be exact we got a price of four dollars and a half instead of the usual price of seven dollars. Such a price can usually be secured by the use of a little tact and diplomacy.

The other points were harder to solve and the solution can best be understood by referring to the specimen advertisement printed on this page.

The title is always printed boldly and contains as few words as possible, preferably one. This one is some common word, or a word associated with a homely idea. That catches the attention at once, and has an honest ring about it that every one likes. In this case the word "Limitations" was used. Every one is interested and begins to wonder how Limitations and a church are related. That induces a reading of the text. Curiosity is aroused and half the battle accomplished. But dignity has not been sacrificed in order to do this. Every one associates dignity with a church and while a sensational word would secure attention it would carry with it a slight shock hard to overcome. Remember, we must avoid an unpleasant reaction or aftertaste.

Each week the text of the advertisement is changed, but the space and the form remain the same so that people begin to associate a definite mental picture with our advertisements, yet are always on the outlook for a new message.



LIMITATIONS

The eye can detect only a few colors; the ear can identify only a few notes, the hands can touch objects only within a comparatively few degrees of heat; and the brain can hold only a few ideas. We have to know very little in order to think that we know very much

Practically every well known man who at one time or another has been pointed to as an atheist, in his mature years has denied the charge as utter folly. Such men all say in their final years, there must be an Intelligence or there could be no life.

Christians feel sure of their Father's love. Perhaps this is the best definition of a Christian. If you have no regular church home come to Old Trinity tomorrow.

Service will begin at 11:00 o'clock

Full vested choir

Newcomers are not asked to contribute.

Plenty of seats for all.

You can arrange for a family pew, if you like.

You will be most heartily welcome.

TRINITY CHURCH

Episcopal

Eighty-Six Years of Service

Niles, Michigan

The Rev. Harold Holt, Rector

South Fourth St.

A sample of the sort of advertising which is bringing increasing attendance to one church. The space used is three columns wide and ten inches deep

THE advertisement then goes on to tell about some well-known fact, or usual incident, not too obvious, not too trite, nor too easily moralized on. We do not want our reader to stop half-way with a, "Oh, I know all that already." This incident is then applied in the field of religion. If possible in a novel way, yet kindly and graciously. We never make the suggestion that a man does not go to church because he is an atheist, or because he is indifferent to religion. People usually live up to your expectation of them, or try to.

Our reader has now been led to apply the message to himself—to ask the question, "Is it I," and when he asked that question he is ready to seek a remedy for his deficiencies. And so the Church is now emphasized in a series of sentences which are always the same. This part of the advertisement really is the most important. The mind has been prepared, now the meat of the advertisement must be so presented that there can remain no obstacle to the man's coming into church next Sunday.

First we coined a phrase "Old Trinity." The church really is old as churches in the Middle West go. Some think that it is too old. In fact many of the congregation were longing for a new building. But we have capitalized what was our drawback into our greatest asset. "Old Trinity" carries with it a friendliness and a homeliness that are attractive. You can love an "Old Trinity." And love draws.

And then we had to make it very clear that we were not trying to compete with other religious bodies. Competition may be the life of trade but it is the ruin of Christianity. There are enough of the unchurched in any town without competing for those who are already religious. And so the line is always used: "If you have no regular church home." We do not want those who are already settled in some church home.

THEN we emphasize the choir. Every one likes the music of a well-trained, devout choir, especially one which has its idiosyncrasies of dress covered up in a uniform costume. More prayers lose their way to heaven because the person praying is thinking of the soprano's peculiar taste in hats than through any other cause. So we assure the prospect that he will not be so distracted. Once we ran a whole advertisement about the choir and how wonderful it was. And it was a good advertisement judging by the attendance that morning.

The next line carries the announcement of the time of service. We only announced one service, though we have three during the day, because the mid-day service is the most popular, the best attended and the heartiest. Our neophyte must not be introduced to a poorly attended or very quietly devotional service, at least not until he has gained some religious background and instruction in Christianity.

Then comes a line about which there has been some questioning on the part of people who have seen our advertisements. It looks peculiar, and we are rather proud of it. "Newcomers are not asked to contribute." It originally read "Strangers are not asked to contribute," but was changed because no one likes to think of himself as a stranger.

But, you will ask, is not such a line a very poor thing to have at all? It seems to cheapen the idea of the church—give a sort of "something for nothing," "Religion is free and we need not support the Church" idea. At first glance it does seem so, and because of that appearance we have been criticized.

Did you ever hear the story of the two men who were shipwrecked, and one of them suggested that something religious be done? Neither of them knew a prayer, so they passed the hat. That story really was the cause of that line being put in our advertising.

And so we use that line. We do not want your money, we want *you*. We do not expect you to contribute to the cause of Christ unless you are Christ's.

THE fifth paragraph is becoming less and less true all the time. When we started advertising, it was all too true. There were far more seats than people. But now—we are seriously thinking of changing that line to: "Come early and be assured of a seat."

But so far we can keep it. And it tells the reader that he will not get there and find every seat occupied by a pew-holder who will not welcome him to sit beside him. You know that feeling. You go into a strange church and the usher seats you down in the far corner or in a very back pew where it is hard to hear or see. And you know why—it is because the other seats have regular tenants who might arrive late and be vexed to find a stranger in their pew. "Plenty of seats for all." We will make them move over for you.

Why, we are so glad to see you that we will even arrange for you to become a pew-holder yourself—you can join the privileged few freely and without any cost. A family pew is a great anchor to the restless religious immigrant.

The next line assures a welcome, and at the bottom, in large type, we let ourselves out with a little boast. The name of the church, a cross-section of its history, and last of all the name of the rector and the address. You see he is the least important of all. It is the Church, the message, the faith, that count above all. So his name comes in small type at the bottom.

AS WE have said before, this is a practical, well-proved system of advertising. Nothing abstract, nothing theoretical about it at all. Every Sunday has been charted both as to attendance and offerings, and the advertising has proved itself. The church is not yet full, it is not yet all that we are going to make it, but it is about two hundred per cent. better in attendance and much more financially sound than it was a year ago, or ever has been except when it had a silver-tongued orator at the head of it, and they are too rare to be dependable as a source of a church's strength.

With these principles in mind any pastor, or intelligent layman, who has a deep and abiding faith in the church and can think in other than trite theological terms and yet be religious, can reproduce the results which we have had. But let me warn you—fifty-two advertisements take a great deal of material, and mean a great deal of work. If possible do as we did, secure an expert to write them for you. You will find that they are more scientifically written, and your gray hairs are fewer.

And finally do not advertise spasmodically, for it is wasted money. Lay out a regular campaign with definite objectives in mind—and carry it through.

President Aids Starving China

Mr. Wilson Appeals for Famine Victims and Appoints Nation-Wide Committee to Collect Funds

THE campaign to save the tens of millions who are starving in China has become nation-wide in character—a responsibility resting upon the entire American nation—through the setting in motion by President Wilson of the machinery to carry forward this great national relief movement as rapidly as possible. The President, having all the facts before him from the Christian Herald and corroborated by other sources, issued an appeal that the people respond generously to this "appealing cry for help" and has appointed a nation-wide committee to bring about the most effective collection of funds and to direct the administering of relief in the famine districts.

One hundred and thirty of the men and women most prominent in official life, in church activities, in business, in education, and in civic and philanthropic affairs throughout the nation were appointed to membership on this committee.

As chairman, the President designated Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, of New York City, one of the partners in the great banking house of J. P. Morgan & Company, and one of the best-informed men in the country on Chinese affairs. Mr. Lamont was a leader in the formation of the international consortium to straighten out the financial affairs of the Chinese Government, in which nearly twoscore American banks are participating, and has spent much time in the Orient.

The President named as honorary treasurer of the committee, Mr. Norman Davis, Under-Secretary of State. The restrictions on federal officials will prevent Mr. Davis from taking actual charge of the funds, but he will serve as honorary treasurer, and will assist in the campaign in every way possible. It has been through the State Department that the money collected by the Christian Herald for China relief has been forwarded to the district of need.

THE text of the President's announcement regarding China's tremendous emergency follows:

"A famine, alarming in its proportions, today holds in its grip several important provinces in China. The crop failure is complete, and the present distress, which is great, is likely, before winter has run its course, to become appalling. In fact, our diplomatic and consular agencies in China inform me that the loss resulting from death in distressing form may run into millions of souls. It is certain that the local Government and established agencies of relief are unable to cope with the magnitude of the disaster which faces them.

"Under the circumstances, relief to be effective should be granted quickly. Once more an opportunity is offered to the American people to show that prompt and generous response with which they have invariably met the call of their brother nations in distress.

"The case of China I regard as especially worthy of the earnest attention of our citizens. To an unusual degree the Chinese people look to us for counsel and for effective friendship. Our churches, through their religious and medical missionaries, their schools and colleges, and our philanthropic foundations have rendered China an incalculable benefit, which her people recognize with gratitude and devotion to the United States. Therefore not only in the name of humanity but in that of the friendliness which we feel for a great people in distress, I venture to ask that our citizens shall, even though the task of giving is not today a light one, respond as they can to this distant but appealing cry for help.

"In order to be assured of the orderly collection of such donations, large or small, as may be offered, I have invited a nation-wide committee, whose names are attached hereto, to lend their aid to this matter. I have designated Thomas W. Lamont of New York City to act as Chairman of this committee, and Norman Davis, Under-Secretary of State, to act as Treasurer.

"I realize that this call, added to those for the underfed children of Eastern Europe and the afflicted peoples of the Near East, and to the needs of our own country, makes heavy the demand upon the bounty of the nation. I am confident, however, that all these pleas will be answered in generous spirit."

At the time he issued the appeal, Mr. Wilson sent a telegram to each person named on the committee, giving notification of his action and requesting earnest co-operation. In reply to his formal notification, Mr. Graham Patterson, publisher of the Christian Herald, at once sent to President Wilson the following telegram, pledging his wholehearted support to the cause:

> "I am very glad to accept the call for service on the China famine relief committee. Be assured the whole force of the Christian Herald and its large body of readers will be thrown wholehearted into this great humanitarian cause."

A picture of famine victims which makes a stronger plea than any words could do

THE Christian Herald had been active in calling to President Wilson's attention the terrible catastrophe which has overwhelmed the people of North China and in urging him to set up nation-wide machinery for relief on a huge scale. The Christian Herald will continue its fund for famine relief, but in the fullest co-operation with the national committee.

The Christian Herald will be very actively identified with the campaign since Mr. Patterson will serve as vice-chairman of the executive committee and Rae D. Henkle, managing editor, will be general secretary of the committee in charge of the details of the campaign.

China's need is on a scale so unprecedented, so appallingly large, affecting so many millions of human beings, that nothing less than an organization nation-wide in its operations and embracing all lines of business, all sects, all classes of the population, is adequate to the emergency. The entire nation must take part in this philanthropy if the famine is to be kept from taking a toll of life that will run far into the millions.

The sum required to tide one individual in China over the crisis is amazingly small—the cost of saving one life is but a trifle—but 45,000,000 are affected by this famine, there are so many tens of millions to be tided over this time of crisis, that a gigantic sum must be raised in America. And America, remember, is the only hope of these tens of millions of starving humanity. On America, long the best friend of the Chinese nation—on America, which has sent its missionaries by the hundreds to carry the message of Christianity to China—falls the burden of averting the worst disaster in the world's history.

THE Christian Herald's fund has been advancing at a great rate. Each day's receipts have gone well ahead of the same day for the preceding week. There has been a steady upward trend—an upward trend which we hope to see continued for several weeks. The fund has all but doubled in the last week and now is well over the $100,000 mark! It more than doubled in the week preceding. Is it too much to hope—in view of the great cause—that it will double again in the coming week and that our next report will be of a fund in excess of the $200,000 mark? The generosity which the readers of the Christian Herald have displayed gives ground for a belief that it is not too high a goal for the week.

In our issue of December 25, we announced contributions totaling $54,750.86. This is the way the contributions have been pouring in day by day since then:

December 9	$7,927.76
December 10	8,802.02
December 11	5,071.44
December 13	17,024.22
December 14	6,645.42
December 15	9,194.88
Grand total	$109,416.60

This is an inspiring showing. The Family Circle may well be proud of it. But, after it, it is barely a beginning, only a few drops in the bucket of China's heart-rending want. The formation of the nation-wide committee does not lessen the responsibility resting on the readers of the Christian Herald—on you who know already of the great emergency—to do all in your power to save lives in China. Rather it increases it, now that the appeal has been made to the entire country, for you have information which enables you to be the leader in having your community do its share in this great work.

There are many ways in which you can help—by giving what you can afford in cash or Liberty bonds; by inducing your church or Sunday school or some of the affiliated organizations to take up a collection; by persuading your farmer friends to make contributions of grain to be assembled in carload lots for special steamship cargoes to be sent direct to the famine district; by interesting your local Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade in making some contribution substantial enough to represent the humanitarian spirit of your town; by telling the editor of your local newspaper of the crisis, having him publish a short appeal and receive contributions; by organizing a local committee to emphasize the appeal.

The Christian Herald will receive contributions of money or Liberty bonds, and arrange for the handling of donations of wheat, corn, oats, barley and other grain. Address money contributions and information regarding grain donations to the Christian Herald China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York.

America's Duty Toward China

By J. J. UNDERWOOD

GRIM famine stalks through China. Death by the wholesale follows in its wake. Definite figures are hard to obtain in China, and nobody knows the exact population of the stricken provinces, but the most conservative estimates place the number at somewhere between forty and fifty millions. Unless heroic measures are promptly taken at least half of them, and quite likely nearly all of them, will die this winter.

The number who will suffer the pangs of starvation and ultimate death before next spring—unless aided—is equivalent to from one-quarter to one-third the entire population of the United States.

Many are already dead, and no matter what action is taken, it will be impossible to save all of them. Prompt action will save some. To save all is absolutely beyond hope of human accomplishment, for, when I passed through the famine districts last October, scores were dying every day, almost every young girl between the age of fourteen and twenty years had been sold into slavery or worse, literally thousands were in the last stages of malnutrition, and, to add to an already horrible condition, cholera had begun to take its toll.

The trees had been stripped of their leaves, every blade of grass that poked its head through the parched

Continued on page 17

World History in a New Setting

Analyzing H. G. Wells's Story of Mankind's Progress

By GEORGE H. SANDISON

IT WOULD be difficult to find an author whose writing gives evidence of greater love for the task in hand than we find in a reading of H. G. Wells's new book, "The Outline of History." In his introduction he characterizes his work as "an attempt to tell the whole story of Life and Mankind as far as this can be done in one continuous narrative." And as Mr. Wells has the rare gift of seeing all sides of a great question at once, instead of taking the partial view, the work becomes in his skillful hands one comprehensive story of human progress in education, science, philosophy, religion and government. He brings the reader to agree with him that the real outstanding personages of human history are those who have opened the ways that lead to progress, and who have spoken to the children of men, encouraging them to "Go Forward."

His two volumes are, therefore, a real history of human progress, not of momentary achievement, however brilliant. He is no hero-worshiper in the ordinary sense, but a lover of his kind, who holds that true greatness lies only in those who serve God and their fellow men. In this "plain history," as he calls it, every incident takes on a new interest. It is a rearrangement of the whole system of historic presentation, which would have staggered many of the great historians, and which never seems to have occurred to any of the famous historical writers from the days of Herodotus down to the present. Yet it is a method of literary treatment which the reader finds of absorbing interest.

One of the points in Mr. Wells's philosophy, which he emphasizes early in his work, is to impress the reader with the essential unity of the human race. All are of one blood and kindred, and all their struggles are to be interpreted as tending toward the ultimate recognition of racial unity and common human interests. History receives at his hands a new setting. It is not merely the clashing of rival nationalities or races, or the hard-won triumphs of strength and skill; these become mere incidentals in the greater struggle toward light and freedom and human happiness, the beacons to which he believes that humanity, like the needle to the pole, has been steadily turning, notwithstanding many deviations.

IN THE first volume we have a wonderful, fascinating story of the world in the making, and the origin and distribution of the human race, the dawn of history and the early religions; the story of Judea, Greece and India; the rise, development and collapse of the Roman Empire; and the introduction of Christianity. But it is in the second volume that we find the great theme of the book—the Progress of Mankind—fully developed. With the coming of Christianity great things began to happen. The teachings of Jesus turned the world upside down. The Master was too great even for His disciples, none of whom could grasp the full world-wide scope of His teachings. In His Kingdom there was to be no property, nor pride, nor precedence, and no reward but love. The hearts of His followers must see in every man a brother.

Even today, as the author points out, Christ's teaching is so soul-searching and far-reaching, that our small hearts, however much we may will to serve Him, find it difficult to reach the standard of our spiritual desires. As his work proceeds, the historian frequently reverts to the beauty and world-embracing character of Christ's teaching, which, if at any time applied to the troubles of the world, would have proved a solvent.

As a historian, Mr. Wells judges the leaders among men—those who are the dominant characters in the history of their times—by the standard of service not to a group or a nation, but to the world. In dealing with the founders of the old religions and philosophies, he searches out their good qualities through which they became helpers to humanity, rather than their weaknesses and errors, which other historians emphasize. The result of this new valuation is to give to a very large part of history hitherto obscured by prejudice, a new and more reasonable presentation.

With the coming of what has been called the "modern type" of civilization, which brought in popular education and the freer teaching of Christianity, there came a new spirit into the world. Europe began to think. Then came the Age of the Great Powers. In England, Holland, Germany and Poland, the republican spirit began to find freer expression. It was a time of territorial rivalry and brilliant conquest. The great scramble for empire overseas was in full swing. It was what the Chinese would have called an "Age of Confusion," and, as Mr. Wells observes, its influence has not even yet drawn to a close. Yet, in spite of all its drawbacks, it must be viewed as an age of progress.

PERHAPS the most effective part of "The Outline of History" is to be found in the last five chapters, in which we find sketched the progress of independence in America, the French Revolution and its influence, the meteoric career of Napoleon, and the "world's increase of knowledge and clear-thinking which distinctively marked the nineteenth century." It was a period big with events. The revolution in mechanics pressed education upon whole populations, and led to wide organization of industries that produced "a new and distinctive system of ideas among the common people."

This age, too, witnessed the development of the Marxian philosophy and the proletariat. There came a great irruption of new social, religious and political ideas into the general European mind.

"No Socialist sect has yet defined its projected government clearly," Mr. Wells says; "the Bolsheviks in the Russian experiment seemed to be guided by a phrase, 'the dictatorship of the proletariat,' and in practice we are told Trotzky and Lenine proved as autocratic as the less intelligent but equally well-meaning Tsar, Alexander I. A revolution can establish nothing permanent that has not already been thought out beforehand, and apprehended by the general mind."

Of President Wilson, Mr. Wells writes with a mingling of honest criticism and undisguised appreciation. "He was the spokesman of a New Age. He unfolded a conception of international relationships that came like a gospel—like the hope of a better world—to the whole eastern hemisphere. His League of Nations was to be the final court of appeals in international affairs. Here again he awakened a tremendous echo. To Europe and Asia he seemed to be thinking and seeing, for the first time in history, things hitherto undeveloped and altogether secret"; but it was manifest that the American people had no mind to a compact "that was virtually little more than a league of allied imperialism for mutual insurance. . . ."

THE closing pages of the second volume of this remarkable history are devoted to what Mr. Wells calls "a stock-taking of the state of mind in which we leave mankind today." And here is where his philosophy becomes clearer and more hopeful and heartening. Human history he regards as in essence a history of ideas, and these tremendous experiences of the late war constitute a crowning epoch. "Never before have men stood so barely face to face with the community of their interests and their common destiny." It has done more than any previous experience to awaken the consciousness of a collective need, and the possibility of a collective effort embracing the whole race. With a world full of physical evils, there is this mental arousal to set against them, and he still finds that the dominating fact is a new sanity that touches all nations in common.

It is a different world from the one we knew before the war, he tells us. The dull routine of those old days is gone. The realization grows that there can be no securely happy individual life without a righteous general life. The absence of any world-wide law, or world-justice, spoils all; yet these are not unattainable, he believes. To be aware of a need is to be half way towards its satisfaction. We call this stirring toward a new order, this refusal to drift on in the old directions, "unrest," but he calls it "hope."

At the same time, he frankly makes the admission that, "having brought this outline of history up to our own times, yet we have brought it to no conclusion." The attitude is one of dramatic expectation. We are the actors in the drama. "It is you, it is I, it is all that is happening to us and all we are doing," which will tell the sequel. "Our wars, our social conflict, our enormous economic stresses, are all aspects of adjustment. Loyalties and allegiances today are at best provisional. Our true State, this State to which every man owes his utmost political effort, must now be this nascent Federal World State, to which human necessities point. Our true God now is the God of all men. Our true nationality is mankind."

To a certain small number of men, the attainment of world-peace has become the supreme work in life, has become a religious self-devotion; but to a far greater number it has become a ruling motive. Religion and education have been the chief forces throughout this great story of enlarged human co-operations. Religious disputation and confusion have had their share in the reversion of international politics toward "a brutal nationalism," and the backward drift of business life toward harsh, selfish, uncreative profit-seeking. One of the results has been what he terms the "real decivilization" of men's minds.

MR. WELLS lays special stress on the suggestion that the divorce of religious teaching from organized education can be only temporary, and that soon again education must become religious in intent and spirit. Then, under favoring conditions, the impulse to universal service, which he declares has been the underlying force in all the great religions of the last 2500 years, will again reappear "as the fundamental structural impulse in human society." He draws these conclusions:

"Out of the trouble and tragedy of this present time there may emerge a moral and intellectual revival, a religious revival, of a simplicity and scope to draw together men of alien races and now discrete disconnected traditions into one common and sustained way of living for the world's service. We can not foretell the scope and power of such a revival; we can not even produce evidence of its onset. The beginnings of such things are never conspicuous. Great movements of the racial soul come at first 'like a thief in the night', and then suddenly are discovered to be powerful and world-wide. Religious emotion—stripped of corruptions and freed from its last priestly entanglements—may presently blow through life again like a great wind, bursting the doors and flinging open the shutters of the individual life, and making many things possible and easy that in these present days of exhaustion, seem almost too difficult to desire."

Mr. Wells does not pose as a political prophet, but rather as one who expresses the world's great longings, and whose confidence in its ultimate fulfilment is unshakable. The League of Nations may or may not prove efficient in opening up the new highway which the world needs, but more than a League of Nations is wanted, he says; "what it needs is a World League of Men. The world perishes unless sovereignty is merged and nationality subordinated." He foresees the possibility of several partial leagues preceding any real world league.

He believes that the religion of the future will be "a common world religion," pure and undefiled, which will teach the Kingdom of Heaven, brotherly and creative service and unselfishness. The whole world will be educated—not simply classes and people. There will be neither armies nor navies; no classes, no unemployed, no wealthy or poor. The political organization of the future will be democratic, the direction being in touch with and responsive to the generous thought of the whole population. Private enterprise will be a servant, useful and well rewarded, and no longer a "robber master of the commonwealth."

THESE are a few of the characteristics of the future World State towards which he believes the human race is steadily tending. The climax of the whole will be "the attainment of a Federation of all humanity, with a sufficient measure of social justice to insure health, education and a rough equality of opportunity to most of the children born into the world." This would open a new phase in human history. It will be a world with little drudgery and better ordered than that of today; with few professional fighting men, or none at all; no custom-house officers; a multitude of teachers; a world-wide sanitation.

He warns us that one can not foretell the surprises or disappointments the future may have in store. There may be tragic economic struggles, grim grapplings of race with race and class with class; but these may be unavoidable. Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe, yet clumsily or smoothly, the world progresses and will continue to progress.

There is no basis for comparison between Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" and the works of other historians. He has shown the new way, and there will be many who will follow him. In a broad and exalted sense, his book is one of the prime literary products of this remarkable age.

IT IS unusual for the Christian Herald to devote so much space to a single book. But H. G. Wells has done an extraordinary piece of work in his "Outline of History," and Dr. Sandison's analysis of this new presentation of the story of mankind—a record of marvelous progress despite periods of retrogression—gives to it an interest far beyond that of the ordinary book review. Mr. Wells holds that true greatness lies only in those who serve God and their fellow men, and hopes that out of the trouble and tragedy of this present time there may emerge a moral and intellectual revival, a religious revival, which shall begin a new era.

A Great Winter Evangelistic Program

The Best Season for Spiritual Results New York Has Ever Known

By C. A. STARR

THE close of its sixteenth year of tent and open-air work, which is announced as the most successful in its history, finds the Evangelistic Committee of New York City shifting its emphasis to its winter tasks, which call for no less strenuous effort.

When, in the winter of 1904-05, the pastors felt that something must be done to reach the hundreds of thousands who do not enter the churches, they organized as their representative for this work the Evangelistic Committee, although it was always more than a committee and has become an established autonomous institution.

Dr. James B. Ely, of Philadelphia, who had had success in similar work in that city, was called to New York to inaugurate the movement, but the present General Secretary, Dr. Arthur J. Smith, has been identified with it from the beginning. The first year he preached several times in the tents. The second year he was tent evangelist for a short period, and the third year spent a large part of the summer in the tent work. In the fall Dr. Ely resigned and Dr. Smith was invited to become superintendent. He is now completing thirteen years of service with the Evangelistic Committee.

The Evangelistic Committee platform has never been changed since the beginning. It has always considered the Church as the ultimate unit of Christian organization, and all that the Committee has done is planned as a contribution to the Church. In its several departments this is strongly featured. Its Evangelistic Institute, held every Spring, is designed to develop workers within the Church and to make these workers efficient. It takes Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leaguers, and members of other societies, shows them that the great object of Christian work is the saving of souls, and then instructs them how to go about it.

In the open-air and tent department, the sole object is to enable the Church to reach the people who never go to church and to form points of contact between such people and the Church. The whole effort in the movement is toward the Church, and several congregations in New York City have been formed directly from the efforts of tent and open-air work. Such, for instance, is the Italian Church of the Ascension, in East 106th Street, which grew out of a tent meeting in that section several years ago, begun [illegible]re the war, with a membership of 800. Its assis[illegible] of t[illegible] also has enabled English churches in neighborunus[illegible] where the population is changing to organize coun[illegible]a departments and make contact with the throu[illegible] which makes possible for the church an effi[illegible] their ministry

foun[illegible]

bene[illegible]E year 1920 was the best in the spiritual history devo[illegible]f the work. Up to the end of October there had the [illegible]2,947 meetings in 253 centers, with a total atwhic[illegible]nce of 546,525. There have been many street to a[illegible]ngs since then, and the grand total for the season givi[illegible]exceed these figures. Contributions were larger this[illegible] any year in the history of the Committee, except [illegible] when there was a special gift of $10,000. The [illegible]ount received in 1920 was $3,500 over 1919.

Results in accessions to the churches, however, are far in excess of any previous year. One church alone has taken in more than 500 new members. This church, the Abyssinian Baptist, Rev. A. C. Powell, D.D., pastor, located a tent, the largest used to date, in the heart of Harlem's colony of 175,000 negroes. For this great body there were only 20,000 church sittings, and the religious and moral conditions had become frightful. There have been many church accessions, a good many wrongs have been made right, and the pastors have been kept busy marrying couples who had neglected it. The wave of radicalism which threatened the neighborhood has been turned back, and thousands are living cleaner lives, because of the tent in the black belt.

On the other end of Manhattan Island, there has been a very different bit of work. Down in the Wall Street district, where, if bond robberies were not exciting the people, it was a bomb explosion, or a hold-up, or some other like event, an evangelist has been telling the story of salvation daily, when the weather would permit, from early Spring. John McKay, the evangelist may have an unusual influence in this district, because he was once a part of the Wall Street section. For a number of years he was employed by a firm of brokers, and later was in the brokerage business for himself; but he was a slave to habit and very much on the downward path, separated from his family, when he drifted in to a service in the Old John Street Methodist Church, and heard Bishop Mead tell a story that sounded like the recital of McKay's own history. In the late night watches, alone in his room, McKay won a victory over habit and sin.

A tent meeting for children. The leader, a Jewess, who is standing just in front of the screen, was converted in a similar meeting

Soon he had taken instruction in the Moody Bible Institute and began evangelistic work. He has traveled well over the country, but he prefers Wall Street as a field to any other in the world, because he believes there are many other young men who are as helpless as he was, and who did not know there is a way of escape. He is speaking daily at Broadway and New Street to an audience of from 300 to 500 clerks and business men, and it is common when McKay calls for those who will line up with God for the things of righteousness, to see fifty or seventy-five, or perhaps a hundred, hands raised.

WORKING in conjunction with McKay, but with the younger elements of the district, is Frank B. Gigliotti, a young theological student who devotes all the time he can spare from his studies to reaching hard cases among the youths of downtown New York, or wherever he can find them. Crap-shooting messengers, boy gangsters, and youths who are unfortunate rather than vicious, are all fish for Gigliotti's Gospel net. There is a cartoonist on a New York publication whom Gigliotti found in rags in Battery Park. He is South American by birth, and soon after reaching America, he had been robbed of all his money and had not been able to get work because he could speak no English. Gigliotti fed and clothed him and told him the story of One who bade His followers feed the hungry and clothe the naked. The young cartoonist entered upon a new religious experience.

There is a former leader of an East-Side gang who makes regular visits to Gigliotti's home to tell him how well he is getting along in the new job, and how thankful he is that someone showed him the "better way." Think of it, a gangster going to work! That alone shows the change of heart which has come to the young fellow.

A street-corner meeting in New York's financial district

Of a different nature has been the work throughout the summer of Miss Martha Lustgarten and Mrs. Rowena Becker, who have been telling Bible stories to the children in the tent centers, and wherever they could get a group together on the streets. Another branch of their work was hunting out the forlorn, disheartened women in parks and on the street, and endeavoring to bring sunshine into their lives. Several women on the verge of suicide were turned from their purpose; some couples were reunited upon a Christian basis, and in almost every instance, the clouds were rolled back and the sunlight of love permitted to shine in. Mrs. Becker has just sailed for the heart of the African Congo as missionary for the First Baptist Church of New York City, which will support her in that field.

UP IN the Bronx the Evangelistic Committee put up a Gospel tent within hearing distance of the county jail, and street meetings were held out on the corner nightly. A prisoner in the jail, who had at one time been a Christian worker, but who had fallen and was serving a fourteen months' term, heard the singing. The familiar hymns and snatches of the Gospel message which he could understand brought conviction, and in his cell he knelt and confessed to God and felt the joy of forgiveness and restoration. When his sentence expired, he went to the mission, told how he had been brought back to God and made a public confession, and it is expected that soon a Christian worker will be again telling the story that saved him.

Since the close of the tent and open-air season, the work of gathering together the converts, inquirers, and others interested into Bible schools has been in progress under the direction of Miss Ida Bowne, Miss Lustgar[illegible] These classes are held in church centers where it is deemed advisable, but more largely in the homes of converts who are able to bring to their home persons who could not, in many cases, be induced to attend church. This Bible-class work continues throughout the winter.

AN AUXILIARY department is being reorganized, with Mr. William G. Pigueron, as head. Mr. Pigueron is a retired architect, a Harvard man, who has achieved success while still a young man, has retired, and will devote the remainder of his life to religious work. He has become director of the Auxiliary Department, as a volunteer, and he is working out a greatly enlarged program.

The question is frequently asked: What does the Evangelistic Committee do in the winter and why does it need money during that part of the year? The Evangelistic Committee does not end its work when the chill days come. It merely changes the character of its work from the streets to the churches and homes. Besides the Bible Class organization, all of which is auxiliary to the churches, it is constantly furnishing assistants at evangelistic revival services, and the Committee's headquarters has become an information bureau to which pastors apply when they want evangelists, singers, church visitors, pastors' secretaries, or other workers. Some of these are the product of the Evangelistic Institute, but information is usually available concerning professional evangelists and other workers of experience.

It is also necessary to recruit the young people from the churches for the Evangelistic Institute, and give to them a purpose, an inspiration. This work last year resulted in an Institute, not the largest in numbers, but the most successful in sustained attendance and in inspiration of any thus far held, and it is possible to say that the Committee sent the young folks back to the churches inspired for service.

These things, however, can only be done when the funds are supplied, to keep the work going, since the Committee does not run in debt, and merely acts as steward for the funds entrusted to it. It needs funds to carry on its winter schedule and there is more reason this year for carrying a larger schedule than ever before, because of the greatly enlarged opportunities and the many requests for assistance which are constantly reaching headquarters. All contributions for the Committee's work may be addressed to Evangelistic Fund, care of the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

The Island of Faith

A Delightful New Serial

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Illustrated by Anne Brockman

Third Instalment

CHAPTER VI

ROSE-MARIE started back from the child with a sickening sense of shock. All at once she realized the reason why Bennie's eyes grew tender at the mention of his little sister—why Ella forgot anger and suspicion when Lily came into the room. She understood why Mrs. Volsky's dull voice held love and sorrow.

And yet, as she looked at the small girl, it seemed almost incredible that she should be so inflicted. Deaf and dumb and blind! Never to hear the voices of those who loved her, never to see the beautiful things of life, never—even—to speak! Rose-Marie choked back a sob, and glanced across the child's cloud of pale golden hair at Ella. As their eyes met she knew, suddenly, that they were, in some strange way, friends.

With a sudden, overwhelming pity, her arms reached out again to Lily. As she gathered the child close, she was surprised at the slenderness of the tiny figure, at the neatness of the faded gingham frock that blended in tone with the great, sightless eyes. All at once she remembered what Bennie had said to her the day before in the park.

"I love Lily," he had told her, "I wouldn't let nobody hurt Lily! If any one—even pa, as much as spoke mean to her—I'd kill him. . . ."

Glancing about the room at the faces of the others, she saw mirrored the echo of Bennie's words. Mrs. Volsky, who would neither keep her flat nor herself neat, quite evidently saw to it that Lily's little dress was spotless. Ella, whose temper would flare up at the slightest word, cared for the child with the tender efficiency of a professional nurse; Bennie's face, as he looked at his tiny sister, had taken on a cherubic softness. And Jim . . . Rose-Marie glanced at Jim and was startled out of her reflections. For Jim was not looking at Lily. His gaze was fixed upon her own face with an intensity that frightened her! With a sudden inspiration she spoke, directly, to him.

"You must be very kind to this little sister of yours," she told him. "She needs every bit of love and affection and consideration that her family can give her!"

JIM, his gaze still upon her face, shrugged. But before he could answer Ella had come a step closer to Rose-Marie. Her eyes were flashing.

"Jim," she said, "ain't got any love or kindness or consideration in him! Jim thinks that Lily ain't got any more feelin's than a puppy dog—'cause she can't answer back. Oh," in response to the question in Rose-Marie's face, "oh, he'd never put a finger on her—not that! But he don't speak kind to her, like we do. It's enough for him that she can't hear th' words he lays his tongue to. Even pa——"

Suddenly, as if in answer to his spoken name, there came a scuffling sound from the corner where pa was sleeping. All at once the empty bottle dropped from the unclenched hand, the mouth fell open in a prodigious yawn, the eyes became wide, burned-out wells of drunkenness. And as she watched, Rose-Marie saw the room cleared in an amazing fashion. She heard Mrs. Volsky's terrified whisper—"He's wakin' up!" She heard Jim's harsh laugh; she saw Ella—with a fiercely maternal sweep of her strong arms—gather the little Lily close to her breast and dart toward the inner room. And then, as she stood dazedly watching the mountain of sodden flesh that was pa rear itself to a sitting posture, and then to a standing one, she felt a hot little hand touch her own.

"We better clear out," said the voice of Bennie, "We better clear out pretty quick! Pa's awful bad, sometimes, when he's just comin' out of it!"

With a quickness not unlike the bump at the end of a falling-through-space dream, Rose-Marie felt herself drawn from the room—heard the door slam to behind her. And then she was hurrying after the shadowy form of Bennie down the five rickety flights of stairs—past the same varied odors and the same appalling sounds that she had noticed on the way up!

As she gathered the child close, she was surprised at the slenderness of the tiny figure, at the neatness of the faded gingham frock that blended in tone with the great sightless eyes

CHAPTER VII

WHEN Rose-Marie came out into the sunlight of the street she glanced at her watch and saw, with an almost overwhelming surprise, that it was only four o'clock. It was just an hour since she had entered in at the cavern-like doorway of the tenement. But in that hour she had come up, for the first time, against life in the rough. She had seen degeneracy and poverty, and—she was thinking of Jim's eyes—a horror that she did not at all understand. She had seen the waste of broken middle age and the pity of blighted childhood. She had seen fear and, if she had stayed a few moments longer, she would have seen downright brutality. Her hand, reaching out, clutched Bennie's coat sleeve.

"Dear," she said—and realized, from the startled expression of his eyes, that he had not often been called "Dear"—"Is it always like that, in your home?"

Bennie looked up into her eyes. He seemed somehow younger than he had seemed the day before, younger and softer.

"Yes, Miss," he told her, "it's always like that, except when it's worse!"

"And," Rose-Marie was still asking questions, "do your older sister and brother just drift in, at any time, like that? And is your father home in the middle of the day? Don't any of them work?"

Bennie's barriers of shyness had been burned away by the warmth of her friendship. He was in a mood to tell anything.

"Pa, he works sometimes," he said. "An' Ella—she uster work till she hadda fight with her boss last week. An' now she says she ain't gonna work no more 'cause there's a feller as will give her everything she wants, if she says th' word! An' Jim—I ain't never seen him do nothin', but he always has a awful lot o' money. He must do his workin' at night—after I'm asleep!"

ROSE-MARIE, her mind working rapidly, realized that Bennie had given revelations of which he did not even dream. Pa—pa's condition was what she had supposed it to be—but Ella was drifting toward danger shoals that she had never imagined! Well, she knew the conditions under which a girl of Ella's financial status stops working—she had heard many such cases discussed, with an amazing frankness, during her short stay at the Settlement House. And Jim—Jim with his sleek, patent-leather hair, and his rat face—Jim did his work at night! Rose-Marie could not suppress the shudder that ran over her. Quickly she changed the subject to the one bright spot in the Volsky family—to Lily.

"Your little sister," she asked Bennie, "has she always been like she is now? Wasn't there ever a time when she could hear or speak or see?"

Bennie winked back a suspicion of tears before he answered. Rose-Marie, who found herself almost forgetting the episode of the kitten, liked him better for the tears. "Yes, Miss," he told her, "she was born all healthy, Ma says. But she had a sickness—when she was a baby. An' she ain't been right since!"

They walked the rest of the way in silence—a silence of untold depth. But it was that silent walk, Rose-Marie felt after, that cemented the strange affection that had sprung suddenly into flower between them. As they said good-bye, in front of the brownstone stoop of the Settlement House, there was none of the usual restraint that exists between a child and a grown-up. And when Rose-Marie asked Bennie, quite as a matter of course, to come to some of their boys' clubs, he assented in a manner as matter of fact as her own.

AS SHE sat down to dinner, that night, Rose-Marie was beaming with happiness and the pride of achievement. The Superintendent, tired after the day's work, noticed her radiance with a wearily sympathetic

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The Opening of the Story

ROSE-MARIE, who has come from her sheltered, quiet home in the country to the Settlement House in the city's slums, clashes at the dinner table with the Young Doctor, an orphan who has had to fight for opportunity all his life. She is imbued with a passion to make people better, while he avows as his only purpose a desire to make them healthier without regard to their souls. Rose-Marie, impatient of the careful guard over her, sets out to show her associates that she can help someone. In a tiny park she interrupts a small boy in his torturing of a kitten, rescues the animal, and wins the friendship of the lad by discovering the one tender spot of his heart—love of his younger sister Lily. She visits the Volsky home, without telling her associates at the Settlement House, and finds it more dirty and squalid than she had dreamed any home could be—the Father in a drunken stupor; the Mother dull and hopeless; Ella, the elder daughter, beautiful but hard; Jim, the elder son, with a nameless menace in his eyes. Lily, the only means through which Rose-Marie can arouse the family to better things, is blind, and deaf, and cannot speak.

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

A Great Opportunity

THE following letter, received a few days ago, contains a timely suggestion, which we commend to the consideration of those who have not yet taken any definite steps towards mitigating the suffering of the people of China.

"Dear Mr. Patterson: I notice in the December 11th issue of the Christian Herald the acknowledgment of my check of one thousand dollars. I note in the same issue a number of subscriptions of one, two, five and ten dollars, which aggregate a little more than a thousand dollars, these sums coming from the same faithful people who are always willing to share so largely of their little; but where are the many who can, of their abundance, give the larger sums which are needed to avert the greatest calamity known to the human race?

"I have read many reports which, if half true, will make the number dying by starvation equal to the terrible devastation of the World War!

"I am enclosing an additional check for one thousand dollars which is my salary from a certain company for November and December, in the hope that it may inspire a number of other individuals, associations and churches to raise similar amounts. Japan is making a house-to-house canvass for the raising of money to feed the starving Chinese. What an opportunity for the Christian Church! Will it rise to this great occasion?

"Wishing you greater success in your efforts, I am, Yours very truly, R. L."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The great mass of responses to the Christian Herald's appeal for China's famine-stricken population comes from people of comparatively small means. The writer of this letter, however, believes that the opportunity has come when men and women of wealth should realize that it is both a privilege and a duty to give of their abundance in order to avert a calamity, the magnitude of which is appalling to contemplate. One can not be apathetic in the face of a situation which means life or death to millions of human beings! The case of China is literally without parallel in recorded history; yet prompt action on the part of a few of our millionaire citizens would go very far toward averting the greater horror which the world so dreads.

Many noble gifts have been made to worthy causes by the rich, and their generosity has won them deserved esteem. Here is a cause which far outweighs all they have ever considered—a cause which thus far has been helped largely by the gifts of men and women by no means overburdened with riches, indeed, most of them people of meagre means, but who would give and keep on giving until the blood came, rather than that even one child should perish. There is a blessedness in such giving which, in many cases we personally know of, resembles the widow's mite. She gave all she had, and her heart went with the gift. The "rich, young man" in the Gospel parable, who lived a straightforward life in most respects, could not bear to part with any of his wealth, though we are told he had "great possessions." He missed the grand opportunity.

Our good-hearted contributor, R. L., has shown a fine example of the liberal spirit in giving the equivalent of two months' salary to help save China. Will not some of our wealthy Americans who count their incomes by hundreds of thousands, and even millions, consider the sad case of China and give liberally for her relief? The need is great and the call urgent, for thousands are dying as we write. The rich will probably never have such an opportunity again to do so much good. And let them not forget that it is a case in which "he gives twice who gives quickly."

Discussing Disarmament

WILL the United States join the League of Nations, now that it is becoming clear to all who watch the progress of events at Geneva, that the League is handicapped in its work by our non-participation? This question is being asked in many quarters, but we must let future developments supply the answer. Meanwhile, it is unquestionable that American interest in the League grows increasingly active. When, a few days ago, it happened that the League Assembly took up for discussion the question of disarmament, it found a problem which seemed to be set on hair-trigger springs. Doubtless not only the four great nations, but probably all save a few of the others that are now represented in the League, would welcome any proposition that would give reasonable promise of reducing the heavy burdens involved in maintaining big armies and navies. But the League Assembly turned the whole question over to the Council, with a request that it make definite proposals direct to the governments themselves.

Meanwhile, the disarmament plan has come up in Congress, somewhat prematurely, yet significantly, as showing the vigilant watch we are keeping on the League. In view of an informal suggestion from Japan to the United States that the two governments take a naval-building holiday, the subject was brought up in Congress in the form of a joint resolution, introduced by Senator Borah, providing for cessation of warship-building for five years, under an agreement to be signed by Great Britain, Japan and the United States. Such movements and suggestions, while admirable in themselves as intended helps towards peace, are altogether premature. Secretary Daniels stated before the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives that in view of existing conditions in the world today, it would be "a blunder worse than crime" for the United States to enter into any agreement with two or three governments to stop warship construction now. Such an agreement should only be made by all the nations of the world acting together.

All of which goes to show that there are matters under consideration in Geneva which can not be rightly decided without the co-operation of America. Secretary Daniels, speaking as a pacifist, is yet compelled to recognize "chaos, disagreement and trouble" in the world as being of such moment that there can be no limited arrangement among a restricted group of nations for the purpose of assuring world peace; there must be a perfect agreement which will include all the nations, big and little.

Doubtless there are many who would urge that even at this early stage of the League's existence, with a large part of the world still in turmoil, and with Russia "all bloody, but unbowed," continuous pressure should be put upon any essential movement affecting world peace. Fortunately, a wiser course seems to have been taken by the members of the League Assembly, for they know that success lies in making the right move at the proper time, which certainly can not have arrived, nor will it arrive until the attitude of the United States and its relations to the League are definitely decided.

The "Club" of Life

SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER, of Kansas, who has made such a record in the Senate against the profiteers as a whole, has made public his intention to introduce a bill in Congress to regulate or put into the public service the important business of grain-buying and take the manipulation of the wheat and corn and food staples out of the hands of men who gamble on the basic needs of the people.

Bread used to be called "the staff of life." As wheat is juggled about in the hands of men who are expert manipulators it is no longer the "staff" of life, but it has become the "club" of life. It is a formidable club to hold up the very bread that is essential. As this editorial is being written the press reports that the effort is being made by the men whose trading in grain will be the object of Senator Capper's bill, to take advantage of a "scare" over the exports of wheat from this country to Europe, so as to realize large sums off the "scare" for themselves.

To the average mind of the average man on the street or in the shop the transactions of men on grain exchanges, and the methods by which prices are forced up and down are mysterious and unintelligible. It is all so involved and technical that even the average business man understands only a small part of how it is done.

But the most uninformed man, whether he is an editor or a farmer or a minister, understands what the thing is that Senator Capper is after. A certain group of men in this country has made it a business to buy and sell grain, especially wheat and corn, on certain "margins" which represent gain or loss, according to a great variety of happenings in the world, the future probable crop, the export market, the conditions of nations that are affected by war or famine, and any sudden change in the market as it may be affected by legislation.

All this is technical to the business these men have built up. We are not passing judgment on legitimate grain business methods, whatever they may be. But here is the main thing that Senator Capper is after, and in it he ought to have the hearty support of every good citizen. The men who use a grain market simply to make fortunes out of "scares" due to shortage of supply, the men who gamble on grain and try to control a fictitious market or price, are men who do no work of any kind to produce the food stuff they are gambling over. They are not producers, they are cunning manipulators. They never lift a finger to grow wheat, to harvest it, to thresh it, to mill it, or make it into bread for consumption. They are simply taking advantage of a great common food which the people will always want and must have, to control certain prices in such a way that without doing a single stroke of useful labor they may get a "rake-off."

This is not business. It is trading in a common need. It is not honest trading. It is manipulation. The press report that the grain men are going to make a twenty per cent. "rake off" (we use the very language of the press report), is a commentary on the use these men are making of a "scare" (we use the press word again), to line their own pockets after beating their opponents, the gamblers on the other side of the market, with a "club" of greater shrewdness. It is time this sort of use of the people's staff of life were stopped. We bid success to Senator Capper's bill.

To the Christian Herald:

Though a subscriber of the Christian Herald for thirty years, I have been slow in expressing my appreciation of same. It is becoming more and more instructive and edifying. Dr. Jowett's Sermons and Meditations are helpful, the meditation of November 6th especially so. The stories help to interest those who may not have an appetite for the strong meat and thus maintain an interest in the paper. I can well believe that our paper must be very helpful in rural districts where regular church services are wanting. Trusting that He whom our Lord sent to guide His Church guide and bless you in your work is the sincere desire of an old subscriber.

New York City Wm. H. J. F.

To the Christian Herald:

I am a subscriber of the Herald for the past thirty years, and my impression of same is that I find the Herald news of sound Christian democracy for world righteousness in every respect, and its editors should be complimented for its progress. Respectfully,

Allentown, Pa. A. D. H.

It Is One World

IN HIS preface to his great work Outlines of History, Mr. H. G. Wells says, "There can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas." Following that thought comes this statement which is being made in this country from the Lecture platform by Crawford Vaughan, former Premier of Australia.

"The malady from which the world suffers today is mainly international. Mankind is one. No one nation liveth to itself alone, nor dieth to itself. Europe offers a spectacle of human misery as bad as ever presented itself within the memory of man. Millions are in the throes of starvation. Little children are dying like flies. Industrial unrest and the dislocation of foreign exchange have the same source. The new principle upon which the new world must be built is comradeship between men and nations."

Slowly the people in different parts of this world are beginning to learn that what affects one people affects all the people. If people are undernourished over in Europe the effect of that condition is seen soon in a lowered vitality that results in a feeble offspring, and the tide of such immigration to this country pours over our own social order dependents that add to the burden of the state. If North China as a result of the famine conditions there should go down commercially, South China will be vitally injured commercially, and in turn America will feel the effects of such a catastrophe.

We are slowly learning that if our neighbor has an unsanitary building near a well on his lot next to ours, our children in playing with our neighbor's children may drink contaminated water and get some dangerous disease and die.

We are learning that if there is a slum in a town, it will contaminate the boulevard. If there is vice in the bottoms, it will spread to the heights. If there is corrupt politics in the lower part of the city, it will pollute the streets and avenues where the churches and beautiful residences are.

We are also slowly learning that if there is race prejudice in the heart of Europe, it will come to America. If there are hatred and selfishness and sin anywhere, they will make themselves prominent everywhere. We cannot build a high wall around America and keep out of it any wrong that may exist anywhere. We can safeguard our laws and institutions, and we can protect in every human way our country from disease and sin, but if there is a wrong anywhere in the universe it will in some shape or other spread out over the whole world. The same law, of course, holds over the right as over the wrong. It also is pervasive. Therein lies our hope. But we must not forget that we cannot, by any cunningly devised laws or barriers, make two worlds out of this one. It is one world, and we are all a part of the whole.

The World News of the Week

Disarmament Proposals Are Discussed in Many Capitals

DISARMAMENT proposals before the League of Nations Assembly in Geneva have brought that question to the fore in all the great capitals of the world and have evoked expressions of sympathy in all countries, which give new hope to all those who wish to see the end of big armies and navies. It must be admitted, however, that no movements have been initiated which offer promise of success in the immediate future, but the somewhat frank discussions may clear the atmosphere and open the way for international understanding. For the present the nations are going ahead with the building up of strong forces.

The Japanese Government, through the press, has suggested a naval building holiday, but Viscount Ishii, Japan's spokesman at Geneva, declared it was useless to try to get Japan to reduce her naval or military forces while the United States is increasing her armaments. Japan's naval holiday proposal was opposed by Secretary Daniels so long as America remains outside the League of Nations or some similar association, and he approved another three-year building program which involves the construction of eighty-eight warships. His estimate of the cost of maintaining the naval establishment for the coming year was $679,515,731, exclusive of any sums which Congress may add for new building.

In opposition to this stand, Senator Borah offered a joint resolution designed to bring about an agreement among the United States, Great Britain and Japan by which the naval building program of each nation shall be reduced annually during the next five years to fifty per cent. of the present rate, and pledging Congress to conform appropriations to such an understanding. Another resolution, by Senator Walsh, called for the appointment by President Wilson of a delegate to participate in the formulation by the League of Nations of plans for a general reduction in armaments. Both resolutions were referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and there was no test of Senate sentiment regarding them.

Little was accomplished toward disarmament at Geneva. A proposal that all nations pledge themselves to spend on armaments for the two years 1922 and 1923 not more than they spend for the year 1921 received strong support, Great Britain being among the nations which voted for it. But, in addition to Japan, France refused to make such a promise, and only a weak recommendation on the subject was passed by the Assembly.

League Plans Credit System

AN IMPORTANT step toward the restoration of normal credit and trade conditions was taken by the League of Nations Assembly in the establishment of an international commission to be banker for European nations whose credit has been severely diminished or destroyed. The scheme, which has been in preparation for several months, was the first work of the economic section of the League. It provides that nations desiring credit shall notify the commission what assets, such as customs duties, railroads or monopolies, they desire to pledge with it. The commission will appraise these assets and authorize the government to issue gold bonds for their value. Business men in that country then can make purchases abroad, and gold bonds providing security will be forwarded through the commission.

This plan may have a decided effect on America's export trade by enabling foreign customers to supply their demands here, and was said to have the approval of American bankers. Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavakia are the countries which have been most in need of credit, and the plan is intended chiefly to help them to improve their economic condition.

Another important development in League affairs was the Assembly's election of China to a place in the Council, an action which places that country in a stronger position in her efforts to get the Japanese out of their hold on Shantung province. Unanimity is necessary in ballots in the Council, and China can make her influence felt very effectively. Other countries elected to the non-permanent places on the Council were Spain, Brazil and Belgium.

The Assembly also decided to set up an international conference to draft a world-wide standard for the prevention of the traffic in women, and to transfer from the Dutch Government to the League the supervision of the enforcement regulations for the traffic in opium. Austria was admitted as a member of the League without opposition, being the first former enemy state to obtain membership.

Constantine Returns to Greece

FORMER King Constantine has returned to Athens to reascend the throne of Greece, and has been received in the Hellenic kingdom with an enthusiasm which was in marked contrast to the scenes which attended his departure into exile in 1917.

He was accompanied by Queen Sophie and their children, and made the voyage from Venice aboard the Greek cruiser Averloff. His progress from the railroad station in Athens to the Royal Palace was through great crowds, which cheered continuously and seemed delirious with joy at his return.

International

AGAIN THEY ARE THE GREEK ROYAL FAMILY

This photograph of King Constantine, Queen Sophie and their youngest child, Princess Catherine, was taken on the veranda of their hotel at Geneva, a short time before their departure for Greece

There had been no modification of the hostility of the leading allied nations to Constantine's return, and the Greek Government faced serious problems, particularly with regard to finances. The new régime was discussing with apparent confidence the floating of a loan in America, since its credit in Great Britain and France had been cut off, but there were no indications from American bankers that such an attempt had met with any encouragement.

A dispute over political questions between the Patriarch of Constantinople and Premier Rhallis was threatening to cause a schism in the Greek Church. The chief point of dispute was the removal of the Metropolitan of Athens, and the Premier announced that he would break off relations if the Patriarch continued his opposition.

Harding Confers with Party Leaders

SENATOR HARDING has been busy, at his home in Marion, in conferences with leaders of the Republican party in preparation for his assumption of the duties of the Presidency. Col. George Harvey, one of the men most prominent in the Harding campaign, was a guest of the Senator for three days, and among other notable callers were Elihu Root, Herbert Hoover and Governor Coolidge.

The political writers were working overtime in selecting a cabinet for the incoming chief executive, but there was no intimation from Mr. Harding that he had begun serious work on the choosing of his cabinet, to say nothing of having made definite tenders of places. Senator Knox figured prominently in the discussions for the Secretaryship of State, although Senator Penrose was declaring that Mr. Knox's services were needed more in the Senate. Mr. Hoover was mentioned for several different cabinet posts. Senators, however, seemed to be favorites among those who were compiling slates for the cabinet.

Questions of foreign policy have been the principal subjects of discussions in the Marion conferences, according to those who have participated in them. Colonel Harvey was urging on Mr. Harding a proposal for an agreement between nations never to resort to offensive warfare until after a referendum of the people of the nation had voted for war. Mr. Root, who spent several months last summer in Europe in connection with the drafting of an international court plan, discussed international relations; and Mr. Hoover gave information on the economic situation in Europe.

William J. Bryan also called on Mr. Harding by request, and his conference caused much comment in view of Mr. Bryan's standing in the Democratic party and his views regarding peace.

International

MR. AND MRS. HERBERT HOOVER

The face of the former food administrator is familiar to the public, but pictures of his wife have been few. Mr. Hoover is being mentioned for several cabinet posts, but just now his energies are centered in the campaign for European Child Relief

$15,000,000 Fire Loss in Cork

INCENDIARY fires which swept over an area of five acres in the business section of the city of Cork and caused a property loss estimated at from $15,000,000 to $25,000,000 followed the proclamation of martial law in the four southernmost counties of Ireland. Three hundred buildings were destroyed and scores of shops, including some of the largest drapery establishments in Ireland, were ruined.

The incendiaries used gasoline and bombs freely in starting the fires, so that the flames spread with great rapidity, and it was hours before the fire brigades of Cork and nearby cities were able to bring the conflagration under control. A few hours later fresh outbreaks of incendiarism occurred, but were checked quickly. Looting was general, and the thieves operated openly, while the inhabitants were terrorized. Most of the business places had been closed, so that there appears to have been no loss of life.

Despatches from Cork, which is under martial law, did not definitely place the responsibility for the outrages, but it seemed reasonable to ascribe them to the campaign of reprisals which has been the reply of the British forces to the Sinn Fein campaign of assassination. The ambush of two trucks carrying military police was believed by some to have evoked the incendiarism; at any rate, the reign of terror in Cork began half an hour after the ambush occurred. T. P. O'Connor, famous Irish leader, bluntly declared the fires were caused by the "Black and Tans"—auxiliary forces of the Crown—and this charge was corroborated by two members of the British labor delegation to Ireland who visited the city. Sir Hamar Greenwood, chief secretary for Ireland, asserted a belief that the Crown forces had not caused the fires, but promised that if the criminals were members of the Crown forces they would suffer the penalties of martial law.

The Cork outrage was followed by Sinn Fein attacks on police barracks in other sections of Ireland, and the situation seemed worse than at any time since the Dublin uprising of 1916.

For Church Co-operation

THAT the Interchurch World Movement might wisely adjust and conclude its activities was the decision of a conference of seventy men and women, representing the leading national organizations of American Protestantism, held in New York City. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches to promote mutually helpful relationships between the various organizations. The conference advised that the Interchurch Movement, when free to do so, might well transfer the survey material which it may have to dispose of to the various co-operative agencies of the churches dealing with missionary and educational work."

The conference unanimously adopted the following statement:

"It is the sense of this conference that the churches possess in the existing agencies sufficient organizations for the needs of their co-operative work at present if these agencies are

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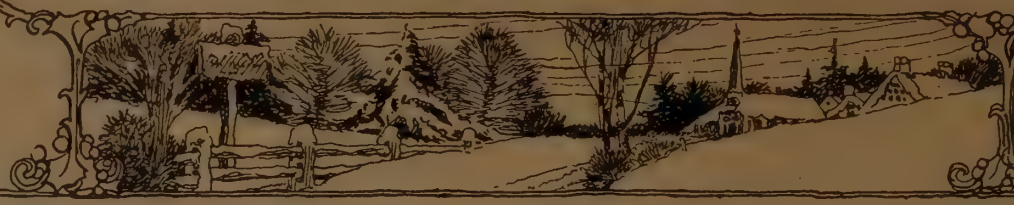
Are You Ready for the Work?



A Sermon for the New Year

By Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.*

TEXT. Rom. 1:15. "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also."

"I AM ready!" Mark the quiet, soldier-like assurance of the man. The more I meditate on the later epistles of this great apostle, the more I am impressed with his firm and exuberant optimism. Most men, as they grow older, become negative in their counsels, and the positive tone drops out of their speech. It was otherwise with Paul. As he passed into the evening-time of his days, an added firmness came into his speech, and a more radiant hopefulness filled his life

None of his letters are more positive than those he wrote to Timothy, the aged apostle offering counsel to the younger one. His word is full of power, and his outlook is without misgiving and fear. And here he stands in my text a veteran, but a veteran ready for the fray, waiting the Lord's appointment to any part of the field.

"I am ready!" Like the firemen at our fire brigade stations; the engine ready; every bit of harness is in its place; the door on the latch; everything ready! "Ready!" Like the lifeboat men on a stormy night, pacing the dangerous beach, with everything ready for the call of imminent need. "How soon can you be ready?" said the Prime Minister of England to General Gordon when he was being commissioned for the Soudan. "I am ready now," he replied. And here is Paul standing at "attention," with his loins girt and his lamp burning, just waiting the word of the King. "Ready!"

Ready for what? "I am ready *to preach the Gospel.*" Is that all? Only ready to preach? I almost wish we had another word to describe the work. The word "preach" is a dethroned word. In popular usage it has come to suggest only a formal utterance, a semi-censorious speech, the act of mounting a pulpit and delivering an official discourse. When a man loses his naturalness and an unnatural gravity comes into his speech, and he speaks to another in artificial seriousness, he is regarded as "preaching." And so the word has lost its juice. And, yet what a great, living word it was as used by the apostle Paul! How much it meant! The word is full of movement, it abounds in joyful haste.

Let me give the significance of it as it dwelt in the mind of the great apostle. Here is a beleaguered host, sad, famine-stricken, despairing. And over the hills come men, in jubilant speed, bringing news of deliverance! "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings!" That is the essence of preaching; it is a hurrying and almost breathless mission; it is one man running with good news to another man who is in sorrow and despair. To preach is to surprise men with a glad and heartening evangel. To preach is to go to the dark, beleaguered soul with the thrilling news of glorious emancipation. "Thy prison doors are open! Arise!"

And so I say we must deliver the word "preach" from all merely official and exclusive use. A preacher is just the Lord's courier, the bearer of the news of redeeming grace. "I am ready," says Paul, "to run with the good news anywhere, and to startle listening ears with the evangel of my Saviour's love."

"I AM ready to preach the Gospel to *you that are at Rome also.*" He is ready to go to the most difficult part of the field! It might have been comparatively easy to have gone to a village where life went with leisurely strides, and where men and women had time to pause and think. In such conditions the heavenly courier might be well received, and men would cease their leisurely work to listen to his news. But to go to Rome and to stand in the whirl of its distempered life, to move amid a society hardened by pomp and power and empire and victory, was to covet a very difficult post, and to be ambitious for a service of mingled hardship and danger. But Paul was willing to lift his voice amid the tramp and clang and clamor of Rome, and to tell the good news of a more imperial city, even the Kingdom of God. We must have confidence that our news will awake a response, even in Rome. Already there was a little company in Rome to whose ears the good news had come, and who were living the awakened life. There were even saints "in Cæsar's household!"

It is an ill thing when we speak our news in hopelessness. We must believe that, just as the Alpine horn awakes manifold echoes that respond like the tones of a great organ, so the news of grace will call forth from souls everywhere the music of a glad response.

AND what was to be the apostle's purpose in heralding the good news? He had clearly defined it for himself. That is something. I think we should often do better work if our purpose were more definitely outlined. What am I after in this bit of work? What is my purpose in preaching this sermon? What exactly am I seeking for my children? Let us put our ambitions into precise speech, and examine them in the presence of the Lord. What was Paul's ambition in preaching at Rome? "*That I might have fruit in you also.*" Then his aspirations were fixed upon the ultimate product, the last and the finished thing. The ambition of his ministry did not end with the sowing of the seed, but only with the gathering of the fruit. He was not contented with the initial work, but looked forward to the final one. It would not satisfy him to "sow the seed by the wayside fair"; he toiled in the vision of the coming harvest for the Master.

Does this ultimate purpose always fill the mind of the Christian worker of our time? Are we not prematurely contented with less than the fruit? I remember that in my native town of Halifax, there were a number of men who were known as "knockers-up." They were given a small payment by their fellow-workers to rattle their doors in the morning at half-past five, in order that the toilers might be at their factories by six. Many, many times have I heard the resounding clapping of the door, as the hurrying "knocker" passed along. If the awakened toiler turned over in his bed and dropped to sleep again, that was no concern of the knocker; he sped away to the next house and repeated his rousing ministry there. It was his duty to wake, but not to take! His was the initial ministry; he did not seek to perfect it.

Paul too was a "knocker-up"; but he was not satisfied that the sleeper should open his eyes; he would stand by him till he had led him to the Master's feet. The apostle looked for "fruit," a definite and complete surrender of the life to Christ.

The apostle adds to the definition of his purpose in these further words: "*To the end ye may be established.*" He would not leave his converts loose, shaky and uncertain. He would not have them "wobblers," but "established" in the faith. He did not wish to have character that resembled loose sand, but character like consolidated rock. He would wait by his convert until, by the ministry of redeeming grace, the man had become "unmoveable." Such is the end which the apostle sought. Again, I ask, are we always as final in our purpose? When people have been aroused in our great missions, are we as eager and as careful to establish them? This was Paul's ambition if ever the door should open to Rome.

And what preparation did the apostle make for his work in Rome? "*Without ceasing I make mention of you in my prayers.*" He had never been to Rome, and yet he was often there! His feet had never trodden the Appian Way, and yet his supplicating spirit moved about in the imperial city! His prayers were there before the apostle! He was already at work before he began to preach! He was exercising the forerunner of prayer, and he was busy "preparing the way of the Lord."

It is marvelous how prayer gives us a way of approach to those to whom we wish to minister. It is only that prayer endows a man with tact and discretion, and with general refinement of spirit. Prayer lowers the mountains and hills in the way, and lifts up the valleys, and the path to my brother's heart becomes clear and plain. If we wish our good news to sink into a man's spirit, let us pray for its reception even before we bear the news. It is possible to prepare the spring atmosphere even before we sow the seed. Here, then, is Paul with his clearly defined purpose, engaged in this preparatory ministry, waiting in "readiness of mind," waiting in "readiness of will," eager to tell the good news wherever the Lord should appoint him.

NOW for full application of all this. The Church of the Lord is in profound need of more individual readiness. The crying need of the modern Church is for multitudes of ready heralds among the rank and file of its members. Every Christian should be a preacher—not a preacher of sermons but a teller of the good news

Continued on page 19

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Oh, Day of Rest and Gladness," or "Just As I Am Without One Plea."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 90 (17 verses).

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 15, first column.)

Sermon—"ARE YOU READY FOR THE WORK?"—to be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon in New York for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Now the Day Is Over," or "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud: If we have been inspired by this service to a better life, help us, gracious Lord, in this New Year just begun, to pass it on others. If we have been made strong to meet temptation, show us how to lift up those who have fallen. If we are free from old fears, use us to remove fears from timid souls we may meet, as we go our way again into the great world of common things. For Jesus' sake, AMEN.

*Dr. Jowett's sermons, specially prepared for the Christian Herald, appear in the first issue of every month.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, W. W. Bustard and H. P. Hoskins

Growing in Imprisonment

SUNDAY. Psa. 4:1. "*Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress.*" The imprisoning experience becomes the minister of strong and healthy growth. When the psalmist drew near to the unwelcome circumstance, its face was filled with gloomy frowns. When it "gat hold" upon him, it seemed to cripple and belittle him. It would surely break him all to pieces! And it turned out to be the means of his enlargement. It seemed to shut him in when it was in reality opening him out. The circumstance looked like an instrument of depression, crushing him into the dust, and it was truly a minister of elevation, lifting him into larger circles of life. He was enlarged when he was in distress.

There are untold multitudes of people who have shared the psalmist's experience. Their life was moving in broad, quiet waters of happy experience, and the glow of contentment filled their hearts from morning until night. And then their life became suddenly contracted, and they were imprisoned in gloomy necessity. Their life had been like a boat, sailing along the free open waters of a canal. The boat passes out of the sunny openness into the deep, imprisoning walls of a lock. There is a closed gate in front, and a gate is shut behind. The boat is held in the narrowest and gloomiest confinement. But into the locked circle the waters pour from a higher level, and the boat begins to rise in its imprisonment, and soon the forward gate is opened, and the boat moves out on elevated plane.

And life has its imprisoning locks. God shuts us in. Doors are closed before and behind us, and it is God's hand which does it. We seem to lose our freedom. We cannot go as we would. We lose the open vision. We lose the inviting vista which stretched before us like a shining hope. And then, into our forced seclusion, there come the waters of life, and we begin to rise. We may not be conscious that we are rising, but our ignorance does not affect the reality. When God, the merciful Guardian Who watches over Israel, opens the forward gate and restores our freedom, we begin to know what has happened. Life opens out in new and larger reaches.

Who has not known people whose sympathies have grown larger in their sorrows? They have begun to think differently. As a sick friend of mine, who had never been sick before, said to me, "My, but things look differently from the horizontal!"

And so it is with the spiritual world. It often grows upon us when we are laid aside and shut within the narrow circle of distress. We see more of it through our tears. We are brought low and strange new things emerge. I have heard that men who look up from the bottom of a deep pit can see the stars at noon. I do not know about that, but I do know that, when men and women are sunk in the pit of adversity and sorrow, and look up, stars of promise troop out to bring them cheer. They see wonderful things which once were very far off. And so I begin to see the truth of the old Italian proverb—"When God shuts a door, He opens a window." J. H. J.

The Light of the World

MONDAY. Eph. 2:18. "*For through Jesus we both have access in one spirit to the Father.*" Sunlight is of one substance, but of three properties. Its heat, light and power cannot well be separated. Heat rays can be felt, light can be seen, and power realized. God is love and light; Christ is the visible manifestation of both, while the unseen Comforter in the absence of Christ is the power of the Godhead felt in the soul.

Is not the mystery of the sunlight as unexplainable as that of the Trinity? He who hath seen Jesus by faith hath seen the Father, and he who hath the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the spirit, hath felt the Father. Are not those who refuse to look unto the Sun of righteousness like those who refuse to leave a darkened room to see and feel the shining of the king of day? God is manifest in the flesh by His Son; in the Spirit by the Comforter, who testifies to the divinity of both the Father and the Son, and who is to abide with us forever, guiding us into all truth, convincing the world of sin and of judgment to come.

The infinite, greater than His universe, dwelling in light that no man can approach unto, hath made Himself known by Jesus, "the light of the world," and by His spirit of almighty power. E. W. C.

Pilgrims of the Desert

TUESDAY. Acts 8:31. "*How can I, except some man should guide me.*" One of the popular works of fiction of twenty years ago was entitled "Ships That Pass in the Night." It was a clever analysis of the possibilities arising from what we call the "chance meeting." Such a "chance meeting" was that of Philip and the Ethiopian. And yet, as we see how the path of Philip intersected the path of the dusky traveler, we see how carefully the Divine mind had planned and timed that meeting. The extremity and the opportunity as usual came together. To the man anxious to be guided came the man anxious to guide. They passed as ships in the night, but not till they had exchanged gifts and greetings.

If we are to be soul-winners, we must always be prepared to practice. The richest prospects will come from the most unexpected places, and at the most unlooked-for times. Then we should exercise some skill in fishing for men. All will not be so easily led as the eunuch. But if we can blend a good mixture of patience, love and persistence, we will send many on their way rejoicing.

No one can testify much beyond his own personal experience. The reason Philip was able to unfold that bit of Isaiah's prophesy with wet eyes and voice thrilling with emotion, was because Philip knew Him of whom the prophet spake. We cannot tell others what Jesus has done for us, sometimes, because we have never let Jesus do much for ourselves. H. P. H.

Three Things God Is

WEDNESDAY. Isaiah 12:2. "*The Lord is My Strength, My Song, and My Salvation.*" In this verse Isaiah makes the Lord a vital force in human life. The prophet thinks of God as a concrete personality, not an abstract principle. The intention of religion is to make God real to us. God or no God means strength or no strength, song or no song, salvation or no salvation.

In this verse the prophet speaks of God as our Strength. We, therefore, have a right to associate strength with the One who is almighty in power. God Who flung out the worlds, hung up the stars, and holds the seas has no weakness in His nature or in His character. We might also notice that Isaiah is saying more than "God is Strength"; he is saying "God is *my* Strength," and this possessive pronoun changes everything.

Isaiah tells us again that God is our Song. We have every right to believe that God is the happiest Being in this universe because He is good and because He can do so much good for others. This happiness He can share with us, because what God has He has to share with others who need it.

God is also our Salvation. Here the verb is in the present tense, for this salvation is a present possession. It is not a salvation that has to do simply with Heaven and the future—it has to do with Earth and the present. God is our great deliverer from sin and sorrow and trouble. W. W. B.

Broken Things

THURSDAY. I. Cor., 11:24. "*Take, eat: this is my body which is broken for you.*" How often we have heard these beautiful words at the Communion of the Lord's Supper, where we have offered the sacrifices of a broken heart and a contrite spirit! Is there not a blessing in broken things? We would keep them whole for our selfish enjoyment; but love flows forth from hearts that are broken and our Lord's love finds entrance into the riven side, enriching the soul with its infinite treasure.

Unbroken alabaster boxes are valueless, as many unbrushed flowers are odorless. Broken earthly hopes make room for heavenly riches. Breaking the marble makes the statuary beautiful; breaking the grain gives bread to the hungry; breaking the rocks opens the way to gold and precious stones; breaking the earth gives oil and coal for commerce and comfort. So the breaking of the body of Jesus on Calvary gives the Bread of Life to famishing millions. "He that eateth of Me shall live by Me."

To become like our Saviour, we break the alabaster boxes of loving sacrifice for others, scattering the fragrance of devotion everywhere. The gifts of a little child or of a poor widow are as precious to Christ as the offerings of the rich and the great. E. W. C.

The Path Through the Crowd

FRIDAY. Isa. 50:7. "*Therefore have I set my face like a flint and I know I shall not be ashamed.*" Flint is the stuff the Indians made their arrowheads of. It is about the toughest, hardest kind of stone there is. When an arrow tipped with a head of flint was set free from the warrior's bow, it made a path like a rifle bullet. To succeed in anything you must set your face like a flint.

The text is, of course, part of the Messianic prophecy. It is descriptive of Jesus and reminds us strikingly of Luke's words: "He steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem."

Every strong man wants to run a race. He has a thirst to try his mettle. He wants to forge ahead. And to do so, he knows he must "set his face" toward his objective. Every man who would follow Jesus must make a path through the crowd. The only thing we lose by following Him is what the gold loses by going through the fire—the dross. H. P. H.

The Added Touch

SATURDAY. Mark 8:25. "*He put His hands again upon his eyes.*" It is well to notice that this blind man was brought to Jesus by others. Their names are not mentioned, but their deed is recorded. It is not necessary that our name should be written on history's page, just so the deed of goodness is recorded in the annals of time.

They had to make a speeal effort to get this blind man to Christ. It is never an easy thing to lead a blind man, but to bring such a one to Christ is worthy of the utmost effort, and it is to Christ that we must bring all those who are spiritually blind in sin and selfishness, for He alone is the cure and the Saviour.

The most significant thing about this story is the fact that Jesus touched the blind man twice. After the first time, the man saw things indistinctly, and others looked to him like trees walking, so Jesus touched his eyes again. Christ is never satisfied with incomplete work—whatever He does He does perfectly, and He did not stop in the man's cure until he could see clearly. It is this added touch that we need in life today. It makes all the difference in the world. Our home life needs the added touch of Love. Our religious life needs the added touch of Spiritual Power. Our individual lives need the added touch of Christlike tenderness. W. W. B.

Photographs by Frank Burnett

The main approach to the wonderful temple of Angkor Watt, in French Indo-China. The colonnaded gallery is three hundred yards long and is adorned with many statues

Wonders of Ancient Cambodia

Enormous Ruins of Temples and Palaces Show High State of India's Civilization 1,500 Years Ago

By FRANCIS DICKIE

THROUGH ten thousand years great civilizations have flourished, faded and been forgotten; their buildings, mighty and representative, have crumbled to rubble and dust. Some have been jungle-covered. On the ashes of others new-sprung races have reared fresh empires which in turn have passed and have given way to ever new civilizations pressing on down through all the ages.

A few of these wonders, however, have defied time's erosion, and remained for thousands of years almost intact. One of the most interesting of these, and one worthy of particular attention at this time when the coming of peace has permitted the resumption of the splendid reclamation work being carried on by the French Colonial Government, which was halted during the five years of European hostilities, is the ancient city of Angkor Thom and the temple of Angkor Watt, in French Indo-China. Here a mighty metropolis still remains with many temples. Some of the buildings and city's walls are still in a fair state of preservation.

In Cambodia, now a part of French Indo-China, some 1500 years ago, was built one of the finest of the early civilizations. Huge edifices and beautiful works of stone, adorned with sculptured bas-reliefs of a high order, showing an advanced state of art and architecture even in those distant days, are in evidence throughout the city and in the enormous temple a mile outside the gates.

The civilization was known as the Khmer Empire, and originated in a small band of Hindustan adventurers who journeyed to Cambodia about the fifth century, A.D., and founded a great empire.

For a period of a thousand years the descendants of these men, who mixed with the native races, built up a wonderful nation and reared marvelous cities and temples.

THE ancient city of Angkor Thom is surrounded by a wide moat, flanked by an enormously thick defensive wall. Upon the top of the wall two trains might pass. The wall is rectangular in shape, reaching two miles in each direction, but much of it has not yet been reclaimed from the jungle. Entrance through this wall is gained by five colossal gates, surmounted by towers, each one about thirty feet high. On each of the four sides of the towers is sculptured a face of Buddha, remarkable pieces of work, in that they show so well the calm and placidity which is so marked a part of all representations of this deity of the East.

The city was captured and looted by the Siamese in 1373. This marked the fall of the Empire. The city became deserted and was given over to jungle, until the French Colonial authorities began work a little over a quarter of a century ago to reclaim some of the principal parts of interest, which work has been going on slowly but surely and carefully.

In the very center of the city is the Bayon Temple. It is built on terraces artificially reared on the level plain, a tremendous work that must have required the labor of countless thousands of men over many years. It has ninety-one towers, upon the face of each being carved the face of Brahma. This is a striking evidence of how one religion supplanted another through the centuries in which this city was reaching completion.

Near it, on another vast artificial terrace, stands

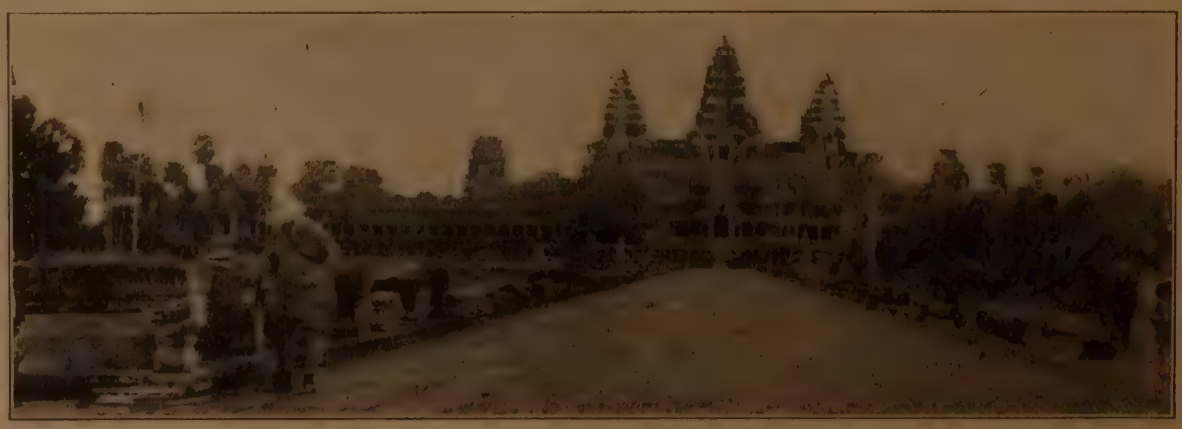
The Preasat tower of the temple is 250 feet high and is reached by a flight of steps forty feet high

the remains of a palace inhabited by many kings. It is mostly ruin today. But the facing of the terrace upon which it stands carries one of the most remarkable pieces of ancient sculpture in the world. Here is carved a procession of elephants nearly one-half life-size. It extends for a distance of a quarter of a mile. The execution of this procession was a particularly difficult feat, in that the stones making up the carving of each individual elephant, about a dozen stones to each animal, were carved separately and then fitted in afterward. Despite this there are no unsymmetrical lines, and the whole procession is faultless in finish.

NONE of the structures within the city, however, nearly approaches in grandeur the temple of Angkor Watt, which stands a mile without the gate. This noblest monument from those ancient hands was constructed entirely of a fine-grained sandstone, brought by elephants from quarries fifteen miles distant. Three hundred years were required to complete the temple, and it had scarcely been finished when the Siamese invaded the region in 1373, after which time the place became deserted. The jungle encroached upon the buildings until a little over a quarter of a century ago when work was begun to reclaim these ancient wonders.

The chief entrance to the temple of Angkor Watt is from the west. A flagged highway leads over the moat to a great outer rectangular colonnaded gallery three hundred yards in length, as seen in the photograph at the top of this page. Into this gallery five doors open. These doors are set high and reached by flights of steps. At stated intervals along the gallery are standing gigantic stone deities represented in the Hindu pantheon. One of them is a six-armed statue which was visited by countless childless women, who sought to propitiate the gods with offerings of their hair in the hope the god would grant children to them.

Passing through the central doorway of the outer gallery, a temple visitor comes upon another broad flagged highway, and is still a quarter of a mile away from the main temple. Some idea of the millions on millions of feet which have trod this highway in the long ago may be gained when it is explained that some of the grooves in the highway, which is shown at the bottom of the page, were made by the wearing away of the stone from the passing of human feet. This roadway is bordered with tanks along which once ran a stone balustrade representing the king cobra with heads every half-dozen feet. The balustrade was badly broken, but will eventually be repaired. Inside the gallery of the temple proper is a courtyard from which rise three terraces, surrounded by other colonnaded galleries and cloisters, all a mass of sculpture. The last gallery is reached by a flight of steps forty feet high, on which rises the Preasat tower, some 250 feet high, of elaborate architecture, as shown in the illustration in the center of the page.



The passing of millions of human feet has worn deep grooves in this stone highway which leads up to the main temple. All this is enclosed within a huge colonnaded gallery

DURING the centuries since they were deserted, the city of Angkor Thom and the temple of Angkor Watt were largely overgrown with various jungle plants and trees, the most destructive of which was the banyan tree. With its aerial roots finding place on top of walls and in the unmortared interstices of galleries, the banyan tree burst many places in the walls. Other trees and shrubs and flowers did much damage along with this, and in its wake.

Continued on page 11

The empty bowls which these famine refugees clutch as they await the relief distribution can be filled only from America's bounty

America's Duty Toward China

Continued from page 8

fields had been promptly pounced upon for human food, and the people were trying to subsist on bark and roots. Their cattle had been driven off by profiteers, their clothes had been sold, and the surplus women had shared the same fate. When I left China the price for girls in the famine districts was about $2.00 each. The people are now without clothing, without food and without fuel. Unless the United States comes to their assistance, they are without hope and inevitably will perish, for winter is now upon them.

TO BE sure, the United States already has done something. The American Red Cross sent a contribution of $500,000, and shortly before I left China, Major Emmett C. White, chief of the insular division of that organization, had been given full and complete control of a small section of country containing between 75,000 and 100,000 people, and J. E. Baker, formerly of the Southern Pacific and now adviser to the Chinese railroad board of the minister of communications had been given carte blanche by the Peking government to do what he could to relieve the situation in the way of furnishing transportation. Mr. Baker is one of the "livest wires" in China. He knows the Chinese and knows how to deal with them.

It is highly probable that all of the people in the district in which the Red Cross is working will be saved, but this district is relatively only a pin-prick on the map.

The Chinese are inured to physical suffering and have little fear of death.

A Chinese who spoke fairly good pidgin-English told me a whole family had just died of cholera. "When the stomach is empty," he said, "disease finds easy victims."

At one place, in Chihli, I saw a tatterdermalion with arms and legs asprawl at the side of the roadway. He was in the last stages. A little further on I saw another. His head was resting on a pole stretched between two baskets. I was told that he had been trying to make his way to Tientsin to beg, but had passed out on the way.

On the road between Peking and Tientsin I saw a family—man, wife and a child about ten years old. All were emaciated, and the girl apparently was dying. The mother held the girl's skinny form in her arms and crooned over it. They were doubtless among those who had come from the famine districts to Peking and other cities to beg, but had been driven out by the professional beggars.

The Peking government, which ostensibly controls Northern China, is not noted for its efficiency. It has placed a special tax on railroad tickets and other commodities to raise a fund for the relief of the famine district. But taxes in China somehow have a habit of finding their way into the pockets of those for whom they were not intended, and the same is true in a lesser degree of other things.

The Chinese make a specialty of conversation rather than action. In Peking, they were calling many meetings, indulging in much talk about building roads through the famine districts and laying out irrigation plans that would prevent future famines, and accomplish all sorts of wonderful things. There is only one thing wrong with these plans, and that is by the time the Chinese get ready to carry them out all of whom it is intended to benefit will be dead.

WHEN I left China early last November, famine was prevalent in four provinces—Shantung, Honan, Chihli and Shansi. Newspaper dispatches indicate that it has spread to other provinces. I would be very much surprised if it had not, for in all of the provinces in this region the sparse crops already were shriveling and there was little hope that they would mature.

It was hoped that fall rains would give the stricken people an opportunity to mature buckwheat and sweet potatoes in sufficient quantities to get through the winter, but as these crops withered, hope faded. The result is that a region roughly three hundred miles north of the Yellow River and one hundred miles south of it and extending from close to the east coast westward, nobody seemed to know quite how far, is without food, without fuel, and without blankets or clothing. In this area there lived last Spring a population estimated at 50,000,000.

That many of these are dead is certain. Many had died before I left China. The first sting of frost was then in the air, and now winter is upon them, and their suffering must be beyond human comprehension.

Communication in China is not easy. There are few railroads and the affected provinces are practically without either postal, telegraph or telephone facilities. Literally thousands of impoverished families, who had sold off their land and their belongings to get temporary relief from hunger, were aimlessly wandering in a vain search for help. In most cases these migrations simply led them away from home to die.

LEAVING altogether out of consideration the humanitarian standpoint of this colossal tragedy, what this means in an economic way to the United States is vaguely felt by some commercial interests in this country, but is only fully realized by those in close touch with Chinese affairs. The price of food in China when I left was about double what it had been a few months before. There had been abundant crops on the great Manchurian plain this year, but China, in the matter of food is always just about two hops ahead of the sheriff. It has just enough food to subsist upon and a drought of crop failure is inevitably followed by food shortage. It can be written down as a positive fact that if rural China starves this year urban China will starve next year. The vast population of Chinese craftsmen are absolutely dependent upon the Chinese farmers for food. The surplus product of the producing class of China, outside the farmers, are the keystone of the arch upon which American commerce with China rests.

This commerce last year aggregated $346,271,376. Unless the famine can be effectively countered, it can be set down as certain that China's commerce with the United States next year will vanish. American ships now engaged in the China trade will float idly at their moorings, and American manufacturers who depend upon China for trade will have to seek new customers in another country.

Part of the people in the famine district can yet be saved, but it will take millions of dollars to do it. In a general way it can be figured that five dollars efficiently expended will save a Chinese life. To save China from partial annihilation is not only a humanitarian, but an economic, duty devolving upon the United States. China has the last great source of undeveloped raw materials, and she has the manpower to make them productive.

IF AMERICA takes up the duty laid upon it, we not only can save millions of human lives that are an economic factor in America's welfare, but we can prevent a recurrence of these famines at least in the section of China now affected. There are two ways in which this can be done: First, by the installation of a modern irrigation system, which has been surveyed and worked out by American engineers, but never constructed; and, second, by sinking throughout the provinces affected a series of wells. I have been informed by competent engineers who have investigated the problem that at a depth of about thirty feet below the surface of these plains, there exists a hardpan, upon which there flows a perpetual supply of water which drifts subterraneously from the Yellow River. These wells could be dug this winter. They ultimately would furnish a good market for American windmills.

I am not a believer in the bestowal of indiscriminate charity. It is perfectly feasible to make contributions from the United States productive. No Chinaman, outside of a professional mendicant, wants charity. He is more than willing to work for what is given him, and to render more than an honest day's work for less than an honest day's pay. Let each class be put upon a ration. Those who are too far gone from malnutrition, of course, cannot be expected to work, but for those who are still able-bodied let work be provided. In this way the relief funds can be made to accomplish the maximum result.

If this is done, the United States will have not only the satisfaction of having saved millions of people from starvation, but the resultant stimulation of commerce between China and the United States ultimately will return manyfold every dollar that is contributed to the cause.

MR. UNDERWOOD, who is a member of the editorial staff of the Washington Bureau of the Seattle Times, has just returned to the United States after spending four months in the Orient. He studied the famine situation at first hand and presents facts regarding its effects on America and on the problems of relief which previously have not been brought out in discussions of the crisis.

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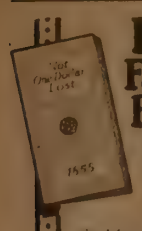

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Jesus Teaches Forgiveness

International Sunday School Lesson for January 9
Matt. 18 : 21 - 35

By LUTHER DENNY WHITTEMORE, Litt.D.

THE teaching of Jesus concerning forgiveness is exceedingly practical in its application, for there is no one who does not need forgiveness and no one who does not have occasion to forgive. The conventional expression, "Pardon me, please," which one hears and uses repeatedly, is a bit of evidence which shows how lasting has been the teaching of Jesus and how Christian standards of conduct have been accepted as established social usage. The words "pardon" and "forgive," although derived from different sources, conveyed originally the same idea, that of *giving fully* or *completely*, and they are thus used in the English Bible; as, in Isaiah 55 : 7, "He will abundantly pardon;" and in Psalm 103 : 3, "Who forgiveth all their iniquities."

Peter's question, "How often shall I forgive my brother?" suggests an actual occurrence in which Peter had been offended, rather than a calm discussion of moral obligation as an abstract theory. Evidently something had happened which gave an opportunity for a definite application of the Sermon on the Mount; and a situation had arisen which was to test the Golden Rule. Peter acknowledged the duty of forgiveness and generously professed his readiness to forgive seven times if necessary; but in his mind there was a question whether forgiveness might not sometime cease to be a virtue.

It has been said that occasions for repentance and for the exercise of forgiveness occur inevitably among intimate associates, where causes producing friction, misunderstanding, and annoyance are sometimes magnified until they reach serious proportions. From such sources come estrangements between members of the same family, differences between members of the same church, and the interruption of intimate friendships, perils which can be averted only by the possession of childlike humility and Christlike willingness to forgive.

THE group of the disciples was not exceptional in this respect, although it is remarkable that only one instance of contention among them has been recorded, their strife over the question who should be the greatest. Perhaps Peter had been an interested party in this dispute. His aggressive personality made him a natural leader. He was the first whom Jesus had called as a disciple, and in a peculiar way he had enjoyed the Master's confidence. He had been the first to acknowledge Jesus as the Christ, and for this he had been significantly commended. Therefore he might naturally have taken offense when his claim to the right of preeminence was opposed.

If such was the situation, nothing could have been more appropriate than Jesus' answer, "Not seven times, but seventy times seven," followed by the parable of the forgiving king and the unforgiving servant with its unmistakable application.

The duty of forgiveness is implied in the Christian program of love to God and love to man. One who loves his heavenly Father finds it easy to ask for forgiveness; and one who loves his neighbor finds it easy to forgive a grievance.

Forgiveness is distinctly a *Christian* virtue. The pagan world into which Christ was born was cruel and resentful. Its highest moral ideas were those of justice and retribution. It was a universal belief that justice invariably required penalty for sin, and that the purpose of the penalty was punishment and pain rather than reformation of the sinner. Hatred and revenge were thought admirable in the person wronged. Even the laws of Moses, the most humane which the world had ever known, required, or at least permitted, the practice of retaliation for personal injuries. How different from all this was the teaching of Jesus, who commanded His disciples not only to love and forgive one another, but to love and forgive their enemies also.

There is no real conflict between justice and forgiveness. One who commits an offense against an individual afterwards repents and asks for pardon, may reasonably expect to be forgiven; but one who commits a crime against society, although he is filled with remorse and expresses his deep regret, can not claim exemption from the penalty which his act merits. On the other hand, an individual who has suffered personally through a lawless act committed by another may personally forgive the offender, and at the same time he may, without hatred or malice, insist upon a just penalty for the offense in order that society may be protected; and society can not ignore crimes and misdemeanors, for the first duty of society is self-preservation; and organized society must protect its individual members. But even those who commit crimes against the social order may be capable of repentance, and if penitent may be forgiven. These, if sincerely penitent, will not desire so much the remission of the penalty as an opportunity to make amends for the wrong which they have done.

The fact that we ourselves have been forgiven is not the *reason* why we ought to forgive those who trespass against us, but rather a *motive* which should awaken within us a forgiving impulse, and a willingness to forgive; and the prayer, "Forgive us as we forgive," does not imply that we are entitled to forgiveness *because* we have forgiven. But if we with an unforgiving spirit pray for forgiveness, the evidence is strong against us and shows that we are not truly penitent.

ALTHOUGH the teaching of Jesus refers particularly to the relations between individuals, yet it may be asked whether a nation as such may forgive and be forgiven. It is not uncommon for a nation, without loss of self-respect, to disavow an act which has been interpreted as unfriendly and to express regret for the offensive acts of individual citizens. The offering and the accepting of such an apology between friendly nations is at least similar to repentance and forgiveness between persons.

Suppose that those who planned and initiated the Great War had, before defeat, become conscious of the awful sin which in God's sight had been committed; and suppose that sincere repentance had been experienced by the responsible rulers and leaders; and suppose, further, that all possible efforts had been made towards restitution as a repentant individual might have done; —under such circumstances how easy it would have been to restore relations of peace and friendship! And is there, after all, any substitute for the teachings of Jesus as a preventive and remedy for the moral ills that afflict nations as well as individuals?

Nothing brings disaster in the home, in the church, or in the family of nations more surely than the presence of an unrepentant or an unforgiving spirit; but peace and harmony and happiness will be everywhere assured by obedience to this law of love: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

a. Ought the debtor in the parable to have forgiven his fellow servant even if he himself had not been forgiven?

b. What notable instances of human forgiveness are mentioned in the Old Testament?

c. Why is the spirit of forgiveness so essential in the Christian life?

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The Island of Faith

Continued from page 11

smile; the Young Doctor, coming in bruskly from his round of calls, was aware of her pink cheeks and her sparkling eyes. All at once he realized that Rose-Marie was a distinct addition to the humdrum life of the place; that she was like a sweet old-fashioned garden set down in the gardenless slums. He started to say something of the sort before he remembered that a quarrel lay, starkly, between them.

Rose-Marie, herself, could scarcely have told why she was so bubbling over with gladness. When she left the tenement home of the Volskys she had been exceedingly depressed, and when she parted from Bennie at the Settlement House steps she had been ready to cry. But the hours between that parting and dinner-time had brought her a sort of assurance, a sort of joyous bravery. She felt, at last, that she had found her true vocation, her real place in the sun. The Volsky family presented to her a very genuine challenge.

She glanced covertly at the Young Doctor. He was eating soup, and no man is at his best while eating soup. And yet, as she watched him, she considered very seriously whether she should tell him of her adventure. His skill might, perhaps, find some way out for Lily—who had not been born a mute, who had come into the world with seeing eyes. Bennie had told her that it was the result of an illness—the child's condition. Perhaps the Young Doctor might be able to effect at least a partial cure. Perhaps it was selfish of her, utterly, absurdly selfish, to keep the situation to herself.

THE Superintendent's voice broke sharply into her reverie. It was a pleasant voice, and yet Rose-Marie found herself resenting the questioning tone of it.

"Did you have a pleasant afternoon, dear," the Superintendent was asking. "I noticed that you were out for a long while, alone!"

"Why, yes," Rose-Marie faltered, as she spoke, and—to her annoyance—she could feel the red wave of a blush creeping up over her face (Rose-Marie had never learned to control her blushes!) "Why, yes, I had a very delightful afternoon!"

The Young Doctor, glancing up from his soup, felt a sudden desire to tease. Rose-Marie, with her cheeks all flushed, made a startlingly colorful, extremely young picture.

"You're blushing!" he told her accusingly. "You're blushing!"

Rose-Marie, feeling the blushes creep still higher, knew a rude impulse to slap the Young Doctor. All of her desire to confide in him died away as suddenly as it had been born. He was the man who had said that the people who live in poverty are soulless. He would scoff at the Volskys, and at her desire to help them. Worse than that—he might keep her from seeing the Volskys again. And in keeping her from seeing them, he would also keep her from making Bennie into a real, wholesome boy; he would keep her from showing Ella the dangers of the precipice that she was skirting. Of course, he might help Lily. But Rose-Marie told herself that perhaps even Lily—golden-haired, angelic little Lily—might seem soulless to him.

"I'm not blushing, Dr. Blanchard," she said shortly, and could have bitten off her tongue for saying it.

THE Young Doctor laughed with a boyish vigor.

"I thought," he said annoyingly, "that you were a Christian, Miss Rose-Marie Thompson!"

Rose-Marie felt a tide of genuine anger rising in her heart.

"I am a Christian!" she retorted.

"Then," the Young Doctor was still laughing, "then you must never, never tell untruths. You are blushing!"

The Superintendent interrupted. It had been her rôle, lately, to interrupt quarrels between the two who sat on either side of her table.

"Don't tease, Billy Blanchard!" she said, sternly. "If Rose-Marie went anywhere this afternoon, she certainly had a right to. And she also has a right to blush. I'm glad, in these sophisticated days, to see a girl who can blush!"

The Young Doctor was leaning back in his chair, surveying the pair of them with unconcealed amusement.

"How you women do stick together!" he said. "Talk about men being clannish! I believe," he chuckled, "from the way Miss Thompson is blushing, that she's got a very best beau! I believe that she was out with him this afternoon!"

Rose-Marie, who had always been taught that deceit is wicked, felt a sudden unexplainable urge to be wicked! She told herself that she hated Dr. Blanchard—she told herself that he was the most unsympathetic of men. His eyes, fixed mirthfully upon her, brought words—that she scarcely meant to say—to her lips.

"Well,' she said slowly and distinctly, "what if I was?'

To be continued

Are You Ready for the Work?

Continued from page 14

of grace. If the individual Christian were ready, vast missions would scarcely be required. If individuals were more busy with their lines we should have less need of the net.

This is surely the ideal of the Christian Church—every man and woman a missioner, a herald of the good news of redeeming love. "As much as in me is!" Just so much as that and no more. I am not required to be a Moody or a Drummond, or any man with conspicuously outstanding gift. "Just as much as in me is," just so far I am to be ready. There are vast multitudes of isolated people who would be won by the line, but who will never be caught in the net.

I sometimes think I never should have been brought home by the ministry of a great and organized mission. That is no disparagement of missions; it only indicates that there are varieties of temperament, and we must apportion our methods to reach them all. There are souls that are exquisitely shy and reserved; the glaring publicity of the public mission might overawe them, while the tender dealing of the individual might constrain them to the Lord's feet.

We want an army of individuals "ready" for this form of service. Are we ready, "ready to be offered"? God is ready, and when we are ready to tell the good news, ready for individual service, we shall enter into "the joy of the Lord." "They that were ready went in with him to the feast," and so long as they remained in the spirit of readiness, at the feast they remained.

A Brazilian Sunday School

A STEAM laundry is used as the meeting place for a Sunday school in Bahia Blanca, Brazil. And the place seems appropriate enough, says Rev. George P. Howard, representative of the World's Sunday School Association in South America. Most of the children look as if they needed a laundry, and when they come in through the door labelled "Soiled Linen," that seems to be the proper designation for them.

But the laundry Sunday school is the beginning of cleanliness, if the example of another school in the same city is any indication. Five years ago there came together a crowd of children whom the missionary described as "the filthiest I have ever seen." But the Sunday school spirit got hold of them, and they have continued to meet until just a few days ago the local bank advanced a loan of $6,000 so that this same lot of children, grown up now, might buy one of the finest properties in the neighborhood for a permanent church and Sunday school.

What Doctors do for their own sore throats

"I want to congratulate you, Doctor, on the great success I hear you are having with your throat cases. I myself have attacks of inflamed throat every winter, can't seem to get rid of them. Wish you would take a look at mine and tell me what to do."

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THE HOME

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Adventures of the Food Family—Chocolate

STORMS had been raging about the Lighthouse home of the Gilson family, and one night when the waves were running particularly high, Mother promised the children some steaming hot chocolate before they went to bed, and suggested that its travels and ancestry might be inquired into.

"The chocolate 'bean' is not a bean at all," said Father introducing the story, "but the kernel of the fruit of the cacao tree of Central America and other tropical countries. The cacao tree is an evergreen, and grows three or four times as high as a man. It has fruit shaped like a thick short cucumber. The skin is rough and warty and the inside is a sweet pinkish white pulp. It is used for food, and contains from twenty to sixty seeds as large as almonds. These seeds, which are called chocolate beans, have a thin brittle, reddish brown husk and a dark oily inside.

"After the beans are roasted they are crushed and cleared of the husks. These husks are cocoa shells, and the beans broken into pieces are called cocoa nibs. The paste which is made by grinding the nibs alone is called cocoa, and that made by grinding them with other substances and flavors is called chocolate.

"Chocolate is a food as well as a flavor," said Mother, "as it is nearly half fat, as well as containing about twelve per cent. of protein and twenty-eight per cent. of starch. It is mostly made with milk or cream, and furnishes an unusually hearty beverage that is almost a meal in itself."

"Cocoa and chocolate are so closely related," Father went on, "that I imagine even in their own family it is difficult to tell them apart. They are like twins who look so much alike that people are always making mistakes about them. The only difference between a cocoa and a chocolate is that in making the cocoa about half of the fat is taken out, so that the finished product is much less rich and is more easily digested. This makes it preferable for use as a steady beverage, or for the use of children or invalids, who have difficulty in digesting fats."

"It is very much more economical," resumed Mother, "to use cocoa in a great many recipes which call for chocolate as a flavoring, since all the best cocoas carry the chocolate flavor perfectly."

"Cocoa isn't even a poor relation of chocolate, then," interrupted Sara, "since it is quite as important as a food product and the only reason that seems to make chocolate a bit more stylish is that it is used more often for flavoring cake and ice-cream and candy."

"And even then," said Mother, "it is many times getting credit where no credit is due, because when the quality of the bean is good and care is taken in roasting, cocoa is equally good as a flavoring for even these sweets, and is nearly always used where candy and ice-cream are made in large quantities."

"The family had a very wonderful name at first," concluded Sara. "The Incas in Peru called it 'Theombra,' which means the 'food of the gods,' and shows that in very early times it was as much appreciated as it is in these days."

A Batch of Lighthouse Recipes

FROZEN CHOCOLATE

SCALD two cupfuls of rich milk. Melt one and a quarter squares of unsweetened chocolate in three quarters of a cupful of boiling water; boil for two minutes and add to the milk with three quarters of a cupful of sugar and a tiny pinch of ground cinnamon. Stir over hot water and cook for three minutes longer, then remove from the fire and beat with an egg-beater. When cold flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and add four tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. Then freeze and serve with sweetened whipped cream and grated coconut.

SHRIMP AND CABBAGE SALAD

To the ordinary shrimp salad, add one-third of its bulk of finely shredded cabbage. One can of shrimps thus treated will not only be improved in flavor but will go a great deal further than when served in the usual fashion.

PEANUT BUTTER SOUFFLÉ

Two-thirds of a cupful of peanut butter, one cupful of tomato juice, half a teaspoonful of onion juice, one cupful of soft stale bread-crumbs, one teaspoonful of salt, and three eggs. Mix the first five ingredients, add the well-beaten yolks of the eggs and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour the mixture into a buttered baking dish and cook in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. If desired, a little water and lemon juice may be used instead of the tomato. Serve the soufflé with tomato sauce made as follows:—Two tablespoonfuls of butter or substitute, two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of tomato juice. Melt the butter, add the flour and cook for about a minute. Add the tomato juice and salt and stir the sauce until it thickens. Either skim-milk or water flavored with tomato catsup may be used instead of the tomato juice in making this sauce.

APPLES WITH SAUSAGE FILLING

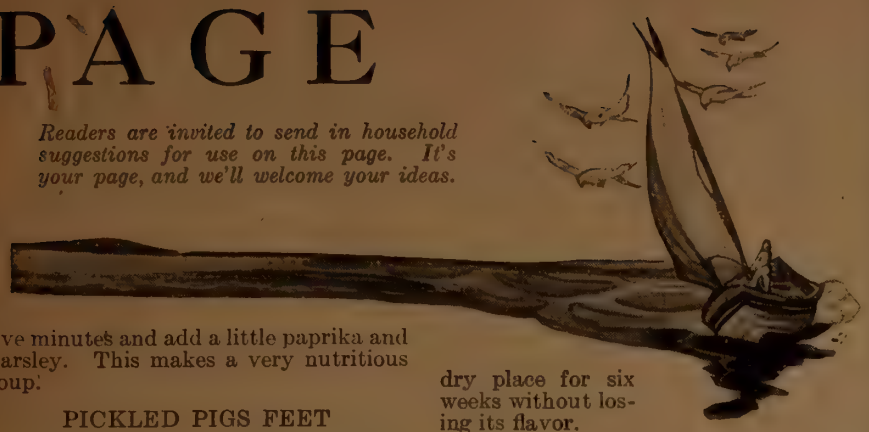
Baked apples with sausage filling are prepared by coring and peeling large apples and filling the cavity from which the core has been taken with a quarter of a pound of sausage meat. Place in a baking pan, pour in one cupful of water, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a few drops of lemon juice. Cover the pan and bake until the apples are tender. Baste two or three times while cooking, and uncover for the last ten minutes to brown.

OX TAIL SOUP

One cupful of ox tail cut into small pieces, one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper, one tablespoonful of parsley or celery top, one-half cupful of finely cut carrots, one cupful of diced potatoes, one-fourth cupful of barley, one-half cupful of onions, cut fine, and one tablespoonful of salt. The ox tail should be chopped at each joint, making pieces from one to two inches long. Wash well in two or three waters. Put on to boil with two quarts of cold water, add the barley, and boil slowly for two hours, then add onions, carrots, salt and pepper and boil for thirty minutes. Add ten small potatoes and boil for twenty-

PAGE

Readers are invited to send in household suggestions for use on this page. It's your page, and we'll welcome your ideas.



five minutes and add a little paprika and parsley. This makes a very nutritious soup.

PICKLED PIGS FEET

Wash and clean the feet thoroughly, cover with cold water slightly salted and boil with a few celery tops and a sliced onion until the meat is very tender. Take out, drain and pack in sterilized jars, covering them while you make ready for the pickle. For four feet allow one quart of vinegar, one quarter of a cupful of sugar, eighteen whole black peppers, six blades of mace, and six whole cloves. Boil this for five minutes and pour boiling hot over the meat. It will be ready for use in two days, and provided the spiced vinegar covers the meat it will keep in a cool, dry place for six weeks without losing its flavor.

SALT PORK AND CREAM GRAVY

For the crisp salt pork in cream gravy, cut a half pound of lean salt pork into dice and fry crisp and brown. Drain and place on brown paper. Make one and one-half cupfuls of cream sauce, using part of the pork fat in the pan, and season with a tiny pinch of salt, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and the same of minced canned pimentoes. Reheat to the boiling point, stir in quickly the hot pork dice and serve immediately. The pork should retain its crispness.

Utilizing Picture Post-Cards

NEARLY every household has an accumulation of picture post-cards because there is a disinclination to destroy them after they are received and read. Many times the desire to do something with them presents itself, but few plans for disposing of them are suggested. This is one which is practical.

Take two cards and paste them together so that the writing is hidden and the two picture surfaces are exposed. When a good-sized boxful has been collected, mail them to the nearest hospital. Children and even grown-ups who are recovering from illness get great pleasure in looking at them and talking about them.

The hospital authorities are always glad to receive them because they can be sterilized very easily; whereas so many things which are sent to them have to be destroyed for fear of infection. The preparation of these cards will occupy the children of the household when they have nothing to do on rainy afternoons.

A Cleaning Outfit

THE way of the housekeeper is hard or easy according to her choice and use of methods. Expert use of good cleaning tools will do wonders toward making her way easy. The house that has only a few old-fashioned tools for cleaning purposes cannot be very well kept, except by heart-breaking labor.

The supply of soaps and powders and other needed cleaning agents should never be allowed to remain depleted, but should always be on hand for instant use. The immediate results of effective cleaning more than make up for whatever may be unpleasant in the process. Women who express loathing for dishwashing are very likely to be ones who employ poor methods and slight skill in performing this task.

So many inexpensive mechanical appliances are now available for making the work of the housewife lighter and more effective, that it is false economy to fail to provide the household with this means of making life easier and more comfortable.

The Gilsons' Mail-Bag

DEAR *Lady of the Lighthouse:*

As I have been trying some of your recipes and enjoying them, I will send you two which you and others may like to try.

The first I call "Very Best" Cream Chicken, and it is made by preparing a young chicken as you would for broiling. Then take one cupful of flour and mix into it one tablespoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Roll each piece of chicken in the flour and lay in a buttered baking pan. Pour over it one and one-half pints of milk and one-half pint of cream. If the chicken is not very fat add a few pieces of butter here and there and bake in a moderate oven until it becomes thoroughly tender.

The second is a Pineapple Whip which is made by draining the juice from a quart can of pineapple; then beat two eggs, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Mix well and stir into the juice which has been heated. Put it in a double boiler and cook until thick. Dice the pineapple and stir into it before it is quite cold. Just before serving add one quarter of a pound of diced marshmallows and one cupful of chopped walnuts. Then cover with one pint of cream whipped stiff.

(MISS) WEALTHY NOBLES

Sumter, Minn.

S. O. S. Flashes to Housewives

A SMALL quantity of carbolic acid added to paste or mucilage will prevent mold. An ounce of the acid to a gallon of whitewash will help to keep cellars and dairies free from the disagreeable-odor which taints milk and meat if kept in such places.

If you fear moths in your carpets, you can often kill them by placing a wet towel on the edges and pressing with a hot flatiron. The safest way is to take the carpet up and clean thoroughly, wash the floor and put benzine in the cracks and sprinkle red pepper on the floor, before relaying the carpet. This will destroy any moths or eggs. Do not forget that benzine is inflammable.

A good substitute for whipped cream is the white of an egg; one apple (or if small two can be used) and one cupful of sugar. Beat until very stiff, and use in all places where whipped cream is desired.

In mixing a fruit salad remember that bananas should be added the last moment before serving and the oranges should not be put into it a very long time before it is to be eaten.

When every second counts

When every instant is fraught with danger, when each crack of the flame spells just that much more destruction, can the fire equipment of your town be relied upon?

People who live in towns protected by American-LaFrance Fire Apparatus mounted on a Ford chassis have every confidence the fire will be quickly extinguished—they know this speedy little truck will get to the fire promptly, they know that it will arrive almost before the sound of the alarm has died away, they know that when it arrives at the fire it has the proper equipment to meet almost any emergency, and, for that reason, the fire will soon be out.

Hundreds of towns are doing their part to eliminate fire loss by protecting themselves in this way. Make your town just as safe as these. Interest the other responsible representative citizens of your community to take steps to protect your town. It means their homes, *your home, your business.*

Return the attached coupon today, giving us names of those in your town to whom you would like to have us send circulars giving details of American-La France Fire Apparatus.

AMERICAN LAFRANCE FIRE ENGINE COMPANY, INC.

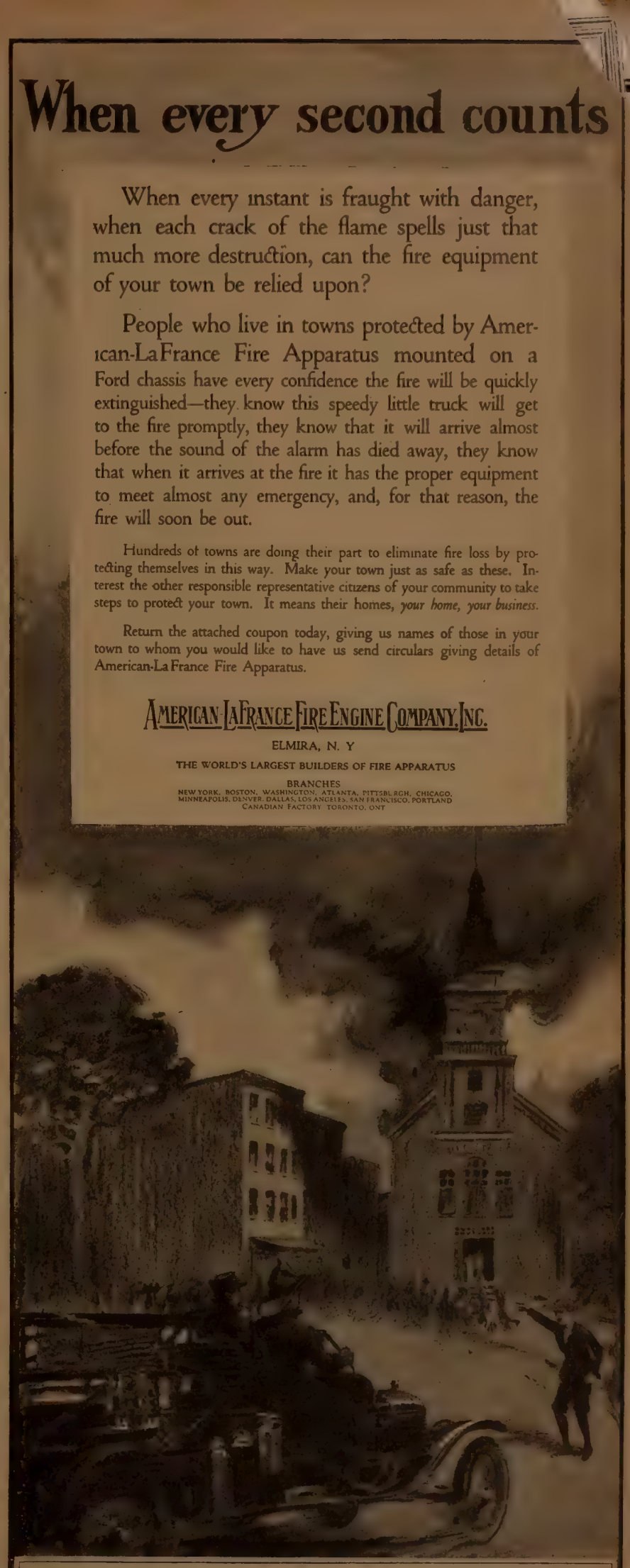
ELMIRA, N. Y

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF FIRE APPARATUS

BRANCHES

NEW YORK, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA, PITTSBURGH, CHICAGO, MINNEAPOLIS, DENVER, DALLAS, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, PORTLAND

CANADIAN FACTORY TORONTO, ONT



Gentlemen:—I have here listed the names and addresses of several of my friends to whom I should like to have you send circulars giving complete details of American-La France Fire Apparatus. It is understood that my name is not to be used in any way in this connection.

NAMES _____ ADDRESSES _____

_____ _____

_____ _____

_____ _____

_____ _____

DEAF?

"I Now Hear Clearly" You, too, Can Hear!

Inasmuch as 400,000 users have testified to the wonderful results obtained from the "Acousticon," we feel perfectly safe in urging every deaf person, without a penny of expense and entirely at our risk, to accept the

1921 Acousticon
For 10 Days' FREE TRIAL
No Deposit—No Expense

Just write saying that you are hard of hearing and will try the "Acousticon." The trial will not cost you one cent, for we even pay delivery charges.

WARNING! There is no good reason why everyone should not make as liberal a trial offer as we do, so do not send money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it. The "Acousticon" has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have tried in the past send for your free trial of the "Acousticon" today and convince yourself—you alone to decide.

Dictograph Products Corp.
1314 Candler Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

Vapo Cresolene

The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

Established 1879

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

It is simple to use, as you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night; making breathing easy, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs, and Nasal Catarrh. Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection against these epidemics.

It gives great relief in Asthma.

Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past forty years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by Druggists. Send for Descriptive Booklet 66

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Mail This Coupon!
And learn how to Restore Gray Hair in 4 to 8 days

This coupon brings you a free sample of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER and a special comb to apply it. Test it on one lock of hair. Watch the gray disappear and the natural color return. Note how dainty and clean it is, how easy to use. How it leaves your hair soft and fluffy. It won't wash off.

Then get a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from us. Don't accept imitations—there is nothing "just as good." Insist on the one and only MARY T. GOLDMAN'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER.

Mary T. Goldman, 149 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name..... Street.....
Town..... Co..... State.....

Wonders of Ancient Cambodia

The elephants on the facing of this palace terrace are nearly half life-size and the procession extends for a quarter of a mile

Continued from page 16

The ancients did not understand the construction of the true arch as built today, but instead overlaid massive blocks of stone, the one cut to fit into the other. These archways above the many colonnades, with their enormous weight, slowly through the centuries forced the columns out at the top, while the erosion of the rain beating at the bottoms of the columns, loosened them at this point.

The French cleared away the growth from around the principal buildings. Those of the columns which had been pushed outward at the top were pulled back into place and held with iron rods. The tops of towers which were crumbling were shored up with steel and concrete. Steps which had been worn almost through by the feet of pilgrims were replaced. The bottoms of the columns in the galleries were strengthened with cement. Columns which had fallen were replaced. Dozens of the huge stone deities which had been thrown down and broken by invaders or the elements were cemented or bolted together and placed back in their old familiar niches. The six-armed statue previously mentioned is a good example of the fine repair work done. This was broken in six places and all its arms knocked off; yet so well was the repairing done that it is almost impossible to note where the breaks have been mended.

Countless wonders of ancient civilizations have vanished. Many things which might have been saved for the edification of future generations have been destroyed by unthinking, uncaring vandals, or through the neglect, thoughtlessness or penuriousness on the part of short-sighted governments. The reclamation of Angkor Thom and Watt is therefore worthy of high praise. It has gone on quietly, without sound of self-praising trumpets on the part of the French authorities, and so the world at large has heard little of it. Its continuation, slowly and thoroughly, will save for future generations these beautiful relics of a wonderfully advanced people who have forever passed.

Young People's Topics for January 9

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

The Most Helpful Passage in the World

E. L., C. E., and B. Y. P. U.
Psa. 119 : 129-136

THE psalmist writes: "The entrance of thy words giveth light, it giveth understanding unto the simple." To decide, however, which is the most helpful passage in the Bible is a matter of individual circumstance. There is something in the Bible for everybody, and the thousands of passages contained in this most wonderful of all books may be applied to the varied temperaments and manifold needs of the human race. The meeting can be made one of profit and inspiration if, for instance, such a program as follows is adopted:

Let each member cite a passage that has been of especial help to him or her.

Assign work to some of the members, instructing them to bring to the meeting some famous texts of history, giving their historic background, and some of the great movements for which they were directly or indirectly responsible. For instance: "The just shall live by faith," which was Martin Luther's reformation text. (See Boreham, A Bunch of Everlastings, or Texts That Made History.)

Let others bring to the meeting the testimony of great men and women, endorsing and stressing the value of the Bible and its study, for instance: "All the distinctive features and superiority of our republican institutions are derived from the teachings of Scripture."—Edward Everett. "To my early knowledge of the Bible I owe the best part of my taste in literature."—John Ruskin. "The following are the chapters through which, thus learned she (my mother) established my soul in life: Exodus 15 and 20; 2 Samuel 1, from verse 17 to the end; 1 Kings 8; Psalms 23, 32, 90, 91, 103, 112, 119, and 139; Proverbs 2, 3, 8, 12; Isaiah 58; Matthew 5 and 7; Acts 26; 1 Corinthians 13 and 15. I count these chapters very confidently the most precious, and on the whole the most essential part of my education."—John Ruskin.

Bible reading brings God nearer to us. Bible reading introduces us to the best literature. Bible reading is like looking into a mirror. Bible reading will bring us noble companionship and it ennobles life. The poets and prose writers depend on the Bible for the beauty of its figurative language, and its perfect style. Emerson said, "Shakespeare leans on the Bible." Famous men and women in the realm of creative thought and action, lean on the Bible. As Cowper said:—

"A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age."

What has the Bible meant in your life? What can the Bible mean to this age? To take the Bible out of thought and action would be like sending a ship to sea without chart or compass. Read the Bible before you read any other book. To begin with the world's best literature first, is reading backwards. To begin with the Bible, is opening all the doors to learning and achievement.

Many Big Incomes

THERE were 721 individuals and corporations in the Chicago districts which had an income of $1,000,000 or more in 1919, as shown by the federal income tax returns. This was an increase of thirty-one over the preceding year. The income tax due from one corporation was said to be $24,000,000, while another corporation must pay $10,000,000.

Use
RESINOL
for a clear skin and good hair

For a skin that is excessively oily, and has coarse, clogged pores, or one that is disfigured by an annoying eruption, there is nothing better than RESINOL. Bathe first with RESINOL SOAP then apply RESINOL OINTMENT and you can be reasonably sure of a speedy and remarkable improvement.

Resinol Soap used regularly for the shampoo tends to keep the hair lustrous and the scalp free from dandruff. Where there is already a serious accumulation of dandruff, part the hair and rub Resinol Ointment well into the scalp some time before shampooing. *At all druggists.*

"I keep it handy for rheumatic pains"

EVEN kiddies know what's good for Dad's aching knees. Sloan's Liniment means quick relief, new energy, back on the job without loss of time. Is good for other aches and pains, sprains and strains, lame back, stiff joints, overworked muscles. All druggist have it.

35¢ 70¢ $1.40

Sloan's Liniment Pain's enemy

"I Would Not Part with it for $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it. Conserve your body and life *first.*

The Natural Body Brace

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN AND MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

For Children Also

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
171 Rash Building SALINA, KANSAS

JESUS SAID: I WAS IN PRISON Will you give God a chance to save the prisoner? Would you love to share with him the truth as it is in JESUS? To have them know His life-giving words: 'Him that cometh to ME I will in no wise cast out? and be SAVED? 322 professed conversions last year! Write for free Bulletin to W. G. A. MILLAR, Sec'y. Steffan Prison Evangelistic Ass'n, 520 Park Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Subscription agents wanted.
Address
AGENCY DEPT., THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
Bible House, New York

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 13

adequately developed and correlated.

"That it is desirable that these agencies should be encouraged and enabled to develop their activities so as to provide adequately for their expanding tasks and responsibilities and that they should be given for this purpose the fullest measure of freedom and confidence;

"That they should, at the same time, maintain and utilize the relations of consultation and affiliation through the Federal Council which have been established;

"That they should appoint also a committee on consultation made up for the present of three representatives from each of the bodies represented in the conference, which should meet periodically to consider matters of common interest, and, further, that this committee should meet as early as possible and study the problems of co-operation among these denominational agencies and report to a later conference before May 1. . . .

"That the correlation of the forward movements and general promotive activities of the denominations might be provided for through some new and representative committee of the Federal Council."

The organizations represented at the conference were the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the Home Missions Council, the Foreign Missions' Conference of North America, the Council of Women for Home Missions the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions, the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations; the Council of Church Boards of Education; and the committee headed by Bishop Thomas Nicholson of Chicago, which was appointed to deal with the affairs of the Interchurch World Movement.

International

SEVENTEEN MEN CARRY THE MINUTE HAND OF A CLOCK

The world's largest clock is on the roof of the Colgate factory in Jersey City. One look at the size of this hand will convince you the clock is a "whopper."

Huge Shrinkage in Crop Values

FINAL estimates by the Department of Agriculture placed the total worth of this year's farm crops at almost $5,000,000,000 less than for last year, although the harvest was one of the most bountiful in the nation's history, and half a dozen important crops set new records. The important crops, which comprise about 90 per cent. of the value, were appraised this year by the federal experts at $9,148,419,000, as against $14,087,995,000 last year.

The shrinkage in values was perhaps most striking in the case of the corn yield, which is worth $1,662,000,000 less than for 1919 although it was 374,000,000 bushels greater than that crop. The yield per acre for corn set a new record with an average production of 30.9 bushels, the nearest approach to this being the 30.3 yield of 1906.

The final estimates showed increases over the preliminary figures in almost every instance. Corn made a gain of 33,000,000 bushels; winter wheat, 48,000,000 bushels; oats, 70,000,000 bushels; and potatoes, 9,000,000 bushels. Spring wheat was listed at a decrease of 9,000,000 bushels. The acreage devoted to the principal crops for 1920 was smaller than for the preceding year, the total being 351,062,409 as compared with 356,162,122.

The final federal estimates on some of the principal crops were as follows:

Crop	Quantity	Value
Corn (bu.)	3,232,367,000	$2,189,721,000
Winter wheat (bu.)	580,513,000	866,741,000
Spring wheat (bu.)	209,365,000	273,465,000
Oats (bu.)	1,524,055,000	719,782,000
Barley (bu.)	202,024,000	142,931,000
Rice (bu.)	53,710,000	63,837,000
Potatoes (bu.)	430,458,000	500,974,000
Sweet potatoes (bu.)	112,368,000	126,629,000
Hay (tons)	108,233,000	1,809,162,000
Tobacco (lbs.)	1,508,064,000	298,001,000
Cotton (bales)	12,987,000	914,590,000

DOMESTIC

MORGENTHAU NAMED ARMENIAN MEDIATOR. President Wilson has selected Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, to serve as his personal representative in mediating between the Armenians and the Turkish Nationalists. He will await advices from the League of Nations as to the avenue through which the President's offer should be conveyed before taking action.

HOUSE VOTES TO REPEAL WAR LAWS. Repeal of most of the war-time laws, including the Lever Act, has been voted by the House of Representatives, not a single ballot being cast against the repeal resolution.

DEPORTATION OF MARTENS ORDERED. The United States Government has ordered the deportation to Russia of Ludwig C. A. Martens, who for several months has been in this country as the so-called ambassador from the Russian Bolshevist government, on the ground that he is affiliated with an organization which seeks the overthrow of the American government by force and violence.

ELEVEN KILLED IN MANILA RIOTING. Eleven men — four Americans and seven Filipinos—were killed in Manila in a clash between Manila police and enlisted men of the Filipino constabulary, who sought to avenge the killing of one of their number by the police. Hundreds of shots were exchanged during the battle.

HOUSE PASSES IMMIGRATION BILL. The bill to prohibit immigration for one year, except of relatives of persons already here, was passed by the House by a vote of 293 to 41. The Senate was arranging to hold hearings on the measure.

FOREIGN

MEXICO'S WAR MINISTER DIES. General Benjamin Hill, Mexican Minister of War and one of the strongest supporters of President Gonzales, died in Mexico City after an illness of several weeks. He rose from a sick-bed to be sworn in when the Obregon administration took office on December 1.

FOUR KILLED IN LONDON-TO-PARIS AIRPLANE. The first fatal accident in the London-to-Paris air service occurred when a giant airplane crashed to the ground in London, killing four persons and injuring five others.

UNEMPLOYMENT WORRIES BRITAIN. The growth of unemployment in Great Britain has caused a serious problem and the government was being pressed to find a solution. Official statistics showed 500,000 to be idle but these figures were acknowledged to be incomplete and labor leaders estimated the number at more than 1,000,000. Several municipalities have begun improvement works to afford aid.

REDS MENACE CZECHOSLOVAK GOVERNMENT. Communist forces have been attempting to overthrow the government of Czechoslovakia, and the situation was serious enough to cause worry over the outcome. Much of the country was under martial law and Prague was strongly held by troops. There were numerous casualties in the clashes between troops and the extremists.

Rum-Running a Crime, Not a Business

Continued from page 4

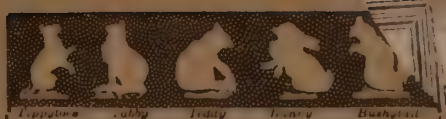
the liquor is sold. These are slackers. They encourage lawlessness. The Supreme Court of the United States said that the Prohibition Amendment "binds all Legislative bodies, courts, public officers and individuals." Any citizen of this Republic who accepts the blessings of Government, and then refuses to do his part in helping to sustain that Government and enforce its laws, needs to take a course in patriotism and Americanization.

WHILE Prohibition is not a complete success in some portions of the country, yet, as a whole, it is succeeding as rapidly as we have any right to expect. The remedy is not to knock, but boost. The law must be sustained and strengthened. It will never be repealed. This requires organized activity on the part of the anti-liquor forces. The Anti-Saloon League is backing a great campaign for Law and Order. It is essential to the perpetuity of the Government. When respect for law and its enforcement is gone, all is gone in orderly government. Civic, temperance, and church bodies are challenged by this menace of lawlessness. Derelict officers must be aroused to action, or an attempt must be made to remove them. Recently the Federal Council of Churches at Boston urged Congress to enact a law to remove derelict officials. Every citizen must be made to realize that if he does not stand for law enforcement, he is neither a good sportsman nor a good citizen. In private business, on committees, and at elections we accept the will of the majority. This is the American way. No man can be a good citizen who does not support the Government of the United States. We need to learn anew the meaning of the American creed. Its closing paragraph should be as familiar to American citizens as the Ten Commandments. This is what it says:

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag and to defend it against all enemies."

The enemies of our country are those who violate its laws. When laws in a democracy are enacted by the orderly processes of Government they are binding in every citizen until repealed by the same process.

Officers and citizens who wink at the violation of these laws must be made to realize that they are playing with fire. Lawlessness by rum-runners begets lawlessness along all lines. If liquor dealers in New York or elsewhere are given protection in their lawlessness, bomb-throwers take courage and claim the same right to defy the law. There is a big job ahead for the friends of Prohibition. They have won about two-thirds of the fight, and they are not discouraged but determined. There will be no let-up until the victory is complete.



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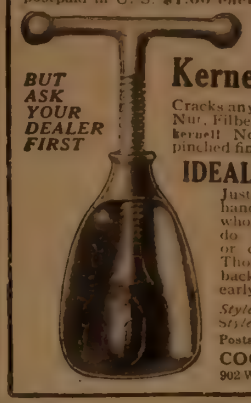

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IDEAL NUT CRACKER

Just a quick easy turn of the handle brings the kernel out whole. So simple a child can do it. No levers, springs or clamps. Lasts forever. Thousands in use. Money back if not pleased. Order early for Xmas.

Style 2, Plain nickel plated 60c
Style 4, Highly polished " 85c

Postage paid anywhere in U. S.

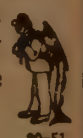
COOK ELECTRIC CO.
902 W. Van Buren St. Chicago, Ill.

DELICATE GIRLS

Many who are inclined to over-thinness, or anemia and dread winter's cold, should take

Scott's Emulsion

and keep on taking it and realize how effectually it warms and strengthens the body and helps make winter enjoyable.



Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield N. J., 20-51

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Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my **Fairyfoot** treatment **Free.** I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send it to you absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and **Fairyfoot** will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope.

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Would you love to have your own Native Trained Missionary? and support him for $1.00 a week? Pray for him by Name? Have his report? Would you love to support one for some loved one? for a memorial? for the Lord Jesus? Write SAMUEL R. BOGGS, President, 473 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., for free literature.

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You must say "Bayer"

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Accept "Bayer package" only.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages.

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Cuticura Soap
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Shaving Soap
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

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because they are propagated right, dug carefully, and packed securely. Write for our Catalog and NO-RISK offer of trees, shrubs and plants. We pay express charges. Why pay for your trees before you get them? It's not necessary if you deal with
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You can be quickly relieved, if you
STAMMER
Send 10 cents in stamps for 288-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I relieved myself after stammering for 20 years.
Benjamin N. Bogue, 5543, Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

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Good memory is absolutely essential to success, for Memory is Power. Test your memory! I will send you Free my Copyrighted Memory and Concentration Test, illustrated book, How to Remember names, faces, studies—develop Will, Self-Confidence. Write today.
DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL
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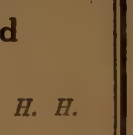

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By H. G. WELLS

Written with the advice and editorial help of Mr. Ernest Barker, Sir H. H. Johnston, Sir E. Ray Lankester and Professor Gilbert Murray

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it is of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

INQUIRER, Natural Bridge, Va. Throughout the Pauline epistles, there are scattered occasional passages of advice which were evidently called out by the tendencies of the times in which the epistles were written. In some instances, the apostle frankly stated of certain passages that they were not by inspiration but of his own suggestion. In the passages in I Tim. 2 : 8–15 and also in certain passages in Corinthians and Philippians, he discussed the duties of both men and women according as they were defined in the early Church, and gave certain advice in that connection which may not have been wholly of inspiration. These dealt with the right to teach, in connection with which he laid down the rule that, while women might teach, they should do so privately, among their own sex. Some commentators in connection with this have pointed out that even in those days, more especially in Corinth, there was a class of women seeking publicity of which he disapproved. The Church has broadened its platform since the times when Paul wrote; but even in his day, there were deaconesses (Rom. 16 : 1, 6, 12; Titus 2 : 3, 4, etc.) and godly women of marked ability who gave material help. Today, a liberal view is taken, and woman is finding a wide sphere for her energies in church work, and doing splendid service.

Troubled, Tate, Tenn. 1. The passage in Jer. 22 : 13 is believed to have been written as a condemnation of the course of King Jehoiakim, who not only taxed the people heavily, but took their forced labor without pay for building his palace, which was in violation of the Mosaic law in Lev. 19 : 13; Deut. 24 : 14, 15. 2. Deut. 24 : 10, a rule of generosity is laid down as between Israelites. The rich man, when he made a loan to his poorer brother, should not enter the latter's dwelling and take away anything as security. If the borrower should bring out of his house some pledge, the lender should hand it back to him before sundown, especially if the borrower be poor. 3. Ex. 35 : 3 does not mean that the Sabbath was to be a fast day—foodless—but that the Israelites should spare all absolutely unnecessary labor and cook the Sabbath meal on the previous day. While in the wilderness, the Israelites received a double supply of manna on the sixth day, doing away with the need of culinary labor on the Sabbath. The prohibition, of course, applied not only to fire for cooking purposes, but for working in metals or other purposes of trade.

Mrs. E. E. T., Tecumseh, Okla., makes this request: "Please tell me where the disciples were on the day of Pentecost. I thought it was in the upper room. I find it is denied, because the upper room was where they lived, and on the Day of Pentecost women were with them."

Leading Bible commentators agree that the "upper room" mentioned in Acts 1 : 13 was probably identical with the "large upper room" mentioned in Luke 22 : 12, which the Master himself had chosen as the scene of the institution of the Lord's Supper. Some have suggested that the place of gathering at Pentecost may have been one of the temple courts; but the majority of Bible students hold that apostolic tradition points to the "upper room" already mentioned.

F. A. H., Lewisville, Tex. The 28th chapter of Ezekiel is a prophetical dirge on the reigning prince of Tyre, who was Ithobal or Ithbaal II. His name implies his connection with Baal the Phœnician deity. In the first twenty verses, the prophet applies similar language to that employed by Isaiah in rebuking the King of Babylon (see Isa. 14 : 13, 14). Ezekiel holds up the King of Tyre as the culmination and embodiment of the spirit of carnal pride and self-sufficiency, which characterized the whole state. Tyre stood upon a "holy island," sacred to Hercules, and the colonies looked up to her as the mother-city of their religion and of their political system. Ezekiel ironically alludes to the wisdom of Ithbaal, who believed himself to be wiser even than Daniel, the fame of whose knowledge had reached Tyre. Ithbaal's heart was swollen with his riches. Now his arrogance would be punished; the foreign invaders (the Chaldeans) would make a mock of his wisdom, lower his fame and take away his possessions. Where, then, will be his greatness, his wealth, his overshadowing wisdom, when he is face to face with death, and pierced through with many wounds? Will he still say with blasphemous boastfulness, that he is a god? It would appear, from the prophet's utterances in verses 13 to 20 that in the person of the Tyrian monarch, a new trial had been made of humanity, but that all the good gifts and endowments which the Lord had given him to use for great and noble purposes had been abused. Hence his guilt and shame were the greater.

E. B. McB., Sewickley, Pa. The "unpardonable sin" has been a matter of much discussion among theologians. Leading authorities are generally agreed that it was attributing the miracles of Jesus to satanic agency. We quite agree with your remark that there are preachers today who are unqualified to deal with such subjects.

T. S., Cincinnati, O. The Pilgrims may not all have been educated men and women, but they knew the Scriptures, and were trained in Christian duties as they understood them. All the records show that they were God-fearing men and women, to whom the free exercises of their religion was the most precious thing on earth.

M. R. A., writes in hearty disapproval of the startling fashions of today and of church members fellowshipping with the devotees of worldly amusements. We are receiving many letters on the same subject, some of the writers suggesting that it is a matter in which the pulpit could do acceptable service in the direction of reform.

R. E. B., North Dakota. It would seem that no reasonable objection can be raised against the fee for a Ladies' Aid Society luncheon, especially if it be simply sufficient to cover the cost. It helps to make agreeable social relations and consequently is beneficial to the work. Besides, it is far better to share the trifling expense than to put the burden on the church or upon one or two individual members of the Society. If the money can be devoted to church work, so much the better.

Dr. Joseph Pestal, Lamar, Colo., writes commenting on a recent editorial in the Christian Herald, in which attention was called to the article of a correspondent as giving what was probably "the first authentic account of Lenine and his surroundings, his personal appearance and his administrative methods." Dr. Pestal asks: "Do you not know that Raymond Robins gave us some interesting information along that line in the Metropolitan over a year ago? And how about Isaac McBride in the Asia Magazine for May 1, and W. T. Goode gives an interview with Lenine in the November, 1919, number of the Living Age, and there are Bertrand Russell's articles in the Nation. All these had interviews with Lenine and their testimony does not in any event coincide with that of the man whom you choose to quote. And here is a quotation from a recent number of the London Daily Mirror, from H. G. Wells: 'I have had a talk with Lenine and with various other people, and I have gone about very freely without a guide everywhere through Petrograd, Moscow and other places, seeing and judging for myself. We have been rather amused to read of disturbances and insurrections. All that is just humbug.'"

We are quite aware that the articles he mentions have appeared, as he states. They give one aspect of the personality of Lenine and Captain McCullagh, who had probably better opportunities than any of these correspondents, gives another. The general reader can choose between them. In a recent address by Lenine, extracts from which were cabled to the United States, Lenine admitted that his diplomacy was designed to make trouble between nations now at peace, which was more in line with Captain McCullagh's characterization of him than with that of the correspondents named. It has recently come to light that Lenine's government has some 25,000 Moscow-paid propagandists now at work spreading Bolsheviki doctrine, of fomenting strikes and political unrest throughout the world. Many of these are promoting trouble in the U. S. and South America. These propaganda disclosures have been cabled from The Hague by a leading news organization.

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LETTERS should be addressed, the CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

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HEART STORIES

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON'S
New Book, Published Nov., 1920

1 Volume, 12 Mo., Large, Clear Type, Cloth Binding

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

Dr. Sandison says:

"Dr. Sheldon's new book, entitled "Heart Stories," which is now ready for publication, shows his wonderful versatility in depicting the spiritual life in its most interesting phases as an agent in human affairs. In these seven stories, which the book contains, and six of which have never been published until now, the reader will find some of the most interesting themes that have been treated in short-story form—a form of which Dr. Sheldon is a master.

We form the acquaintance of such characters as Andrew Stoddard, in the "Good Fight," who became a benefactor to his fellow-men after his own career had apparently been wrecked by an accident; Robert Arnold, in "As Heaven Views It," whose routine, selfish nature was illumined by a vision in which he listened to the Recording Angel's record of one day of his own life; the sudden change of mind that caused the Pastor of the Church of Milton to withdraw his letter of resignation, and how it all came about is delightfully told in "Why the Minister Remained"; the story of Rosy Calvaire, the little factory box-maker, is stirringly told in "Of Such Is the Kingdom" and is a terrible arraignment of child labor; "Sunrise on the Mesa" is a story of the Arizona desert and the Navajo and Hopi Indians; "His Christmas Gift" is a Christmas story of New York life and experience, and what happened at the most remarkable Christmas dinner Sidney Allen had ever attended; the whole concluding with a coal-mine story entitled "Guests of Honor," in which a winter storm brought unexpected guests to the mine manager's family circle, who treated them as guests of honor—but the stories the reader must read for himself. The whole, delightfully and romantically told, is well adapted to reading in the family group when its members meet by the cozy fire on winter evenings. All admirers of Dr. Sheldon's world-famous book, "In His Steps," should read this new book.

Margaret Sangster says:

"When the name of Doctor Charles M. Sheldon, editor-in-chief of the Christian Herald, is printed on the cover of a book, the reader is assured of good, solid literary ability, of a sunny sense of humor, and of more than a bit of inspiration. The name of Charles M. Sheldon is associated, throughout the country, with the things that make life worth while—with ideals, and truth, and dreams of home, and the kind of religion that folk really *live*. The Christian Herald, in announcing the publication of Doctor Sheldon's newest book, feels that it is giving a splendid treat to the people who love good worth-while fiction.

"Heart Stories" is a collection of seven interesting tales, six of which never have been published before and all now published for the first time in book form. There are stories of college and of affairs of state; of the trials of a young minister and of the struggles of business men. There are stories in which youth fights the good fight, there are stories of near failure, and there are stories of love. And all of them are written in Doctor Sheldon's inimitable style and with the thread of his wholesome philosophy running through them.

No one, reading the first of the stories "The Good Fight," will want to lay aside the volume until the last story "Guests of Honor" has been completed. And then, many readers will begin at the beginning and read over again every thrilling narrative. All of the seven stories will prove profitable reading."

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Building of Babel
Jacob Comes into Egypt
Finding of Moses

Sun, Stand Thou Still upon Gideon!
Ark Passing Over Jordan
Perishing in the Flood
Moses Smites the Rock

Entering into the Ark
Egyptians Overwhelmed
Expulsion from Eden
Samson Slays the Lion

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The Ascension

Pilate Washes His Hands
"Suffer the Little Children to Come unto Me."
Christ Preaching in the Temple
"And He, Bearing His Cross."

Christ Amid the Doctors
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The Christian Herald, January 8, 1921. Vol. 44, No. 2. Entered as Second Class Matter, January 25, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly at New York, N. Y., by the Christian Herald. Price: 5 cents a copy, $3 a year.

Behind the Office Door

"IF that old Chinese philosopher whom I've heard you quote, and who invented the maxim that 'In this world we have plenty of acquaintances, but very few real friends,' were to see the mail we are getting these days, he would pull out his pigtail with amazement," said the Publisher, as he came into the sanctum the other day.

"What's the mail got to do with the maxim?" we interrogated. "Anyhow, you know that in China they do things upside down. They begin to build their houses at the top story, and they no doubt take an inverted view of social questions too. Besides, we're not printing a paper in China."

"True," said the Publisher, edging a little further into the room, "though we're getting thousands of dollars every day for that Chinese famine. But that isn't the point. A little while ago, you asked our folks to speak out their minds about the paper, and they are just filling the mails with their suggestions—all kinds—and still rolling in on us."

"Well," we responded, "what of it? These folks know the Christian Herald better than we do ourselves—some of them—and we needed a little good cheer at this season, to oil the machinery and make things sweet. I lift my hat to our great-hearted friends for their splendid co-operation!"

"They certainly did help us in that stiff climb up the Peak of High Prices, didn't they?" was the Publisher's retort. "I don't know when I ever saw such a fine response as we have been getting these last few weeks. It sets a new record, even for the Christian Herald. Here, for nearly a month I've been looking over these letters—hundreds of them at a time—and nearly all express a desire to help us over the Peak. And they're doing it, too. Every letter is a stepping-stone to boost us along. They run all the way from a year's renewal to two, three and four years, and some even send enough to cover ten years. Lots of them send in new subscribers, too. That old Peak is sure getting nearer all the time, and they will negotiate it yet, and take us over in grand style. It's a pretty stiff climb though, even at that."

"What! With such a constituency behind us, I wouldn't mind climbing a Peak a week!" I vociferated courageously, in my best platform voice; but he had shut the door and was already off down the hallway.

BUT the Publisher was right. It has been a stiff climb. But now that we are nigh the top, I find that the whole episode is just another uplifting illustration of the solidarity of our Family Circle. They go the limit every time, when the old paper is concerned. Not for all the perils of a dozen Peaks would I have missed the fine spirit of comradeship that has inspired them. I only wish, as I have often wished before, that I could shake hands with every one who has written to us on the subject.

It isn't easy to decide from which sex we receive the most encouragement in our mail, but some of the letters are so kindly and helpful, that we trust the writers will forgive us if we quote a few. Mrs. M. E. B., of Lafe, Ark., writes: "You will never know how much the Christian Herald aids us in our lives. Some day we plan to have it sent to every family we know, who can't afford it themselves." Mrs. M. S. Parry, of the Department of Peace and Arbitration, W. C. T. U., Waynesburg, Pa., a talented and experienced observer, writes giving seven reasons why she likes the Christian Herald, and these are so cleverly set forth that I am sure other readers would like to scan them for the sake of comparison as to how minds agree, or the opposite.

Mrs. J. S. Rittenhouse of Lorane, Pa., another up-to-date reader, gives her impressions of the paper in these terms: "You certainly keep your readers posted on current events in a very condensed way, which I think is commendable. I like the Daily Meditations best of all, and very frequently it occurs that the very article I am reading is what I need, or fits for the particular need, as it were, the spiritual food prepared for this special day." Miss Esta Miller, of Shelbyville, Ind., is like-minded and says in her letter: "I believe the Daily Meditations really mean most to me, and I don't see how I could get along without them. But I depend upon the departments for giving me most of my news and reading material. I can always depend upon the point of view the Herald takes on vital matters, because it is always on the right side."

Mrs. S. M. Benjamin, Bridgeport, Conn., writes: "I have belonged to the Christian Herald Family a number of years, and it would be like missing a good friend to be without it. It is all helpful and interesting. I enjoy the Daily Meditations very much, and Margaret Sangster's page." Mrs. T. J. Conkey, of Adrian, Mich., says: "I am glad to express an opinion on the Sunday Service page. It just speaks my mind. The only hope for the unsettled condition of Christianity is to get back to a more serious religion, if we want to bring souls into the Kingdom."

One of the finest letters comes from Mrs. Edward Leach, Vincennes, Ind., who writes: "I have been reading the Christian Herald for years. My father, a Baptist minister, received great help and inspiration from it. It has been an influence in our household. The wonderful sermons and the Daily Meditations are an especial service in inspiring help to us, and with the addition of the program for Family Worship, the devotional department is complete! I realize that the family altar is one of the greatest blessings in the home." And this presentation of the spiritual side of the paper is echoed by many friends, both new and old subscribers. Mrs. B. D. Mosher, Granville, N. Y., concludes a very cordial letter with these words: "I could not rest without telling you how much your paper means to me, and, I know, to very many others also."

A FEW of the letters, given below, are typical of hundreds of those we have received. Men and women alike have written with unusual frankness, on a subject which evidently lies close to their hearts. One can not read those letters and sit silent and unresponsive. While we muse, the fire burns within us, and our thoughts strive to find expression. And I think that if the spirit of the old magazine could find utterance, its rejoinder to these many letters of appreciation and confidence would be brief and to the point. This, I am sure, is substantially what it would say:

"I thank you from my heart of hearts for all the kind things you have written, in letters which would fill the paper several times over if all could be published. There is just one thing I would add, and it is this: To your prayers, your unwavering loyalty, your partnership in all good works, your zeal, not only to help suffering humanity, but to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth, the Christian Herald owes its success. Without your hearty co-operation, it would have accomplished nothing. It was your gifts of bread and Gospels, and your prayers that made every godly enterprise on which we have entered in all those years so wondrously successful. I have seen you grow in numbers from a few thousands to hundreds of thousands, and I have witnessed your gifts for Christ and humanity rise from hundreds to millions of dollars. It was your union of heart and hand that laid the foundations of Gospel triumphs that are still progressing. Your work, accomplished through the Christian Herald, has brought a blessing to yourselves and your children and to all the world."

Among the letters from our women readers, this one from Miss A. Thatcher, Urbana, Ill., is particularly heartening:

"A Great Work for God"

"I will say for the Christian Herald that I think it has done a big work for God in the world. May it continue to hold up the banner of Christ to the saving of precious souls."

Mrs. Ida G. Nail, Mocksville, N. C., writes:

"Twelve or fifteen years ago, I chanced to see my first copy of the Christian Herald in an adjoining county, and it has come to my home regularly ever since. I prize it above all reading matter in the world, except my Bible."

Mrs. E. H. Lipe, Watertown, Ill., tells what she enjoys most in the magazine:

"I like the Christian Herald for the stand it takes for Truth and Right, for its broad-minded views and its helpfulness and encouragements to advance the best, on general and special subjects of interest; for the concise information it gives on these subjects and for the World's News and Current Events. I very much like the Editor's page; would like the names signed to the articles. The Sermons are fine and I enjoy them, and the Daily Meditations are comforting, and instructive and helpful for daily living. The Sunday-school lessons are good, and perhaps could be profitably enlarged upon. I have great faith in Sunday-school teaching; the young mind receives and needs it. I like Margaret E. Sangster's writings, and am glad she is to continue them. The B. Y. P. U. and Epworth League and Christian Endeavor articles are instructive and encouraging. The Prayer League is very essential. *We* know not how much that has accomplished and may yet accomplish. The Mail-Bag makes some fine explanations and solves some difficult questions. I like all the writings and stories that I have read by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, and his Benedictions in the Home Service; they are so comforting. I think the reduction to $2.00 in subscription will surely increase the usefulness and the number of subscribers to the Christian Herald. I have been a subscriber for 19 years and hope to be so as long as I live. I have sent quite a number of subscribers to the Herald especially to make my Christmas presents of a year's subscription. I hope it will continue to increase in usefulness and be a power for good so long as the world stands."

Here are Mrs. Parry's seven reasons why she likes the Christian Herald:

"I like the Christian Herald.

"(1) Because it is not only Christian in tone, but interdenominational in trend and character, thus giving us the best religious thought from the ablest leaders of all denominations.

"(2) Because of its complete organization of many departments, each of which bears the hall-mark of an expert specialist.

"(3) Its open forum as embodied in its Prayer League, Mail-Bag, Questions asked and answered.

"(4) Its specific work for humanity, in always raising funds for the needy.

"(5) For the contributions in prose and poetry of Margaret Sangster, the wonderfully gifted granddaughter of one of my earliest and dearest literary friends.

"(6) The artistic beauty of its front pages, and all its fine illustrations, many of which adorn the walls of refined homes, not only as works of art, but as inspiration to a higher level of vision.

"(7) Because of its continual advance in editorial management. The acquisition of Dr. Charles M. Sheldon is present proof of the Herald's high watermark."

AMONG the letters from men is one by Rev. H. W. Uffelin, of New York City, which gives a minister's preferences:

"The writer very greatly appreciates and enjoys the weekly visits of your paper. Personally I would like to see your editorial forum increased, and by all means continue the World News of the Week. One of the most delightful features among the many good things you have is the meditation by Dr. Jowett, and his monthly sermon. Please give us more of these! Quite a number of people have told me how much they enjoy Dr. Jowett's column in your great paper. After retaining and amplifying these features, make all the changes you want!

"God bless you in your great ministry through the press!"

J. J. Glenn, Madisonville, Ill., himself an editor of long experience, writes:

"With no aim at flattery, I will say that no one but the fellow with a grouch could well criticize the Christian Herald unfavorably. I have been in newspaper editorship for more than 30 years, have read all kinds of papers and do not hesitate to say the Herald comes nearer to measuring up to my standard of excellence than any other publication I ever knew.

"If the Herald could be read and its teachings followed in every home of the United States, we should have a nation that would be Christian in deed, as well as in name.

Hurley Romig, Beaver Springs, Pa., for thirty years a subscriber, says:

"I have been a subscriber, without a break, for thirty years, and my family and I always look forward to receiving it every week. In it are such good readings, that help so much and are a guide for the Christian as well as the sinner.

"Under your management, the Herald has grown brighter, and quite an improvement all along is noticed. I believe a great good is being done, in stories like those that appeared in recent issues, such as the three-part story, Christ, the politician and the people. We need more of such lessons in our national life, for it is so easy to drift to materialism, where all that we do should be done, as Christ would do them. My prayers are with the Herald. Have the good work go on and continue to grow in the work for the Master.

And from a new subscriber, C. E. Miller, of Spring Lake, Mich., comes this letter:

"I have been a subscriber of the Christian Herald but a few months, and I now realize what I have missed all these years when without it. What wonderful good I have received from those Home sermons, and Daily Meditations. I never read them without forming an earnest resolve to be a better citizen, a better neighbor, in fact a better Christian. Its value to me can not be measured in dollars and cents.

But, lest you weary. I'll stop here. That ugly Peak is getting lower and lower as we ascend. There are a few stiff acclivities still to be scaled, but we look forward to the day—not far off now, let us hope—when, with our feet firmly on the very summit, we can look back across the long trail, and join our friends in a hearty cheer that the big climb is ended.

What 1921 and Paramount Pictures have in store for you

1921 is going to be a banner year in the motion picture industry.

The extraordinary Paramount Pictures to be released will alone make it such.

All through the past year, and all over the world, the immense plans of Paramount have been in preparation for your 1921 entertainment.

1921 and Paramount will give you a flaming new idea, a totally new and magnificent conception of what the screen can mean to you!

Ideals plus immense organization—basis of Paramount supremacy

The basis of Paramount's supremacy will continue to be one of immense organization both in production and distribution of motion pictures, and unlimited resource of talent, money, physical equipment and imagination.

Paramount has enough studios and producing plants to equip forty ordinary motion picture companies. The chief of these studios are in California, New York, and London, England.

The whole world-wide producing organization of Paramount Pictures proceeds on a basis of assured success for the photoplays produced. That is, thousands of theatres in fifteen civilized countries are waiting and eager to show them, and their audiences to see them.

Only Paramount organization can give Paramount quality

Neither time nor money, neither endless trouble nor terrible hazards of physical danger and difficulty, are spared to achieve striking results.

In some Paramount Pictures in 1921 you will see The Alps, for example, as mere items of the staging of a single scene. If the tropics are required, or the arctic zone, the tropics and the arctic zone you will get.

In other 1921 Paramount Pictures you will see whole *groups* of great stars in the same picture.

One instance of many: in the cast of one great picture, directed by Cecil B. DeMille, there are no fewer than *eight* stars: Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Roberts and Theodore Kosloff. All this galaxy of talent in one Paramount Picture, and there will be 104 of them in 1921 for you!

1921 will carry on the great national success of Paramount as represented by the high water-mark it touched during the National Paramount Week in September, 1920, when more than six thousand American theatres showed *nothing but* Paramount Pictures, and sixty-seven cents of every dollar that was paid to enter motion picture theatres was paid to enter those theatres which were foresighted enough to have Paramount.

Foresighted is right, because there was not a single print of any Paramount Picture, not a single, solitary reel, that was not working.

The people were out for Paramount then as they will be throughout 1921.

Greatest authors of Europe and America writing for Paramount Pictures

In addition to the most successful American directors, dramatists and novelists, who are naturally attracted by the sheer artistic supremacy afforded their work by the Paramount equipment, it is now history that the greatest dramatists of Europe, men of immortal fame, are working and devising subtle new plots for Paramount. Some of them have already arrived over three thousand miles of ocean to collaborate more closely with the Paramount producing organization for your delight.

Paramount is the name which has enrolled Sir James M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones, Edward Knoblock, Sir Gilbert Parker, Avery Hopwood, Elinor Glyn, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, Joseph Conrad, Cosmo Hamilton, Arnold Bennett.

Paramount is the name of the organization which affords the greatest scope for the greatest directors, men of the stamp of Cecil B. DeMille, William DeMille, George Fitzmaurice, George Melford, William D. Taylor, Hugh Ford and Charles Maigne.

Distinguished artists and connoisseurs of stage design, such as Penrhyn Stanlaws and Paul Iribe (the great Parisian designer), contribute their special talent to Paramount. In short, it is a fact that Paramount utilizes the services of all sorts of skill and craftsmanship whose function ordinary picture producers are not even aware of.

Paramount spends more on the perfect titling of great feature pictures than some producers spend on the whole job.

Paramount has a special Fashion *Atelier* in Paris so that the women in the audience of your theatre shall get *le dernier cri* in gowns and hats with every Paramount Picture. See Paramount Pictures and you see the new Paris styles first.

Paramount has first call on the greatest Amercian stories in the greatest American magazines when the stories are suitable for the films.

Every form of printed or spoken drama that might be suitable for Paramount Pictures is examined. Everything useful published in Italian, Spanish, German or French is steadily translated. Synopses are made of every stage play produced in America, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London and Rome.

No one else can give the exhibitor or motion picture enthusiast *half* as much.

It all comes down to immense organization, and Paramount has it.

Every 20th person you meet in the street today will see a Paramount Picture today!

The simple way to tell a good theatre

Not a good theatre anywhere but books as many Paramount Pictures as its patrons can throng to see!

Counting foreign theatres, over one hundred million people paid to see Paramount Pictures in 1920.

Your cue is—find the words *"A Paramount Picture"* in the newspaper advertisements of your theatre, or in the lobbies or on billboards.

Find them, before you go in, for *that always means a great show and a crowded house*

Some of the *coming* PARAMOUNT PICTURES

A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Bait"; with Hope Hampton

George Melford's Production
"The Jucklins," by Opie Read;
with Monte Blue

Wallace Reid in "The Charm School"
A Saturday Evening Post Serial
By Alice Duer Miller

Billie Burke in
"The Education of Elizabeth"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Inside of the Cup"
Winston Churchill's great novel

Douglas MacLean in
"The Rookie's Return"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

William DeMille's Production
"Midsummer Madness"
From Cosmo Hamilton's novel
"His Friend and His Wife"

Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of the Stars"
A Charles Maigne Production

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"

Dorothy Gish in
"The Ghost in the Garret"

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Forbidden Fruit"

Douglas MacLean in "Chickens"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Passionate Pilgrim";
with Matt Moore

Charles Maigne's Production
"The Kentuckians," by John Fox, Jr.;
with Monte Blue

Ethel Clayton in
"The Price of Possession"
A Hugh Ford Production

Dorothy Dalton in "The Teaser"

Thomas Meighan in "The Easy Road"

A George Melford Production
"The Faith Healer"
William Vaughan Moody's famous play:
with Milton Sills and Ann Forrest

A Cosmopolitan Production
"Buried Treasure"; with Marion Davies

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman"

Sir James M. Barrie's
"Sentimental Tommy"
A John Robertson Production

Sir James M. Barrie's
"What Every Woman Knows"
A William DeMille Production

Wallace Reid in Frank Spearman's Story
"The Daughter of a Magnate"

Sydney Chaplin in
"King, Queen and Joker"
A Sydney Chaplin Production

A Hugh Ford Production
"The Great Day"
The Famous Drury Lane Melodrama
A Famous-Lasky British Production

A Famous-Lasky British Production
"The Mystery Road"; with David Powell
By E. Philips Oppenheim

Thomas Meighan in "The Quarry"

A George Loane Tucker Production
"Ladies Must Live"
By Alice Duer Miller

A Hugh Ford Production
"The Call of Youth"
By Henry Arthur Jones
A Famous-Lasky British Production

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Dollar a Year Man"

A Famous-Lasky British Production
"Appearances," by Edward Knoblock

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

A William D. Taylor Production
"The Witching Hour"; with Elliott Dexter
By Augustus Thomas

Wallace Reid in "Free Air"
By Sinclair Lewis

Wallace Reid in "Watch My Smoke"

Gloria Swanson in "Everything for Sale"

A William DeMille Production
of an original script by Edward Knoblock

A George Melford Production
Dorothy Dalton in "The Money Master"
By Sir Gilbert Parker

A Cecil B. DeMille Production
of an original story by Avery Hopwood
Author of "The Gold Diggers"

Paramount Pictures

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·GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER·

What the Pilgrim Fathers Sought

A Tercentenary Tribute to Those Brave Adventurers for Christianity

By
REV. HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D., LL.D.*

THE Pilgrim Fathers have been honored on their 300th Anniversary in three great countries—England, their birthplace; Holland, their asylum; and America their abiding place. And highly have they been praised, but not one bit beyond their merit. Their adventure was brave, their spirit was indomitable, their effort was heroic, and their achievement was great—great not only in its large effects and results, but great, I venture to say, in the simplicity and the unconsciousness with which they did the thing that they came to do, namely, found a new English-speaking community in the wilderness beyond the Atlantic.

I have often wondered how those old Pilgrim Fathers would enjoy these celebrations in which they play so prominent a part in spirit, being absent in the body. Some of them, perhaps, would be found rather jarred by those Mayflower passengers who complained so bitterly when the captain of the ship cut off their beer. But the thing which would astonish the Pilgrims most would be to hear themselves praised as Lloyd George praised them the other day, as the Apostles of religious liberty in the new world. That they certainly were not, and they never intended to be. They were seekers of religious freedom for themselves, and in order to find that and to keep it, they were willing to do whatever was necessary.

Of religious liberty for other people they thought very little. They did not conceive it to be their business. So much religious liberty as was good for the world I think they thought the Divine Power, by which all things are predestinated, would work out. Their purpose was chiefly to get their church going, to worship God according to their own conscience, and to build up a going concern from a commercial point of view on these New England shores. That is what they were after.

Their little congregation of separatists, a very democratic group, consisted in the main of people of very moderate means. The postmaster of the little town of Scrooby was one of them, and he was the most distinguished man of the lot, I think. But they wanted to worship in their own way, and they had the great good fortune to have a magnificent minister, John Robinson—one of the greatest of those men whom England produced in the gloom of the Reformation, one of the strongest, kindest and best of men, a strict Calvinist, and with a spirit that made up even for that.

THEY were persecuted and prosecuted in their little asylum at Scrooby, under that fat old bigot, James I, so they packed up their grips and took their wives and children and fled to Holland, the only country in Europe where the idea of religious liberty was taught and practiced at that time. But when those blessed Pilgrims got to Amsterdam they found two other separatist congregations there already, and those separatist congregations were of the most strict, orthodox and quarrelsome type. They were involved in all sorts of disputes. If you want to know more about it read Dexter's books on Congregationalism, about the old clothes controversy in Amsterdam, about the minister's wife wearing the topish hat, and women going about with high heels, and an endless quarrel about women's dress which can only be settled right by allowing women to settle it themselves.

It was in 1608 that they went to Amsterdam. They did not stay a year. They could not stand it at Amsterdam—the accent on the last syllable was too strong. So that they went down to Leyden, that little Dutch city, the seat of a famous university. There they were hospitably welcomed. They found a way to earn their living, but rather hard lines. They had to work hard, conditions were not favorable, wages were low, industry was not in a flourishing condition at that time; but they did succeed in earning their

*From an address delivered by Dr. Van Dyke at the banquet to the delegates to the meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, given by the Denominational Social Clubs of Boston.

By courtesy of the American Bible Society

Augustus St. Gaudens' famous statue of the Pilgrim

living and that little company stayed there eleven years in Leyden, under Pastor Robinson, worshiping according to their conscience with great pleasure and convenience, and winning respect all around.

When the Pilgrims came to go away from Amsterdam the burgomaster and the alderman of the town gave them a testimonial saying that he regarded their going with regret, and that during all that time they had had no lawsuit and no trouble with the Pilgrims. That again is contrary to the common idea. They were quiet and peaceable folks, except when they were provoked. Moreover, in Holland they paid their own way. It was hospitality that they received in Holland, but it was based on what is best known as the "Dutch treat." So they sent out a company, the younger and the stronger ones, to the number of about one hundred—not with the minister, because he could not be spared from the larger number which stayed there in Leyden, but with their ruling elder, William Brewster, as their leader.

They went into the Mayflower, the story of whose perilous and heroic voyage you know so well that I need not repeat it. They were drifting north of where they intended to go. They intended to go to the northern part of Virginia, the tract known as Virginia in those days. They were driven by bad weather and got tangled up in the shoals of Cape Cod. They made their first landing on Cape Cod, and they didn't like it, and they went as far as what is known as the site of the town of Plymouth, and there they found better water, better land, better prospects, and made up their minds they would settle there.

THERE is a curious blend of principle—regular Yankee principle—and adventure in those old fellows who came here at that time. They trusted in God and took mighty good care to keep their powder dry. They were peace lovers, but you could not count too much on their consistent customs.

What was it that they sought when they went over there? Two things. First of all religious freedom. They say themselves that they wanted to have a state where they might, with the liberty of conscience, enjoy the pure and simple worship of God, and where their children under them might grow up in the holy ways of the Lord. They were quite sure that the ways which they had were the holy ways of the Lord, and they wanted their children to walk in those ways.

Second, the thing which they wanted and this comes right next to the first thing, they wanted a chance to build up by agriculture and trade, to work out of doors—they were out-of-doors people, the Pilgrim Fathers—and they wanted a chance to build up a self-supporting community with such prosperity as Providence might bestow.

It has been the fashion to draw a sharp contrast between the Pilgrims of the Mayflower and the Dutch immigrants of the Half Moon who settled at New Amsterdam ten years before. There is a shade of difference between their faith, but it is a mighty small shade. The Pilgrims founded a religious community with commercial principles; the Dutchmen founded a commercial community with religious principles. They, I think, intended and tried to deal fairly and live decently with the Indians. They succeeded somewhat, and they failed somewhat, because there were trouble-makers amongst the colonists and rascals amongst the Indians, and where those two classes exist you cannot have peace except through power. In other words, the police force is essential to the life of the community.

At that time the Pilgrims were rather mild in their treatment of people who did not agree with them in faith and worship, but the Puritans did it on avowed principles, while the Pilgrims did it simply as a friendly practice. And they were reproached for it by their stricter Puritan brethren who spoke of the Pilgrims as mongrel Dutch. Well, if they were mongrels, they chose a pretty good stock to mix with, didn't they? We can not understand New England history unless we get hold of the relations between the Pilgrims at Plymouth and the Puritans who settled Massachusetts Colony a few years later.

WHAT was the difference? I may be considered as an impartial student of the case. There was, first, a difference in ecclesiastical theory. The Puritans were non-conformists who stayed in the Church of England and tried to purify it from within; the Pilgrims were separatists who came out of the Church of England and set up their own churches. They thought that was the best way to do it, and on the whole I think they were right. In other words, I don't think they would have had as much good influence in the way of liberalizing if they had tried that boring-from-within process as they did have by going out and saying, "This is the way to run our community, and it is the way we will do."

There was a difference in the way of action. The Puritans founded the state on the churches, and admitted only their members to full citizenship. The Pilgrims maintained the church under protection of the state, and one of those leaders, that little game-cock captain, Miles Standish, was never a church member at all.

Third, there was a difference in the social organization. The Puritans including persons of wealth and title, had a flavor of aristocracy and special privilege. The Pilgrims, being of the middle class and moderate means, were distinctly more democratic. All classes of men, masters and servants, went to town meetings.

Finally, the difference I put at the end—but which may be plainly felt by those who read the record of the early days—the difference in temper, tone and spirit. The Puritans were theoretical, dogmatic, and absolute. The Pilgrims were practical experimenters and

ied to test their doctrine by the way it worked, which there is something to be said. There is good authority in the New Testament, anyway.

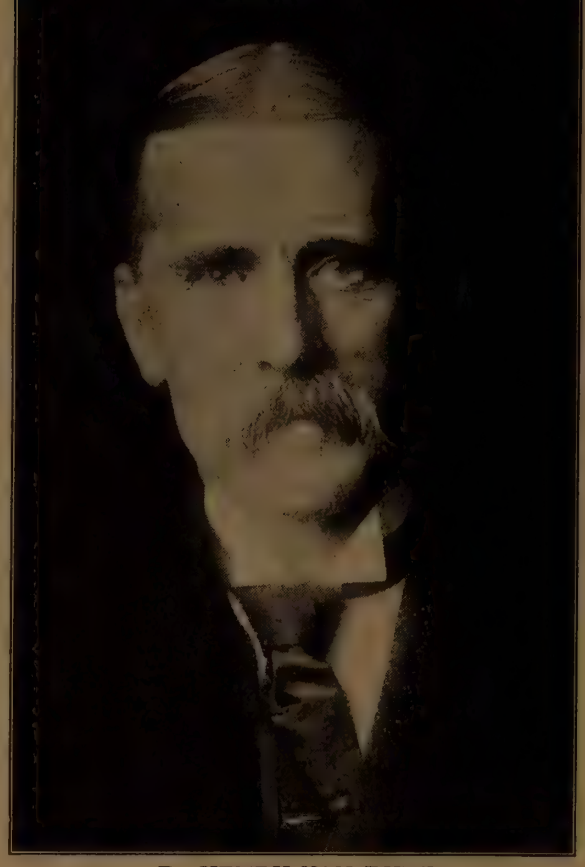
TWO causes I think helped to give this general character to the Pilgrim and the Puritan. First, John Robinson, who was not a literary theologian, was a liberal and progressive soul, and warned his own flock that they must not think that they had full knowledge. He counselled them not to scoff at their brothers, whether they were of the Puritan or Christian faith—not to scorn their brothers who sought for other ends. That was good talk. I don't care whether he did stick to the five points or come closely to them. It makes no difference, if he had the spirit of the masses, the spirit in which lies our only hope today.

They were also fortunate in spending twelve years in Holland. They learned a great deal there, and if you read Douglas Campbell's book, you will have an idea of some of the things that they learned. You will also find some other things that I don't think they really learned there, but that they brought from England.

The Pilgrims, compared with the Puritans, were putting forth no special claim of having been commissioned to reform the universe, but applying themselves to the task of making the Pilgrim colony a going concern. They built log houses, they hunted, planted, fished, and traded. They had more meetings and programs than the people of Massachusetts today. But the Pilgrims got their land from the Indians by treaty and learned from them how to plant corn, when the young oak leaves are about the size of a mouse's ear, and how to manure it by putting three alewives in each hill of corn. One of the things in their favor was their willingness to learn.

Then there was the Mayflower document, the famous Compact. I thought I would find there some pronunciamenta on labor, but nothing there. They agreed to form a civil body politic, and agreed thereafter to "enact such laws, ordinances, constitutions and offices from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good." And they did not make many laws, either. The laws of the Plymouth Colony, compared with the laws of Massachusetts Bay Colony, are as one drop in the bucket—very few indeed compared with the Massachusetts Bay laws. But with sensible men like Brewster and Robinson and Winslow and Standish to apply them, even if Standish was not a church member, they worked well, and they kept the colony in order.

They began with a limited communism in land and labor. They soon found it would not work and it made the lazy and the shiftless a burden on the industrious. It leveled down instead of up, as communism always does. It would not work, and it never will work. Communism is the enemy, both of Christianity and of freedom, and we can not take better example from the Pilgrim Fathers in anything than from



Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE

the way in which they promptly rejected that communistic experiment when they found it would not work.

IN THEIR dealings with trouble-makers of various kinds they were mild when possible and firm when necessary. They did not like the Quakers, but they never excluded them, as the Massachusetts Bay people did. They were not particularly fond of Roger Williams. They let him preach for a while in the Plymouth church, and then they encouraged him to go to Salem, and when he got to Salem they punished him and then he went and founded the first free religious colony in the United States, namely, Rhode Island.

The witchcraft superstition struck the Pilgrims. They passed laws condemning the witches to death, but there were only two trials for witchcraft in that

coming

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acquittals.

There was Thomas Morton of Merr[illegible] mouthed, lascivious person who spoke chusetts Bay and set about to debauch He sold them firearms and powder. The Sa[illegible] ple who were looking down on the Pilgrim p[illegible] separatists, knew them as bold men and asked to help in the emergency. Little Miles Standish up from Plymouth with his musketeers, conq[illegible] Merrymount without loss of life, and carried off culprit, Morton, to Plymouth. And then he was s[illegible] to England. For what? To be tried for sell[illegible] muskets and powder to the Indians, and Plymou[illegible] colonists paid the expense of sending him over. And the Maypole was cut down, not by the Pilgrim, Standish, but by the Puritan, Endicott.

It is not possible to follow this distinction further. It is true of course that after a certain number of years, say thirty or forty years, the Plymouth Colony and the Pilgrims were absorbed in the richer, and larger, and stronger Puritan Colony of Massachusetts Bay and practically, to all intents and purposes, they became one, the Pilgrims carrying with them from their old principles, and the Puritans contributing the stern and staunch character which enabled them to be the backbone of the New England settlers.

To keep the colonists of the New World in order and united, strict regulations were necessary. Tithes, taxes and Sabbatical laws seemed absolutely necessary. Massachusetts went no further in this respect than had Virginia. When your southern friends snap their fingers at Puritanism, ask them what was done there.

THE so-called blue-laws was a vague thing gotten up by a reformer. You could not play an innocent game, you could not even go to sleep without fine and punishment. You could not kiss your wife in public—but then, who wants to? That is not where I want to kiss mine. Strict rules, no doubt, but remember they were emergency rules. The whole stretcher of Christian civilization was on trial on this new continent—Puritans and Pilgrims, Dutch and cavaliers, in opposition among themselves, but one in this respect, and their errors were negligible in comparison with the result.

These influences have emerged into a Christian nation, because of the faith of their founders in New England and New Amsterdam and everywhere, the faith of their fathers, among whom the Pilgrim Fathers must be counted first. The Pilgrims were not the apostles of religious liberty in America. Roger Williams, the Baptist, and William Penn, the Quaker, deserve that name; but the Pilgrim Fathers, coming earlier, fought a harder fight. They bore the torch of a free continent to these western shores. They suffered all and dared all to worship God and live in freedom. By the light they carried, by the courage they showed in the face of danger and death, we dedicate our manhood to the cause of a free church in a free state.

Religion and Morality in Education

By S. G. HEFFELBOWER

WASHINGTON said in his farewell address: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports."

Would anybody be likely to conclude from inspecting our schools that religion and morality were indispensable for our political well-being?

The casual visitor to our public schools would find well-organized instruction in every field except religion and morals. Should he attend a meeting of educators he would be impressed by their zeal to make education economically and politically practical; he would also now and then hear of the importance of cultural interests; and occasionally, fortunately with increasing frequency, religion and morality would be emphasized as important factors for developing character. But he would not conclude from the amount of attention that is paid to them by our school men that they are "indispensable."

Ever since the founding of our Republic we have magnified education as the guarantee of our liberties. We think of our free school system and of our free institutions as inseparable. Americans have a naive faith in education as a panacea for political ills. But we do not discriminate. We think of education in a very general way as that which our schools provide. Washington and the other founders of our nation had a very different conception of education. They thought of it as a social institution for developing "virtue and intelligence" in our coming citizens. We emphasize efficiency. They believed that government of the people, by the people, and for the people would be secure if the people were wise and good. They were not satified with the old Baconian doctrine that knowledge is power. That was the Prussian notion of education, and we unwittingly hold it to a great extent. They aimed to secure the power that intelligence brings combined with right regulative principles of conduct; and if they emphasized one of these aspects more than the other it was the ideal phase of education that they magnified.

Today our school systems are dominated by something very different. Efficiency has become a fad; it overshadows ideal values. We are menaced by a soul-dwarfing utilitarianism. We think of education almost entirely as intended to develop knowledge and skill. These are not moral forces in any real sense. In and of themselves they have no moral value, they are non-moral; they can be just as effective for evil as for good. They become valuable assets of our civilization only when they are directed by right ideals. That is, the things that we emphasize most in our educational systems as at present organized are inadequate to develop good citizens. Knowledge and skill produce efficient human agents, but they carry no guarantee within themselves that the resulting actions will be good. A regulative ideal is absolutely necessary, and this is found on another level.

The Heritage

By Arthur Wallace Peach

THERE is a beauty, grave and wise,
That youth has never guessed:
Nor gained from all the richest lore
With which their dreams are blest.

It is the gift the kind years bear
To those grown old who know
The legacies that grief can bring
And joys before they go.

The path explored by youth unwalked,
The heights they never scale,
The meaning of some starry dusks,
The mists within the vale.

These they may dream, but never know
Until they too are old,
And o'er their dreams the wings of truth
Their quiet comfort fold.

The riches of the years—they are
The heritage of those
Who see upon the autumn hills
The still prophetic snows.

And know that they must ever pass
And bring the miracle
Of spring to earth and to gray hearts
A peace ineffable!

AS HAS been said, there is no alchemy by which golden deeds can be made to flow from leaden motives. If we are to have good citizens we must develop right ideals in our children. And religion and morality are the most fruitful fountain heads of noble endeavor that man has ever known; not merely morality, the knowledge of right and wrong and the choice of the right, but also the recognition of the fact that human conduct is related to the moral order of the universe thundering his soul. If we just follow our moral judgments far enough they lead us to the throne of God.

If such is the case, if learning without religion and morality is, ethically blind, any educational system which fails to provide for training our children in these lines is lame and defective, and the product is bound to be defective also. Of course we know this; it is preached to us and we tell it to each other; but has it got into our educational programs as it should? Is our educational system so organized that it puts first things first? How many superintendents and school boards arrange their courses and select their teachers with moral and religious training in view?

But considerable progress has been made of late; and much wholesome discussion has been taking place, notably in New York and Philadelphia; programs for religious and moral instruction are actually being formed. Nevertheless it is true that proper provision for the religious and moral training of children is the great unsolved problem of education in this country.

American Protestants Getting Together

A Review of the Work of the Federal Council Meeting

By

Rev. PETER AINSLIE, D.D., LL.D.

SOME of the things now occurring in the life of our nation are disheartening, but the recent quadrennial meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which was held in Boston, was perhaps the most heartening thing for these times. It is not enough to say that thirty denominations were represented, but the representatives in many instances were the leaders in the various denominations who came from all parts of the country. The reports of the various commissions indicated not only care, but clear thinking and prophetic vision. The addresses were of a high order and every session teemed with interest.

The Federal Council had its beginning in Philadelphia in 1908. Some were very confident that it was filling a needed place in American Christianity, while others regarded it as an experiment. For the first few years the movements were uncertain because it was misunderstood. Confidence had to be gained. Results had to be shown in order to enlarge its scope and usefulness. All this has been done. Its leadership has been in the hands of wise men.

Dr. E. D. Sanford, who was its first secretary, worked under great difficulties to steer it successfully through the uncertain years of its early history. Dr. Charles S. Macfarland succeeded Dr. Sanford in 1912. He has guided it with remarkable statesmanship. When one reads the reports and observes what has been done he is amazed not only at securing the co-operation of groups of men, but the great responsibility of financing the work of the various commissions and their extensive program of operation.

There is no single institution in America that has so tied up our interests with Europe during the period of the war as the Federal Council of the Churches. Dr. Macfarland has made frequent trips to Europe, and has always borne the message of confidence and fraternity. The European governments have recognized this service by many beautiful expressions of appreciation. It was gratifying to all of us when General Nivelle of France decorated four officers of the Federal Council in the name of the French Government. These were: Dr. Macfarland, who received the Order of Commander of the Legion of Honor, which is the highest decoration given by the French Government; Dr. Frank Mason North, the retiring president of the Federal Council, who was given the Order of Officer of Public Instruction, as was also Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, secretary of the Commission on International Justice and Good-Will; President Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin College, one of the commissioners in the Council, who was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

LIKEWISE the interests of the Orient are tied up with the work of the Council. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick has been the prophetic voice in matters relating to Oriental problems. He lived in Japan for twenty years and nearly half of that time was connected with the Imperial University. He is able to see conditions as no one who has not lived in both countries could see them; and he goes straight to the heart of things as they are.

The famine conditions of China received warmest considerations of co-operation, as well as the starving multitudes of Europe under the appeal of Mr. Herbert Hoover. Perhaps no finer thing was said by him than that he had rather have the American flag flying in the hearts of the three and a half millions of children he is trying to save from starvation than to have it flying over every capital in Europe.

The meeting at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, when President W. H. P. Faunce and Dr. Robert E. Speer spoke on "American Ideals: A Heritage from the Pilgrims," and the meeting at Trinity Episcopal Church, where Phillips Brooks so long ministered, were occasions of hope. At the latter meeting Dr. R. C. Gillie, president of the Free Church Council of England and Wales, and Dr. John R. Mott made notable addresses. The former pleaded for the international mind and the international conscience, and the latter told of the moral, physical and industrial chaotic conditions of Europe. Both were appeals to live beyond our own country and serve for the good of all. If one were to select which session was the best and most profitable, he would find dozens of persons selecting other sessions. In fact the whole Council presented a forward look as no gathering in America has presented in recent times.

WE CAN no longer speak of the Federal Council's being an experiment. It is the most outstanding Christian unity movement in the world, and yet not talking about Christian unity in any technical sense. It has simply been a great force bringing Christians of various Protestant communions together and doing the task that Christians ought to be doing together. It has found a field of work and is an organization so permanent and so resourceful and so wide in its conceptions that all parts of the various churches must awaken to the great possibilities for themselves through the channels of the Federal Council.

The report of the Committee on War and the Religious Outlook, which was presented by Professor William Adams Brown, had in it alone the worth of study for any single conference. It dealt with the attitude of the world toward the Church as well as the church's attempt to adjust itself to present-day conditions. It dwelt upon Christian unity and other rising passions in the thought of the Church. Concerning Christian unity the report says:

> "With the subject of church unity we reach the very heart of our problem, for it brings us face to face with the nature of the Church itself. What is this Church which is to do all these things of which we have been speaking? Where is it to be found and how is it to function? When we turn for an answer to these questions we find no single voice which is qualified to speak. What we see is not the Church, but churches, each with its own independent history and traditions, each facing its own part of the common task in greater or less independence of its sister churches. It is clear that if the Church is to recover its rightful place in the life of our time and to render the service which is imperatively demanded of it, this state of things must cease.
>
> "This recognition of the need of a united Church is one of the outstanding features of our present-day Christianity. It is forced upon us, as we have seen, by the practical exigencies of the case. At each of the points of our previous survey we have met it, in connection with our study of conditions in the Army, in our survey of the foreign field, in our review of the new home missions, in our attempt to define the duty of the Church to the social and economic issues of the day. These are issues that transcend present ecclesiastical divisions. They require a united approach.

THE report of the Committee on Methods of Co-operation awakened lively interest. Instead of being referred to the business committee it was acted upon forthwith. It indicated removing the stakes for enlarged co-operation and service. The adoption of its recommendations marked a distinctive epoch in the history of the Federal Council. These recommendations are as follows:

> "1. The Council believes that the time has come for fuller action on its part in the fulfillment of the purpose of its establishment 'for the prosecution of work that can be better done in union than in separation.' The Council instructs the Executive and Administrative Committees to plan the work of the Council in accordance with this view, ever having in mind its duly defined field of constitutional action and taking such steps as will maintain the closest possible relationships between it and the constituent denominations.
>
> "2. The Council authorizes the Executive Committee, as assured resources may warrant, to strengthen the secretarial staff of the Council by the appointment of such additional secretaries as it may deem necessary to enable the Council to carry forward a larger work with the confidence and support of the churches.
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> "3. The Council requests the constituent bodies to provide for the support of the Council and its work on the scale of $300,000 per annum for the next two years, and it asks these bodies to accept their equitable apportionment of this amount, as may be suggested by the Administrative Committee.
>
> "4. The Council authorizes such a conference with the inter-board agencies as has been suggested, for the purposes specified, with the understanding that any general plan of co-operation involving the denominations in any way not already approved by them in connection with the Federal Council or the inter-board bodies must be referred to the denominational courts or other authorities.
>
> "5. The Council approves the statement of the Committee on Methods of Co-operation with regard to the readiness of the Council to adjust its organization, within its constitutional character and responsibility to the churches, in any way that may be necessary to enable it to be of service to the churches or to any of their agencies.
>
> "6. The Council refers to the Executive Committee with power the article numbered eight, of the by-laws with regard to the Commissions of the Council, and authorizes it to make any ad interim changes which it may deem wise in the commission and committee organization (including the Administrative Committee) and to report to the next meeting of the Council the appropriate wording of by-law eight.
>
> "7. The Council expresses the conviction that out of the experiences and discussions of the present time there shall come the achievement of a richer form of expression of that spirit of fellowship, service, and co-operation in which the Federal Council began and which it is its duty and its joy to promote.

DR. FRANK MASON NORTH has made a good president, through the critical period of the last four years. No one doubts the wisdom of the Council's choice of him for this high post of honor at the St. Louis conference four years ago. Dr. Robert E. Speer is the new president and comes to the office with a prophet's vision. Perhaps no man in America has the confidence of all parts of the Church so generally as has Dr. Speer.

If one would go over the list of names on the program, or sitting in the upper corner of the hall, were to look over the building, there would be scores of names of leaders in the Church whose presence on the platform would command leadership and whose utterances through the press are eagerly followed. There were: Bishop W. F. McDowell, Dr. Frederick Lynch, Dr. James I. Vance, Bishop F. J. McConnell, President W. O. Thompson, Mr. James M. Speers, Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, Dr. Joseph A. Vance, Dr. Charles L. Thompson, Rev. A. W. Anthony, Dr. Herbert L. Willett, Dr. George E. Haynes, Dr. S. G. Inman, President George E. Horr, Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, Dr. Finis Idleman, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, President W. R. Harper, Dr. F. W. Burnham, Dr. William H. Day, Dr. F. H. Knubel, Dr. Edward H. Delk, Mr. Fred Smith, Bishop R. E. Hendricks, Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop Lawrence, and scores of others.

Then there were men from abroad. In addition to those who have been mentioned was Dr. Alexander Ramsey, former moderator of the Presbyterian Church in England, besides other representatives from Great Britain. Among these was Mr. Harold Spender, who at one of the luncheons gave a charming presentation of Mr. Lloyd George. There were also representatives from China, Holland, Belgium, France, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Mexico and Switzerland.

The conference moved to its task seriously and in the genius of statesmanship. It has furnished a meeting ground for the various Protestant communions. No one of the delegates would think of breaking this fellowship, but their concern was and ever will be how we can form a closer co-operation. Never has such a group from all parts of the Church met under such hopeful outlook. The Federal Council has served humbly but earnestly; has not dictated, but has gathered up the united voice of the Church in its message to all. The Committee on Message presented a message to be sent abroad, which conveys its hope, its courage and its possibilities. The day of larger things is at hand and God has raised the men for the task.

Dr. Sheldon Discusses

Problems

1. The man who does not have any is dead; and maybe he has some.
2. They are a miscellaneous lot: poverty, riches, debt, luxury, too much time, not enough work, play, love, hate, other people, self, sickness, fear, family troubles, disobedient sons and daughters, and SIN.
3. But all problems call for struggle; and struggle is better than stagnation.
4. It is better to live by the side of a river that may become a freshet than by the side of a pool that is mostly scum.
5. Moreover, a problem worked out for one's self is growth; worked out for another it is heart satisfaction.
6. When God created man He wrapped him up in problems. There was no other way to create him.
7. It is no humiliation to fail to work out a problem; it is a humiliation to let the problem crow over us.
8. There is no human problem too great for solution, given these three factors: time, prayer, and divine help.
9. Because the solution goes over into the next world ought not to worry us. It is the final result that counts.
10. The greatest problem of all is learning how to love God and fellow man supremely. O all ye sons and daughters of men, burdened with many troubles, if ye will learn this, it will solve all the rest.

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There are many beautiful and fertile spots amid the Transylvania Alps, which are visible in the distance in this photograph. Transylvania is a great producer of foodstuffs

Religious Minorities in Transylvania

A Study of Church Conditions in the New Roumanian Territory

By HENRY A. ATKINSON

(*General Secretary of the Church Peace Union*)

WE WILL always have oppressed peoples and minorities crying out for relief just as long as we allow sections of a country with all its human units and their possessions to be traded among the Powers and changed from one government to another without consulting the wishes or inclinations of the people involved—just as one moves or sacrifices a pawn or a bishop in a game of chess.

There are racial and religious minorities now groaning under the oppressive rule of strangers in a dozen different countries of Europe. One of the most spectacular and in some respects the most perplexing situations of this kind is that in Transylvania. This country lies between Hungary proper and Roumania, and has a total area of 22,017 square miles, with a population of 2,678,367 divided as follows:

Magyars (including Szekels)	918,217
Germans	234,085
Roumanians	1,472,021
All others	154,044

While the Roumanians constitute a clear majority of the population; in point of culture, wealth and ability, the Magyars and Saxons are the dominant races. Now this country has been given to Roumania by the terms of the Trianon peace treaty, and the Hungarians are bitterly complaining of the oppression under which they are suffering at the hands of the new government. The Hungarian government is carrying on a world-wide propaganda in the interests of securing a re-united Hungary.

Three Bishops of Transylvania—one a Presbyterian, one a Roman Catholic and one a Unitarian—joined in a strong statement of protest to the Peace Conference. This statement was made the basis of a speech before the House of Lords by Viscount Bryce on December 17, 1919, and attracted a great deal of attention not only in the English press but throughout France and the United States. Committees from the churches of England, Scotland and America have visited the country and made a comprehensive study of the question involved, therefore we are safe in saying that Transylvania has received more attention and consequently its problems have become better known than those in almost any other country affected by the war.

IN THESE days when anyone expresses an opinion on any serious subject, we immediately ask for his authority. For a year I had been receiving and reading all the material put out by the various agencies, boards, and committees dealing with the problems in Transylvania, so when in June of 1920 I was asked to visit Austria, Hungary and Transylvania for the purpose of studying the questions at first hand, I gladly accepted a place on the Commission that was later appointed by the National Committee for the Protection of Religious Minorities, of which Mr. Taft, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Lansing, Mr. Hughes, Cardinal Gibbons, Mr. Morgenthau, Judge Elkus, Dr. Arthur J. Brown, Dr. William P. Merrill, Mr. Hamilton Holt, Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, and a hundred other men prominent in the church and civic life of America are members.

Our Commission first visited Austria and from there went to Budapest, where we were received by the General Conventus of the Reformed Church of Hungary, and spent a week meeting the various boards and committees and discussing the whole problem of the future of the Hungarian nation and its relation to its neighbors. By the terms of the treaty Hungary has been so cut to pieces that there is but little left of this originally powerful nation. There is suffering and deep privation and want on every hand. The churches, hospitals, schools and other institutions are greatly crippled in their work. However, these problems can be met, for Hungary will eventually right herself, and inasmuch as the church, state and school are so closely related, full support will be given to all these institutions. It is in those portions of the former Hungarian kingdom, now cut off from the motherland, where the suffering is most intense, and the problems presented most difficult to solve.

From Budapest we went directly to Bucharest, the capital and chief city of Roumania. It is in this city that East and West meet. The civilization follows the type of the West, but its spirit is of the Orient. Here we called on Mr. James G. Bailey, who was in charge of affairs at the American Legation. Through his kindness we were able to meet with some of the leading men of the church and government of Roumania.

We found in the Metropolitan of Bucharest, Miron Christea, a man of remarkable ability and the head of the National Church of Roumania. He himself is a Transylvanian. We told him frankly what we proposed doing, and discussed fully the whole question of religious liberty. He gave us a letter to Professor Lupas, one of the leaders of the Greek Church in Transylvania, and the head of the University at Kolozsvar. We also met Professor Demetrescu, Dean, and Dr. Simeon Popescu, Secretary of the Faculty of the Theological Seminary.

FROM Bucharest we went by train through the Carpathian Mountains into Transylvania, arriving at the city of Brasso early in the morning.

It is impossible to describe the majesty and glory of the Carpathians by moonlight. No one in our party will ever forget the sensation that came over us as we climbed the dizzy heights of that wall which stands between the Orient and Occident. At Brasso we found ourselves on the edge of the great Transylvanian plain. This city of some 50,000 people is in the heart of the Saxon section of the country, and is essentially a German city. There is in it, however, as in other parts of Transylvania, a substratum of Roumanian life and influence.

There is little doubt that the original inhabitants of the country were Dacians from whom the modern Roumanians claim to be the direct descendants. Every other nationality, whatever may be its claim by reasons of long residence or a superior type of culture, is, after all, an immigrant, for the Roumanians, or those closely akin to them, were the settlers of this land. Every other nationality has come in at a later date. The Magyars have been in Transylvania for a thousand years, and although the country has belonged to Hungary only since 1868, it is true that the dominating influence and culture in Transylvania for five hundred years at least has been Hungarian.

The church life of Transylvania follows very closely the national life. The Magyars are all Presbyterians, Unitarians, or Roman Catholics. The Saxons, speaking German, are practically all Lutherans. Out of 240 Lutheran parishes all are German except six, which use the Hungarian language. The Roumanians without exception are members of the Greek Oriental Church. The figures showing the total population by percentage of religion are as follows:

Greek Oriental	56.6
Reformed Churches	14.9
Roman Catholics	14.0
Lutherans	8.6
Unitarians	2.5
Jews	2.4

Unclassified less than 1 per cent.

Nationality, race, language and religion

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A typical street view in Brasso, one of the leading cities in Transylvania, which was the center of Dr. Atkinson's travels in this district

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...VI national problems.

There is in Transylvania no such thing as religious persecution *per se*. The Magyar churches are being persecuted not because they are Presbyterian or Unitarian or Roman Catholic, but because they are Magyar, and in the opinion of the present government opposed to Roumania. The Roumanians are not trying to make Greek Catholics out of the Presbyterians, but are trying to make Roumanians out of the Hungarians.

Transylvania was given to Roumania by the Trianon Treaty. The geographical limits are given in full details in article 27, paragraph 3, of this treaty. Under its terms the inhabitants of Transylvania have a year after the ratification of the Treaty to decide whether they will accept Roumanian citizenship, or whether they will leave the country. There is no doubt but what the Roumanian government is using every means, foul as well as fair, to force the Hungarians to become Roumanian citizens or to get out. All over Transylvania the men who have been in authority are being deposed from office, and Roumanians put into their places. Life for the Hungarians is being made just as uncomfortable as is possible. A great many of these persecutions are petty as the result of the administration of justice being left in the hands of small men. Many of the new officials are the same ignorant Roumanians who suffered abuses at the hands of the Hungarians under the old régime. They have been looked down upon and despised by their Hungarian neighbors, and kept "in their place" by the powerful Hungarian government. Now by the fortunes of war they find themselves in the position of the masters, and it is but natural that they should seek to square off old accounts by turning any weapons at hand against their former oppressors.

I have carefully gone over all the stories of outrages and persecutions and there is not a single instance that I can find where a church or minister has suffered at the hands of the Roumanian government that is not directly attributable to political rather than ecclesiastical causes. For instance, a Calvinistic clergyman was threatened with arrest because he repeated the Lord's Prayer at a funeral service. The ignorant Roumanian officials thought that the expression "Thy Kingdom Come" referred to the Magyar Kingdom. Another Presbyterian minister, George Foszto, was charged in the courts with repeating the Lord's Prayer, but instead of saying "Thy Kingdom Come," he said, "Hungary, Thy Kingdom Come." In the village of Szekelydobo the Presbyterian minister, Stephen Bene, was arrested, put in chains and forced by the Roumanian soldiers to dance in a public place, the charge against him being that some years before he had forced Greek Catholic families to become members of his church.

In the Lutheran church at Kolozsvar the censor forbade the singing of the hymn "Do Not Despair, My Little Troop." This church also got into difficulty with the Roumanian authorities because it refused to ring its bells in honor of the entry of the Roumanian troops into the city. A Unitarian clergyman was arrested on the suspicion that he had hidden a pistol in his house. The pistol was found, but he said that it had been hidden by a servant. Another Unitarian was arrested on the grounds that he was a socialist agitator, and another that he was preaching sedition and urging the people to revolt.

NATURALLY, the ministers, especially in the small villages, are the leaders of the people, and being nationalists who insist upon the use of the Hungarian language, it is only natural that they should fall victims to the new powers enthroned by the peace conference. A peculiar situation has developed within the Lutheran Church. The pastor at Kolozsvar, a Hungarian, was tried by an ecclesiastical council of his own church on the ground that he neglected his church duties to give himself to political agitation, and thus brought the cause of religion into disrepute. There is an abundance of evidence just like this, but all of it when put into the crucible produces only one fact and that is that all persecution is found in politics rather than in religion.

At Brasso we hired an automobile and drove over nearly all of Transylvania. We visited some fifty villages and towns. We talked with the pastors of the leading churches, we saw the people in their homes, and by this close contact came to see the effect of the military government upon the people, and from our conferences with the leaders felt that we had arrived at a pretty fair judgment as to the actual situation respecting the religious and political life of Transylvania.

We were told by the Roumanians that if the Hungarians in Transylvania will give allegiance to the Roumanian Government, the Magyar churches will at once be free from the principal persecutions against which the leaders now complain. But one of the leading churchmen at Kolozsvar said to us, "If any Hungarian pastor swears allegiance to the Roumanian government, he cannot stay in his pulpit or in his community twenty-four hours." Speaking of himself he also said: "Even if I should desire to become a Roumanian citizen under the present circumstances, I would not dare face public opinion and take the oath of allegiance."

I have just learned that the Royal Roumanian Minister of the Interior, Argetoianu, visited Kolozsvar on September 18 and received a delegation of Hungarians. The Transylvanian newspaper men, through their President, B. Szeckely, laid before the Minister complaints concerning the persecutions and injustices practised upon the Hungarian press and its representatives. Two of the leading business men appeared on behalf of the Transylvanian business men. Finally the Minister received a large delegation representing the churches, headed by the Bishop of the Reformed Church, Charles Nagy, who presented a memorial. In the course of his presentation speech, the Bishop said:

"The Transylvanian Hungarians have come to the conclusion that they have to reckon with the new situation arisen for them. They have become Roumanian subjects 'ipso facto' and desire no more and no less than the benefit of the full rights to which Roumanian subjects are entitled. This, on their part, would have the natural corollary of fidelity to the Roumanian State. The delegation asks for remedy, notably in two directions: in regard to the execution of orders of eviction and concerning the treatment of the churches. By fulfilling this wish of the delegation the government would deserve the gratitude of Transylvanian Hungarians."

It remains to be seen whether or not Roumania is big enough to grant protection and that freedom which has been guaranteed by the Minorities Treaty, which she signed.

The Saxons have become Roumanian citizens, and while many of the petty annoyances still continue and the former officers of the government have nearly all lost their places and Roumanians been put into the seats of authority, still the Roumanian government assumes a very different attitude toward the German Lutheran Church than it does toward the Hungarian Church. The leading pastors of the German churches have been given places in the Roumanian government and appointed to positions of honor and authority in their respective communities. The Roumanian government is also helping to support the Lutheran Church, and while its support is inadequate, still it is better than no help at all.

THE difficulties are exceedingly serious with the Reformed churches, which have heretofore been supported entirely by help of the government. The Roman Catholic churches are in the same condition, and the Lutherans to a large degree. The Unitarians have been practically free from governmental control because they have generally assumed the responsibility for their own expenses. The Hungarians represent a solid nationalistic and linguistic block in Roumania. The Presbyterian and Reformed churches to which the majority of these Hungarians belo. a part of the Conventus at Budapest. All orders c from Budapest, and by reason of the change in g ernment this direct line of communication has be broken. The support of these churches is also gone.

In the school life we found other serious difficulties. The governing council of the schools has been officially suspended by decree of the Roumanian government, and the functions in all the higher, primary and middle schools of the state have been stopped. Thus 3 academies, 33 middle schools, 31 professional schools, 2,641 primary schools and 392 kindergartens have been suspended. This has thrown out of employment 5,095 teachers and 357 kindergarten directors. In these schools there were about 160,000 Hungarian children. The Roumanians have brought this about by simply expropriating the property and cutting off the revenue from these schools.

In place of Hungarian schools, Roumanian schools have been substituted, and their staffs of Hungarian teachers being removed, the school buildings are occupied by Roumanian schools with Roumanian professors and teachers; or else the buildings have been shut up or turned over for other purposes. The Roumanian government is apparently determined to block the progress of Hungarian culture and ultimately put an end to the use of the Hungarian language in Transylvania. In justification for this policy the Roumanians and their apologists point out that this is exactly what has been done by the Hungarians, and that Hungarian culture and the use of the Hungarian language are seeking primarily to hamper the new government in its plans and thus prevent Roumania from really making Transylvania a part of the Roumanian nation. The struggle therefore is between the nationalities. According to the Treaty, religious liberty and the free use of language are granted to all people inside these various nations, therefore, if the Reformed faith is to be saved in Transylvania, the members of these churches must be helped from without.

Travel is difficult in Eastern Europe these days, and the trains, which seem queer and small to American eyes, are crowded to the limit, with people traveling on the roofs and occupying all available space

THERE is need for funds to be sent in so that the ministers can be paid an adequate salary, and also that the schools may be reopened and maintained as effective agencies in the life of the people. There is need immediately for a theological college to be established in Kolozsvar to take the place of an institute that has become a part of the Roumanian government. The Unitarians also need help to reopen their theological school.

The re-establishment of these theological schools would exercise a profound and beneficial influence upon the Protestant population of this new Roumanian territory through their work in providing trained Christian leaders for the congregations. Their change of control or closing has been a severe blow to the churches, but one which they are determined to remedy at the earliest possible opportunity. The case, however, presents problems which are quite distinct from the important problem of financing the activities of the schools.

First of all, in order that we may be sure that the help given may be used in the proper way for use in the legitimate work of the churches and in the schools, it is absolutely essential that the Reformed churches of Transylvania declare their independence from the Conventus at Budapest and establish at Kolozsvar a new governing body which will have jurisdiction over the Transylvanian churches. This is the primary requisite, for with the close union which at present exists between the church and the state it is impossible even to discuss the religious wrongs apart from the political wrongs. Those in Transylvania most interested in securing freedom and efficiency for the churches are the same ones who are seeking to embarrass the Roumanian government and again secure a united Hungary with all its parts joined together as it was before the war.

If such a separation as has been here suggested can be secured and an independent Transylvanian church is set up, then the churches of America should join with the churches of the Allied countries in demanding for this Transylvanian church ecclesiastical and educational autonomy, and absolute freedom to maintain and direct international intercourses with Christians of any nationality or description, in all lands. The church should be allowed the free right to train its own ministers, teachers and workers.

In other words, unless Christian faith, according to Western types of worship is to be utterly destroyed in Transylvania, the churches of the world must bring pressure to bear upon the League of Nations to the end that justice may be secured and the rights guaranteed under the minority treaty and the Trianon Treaty be fully and freely granted.

The Island of Faith

A Delightful New Serial

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Illustrated by Anne Brockman

Fourth Instalment

CHAPTER VIII

AS THE days crept into weeks, Rose-Marie no longer felt the dull unrest of inaction. She was busy at the Settlement House—her clubs for mothers and young girls, her kindergarten for the little tots, had grown amazingly popular. And, at those times when she was not busy at the Settlement House, she had the Volsky family and their many problems to occupy her.

The Volsky family—and their many problems! Rose-Marie would have found it hard to tell which problem was the most important! Of course Lily came first—her infirmities and her sweetness made her the central figure. But the problem of Ella was a more vital one to watch; it was, somehow, more immediate. Rose-Marie had found it hard to reach Ella. Except when Lily was the topic of conversation, except when Lily's welfare was to be considered, she stayed silently in the background. But the flashings of her great, dark eyes, the quiverings of her too scarlet mouth, were ominious.

Rose-Marie could see that the untidiness of the flat, the drunken mutterings of Pa, and her mother's filthy apron had strained Ella's resistance to the breaking point. Some day there would be a crash and, upon that day Ella would disappear like a gorgeous butterfly that drifts across the road, and out of sight. Rose-Marie was hoping to push that day into the background—to make it only a dim uncertainty rather than the sword of Democles that it was. But she could only hope.

Bennie, too, was a problem. But it was Bennie who cheered Rose-Marie when she felt that her efforts in behalf of Ella were failing. For Bennie's brain was the fertile ground in which she could plant ideals, and dreams. Bennie was young enough to change, and easily. He got into the way of waiting for her, after his school had been dismissed, in the little park. And there, seated close together on an iron bench, they would talk, and Rose-Marie would tell endless stories. Most of the stories were about knights who rode upon gallant quests, and about old time courtesy, and about wonderful animals. But sometimes she told him of her home in the country—of apple trees in bloom, and frail arbutus hiding under the snow. She told him of coasting parties, and bonfires, and trees to climb. And he listened, star-eyed and adoring. They made a pretty picture together—the slim, rosy-cheeked girl and the ragged little boy, with the pale city sunshine falling, like a mist, all about them.

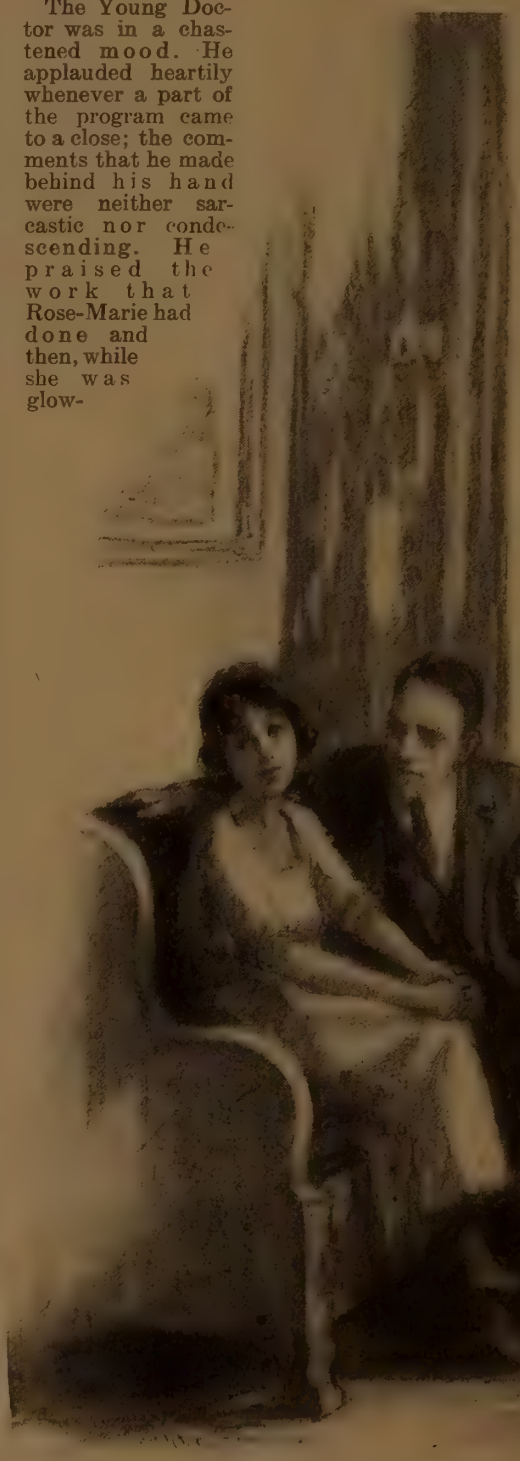
LILY and Ella and Bennie—Rose-Marie loved them, all three. But Jim Volsky was the unsolvable problem—the one that she tried to push to the back of her mind, to avoid. Mrs. Volsky and Pa she gave up as nearly hopeless; she kept, as much as possible, out of Pa's way, and Mrs. Volsky could only be helped in the attaining of creature comforts—her spirit seemed dead! But Jim insisted upon intruding upon her moments in the flat; he monopolized conversations, and asked impertinent questions, and stared. More than once he had offered to "walk her home" as she was leaving; more than once he had thrust himself menacingly across her path. But she had managed, neatly, to avoid him.

Rose-Marie was afraid of Jim. She admitted it to herself—she even admitted, at times, that the Young Doctor might be of assistance if any emergency should arise out of Jim's sleek persistence. She had noticed, from the first, that the Young Doctor was an impressive man among men—she had seen the encouraging swell of muscles through the worn tweed of his coat sleeve. But to have asked his help in the controlling of Jim would have been an admission of deceit, of weakness, of failure. To prove her own theory that the people were real, underneath—to prove that they had sound morals and worth-while impulses—she had to make the reformation of the Volsky family her own individual task.

Yes—Rose-Marie was busy. Almost she hated to give up moments of her time to the letters she had to write home, to the sewing that she had to do. She made few friends among the teachers and visitors who thronged the Settlement House by day, and she was far too tired, when night came, to foregather with the Young Doctor and the Superintendent in the cosy little living-room. But often when her activities lasted well along into the evening, often when her clubs gave sociables or entertainments, she was forced to welcome the Young Doctor (the Superintendent was always welcome); to make room for him beside her own place.

IT WAS during one of these entertainments—her Girls' Sewing Society was giving a party—that she and the Young Doctor had their first real talk. Before the quarrel at the luncheon table they had had little time together. Since the quarrel the Young Doctor had seldom been able to corner Rose-Marie. But at the entertainment they were placed, by the hand of circumstance, upon a wooden settee in the back of the room. And there, for the better part of two hours, while Katie Szrop declaimed poetry and Helen Merskovsky played upon the piano, and others recited long and monotonous dialogues, they were forced to stay.

The Young Doctor was in a chastened mood. He applauded heartily whenever a part of the program came to a close; the comments that he made behind his hand were neither sarcastic nor condescending. He praised the work that Rose-Marie had done and then, while she was glowing—almost against her will—from the warmth of that praise, he ventured a question.



"Sometimes I'm homesick," she told him. "Usually after the lights are out, at night. But I'm never sorry!"

"Are you ever sorry that you left the home town, Miss Rose-Marie?" he questioned.

Rose-Marie looked at him, for a moment, to see whether he was serious. And then, as no flicker of mirth stirred his mouth, she answered.

"Sometimes I'm homesick," she told him. "Usually after the lights are out, at night. But I'm never sorry!"

The Young Doctor was staring off into space—past the raised platform where the girls of the club were performing.

"I wonder," he said, after a moment, "I wonder if you can imagine what it is to have nothing in the world to be lonesome for, Miss Marie?"

Rose-Marie felt a quick w[illegible] sympathy toward the Young D[illegible]

"My mother and my father [illegible] dead, Dr. Blanchard," she told h[illegible] softly. "But my aunts have alwa[illegible] been splendid," she added honest[illegible] "and I have any number of frien[illegible] No, I've never felt at all alone!"

THE Young Doctor was silent for a moment. A[illegible] then—

"It isn't an alone feeling that I mean," he told her, "not exactly! It's rather an empty feeling—like hunger, almost. You see my father and mother are dead, too. I can't even remember them. And I never had any aunts to be splendid to me. My childhood—even my babyhood—was spent in an orphan asylum with a firm-fisted matron who punished me; with nobody to give me the love I needed. I came out of it a hard man—at fourteen. I—" he broke off, suddenly.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this," he added, "you wouldn't be in the least interested in my school days—they were pretty drab! And you wouldn't be interested in the scholarship that gave me my profession. For," his tone changed slightly, "you aren't even interested in the result—not enough to try to understand my point of view when I attempt to tell you, frankly, just what I think of the people down here—barring girls like these," he pointed to the stage, "and a few others who are working hard to make good! You act, when I say that they're like animals, as if I'm giving you a personal insult! You think, when I suggest that you don't go, promiscuously, into dirty tenements, that I'm trying to curb your ambition—to spoil your chances of doing good.

"But I'm not, really. I'm only endeavoring, for your own protection, to give you the benefit of my rather bitter experience. I don't want any one so young, and trusting and—yes, beautiful—as you are to be forced, by experience, into my point of view. We love having you here, at the Settlement House. But I almost wish that you'd go home—back to the place and the people that you're lonesome for—after the lights are out!"

Rose-Marie, watching the play of expression across his keen dark face, was struck, first of all, by his sincerity. It was only after a moment that she began to feel the old resentment creeping back.

"Then," she said at last, very slowly, "then you think that I'm worthless, here? It seems to me that I could help the people more, just because I am fresh, and untried, and not in the least bitter! It seems to me that by direct contact with them I might be able to show them the tender, guiding hand of God—as it has always been revealed to me. But you think that I'm worthless!"

THERE was a burst of loud singing from the raised platform. The girls of the sewing club loved to sing. But neither Rose-Marie nor the Young Doctor was conscious of it.

"No," the Young Doctor answered, also very slowly, "no, I don't think that you are worthless—not at all. But I'm almost inclined to think that you're *wasted*. Go home, child; go home to the little town! Go home before the beautiful pink color has worn off the edge of your dreams!"

Again Rose-Marie felt the swift burst of anger that she had felt upon other occasions. Why did he persist in treating her like a child? But her voice was steady as she answered.

"Well," she told the Young Doctor, "I'm afraid that I'll have to disappoint you! For I came here with a definite plan to accomplish. And I'm going to stay here until it is at least partly accomplished!"

The Young Doctor was watching her flushed face. He answered almost regretfully.

"Then," he said, "I'm glad that you have a sweetheart—you didn't deny it, you know, the other night! He'll take you away from the slums, I reckon, before very long! He'll take you away before you've been hurt!"

Rose-Marie, looking straight ahead, did not answer. But the weight of deceit upon her soul made her feel very wicked.

CHAPTER IX

AS LILY pattered across the room, on her soft, almost noiseless little feet, Rose-Marie stopped talking. She had been having one of her rare conversations alone with Mrs. Volsky—a conversation that she had almost schemed for—and yet she stopped. It struck her suddenly as strange that Lily's presence in any place should make such a vast difference—that the child should bring with her a healing silence and a curious tenderness. She had felt, many times before, a slowing up in conversations—she had seen the bitterness drain from Ella's face, the stolidness from Bennie's. She had even seen Pa,

from a room that Lily was entering. And now, as she watched, she saw a spark leap into the dullness of Mrs. Volsky's eyes.

With a gentle hand she reached out to the child, drew her close. Lily nestled against her side with a slight smile upon her faintly coral lips, with her blue, vacant gaze fixed upon space—or upon something that they could not see! Rose-Marie had often felt that Lily was watching beautiful vistas with those sightless eyes of hers; that she was hearing wonderful sounds with her useless little ears, sounds that normal people could not hear. But she did not say anything of the sort to Mrs. Volsky—Mrs. Volsky would not have been able to understand. Instead she spoke of something else that had lain, for a long time, upon her mind.

"Has Lily ever received any medical attention?" she asked abruptly.

Mrs. Volsky's face took on lines of blankness. "What say?" she mouthed thickly, "I don' understan'."

Rose-Marie reconstructed her question. "Has Lily ever been taken to a doctor?" she asked.

MRS. VOLSKY answered more quickly than she usually answered questions.

"When she was first sick, years ago," she told Rose-Marie, "she had a doctor then. He say—no help fer her. Las' year Ella, she took Lily by a free clinic. But the doctors, there, they say Lily never get no better. And now there comes another doctor to our door, but—" she shrugged; and her shrug seemed to indicate the uselessness of all doctors.

Rose-Marie, with suddenly misting eyes, lifted Lily to her knee. . . "The only times," she said slowly, "when I feel any doubt in my mind of the Divine Plan—are the times when I see little children, who have never done anything at all wicked or wrong, bearing pain and suffering and . . ." she broke off.

Mrs. Volsky answered, as she almost always answered, with a mechanical question.

"What say?" she murmured dully.

Rose-Marie eyed her, over the top of Lily's golden head. After all, she told herself, in the case of Mrs. Volsky she could see the point of Dr. Blanchard's assertion! She had known many animals who apparently were quicker to reason, who apparently had more enthusiasm and ambition, than Mrs. Volsky. She looked at the dingy apron, the unkempt hair, the sagging flesh upon the gray-colored cheeks. And she was conscious suddenly of a feeling of revulsion. She fought it back savagely.

"Christ," she told herself, "never turned away from people because they were dirty, or ugly, or stupid. Christ loved everybody—no matter how low they were. He would have loved Mrs. Volsky . . ."

IT WAS curious how it gave her strength—that reflection—strength to look straight at the woman in front of her, and to smile.

"Why," she asked, and the smile became brighter as she asked it, "Why don't you try to fix your hair more neatly, Mrs. Volsky? And why don't you wear clean aprons, and keep the flat neater? Why don't you try to make your children's home more pleasant for them?"

Mrs. Volsky did not resent the suggestion as some other women might have resented it. Mrs. Volsky had reached the point where she no longer resented even blows.

"I uster try—onct," she said tonelessly, "but it ain't no good, no more. Ella an' Bennie an' Jim don' whenever he comes inter it. An' I can't see how it looks. So what's the use?"

It was a surprisingly long speech for Mrs. Volsky. And some of it showed a certain reasoning power. Rose-Marie told herself, in all fairness, that if she were Mrs. Volsky, she, too, might be inclined to murmur desperately, "What's th' use?" She leaned forward, searching her mind for something to say.

"Do you like me, Mrs. Volsky?" she questioned at last. "Do you like me?"

THE woman nodded, and again the suggestion of a light flamed up in her eyes.

"Sure I like you," she said, "you are good to all of us—an' to Lily."

"Then," Rose-Marie's voice was quivering with eagerness, "then won't you try—for my sake—to make things here," the sweep of her hand included every corner of the ugly room, "a little better? I'll help you, very gladly. I'll make new aprons and I'll—" her brave resolution faltered, but only for a moment, "I'll wash your hair, and take you to the free baths with me. And then," she had a sudden inspiration, "then Lily will love to touch you, you'll be so nice and clean! Then Lily will be glad that she has you for a mother!"

All at once the shell of stupidity had slipped from Mrs. Volsky's bent shoulders. All at once she was eager, breathlessly eager.

"Miss," she said, and one thin, dingy hand was laid appealingly upon Rose-Marie's dress, "miss, you can do wit' me as you wish to! If you t'ink dat my bein' clean will make Lily glad—" she made a sudden impetuous gesture with her hand—"den I will be clean! If you t'ink dat she will like better dat I should be her mother," the word, on her lips, was surprisingly sweet, "den I will do—anything!" All at once she broke into words that were foreign to Rose-Marie, words spoken lovingly in some almost forgotten tongue.

Rose-Marie, listening to her, felt a sudden desire to kneel there, on the dirty tenement floor, and say a little prayer of thanksgiving. Once again she had proved that she was right—and that the Young Doctor was wrong.

To be continued

What Has Gone Before

ROSE-MARIE, who has come from her sheltered, quiet home in the country to the Settlement House in the city's slums, clashes at the dinner table with the Young Doctor, an orphan who has had to fight for opportunity all his life, imbued with a passion to make people better, while he avows as his a desire to make them healthier without regard to their souls. Rose-Marie, patient of the careful guard over her, sets out to show her associ... some one. In a tiny park she interrupts a small boy in his tort... rescues the animal, and wins the friendship of the lad by discovering the one ... spot of his heart—love of his younger sister Lily. She visits the Volsky home, without telling her associates at the Settlement House, and finds it more dirty and squalid than she had dreamed any home could be—the father in a drunken stupor; the mother dull and hopeless; Ella, the elder daughter, beautiful but hard; Jim, the elder son, with a nameless menace in his eyes. Lily, the only means through which Rose-Marie can arouse the family to better things, is blind, and deaf, and can not speak. Rose-Marie's absences when she is calling on the Volsky family are noticed by the Young Doctor, who jestingly accuses her of having a beau. Piqued over the distrust of her ability to accomplish something worth while, she allows him to retain that impression.

Making Sunday the Best Day of All

How the Children of One Family Were Interested

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

THOUSANDS of mothers, and fathers too, in endeavoring to maintain the sanctity of the Sabbath, are seeking to restrain and repress their children on Sunday, thus making it a day of dread. Such a course is likely to engender a deep-seated dislike for religion, when the parents ought to make Sunday a delight by having something that growing boys and girls can do that will be interesting and at the same time beneficial and in harmony with the fundamental and God-given plan for the sacred day.

One mother after thinking over the problem for a time, studying the Scriptures that relate to the observance of the day and noting the passage in Isaiah 58 : 13, about "making the Sabbath a delight," formulated a successful plan.

The family was an average one. Father and mother were church members and preserved a form of reverence for the Sabbath and its keeping as they had been taught to believe. There was a "form of godliness."

The plan that was chosen made the Sabbath a day that was looked forward to with delight by each member of the family. The day became a favorite. It increased the love of religion and the Bible, it made better boys and girls by giving all something to do.

The tasks of the day were reduced to a minimum. All the cooking possible was done on the day previous. After Bible School and the church service, dinner was had not later than 1 o'clock, and while the dishes and things were cleared away father took the nap that was to him as the breath of life.

Then there was an afternoon out of doors. The family went for a tramp to the woods, to a lake, to a river, or to visit some construction going on nearby; or it was merely a hike down the long road. "Best" clothes were discarded for that which would make the walk pleasant and easy.

The hikes were not meaningless either.

ONE week, according to the season and the weather it would be a hunt for some kind of tree or flower, moss or odd stones. Another time it would be a study of buildings, architecture; of houses, windmills; of balance and design in the laying out of the yard and the surroundings of the house.

As they walked they talked about God in nature and His great power; the intellect and ability that men have in making use of their God-given faculties to make the world better to live in. It seemed to be this family's key-note to look on the positive side of everything, to emphasize the best rather than to dwell on the bad.

When the weather prevented going out of doors, interesting times always were planned for inside. They would play what they called their "suggestion game."

For instance, a leaf might be suggested as a thing to talk about. Someone would mention, perhaps, the fig-leaf. That would suggest the beginning of dress and Eve's first garment. Mention would then be made of Joseph's coat of many colors, the white raiment of the angel visitors, the robes of the priests the Babylonish garments, the gorgeous apparel of King Solomon, the strange attire that was prohibited, with its "round tires like the moon," and its "crisping pins"; the camels hair of John the Baptist; the seamless coat of Mary, the mother of Jesus, and so on.

There was no end to the interesting discussion and suggestions; the broad fields of knowledge and of history and the sciences that was open to the family.

There was never any attempt made to hold the talk to hard and fast lines. Humor and witty comments always were permitted. The suggestions were not to be sermons or preachments. The only rule was that the suggestion itself should originate from the Bible. The Bible came to be held in higher esteem when its vast storehouse of knowledge was understood better. The parents rightly felt that in using the Bible as the starting point there would be little danger of going wrong.

By the help of a concordance new subjects were injected into the talks; there was never any lack of variety. There were housekeeping topics, chariots of war, trees, plants, geology, and all the sciences, precious stones, rivers, seas, sun, rain, and animals.

Besides such games, there were stories read aloud, of the thrilling experiences of missionary life. Then there was the simple, yet entertaining card games of the question-and-answer type, featuring Bible characters. This was oftentimes used.

BUT it is the walks that are most enjoyed by any normal family. On Sabbath the car can well be left behind. Walking will provide just as interesting times as will the drive at a high rate of speed.

Another family where the children are younger go for the Sabbath day's walk in every kind of weather when it is at all possible to be out of doors. Some new place of interest is chosen each week. The neighbors' children are oftentimes invited to go along. This not only shows the watchful parent what kind of children their own are associating with, but it soon shows how their boys and girls act when with others.

Here are a few "stunts" that were indulged in by this family on their Sabbath afternoon walks:

All would be ordered to stand still for a few moments with eyes shut and told to listen intently, then tell what was heard.

Another time and at another place all would look intently in all directions, close their eyes and tell what was seen.

Someone would ask another to name objects such as seeds, flowers, twigs, etc., by touch, and with the eyes closed.

A certain kind of tree would be hunted. All the maple trees, then all the pepper trees, and other trees, according to the walk and the country.

For adding human interest to a ride when going farther away, all would be requested to pick out the houses as they were passed and tell which ones were the homes of children. This would mean careful observance of the front and back yard; the clothes-lines, the toys left about and the general condition of the property.

A walk by moonlight or at sunrise is of interest to everyone and will reveal many new things that most families never appreciate or even behold. It will help greatly in developing the sense of beauty in nature.

Such occupations as were used by these families make the Sabbath the key day of the week. It quickly becomes the best day of all. Father, mother and each child obtains something of help and benefit and real enjoyment out of the day. It is truly a day of delight.

Children of such families will soon think more of the church and of religion and gain a greater respect for the Bible after several afternoons talking over its varied contents.

One of the fathers after discussing the keeping of the Sabbath in the new style, remarked: "It is rather a busy day, but it's ever so much better than attempting to make the children 'keep quiet.'" 'It is quite needless to say that his wife most heartily agreed with him.

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
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Breaking the Silence

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING has taken counsel since his return from Panama, with a view to forming definite conclusions on the overshadowing question of world peace. Of course, it goes without saying that he is favorable to any measure that may appeal to him as both wise and practicable for attaining that object. He has repeatedly declared that he has an open mind. All his statements in this connection carry the conviction that he is thoroughly conscientious in his desire to do what is best for the American people. During these conferences, he has met leading men of different political parties, and while none of these will disclose what has taken place, enough is known to show that he appreciates the fact that this nation is looking to him, and trusting him, to do all that may lie within his power when he assumes office, to bring about such conditions as will open the way for the United States to assume its proper rôle as leader in the world-peace movement.

It may be that this will ultimately be accomplished in some manner not yet apparent, or possibly through such modifications in the League of Nations as will make that organization a basis for our co-operation. There is, however, one point of paramount importance, on which Mr. Harding has already declared himself. At a gathering of the Marion Presbytery, held in a church in that city, Senator Harding and Mr. Bryan spoke from the same platform. The President-elect, as reported in the New York Times of December 20 and other newspapers, said:

> "I know how you were aroused to a great ideal of world relations, and how unhappy many of you were that we all could not see it that way. But you did not stop to think that in the conception of Versailles there was no recognition of God Almighty. I could not hope for a very happy relationship among nations unless there was a common thought among them in recognition of a Supreme Being.

In the light of such a declaration, surely we may infer the purport of Senator Harding's attitude in his conferences during the last weeks in December. At the time of the formation of the Peace League, and the framing of the Treaty at Versailles, there was no record of any recognition, either in prayer, resolution, or address, of the Supreme Power of the Universe. The Christian Herald pleaded that God should be placed in the covenant, that the divine rulership should be reverently acknowledged, and that the convention should appeal for wisdom from the only Source whence wisdom can come. Other religious publications probably took the same view. So far as we have read and heard of the proceedings at Versailles, no such recognition was accorded, and it was the same in the Geneva session of the League Assembly. To sincere Christian minds this was a inexplicable omission. A reverent declaration would have received the approval of the Christian people of all lands.

Mr. Harding has done well in speaking out clearly as he did. He has broken the silence, and what he has said may go very far toward explaining the indifference that has been manifested in many quarters. To remake the world, leaving God out of the reckoning, is a task humanly impossible. Our national traditions and the desire of our people lead us to look for such recognition.

Population and Immigration

ACCORDING to the official figures of the Census Bureau, which has just completed its revision of the statistics issued in earlier bulletins some time ago, the population of continental United States today is shown to be 105,708,771, and of our outlying possessions 12,148,738, a total of 117,857,509. Almost every nationality under the sun is represented in this vast aggregate. It was anticipated that the war would retard the growth of our population, as it called away hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men who went to fight under their own national standards; but the return wave has already brought back a very large proportion of them. And news comes that millions more, from almost every country in Europe and the Near East, are planning to make the United States their home in the near future.

This vast impending immigration brings us face to face with a grave economic problem. In the House of Representatives a measure restricting immigration for a period of one year has been under discussion, but it has not yet been considered in the Senate. It is urged in its support, that while the D[illegible] founders of our government encouraged immigration of the desirable kind, which would assist in upbuilding what was then a comparatively new territory, they had no problems in sight such as those we now have to face. The effect of the wholesale influx of immigrants of all classes, including the feeble, the criminal, the pauper, the ignorant and untrained, and the politically unassimilable, as well as the thrifty, the able-bodied and the law-abiding, is something that demands serious consideration. While America should still hold an open door and extend a hearty welcome to the really desirable, to admit all-comers from the old world unquestioningly would be to invite not only regrets but serious trouble, which a wise and judicious course now would go far to avert. Politicians, who unfortunately do not always represent the best ideals or safeguard the highest interests of the nation, may take the opposite view; but caution is the soundest policy as well as the safest. Restriction, on the other hand, can be relaxed when experience justifies such a course.

Co-operation That Counts

By GRAHAM PATTERSON

THE co-operative effort of good people-working together to accomplish a given task is like an avalanche in its irresistible power. The biggest and most dangerous obstacles are uprooted and passed over—nothing can stop them.

Christian Herald readers know from years of association in world relief and Christian work how this influence has been made international. What stronger proof of this could we have than the present China Famine appeal. Your prayers for, and generosity to, starving China awoke America to the need of a nation-wide fund. President Wilson heard your call and appointed a national committee.

With your help funds will be raised which will go far toward saving millions of lives. We may well be happy to have played such a part, but who can tell the final result of it all? Where will the much-talked-of and greatly feared "yellow peril" be, do you suppose, in the face of this sort of sympathetic and friendly spirit? Our new kind of avalanche will smother it in its brotherly arms!

And is it too much to expect that those who look upon America as a nation that has never failed them, and Americans as their friends, will come to love our Saviour and live by His guidance?

So the Christian Herald Family goes moving on—a mighty force for good.

The Growth of Co-operation

AS the World War recedes and as observers begin to secure a perspective on this struggle, some are asking this question:

Has the world been taught any lesson which it is using to the betterment of industry, of society?

Perhaps it is too early to draw any conclusions, but even in the present period of readjustment, certain movements for good are beginning to take form.

One of these movements is resolving itself into a growth in economic co-operation, in the banding together of formerly distinct groups for the better performances of certain functions.

Industries (as in the case of a Chicago public service company) are calling employees into partnership and participation.

Employees (as in the case of a Cincinnati textile plant) are coming into relationships where they share the responsibilities and cares of the management.

Businesses are extending their ownership to customers and clients.

Nearly everywhere one looks, is seen a tendency to assure greater stability and dependability in institutions through the transfer of common interest from the few to the many.

Not all this, however, is peculiar to the present day. Pioneers in many fields took steps in the direction of greater co-operation long before the war. All that the war did was to increase the speed of the movement that looked toward that most essential thing of increased social co-operation.

Significant of this present tendency is a plan now being carried to completion by the Christian Herald—a plan of co-operation which, by the way, had its inception in the mind of Dr. Klopsch years ago, but was interrupted at that time by his death.

The plan is one which had been urged by friends of the Christian Herald to the end of an extension of ownership of the magazine to a limited number of interested subscribers. Many readers who had been with the publication long enough to feel a warm personal interest in it, had in a very considerable manner contributed to its success, told the management that such a step would be economic and in harmony with present tendencies.

In the spirit of sound pioneering, which has always guided the Christian Herald and kept it at the head of religious journalism, a plan was worked out and placed before a limited number of subscribers, whose advice and suggestions were asked.

It is interesting to observe that all of the replies were favorable to the plan and that the principle of co-operation proposed received approval by these long-time friends of the Christian Herald.

So far as the Christian Herald is concerned, the object of the movement is to admit to membership in the corporation a limited number of subscriber-stockholders and to give them, first, the opportunity of financial participation; and second, the privilege of advisory counsel.

In common with co-operative plans carried out by other institutions, it is felt that this plan will mean much to the development and continued progress of the institution, and it is the belief of the editors that the movement is so significant as to deserve editorial comment.

Good Roads vs. Unemployment

GOOD roads, it has been asserted, hold the solution to the unemployment situation. This seems an extravagant statement until you study the matter a little. It has been abundantly proved that a good road pays for itself many times over. Money spent on making bad roads good, has always proved itself a strikingly good investment.

There are in every community in the United States, many bad roads which should be made over into good thoroughfares. These bad, unprofitable roads total many thousands of miles, and are disgraceful blots upon the fair and attractive face of the progressive land we live in. If every community in the United States would begin simultaneously to repair and rebuild its bad roads, jobs would be provided for every unemployed laborer in the United States—directly or indirectly. The smallest item would be the tens of thousands of laborers directly employed in building the roads themselves. Railroads, instead of having an increasing number of surplus cars and light trains of freight, would be able to employ every car they own, and to run their trains at maximum capacity. Instead of releasing thousands of men from steady employment, they would keep them at full time, and call back the thousands already released. Cement, stone and other road-building material plants would be kept crowded to capacity operations, with work for thousands more men, instead of laying them off. And so it would go on.

But the good would not stop with the industries directly related to road-building. The men employed in road-building in your town, the railroad men, the building material men, and others, being actively employed would buy more clothes, more shoes, more good—more of everything that the normal American family buys and uses when its circumstances are comfortable. Each of our hundreds of industries would thus be given new work to do, with active employment for many thousands of workers. Each employed worker, in turn, means a little more employment for scores of other workers. And so things grow by geometrical progression, and ultimately you have active employment for everybody in the whole country.

There are a hundred and seven million people in the United States to be constantly housed, clothed, fed and otherwise provided for. The present depression in business is not fundamental; it is due only to inflated and artificial conditions, and therefore temporary. Nothing will contribute more to permanent prosperity than permanent good roads wherever good roads should be. The time to build these roads is *now*. Building them promptly means not only a definitely bigger permanent prosperity, but an immediate turn from present depression to present activity and prosperity.

The World News of the Week

Senator Harding's World Peace Plan Now Taking Shape

SENATOR HARDING'S conferences at Marion with prominent Republican leaders have resulted in the formulation of a tentative program for dealing with the problems confronting his administration, and a world peace plan based on the united moral influence of the great Powers has taken somewhat definite shape.

This plan contemplates a diplomatic exchange with Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan soon after his inauguration, asking that they consider the possibilities of an agreement between them and the United States to exert a united moral force for world peace. This proposal would not involve a political alliance, but probably would reaffirm the faith of America in a world court in which all nations might voluntarily become litigants. The next step would depend upon the replies of the Powers, which Mr. Harding believes would be favorable and might lead to a conference, at which would be determined such questions as the availability of the Hague tribunal and workable features of the present League of Nations in creating a new covenant.

Mr. Harding has not definitely committed himself to any program, and the details still are to be worked out, but the conferences have brought many valuable suggestions and the President-elect viewed the progress already made as assuring success.

From what it terms "authoritative sources," the New York Times presented an outline of the principles upon which Mr. Harding was working in connection with a modified association of nations. The theory of international relationship which he laid before his conferees was outlined in part as follows by the Times:

"1. No association of nations can succeed without the endorsement of the leaders of public thought. This applies to other countries as well as the United States.

"2. In reaching these leaders the discussion must relate not to details but to broad, general principles.

"3. Theories of international relationships throughout their discussion must be kept in a state capable of change as various opinions are encountered and consideration of the matter progresses.

"4. Elimination of all governing features in an association of nations. Each nation shall remain free to make its own decisions.

"5. Construction of an international relationship based on the world court idea, deciding justiciable questions only, but co-ordinated with an association of nations for conference on matters relating to general policy.

"6. Confining the first approach in the formation of an association of nations to an effort to obtain the assent of the influential powers, it is apparently Senator Harding's belief that aside from their military power, the five moral leaders of the world today are the United States, Great Britain, France, Japan and Italy.

"7. Once agreement of the five leading powers is obtained, the other nations will fall in line.

"8. In obtaining the approval of the influential powers, care must be taken that the agreement shall be specific enough not to afford a possibility of an offensive and defensive military alliance of the five great world powers, and the association of nations itself must place all nations on an equal footing in the presentation of their views on matters of world policy."

The selection of his cabinet apparently was taking second place in Mr. Harding's mind, and there was no indication that a single definite selection had been made. He denied that Charles E. Hughes had been chosen Secretary of State, and had accepted, but Mr. Hughes remained in the forefront of discussion for this or some other cabinet post. Senator Knox also was considered a strong possibility. It was expected that Mr. Harding would announce in a short time his selections for the State and Treasury portfolios, in order that policies for those important departments may be formulated in advance.

JOINT CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE PLANNING HARDING INAUGURAL
Left to right are: Senator Overman, Representative Joseph G. Cannon, Senator Knox, Mr. Barry, (standing) secretary, Senator Nelson and Representative W. W. Rucker

House Passes Tariff Bill

AN EMERGENCY bill designed to aid American farming interests through the imposition of a high protective duty on agricultural products has been passed in the House of Representatives by a vote of 196 to 86. Party lines were ignored on the measure, and forty-one Democrats voted for it, while fourteen Republicans opposed it.

Among the customs duties carried in the bill, which would be effective for ten months, were the following: Wheat, 30 cents a bushel; corn, 15 cents a bushel; potatoes 25 cents a bushel; onions, 40 cents a bushel; cattle, 30 per cent. ad valorem; sheep, $1 and $2 a head; and long staple cotton, 7 cents a pound.

The schedules fixed by the Ways and Means Committee were passed without change, although numerous amendments were offered, and only three hours were consumed in general debate. Despite the haste with which the measure was rushed through the House, there was no expectation that it would be acted upon favorably in the Senate, as some speakers admitted during the debate, and it was predicted the bill would be pigeon-holed by the Senate Finance Committee.

Representative Fordney, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, expressed the hope that the special session to be called by Mr. Harding soon after his inauguration would pass a protective tariff bill with schedules as high as those of the Payne or Dingley acts, to serve as a relief measure until permanent tariff legislation could be enacted.

Bishop Charles S. Burch Dies

BISHOP CHARLES SUMNER BURCH, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, died suddenly in New York, at the age of 65, as the result of an attack of heart disease. He had been in failing health for some time, but had been able to continue his duties. A little while before his death he had started out alone for a walk along Riverside Drive, but had not gone far before he felt himself growing weaker, and was barely able to reach the home of a friend, where he died.

Bishop Burch had held office only fifteen months, having been elected in September, 1919, to succeed the late Bishop David H. Greer, under whom he had served for eight years as Suffragan Bishop. He was not ordained until he was fifty years old, although his ambition as a young man had been to enter the ministry. His earlier years, after his graduation from the University of Michigan, were spent in business and in journalistic pursuits and he served for nine years as editor and manager of the Grand Rapids Evening Press. His activity in home missionary work after he became a clergyman soon drew attention to him, and his rise was rapid.

Among his most important tasks as Bishop was that of pushing the construction of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and contracts were let for the beginning of work on the Cathedral nave next spring.

BISHOP CHARLES S. BURCH
Late head of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York

National Lutheran Council Meets

THE National Lutheran Council, a federation of nine general Lutheran bodies in America, with a baptized membership of 2,115,000 served by 5,647 ministers, held its second annual convention in Chicago the second week of December. Its activities for 1920 were reported by Dr. Lauritz Larsen, General Secretary, who included the report of the European Commissioner, Dr. John A. Morehead of Copenhagen.

Realizing that the war had greatly affected the Lutheran churches of Europe the Council was organized in 1918 and commissioners sent to France. The following year a commission was sent to the other countries of Europe suffering from the war, and now every region where the Lutheran Church is established has received some assistance. When Russia is open for the Church's work of relief and counsel, reconstruction work in that country will be undertaken. Clothing, food, and literature, especially Bibles, have been sent in large quantities to Europe.

The Council also decided to inaugurate a worthy celebration of the quadricentenary of the Diet of Worms, where Luther was the central figure, which will culminate in April of next year.

Perhaps the most significant action was to instruct the Executive Committee to arrange for a world conference of Lutherans in 1922. Lutherans the world over number 81,500,000 souls, with 41,689 pastors, and the war has raised numerous problems which can only be satisfactorily discussed in a large representative conference.

The Council has been created to serve as a medium of co-operation for its constituent bodies in practical church work. Its officers are: President, Dr. Lauritz Larsen, New York; Vice-president, Dr. C. H. L. Schuette, Columbus, Ohio; Secretary, Rev. Peter Peterson, Chicago; Treasurer, E. F. Eilert, New York; Financial Secretary, Rev. G. L. Kieffer, New York.

DR. LAURITZ LARSEN
President of the National Lutheran Council

Marines Cleared in Haitian Inquiry

THE Naval Court of Inquiry, after several weeks of investigation of Haitian affairs, has presented a report warmly commending the work of the Marine Corps in Haiti and declaring that where "unjustifiable homicides" were committed the cases were isolated and due to individuals who were subjected to disciplinary action. The Court found that there were no proper grounds for the charges by Brigadier-General George Barnett, formerly commandant of the Marine Corps, that "practically indiscriminate killings of natives had been going on for some time," and in effect censured General Barnett for his statements regarding the situation.

The report emphasized the fact that for the first time in more than a hundred years tranquillity and security of life and property may be said to prevail in Haiti, and declared that in bringing about such conditions the Marines had performed an arduous and dangerous and thankless task with "fidelity and great gallantry." The officers in particular were commended for their "sympathetic attitude toward every step that would lead to the betterment of the country and improvement in the mental, physical and moral conditions of the population." The court reported two unjustifiable homicides and sixteen other serious acts of violence, but found no evidence of other serious crimes against the citizens of Haiti; and in view of the fact that court-martials had meted out punishment, it made no further report upon the question of responsibility.

This investigation concerned itself only with the

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China Famine Relief Moving Rapidly

President's Committee Is Arranging to Help on Huge Scale—Christian Herald Fund Reaches $162 486.64

RELIEF measures for the tens of millions of starving humanity in China are being pushed as rapidly as possible, and already the sufferings of some are being alleviated through the generosity of America. But the aid extended thus far has been only the barest beginning—only a few of the vast number affected have been helped as yet—and the great work of relief lies in the future.

It was in November that the Christian Herald told the Family Circle of the great disaster which has overwhelmed five provinces of North China, where 45,000,000 of Chinese are face to face with starvation and the long, cold, northern winter has only begun. A cable message from Rev. Z. C. Beals has brought news that 10,000 are dying daily, but that the Christian Herald Committee has begun its work. Other agencies have been at work, and the task of alleviating the sufferings of the Chinese is going forward.

The American Committee for China Famine Relief, consisting of 130 prominent men and women, with Mr. Thomas W. Lamont as its chairman, Mr. Norman Davis, Under-Secretary of State, honorary treasurer, Mr. Rae D. Henkle, managing editor of the Christian Herald, General Secretary, and Mr. Vernon Munroe, of J. P. Morgan and Co., treasurer, has launched out on the task of organizing a nation-wide appeal for funds to meet the tremendous emergency. It has constituted an Executive Committee, of which Mr. Union N. Bethell, formerly president of the New York Telephone Company and a director in many other large corporations, is chairman. Mr. Graham Patterson, publisher of the Christian Herald, is vice chairman of this committee. The other members of the Executive Committee are: Dr. Robert E. Speer, New York; Rev. Dr. Frank Mason North, New York; Raymond Fosdick, New York; John P. Jones, New York; H. T. S. Greene, New York; Wm. H. Taft, New Haven, Conn.; Adolph S. Ochs, New York; Dr. Livingston Farrand, Washington, D. C.; George Horace Lorimer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Galen L. Stone, Boston, Mass.; John Jay Abbott, Chicago, Ill.; Festus J. Wade, St. Louis, Mo.; Robert Dollar, San Francisco, Cal.; Mortimer L. Schiff, New York; Arthur B. Parker, New Orleans, La.

ON December 20, Charles R. Crane, the American Minister, cabled from China to the State Department as follows:

"Famine area includes large part of Chili, Shantung, and Honan that are north of Yellow River and south of a line from Taoting-su-po to Tientsin, with large sections of Shansi, Shensi and west Honan. After months of careful investigation, the reports of American missionary and business men in these areas show at least 15 million people to be seriously affected, the large majority of whom are now living on diet composed one-half of leaves, wild plants and bark. Hundreds of thousands have fled from area.

"Death from starvation is beginning. The death rate will rise rapidly and a large typhus epidemic seems inevitable. Relief must be carried on until the June harvest. Americans are united with the Chinese and other nationals in six reliable relief committees, dividing the field, in addition to the American Red Cross working west from Shantung. There is fine co-operation of all nations and all churches. Railway facilities in north China now are used almost exclusively for the transportation of coal and other transportation of relief supplies. Military use is at a minimum. $1.00 a month will take care of one patient. Present available fund at the disposal of committee—three millions.

"Chinese Government Relief Bureau expects to raise fifteen millions. These funds, with the contributions of small societies, will provide for not more than four million people. American Red Cross relief, based on construction of public works, is rapidly expanding and will ultimately reach a hundred thousand people. The system is conducted almost entirely by volunteers and is capable of indefinite expansion. Practically all money raised for this purpose reaches the actual sufferers. American directors, engineers and soldiers are in charge of the Red Cross operations. Sufficient food is available in Manchuria. The situation requires the generous and immediate support of the American people and the rest of the world. Funds best sent through International Famine Relief, Peking."

THIS is the message that comes to us from the American Minister on the ground—"Chinese Government Relief Bureau expects to raise fifteen millions. These funds, with contributions of small societies, will provide for *not more than four million people!*"

And forty-five millions are in need! The number is so vast as to be almost incomprehensible; but those suffering millions are there, and in dire distress.

If every male, man and child, in the United States were to die today, their number would be about that of the Chinese in the famine area.

If every city and town in this country with a population of more than 2,500 were to be wiped out by some vast calamity, the death list would be little greater than the number threatened in Northern China.

There are in this country some two million, five hundred thousand miles of public roads. If these Chinese could be brought here and carried to all parts of the land, there would be one lying every two hundred and fifty feet at the side of every public road, from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific and from Canada to the Mexican border!

It is only by such pictures as these that the numbers in the famine area can be visualized.

What a wave of compassion and help would rise if every one in America could be clearly shown what the Chinese famine really means. Distance does not lessen their need for our help.

Primitive means often are used by the famine victims in milling and cooking the scanty grain supplies which they are able to obtain

Christian Herald readers are doing much, and the Family Circle may have a just pride in what has been accomplished. But the work has only started.

GREAT disasters of the past come down to us in history, but the recorded memory of mankind has nothing comparable to the distress and death in China today.

The World War, in four years, slew 7,500,000.

The Black Death in England, which has remained a horror for more than seven centuries, numbered its toll at two millions.

The terrible famines of the past do not even approach the present one. In Ireland, in 1846 and 1847, 1,009,000 people died. India, in 1866, lost 1,450,000. Even China, where uncounted millions are born to live on the sharp edge of want, has never felt the cold hand of hunger as she does today. The Chinese famine of 1878 cost the lives of nine and a half millions of men and women and children. For each of these, four are in danger now.

They have begun to die at the rate of ten thousand a day, and winter has scarcely begun.

One dollar will save a life for a month, according to Minister Crane's estimate. A dollar is not much. But there are 45,000,000 Chinese.

Help, immediate help, on a vast scale must go to them from this country. The Chinese Government is doing what it can, and other countries will give. But it is to the United States that the famine victims are looking. We are the richest, best able to aid, and for many years China has given her confidence and faith to America beyond other nations. American missionaries have done a noble work in China, and have laid the foundations of this enduring friendship.

IT IS just twenty years ago that, at the end of the Boxer Rebellion and the Siege of Peking, President Roosevelt remitted to China her indemnity to us. This sum of fifteen million dollars was to be used by China for the education of her young men. Many of them have come to this country to learn the ways and customs of their Western friends. How this friendship has grown and taken root is indicated in a letter just received by the Christian Herald from a Chinese student in Columbia University:

"To the Editor of the Christian Herald:

"One of the most popular proverbs in China is this: 'If you have received from any person the favor of a little drop of water, afterwards, in expressing your gratitude, you must offer your fountain to him.' I do not know how those 40,000,000 starving souls in the northern part of China will be able to offer their fountains to the generous American public; yet I am sure that they and their children and their grandchildren and their great-grand-children will never forget what you have done for them now.

"Besides, I believe this is a wonderful opportunity for you to demonstrate once again to the Chinese public the true Christ-like spirit of universal brotherhood, for which many American missionaries have dedicated their lives to China.

"In conclusion, may I offer you my heartfelt thanks for your splendid efforts on behalf of my country-people?

(Signed) "C. C. Lu."

A letter like this, full of spontaneous and heartfelt gratitude, means much, and can but be an added stimulus to even greater effort.

THE Christian Herald Fund, from a grand total of $109,714.07, (corrected) in our issue of January 1, has grown swiftly. Contributions are coming in steadily, thus:

Dec. 16	$11,932.19
" 17	6,101.75
" 18	3,907.77
" 20	15,107.46
" 21	8,674.80
" 22	7,048.60
Grand Total	$162,486.64

This is a magnificent start, and there are many ways in which help can be given. Christian Herald readers are sending in Liberty bonds; they are asking their churches and Sunday schools to take up collections.

The American Committee for China Famine Fund is nation-wide in its scope. We, of the Christian Herald, are working in closest co-operation with it for the great need that has arisen on the other side of the world.

One dollar will save a life for a month.

The Christian Herald will receive donations of money or Liberty bonds. Send contributions to the Christian Herald, China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.

THE Christian Herald has received the following cable message from Rev. C. Z. Beals, of the Christian Herald's Famine Relief Committee in China:

"Famine conditions awful. Ten thousand dying daily. Christian Herald Committee working."

AMERICA'S Christmas dinner cost approximately $250,000,000, according to figures based on government statistics, statements of food authorities and the average price of the various luxuries that go to make the Yuletide feast as quoted in the retail markets.

What America spent on her Christmas dinner would buy almost 8,500,000,000 pounds of rice, or enough to make 6,800,000,000 Chinese meals, these figures based on the quantity of rice required daily to keep a Chinese in food, as given by medical authorities

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Exploring Anurajahpura's Glories

Ceylon's Metropolis Had Its Skyscraper 2100 Years Ago

By FRANCIS DICKIE

MEN built skyscrapers twenty-one hundred years ago! Surprising as it sounds, it nevertheless is true. One of these buildings, probably the greatest skyscraper of the past, was nine stories high, and stood in the city of Anurajahpura, perhaps the most wonderful of ancient Asiatic cities at the beginning of the Christian era, in its best days rivaling the glories of Nineveh and Babylon. A few of the remarkable features of this huge city have been revealed at last through the work of the British Colonial authorities and the Archaeological Society of Ceylon—but only a few, for the task of exploring these ruins is a gigantic one.

Photographs by Frank Burnett

One of the rock temples near the ancient city of Anurajahpura, in Ceylon

A little idea of the full marvel of the city may be gained from the fact that though work has been pushed ahead with unfailing persistence for forty years by these modern reconstructors of the past, only some five miles in a circle has been cleared in Anurajahpura, and the buildings returned to a little of their pristine glory—only five miles in a city which covered an area of about 260 square miles.

It had four walls, each sixteen miles long. It was begun early in the third century B.C.; reached its height of glory about the fifth century after Christ, and flourished until 1164, then was deserted and became overrun with jungle in the next seven hundred and fifty years. Now, after these buildings have been standing for lengths of time, varying from two thousand to twenty-two hundred years, the best preserved of them are being reclaimed from the jungle by the British Colonial authorities and the Archaeological Society of Ceylon.

Fortunately for the men of today who are working in Ceylon on the ancient city, the people who founded it two thousand-odd years ago and those who came after them for a dozen centuries were favored with much learning. From the third century B. C. till the city was deserted, countless learned teachers dwelt in Anurajahpura, and countless more students flocked from all parts of the country to imbibe their knowledge and carry it on to the next generation. Thus men of today by deciphering the writings of those ancient times have learned of the wonders of the past, one of the most interesting of which to the average man is probably the fact that the world had its skyscrapers two thousand-odd years ago.

This statue of Buddha probably was erected about the third century B. C. It is fifteen feet high

ANURAJAHPURA was a stronghold of Buddhism, which was introduced in the third century before Christ by Prince Mahinda of India. According to legend, Prince Mahinda flew from India to Ceylon, alighting on a rock near the city of Anurajahpura and in sight of the king, who happened to be out hunting. King Tissa, the reigning monarch, at once became converted and made Mahinda his guest. The whole country soon was converted, one hundred thousand converts being made on one occasion in one day. Following this, great activity was begun in building monuments of Buddha, like the fifteen-foot-high one shown in the photograph in the center of the page. Some reached to the height of eighty feet. There was also reared a vast assortment of buildings in connection with the new religion—dagabas, or bell-shaped shrines, palaces and viharas or residences of the scholars.

The greatest priest house was the Brazen Palace, the ancient skyscraper, a nine-story structure. The description of this wonder is taken from records nearly two thousand years old, for of the upper part of the building nothing is standing. Its foundation consisted of sixteen hundred square stone pillars fifteen feet high and several feet thick, each hewn out of solid rock and transported from seventy-five to a hundred miles by tamed elephants. Its roof was of brass tiles and at sunset could be seen for many miles. The palace housed nine hundred monks, so each of the nine stories must have been of considerable size. The upright pillars are all that remain of this enormous structure, for in the twelfth century Cholyan invaders battered down the beautiful masonry and carried away the tiles of brass as valuable loot of war.

Next perhaps in interest is the fact that the men of those days captured wild elephants and tamed them and put them to toil. If they had not done this, they could never have accomplished the marvelous building feats which stand to their credit, for all of the enormous pillars supporting the Brazen Palace and millions of tons of other masonry had to be transported across seventy-five miles of country from the mountains.

AROUND the Brazen Palace for several miles was reared a wondrous array of bell-shaped shrines or dagabas, ranging from a few feet in circumference to eleven hundred feet. Some of them had enough masonry in them to construct a small modern city. One of these which has been rehabilitated is the Dagaba Ruanveli built in the second century before Christ. The photograph at the bottom of the page shows its appearance today. It is dome-shaped and built of brick throughout, with no inner chamber so far as can be ascertained from research and from the ancient writings. It is surrounded by a stone-paved square walk upon which stood many smaller temples and shrines. Today, however, only four statues of Buddha, like the one shown, are on it.

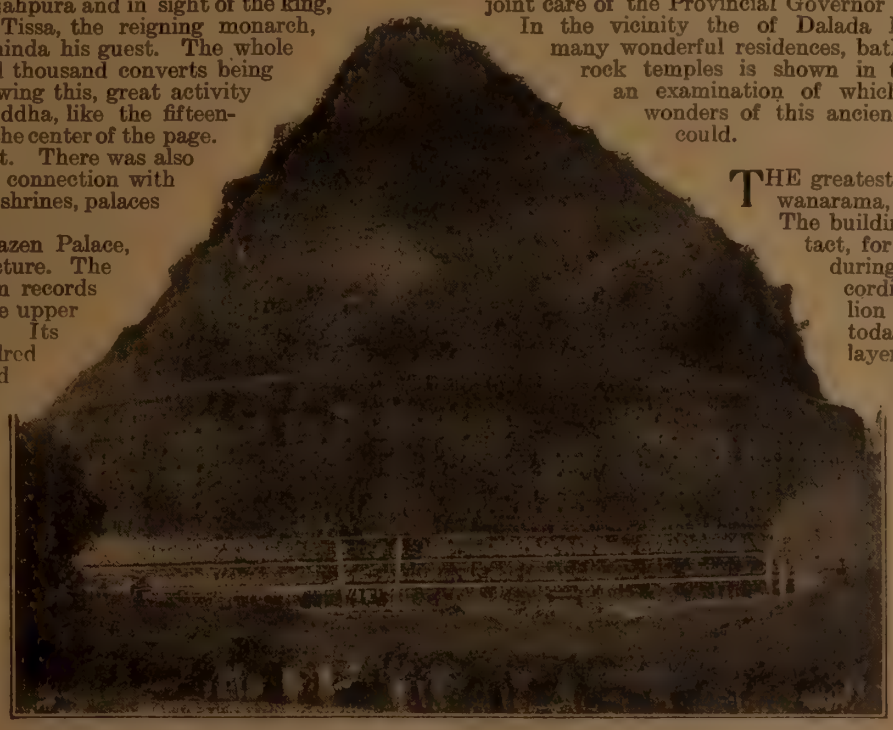
The Dagaba is three hundred feet high, with a foundation of cement some twenty feet deep, and was originally coated with stucco and gilded from revement wall to pinnacle. Looking at it today from a short distance, with its great sides supporting a veritable forest, it is hard to believe that all this mighty structure is the work of man, one of many reared over a space of many miles which served no useful purpose. The brickwork has stood wonderfully the erosion of two thousand one hundred years.

Nearly, perhaps, a mile and a quarter distant is the Dalada Maligawa, where in the year A.D. 319 was enshrined the Great Buddha's tooth. As an example that credulity has always been common to human beings, it is worthy of note that thousands of Buddhists today make long journeys from Burmah, Siam and India to see this tooth, though some seven hundred years ago it was ground up into powder. According to the story, the city was besieged and in danger of capture, so the priests assigned to the care of the tooth, ground it up into powder, carried it to the sea, and threw the powder upon the water. About a year later when the invaders were driven away, the tradition asserts, the denizens of the sea gathered every particle of the tooth and returned it to the priests. The priests, aided by miraculous powers, reconstructed the tooth as it originally was. To those who may be skeptical of this story, the pious Buddhist points to the tooth in the temple of Kandy under the joint care of the Provincial Governor and the High Priest.

In the vicinity the of Dalada Maligawa are scattered the remains of many wonderful residences, bathrooms and small temples. One of the rock temples is shown in the photograph at the top of the page, an examination of which gives a better idea of the style and wonders of this ancient architecture than pages of description could.

THE greatest of all the Dagabas is known as the Jetawanarama, built late in the third century after Christ. The building is 307 feet high with the high spire intact, for all the wars that have waged around it during sixteen hundred years. It contains, according to engineering estimates, twenty million cubic feet of brickwork. To rear this today would require the labor of 500 bricklayers working ten hours a day for seven years. With the material a wall a foot thick and four feet high could be erected from New York to Chicago. The jungle growth has been cleared from the stone steps but the rest of the great building is now all covered with vegetation, and more resembles a natural hill than the work of man.

Gazing upon this monster structure—a futile and needless thing since so far as can be learned it contains no inner chamber, one of many such buildings in the vicinity, each of which required the labor of tens of thousands of men over many years—the modern spectator stands appalled at this wasted labor; yet still cannot withhold admiration for the ability of these builders of the long ago.



The Dagaba Ruanveli, three hundred feet high, is so huge it is hard to believe it was the work of man. It is of brick construction throughout

The Enduring Amidst the Changing

An Anniversary Sermon by Rev. FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.*

TEXT—Isa. 51 : 6. "Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look on the earth beneath, for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke. And the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner, but my salvation shall be forever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished."

THE thought of the text and of this seventieth anniversary is the changeless and imperishable in a world of mutation and decay. Two churches like this in line would touch the hand of Washington, five of them would reach the Pilgrim Fathers, thirty would take the hand of Christ. When the church was organized the United States had a population of about thirty million, now there are over a hundred million. The church has witnessed the birth of the electric light, the telephone, the phonograph, wireless telegraphy, the automobile and the airplane.

At the time of its organization, slavery, which had cursed the world for six thousand years, existed in about every nation on the earth; now no country owns slaves. When this church began, alcohol, which had cursed the race from the beginning, was on the throne. Nearly everybody in this country drank intoxicants. Now the nation is dry.

This church has lived in the period of the greatest progress of Christ's Universal Kingdom since it was founded on the earth, more than doubling its population in the past seventy years. This church sent out a favorite child who became one of the best friends world-wide missions ever had, in the person of Bishop James N. FitzGerald, who died as a martyr to his cause from a malignant disease in India while on a tour of Episcopal supervision.

This church was organized in 1849, and this building was dedicated on Thanksgiving Day in 1851 by Bishop Waugh. The pastors from the beginning have been Revs. D. P. Kidder, J. B. Wakeley, Wesley Kenny, L. R. Dunn, W. Tumsin, D. D. Love, R. L. Dashiel, J. K. Burr, R. R. Meredith, Alfred Cookman, G. S. Hare, Henry Spellmer (elected Bishop), W. V. Kelley; James Boyd Brady, F. C. Iglehart, J. R. Bryan, William H. Morgan (pastor 17 years), Harry Y. Murkland and the present pastor, B. F. Dickisson. Among these were a number who have had national standing and influence. The church gave to the ministry A. H. Tuttle, James N. FitzGerald (Bishop), Boylen FitzGerald and Charles Yatman, Evangelist, all true ministers of the Lord Jesus.

THE salvation to which the prophet referred is that of the immortal soul.

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not written of the soul."

It is the soul that breathes from canvas, that speaks from marble, that piles in architectural finish, that frightens with the sword, that soothes with poet's lyre; it is the soul that upheaves in mighty revolutions and settles in reforms; that builds institutions, cities, empires; that transforms the face of material into the useful arts; that tells for weal or woe upon individual and public destiny. It is the soul that makes us members of the family of spirit amenable to the spirit law, the royal love to God and fellows, that makes it possible for us to receive God into our life and love as a saving force. The new years chase the old ones into the fading past, but the flight of time cannot hurt the soul, cannot blight it with decay.

It is important that the Church should educate, that it should be a loving brotherhood, that it should be a fountain of benevolence to the community, but its primal function is to save souls; without this all else is emptiness, is failure. No matter how large the church building, or wealthy or cultivated the membership, no matter what spectacular display it may make, or what standing it may have, it is dead if it has no God power in it to save men. The real church grows like a tree by the development of the life within, not by the addition of cold masonry on the outside.

God has saved souls in this church through His revealed Word. Its preachers have not discredited it; they have not eliminated the Supernatural from it.

Peter copied the thought of our text from Isaiah in these words:

"The glory of man is as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away. But the word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word which by the Gospel is preached unto you."

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the soul, has been the center and circumference, the soul and the substance of this church. It has not picked Him to pieces by the fingers of doubt. It has believed in His miracles, His acts and sayings, in His Immaculate Conception, and physical resurrection. It has not taken one drop of blood out of the atonement to weaken it.

The members of this society have enjoyed and testified to the witness of the Holy Spirit, to Christ's saving power.

OUR happy pastorate in this church began 33 years ago and continued for four years. There were two incidents connected with our pastorate here which illustrate our text, and which may be of general interest. First was the conversion of the professional burglar.

At the close of a revival service one night a stranger asked the privilege of walking home with me. When we came to a lonely place in the street he said: "I am a professional burglar. I was on my way to 'crack' a house when I saw the lights in your church and heard the singing and went in. God must have put the sermon into your heart, and put it there for me. When you said the number of sins, or the number of years in sin made no difference to Christ; that He could forgive a million sins as easily as one, and that He could save the worst man on earth as easily as the most respectable sinner I felt that possibly there was some hope for me, a thief and murderer.

"And when you talked so tenderly about God's love for the most wretched and vile in the death of His Son upon the Cross, I could not stand it; it melted my heart, and I said to myself, 'I will never cut another window-pane, nor blow open another safe.' And when you said: 'It is not necessary for us to wait till next Sunday, nor till tomorrow night to find the Saviour—not even necessary to wait till the invitation is given to come forward to the altar; you can have Christ just now while I am speaking for the asking—just at that moment I asked God for the sake of Christ to forgive my sins and make me a good man. A sweet peace came to my heart, and I believe that there and then I became a converted man."

Suddenly he drew a revolver out of his pocket and shoved it against my breast. I instinctively clapped my hand on my watch, which my sainted father had given to me as a birthday present. Instead of demanding my watch he said: "Take this revolver; I belong to Christ and shall never need it again." Then he took from his pocket some burglar tools and said: "Take these also. I have opened many a window with this, and door with that. I am a Christian man now and shall never want to use them again."

He pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket and said: "I do not need any financial help, but I will ask this favor, that you write my mother and sister in Buffalo and tell them that their wicked son and brother who has broken their hearts has become a good man and will bring honor and not disgrace on them hereafter." I wrote to them and received a most beautiful answer thanking me for the sermon and service, and saying that they had prayed every day for him and had never lost faith that some day he would be redeemed. The burglar was a brilliant young man, was a portrait painter of no mean skill who had fallen into bad company, and gone wrong. The very day after his conversion he went to another city, got a position with good pay, and the last I heard of him he was living a consistent Christian life and was prospering in worldly affairs.

THE second incident illustrating our text is the conversion of the notorious drunkard "Bill" Cary. He came into our revival meeting one night, a wretch and wreck from drink. He came to the altar a poor, repulsive creature. Soon he arose with a face all radiant, and said aloud, "Where is that load gone that was on my shoulders?" Looking at his happy face, I said to him, "It is gone. Christ has taken it from you," and we sang a hymn of thanksgiving for the soul saved. He immediately took up his cross, erected a family altar, attended prayer-meeting and class-meeting, taking part in the exercises and becoming one of the most faithful and efficient members of this church.

A few days after his conversion I went down to his house and found a wretched hovel, the typical drunkard's home, no carpet on the floor, no furniture but a few broken chairs, and a broken table, a bed in one corner where the mother and four children slept; and, in a little room adjoining, a pallet of corn shucks for the drunken father. A year from that time I called again. It was at another number on another street, a nice home with carpets and chairs, and beds and good clothing for wife and children, a Christian gentleman's home. He was making $150 a month when he lived in the hovel, equal to $300 a month now, but the saloon got most of it.

That man was Bill Cary, the locomotive engineer evangelist, known from ocean to ocean for twenty years for his great work in bringing the railroad men of this country to Christ by the hundreds and the thousands. His railroad so arranged his runs that he had his Sundays to devote to evangelistic work. That man is here today, a nicely groomed, handsome old gentleman.

THE salvation of souls by faith in a crucified Christ as revealed in the Scriptures has been one-half of the function of this church, the other half has been the expression of God's life in the character of its members and their impression on the community in acts of practical morals and benevolence. This important function the prophet mentions in the last part of our text: "And my righteousness shall not be abolished."

This church has lived and taught honesty, fair wages and honest service, has given and demanded a square deal in all trades and professions, has promoted the cause of education has given generously to all forms of benevolence, has taught patriotism as a religious duty, having sent its soldiers to the Civil War and the World War, has helped kill the American saloon, has stood against all forms of lawlessness, has made this city and world a better place.

This anniversary will be valueless unless it shall bring a brighter view of the present and a more hopeful outlook on the future. It is expected that this church, which has been one of the strongest in American Methodism, will remain where it is with its plant worth from a half to three quarters of a million dollars, that it will deal wisely with the downtown problem so perplexing, that it will maintain a strict orthodox theology, a warm evangelical preaching, a revival spirit, a loving brotherhood, and continue a power for good in this city with the blessing of God and the favor of man.

The text with one breath speaks of our frailty and mortality, with the next tells of our endless life. This church has always believed the doctrine of eternal life as taught in the texts. "My salvation is forever. They that keep my saying shall never see death."

It seems lonesome today. Most of those who filled these pews thirty-three years ago have gone to the other side. They are not dead. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, husbands, sons, daughters, are all alive. With spirit eyes we seem to see their faces today and hear their voices in unison with our hymns of praise. They not only live but they are ours still, just as really as when they were here. We talk about them and call their names, and they think about us and pronounce our names in heaven. Their sweet thoughts come down on our heads like the dews on the flowers at night, and it will not be long till we will take their hands and enjoy their embraces, and go in with them to go out no more forever. "This is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Showers of Blessing," or, "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 46.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 1259, first column.)

Sermon—"THE ENDURING AMIDST THE CHANGING"—to be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Loving Kindness," or "My Jesus, as Thou Wilt."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

And now may the joy that has no bitterness of remorse, and the peace that has no cloud of trouble, and the love that we need towards Thee and one another, keep us strong to do our day's task with eternal hope of the eternal life, in His Name, Who is both Redeemer and King, we ask it, AMEN.

*Preached at the seventieth anniversary of the Central M. E. Church, Newark, N. J.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., David J. Burrell, E. W. Caswell, W. W. Bustard, and H. P. Hoskins

The Overflowing Cup

SUNDAY. Psalm 23 : 5. "*My cup runneth over.*" My cup runneth over! Such is the measure of the bountiful hospitality of God. There is no leanness or meanness in His feasts. His provision is never scanty. His resources never come short of our necessity. Nor are they just level with our needs, leaving no margin of grace. The Divine Host welcomes His guests to overflowing bounty. "In My Father's house there is bread enough and to spare!" My cup runneth over.

This magnificent fulness dwells in every promise of the Lord, and it gives radiant distinction to all the ministries of His love. I look at my sin. It is the biggest thing I know. It is piled up like some gloomy, barren mountain in the landscape of my life. I can do nothing with it. If I set myself the task of removal, it is like yoking my weakness to the removal of a mountain, spadeful by spadeful, a helpless and a hopeless labor. And nobody else can do anything with my sin. My friends can pity me, but their pity does not redeem. They can ease my outer circumstances, but the ease is not the mother of vital peace. The awful mountain remains, and it mocks the finest resources of human friendship. It is the biggest thing I know, and I stand before it as impotent as a broken reed.

I am like the psalmist; "My strength faileth because of my iniquity." But if the good Lord mercifully draws near to my sin, how then? Then my biggest thing is vanquished by something bigger, even by the wonderful grace of the Most High. "Where sin abounds, grace doth much more abound." It is like some parochial hillock set in the presence of the Himalayas. Nay, that comparison is ill-suited to express the glorious might of the grace of God. I find a better comparison in some sandhill which children have been piling up on the shore throughout a long day; and God's great sea rolls in, wave upon wave, depth beyond depth, and in its majestic advance the hillock crumbles away, and is levelled with the sandy plain. Where the hill abounded, God's vast sea doth much more abound!

Sin finds its master in grace. The big thing can be buried in the bigger thing. And divine grace is the only bigger thing that can ever be found. But the grace is so wonderful and so abounding that our sin is lost in its infinite depths, as an unclean thing can be dropped in mid-Atlantic and buried in the depths of the sea. God's grace does not just measure up to our sin; it rises above it in overmastering grandeur. We are more than conquerors.

And how is it with my common necessities—the care that pinches me, the sorrows that beset me, the lean circumstances which touch and chill me as with fingers of ice? How is it with human grief and pain? They are big things; the only bigger thing is sin. But these are big and far-stretching. They journey with man wherever man travels and wherever he dwells, whether it be among arctic snows or in the burning sun of the tropics. The gloom of sorrow is like the natural darkness, its circuit engirdles the globe. And where is the antidote of human suffering and sorrow? Who has the magic touch which can wipe away bitter tears? Where is the physician, with wines and cordials in his wallet, which can remove the heavy stuff that weighs upon the heart? Where do our doctors of sorrows live, the skilled practitioners who can dispel heartache, and chase away the grief that saps the mind? Who deals in the secret virtue that is the master of sorrow? Who has the bigger thing?

Only Christ has the bigger thing. "Our consolations also abound in Christ." I love the fulness of the word "abound." Christ's consolations are not ministries which may or may not be equal to our griefs; they overtop them like great waters. Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal. There is no grief standing in insolent pride outside and beyond the consolations of grace. Our sorrows may abound, but Christ's consolations more abound. Thus it is that our sorrow is transfigured, and thus it is that "at midnight Paul and Silas, flogged and bleeding, sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them." Our Lord's ministries are always abounding. In His grace our cup always runneth over. J. H. J.

The Backward Look

MONDAY. Luke 9 : 62. "*No man, having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God.*" A divided heart is not a good asset in the business of life. Lot's wife, giving a longing look towards Sodom, never took another step in the way of safety. One can't go forward while looking back. We must forget the things that are behind, and forget self while pressing towards the goal of victory. One truly lives only when he consecrates all to win a world for God.

We should do with our might what our hands find to do, in His name and by His strength. Looking backward is turning away from your leader, which means spiritual decline. The next step after looking back is going back—going back into the Egyptian bondage and the indulgence of past evil habits. No one can plough a straight furrow when his attention is attracted with other things.

We are sent forth into this world to plough and cultivate for a great harvest. Our motto should be, "This one thing I do: I press towards the mark for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus." Gazing back at past failures and pitfalls is discouraging to the soul. Our only hope is in looking unto Jesus, beholding the incoming of His everlasting Kingdom, until He says, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of your Lord." E. W. C.

Stalwart in the Faith

TUESDAY. I Thess. 5 : 8. "*Putting on the breastplate of faith.*" We are left in no possible doubt as to the stalwart faith of these men [the early Dutch settlers]. They never swerved from the great verities of the Reformation for which they had adventured their lives in the mother-land. Christ was the sole arbiter of their conscience, Whom they received as King over all and blessed forever. As to their view of Scripture, here it is:

"We receive the books of the Old and New Testament, and these only, as holy and canonical, for the regulation, foundation and confirmation of our faith; believing without any doubt all things contained in them; not so much because the Church receives and approves them as such, but more especially because the Holy Ghost witnesses in our hearts that they are from God."

Such were the early settlers of New Amsterdam. No slackers they, nor waverers, nor loiterers in the middle of the road. Like Gideon's three hundred they would not bend their knees to satisfy their thirst, but dipped up the waters of freedom with their own hands and drank while standing on their feet like men.

The Italians have a legend of an Abbey that long ago was overwhelmed by a landslide in which the monks all perished; but once a year, if you listen, they say you can hear the muffled notes of an organ and the low chanting of prayers. So do the spirits of these ancient worthies speak from afar to us, evoking what response? Shall it be this?

"Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death!"

D. J. B.

The Prophet

WEDNESDAY. I Chron. 12 : 32. "*Men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do.*" Here is a gem verse in what appears at first to be rather a barren field. These men of the tribe of Issachar were true prophets, because they were men of prophetic insight. It takes no prophet to tell men what they want to do. But it takes wisdom and courage to tell them what they ought to do. Back of the "ought" must lie the knowledge. We have many men of deep commercial insight, and a few men of deep political insight, telling the people what they ought to do. We do not have so many men of deep moral insight. The most desperate need of the world in all ages has been for men of prophetic wisdom, who could translate the writing of the hand upon the wall.

No century and no decade has been without its prophetic signs. Our lack was that we were often without men to interpret them. "Master, we would see a sign from Thee," was the insistent demand of those too blind to read the signs themselves. They could read the weather with fair accuracy, but they could not read anything in the life and words of Jesus. The sign which He gave them, the sign of Jonas, of the Resurrection, of the living Christ, they were powerless to interpret. We need not more signs, but more spiritual vision to read the signs.

Have we, then, no moral insight to observe the drift of national life in other countries so well as our own? Do we not see how surely certain moral causes produce certain moral results, whatever the nation or the age? Are we too blind to see that God is still on His throne, and that no injustice or wrong escapes His eye, no cry of hate or sorrow escapes His ear? While you see the danger, do you also see the cure?

H. P. H.

The Eternity of Christ

THURSDAY. John 1 : 1. "*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God.*" Biography transmits personality. The first three Gospels give the early lineage of Jesus' manhood. John's Gospel is a portrait of His Godhead. The first ones tell what Jesus began to do and teach; the last one, what He is in His infinite power and glory. John does not argue; he affirms. He declares in his first sentence the deity and eternity of Christ. He quotes Jesus' sayings about Himself: "I am the bread of life; I am the light of the world; I am the vine; I am the Good Shepherd, I am the door; I am the resurrection and the life."

These sublime words are not recorded in the other Gospels.

Words fail to describe our Lord's dateless sovereignty. "In the beginning, God created." That first Bible sentence is descriptive of Christ as Creator. John seeks to describe Him before the beginning of creation; He was with the Father, He was God before worlds had a being.

With our Lord it is said there is really no B.C. It is all A.D. For He was before all things; before Bethlehem or Calvary and will be forever afterwards. The skeptic can take his choice between "In the beginning, God," or nothing. John says of his Gospel: "These words are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His Name." The miracles were but little flashes from the temple of His being, while the dome of His divinity shines unveiled by the writer of this Gospel. E. W. C.

Our Critics

FRIDAY. Luke 6 : 26. "*Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.*" I was talking with a police justice the other day up in New York State. He was a clean-cut, youngish man with a frank eye and well-set jaw. He seemed to have grasped with uncommon intelligence the rare idea that public office is a public trust. Somebody had threatened him because he had done his duty. Some drunken rowdies, ex-convicts, had visited his town in an automobile, "painted the town red and raised rough-house generally." This young justice had committed them to the penitentiary. The justice sat on the porch of his home and told me all about it. "I am always complimented by what my enemies say of me," he explained. "If my friends criticize me, then I am able to see my points of weakness and correct them; and if my enemies criticize, I am even better pleased, for then I know that they have had to resort to slander and falsehood to say anything at all. A man's virtues are always advertised by what his enemies say about him."

And I thought, "Diogenes may throw away his lantern." The public officer who is above being a trimmer, who is too big to set his sails to catch the passing breezes of popularity, who does what is right simply *because it is right* is a rare exception. It takes less ability to criticize and more ability to be a good friendly critic, than to be anything else.

Of course, we want men to speak well of us; but if some men spoke well of us, we would be under just suspicion. It is a high compliment to have many men disagree with us about many things. As the young justice said, "it advertises a man's virtues."

H. P. H.

The Mission of the Church

SATURDAY. Matt. 28 : 19. "*Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations.*" Here we are, after the expiration of nineteen centuries, with twelve hundreds of millions of people in the world who have never even been told that Christ lived and suffered in their behalf! The reason is clear. Once when He was preaching on the coming of His Kingdom and the end of the present order of things He was asked, "When shall this be?" and His answer was, "The Gospel must first be preached throughout the whole world; *then* shall the end be."

Observe He did not say that the world must be converted before His coming, but that the Church must sound the trumpet until its message of salvation had penetrated the far-away jungles of the remotest region of the earth.

These are the terms of the Great Commission, and by them every member of the full Christian Church is made responsible, up to the full measure of his ability, for the propagation of the Gospel *until the last man in the world has heard it.*

Dreams and visions have their use and time; but the mystic who contents himself with "sweetness and light" instead of coveting the baptism of fire and power, will find but a meager heaven awaiting him. We cannot "sit and sing ourselves away to everlasting bliss," when the fields are white unto the harvest and there is a shortage of workmen. The Church is a Labor Guild; and to every, even the humblest, follower of Christ, comes the injunction, "Go work today!"

D. J. B.

Can We Advertise Christianity?

No 3. The Church as a Distributing Medium

By ANDERSON PACE

(*Instructor in Advertising and Business Organization, Columbia University*)

NOT the least important thing in the world is "Exchange"—the exchange of necessities, the exchange of utilities, the exchange of conveniences, the exchange of labor, the exchange of thought.

In a world where population is scattered broadcast and millions live far away from sources that take care of their everyday needs, it is very desirable—in fact necessary—for them to be able to exchange the products of their labor for others which are produced far away from them.

Because all the useful conveniences that we demand in our civilized existences are not made at our doorsteps, it is necessary for the world to be supplied with a system of exchange, which we sometimes call "Distribution."

The maintenance of life, the development of the race, the increase of intelligence, the welfare of society, all depend upon the system of exchange, this distribution of commodities, labor, thought—a statement which was most painfully proved at the time of our late railway tie-up, when one of the great factors of distribution was paralyzed.

In speaking of distribution, most people think in terms of merchandise—to them, distribution is a matter of business. However, business merely provides the machinery to take care of the exchange of these tangible products and goods which provide the elements of shelter, clothing, food, etc., for the race.

It may sound like an extreme statement to the readers of this article to say that the distribution of thought and truth is as important as the distribution of foods and clothing. Society does more than eat and drink, wear clothes and live in houses: Society acts. And just as the acts of the individual determine the individual's progress, welfare and even existence, so do the acts of society determine the development, the persistence, even the very existence of society.

If an individual were told and convinced that a deadly poison were wholesome and fit for consumption, and acted accordingly, that individual might speedily put himself out of the world of acts altogether. Society, if it is *misinformed*, and acts upon this misinformation, is just as apt to injure itself and possibly work towards its own dissolution.

The distribution of facts, the exchange of truth, is consequently essential; and yet, today, there is no scientific scheme for the distribution of truth. There is no organization designed to supply facts to the public that compares in efficiency and unity with the organization that supplies commodities.

UPON whom, or upon what, falls the duty of distributing truth and facts?

Does that look like a duty for the Church?

Is there any function which the Church can perform more important than the function it can carry out in the field of fact and truth distribution?

It is much easier to answer yes to this question than it is to build the plans for transforming the question into action.

To some readers, these primary remarks may sound as if they were leading up to a proposition to make churches into forums.

In fact, this is one of the aims—not to turn churches into debating societies, but to add to their functions that of information distributor.

Such increase of functions in no way interferes with the primary function of the Church, the preaching of the Gospel, and it is not the purpose of this series of articles to give rise to the slightest presumption that this work is not the first and deepest duty of the Church.

But even the application of the principles of Christ can be made more effective and intelligent if those who seek to apply them know the truth about the economic, the political, the industrial, the educational world.

And a discussion of the assumption of this truth-distributing function by a church is important in a series of articles on Church Advertising because this work of distribution is a self-advertisement and, at the same time, a promoter of all other forms of activity in the Church. This work will gain the attention of people that other church activities would not reach, will develop the interest of people otherwise unattainable, will bring into contact with the Church individuals whom the Sunday service would not get, and thus bring to bear the influence of the Church as a whole, on people who are outside of its sphere today.

YOU may say: "What is the matter with the schools, the colleges, the universities? Why not leave this job to the newspapers? Aren't these agencies distributing facts and truth more systemically, more helpfully, than the Church can do?"

We grant that information is being distributed by schools, colleges, universities and newspapers, but not always in a way that serves society best.

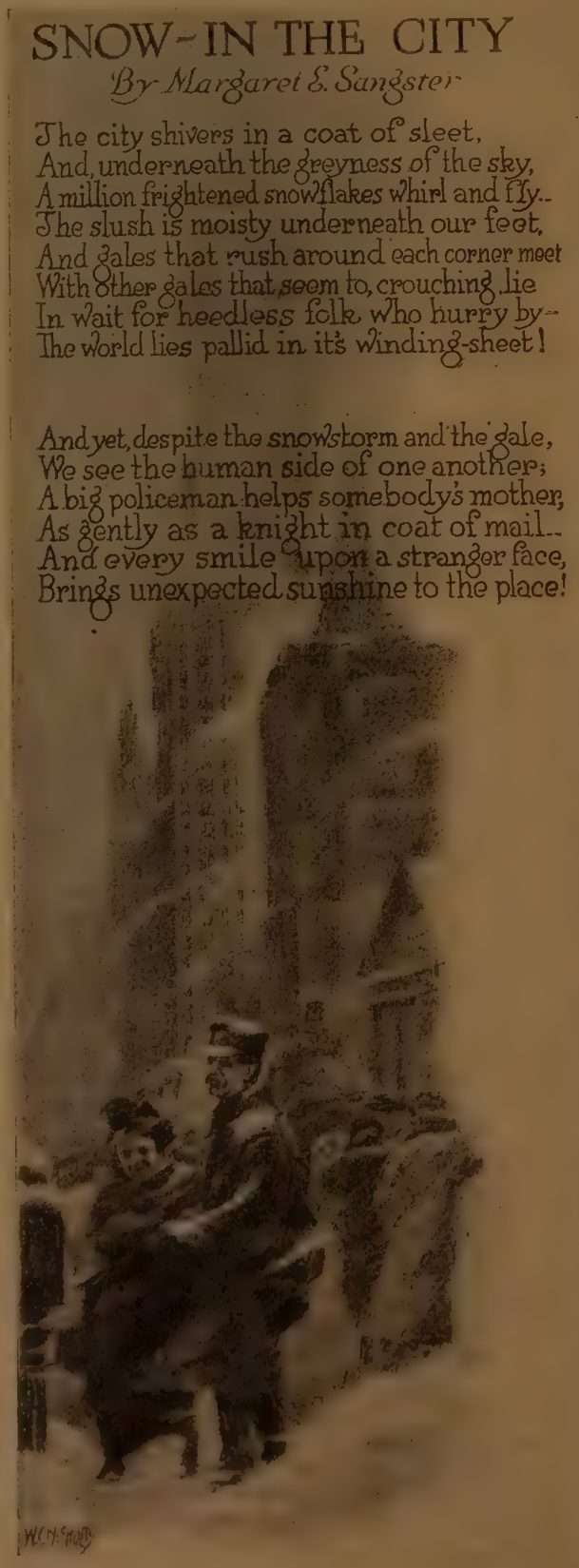
First of all, some of these agencies are not dealing with current facts at all.

The grammar-schools are teaching "Reading, writing and arithmetic"; the high schools "History, languages, mathematics, natural science." Most of the work is pure preparation for the juvenile mind.

The honest interpretation of present-day facts and happenings is outside the problems of the elementary schools. Others of these agencies are too limited in scope, even if they did spend much time on "The World Today." The colleges, for example, cover only a small percentage of society. Few, comparatively, of the people who pass through elementary schools ever reach the colleges.

The newspapers are insufficient for several reasons: First of all, they specialize in news that will sell papers, that will catch the public eye; next, they are supported more by advertising income than by the pennies that the newsboys get; and as a result, few of them can escape the bias of the business office.

Most newspapers are the organ of a party or class, and their outpourings necessarily do not run counter to the necessities of the classes they represent. *They are organs* and so seldom give the reader a complete picture.



Finally these various agencies are hampered in their information-distributing function by virtue of the fact that they are non-religious.

WE BELIEVE the separation of political and religious institutions desirable. At the same time, a system of truth distribution that is not based upon the principles of Christ lacks the very element that makes such distribution helpful to its recipients. For over 1900 years, the principles of Christ have been recognized as the correct principles of life, and economists are coming more and more to realize and to admit that our present economic, social and political system can not survive and render efficient service to humanity if it is not based upon these principles.

It is the first business of the Church not merely to spread the teachings of Christianity, but to do its best to gain acceptance of the principles of Christianity by all people with whom it comes in contact. This is neither subject to argument nor needful of proof. Since this is so, are we not willing to grant that the Church can go a step further and add to its function of Christianizing that of truth distribution?

A certain church that has gained a reputation for itself is a distributor of information, as a spreader of truth, as an increaser of knowledge, has established a forum in which both sides of all questions can be presented.

On regular nights, questions are discussed before an open forum in which two or more speakers, representing opposite sides of certain subjects, give forth their views. At the close, on the formal program, the meeting is thrown open to the audience for questions or further discussion. According to reports reaching the Christian Herald, the results of this system have been salutary.

This is not a unique instance; many churches are carrying on activities of this kind with the result that their congregations are adding to their stores of information and getting broader views on many mooted questions. Furthermore, people are being brought under the influence of the Church, with the result that some of them remain.

IT MAY be apropos at this point to consider a criticism made by a reader of this series, who maintains that the Church does not need publicity. This critic asks why the Church should stoop to advertising when it is the mouthpiece of the Lord, and consequently, the possessor of more than human power.

This critic strongly assails any one who would suggest that the Church should carry on outside activities to bring in prospective members. He believes, apparently, that the preaching of the message is sufficient, and that it is the power alone that will not merely convert people but will bring them within reach of its converting power.

In this connection we can reiterate our belief in the power of prayer, in the omnipotence of the Gospel message, but we do not believe (to state it extremely) that a minister on an uninhabited island would gain many followers, no matter how hard he preached. We are a little bit more inclined to favor the attitude of a ministerial friend who says: "Get people *within* hearing distance and the message will do the rest."

Going back to the Bible, we also find that Christ urged His apostles not to set up a temple and wait for the people to come, but to go into all parts of the world and preach the Gospel. He also urged His apostles to do more than preach, so that the modern minister has a good precedent to follow if he engages in work outside the confines of his pulpit, the walls of his church, the limits of his congregation.

AFTER this digression, it may be well to ask, what all the preceding has to do with advertising and the Church?

What do forum meetings or the spreading of the truth about current affairs have to do with the advertising of Christianity?

Let us answer that all advertising is not the printed page, and that the best advertising is often the word of the mouth. It is for this reason that so much space has been taken in this article to emphasize the desirability of bringing people into hearing distances of the Church where Christ's Gospel is preached.

In the first number of this series, numerous quotations from the Bible were given to show the many times apostles of Christ were urged to publish, to proclaim, to advertise the teachings of the Gospel, and in many places in the Bible, people are urged to learn the truth, and thus free themselves from the shackles of ignorance.

Even today, we hear constant paraphrases of the old injunction, "Know the truth and it will make you free."

With this pattern before us, how then can we fail to see that perhaps the first step in the advertising of the Church and the advertising of Christianity is to tell the truth by word of mouth to as many as will listen, and then trust in the power of the Church's message to enlist the hearers under the banner of the Church?

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China Famine Relief Moving Rapidly

Continued from page 36

in China, and the present price of rice, quoted by a New York rice brokerage firm. A pound and a quarter of rice a day is necessary for a Chinese to live and the present price of this food is 3 cents a pound. This would supply food for the entire number of Chinese starving as a result of the present famine, 45,000,000, for 151 days, tiding them over until early June.

There are 25,000,000 families, government statistics show, in the United States. The well-balanced Christmas dinner for the average family of five, according to New York food authorities, consisted of soup, turkey, cranberries, two vegetables (boiled onions and mashed potatoes, for example), salad, mince pie, coffee, nuts, raisins and fruit. And this specimen dinner for five would require a ten-pound turkey, two quarts of cranberries, three pounds of onions and the same quantity of potatoes, in addition to the ingredients for soup, salad and mince pie, as well as the coffee, nuts, raisins and fruit.

> FROM Charles R. Crane, the American Minister to China, the Christian Herald has received the following cable message:
>
> *"Peking, December 20.*
>
> "The present calamity is the worst in forty years. Fifteen million people are facing death from starvation and cold. See statement cabled to Department of State.
>
> "CHARLES R. CRANE."

The price of turkey just previous to the holiday in the New York retail market ranged from 50 to 75 cents a pound, so a fair average price, said one authority, would be 60 cents. Onions cost 10 and potatoes 5 cents a pound, and cranberries 20 cents a quart. The estimated cost of a mince pie for the standard family would necessitate an expenditure of between $1 and $1.25 and soup, salad, nuts, raisins, fruit and coffee would add another two dollars.

From the quotations and other figures given, America's Christmas dinner cost each family about $10, or $2 a plate. Of course, many families spent less, while, on the other hand, many spent more, so that $10 a dinner is considered the average expenditure of each American family.

And while America feasted in this fashion, those millions in North China were starving. It will be months before the new crops can make them self-sustaining once more. There still is time to help. Surely the American people will respond to their appeal.

The Dormant Church That Awoke

How a Little Prayer Band Brought About a Soul-Stirring Revival

WHEN I read about the church that wasn't doing anything for the community I fairly gasped for it was a most accurate description of conditions in our own church.

Yesterday there were six at the regular Sabbath service. One was from out of town and only three of the regular attendants were absent.

Five or six years ago we were in a similar condition and no longer able to support a resident pastor, and were supplied from other points.

In the course of time a pastor came to us who was deeply evangelistic—on fire, with zeal for the redemption of souls. He re-established the prayer meeting and made revival work the keynote. Week after week, a little handful of people gathered and prayed earnestly for a revival of the work of the Master—first in their own hearts, then in others.

This continued for months and finally it seemed the time was ripe for evangelistic services. Nothing indicated it but faith as the outgrowth of prayer.

Meetings were held every night with three afternoon meetings a week. The second week the spirit of God seemed to be abroad in the community. People began coming to church. Those who did not come were stirred—some in one way and some another.

Still the little band kept on praying like Jacob of old, and souls began coming to Christ. Fifteen-minute prayer meetings were held prior to each service and they were the most wonderful meetings I ever attended. It was a time of consecration and sacrifice. It was a gathering of the "inner circle"—the church within the church. There we pleaded with God for the conversion of our friends and neighbors, carrying them by name to the throne of grace; and often went to the church to see them surrender themselves to God.

The work of grace was not all outside the church. The spiritual life of all was deepened and strengthened and many of the church members for the first time realized what companionship with God meant.

The meetings continued for four weeks and at that time every one who attended them was professing Christ. Several of the little praying band had not missed a service.

An Epworth League was formed. Many were baptized and taken into our church. Our neighbor-church also increased its membership as a result of our work. The community awoke to the needs of the church and the following summer we expended about five hundred dollars in repairing our place of worship. I wish I could end my story here, but I feel that in justice I must write the remainder. The next year we did not do any evangelistic work and we could see that the church was growing lukewarm.

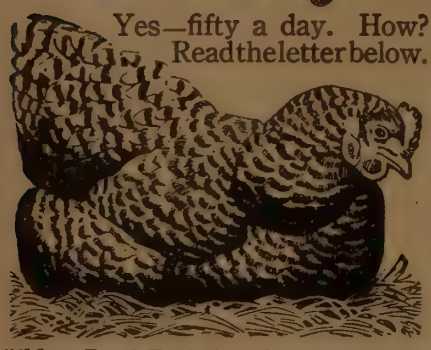
Finally we had two weeks of evangelistic service and they were as cold and matter-of-fact as my account of them. Not a soul came to God. Why the difference? We were not so much in the spirit of prayer. We did not sacrifice. We did not put God and his work first.

I think *the first revival* was the remedy for the church that was not doing anything for the community. And I think that we failed to continue using the remedy. Indifference is a disease of the church that needs constant attention. Prayer, consecration, sacrifice, zeal and push must be used to overcome it. We must not keep back a portion of the price, like Ananias of old. Our all must be on the altar.

East Springfield, N .Y. K.

50 Eggs a Day

Yes—fifty a day. How? Read the letter below.



"'More Eggs' Tonic is a Godsend," writes Mrs. Myrtle Ice, of Boston, Ky. She adds, "I was only getting 12 eggs a day and now I get 50." Give *your* hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs", the wonderful egg producer, and you will be amazed and delighted with results.

3 Packages $1.00 FREE

If you wish to try this great profit maker, simply write a post card or letter to E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, and ask for his special $2.00 offer, three $1.00 packages Free. Don't send any money. Mr. Reefer will send you five $1.00 packages of "More Eggs." You pay the postman upon delivery only $2.00, the price of just two packages, the three extra packages being free. The Million Dollar Merchants Bank of Kansas City, Mo., guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your $2.00 will be returned at any time within 30 days—on request. No risk to you. Write today for this special free offer.

Poultry Raisers Everywhere Tell Wonderful Results of "More Eggs"

"More Eggs" Paid the Pastor

I can't express in words how much I have been benefited by "More Eggs." I have paid my debts, clothed the children in new dresses, and that is not all—I paid my pastor his dues. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some, and had 1½ dozen left.
MRS. LENA McBROON, Woodbury, Tenn.

1200 Eggs from 29 Hens

The "More Eggs" Tonic did wonders for me. I had 29 hens when I got the tonic and was getting five or six eggs a day. April 1st I had over 1200 eggs. I never saw the equal. EDW. MEKKER, Pontiac, Mich.

160 Hens—1500 Eggs

I have fed two boxes of "More Eggs" to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record. I have 160 White Leghorns and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs.
MRS. H. M. PATTON, Waverly, Mo.

Gets Eggs All Year

Have several friends that wish to use your "More Eggs" Tonic after seeing that I have been so successful in getting eggs all through the year and moulting season.
MRS. J. MEDARIS, Dale, Texas.

24 Eggs a Day During Moulting

Your "More Eggs" Tonic certainly puts hens in good condition for laying. I had 175 hens that were moulting and I began feeding them your Tonic and got nearly 2 doz. eggs a day.
S. J. FRANKENBERGER, Loganton, Penn.

Send No Money!

Don't send any money; just fill in and mail coupon. You will be sent at once five $1.00 packages of "MORE EGGS." Pay the postman upon delivery only $2.00, the three extra packages being *FREE*. Don't wait—take advantage of this free offer TODAY! Reap the BIG profits "MORE EGGS" will make for you. Have plenty of eggs to sell when the price is highest. Send TODAY—NOW!

3 $1.00 Pkgs. Free

E. J. Reefer, Poultry Expert, 2311 Reefer Bldg, Kansas City, Mo

Dear Mr. Reefer:—I accept your offer. Send me the five $1.00 packages of Reefer's "More Eggs" for which I agree to pay the postman $2.00 when he brings me the five packages, the three extra packages being free. You agree to refund me $2.00 at any time within 30 days, if all five of these packages do not prove satisfactory in every way.

Name .....

Address .....

You may send $2.00 cash with this coupon if you prefer

The Week After New Year's

When Doubts Begin to Creep in About the Future of Those Resolutions

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT IS usually with a fine fervor that we make our New Year's resolutions. We are so sure of ourselves on New Year's morning; we are so certain that we will never repeat the mistakes of a year ago! In the past we have known discouragement and met with failure—in the past we have clasped hands with defeat and, perhaps, shirked many a responsibility. But, despite discouragement and failure and defeat, we are pleasantly conscious, on New Year's morning, of the fact that Father Time has turned over a clean white leaf for us to write upon. We are pleasantly conscious of the fact that the writing has been erased, again, from life's slate.

We make our New Year's resolutions buoyantly—notwithstanding the fact that we have made, and failed to keep, many resolutions in the past. We make them smilingly, with assurance in our souls and a song in our hearts. Nothing seems too hard to accomplish with a New Year stretched out, like a shining road, across the future. Nothing seems too large to promise, too difficult to undertake. Why, there's a whole twelve months in which to fulfil our promises—a whole three hundred and sixty-five days in which to redeem our pledges. We are so sure of ourselves on New Year's morning!

We are sure of ourselves on New Year's morning. But on the week after New Year's some of our bright confidence has worn away. On the week after the day that we made our resolutions some of the rosy tint has faded from the fabric of our hopes and plans. Somehow, with a week of the New Year behind us, fifty-two weeks seems a fairly short time. Somehow, with seven days gone, three hundred and sixty-five days seem no great number! The week after New Year's is inclined to be a week in which doubt enters the scene—a week in which a slight fear of the future becomes apparent.

I USED to go to school with a girl whom we called "the Promiser." She was a nice enough girl—one of the very nicest in the school. But she had a quite terrible habit of promising to do things—and then calmly neglecting to keep her promise.

The things that she promised were never vital things. A luncheon party perhaps, or an engagement to go walking, or a bit of mending for her mother. It never made any real difference when she forgot to go to the luncheon, when the engagement to go walking slipped her mind, when she neglected to do the bit of mending. She was always so genuinely sorry when folk chided her—she always promised, so earnestly, never to do it again. And we, who knew and loved her, were ready to make excuses for her. "She doesn't mean anything!" we'd say. Or, "It's just her way!" And then we would weave together the ragged edges of our plans—and go on without her.

And yet, it isn't at all surprising that, after a time, we began to take her promises very lightly. When she'd suggest something we'd nod our heads, pleasantly, and change the subject. When she'd volunteer to do something we'd thank her—in our prettiest manner—and promptly disregard the suggestion. And we were wont to laugh, with an easy tolerance, at her promises.

Of course the girl came to resent our attitude. Almost any girl of spirit would have resented our attitude. She grew sulky, sometimes, when we left her out of our definite plans—when we did not include her in our parties. And then, finally, she asked us, point-blank, the reason for our attitude.

"You treat me like a baby," she exploded, furiously, one day. "It's unkind! When I say that I'll help, you turn my offer aside. When I offer to do anything you smile—and accept some other person's offer. Why do you treat me in such a mean way?"

Our group was silent for a moment. And then one of us answered:

"We haven't meant to be unkind, dear," she said gently, "but we've come to feel that you're just a bit like the little shepherd boy."

The girl was angry. She showed it very plainly.

"Little shepherd boy?" she questioned. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

THE other girl was trying hard not to laugh. After a moment she spoke.

"Once upon a time," she said gravely, "there was a shepherd boy. He went into the hills every day to tend his father's sheep—quite a flock of them there were—and," the girl laughed again, "I expect that he was bored; just sitting around watching sheep! That was probably why he began it all—that's why he probably invented the wolf in the first place." She paused, and, at our eager questions, hurried on.

"You see," she said, "in that part of the country there were many wolves—large, hungry wolves. They lived in the hills and, when the flocks were peacefully grazing, they would creep down and seize a lamb and run away with it. And the lamb would be eaten. And so the different shepherds had an agreement that they would call for help whenever one of them saw a wolf. That's where the story of this particular shepherd boy comes in!

"As I said, he was bored. After sitting in one spot for a couple of hours he wanted a little excitement. So, thinking of the agreement among the shepherds, he started suddenly to call aloud to the others. 'Help, help!' he called, 'a wolf—a wolf!'

"Of course the other shepherds came running to him. But when they got there they found only a gleeful boy who told them that there was no wolf—that he had only been fooling. And they went back, angry and out of breath.

"During the day, several times, the shepherd boy called out for help. And every time he called the others came running up, only to find that the whole thing was a joke. And so they began to be very cross indeed; to cherish very hard feelings against the boy. 'We won't let him fool us any more!' they muttered, 'we won't be made sport of!'

"And so," again the narrator was laughing, "and so the next time the boy called, nobody came to answer the call. And he called again, and still nobody answered him. And he called a third time, and there was real fear in his voice. And still nobody answered him!"

There was silence in our little group for a minute. And then the girl that we had nicknamed "the Promiser" asked a question.

"Why," she asked, "was there fear in the shepherd boy's voice?"

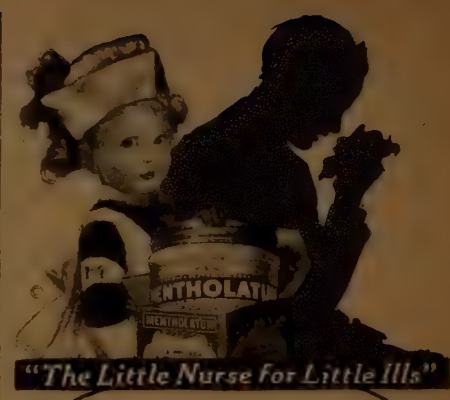
The girl who had told the story answered, and the laughter had died out of her voice.

"Because," she said, "because he really was frightened. You see, a wolf *had* come! *But no one can blame the other shepherds for not answering his call.*"

FRIENDS of mine, it's better to make a few promises that you will really be able to keep than to make a great many that will have to be neglected. You're apt to have a better reputation for truth, a better standing in the community, if you pledge yourself to do only a few things—and do them well!

And so, a week after New Year's if you have made only the resolutions that you can do justice to, you will be much happier than the folk who have made so many and such elaborate resolutions that they are swamped by them. You'll find that people are more likely to expect worth-while things of you.

No one wants to be called a "Promiser." No one wants to be regarded by his fellows as the little shepherd boy was regarded. Because a time may come—one week or many weeks after the New Year—when you'll want folks to know that you can make a promise and *keep it!*



"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

Little Jack had a head cold

HE snuffled and sneezed and couldn't get rid of it. Mother at last remembered

A HEALING CREAM
Mentholatum
Always made under this signature

She put some in his nostrils at night and rubbed the outside of his nose with it. Next day he breathed freely.

Cold all gone

Mentholatum heals gently and promptly—use it for cuts, burns, chapped hands, etc. Antiseptic as well as healing.

Mentholatum is sold everywhere in tubes, 25c; jars, 25c, 50c, $1.

The Mentholatum Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.
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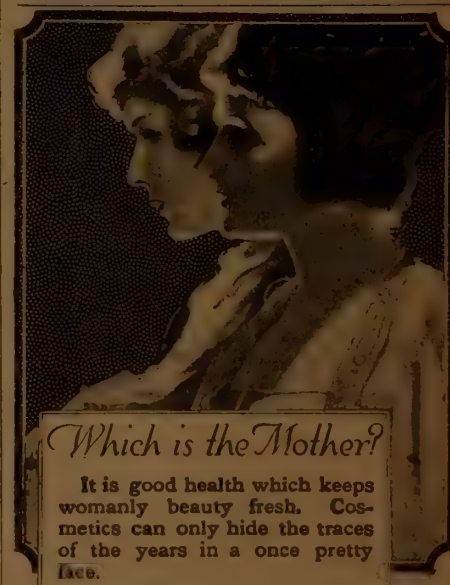

Which is the Mother?

It is good health which keeps womanly beauty fresh. Cosmetics can only hide the traces of the years in a once pretty face.

Mothers who are still young at the age of forty can teach their daughters the value of a good aperient in keeping the blush of youth in their cheeks.

NR Tablets (a vegetable aperient) act pleasantly and naturally, to clear the skin of blemishes and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance.

All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. box of NR Tablets.

Used for 30 Years

You can be quickly relieved, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents in stamps for 288-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I relieved myself after stammering for 20 years.
Benjamin N. Bogue, 5044, Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

Our All for the Kingdom

International Sunday School Lesson for January 16
Matt. 19:16-30

By LUTHER DENNY WHITTEMORE, Litt.D.

THE scene in which the rich young ruler came to Jesus to ask what good thing he should do that he might have eternal life, is one which appeals powerfully to the imagination, and it has been visualized in the well-known painting by George F. Watts. Matthew's description is, in its simplicity, like a work of art, in which only the essentials are portrayed while the imagination must supply such details as are needed to complete the mental picture. The value of the artist's work and of the writer's words depends upon their power to awaken appropriate images in the mind of the beholder or the reader. Hence our study of this lesson will be an effort to hold for a moment in the focus of our consciousness the various thoughts and images which are suggested by the impressive story.

The great question. In contrast with the multitudes which followed Jesus, seeking to attract His attention to an infinite variety of infirmities and needs, the rich young ruler came alone, not bringing a sick body to be healed, nor sins to be forgiven, nor complaints to be adjusted, but to ask one supreme question, the greatest and most baffling which his mind could conceive—how he might obtain eternal life.

Others had come to Jesus with physical ills and bodily needs, and some with sinful lives, and all such had been healed and blessed. Here was one whose greatest need was not physical but spiritual, and he himself was not fully conscious of its nature. He belonged to the prosperous group in society. To others as well as to himself he seemed to be one who had no lack; but abounding in the possession of this world's goods, he prudently desired to make provision for the life to come.

What his conception of "eternal life" was, we do not know. Even now non-religious people habitually have distorted views of religious truth, and fail to comprehend the meaning of the language of the Kingdom of Heaven; and there is a real danger that those who call themselves Christians may thoughtlessly assent to familiar creeds and repeat pious phrases when there is nothing or but little in the life itself that corresponds. The questioner of Jesus had at least one basal conviction—that there must be some connection between the present life and the life eternal; but the true Christian goes one step further and believes that eternal life begins, not in the hereafter, but here and now.

THE *question answered.* Jesus' answer to this inquirer is characteristic of His method. Acknowledging the courteous address, "Good Master," and apparently, but not really, disclaiming its proper application to Himself, Jesus met the rich man on his own ground by quoting the familiar commandments that prescribe duties towards men, placing as the climax that epitome of Christian doctrine, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." The young man was so confident of his worthiness that he did not realize the meaning of this command. He had not been taught, as the lawyer who had asked a similar question had been taught by the parable of the Good Samaritan, that a neighbour is any one who needs help; for if he had truly loved such a neighbour as he loved himself, it would have been a most natural thing to share all his possessions with him. Thus Jesus' answer did not impose a duty in addition to the acknowledged obligation, but proposed a simple test to show whether all the commandments had been observed.

Mark says that Jesus, beholding the young man, loved him, and there was much in his attitude that seems commendable. He was capable of high thinking, and his question revealed a certain nobility of mind and character. The object which he sought was worthy, although his conception of eternal life may have been imperfect. He was honorable, for he proposed to do some good thing in exchange for the good desired. He came to the proper source of authority. He was familiar with the commandments and sincerely believed that he had kept them all. When he went away he was sorrowful, thus showing involuntarily that his heart and conscience did not approve the failure of his will.

Among the contrasts suggested by this incident the most striking is implied in the two questions, "Why callest thou me good?" and "What lack I yet?" Here is an expression of perfect humility and perfect self-approval. Jesus, the embodiment of goodness, refused the title "good," because the speaker did not recognize Him in His true character; but when on another occasion Peter with newly awakened faith declared, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," Jesus accepted the tribute of a sincere disciple with commendation of the faith and loyalty which prompted the great confession. The young ruler's lack, of which he was not conscious, was the lack of humility and willingness to serve. If he was a seeker after the kingdom of God, he failed because he did not seek the kingdom first.

ACCORDING to His custom Jesus explained to the disciples the principles of the kingdom which were involved in the incident which they, perhaps, had witnessed. He did not condemn the rich young ruler for his failure to meet the test of brotherliness, but declared that riches are a hindrance to entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. Neither did He say that this hindrance could not be overcome; for it is not the existence of wealth nor its possession, but its selfish use that is contrary to the Christian law of love.

Jesus' philosophy of conduct is simple but comprehensive. A little child who has a loving heart is typical of the true Christian; and those disciples who for Christ's sake and in imitation of Him are chiefly concerned not in their own welfare, but in the welfare of others. will have the reward of righteousness—that is, the opportunity for larger service. Time and talent and gifts of personality, as well as money, are to be shared, not hoarded.

The unselfish spirit is everywhere to be commended, and the motive which inspires self-denial gives to the act its moral quality.

In these days what amazing opportunities there are to apply the teaching of Jesus concerning the use of wealth! Never in all history has need been greater. The laws of Christian brotherhood require each one according to his ability to help to feed his hungry and starving neighbors, although they may live on the other side of the world and although distance dulls sensibility to their suffering. The true remedy lies not only in temporary relief, although that is essential, but in comprehensive plans for the removal of the causes of all preventible disasters, and in the establishment of brotherly relations among all nations. For this, Christian statesmanship of the highest order is needed.

Because Jesus brought into the world a new idea regarding the consecration of wealth and talent, agencies for charity and relief have been multiplied; and the generous response shown everywhere to appeals for help is a wonderful indication that the brotherhood is surely drawing nearer.

a. What does the question of the rich young ruler suggest regarding Jesus' reputation?

b. Is the obligation of those who are "very rich" different from the obligation of those who are moderately well-to-do?

c. Are the very poor relieved from the obligation to love their neighbors? How may love be manifested except by giving money?

Now Brush Teeth

In the new way—Remove the film

Try this new way of teeth cleaning. The test is free. It has brought to millions whiter, safer teeth. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

See the results, then learn what they mean to you.

What ruins teeth

Teeth are ruined by a film. You can feel it—that viscous coat. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. And most tooth troubles are now traced to it.

It is this film-coat that discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Brushed in the usual way, much of that film is left. And very few people have escaped the troubles that it causes.

Now we combat it

Dental science has in late years found a way to fight film, day by day. High authorities have proved it by many careful tests.

Millions of people have adopted it, largely by dental advice. To careful people it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

These new methods are all embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And you are urged to prove it by a pleasant ten-day test.

Five important effects

Pepsodent has five effects, all of them essential to cleaner, safer teeth. One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to combat starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

In two ways it attacks the film directly. Then it keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

It differs vastly from the old-time tooth pastes, which dentists now know were wrong.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

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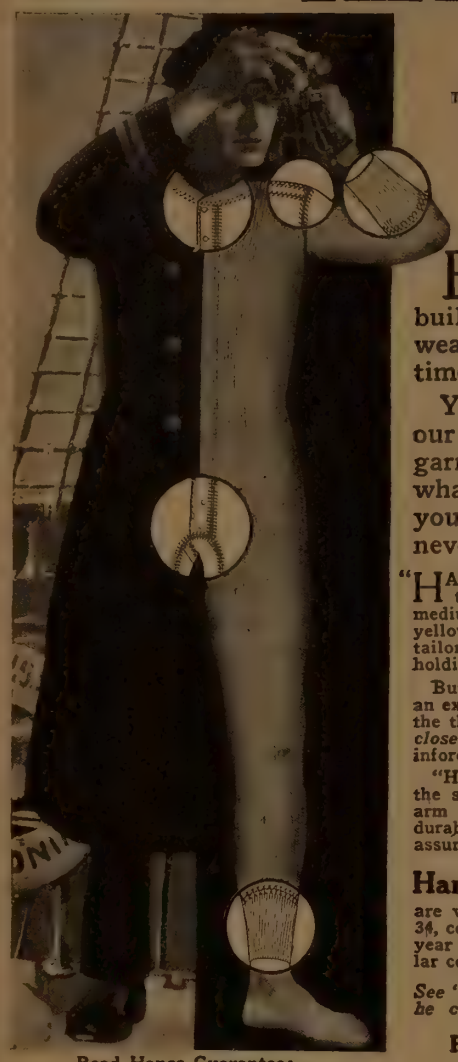

Trade HANES Mark

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UNDERWEAR

EXTRA wear, extra warmth and extra comfort are built into "Hanes" winter underwear for men just as accurate time is built into a good watch!

Your own test will prove why our guarantee on every "Hanes" garment is so broad. We know what "Hanes" must deliver to you in satisfaction! "Hanes" never disappoints!

"HANES" heavy winter union suits and the new silk trimmed, full combed yarn medium weight union suits (carrying the yellow Hanes label) have the non-gaping tailored collarette and elastic knit, shape holding arm and leg cuffs.

Buttonholes last the life of the garment; an extra gusset assures extra comfort across the thighs; the "Hanes" closed crotch *stays closed;* pearl buttons sewed on to stay; reinforcements strengthen every strain point.

"Hanes" heavy winter weight Shirts have the snug-setting elastic knit collarette and arm cuffs. Drawers have an extra wide, durable 3-button sateen waist band that assures comfort and service.

Hanes Union Suits for boys

are wonderful value. Made in sizes 20 to 34, covering ages from 2 to 16 years. 2 to 4 year old sizes have drop seat. Four popular colors.

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Warning to the trade: Any garment offered as "Hanes" is a substitute unless it bears the "Hanes" label.

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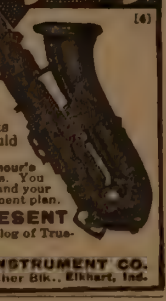

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THE HOME

Conducted by
MARIE LYNDALL DARRACH

Adventures of the Food Family—Dried Peaches

A TERRIBLE storm which had been threatening for a week had finally centered with great fury about the Lighthouse, and for several days all communication with the mainland was cut off. No small boat could possibly have weathered the angry sea, and during these anxious days the food travelers were making their appearance by way of the long flight of stone steps from the basement, instead of being welcomed at the little boat landing.

On the afternoon, however, when Mother Gilson was planning for the Sunday dinner, she said to Jane, "I shall have a Dutch peach layer cake for dessert, so we must summon from the storeroom a little company of the peach family that we prepared last summer to remain with us all these months."

"Oh, you mean the peaches we dried!" exclaimed Jane. "I wonder how they will look when we bring them up! Their pink and yellow color was changed to brown before we packed them away, so I suppose they can't look very much worse."

"Dried and wrinkled as mummies!" exclaimed Sara in dismay when she saw them.

"Well, I shall be able to do something toward improving their looks, before I cook them," said Mother, "and after they are prepared and put into my layer cake you will think they have returned to the condition in which they arrived four months ago, their flavor will be so little changed.

"I shall wash them thoroughly first in slightly warm water, and clip off with a sharp scissors any little stem ends there may be on the fruit, as the eggs of insects are often lodged in these little crevices. A pound of dried peaches needs to be covered with three cupfuls of water in which they must soak for twelve hours."

Next morning Mother drained off the water in which the peaches had been soaking all night, and stewed them carefully with a very little sugar.

"There is great danger in oversweetening dried fruits, which results in a sickening compound which few people relish and which prevents the natural flavor from redeveloping in the fruit," she explained to Sara. "All those dried fruits that we have put away in the cellar are very much cheaper than the first quality of canned fruits, their flavor is excellent, and for cooking purposes they answer quite as well."

In making the Dutch dried peach layer cake Mother then prepared a rich baking-powder dough which she rolled very thin. This she spread with butter substitute, dusted with sugar and ground cinnamon and fitted into a shallow pan. Across the top in rows, she then placed quarters of the cooked dried peaches, which had been carefully drained. Each piece was pressed lightly into the dough, sprinkled with dried currants and then basted with a couple of tablespoonfuls of the syrup in which the peaches had been cooked.

"Now we will bake it in a quick oven," exclaimed Mrs. Gilson, as she opened the door of the kitchen range; "and in a very short time our little peach friends will end their adventure on our dinner-table."

The Vigil

By
Laura Simmons

I DARE *not slight the stranger at my gate—*
Threadbare of garb, and sorrowful of lot,
Lest it be Christ that stands—and goes His way,
Because I, all unworthy, knew Him not.

I dare not miss one flash of love or cheer
From alien souls, in greeting glad and high—
Ah, what if God be moving very near—
And I, so blind, so deaf—had passed Him by?

A Batch of Lighthouse Recipes

DRIED PEACH CONSERVE

COVER one pound of dried peeled peaches with cold water and let stand over night. In the morning add one cupful of stoned raisins cut in pieces, half a cupful of coarsely chopped English walnut meats, the juice of one orange and one lemon, one orange sliced thin and one pound of sugar. Bring to the boiling point and simmer, stirring frequently over a moderate heat until of the consistency of marmalade.

EGGLESS FRUIT CAKE

Neutralize one cupful of sour milk by adding one teaspoonful of soda. Combine with one cupful of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Add two cupfuls of flour which has been sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one-half teaspoonful each of cloves, mace and nutmeg, together with one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Lastly add one-half cupful of chopped citron and raisins. Bake in a slow oven for about one hour.

SPICED PRUNES

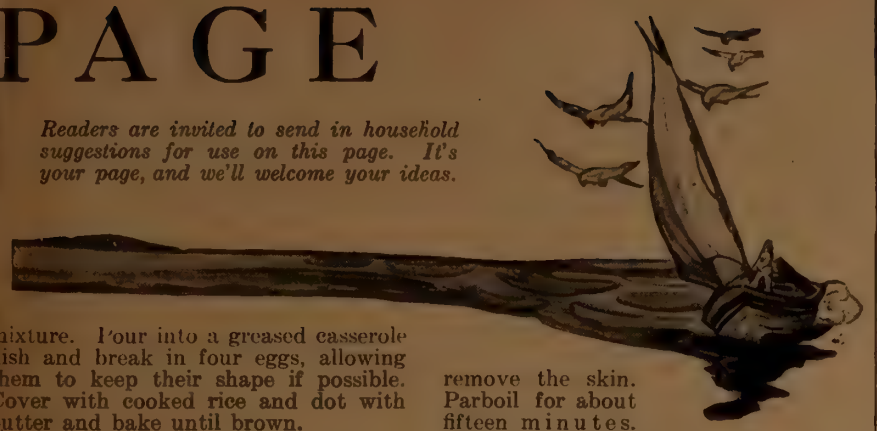
Wash half a pound of prunes, soak in a pint of water over night, and in the morning put on to cook with a shredded rind of one lemon and a spice bag containing two blades of mace, one teaspoonful of whole cloves, half a teaspoonful of whole allspice, and a broken stick of cinnamon. Simmer until the fruit is very tender and add one-half a cupful of sugar, when the fruit has cooked for half an hour. Season with a quarter of a cupful of vinegar and the juice of a lemon five minutes before removing from the fire. This is delicious to serve with cold meat.

A RICE-TOMATO DISH

Cook one onion, cut in small pieces in two tablespoonfuls of drippings, preferably bacon, until tender. Add two cupfuls of tomatoes and boil five minutes. Run through a strainer, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped pimento, and two of green peppers, salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Boil ten minutes. Add one tablespoonful of flour, mixed with a little cold water, and blend with

PAGE

Readers are invited to send in household suggestions for use on this page. It's your page, and we'll welcome your ideas.



mixture. Pour into a greased casserole dish and break in four eggs, allowing them to keep their shape if possible. Cover with cooked rice and dot with butter and bake until brown.

BEEF OMELET

One small pair of beef brains, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of butter, one onion, three eggs, one teaspoonful of grated cheese, three tablespoonfuls of water, pepper and salt. Scald the brains and remove the skin. Parboil for about fifteen minutes. Chop fine and add the eggs, after they have been well beaten. Then add the water, parsley, cheese and seasoning. Pour into a pan with the onion, which has been slightly browned in the butter. Let brown on one side, then turn, as any other omelet, and brown on the other side.

A Children's Party

FOR the birthday party of a small child, it is difficult to think of anything sufficiently simple to fit the enjoyment capacity of the little tots. This one may appeal to some mother who has been puzzling her brain for something that children of four and five would enjoy.

The middle of the table carried as its decoration a circus tent made of white crêpe paper with touches of red. Sticks held it in place high enough so that the animals inside could be seen. The menagerie was composed of animal crackers standing in a circle—two by two—elephants, lions, tigers, sheep, horses, camels and goats. In the center of the ring was a small see-saw made of cardboard on which two cracker elephants were perched. Each cracker animal stood erect on a small sugar wafer. This was done by dipping the feet of the cracker animal into hard taffy while it was hot, pushing them gently into the wafer and the candy, hardening almost immediately, held the animals in place.

After the feast came an animal hunt in the parlor. Cracker animals were hidden everywhere, and the child who collected the largest number received a prize—which could be a nice gray elephant or a brown bear.

The Gilsons' Mail-Bag

DEAR *Lady of the Lighthouse:*

Perhaps you, like many of us, have begun to use the dried fruits that must take the place of the fresh that is so expensive at this time of year. Grapefruit and apples and cranberries may be used to provide variety, but for everyday use in the winter I find that dried fruits must be our mainstay. I wished to tell you that the left-over juice from the cooked dried fruit should not be wasted, as it makes delicious sauces and may also be added to other dried fruit when it is being cooked or added to grapefruit and sliced oranges.

Norwood, Mass. ELLA BROWNLEY.

Dear Lighthouse Lady:

A well-made gravy adds so much to the meat roast that I am sending you this one that is recommended by the home economic department of the U. S. Department of Agriculture for use with mutton.

Allow two level tablespoonfuls of fat for each cupful of gravy desired, pouring off any in excess of this amount. To the fat, add three tablespoonfuls of flour and cook thoroughly, browning it, but being careful not to burn it. Add boiling water or broth and boil for a short time, stirring constantly. Add salt and pepper. The proportions are two tablespoonfuls of fat, three tablespoonfuls of flour, and one cupful of water or stock.

This makes a rich and wholesome brown gravy, which will be enjoyed by all. E. S. G.

Plainfield, N. J.

S. O. S. Flashes to Housewives

STRING sets of buttons on a strong linen thread or on a fine wire when you put them away and you will save much time when you start to hunt in the button-box.

Dry celery leaves, crush them into powder, add salt and you have an excellent celery salt.

All bits of soap should be saved, melted with a little warm water, put into a bottle and used for softsoap.

Hard-boiled eggs cut into fine pieces and put into the chicken soup will make it rich.

Instead of sewing on the baby's bonnet strings fasten them on with snaps. You can then have several sets and change them to fresh ones at a moment's notice.

An empty perfume bottle with a patent top is fine for sprinkling clothes.

Keep all salad-dressing bottles with screw tops. Put into them nutmegs and all kinds of spice. You can see what you are using and they look well on the pantry shelf.

To freshen the lining of a waist that has become soiled at the neck and across the shoulders, untack it from the gown, put it over a double portion of bath towel, and lay on an ironing board or table. Make a lather of soap chips, and with a nail brush go over the soiled parts thoroughly. Then rinse by using brush and clear water until free from soap. Dry and press.

Powdered orris root under the ironing blanket will perfume the clothes as they are ironed.

Wet shoes should be stuffed with paper, which will absorb the moisture and prevent the shoes from getting hard.

To extract juice from an onion, cut a slice from the root end, remove the skin and rub the onion on a coarse grater, using a rotary motion.

To iron ribbons that have been washed, wrap smoothly around a glass jar. Then fill the jar with hot water and the ribbons will dry quickly and will also be smooth and soft.

A good double boiler substitute is a glass jar set in a pan of water. Put a rubber ring under the bottle to prevent breakage.

When making lemonade, run the lemon through the food chopper. The juice will be so strong that it will make twice the usual amount.

The flavor of cutlets is much improved if the bread-crumbs in which they are rolled are mixed with a little white pepper, salt and savory herbs.

"In Case of Cough or Cold— Musterole"

He takes no chances. On the road or at home, Musterole is his faithful old router-out of colds and congestions. Twenty years ago they used to put a stinging, messy mustard plaster on his chest when he had a cold. It was a harsh but effective remedy.

Today he uses Musterole. It does all the work of the old-fashioned plaster, but is without the fuss, muss, and blister.

You just rub a little of this clean white ointment over the congested spot. First, there is a gentle tingle, then a soothing coolness. But way down deep underneath the coolness, where Musterole has penetrated, there is generated a peculiar heat which soon disperses congestion and sends the cold away.

And Musterole is good for many other things. For twinging joints or aching muscles, for instance. Keep Musterole always handy on the bathroom shelf. At all drug stores, jars at 35c and 65c. $3.00 hospital size.

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Deans Mentholated Cough Drops make life worth living. Just the *necessary* menthol to make breathing easy. There is no ingredient so generally used by nose and throat specialists as menthol. Deans are as carefully compounded as a prescription. Instant relief from irritation and coughing.

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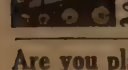

mend leaks instantly in all utensils, hot water bags, etc. Insert and tighten. 10c and 25c a package postpaid. AGENTS WANTED. Collette Mfg. Co. Box 444-A, Amsterdam, N.Y.

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The Christian Herald Motor Service Bureau will give you expert advice Free of Charge.

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 35

conduct of the Marines in Haiti, and the larger question of the justice of American rule in the island was not considered. Haitian officials have complained more regarding the civil administration, and have accused American officials of incompetence—charges which it would require a Congressional investigation to sift. As the New York Evening Post summarized the situation: All that we have had thus far are obviously biased and extreme charges and official denials."

Bolsheviki Mass Forces in North

SINCE the Bolshevist government has crushed all opposition in South Russia and has freed its territories from hostile military forces, there has taken place a menacing concentration of its armies near the frontiers of the new Baltic states, according to advices to the French government. It was feared the Bolsheviki were preparing to launch a new offensive movement on a great scale against their weaker neighbors.

Forty thousand Red troops were said to be massed at Gatchina, near the Esthonian frontier and on the direct railroad line from Petrograd to Revel, the Esthonian capital. Esthonia, the first Baltic state to make peace with the Soviet government, has been rather Bolshevist in political sympathies, and it was declared the extensive Red propaganda had undermined the loyalty of a considerable portion of the Esthonian army.

Bolshevist troops also have been advancing toward the Lithuanian frontier, particularly in the district from which a drive against Vilna would be started. A plebiscite is to be held in Vilna, which was seized by Polish forces acting ostensibly in defiance of the Warsaw government, and a Russian attack in this area would involve the League of Nations, since that organization is directing the plebiscite.

Supplies captured from General Wrangel have improved greatly the armament of the Red forces and fresh troops have been trained under stricter discipline. Military training has been provided in the schools, and the growing strength of the militaristic element has added to the peril of Russia's neighbors.

DOMESTIC

NORTHERN BAPTISTS PAY INTERCHURCH UNDERWRITING. The General Board of Promotion of the Northern Baptist Convention has paid all of its $2,500,000 underwriting of the Interchurch World Movement, with interest. It was the first of the denominations with an underwriting of $1,000,000 or more to discharge its obligation in full.

ACCUSES FEDERAL OFFICIALS IN COAL DEALS. George H. Cushing, head of the American Wholesale Coal Association, charged in testimony before the Senate Committee on Reconstruction that government officials, profiting by advance information, were able to make large profits by speculating in bituminous coal. Names were withheld, but he asserted that one deal a group of officials made $675,000 profit. Another witness testified that War Department officials last fall had insisted on buying 1,000,000 tons of coal at once, and fixed a maximum price of $11 a ton, when by waiting the coal could have been obtained at $4 a ton or less.

AVIATORS SET ANOTHER RECORD. Records for a single-motor airplane endurance flight were broken when an army machine equipped with a 400-horse-power Liberty motor remained aloft continuously for eighteen hours and four minutes, and was forced to descend because of a leaky gasoline pipe.

FOREIGN

D'ANNUNZIO CONTINUES TO DEFY ITALY. Gabrielle d' Annunzio, in reply to an ultimatum from the Italian General Caviglia, demanding the disbandment of his Fiume forces and the surrender of his territories, has announced his intention to resist the Italian forces and to persist in opposing the Treaty of Rapallo. The Italians hoped to compel d'Annunzio's surrender by enforcing a strict blockade against him, and thus avoid bloodshed.

BRAZIL GREETS SECRETARY COLBY. Bainbridge Colby, American Secretary of State, who is making visits of state to several South American countries, received an enthusiastic welcome in Rio de Janeiro, and the Guanabara Palace, once the home of the Emperor Dom Pedro, was set aside for the use of the mission. The Brazilians were eager to manifest extreme friendliness for the United States and to foster unity of purpose between North and South American countries.

REPARATIONS SETTLEMENT NEARER. Discussions between Allied and German delegates in Brussels at the second financial conference have cleared the atmosphere somewhat, by revealing Germany's ability to pay, and the assistance which the Allies must give to Germany in order that their demands may be met. The conference will be resumed January 10.

IRISH HOME RULE BILL PASSED. The Irish Home Rule measure, as amended by the House of Lords, was passed by the House of Commons and awaited only the royal signature to become law. Disorders throughout Ireland continued, and there were several serious clashes between the Sinn Fein and the Crown forces.

GREEK PREMIER RESIGNS. Premier Rhallis of Greece has tendered his resignation, according to reports from Athens, because of the refusal by the head of the British Naval Mission of a Greek decoration offered to him. The Allied ministers were expected to leave Athens soon because of opposition to King Constantine's return to the throne.

International

MILITARY TRAINING AT A BOLSHEVIST UNIVERSITY

At the University of Moscow the students, young and old, men and women, must spend at least one hour a day in military drill—which is scarcely in accord with the pacific declarations of the Reds. Note the front rank, which includes an aged man and two young women

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Heart Stories

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON'S

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1 Volume, 12 Mo., Large, Clear Type, Cloth Binding

Margaret Sangster says:

"When the name of Doctor Charles M. Sheldon, editor-in-chief of the Christian Herald, is printed on the cover of a book, the reader is assured of a good, solid literary ability, of a sunny sense of humor, and of more than a bit of inspiration. The Christian Herald, in announcing the publication of Dr. Sheldon's newest book, feels that it is giving a splendid treat to the people who love a good worthwhile fiction.

"'Heart Stories'" is a collection of seven interesting tales, six of which never have been published before and all now published for the first time in book form. There are stories of college and of affairs of state; of the trials of a young minister and of the struggles of business men. There are stories in which youth fights the good fight, there are stories of near failure, and there are stories of love.

"All of the seven stories will prove profitable reading."

Special Offers

The Christian Herald for one year, 52 weeks, and a copy of Heart Stories, cloth binding, both postpaid for only $3.00

The Christian Herald for one year, 52 weeks, and a copy "In His Steps," a new and authorized edition, both postpaid for . . . $3.00

"Heart Stories," cloth bound, separately, postpaid for $1.25

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
Bible House New York

The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

THAT the influence and numerical strength of the Prayer League are steadily growing is evident from the increased number of letters received every week, no less than from their wide territorial range and the larger variety of requests for prayer that are submitted to the League. It is always the case in times of trouble and anxiety, when a nation is passing through a period of trial, that the people in far larger proportion than usual, turn to the only Source of help for relief. Prayers for those who have fallen away from the Church and whose faith has declined; for those who have become engulfed in the whirl of pleasure and worldly excitement; and especially for those who seem to have lost their hold on God, are received in larger number than usual at such times.

Mrs. W. H. B., Dayton, O., writes: "On October 7 I made a request for prayer, as I was entering a hospital to take radium treatment for a large cancer, with doctors giving me no hope. After six weeks, examination showed that the cancer had disappeared, and although I shall be watched very closely by the physicians, yet I firmly believe that the Great Physician has heard and answered the many prayers for my recovery. Every one feels that a miracle has been performed. We are rejoicing and thanking God. It is surely His will, as our prayers were always 'Thy will be done.' I would like to send a word of encouragement to others suffering with this dreaded disease."

W. W., New York, requests prayers for a minister who has been very successful both as a pastor and evangelist in the past, that he may be led of the Spirit to a people who are willing to receive one who must, because of affliction in the family, come alone; and who desires only the preaching of the Gospel as proclaimed by the Apostle Paul, believing it to be only refuge and comfort for sin-battered and sin-tossed souls.

A young man in Chicago, Ill., writes: "All for God or all for Satan? It will ultimately be one or the other, for there can be no middle ground for me. I am a young newspaper man with literary hopes and aspirations, and with three great problems to solve, so I'm asking all who pray to ask my God to make His will very clear to me."

Mrs. A. W. S. asks the prayers of the members that a condition of poverty brought upon the family by adverse circumstances may be overcome.

Mrs. S. F. C., Tacoma Park, D. C., writes: "Pray for me that in so many months of awful suffering my faith will not fail me. I am alone; all my dear ones have passed away."

"All my life I have feared God rather than loved Him," writes M. L. P., San Antonio. "I want the prayers of the League that love may overcome fear and that I may have the peace and spiritual blessings that I so long for. Please pray that I may be restored to health, for I have been sick many years, and that I may be forgiven my sins."

Rev. W. R. Gray of the Greenwood Baptist Church, Harrison, Tenn., writes: "I take pleasure in telling you of our Prayer League. We meet twice a month in prayer and worship and are gaining ground. We still desire your prayers that we may be a power for our blessed Lord."

Prayers are earnestly requested for a mother in Rock Hill, S. C., who is afflicted with skin trouble, and for her youngest son, a veteran of the war, who is thoughtless in his treatment of her.

We have received acknowledgments of answered prayers from the following: C. W. G., Mrs. J. W. K., M. B. H., Mrs. Q. F. L., Mrs. S. E. I., M. K. F., M. E. I., P. K., I. H. and Mother, Mrs. G. B., J. C. W., C. T., and Reader, Iowa.

Among the individual requests, we have received 150 for healing; for the conversion of relatives and friends, 96; financial aid, 25; faith, 20; forgiveness, 5; wisdom, 17; courage, 6; peace, 9; guidance, 16; reunion, 8; spiritual advancement, 12; and success, 4.

Young People's Topics for January 16

By Rev. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

The Perils of Materialism

E. L. I John 2 : 15-17

MATERIALISM, while it has many expositions and forms of expressing itself, may be summed up by the word "Worldliness." "Love not the world," we are commanded in our reference. Worldliness believes in the bread and butter doctrine, and its philosophy is "eat, drink and be merry" and its exponents never rise above the level of things seen. They are living in and for time to the utter neglect of eternity and its values. A recent writer has called this "horizontal living" and he urges for the living of the "perpendicular life." Mankind, instead of looking down, should look up.

The opposite to material living is spiritual living. God is included in the life of the spiritually minded individual. The Church is an important item in the scheme of things. Ideals and ideas for the betterment of humanity are stressed. Immortality is believed in as the chief aim of man. Not to include God, the Church, worship and service, reduces the individual in the scale of being. To neglect the spiritual reduces man to the lowest level of thought and endeavor. Materialism, when given its way with men, will reverse progress and man will go backward toward the pagan rather than forward to the Christian idea of things. The result will be spiritual wreck and moral bankruptcy. History will repeat itself as in the fall of Rome, the French Revolution and the World War. A Godless race spells ruin and despair, and ruin and despair are the outcome of materialism that puts God last and self first.

Self-Control. How to Get It: Its Rewards

C. E. and B. Y. P. U.

PAUL is our teacher. "I keep my body under." This means temperance in all things. Appetite, passion, speech, patience, are some of the elements of self-control. Self-control makes for the well-balanced life, sanity of thinking and normal habits, clean speech and system in conducting one's daily life, together with prayer and a Scripture reading, doing the things that are right whether we like to do them or not, scorning the path of least resistance, choosing the upward path of the stiff climb and endurance, are the creators of self-control. He who has learned how to control *self*, has won the right to success and leadership.

Tennyson said: "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power." Shakespeare in Henry V says: "Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting." "Man, know thyself," said Young, "all wisdom centers there." And Longfellow said:

"He that respects himself is safe from others.
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce."

Self-control means a healthy mind, body and soul. It is evidence of a well-informed, a clean living and a praying life. One of the greatest evidences of the Christian life is self-control. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Is *your* blood pressure normal?

ALMOST daily you hear from some friend or acquaintance that he or she is suffering from high blood pressure. It is not a disease, but it is a symptom of a condition of the blood vessels that, if neglected, may lead to serious or even fatal results. The arteries, which carry the blood from the heart all over the body, are elastic, like a thin rubber tube. So, when the force pump action of the heart is suddenly increased by violent physical exercise, or severe mental or nervous exertion or strain, the arteries expand and thus accumulate the extra quantity of blood pumped into them.

Failure to properly digest food, or to eliminate its waste regularly and thoroughly, favors the absorption into the blood of irritating or poisonous matter, which if allowed to continue, hardens the arterial walls, and causes them to lose elasticity and become rigid and brittle. The blood current is impeded, causing high blood pressure, the heart enlarges, and the kidneys and liver become diseased.

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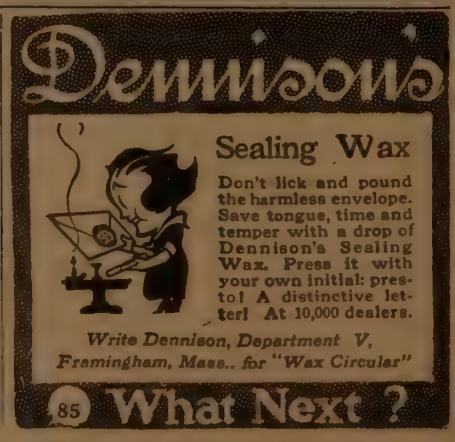

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

E. B. N., Cohoes, N. Y., writes asking: "Can one be a Christian who serves God in the church one day in seven, and closes his ears and eyes to avoid seeing opportunities to do a kindness to the sick or needy, the rest of the week?"

Such a life would be very far from the real standard of Christianity. We are told, however, not to judge others, and there is always danger in doing so. There are many really good people who love to do their alms in secret, and who hide their good works from the sight of men. We have known some whose charities and kind deeds were unknown even to their nearest neighbors, and it would have been a great error to have judged them simply by the world's estimate. God alone, who knows the heart of man, is the judge.

M. J. H. M., Fremont, O., writes: "I enjoy the Christian Herald more and more each year and must have it. Our local W. C. T. U. ladies are deeply interested in the moral welfare of our young people, also their health. The way women dress now is not only a disgrace to our sex but degenerating to the race and breaking down the health of our women. It is useless to spend millions to check tuberculosis unless there is a national movement for dress reform, and also against the present style of dancing."

The writer of this letter enclosed resolutions adopted by the W. C. T. U. of North Dakota "deploring the lowering of moral standards by immodest dress, the modern dance, and unwholesome moving-picture shows," and pledging its influence to correct these evils in our modern social life. The national organization, 500,000 strong, is preparing for a movement along these lines.

Rev. J. W. McKean, missionary of the American Sunday School Union at Fresno, Calif., writes us telling how Thanksgiving was spent this year in his home: "It has been the custom for some years for several families to get together both on Thanksgiving and Christmas, and by each family furnishing part of the dinner, all to have a feast and a good time. This year, after attending a Union service in one of the big churches, we met in my home, where we had dinner. Turkey was too expensive for us, but we had other good things and felt very thankful. After dinner we sang a number of the good old songs, while daughter played the accompaniment. Then I read the sermon on 'Through and Nevertheless' in the Thanksgiving number of the Christian Herald, and called on each one present to tell some things he or she had to be thankful for. Each responded and some very interesting things were said. We closed the service with prayer, and all felt that we had had a really good day. Personally I am very thankful to some unknown friend who has been sending me the Christian Herald for many years, and has it paid up now to August, 1922. If persons who are able to do so, could just know how much joy and help they could send into homes where the people are poor by sending the Herald to them, every home in the whole country would have this splendid paper. I get much help and encouragement from the Herald. God bless it."

N. H.T., Templeman's Cross Roads, Va. 1. Matt. 13 : 24-30 has been so widely discussed that it has become familiar to most readers. The good and bad both grow together until the harvest, until which no attempt is to be made to effect a separation. One commentator here remarks: "To stretch this so far as to justify allowing openly scandalous persons to remain in the communion of the Church, is to wrest the teaching of the parable to other than its proper design and go in the teeth of apostolic injunction (I Cor. 5 chap.)." 2. The passage in Matt. 18 : 18 is generally interpreted as having to do with admission to and rejection from church membership.

"Troubled Spirit," New Haven, Conn. The ultimate purpose or result of an act may be of far greater moment than the act itself. If the spiritual welfare of the members of your household depends upon the change you propose to make—and about which you have apparently reached a final decision—you should ask for a blessing on your plans and then go ahead. The matter of the trifling expense, or the source of defraying it, is not comparable with the larger question involved. Do your best and the way out will become clear to you as you proceed.

Rev. C. R. Jones, Mills Memorial Baptist Church, Mayville, Mich., writes us calling attention to a typographical error in our issue of December 4, in discussing Romans 6 : 3, 4. The expression "baptism *unto* Jesus Christ and *unto* his death," should have read "*into*" in both cases.

Reader, Minn., writes: "I am a Christian and my Saviour is very dear to me; but I find it very hard to witness for Him, especially in my home. It is not because I don't want to, but there never seems to be an occasion for it. The rest of the family have not taken any stand for Christ. I shall be thankful for any helpful suggestion for lifting Him up so that they may all find Him."

We must not always look for appreciation by others of our own attitude on spiritual things. And it frequently happens that one's worst critics are those of his own household. (See Matt. 10 : 32; Luke 12 : 8; Rev. 3 : 5; also Matt. 13 : 58.)

J. N. W., Jewett, O. In a recent paragraph we should have added the name of Seth (Gen. 5 : 3) as one of the three sons of Adam whose names are given in Scripture.

A. C. N., Red Hook, N. Y. If we accept as true the statement that the body is designed to be the temple of the Holy Spirit, then it should surely be our duty to keep that temple clean and pure and free from practices or indulgences that would in any degree make it unworthy of such a guest.

M. C. L., Oswegatchie, N. Y. The ancients had a saying: "Whom the gods love, die young." Death comes to all alike, and while it is specially sad when it takes away one who has just begun to give evidence of real usefulness to the world, we must accept the visitation with faith in God, and with assurance that our friend has not lived in vain. The wisdom of the world gives us no consolation in such a case; but the Word of God assures us that the death of the righteous need never be a cause for doubting the Divine goodness. His memory, with those who knew him, will remain, as a sweet and fragrant recollection. An old hymn expresses this idea:

"Take comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends,
Then why dejected weep?"

See Psalms 112 : 6; and 118 : 20; Proverbs, 14 : 32; Isaiah 3 : 10; Matt. 13 : 43.

Reader, Williamsburg, Ia. You must pray for faith in God that you may be led to believe His promises. (Matt. 17 : 20; Rom. 4 : 5; II Cor. 5 : 7; Jas. 1 : 6; Jas. 5 : 15.) If in your church relationships you can take counsel with some godly woman who is experienced in Christian work, and join her activities, you will find it a great stimulus to faith. Talk with her frankly concerning your own lack of faith, and she will help you to a better understanding. There is nothing like active Christian service to banish one's doubts and fears.

A. M. W., Beaver, Okla. The purification of politics, like the cleansing of the Augean stables by Hercules, must begin at the bottom. You are quite right when you say that "as a rule, the so-called practical politician looks after the 'loaves and fishes,' and not after men and principles." A great movement sweeps through a nation, but it has always its beginnings in small groups of right-minded citizens, who have worked faithfully within their own limited circle, long before the movement gathered strength on a larger scale. All great reforms move slowly, although, when the field has become ripe for the harvest, it is reaped sometimes with amazing swiftness. It was so with anti-slavery, prohibition and other big reforms, and it will be so with those that are yet undeveloped. Individuals, communities and churches must all be set in motion before any statewide or national success can be looked for; but if the founders have faith in God, the results will come if not in their time, then to those who come to take up the work after them.

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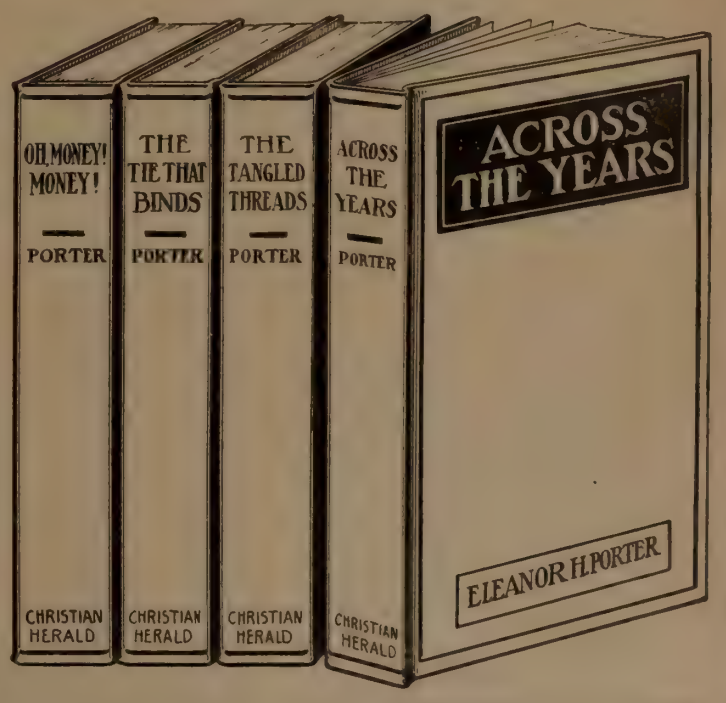

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Photo by Donald B. Berry

An American mission hospital in Turkey—a tangible evidence of that unselfish service to humanity which makes the American the only nationality trusted by all parties in Turkey

The Near-East Tangle

The Christian Peoples Face Extinction While the Civilized World Offers No Help

By LEE VROOMAN

IT WAS said some months ago of the situation in the Near East that most anything might happen, but probably it wouldn't. That remark can now be amended to say that most anything may happen and that probably it will. The Near East has been the scene of six heart-rending winters, but unless some miracle occurs it is now facing the winter of greatest misery of all.

Why all this? In October, 1918, we were told that the Turks had surrendered to the Allies and that the rebuilding of the country would begin at once. Today the last remnants of the Christian races seem threatened with extinction and the countries of the civilized world either show indifference or admit their inability to aid.

This is because the Turks of Asia Minor have sworn to resist the Allies to the last drop of blood. Facing this the Allies have not been able to unite on any program to crush them. No unity of thought or action has been shown anywhere.

But if one expects to find a consistent picture in the Near East he will be disappointed. In one place we find Greek fighting Turk; in another, Greek merchant boats carrying supplies to the Turks. While the French were fighting the Turks and enlisting thousands of Armenians and Greeks under their flag for that purpose, they were championing the cause of the Turks in the Peace Conference. French and Italian concerns are accused of selling arms to the forces of Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

Even among the native races we find this same lack of uniformity. Hadjin and Marash in Cilicia have recently seen the old sport of Armenian massacre, but in Urfa not many miles to the east the Armenians and Moslems have never been so friendly in the history of the city. As for the Kurds, in population the second Moslem race of Asia Minor, some are pro-Ally, some are pro-Turk.

Even for the Turks this is theoretically a civil war. The Sultan has signed the Peace Treaty, the forces of Mustapha Kemal Pasha have revolted against him. The government of the Sultan professes to be as anxious for his defeat as are Lloyd George and Millerand.

BUT for all practical purposes we must clearly understand that Mustapha with his party *is* Turkey. Excepting European Turkey, and the Mediterranean, Dardanelles, Bosphorus coast line, he controls Turkey. He has sworn he will resist all Allied interference in Turkish affairs; will drive the French out of Cilicia, the Greeks out of Smyrna, and the Allies out of Constantinople. All of which he may or may not do.

To place him and his position we ought to try to get a bird's-eye view of this troubled and complicated territory, even if we have to hear several discouragingly long names.

Constantinople and the coast lines nearby are controlled by the Sultan and his pro-Ally party. By propaganda he is trying to undermine the Nationalists. But his military strength is nil and he would not last a week were it not for the presence of the Allied armies of occupation.

Syria and Cilicia the French are attempting to control but are having constant warfare with the Turks and Arabs. In Mesopotamia the British fight the Arab and Kurdish tribesmen continually. European Turkey the Greeks captured only a few months ago.

The Caucasus has been crushed by the Bolsheviki and the Turks, who now rule there together. Thus the Bolsheviki have joined forces with the Turks, not because of love, but because they will aid all forces opposed to the Allies. When the Turks and Russians invaded the Caucasus all the Near East Relief workers were given an opportunity to go. Another star was added to America's record when every single worker decided to stay with the job. These Americans at last reports were absolutely cut off from communication with the outside world.

Getting into outlying but important regions we find the Trans-Caucasus Turcomans and Tatars now free from Russia and quite restless. In fact Enver Pasha is reputed to be with them, still following his Pan-Turanian star. Although Persia and Egypt are under the control of Great Britain they are far from content with their lot.

Photo by William Haworth

German ammunition going to Mustapha Kemal's army

OF ALL these elements of discord and mutual hatreds, the strongest Moslem force is Turkey. And the task to which the Turkish leader, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, has set himself is the task of welding all these diverse races from the Sahara to Thibet into a great anti-foreign movement held together by the Moslem religion. His propaganda agents are in all Mohammedan countries pressing his claims, going to the length of setting up the Amir of Afghanistan as the new head of the Moslem religion in the place of the Allied-controlled leader in Constantinople.

All these Moslem races met at Baku some weeks ago with the Bolsheviki to talk over plans for Pan-Islam and Bolshevist expansion. The Moslems are working for Pan-Islam, and that only, no matter how much they may camouflage by using Bolshevist titles. These two forces will work together as long as faced by common enemies in western Europe, but no longer.

For finance Kemal claims the Bolsheviki have loaned him some Russian gold and unlimited paper money. He has also adopted the habit of paying his officers in wheat, which he collects in lieu of taxes. For munitions he has the ammunition left by the Germans in 1918, some bought recently, and Bolshevist arms.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha is said to be a Salonica Moslem Jew. Little is known of his history. But he has gathered around him the keenest of the Young Turk leadership that served under Enver Pasha during the war. These men give him loyal support. He has driven the Allied armies of occupation from the greater part of Asia Minor during the past year. A man that could do this must be given consideration when he announces that he will do still more.

WHAT he considers to be his sources of strength were outlined to me last summer by his cousin, the governor of Harpoot. The chief factor on which he is resting is the lack of unity among the Allies, and their dislike for an extensive military campaign in Asia Minor. An old Turkish proverb says, "While the Christian dogs quarrel among themselves, we grow fat." And that seems to be as true now as it always has been.

His huge territory with practically no roads gives him that same advantage for defensive warfare that Russia has. His soldiers are used to mountain warfare, and will fight with bread for food and rags for uniforms. Turks are used to doing what they are told. So the ragged, underfed, unpaid peasants from the hills will keep going as long as their officers lead them. As an invading army advances against these troops it must bring its supplies over mountain wastes with long lines of communication. The truth is that the Greeks who were given the task of subduing him captured only the fringe of the country.

Finally he holds the remnants of the Armenians, Syrians, and Greeks as hostages. One word from him and they would all be massacred in a day. By using them

as pawns he hopes to gain concessions.

But it must not be thought by any means that Mustapha Kemal Pasha has everything his own way.

Of course he lacks the support of his subject Christian races. His chief weakness lies in the war weariness of the population of the whole Near-East. The average villager or city merchant wants only to be left alone and has little sympathy with the Nationalist motto of "fight to the last drop of blood." Should a strong Turkish leadership opposed to Mustapha show itself his whole kingdom might go down like a pack of cards. Besides the difficulty he has drafting troops and raising funds from among the Turks he has to face the open hostility of many of the Moslem tribesmen, Kurds and Circassians. In fact, this summer Circassians captured and held for some time the city of Yozgat, a few miles from Angora, the capital in central Asia Minor.

The Kurds around Harpoot in Eastern Asia Minor lately ordered this very cousin of Mustapha to resign and leave, which he did at once. In regions where the Kurds form a large percentage of the population the local Turks have kept all their troops at home for self-protection and refused to send any levies to the front.

All over his territory anarchy is becoming more and more general. Trade is at a standstill. Murder and robbery are common occurrences everywhere. The government has little control over the primitive villagers. The whole country is disintegrating.

A final cause of weakness is the difficulty of communication with the outlying lands under his control. This makes it hard for him to keep a firm grip over his own people. The pro-Ally and pro-Peace Treaty Sultan is thus given opportunity to carry on propaganda opposed to the Nationalist movement.

A scene in a typical Turkish village. In the group in the foreground, the man with the white headdress is a Turkish priest, next to him is a government official, and the others are army officers

RECENTLY has come the downfall of Venizelos in Greece, and then an alliance with Bolsheviki. These two things will increase tremendously the prestige of Mustapha Kemal Pasha at home. Difficulties of transportation, however, make it unlikely that many Bolshevist troops actually will fight in Anatolia. But gold and gunpowder, the two essentials of war, will probably come.

Armenia is crushed. France openly wants to admit defeat and make peace with Mustapha. Greece will not be able to carry on more than a defensive warfare. The United States displays indifference to the whole tragedy. This leaves England as the only force likely actively to oppose the Nationalists. I firmly believe if the English would stick for some time more and carry on, through the Sultan, wise propaganda, the insurgent Turks would eventually go to pieces.

It seems, however, as if some compromise will be attempted by the League of Nations which will scrap the original peace treaty. I doubt if this will succeed, due to the impossible demands the Turks will make. What will be the outcome no one can foretell. But in any case the hopes held by the Christian races in 1918 for their future protection will never be realized.

How will all this affect the American missions? At present most of the missionaries are devoting their efforts to relief work in co-operation with the Near-East Relief. When they start in full-time mission work again they will really be starting anew, and can easily undertake new methods to meet new needs.

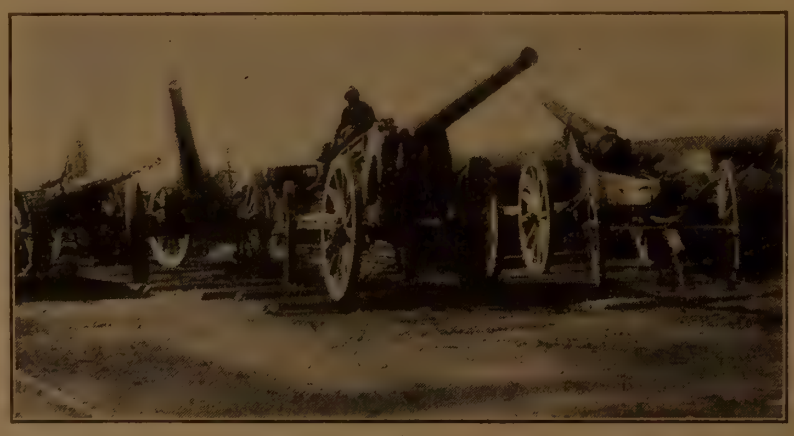
The greater part of the missionary effort of the past century has been devoted to the Christian races of the Near-East with wonderful results. But, except along the coast, there will not be any Christian population with which to work as soon as travel reopens. There is about a fifty-fifty chance that all the remaining Christians of the interior will be killed this winter in one final massacre. If they are lucky enough to live till some sort of a peace is made they will move. Where? Anywhere—Syria, Constantinople, France, South America, North America. The Allies seem to feel that if the Turk promises not to be naughty any more, he will not be. The Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians of Anatolia suffer from no such illusions. I venture to predict that ninety per cent. of the surviving Christian peoples of the interior of Turkey will be gone within two years after the roads become passable.

This means the future work of the mission stations must be devoted almost entirely to Moslems. The men and women on the field recognize this. At Caesarea plans are being laid for work among both the Turks and Circassians. Around Harpoot, Kurds make up the majority of the population, and for them plans also are being made. The great material equipment, the prestige, and experience gained by one hundred years' work will not be abandoned. The adaptable American missionaries will divert them to new peoples, hard to reach before but mellower now.

The Moslem races can be reached now as never before. The Kurds of Harpoot have asked that missionary work be done among them. The Circassians of the Caucasus have also asked for missionaries. Every Turk I ever talked with always came around to the idea that the Turkey of the future would have to be patterned after America if they were to enter the family of nations. Their old supercilious haughtiness is gone. If we can bring to them the best of our Christianity, they will accept it.

American missionaries there have a tremendous prestige. Men and women like Mr. Riggs, Miss Graffam, Dr. Shepherd, Miss Cushman, Mr. Beach, and Mr. Fenanga are the greatest forces tending for law and order that we find in Turkey today.

Through that whole region of hates and counterhates only one nationality enjoys the confidence of all parties—the American. Our relief workers and missionaries come and go when Turks themselves do not dare travel. Be it Arab or Armenian, Azerbaijan or British, French or Georgian, Circassian or Greek, Kurd or Persian, Syrian or Turk, who happens to control the government temporarily, except for occasional troubles, they all render every aid to our citizens. So should Mustapha Kemal Pasha succeed, or should he fail, with his far-reaching scheme for a new Holy War, doubtless the only people to see it from the inside will be Americans.



Cannon once owned by the Germans, which now are used by the Turks

The Church's Duty Toward the Alien

By RICHARD D. LA GUARDIA

A COMPARISON of the new map of the world with that of 1913 shows an amazing shifting of borders and the creation of many young nations. This means that there are developing increasing numbers of new restrictions and new freedoms, the effects of which are becoming very evident to us here in America through the incoming tide of immigration.

According to recent reports, 454,119 immigrants have arrived in the United States since January 1, 1920. They are quite distinctive from the immigrants of previous years, because they bring with them from the new Old World across the water special needs which create a different atmosphere in this country and demand a more up-to-date program of assimilation than that meted out formerly.

The need that is so vitally evident among newly arrived immigrants is Christian Americanization, and the organization that is uniquely equipped to fill this is the Protestant Church. It is plain from the number of foreigners who have come here to make a name for themselves, sincere and well-meaning, and who have failed disgracefully, finding themselves either in prison or being deported, that until Christianization as well as Americanization enters into our dealing with the immigrant we are going to fail in our relations and understanding with him. The need of a Christian realization in the hearts and minds of these men is even more important than presenting them with their first and second papers.

It is an unchallengable fact that at least the greater proportion of our Protestant congregations are in heartfelt sympathy with these foreign-born brethren of ours, and sufficient and enthusiastic volunteers can always be secured from the Church to take a personal and active part in the betterment and uplift.

THE things that a church can do after securing such volunteers are too numerous to mention, but just briefly I will describe a few. Church members can quite easily get in touch with the foreigners who are members of their own faith. The creating and encouraging of foreign missions and the "boosting" of them by frequent visits from Americans will help extensively. In no case, however, should any attempt be made to proselyte or to discriminate against the foreigner of a different faith, as this makes for most unfortunate and unexpected results. But if the immigrant feels a man or woman is giving his or her spare time without any compensation or without a double motive he responds immediately, and the first step toward Christian Americanization is well taken.

Do not hesitate to invite the foreigner to your church on special occasions; let your church become the center for Americanization. If it is too small for such activities, unite with other churches in your community. Create an Americanization Committee and study the immigrants' problems help them to solve these by the message of Christ as well as by that of the Constitution of the United States.

The appeal for Americanization knocks at the door of each of us, regardless of what our individual lives may be. The Church and its members should realize our responsibility in the matter more clearly than any others, for the story of the Good Samaritan is fresh in mind. And the Church holds in its hands the power of securing and maintaining unity, loyalty, and efficiency. As soon as the Church assumes its leadership, it will take a firm stand in this work, and what is now considered a burden will then be called a privilege, a God-sent blessing. It is then that the nation, as a whole, will see that this service has been long neglected, in some cases even despised. Through the efforts of the Church and its members there are large possibilities of transforming any doubtful city into one of the safest, most-loyal and dependable cities in the country.

It is up to the churches and their members to maintain the ideals of our country. With their help every foreigner will realize that America is indeed the land of the free and the land of opportunity. They, better than any one else, can teach the newcomer why America possesses great economic advantages and how he may become as privileged a citizen as any American-born, if only he regards our laws. May it be the Church—every church—that welcomes the immigrant who comes to us clean, healthy, industrious and ready to uphold the ideals of true Americanism.

Union Methodist Church does not neglect the children. This is a primary class in its Week-Day School of Religion

A Church "Always Open"

It Must Be to Thrive in New York's Amusement District

By HENRY CLAY FOSTER

ABOUT the long narrow X formed by Broadway crossing Seventh Avenue, known as Times Square, the amusement center of New York, lies the parish of Union Methodist Episcopal Church. Through the years in which it was building up to pre-eminence in the field of theatrical attractions, old Union Church itself on West 48th Street was ministering to an ever diminishing congregation. In the downtown center, where hundreds of thousands of people came daily and other hundreds of thousands nightly, there seemed little prospect of success for a church. And save old Union there has been no Protestant church in that locality for years.

The challenge of such conditions as confronted old Union caused the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, operating with Centenary funds, to try to demonstrate what an adequately equipped church could do. If the church was to survive, it had to meet the competition. Every other enterprise thereabouts goes at full blast day and night, and on this basis the church had to take its part.

A word more about the neighborhood. On the side streets off Broadway, east and west, stand countless boarding-houses, in which live the vast floating population common to every downtown amusement neighborhood, especially about the hotels, theaters and moving-picture shows. In the various hotels of the immediate parish 42,000 strangers register daily. Travelers —transients—everywhere. And in all the busy life there was apparently no place for religious activities.

Such was the condition previous to last June. Now things are changed. It is still a church in the truest sense of the word. On Sunday the simple evangelistic appeal and the regular functions of Methodist churches everywhere are carried on with zeal and enthusiasm. The auditorium seating five hundred is filled to capacity. People come down to the altar and souls are saved as in churches all over the country. On one Sunday night in December fourteen young men and women answered the invitation to accept Christ, and joined the church. On Sunday the message of the Christ is delivered. There are no bizarre or grotesque aspects. The minister in charge, Rev. John G. Benson, resorts to no freaks to attract a crowd of curious hearers. And the membership of the church has been trebled in six months.

And yet where there were few people in the past there are now many. Why? Therein lies the tale.

OLD Union is now functioning, not only on Sunday morning, afternoon and evening, but throughout the twenty-four hours, not only on the Sabbath, but throughout the week. There is always something going on. In that way the motion-picture shows and various revues of Broadway have nothing on the church around the corner. Only at the church everything is done with the idea of service and with no thought of gain.

Union church building has been overhauled, and every available square foot of space utilized for some specific purpose in keeping with the new program. Space hitherto unused was made into a dormitory accommodating twenty-two young men, two-thirds of whom have joined the church, some of whom are ushers, and are on the official board. Two houses next door have been purchased and remodelled into a dormitory for sixty girls, with a waiting list of over a hundred. Endowed beds are always in readiness for any girl without funds who comes for aid.

The activities at Union Church have been carefully organized after a study of neighborhood conditions. The most unusual of these is the Social Clinic, which meets a desperate need in the parish. It is simply a time and a place where persons who have any kind of problem can find a Christian friend to whom in implicit confidence they can tell their problems and get advice that is free from any selfish purpose whatsoever.

Every afternoon and evening the whole staff, including the pastor, is ready for consultation, and hundreds of people make their way to this place of friendship and counsel.

"The terrific problem of my parish," said Dr. Benson, "is loneliness. I have noticed one thing about Broadway as I have studied it—the surprising number of poeple who are talking to themselves. The great need of thousands is that of a friend to talk to. The people who come to me, and I see as many as twenty-five in an afternoon and evening, do not ask money. Most of them wish to give money. It is for help in meeting their thorny problems or unravelling the tangles of life."

Union Church, with its big electric sign extending a welcome to the street crowds, and a Friday night audience leaving the structure

IN DR. BENSON'S office there are two railroad tickets from the East to the Far West, which were purchased nineteen years ago, but never used. They are kept as momentos of a striking piece of the usefulness of the clinic which occurred a few weeks after it was opened.

A man came in to the parlor one day and said he had been carrying something on his heart for years which had become too heavy and must be unburdened. The story in brief is this: Nineteen years ago his associate in business was guilty of larceny in such a way that suspicion and responsibility fell upon this man. He was young, and very foolishly decided to run rather than face the situation, and while he had not taken any money, he did take two railroad tickets. Leaving his wife and family he went into a Pacific Coast state. From there he went to Alaska and made considerable money, and then returned to the Pacific Coast, where he entered business and prospered, being elected to the State Legislature, and serving one term as Circuit Judge. He used an assumed name. Later he moved to New York, still haunted by the separation from his family and the loss of his reputation at home.

Investigation was made by the pastor. He discovered that the man who took the money had confessed twelve years before, and that there was no charge against this man. His wife was communicated with and they met one Sunday morning at Union Church for the first time in nineteen years. The man has become one of

Continued on page 68

A group of famine refugees huddled before their crude shelters, which afford only the scantiest of protection from the bitter cold of the North China winter

China's Need Grows More Intense

Coming of Winter Adds Greatly to Suffering—Christian Herald Fund Now $206,764

EFFORTS to relieve the sufferings of the many millions of Chinese in the five northern provinces affected by the present famine are being carried forward with unabated energy, but the need daily grows worse. Winter has set in, adding death by exposure to that by starvation.

We in America have experienced the first snowfall of the season. We shudder as we push against the north wind, warmly clad, and are very glad to reach our warm, comfortable, cheerful homes. A warm, hearty dinner awaits us, and we feel at peace with the world as we settle ourselves before the fire to read the evening paper.

The famine-stricken area in China has about the same sort of winter as our Middle Atlantic or Middle Western states. What are the conditions over there on the other side of the world, ten thousand miles away? Where the vegetation has not been entirely consumed by these poor, miserable starving people, "food" consists of a cake made from pressed leaves, grass and weeds, the chaff of the millet, and the bark of trees. The Chinese peasant uses for fuel the stalks of his crops, but this year even that poor means of providing heat is denied to the Chinese.

As for clothing, they have, as protection against the biting cold of Central Asia, only ragged garments. In the early summer, when the shortage of food first made itself felt, they sold their clothes, except what they were then wearing, to buy food where it was obtainable at that time.

AMERICA has always been not only ready but willing to help its less fortunate sister nations. It is inconceivable that she will not extend the helping hand to her sister republic in the Far East, now facing the most terrible calamity in its many centuries of history. Because of the many thousands of miles between us and the starving people we are apt to overlook the magnitude of the famine that has in its grip tens of millions. Conservative estimates from reliable sources place the number at 45,000,000, of which 10,000 are dying every day.

American farmers, according to figures recently issued by the Department of Agriculture, had broken all production records with half-a-dozen crops this year, and several other crops closely approached record proportions.

China has, therefore, ample reason to look for aid for its starving millions from the United States. The European countries have their own war-stricken millions to consider. America is the only country rich enough to give on a sufficiently large scale to avert the catastrophe. The noble work done in China by American missionaries has laid the foundation of an enduring friendship, and for generations the Chinese have placed their faith, hope and confidence in America.

Can we in our bounty and wealth afford not to help her now?

It requires, according to medical authorities in China, about three cents a day to feed a Chinese. Imagine the awfulness of a human being starving for the want of three cents' worth of food, not the price of two two-cent stamps!

A little schoolgirl, heeding the appeal of the Christian Herald in behalf of the famine sufferers gave as her contribution $1.50, the money she had saved for Christmas. Not content with giving her all, she collected money from the children in her school and sent $4.50 more. Now she has written to her friends to help this most worthy cause and her efforts to date have netted the fund $82, surely a wonderful, beautiful thing for a youngster not yet in her teens. We know that grown-ups will not allow themselves to be eclipsed in their contributions by a little tot of a girl.

CONTRIBUTIONS from readers of the Christian Herald have passed the $200,000 mark. The previous total as reported in our issue of January 8 was $162,486.64. Daily receipts since December 22 are:

December 23	$7,963.17
" 24	6,215.03
" 27	16,834.50
" 28	4,862.59
" 29	8,403.04
Grand Total	$206,764.97

From the beginning made by the Christian Herald to acquaint Americans with the terrible situation involving the 45,000,000 Chinese and to raise money for relief measures, the movement has assumed mammoth proportions. The undertaking has enlisted the support of public-spirited citizens in all parts of the country through the formation of the American Committee for China Famine Fund, consisting of 130 of the best-known people in the country, of which Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Company, is chairman. An executive committee has been formed with Union N. Bethell, formerly president of the New York Telephone Company, as chairman, and Graham Patterson, publisher of the Christian Herald as vice-chairman. Headquarters of the American Committee have been established at Bible House in the Christian Herald quarters, where funds are being received for immediate transmission by cable through the State Department to the stricken area.

The International Famine Relief Committee has been formed in Peking to insure the proper and prompt use of the funds received from America. Immediately upon receipt of money, this committee arranges to purchase foodstuffs at points nearest to the famine regions and to see that the food is shipped promptly. Arrangements have been completed whereby the food shipped to the sufferers is distributed to the people most in need.

Many generous-hearted people have come forward with offers of grain and other foodstuffs to be shipped to the starving Chinese. It was intended to arrange for the collection of the corn, wheat and rice for shipment to a central port and so to China. Though we greatly appreciate the offers and the spirit in which they are made, recent developments have made it inadvisable to accept grain for forwarding to China just now. We are being compelled with reference to grain contributions offered to us in response to our suggestions of a few weeks ago, to ask all donors to hold their offers open for a brief period until a policy can be decided on which will be agreeable to the distributing agencies in China.

According to word received from the International Famine Relief Committee in Peking, grain is obtainable in Manchuria and transportation by railway into the famine districts permits of quick delivery. In view of this, we feel that it is very necessary that the maximum amount of money be placed in the hands of the International Committee in Peking so that grain can be purchased "on the spot," in that way securing a very considerable saving of time. Two months alone means the saving of 600,000 perso

The fate of 45,000,000 people depends upon our help. America has never failed before and she surely will not fail to respond to the call in a disaster that transcends anything the world has ever seen.

THE governors of several states, acting on information supplied by the Christian Herald, have issued proclamations calling attention to the seriousness of the situation and requesting their people to contribute toward the alleviation of the suffering. That issued by Governor James M. Cox of Ohio reads as follows:

> "At the request of the Christian Herald China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City, I desire to bring to the attention of the people of Ohio the terrible conditions now existing in China. Reports every day point to a growing field of suffering. Latest advices from Peking, from conservative sources, indicate that 10,000,000 people will die before spring unless relief in unprecedented quantities reaches them. The only way relief can be sent in measures large enough to count is to get the news of the situation directly to the people of America.
>
> "I deem it a part of my duty to respond to this request. The Christian Herald China Famine Fund is the third of its kind in the last three decades. The appeal for help comes from native officials, and from American missionaries of all denominations. The fund has the endorsement of President Wilson, Secretary of State Colby, and of the American Red Cross. The money collected will be transmitted by cable through the State Department to various diplomatic and consular officials in China, where the relief will be administered by an interdenominational committee already organized. This committee will work in full accord with the international relief agencies already existing."

The proclamation issued by Governor J. A. A. Burnquist of Minnesota says:

> "The five provinces of Northern China—Chihli, Shantung, Honan, Shansi and Shensi—are in the grip of what is said to be the most devastating famine in the world's history. Between 40,000,000 and 45,000,000 people are affected. It is the greatest tragedy facing humanity today, and the indications are that the suffering will continue with increasing loss of life until next summer. China herself is helpless. America is practically the only country that can furnish any relief.
>
> "The Christian Herald of New York City, which has three times in the last two decades organized China famine funds, has again undertaken the task of raising a relief fund. This work has the indorsement of President Wilson, Secretary of State Colby and the American Red Cross. The State Department will transmit money by cable to American diplomatic and consular officers in China where the fund will be administered by an interdenominational committee already organized.
>
> "Contributions may be sent to the Christian Herald China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York".

The Island of Faith

A Fascinating Serial

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Illustrated by Anne Brockman

Fifth Instalment

CHAPTER X

IT WAS Bennie who came first to the Settlement House. Shyly, almost, he slipped through the great doors—as one who seeks something that he does not quite understand. As he came a gray kitten, creeping out from the shadows of the hall, rubbed affectionately against his leg. And Bennie, half unconsciously—and with absolutely no recognition—stooped to pat its head.

Rose-Marie would have cried with joy to have seen him do it, but Rose-Marie was in another part of the building, teaching tiny children to embroider outlines with gay wool upon perforated bits of cardboard. The Young Doctor, passing by the half-opened door of the kindergarten-room, saw her there and paused, for a moment, to enjoy the sight. He thought, with a curious tightening of his lips, as he left noiselessly, that some day Rose-Marie would be surrounded by her own children—far away from the Settlement House. And he was surprised at the sick feeling that the thought gave him.

"I've been rather a fool," he told himself savagely, "trying to send her away. I've been a fool. But I'd never known anything like her—not in all of my life! And it makes me shiver to think of what one meeting with some unscrupulous gangster would do to her point of view. It makes me want to fight the world when I realize how one unpleasant experience would affect her love of people. I'd rather never see her again," he was surprised for a second time, at the pain that the words caused him, "than to have her made unhappy. I hope that this man of hers is a regular fellow!"

He passed on, down the hall. He walked slowly, the vision of Rose-Marie, a dream-child held close to her breast, before his eyes. That was why, perhaps, he did not see Bennie—why he stumbled against the boy.

"Hello," he said gruffly, for his voice was just a trifle hoarse (voices get that way, sometimes, when visions *will* stay in front of one's eyes!), "Hello, youngster! Do you want anything? Or are you just looking around?"

BENNIE straightened up. The kitten that he had been patting rubbed reassuringly against his legs, but Bennie needed more reassurance than the affection a kitten can give. The kindness of Rose-Marie, the stories that she had told him, had given him a great deal of confidence. But he had not yet learned to stand up, fearlessly, to a big man with a gruff voice. It is a step forward to have stopped hurting the smaller things. But to accept a pretty lady's assurance that things larger than you will be kind—that is almost too much to expect! Bennie answered just a shade shrinkingly.

"Th' kids in school," he muttered, "tol' me 'bout a club they come to, here. It's a sort of a Scout Club. They wears soldier clo's. An' they does things fer people. An' I wanter b'long—" he gulped, noisily.

The Young Doctor leaned against the wall. He did not realize how tall and strong he looked, leaning there, or he could not have smiled so whimsically. To him the small, dark boy with his earnest face, standing beside the gray kitten, was just a huge, rather lovable joke.

"Which do you want most," he questioned, "to wear soldier clothes, or to do things for people?"

Bennie gulped again, and shuffled his feet. His voice came, at last, rather thickly.

"I sorter want to do things fer people!" he said.

More than anything else the Young Doctor hated folk, even children, who say or do things for effect. And he knew, well, the lure that soldier clothes hold for the small boy.

"Say, youngster," he inquired in a not too gentle voice, "are you trying to bluff me? Or do you really mean what you're saying? And if you do—why?"

Bennie had never been a coward. By an effort he steadied his voice.

"I mean," he said, "what I'm a-tellin' yer. I wanter be a good boy. My pa, he drinks. He drinks like—" the word he used, in description, was not the sort of a word that should have issued from childish lips. "An' my big brother—he ain't like pa, but he's a bum, too! I don't wanter be like they are—not if I kin help it! I wanter be th' sort of a guy King Arthur was, an' them knights of his'n. I wanter be like that there St. George feller, as killed dragons. I wanter do real things," unconsciously he was quoting from the gospel of Rose-Marie, "wi' my life! I wanter be a good husban' an' father——"

ALL at once the Young Doctor was laughing. It was not an unkind laugh—it gave Bennie heart to listen to it—but it was exceedingly mirthful. Bennie could not know that the idea of himself, as a husband and father, was sending this tall man into such spasms of merriment; he could not know that it was rather incongruous to picture his small, grubby form in the shining armor of St. George or of King Arthur. But, being glad that the Young Doctor was not angry, he smiled too—his strange, twisted little smile.

The Young Doctor stopped laughing almost as quickly as he had started to laugh. With something of interest in his face he surveyed the little, ragged boy.

"Where," he questioned after a moment, "did you learn all of that stuff about knights, and saints, and doing things with your life, and husbands and fathers? Who told you about it?"

Bennie hesitated a moment. Perhaps he was wondering who had given this stranger a right to pry into his inner shrine. Perhaps he was wondering if Rose-Marie would like an outsider to know just what she had told him. When he answered, his answer was evasive.

"A lady told me," he said, "*A lady.*"

The Young Doctor was laughing again.

"And I suppose," he remarked, with an effort at solemnity, "that gentlemen don't pass ladies' names about between 'em—I suppose that you wouldn't tell me who this lady of yours may be. Even though I'd like to meet her."

Bennie's lips closed in a hard little line that quirked up at one end. He shook his head.

"I'd ruther not," he said very slowly. "Say—where's th' Scout Club?"

The Young Doctor shook his head.

"It's such a strange, old-fashioned, young person!" he informed the empty hallway. And then, "Come with me, youngster," he said kindly, "and we'll find this very wonderful club where small boys learn about doing things for people—and, incidentally, wear soldier clothes!"

Bennie, following stealthily behind him, felt that he had found another friend—something like this lady, only different!

CHAPTER XI

ROSE-MARIE, was exceptionally weary that night. It had been a hard day. All three of her classes had met, and late in the afternoon she had made good her promise to wash Mrs. Volsky's hair. The task had not been a joyous one—she felt that she could never wash hair again—not even her own soft curls or the fine, snowy locks that crowned her aunts' stately heads.

Mrs. Volsky had once more relapsed into her shell of silence—she had seemed more apathetic, more dull than ever. But Rose-Marie had noticed that there were no unwashed dishes lying in the tub, that the corners of the room had had some of the grime of months swept out of them. When Ella Volsky came suddenly into the flat, with lips compressed, and a high color—Rose-Marie had been glowingly conscious of her start of surprise. And when she had said, haltingly, in reference to the hair—"I'll dry it for you, Miss Rose-Marie!" Rose-Marie could have wept with happiness. It was the first time that she had ever heard Ella offer to do anything for her mother.

Jim, coming in as she was about to leave, had added to Rose-Marie's weariness. He had been more insistent than usual, he had commented

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What Has Gone Before

ROSE-MARIE, who has come from her sheltered, quiet home in the country to the Settlement House in the city's slums, clashes at the dinner table with the Young Doctor, an orphan, who has had to fight for opportunity all his life. She is imbued with a passion to make people better, while he avows as his only purpose a desire to make them healthier without regard to their souls. In a tiny park Rose-Marie later interrupts a small boy in his torturing of a kitten, rescues the animal, and wins the friendship of the lad by discovering the one tender spot of his heart—love of his younger sister Lily. She visits the Volsky home, without telling her associates at the Settlement House, and finds it more dirty and squalid than she had dreamed any home could be—the father in a drunken stupor; the mother dull and hopeless; Ella, the elder daughter, beautiful but hard; Jim, the elder son, with a nameless menace in his eyes. Lily, the only means through which Rose-Marie can arouse the family to better things, is blind, and deaf, and can not speak. Rose-Marie's absences when she is calling on the Volsky family are noticed by the Young Doctor, who jestingly accuses her of having a beau. But the girl is able to arouse in Mrs. Volsky a desire for improvement.

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

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Editor Emeritus

A Question of Fair Play

IN THIS time of economic conflict, the public raises its voice against excessive industrial strife in which it suffers as a helpless victim. It is made to pay for a large part of the economic waste which many strikes involve, and it usually happens that the organization or association which causes a strike, inflicts direct and heavy losses upon many who have no share in the contention, but who get caught in the undertow. There is no law on the statute books to protect these involuntary sufferers, who, like the unfortunate "innocent bystander," get hurt in quarrels that don't concern them personally, simply because their business happens to be in the path of the disturbance.

In order to apply a remedy by affording more protection and fair play to those who now suffer unjustly in economic troubles, two bills have been outlined for submission to state legislatures. The first measure is designed to make unincorporated associations suable, and legally capable of being held responsible for the result of their acts. It is meant to be equally applicable to associations of employers or workers, and its operation would therefore be strictly impartial. Such associations, it is reasonably urged, should no longer be beyond the reach of civil process in any jurisdiction. Collective responsibility should travel hand in hand with collective action. With such a statute on the law books of a state, no association of workers or employers could claim to be a privileged institution, and beyond the reach of the law.

The second measure proposed by the League for Industrial Rights is designed for the better protection of public welfare against unwarranted strikes and lockouts. The need of such a law is almost too obvious for discussion. "Unwarranted industrial warfare"—the term employed in the bill, we are to understand as applying to a strike or lockout among employees whose terms of employment are fixed by the state or the United States. The measure is also protective against strikes in violation of agreements already made between employer and worker, or employer and labor union; it also provides against strikes in violation of arbitrational awards, strikes to enforce terms of employment which have never been presented to the employer or his representative for consideration; and strikes where there is no trade dispute in question involving material benefit to either party. This second bill, which is equally operative against both employers and workers, provides that those injured through such unwarranted strikes shall be entitled to recover through an action at civil law.

These two measures are strictly in line with what is needed for public protection. The bills are a step in the direction of establishing a public policy in regard to industrial differences, and an aid in the elimination of premature, unnecessary and unjust strikes or lockouts.

Beyond question, the strike habit is demoralizing. No one would benefit more by such laws as those that are now proposed than the workers themselves, including even the foreigners who, being ignorant on such matters, are constantly misled into distressing situations. But the American people, too, should have a voice, and their rights should be considered—a point which can only be attained when they are adequately defended or protected against unnecessary, unjust and wholly uncalled-for strikes. Our nation believes in fair play, and the spirit of our traditions as well as our Constitution recognizes the right of the individual to the full enjoyment of life, liberty and happiness, which involves freedom to labor. All infringements of such rights are to be regarded as un-American and unfair. This right has been violated times without number, until the repetition has become a menace to our political and economic safety. To reassert this right in the fullest sense is the object of the two proposed statutes. Their impartiality should commend them to public approval.

Suppose

SUPPOSE some morning this New Year you should take up your daily paper, and read these headlines in very large type?

CONGRESS TAKES EXTRAORDINARY ACTION ON DISARMAMENT! A VOTE OF TWO TO ONE ON GIVING NOTICE TO THE REST OF THE WORLD THAT, BEGINNING WITH THE YEAR 1921, THE UNITED STATES WILL CEASE TO BUILD ANY MORE BATTLESHIPS OR MAKE ANY MORE WAR MATERIAL! THE ARMY AND NAVY WILL BE REDUCED AS FAST AS PRACTICALLY POSSIBLE TO A SUFFICIENT POLICE FORCE TO MAINTAIN ALL NECESSARY PROTECTION TO LIFE AND PROPERTY IN THE UNITED STATES. THOSE NOW ENGAGED IN THE MILITARY SERVICE WILL BE PROVIDED FOR IN AGRICULTURAL, OR BUSINESS, OR EDUCATIONAL PURSUITS. NOTICE IS HEREBY SERVED TO ALL THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD THAT IT WILL BE THE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES TO DISARM, AND CEASE TO MAINTAIN A MILITARY EQUIPMENT WHICH IS AN UNNECESSARY TAX AND BURDEN ON THE PEOPLE. CONGRESS APPEALS TO ALL THE OTHER NATIONS TO DISARM. IF THE NATIONS WILL ACT TOGETHER, THE GREATEST PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS WILL FOLLOW. WARS WILL CEASE AND MILLIONS NOW SPENT TO KEEP UP A MILITARY EQUIPMENT WILL BE USED TO DEVELOP THE AGRICULTURAL AND EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY. DISARMAMENT IS SENSIBLE, GOOD BUSINESS, AND ABOVE ALL, CHRISTIAN. WHY NOT? ALL TOGETHER!

Suppose you should read that sort of news in your daily some morning?

And suppose the policy of Congress should actually be carried out!

What would happen? We are not giving any opinion ourselves. We want to know what our readers think.

Would any nation on earth, in the face of such a statement by our Congress, immediately plan to come over here and try to conquer this country? Would Great Britain? Would France? Would Germany? Would Japan? Or any other world power? We are not giving our opinion. We want to know what you think.

Would a policy of that sort appeal to the common sense of thinking mankind? Would Great Britain do the same? Would other nations begin to disarm?

How is disarmament going to begin unless some one of the great world Powers makes a beginning? Why should not the United States make such a beginning?

Japan has lately said she could not begin to disarm unless the other Powers did the same. Would the common consent of mankind prevent any nation from attacking the United States if we actually disarmed?

Suppose we did—what then? What do you think?

Prehistoric Skyscrapers

EVERY little while the world receives some new impression of the force and truthfulness of the Scripture which tells us: "That which hath been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, 'See, this is new?' It hath been already in the ages which were before us." Until now, we have been accustomed to regard the skyscraper as a modern device. When critics pointed us to the cliff-dwellers' habitations, the answer would be ready: "Yes, but they are merely burrows in the rocks." Yet the germ of the idea was certainly there.

At a recent meeting of the Archeological Institute of America, in Baltimore, a wonderfully interesting account was submitted of the discovery of a stone apartment building, forty-five stories high and with no less than a thousand rooms. It is conjectured to have been the home of a tribe of American Indians long since extinct. This prehistoric skyscraper, as excavations in the neighborhood have disclosed, is believed to have been the community center of a town or group of towns in what is now known as the Southwestern Desert. It is a crude embodiment of the idea of a vast domiciliary abode. Without a trace of the elegance or architectural symmetry of the ancient cliff dwellings of Petra, with their beautiful pillars and rich carvings, all done in the solid rock, there is nevertheless in it the parent idea which modern builders have placed at our disposal to make life in the altitudes tolerable. Truly, as the preacher says in Ecclesiastes, "That which hath been is that which shall be." Ages may be forgetful, but ideas live.

Disarmament Gaining Ground

SINCE we wrote a week ago on disarmament, the whole question has suddenly come to the front with a prominence that shows how deeply the leaders of thought throughout the world are impressed with its importance. They have come unanimously to the conclusion that world peace can not be assured unless there is, first of all, an agreement among the leading nations looking to a reduction of the gigantic expenditures which the continued policy of big armaments would involve. All are looking for some united action which would include, as a prime condition, a "naval holiday"—a period of stocktaking and revision, with a view to reaching a mutual arrangement for curbing expenditures. Whether this should ultimately come through the League of Nations or through other means is still an open question; but whichever government takes this initiative, it must be prepared with a proposition so liberal and definite that it will command the respect of other governments, and induce them to follow its leadership.

But the very announcement that the leading governments are even now seriously considering the question of reduction, is in itself reassuring. They realize that their people desire it, because it would lessen their heavy burdens, give new vitality to business and make life more tolerable for all. In our own land, public opinion is finding voice and expression, showing how rapidly the sentiment is growing in the same direction.

On the whole, therefore, we may look forward having the entire subject under review during the coming months. Now is the psychological time for open discussions. As Mr. Hoover has pointed out, our enormous expenditures on battleships "at a time when great masses of humanity are dying starvation in certain parts of the world, is an inconceivable folly!" Three Great Powers, the United States, Great Britain and Japan, are making heavier outlays on their navies than all the other nations added, should unite on a program for limitation of armaments, all the other governments would follow, combined. An international conference to discuss armament reduction has been suggested by Secretary Daniels. Let us hope that it will bear fruit in the near future.

Is It Right?

WE ARE living in a world of tremendous contrasts, and perhaps at no time in its history has it been necessary that every one who has a conscience exercise it to the fullest and most consecrated extent.

How about these questions?

When 45,000,000 human beings in China are face to face with actual starvation, when 3,500,000 children in Central Europe are going to die for lack of food some time before next spring unless people who have food send it to them, when the people of Vienna and Armenia and Palestine and other countries have not sufficient food to sustain life——

Is it right for us here in America to spend large sums in banquets, many of them, yes, most of them for the sole purpose of social pleasure?

When millions of people on the other side of the world are in need of the common elemental things that make life barely comfortable, when fuel is so scarce in some parts of the world that people are tearing down parts of their houses to keep from freezing——

Is it right for us here in the United States, even if we have the means, to spend large sums in buying luxuries? A magnificent store in one of our large cities advertises that when it is completed it will sell exclusively only the most expensive silk goods. It is not wrong under certain human conditions to buy the most expensive silk garments. But is it right to do it now when millions of human beings are dying for lack of common food? Is it right?

When the agony and misery of suffering humanity is on a scale never before known in the world's history, when one dollar will keep a child from dying, when the cry of agony that rises to heaven is a wail that ought to drown the dance music of the frivolous and the lascivious, is it right that a people calling itself at least nominally Christian spend a round billion dollars on amusements in a year, as the people of America did last year? Is it right? It is right for a people to have amusement and spend some money to get it. But is it right to do it *now* when the hearts of millions of fathers and mothers are breaking over the suffering of their children?

There are certain conditions in this world that ought to determine human conduct. What might be right at some times in history may be very wrong at other times. Ask yourself the question—Is this a time in the world's history for any man or woman to waste money, time, energy, in any thing? It would not hurt the people of America to go without banquets for a while. No one would die if the bill of expense for amusements were cut in two. The world can live without some things. But it cannot live without physical food. When millions have no food, is it right for me to spend money on things I do not need? Is It Right?

The World News of the Week

Demand for Disarmament Gains Strength at Home and Abroad

PUBLIC sentiment in favor of some measures which will end the international competition in armaments has been manifesting itself more and more strongly, particularly in the press of Great Britain and America. The greatest concern has been aroused over the race for naval armament among the United States, Britain and Japan, and appeals have been addressed to the public to exert pressure on the governments against the great naval programs which are being considered.

In Great Britain, the consensus was that relief must come through an agreement of these three Powers to stop all new construction and enter into a compact of retrenchment. The British editors were inclined to blame he United States for the new aval competition, but saw a peful sign in the agitation in erica to have the program re-ed. It was declared none of Powers could afford to spend e sums on its navy, and it was licted that any concerted steps ard limiting armies and fleets ld find Britain practically nimous in the desire to co-rate.

The agitation in America for lisarmament brought from Secre-ary Daniels an explanation that he naval estimates submitted to Congress do not provide for the onstruction of a new group of apital ships but ask only for noney to continue the construc-ion of the vessels authorized by he 1916 program. He suggested he holding of a conference of ations solely on the question of armaments in case no such agree-ment is obtainable through the League of Nations or some simi-lar association. Mr. Daniels stood firm in opposing an agree-ment for a naval holiday to include Great Britain, Japan and America, on the ground that such an agreement would be viewed with suspicion by other nations.

It was said in London that final decision regarding Britain's naval policy and the Anglo-Japanese alliance would be deferred until the conference of the premiers of the British dominions in May. This delay would permit Britain to take the policy of the new American administration into account in formulating its program and afford to Mr. Harding an opportunity to take the lead in a movement toward disarmament.

Harding Selecting His Cabinet

WITH Senator Harding turning the theme of his Marion conferences with Republican leaders from foreign to domestic topics, there was an intensification of interest in the probable composition of his cabinet, and announcement of his selections for the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury were expected almost any day.

The slate mentioned most frequently was as follows: Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, of New York; Secretary of the Treasury, Charles G. Dawes, of Illinois; Secretary of Agriculture, Henry Wallace, of Iowa; Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, of Ohio; Postmaster General, Will H. Hays, of Indiana. John W. Weeks was a favorite for Secretary of the Navy or Secretary of the Interior; while Herbert Hoover was discussed for Secretary of Labor or Secretary of Commerce. This slate represented only guesses, but the guesses were those of men in close touch with the President-elect and may be taken as indicative of the selections most in favor with Mr. Harding at this time.

Financial matters furnished one of the important subjects at the Marion conferences, and members of Congress who occupy committee positions which familiarize them with the problems of government finance and taxation took a prominent part in the week's discussions.

Congress Practicing Economy

A REDUCTION of $432,696,373 in the estimates of federal departments was made by the House Appropriations Committee on the sundry civil and post-office bills as the first step in the paring of $1,400,000,000 from the aggregate of $4,600,000,000 asked by all departments for the next fiscal year. The sundry civil appropriation was cut from $804,525,484 to $383,271,292, and the sum for the Postoffice department was reduced from $585,406,902 to $573,964,721.

The largest single reduction was that of $147,000,000 on the estimates of the Shipping Board, which must be supported entirely from various sources of income. One elimination regarding which there will be debate was the denial of the Department of Justice's request for $300,000 to enforce national prohibition, although $15,000 was allowed for prohibition enforcement in Alaska. For death or disability claims of World War veterans and related items arising from the war, $223,000,000 was provided, a reduction of $100,000,000 having been made.

Even these drastic reductions leave nearly a billion dollars to be eliminated from the other appropriation measures, but the House leaders were planning on taking the greater part of this sum out of the army and navy bills, while there are nine other supply measures on which economy may be practiced.

House members interested in items which have been reduced may be expected to put up a fight for certain increases, but the economy program determined upon by the leaders gives hope that the appropriations may be held down and a distinct start made toward lower governmental costs, without impairing the efficiency of the federal departments. The cuts already made, however, do not bring the totals below those for last year and the tax-payers must not begin to rejoice too early.

International

A SCENE IN DOWNTOWN CORK AFTER ITS GREAT FIRE

This view of Patrick Street gives an idea of the havoc, caused by the incendiary fires, the loss in which was estimated at from $15,000,000 to $25,000,000. It forms a tragic chapter in present-day Irish history

By Nelson Harding, in the Brooklyn Eagle

STILL FOOLING WITH IT

D'Annunzio Surrenders Fiume

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, after holding Fiume for many months in defiance of Italy and of the Allies, has surrendered his powers to the Fiume Communist Council and announced he would leave the city by airplane. The end of his régime came after the Italian Government decided that he must be ousted at all costs, and after a considerable portion of the city had been captured by the loyal Italian troops.

The government forces suffered heavy casualties in the fighting, as their commanders refused to permit the use of artillery, except against military buildings and endeavored to conduct their advance with the least possible loss of life. D'Annunzio's legionaries handicapped themselves in no such fashion and resisted desperately, mowing down their countrymen with machine-gun fire and laying ambuscades wherever possible. Hand grenades were employed freely, as much of the fighting was in the streets, and perhaps the greatest losses to the attacking forces were due to these weapons.

When it became apparent that the city would be taken by storm, a truce was arranged and d'Annunzio's representatives accorded complete recognition of the Treaty of Rapallo between Italy and Jugoslavia, by which Fiume is to be an independent city. The poet-warrior himself still was irreconcilable and denounced the government's course, issuing a proclamation declaring it was not worth while dying for Italy. There were pro-d'Annunzio demonstrations in several cities in Italy, and the police found it necessary to intervene to restore order, but the government had the situation firmly in hand.

British Labor Discusses Ireland

A CAMPAIGN to bring the influence of organized labor in Great Britain to bear on the government in support of self-determination for Ireland has been launched and will be continued vigorously until February 15. A special conference of the Parliamentary Labor Party was held in London to hear the report of the Party's commission, which investigated conditions in Ireland, and a resolution was adopted unanimously challenging the government to disprove the commission's charges regarding reprisals and other outrages attributed to the Crown forces.

Another resolution endorsed proposals for peace negotiations between the government and representatives of the Irish people, and suggested a program which would involve the withdrawal of all armed forces from Ireland and the drafting of an Irish constitution, subject only to conditions for the protection of minorities and for the safeguarding of Great Britain against Ireland becoming a military or naval menace to her.

Premier Lloyd George's willingness to discuss peace with responsible Irish representatives has yielded no definite results as yet, but it was expected peace efforts would continue.

An Astronomical Discovery

ONE of the greatest triumphs of science in recent years was announced to the world when Professor Albert A. Michelson, of Chicago University, read at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the results of his experiments with a new device for measuring the diameters of stars by a process known as the "interference method." Applying his device to Alpha Orionis, one of the stars in the constellation of Orion (and which bears among observers the common name of "Betelgeuse") he found the most astounding results. Betelgeuse, he discovered, has a diameter a little more than three hundred times that of the sun, and nearly as large as the orbit of the planet Mars. His estimate gave to Betelgeuse a diameter of 260,000,000 miles. His conclusions concerning this wonderful star are stated in these words:

"If it were placed as near to us as the sun, its brilliant surface would fill out the whole visible heavens. Compared with the sun in volume, it is 27,000,000

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"Ye Must Be Born Again"

A Sermon by Rev. CHARLES M. SHELDON

TEXT—Acts. 17 : 6. "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."

I GO to a mar who is not a professed Christian, and I say, very frankly: "You know that you ought to be a Christian. You know that you are not making the best use of life as you are living it. You know there is a real difference between a sincere Christian and one who is not. You know that this difference is due to a difference of purpose in living, not to church membership, or any outward pledge or form. Now why don't you take Christ at His word? Believe Him when he says, 'Turn unto me and your soul shall live,' and from this time go in and out before this community a changed man, devoting yourself, your energies, your money-making, everything, to the cause of sinning humanity, and a loving Saviour? Why don't you do it?"

This man says to me: "What's the use of making so much fuss about all this? What's the use of getting excited? What do you want to turn the world upside down for? Why can't you preach a comfortable, easy, say something like a fifty-degrees-above-zero kind of morality, something that a man can go to sleep by without losing the connection? You make me uneasy. I can't do what you ask. Why, if I became a real true Christian, I should have to do a heap of things I don't want to do. And there isn't any need of it. I'm comfortable the way I am. Why can't you let me alone? If I am willing to risk it for this life and the next, whose business is it anyway?

"Just let me give you a bit of advice. Go slow. Take it easy. Don't try to turn men upside down in their religious thinking and living. It doesn't pay. Besides, you'll be in hot water all the time. Men who are sailing along comfortably and satisfied the way I am, don't want to be turned upside down. The best thing for you to do is to go for the stiff-neckedness of the old Jews, or show up the awful depravity of the heathen. Then the community can enjoy itself, and get in a nap or two on Sundays. But when you begin to get too personal, you will get into trouble.

"Let the old world go along the way it's been going. You can't upset it anyway. Your lever isn't long enough. You'll only tire yourself out without accomplishing anything."

Well, perhaps that is so, but I don't know. It seems to me I would rather bend or break my lever trying to upset the old world than sit back indifferently and let it go the way it wants to. I am aware that isn't the way the majority feel. If a man's wagon wheel wants oiling so badly that it squeaks, I don't know that I'm called on to oil it for him. Let it squeak, especially if he seems to enjoy it. That is the attitude of the majority; and has been, from Paul's time to the present. "These that have turned the world upside down are troublesome fellows, bigots, fanatics, officious, meddlesome, visionary dreamers, who are not satisfied unless everybody is riding the same hobby they are riding. The world would be better off if these fellows could be shut up somewhere, and compelled to take turns in preaching to one another."

OUT of these words spoken so long ago by the same class of men who exist so largely today we may get two main thoughts, one discouraging, the other encouraging.

The first is this: The dislike of sin to be disturbed in its sinning.

And the second is this: The thorough treatment of sin demanded by Christianity.

This first thought we say is discouraging. "The dislike of the world to be turned upside down in its sinning." Doesn't it seem almost incredible that men have to be urged to accept the terms of salvation? You go to a man and say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, accept Him as Saviour, and live according to His life and teachings and it will be eternal life for you. It will make more of a man of you all around. You won't be any poorer or less successful as a farmer, a business man, a citizen. Your belief, lived out in Christian character, will be a daily source of comfort to you. The town will honor and respect you for your Christian life. And when you die and appear before God at last, your sins having been forgiven, you will not be afraid or ashamed to meet Him, because you have known something of the joy and satisfaction of loving and serving Him here."

What does the man say to this? He says, practically, "You let me alone. I'm having a good time. Tend to your own business. I ain't bothering you any. What difference does it make to you how I live? Perhaps I'm going all wrong; but if I am, that needn't worry you any. Don't try to turn the world upside down. It's going fairly well, the way it is."

Suppose we make this thought plainer still. Monday morning the streets of this city are busy with the farmers who have come in to buy and sell; some of them have come in from a long distance. You go up to one of them as he sits in his wagon by the corner of some store, and say, very earnestly and soberly:

"I have a proposition to make to you. You have been living for ten years on one of the dullest, roughest old farms in the state. It is seventeen miles from everywhere, and all up-hill both ways. There is a mortgage on your farm too, almost heavy enough to make it a hole in the ground, and you know you can't pay it off inside of a hundred years, if you work twenty-four hours a day and let your wife take summer boarders. You have got a horse and wagon then, worth about fifteen dollars apiece, and one of them will die of old age and the other drop to pieces from the same complaint within a year anyway. As for yourself, you have grown old long before your time. One of these days you will lie down in your forlorn farmhouse out there, and the news will get about after awhile, 'Old man —— is dying, they say; stroke of paralysis.' Then the next word will be, 'He's dead. He was a good neighbor, but he had a mighty hard farm to work.'

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got a farm down here on the river only a mile from the city. It's one of the best farms in the world. I want you to quit your old farm and come and live on mine. I will pay off your mortgage, and help move everything of value down to my farm, and give it to you on just one condition; that you live on it, and take good care of it. You understand, I will pay off the old mortgage and *give* you this farm of mine if you will come and live on it. What do you say to that? Think of the benefit you will gain for yourself and family. You can make a living, and more, too. Your wife will have the pleasure of better society. Your children can have better school privileges, and you will be able to make more of yourself in every way. I will go with you to the lawyer's office and transfer the title deed to you plainly and fairly. I have no object in doing this except to help you. It grieves me to see how old, and wretched, and poor you look. The truth is, I love you, and would do you good. There are several men in this town now who are living on farms which I gave them for the old farms. There is one of them over there by that store now. He owns the handsome farm you drove by this morning as you came into the city. What do you say?"

WHAT do you suppose this old farmer says to this proposition of yours. In the first place, instead of listening eagerly to your offer, he seems anxious to get away. But you are so earnest with him that he can't do that very well. Then he listens sullenly, and critically, and when you get through, he says: "I guess my farm is as good as yours any day. I don't want to move. What difference does it make to you where I live? I don't more'n half believe you've got this farm, anyhow. Men don't give away farms for nothing. I'd rather stay where I am."

Christ comes to you and says: "It grieves me to see you wasting your strength and wearing out your life on the hard, rocky hill farm of sin and indifference. I love you and would do you good. Listen to me. I will pay off this heavy mortgage of sin and give you a rich new farm on both sides of the river of life, on condition that you take me at my word and love and trust me a little. Is that a hard condition? Is it any more than I have a right to expect? Could I, in justice to you or to myself, exact any other condition? Have I any unselfish motive in all this? Do I want to make you miserable by turning upside down your old way of doing things? Is not my only object in all this, a love for men, a desire to have them live as they ought to? Is there any reason why you should refuse my offer?"

And is it possible that you say to Christ: "Don't trouble me. I'm having a pretty good time where I am. What's the use of turning every thing upside down? To be sure, that old mortgage of sin bothers me sometimes. I shouldn't object if you could pay that off and rid me of the rebukes of conscience and the sting of remorse. But, can't you do that, without expecting me to move? Besides, I don't know that I believe in your rich new farm on both sides of the river of life."

And it is thus, O our Blessed Master, that men crucify Thee afresh! The nails are driven again through those feet that ever walked on errands of mercy to suffering humanity. Through the hands stretched out in compassion over the race are pressed again the blunt-pointed irons every blow made more acute by the scornful or indifferent rejection of the very souls for whom Thou didst first suffer. Over that royal but pale brow, the crown of thorns is deeper crushed by those who fiercely or selfishly deny Thy right to the supreme affection of their lives. And yet Thou didst die for them! How can it be possible that Thy love can be thus despised!

Are men such brutes as to shut their eyes and their minds to the grandest tragedy this earth ever saw? To harden their hearts to the most sublime love this world ever knew? To set their wills against the wisest, most thorough teaching for daily life that was ever given to an ignorant, blinded world!

But this is the mystery of sin, "that men love darkness, rather than light, because their deeds are evil." And this is the discouragement of sin, that it wishes to be let alone. That it is entrenched in its sinning. That it resents too much interference. To the man who rejects Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, every live, earnest, aggressive Christian and preacher is one of these who turn the world upside down. He is making a great fuss for nothing. He is meddling with other people's business. Nevertheless, let those of us who believe in Christ, who have a firm faith in the great redemptive work which He came to do, who perceive in the soul of man immense and unmeasured responsibilities and eternal possibilities, let us not be frightened nor shamed out of our rightful desire to turn the world of sin upside down. We have a right to fight evil everywhere we find it. And by the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we mean not only to fight it, but to conquer it, by turning it upside down.

WE TURN for a brief glance at the second thought suggested by the text: The thorough treatment of sin demanded by Christianity.

We believe that goodness will in the end triumph over badness. The whole spirit and teaching of the Bible lead us to hold this sweet and encouraging hope. There is a continual pointing forward to a perfect happy time when sin and suffering shall be done away. And even here, surrounded by all the weaknesses and limitations of earth and flesh, Jesus Christ, with His uncompromising love, confronts men with this startling demand, "Ye must be born again." No half-way measures. No half beliefs. No sneaking into the Kingdom of Heaven under false pretenses. A surrender of self, change of heart, a new principle, a new purpose, a *new man* is what Jesus demands, and by making the demand, He shows it is possible for men to obey. Christ doesn't demand impossibilities. When He says to a man, "I want you to change, so that people can see it. I want you to be what you never have yet been, a real true son of God. I want you to repent, that is, to turn right around and walk and live the other way; I want you to be born again"—when He says

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Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"How Firm a Foundation," or "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 37. Read first 11 verses.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 57, first column.)

Sermon—"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Nearer, My God, to Thee," or "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

O Thou who seest our daily need, as Thou hast broken to us the Bread of life, seated at the head of our table, kindly grant to us the refreshing grace of Thy smile of friendship as we go our ways to take up again our day's work. May it all be filled with strength and courage as we part from one another. In the Master's Name, AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., W. W. Bustard, C. C. Albertson, H. P. Hoskins and D. J. Burrell

The Leisureliness of God

SUNDAY. II Pet. 3 : 8. "*One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.*" We are not thinking on a sufficiently adequate scale: our thoughts cannot wrap themselves about the entirety of the place. We know what ministry an enlarged scale accomplishes even for some of the smaller things which lie in the term of human years. A thing looked at in the scale of one day is quite a different matter when set in the scale of seventy years. The scale of one day obscures purpose and tendency, and veils "the far-off interest of tears."

I lately read some extracts from a printed diary, and I would like to give you a part of them. The first is from the diary of a boy, and I will give it just as it appears:

"I cannot pretend to like this school, however much I try. The head is a beast, and not one of the under masters is a decent chap. I hate being kept in after hours when the other fellows are going out to games; yet, whenever I haven't done a lesson right, they make me do it until I know it thoroughly. This is constantly the case with my Latin. Also I do loathe the food they give us; we have to eat fat and lean together, and fat is beastly. Also, however cold it is, we have to take long runs, when it would be much nicer to sit by the fire and be comfortable. Also, I can't understand my father and mother, who say they love me and all that, sending me to such a place."

Just fifty years later the same hand wrote these words, when the writer's name was known throughout the world:

"Of my many advantages in early life, I place easily first my parents, whose particular method of training me was beyond all praise. . . . In looking back upon my first school, I can think of it only with affection, for the manner in which the masters treated my inert tendency of character was entirely admirable. To their insistence at that period, I owe one of the keenest delights of my maturer years, a love for the Latin authors. . . . In the matter of physical soundness, also, I am certainly much indebted to the school runs, which were compulsory, and to the wholesome and sensible diet on which we were fed, without which I should not possess today the virility which has kept me free from disease to a quite unusual extent."

Need I point the moral of the contrasts? The boy's entry enshrines a verdict fashioned upon the scale of a day; the man's entry declares a judgment fashioned to the scale of fifty years.

It is all a matter of scale! "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." In things of the day He has in view the thousand years; the thousand years being the full maturing of the designs that moulded the little day. "Where is the promise of His presence?" Think upon the scale of a thousand years. J. H. J.

The "Lord of the Harvest"

MONDAY. Luke 10 : 2. "*Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest.*" Also John 4 : 35. These scripture passages are filled with key-notes which strike harmonies of Divine Truth in the heart of the Christian believer.

We are told, in the first place, to lift up our eyes and look—for vision is always essential if great things are ever to be accomplished. A little study of the word "lift" would soon show you that Christ and the disciples were always lifting up something, for we read about how they lifted up their eyes, their hands, and also how they lifted up others.

In these verses we are being urged to lift up our eyes in order that we may catch the vision and see the field.

Again we are told to pray. We are to pray before we go to work. Prayer is the thing that releases the resources of God and makes things possible for men. We are also told to pray to the Lord of the Harvest, and it is well for us to notice that He is the One Who is not dependent upon the Harvest, but upon Whom the Harvest depends. He is not inferior to the Harvest, but superior to it. We are not to be anxious about praying for the Harvest, because the Lord of the Harvest will take care of the results.

The thing we are to pray for is that He may send forth laborers, that the Harvest may not fail, because there are not sufficient workers to gather it in. The country has just been through a period during which it was impossible to save our crops and our fruit, because of the lack of workers. This same thing may cause the failure of the great Spiritual Harvest, which otherwise would be possible for the Church of Christ and the Kingdom of God.

Now comes the promise of wages, and here they are spoken of as fruit unto life eternal—nothing temporal about this. God is a good paymaster and rewards the laborers with the coin of Heaven and Life everlasting. W. W. B.

Spirit-Torn

TUESDAY. Mark 9 : 20. "*And when he saw Jesus, straightway the spirit tare him.*" This is the story of the invalid boy whose case at the foot of the Mount of Transfiguration had baffled the disciples. When the boy saw Jesus he suffered a fresh seizure, a convulsion. Brought into the presence of the Great Physician, the disease from which the child had suffered seemed accentuated. In his case the darkest hour had come just before the dawn. As Dr. Matheson of Edinburgh suggests in one of his books, the story of the spirit-torn child illustrates the pain which is sometimes occasioned by the presence of Jesus. Do we not recall the story of the star that troubled Herod? The star of Bethlehem, which brought comfort to so many, brought trouble to the king. The reading of the Holy Scriptures brings distress of mind to some. It is like carrying a torch into a cavern. How the bats do flutter! To use another figure, the reading of the Scriptures is sometimes like the probing of a wound, or like the flashing of a bright light into a diseased eye.

When the Gospel comes to a pagan land, it generally means the stirring of a spirit of unrest, but it is the pain of enlightenment. "Hark, what soundeth? 'Tis creation groaning for a better day."

The effect of the vision of God upon the youthful Isaiah was primarily to plunge him into the deepest distress of self-analysis and self-abhorrence. What effect has the thought of Christ upon our minds? When we confront Him, are we not rebuked for our selfishness and our sin? Christ makes demands upon us. There is infinite appeal in His Gospel. We are torn by so much as we cling to that which is less than the best. What is our reaction to the sight of the Cross? Calvary makes demands upon us. Was not this fact behind Paul's matchless ministry? Is it not the secret of the missionary motive! Whatever stirs us up, lacerates our spirits, disturbs our rest, sets us to agonizing, gives us fellowship with the Christ who was never satisfied until He had fulfilled the Father's will. C. C. A.

The Touch of Life

WEDNESDAY. Luke 8 : 45. "*And Jesus said, Who touched me?*" Matt. 8 : 15. "*And He touched her hand and the fever left her.*" We are living in feverish times. The bewildering throng, the nerve-racking sounds, the hurly-burly and rush and roar of the world are never far removed. We go from the contest of nations to the political scramble, and from new ways of making money to new ways of having a "good time." Business is always on the verge of a crisis, society is always springing a new sensation, capital always nearing a panic and labor always getting ready for a strike. What is the cause of the upheaval and the unrest and when will things settle down?

Never; till the world invites the intimate touch of Christ. He was thronged and He was mobbed in the olden days, but few really touched Him. Those who really touched Him knew that they had experienced the touch of life. The woman with the issue of blood, the mother of Peter's wife—they touched Him and were instantly healed in body and soul. The disciples touched Him and after that people knew that they had been with Jesus.

We would go on hands and knees, over a long rough path, to touch Jesus today. But that is denied us. And if it is denied us it must be because there is a better way of touching Him. And that is to touch His heart and to touch it directly with our own.

Everywhere about us we feel the touch of death. Without the divine touch we perish. They say these are reconstruction days and we must expect an unsettled condition in society and the world generally. I say the world does not need to be reconstructed, which is the same as being reformed. It needs to be regenerated and saved from its sin by the touch of Life. H. P. H.

He Giveth Power

THURSDAY. Isa. 40 : 31. "*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.*" The power problem is one of the most serious economic problems of the world. Our coal supply is limited. Scientists are now studying how to avail themselves of water power, sun power, atomic energy. More important still is the problem of spiritual power. One of Matthew Arnold's poems gives us the picture of a needy world. He represents the age as hovering between two worlds, "one dead, the other powerless to be born." Only a little while ago we saw a sudden accession of moral power—heroism, chivalry, generosity, sympathy, a glad abandon to a great cause. The World War called out the best that was in men and the worst. Since the war ended, there has been a decline of moral power. The world has grown again commercial, selfish, narrow. Men are thinking in terms of profit and loss. How soon after Pentecost the Church experienced just such a decline! Ananias and Sapphira belonged to the Pentecostal age! Humanity is a poor, weak thing. A man took a clock to a repair shop. It was a new clock, but it had run just an hour and stopped. The clock maker found all it needed was winding. We need an access of power. Such is the Biblical view of humanity: "Dost thou not know? Hast thou not heard? . . . He giveth power."

This is important if true. And it is true. The power is available and the channel by which that power is communicated is at hand. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." We wait upon the Lord when we pray, when we meditate upon His word, when we submit our plans to Him for correction, when we lean upon His promises for comfort, when we stay our minds on Him for serenity, when we look to Him for help along life's way, and for special help in life's emergencies. C. C. A.

"Called Out and Led In"

FRIDAY. Gen. 12 : 1—"*The Lord said to Abram, Get thee out of thy country, unto a land that I will show thee.*" Regardless of the critic, we are going to assume that Abram actually lived, and that he was called out of his homeland to be led by God into the promised land. His story thus is really the story of every God-led man. He is called out of the world where he has made his home in sin, and finally led into the promised land.

Man had failed in the garden; he had failed after the Flood; he had failed under the prophets and the law—for man without God has always been a failure. God now determines to give man another chance and Abram is selected as the beginning of a new nation.

In making this start, God had to call him out to something. For every man who is going to walk with God must hear a call which takes him out of his old life into a new one. Not only is Abram called out, but he is led in. It is essential for us to realize that God always leads us into more than he calls us out from; that what we are to find will always be greater than what we have ever left; that our gain will always be more than our loss.

God has a place into which he wants to lead us. Like Abram, let us obey, even though we may not know whither we go; for there is a special joy in being led by God alone. W. W. B.

The Soul's Sure Anchorage

SATURDAY. Heb. 6 : 19. "*An anchor both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.*" The further your faith can see beyond the horizons of your home, your office, your country and the little world you are living in, the nearer will be your approach to God. When Augustine carried the Gospel to Britain he was invited by the Druid king to preach before him. A swallow flew into the tent and, circling round, flew out again. "So," said the king, "is our insignificant life; a brief and futile thing. We come and go: if thou canst tell us whence we came or whither we go, speak on." And the Druid king was right, so far, that if time and space be all, life is not worth while.

But faith sees further than the circumscription of our finger-tips. It sinks its anchor into the deep—down, down, fathoms beyond the scrutinizing gaze of science or philosophy. It grips something within the veil—something that holds, something that makes it impossible for an immortal soul to drift. What is that something? The Rock of Ages! "I am like a shipwrecked sailor," said the most eloquent of modern unbelievers, "like a sailor on a raft in mid-ocean, without chart or compass, drifting I know not where." Thank God for a faith that can see within the veil and say, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

Here is the secret of assurance, of the only assurance any mortal man can have, to wit, the assurance of faith. If one can lay his hand on the anchor-chain and feel it tremble—not slip nor slide, but tremble—as if an electric current were passing through it, he may know that the Boatswain of his soul has cast anchor for him within the veil. It is thus that the Spirit witnesseth with our spirits that we are children of God; and if children then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away. D. J. B.

The Bowery Mission's New Work

Reclaiming the Victims of the Drug Evil

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MOST people know little of the unfortunate ones who are victims of the drug habit. Drug victims are seldom spoken of in polite society; they are regarded, somehow, as far beyond the pale. Drunkards are worked with, are helped, are, if possible, reformed. They receive a ready sympathy and a ready council. There are recognized homes, institutions and cures for them. But your drug addict is brushed aside, is neglected and, often, forgotten. Folk somehow feel that he has gone too far to be helped, that nothing short of a miracle can bring him back to new hope and sanity. And folk, now-a-days, are not prone to believe in miracles!

It seems almost unbelievable that there should be any large number of drug addicts in a civilized community. It seems hardly possible that one's own town or city should have its quota of sufferers. But it *is* possible; it has been proved that there are a great many cases in our midst. A recent survey of New York City showed that there were 20,000 cases in five boroughs!

I HAD heard that the Bowery Mission was in some way helping the drug victims of the city. I had heard it from many sources but nobody had told me just what the Bowery Mission was doing, just how it was helping. But because, for a good many years, I have seen the Bowery Mission give help to the broken in soul and body, I knew that its new work—whatever that work might be—would be worth while!

And so I went down to the Mission, one afternoon, to see for myself what was happening. I went with a great deal of curiosity, and with a great deal of confidence, too. I went to learn, at first hand, of this new work with the derelicts of the city.

As I went in through the door of the Mission, I passed two boys that were standing in the doorway. They were both very young—neither one of them could have been more than eighteen years old—and yet they looked strangely old, as old as sorrow and dread and hopelessness. As I glanced at them, almost casually, I felt a thrill of something that might have been apprehension. I felt as if I were looking past them into some human tragedy that I could scarcely understand.

The boys did not notice me. Even though I was very close to them as I passed—even though my elbow must have touched one of them as I went by—they did not notice me. Indeed, they seemed very far away, in some remote world of their own that was far removed from the sunlight and fresh air of my world. Their dull and curiously hopeless eyes were fixed upon space, or upon something that I could not see.

I hurried past them. I was suddenly anxious to get away from the nameless horror that seemed to surround them. But, as I went quickly up the Mission stairs I found details of their appearance coming back to me with a horrible persistence. The curious twitchings of their unboyish mouths were photographed upon my brain, the way that their hands had of clenching and unclenching was quite too horrible to forget.

IT was to Mr. Baker's office that I went. Mr. Baker is the Assistant Superintendent of the Bowery Mission and is the connecting link between the doctors who treat the drug addicts and the Mission itself. He, I told myself, would know more than anyone else about this new work. And so I went to his office.

The office is a small one, crowded to overflowing with the bits of detail that fill an Assistant Superintendent's time. Its one window looks out upon the elevated railroad that runs down the Bowery; its one door opens into the room that has always been used as an employment bureau. As I passed hurriedly through this outer room I had a confused sense of something very different, for the room is usually filled with men who are roughly clad, men of the laboring class. I caught a subdued rustle of skirts, I saw strained women-faces. I glimpsed rich furs among the poorer garments, and here and there I caught the gleam of satin and of silk. I went through the one door that opens into Mr. Baker's office with a sense of very real bewilderment.

Mr. Baker was sitting at his desk. He smiled at me as I came through the door—the kind smile that many a broken life has met and responded to.

"And what can I do for you?" he questioned.

I came hurriedly—and breathlessly—to the point.

"I want to know," I told him," what you all are doing, here at the Mission; I've heard that you're having a clinic now. And that you're treating people who are victims of the drug habit. I want to hear all about it—how you started the work, and why, and how it's being carried on. Will you tell me?"

Mr. Baker waved me to a chair, and settled back into his own place. His face was suddenly alight with interest—I could see that the new work held a real thrill for him. When he began to talk I knew that the splendid idea had completely taken possession of him.

"Drug addiction," he told me, "is what might be called a social contagious vice. We have always known that to be true of alcohol. . . . When I use the term I mean that the drug habit is communicated from one person to another and that there are certain parts of the city in which a person is tempted to start using drugs. There are criminals—criminal is too mild a word to use!—who make their living by preying upon the weaknesses of their fellow men.

"There was a certain woman, a Dr. Mulhall, who had, for a very long time, endeavored to help the ones afflicted by the drug habit. She wanted, in some way, to lessen their burden. But she found every avenue of approach for the hospitalization of the drug addict closed. She organized bureaus of relief and information again and again in an effort to deal with what had become a menacing situation. But to the city authorities, to the owners of buildings, drug addicts were like pariah dogs. They were not wanted. A bureau would only stay open a week or two, and then Dr. Mulhall and her associates would be served with a dispossess notice. After a short

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Dr. Carlton Simon, Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City. One of the leaders in the fight against the drug evil

time full of very bitter experiences the doctor was forced to admit, to herself, that she was facing defeat. Drug addicts could receive treatment only in jails or on Blackwells Island—surrounded by criminals of every sort. And yet the work was state work—work that the law was supposed to enforce and uphold!

"IT was then that the Bowery Mission, hearing of the doctor's difficulty, came forward with a ready offer of help. And the doctor, ousted by city authorities and by civic and philanthropic organizations, found a place to carry on her work in the room—"Mr. Baker's hand gestured toward the place that had been the employment bureau—"in the room that you just passed through!"

He paused and, after a moment, I asked a question.

"You gave them a room to use," I prompted "and then——"?

"And then," Mr. Baker told me—"we meant to let the doctor and her helpers follow their own course of work. But somehow," he laughed depreciatingly, "we couldn't keep our fingers out of the pie! We found that we had to do something. And the something took the form of spiritual aid.

"The last three days of every month the registered drug addicts—the law compels that every drug addict be registered—are supposed to report to the bureau for examination and a chart which will enable them to get their quota of drug for the balance of the month. At each visit to the doctor this amount is lessened, until a minimum is reached. And then, if the addict is willing, he (or she) is sent away to a hospital to take a cure.

"I sat here in my office, watching the men and women, and girls and boys, come in for their charts. I saw them take their examinations. And, as I watched them, I could not help wishing that I might be able to do something for them. They so needed help.

"There was nothing, of course, that I could do to help them physically. The bureau was taking care of that end of it. But, as I sat in my office, the thought grew upon me that here was a great field for spiritual work. For surely these poor unfortunates needed the courage and help that religion—and only religion—can give!

"I SPOKE, first, to the doctors about my plan. I did not want to do anything against their wishes. I told them simply that I wanted to give a glimpse of Christ, and of Christ's salvation, to their patients. I was very much surprised when Dr. Carlton Simon, who has accepted a position as deputy police commissioner in order to assist in the fight against the drug evil, answered me:

"'We will be very glad,' he said cordially, 'of any help that you can give to our patients!'"

"With that encouragement I went to work. I mingled with the patients. I invited them to come into my office and talk with me. I didn't urge them to come—neither did I command them. I only invited them. But some of them did come.

"There was a young French girl. She had married a drug addict and he had given her the habit. She had been an easy victim, had gone from one drug to another. And now—young, beautiful, and with all of life before her—she had realized the end of the road.

"She came to my office, and I talked with her. And, as I talked, I watched her face. I couldn't help thinking, as I watched her, that she was something of a thoroughbred—the marks of refinement about her were still very evident, despite her trouble. When I had finished talking she proved that I was a judge of character. With the tears streaming down her face she spoke to me.

"'I, too,' she told me, 'have been a Christian. Only—I have gone far away. See—I will give you *this!*' And she laid her chart in my hand and walked rapidly from the room. That was six weeks ago and she has not come back. And she cannot procure drugs without the chart. Somewhere, I know, she is making a very gallant fight!

"There are many others that I have reached. There was a boy who had acquired the habit in a hospital. He is taking a cure, now. There was a father who is now trying to win out for the sake of his wife and children. Yes . . . there are many others!"

Mr. Baker paused again and I grasped the opportunity to speak.

"I wonder if it will be all right for me to walk through the room where they are," I questioned, "without letting them know that I'm looking at them?"

Mr. Baker rose from his place at the desk.

"I'll take you," he said, "we'll act as if we're going to see one of the club rooms on the other side of the building."

WE went out through the one door that led into the room that had been used as an employment bureau. And as we walked across the room I glanced at the faces of the ones who were waiting for their chance to see the doctors. They were sitting on long benches, and all the misery in the world was sitting beside them.

The pity of it was that most of them were young—younger than I am! There were not many old faces—they were all at the age when they should have been starting out valiantly on life's journey. There were white-lipped girls, and haggard boys, there were young men and women.

I walked in front of them. And as I walked in front of them I saw that some were watching me and that others were not aware of me at all. The ones who watched me were wondering, I could tell, whether I was one of them. Some of them seemed vaguely to resent my presence, and I could not exactly blame them. And others looked through me with a ghostly, phantom-haunted gaze. I was glad when the walk across the room had ended, glad to be away from those vague, tormented eyes. As we gained the inner room Mr. Baker spoke.

"Perhaps you can understand now," he said gently, "why we wanted to help."

It was a moment before I could answer. And then——

"Yes, I can understand!" I told him.

And as I went away from the Bowery Mission I knew that its newest work might develop into its greatest work!

The Island of Faith

Continued from page 53

upon her rosy cheeks and he had made a laughing reference to her wide eyes. And he had asked her, gruffly, why she didn't take up with some feller like himself—"a good provider, an' all, that'd doll her up the way she'd oughter be dolled up?" And when Ella had interrupted, her dark eyes flashing, he had told her—with a burst of soul-chilling profanity—to mind her own business.

And then pa had come in, more drunk than usual. And Rose-Marie had seen his bleary eyes pass, without a flicker of interest, over his wife's clean apron and freshly washed hair; had seen him throw his coat and his empty bottle into one of the newly dusted corners, had seen his collapse into a heap in the center of the room. And, last of all, as she had hurried away, with Jim's final insinuation ringing in her ears, she had known the fear that all was not well with Bennie—for Bennie came in, every afternoon, before she left. She could not know that Bennie, by this time a budding Boy Scout, was learning more lessons of the sort that she had taught him.

YES, she was weary, in every fiber of her being, as she sat down to supper that night. She had it quite alone in the dining-room which, all at once, seemed very large, for the Superintendent was sitting, somewhere, with a dying woman, and the Young Doctor had been called out on an emergency case. And then, still alone, she wandered into the library of the Settlement House and picked up a book. She felt, somehow, too tired to sleep, too utterly exhausted to lay her head upon her pillow. It was in the library that the Superintendent, coming wearily back from the watch with death, found her.

"My dear," said the Superintendent, and there was a sound of tears in her usually steady voice, "My dear, I'm about all in! Yes, I know it's slang, but I can't help it—I feel slangy! Come up to my sitting-room for a few minutes and we'll have a cup of hot chocolate!"

Rose-Marie laid down her book with alacrity. She realized, suddenly, that she wanted companionship of her own sort, that she longed with all of her soul to chat with some one who did not murder the queen's English, that she wanted to exchange commonplaces about books, and music, and beautiful things—things that the Volskys would not understand.

"I guess," she said, as she followed the Superintendent into the cozy sitting-room, "I guess that tiredness is in the air today. I'm 'all in,' myself. A cup of chocolate and a friendly talk will be a godsend to me, this evening!"

The Superintendent was laying aside her coat and her hat. She smoothed her hair with a nervous hand, and straightened her linen collar, before she sank into an easy chair.

"Child," she said abruptly, "you shouldn't be tired—not ever! You've got youth, and all of the world at your feet. You've got beauty, and confidence, and faith. And I—well, I'm getting to be an old woman! I feel sometimes as if I've been sitting on the windowsill, watching life go by, for centuries. You mustn't—" She paused, and there was a sudden change in her voice, "You're not tiring yourself, Rose-Marie? You're not doing more than your strength will permit? If you could have read the letter that your aunts sent to me, when you first came to the Settlement House! I tell you, child, I've felt my responsibility keenly! I'd no more think of letting you brush up against the sort of facts that I'm facing, than I would——"

SHE was interrupted by a rap upon the door. It was a gentle rap, but it was, above all, a masculine one. There was real gladness on her face as she rose to answer it.

"I didn't expect Billy Blanchard—he thought he had an all-night case," she told Rose-Marie, "How nice!"

But Rose-Marie was rising to her feet.

"I don't think that I'll stay," she said hurriedly, "I'm too tired, after all! I think——"

The Superintendent had paused in her progress to the door. Her voice was surprisingly firm, of a sudden; firmer than Rose-Marie had ever heard it.

"No, my dear," said the Superintendent, "you're not too tired! You just don't want to be civil to a very fine boy—who has had a harder day than either of us. You came to the slums, Rose-Marie, to help people—to show that you were a Christian. I think that you can show it, tonight, by forgetting a silly quarrel that happened weeks ago—by forgetting the words Dr. Blanchard said that he never really meant, inside. If he thought that these people weren't worth it, do you suppose he'd stay here, at the Settlement House, for a mere pittance? He's had many a chance to go to fashionable hospitals, uptown!"

Rose-Marie, bewildered, and not a little ashamed, sank back into her seat as the Superintendent swung open the door.

The Young Doctor came in with a springing step, but there were gray lines that spoke of extreme fatigue about his mouth, and his eyes were darkly circled. His surprise, at the sight of Rose-Marie, was evident—though he tried to hide it by the breeziness of his manner.

"You'll be glad to know," he told the Superintendent, "that the stork has called on the Stefan family. It's a boy—nine pounds—with lots of dark hair. There have been three girls, in the Stefan family," he explained to Rose-Marie, "and so they are wild with joy at this latest addition. Papa Stefan is strutting about like a proud turkey, with his chest out. And Mamma Stefan is trying to sing a lullaby. I feel something like a tool in the hand of Providence, tonight!" He threw himself down, bravely, upon the sofa.

THERE was deep, motherly affection in the Superintendent's face as she smiled at him.

"We're all of us mental and physical wrecks this evening, Billy!" she said, "I think that I've never been so utterly worn out before. Katie" (Katie was the stolid maid) "is making chocolate for us!"

"Chocolate!" The Young Doctor's glance answered the affection that shone out of the Superintendent's face—"You *are* a dear!" He smiled at her, and then—all at once—turned swiftly to Rose-Marie.

"Don't let's squabble, tonight," he said childishly, "not about anything! We're dog tired, all three of us, and we're not up to even a tiny quarrel. I'm willing to admit anything you want me to—even that I'm wrong on a lot of subjects. And I want you to admit, yourself, that you'd rather be here, with the two of us, than out in some den of iniquity—reforming people. Am I right?"

Rose-Marie felt a glow of friendship toward the Young Doctor. Why couldn't he always be like this—confiding and boyish and approachable? She smiled at him, very sweetly, as she answered.

"You're right," she admitted. "I'm afraid that I haven't the heart to think of reforming anyone, this evening! I'm just glad—glad from the very soul of me—to be here with you all, in the very center of this—island!"

The Superintendent's face was puzzled—the Superintendent's eyes were vague—as she asked a question.

"You said—*island?*" she questioned.

Rose-Marie laughed with a shade of embarrassment.

"I didn't really mean to say island," she explained, "but—well, you remember what Dr. Blanchard told us, once, about the little bugs that fastened together—first one and then another until there were billions? And how, at last, they made an island?"

She paused and, at their nods of assent, went on. "Ever since then," she told them slowly, "I've thought of us, here at the Settlement House, as the first little bugs—the ones that the others must hold to. And I've felt, though many of them don't realize it, *though we hardly realize it ourselves*, that

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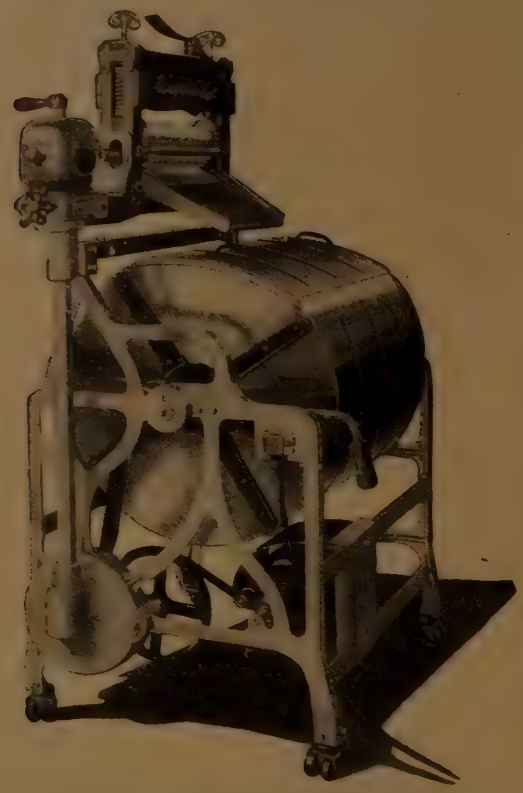

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THERE was silence for a moment. And then the Young Doctor spoke. His voice was a trifle husky.

"You've made me more than a bit ashamed of myself, Miss Rose-Marie," he said, "and I want to thank you for putting a real symbolism into my chance words. After all—" suddenly he laughed, and then—"After all," he said, "I wouldn't be surprised if you are right! I had a curious experience, this afternoon, that would go to prove your theory."

The Superintendent was leaning back, shielding her eyes from the light. "Tell us about your experience, Billy," she said.

The chocolate had come, and the Young Doctor took an appreciative sip before he answered.

"Just as I was going out, this afternoon," he said, at last, "I ran into a dirty little boy, in the hall. He was fondling a kitten—that thin gray one that you brought to the Settlement House, Miss Rose-Marie. I asked him what he was doing and he told me that he was hunting for a Scout Club that he'd heard about. I—" the Young Doctor chuckled, "I engaged him in conversation. And he told me that his ambition was to be a combination of St. George and King Arthur and all the rest of those fellows. He said that, some day, he wanted to be a good husband and father. When I asked him where he got his large ambitions he told me that a lady had given them to him."

Rose-Marie was leaning forward. "Did he tell you the lady's name?" she breathed.

The Young Doctor shook his head.

"Not a thing did he tell me!" said the Young Doctor dramatically. "The lady's name seemed to be something in the nature of a sacred trust to him. But his big dark eyes were full of the spirit that she'd given him. And his funny little crooked mouth was—" He paused, suddenly, his gaze fixed upon Rose-Marie. "What's the matter," he queried, "What's the matter? You look as if somebody's just left you a million dollars!"

Rose-Marie's face was flushed and radiant. Her eyes were deep wells of joy.

"I have every reason in the world," she said softly, "to be happy!" And she was too absorbed in her own thoughts to realize that a sudden cloud had crept across the brightness of the Young Doctor's face.

(*To be continued*)

Proud to Speak English

How Minnesota Children Are Americanizing Their Parents

By MARIE CANEL

IN ORDER to make English instead of Finnish the predominating language in certain rural communities of Minnesota, in order to take the place of the night schools which would be impractical in these isolated districts and in order to bring Americanization right into the homes, St. Louis county has adopted an original and laudable method of Americanization in its rural schools. It has won the praise and appreciation of school superintendents in other states, of parents and teachers, and of city and state officials.

It is the Speak-English campaign being conducted by the little children in the county rural schools. Prior to the launching of this campaign three-fourths of the people in the rural districts of the county talked Finnish always; they spoke to their children in Finnish continually, they did their purchasing at Finnish stores or places employing Finnish help and even on the school grounds Finnish was the one language.

But now these conditions are no more. There are over 2,800 little Speak-English workers in these rural schools, and after the dishes are cleared away at night the Little Teachers get their primers out and begin teaching their parents their daily lessons.

THOSE enrolling in the campaign sign the following pledge: "We, the undersigned, believe that to be true Americans we must speak the language of America. We therefore pledge ourselves to speak the English language at home and at school as far as possible and to encourage and teach others to do the same."

Then their enrollments are mailed to Miss Stella Smith, of the county superintendent's office, who sends a large poster with the names of the pledges on little red, white and blue shields. Those enrolling are also sent buttons upon which is printed, "We Speak English."

The success of the campaign has been almost phenomenal. The children are constantly encouraged by the county superintendent's office and are now working to have their parents become American citizens.

Every day brings to Miss Smith thumb-marked letters from the little enthusiasts. A few of these letters will show you the real spirit of these little Finnish girls and boys in the farmhouses of Minnesota and how they are working for 100 per cent. Americanism.

A little fourteen-year-old writes: "I am teaching my mother as much English as I possibly can. She always takes the newspaper and I tell her the meaning and pronunciation of the hard words. She could not read at all last year and now she can read quite well. I am going to teach her how to do better, for all those who can speak English in my school have pledged themselves to make the Speak-English campaign a success."

A letter from a ten-year-old says: "I am a member of the Speak-English campaign and have been trying to do my part in teaching my father to read and speak English. My father read three books during the last month.

"One day I was in my father's store and a man asked in Finnish if I'd give him some candy. I said, 'Speak English and I'll give you some.' The man blushed but said nothing. One day I was talking with a girl about seventeen years old. She was talking to someone else in Finnish. I showed her my Speak-English button and said, 'I speak English.' The girl blushed and said, 'English is right. I'm going to speak it from now on.'"

ANOTHER spirited little worker writes: "I have tried to do my best in teaching English and I think I have succeeded. I have taught two men to read and when I talk to the men in the American language they answer me correctly. These two men are working for us so I taught them because I couldn't teach my parents as they always speak English. They were eager to learn and I told them that if they learned to read English they would make better citizens and Uncle Sam would be proud of them."

One of the rural teachers writes: "When visiting the many homes in my district recently I found out things that you'll be pleased to hear about. The mothers spoke English to me! And they told me how glad they were to think that their children have come to realize their short-comings and to be so interested in them. The youngsters help their parents continually by speaking English and teaching them.

"The children, or Little Teachers, were not always able to define the words, so the mothers asked me. I have distributed the posters. My pupils sent a pledge to your office some time ago in which they pledged to speak and teach English. As my older pupils were signing it, a beginner walked up to me with damp eyes and asked: 'Teacher, may I write? I read to my father in the evening.' This was little Ilmar Pust, aged five. The same spirit was shown throughout the class. They are all enthusiastic about this Speak-English campaign."

Promotion in the Kingdom

International Sunday-School Lesson for January 23
Matt. 20: 17-28

By LUTHER DENNY WHITTEMORE, Litt. D.

THE passage assigned for study in this lesson marks a distinct transition in Matthew's narrative. Up to this point the interest of the reader has been centered in the work and words of Jesus in their relation to the events which He and His disciples saw and in which they were conspicuous participants; but now a keen anticipation is excited, and if it were possible for us to forget for the moment all that we know about the sequel, we should share with the disciples' feelings of uncertainty and apprehension, and possibly of selfish expectation, believing, as perhaps they believed, that if the emergency predicted should appear, Jesus would be delivered from His enemies rather than delivered unto them.

How much material for thought the writer has condensed within these few lines! The words themselves seem scarcely sufficient to give a synopsis of the actual occurrence, but so fitly are they chosen that they produce a vivid mental picture with wonderful detail: the Master forewarning His disciples concerning the suffering which He was soon to bear; the discordant note of Salome's ambition for the promotion of her sons; Jesus' gentle rebuke of this unseasonable request; the jealous indignation of the ten disciples whose hopes would be frustrated if James and John should have the highest places; and finally the marvelous declaration of the principles on which preferment in the Kingdom of Heaven depends.

How clearly Matthew shows what at that critical moment filled the minds of the individuals composing this group by whose decisions all future history was to be determined! and how oblivious were all of them, except Jesus alone, of the fact that they then occupied a pivotal point in human history! For the third time Jesus endeavored to impress upon the reluctant minds of His companions the thought of His impending death and resurrection. Quick to catch at favorable suggestions, James and John, vaguely conscious that some great change was imminent, were occupied with practical plans for personal advantage in the readjustment of their world, while feelings far from brotherly darkened the understanding of their fellow-disciples who had not yet learned to practice the Golden Rule.

REALIZING, as we must, the immeasurable distance between the visionary hopes of the disciples and the stern certainty which Jesus faced, we can only wonder at the Divine patience and the gentleness with which He used the situation to reaffirm in even stronger terms the conditions of membership and promotion in His kingdom, in which all worldly standards were to be reversed. Here Jesus went beyond the Golden Rule; for doing to others as we would have others do to us implies a relationship of equality and a generous rivalry in well-doing; whereas, assuming the place of a minister or servant implies a humility in which self-interest is absolutely lacking.

Nowhere else, and by no other person, has the fundamentally social character of the Gospel message been more clearly stated. What philosopher or teacher, before the time of Christ or since, has based a system of the philosophy of conduct upon the doctrine that salvation belongs not to him who seeks it for himself, but to him who seeks it for another? Or who else revealed the precious truth that heaven is not a far-off place where in a time far distant, rewards will be apportioned to those whose good deeds are sufficiently meritorious; but that the Kingdom of Heaven is present in the heart of every one who loves the heavenly Father and who, in obedience to His will, gives his life in loving service. The religion which Jesus taught and practiced is not manifested in an isolated life of self-satisfied contemplation, but in a life of action; for faith without works is dead, and the works which are acceptable are the deeds of love and kindness such as were the works of Jesus when He went about doing good.

The situation in the world today may be compared with that in which the disciples found themselves when they were accompanying Jesus on that eventful last journey to Jerusalem. Not for three short years, but for more than nineteen hundred years the teachings of Jesus have been known and in a measure understood; but even now there are some, perhaps many, called disciples, who think that the social gospel is an ideal which is unattainable in practical affairs. The world is not yet ready, they say, for the introduction of a program so radical as that of Christianity. But how can the way be prepared for Christianity except through the imitation of Christ? Jesus did not advocate an impossible ideal, but one which He Himself had tried. His doctrine that greatness is not attained by the exercise of authority but by self-giving was not based on theory but on experience. Observation verifies the fact that self-sacrifice is not merely a lofty sentiment but a law of nature, a law which can not be disregarded by an individual or by a nation without disaster.

As a direct consequence of the violation of this law, one of the greatest crises of the world's history has been precipitated. At such a time it behooves all Christians to renew their allegiance to Christ and to express their loyalty by action in accordance with their creed.

THE earthly Jesus did not appeal at first to the rulers of the governments of His time to adopt His politics on a grand scale; but He chose individuals from humble life to exemplify in their personal relations the principles of Christianity, and this has always been His method, placing responsibility upon ordinary men and women. "In a democracy," says Dr. Kent, "no citizen, however humble, is exempt from this responsibility. As has been truly said, 'Democracy is the political expression of the Golden Rule.' As interpreted by Jesus, it means not only the rule of the people, by the people, for the people, but also that each citizen is working as earnestly for the interests of his fellow-citizens as he is for his own, and that he is in turn the object of their constant consideration and care. Jesus set forth in clearest terms the basal democratic principle that the only valid ground for public honor and preferment is individual service in behalf of society. . . . The real aristocrats are those who give their best and all, whether it be much or little, to the commonwealth."

As the self-sacrifice of Jesus moved His disciples to devotion to His ideals in their own time, so the self-giving of those who in our time have imitated Jesus, should be a powerful incentive and inspiration to give practical effectiveness to the principles of Christianity in present-day affairs. That this may be done it is needful, as one has said, not only to study the Bible to find out what Jesus and the apostles did, but to study our own times and the conditions which prevail now, so as to discover where and how we may each individually make our offering of intelligent service. In this way we may show our loyalty to Christ Himself and help to make the Kingdom of Heaven a reality on earth today. To teach this lesson is perhaps the chief obligation of the Sunday school.

a. What are some of the hindrances to the practical application of the Gospel teachings to present-day affairs?

b. How may an organization composed of individuals, such as a family, a church, a college, a community, or a nation become Christian?

c. Is self-sacrifice in the Christian sense contrary to, or in accordance with, personal satisfaction?

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"OF *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * * *

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was orginally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six. Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can tell the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after ing around in the dark for so many years, able to switch the big searchlight on your mind—and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it is about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up the name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, of the John E. Price Co., Seattle, Wash. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months".

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

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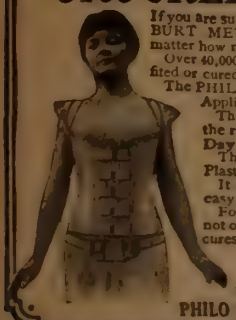
THE BOOK DEPARTMENT X4

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

CROOKED SPINES STRAIGHTENED



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THE HOME

Conducted by
MARIE LYNDALL DARRACH

Adventures of the Food Family—Gelatine

MOTHER and Jane had made a little excursion to the Lighthouse storeroom to assemble a few members of the food family for the Gilson's Sunday dinner and Jane called attention to the packages of gelatine.

"I'm certainly grateful for this little food friend," mother said, as she selected a small paper box from the top shelf. "Each one of these packages makes enough jelly for all five of us. I know of nothing more satisfactory or inexpensive for dessert in the winter, especially when it is combined with a few simple ingredients, that often change its appearance completely."

At the dinner-table next day, the gelatine was the topic of conversation.

"There was a day long ago," remarked Mother, "when the gelatine of commerce was not a very superior thing. But that old-time sulphured, analine-dyed, artificially flavored gelatine would not dare show its face among the present day gelatines, in which natural flavors have taken the place of artificial products, and harmless vegetable colors are used instead of the old analine dyes."

"The Government demands that gelatine shall contain at least eighty-four per cent. of protein and not more than two per cent. of mineral substances," Father added, "but most of the food value of the prepared gelatine is due to the sugar. In its make-up it is about four-fifths sugar and one-fifth protein."

"There are several brands of the gelatine family now traveling about," resumed Mother, "and each has some special feature to recommend it. One kind is plain and unmixed with any flavoring or sugar and is over four-fifths protein. It dissolves in two seconds and is made into a jelly of perfect consistency with a quart of boiling water in two hours' time. This brand is most desirable as a foundation for fish loaves and jellied soups."

"Gelatine may end its adventures at the beginning or end of a meal then," laughed Father, "but to my way of thinking it is ideal as a dessert, as it is light and not too sweet, delicate and not too nutritious, thus making a fitting close to a heavy meal."

"That is true," agreed Mother, "and especially is it good for children. It melts and runs down their throats, it is chilled without being frozen, and has a sweet taste without an undue amount of sugar. It is easy to make and that certainly is an added advantage. There are only a few simple rules to follow. Everyone knows that a rubbery gelatine is a gelatine gone wrong. It should quiver or it is not what it should be. In using fruit, nuts, meat or fish with it, the liquid should be allowed to set slightly before adding them. Putting a thin layer of the fruit or meats on the bottom, then pouring some of the gelatine over it and putting it on the ice to congeal and then a little later, repeating this process and continuing till the mold is full gives the most satisfactory results, though it is a little more trouble. It is a good plan to rub the mold with oil or rinse it with cold water before filling with the mixture. In this way there will be no danger of the jelly losing its shape when turned out."

A Batch of Lighthouse Recipes

COFFEE JELLY

FOUR cupfuls of strong black coffee to which has been added one teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of salt are needed. Into this mixture is poured the instant gelatine, and a most satisfactory dessert to be served with whipped cream is the result. From this foundation a caramel jelly can be made or one to which chopped dates is added.

FRENCH FRUIT PUDDING

Chop one cupful of beef suet to a powder, adding a tablespoonful of flour as you chop it. Add one cupful of sour milk and half a cupful of dark molasses. Then stir in two cupfuls of flour, sifted with one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking soda, one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and cloves and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat well and add one cupful of chopped seeded raisins, three-quarters of a cupful of currants, and a quarter of a cupful of chopped nut meats, sprinkled with half a cupful of flour. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, pour into a well-greased mold and steam four hours. Serve with foamy sauce.

CHOCOLATE AND NUT PUDDING

Mix three tablespoonfuls of chocolate or cocoa with three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, half a cupful of sugar and a pinch of salt. Moisten with half a cupful of milk and cook in a double boiler for ten minutes. Stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, stirring constantly. Let it cook for another minute. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and half a cupful of chopped walnut meats. Cool slightly and divide into individual molds and chill. When ready to serve top each portion with a little whipped cream.

A WINTER SALAD

This attractive salad consists of green peppers parboiled or the canned red ones, stuffed with cream cheese and chilled. Chopped parsley and nuts may be mixed with the cheese for flavor. When very cold they may be sliced and placed on lettuce leaves. If the green and red peppers are used together it makes a very good-looking salad as well as a delicious tasting one.

PRUNE AND APPLE TART

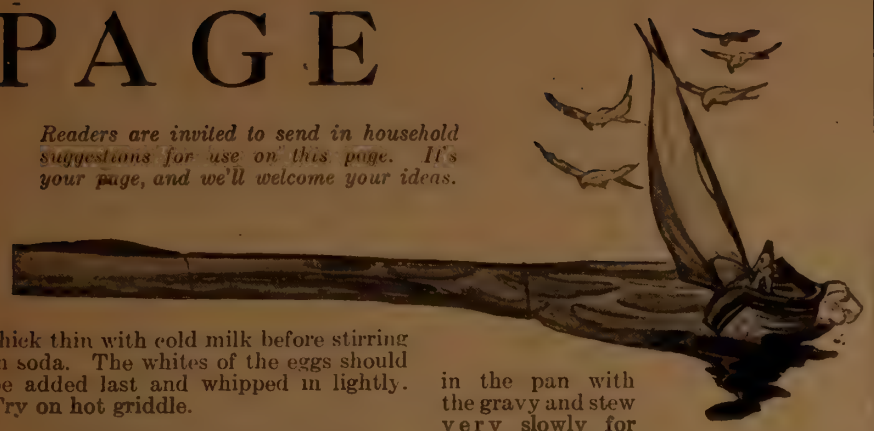
Fill a deep baking dish with a layer of sliced apples, of sugar and of well-washed prunes. Cover with pastry and brush over with milk. Bake in a moderately hot over for three-quarters of an hour or until the juice boils out of the pie. Sprinkle over with sugar and serve with cream.

CORNMEAL HOT CAKES

One quart boiling milk, two cupfuls of white Indian meal, one scant cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately. Scald the meal over night with the hot milk. Put this with the butter and sugar. Cover and let it stand until morning. Add the yolks of the eggs, the salt and flour. If the butter is too

PAGE

Readers are invited to send in household suggestions for use on this page. It's your page, and we'll welcome your ideas.



thick thin with cold milk before stirring in soda. The whites of the eggs should be added last and whipped in lightly. Fry on hot griddle.

CREAMED CALF'S LIVER

Use butter substitute for frying one pound of liver cut in thin slices, and seasoned with pepper and salt. Cook eighteen minutes until it is nicely browned. Remove from the pan and place on a hot platter and to the gravy add one sliced onion and let it cook one minute. Stir in one tablespoonful of flour until it begins to froth. Then draw the pan back and gradually add one pint of milk and cook a minute or two, stirring all the time. Replace the liver in the pan with the gravy and stew very slowly for five minutes longer.

CHICKEN CREOLE

Clean and cut up a young chicken, sprinkle with salt and pepper and fry. With a small piece of butter fry one slice of onion and add a tablespoonful of flour, browning slightly. To this add two red peppers cut fine, one cupful of tomatoes; one-half of a chopped green pepper and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Stir and boil until the sauce is smooth. Add the chicken and simmer for fifteen minutes.

Making a Hand-Bag

WHERE a hand bag is to be lined, the strongest and best finish for the top edge is secured by sewing the outer fabric and the lining together on the wrong side, on the sewing-machine, the first thing. Other seams—the last side seam for example—can be sewed by hand inside, if necessary. But the top receives the hardest wear and must therefore be the most durable. The casing must also be reinforced as there is much wear in the pulling in and out of the strings and as large a casing as possible even for narrow strings, should be used to avoid this friction.

An extra strip should be sewed on the casing when the bag is made, as it will only have to be added later when the first signs of wear at that place begin to appear.

Rings sewed on the outside of the bag furnish a practical way to avoid this trouble with casing that wears through so quickly.

Beading a Blouse

TO bead a blouse or gown easily, trace a design with a soft lead pencil on tissue paper. Then baste the tissue paper with the pattern on the portion of the garment to be ornamented and bead right over the tissue paper on the lead pencil tracings. When it is completely beaded the tissue paper and bastings are removed in an instant.

This method makes it possible to bead any design that strikes one's fancy, as a pattern may be traced from a newspaper or magazine that would suggest itself only to a person who wished something original instead of the ordinary designs sold with fashion papers.

The Gilsons' Mail-Bag

DEAR *Lady of the Lighthouse:*

I make a fruit pudding using gelatine which you may perhaps like to know about. I soak one package of gelatine in three-quarters of a cupful of cold water for five minutes. Then put a pint of milk in a double boiler, and add one and a half squares of chocolate which have been melted; or five tablespoonsful of cocoa stirred to a paste with a little water may be used instead. When the scalding point has been reached add one cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt and the soaked gelatine. Remove from the fire and when the mixture begins to thicken add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, one cupful of seeded raisins, one-half cupful of dates and one-fourth cupful of sliced citron or nuts.

Turn into a mold and chill and serve with whipped cream, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla. E. L. B.

Greenbrae, Oregon.

S. O. S. Flashes to Housewives

COFFEE will be better if one or two cupfuls are poured off and back again just before serving.

When packing pictures place a bit of cork at each corner of the frames between each two.

To prevent splashing when frying meat, sprinkle a little fat in the pan before putting in the meat.

When making starch, pour the cold starch into the hot water and a great deal of time will be saved. Also if it is stirred with a paraffine candle it will be unusually clear.

When wall-paper becomes soiled, put a tablespoonful of vinegar in a quart of lukewarm water, and wring a rag out very dry and go over the soiled places.

A cloth dampened with kerosene removes dirt from the rubber rolls of the clothes-wringer like magic.

To remove ink from the carpet, pour a little turpentine into a saucer, and into it shave some white soap. Stir until the liquid is applied; before the ink dries the spots will disappear immediately. It would be well to keep a small supply of it in a bottle always on hand.

If white material has become mildewed to such a degree that soaking in sour milk has no effect, a thick paste of table salt and butter may be put on the spots and the cloth laid in the hot sun, until they disappear.

In washing any delicate material with gasoline, if salt is added there will be no stain left at the edges of the washed parts.

Broiled green peppers make a delicious finishing touch to a steak or to braized beef.

Flat silver may be cleaned in the water in which potatoes have been boiled.

Push small brass-headed tacks into the lower corners of picture-frames. It will prevent the picture from marking the wall and also permit of a circulation of air behind it.

Buy cautiously at the bargain counter. The half or a third yard extra on the remnant is worth little to you unless you have use for it.

"Just Look What's Coming!"

If you ask the children, "What do you think is nicest for dessert?" you will get the answer: "Ice cream and Jell-O," or "Jell-O and ice cream."

It doesn't matter that the two are not at all alike. Either satisfies the craving for something that "touches the spot."

Ask the mother upon whom devolves the work of preparing the dessert which of the two she would choose for the children, and she will say: "I prefer Jell-O for the children, for they like it as well as ice cream, and it is better for them as a general thing."

In homes of wealth and culture, where the children's diet is carefully selected, and in homes where mothers with equal care prepare the food for the whole family, the favorite dish for the young folks is

JELL-O

There seems to be nothing else that so completely fills every requirement of a perfect dessert for children and grown-ups alike as Jell-O does.

It can be made into a surprisingly great variety of forms for dinners, luncheons and afternoon teas. The most bewitching things which Jell-O "demonstrators" show in their exhibits at food shows and the department stores can be made in perfection by any housewife—even by the young bride who cannot cook.

Just now Jell-O salads are especially popular. Dainty individual salads and entrees are moulded in teacups, small moulds or anything available for the purpose. To the housewife who has wished a hundred times that her salads might be made to look good as well as taste good, the Jell-O way is a revelation.

The new Jell-O Book, just out, describes new things in Jell-O: Beauty salads and plain ones—whips, knickknacks and dainties of almost unlimited variety. Recipes for every-day salads and desserts are given first place in it, of course, and particularly the new things in fruity Jell-O desserts. It is the finest of Jell-O books. A copy will be sent to you free if you will send us your name and address.

Jell-O is put up in six flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. To be had at any grocer's or any general store, **2** packages for **25** cents.

The flavors are pure fruit flavors, of course, and the full strength of the flavors is preserved by the air-tight waxed-paper "Safety Bags" enclosing Jell-O inside the carton.

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Preferred Stocks—Their Advantages

By LUTHER D. FERNALD

Treasurer of the Christian Herald

PERHAPS the simplest distinction of preferred stocks is that they are *preferred* over common stocks, both as to priority of dividend payments, and as to any distribution of assets. Preferred stock holders are preferred partners, with superior rights, in the business.

Their rights are secondary to those of the bond-holders, if any, because the bond-holders are creditors of the company—entitled to the repayment of the money they have lent, with annual interest in the interim—and no more. Preferred stock is a continuous investment, except where the company is permitted to re-purchase it. Of course, when the company has no bonds outstanding, the preferred stock enjoys the conspicuously strong position.

The modern preferred stock has a very valuable feature not found in the older forms. Nowadays, the dividends are *cumulative*—if for any reason, the quarterly or semi-annual dividends are deferred, they must be made up before any payments can be made on the common stock. In other days, when a company had a year of poor profits, preferred stock dividends might be passed, but in a following year of large profits, the preferred would receive only the fixed annual dividends, while the common stock could receive larger dividends.

Under the modern plan, there is every incentive for the holders of the common stock to see that preferred dividends are paid regularly and in full, as otherwise there is no chance of common stock dividends being paid. Usually, no dividends are paid out on common stock until enough surplus earnings have accumulated to provide at least one year's dividends on the preferred stock, thus assuring preferred dividends even in a period of depression.

While secondary in rank to bonds, preferred stock enjoys one distinct advantage over bonds for the small investor—the dividends are exempt from the normal federal income tax, while bonds are only partially exempted, and in some cases not at all. Since the company pays a federal tax on its profits, the dividends (representing a distribution of these profits) are exempted from the normal income taxes of 4 per cent. and 8 per cent. This amounts to complete exemption from income tax for the person of moderate income.

The income tax blanks required for ordinary bonds are not required in connection with dividends; the company's dividend check, mailed to the investor, is simply cashed like any other check.

A feature of interest to small investors is the convenience of investing $100 or multiples of $100 at any time, as stock can be bought and sold one or more shares at a time. Instead of waiting to accumulate larger amounts, one share of stock can be purchased whenever $100 is available, and interest received from the day of investment. As the company makes a single dividend payment to each name, one dividend check would cover fifty single-share purchases. At any time, however, all the separate shares can be consolidated into one certificate, if desired.

At the present time, the average yield of sound preferred stocks is about 7 per cent. Good preferred stocks which are not subject to retirement represent an excellent opportunity for the investor to secure a *permanent* yield of 7 per cent., regardless of the drop in general interest rates to their former much lower annual yield.

Free Booklets for Investors

A number of interesting and valuable investment booklets have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these booklets free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for the booklets by number. Address correspondence to 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc., Ask for Booklet No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Booklet No. 2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Booklets 4, 5 and 6 for city real estate bonds, and Booklets 7, 8 and 9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Booklet 11.

To invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Booklet 13.

Liberty Bonds—Booklet No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Long-term railroad bonds of the New York Central, Pennsylvania and other leading railroads, yielding from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. at present prices, are featured in Booklet 21

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds, due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent present prices, are featured in Booklet 30.

H. J. Heinz Co. 7 per cent. gold notes, in denominations of $1,000, $500 and $100, at a price to yield 7½ per cent. for ten years, are described in Booklet 33. The net earnings available for interest charges for the past four years have averaged five times the annual interest charge on these notes.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested, write for details.

"Ye Must Be Born Again"

Continued from page 56

that, He means that such a thing can be done.

And isn't that the encouraging part of the whole life of Christian principle? There is a power, a love, a breath of heaven, a blessed influence, call it what you will, it is nothing less than God's own might working in a soul, which can so change that soul's purposes and activities that what was once a stream of foul evil becomes a fountain of pure goodness; what once cursed Christ, blesses Him; what once scoffed at faith, now prays in all humility; what once denied God's Fatherhood, now claims with happy tears the right to be called His son. The world of sin in this man's soul has not been doctored a little or mended in broken places; it has been most completely overhauled and turned upside down in the process of regeneration.

Local treatment won't reach the seat of soul disease. Men have tried it and always failed. Sin is a chronic complaint, not a sympathetic affection. *Christ didn't die for the moral dyspepsia of humanity; He died for the heart disease of the world.*

The thought I would leave with you is the encouraging thought that the evil of *your* life can be cured. Christ demands a good deal of me, you may say. True, and you ought to be glad of it. You don't want to be in any half-cured condition. You want to be made whole. You ought to be thankful that there is something in the world that can turn men upside down and make them thoroughly uncomfortable in their sins. This makes Christianity, not a sentimental philanthropy, but a rugged, honest, sturdy, divine enemy of sin for humanity's sake. Christ's face is turned full at man, all love and compassion even in man's sinful rejection of the better uses of life. All the more, then, is He to demand that men turn to Him and live the demand which requires nothing less than the entire soul transformed—thoroughly from evil to good, through Divine grace that it is born again.

Young People's Topics for January 23

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

What Is Real Religion?

E. L. James I : 19–27. John 17 : 3

JAMES in the first reference says: "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." John, in our second reference, says, "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent." True religion, then, is to know Jesus Christ and do the will of God as revealed so perfectly in and through Jesus Christ.

True religion is prayer followed by practice. It is not debating, but doing. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Our creed may be interesting but our deed is always convincing. True religion is not what a man says but what he does. The proper function of teaching and preaching is not to tell people how things ought to be done, but to show people how things are done. It is not so much instruction, as it is revelation.

Those who hear and obey are few in number in comparison with those who see and imitate. "The tree is known by its fruit." Individuals and institutions are judged by what they accomplish rather than the promises they make concerning their ability to do. True religion is related to the things of everyday life. The Son of God sends us, even as the Father sent Him, on errands of mercy, help and service meeting the needs of humanity in every sphere of thought and endeavor.

Missionary Results in Asia

C. E. Isa. 52 : 7–15

CHRISTIANITY and the missionary ideal are closely related. You can no more separate the Gospel and the missionary program than you can take the wetness from water, the sweetness from sugar or the sound from noise. The Church was not always alert to its opportunity and obligation to those in the foreign field. But the Church is now "catching up" with its Divine purpose. It is surely going into "all the world." It is studying bigger maps. It is making up for lost time. It is "redeeming the time" wasted. To say that Asia is responding to the Gospel of the Grace of God is a commonplace statement.

Read your denominational literature and you will be in possession of the most significant and thrilling current event of the day. The nations are ready for our Christ and the Christian thought and endeavor we have to offer. The response is one of the miracles of the twentieth century. Heathenism is doomed. Idols are being destroyed and fetish temples demolished. The universal prayer is still: "Sirs, we would see Jesus." Jesus Christ is the only Hope and Light for Asia. Everything else has failed. The Christ and his Gospel never fails. It never has; it never will. Read up on Asia, and bring your findings to the meeting, each member one item of how the missionary cause has conquered. Thus you will have an evening worth-while, spiritually and mentally.

Accomplishments and Possibilities

B. Y. P. U. Phil. 3 : 7–14

"NOT that I have already attained." You will find this phrase in the twelfth verse of the Scripture reference. There are new worlds to conquer. There are higher peaks to reach. There are wider horizons of achievements. Make this meeting a forum for the exchange of ideas, ways and means, plans and programs for the better progress and more efficient endeavors of the local society. Put the Union on a business basis. Hence the council of department heads and membership. All big business and captains of industry have a "get together" period from time to time. Why not a religious society?

We need more religion in our business. True. We also need more business in our religion. "Let everything be done decently and in order." This is good business sense and it is Scripture truth. Bring your ideas and ideals and talk them out in meeting. Give your initiative and organizing ability and talent for leadership an opportunity.

An individual or an organization without a program is not good logic. Your society may need money for carrying out its plans, but without ideas for the raising of funds, no plans will ever mature. Ideas must precede everything else. You may exchange with me dollar bills. Then you have a dollar and I have a dollar. We are no better off. You have an idea and I have an idea. We swap. Then you have two ideas and I have two ideas. "Wanted—men and women with ideas."

The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer, or an acknowledgment of answered prayer thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

PRAYER Circles throughout the country are unitedly pleading that the New Year may witness a great revival and an ingathering of souls.

Dr. James M. Gray, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, has issued a call for a Christian Workers' gathering, to be held during "Founder's Week" at the Institute, February 1 to 5 inclusive. He announces it as a conference, not so much for teaching and preaching, as "for prayer for the filling of the Spirit, and for revival among the people of God everywhere." The prayer leader will be Mr. Thomas E. Stephens, of the Great Commission Prayer League. Among the speakers expected are: Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas; Mr. Chas. G. Trumbull, recently returned from China; Dr. R. A. Torrey, Dean of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles; Rev. A. C. Dixon; Rev. Dr. Scarborough, president of the Southwestern Baptist Seminary, Fort Worth, Tex.; Rev. A. C. Latham, of Chester, Pa.; Rev. Dr. Woolston, of Philadelphia; and others.

"One Who Has Faith in Prayer," writes from Libertyville, Ill.: "Some time ago I wrote to you and requested that you remember my mother in a prayer, that her health might be restored. I wish to say that she is improving in health and will be well again. It is just another example of our Father's love for us."

Mrs. J. M. P., Broadway, N. C., also asks prayers for a revival in her church and "that the Lord will send us a pastor who will rightly fit our needs."

Mrs. C. G. B. writes: "I wish to send together with my offering, a request for prayer for this community (Curtis, Wash.) which is without an organized church; a small and poorly attended Sunday school is all the religious gathering they have. Not a man attends the Sunday school, except the Superintendent. Although this is a quite thickly settled place, no interest is shown for Christianity."

Mrs. N. T. H., in acknowledging answered prayers, writes: "I wish to acknowledge answer to prayer for my dear little granddaughter, who was losing her eyesight and which was restored to her by direct answer to prayers by the members of the Prayer League. I can never be thankful enough to my Heavenly Father for his goodness and mercy to us."

We have received acknowledgments of answered prayers also from Mrs. J. H., Mrs. M. B. L., Friend, M. A. B., H. M. E. and E. L. C.

Among the individual requests are 112 for bodily healing; blessing, 12; spiritual advancement, 11; peace, 5; guidance, 6; financial success, 4; and for the conversion of relatives and friends, 56.

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costs a penny

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The best breakfast dish in the world—Quaker Oats—costs only one cent per serving. Dishes which cost from 8 to 15 times that cannot compare with oats.

Quaker Oats yield in nutriment 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890.

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If it cost ten times a meat dish you would be wise to serve it. But the meat foods average ten times Quaker Oats.

Waste and Nutriment

Quaker Oats	
Water and waste	7.7%
Protein	16.7%
Fat	7.3%
Carbohydrates	66.2%
Minerals	2.1%

Sirloin Steak	
Water and waste	66.8%
Protein	16.5%
Fat	16.1%
Carbohydrates	None
Minerals	1%

Compare the waste and nutriment. Compare the calory cost—the energy measure of food value.

You will see why authorities urge that oats be served at least once daily.

Make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast all the time.

Serve the costlier foods at dinner and let the oat-dish average down the cost.

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Calories per Pound	
Quaker Oats	1810
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Cost Per 1,000 Calories	
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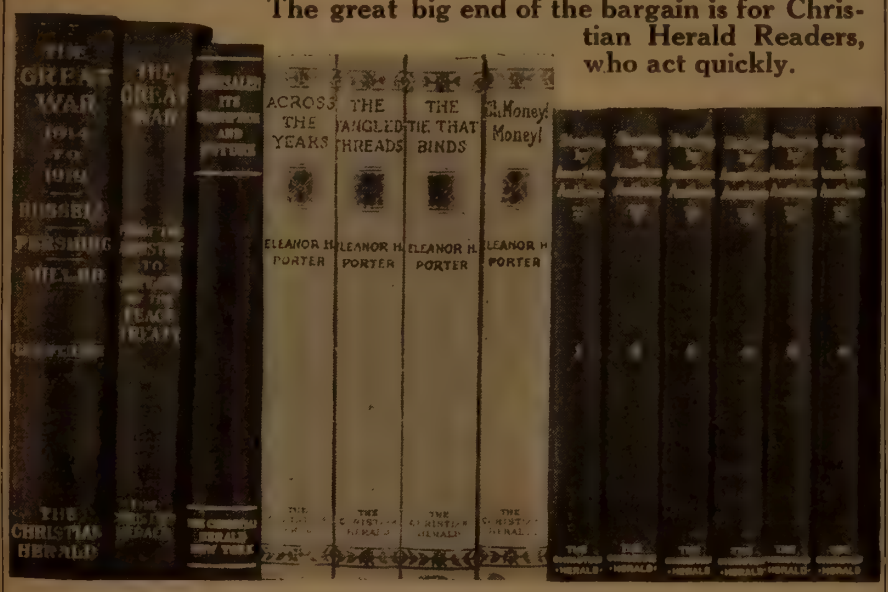

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

Bible House **New York City**

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 55

times as great. These dimensions make the bodies in our solar system seem most minute and insignificant, and present the conception of celestial bodies of magnitudes hitherto unmeasured and almost beyond comprehension. It would take trillions of globes like our little earth to equal Betelgeuse in size. Betelgeuse is the northernmost star of the brilliant constellation Orion, lying above the giant's shoulder. This constellation is the finest spectacle of the skies, and is conspicuous on any clear evening in winter. The distance of Betelgeuse from the earth is perhaps 150 'light years,' that is, the light that strikes your eye when you look up at it started on its journey from the star at the rate of 186,000 miles a second 150 years ago."

Professor Michelson's measuring device, which he has been experimenting with at Mount Wilson, Southern California, applying it to an 8-foot telescope, is too complicated to be readily grasped by any but scientific minds. Its results are regarded in astronomical circles as indicating that a new field, vaster than imagination can now conceive, is being opened to astronomers, and that other surprising discoveries may be expected.

Chilean Labor Helps Drys

ONE of the most peculiar prohibition campaigns in history has been in progress in Chile with the laboring classes demanding the abolition of the traffic in liquor and resorting to a modified form of strike to enforce their demand. The longshoremen at the ports of the republic have refused to handle alcoholic beverages, either in the import or export trade, and have the backing of the Chilean Federation of Labor in their attitude. At Antofagasta the Marine Federation, which includes nine unions, served formal notice that no such shipments would be handled after the beginning of the New Year.

The strength of the movement was shown by a petition addressed to President Alessandri, by the Chilean Federation of Labor, which has 300,000 members. The vital paragraph of this petition reads:

"The alcoholic curse takes 350,000,000 pesos from the pockets of Chilean laborers annually, and we beg the new administration to convert the republic breweries, distilleries and wine presses into producers of grape food products and industrial alcohol."

Naturally the liquor interests have become alarmed and have organized a powerful opposition. They have demanded government protection for their industry, and have stressed its economic importance; but it was expected some form of prohibition would be adopted for the republic, with the liquor traffic entirely shut out of the industrial centers.

DOMESTIC

NEW YORK OFFICIALS INDICTED. Indictments charging crimes involving the larceny of $230,650 from the State of New York were returned against Eugene M. Travis two days before the expiration of his six years as State Controller, against James A. Wendell, deputy controller and controller-elect, and against Albert L. Judson, a bond broker. They were accused of having taken that amount from the State through the purchase of municipal bonds for the State at prices above the market value.

CONVENTION TO CHOOSE BISHOP CALLED. A special convention has been called for January 26, to select a new bishop for the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, in succession to Bishop Charles S. Burch.

CHURCH IS BENEFICIARY IN UNUSUAL WILL. The will of Edmund D. Davis, of Philadelphia, contained a bequest of $1,500 for the New Jersey Baptist state convention, with the stipulation that it should remain intact until it had increased to $500,000—a figure which the testator believed would be reached in a century.

FOREIGN

DENMARK PAYS SCHLESWIG BILL. Denmark has paid $15,600,000 in gold to the Reparations Committee in fulfillment of the conditions under which she annexed Schleswig. This sum represented the province's portion of Germany's pre-war debt, her part of the Prussian state debt and the value of public property acquired by Denmark.

SECRETARY COLBY REACHES URUGUAY. Uruguay welcomed Bainbridge Colby, the American Secretary of State, with an enthusiasm quite equal to that accorded by Brazil. The Congress held a joint session in his honor, and he was the first non-member to speak on its floor. At the various gatherings for the Colby party, the addresses stressed the warm friendship between Uruguay and the United States.

WORLD COURT RATIFIED. Twenty-two nations—the number necessary to make it effective—now have signed the protocol of the Permanent Court of International Justice of the League of Nations. Four nations also have signed the protocol for compulsory arbitration.

International

THE COOLIDGES HELP IN REPLACING PLYMOUTH ROCK

The Vice-President-elect and his wife here are seen in happy mood after the historic stone had been lowered to a secure base at its original site, as a part of the Pilgrim Tercentenary celebration

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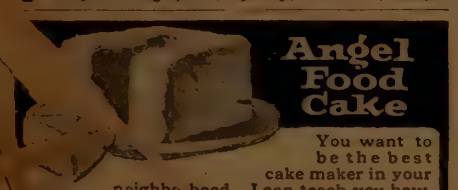

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MRS. A. S., Emmet, Idaho, writes: "I am convinced that one thing needful and one that is largely overlooked, is the teaching of the Sabbath school children to pray individually. I mean, teaching them to lead their class in prayer, and to repeat the prayer at home on their knees. This will of itself help to set up an altar in the home."

The suggestion is timely. We recall a home in which family prayer was an all-around exercise, and a most delightful one. The little home group, with perhaps a visitor included, went on their knees, quite informally. Then the father, or perhaps the mother, or a daughter, would lead with a short simple petition. Then a pause, and another of the group would be heard and still another, and the visitor felt that he, too, should have a share in such simple pleadings, and joined accordingly. At the conclusion, when the father said a few words and "Amen" came from his lips, all rose and every face reflected the pleasure that had been felt in the exercise. Such a scene, with the earnest little voices pleading and praising and giving thanks for blessings, can never be forgotten. The atmosphere of that homelike room was charged with the Spirit, and one could see by the shining faces all around him, that everyone had followed the invitation "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He shall sustain thee," and had risen in renewed strength and confidence.

A Reader in Denver, Colo., writes relative to the recent article in this paper on "The Religious Training of the Young": "With the article in question I have all hearty sympathy and would have all the good things done that it calls for. It is admitted that the public-school question is full of difficulties in that direction. But even the best work possible in such schools, while it ought to be done, would not begin to accomplish what is needed. When what is called for in the article is actually carried out, it would still leave a great deal that would have to be done in the home or not at all. It would be simply five short services each week in addition to the Sunday school. Many children, especially those from godly homes, would attend the meetings held in the schools, such children as would be permitted by their parents would get the good; but in either case a great many would miss the benefit, and the measure of good done would be quite limited. Why not make an appeal to the parents to do all the year 'round, by Christian influence and direct help, what the churches and the schools are doing, or are called on now to do? We have been tremendously influenced in modern education by the leadings of Pestalozzi and Froebel as to teaching methods; but stronger than these with both was the call to parenthood to do its share, in matters outside of religion, as well as inside of it. This part of their prophecy we have missed, because the craze of today is to find out how to get rid of all individual responsibility in parenthood, and land it in the hands of some professional workers, whether within the Church or beyond it. Will you not write a call to parenthood at large to come into a full participation in the best work in the world; and as Froebel used to say: 'Let us live with and for our children?'"

We quite agree with this writer that nothing can be so effective in the religious training of childhood as the family altar in the home, and that earliest training of all, which the child receives on its mother's knee. Our weekly "Home Service" in the Christian Herald is calculated to become a great helper in reawakening the religious spirit in the average home. It is not to take the place of regular church services, but to meet the spiritual need in cases where church services are not available.

Mrs. J. S. F., Chicago, Ill., writes: "In your article in the issue of December 18, on Sunday observance, you ask, 'What is the attitude of the Church of today as a whole, toward its young people?' Could you or any of your readers suggest, or tell what young people could do as an outlet for their energies after Sunday school hours and evenings when not wishing to attend church. I shall be anxiously awaiting an answer to this in our Mail-Bag column. I have prayed much and spent many anxious hours over this problem, as I see our youth growing up around us with no regard for God or His day, or the rights of others. As a church worker, I am deeply interested and want to have love and charity and to be helpful to all."

We would be glad to hear what other readers have to say on the points raised in J. S. F.'s letter. They are well deserving of thought.

A. E. G., Lancaster, Pa. You are right when you say that Satan is a great deceiver. His deceptions take many forms, one of these being to inflate the heart of a man with pride and self-importance, so that he imagines himself qualified to judge of others. Nothing is more deceptive than this. It has been said that there is good in all men, if we can only get down to it. "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Story, Brooklyn, N. Y. We should very much doubt the sincerity of a man who tells us he has no conscience. If the "inward monitor" be so hardened within his breast as to render him incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, he is indeed in a desperate case; but one even in his condition may be awakened, and conscience revived and quickened. The prayers and helpfulness of others will do much toward this end.

J. W. B., Belview, Pa. It is an excellent rule, where you are in doubt concerning any amusement, to let it alone. We are responsible not only for our own acts, but for their influence upon others; and we should remember that, while a certain amount of latitude might bring no appreciable harm to ourselves, we might be the means of bringing others, who have not as strong powers of resistance, into serious danger. We believe this to be the true Christian attitude. At the same time, we recognize the fact that youth needs a rational amount of amusement and entertainment, and is entitled to it. Surely there are enough ways to satisfy this need, without choosing means that may prove a snare and a positive danger.

J. H. H., Mt. Morris, Ill. The primitive Church, through a large part of its early experience, was subjected to trials "as by fire." It was persecuted ceaselessly, and save in a few very exceptional places, where conditions were more favorable, it had little opportunity for amusements. The great business of life among its members was the all-important mission of winning others to the Gospel, and this even had to be done almost secretly and at great personal risk. In his wonderful story of "Phaedrus" (Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis) gives a vivid picture of the hard struggles of the early Church, and the perils and persecutions that attended any efforts to win others to "The Way." If any substantial proportion of its followers had been seekers after amusement, the primitive Church could not have made the progress it did.

A. S. B., Omaha, Neb., writes: "I owe, or did owe, a neighbor $1,000. It was borrowed so long ago that it can not now be collected by law. I was then not worth anything financially, but am now worth $1,000. My neighbor and I are both professing Christians, and belong to the same church. He now wants me to pay him, and says the law of God requires every Christian to pay his honest debts, no matter how long they have stood unpaid. We have left this question to your knowledge of what the Scripture recognizes in such a case, and I will act accordingly."

To the foregoing, Dr. Sheldon makes this reply: "There is no question that A. S. B. ought to pay this money, which he acknowledges he borrowed of his neighbor. The fact that it is outlawed by time does not release him, for it is a moral obligation that a Christian man ought to meet. Pay your neighbor and square your account with God and man."

Reader, Pinckneyville, Ill. Prayer chain letters, such as you describe, making promises and threats, are of very doubtful utility and should be left severely alone.

M. T., Greensboro, N. C. The expression: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is, in substance at least, taken from the writings of Lawrence Sterne, famous more as a novelist than a divine, who used the passage in one of his books, "A Sentimental Journey."

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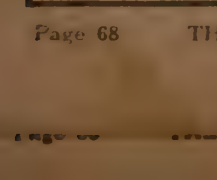

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A Church "Always Open"

Continued from page 51

staunchest supporters of the church, and his gratitude for the lifting of that burden from his life knows no bounds.

In the past four months, twenty-two girls who had run away from home and were drifting in the city were returned to their homes through the influence of the clinic and Miss Ferry, the women's worker. A physician is attached to the staff, and those needing his services are given diagnosis and advice free. A lawyer and a dentist are soon to be attached in response to the neighborhood need.

THE church has become a social center where sincere religious life flowers out in terms of human fellowship and helpfulness. Beautiful parlors, complete comfortable rooms, dormitories, shower baths and a laundry are for the helpful use of neighbors and strangers.

A happy session of the Who's Who Club, one of Union Church's activities in providing wholesome recreation

The parlors are open all night. During the daylight hours various crowds come and go, greeted by members of the staff, some of whom are always on duty. The parlors provide a place of Christian and homelike atmosphere for lonely persons, and many avail themselves of its hospitality. A number of mature ladies of the parish spend time in the parlors assisting the staff, ready to talk with any lonely girl who comes in. Save at luncheon time, the biggest crowd which gathers in the parlors comes after the theatres and moving-picture shows close at night—between eleven and midnight. Then there is always a bevy of people flowing in and out. Often at midnight there are fifty or more people there.

A feature which meets a very pressing need is the noon-time luncheon, open especially to the girls who work in the various places of business along Broadway. A very good luncheon is served for thirty-five cents, and the "Gray Room" tastefully decorated and comfortably furnished gives a homelike place in which hundreds spend their noon hour. This luncheon club has proved a front porch to the church, for hundreds who come to luncheon and discover the friendly atmosphere, come to the church on Sunday.

THE different features of service which the church carries out are not fads which have been choked down the throat of the community, but are answers to the definite needs which the community itself has requested.

A remarkable instance of the appreciation on the part of the neighborhood of the purpose of the church, was the way in which it responded to the electric sign project. The sign with a Cross which gleams above the other signs in the district, perhaps the largest sign on any church in the world and costing $3,000, was given entirely by the people of the parish. Theatrical managers, actors, hotel proprietors, strangers and neighbors all claimed a share. One man, a Hebrew, gave $500, and has promised $500 a year. The sign actually cost the church less than $100, and is already playing a large part in drawing people to the ministry represented by the gleaming Cross. It is kept lighted all night to guide any homeless wanderer seeking aid, and may be seen keeping lonely vigil when the brilliant "white lights" of Broadway have been extinguished.

The surplus money given for the sign is to be used to provide electric crosses for other institutional churches abroad. One will be erected in Mexico City, and another in Copenhagen. The people at Union have received a new missionary stimulus from the neighborhood. Songs first sung on Broadway are heard in South Africa; dramas and photoplays which succeed there tour the country, entertaining more than 15,000,000 people daily. In time Union Church hopes to have an influence in the judgment of these productions, which means that it plans to attack the problem of clean amusements at its source.

It is interesting to note the financial aspects of the re-birth at Union, especially as it relates to the drawing in of other money which would otherwise not have been secured at all. The budget for the church guaranteed by the Centenary is $25,000 a year, but already an income of $22,500 from contributions and from receipts from the dormitories, etc., has been assured.

Dr. Benson feels that it will be but a short time when the entire budget of the church will be provided without Centenary help. The income from the dormitories and the luncheon, which are entirely self-supporting and making some profits amounting to $10,000 a year, is turned tack to the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension. Thirty thousand dollars a year has already been given in bona-fide pledges from members and friends of the church, who believe in the type of work it is doing.

As a travelers' church, Union has a distinctive type of organization in its Associate Membership. This body has come into being as a result of the huge transient problem in Union Church parish. Associate Membership is open to any one of any denomination, and involves a payment of only five dollars a year and the pledge to attend the church while in the city. It is for three classes of people: First, Methodists who have business in New York from time to time, but who live away from it and desire a church home in New York City when they come; second, those of any other denomination who believe in this type of work and who desire to help it; and third, a large class of persons who do not feel ready to become active members of the church for doctrinal or other reasons, but who believe in the type of service being rendered and who are willing to help. People from all parts of the earth gather at the Travelers' Bible Discussion Club, meeting at noon on Sunday. At a recent meeting twelve states were represented, and there were present two business men living in Australia, three living in China, and one in Japan.

Already over 238 associate members have been enrolled, including those from seven denominations. One man in a middle Western city has contributed $5,000, payable in five yearly instalments, as an expression of his interest in the enterprise.

A Boys' Club of 250 members, a School of Religion on Sundays and week-days, a Children's Church, a Mothers' Club, a Music School Community Night program for entire families, are among other fruitful activities.

Yes, Union Methodist Episcopal Church, now better known as "Ninety-nine Steps from Broadway," is alive and meeting competition in the theater district, where it was thought a church could not survive. Instead of a doomed and lonely structure soon to be relegated to the scrap-heap because of the mad pleasure-seeking around it, Union Church is more than holding its own. It is progressing rapidly. More than 800 people daily pass in and out of its doors, avail themselves of its hospitality, and come under the Christian influence.

Amidst the tinsel of theatrical life and the bustle of the great amusement industry in full swing, the staff at Union Church have found human hearts unusually easy to touch. "I have found it easier to talk to people about God here in this center of theater life than in any parish I have ever known," said Dr. Benson. "After all, we are only trying to unlock the potentialities of the human heart. And the process is not hard once the people see we are trying to practice Christianity as well as talk it. The big problem in the city is to kill the demon of loneliness which makes people draw within themselves. We are trying to kill city loneliness."

Training Country Pastors

SCHOLARSHIPS for rural pastors, which shall aid in fitting them specifically for the country field, now are being offered in Wisconsin and nine ministers form the nucleus of the first group to undertake such work at the University of Wisconsin. Of the nine only one is doing full time work at the University, the others coming in from their charges for the lectures and conferences, the longest trip being sixty-six miles. The pastors are studying economic problems, sociology and various related courses, and are getting in close touch with the problems on the farm.

The leader of the group is E. Tetrau, of the department of agricultural economics of the University and the pastor of a country parish forty-four miles from Madison. "The aim of this work," Mr. Tetrau explained, "is to get the rural pastor in close touch with his College of Agriculture, and at the same time to provide another means for getting the work of the college and state to the pastor and his parish. It is not in any way a denominational program, despite the fact that a few denominations have donated the funds to begin the movement. It is a movement from the viewpoint of the man on the soil who wants to see the church in the open country function as it should and will."

Plans are under way for the extension of the movement next summer and it is the intention to offer special short courses lasting three or four weeks which will enable the rural pastors of the state to obtain a broader outlook on agricultural problems and to strengthen their leadership in their communities.

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In "Yankee" South America

"Be Brief" Is the Motto of Chileans and Argentines

The Fourth Article in a Series on "New Worlds"

By WILLARD PRICE

Keystone

The government and business buildings of Buenos Aires are of stone and marble, designed to respond to the Latin demand for beauty. Any city might well be proud of this structure, Argentina's Congressional building

I SAT in the office of a South American magazine in Santiago, waiting for the editor to complete his business and fulfill his offer to take me about the city.

My eyes wandered over the very modern appurtenances of the office—the typewriter the dictaphone, the telephone, the adding machine of a clerk behind a glass partition.

These did not surprise me so much as a framed motto over the editor's desk. It read, "Sea U. Breve," which, being interpreted, means, "Be Brief!"

"Be Brief!" It was the first time since leaving New York that I had discovered any inclination on the part of anyone to speed up the wheels of progress.

The mottos of tropical and sub-tropical Latin America are the famous "Mañana" (Tomorrow) and "Paciencia" (Patience). But when one has left behind Central America, Venezuela, Colombia and the other lands of unperturbed repose, and has reached a latitude in the southern hemisphere about equal to that of New York in the northern hemisphere, he notices a zest in the air and in the people which reminds him of home.

The Chileans have been called the Yankees of South America. The term might well be extended to include the Argentines as well. Chile and Argentina lie side by side in the temperate zone, and both the climate and the natural resources offer good reason why these should be two of the most progressive and aggressive nations in Latin America.

The common expressions of nations are significant. Probably the most common expression among North Americans is "All right!" Few of us realize how many times a day we say it. Natives of foreign lands often understand no English except the two words they hear most often from tourist Americans—and mischievous boys in any land from China to Patagonia will run after the American traveler crying, "All right! All right!" We need not be ashamed of the expression. It denotes an optimistic, agreeable, go-ahead spirit.

Among the South American Yankees the expression "Be Brief" is common in signs—but, of course, it is too abrupt to be used in speech. The most common spoken expression is as amiable as our own. It is, "¿Como no?" (Why not?) A hundred times a day one hears it. Ask a Chilean or Argentine for assistance and he will not be so likely as his northern brother to invite you to patience or request you to wait until tomorrow. The chances are that, with a blithe "¿Como no?" he will go directly to work.

FOR these people are accustomed to work. Their pioneer ancestors discovered a wild and austere country peopled by savage tribes. Only by toil and courage were the Araucanian Indians driven back (they were never conquered) and the land made to produce.

The Spanish who had gone to the torrid zone had found a very different land and a different type of Indian. There the land brought forth abundantly. Most of the Indian tribes were submissive and industrious. They were set to till the soil, while the Spanish lived at ease upon the fruit of their labor. The reflex result was that the Spanish fiber was softened and weakened by idleness. Thus was exemplified the truth of the saying, "If you put a chain about the neck of another human being, you fasten the other end of the chain about your own neck."

But, in temperate South America, the invaders found no willing slaves, and the soil, although fertile, would not yield a living except through hard work and plenty of it. Thus a vigorous, self-reliant people was developed. Although the land was not so rich as that in many other parts of the continent, yet Argentina and Chile, through industry, have managed to pile up enormous wealth. The American millionaire who does Europe and spends money like water is nowadays not necessarily from New York or Chicago. He is almost as likely to be from Buenos Aires or Santiago.

The wealth of Chile is made chiefly through a single business—the business of supplying the world with the sinews of war. We recently had a Great War. It would have been impossible but for Chile. The dozen petty wars now in progress would have to stop if Chile did not supply the wherewithal for their continuance.

War depends upon explosive ammunition. Explosive ammunition depends absolutely upon nitric acid, and the huge supply of nitric acid which is necessary comes almost entirely from the nitrate fields of Chile. The sodium nitrate of the Chilean pampas makes it possible for the guns of the world to speak.

THE most colossal war in the world's history depended upon a little strip of desert in northern Chile. Germany well understood this fact. For years before the war she purchased annually forty-two per cent. of Chile's total production of nitrate. This enormous quantity was bought ostensibly to be used as fertilizer, and, in fact, much of it was so used. But also much of it was systematically stored away for the manufacture of ammunition; so that, when the cloudburst came, Germany had on hand a vast supply of explosives and of nitrates from which explosives could be made.

With the beginning of war she was, of course, promptly cut off from communication with Chile. She began experiments on a huge scale to develop the manufacture of nitric acid through the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen in order to augment the supply she had stored away. She found, however, that this process was extremely expensive and extremely slow. So she devised an additional scheme. Since it was impossible for her to get more Chilean nitrate, she would make it also impossible for the Allies to get it.

The outcome of this reasoning was a plot, the story of which never got to most North Americans, but which I found to be well known in South America. But for the tell-tale wagging of a drunken man's tongue, the war might have come to a conclusion of a sort far more pleasing to the Kaiser.

One day in February of 1917 a Chilean miner came down from the nitrate pampas to the coast town of Antofagasta. He had money. He visited a cantina and in time became drunkenly garrulous. His babblings made his listeners sit up sharply and exchange glances, and later report to the authorities.

An investigation followed and a stupendous German plot was revealed, having for its object nothing less than the destruction of the machinery in all the nitrate oficinas of Chile.

The plot was to be consummated on February 26 (the same date as that set for the attempt, which proved futile, to steal the Peruvian submarines). Charges well placed under boilers and at other vulnerable points would have wrecked machinery that it would have taken at least a year and a half to replace.

Of course guards were immediately detailed and the plan was abandoned. But if the plot had succeeded, what then? In a few months the existing supply of nitrate in the hands of the Allies would have been exhausted. The manufacture of ammunition, except in Germany, would have stopped.

Strenuous efforts would have been made by the Allies to develop the synthetic method of manufacturing nitric acid from the nitrogen of the air—an industry in which Germany had already had three years start. The few feeble synthetic plants in France, England, the United States and elsewhere had never accomplished any success of real importance. And during the necessary tests, experiments and failures, during the interval before the Allies could bring the new industry to any adequate strength, Germany would have her great opportunity.

IT IS a commentary upon the forgetfulness of governments that, now that the war is over, most of the Allied nations, including the United States, have practically ceased the effort to fixate atmospheric nitrogen. But Germany is assiduously developing the method. In case of future trouble, there will be only one great Power with an independent supply of nitrate. The rest of us will again be dependent upon Chile.

It is wonderful for Chile! Millionaires multiply, rates of exchange sing, the government is happy and opulent. Seventy per cent of the government's total revenue is derived from the export tax on nitrate!

This fountain of wealth, enriching Chile, devastating Europe, flows out of a bleak desert where not a shrub grows, and rain falls once in about thirty years. That a desert is not necessarily to be regarded as waste land has been stupendously proved in Chile. At the close of the war with Bolivia and Peru in 1879, those countries yielded to Chile the arid provinces of Antofagasta, Tarapacá and Tacna, and considered that they got off easily. That region has

now become infinitely the most valuable part of Chile.

It is the generally accepted theory that this desert plain, or pampa, as it is called, was originally below sea level. As it was gradually raised, immense quantities of seaweed were exposed to the air, and there decayed, the bacteria becoming nitrified and sodium nitrate being formed.

Ordinarily this deposit would soon be washed away by the rain—but here there was no rain. Consequently there lies under the blown sand of the pampa, a stratum called "caliche" varying from a few inches to sixteen feet in thickness and composed of rich, nitrate-bearing earth.

Holes are bored into the stratum, slow-burning powder is introduced and the "caliche" blasted into fragments which are carried on carts to the oficina or leaching works, there to be crushed and dissolved in boiling water. The hot, saturated solution is drawn off into vats and allowed to crystallize. The crystals, when dried, are ready for packing and shipment. They contain ninety-five to ninety-six per cent. of sodium nitrate.

The deposits are immense and are variously estimated to be sufficient to last from seventy to one hundred years more, even at the present rate of production. With such a resource, together with native ingenuity and shrewdness, the full purse of Chile is assured for a long time to come.

Keystone

A square in Santiago, Chile, a city of hustle, where the motto "Be Brief" reminds the American of home

THE wealth of Argentina lies in cattle and crops. A successful cattle country must be spacious. Chile is pinched. She is a shoestring republic—as long as from New York to San Francisco, but as narrow as Lake Erie. This extraordinary shape is due to the fact that she occupies the narrow strip between the Andes and the coast. But Argentina is expansive. She has eight million people whereas, if all her territory were occupied as densely as is that of Japan, she would accommodate 342 million.

Our American farms seem diminutive compared with those of Argentina. There the farm of 200,000 acres is common. Many are twice that size, and there is a record of at least one three times as large. It is not unusual for a whole day to be consumed on the train in crossing the land of a single proprietor.

The old cow-puncher days of our West are being repeated here. Looking from the window of the train one may often count twenty thousand cattle within an hour. Also he will see thousands of sheep and scores of ostriches. But one thing he will not see: Barns. In a land where it is not too cold for animals to be out all the year round, and where there is no need to cut and store hay because hay grows twelve months in the year, barns are unnecessary.

At every station one will see corrals and pens for convenience in loading the cattle cars. Every day trains from all parts of the republic arrive at the great packing plants near Buenos Aires with their burden of restless animals.

I VISITED one plant which daily kills and packs twenty-five hundred cattle, two thousand sheep and twelve hundred hogs. The horns of the cattle are cut off to be used in the making of buttons and combs, the skins are future shoes, the skulls are ground up into meal for hogs, the casings are sent to become the skins of sausages, the blood dries into black-purple cinders, and I saw hills of it thirty feet high waiting to be shipped away and used as fertilizer.

So swift is the process of killing, sawing, cutting, washing, drying and weighing, that, ten minutes after an animal has walked under the hammer, he is hanging in halves in the cooler and beginning to freeze.

That is the way the southern "Yankees" work. But who are these Argentine "Yankees"? I noted the face and speech of the workers in this plant. Many of the men on the killing floor were Russians. Brawny Scandinavians went by pushing huge trucks. German girls—curious anomaly!—were canning meat for the French Government. Everywhere there were Italians, scores of them, and hundreds of Spanish. And the men in the cooler were Arabs, who are best adapted to this work. Curious that the riders of the blazing Sahara should find themselves most at home in the refrigerator!

The truth is that the greatest republic of the south temperate zone is, like the greatest republic of the north temperate zone, a Mecca for immigrants from all over the world. The citizens of Argentina, like the citizens of the United States, are of all complexions and races. Both countries are composite nations. Both are marked by the enterprise of old blood of many strains pioneering in a new land. Therefore it is not strange that of all the people of Latin America, the Argentines, the ones most remote from us, are the ones with whom we have most in common.

MORE than half the population of Argentina is made up of immigrants or the children of immigrants who have arrived there within the last fifty years.

As the world's greatest immigrant nation after the United States, Argentina maintains at Buenos Aires a second Ellis Island. A great "immigrants' hotel" receives the influx. There the nature of the country is explained to the newcomers. Every effort is made to persuade them not to settle in Buenos Aires, but to go on into the interior where they are needed on the farms. There is an exhibit of farm machinery, and every evening illustrated lectures depict the joys and contentment of farm life—while care is taken to say nothing and show no picture that will increase the lure of the city. Free transportation to any part of Argentina is offered.

Sacking and loading nitrate, the industry which has made Chile a land of millionaires

There is no doubt about the lure of the capital city. Buenos Aires is the third largest city in the western hemisphere. Only New York and Chicago outnumber it. In the early days it was called a "plaster imitation of Paris" but the expression is no longer correct. It is a very solid imitation. In most other South American cities the façades and columns of government and business buildings are still of plaster—in Buenos Aires today they are of stone and marble. The city is no longer a boom town. It is an established metropolis with an individuality of its own.

AND if the hats and gowns of Buenos Aires are imitations, at least they are six months ahead of the originals! Since summer here comes six months earlier than in France, the Parisian costumer is wont to try out his creations here before submitting them to the more severe test of Paris.

Buenos Aires is beautiful, even to its subways. The underground stations, in contrast with our own dingy caverns, are as fresh as white tile can make them, and blaze with light and color. The cars are gray like milady's limousine and have spacious, plate-glass windows and comfortable seats, and are attractively lighted. The city, both in its public and private aspects, responds to the Latin demand for beauty.

It is the most cosmopolitan city in the world, not even excepting New York. The language is being affected by the conglomeration of nationalities. Italian words, French, German, even Yiddish are being wedged into the basic Spanish. English words, sometimes oddly revised in spelling, have been added; such as "rosbif," "biftec," "panqueque," "futbol," "Yanqui," "sandwichs" and "lunch minutas." It is fascinating to see a new speech and a new people in the making, as in Argentina.

IN ALL this furor of new life, progress and hope, there is one dead thing—religion. The curse in northern South America is superstition, which is a distortion of religion. But the trouble in the south is even more hopeless—atheism, which is *absence* of religion.

Out of five thousand students in the University of Buenos Aires, only four men reported any belief in God.

Of the one and two-thirds million people in Buenos Aires it is doubtful if there are more than three hundred men on any given Sunday at service.

"Religion!" the South American leader will say to you. "The sooner we are rid of it entirely, the better. Religion has blocked our progress, bred our revolutions, and been the cause of the illiteracy of more than half of our people. In the name of progress, deliver us from religion!"

It is not religion which has done these things. It is the Church and the priests who have grossly misinterpreted religion. But in condemning these, the critics do not discriminate, and condemn religion in general.

"God is a myth," said a South American university professor in the course of a lecture to his class. "He has no reality, he is not an object of science. Astronomy, with Laplace, has invaded the heavenly fields and in all celestial space there has not been found a kingdom of God. We are in the realm of realism."

The lightness with which religious things are regarded is indicated by the startling irreverence of expression in these lands.

Over the shops one is apt to find such signs as "Butcher Shop of the Holy Ghost," "Furniture Shop of the Savior." A certain bottled water is called "Jesus Water," and a famous port wine sells under the label, "Tears of Christ." On Good Friday a magazine carried a picture representing Christ in the foreground, Judas and others in the background, smoking a certain brand of cigarette. Judas is saying, "If I had had such cigarettes to smoke, I should not have betrayed Him."

THROUGH lack of a Church which will spread dynamic religious belief, the people are without idealism. Materialism is in the saddle.

Here is a stupendous task for organized Christianity. The task is not only to carry in an unadulterated Gospel, but to regenerate the existing Church if it can be regenerated. The South American themselves frequently say, "The only means of reforming the Church is the spur of Protestant competition."

Whatever is good in the Roman Catholic Church should be conserved and developed. But that Church has had its opportunity and must now be not only "spurred" but reinforced by a powerful Christian onslaught undertaken by other forces.

But if these lands are so prosperous and progressive, why is religion necessary? The answer lies in the fact that the ancestors of these people were Christian. A nation may continue to live for some time on its old ideals, just as a man may live for some weeks upon the strength of one meal. But the time of reckoning is sure to come. If the nation does not rebuild its ideals as fast as the old ones decay, there will come a time, as in the history of Egypt, Greece and Rome, when the empty shell of civilization will crumble because of the weakening of Character—which alone makes civilization possible.

The College Man a Christian Asset

A Discussion of the Meaning of Education

By
DR. ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN
Chancellor of New York University

WHEN we speak of college education or of the higher education, we speak of that which means many and diverse things to men of many minds. It touches life at how many different points, and from how many different angles.

It is the passing on from one generation to another of the finer acquisitions of our civilization. It is the meeting together of young lives for leisurely fellowship just before they plunge into the serious business of life, and like all wholesome young intercourse and leisure, it finds its most vigorous expression in athletics. It is training for efficiency in an age which bestows on efficiency its medal of honor. It is science growing every day more scientific and finding its focus in the laboratory. It is the forming and polishing of a gentleman, that he may meet and deal with gentlemen on their own level, speaking their common language. It is the discipline of thought and the liberalizing of opinion to the end that its graduates may comprehend the rounded and unselfish ideals of human society, and may defend them skillfully, without solicism and without confusion.

It is essentially the cultivation of taste, that one may discriminate between the better and the worse, between what is vulgar and what is admirable, applying standards gained from acquaintanceship with the best. It is an investment, time, cost, toil, and speculation, which may yield a larger return than any like investment which the market affords. It is a spiritual adventure in which one shall risk the failure and the friendly securities of childhood and face the full-grown duties of manhood, going forward in the perilous ways of knowledge and understanding.

It is one or another of these widely different things which commands attention according to the bent of the mind which is intent upon considering it and describing it.

For the young alumnus, it is likely to mean fraternity life and athletics, framed in a beloved campus and seen through quickly gathering mists of tender memory. For the man of business, or the engineer, it is a costly mechanism which might be made to produce much greater results than it has ever produced. For the journalist it is—it is all manner of things, on occasion; an object of veneration, that you can poke fun at, as you can not do with the Church; an institution of society that has some charm of irresponsible youth about it, unlike the solemnities of State and the world of politics. For the politician it is much or nothing, according to his type of politics, a something between his hope and his despair. For the Churchman it is the potential champion of the very Kingdom of God, while it is itself beset with weakness and peril.

HOW great is its possible weakness and peril was written across the clouds in that declaration which the recognized leaders of the German universities gave forth to the world in support of the entrance of their empire upon the war of ages. When university science has come to its highest development, the ethical spirit of the universities suddenly met with the most terrible test, and under that strain it broke disastrously. Remembrance of that failure must teach the lesson of humility; it must remind us that institutions of learning everywhere should loom to their own soundness of spirit, if they would teach mankind beyond the routine of their classes and curricula.

It is clear that the colleges and universities must be free if they would exercise any such leadership. President Wheeler once remarked that universities are the freest institutions we have—the only institutions that are altogether free. In so far as this is true, they are the institutions best fitted for moral leadership. They cannot make any real contribution to the moral betterment of the world except as they are free.

By freedom we do not mean uncontrolled, but controlled from within rather than from without. But the release from external control, whether in the case of men or of nations or of institutions, is no more than one part in ten of genuine freedom. Four parts at least are made up of knowledge and intelligence, and five parts of sheer responsibility. Knowledge of mankind and their history, intelligence to comprehend that all-embracing psychology which masters human affairs, and responsibility which acknowledges indebtedness to the past and obligations to the present and future.

Such freedom is not a possession. It is an achievement. It is to be achieved anew in every generation, every year, every day of the year. It is the work of men, the work of men sufficiently competent and clean to hold the confidence of their fellowmen. The main problem of our higher education is that of getting such men for our professorships and holding them after we have got them. This is not chiefly a problem of salaries. The salaries of such men do not have to be luxuriant. They have to be decent—that is all. Men who can be held at teaching only by salaries which will compete with those in the commercial world, are not men who will transform and inspire the lives of their students. The teachers who will send forth graduates on fire with holy zeal and capable to winning the world through the grace of sacrifice, they are the teachers who are themselves self-sacrificing, whose guiding star shines far above their horizon. But we must keep them above degrading sacrifices. They must be paid a decent wage, that they may live in and for their teaching.

THE obvious and insistent demand now made upon our universities is that they shall promote industrial efficiency. This demand is bringing to the front certain and practical and professional aspects of our education. At the present moment, I suppose the departments of our universities which are developing most rapidly are those of engineering, commerce, medicine. Perhaps two or three more should be added to the list. Let us not, in our idealism, put aside the demand for an efficient product, as merely sordid and material.

How does a good man serve his age and advance the Kingdom of Righteousness? Chiefly through the way in which he performs his daily tasks. There are times of crisis when he must drop his accustomed tools and go to war. There are many things that he will be called upon to do for the public good in his leisure hours. There are some men, but they are a minority, whose calling in life is purely public and spiritual. For the great majority of men, the major part of their time and thought must be devoted to some ordinary occupation through which they gain their livelihood.

Education accomplishes one of its most supreme ends when it fits a man to meet great emergencies with great resource and steadfastness. It accomplishes an end of no mean value when it fits a man to use his leisure generously and high-mindedly. But it has failed to accomplish the end of commonest and most universal significance unless it fits men to be great workmen in their daily occupation.

Our technical and professional schools must accordingly be a prime consideration in our appraisal of the higher education. It is the business of these schools to save us from a functionless intelligence. In so far as their teaching lays its stress upon sordid aims, upon a goal of unethical success, they fail to contribute to the solidarity of our social life. But a technical or professional school of this kind is nothing less than an anachronism. As these schools become more scientific, their aims and influence would naturally tend to become more coherent with the general welfare. Good teaching accentuates this tendency and interprets it in explicit principles. A public service of untold value is daily performed by teachers in our university schools of the various occupations and vocations, who are bringing home to their students, in concrete terms, the lesson that their life-work is to be, not for themselves alone, but for the common good.

SCIENCE, physical and biological, is the most costly branch of our modern education. The requirement of our laboratories and more laboratory equipment is the despair of trustees and of the officers of administration. We must confidently expect these requirements to go on expanding and the spread of scientific method to other departments to continue. Let there be no doubt that it is worth the cost—not always and in every particular, for there is the possibility of unnecessary elaboration, but in the broad and large, unquestionably worth the cost.

It would be too long a tale to unfold the ways in which the rigorous lessons of laboratory science contribute to the higher interest of humanity. They pretty generally come back to the simple spirit and patience and habit of getting at the truth for no private or ulterior purpose but simply because it is truth.

Truth is not all. Beauty is its eternal counterpart. "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us that He may establish the work of our hands upon us." Not things but the worth of things, not activities but values. The sense that the difference between better and worse is a difference that matters supremely. I sometimes think that we should not be far astray if we set before us as the chief end of our education the attainment of a discriminating preference for the things that are the best.

This is the field of judgment, in which the student is to make his individual opinion with the enlightened discernments of mankind. We call that the masterwork in art, in achievement, in devotion, which has received the deliberate approval of the generations—a master-work, and worthy at least of some provisional acceptance and veneration by even the most adventurous and self-sufficient of the young generation. The enthusiasms and innovations of the hour are immature till they have come under the ripening sunlight of an experience older than that of any one generation. This is perhaps the most formative lesson taught, with impressive examples, by our professors of the humanities. It is a hard lesson for impetuous youth to learn.

IN COLLEGE as in the world at large, no man is educated tlil he has educated himself. In the campus activities of students, in their athletics and their college politics, they are doing for themselves what no formal classroom can do for them.

In the most secular institutions, they maintain their own religious organization, and there you will find frequent meetings of those who come together for independent study of the scriptures, those whose lives are already dedicated to the Christian ministry, those who are looking forward with all the adventure of pioneers and explorers, to their destined career as missionaries in the dark places of the earth.

If happiness is attained by indirection rather than by direct assault, so it may often be with the Kingdom of God. I have emphasized those aspects of our higher education which seem unrelated to the Christian crusade. It is because I do not believe that they are essentially unrelated, but that all which makes for truth, for beauty, and for righteousness is fundamentally the ally of the Christian spirit.

I might tell much concerning more immediate connections. The courses of instruction in the Bible, church history and related topics, libraries, chapels, chaplaincies, maintained by different universities and colleges. They are numerous and important. Generally it must be said that in our larger non-Catholic institutions at least the complete integration of explicitly religious elements with the other elements of the academic life is yet to be attained. The reticence as regards religious themes which is characteristic of our modern society, is reflected in our institutions of learning. The reason, I believe, is not irreligion but sectarianism. When the reunion of the thought and sentiment of Christendom shall be further advanced, then we may hope that in our universities and in our life and literature at large, there may be a more adequate development of these studies and teachings which relate to the highest aspirations and traditions of our common civilization.

Dr. Sheldon Says

The Program of Life:

1. Begins with a true definition of Life itself.
2. Has a definite end in view and never loses sight of it.
3. Recognizes the fact that other human beings with their programs are involved in the shaping of ours.
4. Takes account of a just proportion of things; giving place for work, play, love, religion, worship, meditation, friendship, God.
5. Cannot be carried out successfully without co-operation. Here the other people come into our scheme of things and must be consulted.
6. Is not complete without the love of man and woman, the kind sanctioned and blessed by the Divine Home lover.
7. Calls for quiet thought, for faith in the unseen, for joy in common tasks, for prayer when the day's work is done.
8. Is not a wise program if old people are shut out of it—the care of them, the love for them, the quiet sitting beside their quiet lives. Our ships must sometimes come in off the tempestuous sea and let the sails fill with the harbor breeze.
9. Has a place in it for good books, for old home music, for the beautiful things that are not for sale, for the old things that cannot be bought.
10. If the Program has God at the beginning it will have His strength in the middle and His Heaven at the end.

With this group of happy youngsters as a part of its clientele, do you wonder that the Union League Boys' Club gives the impression of boys, boys everywhere?

A Business Investment in Boys

Chicago Men Find Dividends in Grins on Urchin Faces

By S. J. DUNCAN-CLARK

INVESTMENT in the under-privileged boy is a matter of plain business economy. It can be sold to any man who is willing to think seriously about it for a few minutes, if he be open to arguments that appeal to sound judgment, to intelligent self-interest, to recognition of the fact that his own affairs are inseparable from those of the community in which he lives.

Every service-giving or producing member of the community must bear his proportional part of the cost involved in caring for its human waste. The cost of waste is always greater than the cost of conservation. This is true in material things. It is equally true in dealing with that most valuable of all things—human life.

Let us consider a moment the under-privileged boy as a potential liability. His home conditions are poor; parental care and guidance may be well intentioned, but are often unwise and spasmodic. The street and the alley are his playground. He becomes at an early age a member of the gang, whose leader is respected because of his cleverness in anti-social activities, his daring in defiance of authority, his slick evasions of law, his boasted contempt for the teacher, the policeman and every other symbol of order and discipline.

His juvenile years are marked merely by minor peccadiloes, neighborhood annoyance, small thefts, excursions into vice which are more serious in their portent than in their immediate consequences. But he is forming habits, acquiring a viewpoint and developing a character which, if there be no influence to intervene and check, will sooner or later make him a direct charge upon the community.

The total of the loss and cost, due to social neglect of this bit of human material, cannot be expressed in dollars, but it is evident that to speak of such a boy as a "total loss" is to fall far short of the actual fact. He is more than a loss; he is an item of continuing expense. Society is not only deprived of what he might have contributed to its wealth and welfare; it must pay for all that he destroys, and it must bear the burden of his maintenance during the whole of his career.

JUDGE ARNOLD, of the Chicago Juvenile Court, recently made the statement that the Juvenile Court and its related machinery, including the institutions which must take care of those who pass through its hands, costs the taxpayers of Cook County and Chicago $1,500,000 a year. How much better and saner to spend some of this money in preventive work, in reaching the boy before he becomes a law-breaker!

A year ago the Union League Club of Chicago, an organization of men who know what "plain business economy" means, considered this argument and found itself thoroughly sold on the proposition. The vision took form in its mind of a club for boys which would meet the under-privileged lad in his own neighborhood and on his own ground of interest, and, thus establishing a sympathetic and helpful contact, would lead him into habits and occupations resulting in the development of a useful, self-respecting citizenship.

The Union League Club of Chicago has behind it the same traditions which attach to that name wherever it is used in the United States; it has the same aims. It exists to maintain and protect the integrity and perpetuity of the American nation. The Club went at the new task it had set for itself as business men would go at any straightforward business proposition.

Experts were called in and consulted. The field was surveyed carefully. A location was sought where the raw material for the new enterprise would be abundant and accessible. It was found on Chicago's west side, in a polyglot community, where families huddled in tenements and basements, and boy life overflowed everywhere into the streets and alleys. The Juvenile Court showed a big percentage of clients from this neighborhood. The policemen on the beats testified to the existence of a problem which transcended their power.

Here was discovered a big and commodious vacant building. In former days it had been a social center of doubtful character—a dance hall and saloon—the scene of many a clamorous night. The building was bought. It became the property of the Union League Foundation, and the home of the Union League Boys' Club.

I said these business men had consulted experts. They had done more. They had secured the services of an expert, a man whose life had been spent in studying the boy—not as an abstract, theoretical proposition, but as a living, human, moldable material. He had lived with boys; he knew them from the outside in and the inside out. What is better, he believed in them.

This building, once a dance hall and saloon, is the home of the Union League Boys' Club and a center for character building

So these business men, satisfied that they had found a man who knew the job, and who had the ability, energy and character to handle it, turned it over to him.

AND so the other night, after the Union League Boys' Club had been in business as a going concern for about nine months, I went over to the west side—to Nineteenth and Leavitt Streets—to see what this man had done.

On the pavement immediately in front of the building, from whose windows beamed a cheerful glare, I encountered four or five youngsters, typical of their kind. They gave me keen scrutiny. I was suspected of being the band instructor, of whom one of them said, "He is a thin, long feller." The description fitted me, but I had to disclaim the honor. When I said I was looking for Mr. Klees, I was at once offered an escort. Under competent guidance I found the man who is playmate, comrade and friendly mentor for 1,000 little roughnecks. He, too, is a "thin, long feller," with a kindly, half-quizzical smile, and a voice that can be sympathetic or authoritative as occasion requires.

Mr. Klees took me in tow, and we toured the building, while I asked questions and he talked. Boys were everywhere, in every room, in every hall and lobby, on every stairway. One got an impression of squirming, irrepressible life and noise.

On the first floor boys came and went through the street door with unhindered freedom. There was no doorman to ask their business, no ceremony or inquisition to take the edge off the welcome. The lobby led directly into a big room where there were half a dozen billiard tables, every one of which had its full quota of players, and its crowd of loquacious spectators. To the right of it an adjoining room was filled with little lads gathered about tables intent on games, picture puzzles, map puzzles, or the building of many and wonderful things from construction toys. A young woman moved quietly among them, patting a towsled head, or speaking a word of praise to some puzzle-solver, or admiring the latest production of a youthful genius.

On the floor above is the gymnasium, and rooms in which the discussion groups meet on their appointed nights. Let us take a glance at the gymnasium. It is a spacious room, fully equipped for its purpose, with a stage at one end, which is used for entertainments and where the dramatic group presents its interpretations of carefully chosen plays.

But there is always something doing in the gymnasium—indoor baseball, basket ball, drills with and without apparatus, and the acrobatics of the pyramid group, whose ability to climb upon one another's shoulders and balance in symmetrical tableaux is the wonder and admiration of the boys agile. All of this work is done under the supervision of an instructor who makes his chief aim the development of the instincts of fair-play, decency and team-work. The code of the floor bars the tricky and mean, and the boy who cannot keep his temper, or who tries to star

at the expense of co-operation, soon learns the folly of such tactics.

UP ANOTHER flight of stairs the drum and bugle corps was audibly engaged. The bandmaster had arrived, and was letting his twoscore pupils work off some of their superfluous energy before attempting to fasten their attention on the serious business of learning to read music from the blackboard. Here I witnessed a miracle. This tactful instructor, himself little beyond boyhood, at the right moment resolved order out of chaos and silence out of tumult. How he did it, I cannot tell. That he did it, I know. I watched him writing notes on the board, his back turned to his ragamuffin crowd, while forty youngsters maintained a quiet among themselves which would have done credit to any assembly of business men.

Then he led them through the reading of the score, and later through its translation into the roll and rat-tat of the drums. Those unruly urchins of the crowded streets and alleys were going through a discipline, unconsciously, which meant far more to them than the mere achievement of skill in using their drum-sticks.

But the game-rooms, the gymnasium, the drum and bugle corps and other attractions described do not exhaust the activities of the Club. Indeed they merely touch the surface. They are the pulling features—to which should be added the Saturday night movie shows, always patronized by big and enthusiastic audiences.

Three discussion groups have been organized, each limited to a membership of 35. In these groups the youngsters, from the littlest boys up, are being taught to conduct their own public meetings, to observe rules or order and to discuss intelligently matters of common interest. The Websterian and the Franklin, by their names, indicate the ambitions of the youthful debaters; the Pioneers suggests a more venturesome group, from which may yet come some leader on

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The Prohibition Fight in Europe

A Great Revival Is Needed to Insure Victory

By PAUL RADER

SCOTLAND has just about finished her vote on license, but it was an overwhelming vote for license, if one counts the votes only as to numbers. They counted in other ways, however.

The methods of fighting were very peculiar to one like myself, who was State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League for some time and had first-hand knowledge of the tricks of the liquor men. The fight looked to an outsider like a match between two heavy-weights—one with science and ring tactics well developed and his fight planned, hammering away at a big, healthy, heavy hitter, willing to take punishment, but unschooled in delivering his blows and in guarding. It was a contest which would lead you to pity the clever opponent in a later fight after the heavy-hitting lad had been trained in the art of boxing.

The heavy-hitting Christian life of Scotland, awkward and earnest, went down this time before the old booze crowd, schooled in the election art, but it will not be that way for long. The drys have gone to their corner defeated, breathing heavily, but with heads still unbowed, and they left their hats in the ring. They will be back, those Scots; they are down, but they will never be "oot." They do not start fast; they take long, slow swings from the hip, but they will soon learn the short, inside fighting blows, and the clean-up will look like washday after a real Scotch Sunday.

Then, too, they went to war just as they were, without any training for the fray. We taught the children in the public schools of America, for years, the awful effects of alcohol on the body and brain and soul. This long training in the schools—thanks to the W. C. T. U.—was a factor which counted mightily in old John Barleycorn's defeat at the hands of the American people. It proved again that *exact information is the first law of efficiency.* Steam, behind facts, makes a wrecking cannon ball. Scotland needs to teach her people the facts. When she does, the steam which she had in her pistons in this election, without any increased force, will win the day.

Speaking of election leads me to say that the liquor men gained a great point by mixing the issue before the people. If, as in some cases, the polls had been open on this one question of license or no license, the vote would have greatly changed. The question was "Change," "No Change," "Modification," and with men to be elected at the same time. The change, even though it had won, would not have closed the hotels, cafés and clubs of the rich. This made a class issue. The rich man could have gotten his liquor, but the poor man and the workingman would have been denied it. So, from the good common people went up a protest against class legislation, and many a vote in the balance went the wrong way.

I noted in the newspapers that even beautiful, cultured Edinburgh went down completely without the drys winning in a single ward. Here again some infighting must be learned so that the sections where there is dry voting can be separated from the tie-up with too large a wet section. There must be good fighting between elections or the liquor men will continue to make up wards for voting areas to suit themselves. There were many wards won by the drys throughout Scotland, and because there were not as many as desired, the dry sentiment must recognize the tremendous value of these dry wards. They are just so much dry powder for the next election. From them can be gathered, after a year, some very weighty and far-reaching facts. Every dry ward is an incubator hatching out splendid facts for the future fuss. Comparison of these dry wards with adjoining wet wards will open the eyes of half-hearted voters; and, for reasons other than moral ones, public sentiment will be aroused and turned to vote in the right direction.

I REMEMBER my own education some years ago concerning this point. I went into a little dry city to lecture on a state issue. I delivered the best temperance address of which I was capable. The editor of the city daily paper met me at the close, and invited me to come to his office the following morning. Thinking he would probably want an interview for his paper, and hoping to see my name and fame blaze forth in print, I got me to his den at the appointed hour. It was for an awful calling down. Didn't I know that I was behind the times? Didn't I know that the great majorities do not move on moral sentiment? Didn't I know that only the few cared for an ideal and that later some issue of necessity or need gave draught to the fire and brought the reformation? Didn't I know that slavery went on and on, fought against by the few, until the great issue of state's rights had its toes stepped on and the fight was on in earnest and slavery burned up in the fire of a Civil war? "Look here, lad," he urged, "change your tactics."

I could see only the pair of blinded eyes of this fighting editor. He could not see daylight, but he had been brought to see some things about the liquor question. He went on telling me how he had fought everything that lifted its head and dared to talk prohibition. He had done this, he said, in all his editorial experience until two years earlier. The drys had carried the town two years before, he informed me, and he came down into the middle of the street the following morning, threw his hat down on the ground, and cursed aloud everyone who had helped to make his home town dry. Then he went upstairs to his editorial typewriter, dipped his ribbon in vitriol, and for weeks hammered out great "cussings" against his fellow townsmen who had dared to "dustify" instead of "mudify" his little city.

Well, the one brightest man he had was "Bill." A writer and typesetter and an all-around man was this brilliant Bill; but he was also a drunkard. Regularly on Monday mornings the editor called at Bill's home to see that the wife and children had something to eat and to make sure Bill was sleeping off his drunk and would be at work by Tuesday. He not only gave Bill his wages, but found himself forced to pay the large end of Bill's accounts at the stores, if he wanted to keep Bill at his place. Others in the shop, though not nearly as bad, had Bill's habits, and money for their children's needs went over the bar.

A few dry weeks went by. "Who's this with the new suit?" That's Bill. "Family is fine, thank you." That's Bill's answer Monday mornings now, as he comes to work. "Bill was my first eye-opener," confessed the editor. Increase in advertisements was the next. He asked his advertisers why they bought more space. They told him the people were buying more stuff and were paying for it in cash. They were all bidding for the trade. All the police but one were fired. Reason—no work to do. One big fat man, occupying the box on a downtown corner, was the lone officer on duty. Only the college boys in their pranks caused any wear to his shoe-leather.

I saw what had changed the editor from a wet to a dry, copied the facts and secured affidavits, procured short letters from the business men and bankers, and printed the facts about one dry town, and scattered the information. I think the heading of the bulletin was, "A Blind Editor Sees a City without a Jail."

The facts fanned the moral flame and turned the temperance talks into votes, changing our temperance touring car into a truck delivering a full load of victory votes.

PAUL RADER—he prefers to write his name without prefixes or suffixes—the successor to Moody, Torrey and Dixon in the famous Moody Church Tabernacle in Chicago, now is engaging in a round-the-world evangelistic tour. He conducted successful missions in several cities of the British Isles and now is in the Orient. Just before the beginning of the New Year, a characteristic cable message was received from him: "Praising God with the saints in Jerusalem. All well, Rader." From Palestine, Mr. Rader will go to India, China, Japan, the Philippines, and then return home.

IN EUROPE they must learn to "Get the areas!" "Get the facts!" "Spread the facts!" Yes, facts from dry areas win.

Over there the liquor business is in concrete trenches. With us in America a liquor man never stood high, but in England "the trade," as they say, walks the aisles of many churches and is present in person in Parliament. It will take high explosives to unseat his royal cornship, but the facts gathered from dry areas and dry America and dropped like bombs over Europe will do the work.

The night I landed in Liverpool I spoke at the Gay Street mission, and in the short distance from hotel to Gay Street, from my taxi I counted twelve drunken women. My first sight in Glasgow, on my way to the Tabernacle, shocked me more than anything I ever saw in America—and I was born in Denver and raised in touch with the rough open towns of the West. Whiskey-soaked slum folks were thick on the streets. Fallen at the foot of a stairway was a drunken woman, another falling over her in the effort to lift her up. Unspeakable are the slums of Europe without whiskey, but with whiskey they are the last word in wretchedness.

The good men and women of Europe are awake. They will learn to fight with figures and facts, with the record of dollars saved by dry areas. This record of economic facts is a new smelling-salts that opens the heads of the money-loving men of our day. The wet and dry fight is on moral and political ground now, but once the drys get their facts they will find that the pocketbook has finer feelings than the heart in this case with the great voting majority.

Economic competition has had its great changes and the nations are off for a new contest in manufacturing after the war's reverses. No nation with whiskey or beer and wine-soaked workers is going to win. Liquor does not make contented workers any more than morphine cures disease. The workingmen in America will soon produce some great new facts in economic contentment. They will prove that the absence of the beer-can from the home means the absence of tear-stains from the faces of wife and children. Europe will see these facts and force those in authority to action.

LIQUOR is flowing all around me. I have been to France and Italy, and am now in Switzerland, as I write this. Europe is wilder today for drink than ever. She is trying everywhere to wash down the taste of war from her mouth. She will find her "morning after," and in its "cold, gray dawn" she will philosophize. She will look at her pink-cheeked laughing neighbor across the Atlantic, dry and forging ahead. She will shake away the chill, and by some movement, cry, "Never again."

You will ask me, and rightly so, "What is that movement to be?" I have answered that it will come from a bombing with facts. But there is one big "if," and I am talking of purely natural forces. That "if" is the necessity of conscience to handle facts. I find a horribly dull conscience here. Now, something must awaken Europe's conscience. These things are awfully wrong and are leading to the most far-reaching immoral conditions. What will produce a new conscience in Europe? We hoped the war would quicken the conscience of the world, but it did not; it has greatly seared it.

I know of only one real sure remedy, and that is a great God-sent revival following old-time Gospel lines. An old-time revival will make a new conscience. Will they have one? I believe they will. It is in the air in Scotland and in England, and even in Ireland, a great hunger, in spite of their troubles, is felt. Revivals made the fire behind the facts in America. Town after town, section after section went dry after a real revival.

Europe will never go dry until she has had a great revival. I felt the revival fires warming up as I visited Glasgow and Edinburgh. I wish I might have stayed to see it break into flame, for surely it must soon do so. God has His man and men here somewhere, and they will soon send forth the cry. God will not leave His people without a prophet. He has a mighty people over here who know the real fundamentals of the Gospel and know the place of prayer. The quickest way—and I think the only way—to a dry victory is by God's people praying for a revival.

The Editorial Forum

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False Guides

IN THESE troubled days, with their increase of strange and misleading doctrines, we have a foreshadowing of the spiritually perilous times in which false Christs and false prophets should arise, showing great signs and wonders, so as to lead astray, if possible, even the elect. "Then, if any man say unto you, Lo, here is the Christ, believe it not . . . If they shall say: Behold, he is in the wilderness, go not forth; or, behold he is in the inner chambers, believe it not." Such was the warning which Jesus Himself gave to His followers, and which has been handed down to us in the Gospels.

False guides are taking the opportunity, when the world is undergoing great changes, to sow the seeds of unbelief. They are sedulously striving to mislead the people. It is a time for all true believers in Christ and His teachings, to take heed lest they be led astray by sensational propagators of dangerous doctrines. It was undoubtedly this class of alarmists, whose false and presumptuous interpretations of Scripture are designed to deceive, that He had in view when He assured His followers that such men were not real prophets, but impostors, and that "no one, not even the angels," knows the Divine will nor the time appointed. And Jesus, for the further reassurance of believers, told them that the attitude of the true Christian at such a time of disquietude should be that of prayerful preparation, each doing his duty and with a serene trust in God, Who has all who are faithful in His keeping.

Plotting Against Prohibition

IT NEEDS no prophet to foretell that if Prohibition should fail, the cause of its failure will be found to rest with those who are paid to serve the Government in its enforcement. For some time past it has been evident that there was a leak somewhere, and now comes the news that a nation-wide whisky ring, said to be backed by prominent persons, including federal officials, with headquarters in New York, Chicago and Jersey City, is doing its best to render Prohibition ineffective. Among other paraphernalia it has been found that rubber stamps, bearing the signatures of federal enforcement officials for Illinois and New Jersey, have been extensively used. Through forged permits thousands of gallons of liquor have been withdrawn from warehouses in New York, Pennsylvania and Kentucky. One of the persons involved, who is under arrest, has made confession and, with another under similar charges, has been held for trial, failing to furnish $10,000 bail.

All the evidence in this matter goes to show that in the appointing of Prohibition enforcement officers, somebody has been woefully if not criminally lax. No doubt the majority of our revenue agents are men of character, sober, honest and reliable in the performance of their duty; but there are others who should never have been appointed, and who it is alleged make common cause with crooks and criminals, gangsters and the like to defeat the very laws they are paid to enforce. The temptation of "easy money" is too great and the weakness for liquor too strong for such men to resist.

In a number of cases of recent occurrence, prohibition agents, according to the newspaper accounts, were hobnobbing with those engaged in setting the law at defiance. Investigation is said to have revealed the fact that there was a Prohibition agent involved in the drunken brawl that led to the killing in New York of "Monk" Eastman, the notorious gangster. In several other cases, U. S. officials are reported as being involved in violations, and in collusion with the actual culprits and a party to their plots.

Such a condition of affairs should not be tolerated. It takes time to wake up the American people. They are long-suffering and patient. They have a right to demand that the Government should take steps to forestall the purpose of the lawbreakers who, hand in hand with paid officers of the Government, are making Prohibition enforcement a farce. There should be a thorough overhauling of the lists of appointees, and every man who has shown the slightest disposition to further the plans of law-breakers should be summarily removed. Prohibition must have a clear field for enforcement. Wherever it has been enforced it has produced excellent results. Right-thinking citizens are beginning to be aroused over the amazing latitude that is still allowed to the sale of drink, especially in our big cities. They have a right to look to the federal authorities for such a drastic revision of their appointments as will remove all who join with gangsters and criminals to defeat the law.

Revising History

THREE hundred and fifty years ago, just after the return of Charles II to the throne of Great Britain, a mob of Royalists who had hated and misunderstood Cromwell, the great Commoner, dug his body out of the grave, dragged it through the London streets to Tyburn and hanged it in the gibbet there, and afterwards cut off the head. They also went to Westminster Abbey and demanded from the priests the bodies of Cromwell's wife and daughter and dragged them through the streets and threw them into a common pit.

But as you go into the House of Commons now, the first thing you notice as you enter is the noble statue of Cromwell, inside the enclosure of the Houses of Parliament, the only monument of any kind that has ever been allowed a place there.

About sixty years ago, in the British Museum, there was a large cartoon in Punch showing Abraham Lincoln sitting on a heap of skulls of American soldiers, and laughing over a funny story he was telling to his cabinet.

But a few months ago, in the midst of a touring rain, in the heart of London, a great crowd stood with bared heads when a noble statue of Lincoln was unveiled, and the English people honored him as the First American.

In H. G. Wells's "Outline of History" we find that from the most recent historical records we must paint new pictures of the famous ones of the past. He says of Napoleon that he was "A scoundrel, bright and complete, without a conscience, or any moral standard." Of Caesar and Alexander and Frederick the Great he speaks with frank criticism of their immoral and selfish lives, in a way that very few historians have dared to speak. And the result is that we are obliged to revise our definitions of very many public characters, and write new chapters in what have been praise of heroes and great ones of the earth.

This is the serious defect of the present day journalism in that it is unable, in the very nature of the case, to measure soberly the doings of men. We are not getting the real facts about the Japanese situation on the Pacific Coast. We are not being informed truly about a great multitude of human affairs, because the newspaper correspondents are not able, even when they want to be, to weigh and sift the evidence and account for the motives and actions of those whose words and acts are caught "on the fly" and at once put on the printed page and called "history."

We may as well make up our minds that a good part of what we call news is not news at all, in the sense of being accurate history. It takes at least one hundred years to get a true look at a great man. It was three hundred and fifty from Tyburn to the House of Commons.

Which would ensure the happier future for the United States:

An investment of $100,000,000 in more warships?

An investment of $100,000,000 in the lives of 15,000,000 of the best type of Chinese who will die without our help?

Some Railroad Facts

DID you know that the mileage of the railroads in the United States in 1919 was 233,441 miles of operated roads? Almost enough to go around the equator ten times?

Did you know that in 1919 there were employed on these miles of railroads 1,953,571 persons, men and women, running the trains, working in the shops, office buildings and in the various places where railroad people work?

Did you know that the cost of operating all the railroads in the United States in 1919 was $4,419,989,000?

Did you know that the valuation of all the railroads in the United States, based on the 1920 rate cases is $18,900,000,000?

Did you know that 1,084,960,449 people travel on the railroads in a year's time?

Did you know receipts from a year's travel (in 1919) amounted to $1,178,120,000?

Did you know that the total receipts for passenger, and freight service, including Pullman receipts, mail, express, and all operating revenues in a year's time is $5,184,230,000?

These are large figures, but railroads are large things. How large they are, and how important to what we call our civilization very few people in this country stop to think. If the roads were suddenly to stop operating altogether, as our social system is now organized, it would mean ruin and death. Cities could no longer receive food supplies or fuel supplies. Babies would die for lack of milk. Pestilence would spring up in a fearful toll of life. Workers in cities and towns could not reach their places of daily labor. Merchandise would no longer move from factory to store. And all our social order would become disorganized.

The railroad is in the highest sense, a moral factor in a community, if it is rightly understood. It may and should serve the highest ends of public safety and happiness. It is a constant source of confidence in the best elements of human nature to reflect that out of nearly 2,000,000 people engaged in helping to make railroads keep going, an exceedingly small number ever fail of duty to the public so far as its safety is concerned. When we consider that more than one billion persons travel on the United States railroads in a year, and that out of that number only 5,000 are killed or injured in the same time, most of them from their own carelessness, one understands something of the care and fidelity on the part of the railroad employees exercised day and night on the track, in the engines, over the bridges, through the mountains and tunnels and over the desert in order that the traveler may reach his destination safely. It is in order that the American people consider the best ways of using this great public servant which has grown to be such a giant of necessary social need. The highest and most skilled mental and moral forces will be needed in the next quarter of a century to maintain and develop this mighty system of transportation as it ought to be managed for the good of all the people.

*The figures are from the last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission.)

Great Britain wants to call a halt to naval construction, but can not take this step unless the United States agrees to stop building warships. Congress might speed up disarmament by appropriating some of the money intended for navy yards to Chinese relief.

This Slow Old World

THE earth on which we live is a fast earth and is traveling at a rate of something over 60 miles a second. But the moral and ethical world in which we live is a slow old world, and some people say it is not making any time at all out of darkness into light.

It would seem to be taken for granted by every one in this old world, after centuries of trouble and sorrow and loss caused by war and drink and lust and greed and race feeling, that by common consent the whole world would meet in a common Convention and in about five minutes unanimously vote these things out of existence and start the millennium going at once.

That is what some of us think we would do if we had the power to do it for the old world.

But as a matter of fact, that is not the way the old world has done it so far. What painful years of untold agony before human slavery was voted out of existence! What brave lives wiped out, what oceans of blood shed, what millions of property destroyed before a thing that you would think every one would agree to wipe out in five minutes could be taken out of civilization. Not five minutes to destroy a wrong, but centuries of painful crucifixion and agony.

What long years it took to educate the mind and instruct the people about a wrong to the physical, spiritual, and political and business life of the world, like the liquor evil! What millions bruised on the wheel of its cruelty before we could be persuaded to put an end to a thing that you would think mankind by unanimous consent centuries ago would have agreed to abolish in five minutes!

And how long it takes this slow, old world to create a frame of mind that will put an end forever to war! One would think that this evil of all evils would not have to wait before it was told to clear out of civilization. But what centuries of broken hearts, what blood-stained pages of history, until a great part of a nation's story is the story of its battles! What agony of mind and body! What horrors of suffering on the part of the suffering masses!

Paul Hymans of Belgium, permanent president of the Assembly, said in his reply to the welcome of the President of Switzerland:

> "We are far from believing that we are going to change the world with a wave of a wand, *for the world changes slowly*, and most slowly men change."

Surely it is a slow, old world! It is a good thing for us poor humans that our God is so patient. If He were not, long before this He would surely have taken this slow, old world of ours in His hand of wrath and thrown it back into the chaos from which He once took it.

The World News of the Week

Huge Withdrawals of Intoxicants on Forged Orders Revealed

THE enormous scale on which the illicit traffic in intoxicants has been conducted was revealed through the discovery by agents of the Special Intelligence Unit of the Internal Revenue Bureau of more than 1,000 forged permits upon which millions of gallons of whiskey had been illegally withdrawn from distilleries and bonded warehouses for sale in New York City. The amounts of liquor called for by these forged permits ranged from one barrel to ten thousand cases and their total retail value was estimated at upwards of $100,000,000.

The disclosures were made as the result of the work of a corps of investigators who were sent from Washington to inquire into prohibition enforcement situation in New York, and the forgeries covered a period of four or five months. In many cases the names of reputable firms were used and the federal agents, after thorough inquiry, were convinced the names of the firms were used without their knowledge or consent.

Several arrests already have been made, and among the accused are employees of the prohibition enforcement offices who were in positions to facilitate the traffic in forged permits. The temptation to which the enforcement officers were subject was indicated by the disclosure that one agent was offered $5,000 if he would obtain a basic withdrawal permit, and later was promised an additional $100,000 if he would enter a conspiracy for the issuance of other withdrawal permits. With the profits of the rum-runners soaring up in the aggregate to tens of millions of dollars, they were able to offer large bribes, and some of the federal employees succumbed.

Charles R. O'Connor, who recently took office as Federal Prohibition Director for New York state, temporarily discontinued the issuance of withdrawal permits and announced his intention to reduce the number of basic permit holders by 50 per cent. in an effort to stop the frauds. Many aliens have held such permits, although a state law forbids their participation in liquor traffic, and with a closer investigation of permits they will be excluded.

The persistency with which the liquor interests continue their operations was indicated by the issuance by Federal Judge Landis in Chicago of temporary injunctions restraining four breweries from violating the prohibitory laws after the submission of evidence to prove they had been brewing real beer. Illinois State officials planned to ask for injunctions against twenty other breweries.

International

IN MEMORY OF AMERICA'S FIRST DEAD IN WAR

This monument at Souain, near the Marne, honors the first Americans who fell in the World War, fighting in the French Foreign Legion. Prominent Americans living in Paris attended the unveiling

Naval Aeronauts Safe in Wilds

IT OFTEN seems that the age of adventure is past, but three American navy lieutenants who left an air station in the outskirts of New York City in the balloon A-5598 and landed next day in the frozen wilderness on the shores of Hudson Bay went through adventures for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the pages of fiction. For nearly three weeks no word was received from the aeronauts and, except by their families, hope for them had been almost abandoned when an Indian runner, after a 200-mile trip through the snow, brought word that they were safe at Moose Factory, Ontario.

While over the Adirondack Mountains in northern New York, the balloon was caught by a terrific gale which swept it northward, sometimes at a speed of seventy miles an hour. After drifting for many hours, the aeronauts heard a dog's howling and decided to land. They struck in dense forest and were almost stripped of clothing in descending, their balloon being wrecked. In a temperature ten degrees below zero, but unusually mild for that region, they wandered for four days through the deep snow of the wilderness, almost without food, before they found an Indian trapper, who at first fled from them in fright. He guided them to a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, where they were fed and clothed and sheltered, and then set out to carry the news of their rescue to the nearest railway.

An enthusiastic welcome was ready for the aeronauts—Lieutenants Walter Hinton, a veteran of the transatlantic flight in the NC-4, L. A. Kloor and Stephen A. Farrell—when they reached the first town on their homeward journey.

General Crowder Sent to Cuba

WITH Cuba still suffering from a financial crisis and with the succession to the Presidency in doubt two months after the general elections, President Wilson has sent Major General Enoch Crowder to the island to confer with President Menocal in an effort to straighten out the difficulties. General Crowder drafted the regulation under which the elections were held, and is one of the best informed men in the United States regarding Cuban affairs. The Washington government twice has intervened in Cuba under the treaty provision which authorizes such action in Cuban interests, and intervention is possible again if General Crowder considers it advisable. It was believed the General had authority to use the threat of intervention in his efforts to remedy the financial and political situation.

A moratorium has been in effect in Cuba since early October, and recently was extended until February 1, the financial crisis being due largely to the slump in sugar prices. Many Americans have complained that the moratorium imposed hardship on them, and the Cuban government has not adopted the suggestions of Albert Rathbone, who recently became its financial adviser, for the improvement of the national finances. Taken in connection with the election tangle, the situation has aroused fears that a revolution may be started.

On the face of the election returns, Dr. Alfredo Zayas, the coalition candidate, was elected to succeed President Menocal, whose term expires on May 20, but enough votes were missing to make possible a victory for José Miguel Gomez, the Liberal candidate. Charges of fraud have been insistently presented, but the Cuban courts have been slow to act, although some ballots have been thrown out as fraudulent. Several by-elections have been called and these may determine the final result. General Crowder's visit, it was hoped, would induce the Cuban government to expedite a settlement.

International

OFF FOR THE WILDS OF HUDSON BAY

In this naval balloon, the A-5598, three naval aviators were carried more than 800 miles to the frozen North

War Finance Board Revived

CONGRESS has overridden President Wilson's veto of the joint resolution reviving the War Finance Corporation in order to assist the exportation of farm products, the vote in the Senate being 53 to 5 and in the House 250 to 66. But the measure seems likely to be of no more value to the farmers than was the action of the House in rushing through a bill to levy protective customs duties on agricultural products and which will be delayed indefinitely in the Senate by the decision to hold committee hearings on it. To enable the War Finance Corporation to accomplish anything, Congress must pass other legislation providing funds for it—probably $1,000,000,000 would be needed—and with the Treasury facing a deficit of $1,500,000,000 at the end of the fiscal year, it would be difficult to find the money.

The President, in his veto message, declared that if the Corporation's activities assumed large proportions it would mean more taxes or additional borrowing, and in either case would impose new burdens on all the people. He pointed out that exports have increased steadily since the Armistice, and declared the difficulty in the way of still larger exports "does not seem to lie so much in the lack of financial ability here as Europe's lack of means to make payment." He added a belief that even if it were possible to make advances to producers, they could not accomplish the objects in view by creating a demand for American products.

The House overrode the veto without debate, and only two short speeches were made in the Senate. It was predicted further efforts to revitalize the War Finance Corporation would be defeated; but the advocates of the tariff measure became more hopeful after Senator Penrose, who at first opposed it, announced he would support it in the Senate.

Secondary Boycott Forbidden

THE United States Supreme Court, in a far-reaching decision affecting the rights of labor organizations to employ the secondary boycott against employers, decided that labor unions are not immune from prosecution and judicial restraint if they interfere with the interstate trade of employers. Six justices concurred, and three dissented regarding the opinion, which overturned the decisions of two lower courts.

The case arose through an action of the Duplex Printing Press Company of Battle Creek, Mich., against the International Association of Machinists. In substance the Supreme Court held that the action of the Association in calling a strike because the company refused to recognize the closed shop, and in refusing to permit the setting up of its presses, was a conspiracy in restraint of interstate commerce in violation of the anti-trust laws. The union contended that the Clayton law relieved labor organizations of liability under the Sherman Act provisions forbidding combinations in restraint of trade.

The three dissenting justices declared the decision rendered futile an effort of more than twenty years to place employers and employees on an equal basis before the law, and held that the union's action was clearly a case of self defense.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, assailed the decision as a "blow at the movement for human freedom and progress" and asserted the Supreme Court had "joined forces with the anti-union shop movement."

Inaugural Plans Cause Clashes

INTRODUCTION in Congress of a joint resolution to appropriate $50,000 for the expenses of the inaugural ceremonies for President-elect Harding has aroused much opposition to the plans for an elaborate

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The Island of Faith

A Fascinating Serial

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Sixth Instalment

CHAPTER XII

AND then the climax of Ella's life—the crash that Rose-Marie had been expecting—happened. It happened when Ella came furiously into the Volsky flat, early one afternoon, and—ignoring the little Lily, who sat placidly on Rose-Marie's lap—hurried silently into her own room. Mrs. Volsky, bending over the washtubs, straightened up as if she could almost feel the electric quality of the air as Ella passed her, but Rose-Marie only held tighter to Lily as if, somehow, the slim little body gave her comfort.

"I wonder what's happened," she ventured, after a moment.

Mrs. Volsky, again bending over the washtubs, answered.

"Ella, she act so funny, lately," she told Rose-Marie, "an' there is some feller; Bennie, he tell me that he have seen her wit' some feller! A rich feller, maybe; maybe he puts Ella up to her funny business!"

There were sounds of activity from the inner room, as if clothing was being torn down from hooks, as if heavy garments were being flung into bags. Rose-Marie listened, apprehensively, to the sounds before she spoke again.

"Perhaps I'd better go in and see what's the matter," she suggested.

Mrs. Volsky, looking back over her shoulder, gave a helpless little shrug. "If you t'inks best," she said hopelessly. "But Ella—she not never want to take any help. . . ."

Only too well Rose-Marie knew what Mrs. Volsky meant by her twisted sentence. Only too well she understood that Ella would never allow herself to be biased by another's judgment, that Ella would not allow herself to be moved by another's plea. And yet she set Lily gently down upon the floor and rose to her feet.

"I'll see what she's doing," she told Mrs. Volsky, and pushed open the inner door.

DESPITE all of the time that she had spent in the Volsky flat, Rose-Marie had never been past the front room with its tumbled heaps of bedding, and its dirt. She was surprised to see that the inner room, shared by Ella and Lily, was exquisitely neat, though tiny. There were no windows—the only light came from a rusty gas fixture—but Rose-Marie, after months in the slums, was prepared for that. It was the geranium, blooming on the shabby table, that caught her eyes; it was the clean hair brush, lying on the same table, and the framed picture of a Madonna, upon the wall, that attracted her. She spoke of them, first, to the girl who knelt on the floor, packing a cheap suitcase—spoke of them before she questioned gently:

"You're not going away, are you, Ella?"

Ella glanced up from her packing.

"Yes, I'm going away!" she said, shortly. And then, as if against her will, she added.

"I got th' flower an' th' picture for Lily. Oh, sure, I know that she can't see 'em! But I sorter feel that she knows they're here!"

Rose-Marie's voice was very soft, as she spoke again.

"I'm glad that you chose the picture you did," she said, "the picture of the Christ Child and His Mother!"

Ella wadded a heavy dress into the suitcase.

"I don't hold much with religious pictures," she said, without looking up. "Religion never did much fer me! I only got it 'cause th' Baby had hair like Lily's hair!"

Rose-Marie crouched down, suddenly, upon the floor beside the girl. She laid her hand upon the suitcase.

"Where are you going, Ella!" she asked abruptly. "Where are you going—and when will you be back?"

Ella's lips drew up into the semblance of a smile, a very bitter one, as she answered.

"It's none of yer business, where I'm goin'," she said, "*an' I may not ever come back—see?*"

Rose-Marie caught her breath in a kind of sob. It was as she had guessed—and feared!

"Ella," she asked slowly, "are you going alone?"

THE girl's face colored swiftly, with a glorious wave of crimson. She tossed her head with a defiant movement.

"No, I ain't goin' alone!" she told Rose-Marie. "You kin betcha life I ain't goin' alone!"

Rose-Marie—sitting beside her on the floor—asked God, silently, for help before she spoke again. She felt suddenly powerless, futile.

"*Why* are you going, dear?" she questioned, at last.

Ella dropped the shoes that she had been about to tuck into the suitcase. Her eyes were grim.

"Because," she said, "I'm tired of all o' this," her finger pointed in the direction of the outer room. "I'm tired o' dirt, and drunken people, and Jim's rotten talk. I'm tired o' meals et out o' greasy dishes, an' cheap clothes, and jobs that I hate—an' that I can't nohow seem ter hold! I'm tired, dog tired, o' life. All that's ever held me in this place is Lily. An' sometimes, when I look at her, I don't think that she'd know the difference whether I was here 'r *not!*"

Rose-Marie was half sobbing in her earnestness.

"Oh, but she would know the difference," she cried. "Lily loves you with all of her heart. And your mother is really trying to be neater, to make a better home for you! She hasn't a pleasant time of it, either—your mother. But she doesn't run away. *She stays!*"

There was scorn in the laugh that came, all at once, from Ella's twisted mouth. Her great eyes were somberly sarcastic.

"Sure, she stays," said Ella, "cause she ain't got enough gumption ter be gettin' out! *I know.*"

IN HER heart Rose-Marie was inclined to agree with Ella. She knew, herself, that Mrs. Volsky would never have the courage to make any sort of a definite decision. But she couldn't say so—not while Ella was staring at her with that somberly sarcastic expression.

"I guess," she said bravely, "that we'd better leave your mother out of this discussion. After all, it's between you—and your conscience."

"Say," Ella's face was suddenly drawn and ugly, "say, where do you get off to pull this conscience stuff? You've always had a nice home, an' pretty clothes, an' clean vittles, an'—an' love! I ain't had any of it. But," her eyes flamed, "I'm goin' to! Don't you dast ter pull this conscience stuff on me—I've heard you profess'nal slummers talk before—a lot o' times. What good has a conscience ever done me—huh?"

Rose-Marie had been watching the girl's face. Of a sudden she shot her thunderbolt.

"Are you running away to be married, Ella?" she asked.

A second flush ran over Ella's face, and receded slowly, leaving it very pale. But her head went up rather gallantly.

"No, I ain't," she retorted. "Marriage," she said the words parrot-like, "was made fer th' sort o' folks who can't stick at nothin' unless they're *tied*. I ain't one of those folks!"

Across the nearly forgotten suitcase, Rose-Marie leaned toward Ella Volsky. Her eyes were suddenly hot with anger.

"Who gave you that sort of an argument?" she demanded, "Who has been filling your head with lies? You never thought of that yourself, Ella—I know you never thought of that yourself!"

Ella's eyes were blazing—Rose-Marie almost thought that the girl was going to strike her! But the blazing eyes wavered, after a moment, and fell.

"My gentleman fren' says marriage is wrong," said Ella. "He knows a lot. And he has *so* much money—" she made a wide gesture with her hands—"I can have a nice place ter live, Miss Rose-Marie, an' pretty clothes. Lookit ma; she's married an' she ain't got nothin'! I can have coats an' hats an'——"

ROSE-MARIE touched Ella's hand, timidly, with her cool fingers.

"But you'll have to pay for them, Ella," she said. "Think, dear, will the coats and hats be worth the price that you'll have to pay? Will they be worth the price of self-respect—will they be worth the price of honorable wifehood and—motherhood? Will the pretty clothes, Ella, make it easier for you to look into the face of some other woman—who has kept straight? Will they?"

Ella raised her eyes and, in their suddenly vague expression, Rose-Marie saw a glimmering of the faded, crushed mother. She hurried on.

"What kind of a chap is this gentleman friend," she raged, "to ask so much of you, dear? Is there—is there any reason why he *can't* marry you? Is he tied to some one else?"

All at once Ella was sobbing, with gusty, defiant sobs.

"Not as far as I've heard of, there ain't nobody else," she sobbed. "I don't know much about him, Miss Rose-Marie. Jim gimme a knockdown ter him, one night in a dance hall. I thought he was all right—Jim said he was . . . An' he said he loved me, an'—" wildly, "I love him, too! An' I hate it all, here, except Lily——"

Rose-Marie, thinking rapidly, seized her advantage.

"Will going away with him," she asked steadily, "be worth never seeing Lily again? For you wouldn't be able to see her again—you wouldn't be able to touch her, you know, if your hands weren't—clean. You bought her a religious picture, Ella, and a flower. Why? Because you know, in your heart, that she's aware of religion and beauty and sweetness! Going away with this man, Ella, will separate you from Lily, just as completely as an ocean flowing between the two of you would make a separation! And all of your life you'll have to know that she's suffering somewhere, perhaps, that maybe somebody's hurting her—that her dresses are dirty and her hair isn't combed! Every time you hear a little child crying you'll think of Lily—who can't cry aloud. Every time a pair of blue eyes look into your face you'll think of her eyes—that can't see. Will going away with him be worth never knowing, Ella, whether she's alive or dead——"

ELLA had stopped sobbing, but the acute misery of her face was somehow more pitiful than tears. Rose-Marie waited, for a moment, and then—as Ella did not speak—she got up from her place beside the suitcase, and going to the dividing door, opened it softly.

The room was as she had left it. Mrs. Volsky was still bending above the tubs, Lily was standing in almost the same place that Rose-Marie had left her. With hurried steps Rose-Marie crossed the room; took the child's slim, little hand in her own.

"Come with me, honey," she said, almost forgetting that Lily could not hear her voice. "Come with me—" and she led her gently back to the inner room.

Ella was sitting on the floor, her face still wan, her attitude unconsciously tragic. But as the child, clinging to Rose-Marie's hand, came over to her side, she was suddenly galvanized into action.

"Oh, darlin', darlin'—" she sobbed wildly, "Ella was a-goin' ter leave you! Ella was a-goin' away. But she isn't now—not now! Darlin'," her arms were flung wildly about the little figure, "show some way that you forgive Ella—who loves you!"

Rose-Marie was crying, quite frankly. All at once she dropped down on the floor and put her arms about the two sisters—the big one and the little one—and her sobs mingled with the sobs of Ella. But, curiously enough, as she stood like a little statue between them, a sudden smile swept across the face of Lily. She might, almost, have understood.

CHAPTER XIII

THEY wept together for a long time, Ella and Rose-Marie. And as they cried something grew out of their common emotion. It was a something that they both felt, subconsciously—a something warm and friendly. It might have been a new bond of affection, a new chain of love. Rose-Marie, as she felt it, was able to say to herself, with more of tolerance that she had ever known:

"If I had been as tempted and as unhappy as she—well, I might, perhaps, have reacted in the same way!"

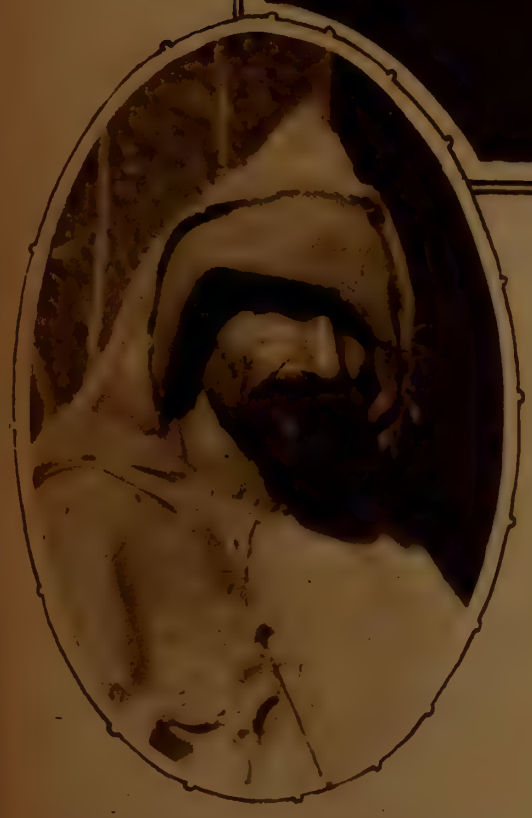
And Ella, sobbing in the arms of the girl that she had never quite understood, was able to tell herself: "She's right—dead right! *The straight road's the only road.* . . ."

Continued on page 82

What Has Gone Before

ROSE-MARIE, who has come from her sheltered, quiet home in the country to the Settlement House in the city's slums, clashes with the Young Doctor, an orphan, who has had to fight for opportunity all his life. She is imbued with a passion to make people better, while he avows as his only purpose a desire to make them healthier without regard to their souls. In a tiny park Rose-Marie later interrupts a small boy in his torturing of a kitten, rescues the animal, and wins the friendship of the lad by discovering the one tender spot of his heart—love of his younger sister Lily. She visits Bennie Volsky's home, without telling her associates at the Settlement House, and finds it more dirty and squalid than she had dreamed any home could be—the father in a drunken stupor; the mother dull and hopeless; Ella, the elder daughter, beautiful but hard; Jim, the elder son, with a nameless menace in his eyes. Lily, the only means through which Rose-Marie can arouse the family to better things, is blind, and deaf, and can not speak. Rose-Marie's absences when she is calling on the Volsky family are noticed by the Young Doctor, who jestingly accuses her of having a beau. But the girl is able to arouse in Mrs. Volsky a desire for improvement. Bennie visits the Settlement House and his talk with the Young Doctor shows Rose-Marie's friendship has developed new ideals in him. He refuses, however, to disclose the name of the person who induced him to come.

An animated street scene in an Algerian town where American missionaries are making much headway.



Cynical, sour, fatalist—this follower of the Prophet Mohammed might be a disagreeable person to meet on a long pilgrimage through a North African desert.

ALLAH! ALLAH!

The start of Protestantism in this region was late but the gains have been rapid. Especial efforts are being made to reach the women and children. It has been extremely difficult to enlist the interest of the former because of the Mohammedan tenets that require feminine seclusion. Missionary work, however, is breaking down this barrier.

A charming little maid of Algiers who is hoping for a few coins in payment for her song. She is accompanying herself on one of the native musical instruments—a cross between a banjo, a violin and a ukelele.

THE FRIENDLY CANNIBAL

A gruesome table of exhibits prized by the native warriors who stand about in the background.

One of the beaux of New Guinea in his war dress.

The two photographers in a hut they erected near the coast.

Two American camera men, Edward Laemmle and William F. Alder, left San Francisco last year to study life in the South Seas for the Southern California Academy of Sciences and a big film production company. On the way they were shipwrecked on the coast of New Guinea, where for six months they lived among cannibals and finally succeeded in making the man-eating natives their friends. No trace of missionary activities was found in the region.

A friendly cannibal ready for an excursion into the jungle.

(Copyright, Universal Film.)

THE NEW YEAR AT THE BOWERY MISSION

The Winners Club at the Bowery Mission. The members scattered all over the United States had their start toward a new life in the Mission and these quarters in the Mission building are maintained for the men who continue their active connection with the mission work.

The Chapel in the Mission is thrown open on cold winter nights and the shelterless are welcomed into its warmth and quiet. There is a place to sleep, and below the chapel is the lunch hall where hot coffee and bread are ready for every man who wants them.

The coffee stand in the Mission where bread and coffee are given to every man who cares for them. The demand for this bit of help is growing rapidly with the cold weather and the increase in unemployment.

In extending its activities the Mission is reaching out after these boys and girls of the East Side who find the crowded street their only play ground. Afternoons are now set aside for them at the Mission and they are entertained with games, stories and motion pictures.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED RED LETTER BIBLE

WITH 48 BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAVURE PICTURES

From the Famous Mastroianni Sculptural Reliefs

IN THIS age of mighty events, that have shaken the world to its foundations, the Bible should be in every home in our beloved land. These are "times of fulfilment" and we need God's Word more than ever. Upon those who honor Him and study His message, He bestows spiritual understanding and great blessing. The Christian Herald, which in the last forty years has manufactured and put in circulation more Bibles than all other religious publications in America, outside of the Bible Societies, has scored its greatest triumph in the production of the new Photogravure Red Letter Bible.

Domenico Mastroianni has been called the Tissot of Sculpture. He has spent the greater part of his life time in the Orient, and especially in Palestine. He studied people, customs, dress, until he became able to express in his art the unchanging spirit of the Holy Land and its people. All of his work is instinct with life; every figure seems to move and breathe; his landscapes, lakes and rivers have an atmosphere that heightens the charm of his wondrous art. His genius has given us a new revelation in the sublimest of all pictorial themes—Bible Illustration. Every one of the 48 sculptures is an artistic triumph.

"The Bible Beautiful" is presented in a setting worthy of the priceless volume. It is the ideal Bible for the Home, being printed in clear, legible type that is easily read without straining the eyes. It is equipped with the latest aids and helps, and in addition has 16 maps of Bible Lands, in colors. A great charm, however, is added to the Book by the 48 splendid, full-page photogravure reproductions of the world famous sculptural masterpieces by Domenico Mastroianni.

The 48 illustrations are photogravures in brown tone. This illustration of the Little Samuel is to give a slight idea of the beauty of the work.

Fine American Bible Paper used for the text. Size 5 x 7 inches.

Beautiful Divinity circuit real leather binding, red undergold edges, silk ribbon marker, round corners.

New Photogravure Illustrated Red Letter Bible

These photographs are taken from the sculptures themselves, and made into copper-plate gravures. This we believe is altogether a new departure in Bible illustration.

The titles of the 48 full-page gravures are as follows:

Cain a Fugitive
Rebecca at the Well
The Flood
Jacob's Ladder

Moses and the Burning Bush
Daniel in the Den of Lions
Eli and Samuel
Solomon's Wise Judgment

Moses Rebukes the People
Building of Babel
Jacob Comes into Egypt
Finding of Moses

Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon!
Ark passing Over Jordan
Perishing in the Flood
Moses Smites the Rock

Entering into the Ark
Egyptians Overwhelmed
Expulsion from Eden
Samson Slays the Lion

Joseph Sold to the Ishmaelites
Esau sells His Birthright
Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah
David Slays Goliath

Fire Consuming the Burnt Offering.
In the Fiery Furnace

Jephthah meets his daughter
By the Rivers of Babylon

The Transfiguration
Ruth Gleaning in the Field
Fall of Jericho
Magi worship the Babe

Christ Teaching on the Mountain
The Last Supper
"Peace Be Unto You!"
The Ascension

Pilate Washes His Hands
"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"
Christ preaching in the Temple
"And He, bearing His Cross"

Christ Amid the Doctors
Baptism of Jesus
Mary, Martha and Jesus
Samson Pulls down the Pillars

Taken Down from the Cross
On the Road to Emmaus
The Women at the Sepulchre
"Sword of the Lord and of Gideon"

Offer No. 1—Photogravure Illustrated Red Letter Bible

New subscribers to The Christian Herald for one year (52 weeks) or present subscribers renewing for one year at $2.00 may include a copy of this illustrated Bible, both postpaid for..... **$6.00**

The Photogravure Bible is sold separately postpaid for $5.00

The Christian Herald Red Letter Bible contains

919 Pages for the Old Testament
284 " for the New Testament
32 " Bible Readers' aids and helps
48 Full-page photogravures
16 Maps in colors

1299 Total Pages

What Is a Red Letter Bible?

1. In the Old Testament the passages quoted by our Lord, or directly related to incidents to which He referred, are Printed in Red.

2. In the New Testament, the words universally accepted as those of the Saviour are Printed in Red, all others in clear black.

3. A Red Star (*) immediately following a verse in the Old Testament indicates that the verse embodies a prophetic reference to Christ as the coming Messiah.

Offer No. 2—Red Letter Bible Without Illustrations

We send this SUPERB BIBLE without illustrations together with The Christian Herald for one whole year, for..... **$5.00**

Or, we will send it to old subscribers as a reward for sending us four NEW yearly subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with $2.00 for each.

This Bible is sold separately without illustrations, postpaid for....$3.50

Offer No. 3—Persian Morocco, Red Letter Bible

We have a limited quantity on hand of our Persian Morocco leather Bible, Calf lined, printed on genuine India paper and including complete concordance or word book. We send this extra fine Bible without illustrations, post-paid, for $6.00, or we will include a copy of this Bible, postpaid, and the Christian Herald for one year (52 weeks), for **$7.00**

THE ONLY BIBLE ILLUSTRATED WITH MASTROIANNI SCULPTURES

There are many thousands of Christian Herald readers who have a good Bible and who would like to illustrate it themselves. We, therefore, make an offer to send the 48 Photogravure Mastroianni illustrations, separately in a folder so that the owner may tip them into their Bible at home. The Christian Herald for one year (52 weeks), and the set of 48 Bible illustrations, both post-paid for..... **$3.00**

WE HAVE THE EXCLUSIVE BOOK RIGHTS TO THESE PICTURES

THE GREATEST VALUE OF ALL IS THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ITSELF, 52 ISSUES, AT ONLY $2.00 A YEAR

Co-operating to Save Starving China

Christian Herald Readers Are Important Factor in Nation-Wide Famine Relief Campaign

THE readers of the Christian Herald are now a stong co-operating factor in the great nation-wide effort to save 15,000,000 lives in China.

Soon after the Christian Herald announced that it would open a China Famine Fund it became apparent that every resource of the United States would be required if our work was to seriously count against the tremendous need in the famine district. We welcomed heartily, therefore, the action of President Wilson in naming an American Committee for China Famine Fund.

It will interest all our friends to learn that the national organization has been assembled in the offices of the Christian Herald in space put at the disposal of the committee by Mr. Patterson, the publisher. The thorough co-operation between the Christian Herald and the American Committee is evidenced by the following letter:

January 4, 1921.

"Mr. Thomas W. Lamont,
Chairman,
American Committee for China Famine Fund, New York City.

"My dear Mr. Lamont:

"Allow me to congratulate the American Committee for China Famine Fund on the progress it is making in its great work for the relief of China. Thus far the Christian Herald has sent three remittances, which are being applied in practical relief through the hands of a small committee of missionaries in the field.

"Now that our national Committee is fully prepared to assume the task of conducting the relief work on a much larger scale, I think the opportunity has arrived to make a beginning of practical work possible. With this end in view, I take pleasure in enclosing this check representing contributions from Christian Herald readers. Further remittances will follow weekly.

"We fully appreciate all the kind things that have been said in relation to the Christian Herald and its work, not only by the members of your Committee, but by allied organizations, and I look forward with a good deal of satisfaction to the more extended work which your Committee will now undertake and in which you may depend upon our heartiest co-operation.

"Very cordially yours,
(*signed*) GRAHAM PATTERSON."
President of the Christian Herald.

THROUGH the efforts of the two great volunteer organizations at work in America and China, nothing is being left undone for the relief of the many millions suffering untold misery from the famine which holds in its grip the five northern provinces of China. American contributions raised by the Christian Herald and the American Committee for China Famine Fund are immediately transmitted by cable.

The American Committee, through its Executive Committee, is organizing units in each state, and having state banks designated as local depositaries for funds raised within each state. Contributions received are regularly forwarded to the national headquarters in New York. In this way the work is co-ordinated, and American dollars received and sent to China from one central point at the utmost saving of time.

Similarly, in China, the various relief agencies are operating through the central organization in Peking, the International Famine Relief Committee. Just as soon as the famine began to make itself felt, a number of committees were formed to bring immediate help to the stricken people, including the American Red Cross and a body of missionaries working in behalf of the Christian Herald. It was found that with several organizations in the field duplication of effort might result and the buying of food by a number of agencies would undoubtedly cause prices to rise. Accordingly, the International Famine Relief Committee was formed to act as the central clearing house of the various organizations at work to provide relief measures for the famine sufferers, including the Christian Herald workers and the Red Cross. The members of the International Committee are American and European business men with interests in China, missionaries and officials of the Chinese Government. The activity of this committee is indicated by the report just received that relief units have been established at Tsinan-fu, Honan, Hankow and Tien Tsin.

Statistics given by the Peking Leader of November 10, 1920, give some idea of the enormous population and the vast area of the affected provinces:

Province	*Area*	*Population*
Chihli	116,000 sq. mi.	17,000,000
Honan	68,000 sq. mi.	25,000,000
Shansi	82,000 sq. mi.	10,000,000
Shantung	56,000 sq. mi.	30,000,000
Shensi	75,200 sq. mi.	8,000,000
Totals	397,200 sq. mi.	90,000,000

According to reliable information from business men and missionaries who have been through the stricken regions, the area in which famine conditions actually exist now is 100,000 square miles in size and 45,000,000 people are in the grip of the famine with 15,000,000 facing death by starvation and more than 15,000 dying every day.

Weary famine refugees halting on the march. The few belongings they carry must include bedding, clothing and food—if they have food

FEBRUARY 6 has been set aside as China Famine Sunday, and through the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and other organizations it is urged that every church in the United States on that day present the needs of China and our responsibility to her.

A VERY heartening clipping, showing appreciation of America's aid has just been received by us. It appeared in the North-China Daily News of November 19, and we reprint it here:

"The following letters, giving an account of the ready response by the Christian Herald to an appeal for relief for victims of the famine, has been sent to us:

"'To the Editor of the North-China Daily News:

"'Two months ago I wrote to the editors of the Christian Herald, New York, telling them of the dire need and the great suffering of the poor people in Honan, Shansi, and Shantung. I felt sure that if they fully realized the awful state of affairs up there they would come to their relief, as they did in 1901, 1907, and 1911.

"'Their answer to my letter was a cable sent me on the 4th instant, which reads as follows: "Can you suggest Relief Fund Committee?" I cabled the names of four missionaries who are living in or near the famine district.

"'I received an answer to my cable today saying: "Approve Committee suggested. Will add several names. Funds will go through State Department. Keep us advised." So the readers of the good old Christian Herald have come to China's relief again.

"'It was my privilege to handle many tens of thousands of dollars for them in the Wahu flood famine of 1901. Then in 1907 funds flowed in from the Herald for the famine of Tsingkiangpu, Kiangsu, and at Wahu again in 1911. This gives us large hopes for this present famine.

"'Not only does the Christian Herald give grandly at the time of the severe test, but for many years afterward she follows up her work in taking care of hundreds of famine orphans in different parts of the country. The industrial orphanage at Chinkiang, which is under the care of Mr. J. W. Bowler, is a grand example. This orphanage was started in 1907 and until three or four years ago was supported entirely by the Christian Herald but now by free-will offerings of friends in China and America.

"'The famine field is so broad that all the funds which can be gathered from all parts of the world will be needed. A letter, therefore, to our home papers might bring to the relief many dollars. I hope the ready writers of Shanghai and Treaty Ports will, therefore, do this. A few moments' writing to papers will be seed well sown.

"'Thanking you for space in your paper, I am, etc.

"*Hochow, An., Nov. 16.* "Z. CHARLES BEALS."

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THE DRAGON

THE following letter to the Christian Herald from H. B. Ingalls, treasurer of the Christmas Relief Fund of the University of Illinois Community, shows the important place measures in behalf of the Chinese famine sufferers hold in the hearts of the students and the faculty of the University of Illinois.

Urbana, Illinois, December 9, 1920.

"Christian Herald Chinese Famine Fund:

"Enclosed find draft No. 703578 on the National Park Bank of New York in favor of the Christian Herald Chinese Famine Fund in the amount of $6,500.00.

"This represents the portion of the Christmas Relief Fund subscribed in the University of Illinois Community which has been assigned for the Chinese Relief Work. There will be an additional smaller remittance as soon as deferred pledges are paid in.

"A special drive was put on in the University of Illinois Community in the interest of the 'Christmas Relief Fund' and the sum of $17,500 was subscribed. The division of this fund between various relief agencies is: Christian Herald Chinese Famine Fund 50 per cent.; Literary Digest Child Feeding Fund, 40 per cent.; European Relief Council (student relief), 10 per cent."

Surely a beautiful, generous, kindly thing to consider the suffering millions of the far-off land at the time of "peace on earth, good-will to men."

CONTRIBUTIONS in increased size and numbers continue to come from our readers who have been supporting the work loyally, and the $300,000 mark is rapidly being approached. In our issue of January 8 we reported a total of $206,764.97, receipts to and including December 29. Amounts received daily since that date are:

December 30	$8,722.53
December 31	15,506.15
January 3	20,705.08
January 4	6,148.48
January 5	12,873.67
Grand Total	**$270,720.88**

Christian Herald readers have done nobly and may well feel proud of their efforts in behalf of the famine victims. But the work must go on and the nation thoroughly aroused to the enormity of the peril threatening China.

This week's cover shows "The Madonna of Misery," and is the contribution to the China Famine Fund of Mr. Henry Raleigh, one of the most noted of American poster artists. This picture has been made into a lithographed poster and will be distributed widely over the country to carry its famine appeal.

The Church's Call to Service

A Sermon by Rev. H. P. HOSKINS*

TEXT—Isa. 56 : 6-8. "Also the sons of strangers—even them will I bring to my holy mountain and make them joyful in the house of prayer."

DOWN on Cape Cod, I am told, the traveler frequently sees at the cross-roads a sign-board with this strange device: the name of the town, figures indicating distance in miles and the capital letters M. T. Thus: "East, Dennis; 5 miles M. T." It is plain to the native but the stranger can not understand those letters "M. T." To his inquiry the passing native, with poorly concealed contempt for such ignorance, replies: "'M. T.' means 'Meeting House.'"

Simple as anything, when you have the key, like all riddles. And sensible, too. To say: "5 miles to East Dennis," simply, would raise the question at once—"What part of East Dennis? its nearest boundary, its center, its furthest boundary, or where?" But in the Cape Cod towns, the Meeting House is usually in the midst—"In the center of the middle of the town," as one native expressed it. Its white tower is seen afar. So, as the most logical thing possible, they measure distance in Cape Cod by the Meeting House.

But the Meeting House is more than a structure of wood or brick or stone. It stands for something. It stands a visible landmark of the Christian faith. It puts Christianity on the map. Its spire points to certain ideals and principles of the holy life and to the high attributes of righteousness. It is a conspicuous worker for the beauty of moral purity and the faith of our fathers. It stands for more than Plymouth Rock or Bunker Hill monument. It stands for the monumental hope that never dies and for the historic Cause that grows more precious as the years go by. It calls us not simply *back* to Christ, but *on* to Christ.

Not only do they measure distance but they measure time by the Meeting House. The history of multitudes is woven into the warp and woof of the history of the Church. "How long have you been married?" you ask an old couple. And many will say something like this: "Well, let's see: we were married by Pastor So-and-So, and he had been here about ten years, and he has been gone seventeen years, so that makes it about twenty-eight years ago since we were married." So it goes—the birth of one, the death, wedding, baptism, conversion of others—much of personal history is measured by the Meeting House.

THE bigness of the Church is determined not in feet and inches, nor in number of members, nor by money raised, but in the height of her ideals, the length of her service, and the breadth of her compassion. Where outside of the Church is there to be found any organization of men attempting or professing to establish a platform of spiritual qualifications essential to membership?

There are, to be sure, organizations, here and there, which camouflage under the name of "church," into which the world may come without confession of any sort of faith. These are purely human organizations, colorless, creedless, characterless, Crossless, Christless, where the conscience is not disturbed by such matters as sin, salvation, or sacrifice, and into some of them the world has to step down to get over the door-step. The world loves to gravitate, and if you will find me a religious leader who is willing to lower moral and spiritual standards, I will find you a thousand who will follow him. Statistics do not tell the whole story.

A community can estimate the Christian religion by no higher standard than by its church. There is no better Church here than our Church, and no more noble expression of the faith of Christ in operation in human lives.

But are we satisfied with that, or does that fact come to us as a tremendous challenge to create a nobler standard? Must not the history of the future Church be more glorious than the history of the past? Must it not be a real shepherd of souls? Must not tomorrow be more inspiring than yesterday?

How far are we from the Meeting House? How far, I mean, from the noblest spiritual ideals for which the quaint old white-painted building stands? Not in distance, not in time, but in spiritual approach. And which way are we traveling? Are we headed toward or away from the heavenly goal? Are our footprints, on the sands of time, safe ones for the coming generation to follow? Men of the world are asking some very plain questions of the men of the Meeting House these days. One question is, "Why are you here?" That is a fair question, too. Have you ever thought much about it? Are we doing anything of value that would not be done if we should decide next Sunday to go out of business?

THE product of the Meeting House is not so many sermons preached, so many hymns sung, prayers offered, money raised as added investment made to our equipment. Our product is in moral character created and in souls won to Christ. If we have not these products to show, and if our converts are not better men and women than they were before they were converted, have we anything to show why we should stay in business? If I can say, "Yes; the blind understand, the foul are made clean, the deaf hear, those dead in sin are made alive, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them," then I have an irresistible argument for the Church. Then we are "efficient" from a spiritual standpoint. Sustaining our own, or the moral dignity of the community is not efficiency of a high class.

The world of Jesus' day would have cared little for what He believed had it not been eye-witness to the life He lived and seen the things He did. This community cares very little for what we think and teach from our pulpits or Sunday school. But it is wonderfully impressed by the good things we do and the good lives we live.

Of course what we think and believe is back of what we do; but the world does not know that. Little does the man passing on the street care because you are a Baptist, you are a Presbyterian, or you are a Methodist, or so on? Denominational labels are poor things with which to establish points of contact with a lost world. The world is wise in its own way. It comes to church suppers, but it does not come to Christ—not that way. The world takes the bait off the hook while we think we are fishing for men. So while we may say in answer to the question: "Why are you here?" "We are here to teach the will of God," we must also answer: "We are here *to do* the will of God, which is to bring men and women into the Kingdom."

Never should we get the idea uppermost in our minds that we are seeking first in the more material sense "to build up the Church." We are here, as a Church, to build up the community. If the Church does not work its field, that field will be choked with weeds and tares.

HERE I would suggest some vital points at which we must make good if we are to be a growing, ministering Church with growing influence. We must be the center of spiritual inspiration. All we do must bend toward a great spiritual objective. We must never lose sight, nor let the community lose sight, of the fact that we keep before us this chief objective. All who touch the Church, at any point, must feel that it is the center of spiritual inspiration. Our chief business is not to furnish entertainment or physical culture, but to be a means to grace and the salvation of precious souls.

The Church must be a real moral force in its community. She must lift her voice in no uncertain tone against the commercializing of the Lord's Day and against other recognized social vices. She must let the community know that those who favor such things have no standing within her borders. She must exalt Christ at all times, for He, being lifted up, will draw all men unto Him.

Further, the Church must be a Real School of the Bible. Teaching and preaching the Word is a big part of our work and many times is done the most indifferently. Ninety per cent. of the accessions to our churches come from our Sunday schools, and it is estimated that seventy per cent. of those in attendance in the primary grades are lost to the school and Church before they reach the age of twenty-one.

The Church must minister, continually and unitedly, to the homes of the community. That means personal visitation, under some well-worked-out system, and done in wisdom and in love. The church must be "homey," glowing with cordiality and brotherliness, so that strangers must be made to feel it. We must have fire enough in our hearts to keep up a holy glow. It is a good idea to get the conviction broadcast that your church is a "friendly" church. The development of spiritual life is conditioned largely by the temperature of the church. Sympathy is sweet and kindness is satisfying. So, if we are going to keep the Church on the map, we should consider carefully: "Are you really doing anything to win souls to Christ?" Then shall come to pass the words of the Lord as voiced by Isaiah: "Also the sons of the strangers will I bring to my holy mountain and make them joyful in the House of Prayer."

We are here because the sons of the strangers are walking the streets, and the multitude is without a shepherd. We are here because sin is here. We are here to combat the evil influence of the world, to arrest the hand of injustice, to smite the power of oppression, to preach the Truth of the glorious Gospel that "makes men free," to open eyes, long blind to the glory of God and to His grace that saves to the uttermost, to wipe away tears, to comfort the sad, to give the message of a free salvation to all within our reach, and to point men and women to the life to come.

*Pastor, North Bronx Baptist Church, New York City.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"More Love to Thee, O Christ," or "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Matt. 25 : 31-46.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 79, first column.)

Sermon—"THE CHURCH'S CALL TO SERVICE"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," or "Abide with Me, Fast Falls the Eventide."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

We come as children to a father, as pupils to a teacher, as sick to the Good Physician, as poor to the merciful rich, as sinners to the Saviour. In all our need, whatever it may be, we know Thou canst supply it—Thou who art infinite in power, love, courage and forgiveness. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, AMEN.

One Church's Activities

By C. W. FOUST

FOR years Collingswood, New Jersey, has been alive to wonderful results from the evangelistic activities and methods of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and the place has been practically made over through what that church has been "doing for the community." It can be told only in facts:

It is a live church with all-the-week-open doors. In it are meetings of some kind, morning, afternoon and night, almost daily.

The entire community has been uplifted through this medium for right, which does not resort to plays, suppers, dances, shows, fairs or any other so-called religious money-making stunts.

It helps the community by offering something for nothing—spiritual advice.

Its large expense account is paid through free-will offerings, and it is always giving, giving, giving.

The church took a Chinese student, paid his college tuition for four years and now is paying his way through a seminary preparing him for the Chinese missionary field. It prepared and sent a young missionary to India, a young woman missionary to China and a school teacher to China in missionary educational work. Another student is completing a college course at the expense of the church, for missionary work in Africa.

There is no end to its evangelistic work—two long revivals annually and a continued drive for penitents.

Scores of religious services have been held on the streets with good results.

It attracts hundreds by straightforward preaching of Christ crucified, and presents no show-like or worldly features.

Hundreds of boys and girls are given musical and physical training and instruction in different recreations weekly, and are induced to participate in social affairs under proper supervision.

Scores of personal workers are continually doing their best for the community, with a response that makes the town famous for its remarkable church.

Its hundreds of voters have stood unequivocally for prohibition, keeping the place dry; and the church, by taking politics into its discussions, has helped in numerous reforms in the town.

It organized three missions which today are strong churches.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., C. C. Albertson, E. W. Caswell and W. W. Bustard

The Prayer That Transfigures

SUNDAY. Luke 9 : 28, 29. "*Jesus went up into a mountain to pray. And as he prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistening.*" Let us get the scene well fixed in our imaginations. The Master is away up in the mountain; the heavy dews are lying upon the grass; the breeze is softly blowing, that breeze which seems to be always moving upon the lower slopes of Hermon, perhaps cooled by the snows beyond. And there He kneels, the Master, the Lord, and He prays!

I want us to realize that all prayer is more than speech with God. Prayer is infinitely more than pleading. I sometimes wish—I say it with the utmost deliberateness—I sometimes wish we could drop the word "plead" quite out of our religious vocabulary. We so frequently pray as though we had got an indifferent and unwilling God with whom we have to plead. The cardinal necessity in prayer is not pleading, but receiving. I do not believe—I say it with a full sense of responsibility—I do not believe we have any more need to plead with God to bless than to plead with the air outside to come into a building. It is not so much pleading that is required as the making of an inlet. God is willing. Prayer is simply communion; the opening up of channels of companionship; the opening out of mind, the opening out of will, in order that into the open mind and will and conscience there may flow the Divine energy and the Divine grace.

"Jesus prayed" means that He was absolutely open to the Infinite. Surely that is the meaning of prayer. When a man prays, if he prays aright, he is simply opening himself out to the incoming of God. God says, "Behold! I stand at the door and knock; I enshrine and surround you like the atmosphere." Prayer is conscious receptiveness in the presence of the Divine. Jesus, upon the mountain height, in the evening time prayed, He opened Himself to God, the Infinite, and the Infinite began to possess Him.

"And as He prayed, He was transfigured." I am not surprised at that. Even among men we have seen the ministry of transfiguration, though in infinitely smaller degree. You remember that Moses had been so opened out to God, and so possessed by the Divine light, that when he came down from the mount his face shone with mystic radiance. We are told concerning Stephen that he was so opened out to the Infinite that they saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. He was simply possessed and pervaded by the Divine power.

And surely one may say, as I can say, that in far humbler life than that of Moses, in life in which there has been little of what the world calls "culture," little of mental furniture, little of dialectical power, but in which there has been great spiritual receptiveness, in the lives of the illiterate there has shone "a light that never was on sea or land." But here with the Master, whose life was absolutely and uninterruptedly opened out to the glory of the God-head, the inflow of glory transfigured and transformed Him, and in superlative and supreme degree "His face did shine as the sun." The very expression of His countenance was altered.

And then the historians go even further, for we are told that the glory, the energy, I scarcely know how to describe it—one uses an almost violent phrase in seeking to give expression to it—the Divine effluence which flowed into the Lord not only transfigured His flesh, but in some mystic way transfigured even His outer vesture. "His garments became white as snow." All of which just means this: that this man of Nazareth became so absolutely filled with God that His very material vesture was transfigured and transformed. "We were eye-witnesses of it."

J. H. J.

Seeking God Early

MONDAY. Prov. 8 : 17. "*I love them that love me: and those that seek me early shall find me.*" The child is the true citizen of the Kingdom of God. We know this on the highest authority. Jesus taught grown people that they must become like little children in order to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. We make a great mistake when we teach little children that they must become like grown folks in order to be good Christians. Knowing this, and believing this with all our hearts, nevertheless there is such a thing as child-conversion. Perhaps it may make it seem more natural if we think of it as child-decision.

Count Zinzendorf began earnestly to seek after God in his fourth year, and he was only a child when he framed a covenant which ran thus: "Be thou mine, dear Saviour, and I will be Thine," a covenant which was often afterward renewed. At the age of nineteen he said, "Eternity alone fills my thought." At a later period he wrote, "I am as ever, a poor sinner, a captive of eternal love, running by the side of His triumphal chariot, and have no desire to be anything else as long as I live." The Earl of Shaftesbury was not yet seven years of age when his heart yearned after a knowledge of God. His faithful nurse touched the chords and awakened the first music of his spiritual life by telling him the story of Jesus' birth and death. Alfred Cookman sought and obtained a divine experience of grace at ten years. Isaac Watts definitely decided to live for God at nine years. Robert Hall became a Christian at twelve, and Jonathan Edwards, greatest of American logicians and theologians, was converted at seven.

It is one of the most significant findings of students of varieties of Christian experience that a vast majority of Christians arrive at a decision concerning Christ and enter into covenant with God during the years from twelve to eighteen. These are the fateful years. Joseph Cook called them "tender teens." Only one who seeks God early can know the joy of perfect obedience. Augustine confessed, "Too late I loved thee, thou Ancient of Days, yet ever young."

C. C. A.

Abram and Lot

TUESDAY. Gen. 13 : 1. "*And Abram went up out of Egypt, . . . and Lot with him.*" Here are two men who represent two types of believers. You can always trust them both to run true to form. Abram is the God-influenced man and Lot is the man-influenced man. You always find Abram trusting in God to lead him, while you always find Lot either trusting in Abram or himself. Abram's life was largely under the divine influence of God, while Lot's life was under the human influence of Abram. It is no wonder that Lot is continually getting into trouble, and when in trouble, always compelled to seek the aid of Abram.

The Abrams of this world are always helping the Lots out. For the man who only looks to himself is finally compelled to seek the aid of the man who looks to God.

Lot is forever choosing that which is best for himself, while Abram is contented to believe that God will guide him aright, and select only that which is best for him.

Abram, having taken God, knows that he will get everything that comes with God—a wisdom which is infinite, a life which is eternal, and a power which is unfailing. So, unpopular as it might be, Abram puts his life in the hand of God and humbly follows on.

W. W. B.

The Abundance of His Goodness

WEDNESDAY. I Kings 10 : 13. "*King Solomon gave to the Queen of Sheba whatsoever she asked; beside that, he gave her of his royal bounty.*" Solomon's wisdom answered the Queen's questions; his riches dazzled her vision, so she exclaimed, "I believed not until I came and mine eyes have seen; behold, the half was not told me." God gives of His infinite riches; after granting our petitions, He gives of His royal bounty according to His kingly glory, much more than we can ask or think. He supplies all our need according to His boundless power and love.

Solomon in all his glory was not clothed with the beauty of even the perishing flowers. How much more God clothes His immortal children with unfading robes of purity and righteousness. He who is true to care for the birds and flowers, will He not much more care for you? After our little prayers are answered, His royal bounty will bestow the love that passeth knowledge, the joy unspeakable, the exceeding, abundant grace from the treasury of His infinite supply.

When we compare man's splendor and generosity with God's infinite treasures of being, we must ever use the words, "How much more!" If devoted parents give good gifts to their children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them who ask Him?

E. W. C.

Deliverance from Evil

THURSDAY. Matt. 6 : 13. "*Deliver us from evil.*" The seventh petition in the Lord's Prayer is really a summary of the whole, since deliverance from evil means practically an answer to all the other petitions. Deliverance from evil is not mere negative goodness, since negative goodness itself is an evil, for it is not a complete good. Whether the Master taught us to pray, "Deliver us from evil," or "Deliver us from the evil one," is not material. If we are delivered from evil, surely we shall be delivered from the spirit that is the author of evil.

But what is evil? We must know what we are to be delivered from. Certainly some things are evil which may not seem so. And some that look like evil are not. Pain, for instance. How often out of pain the greatest good may come! Moreover, some things that seem evil are only good in the making. A Mexican poet has written,

"All things climb a starry stair,
By a law that no man knows,
What was yesterday a thorn
Shall tomorrow be a rose;
What is now a chrysalis
Soon shall soar, free-fluttering;
What was yesterday a wish
May tomorrow be a wing!"

Plato, wise as he was, confessed his inability to determine what is good and what is evil, so he adopted the prayer of a poet: "Grant us the good we fail to ask for, and deny us the evil we ignorantly seek."

But Jesus Christ knew what is good and what is evil. His vision was clear. "His bright-mirrored soul reflected only light." If He had only told us! He did. He does. Where? In this very prayer. Evil is the opposite of good, but in the Lord's Prayer we have the Master's own conception not alone of what is good but of what is best: reverence for holy things; a consuming regard for the Kingdom of God; submissiveness to the Father's will; daily food; forgiveness and forgivingness; guidance. These are the things we are taught to pray for. Having these, we are completely delivered from evil.

C. C. A.

The Whole Armor

FRIDAY. Eph. 6 : 13. "*Take unto you the whole armor of God.*" If we did not have to fight, we would not need an armor; but the fact that we have to fight the good fight of faith, necessitates that we shall wear the armor of God. It is foolish to enter a fight of this kind without sufficient equipment and protection.

No one can doubt that the faith once delivered to the saints is being attacked today, and that there are many in the world who would rejoice in seeing this faith defeated. This is impossible, because God's truth is an eternal as the heavens and is bound to conquer.

Much of the battle for the triumph of the Truth must be fought by the Christians, and, for the battle nothing less than the whole armor will be sufficient.

I like to think that these words, "Put on the whole armor of God," really mean that we are to be clothed with God—that is, that we are to put on God as an armor, for this gives us assurance that we are arming ourselves with the One who makes victory certain. Now we are ready to go out and fight the good fight of faith. This is not an uncertain battle, but one in which we are sure to win an eternal triumph.

W. W. B.

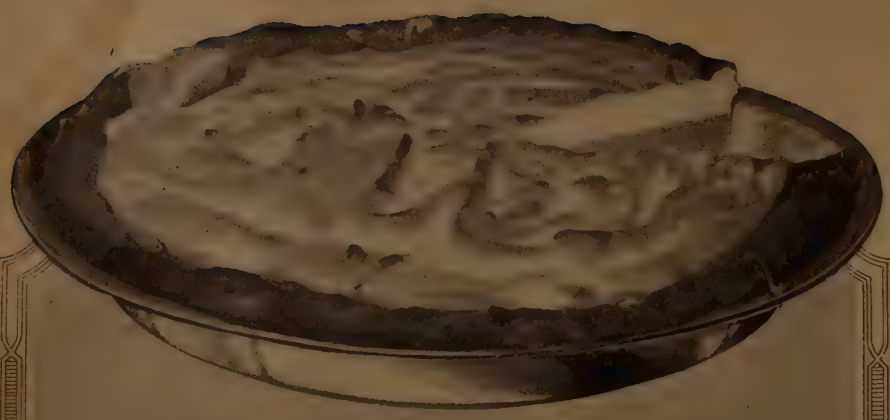
"Who Is on the Lord's Side?"

SATURDAY. I Sam. 17 : 47. "*For the battle is the Lord's.*" So David spoke to the giant Goliath. It is true that the sword and spear and great numbers do not always win. Solomon uttered similar wisdom when he said: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Faith in the wisdom and guidance of the Almighty wins the real victory. The little David slew Goliath; the maid, Joan of Arc, won victory for France. God's winds and waves swept the Spanish Armada on the rocks of ruin. His snows in Russia blocked Napoleon's ambition to rule the world. He overwhelmed the Teutonic hosts in the Great War. His stars in their courses always fight for the right, for nature's powers are on the side of truth. The winds become His messengers, the lightning doeth His will; all the laws of the universe are against those who do evil, among individuals and nations. Truth evermore conquers a lie. *He always wins who sides with God.*

His forces were against slavery and rum; their fall in America is only a precursor of universal freedom from the twin evils of the race. The individual who violates the laws of body and soul health, will soon lose both; he finds himself fighting for pleasure against God's unchangeable edicts, which carry their penalties with them. Sin is rebellion against law; winning for a season only makes ruin more terrible at last. Who is on the Lord's side will win; the sinners' side will lose; the Judge of all the earth will do right. In His moral universe, those who come to Him are the saved; those who reject Him are banished.

E. W. C.

PROVERBS from the Arabic: When the sun sets consider that it takes part of your life along. . . . Rain drenches both the clever and the stupid. . . . He who stops first in a quarrel is of good family.



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Jesus Greeted as King

International Sunday School Lesson for January 30
Matt. 21 : 1-46

By LUTHER DENNY WHITTEMORE, Litt.D.

THE triumphal entrance of Jesus into the city of Jerusalem makes a powerful appeal to the imagination. The picturesque description written long afterwards by each of the four Gospel writers shows how vivid was the impression made upon the minds of those who witnessed or who took part in the events described, an impression indelibly stamped upon the memory because of the contrast between the display of popular enthusiasm and the crucifixion which so quickly followed. The modern reader of the narratives, after all the intervening centuries, experiences a sympathetic thrill as he contemplates the scene with its outbreak of spontaneous enthusiasm and its underlying pathos.

If one would fully understand the meaning of that first "Palm Sunday," he must be more than a disinterested spectator. In imagination he must be a participant in the dramatic action, identifying himself successively with the different actors, becoming one of the shouting multitude carried away with momentary enthusiasm, or one of the two disciples sent to fetch the colt for the Master's use, or—something more difficult, if not impossible—he must put himself in Jesus' place, gracefully accepting the homage of the multitude and yet knowing that His kingdom was not of this world. One must realize also the ever-present and increasing hostility of those who were watching for the most favorable opportunity to destroy Jesus, Whose popularity they regarded as a menace to the established order of things and a hindrance to their personal advantage.

Although we may represent in imagination the spectacular aspects of the scene, it is difficult to analyze and explain the conflicting ideals and forces which were represented; and if this is difficult for us who are familiar with the subsequent events, how confused the issues must have seemed to those who had no lamp except experience to guide them!

THE key to the explanation is, of course, the popular conception of the kingdom of heaven in Jesus' time. The most glorious period of Jewish history was that of David's kingdom, and nothing better could be desired by patriotic Jews than its restoration. When Jesus began to preach He used the term, "the kingdom of heaven"; and although in language that today seems unmistakable, He revealed the spiritual character of that kingdom, neither the multitude, although they heard Him gladly, nor the disciples, although they were His intimate associates, seemed to comprehend His meaning. Nothing that Jesus said concerning the kingdom of heaven implied that He proposed to establish a political kingdom with Jerusalem as its capital; but on the journey to Jerusalem the disciples had disputed among themselves who should be the greatest in His kingdom; and the multitude, believing that the long-expected time had actually come, greeted Him as if He were immediately to become in fact the king of the Jews in accordance with their own conception.

In the crisis created by the triumphal entry three factors were involved, with each of which Jesus was immediately concerned—the attitude of His disciples, the expectation of the multitude, and the hostility of the leaders of the Jews.

To the disciples He had already unfolded the principles of the kingdom of heaven, teaching them, as never man had taught, that the kingdom of heaven is within the heart of the individual who does the will of God; that it is a life instead of an institution; that its law is love rather than rules of conduct; and that its activity is service rather than dominion. Jesus had assured Himself of the personal loyalty of His disciples before He had ventured to tell them what He was to suffer. He also trusted them, and He knew that the experience which awaited them would test but not overcome their faith. All that He could do to confirm their faith was to show by His own example that life was saved by losing it. In the intervals between the trying scenes of Passion week He gave His final instructions to His disciples, commanding them to love one another as He had loved them, and to show their love for Him by doing the things which He had taught them. In wonderful ways His words came back to them after He had been taken from them, in accordance with His promise. "If I go away, I will come again unto you."

The multitude had faith in Jesus' superhuman power, but they had no clear conception of His spiritual kingdom. The most appropriate response which they knew how to make in return for the blessings which they had received and in anticipation of the greater blessings which they expected was to greet Jesus as a king, to shout hosannas, and to spread their garments and branches in His path.

Jesus did not rebuke the misdirected enthusiasm of the multitude nor did He meet their expectations. He could not have been tempted then to change His policy and assume political power, for that issue had been settled once for all when He first met the tempter. His reaction towards the popular uprising can best be explained as an enacted parable in which He displayed not royal power but divine meekness. The most effective way by which He could impress His ideals upon the masses in Jerusalem, as well as upon the whole world, was by going calmly on His way and by giving His life as ransom for many.

THE ideals of the Jewish rulers were precisely the opposite of the ideals of Jesus. They believed and taught that the essential thing in a blameless life was punctilious observance of the law. "What commandment is the greatest?" was the favorite expression of their point of view: but Jesus taught that if a man loved God and his neighbor, essential obedience to the law would follow. He called for a righteousness that exceeded that of the scribes and Pharisees. Their ideal was conformity to the letter of the law; His was the manifestation of the spirit of brotherly kindness. In the prevalence of this new doctrine they saw the end of their authority, and hence regarded Jesus as an enemy and sought occasion to destroy Him.

This attitude Jesus met with fearless denunciation. He did not resent personal attacks, but hypocrisy and disloyalty to His Heavenly Father aroused His righteous indignation. He drove the impious profiteers from the temple, His Father's house, and refused to answer when questioned concerning the source of His authority.

In these stirring events described so vividly in Matthew and the other Gospels, Jesus reveals a new and sterner phase of His personality, but one feels that His purpose is unchanged. He is God's representative in the world, calling upon all men to repent, proclaiming the coming of the kingdom of heaven, teaching its fundamental principles, preparing His disciples for their great mission, leading the multitudes towards a true and spiritual conception of the kingdom, and advancing step by step towards the destiny that awaited Him.

In all this Jesus reveals kingly qualities, not because He is *like* the kings who rule in worldly kingdoms, but because He is the pattern for kings to imitate. In greeting Him as king the multitude showed their loyalty to their conception of the son of David. May we be equally loyal to our conception of the Son of God.

A Business Investment in Boys

Continued from page 73

new paths of service in the world of thought.

Two glee clubs, the McCormick, for older boys, and the Junior for younger boys, are developing the vocal abilities of the membership. Chorus singing is an excellent means of outlet for accumulated steam, and a fine training in the better kind of "pull together" spirit. Latent musical talent has been seized upon for the organization of an orchestra of 14 pieces under competent direction. Another means of educating the youngsters in team work and self-discipline is the dramatic group. There are opportunities here to correct the slip-shod speech and crudities of manner which are the natural consequence of environment, as well as to inculcate ethical principles, and these are being employed to the best advantage.

CLASSES in stenography have been organized, and a group of boys who have become impressed with the chance for self-improvement is busily engaged in learning how to write shorthand and to use the typewriter.

Manual training is not overlooked. There are now five woodworking groups, whose occupation is the making of toys and small articles of utility. These, in themselves, may not be of great value, but the training in exactness of measurements, neatness of finish, skill in handling tools, and the awakening of the creative and constructive desire are results of the highest importance. Smaller boys make scrap-books, an entertaining task which requires many of the same qualifications and contributes toward a like end.

One of the finest rooms in the club building has been set apart as a library and reading-room. It is on the first floor, far enough removed from the game-rooms to be undisturbed, and enjoying the advantage of half a dozen big windows which let in all the light of the day. Here there have been assembled books which specially interest the boy, many of them donated by members of the Union League Club. There are story books, scout books, books of travel and biography, and books which tell how to make everything from a top to a locomotive. On the tables are magazines, entertaining and informative. The library is going to be a frequent resort for the young debaters of the discussion clubs, as well as for other lads seeking knowledge about a multitude of things in which their interest is being aroused. Not the least of its values will be to teach these boys how to use books of reference, how to make the accumulated lore of the world a part of their own lives, and applicable to their own tasks and ambitions.

Mr. Klees moved about in this world of red-blooded, mischief-loving juvenility, unfeared but respected. He called its individual members by their nick-names. He showed familiarity with their characteristics. When an authoritative word was needed he spoke it firmly and it was obeyed.

"I have an office on the first floor," he said, "but I am seldom in it. I keep moving about. I can exercise a greater influence by being with the boys, first here and then there. I have no rules. You will find none posted on the walls. Occasions must be dealt with as they arise, and each boy must be handled as an individual. Formal rules are of no real value. They only invite somebody to break them. But I tell the boys this is their club, and it is up to them to see that it is cared for and that the behavior is what it ought to be."

HOW far is the club's aim being achieved? Let the Juvenile Court records tell the story. In the nine months that the club has been in existence juvenile delinquency has decreased by 43 per cent. in its neighborhood: Few investments show such quick returns. Here are dividends worth working for. Here is justification from a business standpoint for this venture of business men. Out of this club will come citizens who respect the law, who love their country, who have standards of honesty and industry, who will be producers of wealth or contributors of service in the community.

Perhaps these business men do not realize it—all of them—but in this plant which they have bought and equipped, and which they are running with business sagacity, they are doing a work which brings them into partnership with that Nazareth Carpenter, Who, from the tasks of His shop, went to the bigger task of laying foundations for a society in which the spirit of righteousness and brotherhood should prevail; Who made character the chief aim of His effort, and Who recognized in childhood the raw material from which the Kingdom of Heaven must be built.

The Union League Boys' Club is affiliated with the Federation of Boys' Clubs, an organization with headquarters in New York, but holding for its field the continent, wherever the boy is found.

The Union League Club of Chicago entertains the hope that what it has done will prompt other like organizations to engage in similar enterprises. It has a vision of every city in America with a plant for the making of good citizens from the neglected human material of its streets. If it can help by advice and suggestion, out of its experience, it will be glad to help. In the meantime its members are enjoying the satisfaction of witnessing for themselves the results of their work. "Let's go over to the boys' club tonight and clip a few coupons," has been a by-word among the members, to whom grins on grimy urchin faces are a better return than any that they measure in dollars.

Shanghai's Community Church

SHANGHAI, China, has a community church which is the direct outgrowth of an American song service organized by Americans three years ago. From an original attendance of twenty, the congregation has grown to an average Sunday attendance of three hundred; and on the last Sunday in September a definite community church organization was formed, officers elected and steps taken for the incorporation of the church, as the result of a movement which had been gaining headway for several months.

As its pastor, the congregation has engaged Dr. Luther Freeman, formerly connected with Boston University, but for several years the pastor of one of the large churches in Pittsburg.

The Community Church will be undenominational in character and the American style of service will be used, with membership open to persons of all nationalities who desire to subscribe to the bond of union covered in the constitution. The plans of the leaders in the enterprise call for the erection of a church structure.

The scope and purpose of the organization is shown by the following paragraph taken from the prospectus which was sent to the Americans in the city:

"The modern movement towards unity, and a more cordial spirit of fellowship among Christians are evidenced by the churches which have been established and are operating successfully in a number of the newer and growing cities of the United States. Instead of starting several struggling, competing churches, the residents of a district agree to unite upon the most simple and fundamental principles of Christian faith, and to work together as one strong and enthusiastic body. It is such a church that is wanted in the Western district of Shanghai, where Christians of various denominations and nationalities may find a real church home. This project, on broad lines, has been undertaken by the American Song Service, and it has had the indorsement of the committees of churches in the older parts of the city, and also of committees representative of the business community."

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Dept. C, 526 West 58th St., New York

These women, with home duties, earned big incomes!

Working only part time, without neglecting home or social duties, many of our new, inexperienced representatives have earned up to $100 their first month! Write today for free booklet, "How You Can Make a Big Income." Do not delay or your territory may be taken.

HOW often have you, a woman living at home, wished there were some practical way for you to earn money in your spare time.

Without neglecting your home, you can now earn all the money you need, by becoming local representative for Schweizer-Importers, Inc., the world-famous embroidery and silk house of Lucerne, Switzerland. Among Schweizer's patrons are the Queens of Rumania, Servia and Spain; the Queen of Greece and the Queen Mothers of Holland and Italy.

What the work is

The work requires no experience. All you need to do is to show your friends and acquaintances the four hundred actual samples we furnish you. Exquisite embroidered robes—beautiful dress goods of every description, both imported and American made—unusual and artistic drapery fabrics. Our imported materials in dress and blouse lengths are exclusive—never shown in American shops—and sold only through our representatives. Women are so enthusiastic over their beauty that a representative often sells material for two or three embroidered robes in one home.

Our imported embroidered patterns range in price from $4.35 to $24.75. Our dress materials range in price from 49c. to $6.75 a yard.

It is easy to get started. Many of our representatives who never did any work of this kind before are now earning good money for themselves. Here is a typical way in which they go about it:

Mrs. Patten of California says: "I just called on my friends and all were so delighted with the beautiful goods, they would ask me to show them to some of their friends."

Get started early before women buy their new dress goods. The earlier you start the more money you will make for yourself.

You can use your spare time

You can give as little or as much time as you wish. Mrs. Williams of Minnesota can devote only her evenings to Schweizer work, but in only a few months she made over $300 profit. Mrs. Trueblood of California says: "During the last year I have paid all expenses on my ten-acre orange ranch as well as my own living from my earnings, devoting about half my time to your work." If women who work only part time can make incomes like these, you can readily see how much money you could make by giving all your time to this work.

What experienced representatives think of our line

Women who have sold other goods find our line the best proposition they have ever handled. Mrs. Cox of Mississippi says: "I have been representing different firms for fourteen years and have never sold a line that sold as readily as yours."

Write today for our proposition

Fill out the coupon below and mail today. We will send you, free, a copy of the booklet shown above, actual samples of embroidered robes and dress goods, and full details of our proposition to representatives.

This book gives you further facts about:

Large Commissions: Women are eager to secure the right to represent us because orders for our goods run into money quickly. We pay big commissions, starting with your first order.

Wonderful Value: The moment you see the wide variety of Schweizer samples, you will exclaim, "amazingly reasonable for such beautiful goods!"

Good Service: We make it a rule that all orders will be attended to promptly.

The earlier you start the more money you will make! Applications for territory are considered in the order received. Don't postpone writing. Delay may cost you your opportunity.

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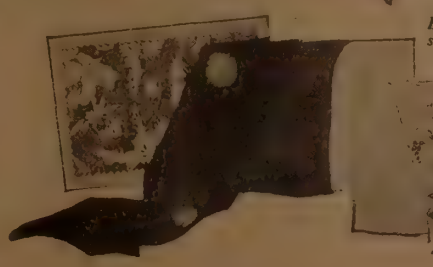
Old Swiss Firm, Established 1892
Dept. C, 526 West 58th St., New York

Crisp lavender organdie with deep border embroidered in delicate flower design makes this charming summer afternoon frock.



Book and several samples free—Write for them!

Fill out this coupon and mail today

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Old Swiss Firm, Established 1892
Dept. C
526 West 58th St. New York

Please send me *free* your book, "How You Can Make a Big Income," actual samples of your imported robes and dress goods, and your proposition to representatives.

Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
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New Fabrics *for the* Spring and Summer Wardrobe

You will find that McCutcheon's latest importations of French, Swiss, and English dress fabrics—a number of which are exclusive with "The Linen Store"—suggest a delightful variety of smart new styles for spring and summer frocks.

ENGLISH PRINTS offer dots, scrolls, figures and the quaintest of color designs in as many as fifty various patterns that are delightfully smart.

ENGLISH SATEEN—Plain shades as well as figured color designs, make this soft, rich fabric particularly suitable for street or afternoon wear.

TROPICAL PRINTS in Batiste weight are enjoying much popularity as a dainty and practical fabric for the warmer days.

FRENCH SATEEN comes in small geometrical and novelty printings and chic color-effects that are distinctly of French origin.

HANDKERCHIEF LINEN—A complete range of the newest plain shades of "McCutcheon Quality" Pure Linen.

Reg. Trade Mark

Samples of any of the above fabrics mailed on request.

James McCutcheon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Sts., N. Y.

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Direct from our farm to you. Fresh and always grow. The newest and best varieties of vegetables and flowers. A handsomely illustrated catalogue and a sample of a beautiful new poppy *free*.

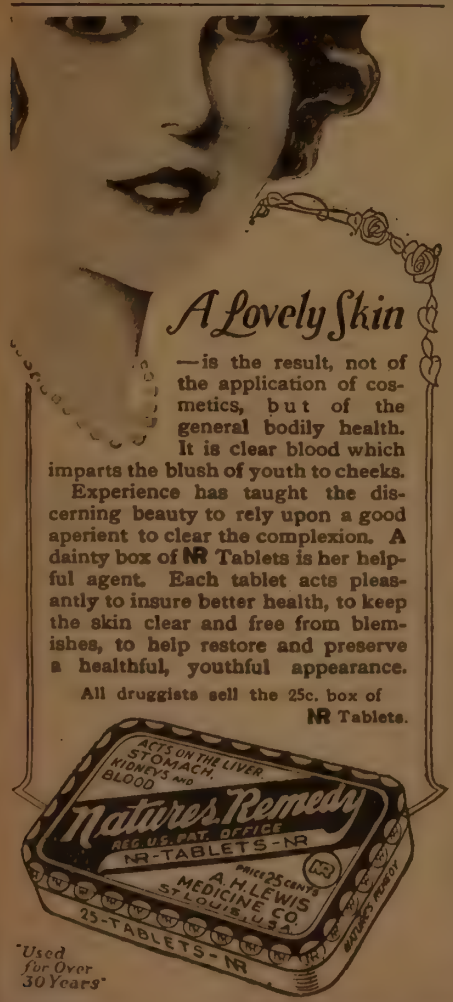
JOSEPH HARRIS CO., Box 67, Coldwater, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL PERMANENT

Get our prices on a Stewart Iron Fence for Yard, Church, School, Cemetery, Family Burial Ground or Cemetery Lot. Easy to erect. Lasts forever. Write for catalog.

The Stewart Iron Works Co., Inc. 212 Stewart Block Cincinnati, Ohio

"The World's Greatest Iron Fence Builders"



Always say "Bayer"

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Directions in package.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

The Island of Faith

Continued from page 76

It was little Lily who created a diversion. She had been standing, very quietly, in the shelter of their arms for some time—she had a way of standing with an infinite patience, for hours, in one place. But suddenly, as if drawn by some instinct, she dropped down on the floor, beside the cheap suitcase, and her small hands shaking with eagerness, started to take out the clothes that had been packed.

It was uncanny, almost, to see the child so happily beginning to unpack the suitcase. The sight dried Rose-Marie's tears in an almost miraculous way.

"Let's put away the things," she suggested shakily, to Ella. "For you won't be going away, now, will you?"

THE face that Ella Volsky lifted was a changed face. Her expression was a shade more wistful, perhaps, but the somber glow had gone out of her eyes, leaving them softer than Rose-Marie had supposed possible.

"No, Miss," she said quietly, "I won't be going—away. You're right, it ain't worth the price!" And the incident, from that moment, was closed.

They unpacked the garments—there weren't many of them—quietly. But Rose-Marie was very glad, deep in her soul, and she somehow felt that Ella's mind was relieved of a tremendous strain. They didn't speak again, but there was something in the way Ella's hand touched her little sister's sunny hair that was more poignant than words. And there was something in the way Rose-Marie's mouth curved blithely up that told a whole story of satisfaction and content. If seemed as if peace, with her white wings folded and at rest, was hovering, at last, above the Volsky flat.

And then, all at once, the momentary lull was over. All at once the calm was broken as a bubble pricked by a pin is broken. There was a sudden burst of noise in the front room; of rough words; of a woman sobbing. There was the sound of Mrs. Volsky's voice, raised in an unwonted cry of anguish, there was a trickle of water slithering down upon an uncarpeted floor—as if the washtub had been overturned.

It was the final event of an unsettling day—the last straw. Forgetting Lily, forgetting the unpacking, Rose-Marie jumped to her feet, ran to the door. Ella followed. They stood together on the threshold of the outer room, and stared.

THE outer room seemed full of people, shouting gesticulating people. And in the foreground stood Jim—as sleek and well groomed as ever. Of all the crowd he seemed the only one who was composed. In front of him stood Mrs. Volsky—her face drawn and white, her hands clasped in a way that was singularly and primitively appealing.

"Oh, he ain't," she was moaning, "say that he ain't! My man—he could not be so! There ain't no truth in it—there can't be no truth. . . . Say as he ain't been done to so bad! Say it!"

Ella, with a movement that was all at once love-filled, stepped quickly to the mother's side. As she faced the crowd—and Jim—her face was also drawn; drawn and apprehensive.

"What's up?" she queried tersely of her brother, "What's up?"

The face of Jim was almost smiling as he answered, so calm he was. Behind him the foreign voices of the crowd sounded, like a background to the blunt words that he spoke.

"Pa was comin' home drunk," he told Ella, "an' he got ran inter by a truck. He was smashed up pretty bad; dead right away, th' cop said. But they took him ter a hospital jus' th' same. Wonder why they'd take a stiff ter a hospital?"

Mrs. Volsky's usually colorless voice was breaking into loud, almost weird lamentation. Ella stood speechless. But Rose-Marie, the horror of it all striking to her very soul, spoke.

"It can't be true," she cried, starting forward and—in the excitement of the moment—laying her hand upon Jim's perfectly tailored coat sleeve. "It can't be true. . . . It's too terrible!"

Jim's laugh rang out heartlessly, eerily, upon the air.

"It ain't so terrible!" he told Rose-Marie. "Pa—he wasn't no good! He wasn't a reg'lar feller—like me," All at once his well-manicured white hand crept down over her hand. "*He wasn't a reg'lar feller*," he repeated, "*like me!*"

To be continued

Young People's Topics for January 30

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

The Hand Clasp of Neighbors

E. L. Num. 32: 1—25

OUR scripture reference is a chapter on "Neighborliness." It is a very early bit of literature on the subject. Of late years the word "neighbor" has become a large word in the vocabulary of our thinking. The question "Who is my neighbor?" is not asked so frequently. The reason for this is attributed to mission study, the spread of the Gospel, and the new emphasis placed on the study of sociology.

The teaching of the New Testament enables us to realize that "all we are brethren." "We are members one of another." We are all members of one family. There is no finer thing under the sun than the idea and ideal of the neighborly attitude in church, community, county, state, country and international life. Speaking in the strictly Christian sense, the Church has already established a "League of Nations." When China faces a famine, we feel it. When five million war orphans are facing the winter, we are concerned. When stricken Armenians are suffering, we are deeply conscious of the fact. The Christian Herald family wants to be neighborly. It wants to co-operate with all other agencies and organizations of philanthropy and altruism for the relief of suffering.

He who wants a neighbor must be a neighbor. He who wants a friend must be a friend. Some day we shall all stand before the great Neighbor of All Mankind. For some the verdict shall be "Inasmuch as ye have done" and for some the verdict shall be "Inasmuch as ye have NOT done." The neighbor is the doer. The unneighborly person does not. True Christians are neighbors, one helping the other. Isaiah has given us a beautiful picture: "They helped every one his neighbor and every one said to his brother 'be of good courage.'"

Accomplishments—Possibilities

C. E. See topic for Jan. 23 B. Y. P. U.

Captain Bickle of the Inland Sea

B. Y. P. U. Psa. 1. (Conquest Meeting)

THE writer advises the head of the missionary department to write to the American Baptist Publication Society for Young People's Service, a valuable publication that will contain for the next year the details of the work of the missionaries of the denomination, giving names, biography and location.

After all, our position is not "Lord, what shall this man do?" or "Lord, what has So and So done?" but "Lord, show me, through their lives, the lives of thy servants, the things thou hast for me to do." We know that the Bible is an inspired book. God still inspires men and women to deeds of heroism and sacrifice. He inspires us to "go and do likewise" through these modern heroes of the Cross. The true mission of life is to go about doing good. The world has its rounders, but the Church has its roundabouts. He truly is a disciple of the Great Doer, who also does good. That is the only test of discipleship.

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 75

program. Senator Borah predicted that the suggested program would cost nearer $1,000,000 than $50,000, and other members of Congress joined him in demanding economy. Edward B. McLean, chairman of the Citizens' Inaugural Committee, denied the federal expenditures would be lavish, declaring the inaugural reception and ball would be self-supporting, and other expenses would be held down.

Mr. Harding, in his Marion conferences, was encountering difficulties, as opposition from this source or that arose to the men under consideration for Cabinet positions. The newspaper correspondents were less positive in making up slates for the cabinet and were predicting changes in the lists on which they had agreed a week before. It was said Charles E. Hughes had returned no answers to "feelers" regarding his willingness to accept the Secretaryship of State, and that Mr. Harding might find it necessary to delay announcement of his selections for the most important portfolios.

Something of Mr. Harding's worries crept into a brief speech which he delivered at the Masonic Temple in Columbus. "I wonder if you know just the feelings of a man who has been called to the greatest office in the world?" he said. "There is an aloofness of his friends, and this is one of the sad things. And in me there is a deepening sense of responsibility. I have found already that intrigue and untruth must be guarded against. One must ever be on his guard. This everlasting standing on one's guard spoils a man. I wish for an atmosphere of truth and sincerity in our government, and I have no higher ambition to establish during my administration than an autocracy of service."

DOMESTIC

FIRE DESTROYS WEST VIRGINIA CAPITOL. The capitol of West Virginia, with many of the priceless records of the various departments of the state government, was destroyed by a fire which left standing only the brick shell of the imposing structure. Two men were killed when part of the roof caved in. The property loss amounted to several million dollars.

NUMBER IDLE ESTIMATED AT 2,325,000. A total of 2,325,000 workers now are out of employment, according to a survey made by Clint C. Houston, for Labor, the organ of the Plumb Plan League. The building trades, with 300,000 idle, furnished the largest group.

EDUCATIONAL UNITY URGED. Resolutions providing that all matters of education undertaken by the Protestant churches of America be placed under the control of a central governing body, instead of being delegated to various boards which have little relation one to another, were adopted at the annual meeting of the Council of Church Boards of Education at Park Hill-on-Hudson, N. Y. Educational boards of eighteen denominations were represented at the sessions, which were designed to bring about closer co-operation and co-ordination of all branches of teaching work, and an exchange of educational information.

BILL FOR LARGER HOUSE MEMBERSHIP ADVANCED. The House Census Committee has reported a bill to raise the membership of the House to 483, allowing one representative for 218,979 inhabitants. Under this bill no state would lose a seat and forty-eight members would be added to the membership.

FOREIGN

VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG DIES. Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, who was German Imperial Chancellor from 1909 until July 4, 1917, died from acute pneumonia after a four days' illness at his estate near Berlin. He was sixty-four years old. His reference to the treaty with Belgium as "a scrap of paper" furnished a rallying cry for the Allies, but in the main Bethmann-Hollweg's administration was weak and vacillating, and he fell at last because of the hostility of the Crown Prince and the war party.

214 LOST ON SPANISH VESSEL. The Spanish steamship Santa Isabel carried 214 persons to death when she was wrecked off the northwestern coast of Spain in a storm which drove her on the rocks. Only 53 of those on board were saved, and many of these were injured.

GREEK KING ADDRESSES ASSEMBLY. King Constantine, in his message to the new Greek Assembly, urged changes in the constitution which would make the government more democratic. The King read the message in person, with Queen Sophie standing at his side.

LABOR CONFERENCES IN MEXICO CITY. The Pan-American Federation of Labor Conference, the third of its kind, has opened in Mexico City, with delegates from eighteen countries in the western hemisphere attending. Samuel Gompers and fourteen other representatives of American labor were present.

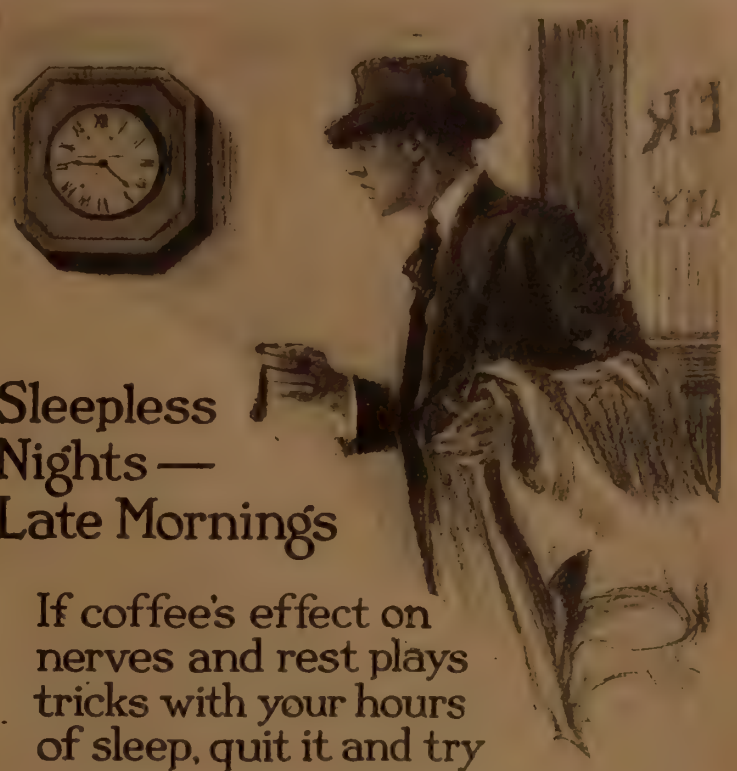
FRENCH ARE ATTACKED IN AINTAB. The Turkish Nationalists have made several attacks in an attempt to capture Aintab, and the French forces were compelled to withdraw to stronger positions. The Turkish-Armenian peace negotiations were continuing.

IRISH PEACE PARLEYS FRUITLESS. Peace discussions between Premier Lloyd George and an emissary of the Sinn Fein have revealed an unyielding attitude on both sides, and prospects for an agreement were slight. The Sinn Fein refused to accept the new Home Rule act.

International

MEASURING THE DIAMETERS OF STARS

This is Prof. Albert A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, with one of his astronomical instruments used in discovering new facts about stars trillions of miles from the earth

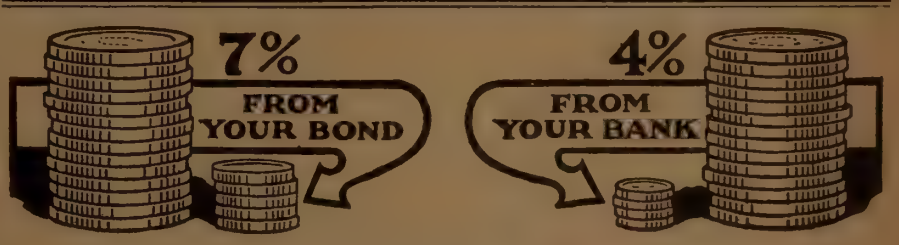


Sleepless Nights — Late Mornings

If coffee's effect on nerves and rest plays tricks with your hours of sleep, quit it and try

INSTANT POSTUM

A table beverage with an attractive coffee-like flavor but wholesome in every respect.



How to Make Every Dollar Earn Double What it Would in the Savings Bank

You may be contented with the safety facilities which your savings bank provides. But you cannot long remain satisfied with the 3½% or 4% interest which the bank allows.

You *can* secure the same degree of safety as your bank provides—*and 7% interest* instead of 3½% or 4% interest—if you invest in 7% Miller Mortgage Bonds. Back of each Miller Bond is sound, non-speculative income earning property in prosperous localities. And every piece of such property under Miller Mortgage is worth more than twice the amount of Miller Bonds issued.

You owe it to yourself to investigate the many good features of Miller Bonds. Make your money earn double what it would in the bank. Write today for full details and booklet—"Creating Good Investments."

$100 Bonds; $500 Bonds; $1000 Bonds
Interest payable twice yearly
Maturities 2 to 10 years

SYMBOL OF SAFETY MILLER BONDS

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First the Investor's Welfare

Tycos THERMOMETER says — "Wear a heavy coat today"
AT YOUR DEALER'S
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.
There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose
C-9

Instantly Relieves Metatarsal Arch-Affections

Morton Toe, cramping of toes, enlarged little toe joints, sole callouses and spreading of foot. Worn in any Shoe, under or over stocking. Any other foot troubles?

Write for full particulars

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YARN DIRECT FROM MILL
Send stamp for Free Samples of *50 shades*. Superior quality. Great variety of bright colors; also Gray, Brown, Navy, etc.
Lowest Prices. *Agents Wanted.*
NORFOLK YARN CO., 27 Tremont Place, Boston 9, Mass.

"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

How mother stops a nervous headache

AFTER suffering nearly all day she remembered how she had once stopped a nervous headache with

A HEALING CREAM
Mentholatum

Always made under this signature

She rubbed some on her throbbing temples and the cooling, soothing action of Mentholatum soon lessened the pain. She has never since let a headache last all day.

She stops it at once

Mentholatum heals cuts, burns and bruises gently and promptly. It is antiseptic, too.

Mentholatum is sold everywhere in tubes, 25c; jars, 25c, 50c, $1.

The Mentholatum Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Wichita, Kans. Bridgeburg, Ont.

5 Great Novelties 20 cts.

AUTUMN GLORY. A new hardy plant. The most showy Autumn bloomer, surpassing all others. It is the latest to bloom, showing its full glory after frost has killed all tender flowers. Greatest novelty in twenty years. Succeeds everywhere, reaching perfection the first season from seed, and continues blooming for years. 20 cts. per pkt.

Witheach order we send one trial packet each of: PINK WOOLFLOWERS, new—nothing can surpass the mass of pink flowers which it shows all season.

DAHLIA LORD GOFF, lilac pink, in great profusion. Blooms in 3 to 4 months.

JAPAN IRIS, new hybrids of all colors. Magnificent.

DIENER TOMATO, grows to weigh 3 lbs. As smooth and beautiful as an apple. Most startling new vegetable.

And our Big Catalog, all for 20 cts.

Big Catalog, free. All flower and vegetable seeds, bulbs, plants and new berries. We grow the finest Gladioli, Dahlias, Cannas, Irises, Peonies, Perennials, Shrubs, Vines, etc. All prize strains—many sterling novelties.

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Dennison's

St. Valentine Novelties

You can't have a really gay Valentine party without Dennison's crepe paper novelties, heart cut-outs, and place cards. Have them and the party can't fail. At stationers and department stores.

Send 5 cents to Dennison, Department V Framingham, Mass., for "Party Book"

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MONUMENTS

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355 M Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

A. R. B., Salem, Oreg., writes, regarding our recent editorial discussion of Sunday observance: "Is this matter of Sunday observance, or perhaps better say Sunday desecration, a matter of sin? If it is; then it is a matter of the heart, for all sin is a heart matter. That being true, is civil government—the State—ordained to take cognizance of heart or conscience matter? Personally I think not. Is non-observance of Sunday a crime? If so, then the man who does business or enjoys pleasure on Sunday is a criminal. Here is where we get into trouble. A Sunday law makes a matter a crime if it be done on Sunday, that is recognized as lawful and right on the other six days of the week. It makes a man, who is recognized and looked up to as a good, law-abiding citizen through six days of the week, a criminal, because he does on Sunday just exactly as he has been doing all through the other six days, and in the doing of which he was looked up to and respected. If a matter is a crime it is a crime seven days a week and not one. You say rightly: 'There is only one way to do this thoroughly and lastingly. It is for the Church to proclaim, in its teachings, the right and proper attitude of the citizen on the Lord's Day,' but you strike right out from this position of the Church proclaiming 'in its teaching,' etc., and in your previous paragraph you suggest the use of carnal weapons to enforce the teaching of the Church. The Church is ordained of God, set in the world under God for the saving of the lost; its work is to deal only with sin, saving men from it. Civil government is set in the providence of God, to keep men civil in their relations the one with the other, and pertains only to men. Sabbath desecration or Sabbath observance is no part of man's relation to man, save only when, in the exercise of a right, an individual invades the rights of his fellows. If, as you declare, 'multitudes who formerly were regular attendants at worship, while retaining their church relationship, have become absentee members, spending the day in pleasure,' where shall we place the blame, and what remedy ought to be applied? Will you heal a man's backsliding with a Sunday law? Is this nation and the world waiting for civil enactments to stem the present flood-tide of sin? Is it not rather waiting for a church clothed with Holy Ghost power, filled with men who have a message freighted with the conviction of heaven? Let the Church arouse herself, and with a faith that with one arm will lay hold of men, and with the other will lay hold upon the throne of God, save perishing souls for the Kingdom of Christ."

Our Oregon friend, if he will read again the article he discusses, will observe that the "better way" to bring about Sabbath observance is clearly indicated as being not by a revival of "blue laws" nor by legislation, but by the Church proclaiming, in its teachings, the right and proper attitude of the citizen on the Lord's Day.

J. S. B., Omaha, Neb., writes: "Does the Bible teach that a Christian should pay his honest debts, when he can, no difference how old it is?"

The Bible teaches that a righteous man should pay his debts and owe no man anything, but to love one another (see Matt. 18:28; Rom. 13:7, 8). It also teaches that the creditor should be generous and if the debtor is poor, he should forgive him.

Rev. Arthur R. Gray, Secretary of the Protestant Episcopal Church's spiritual work in Latin America, writes us with reference to a recent article which appeared in the Christian Herald on "The Church at Panama," in which the statement was made that "The Union Church on the Canal Zone is the representative of American Protestantism at this crossroads of the New World. Four pastors serve the entire English-speaking community, including the British subjects. And the Union Church, with its limited financial resources, conducts a mission among the Panamanian aborigines and a Chinese Sunday school." Dr. Gray makes this comment: "We (the Protestant Episcopal Church) were in the Zone many years before any other non-Roman body came there, and inasmuch as we have over 1500 registered communicants, and 15,000 or 20,000 unregistered, with 950 children in our Sunday schools, and contributions from the people that approximate $7,000 a year, we feel it is unfortunate to publish a statement which would make it look as if we were obtaining support for our work under false pretences; *i.e.*, it being implied from the statements in the Christian Herald that we were doing nothing down there."

We gladly give publicity to Dr. Gray's statement, and at the same time to assure him that we feel that no reflection could have been intended by our correspondent.

Written in a firm, bold hand, every letter fully formed and no trace of a quiver throughout, a letter comes to us from Hollywood, Calif., from a subscriber who has only been with us a year, but hopes to continue. He writes: "Ten days from today I will be 89 years old—too old to do as I would like to for you. I am a Presbyterian and go to church, but I haven't heard a word of the sermon for about four years. My ears were failing some five years ago. I read the splendid sermon published every week in the Herald and it helps me out wonderfully. Long live the Christian Herald! I have written this letter without spectacles and hope you can read it. L. L. S." It is always a pleasure to us to know that we can be helpful in any way to our aged friends.

Mrs. H. L. M., Wabash, Ind., writes: "I was just wondering how it would be for Christians to adopt a slogan. Dr. Sheldon's article on 'What Would Jesus Do?' made me think what good might be accomplished if this phrase could be placed before people everywhere. 'What Would Jesus Do?' Imagine that on a placard posted in every hotel room, every public building, every office and business house in the land. Do you not feel that it would make people think, and in so thinking, ward off the temptation to do wrong? It seems to me that if people were facing a problem, and the question would be brought to their notice, the chances are that they'd either know which way was right, or go to the Bible and find out. What do you think about it?"

H.L.M.'s suggestion is timely and practical. We believe that such a spiritual reminder, widely used, could not fail to give results. It would be the means of causing many a business program to be changed and many a wrongful act to be avoided; and it would arouse in the hearts of men and women the desire to live better, cleaner, holier and juster lives. The public conscience, as well as the individual, needs quickening and the simple, brief suggestion conveyed in the question is better calculated to meet the need than anything we know of.

Mrs. S. M. C., St. Joseph, Mo., sends this letter which may be regarded as expressing the desire of many other mothers and grandmothers for light on the same question. She writes: "I have the care of three grandchildren and want to teach them to remember the Sabbath day. They go to Sunday school and stay for the morning service. How should they spend the afternoon and evening? Their ages are eight, ten and eleven. Any suggestions will be thankfully received."

Here is an opportunity for Christian mothers who have found a way of passing the afternoon and evening hours of the Lord's Day, so that it will always be a "day of days" for the little folks, and who can tell other mothers about it in a brief letter to the Mail-Bag.

Mrs. W. H., Mylo, N. Dak. "Poor in spirit" (Matt. 5:3) is interpreted by commentators as meaning the poor, the oppressed, the afflicted, the needy, literally, "the poor of this world," yet who are rich in faith. It is meant also to express a frame of mind, independent of outward circumstances—those who have already in their hearts the seed of the Kingdom, and the sense of Divine riches that make earthly possessions seem poor in comparison.

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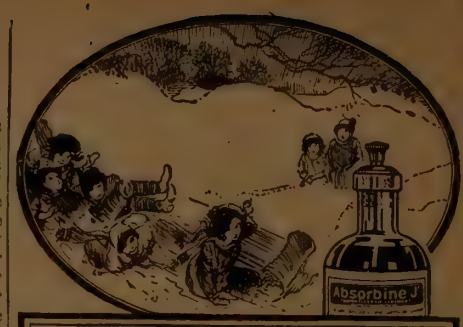

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

An Illustrated News Weekly for the Home

Photo by Warren S. Davis

I know that every little boy, when he is safe in bed,
Will dream of skates, and snowball fights, and coasting on a sled!

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JANUARY 29, 1921

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A PLEDGE OF PEACE—THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

On the summit of the lofty Andes Mountains, on the boundary between Argentina and Chile, stands this beautiful and majestic statue of the Christ, His left hand holding the emblem of the Cross and His right hand uplifted in blessing. The statue commemorates the peaceful settlement of a boundary dispute which had threatened to involve the two nations in war, and on the pedestal is carved an impressive pledge of perpetual peace: "These mountains will crumble to dust ere Argentines and Chileans break the peace which at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to keep."

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THE·CHRISTIAN·HERALD
(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
AN·ILLUSTRATED·NEWS·WEEKLY·FOR·THE·HOME·
·GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER·

In His Steps Today

What Would Jesus Do in the Home?

The Eighth Article in a Notable Series Discussing the Fundamental Problems of the Political, Economic and Social Life of the Nation

By CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps"

FOREWORD

ONE of the marvels of history is that a person who had not where to lay His head, no home of His own, and no family life except that which He enjoyed of others, is the one person in all the world who is most revered and honored in the home life of the world. At the head of the table He sits, the most honored guest in the house. In countless families, in many climes with various tongues, all down the centuries, the Christian home has been the center of the purest mother love, the source of the most intelligent and consecrated service to the State, the altar on which has burned the most fragrant incense of family worship, the inspiration to boys and girls to grow up into stalwart men and women who revere the sacred Word of God and practice its teachings in the midst of the world's excitements and temptations. History reveals no such influence over the family life as the influence of Him who had no family of His own. It is one of the many fascinating and miraculous features of the most fascinating character in all history.

SEATED *about the Conference Table the following: Jesus; the Family, consisting of the Father, the Mother, the Boy, the Girl. Other figures speaking on occasion: the Grandfather, the Grandmother, the Servant.*

The Father: Home is not what it used to be when I was a boy. Life was simpler and there were not so many interruptions and distractions in the way of social functions and amusements that are a large part of the times in which we now live.

The Mother: That is true. When I was a girl my main business was helping my mother about the housemaking, learning to cook and make clothes, and assist in the general duties of the home. My girl now wants to go out nearly every night to some other person's home or to some entertainment. Her clothes must be bought or made at some expensive place. She is a girl with many desires that were a stranger to my girlhood. If she goes to college she wants to do as other girls do and belong to some society where there is a good deal of entertaining, dancing, eating and going out. It is all different from my girlhood.

The Father: It's the same about my boyhood. I had to work on a farm. No movies or dances for me. Just hard work. I think I had as much fun as my boy says he has now. But I can't recall ever spending seven dollars for a society banquet or riding to college in an automobile.

The Boy: There weren't any automobiles in your time, were there, Dad?

The Father: No. And incidentally, if I had called my father "Dad" he would have had me over his knee in about less than the time it takes to spell the word.

The Boy: I did not mean any disrespect, Father. I only used the word as all the fellows use it.

The Father: I know you did. But to my mind it is only one indication out of a good many others of a careless and irreverent attitude on the part of the young people of this generation. The word reverence is not in their vocabulary.

The Grandfather: Don't you think you may be a little severe with the Boy? If I remember rightly your mother and I had to rebuke you more than once for incivility and irreverence.

The Father: I had forgotten it.

The Grandfather: One generation is apt to think that the past was better than the present. I hope you will remember that if the generation into which you were born did not have the complex troubles that go with automobiles and Greek letter societies, it had troubles perhaps more serious in the shape of saloons and slavery and public dueling and a number of other things your children do not see.

The Grandmother: Yes, that is true. I can remember when I was a girl hearing my father tell about a number of the churchwardens in his town who were helping to put the roof on the new meeting-house at a raising bee, and they were so overcome with the rum that was served out to the workers that three of them fell off the roof and broke their legs and one of them afterwards died from his injuries.

The Girl: How dreadful! Mother, you were telling us the other night of the good old times, so much better than these. Grandmother's story does not sound like it.

The Mother: I suppose we do forget some of the evil of the days when we were born. But your father and I are troubled often by the problems that face us in the home life.

The Boy and the Girl: Tell us what some of them are. Perhaps they are not so bad as you think they are.

The Father: One of the problems that face the American home is the difficulty of keeping the family together. Even in the morning we don't seem to be able to eat breakfast together. The table is set two or three times for different members of the family. Then at noon we are seldom together on account of my being downtown at my business and also on account of school hours. The evening meal finds us all at the table generally, but immediately after, the scattering begins. You young folks want to go out somewhere, either to some social function connected with your fraternity or school society or else to the movie or a party, and Mother and I have engagements somewhere, or else we spend the evening here alone. Now when I was a boy——

The Grandfather: When you were a boy you lived on a farm. Your children live in a town. The conditions are not the same.

The Mother: When I was a girl I lived in a city. But I do not recall that our home life was so broken up as it is today. I am sure that we had more family life. There were not so many parties and social events to take us away. What Father says is true of us today. Our family is not together very much.

The Boy: Do you want us to be at home every night?

The Girl: Shall we have no social life in addition to our home life?

The Father: We want you to have social enjoyment. Your Mother and I are raising the question whether it is not overdone.

The Mother: I feel quite sure it is. Take last week as a sample. Monday night was your father's club night. He ought to have some relaxation after his heavy business. We don't complain about that. I was out at a committee meeting of our woman's church society to plan for a new Sunday-school program. You children were in your rooms studying. Tuesday each of you went to a moving-picture show, while father and I stayed here. Wednesday the Boy was at a basket-ball game at the college, and the Girl was at a neighbor's visiting with a girl friend. Thursday night Father attended his lodge, and there was a football banquet to celebrate the season championship, at which, of course, both of you children had to be present, even if it did cost the sum of $2 apiece. Friday there was a dance of the fraternities and societies joining, at which, of course, you two felt bound to be present. Saturday Father had to go to a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, and there was nothing to call the rest of us out, so three members of the family were together. Sunday night—I forget what we did Sunday night——

The Father: Why, don't you remember? The Boy and Girl went to the young people's society meeting at the church, and you and I had a quiet evening at home.

The Mother: Oh, yes. So you see, the whole family was never all together any one night during the entire week.

Jesus: I would like to ask some questions. (*Silence about the Table. The Servant has just come in to make an announcement, but she stands silent with all the rest.*)

Jesus: I have been wondering while you were talking, if some of these problems about the American Home are being met in the right way. Do you begin the day with Family Worship?

(*Silence about the Table. The Father and Mother hang their heads. The children smile. The servant looks scornful. The Grandparents look sorrowful.*)

The Grandfather: I brought up my children to revere the Lord's Day and begin the day with praise and thanks to the heavenly Father and a prayer for divine wisdom and strength. The custom has disappeared from this home, I am very sorry to say.

The Father: There does not seem to be any time for it.

The Mother: The family is never together in the morning, and in the evening we are all scattered.

Jesus: Do you have as a family anything that takes the place of family worship?

(*Silence again about the Table. The Father and the Mother look at each other.*)

The Grandmother: Nothing can take its place. There are sometimes in this home discussions around the dinner-table over matters of conduct or ethics, but seldom anything said about religion or God. I think that the way American homes are now being run, in a short time there will be very little religious influence found in most of them. The pace is too swift, the age is too busy getting money and pleasure.

The Father: There was a good deal of cant and hypocrisy in the old custom of family worship.

Jesus: But is there not just as much now, without it?

The Grandfather: Our children could not charge that to our observance of the custom. We made it an hour of joy and spiritual refreshment. Is that not so, my son?

The Father: It is true. As I remember the morning hour, just after the morning meal, we gathered in the sitting-room and the time was filled with blessing. I would like sometimes to revive that custom. But it would be hard to do it under the present-day conditions.

Jesus: How much religious or spiritual instruction do you give your children during the week?

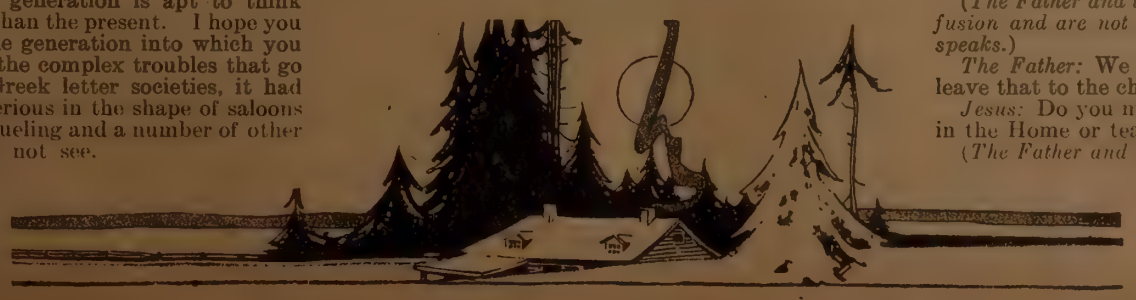
(*The Father and the Mother look at each other in confusion and are not able to answer. Finally the Father speaks.*)

The Father: We don't give any to speak of. We leave that to the church and Sunday school.

Jesus: Do you mean that you never read the Bible in the Home or teach your children out of it?

(*The Father and Mother look at each other for a long time in silence.*)

The Mother: We have to confess that for years we have not read the Bible out loud in the Home nor taught any thing out of it to our children.



The Child in the Temple

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

WHERE Herod's many-towered palace rose,
They sought the young lad Jesus who had strayed,
And where the Tyropœon valley goes
South to the outer wall; there, sore afraid
Of some disaster—some dark, nameless thing,
Joseph and Mary wandered, sorrowing.
Long did they seek Him, At the Jaffa gate
They sought, and through the streets of the bazaars,
Ablaze with Tyrian stuffs, and golden plate,
And keen Damascus blades that flashed like stars
They questioned those who had young doves to sell
About the temple's outer courts, and told
The little halting tale they had to tell
To money changers, counting evil gold.

He stood among the doctors, straight and slim,
As a young cedar upon Lebanon;
A star-eyed presence, and they bent on Him,
Bleared visages of wonder. Solomon
Had not such wisdom in his tender youth;
David, such visionings as this, of truth.
He had but wandered back from Olivet
Into the city, for a voice did call—
A glory and a dream that held Him yet,
And so He had turned backward; that was all.
But Mary watching, saw the radiance fade
Out of that face she loved so tenderly,
When He told how, beneath an olive's shade,
He saw an angel in Gethsemane.

(*Note. How many acreage homes in the United States would have to make the same confession.*)

Jesus: Do you have a Bible in the house?

The Father: I am sure we have. Mother, where is it?

The Mother: In my room I have one.

Jesus (to the Father): Do you have a Bible in your business office?

The Father: No.

Jesus: Do you know any of your business friends who do?

The Father: Yes, a few.

Jesus: You say you leave the religious training of your children to the church and Sunday school. Do either of you go to Sunday school yourselves?

The Mother: I go sometimes.

The Father: I don't go. I am too tired on Sunday morning to go.

Jesus: Do some of your business men acquaintances go?

The Father: Yes, some of them.

Jesus: Are they as busy as you are?

The Father: Yes, I suppose they are. I wonder sometimes how some of them can give so much time to church work. I really don't see how they can do it.

The Grandmother: Sunday morning in this house is distressing to me. The members of the family get up at irregular intervals and often eat at different times. Then there is a contest to see who can get the comic section of the Sunday paper and look over what seem to me to be its coarse and vulgar pictures, nearly all of which poke fun at old people and depict the tricks of children and magnify the faults of married life. That seems like a terrible way to begin the Lord's Day.

Jesus (to the Father and Mother): Are you church members?

The Mother: I am. My husband is not.

The Grandmother: How can we expect the children to grow up to be religious when the father is not interested in religious things. It is a wonder to me that they go to church or young people's meetings at all.

The Boy: Our football captain is the president of the young people's society of our church just now. He got me to go. And the meetings are not bad. I enjoy them.

The Grandfather: It looks queer to me that the religious training of this family is being given it by outsiders. The father himself should be the Priest. How can we expect a better America unless the parents are close to God and do not let the main part of the religious training of their children be turned over to strangers or even to those whom the boy looks up to in his hero worship. The Boy's best hero should be his own father.

Jesus: I would like to ask other questions. Are you parents afraid of your children?

The Father and the Mother: Afraid of them!

Jesus: If they want anything that you think is questionable in way of amusements or expense, are you afraid to say no for fear of creating antagonism? Is it easier for you to grant even questionable desires than to face a disagreeable difference with your children? Is it easier for you to let your children do what they want to do than to direct them into the best way?

The Father and the Mother (after a long and painful silence): We have probably followed the line of least resistance in matters of conduct, of amusement, and the choice of expenses and companionship. If that is what you mean by being afraid of our children, we have probably avoided making our children obey what has really been the best course in our own minds, but we have not wanted to oppose our children's wishes. (*Note. In a canvass of very many families by the writer of these articles the same confession was frankly made by at least three-fourths of the fathers and mothers tested.*)

Jesus: Would you give an illustration of the way in which you have granted your children's desires, even when it was contrary to your own convictions of a better course?

The Father: My Boy wanted an automobile to ride to college in. It did not seem wise to me, and I did not see how I could afford it, but he begged so hard and said that so many boys had cars that I finally gave in. The car has been a big expense, and I really ought not to have bought it, but I didn't want the Boy to think I was grouchy, and I didn't want him to get mad at me. So I let him have it. I am also frank to say that I do not approve of the young people being out so late at night with the car, but I have seldom denied the Boy that use of the car.

The Mother: My experience has been similar with the Girl. I was brought up very strictly not to dance. But when my Girl began to go to High School and afterwards to college she pleaded with me that all the other young people danced and she did not want to appear peculiar. I yielded against my better judgment, but I have never been able to bring my mind to endorse the kind of dances the young people in our college have, and the last one I saw at a meeting of one of the societies actually shocked me, it was so different from any thing I would allow myself when I was a girl.

The Grandmother: And yet even after that, you never restricted the Girl in the matter of the dances, and made no objections to her going to social gatherings that lasted very late and interfered with her studies.

The Mother: We did talk it over, but she said that all the girls in her society did the same and she did not want to appear odd or queer.

The Servant: I came in to say that I have found a place in a store where I am going to work, and I won't be able to work in this family any longer.

The Father: Another one of the problems of the American Home! What are we going to do now?

The Mother: We can do what so many of our neighbors are doing, move into an apartment house.

The Father: Yes, or a hotel. And then, good-bye to home, sweet home. (*Speaking to the servant.*) I suppose the store can pay better wages than we are able to afford. But, really, ten dollars a week and board and washing seems reasonable for our family.

The Servant: The store will pay me three times as much.

The Mother: But out of your pay you will have to meet the expense of your room and board.

The Servant: I am making a change for other reasons. I don't like housework. It is too confining and monotonous. I am looked down upon as a servant. I want a different kind of life. I am going into the store. (*She goes out.*

The Father: Now then, Mother, what are we going to do?

The Mother: What thousands of other American homes are doing. Get along without help in the housework.

The Grandmother and Grandfather: We would like to be of more use, but we are getting old and are more or less of a burden.

The Mother: I am not very well myself. But I will do all I can.

The Father: We face a real problem.

Jesus: It is not insoluble. There are happy and useful homes in your neighborhood where the same conditions can be found. In a home where the vision of real father-and-mother love and duty and kindness and love of honest work and sharing of burdens is a daily vision, even the problem of the daily drudgery of getting necessary meals and keeping the home pleasant is not without an answer.

The Boy to the Girl: I wonder if that means that we can do what we have never been willing to do in helping Mother about the house.

The Mother: I will sacrifice anything rather than live like so many of our acquaintances in a hotel.

The Father: Heaven deliver me from a hotel life! There isn't a spot on earth more dear to me than my home.

The Grandfather: Even if you are out of it so much!

Father: That makes no difference. There is no place like it, is there, Mother?

The Mother: We have been careless about its sacred duties and privileges. But when we once face the question of being compelled to give them up we begin to know what the home has really meant to us. There is no such place on earth. Let us all help to maintain it.

The Father: I can do more than I ever did. I can think of many times when I could have helped Mother when I selfishly chose my own ease and let her bear the burden of drudgery.

The Boy: I'll do more to help.

The Girl: And so will I.

The Father: They are not half bad, our children, after all. I always said that an American home had in it something stable and enduring and could not be broken up, not even by problems.

Jesus: But may I remind this American home of some real truths that alone will keep the home as the center of the nation's power and influence? (*All are silent as the Master speaks simply and lovingly.*)

You, Father and Mother, need to love and serve the heavenly Father. The one greatest need in this home is not the need of hired hands to prepare food and do the drudgery, but the greatest need is a unity of affection among the members of the family that is based on a religious faith that has its roots down deep in a love of God. There are families in this neighborhood that face far greater problems than you face, problems of poverty and struggle and sickness, and yet the joy of heaven is in those homes and the very gate of heaven opens to the visitor whenever he steps across the threshold.

Cease to fear your children. The greatest kindness you can show them is to teach them to obey the truth of life. They will thank you for it when they grow up if you did not let them do everything they wanted to do, simply because others did it.

Put the Bible and the Family Altar back into the honored place they once held. On that basis the true home in this land must be built. Without it all the wealth and luxury and things in the house will not be worth any thing.

Let every member do his share to bear the burdens as he shares in the privilege of the home. There can be no happy homes where any members of the family selfishly let others bear more than their part of the work to make the home what it ought to be.

But the one great thing is love to one another and to the good God. Where that burns on the altar of the heart all things are easy, all tasks light. I leave you my benediction. Peace be to this home. The Peace of God. Love ye one another.

(*Jesus rises and quietly passes out. The Family remain as before, only there is a different spirit.*)

The Father: I wonder how it is that His presence here in our home has seemed to give it a sacred meaning. I never felt it before.

The Mother: Even when He silently rebuked our godlessness and our blunders in home-making, my heart burned in me to merit and keep His blessing.

The Boy: I wish He would stay with us always.

The Girl: He made me feel how selfish and unworthy of a beautiful home I have always been.

The Grandmother: I bless the memory of His presence.

The Grandfather: We will pray for the Master's presence to abide with our children and theirs, always.

The Father: We will give Him the honored place at the head of our table from this time ever.

The Mother: And not omit any more as we have done so long, the asking of the Grace which we have so sadly neglected.

(*The Family remain seated about the Table, gazing at the place where the Master had been. And each one seems to hear the others say in their hearts:* "If He shall sit there in our Home at the head of our table, all problems will be soived and all hearts will be pure. And the American home will be what we pray it may be, the sweetest place on earth, because it is the place where love reigns, and service rules, and God abides.")

IT IS estimated, on the basis of a questionnaire study made by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, that 175,000 children were brought before courts in the United States in a year. Of these, 50,000 came before courts not adapted to handling children's cases.

Although every state except one had laws providing for juvenile probation, fewer than half the courts hearing children's cases actually had probation service. The majority of the courts failed to make adequate investigation of the child's home and family circumstances, his physical and mental condition, and his personal tendencies. Especially in small towns and rural districts the child is still subjected to the unsocialized treatment which the juvenile court was designed to replace.

However, facilities for mental and physical examinations are being extended. Co-operation between the courts and other social agencies has been increasing, and in some instances social agencies have given the services of trained social workers for probation work. A further development is indicated in the tendency to merge the cases of children with those of their families, and to try them before "family" or "domestic relations" courts. In this way the child is dealt with as a member of his family, and all the family circumstances are taken into account.

The Island of Faith

A Delightful Serial

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Illustrated by Anne Brockman

Seventh Instalment

CHAPTER XIV

AS ROSE-MARIE left the Volsky flat—Ella had begged her to go; had assured her that it would be better to leave Mrs. Volsky to her inarticulate grief—her brain was in a whirl. Things had happened in the last few hours with a kaleidoscopic rapidity; the whirl of events had left her mind in a dazed condition.

She told herself, over and over, that Ella was saved. But she found it hard to believe that Ella would ever find happiness, despite her salvation, in the grim tenement that made her home. She told herself that Bennie was learning to travel the right road, that the Scout Club would be the means of leading him to other clubs, and that the other clubs would, in time, introduce him to Sunday school and to the church. She told herself that Mrs. Volsky was willing to try; very willing to try! But of what avail would be Bennie's budding faith and idealism if he had to come, night after night, to the home that was responsible for men like Jim—and like Pa?

Pa! Rose-Marie realized with a new sense of shock that Pa was no longer a force to reckon with. Pa was dead—had been crushed by a truck. He never again would slouch drunkenly into the flat, he never again would throw soiled clothing and broken bottles and heavy shoes into newly tidied corners. He was dead and he had—after all—been the one link that tied the Volskys to their dingy quarters! With Pa gone the family could seek cleaner, sweeter rooms—rooms that would have been barred to the family of a drunkard! With Pa gone the air would clear, magically, of some of its heaviness.

Rose-Marie, telling herself how much the death of Pa was going to benefit the Volsky family, felt all at once heartless. She had been brought up in an atmosphere where death carries sorrow with it—deep sorrow and sanctity. She remembered the dim parlors of the little town when there was a funeral; she remembered the singing of the village choir and the voice of the pastor, slightly unsteady, perhaps, but very confident of the life hereafter. She remembered the flowers, and the mourners in their black gowns, and the pure tears of grief. She had always seen folk meet death so—meet it rather beautifully.

BUT the passing of Pa! She shuddered to think of its cold cruelty—it was rather like his life. He had been snuffed out—that was all—snuffed out! There would be for him no dim parlor, no singing choir, no pastor with an unsteady voice. The black-robed mourners would be absent, and so would the flowers. His going would cause not a ripple in the life of the community; it would bring with it better opportunities for his family, rather than a burden of sorrow!

"I can't grieve for him!" Rose-Marie told herself desperately; "I can't grieve for him! It's the only chance he ever gave to his children—*dying!* Perhaps, without him, they'll be able to make good. . . ."

She was crossing the park—splashed with sunshine, it was. And suddenly she remembered the first time that she had met Bennie in the park. It seemed centuries away, that first meeting! She remembered how she had been afraid, then, of the crowds. Now she walked through them with a certain assurance—*she belonged.* She had come a long distance since that first meeting with Bennie—a very long distance! She told herself that she had proved her ability to cope with circumstance—had proved her worth, almost. Why, now, should the Superintendent keep her always in the shadow of the Settlement House—why should the Young Doctor laugh at her desire to help people? She had something to show them—she could flaunt Bennie before their eyes, she could quote the case of Ella; she could produce Mrs. Volsky, broken of spirit but ready to do anything that she could. And—last but not least—she would show Lily to them, Lily who had been hidden away from the eyes of the ones who could help her—Lily who so desperately needed help!

All at once Rose-Marie was weary of deceit. She would be glad—ever so glad—to tell her story to the Superintendent! She was tired of going out furtively of an afternoon to help these folk that she had come to help. She wanted to go in an open way, with the stamp of approval upon her. The Superintendent had said once that she would hardly be convincing to the people of the slums. With the Volsky family to show she could prove that she had been convincing, very convincing!

With a singing heart she approached the Settlement House. With a smile on her lips she went up the brownstone steps, pushed wide the door—which was never locked. And then she hurried, as fast as her feet could hurry, to the Superintendent's tiny office.

The Superintendent was in. She answered Rose-Marie's knock with a cheery word but, when the girl entered the room, she saw that the Superintendent's kind eyes were troubled.

"What's the matter?" she questioned, forgetting, for a moment, the business that she had been so full of; "what's the matter? You look ever so worried!"

The Superintendent's tired face broke into a smile.

"Was I looking as woe-begone as that?" she queried. "I didn't realize that I was. Nothing serious is the matter, dear—nothing very serious! Only Katie's sister in the old country is ill—and Katie is going home to stay with her. And it's just about impossible to get a good maid, nowadays—it seems as if Katie has been with me for a lifetime. I expect that we'll manage, somehow, but I don't just fancy cooking and sweeping, and running the Settlement House, too!"

All at once an idea leaped, full-blown, into the brain of Rose-Marie. She leaned forward and laid her hand upon the Superintendent's arm.

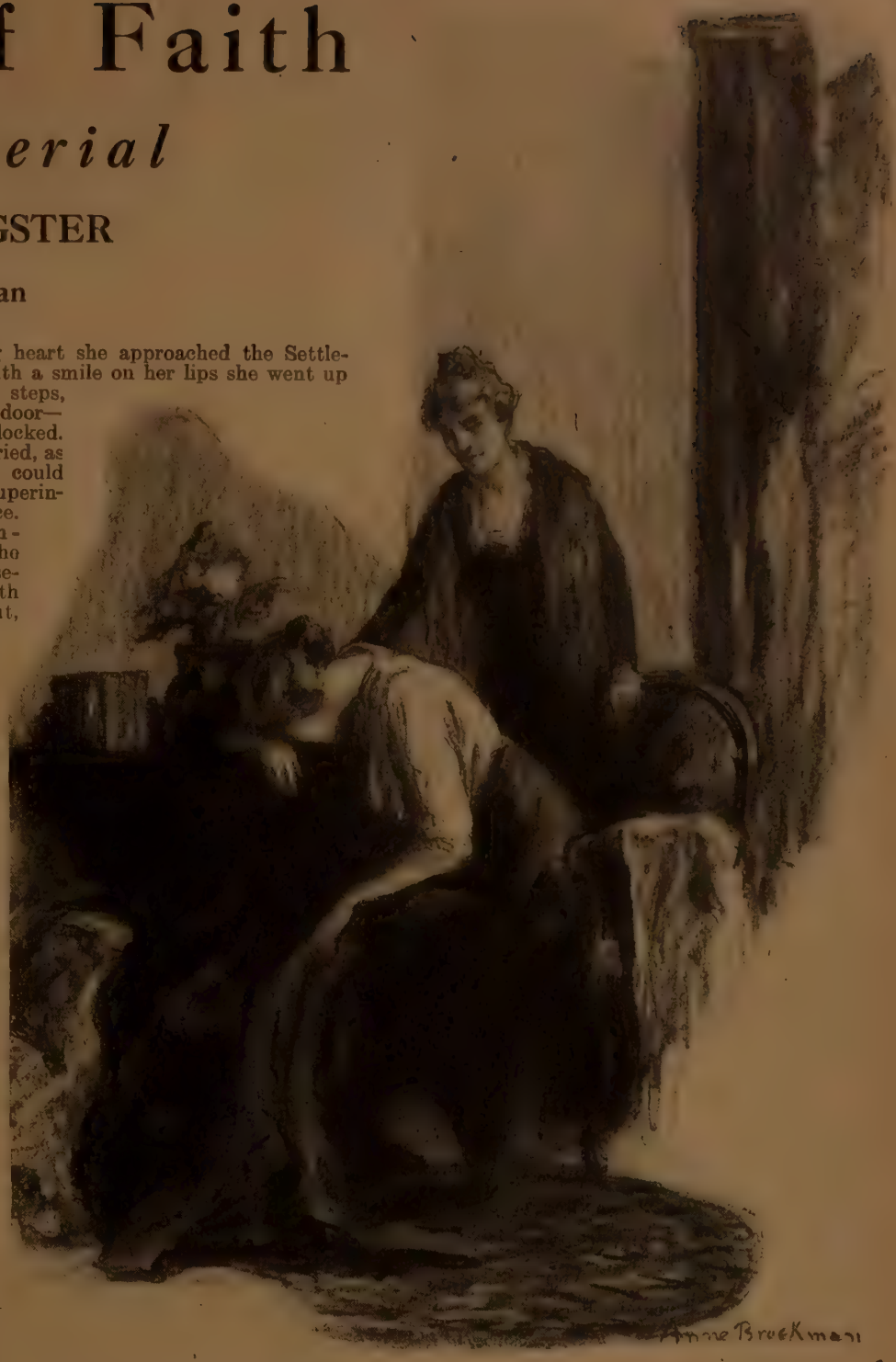
"I wonder," she asked excitedly, "if you'd consider a woman with a family to take Katie's place? The family isn't large—just a small boy, who goes to school, and a small girl, and an older girl, who is working. There's a grown son, but he can take care of himself. . . ." the last she said almost under her breath. "He can take care of himself. It would be better, for them——"

The Superintendent was eying Rose-Marie curiously.

"We have plenty of sleeping-rooms on the top floor," she said slowly, "and I suppose that the older girl could help a bit evenings. Why, yes, perhaps a family might solve the problem—it's easier to keep a woman with children than one who is," she laughed, "heart-whole and fancy free! Who are they, dear, and how do you happen to know of them?"

ROSE-MARIE sat down, suddenly, in a chair beside the Superintendent's desk. All at once her knees were shaky—all at once she felt strangely apprehensive.

"Once," she began, and her voice quivered slightly, "I met a little boy in the park. He was hurting a kitten. I started to scold him and then something made me question him, instead. And I found out that he was hurting the kitten because he didn't know any better—think of it, because he didn't know any better! And so I was interested, ever so interested. And I decided it was my duty to know something of him—to find out what sort of an environment was responsible for him."



For Rose-Marie, her face hidden in the crook of her elbow, was crying like a very tired child

The Superintendent's tired face was alight. She leaned forward to ask a question.

"How long ago," she questioned, "did you meet this child in the park?"

Rose-Marie flushed. The time, suddenly, seemed very long to her.

"It was the day that I came home, bringing a little gray cat with me," she said, "It was the day that I quarreled with Dr. Blanchard at the luncheon-table. Do you remember?"

The Superintendent smiled reminiscently. "Ah, yes, I remember!" she said. And then—"Go on with the story, dear."

Rose-Marie went on.

"I found the place where he lived," she said hurriedly. "Yes—I know that you wouldn't have let me go if you'd known about it! That's why I didn't tell you. I found the place where he lived; an unspeakable tenement on an unspeakable street. And I met, there, his family—a most remarkable family! There was a mother, and an older sister, and an older brother, and a drunken father, and a little crippled girl: . . ."

AND then, shaking inwardly, Rose-Marie told the story of the Volskys. She told it well; better than she realized. For the Superintendent's eyes never left her face and, at certain parts of the story, the Superintendent's cheeks grew girlishly pink. She told of the saving of Ella, she told of Bennie, explaining that he was the same child whom the Young Doctor had met in the hall. She told of Mrs. Volsky's effort to better herself, and of Jim's snake-like smoothness. And then she told of Lily—Lily with her almost unearthly beauty and her piteous physical condition. As she told of Lily the Superintendent's kind eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered.

"Oh," she breathed, "if only something could be

Continued on page 97

Little Orphans

A Wonderful Opportunity

THE Christian Herald today presents to its readers an opportunity for service which will gladden many hearts. In past years, they have been the special patrons of thousands of children in India and China, of hundreds in Japan, and of a number in Africa. The story of their kindness to those waifs—a very large majority of whom are now trained and self-supporting Christian men and women—forms one of the brightest records of missionary effort in any land. Now, the way is open to them to become the godfathers or godmothers of little orphan waifs in Jerusalem, the land which of all the world holds the most sacred memories of childhood.

There are some thirty-six of these little folks in the Christian Herald Orphanage in Jerusalem—all girls—in whose behalf we appeal to your love and sympathy. We want to see them enrolled as the personal protégés of kindly American patrons. Before entering on the recital of their pitiful life-stories—each a tale of suffering which awakens wonder that such things could ever happen in the Christ-land—let us here state how they came to be rescued.

When the World War broke out, Palestine became an armed camp. By and by the circle of iron and steel closed around the Holy City on all sides. For nearly four years Jerusalem was cut off from all communication with the outside world. Then came want and suffering to thousands who had no means of escape. Fathers and brothers were taken for the war, and the breadwinners of hundreds of families were killed, leaving widows and orphans to face an utterly hopeless battle. In those trying days the American Colony threw its doors open as a refuge for the helpless. It established soup-kitchens and other enterprises and did a most helpful work, in which the readers of this magazine had an opportunity, before the city was completely shut off, to render considerable service by their contributions. During those years of isolation, the Orphanage and the other humanitarian efforts of the Colony were the mainstay of the city's poor. And when the day of capitulation dawned, and the Turks yielded the city to General Allenby, the glorious news came over the cable telling how, under Divine protection, the work which many thought must have perished had been kept alive and active, and had made a record that will never be forgotten.

MRS. BERTHA SPAFFORD VESTER of the American Colony, founder of the Orphanage, has been in correspondence with the Christian Herald regarding the provision of support for the orphans under her care. She has the active co-operation of her Colony associates in the orphanage work and all are rendering excellent service voluntarily. She writes:

"Dr. Glazebrooke, our American Consul, was very much impressed with the good work we were doing at the Orphanage. I am sure you would be very proud of it, if you could step inside and see it. I hear it repeatedly said that it is the best-conducted institution in Jerusalem. I have sent photographs and biographies of the children. During the two hottest summer months, we dispersed most of the children, to reduce expenses to the minimum. One after another came to the Colony to be fed. It was too sad for words to see some of them roam the streets hungry and ragged. At last we gathered them into the Orphanage."

The Christian Herald Orphanage has been officially commended by high civil and military authorities for the splendid service it is rendering to the helpless poor in Jerusalem. Copies of these letters of appreciation have been sent to the Christian Herald.

Here is an opportunity for Sunday-school classes, Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavor branches, Baptist Young People's organizations, Ladies' Aid Societies and kindred bodies to take up the support of a Palestine orphan. Their little protégé will be trained and taught to write to her benefactors at regular intervals, and the latter will thus be put in personal communication with the children of their adoption. Individual members, too, will be welcomed as patrons. There could be no finer opportunity for getting into personal touch with a little Jerusalem child and influencing her whole future life.

This is a kind of missionary work that lies closer to the heart than any other, because it links the patron to the protégé in a union that grows more and more interesting every year. The cost of support, which includes shelter, clothing, tuition and food, is estimated at $130.00 a year—equal to $2.50 a week or about 35 cents a day. This, in view of the importance of the work and the great results to be attained, is a very modest figure, and one which can not be considered burdensome.

On this and the following page the portraits of the children sent by Mrs. Vester are reproduced. We would urge that all of our friends who are interested should make up their minds as quickly as possible, and write us indicating their choice. It will be well for those desiring to become patrons to act promptly in notifying the Christian Herald. All notifications should indicate the child chosen, giving the number and name. In the event of several applicants for the same child, the application first received will have preference. Address all applications to Jerusalem Orphan Work, care of the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

1. Evelina Izrak is nine years old and Greek Orthodox. Her father was killed in the war; her mother, Leah, unskilled and working at odd jobs, has another child to support. Evelina since coming to the Christian Herald Jerusalem Orphanage has developed into a robust and happy child, sunny in temper and giving great promise.

2. Khadegie Imwaked, aged eleven, is of Mohammedan parents, both dead. The family was well-to-do but was reduced by the war. Khadegie is an exceedingly bright child, fond of her lessons, and progressing both in health and character.

3. Marie Aboud, eight, is a little maid of the Greek Orthodox Church. Her father George Aboud, is paralyzed from shell-shock, and her mother, Wardy, is dead. Marie's family came from the mountains of Ajalon in northeastern Palestine. Some Moslems wanted to take Marie from her helpless father by force, which meant to make her sombody's concubine. To avoid this he sent her to Jerusalem to a distant relative of her mother's. This person is very poor and unable to feed her own family of three children. Marie is stunted and thin, but bright and lovable.

4. Fareedy Elias, a nine-year-old Syrian, is a waif. Her father, George Elias, deserted his family seven years ago and went to South America. Sadie, the mother, supports herself and a younger child by serving. It was quite impossible for her to support the two. The family came originally from Mesopotamia.

5. Milly Halaby is twelve, Greek Orthodox by faith and a half-orphan, her father, George Halaby, being dead. Her mother, Wacselie, is able to work only at odd times, and has one younger child. The mother has been supported by the American Colony for years.

6. Asma Najla Aish, aged six, is a little Protestant girl. Her father, Salama Aish, is blind. Her mother, Hannie, died of tuberculosis. Asma is partly crippled. The family is exceedingly poor. She was very sad and never smiled, but now she is beaming with happiness. She was threatened with tuberculosis, but shows no signs of it now.

7. Katrina Hishy is a little four-year-old, whose father, Nachlie, was killed in the war. Her mother, Julia, belongs to a good family, but was left destitute and has a younger son to support. She works as servant. Little Katrina, since she came to the Orphanage, has changed completely. She is happy and robust now.

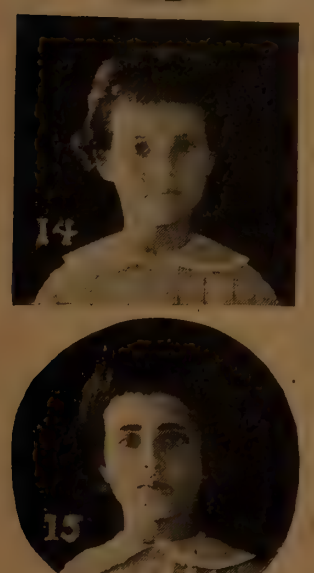
8. Erfat Ersas, aged twelve, is a little motherless Mohammedan, whose father, Hafiz Ersas, was impoverished by the war.

9. Waheebie Ersas is the thirteen-year-old sister of No. 8. After their mother's death they were sadly neglected, but now they are looking well and happy.

10. Lydia Farrah, aged fourteen, is a Greek Orthodox maid, whose father, Moussa Farrah, was killed in the war. The mother, Katingo, has two small boys to support. Lydia was rescued from degrading surroundings. She is a pretty, attractive girl and takes keen pleasure in the advantages of the Orphanage.

11. Aishey Abdul Azeez is five years old, and a Mohammedan. After her father, Abdul Azeez, son of Hadj Saleem from Anatolia in Asia Minor, was killed in the war, her mother, Alameye, married again and left Jerusalem, deserting Aishey to roam the streets. A Moslem acquaintance of the American Colony brought her to the Orphanage. She is a dear, sweet child, with winning manners. She has been very susceptible to the training in the Orphanage and has improved almost beyond recognition.

12. Guldusta Bada, aged ten, is a Mohammedan girl. Both parents died when



# of Jerusalem

for Service Is Offered

she was quite small. She was taken care of by a Mohammedan family, who were so reduced financially by the war that they were unable to care for her any longer. Guldusta is pretty and was asked for in marriage. The American Colony prevented this and will insist on retaining her until she is of marriageable age.

13. Khadigie Ersas is eight years old, and a Mohammedan. Her father, Ruside Ersas, is dead. Her mother, Rabaa, came from Hebron, and was left absolutely destitute by the death of her husband, with two younger boys to care for. She is quite helpless, like the majority of Moslem women of her class, and relies entirely on charity for support. This tiny child of eight, Khadigie, was to be dragged away and married when the Orphanage rescued her.

14. Zulfa Ersas is six years old and is a Mohammedan. She is a sister of Khadigie (No. 13). Zulfa is a very bright, attractive child.

15. Naheel Katooha is eight years old and Greek Orthodox. Her father, Elia Katooha, is dead. Her mother, Marie, is living. This was a respectable family with five girls, no boys. The late war has reduced them to the lowest pinch of poverty. The American Colony helped them at the time the Christian Herald sent funds in 1915 to open the lace industry. Naheel was very ill, from malnutrition; but since she came to the Orphanage, where she gets good food, she has improved wonderfully.

16. Rafeha el Yousef is eight years old, and Greek Orthodox. Her father, Yousef el Yousef, is old and helpless and her mother, Lateefie, is dead. Rafeha's history would have been a sad one had not the Orphanage opened its doors to her.

17. Salfeetie is ten years old and Greek Orthodox. Her father, Elias Salfeetie, is dead and her mother, Helanie, is semi-invalid. This family is respectable but reduced in circumstances by the war. The mother has no means of support, and her poor health prevents her working. There was nothing for such a child but to roam the streets and learn all kinds of wickedness had not the Orphanage opened its loving gates.

18. Widad Kattan is seven and is Greek Orthodox. Her father, Hannah Kattan, is dead. Her mother, Marie, is still living.

19. Eda Kattan, sister of No. 18, is ten years old. This poor widow ought to be in good circumstances, but the relatives have swallowed all the property. Marie supports herself by working as a nurse for children. It is a pathetic case. Little Eda was suffering from malnutrition when she was taken into the Orphanage but is better now.

20. Mary Elias, age eight, is a Protestant child. Her father, Nasrie Elias, was a school-teacher of the Church Missionary Society in Gaza, but was deported with his family to the east of the Jordan by the Turks, because he had worked for English people. In Ez-Salt, the family suffered privation and sickness. Finally the mother died. After the British occupation, Nasrie Elias came back to Jerusalem with his three daughters in a sad state of poverty. Lack of food and privation had so undermined his health that he found himself unable to support his children. His three daughters are in the Orphanage. They are nice, bright girls.

21. Julia Elias, age nine, is a sister of No. 20.

22. Nellie Elias, age twelve, is another sister of No. 20.

23. Zaheye Fallace, age six, is Greek Orthodox. Her father, Jameal Fallace, died in a hospital from privations endured in the Turkish Labor Corps in the war. Her mother, Jamelie, is an invalid as a result of typhus fever and slow starvation. She has no means of support. When Zaheye came to the Christian Herald Jerusalem Orphanage she looked more like an animal than a human being and her appetite was insatiable. Now she is a normal child full of fun and mischief.

24. Faruze Saallah, age five, is a Mohammedan. Her father, Abed Saallah, died from nephritis caused by lack of food and exposure in the Turkish Labor Corps. Her mother, Nazerie, has two boys to support, one an epileptic and helpless.

25. Fatme Saallah, age seven, is a Mohammedan girl, sister to No. 24.

26. Julie Imsarsa, age nine, is a Greek Orthodox child. Her father, Ustandie Imsarsa, died of typhus fever in the war. Her mother, Magdel, is a sewing woman. They were well off, but the war reduced them to the lowest state of poverty. Magdel has one other child to support.

27. Marika Pooligo, age thirteen, is Greek Orthodox. Her father, Aneia Pooligo, is dead and so also is her mother, Olympia. Marika was roaming the streets and doubtless would have gone to the "bad" had not a friend of the American Colony brought her to the Orphanage. The family came from Greece as pilgrims, and the war prevented their return.

28. Ecrevy Moussa, age ten, is Greek Orthodox. Her father, Saleem Moussa, is an invalid. Her mother, Desbina, is dead. This family used to be well off. Ecrevy is very delicate. Her eyesight is defective and she is under treatment.

29. Margaret Anastas, age eight, is Greek Orthodox. Her father, George Anastas, died of snake bite. Her mother, Aristo, died soon after her husband, leaving two sisters, ten and twelve years old, to be provided for. Margaret and her sister Alice came to the Orphanage in a pitiable condition.

30. Alice Anastas, age five, sister to No. 29.

31. Khadigie Rifka Goshie, age eight, is a Mohammedan. Her father, Moussa Goshie, died of typhus fever in the war. Her mother is Hudda Goshie. Hudda's family and that of her husband were prosperous before the war. Hudda has six children. Two daughters were admitted to the Orphanage. They were the most pitiful specimens of the ravages of the war that came to the refuge. Last February, when Jerusalem lay under thirty-two inches of snow, Hudda was found in her home in an indescribable state of misery and another girl, Janeelie, was taken into the Orphanage. Rifka is a pretty child and good at her lessons.

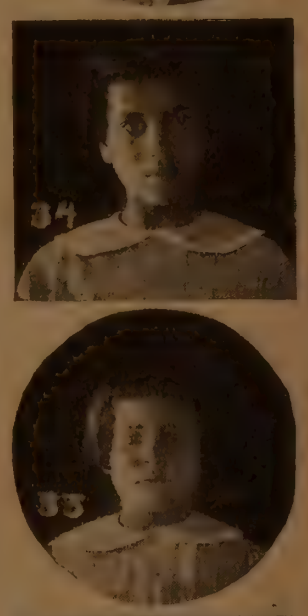
32. Julia Adelle Muhdah, age 9, is Greek Orthodox. Her father, Jad Muhdah, was killed in the war. Her mother, Burbara, is a confirmed invalid, caused by privations and lack of care during confinement. She has three other children to support besides Julia and Helanie. Julia Adelle is a bright child, with a happy disposition and very persevering in her studies.

33. Helanie Muhdah, aged six, is sister to Julia, No. 32.

34. Fatoume Goshie, aged ten, is a Mohammedan child, sister to No. 31. Fatoume is a sweet girl with winning way.

35. Jameelie Goshie, aged five, is also sister to Rifka Goshie, No. 31. Jameelie is a dear child, clinging and affectionate.

36. Asma Wahbie, aged ten, is a Mohammedan. Her father, Abdulkader Wahbie, is dead, also her mother, Sadika. During the Relief work, the American Colony fed the grandmother and Asma. After the British occupation, the grandmother died, and Asma was left without any one to care for her. This child has trachoma and a cataract on one eye. She is receiving medical treatment, and will be cured in time.



Scars

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN Jesus blessed the children long ago,
And held them in His arms, and soothed away
Their little fears, and watched them at their play,
I wonder if His wistful soul could know
That other children, like to them, would grow
Like flowers, in the self-same land; that they
Would have no Friend to bless their cheerless day—
That they, too young, would drink life's cup of woe!

I wonder if He knew. . . I think that He
Could not have smiled so brightly if He had!
Christ's kind heart bleeds when little ones are sad,
When children cry He tastes of misery.
And, oh, the orphans in His land, today,
Hurt Him like scars that will not heal away!

The Editorial Forum

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A Simple Inauguration

IN DISAPPROVING of the plans for an elaborate and costly inauguration program, President-elect Harding has stood by his guns as an advocate of Jeffersonian simplicity. He will have no expensive display, and prefers that the ceremony should take place in the Capitol itself, possibly on the spacious east porch, without a single extra preparation being made for the occasion. Even the parade, in late years a brilliant spectacle, will be shortened, and the escort limited. There will be no big reviewing stand and—no inaugural ball!

This attitude is in line with the simplicity observed by the founders of the Republic. Emphasized at this time, let us hope that it may be a practical lesson in thrift and economy, as opposed to the love of ostentatious display for its own sake. We have reached a time when economy is an imperative duty in national as well as in business and individual affairs.

In taking this wholesome step, Mr. Harding does not detract from the importance of the event. He dignifies it and invests it with a significance which no glittering pageant with its lavish display could possibly confer.

Right and Wrong History

HISTORY, as it has been made, is often a curious mixture of personal bias and prejudice. The impossibility of getting an altogether impartial view of an event or of a great personality is so great that many historians nowadays are ready to agree with H. G. Wells that the one necessity of civilization is a common historical meeting-ground of ideas. Until the human race has common historical ideas it cannot have universal peace or prosperity. And it cannot have common historical ideas as long as so many different ideas are held by the people who get their ideas at second hand from the printed page of books or the imperfect judgments of superficial observers of historical events.

We were taught to believe when we were boys that Frederick the Great and Napoleon were great men and statesmen. As the historian now pictures these men, we find that when the news about them is truthfully told they were without conscience when it came to appropriating other people's property, and utterly unscrupulous about taking it away from them. Mr. Wells in his great work, "The Outline of History," says of Napoleon: "He was a scoundrel, bright and complete. Most of us are constrained more or less to serve God and our fellow men, to do things disinterestedly, to behave decently when no one is watching us. Napoleon was not so constrained." Of Cæsar he says: "He was an immoral and attitudinizing old Roman who has been magnified and dressed up for the admiration of careless and uncritical readers." Of Mohammed he says: "He was vain, egotistical, tyrannous, and a self-deceiver."

All of which is disquieting to our complacent acceptance of things currently regarded as facts. It is not pleasant to have our old school histories discredited. But on the other hand, it is better to have the truth about men and events, than to go on believing agreeable falschoods.

The Laymen's Call to Prayer

ORDINARILY, the summons to prayer in great national emergencies is issued by the churches. A new precedent has been set by such a call coming from a representative body of forty-one distinguished laymen in twenty states, representing practically all of the denominations. The message is an invitation.

> "To men and women of all faiths, who believe in an Omnipotent God and in the power of prayer, to join us in a common, concerted and continuous exercise of intercession, to the end that humanity everywhere, torn as it is by dissension, and suffering many kinds of ill effects of the world-war, may turn to the patient Father in Heaven for new motives and guidance and succor. Our world will never get right with itself until it gets right with God. Only spiritual remedies can cure the present ills of mankind. Therefore, we call upon all who believe that the Living God hears and answers prayer, to offer daily petitions in behalf of our troubled world—with all its international strife and jealousies and self-seeking; with its industrial unrest, its social unrest, its political unrest—that the Lord Almighty may suffuse the hearts of all people everywhere with a consuming desire to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. Then all other things needful may be added unto us, as promised by our Lord Jesus Christ."

The call further adds: "We crave for ourselves and for our time a revival of the sense of the reality of God, and of our dependence upon Him, and of a spirit of loyalty to Him."

In order that all sincere believers may unite in this general supplication, they are urged to engage "privately or publicly in daily prayer, that the very gravity of present world conditions may drive us all to the Eternal God Who is our refuge, and Who is the only Light in our darkness. In Him we shall find peace, good-will and power for the task of remaking the world."

The Christian Herald and its readers believe in the efficacy of prayer. In their churches and home gatherings, and in their Prayer League, whose thousands of members are scattered throughout this land, they are now earnestly invited to present, not once, but many times, their petition set forth in the message of the laymen. There is no other way to find a cure for present troubles than by submitting them before the throne of God, in the full assurance that "all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." And may He who hears and answers the earnest prayer of believing hearts send such a spiritual awakening as will arouse this nation and inspire it with new life. Soul-quickened, we shall then begin to realize the blessings for which we have so long hoped for—peace among ourselves, with good-will toward all men—friends, neighbors and even our former enemies—and with grace to serve God and give Him the glory due to His name.

It is only by submission to the Divine will and the placing of ourselves in His hands, sincerely repenting of our sins and accepting Him as our Guide in all things, that we can hope to attain to those blessings which, as a nation, we so greatly need.

Causes of Crime

WHAT are they?

The mayor of the greatest city in this Republic has issued a proclamation advising the citizens to go armed for protection from thieves. A "crime wave" is spreading over the country. And vigilance committees are being formed, as in the old California days and the old frontier times.

Some say the crime wave is due to post-war conditions. That restless minds and the beginning of unemployment are beginning to make men desperate. Others say that the crime wave is no more than it has always been, but that it is being exploited by the press for political and other reasons.

Some give one reason and some another for the cause of the prevalent crime. No one denies the facts of alarming disturbance, especially in the big cities. No one can well deny it when the mayor of our largest and most proud metropolis asks citizens to arm themselves or their messengers for their own protection from assault and robbery.

But how would these reasons strike you as the causes of crime in the United States at the present time?

The first reason is the absurd and wicked definition that the people in cities like New York and Chicago and Denver and San Francisco have always had of a police system. The present definition of police protection in our cities is fundamentally wrong. Police for cities should be missionaries, highly educated, well paid, and they should be chosen with as much care as we choose our best young men and women to go as missionaries to foreign lands. A police force chosen on the principle of preventing crime and educating the people would save New York millions of dollars every year. You don't believe this, but I do, and that is the reason I am saying it.

In the second place, the homes of America are to blame for not training their children to be good citizens. When thousands of families in this country spend more time in learning the newest dances and going to places of amusement and eating expensive banquets than they ever spend in studying the Bible or instructing their children in the ways of good living we may expect to see society on the edge of the volcano. And when the rich profiteers go unpunished by the Government or the State, it is no wonder that the citizen who wants to break into a jewelry store or hold up a merchant between Broadway and Fifth Avenue at noon feels as if his business would not suffer in comparison with his friend the profiteer, who may possibly live somewhere in the neighborhood.

But in the third place, how would it do for this country to begin to study the Ten Commandments? And how would it do for those ministers who have been preaching on topics of the day to turn their attention to the Gospel and say something about the Sermon on the Mount! That might stop some of the crime, at least that is what such preaching in the past has done.

And how about teaching some Bible truths in the public schools? Would any one be hurt by it except the criminals? We leave that question with you. But it looks to me as if the cause of crime was what it always has been—the throwing of the Ten Commandments on the scrap heap by the State, the Church and the Home. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Words of Cheer

To the Christian Herald:

Last night my mother opened her Christian Herald, saying: "For me my Christian Herald is next to the Bible," and sat down to her weekly feast. H.D.

Carlisle, Ky.

To the Christian Herald:

We would not know how to keep house without the Christian Herald. We have taken it for a good many years. We take a number of other papers, but none of them gives us the joy and satisfaction that this Christian magazine gives. If we depended on some of the secular papers for spiritual food, our souls would starve to death. It is a great relief, after running through the lists of prize fights, murders, suicides and hold-ups in the daily paper, to pick up a copy of your paper and find that the world has not all gone to the bad and that there is a work for everyone to do to bring about a reformation. Our prayer is that the Christian Herald may continue to be of great good to suffering humanity. A. R. F.

Hermiston, Ore.

The Reason Why

PEOPLE want to know why the farmers are making such a "fuss," as they call it. The city people, many of whom have no knowledge of country affairs, and do not reckon on any thing much above their own skyscrapers, read the accounts in the papers about the farmers' grievances and wonder vaguely what is the matter. They have heard of the great prosperity of the farmer, of the big prices for wheat and corn and potatoes and they do not understand the real trouble as it exists at the present, a trouble which if not met in the right way will result in serious conditions for all the people. For in the last analysis, all the people are dependent on the agricultural section for the very breath of life.

Here are some reasons why the farmer is voicing his complaint at present:

With transportation gone up from 33 and ⅓ per cent. to 100 per cent., and the prices of all necessities like shoes, coal, gasoline, and machinery advanced to almost prohibitive prices the farmer faces a market in which corn is down to 30 or 40 cents, $10 for hogs, $7 for cattle, 11 cents for cotton, and he must pay 10 cents a bushel to get his corn husked, $18 a ton for coal that a year ago was only $14, $10 for a hat, and $12 for a pair of shoes, although he gets only 65 cents for the hide out of which the shoes are made.

There is a story going the rounds in a western state of a farmer who sent a car load of sheep to a city market and when the bill of lading for transportation of the car load was sent him, the charges were a little over the price the dealer paid for the sheep and the farmer was confronted with a bill to pay the buyer of the sheep. The farmer thereupon wrote to the buyer that he did not have any money, but if it was all right with the buyer he would send him some more sheep to balance the account!

Farming is the United States' largest industry, producing every year over $20,000,000,000 of new wealth. Agriculture produces one-half the fund which supports the nation's population. Forty-five per cent. of the entire population of this country is agricultural. In other words, nearly one half of the population is dependent on agricultural prosperity. The farmer is the keystone of the arch of this nation's commercial prosperity. If he fails, the railroads cannot run, cities cannot exist, factories would close, the entire industrial world would come to a dead stop.

The situation at the present time is so critical that Congress is taking special measures through investigation and consultation with experts to determine the right measures to maintain the highest efficiency of agricultural power. When we once understand that we are all dependent on the farmer for existence, it seems like the greatest stupidity to continue to neglect the very source of national prosperity and life itself.

The World News of the Week

French Cabinet Is Overthrown on Germany Indemnity Issue

FRANCE'S demand for a stronger policy toward Germany, which already had been severe enough to arouse the apprehensions of others of the Allies, has resulted in the overthrow of Premier Leygues' cabinet, by a vote of 463 to 125, in the Chamber of Deputies. The Deputies believed the Premier had not been firm enough in his negotiations regarding the German indemnity and feared that if he conducted the important negotiations which are to be held before May 1, Germany would get off too easily. The vote came on the second day of the new session, after the members of Parliament had been at their homes for some time and had had an opportunity of ascertaining the views of their constituencies.

With the French Finance Ministry carrying a deficit of 35,000,000,000 paper francs and with the deficit steadily mounting, the taxpayers were demanding that Germany be forced to make payments on the indemnity account; but Premier Leygues, in his three months in office, failed to propose any definite settlement, and gave the impression that he wished to avoid fixing the total at present. Another cause of dissatisfaction was the fact that under the Spa agreement France was compelled to make money payments for the coal furnished to her by Germany despite the large sums which Germany owes to her.

Premier Leygues' fall also was hastened by President Millerand's determination to be the dominating factor in the government instead of a figurehead as was the case with his predecessors in the presidency. The premier had not been content to assume a subordinate position and aroused the President's opposition by acting on his own initiative regarding several questions, notably in the negotiations over the return of Constantine to the throne of Greece.

The formation of a new ministry proved to be difficult. Raoul Peret, the new president of the Chamber of Deputies, attempted the task, but failed to effect the combination he had in mind, largely because of the refusal of Raymond Poincaré, former president, to accept a portfolio, except on his own conditions. Aristide Briand, named premier for the sixth time, then made up a cabinet. In case the Chamber rejected the Briand slate, it was expected President Millerand would call M. Poincaré to the premiership, which would mean a drastic policy toward Germany.

Harding Orders Simple Inaugural

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING—he no longer is Senator, having resigned that position—has set himself definitely against the plans for elaborate inaugural ceremonies and has directed the committees in charge of the arrangements to abandon all features of the program which would make it an affair of extravagance and pomp. He announced that he would be "a very unhappy participant" in anything suggestive of extravagant expenditure and excessive cost, and urged a "wholesome example of economy and thrift," asking that Congress should make no appropriation and that the ceremony should take place within the Capitol or on the east porch without a single extra preparation for the occasion.

In accordance with Mr. Harding's wishes the inaugural committees revised their program, eliminating the plans for a large parade and for an inaugural ball. Washington folk had been counting on events which would draw a huge crowd to the capital and yield large profits, but the new arrangements call for a simplicity which will rival that attending the inaugurations of the early presidents.

Plans to hold the inaugural ceremony in the Senate chamber were vetoed because not more than 1,500 persons could be accommodated there, and the President-elect approved the selection of the east porch of the capitol as the scene of his induction into office, weather permitting. For reasons of economy, the erection of a large stand for spectators will be omitted and there will be only a small platform from which Mr. Harding will deliver his address. Those who wish to see the ceremony will stand on the steps of the Capitol or in the plaza, which will be open to all comers.

According to those in close touch with the President-elect, he never has been in sympathy with the plans for elaborate ceremonies and was relieved when it became apparent that the people of the country generally would uphold him in insistence on simplicity and economy.

International

WITTENBERG CELEBRATES 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF REFORMATION

The 400th anniversary of Martin Luther's destruction of the Papal Bull of Excommunication was observed fittingly in the German city in which that decisive challenge to Rome was issued. The procession is seen passing through the city's Market Square, with the historic Town Hall in the background

Disarmament Again Discussed

SECRETARY DANIELS, and Norman H. Davis, who is acting as Secretary of State in the absence of Secretary Colby, testified before the House Naval Affairs Committee that they considered the time ripe for a movement toward limitation of naval armaments by international agreement, but indicated that no move in that direction would be taken by the present administration. President Wilson had not attempted to bring about a disarmament conference, Mr. Davis said, because he felt such action would embarrass the incoming administration and had counted earlier on America's participation in the League of Nations to effect the desired result.

Secretary Daniels urged the continuance of work on the uncompleted portion of the 1916 three-year naval building program until an international agreement was reached and reiterated his belief that the United States should build the greatest navy in the world if disarmament proposals failed. Data presented by the Secretary showed that completion of the American building program in 1925 would give to this country a tonnage superiority over the British navy in the ratio of 1.35 to 1, with approximately an equal number of ships; while the ratio with regard to the Japanese navy would be 2.5 to 1. If Japan should build her program, projected but not yet authorized, the ratio in favor of America would be 1.4 to 1.

General Tasker H. Bliss told the committee that an American call for a world disarmament conference would be welcomed by the European nations and declared his discussions with statesmen abroad had revealed a sincere desire for disarmament. Like Mr. Daniels he advised against disarming one American soldier or laying up a single American war vessel until a definite agreement had been reached, and urged the completion of the present naval building program.

Lloyd George Suffers Defeat

THE demand in Great Britain for economy in government expenditures has resulted in a defeat for Premier Lloyd George's Coalition ministry, which, while it involved the loss of only one seat in Parliament, was considered by the press as of great importance in showing an overturn of public sentiment and foreshadowing his defeat at the next general election. In the Dover election Colonel Sir Thomas Polson, who had bitterly assailed what he called the "squandermania" methods of the government, won by a majority of 3,130, although that constituency at the preceding election had given a majority of 6,128 to the Coalition-Unionist candidate.

Many of the great newspapers of the United Kingdom have been conducting an intensive campaign against the government on the grounds of waste and extravagance, and even the newspapers friendly to the Premier have admitted there was room for greater economy. Some government organs expressed the hope that the Dover defeat might prove a healthy tonic for the ministry by awakening it to the dangers confronting it.

In virtually every country except Britain, the war-time leaders of government have suffered defeats which spelled their retirement from public office and Lloyd George's success in retaining power has surprised even himself, for several months ago he predicted his fall.

International

AND THE AVIATOR WAS NOT EVEN SCRATCHED!

This is all that was left of a mail airplane after it had plunged from 2,000 feet aloft into one of San Francisco's busy streets. Wires broke the force of the fall, but set the machine on fire

AMERICA OUT OF COUNCIL OF AMBASSADORS. Withdrawal of the United States representative from the Council of Ambassadors, charged with the execution of the Versailles treaty, has been announced, due to the settlement of virtually all questions in which Washington was directly interested.

NEW BOMB PLOT RUMORED. A sudden and swift mobilization of the defensive forces of the New York Police department, and the placing of armed guards at many churches, public buildings, large industrial plants and homes of prominent men evoked reports of the discovery of a widespread radical plot. The cause of such precautions was not explained.

JAPANESE SENTRY KILLS AMERICAN OFFICER. The killing by a Japanese sentry at Vladivostok of Lieutenant Warren H. Langdon, an engineer officer of the United States cruiser Albany, has caused the American Government to send a protest to Japan. The officer, who was in full uniform, was shot in the back, according to official despatches. Japanese officers promised a strict investigation.

AMERICA'S RHINE ARMY TO BE REDUCED. Secretary Baker has ordered the reduction of the American forces in Germany from 15,000 to 8,000 men. The expenses of the occupation are borne by Germany, and on the 15,000 men basis have been $75,000 a day.

TO MAKE NEW YORK DRY. Governor Nathan L. Miller, who recently took office in New York, has sent to the legislature a message urging the enactment of a state prohibition enforcement law in line with the Volstead Act and providing for prohibition enforcement by local authorities throughout the state. The governor denounced lax enforcement of national prohibition by the Federal authorities.

AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT GIVES UP. The government of Austria has served notice on the Allies that it cannot continue the administration of the nation because of financial difficulties and has sought to place the task in the hands of the Reparations Commission. A conference was called in Vienna to consider Austria's plight.

The Faith That Saves

A Sermon by Rev. J. F. COWLING*

TEXT—John 6 : 47. "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."

THE day previous to Christ's expressing Himself in the language of our text, He had wrought a great work. It was such as to cause the people of that day to wonder what kind of man He was; and as time passed on He was more and more a wonder to them. Many of them well knew that He was very different from the ordinary man. They saw that He was able to do things that no other had ever done in their midst before.

They could not fully understand His ways nor the meaning of His works. He had provided for many, out of a very meager quantity of victuals, a substantial meal. All were well supplied, and His disciples were wonder-struck, no less than the multitude.

After all were filled they gathered up more than they had at the beginning. They had only five barley loaves and two small fishes to commence with. At the close of the meal they gathered up twelve basketfuls of fragments. A great surprise was this to all. He has been the wonder of the ages and is no less so today! He is better understood today, but is still a wonder.

Such was the effect produced upon the common people by this generous act of His, that they were anxious to see more of Him. For this reason they followed Him to Capernaum the next day. All had not the same idea of Him. Some were curious; others were anxious to gain good; and others were after the loaves and fishes. Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye seek Me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled."

Christ had now a good opportunity to address and instruct them on the bread of Heaven and how to obtain it, and He failed not to improve the time.

THIS portion of Holy Writ is to us, as to them, the guide board. It reveals to us one of the most delightful doctrines of God's Word; it is in fact the key which unlocks the door of death and reveals to us life and immortality.

This passage has often been read and quoted until all of us can repeat it without an effort because of our familiarity with it. Let us enter into an acquaintance with what it teaches; absorb its historical surroundings, submit ourselves to its most excellent instruction and full meaning; then we shall not merely quote it, but our thoughtful souls will be filled with reverence and rapture.

Think of these words not with their present surroundings; our theological institutions and teachers: our many charitable institutions and churches, ministers and the like scattered all over the world; the immense and multiplying ranks of the Master's followers; the fulfilment of the prophecies that have been, and those still remaining to be fulfilled. Let all that now adds to the influence of the coming of the kingdom of Christ, be reduced to that original meanness in which it was compared to a root out of a dry ground: then look at it. Think of it in this shape, then tell us if you are not found standing in the midst of a sea, or an isolation which is a desolation. Get back to the long ago Galilean sea and there listen to that Man, God in human form, as He stands in the midst of the people. Hear Him now as He gives utterance to the text: "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."

The world at this time was in despondency. The people were weary and tired listening to the hair-splitting and theory-spinning dreams and devices of the Scribes and philosophers. Faith in a future existence and confidence in an immortal life had become very weak. The world instead of increasing in both was now in a hopeless and heartless state. Dr. J. L. Withrow said: "Bankrupt heathenism had nothing to give; since long ago it had satiated mankind with sensual delights and destroyed the appetite for immortality. They had deemed life as only a shadow and taught that it was the chief misery to have to live." When the gloom had grown yet deeper a Latin philosopher who was among the best of them in fame, boldly proclaimed suicide as the privilege of expiring hope. He said: "The gate out of life stands open. Seest thou yon river, yon well? Freedom sits there in the depths. Seest thou yon withered tree? There freedom hangs. Seest thou thy neck, thy throat, thy heart? They are ways of escape from bondage." The mind of the more intelligent became more absorbed in the thought of the beyond the blacker this world grew.

In order that they might be educated in the spirit of resignation "the gospel of annihilation was diligently preached by Cæsar in the Senate and by his echoes throughout the Empire." On the sepulchers of the dead were written such sentences as these: "To eternal sleep." "I was not and became; I was and am no more. Eat, drink, make merry, come." The world was in despair. Darkness had indeed covered at least a great portion of the earth: not all, it is true, but surely enough.

AT THIS period of human history there came into the world One whose outward appearance had but little evidence that He was the Light of the world. He did not look very much like "the bright and morning Star" that was to bring light to us from another world, one which can not be viewed with mortal eye. But when those lips move they tell us of another country and the way thither in tones which are thrilling. Listen! "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life"!

What a contrast of doctrine. How very different this sounds from the other that had been taught so long and was still in their midst. This is a contradiction of the other. The teacher of this grand doctrine is a mild, unpretending, prudent traveler who goes about teaching all that will listen to Him. His manner and style are so simple and easy that the haughty Pharisee and arrogant Scribe are not worrying about Him. They keep their seats as yet, for the sea is calm. It is only a wanderer on His way somewhere, they care not where just now because their official seats are undisturbed.

Christ moves on about "His Father's business." Morning, noon and night He is busy, sometimes at one place and sometimes at another. Speaking sharply at times, so much so that His words go through the most callous conscience of Pharisee and Scribe, at other times His voice is very gentle. Tender tones of mercy fall on the ears of those who seek His aid.

Time will not permit Christ to dwell on all subjects, hence He takes the one most needed, which is everlasting life. About this He speaks freely and the unheard-of way to gain it. The doctrine of everlasting life in those days was unknown. Some dreamed of an after life, but their wings of faith were too weak to carry them into the spaces of the everlasting. What there was of this existing the surging masses knew nothing, but supposed that all that remained for them beyond the portals of the grave was perpetual sleep, Plutonian night, or nameless nothingness.

WHAT a Gospel this must have been at such a time of darkness: "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." There are some kinds of belief that we have about Christ, and as to Christ, that will benefit us but a little. We may believe that He was born in a barn and cradled in a manger and yet with this belief in our hearts we may be lost; if we go no further we shall be lost. Such belief will no more save us than it will put foundations under buildings to believe that God placed granite in this world for that very purpose.

There were thousands of people who saw Christ in Palestine and heard Him speak with power and authority, "as never man spake." They saw Him perform miracles such as no other could do; they therefore had no more doubt of His real existence and ability, than they doubted that Herod was their king and Pilate the satrap of Cæsar. But what effect did that produce in them so far as everlasting life is concerned? Something more than that is required if we want to be saved; if we are saved.

The belief that Christ was a man and not a myth will have no saving effect on us. It does about as much good to us in the way of saving us as it does to a drowning man to see a rope, long enough and strong enough to save him, floating by his side, but he never seizes it and thereby saves himself; rather he goes down into a watery grave. The rope was of no use to him, because he made no use of it. We may believe that Christ was the best of men, the supreme man; that He was the "white flower" of the human family; that He was more than a man; the most excellent of excellencies, and that will not avail to save us. We must go further than to believe about these, otherwise we shall remain as we are.

So in regard to believing on Christ. We must more than believe that such an One lived and lived a radiant life, clothing His daily life with illustrious deeds; strewing all along His path sweet gentle ministries. We may believe all of this and yet be no better for it. His enemies believed that much, the Scribes, Pharisees and evil spirits. They could not help but believe it, such was His career. We may have a great deal of faith about Christ, and after all it will do us no good whatever. He might as well never have lived or died for the good those get whose faith in Him goes no deeper than to believe concerning Him.

Our faith, however, may come nearer to the point and yet not save us and give us everlasting life. We may believe in Him as a Teacher; we may accept Him as the very Teacher, One that has given more wisdom to the world than any other. We may eulogize His sayings to the utmost of our capacity, but at the same time be far from Him; too far to receive everlasting life.

If we—the entire world—will but receive the moral instructions given by Christ, and practice them daily, we shall come very near to the kingdom; the world would soon be equal to "if not better than Paradise and a brighter glory than Eden's bloom would beautify the earth in a year." The hungry ice-cold selfishness that now fills the world would roll away like snow before the summer's sun. If we receive Him as our example, and imitate Him in all His life, we we shall do well indeed. Then we shall forgive the worst of injuries done to us, for this He practiced. Had He theorized about this only it would have done but little good we fear in a world of retaliation and revenge, which was always admissible, in many cases admirable, in others compulsory.

IT IS possible for us so to believe in Christ as a reformer of society, a helper of the poor, as to live up to the very standard set by Him, and yet not be willing to acknowledge Christ as being anything higher. A faith of that kind, however, will not answer the purpose. If Christ is no more than this, then there has been more than one Saviour in the world.

We must come boldly to the front and receive Christ as the Lamb slain for our sins.

What, then, is the faith that saves? It is that faith which takes Christ for what the Scripture plainly sets Him forth.

It does not take a man of liberal learning, one who must know just so much about a philosophic theory before he can know Christ and His power to save. You ask: But how shall we know that? For centuries it has been tried. From the first century until now some have been presenting philosophic theories to the world about the religion of the Cross, but they are no nearer the truth now than when first they began. Their theories have been repudiated again and again, while the same old doctrine of expiation has rolled on and on, bringing fresh breezes from the realms of bliss.

We must dismiss our trust in these philosophers. Read the Word yourself as it is written and you will see from the earliest scenes of sacrifice on the Jewish altar, down to Calvary, the stream of blood flowing, and on Calvary the last drop shed for the sin of the world. The belief that saves is a belief in Christ for all He was and is; for all He did and suffered. "Believe in Him as Heaven's slain Lamb who paid our debt to law." Believe on Him with a belief full of repose if not rejoicing. Have a confidence in Him that nothing can shake, and that will unite your soul to Him, and you will be saved.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," or "My Faith Looks up to Thee."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 90 : 1–12.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 93, first column.)

Sermon—"THE FAITH THAT SAVES"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine," or "Abide with Me."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Pardon us, most gracious Master, if any part of our service has been unworthy of our love for Thee, as we go our ways cheered by the light of Thy face, comforted by Thy forgiveness, strengthened by Thy might and hopeful for tomorrow. We ask it for all we love, and ask that we may love all. AMEN.

*Pastor Presbyterian Church, Shelby, Ohio.

A glimpse of an outward bound caravan through a sun-flecked courtyard.

The shepherd quizzically contemplates the "infidel" photographer.

Photos by Willard Price.

PICTURESQUE ALGERIA

One of the most interesting of the world's mission fields is Mohammedan Africa, where the American missionary is only now gaining a foothold. The disciples of Mohammed are showing signs of alarm at Christian activity and are working diligently to propagate their faith not only over all of Northern Africa but among the tribes of the central part of the continent.

THE DOCTOR-MAN

The American medical missionary still has stubborn competition in the native witch doctor. Above is Dr. C. J. Stauffacher, a Methodist missionary in Portuguese East Africa, in amicable relations with his only competitor in the science of healing. The upper right hand corner shows a fearful and various collection of fetishes used by an African native witch doctor. At the left is a witch doctor who might well frighten his patients either to death or recovery, but he will soon give place to the modern man of medicine case and hospital experience. The American medical man on the right, by his kindness and skill, is making friends and converts of the African savage.

A NATIVE HARVESTING TURNIPS
IN HIS FIELD NEAR JERICHO.

CAIN FLEEING AFTER SLAYING ABEL.

From clay model by D. Mastroiani

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The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., David J. Burrell, E. W. Caswell, H. P. Hoskins and C. C. Albertson

Making Things New

SUNDAY. Rev. 21 : 4. "*The former things are passed away.*" Let us glance at two or three of the things that are missing in the perfected life. "I saw no temple therein." The temple is a temporary structure erected to serve the ends of the invisible Church. If I unduly exalt the scaffolding, if I regard it as an end, and not as a means, I throw my entire life into a false perspective, and I get astray from the pregnant truth. What remains in the life to come in the character the temple has helped to produce —the character of holiness, of fellowship, of praise; the character that apprehends the divine and loves it.

Upon this I must place the emphasis—the spiritual internality, and not upon the temple externality, which will assuredly pass away. Observe, then, the rightful place of symbolism. All symbols are used rightly when they are used as scaffolding—means for the rearing and exaltation of something else, unseen and eternal. But when symbolism is everything, when the scaffolding becomes the perfected structure, and the temple becomes the Church, then no warning judgment can be too emphatic or too intense; for in the great day of test, when "the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is," all temporary scaffolding shall be consumed, and the poor symbolist shall be left without part or lot in the inheritance of the saints in light, for "the former things are passed away."

"There shall be no night there." Then there will be no stars, and, as the Word says, they will "need no candle." These are the things that will be missing, the imperfect lights. The bits of light, the fragmentary revelations, will be supplanted by the perfect glory of the immediate presence of God. We know, in the physical world, how partial and imperfect are the lights of the night. The dominion of the darkness is so immediate and urgent, that we are able to push back the encroachments by only a very little way. Here is a street lamp. Just round about the lamp, where the little flame is burning, there is partial light; but before I reach the next lamp the darkness thickens again, and I feel the intrusion of the night.

Our night-lights are not continuous. They are bits of light, patches of light, "broken lights," broken here and there by an obtrusive darkness which they do not dispel. "There shall be no night there." There shall be no more small night-lights, no candle-lights, no bits of light about God, no partial revelation, but the fullness of the unveiled grace of the eternal God Himself. We are no longer to be dependent upon the light of conscience, the light of Nature, the light of the Bible. "Now I know in part"—in bits of light—"then shall I know even as I also am known." "There shall be no night there."

"Neither shall there be any more pain." Has God no further use for it? No, not in the eternal city. Pain is a minister in early stages, but now its mission is perfected. The dwellers in glory do not know the meaning of the word "pain." It has dropped out of the vocabulary, an obsolete term. "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away." They are all preparatory ministries, and they pass away when their ministry is accomplished. They are part of the Lord's scaffolding, used in the erection of "temples of the Holy Ghost," and when the temples receive their top story, all the scaffolding will be removed. "The former things are passed away." J. H. J.

God's Way With Men

MONDAY. Isa. 55 : 8. "*My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways.*" The world just now is so given over to confusion worse confounded that myopic men are asking, "What shall the end be?" But lift up your eyes and see! The key to the problem is the Cross. The whole logic of events revolves around it. God is having His way through them all, proceeding with calm continuity toward the final consummation which is the Golden Age. The Weaver sits ever at His loom, weaving in the lights and shadows of His kingly robe. The end is to be seen from the beginning.

So much for God's way with the world; let us now observe His way with individual men and women such as ourselves. What, indeed, are we that He should be mindful of us! It is only as we die in Christ unto sin that we live in Him unto righteousness. So do we "rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to nobler things." We must needs die in order to live; wherefore it is written, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

This is God's way of getting the better of our sin. Can you think of any other way? His court is a Court of Equity, wherefore the righteous penalty of the law can not be remitted. How then can God be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly. Lift up your eyes again and see! At Calvary "mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace kiss each other." The Law is fulfilled in the sacrifice of Christ, so that by faith those who were "concluded" under sin come forth into the glorious liberty of the children of God. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. By the Cross He saves utterly; nailing our indictment there, blotting out our sin, sinking it into the depths of an unfathomable sea, washing us, though stained as scarlet, whiter than snow. This, then, is the measure of God; "He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to suffer and die for it." If that means anything, it means that if we are ever to know the Father we must become acquainted with Him through His beloved Son. The Incarnation is God's Thought of us coming out to meet our thought of him "while yet a great way off"; and the Atonement is his Way of Life crossing our desperate footsteps on the way to spiritual death. D. J. B.

"Tasting" God's Goodness

TUESDAY. Psalm 34 : 8. "*O taste and see that the Lord is good.*" When one is an hungered, seeing others eat, live and thrive, he follows their example, becomes strengthened and satisfied. He knows then by experience that food is good for the body, essential to life. Opinions, arguments and statements do not feed the soul; sitting at the Lord's table, eating of the honey sweets of His love, we are filled with all the fullness of God. Therefore, experimental values are the only true tests.

We know that power was in electricity from Creation's morning, but we failed to know how to utilize it by making the connection. Grace and Truth are in Christ, but men refuse to connect with the divine battery, choosing darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. We know that a grain of corn abideth alone until it is planted and dies; then all nature brings it to life in a golden harvest. It is dying to live, having nothing to possess all things. We are to taste and see, plant and know, do and live, get the inner light as witnesses. Thus we may verify the truth of God in the only way possible, having Christ in you the hope of glory, the everlasting light of the soul. Grace and growth, love and logic, are under the same law; if we meet the conditions, we will know the vast possibilities of the self-evidential facts of life in Christ. E. W. C.

The Place of Pleasure

WEDNESDAY. Psa. 16 : 11. "*At Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.*" You will get little satisfaction from the definition of "pleasure" in the dictionary. The best definition is found in human experience. As you turn back the leaves of memory, what experiences of the past *now* bring you the most pleasure? The element of time is needed to determine the purity of our pleasures. Many things that today make their appeal to touch, taste, sight and hearing, will bring no lingering pleasure in the years to come.

We would be false to our faith as Christians if we preached a religion divorced from true pleasure, or if we preached a religion which it was no pleasure to preach. One of the saddest sights is to see people looking for pleasure and not knowing where to look for it. God is the Author of all real pleasure. "At His right hand there are pleasures forevermore." This has nothing to do with the sensual or animal appeal. Its appeal is to the whole nature of man, but it is to the things that are sane, wholesome and satisfying. Such pleasure leaves no bad reactions, no regrets, no disagreeable memories. If we can find pleasure without these things, by all means let us seek it.

The place of God's "right hand" is simply the place where He can enter with us into our pleasure. It is the place of love and peace. The beautiful natural world, enhanced by music and color, a child's clinging arms around your neck, a good book and a true friend, the faith and hope that lift us from despair, the profound satisfaction of a hard day's work, well done—these are the foundations of the pleasure that stays pleasure in the years to come. The highly spiced, delicatessen can not take the place of the old home table. H. P. H.

Opening the Gates of Mercy

THURSDAY. I John 2 : 1. "*If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father.*" Among the surest facts of time and earth and man is that of sin. The Scriptures call it lawlessness or rebellion, but translated into our own terms, it consists in not living up to the best there is in us, in falling short of what we should aim at. So sin is in a real sense missing the mark. However defined, sin is a fact. It is an ugly fact, embittering our sweetest moments and darkening our brightest. It is an universal fact. Wherever the human heart speaks, and in whatever language, it confesses: "O that I had ever lived for one day as I ought to have lived!" It is an atheistic fact. Sin, unarrested, would dethrone God. It is a practical denial of His sovereignty.

But sin is not the only fact. In these words the apostle points to another and even a greater fact. We have an advocate with the Father. The Greek for that word advocate means stand-by. The simplest form of the word is friend. "If any man sin, we have a Friend with God." He is a forgiving friend, an atoning friend, a delivering friend. So we meet fact with fact, overcoming the fact of sin with the fact of Jesus Christ's Saviourhood.

How shall we characterize the fact of Jesus Christ? He is an eternal fact, a fraternal fact, an appealing fact. "More than all in Him we find." Find? Yes, salvation is a matter of seeking. "For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." What shall be opened? Mercy's door; the avenue of deliverance from evil; the gates that lead to new life, the life serene, superior, victorious. C. C. A.

The Wonder and Love of Creation

FRIDAY. Job 26 : 7. "*He hangeth the earth upon nothing.*" Nothing that man can see. God's foundations of force are sure, even though invisible. The natural eye fails to see gravitation, electricity, or any of the mighty powers of nature. We could see God if we could behold His wonderful forces. Faith sees Him everywhere, for what is seen is not made out of things that do appear. The unseen spiritual is the real power. Supernaturalism is everywhere in God's creations as well as in human hearts. The Author and Controller of the universe holds our destiny in the hollow of His hand, and watches over our lives like a benevolent father.

The first and last links of the golden chain of laws are bound about the feet of God. We depend upon nature and nature upon God. He never fails in controlling His forces. Heat, motion, cohesion, light, electricity are all but modes of His power. The spirit of God is in the midst of the wheels of His universe; none are self-existent or automatic. All the multitudes of worlds and peoples are dependent upon His wisdom and mercy. The millions who trust in Him do not hang upon nothing, but are clasped by the hands of Him Who upholdeth all things by the word of His power and the love of His bosom. E. W. C.

The Lord's Side

SATURDAY. Ex. 32 : 26. "*Who is on the Lord's side?*" We are reminded of the oft-told incident in the life of President Lincoln. At one of the darkest hours of the Civil War, when things were not going well with the Union Army, Mr. Lincoln was meeting with his cabinet in the White House, when a certain member said: "I do not know, Mr. President, whether God is on our side or not." Lincoln rose; a towering, commanding figure, at the head of the table. "Sir," said he, "it is not a question as to whether or not God is on our side. The question is, whether we are on God's side." And Lincoln seems to have caught the spirit of that other great Emancipator who once thundered through the camps of Israel—"Who is on the Lord's side?"

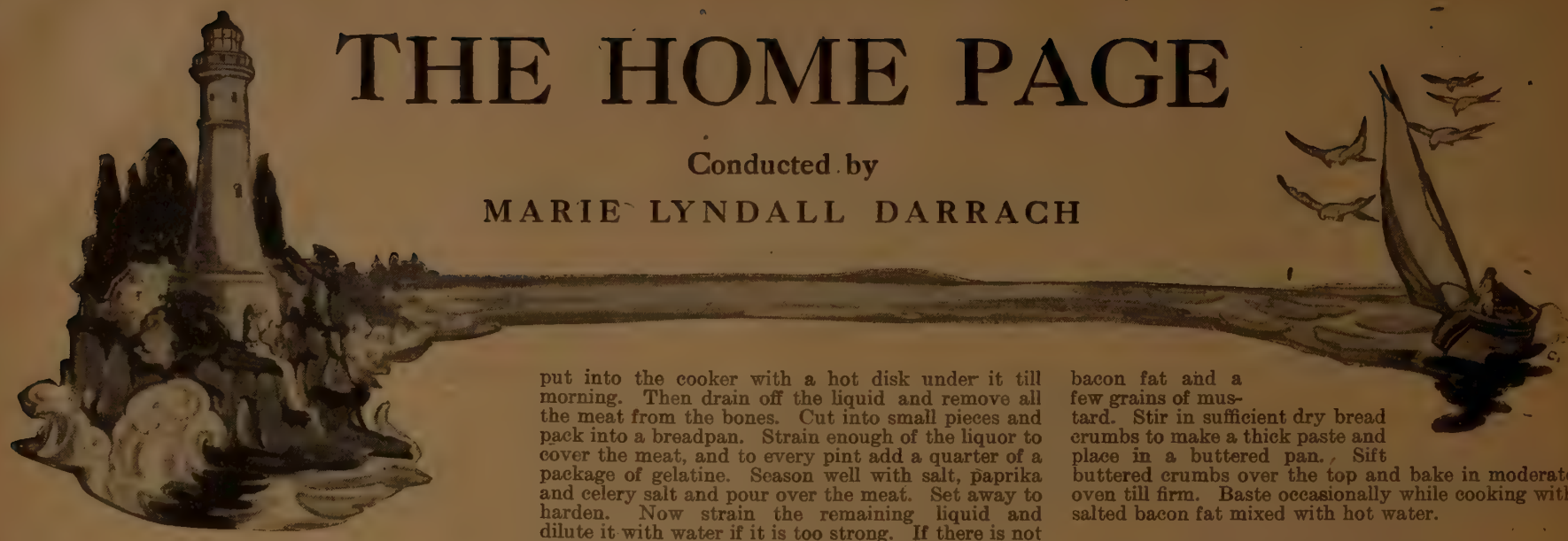
No more important question could be asked today, in the home, in the church, on the public street. The question is not, "What is your denominational label?" "What church do you go to?" "Who is your minister?" "Do you live a decent, moral life?" or "Do you read your Bible or pray?" The big question to ask men is, "Are you on the Lord's side?" Are you on the Lord's side when you face the big moral issues; when to remain on His side costs you money and popularity? Are you on the Lord's side when it comes time to vote? Are you on the Lord's side when it comes to the choice of your friends and your pleasures?

There is a line of demarcation, unseen but nevertheless well defined, that divides the real Christian from the worldling. Above that line, Christian life manifests itself; below it, it does not, and those who are not for Him are against Him.

Remember this: The golden calf is always in plain sight while the golden crown is usually hidden, save to spiritual eyes. The gods of this world may not seem so crude as in the days of Moses, but they are just as pagan and sensual. They may take the forms of wealth, office, fame or pleasure. Whatever of this world a person bows down to becomes a pagan god. And people who bow the knee to things manufactured are always opposed to all efforts to line up men on moral issues.

It may not be possible or desirable to "standardize" Christians as we do cattle and crops, but we have a perfect right to know where the Christian church begins and the world leaves off. H. P. H.

THE HOME PAGE



Conducted by

MARIE LYNDALL DARRACH

Home and the Daughter

THE mother who makes housekeeping a pleasant rite rather than a duty is the one who is at the head of a home that runs with thoughtful regularity; where order and peace and harmony reign in the family.

Meals are always prompt to the minute, not with the housekeeper's zeal for promptness, but with the homekeeper's loving consideration for her family that food should be there ready for them at the hour they should be hungry for it. All the rooms have a subtle atmosphere that belongs to them. Things are not mixed up in them. Articles that belong in one room are not constantly found poking around in another. The parlor always has the right look, and the kitchen is orderly and immaculate, but full of that special good cheer that belongs in a "real" kitchen. There are always clean towels, the soap never "runs out" and writing materials and stamps are always on the family writing-table. There are never faded flowers drooping in vases, and the water over their stems is always clear. Little things? Yes, but important ones in a daughter's development.

The life of a girl brought up in an orderly home is a joyful apprenticeship in the art of home management. The mother who begins training her daughter by making her responsible, even during childhood, for some of the more simple household tasks will find it easy to extend the training later to all branches of household management. But in order to do this successfully she must herself provide the well-regulated environment of a home where harmony prevails.

It is unfair alike to mother and daughter to have the home as simply a setting for the girl's social life. As long as she remains a member of the family circle a daughter has an obligation, and should have pleasure as well, in giving something of her thought and service toward making the home life happy and joyful for the entire household. If she consistently fails to do this, the cause of her attitude can often be traced back to the mother's failure to make her responsible as a child for some part of the regular work in a home that she herself has made "homey."

The Fireless Cooker

THERE are fireless cookers in many homes, but it has been discovered that the majority of housekeepers are using them only about half as much as they could, and in no sense are trying to make them pay for themselves. The breakfast cereal is cooked in the fireless cooker, because it is decidedly convenient, and sometimes a boiled ham or a piece of corned beef is put into it to cook. but all too few housewives make a practice of getting entire meals in the fireless cooker—even a part of the time.

Pork chops and baked beans can be made the main part of a meal prepared in the fireless cooker. Soak three pints of beans over night, and then parboil them with half a teaspoonful of soda. Drain and put into the cooking vessel and season with salt and four tablespoons of molasses. Over the top spread thin slices of salt pork, and then place over them one pork chop for each person to be served. Heat the disks and put one over and one under the beans; close the cooker and leave the beans in it four hours.

With the addition of a salad and fruit for dessert a very good meal is thus easily prepared.

Or soup and beef loaf may be planned as the hearty portion of the dinner. Put a shank of beef into the cooking vessel with a sliced onion and some parsley, and cover with water. Put over the flame until the meat is heated through and then put into the cooker with a hot disk under it till morning. Then drain off the liquid and remove all the meat from the bones. Cut into small pieces and pack into a breadpan. Strain enough of the liquor to cover the meat, and to every pint add a quarter of a package of gelatine. Season well with salt, paprika and celery salt and pour over the meat. Set away to harden. Now strain the remaining liquid and dilute it with water if it is too strong. If there is not enough of it, add tomato juice and some cooked chopped vegetables or some noodles; heat it, and the soup is ready. With potato chips and boiled rice this would make another good substantial meal.

Preparing Eggless Meals

DURING the winter months the price of eggs often soars beyond the reach of the ordinary pocket-book, and the cold storage supply runs low, so that the problem of managing without the usual number of eggs is a difficult one for the housewife. It is at this season fortunately that sausage, buckwheat cakes and fried mush with bacon can be eaten with relish for breakfast, and the usual poached or scrambled or fried egg eliminated. There are also seasonable desserts like apple dumplings and pie and mince pie that call for no eggs.

Until March or April, when the price of eggs begins to fall, it is quite possible to obtain our proteins from milk, our fats from milk, butter and meat, and our iron from carrots and raisins and nuts, without using eggs at all.. A week's menus, containing proper food values and appetizing qualities, may be arranged by the housewife who is determined to keep her food allowance from being demoralized by the high cost of eggs. Milk and honey, cheese and cereals help out greatly in the preparation of these eggless meals.

Here are some eggless recipes which the housewife may use to advantage:

JOHNNY-CAKE

Mix together one and one-half cupfuls of cornmeal, two and one-half cupfuls of bread flour, one-third of a cupful of sugar and six teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Add half a teaspoonful of salt to two cupfuls of milk and gradually blend with the dry ingredients. Beat until light; add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute and pour into a shallow pan that has been greased with bacon fat. Brush over the top with additional bacon fat and bake until crisp and brown in a hot oven. This johnny-cake should be nearly all crust and spread thin in the pan. The absence of eggs in this recipe makes more baking-powder necessary.

CHEESE AND LIMA BEAN LOAF

Pass through the meat grinder three-quarters of a cupful of American cheese and a cupful and a half of cooked lima beans. Season with a quarter of a teaspoonful of grated onion, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of chili sauce, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika, two tablespoonfuls of melted bacon fat and a few grains of mustard. Stir in sufficient dry bread crumbs to make a thick paste and place in a buttered pan. Sift buttered crumbs over the top and bake in moderate oven till firm. Baste occasionally while cooking with salted bacon fat mixed with hot water.

MOCK-CHEESE CUSTARD

Scald one cupful of soft bread crumbs with a pint of hot milk for ten minutes. Then add one tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika and a few grains of cayenne. Cool the mixture and stir in one cupful of finely shaved cheese, and half a teaspoonful of baking powder blended with a teaspoonful of flour. Turn into a buttered dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until set.

NO-EGG SPICE CAKE

One-fourth of a cupful of shortening; one cupful of sour milk; one teaspoonful of soda; two cupfuls of flour mixed with one teaspoonful of cinnamon; one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and one-half cupful of raisins. Bake in a slow oven for about one hour.

Shopping for Hosiery

THE usual method of procedure when starting out to buy a pair of stockings is to purchase any that appeal to the fancy, or that look well, and offer a reasonable assurance of durability. Sometimes this turns out all right and the stockings do wear as well as they were expected to. But the really sensible way is to choose a brand that you have found reliable and stick to that particular make.

There are many brands on the market, advertised for style, durability or comfort. A choice of which is the best for your individual purpose may be decided by marking each purchase of a new brand in a distinctive color, and then watching their wearing qualities according to which finds its way first to the darning basket.

When a brand is decided upon, shopping for stockings is forever simplified by always insisting upon that make, and saving the time and energy that is usually expended in "looking around." Tests for the best brands to stick to may be worked out from the assortment of stockings that one buys at bargain sales.

This rule is as applicable to men's socks and children's stockings as it is to women's hosiery.

Household Hints

PLACKET openings will not tear if a hook and eye are sewed to the bottom. Fasten them and flatten together with an iron or pair of pliers.

If the stockings you wash at night are needed in the morning, push balls of crumpled newspapers into them when you hang them up and it will help to dry them more quickly.

To remove a stamp from an envelope cut a piece of blotting paper to the size of the stamp; soak it in cold water and lay it over the stamp. Remove the blotter in a few minutes and the stamp will come off.

A home-made furniture cleaner that is very effective may be made by adding one tablespoonful of turpentine and three tablespoonfuls of linseed oil to one quart of boiling water. When cool enough to be comfortable to the hand use as a wash water on all furniture except white enamel. It should be applied with a soft cheesecloth and a dry piece for a wiping cloth will give the good polish of clean wood.

A large glass paste jar, the kind with a well for the brush, makes a very handy outfit for greasing tins, waffle irons, etc. Fill the jar with soft grease or oil and keep the brush in the well, ready for use.

To clean a white felt hat use one part of borax and three parts of flour. Sift the mixture three times, and then rub into the hat. Wrap in a clean towel and put aside over night. Brush out the powder, and repeat the process if necessary.

In washing any delicate material with gasoline if salt is added there will be no stain left at the edges of the washed part.

An Orchard in Winter

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

LIKE some gray pilgrim band forlorn, the trees
Stand ghostly on the hillside's sloping way,
With arms uplifted high as if to pray
Some woodland god to hear their bitter pleas.
Stripped by the robber winter's harsh decrees,
Remembering the glory of the May,
They wait their martyrdom—so one might say,
A stranger to the time of bloom and bees.

Yet doubting hearts in June might here behold
A miracle by spring's shy blessing wrought,
When dim with fragrant mists the gray trees lean,
And learn while buds unfurl their pink and gold,
A lesson by an older prophet taught
Of beauty dwelling where no eye had seen!

Dear Sir or Madam:

WE are now at the beginning of a great new time in the world of men and business.

Economy has come into its own.

There is a tendency among men and women everywhere to *check waste* wherever it is found.

Extravagance is no longer respectable. Neither among merchants nor the folks who buy from them.

* * *

Take the tire business, for instance.

Suppose you had walked through the automobile section of any important city a few months ago and taken note of the things seen in the windows, in the racks and on the shelves of some of the tire shops.

Tires and tubes of *a dozen different makes.* Treads of *every* conceivable design. A *mixed* and *jumbled* stock that was *duplicated* over and over again in the same store.

At the time people said these heavy and wasteful stocks were all a matter of demand and supply—and thought nothing more about it.

Some said it was good for trade.

And so it went on, until finally everybody—motorists and dealers alike—*found out they could not afford it.*

Where there is needless work, duplication of material, wasteful investments, a low standard of service follows. The public suffers.

* * *

Now we find the alert tire-merchant *selecting* and *concentrating.*

We find him using his capital and his energy to the best purpose.

We find him giving every ounce of both to the *saving* and *service* of his customer.

We find him using his special knowledge and experience in selecting the best in all the tire-market and *concentrating* on these goods.

* * *

It remained for the United States Rubber Company to create a line of tires on which a dealer could *concentrate* and always be sure of meeting the tire requirements of *every single* motorist in his community.

So that when a man comes into his store looking for a tire, he will always have the right kind of tire to give him—right as to size, right as to quality, and right for the amount of money he is going to charge him.

A tire for every need and for every pocketbook. In *five scientifically designed treads.* In *all sizes.*

So that he will *not* have to tie up his working capital in unnecessary purchases.

So that his expenses for bookkeeping, for storage, for depreciation, will be *reduced* to a minimum.

So that he will always have a plentiful assortment of *fresh, high quality* tires on hand.

* * *

Where will you give your trade?

Will you give it to the man who sells every kind of tire; who lets *price* decide for you instead of *value?* Who shirks a real merchant's responsibility and *puts it up to you to pick a good one.*

No. You will go out of your way to find the dealer who sells *one* line of tires, who selects them because they are the *best* and *most economical,* who backs them with all his strength and energy and reputation.

In the light of these new times he is the *real* tire-merchant.

C. A. Templeton, Inc., Waterbury, Conn., sells more tires than any other local dealer—and more than many other dealers in cities three times bigger than Waterbury. He handles only United States Tires. Concentration did it.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Note How Raisins Promote Beauty

Through Their Iron Content

—According to Authorities

HERE are reasons for the raisins that you have overlooked, perhaps:

Raisins are one of the richest of all foods in natural iron of the most ready assimilable kind.

It is this iron—a new small portion of it daily in the blood—which promotes the pretty rose-tint in women's and children's cheeks.

Men also need the vigor that depends on proper iron supply.

You can get it through the use of raisins.

* * * *

Boiled rice with raisins has a new attraction. Also bread pudding and other puddings and desserts.

Try them in the children's oatmeal, and in cakes, cookies, rolls and scores of other foods like these.

You add more than new deliciousness, for raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Don't Miss a Salad So Delicious

1 cup SUN-MAID Seeded Raisins — 2 cups chopped apples or pears
¼ cup lemon juice — 2 cups coarsely shredded lettuce
1 cup cream mayonnaise

Wash and dry the raisins, add to the apples and lemon juice. Line bowl or plates with shredded lettuce; pile raisins and apples in center, cover with mayonnaise; serve with Neufchatel cheese balls and garnish top with small pieces of red, tart jelly. Shredded lettuce is a matter of taste. It will go farther and decorates better if shredded.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

The finest raisins, costing no more than others, are made from California's best table grapes, kinds so juicy, tender and thin-skinned that they cannot stand long-distance shipping.

Taste these plump, luscious, meaty raisins and you'll always want this brand for all home uses. Sold by grocers everywhere.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (*seeds removed*); Sun-Maid Seedless (*grown without seeds*); Sun-Maid Clusters (*on the stem*).

Ask us to mail this valuable book to you. Learn how to make delicious raisin foods. Promote red cheeks and ruddy health in your whole family with raisins.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 10,000 Growers
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Mail Coupon for "Sun-Maid Recipes," Free.

California Associated Raisin Co.
Dept. 36, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me, without charge, copy of "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

China Famine Relief Moving

All Churches of America Are Enlisted in the Movement

THE movement to raise dollars in America for translation into food and relief supplies for the many millions of Chinese, stricken by the famine in North China, is enlisting the support of many bodies. It is gratifying to note that Chinese in America have thrown themselves spontaneously and whole-heartedly into the work to relieve the suffering of their less fortunate brothers.

The full power of all churches in America—for the first time acting simultaneously in a great charitable effort—has been enlisted by the American Committee for China Famine Fund, to come to the rescue of the fifteen million people facing starvation. No philanthropic movement ever undertaken in this country, according to Rev. F. W. Bible, director of church organization for the committee, has aroused such a united response from the religious world.

The co-operation of the Catholic Church is indicated in the naming by Cardinal Gibbons, himself a member of the American Committee, of Bishop O. B. Corrigan, of Baltimore, to represent him actively in the work. Here, as in China at the scene of the calamity, denominational differences have been set aside, and churchmen of different creeds are working as a unit to meet what advices from missionaries and American consular officials describe as the most fearful disaster in history.

February 6 has been set aside as "China Famine Sunday" by the committee, and responses indicate that it will be observed in practically every church in the land. Clergymen have been supplied with the cold facts of conditions in the five famine-swept provinces of North China—a territory of 100,000 square miles embracing a population of 45,000,000 souls—and the appeal will be for some contribution, large or small, from every church-goer. The committee has prepared a schedule which will show each contributor just how much help his contribution will be. Thus: one cent will buy one meal, three cents will save one life one day, one dollar will save a life for one month, five dollars will save a family for one month, six dollars will save one life until the next harvest in June and $1,000 will save a whole village until the next harvest.

CONDITIONS described by President Wilson in his proclamation in December as "appalling" have grown immensely worse with the coming of colder weather, according to the latest cabled reports from Shensi, Chihli, Shansi, Honan and Shantung, the five provinces affected. Thousands are dying daily. The ground, now frozen hard, has cut off the meager supplies of roots and herbs, upon which the famine sufferers had been subsisting in the absence of grain, and they are now literally without anything to eat. The land is a barren waste.

Missionaries have completed a survey of 172 counties with a total of 20,673 villages, and it is upon conditions found in that portion of the area affected that the estimate of 15,000,000 in immediate danger of starvation is based.

Every facility has been obtained by the American Committee for the prompt distribution of funds gathered in this country for famine relief. The International Famine Relief Committee in Peking, we have just learned, working in co-operation with the Chinese government, has co-ordinated the work of the various missionary and charitable organizations, which includes the Christian Herald Committee. Dr. C. Douglas Gray is the chairman of the International Committee.

A cablegram from Nanking, dated January 8, carries its own appeal to our readers:

"Famine situation desperate. Herald relief urgent. Require million dollars before April. Three dollars from each subscriber.

"Z. CHARLES BEALS."

The Rev. Z. Charles Beals is treasurer of the Christian Herald Committee, organized to administer funds received from our readers and now an important part of the International Committee.

Christian Herald readers have responded most generously to our appeals in behalf of the famine-stricken people, and we hope that they will still continue to help. If contributions keep on coming in the way they have since the Christian Herald first started its fund, not only will the $1,000,000 for which Dr. Beals has cabled be sent to China long before April, but a considerably larger sum.

CHINESE residents in all parts of the country are helping substantially to secure contributions for the relief of their stricken countrymen. In New York, the Chinese Famine Relief Committee, headed by the Hon. I. C. Suez, Chinese Consul-General, has secured almost $20,000.

From other large cities come reports of the intense interest and generous support Chinese in this country are taking in measures to help their brothers in their far-off mother country. In Boston $3,000 has been raised and this, the Chinese in the Hub say, is just a beginning. Chinese in San Francisco have contributed $100,000, and a committee has just started work in Chicago.

Chinese students in American colleges and universities were among the first to respond to the President's appeal for help for the famine sufferers. As a result of their efforts, considerable sums of money have been transmitted to Peking for food and relief supplies.

In China, as well as in this country, Chinese students in American schools are helping in every way to bring relief to the suffering millions. Many have volunteered for relief work in the affected areas, while others have given up eating meat and other foods, subsisting on the scantiest of rations in order to help their countrymen.

The Chinese in America have not only been working energetically among themselves, but are now preparing to lend all possible co-operation to the American Committee for China Famine Fund to help in the raising of funds. Outlines of this co-operation were laid out this week at a conference in the Christian Herald offices attended by I. C. Suez, Chinese Consul-General in New York; Lee Tu, "mayor of Chinatown," a prominent Chinese merchant in the metropolis; the heads of various Chinese associations and Chinese student bodies, and executives of the American Committee.

THE Christian Herald's contribution, made possible by the gifts of our readers, up to January 10 in the effort to save the lives of the starving sufferers was $255,000, including sums sent direct to China and other amounts transmitted through the American Committee.

We are very happy to report that the $300,000 mark has been passed and a long stride made toward the sum of $400,000. The total reported in our issue of January 22 was $270,720.88, representing contributions received up to and including January 5. Since that date, the following sums have been received:

January	6	$ 9,604.09
"	7	9,394.03
"	8	5,083.00
"	10	12,915.55
"	11	5,083.64
"	12	7,068.37
Grand Total		**$319,869.56**

We hope that the response from other Americans will be as generous as has been the support of Christian Herald readers and that the American Committee will be able to send every day enough money to buy food and supplies to enable the millions of sufferers to hold out until the harvest in July.

The Island of Faith

Continued from page 87

done for her—if only something could be done! Billy Blanchard must see her at once—he's done marvelous things with the crippled children of the neighborhood!"

With a feeling of sudden confidence Rose-Marie smiled. She realized that she had caught the Superintendent's interest, and her sympathy. It would be easier, now, to give the family their chance! Her voice was more calm as she went on with the narrative. It was only when she told of the death of pa that her lips trembled.

"You'll think that I'm hard and callous," she said, "taking his death so easily. But I can't help feeling that it's for the best. They could never have broken away—not with him alive. *You* would never have taken them in—if he had had to be included! You couldn't have done it. . . . But now," her voice was a-quiver with eagerness, "now, say that they may come! Say that Mrs. Volsky may take Katie's place. Oh, I know that she isn't very neat; that she doesn't cook as we would want her to. But she can learn and, free from the influence of her husband and son—I'm sure she'll change amazingly. Say that you'll give the family a chance!"

THE Superintendent was wavering. "I'm not so sure," she began, and hesitated, "I'm not so sure——"

Rose-Marie interrupted. Her voice was very soft.

"It will mean," she said, "that Lily will be here, under the doctor's care. It will mean that she will get well—perhaps! For her sake give them a chance. . . ."

The Superintendent's eyes were fixed upon space. When she spoke, she spoke irrelevantly.

"Then," she said, "that was where you went every afternoon—to the tenement. You weren't out with some man, after all?"

Rose-Marie was blushing furiously. "No," she admitted, "I wasn't out with a man. I never had any sort of a sweetheart, not ever! I just let you all think that I was with some one because—if I hadn't let you think that way you might have made me stay in. I wouldn't have made a point of deliberately telling you a falsehood—but Dr. Blanchard gave me the idea and—" defiantly, "I just let him think what he wanted to think!"

The Superintendent stood up, laughing.

"What he wanted to think!" she exclaimed, "Oh, Rose-Marie—you've a lot to answer for! What he wanted to think. . . ." Suddenly the laugh died out of her voice, all at once she was very serious. "Perhaps," she said slowly, "your idea about the Volsky family is a good one. We'll try it out, dear! There was a Man, once, Who said: 'Suffer the little children to come—' Why, Rose-Marie, what's the matter?" For Rose-Marie, her face hidden in the crook of her elbow, was crying like a very tired child.

What Has Gone Before

ROSE-MARIE, who has come from her sheltered home in the country to the Settlement House in the city's slums, clashes with the Young Doctor, an orphan who has a hard fight for opportunity, because he seems unsympathetic regarding her zeal for making people better. She secretly undertakes the task of improving the Volsky family, whose home life is squalid almost beyond belief, and where Lily, a beautiful child but blind, deaf and speechless, is the only means for arousing a desire for better things. The Young Doctor misunderstands Rose-Marie's absences and thinks she has a sweetheart. She saves Ella Volsky from a serious misstep and inspires new ideals in Bennie, the younger son; but Jim, the elder son, carries a nameless menace in his eyes for Rose-Marie. The drunken father is killed on the street.

CHAPTER XV

IT WAS with a light heart that Rose-Marie started back to the tenement. The tears had cleared her soul of the months of evasion that had so worried her—she felt suddenly free and young and happy. It was as if a rainbow had come up, suddenly, out of a storm-tossed sky; it was as if a star was shining all at once, through the blackness of midnight. She felt a glad assurance of the future—a faith in the Hand of God, stretched out to His children. "Everything," she singsonged joyously to herself, "will come right, now. Everything will come right!"

It was strange how she suddenly loved all of the people, the almost mongrel races of people, who thronged the streets! She smiled brightly at a mother, pushing a baby-buggy—she thrust a coin into the withered hand of an old beggar. On a crowded corner she paused to listen to the vague carolings of a barrel-organ, to pat the head of a frayed-looking little monkey that hopped about in time to the music. All at once she wanted to know a dozen foreign languages so that she could tell those who passed her by that she was their friend—*their friend!*

And yet, despite her sudden feeling of kinship to these people of the slums, she did not loiter. For she was the bearer of a message, a message of hope! She wished, as she sped through the crowded streets, that her feet were winged so that she might hurry the faster! She wanted to see the expression of bewilderment on Mrs. Volsky's face, she wanted to see a light dawn in Ella's great eyes, she wanted to whisper a message of—of life, almost—into Lily's tiny, useless ear. And, most of all, she wanted to feel Bennie's warm, grubby little paw touching her hand! Jim—she hoped that Jim would be out when she arrived. She did not want to have Jim throw cold water upon her plans—which did not include him. Well she knew that the arrangement would make no real difference to him; it was not love of family that kept him from leaving the dirty, crowded little flat. It was the protection of a family, with its pseudo-respectability, that he wanted. It was the locked room, which no one would think of prying into, that he desired.

SHE went in through the mouth-like tenement door—it was no longer frightful to her—with a feeling of intense emotion. She climbed the narrow stairs, all five flights of them, with never a pause for breath. And then she was standing, once again, in front of the Volsky's door. She knocked, softly. Then the door swung open.

Jim stood in the doorway. He was in his shirt sleeves but—even divested of his coat—he was still too painfully immaculate, too well groomed. Rose-Marie, looking at him, felt a sudden primitive desire to see him dirty and mussed up. She wished, and the wish surprised her, that she might sometime see him with his hair rumpled, his collar torn, his eye blackened and—she could hardly suppress a hysterical desire to laugh as the thought struck her—his nose bleeding. Somehow his smooth, hard neatness was more offensive to her than his mother's dirty apron, than his small brother's frankly grimy hands. She spoke to him in a cool little voice that belied her inward disturbance.

"Where," she questioned, "are your mother and Ella? I want to see them."

With a movement that was not ungraceful Jim flung wide the door. Indeed, Rose-Marie told herself, as she stepped into the Volsky flat, Jim was never ungraceful.

Jim was dragging forward a chair. He answered.

"Then yer'd better sit down 'n make yourself at home," he told her, "fer they've gone out. They're down t' th' hospital, now, takin' a last slant at pa. Ma's cryin' to beat th' band—you'd

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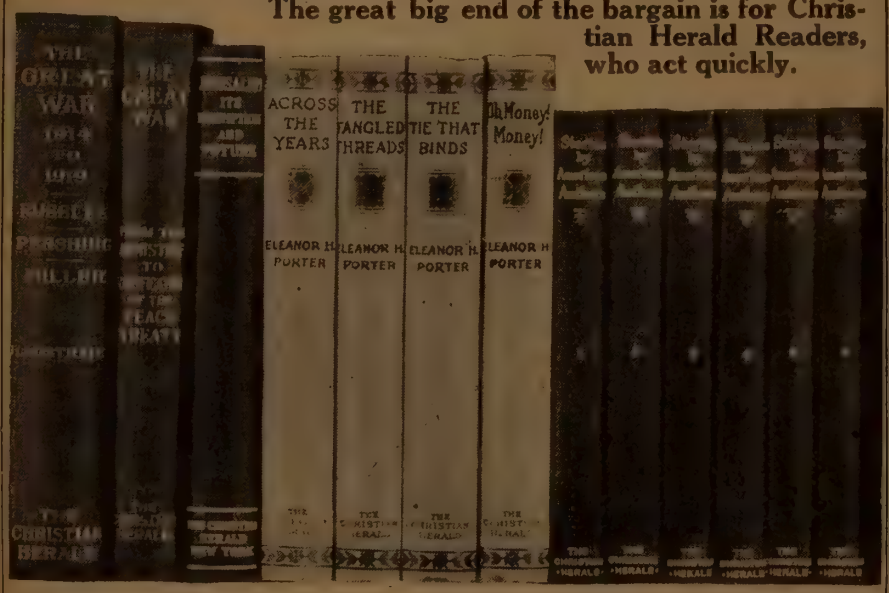

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think that she really liked him! An' Ella's cryin', too—she's f'rgot how he uster whip her wit' a strap when she was a kid! An' they've took Bennie; Bennie ain't cryin' but he's a-holdin' to ma's hand like a baby. Oh," he laughed sneeringly, "it's one grand little family group that they make!"

Rose-Marie sat down gingerly upon the edge of the chair. She did not relish the prospect of spending any time alone with Jim, but a certain feeling of pride kept her from leaving the place. She would not let Jim know that she feared him—it would flatter him to think that he had so much influence over her. She would stay, even though the staying made her uneasy!

"When did they go out?" she questioned, trying to make her tone casual. "Do you expect them back soon?"

Jim sat down in a chair that was near her own. He leaned forward as he answered.

"They haven't been gone so awful long," he told her, "An'—say—what's th' difference *when* they gets back? I never have no chance to talk wit' you—not ever! An,'" he sighed with mock tragedy, "an' I have so much t' say t' yer! You never have a word fer me—think o' that! An' think o' all th' time yer waste on Bennie—an' him too young t' know a pretty girl when he sees one!"

ROSE-MARIE flushed and hated herself for doing it. "We'll leave personalities out of this!" she said.

Jim was laughing, but there was a sinister note in his mirth.

"Not much we won't!" he told her, "I like you—see? You're th' best-lookin' girl in this neck o' woods—even if you do live at the Settlement House! If you'd learn to dress more snappy—t' care more about hats than yer do about Bible Classes—you'd make a big hit when yer walked out on Delancey Street. There ain't a feller livin' as wouldn't turn t' look at yer—not one! Say, kid," he leaned still closer, "I'm strong fer yer when yer cheeks get all pink-like. I'm strong fer yer any time a-tall!"

Rose-Marie was more genuinely shocked than she had ever been in her life. The flush receded slowly from her face.

"You'd like me to be more interested in clothes than in Bible Classes!" she said slowly, "You'd like me to go parading down Delancey Street. . . ." she paused, and then— "You're a fine sort of a man," she said bitterly—"a fine sort of a man! Oh, I know. I know the sort of people you introduce to Ella—and she's your sister. I've seen the way you look at Lily, and she's your sister, too! You wouldn't think of making things easier for your mother; and you'd give Bennie a push down—instead of a boost *up!* And you scoff at your father—lying dead in his coffin! You're a fine sort of a *man.* . . . I don't believe that you've a shred of human affection in your whole makeup!"

JIM had risen slowly to his feet. There was no anger in his face—only a huge amusement. Rose-Marie, watching his expression, knew all at once that nothing she said would have the slightest effect upon him. His sensibilities were too well concealed, beneath a tough veneer of conceit, to be wounded. His soul seemed too well hidden to be reached.

"So that's what you think, is it?" he asked, and his voice was almost silky, it was so smooth, "so that's what you think! I haven't any 'human affection in my makeup,'" he was imitating her angry voice, "I haven't any 'human affection!'" he laughed suddenly, and bent with a swift movement until his face was on a level with her face. "Lot yer know about it!" he told her and his voice thickened, all at once, "lot yer know about it! I'm crazy about you, little kid—just crazy! Yer th' only girl as I've ever wanted t' tie up to—*get that?* How'd yer like t' marry me?"

For one sickening moment Rose-Marie thought that she had misunderstood. And then she saw his face and knew that he had been deadly serious. Her hands fluttered up until they rested, like frightened birds, above her heart.

To be continued

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The Marriage Feast

International Sunday School Lesson for February 6
Matt. 22: 1-14

By LUTHER DENNY WHITTEMORE, Litt.D.

THERE are three ways in which the parable of the marriage feast may be considered: first, as an entertaining story told by a matchless story-teller; second, as an event of serious significance at a critical moment in the life of Jesus; and, third, as a moral lesson applicable to our own conduct.

The story. To any person of ordinary intelligence and imagination, old or young, this parable is interesting simply as a story, regardless of its original setting and purpose. The attention is attracted by the human interest. The details are sufficiently distinct to produce a picturesque effect. Pleasurable emotions are aroused by the invitation to a marriage feast and the prospect of a season of joyous festivity. The invitation is given by a king whom it should be a delight to honor. The hero is the prince, the center of interest in many a tale of the imagination. The peculiar Oriental customs, such as the sending of messengers a second time to summon the guests when the feast is ready and the wearing of wedding garments provided by the host, give an attractive local color. An element of surprise is introduced by the indifferent response of those first invited, from whom ordinary courtesy at least might have been expected. Indignation is excited towards those whose indifference develops into cruelty and who commit a crime against the unoffending servants of the king. The dilemma of a guestless feast creates a problem whose solution calls for literary skill. The movement towards the climax is delayed by an offending individual who turns the culminating scene from festivity to tragedy.

Here are all the essentials of literary art, and the story is really a miniature drama capable of being enacted. It represents a human problem with conflicting acts and motives and with appropriate penalties for moral failure. Even a child can tell what ought to have been the response of those who were invited, and why the man was speechless who appeared among the guests without the wedding garment. Like all best stories, this one needs no elaborate interpretation, for its meaning and moral lesson are self-evident.

THE *event.* The parables of Jesus are more than entertaining stories. Each one was prompted by a definite purpose or suggested by the immediate circumstances; and each one is the vivid and powerful expression of a vital truth which could not be presented so effectively in any other way. Thus the parable of the mustard seed shows the promise of small beginnings and is a wonderful stimulus to faith; the parable of the hidden treasure shows the incomparable value of the kingdom of heaven and offers a mighty inducement to seek it first; the parable of the good Samaritan gives a new definition of neighborliness and has produced an endless chain of neighborly acts of kindness and mercy.

The parable of the marriage feast should be considered in connection with the two others which, in Matthew, immediately precede. Following in rapid succession, the parables of the two sons and the wicked husbandmen and the marriage of the king's son, show the marvelous resourcefulness of Jesus' mind; and their effect must have been cumulative, driving home the charge of disobedience, dishonor, and disloyalty, and laying bare the false pretenses of those who professed to be the highest authorities in religion, and who dared to ask Jesus concerning the source of His authority.

The priests and Pharisees must have understood the logic of these three parables which Jesus spoke against them, for in answer to Jesus' question which of the two sons did his father's will, the one who first refused to obey and afterwards repented or the one who professed obedience and yet disobeyed, they said, "The first"; and when Jesus asked them what the wronged householder would do to those wicked husbandmen who had killed the landlord's son and seized the inheritance, they replied, "He will miserably destroy those miserable men." Although they perceived that Jesus spoke of them, they did not recognize, or at least did not confess their sin, but, as Jesus had foreseen, they persisted in their wicked purpose and provoked the terrible denunciations which He presently pronounced upon them.

When Jesus spoke the parable of the sower, He was surrounded by a sympathetic multitude eager to learn of Him; but He spoke the parable of the marriage feast in the presence of His enemies, who were watching every word so that they might find some excuse or justification for their predetermined action. Jesus was not disconcerted by their hostile attitude, but met the situation with splendid dignity and poise, using the weapon to which He was accustomed, the parable, which was indeed the sword of the spirit, the very word of God.

In this event, so near the final tragedy in Jesus' life and leading to it, He showed no sign of weakness or hesitation. His serenity and strength are unexplainable unless we acknowledge that He was more than a man. "The grandeur of soul," says Geikie, "which could so utterly ignore the outward and apparent, and realize the essential and eternal; the conscious majesty in the midst of humiliation and danger; the absolute trust that if the present belonged to His adversaries, the everlasting future, in earth and heaven, was all His own, could spring in such a heart only because it felt that it was not alone, but that, unseen by man, a greater than man was ever with Him. Only when we realize Him as enjoying unclouded and absolute communion with eternal truth and love, Man, but also the Incarnate Divine—can we hope to solve the mystery."

THE *application.* Some have tried to find a symbolic meaning in every phrase of the parable, but this is not essential. Many suggestive lessons, however, are implied.

Although we may not be guilty of deliberately rejecting the kingdom of heaven, whose attractions have become more and more alluring as the centuries have passed, it may be that familiarity with the blessings of Christianity has made us forgetful of our great privilege. Our world is different from that in which Jesus lived, and it is so because His followers in all the ages have continually repeated the gospel invitation. It is our duty and privilege not only to accept this invitation for ourselves, but to become messengers, carrying the good tidings everywhere.

Like those who in the parable went their ways to farm and merchandise, men are now absorbed in the occupations of an industrial and commercial age, too often exalting the commonplace above the fine and splendid and forgetting that life does not consist in the abundance of the things which one possesses.

The discomfiture of the guest who came to the feast without a wedding garment warns us against negligence in so-called minor matters. Art, some one has said, is doing common things beautifully; and what a gift is theirs who seem instinctively to do the fitting thing habitually, while others continually cause embarrassment and suffer humiliation! Particularly are we warned against assuming lightly the obligations of our religion. Reverence is not wholly a matter of outward forms and ceremonies. There is no substitute or equivalent for the life of the spirit which is hid with Christ in God.

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Young People's Topics for February 6

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Modern Progress, Modern Unrighteousness

E. L. Hos. 4 : 1-10.

HOSEA, in the first verse of the reference, speaks of the Lord as having a controversy with the inhabitants of the land because there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land. Is the contention "no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God" true today? Is there nothing in the world to tell us that our faith is conquering? Has revelation ceased from God because men have deafened their ears to his voice? Or is the world growing better year by year?

In the light of current missionary events, what do the members of the Epworth League think? In the face of such great things as the Centenary and similar movements, in the home and foreign field, what is the verdict concerning the status of Christianity today? When we have national prohibition, and the world is becoming dry: when the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and kindred organizations are belting the globe; when heathenism is meeting at the foot of the Cross by the hundreds of thousands, and churches, hospitals, colleges and institutions of mercy and help are dotting the horizon there is no question concerning the progress and triumph of the Christian faith. And if there is so much good being done here and there, rest assured it is because of individual righteousness everywhere. The words of the poet are coming true:

"Jesus shall regin where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

A SURRENDERED and VICTORIOUS Life

C. E. Gal. 2 : 1-7

"THAT the truth of the gospel might continue with you," writes Paul to the Galatians. We have purposely put the words "Surrendered" and "Victorious" in capital letters. There can be no victory without surrender. This may seem out of reason on the battlefield, but not in the arena of our faith. There are two forces in the human heart contending for the supremacy and rulership of our lives. Those forces are sin and righteousness. We must make the decision whether Christ or the devil will be permitted to rule our lives. Surrender to Jesus Christ, obedience to his will, makes for victory. Giving up to and going over to the side of the devil makes for loss.

It is the old, old story again, of "putting off the old man and putting on the new man," to use the words of Paul. It is the old story of that universal dualism inherent in the human race, the Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde at death's grip for our souls. It is the age-old combat between the things of heaven and of earth, things unseen and seen, low standards of living or high ideals of thought and conduct. Give Jesus Christ His perfect way and sway and you will find yourself living in a new environment.

The meeting may be made profitable if the members bring the testimony of famous Christian men and women concerning their estimate of Jesus Christ and what the surrendered life meant to them and the victories won through such surrender. Read "The Overcoming Life," by D. L. Moody, and "The Deeper Experiences of Famous Christians," by G. Lawson, for light on this theme.

Our Mail-Bag

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MRS. E. B. N., Lebanon, Pa., writes: "Would it not be a help to the Sunday school if there could be more preaching done from the pulpit, encouraging the members to attend the Sunday school?"

To this, Dr. L. D. Whittemore (who conducts the Sunday School Department in the Christian Herald) gives the following reply: "In those places where the Sunday school is most successful, it is considered as an essential part of the church, and not as a distinct organization. Therefore the members of the church, as well as the minister, should take an active interest in the welfare of the school, and do everything possible to increase the attendance and to make attendance very much worth while. An occasional sermon would surely be a help; but perhaps frequent mention of the advantages of Sunday-school attendance would be more effective than a sermon urging attendance as a matter of duty."

Any World Outlook subscribers who have preserved copies of that publication for May and November, 1919, and January and September-October, 1920, are requested to communicate with the Mail-Bag. In replying, please send full name and address.

E. S. G., Uxbridge, Mass.: We have known some very worthy and spiritual-minded Armenian pastors. The Armenians belong to a very ancient nation which through all its trials has held bravely to the faith as it was delivered in apostolic times. There is a tradition that the Armenian city of Edessa was probably the first community outside of Palestine to accept the Gospel. The Armenian church forms are distinctive, but they hold the same essentials of the faith as the western Christian nations. The missionaries of our American Board can testify that there are many exemplary Christians among the Armenians, who make excellent ministers. We would advise you to write for all necessary information to the Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston, Mass. This would doubtless help you in solving the present difficulty in your church.

In the footnote to the sermon published in the Christian Herald on November 27, it was stated that Professor Slaght was at the head of the Department of Philosophy at Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas. He has now become head of the Department of Philosophy at Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

M. H., Fleming, Colo. There is no record to warrant the statement that Jesus Christ was ever in Rome.

Mrs. A. S., Idaho, a farmer's wife, takes exception to some of the criticisms on farmers that are written by people "who, although they may own land, are not themselves real farmers. If they had gone on," she says, "with nothing to buy land with and little or nothing with which to improve it, they would not seek to belittle or besmirch the farmer. Farmers in Idaho two years ago, according to government statistics, received on the average a little above $400 as income. How would those critics like to have the jobs of our Idaho farmers? . . . The farmers and laborers are making a brave fight for clean business and politics, and if you will go to some minister who knows the real facts and listen to him unbiased, you will change your mind and help us to work for righteousness and justice."

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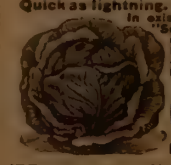

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Domenico Mastroianni has been called the Tissot of Sculpture. He has spent the greater part of his life time in the Orient, and especially in Palestine. He studied people, customs, dress, until he became able to express in his art the unchanging spirit of the Holy Land and its people. All of his work is instinct with life; every figure seems to move and breathe; his landscapes, lakes and rivers have an atmosphere that heightens the charm of his wondrous art. His genius has given us a new revelation in the sublimest of all pictorial themes—Bible Illustration. Every one of the 48 sculptures is an artistic triumph.

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Jacob Comes into Egypt
Finding of Moses

Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon!
Ark passing Over Jordan
Perishing in the Flood
Moses Smites the Rock

Entering into the Ark
Egyptians Overwhelmed
Expulsion from Eden
Samson Slays the Lion

Joseph Sold to the Ishmaelites
Esau Sells His Birthright
Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah
David Slays Goliath

Fire Consuming the Burnt Offering.
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Christ Teaching on the Mountain
The Last Supper
"Peace Be Unto You!"
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"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"
Christ preaching in the Temple
"And He, bearing His Cross"

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Forty Years of Christian Endeavor

The First Society Was Founded February 2, 1881

By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

MY MANY friends who read the Christian Herald and who assure me of their interest in the Christian Endeavor cause as they see its progress reported in this magazine from time to time, encourage me to give a little summary of God's leadings during these last twoscore years since the formation of the first society. Few, if any, organizations have been more distinctly children of Providence than Christian Endeavor. It had no wealthy sponsors, no ecclesiastical patronage, no denominational backing at the beginning. It was unknown and came unheralded and unblessed by any but God.

Some fifty young people came together at their pastor's house on February 2, 1881, with no thought of accomplishing anything of great moment. The pastor himself, young and inexperienced, was only trying an experiment for his own young people, though an experiment over which much thought and prayer had been expended.

Williston Church, Portland, Maine, in which the first Christian Endeavor society was founded

He never supposed there would be another society of Christian Endeavor than that in Williston Church, Portland, Maine, and was much surprised when, eight months later, he heard of one in Massachusetts, and then of another in Maine and another in Missouri and another in California. Soon letters began to come from the Hawaiian Islands, from China and England and Central Europe—from Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Disciples, Quakers, Moravians, Lutherans, and all the Reformed churches; from white and red and black and tan-colored peoples, asking about the society or telling of societies that these polyglot, polychromatic and poly-denominational people had started.

How could one be anything but amazed at such developments and how could he do anything but exclaim: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us but unto thy name give glory"?

FROM that day to this the growth has continued in no spasmodic way, but, one after another, denominations and nations have been added to the ever lengthening list until now, in eighty-five countries and in over one hundred different denominations Christian Endeavor societies flourish.

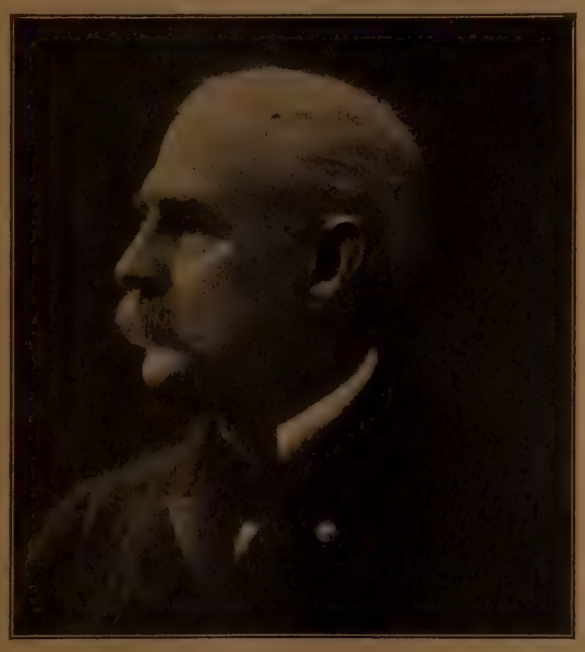
At least eighteen millions of people in America are now or have been in their youth connected with such societies, beside some millions more in other lands.

It is safe to say that one-sixth of the people in the United States have been influenced in some degree in their religious life by these young people's societies, and a multitude have been very profoundly influenced, the whole trend and tenor of their lives having been changed by the resolves made in these young people's meetings, and carried out through the work of their committees and their unions.

There is no parable of our Lord's more significant than that of the mustard seed. We will not be hindered or perplexed in our consideration of it by the meticulous critic who declares that the mustard seed is *not* the "smallest of all seeds," and that it does not, in our country, at least, grow into a tree, in whose branches the birds may lodge.

These statements may have been literally true of the plant our Lord had in mind. In any event, His meaning is perfectly plain, and that is that the largest results, with God's blessing, come often from the smallest beginnings. The tiny seed falls into the ground. It seems, to look at, not only small but worthless. It is covered up, buried out of sight. What chance has it to grow into a great shrub or tree? Ah, God knows. The seed is His, the soil is His, the sunshine and the rain are His. He does not suffer that minute seed to die. He that cares for the life of the sparrow, cares for the lower form of life wrapped up in that seed. The first little shoot peers above the brown soil of spring time. It expands, it grows in bulk and stature and its ultimate size is only measured by the power of growth which God put into it at the beginning and the uses for which He designed it.

So it was with the Christian Endeavor movement. It was indeed a weak, human instrumentality which gave it birth, but God had a design for the movement, and God gave it life and growth. It has been opposed by sectarians, criticized by conservatives, who oppose every new thing, denounced by the fearful who distrust youth, but it has grown because there was life in its small beginning, and because God took care of it and nourished it.



DR. FRANCIS E. CLARK
Founder of Christian Endeavor, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor and of the World's Christian Endeavor Union

SCORES of new plans for training young people have been started during the last forty years. Some of them eminently useful and successful; many of them like the humble bee, which is said to be larger at its birth than at any other period of its existence.

But the Christian Endeavor movement, though threatened at times, has survived every effort to supplant it and is now stronger by far on its fortieth birthday than ever before in its history. The reasons for this in my opinion are the following: First it has a *thorough, uncompromising religious basis*. Its trysting place is the young people's prayer meeting where it receives power from on high. Its Magna Charta is the pledge which begins, "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would have me to do." Its cable that connects it with Divine power is prayer, "I will read the Bible and pray every day." Its practical program, "Throughout my whole life I will endeavor to live a Christian life." Its anchor Loyalty, "I will support my own church in every way." Its sails, Helpfulness and Fellowship.

The definition of the object of that first society was "To increase the mutual acquaintance of the members and to make them more useful in the service of God." How that "mutual acquaintance" has widened and strengthened! It was confined at first to the twoscore and ten young people who were members of that first society. It widened with the second society, still more with the third, and then by leaps and bounds increased, as society was added to society, union to union, denomination to denomination, country to country, adopting in general the same pledge and plans and methods of work, with infinite variations, to be sure, to suit local needs, but with the same spirit and the same general framework of active Endeavor.

Christian Endeavor has been truly said to "specialize in fellowship." Under God's leadership literally millions of young people have come together in the great world's conventions, in the smaller national conventions, and the local union gatherings. More than 50,000 registered delegates have attended two or three of these conventions. In a number of countries the attendance has been numbered by tens of thousands, and an attendance of thousands at state and even some county conventions is a commonplace affair. All these meetings are practically fellowship meetings, where soul meets soul, mind meets mind, and where aspiration meets answering aspiration.

We hear and read much about church unity. One magazine headed a recent article with the

discouraging title, "Church Union as a 'Great Illusion,'" though the text of the article was not disheartening. The absolute union of all in one great denomination is doubtless an "illusion," but Christian Endeavor has pointed the way to a practical union in effort and spirit by the young people of the different denominations.

While each Endeavorer sticks to his own denomination, learning its tenets and its history, taking pride in its great champions, and being thoroughly loyal to its meetings and missionary enterprises, the young people of all evangelical sects come together on a common basis of love and service for Jesus Christ. The Endeavor society's one creed and covenant is, "I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do."

Christian Endeavor unions—national, state, district and local—exist now in almost every country beneath the sun. In Tokyo and Bombay, in Berlin and Helsingfors, in Rio de Janeiro and Cape Town, in Sydney and Reval, these unions flourish as well as in every considerable city and district in America and Great Britain. In London some four hundred Christian Endeavor societies are united in nineteen district unions, and these in one great London Federation, of which Rev. F. B. Meyer is president.

The other sail which wafts Christian Endeavor on its way is *united service* for the Master. "I will strive to *do* whatever He would like to have me *do*." This fellowship in service, promoted by the 2,500 Christian Endeavor Unions throughout the world, has resulted in an endless variety of welfare work for the community and for special classes. United tent services, street preaching and singing, meetings in car-barns and fire-engine stations, fresh-air camps for children, "holiday homes" for adults, and especially in efforts for people who are down, "but never out," as the Salvation Army folks declare, are some of the results of these endeavors. There are many prison societies of Christian Endeavor throughout the country, a movement started in Kentucky twenty-five years ago by Frederick A. Wallis, now Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island.

From Kentucky the prison work has extended to many other states, and wardens and chaplains alike testify to the blessing the society has been to a multitude of prisoners. Hundreds have been converted in these societies, and so far as I have heard, none of the genuine Endeavorers has ever been sent back to prison again.

ANOTHER interesting feature has been the army and navy groups, the latter called Floating Endeavor societies. Hundreds of these have been formed on ships of war and merchant vessels of American and English ships, and one even in the Japanese navy.

There are also Floating Societies on shore, which do not necessarily float, composed of young people in the church societies who are especially interested in the sailors. They hold meetings on ships in port, supply comfort bags and other "creature comforts," and write letters of cheer to be read at sea. Such societies are active in such ports as Philadelphia, Chicago, San Diego, San Francisco, and particularly in London, Liverpool, and Southampton in England.

During the late war there were many temporary societies in the training camps at home and the trenches abroad. A few still remain among the Army of Occupation in Germany.

My space will not allow me to dwell further upon these forty happy years of Christian Endeavor. I hope I have made it plain that I am writing in no spirit of self-gratulation. There is no room for this when we recount God's evident and constant leading.

I will only add that [illegible] of the greatest of the World's Conventions of [illegible] Christian Endeavor societies will be held in New [illegible]rk in Madison Square Garden next July, from the [illegible]h to the 11th of the month.

Mr. Wallis, of whom I have spoken before, is chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. Dr. Daniel A. Poling and Rev. Harry Kinports are managing the local end of the convention, while those of us at the headquarters of the United Society in Boston are doing all we can with God's blessing to make it not only an impressive demonstration of Christian fellowship, but a convention of such magnificent proportions and spiritual power that Christian New York will long remember it.

I would advise all readers of the Christian Herald who can possibly do so to make a point of attending this vast convention, which will not only never be forgotten by those who participate in it, but which will be the means, we trust, of quickening the spiritual life and activities of tens of thousands.

The New York Idea in the African Jungle

The Fifth Article in a Series on "New Worlds"

By WILLARD PRICE

BROADWAY and Fifth Avenue have gone to Africa. In one remote African village the sole costume of the chief consisted of a few wildcat tails and a pair of spats. The spats had been manufactured in the garment-workers' district on lower Fifth Avenue.

In another village the natives were crooning an American jazz melody popular on Broadway five years before. Their teacher had been a Pullman porter on the New York Central.

American influence is most evident in the republic of Liberia. Sir Harry Johnston has called Liberia "the land of the cult of the dress-suit." The inhabitants of the civilized part of the country are descendants of former slaves from our own South, who were transported to Africa by the American Colonization Society. A republic was organized for them under the protection of the American Government. So the good old Southern fashions of antebellum days persist in Liberia, and there, on Sunday, walk gentlemen in frock coats and top hats, accompanied by white-gloved ladies with ruffled parasols. The little republic displays more frock coats, dress-suits and stove-pipe hats in proportion to population than any other country in the world.

As one walks down the main street of Monrovia, capital of Liberia, he finds it hard to imagine that he is actually in Africa. Monrovia itself is named after a former President of the United States. This main street carries the name of Ashmun, who lies buried in New Haven, Conn. The building yonder is the "Executive Mansion," the flag above it, the STAR and Stripes.

Between the buildings you get glimpses of Stockton Creek, commemorating an officer of the United States Navy. It flows into the St. Paul River. Beyond it lies Bushrod Island, named after Bushrod Washington.

Ask this black seaman, who has just moored his boat, where he is from. "I'se from Virginia!" He means, not the state across the seas, but a settlement in Liberia. Other settlements are known as New York, New Georgia, Hartford, Lexington, Clay-Ashland, Buchanan, Greenville, Louisiana and Maryland.

THE government of Liberia is based upon that of the United States. There is a president and a congress. The country even indulged in a Declaration of Independence, all its own. And the church leaders and missionaries, many of whom are themselves negroes, have so well done their work that many less desirable American things have been barred out. The American saloon and burlesque show are lacking, drunkenness and swearing are almost unknown, and Monrovia on Sunday has the quiet of a New England town, broken only by the sound of church organs and congregational singing.

Modern ideas are not so advanced throughout Central Africa in general as they are in Liberia—yet they are present. For instance, it has been learned that soap means cleanliness. Sometimes this knowledge is a bit misapplied, as in the case of the native who was told by an explorer to fill six barrels with water, and be sure it was clean. When the explorer opened the first barrel he found the water covered with suds. He asked the native what was wrong, and

Quite a contrast is this—a modern phonograph and a native whose clothes, or lack of them, show no concession to the white man's conventions

was informed: "Very clean water, Master. I put soap in every barrel to make it clean." So the exploring party drank soapsuds to the end of the journey.

Of course the natives who were carried to Europe to take part in the war have taken back many new ideas. It was feared that the general effect would be bad, but this seems not to have been the case. The Superintendent of Education in Natal was able to say that he had "not heard of a single instance of unbecoming conduct on the part of a returned native laborer. On the contrary, the discipline of the army and the education through travel had rendered them more dutiful, more loyal, more useful." Contact with civilization has given them a desire for the things of modern life and progress.

THE American business man would do well to turn more attention toward Africa. Here is the world's greatest unsupplied market.

Every eighth person in the world lives in Africa. The blacks double in number every forty years; the whites every eighty years.

Nearly a quarter of all the land in the world is comprised within the African Continent. It is as far around the coast of Africa as it is around the world.

The area of Africa is big enough to include the United States, the British Isles, Germany, France, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Argentina, China, India, and have plenty of room left to throw in fifty Belgiums and half a dozen Spains.

And this vast area is not merely barren expanse or tangled brush. The soil is rich. The best alfalfa land in the world is in British East Africa. It will produce twelve crops a year. The animals reach huge proportions, as if trying to be worthy of the gigantic continent on which they live. The elephant, the hippopotamous, the rhinoceros, the giraffe and the ostrich are big because the land is rich. Texas longhorns, brought to South Africa, greatly increase in size within a few generations.

Africa has the resources with which to pay her way in the world's commerce. Her copper fields equal those of North America and Europe combined. She has five times as much undeveloped iron ore as exists in North America. She supplies half the world's gold, two-thirds of its ivory and ninety-eight per cent. of its diamonds. She produces a large share of the world's rubber, and more cocoa than any other continent.

She has 40,000 miles of river and lake navigation, a distance great enough to take one across the United States from coast to coast fourteen times. She already has 25,000 miles of railway. But if she had the same proportionate mileage as the United States, she would have a million miles of track.

THIS gigantic land is now wide open to commerce. Traders from all nations, including the United States, are taking advantage of the opportunity. American goods of all kinds are finding their way into the heart of the Dark Continent.

Our exporters do not generally realize how deep a debt of gratitude they owe to the missionary. Although the missionary's aim has been something higher than trade, yet the lands which he has made accessible to Christianity have thus also been made accessible to commerce.

In nine cases out of ten the first white man to blaze the trail in a strange country is a missionary. He goes on ahead, wins over the cannibals with rock candy and beads, and prepares the way for the trader. Missionaries did the pioneer work in Africa, the islands of the South Seas, the Pacific islands, and most of the Asiatic continent.

"I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity," said Livingstone. And along the Christian path which he opened now run automobiles and motor trucks and railway trains bearing the fabulous wealth of some of the richest commerce in the world.

Africa's secret river, the Congo, was first opened to commerce by a missionary, George Grenfell. He had a steamboat made in England, shipped to Africa, carried two hundred miles through the jungle in eight hundred packages on the heads of carriers, and laid down in the pestilential brush on the shores of the Congo. The two engineers who were to have put together the ship had died of fever in the jungle. So the missionary whipped off his coat and got busy. In three months he had built the eight hundred pieces into a ship, and the first steamboat the heart of Africa had ever known chugged up the Congo with a missionary at the wheel.

In time, a dozen steamers, all of them mission-owned, were carrying American and English traders into the solar plexus of the Dark Continent. Then commercial steamers were put into service, and finally railways.

The annual trade of the Congo State now exceeds fifty million dollars.

The first missionaries to call upon the natives of

A native preacher delivering the Gospel message to the inhabitants of a village which shows little trace of contact with civilization. Christianity will bring a remarkable transformation, and in time real houses will replace these primitive thatched huts

Nyassaland bought a basketful of grain. The natives looked at the pretty beads that had been paid to them for the grain, and were consumed with a passion for more beads. They went out to their fields and planted and cultivated as if their lives depended upon it. Now a score of steamers are needed to carry the thousands of tons of grain to the coast, where it is reshipped to the far parts of the world.

A solitary coffee plant, obtained by a missionary from the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens and placed in the soil of Central Africa, was the progenitor of great plantations. The export of his one product amounts to thousands of tons annually, and "Scotch Coffee" has become a staple African product.

"I am teaching one of my boys to use the typewriter," wrote a missionary by name of Pilkington in Uganda. Some years later the officials of the Church Missionary Society were astonished to receive a typewritten letter from the African King Daudi of Toro. Today the American typewriter is common in Uganda.

In countries the world around the first sewing-machines have been introduced by the missionaries. No wonder one missionary says, "I can not look at the tower of the great Singer Building as I enter the harbor at New York without saying to myself, 'I helped build that tower,' for I was one of the unsalaried drummers who helped to open up the markets of the world to the sewing-machine." Today in a thatched straw hut in an African kraal one will sometimes find the only piece of furniture to be a sewing-machine.

Wherever the missionary goes there is presently a demand for shirts, collars, shoes, oil lamps, safety razors, towels and the other appurtenances of propriety. Not that the missionary insists upon collars and shoes as necessary to salvation! But the native, of his own accord, begins to desire these things. Is his desire normal? I think so. When a man becomes a Christian he wants to clean up and be decent. He buys soap. He wants to wear something besides a tattoo mark and a smile. He buys clothes. He wants to live like a man instead of a pig, in a house instead of a hut, and he works and buys and builds until he has so elevated his standard of living that all of America's first aids to civilization are demanded by him as well.

THE missionary aim is to establish Christian homes, like nerve-centers radiating energy through lazy heathen lands. And a Christian home is a civilized home, fitted up with the brooms, bathtubs and Bibles, that make a clean Christian civilization possible. Thus Christianity and Civilization create a desire for things modern and swing open the door to commerce.

American business men could afford to pay all the cost of foreign missions for the sake of the business that comes home to roost on American bank books. And yet this is all only a by-product of the missionary's work. His main job is not clothes, houses and conveniences—but bodies, minds and souls.

There is perhaps no continent more sore in body and more in need of modern medicine than Africa. In Central Africa one rarely sees an old person. The native is picked off by death long before he has had a chance to grow old.

Epidemics sweep away multitudes. In one district of Uganda, sleeping sickness reduced the population in a year from 22,000 to eight thousand. Entire villages were wiped out by the influenza epidemic in the Belgian Congo, and the number of deaths was estimated as one-eighth of the total native population.

Native medical knowledge is crude indeed. When a man has the toothache he complains, "The lion in my mouth is roaring." Some impromptu native dentist will bring an axe, place a wedge of wood against the tooth, give it a blow and dislodge the tooth, probably sending it down the patient's throat.

The witch doctor draws heavily upon superstition for his stock in trade. With his needles he will perforate the patient with many holes, in order to give opportunity for departure to the evil spirits. Or through a magic ram's horn he will whisper into his patient's ear, urging the evil spirits to go their way. Or he will declare that the patient has been bewitched by some one else in the community and insist that that person must be put to death before the sick man can be cured.

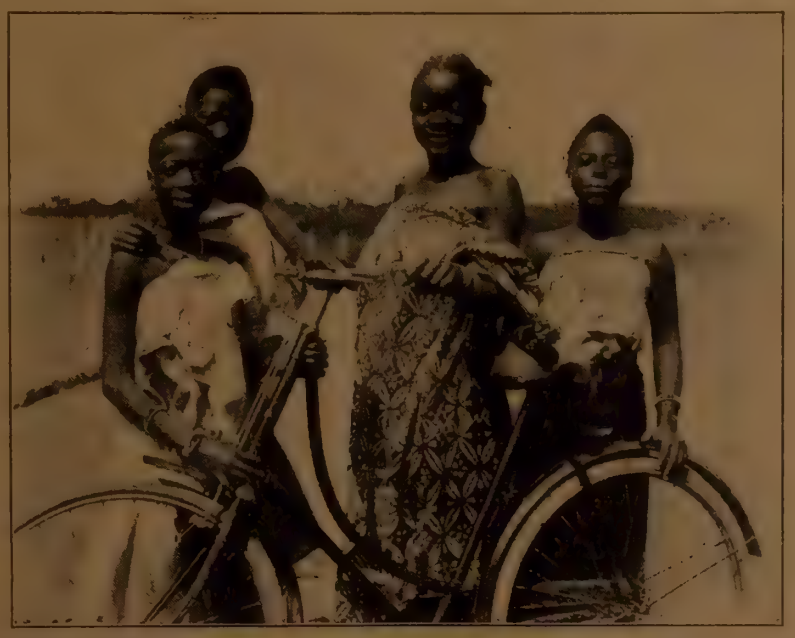
The missionary doctor meets and answers a tremendous need. An odd letter of appreciation received by a missionary board from a native was as follows:

"This doctor we call him in our native convers, 'Maker-of-people-to-be-glad.' Oh, this marvelously doctor! Why? Look at the people; these did have great sick which we could not hope that these people will be healed. But now are getting well. Is he not marvelously doctor? He is doctor of hearts too. He makes happy the unjoy hearts and makes more tenderness the durable hearts. He is a friend of babies, children, men, women, white people, and he is a friend of all people of black. Therefore I make you know that let you not fatigue to help this make-glad Doctor."

All too slowly the stethoscope is driving out the witch doctor who, in Africa, is estimated to be responsible for four million deaths a year. There is the most urgent need for missionary doctors.

EVEN more important than the healing of the body of Africa is the enlightening of the mind. Only about one per cent. of the men and one-fourth of one per cent. of the women of Central Africa are literate.

Assuming that one teacher is required for every fifty children of school age, Central Africa needs 280,000 teachers!



Another New York idea in the African jungle. Perhaps it's not the very latest model, but these black belles do not care

Not only are there whole villages in which no one can read, but there are whole tribes in which reading is as impossible as a trip to Mars, since their languages have not as yet even been reduced to writing.

Only one African tribe had a written language before the missionaries came. Now one hundred and thirty languages have been reduced to writing; but there are six hundred and seventy still to do!

Curious expedients have to be resorted to among a people with no written language. At a freight depot where the native shippers can not read, a different color is used to indicate each destination. After a shipper has learned, for example, that the color for Bo is green, he makes no bother over labels, but simply seizes everything that has been placed under the green sign and puts it aboard for Bo.

In this great unschooled continent it is no wonder that, as an official report states "The graduates of mission schools are in great demand. In the technical schools (which are all too few) the problem is to keep the pupil long enough to finish his training, as he is constantly being tempted to leave and accept the high wages offered to him for what training he already has."

Throughout Africa there is only one missionary for every 133,000 souls—so that the missionary's chief task, that of winning converts to Christianity, is a colossal one. But he does not become giddy in the face of numbers and attempt to sweep the natives into the church in multitudes. Simply calling a man a Christian does not make him one. Careful training is necessary, especially in working with such raw material as the African native. In Portuguese East Africa, for example, the native who wishes to enter the church is put on probation for a period of from three to eight years. He must abstain from toil on Sunday, put away all his wives but one, give up receiving "lobola" or the marriage dowry for his daughters, cease idolatry, heathen practices and beer-drinking, memorize the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, certain portions of Scripture and the answers to a catechism of a hundred questions. It would be hard for any man to be a lackadaisical Christian after surviving such a grilling preparation as this.

THE result is a church organization such as that in the Rand which gave in one year $2,250 for *foreign missions*. The result is, also, that the Church and its members have the general respect of the people.

Native chiefs are so eager for pastor-teachers that they will usually furnish necessary land for buildings, gardens, etc., erect a house for the pastor, buildings for the school and church, and lodging houses for the boys and girls. The government of Natal in 1918 gave a mission board grants of eight thousand dollars for its general work, including the building of a Domestic Science Department.

The missionary is wanted and appreciated in Africa. "The United States is known in Africa," says an explorer, "by its Chicago windmills and its sewing-machines; by its Boston rum and its Standard oil; by its Virginia tobacco and its mining machinery; but mainly by its schoolhouse and dispensaries. The American missionary is the widest and most favorably known of all our exports."

That is a worth-while tribute to the churches of America and to the heroic souls they have sent out to labor for the redemption of a continent.

The Editorial Forum

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A Year Under Prohibition

NATIONAL Prohibition has just rounded out its initial year. Those who anticipated the complete overthrow of the liquor traffic under the operation of the prohibitive constitutional amendment now see how far they misjudged the situation. On the other hand, those who have studied the problem in its various aspects calmly and judiciously will find substantial reason for satisfaction in the progress made.

No great reform was ever completely carried through in a single campaign. In the first year of Prohibition we have had to encounter the liquor forces in their greatest strength in the actual fighting field. They have now been checked and their solid fronts broken and somewhat demoralized; but they are still fighting, and capable of giving a good deal of trouble. Just as our enemies in the Great War resorted to methods condemned by civilization, so the hosts of alcohol are now fighting desperately with criminal weapons. But it is a conflict that can have but one ending, and that is complete subjugation of the lawbreakers. Meanwhile, Prohibition's forces, strengthened and made veterans by their experience of twelve months of conflict, are entering upon the second stage of the great campaign of national sobriety with full confidence of success.

We learn by experience, and the year of campaign has taught us several things that are of the greatest consequence. First and foremost, traitors and temporizers must be weeded out of the official ranks of Prohibition enforcement. Second, the people themselves, to whom we have a right to look for the fullest support, must be made to understand clearly that prohibition is a national law which must be obeyed, and that it is entitled to all the active support they are capable of giving the officials in their campaign for general enforcement. Third, the press, too, does not yet seem to clearly realize that the indifference of many journals helps to encourage the lawless element.

AS GOVERNOR MILLER of New York has justly said in his recent message: "We shall never know until we have Prohibition whether we want it or not." At present it is flouted and evaded; but it is on the statute books to be enforced. He believes in a State law, maintaining the Volstead Act and making State enforcement thorough enough to command respect. Loosely enforced, it is respected by nobody, whereas if firmly enforced, we can learn how it works out and whether it is satisfactory or not. If the Federal authorities are incapable of compelling enforcement, it will become the duty of the States to supplement their efforts and end present intolerable conditions.

No one who is familiar with the general situation and with the resources of a strongly entrenched traffic expected smooth sailing at the outset. Consequently, nobody was surprised that there should have been trouble with the saloons, the distilleries, the secret traffickers in drink, and with that considerable faction of the American people who are classed as regular drinkers. It has been a year of skirmishes, raids, prosecutions and seizures; of border smuggling and of criminal combinations formed by devotees of the outlawed business in their frantic attempts to override the law.

All the hardships of the campaign, however, do not seem to have discouraged the officials most interested in carrying enforcement through. Prohibition Commissioner Kramer, taking a broad view of the field, pronounces the situation most encouraging, and believes that enforcement will now become easier, and that the former drinking element will grow reconciled to the new saloonless age. The country is learning to go dry. It does not take a long period of training to make the average man understand that Prohibition has come to stay. So we find in the statement of Internal Revenue Commissioner Williams evidence of "a constantly growing sentiment on the part of the people for a strict enforcement of the law."

During the twelve months nearly 30,000 distilleries and "stills" have been destroyed, 20 breweries and 50,000 fermenters seized, and nearly 25,000 violators arrested, while the fines, penalties and taxes levied have aggregated nearly $22,000,000. But all of this together has not appreciably lessened drinking, for the total liquor withdrawals of the year from bonded warehouses are estimated at 43,000,000 gallons, which shows conclusively that the national thirst is still unabated. There will be a marked improvement from now on in the direction of sobriety, the enforcement officials assure us.

In New York City, as the figures show, Prohibition has been openly and secretly violated throughout the year. Hundreds of bars and scores of restaurants have sold liquor, some openly, but the majority under cover. People of wealth have been able to set it lavishly on their tables, and in many average households, "home brew" has been substituted for public drinking. Arrests for intoxication exceeded those of the preceding year by several hundred. In a modified degree, similar conditions prevailed throughout the State. Federal Prohibition Director O'Connor attributes conditions in New York State largelyto confusion in the minds of the people, a certain element refusing to regard the law as equally binding with other laws. The dealers, knowing this, seized the opportunity to make enormous profits, defrauding the Government and the people to an extent hitherto unknown. He feels confident that the future will show much more efficiency in enforcement, and that the worst is over and ultimate success assured.

PROHIBITION deserves more generous treatment from the American press than it has yet received. It has been flouted and belittled by shallow thinkers who did not appreciate the wholesome sentiment that pervaded the nation in its favor, doubtless their own readers among the rest. A clearer realization of the whole question, in its beneficial aspects to the country, would change this mistaken attitude.

It was Wayne Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon League who gave to the liquor traffic the name of being "the most lawless in the nation." It is checked, but not throttled. New organizations backed by large capital have been formed to oppose Prohibition. The deciding conflict has not yet taken place, but this year may see it through. No great reform has ever been accomplished without a tremendous struggle. The conflict now progressing in the United States is being watched keenly in other lands. All the forces favorable to liquor, both here and abroad, may be expected to rally this year to overthrow Prohibition. Its triumphant working out in America would mean a world defeat to the enemies of law and order everywhere, as it would influence the issue in other lands. It is a reform that can not be defined by geographical lines. Wholly apart from social, economic and moral considerations, it has a spiritual outreach that is limitless. A sober American, in the opinion of the great mass of thoughtful and observant men here and elsewhere, would ultimately become the forerunner of a sober world!

Useless Expenses

EVERY sensible American citizen must commend President-elect Harding for using his influence to cut down the needless expenses of the Inaugural exercises for the induction into office of the President of the United States.

It is reported that the platform and decorations for the exercises on the steps of the Capitol building at Washington sometimes cost over $50,000. If this is true, it is an illustration of how not to do it. The inaugural "balls" that are a feature of the inauguration of state governors often are a disgrace instead of an honor to the State that takes the people's money and uses it, or rather wastes it, in senseless display, and worse. At one of the state functions some years ago a ballet was introduced, adding insult to abuse of state funds.

A member of the governor's staff of a certain State was notified by the reception committee that had charge of the ceremonies of inauguration that he would have to wear a certain uniform if he remained on the staff, a position which he supposed was simply an honorary one. When he went to be measured for his "uniform" he found that a sword was also included in the outfit. And a cocked hat! And the entire display, made of the finest material that the tailor's art and the swordman's skill could command, amounted to $250.

The member of the staff did not balk at the price of the uniform, nor even at the cocked hat, although he said he looked and felt like a fool for paying for the one, and wearing the other. But it was the "sword" that finally decided him to declare his independence as an American citizen. He said it was bad enough for a man who was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and in good and regular standing, to lead the grand march across a slippery wax floor at a "ball" with the governor's wife in decolleté dress clinging to his arm, but when it came to wearing a "sword" that he knew would get tangled up in his legs in front of the assembled beauty and fashion of Foolville, he was ready to hand in his resignation as a member of the governor's staff.

Isn't it about time the American [illegible]opped wearing the old habiliments of royalty and the old obsolete trappings of "Swordom?" And also isn't it about time that the foolish and wicked waste of official receptions to public officers where unnecessary food is gobbled and absurd clothing is worn is dispensed with? A salute of seventeen guns ushered in the inauguration of many of the state governors when they took office this year. Seventeen is, we believe, the regular prescribed number of shots to be fired for a governor. The cost of each shot is—(look it up with the authority and see how much a shot). It may seem like a big fuss over a small thing, but if twenty governors were inaugurated this year the sum total of expense for needless salutes would keep several starving children alive. (Look it up, and see how much.) But for the matter of that the $700,000,000 that the American people spend every year on perfumes and face paint would buy a number of meals for the starving bodies of humanity. But what is the use of making a fuss about a little matter like that? The outside of the sepulcher must be kept looking polished up. What would this great and glorious Republic look like if the perfumery and cosmetics were to be lost out of civilization!

A Railroad Comparison

WHEN the railroads of this country are criticized for the high passenger and freight rates, they come back at the shipper and the traveler with a business statement like the following: A well-known Western road gives these figures on the cost and maintenance of railroad locomotives now, as compared with the year 1912:

1912	
Average cost	$21,000
Value of coal consumed per month per locomotive owned	364
Operating cost per month per locomotive owned	678
Cost of keeping in condition per month per locomotive owned	205
1920	
Average cost	$72,800
Value of coal consumed per month per locomotive owned	743
Operating cost per month per locomotive owned	1,506
Cost of keeping in condition per month per locomotive owned	880

These are certainly interesting figures as to cost of building and maintaining the "iron horse." The shipper and traveler would be interested, as time goes on under private ownership of railroads, to learn whether the great increase in rates will not more than meet this great increase in railroad expense.

What Ails Kansas?

"KANSAS," says a newspaper in that State, "is spending more than twenty-three times as much for luxuries as for higher education, according to estimates based on internal revenue statistics.

"Annual expenditures by the people of Kansas for certain items listed as 'non-necessities' follow:

"Cigars, cigarets and tobacco	$35,400,000
"Theater and motion picture tickets	8,273,300
"Jewelry	5,134,160
"Soft drinks, ice-cream, etc.	4,860,420
Total	$53,667,880

"This total is more than three times the amount spent in 1918 for all public schools, rural and city, including high schools—$17,070,394. The state appropriations for higher education, including the university, the agricultural college and the three normal schools, totaled $2,378,130 for 1919-20. The appropriation for the university alone was $875,730.

"To show further the ability of the State to pay for higher education, it is pointed out that Kansas ranks tenth in the list of forty-eight States with a per capita wealth of $2,652. Kansas has no indebtedness."

A general impression has gone out that Kansas had a rather high opinion of herself as a moral example to the rest of mankind. How about that, Kansas! The above cold figures from Uncle Sam's bookkeeping do not look good. What ails Kansas?

Yes. And what ails Missouri and New York and California and about 47 other States besides Kansas? Speak up, United States! Is your record any better than Kansas? What ails all of us, anyhow?

The World News of the Week

Germany Must Disarm and Pay, New French Premier Declares

ARISTIDE BRIAND, the new French Premier, in presenting the policy of his government to Parliament, laid chief emphasis on demands that Germany disarm and pay the reparations due from her. He did not tell how and what the new ministry would attempt to make Germany pay, questions to which the French people have been demanding answers, but inasmuch as his statement was made only a few days before the opening of conferences on the reparations issue he was waiting to discuss matters with Premier Lloyd George before deciding on a definite policy. British and French sentiment has been widely at variance, and an attempt will be made to reach accord regarding the treatment of Germany.

France has the force to compel respect for engagements taken with her, and would be able to use it if necessary, M. Briand warned, but desires to induce Germany, by peaceful means, to fulfil her obligations.

Premier Briand declared the imperishable bonds between France and America formed on the battlefields will "guarantee our union in peace and in war," and added: "We are sure our American friends will give us for the reparation of the damages we sustained the same support that decided the victory in the great war." Another declaration of particular interest to Americans was regarding the attitude of the United States toward the League of Nations: "We respect the scruples which made them hesitate to indorse a given League of Nations, of which, however, they have never doubted the generous and beneficent principles."

The Premier said peace with Turkey must be made effective, account being taken of new circumstances, which statement was interpreted as being in line with the recent tendency of the Allies to modify the Treaty in favor of Turkey. He promised that France would not intervene in the internal affairs of Russia, but said France could not permit the Bolshevist armies to cross the Russian frontiers and attack France's allies—declarations which aroused the greatest enthusiasm of his auditors.

Interpellations showed that the new Premier would have to conduct his government with the greatest skill in order to hold the support of a majority of the Deputies. The speeches were directed obviously toward stiffening his attitude in the conferences with the British Premier and toward a sterner policy against Germany.

Army Cut to 175,000 Ordered

THE growth of sentiment for a curtailment of military and naval expenditures was shown by the adoption by Congress of a joint resolution directing Secretary Baker to discontinue recruiting until the enlisted personnel of the regular army had been reduced to 63½ per cent of the authorized strength, which means a standing army of not more than 175,000, exclusive of the 18,000 officers allowed under the army reorganization. In the House there was virtually no opposition, the vote in favor of the reduction standing 285 to 4. In the Senate the fight was over the extent of the cut to be made, rather than over the advisability of reducing the regular forces. Earlier the Senate had adopted a resolution ordering a cut to an enlisted strength of 150,000 and several senators strenuously opposed increasing this figure, so that the final vote was 41 to 32.

The joint resolution was sent to President Wilson, who delayed action on it. General Pershing was quoted as opposing any reduction below 200,000, because of present world conditions.

Discussion of a world conference on disarmament continued and it was predicted Mr. Harding would issue a call for such a conference immediately after his inauguration. The plan was to make the call so broad as to permit consideration of the setting up of an international tribunal for the judicial settlement of disputes between nations as a part of the movement to make disarmament possible.

The recall of Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States, for conferences with Premier Lloyd George was declared to be concerned directly with the disarmament question, the British Government desiring to have first-hand information on the progress of the campaign in this country and the extent to which the American Government might be expected to participate in a movement to curtail armaments.

Senator Borah's resolution regarding naval disarmament was reported favorably by the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs after being amended so as to call for the prompt negotiation of a treaty by the United States, Great Britain and Japan, under which these governments would agree to begin at once the reduction of their naval programs. Some observers doubted that action on the resolution would be obtained at this session.

Harding Delays Cabinet Decisions

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING has abandoned his plan to make public his selections for Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury and has decided to tender no cabinet posts definitely until he has completed his slate. Announcement of this fact on the eve of his leaving Marion for a twelve-day cruise in Florida waters was coupled with a declaration that no cabinet matters would be settled until he returned to St. Augustine early in February. Incidentally, Mr. Harding revealed something of the difficulties he is experiencing in arranging matters.

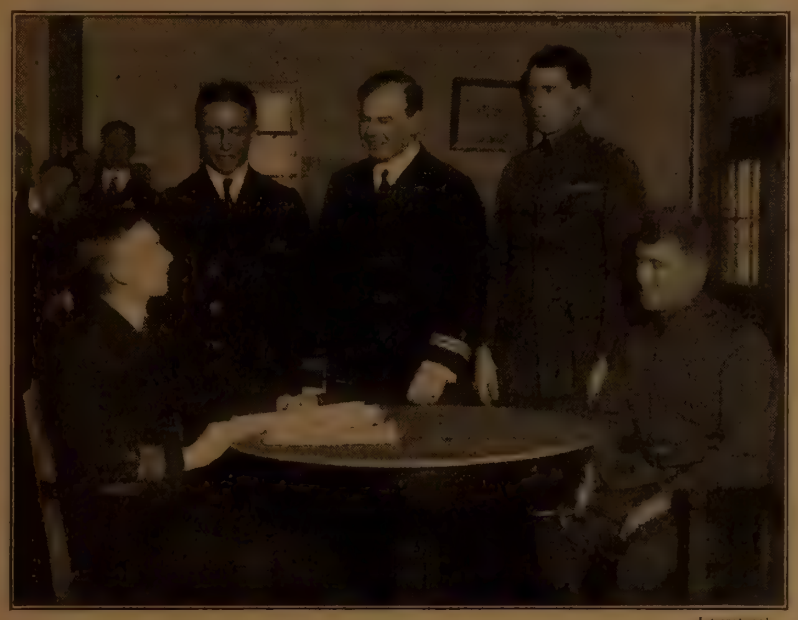
"I had thought originally to name two or three places of the Cabinet in advance," the President-elect told the correspondents in Marion, "to permit the parties named to take up informally the work that is to be theirs. But I have found it so difficult to fit in an administrative organization that I am not disposed to make definite tenders and have men accept until I myself have made up a complete organization. There is no semblance of any marked drive either for or against, either in support of or in opposition to, any individual. There is the natural current of both political and personal recommendations and the natural cross-currents of personal, individual and factional opposition. . . . I believe in party government, and I am going to have a Republican cabinet, but no selection will be made because of party organization without consideration for the best service of the country."

Senators were expressing their opposition to the proposed selection of Charles E. Hughes for Secretary of State, which had been regarded as almost a certainty, and were urging Elihu Root for the place. They had objected to Mr. Root on the ground that he was committed to the League of Nations, but preferred him to Mr. Hughes, whose campaign speeches have shown a favorable disposition toward the League, although he has attacked certain clauses vigorously.

International

FRANCE'S NEW PREMIER

Aristide Briand, veteran of French politics, has assumed the difficult task of piloting the nation



International

NAVAL BALLOONISTS REPORT BACK TO THEIR STATION

Standing, left to right, are Lieutenants Kloor, Farrell and Hinton, reporting to their commanding officer after their thrilling flight to Hudson Bay. They were gone a month and a day

International

HE WILL SIGN YOUR BILLS

Guy F. Allen has been appointed Treasurer of the United States, and the signature above is the one which now will appear on the paper currency

House Increase Defeated

THE House of Representatives, after a stormy debate, overturned the recommendation of the Census Committee that its membership be increased to 483 and voted to retain the present figure of 435. The final vote showed 276 opposing an increase in membership, and only 77 favoring it. The most effective arguments were that the House already was so large as to be unwieldy, and that the addition of 48 members would increase its expenses by about $1,000,000 a year. An effort to amend the reapportionment bill to provide for 460 members was defeated by a vote of 189 to 55, while a proposal to cut the membership to 307 was killed by a vote of 203 to 27.

The reapportionment made necessary by the new census will result in a loss of representatives by eleven states and a gain by eight states, the new ratio of representation being 242,267 persons instead of 218,979. Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Mississippi, Nebraska, Rhode Island and Vermont will lose one representative each, while Missouri will lose two. Connecticut, New Jersey, North Carolina, Texas and Washington will gain one representative each, Michigan and Ohio will gain two each, and California three.

Each state whose membership was changed must work out the problem of redistricting for itself, an amendment to expedite the redistricting process having been defeated.

Navy Investigates Balloon Flight

THE flight of the naval balloon A-5598 from the outskirts of New York City to the shores of Hudson Bay and incidents of the return of the three aeronauts have been the subject of an exhaustive inquiry by a naval court appointed by Secretary Daniels. An attack by Lieutenant Stephen A. Farrell on Lieutenant Walter Hinton, because of the publication of a letter which the latter had written to his wife, had cast a shade over the entire exploit and made certain the holding of an inquiry. The officers later appeared reconciled, and navy medical officers testified that Lieutenant Farrell was suffering from "exhaustion psychosis," similar to shell shock, as the result of the sufferings he underwent during the four days the party wandered without shelter and almost without food through the frozen wilderness of the north.

Orders issued by the commandant of the air station had authorized the flight, which had no purpose beyond the training of the officers and on which they set out without equipment for a landing in the wilds. The officers could have come down at Wells, N. Y., without difficulty, but all favored continuing the flight through the night as was customary, and thus were caught by the storm which carried them several hundred miles north.

Lieutenant Hinton lost twenty-one pounds during their wanderings, but Lieutenant A. L. Kloor, the youngest of the party, stood the exposure well. Lieutenant Farrell was able to appear before the court, but obviously was ill, and testified he had no memory of striking Lieutenant Hinton.

To Tighten Prohibition Enforcement

HOPE for a stricter enforcement of national prohibition in New York City, where violations of the law have been notorious, have been strengthened by the manifest determination of Governor Miller, who recently assumed office, to employ the full strength of the state government in behalf of law and order. The governor has given his support to the passage of a state enforcement measure in line with the Volstead Act and to replace legislation which frankly was intended to promote a "liberal" interpretation of the prohibition statutes.

Continued on page 110

The Thirst of the Soul

A Sermon by REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXT—John 7:38. "If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink."

"IF ANY *man thirst.*" How intense is the figure! There is nothing more intolerable than thirst. The burden of thirst is more oppressive than the pangs of hunger. In thirst the whole body is affected, and all the tissues crave in sympathy. Every solid and every fluid of the body contains water, and to diminish this element is to create a depression of the whole system.

Common experience abounds in illustrations of the fierceness of this particular craving. In the South African War the English regiments more than once almost broke the bands of discipline in the eagerness to quench their thirst. A recent book of travels, describing adventures in Thibet, depicts the terrific domination of a prolonged thirst. And it is this figure, so ardent, so intense, so ferocious, so imperative, which our Saviour uses to express the soul's craving after God and the things of eternal peace. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O Lord!" Without God we are only desert pilgrims whose water has run quite out! There is nothing before us and round us but leagues of glowing and irritating sand!

Without God, the soul is divorced from its destined satisfaction, and it is constrained into feverish and fruitless quest. We become the victims of endless delusion. We turn here and there on the fond assumption that we discern the water we crave, but the deepseated thirst remains unslaked. The thirst-stricken becomes the victim of the mirage, and the artless deception is added to the pangs of our already burdensome need.

I remember a passage in Kinglake's "Eothen" which is symbolic of other planes than those which it describes: "About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water, stretched far and wide towards the south, stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving off on the shallow side. On its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing, and seeming to fall upon waters deep and still. It was not till the spongy feet of my camel had almost trodden the seeming waters that I could undeceive my eyes." It was only "a white saline deposit," the minute crystals of which "sparkled in the sun," and "so looked like the face of a lake that is calm and smooth."

I SAY that this experience has been repeated in the realms of the spirit. The mirage exercises its delusive ministry upon the soul. I have heard the thirst-stricken declare that, when the burdensome days of toil are over and they have acquired a competence, they will settle down to the enjoyment of a retired peace! And I know how frequently they have found the pool to be only "a saline deposit." They have retired into deeper weariness and unrest. They have got what they aimed at, but not what they need. And so they trudge along from one allurement to another, with increasing satisfaction, and with deeper weariness and woe. And this is the plaint of these thirsty souls, to the end of the long and feverish day, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." "I thirst!"

Now, the New Testament provides us with many types of the thirsty soul, in order that we may learn that they are found among all classes. There is Nicodemus, "a man of the Pharisees," a "ruler of the Jews," a man with all the externals of a noble gentleman, separated in his very name from the common herd as by a mountain range! And this man, punctilious to a scruple in ceremonials, comes to Jesus "by night," and we all know the coming was a quest for water! And there is Matthew the publican "sitting at the receipt of custom." He is making money and making it fast, and it lies around him like the yellow sands of the desert. I know now how many times the Lord had looked into his outwardly prosperous but inwardly weary and thirsty life. Every time the Lord passed him at his post, He could see in his eyes the glare of an unquenched fire. Our Saviour could see that while he was grasping for money the soul was thirsting for peace. Matthew was in the desert, and hoping every day to find a pool, and the speechless cry of his heart was just this, "I thirst!"

And there was the woman at the well, daily fetching material water, but in her dry and ashen soul, craving for the satisfaction which material things could never bring. When the Lord saw her come to the well He knew by the weariness of her trudge that she was a woman of double quest, and that the hidden want was incomparably the keener of the two. Her face had become hardened into flippancy by the scorn and cynicism of her old friends. But the Lord could see behind the mask to the clamoring silence of her soul. She came to the well with her pitcher, and her soul was gazing for the springs.

And was it not even so with the sick of the palsy? His friends thought they were bringing only an enslaved body, but they were unconsciously bringing a soul possessed by an intolerable thirst. And it was to the thirst that our Lord first addressed His healing and satisfying ministry. But He did not heal the body until the spirit had been emancipated! "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee!"

And so the New Testament provides multiplied examples of men and women who are thirsting for the pools beyond the desert, and these New Testament types are confirmed by the experiences of our modern life. Sometimes the thirst enshrines itself in strange expressions. It often lies hidden in most deceptive appearance. Sometimes it wears the delusive guise of depression; there is no intensity about it, no apparent eagerness, no quest, almost a calm indifference; and yet at the very core of the indifference there is a thirst like a blazing fire. At other times the thirst evinces itself in a life of fastness and forced gaiety. The thirst-stricken soul will often resort to anything, rather than to sit down and think. And so they go on and on, passing from sensation to sensation, seeking for a still more glaring gaiety, plunging into artificial hilarity, and their laugh often rings out loud and blatant in the very midst of the hot and wearying sands. Such is the thirst our Master came to slake.

Now let us turn to the spring of satisfaction. "If any man thirst, *let him come unto Me.*" Let us pause to mark the vastness of the claim. It is in these natural imperatives that our Lord proclaims His divinity. There is no feverish vehemency about it; it is all said with quiet and unobtrusive naturalness. Here is the peasant of Galilee, the carpenter of Nazareth, standing up in the Temple surrounded by the scholars of His day, gazed upon by the spiritual aristocracy, admired by the common people, and looking into the hearts of every class, and reading their inmost secrets, and interpreting their manifold cravings and desires, He calmly and confidently says to each and all, "If any man thirst let him come unto Me!"

I say, note the vastness of it! It is not a sectional ministry He offers: His calm is universal. He offers satisfaction to any man for every need! This is not a medicinal spring suited only to separate elements; it is a spring for "all the ills that flesh is heir to." If any man thirst for *life*, let him come unto Me! If any man thirst for *truth*, let him come unto Me! If any man thirst for *love*, let him come unto Me! If any man thirst for *purity*, for clean, sweet, wholesome vitality, let him come unto Me!

There is something heartening about the very tone of the invitation, calming to the fears and invigorating to one's hope.

"LET him come unto me and *drink.*" And what is it to drink? Shall I put it in this way? We must first of all come to Him, recognizing that He is a specialist in the affairs of the soul. Nay, more than that, we must come to Him recognizing that He is *the* specialist, the one expert in matters of life and living. That is the first requisite in all acceptable approach.

And, secondly, we must come to Him recognizing that He has got what we most need. The life we seek, Jesus had! The truth we seek, Jesus had!

Now see the amazing issue of it all. Let me take the two extremes of the great passage. Take the first extreme: "*If any man thirst!*" Now take the other extreme: "*Out of Him shall flow rivers of living water.*" And between the two there is the act of drinking! The once thirsty becomes himself a fountain! The lifeless becomes a vitalizer! Out of the depressed and impotent go streams of sanctified power. The man who is in Christ receives the waters of life so abundantly that he overflows in gracious healing influences.

Surely the promise is magnificent! We find no transient pool, but an abiding spring, and the joy of the Lord is our strength.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Precious Promise, God Hath Given," or "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Proverbs 22 : first 12 verses.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 107, 1st col.)

Sermon—"THE THIRST OF THE SOUL"—to be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," or "Abide with Me."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

May the God of mercy Who forgives sins and forgets them, Who loves His children even when they disappoint Him, and Who is ever near to help us over the rough places, be and abide with us all through the coming days. In Jesus' name we ask it.

AMEN.

*Dr. Jowett's sermons, prepared especially for the Christian Herald, appear in the first issue of each month.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, H. P. Hoskins and D. J. Burrell

The Things Above

SUNDAY. Col. 2 : 17. "*If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.*" We are in a very deadly state when we are conscious of nothing above us, nothing alluring to greater heights, nothing that is still beyond our reach. That was the deadly condition of the Pharisee in our Lord's parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. He had no vision of anything above him. He wrapped his soul in self-complacency. He assumed that he had reached the topmost peak, and there was nothing beyond. In his prayer there was no upward look. In his heart he heard no bugle peal of upward calling. His only attitude was one of looking down. "I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, or even as this publican."

There is no noble hunger in this man's worship, there is only an ignoble satisfaction with himself. There is no eager, aching aspiration in his soul; there is only an indolent contentment. There is no sense of want. There is nothing above. He has everything. He has arrived!

Now, in a certain very real way we may regard our spiritual appetite as the index of our spiritual health. If a man's longings are strong and lusty, it is a sign of his robustness. If his longings and desires are dull and feeble, or if they have passed into apathy and indifference, it is a sure proof of spiritual weakness and disease. Vigorous desire for the things which are above is the certain promise of their possession. "My soul thirsteth for Thee as in a dry and thirsty land where no water is!" "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

The intensity of the craving is the pledge of our attainment. When every new elevation we occupy brings into sight a peak beyond, and we long to climb it, and we set out upon the quest, our path is as a shining light which shineth more and more even unto perfect day. And therefore do we need to cultivate the Godward look. "I saw the Lord, high and lifted up!"

That is the radiant vision which makes all attainment seem dim, and fills us with the sense of want. It reveals the things which are above. It unveils untrodden heights of glory. It makes us feel that, however much we may have in hand, our treasure is in heaven.

I think there are degrees of difficulty in ascending the steep gradient of the spiritual life. Perhaps the easiest part of the road is when we begin to abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good. I am not saying it is easy; I am only saying that it is easier as compared with other parts of the road. Many folk get over that part of the journey who fail later on. It may be difficult to pass from the bad to the good; but it is more difficult to pass from the good to the better. We become satisfied with the good. We are willing to let well alone. We lie down in the pleasant arbor half way up the hill, and we go to sleep.

But I think it is still more difficult to pass from the better to the best, and to hear and follow the call of the excellent. We are very reluctant to sacrifice the pearls we have for the pearl of great price. We become spiritually self-satisfied. The narcotic of attainment puts us to sleep. We lose consciousness of the things which are above. And therefore it behooves us to cultivate the upward look, the soaring prayer; the sacred ambition, which will not be satisfied until we awake in God's likeness. J. H. J.

The Great Mistakes of Life

MONDAY. James, 4 : 14. "*For what is your life?*" There are moments when one reviews the pathway of the past and the possible journeyings of the future. Napoleon on the island of St. Helena reached such a pivotal point in his career. It was there he viewed some of the great mistakes in his life. He saw the greatness of Christ and the littleness of himself. Standing on that lonely island, with his hands behind his back, gazing at the deep, dark waters of the solemn sea, he reviewed his brief but momentous life, comparing it with the life of the Saviour.

Jesus lived and died for others while Napoleon had lived for self and ambition. His many mighty victories in battle failed to comfort him now. The buried millions of soldiers seemed to rise up to condemn him, while other millions of living sang a song of sorrow in his ears.

He saw that Christ, the Prince of Peace, was growing stronger in the love and regard of mankind; that millions today would die for Him, though He had passed away eighteen centuries before. And Napoleon said to himself, "Alexander and Cæsar and I founded great empires upon force, but Jesus alone founded His empire upon love. No other human is like the Saviour of the world; He is more than a man. I must be visibly present to electrify my soldiers, but Christ's influence stretches across the chasm of the centuries. He asks for the human heart for Himself and forthwith the demand is granted. Time, the great destroyer is powerless to extinguish the sacred flame of love in believing hearts. This proves to me the divinity of Jesus Christ."

We may believe that this great general of armies, this wonderful intellect, saw at last, though too late, that the true way to win men and build empires was by loving and serving them, rather than by crushing and killing. No doubt at this time he thought of the wife who had faithfully loved him, but whom his great ambition led him to put away for another. He then realized that when he lost love, he lost empires, power and everything that was dear to his ambition.

E. W. C.

My Contribution to Humanity

TUESDAY. Thess. 18 : 37. "*To this end was I born . . . that I should bear witness unto the truth.*" The world is a great judgment hall. Jesus is still on trial and His truth is also on trial. One of the weakest things a Christian can do is to make Jesus the subject of mere controversy. The effective thing is to bear witness to the truth as it is in God. And we can not bear witness beyond our own personal experience. Every time we act like Jesus, we bear witness to the truth. Every time we speak like Jesus we bear witness. The power of Jesus is estimated by its effect in human lives. If we desire to bear witness to His power, we must manifest His presence in our lives.

We never know what moment or how unexpectedly we may be called upon to bear witness to our dependence on Him.

We sometimes talk about defending the old truths; as though truth needed to be defended. If we will only testify to the truth, and give it a fair chance it will defend itself and us, too. Truth ably vindicates its own claims.

"To bear witness to the truth"—this was the life objective big enough to fill the horizon of Jesus Christ. No one can leave the world just as he found it. It is inevitable that every man makes the world better or worse. The contribution which we are making to humanity will count for tears and pain through all coming time, unless it counts for comfort and peace. To bear witness to the truth, as it is in God, is man's highest contribution. Go rend aside the veil that obscures the person of Jesus, to reveal the truth about the Cross through all the centuries perverted, suppressed and juggled with. It is time that "truth crushed to earth shall rise again"; but we, as Christians, should be active in its liberation.

We have no power to make a better world, except as we witness to the truth about God, and this we cannot do much beyond our personal experience.

H. P. H.

Love of Liberty

WEDNESDAY. Isa. 60 : 22. "*The small one shall become a strong nation.*" In 1608 an armistice was declared by Philip III., which closed a weary century of war. In that war Holland, with her insignificant three millions had stood unswervingly against Spain for the inalienable rights of men two centuries before France wrote them in blood upon her walls or America sounded them forth in the clear notes of the Independence Bell.

The men of Holland had fought their campaign to a finish. Carlyle wrote: "The Dutch are a strong people. They raised their land out of a marsh and went on, for a long time, breeding cows and making cheese; and might have gone on with their cows and cheese until doomsday. But Spain came over and said 'We want you to believe in Saint Ignatius.'—'Very sorry,' replied the Dutch, but we can't.—'Aye, but you must,' said Spain. And they went about it with guns and swords to make them believe in Saint Ignatius. Never made them believe in him, but did succeed in breaking their own vertebral column and raising the Dutch into a great nation."

In our country's history three names emerge above all others as representative of the broad and vital principles on which the Republic rests: to wit: Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt. Let Americans of English blood be proud of Washington; let those who trace their lineage to Scotland speak reverently of Lincoln; the sons and daughters of Holland on their part will ever be thanking God for their kinship with Theodore Roosevelt. His name alone, were there none other to show for the influence of the Dutch forefathers, would be ample proof that it had not "vanished into thin air." D. J. B.

The Joy of the Liberal Heart

THURSDAY. Luke, 6 : 38. "*Give and it shall be given unto you.*" Giving to the starving people of China and Europe will be like grain sown at the flood of the River Nile; it will return to you after many days in harvests of pleasure and prosperity.

Maeterlinck's Bluebird is an allegory of the child's Pilgrim Progress in ministering to others. Two children are sent forth to find the bluebird which a sick child needs to make her well and happy again. Searching everywhere, they never found the right bluebird. On returning home, Tyltyl says, "I will give her my dove." As he takes it from the cage, he cries out, "Hullo! Why, he's blue; much bluer than when we went away. This is the bluebird we were looking for and he was here all the time."

When happiness is sought for self, it is never really found; the true principle is to lose our life and find it again when we share our treasures with another's need. Joy is in doing good as Jesus did, ministering, saving and blessing mankind. Luxuries and selfish pleasures never made a hero. Chasing after fashion, wealth, and the honors of the world never satisfy the soul; they wither and die when caught. The real bird of Paradise is in your own soul, when you are willing to give to help suffering humanity. The real fountain of joy is within you, when you open the door for your Lord's indwelling. Then, like Him, you will give to live, you will become poor, making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things, you will find your real self by following His example of self-sacrifice.

So many are like the man who sold his farm to search for diamonds, while acres of diamonds were found by the man who purchased the property. Surrendering all to Jesus, we find all in Him and He helps us to find his needy children all over the world.

E. W. C.

Acquainted with Jesus

FRIDAY. John, 12 : 21. "*Sir, we would see Jesus.*" These men who came to Jesus were Greek proselytes to Judaism. They had come to worship at the Passover, expecting a warm welcome from the religious leaders, but evidently receiving a cold reception. They heard of Jesus; that He was the Friend of the overworked and overburdened. Constrained partly by curiosity, partly by a great heart-hunger, they came seeking Him. Philip bore a Greek name; here was a point of contact. To Philip they said, "Sir, we would see Jesus." Philip and Andrew introduced them to the Master. Every Christian is a debtor to his fellows, asked or unasked, to introduce Jesus. Jesus is big enough to be introduced into every social, business and political assembly in the world. And once properly introduced, He will determine the character of the discussion, direct the energies of the movement and captivate the hearts of those who hear his voice.

Some people think that religion is a nice philosophy to prattle about over the tea-cups of an afternoon. But religion, in its last analysis, is Jesus. No one is *religious* who has not seen Jesus. H. P. H.

The Record in the Heart

SATURDAY. II Cor. 3 : 2. "*Ye are our epistles . . . written in our hearts.*" The other day a philosopher aged five plucked me by the sleeve as she was setting out for kindergarten, saying, "When Jesus said, 'Lo, I am with you alway,' He meant that He would walk with me to school, didn't He?" Of course He did! And, my friends, when He said, "Except ye become as this little child ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven," He meant that, too. For heaven is simply the fruition of faith. But alas, we grow away from faith as we travel worldward; growing down as we "grow up"; forgetting our visions in the whirl of business; losing our wings, like Phoebus, as we recklessly drive our self-reliant chariots into the blaze of the sun.

Let us write our visions, therefore, in a book of remembrance if we would be "living epistles known and read of all men"; in other words, so that men beholding our walk and conversation shall bear witness that we have seen the White Christ and learned of him. For faith without works is dead. To part company with the Lord when we rise from His table is to affront the sacrament. If Amen at the close of our prayer means Farewell, then "Lord, teach us how to pray!" The book in which we write our visions must be published to the world, else it would be no better than a rejected manuscript. There is "a Gospel according to you"; and it is the best seller in the book markets of the world today. And it will be selling long after its author is dead and forgotten. D. J. B.

The Island of Faith

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Eighth Instalment

CHAPTER XVI

THERE was eagerness—and a hint of something else—in Jim's voice as he repeated his question.

"Well," he asked for the second time, "what d'yer say about it—huh? How'd yer like ter marry me?"

Rose-Marie's fascinated eyes were on his face. At the first she had hardly believed her ears; but her ears had evidently been functioning properly. Jim wanted to marry her—to marry *her!* It was a possibility that she had never dreamed of—a thought that she had never, for one moment, entertained. Jim had always seemed so utterly of another world, of another epoch, almost. He spoke a language that was far removed from her language, his mind worked differently—even his emotions were different from her emotions. He might have been living upon another planet, so distant he had always seemed from her. *And yet he had asked her to marry him!*

Like every other normal girl, Rose-Marie had thought ahead to the time when she would have a home and a husband. She had dreamed of the day when her knight would come riding—a visionary, idealized figure, always, but a noble one! She had pictured a hearth-fire, and a blue-and-white kitchen, with aluminum pans and glass baking-dishes. She had even wondered how tiny fingers would feel as they curled about her hand, if a wee head would be heavy upon her breast.

Of late her dreams, for some reason, had become a little less misty—a little more definite. The figure of her knight had been a trifle more clear cut, the armor of her imagination had given place to rough tweed suits and soft felt hats. And the children had looked at her, from out of the shadows, with wide dark eyes—almost like real children. Her thoughts had shaped themselves about a figure that was not the romantic creation of girlhood—that was strong and willing and very tender. Dr. Blanchard, had he not been mistaken upon so many subjects, would have fitted nicely into the picture!

BUT Jim—of all people, *Jim!* He was as far removed from the boundaries of her dream as the North Pole is removed from the South. His patent-leather hair—she could not picture it against her arm—his mouth, thin-lipped and too red. . . . She shuddered involuntarily, as she thought of it, and the man bending above her saw the shudder.

"Well," he questioned for the third time, "what about it? I'm a reg'lar guy, ain't I? How'd yer like to marry me?"

Rose-Marie moistened her lips before she answered. Her voice, when it came, was very husky.

"Why, Jim—" she said faintly, "what an idea! How did you ever come to think of it?"

The man's face was flushed. His words tumbled quickly from his unsteady mouth.

"I'm crazy about yer, kid," he said. "Crazy about yer. Don't think that bein' married t' me will mean as yer'll have ter live in a dump like this-here—" the sweep of his arm was expressive, "fer yer won't! Yer'll have th' grandest flat in this city—anywhere yer say'll suit me! Yer'll have hats an' dresses, an' a car—if yer want it. Yer'll have everything—if yer'll marry me! What d' yer say?"

Rose-Marie's face was a study of mixed emotions—dislike struggling with incredulity for first place. The man saw the unbelief; for he hurried on before she could speak.

"Yer think that I'm like my pa was," he told her, "livin' on measly wages! Well, I ain't. Some nights I make a pile that runs inter thousands—an' it'll be all fer yer! All fer yer!"

Of a sudden, Rose-Marie spoke. She was scarcely tactful.

"How do you make all of this money, Jim?" she questioned, "do you come by it honestly?"

A dark wave of color spread over the man's face—dyeing it to an ugly crimson.

"What's it matter how I get it," he snarled. "long's I get it! What business is it of yers how I come by my coin? I ain't stagin' a investergation." And," his face softened suddenly, "an' yer wouldn't understand, anyhow! Yer only a girl—a little kid! What's it matter how I gets th' roll—long as I'm willin' ter spend it on m' sweetie? What's it matter?" He made a movement as if to take her into his arms—"*What's it matter?*" he questioned again.

LIKE a flash Rose-Marie was upon her feet. With a swing of her body she had evaded his arms. Her face was white and drawn, but her mind was exceptionally active—more active than it had ever been in all of her life. She knew that Jim was in a difficult mood—that a word, one way or the other, would make him as easy to manage as a kitten or as relentless as a panther, stalking his prey. She knew that it was in her power to say the word that would calm him until the return of his mother and his sister. And yet she found it well-nigh impossible to say that word.

"I'm tired of deceit," she told herself, as she stepped back, in the direction of the door. "I'll not say anything to him that isn't true! . . . Nothing can happen to me, anyway," she assured herself. "This is the nineteenth century, and I'm Rose-Marie Thompson. This is a civilized country—nothing can hurt me! I'm not afraid—not while God is taking care of me!"

Jim had straightened up. He seemed, suddenly, to tower.

"Well," he growled, "how about it? When'll we be married?"

Rose-Marie raised her head gallantly.

"We won't ever be married, Jim Volsky!" she told him, and, marvelously, there was not even the suggestion of a quaver in her voice. "We won't ever be married. I'm surprised at you for suggesting it!"

The man stared at her a moment, and his eyes showed clearly that he did not quite understand.

"Yer mean," he stammered at last, "that yer t'rowing me down?"

Rose-Marie's head was still gallantly lifted.

"I mean," she said, "that I won't marry you! Please—we'll let the matter drop, at once!"

The man came a step nearer. The bewilderment was dying from his face.

"Not much, we won't let the matter drop!" he snarled. "What's yer reason fer turnin' me down—huh?"

IT WAS then that Rose-Marie made her mistake. It was then that she ceased to be tactful. But suddenly she was tired, desperately tired, of Jim's persistence. Suddenly she was too tired to be even afraid. The lift of her chin was very proud—proud with some ingrained pride of race, as she answered. Behind her stood a long line of ancestors with gentle blood, ancestors who had known the meaning of chivalry.

Coolly she surveyed Jim. Dispassionately she noticed the lack of breeding in his face, the marks of early dissipation, the lines that sin had etched. And as she looked she laughed with just the suggestion of hauteur. For the first time in her life Rose-Marie was experiencing a touch of snobbishness, of class distinction.

"We won't discuss my reason," she told him slowly, "it should be quite evident to *any one!*"

Jim Volsky's face had turned to a dark mottled red. His slim, well-manicured hands were clenched at his sides.

"Y' mean," he questioned, and his voice had an ugly ring; "y' mean I ain't good enough fer *yer?*"

All at once the snobbishness had slipped, like a worn coat, from the shoulders of the girl. She was Rose-Marie Thompson again, a settlement worker. She was no better, despite the ancestors with gentle blood, than the man in front of her—only more fortunate. She realized that she had been not only unkind, but tactless. She tried, hurriedly—and with great scare looking out of her wide eyes—to repair the mistake that she had made.

"I don't mean that I am better than you, Jim," she said softly, "not in the matter of family. We are all the children of God—we are all brothers and sisters in His sight."

Jim Volsky interrupted. He came nearer to Rose-Marie—so near that only a few inches of floor space lay between them.

"Don't yer go sayin' over Sunday-school lessons to me," he snarled, "I know what yer meant. Yer think I ain't good enough—t' marry yer. Well—" he laughed shortly, "well, maybe I ain't good enough—t' marry yer! But I guess I'm good enough t' kiss yer—" all at once his hands shot out, closed with the strength of a vise upon her arms, just above her elbows. "I guess I'm good enough t' kiss yer!" he repeated gloatingly.

ROSE-MARIE felt cold fear creeping through her veins. There was something clammy in Jim's touch, something more than menacing in his eyes. She knew that her strength was nothing to be pitted against his; she knew that in any sort of a struggle she would be easily subdued. And yet she knew that she would rather die than feel his lips upon her lips. She felt an intense loathing toward him—the loathing that some women feel toward toads and lizards.

"Jim," she said slowly and distinctly, "let go of me this instant!"

The man was bending closer. A thick lock of his heavy hair had shaken down over his forehead, giving him a strangely piratical look.

"Not much I won't," he told her. "So I ain't good enough——"

All at once Rose-Marie felt the blindness of rage—unreasoning, deadly anger. Only two things she knew—that she hated Jim and that she would not let him kiss her. She spoke sudden defiant words that surprised even herself.

"No," she told him, and her voice was hysterically high; "no, you're not good enough! You're not good enough for *any* decent girl! You're bad—too bad to lay your fingers upon me. You're—you're unclean! Let go of me or I'll—" her courage was oozing rapidly away, "or I'll *scream!*"

Jim Volsky's too-red lips were on a level with her own. His voice came thickly. "Scream, if you want to, little kid!" he said. "Scream t' beat th' band! There ain't no one t' hear yer. Ma an' Ella an' Bennie are at the hospital—givin' pa th' once over. An' th' folks in this house are used t' yellin'. They'd oughter be! Scream if yer want to—but I'm a-goin' ter have my kiss!"

Rose-Marie could feel the warmth of his breath upon her face. Knowing the futility, the uselessness of it, she began to struggle. Desperately she tried to

Continued on page 111

WHERE BOLSHEVISM ENCROACHES ON INDIA

An Itinerant Turkoman Seller of Rugs.

A typical Sart cart. The man standing by the wheel is six feet five inches tall.

A Bokhara camel driver and his camel ready to start off along a caravan route.

Reading the Koran in a quiet courtyard in Bokhara.

Photos by Maynard O. Williams.

AIN FARAH, THE FOUNTAIN WHERE ACCORDING TO TRADITION THE 23rd PSALM WAS WRITTEN.

TAOS, AN ARTIST'S PARADISE

Taos Pueblo is eighty-six miles north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. This is one of the most picturesque pueblos in America. The community house, which is a sort of tribal apartment house building, is one of the largest of its kind. It houses 400 people. The pueblo's picturesqueness attracts many tourists, and it has a large colony of artists from this and other countries who stay there several months in the year to paint Indian life. The pueblo is about three miles from Taos Village, which is half a day's motor ride from Taos Junction on the narrow-guage line of the Denver & Rio Grande R. R.

Kit Carson's headquarters during the time when he was fighting Indians in that region were a short distance from Taos Village, and his tomb is there.

Here is a fine type of the Pueblo Indian woman of Isleta, New Mexico. She has about her shoulders one of the shawls woven by the Indians and on her head one of the attractive native water jars.

Copyright, Ewing Galloway.

No one touring through Arizona can afford to miss seeing the famous Mission San Xavier del Bao, in the open desert about fifteen miles from Tucson. This magnificent building is one of the two or three best preserved missions in the southwest. The gray section in the middle of the front is the original structure, several hundred years old Papagu Indians are in the foreground.

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

From clay model by D. Mastroiani

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China Sunday Tomorrow

Famine Situation to Be Explained in Thousands of Churches

TOMORROW, February 6, is China Famine Sunday, set aside by agreement among the churches of practically every denomination as a day of special appeal in behalf of the famine-stricken population of Northern China. From thousands of pulpits throughout America tomorrow church-goers will hear appeals to help those who at this time are so pitifully unable to help themselves.

It is mainly on America that the task of saving the many millions of famine victims must devolve. European countries are doing what they can, but scarred by war, facing their own acute problems, they are unable and can hardly be expected to do a great deal. China herself has risen nobly to the occasion. Her rich merchants in other parts of the country are giving generously to the relief of their unfortunate brothers of the five northern provinces, and the Chinese Government has introduced special transportation taxes, the receipts from which will be devoted to the succor of the starving.

But America must contribute without stint if the situation is to be appreciably relieved. Thought of their own economic problems should in this case only stir Americans to thankfulness that these are so infinitesimally trivial compared to the ghastly catastrophe which has overtaken a population of 45,000,000 souls in China's northern provinces.

THIS is the condition which the churches of the country are being asked to do their part towards relieving. Through the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and other religious bodies the local churches throughout the land have been asked to set aside tomorrow as a day of special appeal and prayer for the starving millions of North China. Sermons will stress the urgency of the situation; prayers will be offered in behalf of the sufferers, and collections taken up during the day will be turned over to the American Committee for China Famine Fund.

This representative Committee, as Christian Herald readers know, was appointed by President Wilson in December, with Thomas W. Lamont as Chairman. Complete arrangements have been made for the purchase of food supplies at points, notably in Manchuria, adjacent to the famine area, and monies collected are cabled to China immediately in order that not a moment may be lost. The machinery for distribution has been set up, and the actual work of relieving distress is superintended for the most part by missionaries of all denominations.

High hopes are entertained by the American Committee for China Famine Fund that the result of China Famine Sunday will be the saving of millions of lives. No efforts have been spared to impress upon the churches the urgency of the situation, and the fact that relief, to be effective, must be prompt. Robert E. Speer, President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, recently issued "An Appeal to All Christian People," which contained the following passage:

> "Our giving must be prompt, generous and sustained. Ought not every church make an offering unexampled in generosity to help meet this tragic situation? Ought not every disciple of Him Who fed the hungry throngs have a share in this ministry of love in the name of Christ? Clearly this is a call from Him Who has compassion on the multitudes and says: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.'"

THE latest news by mail from China to the Christian Herald office makes it clear that a magnificent response has been made to the appeal sent out for volunteer workers in the famine-stricken districts. Christian missionaries from other parts of China are flocking to the famine area and spending themselves without stint on the fight with death. Here is a portion of a letter recently received from distribution headquarters in China:

> "In the matter of personal help, missionaries stand unrivalled, especially when joined by their Christian brethren. Missionary staffs in all the centers of the affected region have thrown themselves into the work with splendid devotion and energy. Men from other localities have offered their services and are tackling superhuman tasks in outlying districts, in some cases actually single-handed.
>
> "These men have the task of receiving supplies at the railhead, checking and keeping account of quantities, arranging for and superintending transport to central 'dumps,' carrying out the distribution to sub-centers and giving out to the most needy, after careful selection, the grain tickets; superintending the cashing of these tickets at the sub-centers night by night; and tallying tickets received with food given out. And all the while they are beset with heart-rending appeals from those not yet helped, appeals hard to deny but impossible to grant.
>
> "Your help is needed. Our force is faced with superhuman tasks. We have in mind one county, among many, where one foreign missionary is attempting to do all this, and cheerfully accepts the responsibility. His only plea is that we will promise him more grants so that he may take more villages into relief work. Already he has twenty-six distributing sub-centers, each serving five to ten villages.
>
> "He reports to us: 'I am in the midst of it here, and I expect to live here for the next six months. Within another month I shall be surrounded by thousands of people starving to death, and they will die at my very door. Can you in any way possible do more for us here?'"

The Christian missionaries are doing all they can. They want to do more; but their ability to do it depends upon the response to their appeals for help which is given here in America.

And the need for a tremendous response is revealed by the fact that the famine area covers 100,000 square miles and embraces in whole or in part the five great provinces of Shantung, Shansi, Honan, Shensi and Chihli. The entire population is suffering privations; one-third of it, 15,000,000 people, are facing actual starvation; and reports from the scene of the catastrophe show that 10,000 or 15,000 persons are dying every day from starvation and its attendant ills.

MORE than 18,000 readers already have contributed to the Christian Herald's fund for China famine relief. This is a wonderful response, yet this magazine has 300,000 subscribers. Have YOU done YOUR share? Think how many lives could be saved if every member of the great Family Circle enlisted in this work!

READERS of the Christian Herald have, as always, made a generous response to the appeals addressed to them. We have already acknowledged contributions amounting to more than $300,000, and we are happy to be able to state that now the $400,000 mark is within sight. These funds have been turned over to the National Committee, and Christian Herald readers can have the satisfaction of knowing that at the moment of reading these words the money that they have generously contributed, converted into food, is actually providing meals for starving families. The last amount acknowledged as contributed to the Christian Herald fund up to January 12 was $319,869.56. Since that date the following sums have been received:

January 13	$5,876.82
" 14	4,148.66
" 15	2,974.90
" 17	10,379.84
" 18	4,523.46
" 19	7,186.25
Grand Total	**$354,959.49**

Contributions may be addressed to the Christian Herald China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Transform the Firebell's Message of Terror To a Message of Confidence

The terrifying sound of the firebell rings out in the still of the winter's night. You spring from your bed shivering at the possibilities of fire in your community. Your town inadequately protected—your home, your business, your loved ones in danger. You think with fear of the devastating fires other towns have suffered, and paint in your own mind the terrible picture of destruction in *your* town.

If your town were protected in the same efficient way in which big cities are protected, by American-LaFrance Fire Apparatus mounted on a Ford chassis you would not have these fears. You would realize that any member of the fire department who could drive a Ford could drive this speedy little vehicle to the fire; that within a few seconds after its arrival a stream of "chemical" 40 times as effective as water would be playing on the fire. In a short space of time the fire would be out—all danger past—your town saved—everybody congratulating the foresighted citizens who provided the community with such thorough protection.

If an alarm means a feeling of terror for you, take steps today to protect your town from fire. Enlist the aid of other prominent citizens. Fill out the attached coupon with their names and mail it to us.

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Gentlemen:—I have here listed the names and addresses of several of my friends to whom I should like to have you send circulars giving complete details of American-La France Fire Apparatus. It is understood that my name is not to be used in any way in this connection.

NAMES	ADDRESSES

Back to the Backyard

BACK to a little piece of earth in which you can plant pure-bred seeds for a harvest of tender fresh vegetables. This is one solution of the increasing cost of foodstuffs—one doctorless cure for sleepless nights and that all-in feeling—one sure source of inspiration for the next day's work.

There's nothing more sensible—and nothing more easy. Pure-bred seeds and good cultivation are the essentials. The one you can buy "at the store around the corner" that sells Ferry's Seeds; the other you can learn from Ferry's Seed Annual.

Ferry's Seeds are rightly called "pure-bred seeds." They are the progeny of parent plants whose parents and grandparents have been carefully selected for years. Plants are like animals. Defects or virtues are handed down to the following generations. "Weeding out" is done scientifically on the great Ferry Stock Seed Gardens. There, every variety of vegetable must meet rigid tests for vitality, must duplicate the size, flavor, tenderness and productivity of the parent plant. Flowers must show their ancestral traits of color and vigor.

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Don't forget to ask for Ferry's pure-bred seeds "at the store around the corner." Price, 10c per paper, and always worth it. Write now for Ferry's Seed Annual (free). It is a good garden guide.

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 105

Of equal importance was his announcement that he intended to hold the New York City police department responsible for the enforcement of prohibition. "It is not my duty to enforce the law in New York City," he declared, "but it is my duty to interfere with the head of the police department if the law is not enforced." Since the Governor has the power to remove the city's Police Commissioner, he can compel a tightening up of the lines against the rum-runners and enlist in the fight for obedience to law forces which heretofore have been neutral. With the police of the city actively co-operating with the Federal authorities, real progress should be made toward ending the liquor traffic in the country's largest city, and toward cleaning up the surrounding districts for which it has been a source of supply.

DOMESTIC

TWO NEW YORK POLICE CAPTAINS INDICTED. Two captains of the New York police department have been indicted on the charge of accepting money from firms which desired improved police protection during strikes. Former Governor Charles S. Whitman, in charge of the inquiry, declared grafting prevailed on a scale as large or larger than in the Becker days, but consisted mostly of extortions from legitimate business firms instead of from open lawbreakers.

TOWN FORGOTTEN IN CENSUS. Census Bureau officials have just discovered that the village of Long Beach, N. Y., was overlooked in the 1920 census and that no count was made there. Its population is less than 1,000. Apparently it was the only town in the country which was missed.

GOMPERS HEADS PAN-AMERICAN LABOR. Samuel Gompers was re-elected president of the Pan-American Federation of Labor at the convention in Mexico City, after a fight in which the Mexicans, Salvadoreans and Guatemalans were allied against him. Their opposition was due to hostility against the Latin-American policy of the United States, particularly with regard to Santo Domingo.

$1,000,000 GIFT FOR NEEDY. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has announced a gift of $1,000,000 to the proposed $33,000,000 fund for the relief of destitute women and children of Europe.

FOREIGN

TROOPS BLOW UP HOUSES IN CORK. Crown forces in Cork blew up two large business houses because it was alleged shots had been fired at the police from them. A police patrol in County Clare was ambushed and five of its members killed.

BRITISH REDUCE ARMY IN INDIA. The British Government has decided to demobilize several Indian regiments, with a total of 30,000 men and 2,500 British officers, and has been considering the withdrawal of several British units from India. Alarm was expressed in England over this policy because of the growing unrest in India.

CHURCHILL TAKES NEW BRITISH POST. Winston Churchill, the British Minister of War, has accepted the post of Colonial Secretary. No explanation of the transfer was made, but it was attributed in semi-official quarters to his lack of accord with Premier Lloyd George regarding German disarmament and reparations.

FIFTY-SEVEN LOST WITH SUBMARINE. Six officers and fifty-one men were lost when the British submarine K-5 disappeared off Land's End. The cause of the disaster was unknown.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT is hereby made of the receipt for the Bowery Mission B. C. fund of $50, from a friend somewhere in Nebraska.

Diamond Dye any garment or drapery

EACH package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for women to dye any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins your material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind. Druggist has Color Card.

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Free Booklets for Investors

A number of interesting and valuable investment booklets have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these booklets free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for the booklets by number. Address correspondence to Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Booklet No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Booklet No. 2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Booklets 4, 5 and 6 for city real estate bonds, and Booklets 7, 8 and 9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Booklet 11.

To invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Booklet 13.

Liberty Bonds—Booklet No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Long-term railroad bonds of the New York Central, Pennsylvania and other leading railroads, yielding from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. at present prices, are featured in Booklet 21.

Standard Gas & Electric Co. 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent., are described in Booklet 28.

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent. present prices, are featured in Booklet 30.

H. J. Heinz Co. 7 per cent. gold notes, in denominations of $1,000, $500 and $100, at a price to yield 7¾ per cent. for ten years, are described in Booklet 33. The net earnings available for interest charges for the past four years have averaged five times the annual interest charge on these notes.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

The Island of Faith

Continued from page 108

twist her arms from the slim, brutal hands that held them; but the hands did not loosen their hold. She told herself, as she struggled, that Jim had spoken the truth—that a scream, more or less, was an everyday occurrence in the tenement.

ALL at once she realized, with a dazed, sinking feeling, that the Young Doctor had had some foundation of truth in certain of his statements. Some of the slum people were like animals—very like animals! Jim, apparently was all animal as he bent above her, easily holding her with his hands. Nothing that she said could reach him—nothing. She realized why the Young Doctor had wanted her to leave the Settlement House—before any of her dreams had been shattered, before her faith in mankind had been abused! She realized why, at times, he had hurt her and with the realization came the knowledge that she wanted him, desperately, at that minute—that he, out of all the people in the world, was the one that her heart was calling to in her time of need. She wanted the strength of him, the protection.

Once before, earlier in the afternoon, she had realized that there was much of the cat in Jim. Now she realized it again, with a new sense of fear and dislike. For Jim was not claiming the kiss that he wanted; in a straightforward way—he was holding her gloatingly, as a cat tortures a mouse. He was letting her know, without words, that she was utterly helpless—that he could kiss her when he wanted to, and not until he wanted to. There was something horribly playful in his attitude. She struggled again—but more weakly; her strength was going. If there were only somebody to help—somebody!

And then, all at once, she remembered—with a blinding sense of relief—what she had been forgetting. She remembered that there was Somebody—a Somebody Who is always ready to help—a Somebody who watches over the fate of every little sparrow. . . .

"If you hurt me," she said desperately, to Jim, "God will know! Let go of me—or I'll——"

Jim interrupted.

"Yer'll scream!" he chuckled, and there was cruel mirth in the chuckle. "Yer'll scream, an' God will take care o' yer! Well—scream! I don't believe as God can help yer. God ain't never been in this tenement—as far as I know!"

DESPITE her weight of fear and loathing, Rose-Marie was suddenly sorry for Jim. There was something pitiful—something that he did not realize the pathos of—in his speech. God had never been in the tenement—*God had never been in the tenement!* All at once she realized that Jim's wickedness, that Jim's point of view, was not wholly his fault. Jim had not been brought up, as she had, in the clean out-of-doors; he, like many another slum child had grown to manhood without his proper heritage of fresh air and sunshine. One could not entirely blame him for thinking of his home, the only home that he had ever known, as a Godless place. She stopped struggling and her voice was suddenly calm and sweet as she answered Jim's statement.

"God," she said slowly, "*is* in this tenement. God is everywhere, Jim—everywhere! If I call on Him, He will help me!"

All at once Jim had swung her away from him, until he was holding her at arm's length. He looked at her from between narrowed lids, and there was bitter sarcasm in his eyes.

"Call on Him, then," he taunted, "call on Him! Lotta good it'll do yer!"

Rose-Marie's eyes were blurred with tears, her voice trembled, as she spoke. "Help me, God!" she said softly, "*Help me, God!*"

The Volsky flat was still, for a moment. And then, with a surprising quickness, the door to the inner room swung open. Jim, who was standing with his back to the door, did not see the tiny, golden-haired figure that stood in the opening, but Rose-Marie caught her breath in a kind of a sob.

"I had forgotten Lily—" she murmured, almost to herself.

Jim, hearing her words, glanced quickly back over his shoulder. And then he laughed, and there was an added brutality in the tone of his laughter.

"Oh—Lily!" he laughed. "Lily! She won't help yer—not much! I was sort of expectin' this God that yer talk about—" The laughter died out of his face and he jerked her suddenly close—so close that she lay trembling in his arms. "Lily can't hear," he exulted, "'r see, 'r speak. *I'll take my kiss—now!*"

IT WAS then that Rose-Marie, forgetting herself in the panic of the moment, screamed. She screamed lustily, twisting her face away from his lips. And as she screamed Lily, as silently as a little wraith, started across the room. She might almost have heard, so straight she came. She might almost have known what was happening, so directly she ran to the spot where Rose-Marie was struggling in the arms of Jim. All at once her thin little hands had fastened themselves upon the man's trouser leg, all at once she was pulling at him, with all of her feeble strength.

Rose-Marie, still struggling, felt an added weight of apprehension. Not only her own safety was at stake—Lily, who was so weak, was in danger of being hurt. She jerked back, with another cry.

"Oh, God help me!" she cried, "God help *us!*"

Silently, but with a curious persistence, the child clung to the man's trouser leg. With an oath he looked back, again, over his shoulder.

"Leave go of me," he mouthed, "Leave go o' me—y' little brat! 'r I'll——"

And, "Let go of him, Lily," sobbed Rose-Marie, forgetting that the child could not hear, "Let go of him, or he'll hurt you!"

The child lifted her sightless blue eyes wistfully, to the faces above her—the faces that she could not see. And she clung the closer.

Jim was swearing, steadily—swearing with a dogged, horrible regularity. Of a sudden he raised his heavy foot and kicked viciously at the child who clung so tenaciously to his other leg. Rose-Marie, powerless to help, closed her eyes—opened them again almost spasmodically.

"You brute," she screamed, "*you utter brute!*".

Lily, who had never, in all of her broken little life, felt an unkind touch, wavered, as the man's boot touched her slight body. Her sightless eyes clouded, all at once, with tears. And then, with a sudden piercing shriek, she crumpled up—in a white little heap—upon the floor.

To be concluded

A Christian Civic Center

RICHLAND CENTER, Wisconsin, is trying a practical experiment in denominational co-operation. The town had six churches, five Protestant and one Catholic; it also had an unused auditorium, and it had three thousand people with no recreational center. Obviously the ingredients for a community center were all there and all that was needed was a little mixing. So representatives of the six churches got together and decided to be the mixers.

After talking the matter over, they went to the City Council with the proposal that if the town would fit up the auditorium building with social rooms, gymnasium and baths, the churches would unite to employ a secretary to direct the social life of the whole community. The city council fell in with the plan, the churches canvassed the town for additional subscriptions, and now the "Christian Civic Center" is the most going affair in the entire town with an influence steadily increasing as its work progresses.

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It is good health which keeps womanly beauty fresh. Cosmetics can only hide the traces of the years in a once pretty face.

Mothers who are still young at the age of forty can teach their daughters the value of a good aperient in keeping the blush of youth in their cheeks.

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medium brown..... light brown.....
Name..... Street.....
Town..... Co..... State.....

Lessons on Citizenship

International Sunday School Lesson for February 13
Deut. 8:6-11; Matt. 22:15-22; 34-40

By LUTHER DENNY WHITTEMORE, Litt.D.

THE selections from Matthew on which this study is based can not be regarded primarily as lessons on citizenship, for they were written as successive chapters in the story of the conflict which was precipitated by the enemies of Jesus and which continued with increasing intensity until the end; but the principles involved may be applied in all the complex relations of people with each other, and particularly in the perplexing situations where there is apparent contradiction between duty to God and duty to the state, between obedience to the voice of conscience and compliance with the demands of government.

The Bible as a whole is a wonderfully comprehensive textbook on citizenship, containing the laws of Moses, the unrivaled lawgiver; the history of the Jews, the most enlightened nation of antiquity; and the teachings of Jesus concerning the Kingdom of Heaven, the highest social ideal which has ever been conceived.

The Conflict. It is a familiar experience that we remember best and longest the events which at the time of their occurrence make the most vivid impression upon our minds—those which most powerfully affect the feelings, or those which are decisive factors in our own lives. This explains in part why the writers of the Gospel story described in such detail the scenes with which the last days of the Master's earthly life were crowded. At such a time events seem momentous which ordinarily would appear as trifling incidents. Thus, because vital issues were at stake, the questioning of Jesus by the Pharisees and His replies were far more serious than the casual discussion of mooted questions.

AROUSED to desperation by the pointed parables by which Jesus had so clearly shown His condemnation of their attitude towards the Kingdom of Heaven, the Pharisees in a war of words had taken the offensive; and with the Herodians as allies, they had contrived a stratagem from which they thought that Jesus could not escape.

"Tell us," they said, "is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not?" "Yes" or "No" was the expected answer. "Yes, it is lawful," would alienate the loyalty and quench the enthusiasm of the multitudes who had saluted Him as the Son of David, and would make His Messianic claims appear preposterous; while "No" would classify Him with the Zealots and reveal His purpose to defy the government of Rome. In either case His answer could be used as evidence against Him.

The reply of Jesus, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," has been called by some the greatest of all His sayings. Its immediate effect was to disconcert His adversaries and to force them to execute a new attack. The "saying" has become a proverb, the final word regarding the universal obligation of loyalty to the government of the state and to the government of God. Here, as elsewhere in His teaching, Jesus deals in principles rather than in rules, and leaves it to the individual's judgment to determine what specific things belong to Cæsar and what things belong to God.

The Citizenship of Jesus. Jesus did not discuss the theory of civil government, nor did He question the right of governments to exercise authority. He Himself performed the duties of a citizen. He took upon Himself the obligations of a patriotic Jew, observing the law, and honoring the heroes of the race and the nation to which He belonged. He quoted the great prophets and was familiar with the law, which He came to fulfil, not to destroy. No act or word of His could have created a suspicion of disloyalty. He loved His country, and wept over the city of Jerusalem. He sent His disciples first on a mission to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. He did not attempt to overthrow the authority of the rulers of the Jews, although he tried to convert them from the error of their ways.

On the other hand, Jesus did not oppose the supremacy of Rome. He mingled with Roman officials and healed the daughter of the Roman centurion. He paid the tax required by Roman law. He was a friend of publicans, and chose Matthew, a tax-collector, as one of His disciples. He was born in Bethlehem, whither His parents had gone in compliance with a requirement of the Roman emperor. Jesus saw no inconsistency between love of His own country and respect for all others. He was an internationalist in the finest sense. His Heavenly Father was not the deity of a single race, but the God and Father of all men everywhere. The Kingdom of Heaven was broad enough to embrace people of all nations, to whom the disciples were ultimately sent.

THE *higher law.* It must be acknowledged that the customs and laws of men are not always in harmony with the laws of God. What, then, is the Christian citizen's duty? Does conscientious objection always justify nonconformity? This is a question which each must answer to his own conscience and to his God. There are surely circumstances under which the judgment of an individual must be subjected to the judgment of an enlightened state. It may be presumption for one man to decide that he alone is right and all others wrong; and it may be better to submit than to rebel. On the other hand, the noble army of the martyrs have obeyed a higher law. Peter and John, when they were forbidden to preach in the name of Jesus, chose to obey God rather than men. The phrase, "My country, right or wrong," may be patriotic if it expresses a devotion like that of a father for a wayward son, and if it stimulates a high endeavor to make and keep the country right; but no one who lives in the present generation and who recognizes the supreme obligation of obedience to God, will grant the infallibility of states or will assert that under all circumstances whatsoever, a nation's program must be supported by its citizens.

The great commandment. Jesus' answer to the question, "Which is the great commandment?" was precisely that which the strictest of the Pharisees would have given; for Jesus quoted the words written on the phylactery worn by patriotic Jews, and possibly by his questioner. The words of the second commandment were familiar also; but Jesus was the first to teach that love to God is manifested best in service to one's fellow-man. "If ye love me," He said, to His disciples, "keep my commandments; and this is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you."

In this the Pharisees of Jesus' time were lacking. Acknowledging the obligation to obey the commandments and professing to obey, they lacked one thing—the spirit of neighborliness. The wounds of the world today will not be healed by hatred or antagonism, nor by the cold discussion of questions of theology; but they will respond, and are responding, to the treatment of practical religion.

As a summary of this lesson nothing could be more fitting than the thirteenth chapter of Romans, which reflects the spirit of Jesus and repeats His words: "Render, therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor. Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."

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The "Ultimate Consumer"

He Muses Over Questions Provoked by Prices and Prices

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

SOME questions asked by Old Man Ultimate Consumer. Answers thankfully received. Address, United States of America, General Delivery.

Question 1. When a farmer brings a calf's hide to town and gets 98 cents for it at the tanner's or the packer's and then crosses the street and pays $15 for a pair of shoes for his wife, how much would the farmer have received for the hide if the shoes were marked down to $8.99?

Question 2. If eggs are quoted in the market at 73 cents a dozen and a New York hotel charges 50 cents for two boiled, how many people will pay the 50 cents rather than make a fuss?

Question 3. When corn drops from $1.86 a bushel to 30 cents, and hogs from $20 a hundred to $9, why are pork chops and bacon the same price as when corn was $1.86 and hogs $20 a hundred? (No answer expected.)

Question 4. How many profiteers have been sent to jail for profiteering?

Question 5. How much profit makes a person a profiteer?

Question 6. When sugar drops from 21 to 9 cents a pound, why does the price of candy go up?

Question 7. If a suit of clothes cost $82 four months ago and the store man offers the same suit now for $41.79, how much did he lose on the $82 suit?

Question 8. Semi-anthracite coal was $14.50 a ton last winter on account of less production. With more production this winter and more coal in sight the same coal is $18 a ton. How much coal will I have to burn to keep warm if I am a school teacher getting a salary of $76 a month?

Question 9. How long will the coal profiteer have to burn?

Question 10. If a table d'hôte dinner in an American city costs $6.50 and it takes $2 a week to keep a child from starving in China, how many table d'hôte dinners will a city man have to eat to save one child?

Question 11. If a necessity like chewing-gum is still five cents a package, why have daily papers gone up to ten cents for a Sunday edition?

Question 12. Railroad passenger engineers get $3,129 a year. Ministers average less than $1,000. Make your own question.

Question 13. The amount of money spent for tobacco in the United States is more than is spent for education and religion. What for?

Question 14. Do profiteers ever read editorials against them? Profiteers please answer.

Question 15. If a difference of $9 in a barrel of flour is a market fact, why do I still keep paying the same price for a loaf of bread the same size?

Question 16. If it costs me and my family $2,500 a year to live, what will it cost me to have a funeral if my salary is only $2,400?

Question 17. If it costs more to live in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit and Chicago than it does in London, Quebec, Winnipeg, New Zealand, and Samoa—finish the sentence.

Question 18. If $1 is equal to 50 cents, why will not 50 cents buy one dollar's worth?

Question 19. If life is worth living, what is the living worth? Thank you.

IT IS one of the mysteries of the decline in the price of many articles of merchandise that those who have been selling at a top-notch figure are so frankly taking the buying public into their confidence, and many a customer who bought a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes or gloves, now walks pensively by the shop or store into which he paid easy money, and as he gazes sadly at the same goods marked, "At Cost," he does some rapid-fire mathematics and wonders why he didn't have sense enough to wait and do his shopping after the holidays instead of before. For he sees identically the same overcoat he paid $87 for marked down to $43.89. And he gazes long at a suit of clothesonce $76.50 now going for $39.25. And as his eyes roam over the display of "gents'" furnishings, and note the same make and weave of ties, formerly $6.91 now $3.64, he heaves a sigh of useless regret that he did not let the old ties do the business a little longer.

But the thing that the shopper begins to ask is a question that revolves like an old-fashioned pinwheel in his brain as he dwells on the words, "At Cost," attached to the garments in the "gents'" furnishing or the "ladies'" cloak emporium.

"If," his mind begins to revolve, "that overcoat cost me $87 and it is now being sold "at cost" for $43.89, how much did the furnishing man make on the coat? And if the suit that formerly cost me $76.50 is now going "at cost" for $39.25, why would it not be a good plan for me to sell out the business I am now in or quit teaching school, and go to selling "gents'" furnishings before the holidays? Yes, why not?

And the man—who, by the way is our old friend, Ultimate Consumer—passes on a little farther, and stops meditatively in front of a "ladies'" cloak emporium. He stops because he sees those magic words again, just as he saw them in front of the "gents'" furnishing place. He is now regarding, with serious interest the figures on a fur-caped cloak, a twin to the one he bought for his wife before the holidays. On this garment, which gracefully adorns the smiling figure of a red-cheeked "lady" in the window, the man reads, "At cost! Formerly $159. Now $68.72."

Old Man Ultimate Consumer is pained and surprised by this announcement. He paid $159 for the cloak, that is, for one just like this one. And it is now draped gracefully about a handsomer person, he says to himself, than the "lady" in the window. He does not begrudge giving her the cloak. It is not hat. But he cannot help wondering why, if the real "cost" of the garment was $68.72, the cloak man did not charge a fair profit to the buyer and ask more than the paltry sum of $159?

This question is so hard to answer that he gives it up and walks down past the shoe store where he paid $14 for a pair of shoes before the holidays and they are marked "at cost, only $6.97 now," but the man does not stop. He is on his way home to tell his wife how fine she looks in the $159 cloak. But in his dreams Old Man Ultimate Consumer sees himself gazing with awe and admiration at the magic letters in the shop windows of the world "FORMERLY $$$$$$$$. NOW $$."

A Community Wedding Day

SOME castes in India observe a community wedding day once a year, and whether you are an ardent lover or a coy maiden you cannot get your nuptials celebrated until that date. But fancy the case of the shepherd caste. They celebrate their weddings only once in twelve, fifteen or twenty-five years on one day in a prescribed month throughout the entire state. What if you became engaged just after such a date and had to wait for twenty-four years? And think of how little importance the bride would be when all the other marriages of a quarter century were celebrated on her wedding-day.

A WEDDING ceremony with a vivid touch is that of the Brahma caste in India. The bride dressed in engaging trousers is seated in a closed palaquin, while the unfortunate bridegroom has a foretaste of future conjual bliss by having to walk around the palaquin seven times, being switched at each turn by an oleander branch in the hands of his new mother-in-law!

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Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. So night and day it may do a damage which few people have escaped.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

New methods now

Dental science, after diligent research, has found effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Now leading dentists, in Europe and America, advise their daily use.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And millions of people have already adopted it.

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It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits which otherwise cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

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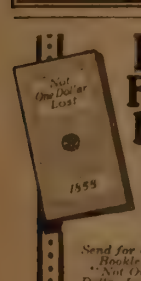

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After the Storm

Sunshine and Blue Sky Soon Bring Forgetfulness of Trouble

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

YESTERDAY it stormed. It stormed very hard, indeed—so hard that the gutters were a torrent of muddy water and the streets were rendered well-nigh impassable because of the slush and icy particles that crowded them. It stormed so hard that the gray clouds in the sky seemed almost touching the earth; so hard that the rain fell like hostile arrows upon the hurrying and uncomfortable population of our city.

Yesterday it stormed. But today the whole world seemed in a joyous frame of mind—in a party mood, almost. It might have been spring again, so warm it was—the bare trees might almost have been tricked into showing fresh young leaves. And the sky was as smiling as a pretty girl and as blue as the flowers that grow in the promised land. And the population of our city forgot to hurry, forgot that they had ever been in the least uncomfortable. With the sidewalks dry again and the gutters in a normal condition it was hard to believe that the world had ever known the unpleasantness of a rain storm.

I came to the office in an exceedingly cheerful frame of mind. I was glad of the beautiful day; I was warm and dry and happy. I wanted to raise my face to the sky and laugh into its blue beauty; I wanted to skip along the dry pavements and to sing. Life stretched warm friendly hands to me; Life smiled into my eyes. And I, meeting Life's eyes, smiled back!

Our editor looked up as I came into the room. He seemed happy, too. The glory of the sun-lit day had touched his heart, had brought gladness to his soul.

"Isn't it wonderful," he said to me, as I seated myself at my desk, "isn't it wonderful to have a day like this happen after the storm?"

Almost without meaning to, I asked a question. Almost against my own volition, I spoke.

"What storm?" I questioned. "What storm?"

For the sunshine and blue sky of *one pleasant day* had enabled me to forget the unpleasantness of the day that lay in the background.

SOME historian—or perhaps it was some novelist or essay writer—once said that God's greatest gift to the human race was the gift of forgetfulness. "We can feel bitterness and woe," he said, "and we can suffer untold pain—during the blackness of the night. But when the morning comes we can put the night behind us; we can forget the fear and the pain and the woe. For the sunlight has a healing power—a power too potent for mere words to describe!"

I know a girl—now a nearly famous and rather well-paid artist—who had a very bitter childhood. Life held little of joy for her, little of the pleasurable excitement that childhood craves. Poverty was the bleak guest who sat always at the family table; want was the gaunt visitor who sat wolf-like on the doorstep of her home! Luxury was an unknown word to her.

"All of my life, until I was sixteen," she told me once, "I never had a new dress. I never owned a fresh, uncreased hair-ribbon. I used to see doll babies in shop windows when I went downtown on infrequent errands. But I never owned any except one that I constructed for myself. The very paper that I made drawings on—even as a small child I loved to draw—was cheap wrapping-paper!

"And yet, looking back upon my childhood, I find that the hardships I knew are not the outstanding things that I remember. The dolls that I didn't have, the dresses that I never owned, are only vague spots in an otherwise vivid picture. The things that I remember are the bright days—the days when we had unexpected cream puffs for dinner, the day when I made a beautiful color by mixing two drab shades of house-paint together, the day when my mother laid aside the monotonous work that she seemed always to be doing and took me to the zoo. I find myself remembering the time, at school, when I won a prize for drawing—rather than the time when I heard a little girl say that I was the shabbiest one in the class! Mercifully the unhappiness and the resentment that I used to feel have become background. And the happiness has come radiantly to the fore."

> "I WISH *the rain would go away,*"
> *Said little Johnny Jones;*
> "*The world is gloomy as a grave,*
> "*The dampness hurts my bones!*
> "*I wish, deep in my heart of hearts,*
> "*That rain would never be—*
> "*Why can't all days be sunny ones?*"
> *Said Johnny Jones to me.*
>
> *Before I had a chance to speak,*
> *Small Johnny's sister Jane*
> *Said kindly to the little lad—*
> "*The Lord sends storms and rain,*
> "*To make the sunny days that come,*
> "*More beautiful and bright!*
> "*It is* His *way,*" *said sister Jane,*
> "*His way is always right!*"

MY friend, who is no longer a poverty-stricken child, can look back upon her cheerless past with a light word and laughter. And I have known others who could look back with the same bland forgetfulness upon equally drab days. Some of the great people of the world have come to the front from—and perhaps because of—unauspicious circumstances. And, arriving at the top of the ladder, those unauspicious circumstances have not made them the less sympathetic, or the more bitter. For God's gift of forgetfulness has aided them in remembering only the brightest side of the things that they have gone through.

I fancy that Lincoln, as President of the United States, did not dwell upon the hardships of his childhood. I think, rather, that he often looked back with a sort of quiet joy upon the books that he borrowed, and the love of his wonderful mother, and the education that he snatched where he could. The miles that he had to tramp in quest of the books, the finenesses of manner that his mother could not give to him, the necessary schooling that he had to miss, meant nothing—when he was the man of the hour. He had forgotten, long before his death, the storm that had been his early life. For the sunshine had followed the storm—as it always does—bringing forgetfulness.

That is the secret of it all. The sunshine always follows the storm! After a day—or a week or a month or *years*—of unpleasantness joy will come again. And the joy will, like the sunshine, make the unhappiness fade into the background.

Of course this does not apply to every life. Of course some people will allow early disappointments to blight future happiness and to banish joy. But people like this are in the minority. They are the ones who, on a sunshiny morning, remember the rain storm of yesterday and look less kindly at the blue sky. They are the ones who would rather live in the dark background of the masterpiece of life, than be one of the leading figures in it. They are the ones who will never go far because they cannot—because they are not big enough enough to go far! They are the ones who look back, always, into the shadows, instead of looking forward into the light. They are the real failures.

Sorrows and disappointments and fears are God's storms. The comforts and new chances of life are His sunshiny days. He has given them to us as a part of His greatest gift—the gift of forgetfulness.

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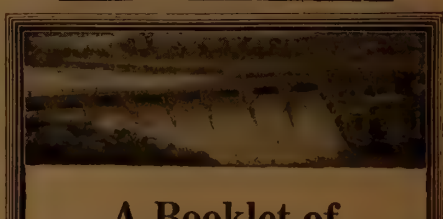

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The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

LETTERS from many states, received this week, show that prayers for nation-wide revival are being continuously offered. There are also prayers for quickening of local churches, for community awakening, and for the conversion of friends and relatives.

Mrs. M. L. H. asks prayers for a wonderful awakening and the salvation of many souls during the revival at Emden, Ill., and that the Lord may direct them in all things.

"Please pray that we may have a Holy Ghost revival in the Cora Church," writes M. M., Lebanon, Kans., "and that we may have a minister who is filled with the Holy Ghost."

"Evangelistic meetings are being held at Oxford, N. Y.," writes a friend. "Pray that God may pour out the Holy Spirit and great good be accomplished."

"I ask prayers for the churches in Wahoo," writes L. A. M., Wahoo, Neb., "that they may be brought nearer to the Father."

A. E. J., Danville, Ia., asks prayers for a revival; and that ten men who have lived long lives in sin may be converted; that a friend who is nearly blind may have his eyesight restored; that an orphan boy may have the way opened for him to secure an education; and for financial help.

Mrs. S. K. S., writes: "I am a reader of the Christian Herald and I am writing now to ask for intercession and prayers for Mrs. H. Y., for recovery of her vision. She is a devoted Christian and firm believer in the power of the Living Presence of Christ and in answer to prayer. I also ask for intercession and prayer for my recovery of physical vigor and renewal of the sense of hearing."

Reader, Mt. Olive, N. C., asks prayers for the "conviction and reformation of the intemperate in our community, and also for a general spiritual awakening and growth in grace in the entire community."

"Friend in Need" asks prayers for deliverance from Satanic influence and acknowledges answered prayer in the past.

"Sinful" writes: "Will you please pray that in this New Year I shall not be overcome with evil, either from within or without, but that instead, the Christ will be formed in me, and, abiding in Him, the evil be overcome."

V. H., Oberlin, Kansas, asks that we "Pray that God's will may be done in our church building campaign, and His name glorified. Also, that we may have an outpouring of God's spirit and the pastor may be filled with the Holy Spirit."

Among the individual requests are the following: for healing, 150; spiritual advancement, 22; conversion of relatives and friends, 100; peace, 20; faith, 13; success, 22; forgiveness, 26; blessing, 6; wisdom, 37; heart's desire, 42; reunion, 11; and for patience, 3.

We have received grateful acknowledgments of answered prayer from the following: Mrs. W. A. M., Mrs. P. H. T., I. B. S., Friend, M. L., Reader in China, E. E. M., A. H., Mrs. E. C. M., H. M. M., Mrs. F. W., Mrs. F. R., and Mrs. S. J. S.

Young People's Topics for February 13

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Thy Kingdom Come—In My Home

C. E., and B. Y. P. U. Matt. 6 : 7–15

THE beginnings of life are in the loving circles of the home, where also are the beginnings of love's sweet lessons and love's best service. "That is best which lies nearest." Dickens, in "Bleak House," describes a character with handsome eyes, who had a curious trick of seeing afar off. She could see Africa, but had no time to see her own family. She had large schemes for the colonization of the surplus populations on the Niger, but her own children grew up uncared for, dirty and ignorant. It was not at all strange that we learn of the wreck of that home and the bankruptcy of her husband. Given the kingdom of heaven values at the fireside and those who sit by that fireside will take the kingdom of heaven to all sides of the world.

How do persons succeed in great things? By fidelity to the small tasks. How are great demands met? By meeting the demands near at hand. We act in great wide movements as we act in more restricted environments. Back of every Christian, is the Christian home. Back of every Christian man and woman, times without number, is a Christian mother and father. God at the fireside, God in the nursery, God in the drawing-room, and God in the kitchen, and in the attic and in the cellar, God in the home by the family altar and in the conversation and the daily contact of intercourse and fellowship is what will bring in the Kingdom of God in the community and the state and the nation and the world. There is no institution so potent as the Christian home.

Restoring a Country

E. L., Neh. 2 : 11–18

NEHEMIAH went to Jerusalem. His mission and message was restoration. See the Scripture reference. The story of the restoration by Nehemiah we know. The story of the restoration of present lands is in the making. We, too, have a part in this program of reconstruction. Reconstruction is a word that has been given fresh interpretation and new emphasis these last few years. But words are only symbols for ideas and ideals. Reconstruction began twenty centuries ago on a hill-top called Calvary. The hope for the rebuilding of the world, for the fusion of the nations into righteousness, for the restoration of humanity everywhere is Jesus Christ.

A writer in Leslie's Weekly discussing the various plans and programs, the divers schemes and variegated themes offered as the remedy says: "Why not try religion?" Indeed, why not? Christianity is the solution for the unrest and unreason and the fret and fever in this land and lands across the sea. There is only one reason we can offer for this contention. It is because wherever and whenever Christianity has been honestly, consistently, sincerely and passionately tried it has always met the situation. Christianity is not an experiment but an experience. The Gospel is not an intellectual abstraction but a life-giving attraction.

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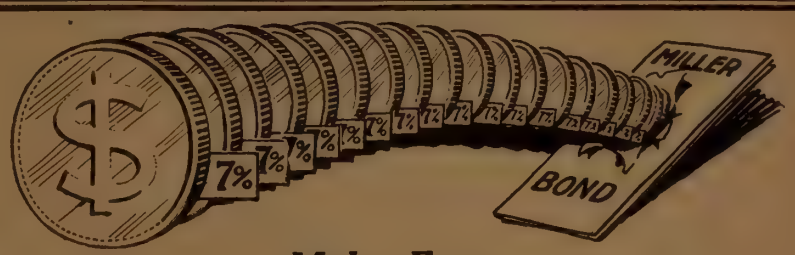

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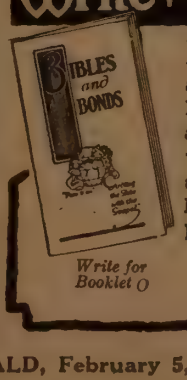

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MR. G., Leedey, Okla., sends this letter, which may give an idea to other readers: "I have had an inspiration and I can not get rid of the thought until I tell it to some one, and why not the Christian Herald Family? Many little towns in country districts lack libraries. The thought came to me the other day: why not give your library to start one for your town? But I demurred, 'Why, they are mine,' I said. 'They are like friends. I could not give them up.' Then very suddenly, something within me said 'Selfish, selfish!'" I began to see the point. We accumulate books and I daresay we finally grow selfish with them. Of course, we will loan them to a friend, who may be able to buy; but how about the poor and those in the country who are not on our list of friends? Must they go without? Our little town needs a library so much, and a place where the young people might go evenings and read, instead of wandering off to questionable places. These are new times, and it is a good way to convince ourselves by looking over our books and saying, 'What Would Jesus Do?' We all know His answer."

In a majority of American homes there are books that could well be spared for such a good purpose as our reader suggests. The Christian Herald knows from experience how such gifts would be valued. A few good-hearted families setting an example such as our correspondent indicates, would soon inspire many others to help by gifts of books to assemble the nucleus of a little public library in some rural section where it would be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. A. M. P., Iuka, Ill. A polyglot Bible is one which gives the Hebrew, Greek and Latin texts side by side, for convenience of comparison in questions affecting translation, etc. Some of the early polyglots gave Chaldean, Syriac and Latin. The London Polyglot, published in 1657, was still more comprehensive, giving Latin, Syriac, Samaritan, and Arabic in one volume, and Ethiopic, Persian and Chaldee as parts of another volume.

Mrs. G. H. W., Chester, Vt., makes a plea for professing Christians to stop doing unnecessary work on Sunday. She also pleads for Christian "movies," and for the suppression of those pictures that teach evil ways, especially to the young.

Reader, Calif. We have sent your letter to the Prayer League. The swearing habit is one that, once acquired, is hard to conquer. Take counsel with some godly woman of your acquaintance, and she may be able to suggest a way to make an impression where you have failed. Above all, don't lose faith. Pray that things may come right, that the outbreaks may be controlled, and that a deep sense of the sin of such a course may come to the heart and conscience of the offender.

M. B., Hartford, Conn., writes: "I thought you might like to know where my Christian Herald goes. First, I read it; then I let a sister have it to read. Next, I send it to an aunt in England who lets her neighbors have it, and then it is sent to a fever hospital. So you see it makes quite a number of people happy. I have taken the Christian Herald for years My mother took it long before I did. We look forward with pleasure every week for its visits."

P. M., Indiana County, Pa. According to the New York World Almanac for 1921, marriages between first or "full" cousins is forbidden in all of the States except Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Idaho, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia and Washington.

J. T. S., Norfolk, Va., asks: "Will you kindly explain the meaning of John 21 : 25, which says the world could not contain the books that could be written of what Jesus did?"

The previous verse is John's personal attestation of the truth of what he has written concerning Jesus, and verse 25 is intended to let all men know that he might have written much more—enough to fill many books—concerning the teachings and doings of the Saviour, had it been necessary, for the material at hand was almost inexhaustible. We can readily understand that the "beloved disciple," who was probably closer to the heart of Christ than the others, had treasured many remembrances of those wonderful days of the ministry in Galilee. Whether he wrote his Gospel in Ephesus or Patmos, the events of the past, including every act and expression of the Master, crowded John's memory, and the impulse to record them must have been hard to resist.

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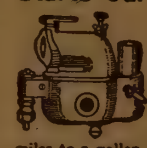

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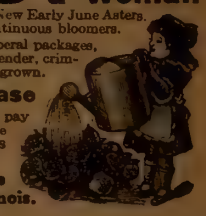

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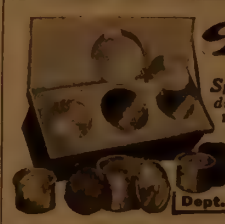

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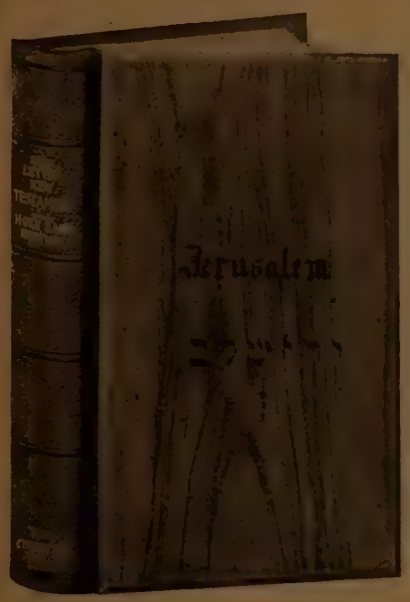

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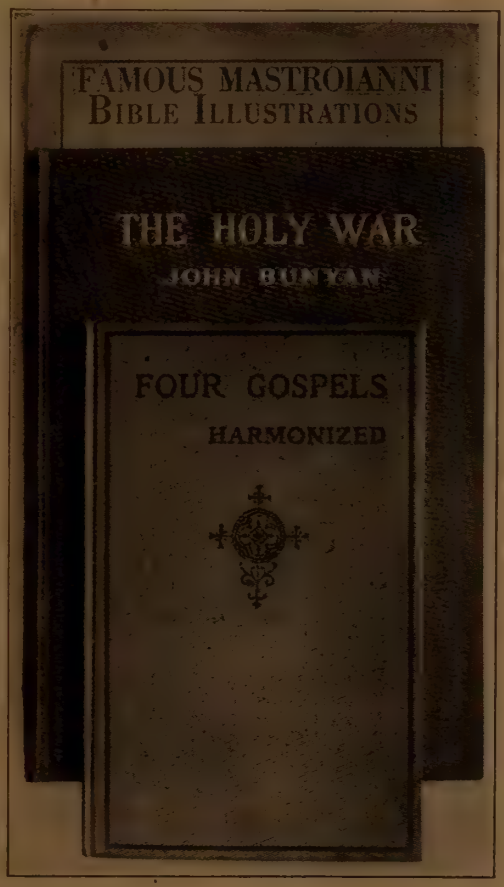

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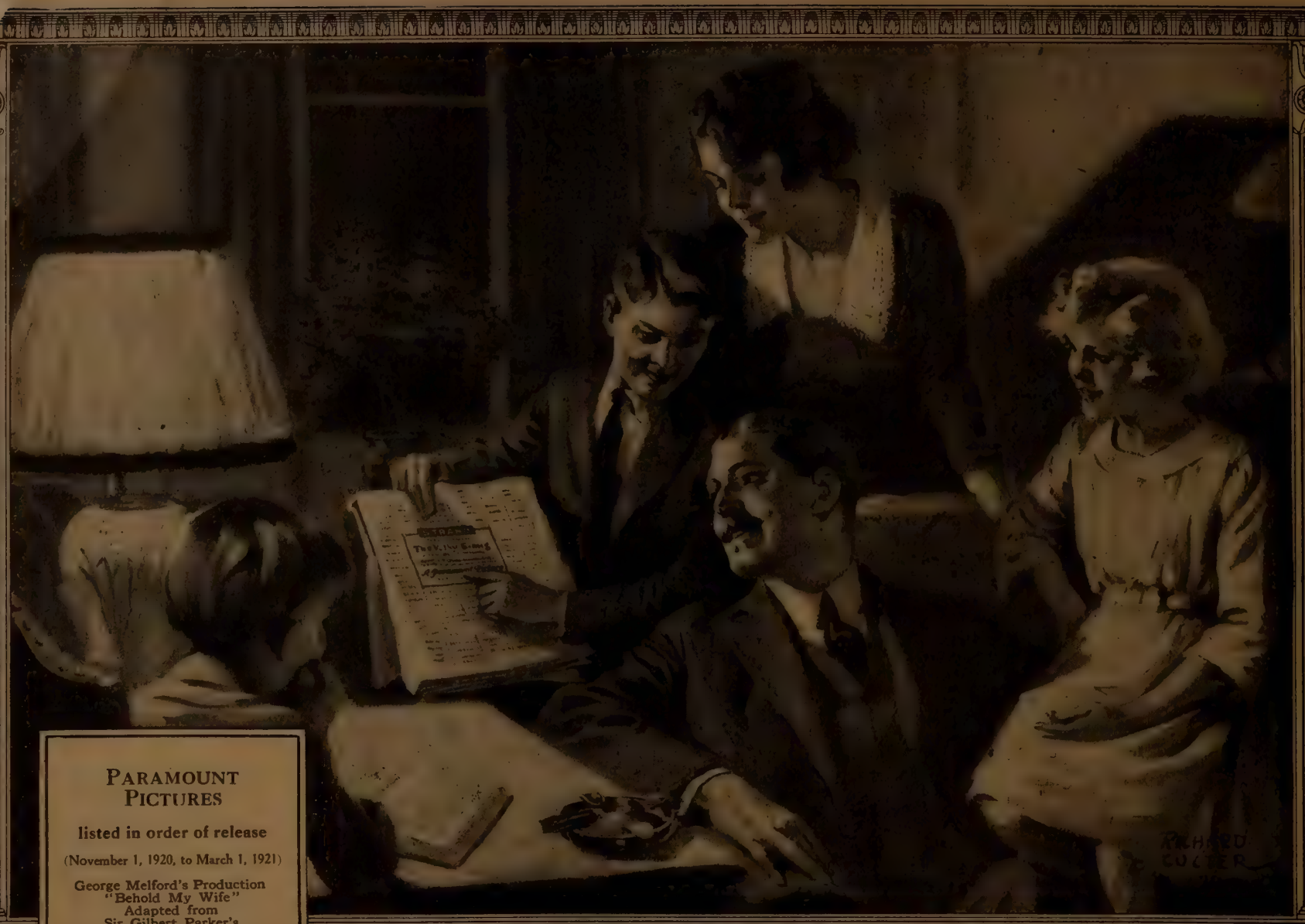

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listed in order of release

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Bryant Washburn in "Burglar Proof"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"

Thomas Meighan in
"Conrad in Quest of His Youth"
A Wm. De Mille Production

Dorothy Gish in "Flying Pat"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"Heliotrope"

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Life of the Party"

Bryant Washburn in
"An Amateur Devil"

Wm. S. Hart in "The Testing Block"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The Bait"
With Hope Hampton

Wallace Reid in "The Charm School"
A Saturday Evening Post Serial
By Alice Duer Miller

George Melford's Production
"The Jucklins"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Inside of the Cup"
Winston Churchill's great novel

Billie Burke in
"The Education of Elizabeth"

*Douglas MacLean in
"The Rookie's Return"

Wm. De Mille's Production
"Midsummer Madness"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Paying the Piper"

Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of the Stars"
A Charles Maigne Production

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"

Dorothy Gish in
"The Ghost in the Garret"

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Forbidden Fruit"

*Douglas MacLean in "Chickens"

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Underwood & Underwood

Farm Problems and an Answer

Co-operative Corporations Would Put Agriculture on a Big Business Basis

By T. A. McNEAL
Editor of the Kansas Farmer and Mail and Breeze

FOR several decades there has been a steadily increasing trend of population away from the country toward the cities and towns. One does not need to be an old man to be able to remember when the urban population of the United States was not more than half as great as the rural, while at the present time the proportion is nearly the reverse. That this is not a healthy condition is generally conceded; but while it is to be deplored, no plan has as yet been put into operation to check the evil.

There are a number of contributing causes for this shifting of population, but they can all be summed up generally in the statement that people leave the farms and go to the cities because they believe they can have better opportunities and more enjoyment there. Experience may possibly disillusion them; but the lure of the cities continues to attract the rural population.

The writer was born and reared on a farm and thinks he understands fairly well the reasons for this increasing exodus, and will name some of them, not necessarily in the order of their importance, but as they occur to his mind:

1. Long hours of labor.
2. Uncertainty as to financial reward.
3. Lack of educational advantages.
4. Lack of social life and monotony of existence.
5. High price of farm lands and diminishing fertility.
6. Increasing difficulty in procuring farm labor, either outdoors or in.

It is true that the invention of improved farm machinery has lightened the toil of the farm to a considerable extent, and has enabled farmers to cultivate a great deal more ground; but the increasing difficulty of getting farm labor has made it necessary for the farmers to work longer hours themselves, so that life on the farm is still largely drudgery. If the farmer himself has reason to complain of the amount of work he is compelled to perform, his wife has more reason to complain, for it is even more difficult for her to obtain help in the house than for her husband to obtain help in the field.

AN EVEN greater drawback to farm life than the amount of toil involved is the uncertainty of the financial rewards. Contrary to what is perhaps a general impression among those who have had no experience in actual farm life, there is no business which is so constant and so uncertain a gamble as that of farming.

No farmer, when he plants a crop, knows that he will reap a harvest. He must take chances on too much rain or too much dry weather; on untimely frosts, on sudden and destructive storms, on blights which he can not anticipate or foresee; on devouring insects which may destroy his crop just when it is ready to ripen, or may attack the plants as soon as they appear above the surface. If he is fortunate enough to escape all these enemies to his prosperity, he is still not safe. At the time of planting the market may have seemed to justify his going into a certain crop extensively, but by harvest time the price may have fallen to a point where his crop will not pay the cost of cultivating and harvesting.

If the farmer decides to engage in stock-raising instead of depending on selling his crops, he still encounters uncertainties. Diseases, always dreaded, but often unpreventable—at least so far as his knowledge goes—break out among his flocks and herds and, often within a few days, all the fruit of his toil and saving, for an entire year, or more, is swept away. It is not uncommon for a farmer to lose anywhere from fifty to one hundred hogs from cholera in twenty-four hours, and this has occurred when each of the hogs represented a value of from $30 to $50.

I HAVE placed third among the causes which are steadily depleting the rural population, lack of educational advantages. In recent years there has been a good deal of agitation for better rural schools, and without doubt there has been great improvement in certain localities; but in many rural districts the educational facilities are little if any better than they were forty years ago, while in some the schools have even deteriorated.

The lack of social life and opportunities for enjoyment are closely associated with the lack of educational advantages, and while it may be said that many young men and young women leave the farms on account of lack of educational opportunities, it may also be said that higher education tends to wean these same boys and girls away from the farm. It has often been said that comparatively few of the college educated young men go back to the farm. The reason for it is easily understood. At the college or university, the boy finds congenial companions and gets a wider vision. When he goes home, the monotony of the farm life irks him. He is dissatisfied and feels that he is out of the current of affairs.

The same unwillingness to settle down again to farm life has been found among the young men who went to France. While they were enduring the hardships and dangers of the battlefields, most of them were homesick. They thought if they could only get back to the old homestead they would be entirely contented; but when they did get back, they found that there was something lacking which they craved. As a matter of fact, they had seen the world to a larger degree than most men ever see it in times of peace. Their horizons were widened and they craved the association of their fellow-men and the intellectual stimulus of association.

The rapid rise in the price of farm lands within the past few years, while it has encouraged speculation, has discouraged young men who were inclined to engage in the business of farming. Even if it was possible for the young men to raise the money necessary to make the initial payment on the land, and buy the necessary farm implements and live stock, he found it nearly impossible to produce enough from the land to pay the interest on his indebtedness, to say nothing of reducing the principal. On no basis of careful calculation was it possible to show a fair profit on the investment in farm land, in even the best farming districts, raising the ordinary farm crops and ordinary live stock. Speculators bought and sold farms in the same way they buy and sell outlying lots in a boom town, the prices asked and received having no relation to the actual worth of the property purchased.

I have given as last among the causes for the movement away from the farms to the cities and towns, the difficulty in procuring farm labor either in the field or in the house. This affects some of the most prosperous and intelligent farmers. They educate their children; the boys and girls see, or at least think they see, better opportunities, financially and socially, in the cities and towns than on the farm. That leaves the parents alone. They decide to move to town themselves, where they can have more leisure and more enjoyment. Another farm goes into the hands of a renter and the process of deterioration, both in the improvements and in the soil of that farm, commences and goes on at an increasing rate from year to year, until finally the farm becomes so impoverished that it will not yield a decent living either to the landowner or the renter.

The most alarming feature of the present rural situation is the rapid increase of renters as compared with farm-owners who till the lands they own. A few renters accumulate money or other property, but they are the exception. The rule is that the latter at the end of the year is little if any better off than at the beginning, while in a multitude of cases he loses instead of gains, until the foreclosure of the chattel mortgages on such personal property as he may have leaves him stranded and often embittered toward society. These are some of the problems which the farmer faces and which threaten the nation's agricultural interests, on which

all the others are so largely dependent.

What is the remedy? Evidently, the only permanent cure for the acknowledged evil is a plan by which the business of farming not only will become as attractive, from a social and educational standpoint, as any other line of endeavor, but will offer as great financial rewards.

Any scheme to merely lend the farmer more money at a slightly better rate of interest, or to provide even better educational opportunities for his children, will not solve the problem. To lend him more money will only mean getting him deeper in debt, and to offer better educational facilities for his children, unless the social environment can be made more attractive, will result in more and more of the bright and ambitious young men and young women leaving the farms. Besides, loaning money to the farmers on their lands at better rates does not solve the most serious problem, that of the renter, at all. It only tends to raise the selling price of farm lands and make it that much more difficult for the poor man to obtain a farm.

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Some fine dairy cows on one of the big and splendidly equipped farms in the San Joaquin Valley in California

I believe that it is quite possible to put into operation a plan which will not only make the business of agriculture the most profitable and most attractive in the world, but which will solve our most vexing economic problems.

It has been repeatedly demonstrated that our agricultural lands have nowhere near reached the limit of their possible productivity. A fifteen-year-old farmer boy in the State of South Carolina managed to raise considerably more than two hundred bushels of corn on a single acre, although the general average production of corn in the United States the same year was less than twenty-five bushels per acre. The boy used the best seed obtainable and gave his acre of ground the most careful cultivation and fertilization; but all that simply proves that it would be possible to increase the average everywhere several hundred per cent. above the present yield.

But if you mention the possibility of increased production to the farmer, he does not grow enthusiastic. He asks what it would avail him to increase his production, when the only probable effect, so far he is concerned, would be to reduce the market price below the cost of production, so that his last state might even be worse than his first, in that he would have to work harder, hire more help—if he could get the help—use more machinery and increase his expenses generally without increasing his revenue. He calls attention to the fact that the price of his product is controlled by a few great buyers, and likewise the price of the finished product which he must buy is also controlled by a comparatively few great corporations.

GRANTING that this is true, the remedy must be in organizations of the farmers themselves which will put them in position to take over the control which at present is in the hands of others, so far as their products are concerned; combine production with the manufacture of the same into the finished product; close up the great gap between what the producer receives and what the consumer pays; apply the most scientific methods to the cultivation of land and the greatest efficiency possible to the management of their business; combine their credit so that they may pay to themselves the interest they now pay to the moneylenders; provide educational and social advantages better in every respect than are at present enjoyed by the dwellers in cities and towns; create a spirit of industry that will make work a pleasure instead of drudgery; create ideal living conditions; tremendously increase production and decrease the cost of distribution and bring about a better world condition.

The remedy will be found, as I believe, in the co-operative, corporation farm, which will be owned by the workers, and which will form a great productive and manufacturing unit. The amount of land embraced in each corporation farm would vary according to differing local climatic and soil conditions, but it will probably be found that an area of from ten to twenty miles square would be most convenient. While the square form would be most convenient, that in all probability would not always be possible, especially in a hilly or mountainous country; but for purposes of illustration, I will assume that a tract of reasonably level land, ten miles square, has been secured.

In the center of this tract would be located the homes, schools, mills and factories. If the land is reasonably fertile, it would be found that it would support in comfort and leave a margin of profit to an averaged-sized family for each eighty acres of land; a total of eight families to each section of land, or eight hundred families on the entire tract. Estimating an average of five to each family, this would mean a population of 4,000 persons. I think experience would demonstrate that the corporation farm would sustain and require a larger population than this, but for the purpose of this illustration, I will assume that as the figure.

The corporation would be capitalized for sufficient to represent the value of the land, the value of the homes of the inhabitants, the necessary buildings for schools, workshops, mills, factories, farm implements, live stock, necessary barns and outbuildings for the housing of the grain, the protection of the live stock, etc., the building of silos, the making of roads and other necessary improvements, and sufficient working capital to carry on the business of the corporation.

EACH worker would be required to be a stockholder, and each member of a family would also be a stockholder, in the case of minors the stock being held in trust until they attained their majority. The business of the corporation would be conducted under the general direction of a board of directors elected by the stockholders as directors of other corporations are elected, but with this difference: each stockholder would have one vote and no more in the election of directors, regardless of the amount of stock owned by the individual. This provision should be made to prevent the control of the corporation passing into the hands of a few persons.

The board of directors would select a general manager, with as many assistant managers as might be necessary, the general manager being given large discretionary powers in the matter of the selection of assistant managers.

Whatever mills and factories might be necessary to the conversion of the raw into the finished product would be built and owned by the corporation. These would presumably include a flouring mill, a cannery, a woollen mill, tannery, packing-house, and perhaps other factories, depending on the location of the corporation farm and the kind of products.

As one of the prime objects of such an enterprise would be to afford a complete and practical education to all of its stockholders and their children and also the fullest, healthiest and most delightful social life possible, the organization of the great central school would be a matter of the first and greatest consideration. This school would be closely correlated with the business of the corporation. Each child not only would be afforded the best sort of educational training, but in connection with it would be kept constantly in touch with industry, the study of the soil, the growing of crops, of fruits and flowers, the learning of every branch of industry connected with the great corporation farm and its allied industries.

Farming would be raised to the dignity of a learned profession, the greatest indeed of all the learned professions. Each corporation would establish its own bank and have authority to issue its own bonds as other corporations are authorized to do. This bank should be permitted to deposit its bonds in the United States Treasury and, with the authority of the Government, should be permitted to issue its notes based on its bonds. It should also be made a part of the Reserve Bank system and issue currency with the same facility as these banks are now permitted to issue currency. Instead of being at the mercy of outsiders, these farm corporations could easily control the distribution of their own finished products, and pay to their own stockholders the profits which now go to outsiders.

WOULD it pay? This is still such a materialistic and commercial age that when such a scheme as this is proposed, the first question asked is "Will it pay?" This does not mean will it pay in those things which are of so much greater consequence than mere wealth, but will it pay in dollars?

Of course, in the management of any corporation, efficiency and integrity of management are essential to success; but granting that these can and will be obtained, the success of such a venture is assured.

The report of the Secretary of the Interior shows that the average yield per acre on the government irrigated projects last year was $89. On the lands of such a corporation as I have suggested, where the raw is turned into the finished product, and the great expense saved of shipping the product hundreds or even thousands of miles to be manufactured, and then sent back to the original producers, loaded with not only the cost of freight both ways but also several wholesalers' and retailers' profits, the gross receipts per acre should be more than that desired from these irrigated lands; but assuming that it is less by fourteen dollars per acre, and assuming that 60,000 acres out of the total of 64,000 are utilized, the gross annual receipts would be $4,500,000 or $6,000 per family. It is safe to say that this is fully three times the gross receipts from the average eighty acres under our present system, even in the best agricultural districts of the country.

Under such a system, the poor man who is willing to work could very easily become a stockholder. The corporation could take his note secured by the stock itself, which would be held until paid for. His earnings on his stock, together with a certain percent of his wages, would be applied on payment for his stock, he being charged such rate of interest on his deferred payments as the corporation had to pay on its bonds, if bonds were issued.

The stock would be transferable, but only to resident stockholders, or to such persons as expected to become residents. If a stockholder should become dissatisfied or for any reason desire to move out of the corporation, he would have the privilege of selling his stock to the corporation at cost to him, plus the rate of interest paid by the corporation on its bonds, or the rate at which it could borrow money if desired.

The workers on the corporation farm would be carried to and from their work in comfortable motor-buses. Working co-operatively, agreeable division of labor would be possible so that the various groups of workers would be engaged in doing what they were best qualified to do, and which for that very reason would be most agreeable to them.

Fruit or nut bearing trees would line the paved highways leading out from the town to all parts of the great farm. Farmed scientifically, the land not only would be brought to its maximum production but its fertility would constantly increase, instead of decrease, as it does under our present unscientific and wasteful system. Agriculture and horticulture under such a system would become a pleasure instead of a drudgery, and these corporation farms would become the centers of culture, refinement and high ideals such as the world has never known heretofore.

THE United States Department of Agriculture is encouraging the development in Alaska of a considerable crop, grain and live-stock industry adapted to the comparatively short growing season of that Territory. It has five agricultural experiment stations in Alaska, one being located just under the Arctic Circle, where the temperatures range from plus eighty-eight degrees to minus sixty-three degrees. These agricultural stations have done considerable work in breeding and establishing new varieties of grains, berries, fruits, and economic plants suited to the short season, and the raising of domestic animals of all kinds, of which there is great need in Alaska because of its remoteness from the rest of the world.

A Jewish Christian on the Bowery

He's a Volunteer Worker, Who Has Led 11,000 to Christ

By WILLARD PRICE

"COME on and serf God and den if He don't gif satisfaction go back and serf de devil again. You won't be noding out. You can't lose."

The speaker is a little Russian Jew with iron-gray mustache, gold teeth, sparse hair, concerned horizontal wrinkles across his forehead, steel-rimmed spectacles settled down over his nose and the most cheerful smile any face ever wore. He is known up and down the Bowery as "Joe the Jew."

"I've seen de time when I didn'd haf de money to buy de steam off a frankfurter," says Joe. Now, during the day time, he conducts a fine laundry business among Broadway clients. But at night he is to be found on the East Side, helping down-and-outs. "I make my money on Broadway and spend it on de Bowery," he explains.

During the twenty-seven years since he himself was converted, he has won over eleven thousand others. Surely a good return on the original investment!

WHEN Joe the Jew gets up on a mission platform and talks his cheerful philosophy, sings his home-made songs and smiles his God-made grin, there is no resisting him. He is far from beautiful, and his singing voice sounds like the delivery of a load of coal. But, no one cares about that—least of all Joe.

Nor are the songs he has written gems of poetic art. In Joe's Russia the Jews were not allowed to attend the Catholic schools. They had to support their own schools, and that took money. Joe couldn't go without money, so he didn't go. His education has been neglected. A clergyman once said, "Your songs are all right, Joe—but they're not dignified enough," to which Joe replied, "If you vill come down to some meeding, Doctor, you vill see dot my audience it is not very much dignified either!"

Although uneducated, Joe is intelligent—keen. He understands human nature, and he knows the Bowery from "hot dogs" to whiskey and from Penny Arcade to pawn-shop. His songs hit his congregation of "bums" exactly where they live. Hear him as he sings, "De Bowery Boy":

"Did you say de world's againsd you,
For dhey tell you you're too old,
Down and out you valked the streets
On many bitter Vinters cold.
Broke, I go, vile all arount me,
Dhere is vealth to overflow,
Vat's de use of struggling longer,
I'll trow up de sponge and go."

And then, just when he has every bleary wreck in the audience saying "Yes, that's me," he swings, in an irresistible spirit of optimism into this chorus:

"Don'd lose hope and don'd despair,
Dhere's a God for you to care.
Don'd sit down in gloom and fret
Vile dhere's corn in Egypt yet.
Don'd look down in dark dismay,
Fondling troubles all de day.
Look for brighder days aheadt,
Jesus liffs and luffs you yedt."

JOE has unshakable faith. One night he affirmed that he believed every word inside the Bible. A German heckler said, "I suppose you think you know all there is in that Bible."

"No," replied Joe, "I am no student; I haf not studied it as I shoult like."

"And still you believe every word of it!"

"Yes, I belief efery vord of it."

"Well," said the heckler, "I'm a German and I'm proud of it—because Germans believe in being scientific. And if you don't know what's inside of that Bible, and yet you believe every word of it, all I want to say is that you're the biggest fool I ever saw," and he looked about for approval.

"Just von moment," said Joe. "You say you are a German?"

"Yes."

"Dhen I suppose you like frankfurters and sauerkraut?"

The German gave an affirmative grunt.

"Vell, now listen, my dear German fren'. Answer me dis question. Haf you effer studied de inside of a frankfurter?"

"No," growled the German.

"Vell," smiled Joe, "if you haf neffer studied de inside of a frankfurter, and still you eat dem—my dear fren'—dot's all I vant to say vit you!"

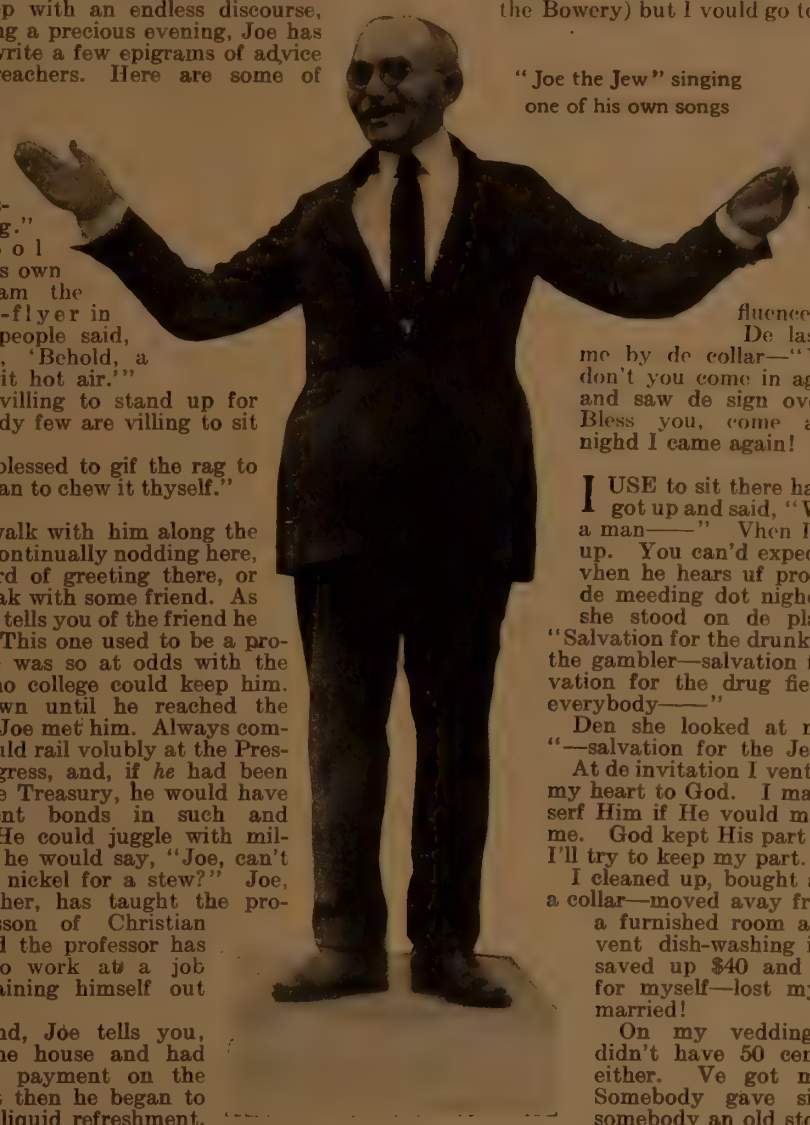
JOE gives even the hecklers a chance. He tries to get his audience to talk. His own remarks and songs are brief and his main effort is to induce the men to conduct their own meeting. Having often been made sick at heart when he has seen some uptown minister visiting a Bowery mission put every "bum" to sleep with an endless discourse, thus squandering a precious evening, Joe has felt moved to write a few epigrams of advice for visiting preachers. Here are some of them:

"Plenty of vind is a blessing to a vindmill, but a calamity to a Gospel meeding."

"De fool hath said in his own heart, 'Lo, I am the anointed high-flyer in oratory.' De people said, von to anoder, 'Behold, a balloon filled vit hot air.'"

"Many are villing to stand up for Jesus but mighdy few are villing to sit down again."

"It is more blessed to gif the rag to thy neighbor than to chew it thyself."



"Joe the Jew" singing one of his own songs

JOE, as you walk with him along the Bowery, is continually nodding here, throwing a word of greeting there, or stopping to speak with some friend. As you start on, he tells you of the friend he has just met. This one used to be a professor. But he was so at odds with the universe that no college could keep him. He drifted down until he reached the Bowery, where Joe met him. Always complaining, he would rail volubly at the President and Congress, and, if *he* had been Secretary of the Treasury, he would have sold government bonds in such and such a way. He could juggle with millions, but then he would say, "Joe, can't you lend me a nickel for a stew?" Joe, untutored teacher, has taught the professor the lesson of Christian good cheer, and the professor has learned how to work at a job without complaining himself out of it.

Another friend, Joe tells you, once had a fine house and had made the first payment on the mortgage. But then he began to take too much liquid refreshment. He could not make the second payment, and the mortgage was foreclosed. He speedily drank himself down and out. One night he sat on the curb, a bleary, red-nosed sot. Some one had given him a dime and he was trying to decide whether to spend it on more whiskey or a bed. He decided upon the whiskey—but before he could get to a dive, Joe caught him. The result was that a sister in a suburb received a request for a check which was spent on a new suit of clothes. With a bath, shave and haircut, a new suit of clothes and an inoculation of Joe's hopeful Christianity, this man presented himself at his former office, got his job back, and has kept straight ever since.

But one of the most interesting stories I have heard is the story of Joe himself as he told it while we walked up the Bowery one night about one a.m. between the darkened pawn-shops and dimly lighted twenty-cent hotels under the thundering elevated. Here is the story:

VELL, an anarchistic parade chased me into Christianity. It vas dwenty-seven years ago dot Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman hold a parade and a meeding on Union Square. They rail very much against de Government. It sound very good to me for it was noding but bad luck I have since I was come from R-R-Russia. I was dissatisfied. I give great sympathy vile I listen.

Dhen de police come—dhey break up de meeding—clubbing eferybody—dhey arrest de two speakers. I run for sweedt life. I keep on going down de Bowery tinking alvays I hear somebody behindt. Then, just vhen I tink it safe, somebody grab my arm and I says to myself, "Now for a nighd in de cooler!" But it wasn'd a policeman. He say, "Come in!" I hear music—tought it was a place for amusements and say I haf no money. He says "You don't need money," and take me in. It vas a mission meeding.

Dot was my first contact from Christianity. From being born a Jew, eferything mit me revolted against Christ and Christianity.

But, from curiosidy, I vent again and again. I struggle nod to go, but a power I could nod explain draw me there time and time once more.

Dot was vhen I had a pardnership in booze vit an Irishman. I got a job in a pie factory in Brooklyn and in all de spare time I take my frendt arount to de different saloons and treat him. It vas de ideal combination. De Jew furnish de money and de Irishman furnish de thirst. Efery nighd when we get full of booze and frankfurters he vould "carry de banner" (spend the night walking aimlessly up and down the Bowery) but I would go to de mission.

Four times I break up de meeding. I vould argue vit de speaker. Always I tried to fight off de influence by protesting. De last time dey took me by de collar—"You get out and don't you come in again." I vent out and saw de sign over de door, "God Bless you, come again." So next nighd I came again!

I USE to sit there half dozing. A man got up and said, "What shall it profit a man——" Vhen I heard dot I voke up. You can'd expect de Jew to sleep vhen he hears uf profit! De leader of de meeding dot nighd was a lady and she stood on de platform and said: "Salvation for the drunkard—salvation for the gambler—salvation for the thief—salvation for the drug fiend—salvation for everybody——"

Den she looked at me and she said "—salvation for the Jew!"

At de invitation I vent forwart and gave my heart to God. I made a covenant to serf Him if He vould make a man out of me. God kept His part of de bargain and I'll try to keep my part.

I cleaned up, bought a boiled shirt and a collar—moved avay from de Bowery to a furnished room at $1.25 a week—vent dish-washing in a restaurant—saved up $40 and vent in business for myself—lost my money and got married!

On my vedding day my vife didn't have 50 cents and I hadn't either. Ve got married on faith. Somebody gave six teaspoons and somebody an old stove.

It vas March and pretty cold. Ve had three rooms and a store—and von stove to heat dem all. In de morning I vould make fire in de store—in de evening, ven ve vanted to re-tire, I vould carry de red-hot stove, pipes and all, back into de bedroom—in de morning into de liffing room—den into de store again!

De Hebrew people vouldn't patronize, because my vife vas a Gentile. But in de day time I vent around vit a bag on my back soliziting laundry, and at night I vorked.

Today I haf a steam plant of my own—de Joseph Justice Laundry—I've a good business on Broadway and I'm prosberous and people call me up on the telephone and say, "Joe, come here," and, "Joe, come there"—I don't need to look for work—it come to me.

Salvation paid. I bring Him misery, He give me joy. I bring poverty, He give prosberity. I bring selfishness, He give de joy of doing something for de oder fellow. Dot is a good bargain—salvation is a paying business. De proof of its being good is dot a Hebrew has stuck to it for dwenty-seven years.

WHILE Joe had been telling his story, I had been watching the street we were following, and it was very evident that the need for Joe and his kind is not yet past on the Bowery.

Perhaps thoroughly enforced prohibition will some day clean up the Bowery. Unenforced prohibition has left it about as it was, except that Demon Rum hides his head slightly. But the "boys" know where to find him. And with an inundating wave of unemployment sweeping over the country, the drunken, jobless, hopeless, shivering waifs of the Bowery are to be numbered by thousands. If ever the humble ambassadors of faith, hope and love, like Joe the Jew, were needed on the Bowery, they are needed now.

A Pastor's Training and Troubles

A Plea for More Thorough Preparation for His Task

By FREDERICK A. AGAR

National Efficiency Secretary of the Northern Baptist Convention

THE average minister today, when he begins his life work as pastor of a local church, has immediate troubles and very little practical training to enable him to meet the host of difficulties that beset his path. Imagine anyone being willing to ride on a train, the engineer of which had no experience in running an engine. The church is more important and difficult to run than any train, yet its leader too often comes out of the theological school with little or no worth-while training for his task.

A professor in a well-known theological seminary said to me some time ago, "I tell my students very little about the practical difficulties they will have to face in the pastorate because they will realize them all too keenly as soon as they begin their actual work," which statement I understood to mean that he had no remedy for the pastor's troubles, and so he maintained silence about them for fear a frank discussion might lose the institution some students.

But even if this interpretation is not a correct one, it is a fact that the average ministerial student leaves the theological institution with an excellent scholastic training in one or more dead languages, church history, polemics, theology, Old and New Testament interpretation, some Bible-school pedagogy and practice, and what is known as pastoral theology, by which is meant the theory of the practice of his profession, and which in some cases has been accompanied by some harmless and limited supervised clinical features. It must be distinctly understood that this course is necessary and is to be recommended. Whatever may be said hereafter concerning the theological graduate applies with more weight to the large number of men entering the ministry of some communions who are without any higher education or theological training. Truly the last are more at a loss than the first.

A majority of the men entering the theological schools are from the rural or small town churches. Coming, then, from a circumscribed area into an educational atmosphere, without adequate or proper clinical opportunities, they often gain the idea that their chief task is spiritual and intellectual, instead of which it is a task in developing and then organizing Christian living and service, individual and collective. Not a thing of mind alone, but of life itself. Too often the result of such a seminary experience is to spoil the evangelistic ardor of the future minister.

It is painfully true that in all of the necessary mental training and consequent character building there is mingled very little proper technical knowledge of the task the minister is to confront during his professional career. Immediately he enters upon his work he must either continue in a rut worn by decades of half failure, or else he must plunge into a revolutionary campaign with no experimental knowledge to help him face his ever-present difficulties. If he chooses to travel in the rut, it is not long before he is engulfed in a chasm of precedents and is following in the line of least resistance, which leads to ministerial inertia. The ministry have often been accused of laziness because of this condition, but that is not a correct diagnosis in my judgment, for as a class they work hard over long hours. They suffer mainly from inertia, not laziness.

ALL of this leads me now to attempt an answer to the question, "What is the minister's life work?"

1. First of all, he is as a child of God through faith in Jesus Christ called to preach and teach the Word of the Lord.

2. Next, he is to be a minister to all people in the name of his Lord, "going about doing good."

3. Then, he is to be the under-shepherd of his flock; in other words he is to develop and project his church membership in the way and work of the Master.

4. Finally, he is to be the official representative or ambassador of his particular fold in the community where it is placed, and then also in other places, beyond where it can be useful.

In consideration of these four points there are some things of immense import to be remembered.

Preaching is not a bygone art or need. Thank God, the great majority of the ministry are still faithful preachers and teachers of the Word of the Living Lord. And contrary to the superficial idea in some quarters the spoken word is still a power, and every Lord's day attracts millions of people who go week after week to hear the same preacher speak upon a Bible text. But preaching is futile if it is merely inspirational, emotional and entertaining. In reality it is not the use of the spoken Word that is in question, but its abuse, and from the abuse of the pulpit arise many of the minister's troubles. Without the facts of the Gospel and the person of the Saviour all pulpit oratory is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. The preacher is not meant to be a lecturer on hygiene, economics, sociology, medicine, law, or what-not, any more than the Bible, while containing some information on those topics, is a treatise on them, but primarily tells folks about God and how to live with Him in this everyday world. To me, therefore, there is a supernatural quality in all true preaching. The preacher must be fitted to be the channel for that supernatural power in the preaching of the Word of God, so that week after week as he lives in the world of people with God by his side he will have great fountains of spiritual refreshing with which to meet the needs of the people.

All people have spiritual needs and in their deep heart seek after God. Preaching, however, must not end in the pulpit any more than it begins there, but it must find its expressional side in the minister's life in the second phase of his work. Therefore the minister must constantly apply the Word to the sick, the afflicted, the young, the old, the repentant and the unrepentant sinner. The theological seminary should never graduate a man till he is an adept in personal ministry. You can train an average man to do about anything.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has truly said "The two great essential qualities of preaching are fellowship with God and sympathy with men." Folks need God and a Saviour and the preacher's task is not only to proclaim Him from the pulpit but also to minister in His name from person to person. These two functions go together and you will generally find them both present wherever there is a potent ministry in city or wayside.

WE COME now to consider the third phase of a minister's work, that of being the under-shepherd or leader of the flock, called the church membership.

In a recent article in the Christian Herald the writer pointed out that the minister was not hired to do the work of the church, but to teach and train the church membership in all the will and way of the Lord. Granted that the preaching and personal ministry of the pastor are of excellent quality, the church will be more or less of a failure, unless there is developed a sense of discipline and a large participation in work, the result of a nurture and culture in the art of Christian living. Many church members have heard a call to salvation from the pains and penalties of hell and they have supposedly entered the fold in answer to that call, but are useless to themselves or to the Lord. Ministers who have been sounding such a call have either been misrepresenting the Gospel or are guilty of obtaining something under false pretenses. Salvation is *from* something *to* something and the great task of the minister is to take those souls whom Christ has saved and see that they are disciplined for Christian living and service. This is a technical and scientific work.

At this point most of the minister's troubles generally arise and his training was clinically deficient to enable him to overcome his troubles. Consequently having no cure for his troubles he has used palliatives. This only confirms or aggravates the real trouble. The palliative in church life confirms a church boss in his autocratic selfish power so that even the minister is quite helpless to oppose him successfully. It perpetuates non-participation in church activities. It allows non-attendance to grow into open violation of Christian living.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, the palliative puts the patient at ease in Zion when a lost world about him needs all he has, or can get, of God and righteousness to be passed on to others around him. In other words the church member must be trained into a disciplined individual, and then projected through proper organization into the task of making the world of folks around about him Christ-like through personal faith and loving works in the name of Jesus. This is a highly specialized technical task.

Many young ministers are early forced into wrong viewpoints and practices. They are made to please men because to displease some "pillar of the church" would develop dissension. And dissension when there is no sense of discipline is fearful. The physician does not have to please people; he gives them beastly medicine and sometimes the cruel knife, but there is a discipline to back him up.

BUT how can the minister cure when his so-called technical school has very little clinical work to teach him the science and art of healing the troubled church? Those who have entered the ministry without theological education are likely to be even worse off because they do not even possess mental discipline and are prone to fanaticism or over-emphasis. The minister must therefore act on theory or not at all, and so he allows matters to drift on as they are. There's the rub—drift on as they are. So let us frankly face the issue.

The Church has meant much to the world, much more than some people recognize. But the local church has never been scientifically studied as the medical profession has studied the human body. The human body and the church body have very much in common from a scientific and structural point of view, but the church is utterly unscientific in its approach to its united problems. In consequence decade after decade perpetuates those problems. By way of illustration let me cite one instance. Only a small per cent. of local churches today finance their operations from the standpoint of a unit. Most local churches still make from five to twenty financial approaches, continuously, for the support of the various departments, just as if they were not parts of the whole, doing one great task. You might just as well run a department store with each department financially independent of all others.

The science of organization has never been applied to the local church. Segments of the local body have applied some of these principles to the department activities until today the part is often greater than the whole, which is so full of multiplied forms of organization as to be unorganized in fact.

The local organization has no unified, generally accepted plans for the nurture and culture of its membership so that upon the basis of practical democracy it may secure participation in its services, its work and its finances from every member on the Gospel plan of "as God hath prospered." These are not my personal plaints, for many another minister has confirmed my own experience. Did not we all muddle our way over several pastorates while we learned lessons, through bitter experiences, which proper clinical training would have enabled us to solve promptly and without difficulty?

IN CONCLUSION may I put down some suggested remedies in a somewhat logical order?

First, a standard of requirements for the profession such as obtains in other profes-

Dr. Sheldon Discusses

Things the Pastor Sees from the Pulpit:

1. Some folks always coming in punctually late.
2. Others always in the same place where they seem to belong.
3. Some irreverence at the beginning of the service; not much, but some, and some is too much.
4. Strangers without any hymn books, and no one offering them any. It makes him feel nervous. How would you feel?
5. When the offering baskets are passed, some folks look at them as if they had never seen them before, and wondered what they were.
6. Once in a while a few people come in after the baskets are passed. I do not think they do it on purpose.
7. There are faces that are a benediction to look at, and a few, only a few, that seem to be mourning over the money they lost yesterday.
8. Once in a while a man, now and then a woman, who seems to be asleep; but appearances are deceptive.
9. Folks he has baptized, and married, and laughed with and cried with. He does not always see them distinctly.
10. And many other things he sees from the pulpit; and let us hope that most of the things he sees help him to preach when he rises to give his message.

sions which have both public and private responsibilities and functions.

In some quarters today there is a tendency to put a premium upon ignorance and lack of education, for fear that intellectual training will destroy the simple earnest faith of the minister in the Word of God and the Saviour Jesus Christ. In the long run it is safer to trust education rather than ignorance. Every minister needs ample education, both academic and clinical, and my plea is not *for less* education than the seminaries now give, but *for more*, the addition to be along clinical lines with standard requirements fixed by each communion.

To further show the need of such a standard of requirement let me cite a few instances. One communion under proper processes disciplined a minister for cause by taking away his ordination papers. He immediately found his way into the ministry of another communion. A decent horse doctor sought ordination, but was rejected by the denominational council, called to examine him, on the ground that he was not prepared to function as a minister and was too old to secure the needed education. He soon after went to a small negro church, was ordained by it and to all intents and purposes was able to perform the work of a minister, even among the churches whose council had previously rejected him. A man was converted, joined the local church and became a useful lay member. Though born in this country of American parentage he had not been graduated even from a grammar-school. Then he went to a so-called Bible-school, took a six months' course and was ordained while still unable to speak or read intelligibly the English language. I would be the first to give such a man every opportunity for service under the gospel plan, which happens to provide tremendous opportunities for lay service, without pushing him into a professional life where the need is for a most adequate and taxing preparation. To cite Moody in the face of this statement is to call to mind that one of Mr. Moody's great and lasting tasks was the development of two great educational institutions to help train ministerial students. We must also remember that Moody was constantly in a process of self-education.

NEXT we need the recasting of the work of the theological institutions in order to make them able to produce for the ministry what the medical and other technical schools produce for their respective professions. Our theological schools have worked under great handicaps and are generally to be commended for doing a real piece of academic work in the face of constant drawbacks, and the heads of those institutions would add to their clinical work overnight if the laity would produce the necessary money to meet the expense of the added work. Clinical work is expensive, particularly in its initial stages. The blame now does not rest upon the schools, but upon those who should properly support them but fail to do so.

I have often thought that the ministerial student should sustain the same relationship to his denomination that the cadet at Annapolis or West Point has to the United States. The Government provides for him and he in turn follows the course laid out with the object of producing the right sort of trained man. With such a plan men could be produced for many varied tasks with institutional churches, or rural fields or city missions or a family parish, all of which really need specialized training to develop competent leadership. Today many ministerial students have not the money to pay for the required education, so they perform various ministerial functions throughout their seminary course for the purpose of providing means of support and these technical functions are all performed without any professional oversight. The result is that the seeds of failure are often firmly planted before the real professional career has begun. This ought not to be permitted and would not be done except for the lack of money.

THIRD, the viewpoint of the average church member as to the qualifications and success of the minister must be changed from wrong to right ideas.

Ministerial success is to be judged by results and not by superficial indications. A salesman is judged by the orders he secures and not by the number of customers he waits upon. The manager of a mercantile or manufacturing concern is judged by the organization he builds up that can and does produce good results and not by the number of men employed or the hours he spends at work. The minister must be judged upon the same basis, but it must be remembered that he is dealing with real life in all its aspects, in a most tangible form, even if it is called spiritual or Christian. Too many people regard him as super-man dealing with unreal, unworldly spiritualizing things because his work in part has to do with the divine and supernatural. In reality he is directing human lives towards needed forces of great import and power which head up in the person of God revealed in Jesus Christ the Saviour. The final judgment therefore passed upon the minister is to be upon the basis of how real he makes God and Jesus Christ to men in a saving faith which reaches into every relationship and phase of life and makes of life a Christlike whole.

Truly a great task, a scientific supernatural task beset with many human difficulties, needing the best preparation but crowned in the end with joy unspeakable, and along the road with the presence of the Master Minister himself.

Interesting Children in the Church Service

How the Sermon May Be Made to Hold Their Attention

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

JUST suppose, that you found it necessary—in fact, you were *compelled*—to sit for thirty minutes, forty minutes, or even fifty minutes and listen (?) to a man talk in a foreign language, say in Greek, or Russian, or Chinese. Would you enjoy yourself? Would you sit there with good grace and with pleasure, not understanding what the man was talking about?

Of course you wouldn't! You'd rebel. It would take a mighty force to compel you to do this once a week, wouldn't it?

Yet the parallel isn't far fetched when compared to your children, or to your neighbor's children, who have to go to church and listen to the minister preach. The average sermon is to them as Greek or Russian would be to you. They do not understand or appreciate what the speaker is talking about.

But because the average boy and girl cannot understand the sermon given from the pulpit on Sabbath is not sufficient excuse for their absence from church service. The remedy lies in devising ways and means of making the church service interesting to his mind and her mind. And it can and has been done.

Most people are agreed that regular churchgoing is a most desirable habit to have. When the habit is inculcated in children it is never entirely broken in after years. Besides the influence of the church service will be of inestimable value on the character and in the training of habits and desires. That is, the right sort of service will be helpful.

It is most important that the campaigns for "go to church" days include within their scope the young people, the juniors and particularly the children. It is self-evident that if the children are started right, it will not require the effort later to break up old habits or careless indifference.

In many parts of the country there is a most commendable movement to establish "children's churches." These are places where the children will enjoy and appreciate the lesson and where the sermon is adapted to their minds. In many places a definite part of the church service is made intelligible to the little ones. This is generally the first ten or fifteen minutes. This holds the children's attention, gives them something to think about and look forward to from week to week. It gives them the "momentum," so to speak, that will carry them more easily over the part of the sermon that is given for the older ones only.

OUT on the Pacific Coast one energetic Sabbath school superintendent whose school meets before the church services, interested himself in the problem of the juniors and the children and their attendance at the church services.

He had been noting how many of the boys and girls either went home at the beginning of the preaching service, or went off on questionable trips on the Sabbath, or hung about the streets waiting for their parents to come out of the service.

To assist in remedying this difficulty he had made up at a local bindery, blank books with heavy covers. These he gave to those who would promise to stay to the church services for that day. Through the superintendents of divisions he appealed to the boys and girls up to and including the junior ages to stay to the preaching services, that followed the Bible school.

Giving the little books to the boys and girls he requested them to note certain references made by the minister and to write these down in their note-books.

For instance, one Sabbath, they were to see if they could write down the texts given. On another time they were to note the number of allusions made to trees, or nature, or to events in the world, with perhaps a word or two about the thing noted. Another time, they were to write down the songs sung or at least some thought or sentiment from the hymns.

As the superintendent took an active interest in the matter each week by suggesting something that would be of general interest to all ages it stimulated attendance for the meeting following. It even had its effect on the parents. Many of the older ones were persuaded to come to church who might not have attended if it had not been for the special interest of the children.

From time to time rewards were offered to those who best carried out the suggestions. These were graded according to the ages of the children. The very smallest were stimulated to trace and to draw things, thin paper being provided, together with simple outline cards for them to use.

It was most gratifying to the pastor, who was of course consulted, and who made suggestions according to the subject of his sermon. New ways and methods suggested themselves as the matter developed. It proved without question that the children were quick to respond to any simple plan by which they could relieve in ever so small a way the tedium of having to remain quiet. There is no way of estimating the amount of knowledge and inspiring moral and spiritual lessons obtained from the simple practice of having to listen carefully to the minister in order to note the particular things for which they were watching.

It may be suggested that such a plan does not consider the reverence with which the church should be held. But is it not better to instruct the lambs of the flock or even to cause them to be occupied than to have them grow up with an ever-increasing dislike for the church and the services of the Lord's house?

IN ANOTHER church the mothers took the matter in hand and through the church's Friendship Band they arranged to have the children file out quietly during the hymn just preceding the sermon. They would go to one of the Bible school-rooms where under the charge of an experienced children's worker they would enjoy a little talk given in a manner that they could appreciate.

Still other methods have been used with success. Small picture-books of Bible scenes that permit the adding of new pictures each week and are used only during the church services have been used with success.

Little bunches of papers given out in the Bible school have been fastened together and these used as something to add to the interest of the morning's exercise.

The children *must* be doing something. If they are not kept busy with something good, they will surely occupy themselves with something questionable.

With a well-defined plan for providing for the children during the church services, the older members will obtain greater spiritual help and benefit from the hour spent in the house of God. What a relief such things are to the parents who spend moments of torture to keep active little ones quiet during the sermon! What a relief it is to the people who are annoyed by the restlessness of the little ones! What a relief it is to the pastor and the speaker who can see everything that is going on.

Children who are occupied pleasantly and profitably during the preaching hour will soon learn to love the church—not to dread it. They will obtain the idea that the church is there for them too, for it becomes attractive and of real interest. A habit is formed without conscious effort in such churches that in after life will carry the man and his family and possibly his friends to church with him each week. This will be of benefit to the man who attends, and will have its influence on the civil life of the community and the town in which he lives.

The effect of using a little effort in planning carefully for the children; in helping them to LIKE the church and its services is far reaching in its ultimate end. Its cumulative value becomes of interest even to the state and the nation.

A Bird-Song

By

Minnie Leona Upton

A BIRD-SONG in a starless night,
Forth-gushing, like a crystal fountain
That finds its joyous way to light
From some dark cavern in a mountain—
Oh, sweet, and clear, and glad, and true,
It cleft the heavy blackness through!

Was it a dream of dawn and dew,
Of home, of love, so joy-compelling
It woke you by its bliss, and drew
Your whole heart out, in music swelling,
And gave to me this pure delight?
A bird-song in a starless night!

America's Mystery Monuments

Mayan Ruins Baffle Archaeologists

By RUTH LAUGHLIN BARKER

"WHO were you? What do your inscriptions mean? Are you all that is left of American civilization?" These are the questions one asks of the giant stones which loom through the solitudes of the Guatemalan jungle. "Why were you?" one asks again. "Quién sabe," mock the parrots in the high trees overhead.

Fifty-seven miles inland, on the Atlantic coast of Guatemala, tangled in the mass of tropical vegetation, these monuments of the long-forgotten Mayans have been discovered. Vaguely we know that the Mayans were conquerors of Central America a thousand, perhaps two thousand, years before the first Spaniards carried their flag into this area in 1541. They may be classed with their neighbors, the Aztecs, just north of them in Mexico, and the Incas to the south in Peru, in their culture and arts, but of their history we know even less than of these other ancient American civilizations. The monuments rival the best Egyptian sculpture by their deep carvings, but unlike the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which tell the story of each Sphinx, the meaning of the Mayan symbols is still mostly a riddle.

Men, gigantic in their proportions and ornaments, are carved upon the two wider sides of the sandstone pillars. The narrower sides are covered with inscriptions, the stone chapters of Mayan history, which are no more communicative than the stone itself. Hundreds of hieroglyphs, but no key to their meaning! The serial story of the first American heroes, but no one to explain the romance! The conquering Spaniards burned every manuscript they could find, calling them "books of the devil." One or two escaped this bonfire, having been taken into Mexico, and by puzzling over these archæologists have pieced out the date symbols, giving an approximate date, for instance, to this tallest monument of the year 520 A.D.

"The Queen," a favorite subject of the Mayan artists

520 A.D.! When Europe was still in the chaos which followed the fall of the Roman Empire and the great nations of today were still only barbaric tribes. In those days Americans were carving feathered head ornaments with grace and skill which we could not exceed today, with great cities rivaling Pompeii and Athens, with a calendar computed upon astronomy and higher mathematics! We are just beginning to find out the romances of America, to turn back those stone pages of our history which makes the tales of the Pharaohs sound like nursery rhymes.

RESCUING these cities lost in the jungle has been undertaken by the School of American Research. It has been a game between the brains and tools of man and the never-ceasing growth of the jungle which, like a giant octopus, has sent out its multitude of creeping arms to cover every bare inch of earth or stone or bark with its green meshes. There are two seasons in the jungle—the wet and the very wet. It was only possible for man to work during February, March and April, but the jungle works twelve months filling with green the trenches which have been dug to find the buried marble walls.

When the first expedition reached the once-busy city square of Quirigua, they saw only a vast forest as high as a ten-story building, with monkeys chattering in the highest branches and tigers slinking away through the shadows. The monuments stood out like enormous thumbs bandaged in lichen a foot thick. The temples were green mounds with mahogany trees growing upon their roofs. Burning these trees and excavating in this tropical growth was a hazardous job, for the scarlet-circled snakes resented having their homes disturbed.

The faces continued their Sphinx-like smile even after man had scraped away their green masks, for the story of their lives was still locked behind stone lips. There are thirteen of these figured monuments at Quirigua, all but one of them representing men. Were they kings, priests or prophets? Their dignity and stoical calm impress one with the spirit of peace. The feathers of the queszal, the sacred bird of the Mayans, two grotesque masks and a skull form the high head-dress, which is not symbolical of a battle helmet, nor does the manikin wand, which is the insignia of office, typify the war lord. Evidently these august personages were priest-chiefs who dominated their subjects as religious rulers.

TEMPLES bounded the central plaza on four sides. They were built upon earth-filled pyramids with twenty-five steps leading up to the temple portico, around whose cornice ran a frieze ornamented with human and grotesque faces as well as a long series of hieroglyphs. Portrait heads in white sandstone were fastened to the inner walls, looking like crazed prisoners who had been trying to free themselves from their stone stocks for centuries. In one temple cell was found a long coffin-like box containing a terra-cotta vase, with human heads in high relief, and gold figurines, half human and half animal. Whether these temples and coffins were burial places for priest-chiefs who succeeded the ones on the tall monuments is only one of the puzzling questions.

Cutting away the dense jungle growth from the ruins of an ancient Mayan temple

One of the lofty monuments which shows the elaborate art of this vanished civilization

The one tall monument most often representing a human is of rare interest, for it would indicate that in those faraway days the American women had the rights of equal suffrage. This monument represents a woman who ruled over one of the jungle cities of Central America in the year 535 A.D., according to the computations of the archæologists.

"The Queen" was the last of a line of Mayan rulers, and the monument is, so the meager reading of the inscription would indicate, her own portrait. Little is known of her history, but it is noteworthy that she holds the same official manikin wand in her hand which the men carry, so she must have held the same office.

Vanity, as old as the jungle behind her, displays itself in the "Queen's" high feathered head-dress, in the huge ear-rings, in the jewelled bar from which her cape hangs, and even in the elaborate sandals which cover her ankles. Her face, in its round contour, is the most interesting of those found at Quirigua, though she does seem to be a little overburdened with her official trappings. Evidently the Oriental idea of beauty prevailed among the Mayans, for this queen was certainly not a slim princess.

Other monuments, which would show that equal suffrage was tolerated in this long forgotten jungle city, show the figures of women rulers seated between the wide jaws of prehistoric animals carved out of great blocks of reddish sandstone. The Mayans worshiped mythological animals, the sun, moon and stars and all the forces of Nature. Many of these monuments have been destroyed by the jungle storms of twenty centuries and by the roots of trees which have broken the stone apart.

FOUR of them are fairly well preserved, and these have been named the Tiger, the Dragon, the Frog, and the Turtle. The sculptor seems to have wished to give the animal-gods some of the attributes without making the whole conception too realistic.

On the "frog" the spotted legs and scales call attention to the zoomorphic form, but the

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The Island of Faith

A Serial

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Ninth Instalment

CHAPTER XVII

ROSE-MARIE for a moment was stunned by the child's unexpected cry. She hung speechless, filled with wonderment, in Jim's arms. And then, with a wrench, she was free—was running across the floor to the little huddled bundle that was Lily.

"You beast," she flung back, over her shoulder, as she ran. "You beast! You've killed her!"

Jim did not attempt to follow—or to answer. He had wheeled about, and his face was very pale.

"God!" he said, in a tense whisper, "*God!*" It was the first time that the word, upon his lips, was neither mocking nor profane. It was a *recognition.*

Rose-Marie, with tender hands, gathered the child up from the hard floor. She was not thinking of the miracle that had taken place—she was not thinking of the sound that had come, so unexpectedly, from dumb lips. She only knew that the child was unconscious, perhaps dying. Her trembling fingers felt of the slim wrist; felt almost with apprehension. She was surprised to feel that the pulse was still beating, though faintly.

"Get somebody," she said tersely to Jim. "Get somebody who *knows something!*"

Jim's face was still the color of ashes. He did not stir—did not seem to have the power to stir.

"Did yer hear her?" he mouthed thickly. "She *yelled.* I heard her. Did yer hear——"

Rose-Marie was holding Lily close to her breast. Her stern young eyes looked across the drooping golden head into the scared eyes of the man.

"It was God speaking through her," she said. "It was God. And you—you had denied Him—*you beast!*"

ALL at once Jim was down upon the floor beside her. The mask of passion had slipped from his face—his shoulders seemed suddenly more narrow—his cruel hands almost futile. Rose-Marie wondered, subconsciously, how she had ever feared him.

"She yelled," he reiterated, "*did yer hear her*——"

Rose-Marie clutched the child tighter in her arms.

"Get some one, at once," she ordered, "if you don't want her to die—if you don't want to be a murderer!"

But Jim had not heard her voice. He was sobbing, gustily.

"I'm t'rough," he was sobbing; "t'rough! Oh—God, fergive——"

It was then that the door opened. And Rose-Marie, raising eyes abrim with relief, saw that Ella and Mrs. Volsky and Bennie stood upon the threshold.

"What's a-matter?" questioned Mrs. Volsky, her voice sodden with grief. "What's been a-happenin'?" But Ella ran across the space between them, and knelt in front of Rose-Marie.

"Give 'er t' me!" she breathed fiercely; "she's my sister. Give 'er t' me!"

Silently Rose-Marie handed over the light little figure. But, as Ella pillowed the disheveled head upon her shoulder, she spoke directly to Bennie.

"Run to the Settlement House, as fast as ever you can!" she told him, "And bring Dr. Blanchard back with you. Hurry, dear—it may mean Lily's life!" And Bennie, with his grimy face tear-streaked, was out of the door and clattering down the stairs before she had finished.

Ella, her mouth agonized and drawn, was the first to speak after Bennie left the room. When she did speak she asked a question.

"Who done this t' her?" she questioned. "*Who done it?*"

Rose-Marie hesitated. She could feel the eyes of Mrs. Volsky, dumb with suffering, upon her—she could feel Jim's rat-like gaze fixed, with a certain appeal, on her face. At last she spoke.

"Jim will tell you!" she said.

IF SHE had expected the man to evade the issue—if she had expected a downright faslehood from him—she was surprised. For Jim's head came up, suddenly, and his eyes met the burning dark ones of his sister.

"I done it," he said, simply, and he scrambled up from the floor, as he spoke. "I kicked her. She come in when I was tryin' t' kiss—" his finger indicated Rose-Marie, "her. Lily got in th' way. So I kicked out hard—then—she," he gulped back a shudder, "she *yelled!*"

Ella was suddenly galvanized into action. She was on her feet, with one lithe panther-like movement—the child held tight in her arms.

"Yer kicked her," she said softly—and the gentleness of her voice was ominous—"Yer kicked her! An' she yelled—"suddenly and for the first time the full significance of it struck her. "*She yelled?*" she questioned, whirling to Rose-Marie; "yer don't mean as she made a sound?"

Rose-Marie nodded dumbly. It was Jim's voice that went on with the story.

"She ain't dead," he told Ella, piteously. "She ain't dead. An'—I promise yer true—I'll never do such a thing again. I promise yer true!"

Ella took a step toward him. Her face was suddenly lined and old. "If she dies," she told him; "*if she dies* . . ." she hesitated and then—"Much yer promises mean," she shrilled, "much yer promises——"

Rose-Marie had been watching Jim's face. Almost without intending to she interrupted Ella's flow of speech.

"I think that he means what he says," she told Ella slowly; "I think that he means . . . what he says."

For she had seen the birth of something—*that might have been a soul*—in Jim's haggard eyes.

THE child in Ella's arms stirred, weakly, and was still again. But the movement, slight as it was, made the girl forget her brother. Her dark head bent above the fair one.

"Honey," she whispered, "yer goin' ter get well fer Ella—ain't yer? Yer goin' ter get well——"

The door swung open with a startling suddenness. And Rose-Marie sprang forward, her hands outstretched. For, framed in the battered wood stood Bennie—the tears still streaking his face—and behind him stood the Young Doctor. So tall he seemed, so capable, so strong, standing there, that Rose-Marie felt as if her troubles had been lifted, magically, from her shoulders. All at once she ceased to be afraid—ceased to question the ways of the Almighty. All at once she felt that Lily would not die—that the Volskys would be saved to a better life. And all at once she knew *something else.* And the consciousness of it looked from her wide eyes.

"You!" she breathed. "*You!*"

The Young Doctor's glance in her direction was eloquent. But as his eyes saw the child in Ella's arms his expression became impersonal again, and concentrated and alert. With one stride he had reached Ella's side, and taken the tiny figure from her arms.

"What's the matter here?" he questioned sharply.

Rose-Marie was not conscious of the words that she used as she described Lily's accident. She glossed as lightly as possible over Jim's part in it; she told, as quickly as she could, the history of the child. And as she told it, the doctor's lean capable hands were passing, with a practiced skill, over the little relaxed body. When she told of the child's deaf and dumb condition she was conscious of his absolute attention, though he did not for a moment stop his work; when she spoke of the scream she saw his start of surprise. But his only words were in the nature of commands. "Bring water," he ordered, "clean water in a basin. A *clean* basin. Bring a sponge—" he corrected himself—"a clean rag will do—only it must be *clean*—" this to Mrs. Volsky, "you understand? Where," his eyes were on Ella's face, "can we lay the child? Is there a *clean* bed, anywhere?"

ELLA was shaking with nervousness as she opened the door of the inner room that she and Lily shared. Mrs. Volsky, carrying the basin of water, was sobbing. Jim, standing in the center of the room was like a statue—only his haunted eyes were alive. The Young Doctor, glancing from face to face, spoke suddenly to Rose-Marie.

"I hate to ask you," he said simply, "but you seem to be the only one who hasn't gone to pieces. Will you come in here with me?"

Rose-Marie nodded. And she spoke very softly, "Then you think that I'll be able—to help?" she questioned.

The Young Doctor was remembering—or forgetting—many things.

"I know that you will!" he said, and he spoke as softly as she had spoken, "I know that you will!"

They went together with Lily into the inner room. And as the Young Doctor closed the door, Rose-Marie knew a very real throb of triumph. For the Young Doctor had admitted that her help was to be desired—that she could really do something!

But the moment that the door closed she forgot her feeling of victory. For, of a sudden, she saw Dr. Blanchard in a new light. She saw him lay the little figure upon the bed—she saw him peel off his coat. And then, while she held the basin of water, she saw him get down to work. And as she watched him her last feeling of doubt was swept away.

"He may say that he's not interested in people," she told herself joyously, "but he is. He may think that he doesn't care for religion—but he does. There's love of people in every move of his hands! There's something religious in the very way his fingers touch Lily!"

YES, she was seeing the Young Doctor in a new light. As she watched him she knew that he had quite forgotten her presence—had quite forgotten the little quarrels that had all but ruined their chance at friendship. She knew that his mind was only on the child who lay so still under his hands; she knew that all the intensity of his nature was concentrated upon Lily. As she watched him, deftly obeying his simple directions, she gloried in his skill—in his surety.

And then, at last, Lily opened her eyes. She might have been waking from a deep slumber as she opened them—she might have been dreaming a pleasant dream as she smiled faintly. Rose-Marie had a sudden feeling—a feeling that she had experienced before—that the child was seeing visions, with her great sightless eyes, that other, normal folk could not see. All at once a great dread clutched at her soul.

"She's not dying—?" she whispered, gaspingly. "Her smile is so very—*sweet!* She's not dying?"

The Young Doctor turned swiftly from the bed. All at once he looked like a knight to Rose-Marie—an armorless, modern knight who fought an endless fight against the dragons, Disease and Pain.

"Bless your heart, no!" he answered. "She isn't dying! We'll bring her around in a few minutes. And now—" a great tenderness shone out of his eyes, "tell me all about it. You were very sketchy," his gesture indicated the other room, "out there! How did the child really get hurt—and how did *you* come to be here? How—Why, Rose-Marie . . . *Sweetheart!*"

For Rose-Marie had fainted very quietly—and for the first time in all of her strong young life.

CHAPTER XVIII

THEY were sitting together at the luncheon table—the Superintendent and Rose-Marie and the Young Doctor. The noontime sunshine slanted across the table, dancing on the silver spoons, touching softly Rose-Marie's curls, finding an answering sparkle in the Young Doctor's smile. And silence, the warm silence of happiness, lay over them all.

It was the Young Doctor who broke the silence.

"Just about a month ago, it was," he said reflectively, "that I saw Lily for the first time. And now—" he paused teasingly—"and now——"

Rose-Marie laid down the bit of roll that she was buttering. Her face was glowing with eagerness.

"They've come to some decision," she whispered, in a question that was little more than a breath of sound; "the doctors at the hospital have come to some decision?"

The Superintendent was leaning forward and her kind soul shone out of her tired eyes. "Tell us at once, Billy Blanchard!" she ordered; "*at once!*"

Quite after the maddening fashion of men the Young Doctor did not answer—not until he had consumed, and appreciatively, the bit of roll that he had been buttering. And then——

"The other doctors agree with my

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Minster Aisles

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

PEACE dwells in mountain temples of the sky,
Vast aisles where mortal footsteps never fall,
Where song is hushed and only great winds call
The stars to worship as the sunsets die.
Peace dwells where wastes of water lie,
Forever held by ruling moons in thrall,
And still save where on some coast's rocky wall
With intonations faint the breakers cry.

But here within these minster aisles is peace,
A sweeter peace than that of peak or sea,
A peace made holy by a presence dear.
Here dies the stress of life, its strivings cease,
Frail human hearts touch immortality,
And souls are comforted since He is near!

The Editorial Forum

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Real Disarmament

IN THE case of international disarmament, "Barkis is willin'" if the other nation is. Up to date, Japan says if the United States will take steps to disarm, with Great Britain joining, she is willing to come in.

Great Britain says the same, if Japan and America will disarm. The United States is going ahead on her own account to register public opinion, as shown by the action of the Appropriation Committee in the House in cutting down the sum requested for the army of $690,000,000, to $370,000,000—a 50 per cent. reduction. This indicates a saving of $320,000,000 to the taxpayers annually.

All this is encouraging. There is a growing sentiment among the people of this country for actual disarmament. Now is the time to add to this growing conviction until the reality of disarmament is made history, a history that will mark an epoch in civilization beyond all imagination for the world's welfare.

What the World Needs Is Prayer

AT THIS time, when all the Christian denominations and the great Prayer Leagues are uniting in a campaign of prayer, the suggestion is made that the principal evangelical agencies in the United States should agree on the adoption of specific petitions which are of the highest spiritual importance. It has been well said that "Nothing lies beyond the reach of prayer except that which lies outside the will of God." It is obvious, therefore, that first of all, our petitions should be that we might be led to ask only those things that are accordant with His will. We can then make our requests with the spirit of entire confidence, knowing that if we ask only those things that we ought to ask, He will hear and answer. The following have been suggested to the Christian Herald as fitting subjects of prayer at the present time—

That the nations may be led to lay aside their weapons of war and turn to peace;

That race hatred between the peoples may disappear, and good-will and love be manifested instead;

That the Church, and all evangelical organizations, may receive a baptism of the Spirit, with energy to press forward in the work of world evangelization;

That the madness of pleasure-seeking and wicked indulgence may cease, and that our people may be led into the ways of uprightness and good Christian citizenship;

That the efforts now being made in our land to relieve the world's starving nations may be abundantly successful, and that such generosity may be inspired with the Christ Spirit, which seeks to save both soul and body;

That there may come a genuine nation-wide spiritual revival throughout our land, with a great harvest of souls, and that our churches may be united more closely in the bonds of brotherhood and Christian love, and so be able to render more effective service in bringing in the multitudes;

That all in authority in the Nation, the States, and in communities may be guided by the desire for uprightness and justice.

In addition to the churches themselves, various evangelical bodies have taken an active part in the present movement, notably the Great Commission Prayer League, of Chicago, the Christian Herald Prayer League with membership in all the States, and the Moody Bible Institute. These and many others are waiting in faith for a great outpouring of the Spirit not only upon our own nation, but the people of other lands. The Christian Herald invites all of its readers to join their prayers with those of these organizations. This is the most important duty that can occupy the minds of men at the present time, because prayer means the realization and utilization of the presence and power of God in our daily lives.

Some Japanese Facts

RACE feeling and race prejudice are as old as the human race, and at times it seems as if the strength of it was as great and violent as ever. It is one of the oldest and one of the hardest human passions to overcome.

The Japanese have for various reasons been hated and suspected by the other nations. We are not taking time here to state what seem to be the reasons for that hatred. But it is certainly in order at all times to do and say anything that will make friends instead of enemies and create an atmosphere of goodwill instead of ill-will among the different peoples of the earth who have to occupy the sphere at the same time. It certainly is out of order for the good of civilization to continue to create a condition of suspicion and ill-will among the different races of mankind.

We are constantly told that the Japanese immigration is so rapidly increasing, even under the "Gentlemen's Agreement" of 1907, that in a very short time we shall be swamped with these undesirable aliens, and labor and industry generally which cannot compete with low standards, will be imperilled.

But in the case even of California, where the fear of a Japanese flood is most felt, the Japanese population is only 70,196 as compared with a total population of the State, which is 3,426,861. This is an increase of population for California of 1,049,312 in the last ten years, while the Japanese population has increased only 28,838 in the same period. Surely this is no cause for excessive fear of an alien race.

Much has been said about the danger of letting the Japanese get possession of the land, and stories have been circulated that in a very few years the Japanese would have possession of the best land of California.

The facts show that by the figures of the State Board of Control the Japanese at the present time are cultivating 458,056 acres, most of it under short-term leases. Of this amount they own 74,769 acres. California has an area of about 28,000,000 acres of farm land. Of this only 1.6 per cent. is cultivated by the Japanese. On this small per cent. they produce, however, 13 per cent. of California's total food product. This produce is valued at $67,000,000 of which 35 per cent. is paid to landowners as rental and 45 per cent. to laborers, and the Japanese tenants or contractors receive 20 per cent.

The new law of November, 1920, prohibits Japanese from buying or leasing farm land. And also forbids them from making any investment in any California corporation owning agricultural land. Ten organizations opposed this law, including the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, Stockton Labor Council, Sacramento Federated Trades Council, American Committee of Justice, and various Christian organizations.

There are 72 churches and preaching places among the Japanese in California, and about 2,500 church members. Dr. Henry Wadsworth Kinney, superintendent of schools in Hawaii, says of the desire of the Japanese to acquire American ideals and standards, "The Japanese educated in the public schools eagerly grasp American ideals and standards. They have a tendency to feel that a knowledge of English and absorption of Western civilization places them on a higher plane than that occupied by their parents." The bad side of any race, including our own, can easily be shown. Let us give the good side of the races in our dealing with the question.

Apply the Remedy

PEOPLE are constantly writing to the editor complaining of the bad picture-shows in their town. They want to know what to do to make these places decent for the average family that would like to encourage good films, and also feel sure, when any of their young people wanted to attend a picture-show that it would be respectable and safe for them to go. But these people never seem to understand that the remedy for the bad film rests with the public which goes to see it. The most powerful agency for correcting the abuses of the picture-house is not legislation nor censor boards nor public attacks in the press or the pulpit, but the remedy lies with the people themselves. To illustrate:

The Dean of the women in a Western co-educational college recently took to a picture-house two of her girls to see a film which was advertised to be clean and wholesome. After the usual advertisements and news pictures had been thrown on the screen, a company of so-called vaudeville artists came out and began a vulgar dialogue. It became so bad as it went on that the Dean decided to leave the house, and taking the college girls with her, she left the seats, and on the way out asked to see the manager. The manager was in his office back of the moving-picture machine, and the Dean, taking the students with her, had the following conference:

The Dean. "I came down here with two of the students of the college to see the picture which you advertised as clean and wholesome. We have just been listening to a dialogue that is so vulgar that I do not want to hear it, and certainly do not wish the students to hear it. That is the reason I am leaving this place with them."

The Manager. "I did not know the vaudeville people had any dialogue. I hired them to sing. I will not allow them to repeat the dialogue. It will not occur again."

The Dean. "I thank you. We appreciate that."

The Manager. "You may depend upon it that I will do as I say. The dialogue will not occur again."

The next night the Dean sent the two students down to the place again. The vaudeville people sang, but the objectionable dialogue was cut out. And it did not appear again in-that town.

It took less than five minutes to make this protest in the name of decency. The manager did just what nearly every manager of a picture-house would do if any number of his patrons filed a serious objection to a bad film. If he was unable to act owing to contracts with large companies, he would file his complaint and the film companies would have to take notice of a public criticism. It is safe to say that in any town where bad or questionable films are being shown, if a dozen good citizens would rise from their places and go out of the house, registering with the manager as they went out their reasons for leaving, in a very short time the film companies would take notice and the character of the films would undergo a very decided change for the better. But if good people will continue to sit through the exhibition of poor films and make no protest, because they are cowards or do not want to be thought odd or peculiar, just so long the bad films will continue. The public holds the remedy for about all the ills from which it suffers. Let it apply the remedy.

All Watching Prohibition

IF PROHIBITION *is enforced in New York City as thoroughly as it is in other parts of America, the entire world will follow in our footsteps; but if America fails civilization at this supreme moment, the cause of Prohibition is dead for a hundred years.*"

These brief words were spoken by William E. Johnson (the man who lost an eye in the cause of Prohibition in England) at a recent meeting of the Ministers' Union in New York City. They set before the American people, in a single graphic sentence, the Prohibition situation today. Prohibition is the law of the land and must be enforced. Partially enforced, it will inevitably run the risk of being set down as a failure; but with the full co-operation of Federal, state, and municipal authorities, its success is assured.

Europe's statesmen are watching with growing interest the progress of the drinking reform in America. Premier Lloyd George is quoted as expressing the conviction that if our campaign here wins, as it ought to, England will follow our example by adopting Prohibition within ten years.

Uncle Sam and the Taxpayer

UNCLE SAM: See, our last new battleship cost $32,000,000.

Taxpayer: Yes, I see it. Also feel it. For I helped pay for it.

Uncle Sam: Also look at the equipment, ammunition and coal, and feeding and paying several hundred men and officers. Several million more every year.

Taxpayer: Yes, I see that too, for I help to keep the thing going.

Uncle Sam: What do you think of it?

Taxpayer: I'm not so proud of a $32,000,000 battleship as I used to be a few years ago. In fact I know several million of me in this and other countries who feel as I do. How much longer are you going to make them?

Uncle Sam: As long as you taxpayers want me to.

Taxpayer: Put me down right now as not wanting any more. Let's see. $32,000,000 is some sum. There are 45,000,000 Chinese men, women and children starving to death. $6 will keep a human being alive until next harvest. $32,000,000 will keep from dying 5,333,333 people. You may take my part of the $32,000,000 battleship and use it to save instead of to kill.

Uncle Sam: How many more taxpayers are there like you?

Taxpayer: I don't know. But I believe most of us feel the same way.

Uncle Sam: But you have 7 cents on every dollar paid me, to keep up your household expenses, education, good roads, child welfare, post-office, Congress and all the rest. And only 93 cents is spent to me on what war has cost us.

Taxpayer: Let me get that. 93 and 7. 93 and 7. 93 and 7. I won't forget it.

Uncle Sam: I am getting ready to build another $32,000,000 battleship; unless you countermand the order. What do you say?

Taxpayer: I'll think it over. Meanwhile, I don't want to forget that. 93 and 7. My money, too, that you are spending. I'll think it over.

The World News of the Week

Allies Tentatively Fix German Indemnity After Heated Clashes

ATTEMPTS by the Allied premiers, meeting in Paris, to fix the total of the reparation payments to be demanded from Germany have evoked heated clashes between the French and British leaders, but a tentative agreement on a basis of settlement finally was reached.

M. Doumer, the French Finance minister, had claimed as the French share of the indemnity the sum of 112,000,000,000 gold marks, normally about $28,000,000,000, but as her share has been fixed tentatively at 55 per cent. that would mean a principal of 200,000,000,000 for Germany to pay. With interest the total would run up to twice this figure.

The British refused to accept this demand, declaring Germany would be unable to pay, and the French modified their figures through the intervention of President Millerand, who had accepted at the Boulogne conference, while France's premier, a more moderate basis of settlement.

The Allied experts agreed that Germany shall pay over 42 years a series of annuities ranging from 2,000,000,000 to 6,000,000,000 gold marks, and the scale of payment favored would yield a grand total of 220,000,000,000 gold marks (normally $55,000,000,000). In addition to this, Germany would pay for the 42 years a 12½ per cent. tax on the total of her export trade.

This plan had to be approved finally by the Allied Supreme Council and by the governments constituting it, which in the case of France probably will be accomplished only after a severe parliamentary fight. Then negotiations with Germany will be necessary, since it changes the terms of the Versailles treaty providing for payment in thirty years. The question of reparations thus is far from being settled.

Premier Lloyd George of Great Britain insisted on the necessity of an immediate settlement and declared it was better to have a partial solution now than an ideal settlement later. In this he was supported by the Italian and Belgian representatives, who opposed the inauguration of a new system of payments as likely to unsettle the whole world.

Announcement was made in Berlin that the German Government agreed to the plan of five yearly instalments as a basis for further negotiations, and would waive insistence that the total of the indemnity be fixed now, but wished the total to be fixed during the five-year period instead of later.

Photos by International

MR. HARDING RESTING UNDER FLORIDA'S SUNNY SKIES

Above is the houseboat Victoria, aboard which the President-elect took a two-weeks' cruise in Southern waters. Below are the members of his party. Left to right are Senator Fall; Senator Frelinghuysen, the host; Mr. Harding; Henry P. Fletcher; Dr. Ely; and H. M. Daugherty

Wilson Urges Pledge to Russia

PRESIDENT WILSON has proposed to the Great Powers, through the League of Nations, a solemn engagement "not to take advantage of Russia's stricken condition and not to violate the territorial integrity of Russia, nor to undertake themselves any further invasions of Russia, nor to tolerate such invasions by others." The idea was presented in connection with the discussion of how the President best could mediate in behalf of Armenia, which now is virtually under the control of Soviet Russia. Mr. Wilson held that the Armenian situation was only a detail of the Bolshevist problem and that it was futile to seek a solution for Armenia's difficulties without attempting a general and comprehensive treatment of the entire Russian situation.

Reiterating his hostility toward the Bolsheviki, the President called attention to the instability and unrest along the Russian border, due to the fear of new wars, and declared the great impediment to peaceful reconstruction in those troubled territories was caused by the utter confusion between defense and offense. The small border states, he said, would not attack Russia unless encouraged by the Great Powers and he urged the Powers to pledge themselves to maintain peace, so that the blame for any hostilities on the Russian frontier might be placed squarely on the Soviet government.

If the Powers will pledge their moral and diplomatic support in this matter, President Wilson promised to instruct Henry Morgenthau, his personal representative in the Armenian matter, to proceed at once on his mission.

State Department officials believed the President's move would have a beneficial effect on the peasant and other anti-Bolshevist masses throughout Russia, and the comments of Russians in foreign countries were favorable. The Great Powers delayed their answers, and responsible officials were slow to express any opinion which would give an indication of their attitude regarding the President's note. The London press was inclined to be hostile. The Brazilian Ambassador in Washington informed the State Department that President Pessoa was in thorough accord with Mr. Wilson's views, and would support his proposals.

Japanese-American Agreement Ready

NEGOTIATIONS to settle the California alien land question and to define the rights of Japanese in the United States have been concluded successfully by Roland S. Morris, American Ambassador to Japan, and Baron Shidehara, Japanese Ambassador to America, and their recommendations now await the action of their governments. The Morris report was on the desk of Secretary Colby when he returned to Washington from his visits of state to South American countries, and contained a lengthy review of Japanese-American relations for thirty years.

As had been forecast, the principal features of the agreement provide for an amendment of the existing commercial treaty between the United States and Japan so as to grant to Japanese subjects equal rights with the nationals of any other foreign country and for the revision of the present "gentlemen's agreement" so as to make it conform to present-day requirements, absolutely prohibiting Japanese emigration to the United States and Hawaii and admitting Japanese immigrants to the Philippine Islands. It is not the idea, however, that Japanese shall receive American citizenship.

The conferences between the Ambassadors were informal and are not binding on either government, but the foreign office of each capital has been in close touch with the negotiations and is expected to approve. When Tokio has given its approval, the matter will be taken up with President Wilson, who will decide whether to submit the treaty changes to the Senate at the present session or to allow the agreement to await the action of the incoming administration. It was considered almost certain that final action would be delayed until after Mr. Harding has taken office.

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WINTER HARDSHIPS OF THE FISHERMEN

When a fleet of Boston fishing boats reached port with a record catch, the boats were covered with ice, attesting the difficulties of supplying America's tables

New Riots in Italy

A FRESH outburst of rioting, verging on civil war, broke out in the cities of central and northern Italy simultaneously with Premier Giolitti's announcement of his plan for redeeming his pledge to the workers for joint control of the larger industries.

Socialist and Nationalist mobs clashed in several cities, and the casualties were numbered by the score. The Chambers of Labor in Bologna and Modena, both splendid buildings, were burned by Nationalist mobs, and the situation became so serious that the government issued drastic decrees which applied to the whole of Modena, Ferrara and Bologna, revoking all permits for the carrying of firearms and ordering steps for the immediate disarmament of the population.

Premier Giolitti's bill for establishing the principle of control failed to give a formal definition of the much-debated word "control," but its objects were explained as aiming to familiarize the workers with industrial conditions, to better their status, to improve production and to establish more normal and peaceful relations between employer and employee. The workers in each industry will elect a commission of control comprising nine members, six to be chosen by the rank and file and three by the higher employees. The commission will delegate to each plant two or more workers to exercise control and furnish reports. The manufacturers in each branch of industry also will select commissions of nine for negotiations with the commissions set up by the employees. All controversies are to be settled, without appeal, by two arbiters chosen from either side, under the presidency of a third person selected by the workmen's delegates or nominated in case of disagreement, by the president of the tribunal.

Many points in this interesting experiment in industrial democracy on a nation-wide scale remained in doubt, but the world will watch closely how it works out. Factory owners were bitterly opposed to the system proposed, and changes may be made in the measure before the Italian Parliament passes it.

Mr. Harding in Florida

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING has been enjoying a vacation in Florida waters aboard Senator Frelinghuysen's houseboat Victoria, and temporarily has dropped work on appointments and the determination of the program of his administration. Golf on courses along the coast furnished recreation, and he appeared bronzed and invigorated by the rest.

Continued on page 140

Seeing Jesus

A Sermon by Rev. EDMUND T. BYLES*

TEXT—John 20 : 20. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

"THEY saw the Lord." That made all the difference. The wonderful story is that the first to whom Jesus revealed Himself after He arose was Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils. You remember the story. How that she was so blinded by tears when they could not find the body that she did not know Jesus when He stood before her. "She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him, 'Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him and I will take Him away.'" How Jesus spoke the one word, "Mary," in the voice she knew so well. How her whole soul responded in the one word, "Master," and how she flew to tell what she had seen to the rest of the little company with the one sentence on her lips: "I have seen the Lord." The broken-hearted mourner was changed in a single instant into the first glad missionary of the Gospel of a living Christ. And she was transformed by a sight of Jesus.

The change that took place in these ten men, gathered in the upper room, was exactly similar and has been often described. They, too, were fearful, despairing, broken-hearted. They, too, were transformed in a few short moments into men of gladness, courage, enthusiasm. And that which wrought the change in them too was a sight of Jesus.

IT IS possible in a very real sense to see Jesus in the twentieth century. And our first point is that we, too, need to see Jesus.

For there is empty religion when Jesus is not seen. Mrs. Stowe, in her wonderful book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," says that St. Clare once asked his little daughter Eva: "What is being a Christian?" and she at once replied: "Loving Jesus Christ most of all." And she was right. But often that is not what men see when they talk about religion. Religion is to many a set of rules, laws—things they have to do. To many it is a series of restraints, binding them down, holding them in, making life hard and poor. And to many it is a series of religious duties, going to church, Bible reading, making prayers. So do many try to live out a dull, empty, legal, religious life, because they do not see that religion is Jesus. They do not see Him who said: "I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with Me."

There is doubt and fear because of not seeing Jesus. When Paul was being taken a prisoner to Rome, the Alexandrian ship in which they were voyaging was struck by a fearful tempest. For days they were driven on, a shipload of despairing men. Yet there was one man on board whom the tempest could not alarm, a center of cheer and encouragement, urging the rest to eat and to keep up their spirits. For beside Paul Jesus had stood, assuring him that he was safe in His keeping.

There is feebleness and helplessness among the followers of Jesus when they do not see Him. Not seeing Jesus is the reason why so much of our work for Him is ineffective. How can we "give our experience" when we have none to give? Our message must be personal testimony. It must be that of the ten when the next day they found the missing Thomas and said to him with their hearts full: "We have seen the Lord."

BUT can we see the Lord? The text is the exclamation of men who had seen Him in His actual bodily presence. Afterward "He ascended to Heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty." In what sense can we talk of "seeing Jesus"?

Apart from all debatable ground of visions and exceptional experiences in a very real sense it is the privilege of every Christian to "see Jesus."

We are very apt to see Him, if we are found in the company He keeps.

That first Sunday evening Thomas was away. How much he missed! But his friends did what it is to be wished all the disciples of Jesus would more often do. They went after him, and told him what a good service they had had and invited him to come to meeting next Lord's Day. They succeeded—as some of us might succeed if we would only try—and the next Sunday evening, Thomas was there with them, full of unbelief, almost scornfully incredulous, but there with them. And there, as so often since, in the midst of his followers, the presence of the Master was revealed. There doubting Thomas, too, saw the Lord. To him, as to the rest, there came the vision which made him ever after a changed man.

*Pastor First M. E. Church, Coxsackie, N. Y.

We may see Jesus in His word.

Exhortations are often made to Christians to read their Bibles, and we all have a dim idea that it is part of our Christian duty to offer a prayer, morning and night, and to open the book we call the Bible and read a few sentences.

But the reading of the Bible may be the dreariest occupation imaginable! It is sadly possible to read the Bible in the wrong way, as a kind of charm, as though the opening and the perusing so many lives of the printed page had in it some unfailing virtue.

IT IS not so. The Pharisees were great Bible students and Jesus told them that their Bible reading was no use. "Ye search the Scriptures," He said to them, "because ye think that in them ye have eternal life; and these are they that bear witness of Me; and ye will not come to Me that ye might have life." Their Bible reading was useless because they did not see Jesus there.

Read the Bible always with this end in view. It is best to read those parts most where He is most clearly revealed. It is a good plan for young Christians to begin their Bible study, not with Genesis and Exodus, but with Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Four lovely portraits of Jesus drawn by different pens, that the picture may be more complete. And as we would greedily read a letter from a loved and absent friend, and, perhaps still more eagerly, the words of some one who had seen them lately and could tell us all about them, so let us read these memoirs of Jesus and we shall find them to be like the Garden of Eden where the Lord walked and where those who loved Him could meet Him face to face.

WE MAY see Jesus when we pray. Prayer is not begging gifts of God as a beggar solicits alms at our door. Jesus taught that we are not heard for our speaking. "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." Prayer is bringing our needs and hopes and cares, but mainly ourselves, into His presence.

Jesus spent whole nights in prayer to God. Was He begging, beseeching, "wrestling" those long quiet hours? I can not think so. Surely He was refreshing and strengthening His soul by calm and trustful communion with His Father as upon some visit home you might commune with your loved mother. One of the most beautiful and helpful books it has ever been my joy to read is Henry Drummond's tiny volume on "The Changed Life." Speaking in it of prayer, he has this memorable sentence: "Ten minutes spent in His society every day, aye, two minutes if it is face to face and heart to heart, will make the whole day different." "*If it be face to face and heart to heart.*" There is the condition and the spirit of all true prayer.

If you have asked how Christ may be seen in prayer, you have asked a question difficult to answer in words. But He has said: "He that loveth Me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love Him and will manifest Myself unto him." It is like the sunrise—perhaps the most wonderful sight in all God's wonderful creation. Before the sun itself is seen, the stars begin to fade and the sunlight to make itself felt. The sky gradually changes color, and all nature begins to be filled with golden glory. And all this before the sun itself is seen. So with the revelation of Jesus: "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings." Not until we reach our Father's house shall we see Him in His glory. Yet may all our earthly lives be glowing with the glory of His presence.

SEEING Jesus has two magnificent results. The first is joy. What is the greatest human joy? Beyond doubt, the joy of the presence of one we love. Wonderful and divine is the passionate joy of the mother, to whom the whole world is nothing if only you will leave her in peace beside the little cradle, and who, when the talk is of gems and treasures, brings forward, like the noble Roman matron, her boys, and says: "These are my jewels." There is no joy like the joy of love.

Lift this bliss to divine relationships, and you have the greatest joy Heaven knows. That joy came to those men when Jesus came. They went forth to face the world with their hearts full of Heaven. If you have not much happiness and a not very steady place in your Christian life, do not seek for happiness, do not seek for peace. Seek for Jesus, to see Him and to know Him. For when you find Him, you find "a peace that passes all understanding" and "a joy unspeakable and full of glory." "In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."

The other result is transformation. As we saw at the first, these men were revolutionized. They were changed from cowards to heroes; from selfish men, constantly struggling to be first, to men to whom selfishness was almost unknown, ready to lay down their very lives. From men filled with dreams of material glory they became the leaders of the greatest movement for the spiritual uplift of man that the world has ever known. And it was all accomplished by the presence of Jesus.

So with us. If we would be like Jesus, we must live with Him. It is the only way. He trained His disciples by that three years' companionship—indeed that training of the Twelve was one of the most important aspects of His work—and by His spiritual presence with them and with His greatest apostle, Paul, He carried on the transformation through all after years. "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory unto glory."

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"From Every Stormy Wind That Blows," or "Stand Up, Stand up, for Jesus."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 37. Verses 1 to 11.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 129, first column.)

Sermon—"SEEING JESUS"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Come, Thou Almighty King," or "The Homeland, O the Homeland."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Dear Lord, may grace to every one be given,
And Mercy shown to all who seek Thy heaven;
While over all the world may Peace abide—
The Peace of God whatever ills betide.
In Jesus' name. AMEN.

True Charity

TOO often the word "charity" seems to imply a giving of material substance by one blessed with an over abundance to one in less fortunate circumstances. It is true that such alms and gifts are generally the outward expression of the higher emotions of the soul, but we cannot all be public benefactors.

The charity which is denied to no one, the best charity I know, is that as set forth in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. It is the attitude with which one meets his fellow men, in whatever walk or phase of human experience, which tends to give the depressed a glimpse into the lasting joys of life and leads those who are laboring under the deception of evil forces to recognize eternal Truth. It is that culture of the mind which by contact reveals that there is a wealth of soul and a state of happiness that cannot be measured by any material standard.

The men and women whose lives are uplifting forces are the men and women with vision. They can look at nature and see more than existing forms of matter, they can find beauty intermingled with the most rugged and barren spots of landscape and they can look at the stars and feel themselves a part of a vast and harmonious whole. They stand serene, joyous in the knowledge of life. They freely give of the sunshine which they have stored up through long hours of silent thought and those in need cannot but recognize beauty and become recipients of that wealth that knows no measure. It is of such that the multi-millionaire has sought and received alms in a time when his soul craved that which gold could not buy.

Addison says, "Charity is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands." The life that uplifts the soul of humanity by its personal contact with men, silently sharing of its abundance of happiness and beauty, is the life that counts most in the molding of characters, in advancing communities and in shaping the destinies of nations.

ARTHUR H. TADGE.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., C. C. Albertson, E. W. Caswell and H. P. Hoskins

The Roaring Lion

SUNDAY. I Pet. 5:8. "*Be sober, be watchful: your adversary the devil, as a lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.*" The devil comes as a roaring lion. The subtlety of the serpent is laid aside; he discards the sheen of the angel of light; he appears as sheer brutal force, an antagonist of terrific and naked violence, bearing down his victims under the heavy paws of relentless persecution.

When the apostle wrote this letter, the lion was about; Nero was at work; the Christians were being hunted to death, in the vain attempt at stamping out their faith and devotion to the Man of Nazareth, their Saviour and their Lord. He comes as a serpent, as an angel of light, as a roaring lion. He came to the Master as a serpent when he offered Him worldly power. He came as an angel of light when he sought to deepen and enrich His trust. He came to Him as a roaring lion in the blows and blasphemies of the bloodthirsty multitude.

This antagonism we have got to meet. How can we meet it in the hope of certain triumph?

"*Be sober.*" The culture of sobriety! See to it that you are not intoxicated, drugged into any kind of perilous stupor. Keep your head clear. Be collected. "Be sober."

Now, the apostle is writing to men and women who are professedly the followers of Jesus Christ, and I think there are two perils in the religious life, both of which have their issue in moral stupor. We can lose our senses in excitement, and we can lose them in sleep. There are perils in sensationalism, and there are perils in encroaching drowsiness. There is the stupor which accompanies exaggeration, and there is the stupor of indifference. There is an excessive emotionalism which offers no barriers against the incursions of the devil.

That is the peril of all revivals. Men may "lose their heads," and their very excitement fosters a moral drowsiness which gives hospitality to the besetting forces of temptation and sin. It is among the highly emotional races that we find the profoundest moral sleep. "Be sober." If your spirit be fervent, at all pains let it be clear.

"*Be watchful.*" Not only be sober, but thoroughly awake, exercising your perceptions to the rarest and most fruitful refinement. We know the large possibilities which allure us in the cultivation of the physical senses; equally large possibilities glow before us in the culture of the soul. Every exercise of watchfulness ensures us stronger sight. In the quest of the Divine we come to self-possession. In this line of culture the progress is from the greater to the less. The moral senses perceive ever finer and finer essences of good and evil.

Moral progress is in the direction of the scruple. The finest scholar in the school of Christ is he who has the rarest perception of the moral trifle. "He that doeth the *least* of these commandments is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." Therefore, exercise thy moral senses, lest the hordes of evil should enter through the gates of unperceived neglects. "Be watchful." J. H. J.

The Battle of Good Against Evil

MONDAY. Romans 17:21. "*When I would do good, evil is present with me.*" It has been suggested that Paul's seventh chapter of Romans must have given Stevenson his story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Here good and evil are struggling for the supremacy in the same personality. Dr. Henry Jekyll was the better self, pure and noble in aspiration. Edward Hyde was the evil, sensual, cruel nature, attacking the angel spirit of lofty manhood. One day the power of personality could not change back from Hyde to Jekyll; evil habits had the will power by the throat, hurling the nobler self from the throne. It was then that Satan swayed his scepter over the soul.

Paul's cry of desperation, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death," was answered in the glorious words, "Through Jesus Christ our Lord!" There can be no doubt about the outcome of the battle of life, when our Lord's spirit of power fills the soul of the believer. The Conqueror of the ages will give you the victory over appetite, heredity and all the forces of evil.

It is a question of the mightiest import, Who shall rule in the citadel of the soul? The higher and lower natures bid for the possession of the immortal personality. Mr. Hyde, promising pleasure, position, gratification of passions and worldly wealth and power, is pulling hellward, while Dr. Jekyll, longing to be like the pattern of his Lord, listening to the voice of ministering angels and the call of loved ones, is battling with Apollyon for triumph. Man cannot serve two masters; he must decide. Christ demands all the heart's love and devotion.

May it not be that two desires shall fight for the mastery at one and the same moment? Men who know the right, and even love the right, may still do the wrong; but even the darkest heart has hopes of life everlasting. Paul won this victory when he came to himself, and saw his error and lost condition; when he cried, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and realized the glorious fact that "It is not I that live, but Christ that liveth in me." E. W. C.

The Man in the Wilderness

TUESDAY. Luke 3:2. "*The Word of God came unto John, the son of Zacharias, in the wilderness.*" When we say the Word of God came to a man, we mean that God spoke to him, and that he became conscious of a communication from the Eternal. Was it a dream he had? Was it a vision he saw? Was it a voice he heard? We do not know; but whatever it was, it produced conviction and led to action. Hitherto he has been listening. Now he speaks. And he speaks with a new power, a power that shakes thrones. The voice is his own, but the message is from God. The true herald is content to be a voice. There is your true prophet—your true preacher—"Preach the preaching that I bid thee."

Let us not forget to whom the word of God came. To a man in the wilderness, a man very close to Nature. His senses were not dulled by familiarity with the strife of tongues, babel-sounds of the marketplace, or the martial music of the camp. He had sought solitude and loved it because it afforded him a chance to think, to pray. Do not imagine he had fled from the haunts of men to forget the needs of humanity. The wilderness was not to him an opiate. Study his sermon when he had a chance to preach to city folks. He had the social consciousness and the social conscience. He was as keen for justice as the modern poet who prayed:

"Open my heart to music; let
Me thrill to Spring's first lutes and drums;
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballad of the slums."

All the great religious leaders have had their illumination in places apart from intense activity. Moses was a keeper of sheep. David came to the throne of his power fresh from the hills. Paul had his preparation for apostleship in the desert of Arabia.

There must always be men of affairs as well as men of reflection. Now and then we find the combination in one man of both action and meditation. But not to the pushing, energetic promoter does God generally first speak. Rather to the dreamer, the mystic, the tiller of the soil, the gatherer of the fruit. Then through him God speaks to others. The reflective soul has his windows open towards heaven. He is a "watcher of the skies." He first sees the star because his eyes are on the sky. C. C. A.

The Struggle for the Heights

WEDNESDAY. Luke 15:18. "*I will arise and go to my father.*" The mental anticipation always precedes the physical action. There are many decisive actions we have never taken, but should occasion arise, it is already decided what our action would be. We usually rehearse our decisions privately before we put them into action. In this great Bible classic, the "I will" comes before the "He arose."

Decisions are always made in the valley. If there were no valley there would be no aspiration for the heights. If we had been born on the heights and had stayed on the heights, no decisions would be necessary. But we were born in the valley, and many of us are content to remain as we were born. This is the infinite pathos of it. To be lost, a person needs to do nothing, no decision, no struggle, no toil is necessary. But to be saved, a person needs to do something very definite and resolute.

The first struggle is the inward one and this is the most important. "I will arise." The Bible lays great stress on the human will. "If any man will to do His will, he shall know the teaching." When the prodigal, whose name is Everyman, said: "I will arise," he expressed a desire to rise. There is hope for a man who decides to struggle for the heights. They stand for that which appeals to our desire for the best.

There is something about the heights that satisfies our sense of peace and security. They stand for the hills of God to which we lift up our eyes. They are the spiritual altitudes above the miasmas of this world; above its pride and greed and sensuality. When we struggle thus it shows that we have not succumbed to the valley. "Above the noise of selfish strife, we hear thy voice, O Son of Man."

H. P. H.

God's Love for His Children

THURSDAY. Psa. 103:13. "*Like as a father loveth his children, so the Lord loveth them that fear Him.*" Bishop Fowler once said in a sermon: "One of the happiest moments of my early manhood was when a lovely little girl came into our home. As she grew in beauty, I well remember the first time she went to sleep in my arms. As I held her, I was afraid I would hurt her or break her in my awkwardness. Yet I held her as gently as I could. I shall never forget how she rolled her head over against me, and, looking up into my face with a smile of security and confidence, dropped off to sleep. As I stood there, her trust in me made me happy. It would have taken a strong man to have harmed her, sleeping in that confidence."

How much more our heavenly Father longs to have us confidingly trust Him, reposing in His everlasting arms, nestling in the bosom of His love, for "He giveth His beloved sleep," rest and protection.

Did not Jesus give the world foregleams of coming reunion beyond this life when He said to the widow's son, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise," and He gave Him to his mother, or when He presented the restored daughter to Jairus, the father, or when He called forth Lazarus, to the presence of the sisters at Bethany? Are not these pictures of the reunion in the home of the eternal? A father or mother may forget their child, but God says, "I will not forget thee." The heavenly Father wants us more than we want Him. We may sink down into His arms with perfect confidence and love; He will hold us fast, so that no harm will come to us on ocean or on shore.

E. W. C.

When Heart Should Speak to Heart

FRIDAY. I Sam'l. 23:16. "*And Jonathan went to David in the wood and strengthened his hand in God.*" One of my heroic New Year resolutions is to take the false sentiment out of that much abused phrase: "Say it with flowers." Not that I do not love flowers or to give and receive them. Nor that flowers fail, on certain occasions, to express tender and noble sentiment. Like Mary's spikenard they do all of this. I would not discourage flowers at the last ministration to the dead. But not for worlds should we "say it with flowers," if we can say it in a better way.

Say it with earnest words and honest deeds and say it now. Flowers have their noble and beautiful uses both as tribute to the dead and the living, but do not make flowers say, to either the dead or the living, what you have neglected to say in personal appreciation. In other words, let there be no substitute for the sincere expressions of tender regard, due friend and loved one today and now. The pathos of the flowers is that they often come too late.

Flowers fade; but an honest confession of wrong done, of kindness unacknowledged, of debts of gratitude unpaid—these do not fade from the memory so quickly. H. P. H.

The New Commandment

SATURDAY. John. 13:35. "*As I have loved you.*" The old commandment read: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," but as Jesus interpreted and illuminated the old by the Gospel view, He gave these words of the Eleventh Commandment, "Love one another as I have loved you." How much more glorious is His pattern. Contrast our own love of self and Christ's love towards us. What a chasm between these loves! It is a great step for us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us, but to give yourself for others as Jesus did—how Godlike is such love! This matchless love is still farther explained by the words "Even as the Father hath loved Me, so I also have loved you." Here is love to the uttermost heights and depths of infinite being. Our love must be like His in kind, according to our capacity—love to the uttermost of ability. Earth and heaven are united by this bond of unity.

This is love that passeth knowledge. It lays hold of the human heart with the grip divine. "As He is, so are we in this world"; He is the love-gift of God to men. Like Him in love we may be. By this badge of love shall all men know that we are His disciples.

This holy tide of love, flowing over the earth, is to sweep away all jealousy, hatred, strife, opposition. Love is the garden where all graces grow, where souls are lifted up into blessed life, like seeds into flowers where the soil of self bursts into sacrificial service. Love and life are the two grandest glories in the universe of God! Love such as this Livingstone had for Africa, Duff for India, Morrison for China; like the love of Jesus for the people of all continents, kindreds and tongues throughout the world. E. W. C.

Weighing Political Candidates

A Suggestion for a Test to Determine Their Fitness for Office

By A. J. BISSINGER

IT CANNOT be doubted that the vast majority of American voters desire that the public offices should be filled by men of the very highest type of morality. Nor can it be doubted that there are more than enough men and women of this type to fill the political offices in the United States. But it is beyond dispute that the present-day political machinery is failing most of the time in placing such persons in office. Can it be true that politicians are moved more by feeling and self-interest than by facts and the general welfare? It is common knowledge that the natural sciences are based upon facts and principles. Some of the social sciences are also demanding facts for their foundations. But how about politics? If the political world is ever to come to its own it, too, must dispense with bias and partisan spirit, and build on facts and trustworthy principles.

In an effort to provide an aid or device for giving reliable information to the voters regarding the moral character and qualifications of aspirants for public honor, I submit a "Character Test for Political Candidates." This test idea is simply a call for facts and safe principles; it is not a call for a new political party or for any change in political machinery. Politics needs better men more than it needs better machinery. The test idea is not new; we simply ought to extend its use to the field of morals, administer it to politicians as well as to other professions, and do so courageously and impartially.

THE facts which should be sought, together with a brief explanation of the reason for asking such questions, are listed herewith under ten headings:

1. Biographical: Candidate's name, address, nationality? Chief facts about parents or guardians? Chief childhood and youthful experiences, places of abode, etc.? Political history?

As a rule voters have neither desire nor time to study the complete biography of a political candidate. However, voters usually want to know the high peaks of a candidate's life—whether his early training took place in the East, South, North or West; also the politics of his father, of his community, etc., and the candidate's own political history, whether consistent or uncertain.

2. Intellectual Life: Any interesting items about candidate's schooling, degrees, and honors? School studies or activities that held his greatest interest? Least interest? Grades, marks or standing in these studies from school records? Names of books (other than text-books) having marked influence upon him? Other intellectual occupations or activities? Rating of candidate's intelligence from standard mental tests?

This is mainly to learn the candidate's chief intellectual interests and abilities. That this helps to reveal character goes without saying. Furthermore, the demand for the rating of a candidate's intelligence by a standard mental test is not unreasonable. If the ranking of advanced army officers is determined by superior intelligence, why withhold the same tests from civil officers whose efficiency is equally dependent upon superior intelligence?

3. Personal, Moral and Social Qualities: Facts that indicate candidate's childhood and youthful initiative, leadership and executive ability? Incidents that reveal whether or not he is patient, tolerant, kind, courteous, accommodating, punctual, accurate, exact, neighborly, co-operative, consistent, changeable or steady of purpose? Use of tobacco, alcoholic drinks, vulgar language, past and present? Any other facts or incidents revealing candidate's personal qualities or moral characteristics, favorable or unfavorable?

Full and truthful answers to these questions ought to expose a large and legitimate area of a candidate's life. To be sure that a candidate has been and is now a real leader; that he is and always has been kind, punctual, co-operative and steady of purpose; that his language and personal habits are clean and pure, and that his associates are of a similar character—this is just what voters want to know, but are not always privileged to learn.

4. Domestic Life: Names, ages, occupations and location of candidate's family? Actions and methods that reveal candidate's interest in the physical, moral, intellectual and religious welfare of members of family? Names of all papers, magazines and journals taken in his home? Which of these is read most? Names of books, etc., candidate has read or is reading on child life and training, family interests, community welfare and kindred subjects?

We believe the questions on "domestic life" are not too inquisitive of the privacies of family relations. There are many domestic habits and practices that every right-minded home is willing the public may know. We believe the majority of voters in the United States do not care to have some partisan politician express his opinion that this or that candidate has a beautiful home life. The majority of voters want not opinion, but facts. Since it is universally conceded that the family is one of the most—if not *the* most—important social institutions, and since it is generally believed that one's conduct in one's own home reveals one's character more accurately than conduct outside the home, we feel sure every voter has a right to know the actual facts about a candidate's domestic conduct. Furthermore, a knowledge of the reading material of his home is not an unfair request. "Tell me what you read and I will tell you what you are" applies as much, if not more, to one who aspires to social and political leadership than to the one who votes for such leaders.

5. Recreational Life: Chief childhood and youthful sports, play and pastime? Present pleasures, recreation and pastime? Hobbies?

"What would you do if you were suddenly given a vacation day, and could do just as you pleased?" This is asked sometimes as a test question in morals. If a person could be free from looking after the needs and wishes of others, and were permitted to do just as one's own individual tastes and whims called for—how revealing of one's true self! Learning thus the facts about a candidate's recreations and hobbies, a voter is helped in making a truer estimate of his worth.

6. Financial Standing, Property Possessions: Name, location, approximate value and brief description of all the candidate's real estate and large property possessions? Approximate amount of all bank accounts, deposits, etc.? Any debts? Overchecking of accounts? Facts or incidents of candidate's financial honesty, dishonesty, profiteering, graft practices, pro or con?

WHEN the election returns are in, the average American citizen is all too prone to lose all interest in political affairs. Perhaps he is convinced the victors were not the men best fitted for office, but he gives no thought to such matters until the eve of another election. The time to mature political reforms is in the period while the mistakes of the last election are fresh in mind and before the bosses have made certain of the success of their slates. It is in line with that, that we present here Mr. Bissinger's "Character Test for Political Candidates," designed to afford a means of selecting better men for public office.

The Twentieth Century New Testament says; "The love of money is the root of all kinds of evil." Nobody doubts this. If a candidate actually loves money more than the highest welfare of human beings, and is elected—may he not be the cause, directly or indirectly, of "all kinds of evil"? This is in accord with Holy Writ and is true to observation. Some candidates love their wealth legitimately, but love humanity more. However, a voter wants considerable evidence before he believes it; he requires data on the candidate's financial status.

7. Church Life: Candidate's interest and attendance at church during childhood and youth? Name and location of church of which he is a member or attends at present? Names of churches attended by his family? Actual present church attendance of candidate and family? Facts of candidate's active participation in church work or other religious activities? Any other incidents that reveal candidate's interest in church life as an aid in character culture?

This is not a "religious" test, as such. Its aim is not to raise the question of Jew, Catholic or Protestant; to do so is un-American. A voter, if truly American, will make denominationalism a secondary matter. Doubtless, most voters prefer to have religious men and women as officers, provided their religion is wholesome individually, pure socially and edifying morally. This is about all many voters care to know about a candidate and this test is intended simply to measure a candidate's interest in the church as an institution that fosters the development of good character.

8. Recent Specialized Interests and Ambitions (as special preparation for office): Books, etc., read, visits or investigations made in activities and subjects allies to the work and duties of the office sought?

Truly, a candidate may have a satisfactory character, but a voter often asks whether he also has any special interest in the work his prospective office will demand. Is this special interest inherited, or has he acquired such interest by intensive study of books, surveys, investigations, etc.? What has the candidate ever done to convince the voter he has such special interest? We believe the voter has a right to know these facts also.

9. Political Views: What are candidate's political and partisan views, in plain and simple words, and written personally?

Although the emphasis of this test as a whole is upon character, yet a statement of the candidate's political views seems quite in order, provided it is brief and in simple language and written by the candidate himself.

10. Political Promises: A. *General:* 1. I promise, if elected, to allow political attitudes and partisan bias to have a secondary place in the determination of my position on public issues and problems, and to permit ethical principles and high moral standards to have primary place in the determination or solution of public issues, using the ethical teachings of the New Testament as chief guide and authority. 2. I promise, if elected, to extend only a kind and courteous treatment to any and all political opponents and partisans, and upon occasion express it both in words and deeds; furthermore I shall endeavor to induce other political candidates and officers to do likewise. 3. I promise, if elected, to give reasonably quick and definite responses to inquiries from my constituency concerning any political or moral action taken or to be taken when in office. 4. I promise, if elected, to consider any attempt by any person, company or corporation to buy my vote or influence me in any way contrary to justice and integrity. I promise to consider such attempt just reason to cast my vote and influence contrary to the wish of such person or company.
B. *Specific:* I promise, if elected, to vote for (or against) (1) child welfare measures, (2) more school taxes, (3) "bone dry" measures, (4) industrial arbitration, (5) League of Nations Covenant, etc.

These promises, as given in the test, are self-explanatory. A person of character ought to be willing to sign his name to all of them. Some office-seekers may offer to make further promises; some may prefer not to make any. We can easily guess which candidate a voter would choose if one would sign his name to all of them and another would refuse to sign any. Since none of us prefer to have our office-holders use the teachings of Mohammed or Confucius or Buddha in determining political policies, we believe it is perfectly reasonable to ask them to use the ethical teachings of Jesus, as found in the New Testament, as their "chief moral guide and authority." "The general" promises indicated in the test might be suitable for any office and for all time. The "specific" promises, however, would change as time changes and as new problems arise.

HOW could such a test be put into use? We believe that if character tests ever come into usefulness, their rise into such usefulness will probably take the course that Prohibition took—namely the "local option" route. There are always a few counties in every State that are progressive in moral welfare, and have a broad-minded, non-partisan editor as one of their leaders. With some volunteer assistance to begin with, such an editor could easily gather at least the most important information called for in the test, and could continue to do so for all candidates in the county who seek either local, State or Federal office. If the tests prove successful in securing the facts which the people need in order to vote judiciously and wisely, its use would naturally spread to other counties, thus following the "local option" course in its development.

Another plan for administering tests might be as follows: Every county has several trustworthy, retired citizens of the leading political parties. One of each of these parties could be selected by the local party organization and all work together, gathering information about all candidates of all parties, as called for in the test or as local circumstances demanded. One person from each political party, and all working together, would tend to make them eliminate unreliable, biased information, and furnish only facts, incidents and actual happenings and occurrences about every candidate. Doubtless, with society's continual demand for good character, many office-seekers with doubtful morals would never run for such positions. Men whose lives could stand such a test with fair showing could have much of the demanded information ready for disposal when the test-administrators came around.

Upon election day each voter could deposit a small contribution at his voting place or elsewhere, which could be given to these men for their service. If twenty-five cents were contributed by each of 15,000 voters in an average sized county, the combined salary of two such test administrators would be $3750, or $1875 for each man. And what serious-minded voter would be unwilling to give twenty-five cents for the very facts he wants to know? Certainly with experience better methods of managing the gathering of facts would be found and developed.

Famine sufferers, dependent on America's generosity; receiving provisions at a relief station

Feeding China for Five Months

GENEROUS readers of the Christian Herald can have the satisfaction of knowing that up to January 22 they had been instrumental in preserving for a period of one month the lives of 355,000 victims of starvation in the five northern provinces of China.

An additional $100,000 was handed to the American Committee on January 22 for transmission to China, bringing the total actually sent to the relief of the sufferers by the readers of the Christian Herald up to that date to $355,000. Knowing that one dollar is sufficient to purchase food for a Chinese for one month, readers can visualize for themselves the tangible results of their generosity.

Latest reports from China indicate that at the most conservative estimate 11,000,000 people in the northern provinces are literally starving. They have no prospect of preserving life save through outside help, and that help must flow freely to them for a period of five months from the first of January, that is, until the beginning of next June, when it is hoped that the new harvest may be ready.

In our issue of February 5 we announced contributions received up to January 19 as $354,959.49. The daily record for the week following was as follows:

January 20	$13,673.83
" 21	4,546.75
" 22	3,303.78
" 24	7,855.27
" 25	3,718.76
" 26	6,969.02
Grand Total	**$395,026.90**

MR. THOMAS W. LAMONT, chairman of the nation-wide China Famine Committee appointed by President Wilson, has sent to Mr. Graham Patterson, publisher of the Christian Herald and Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee, the following letter of thanks for the readers of this magazine for their contributions forwarded to the famine victims in China.

"My dear Mr. Patterson:

"I thank you kindly for your letter of January 4th and the check representing the contributions to the China Relief from Christian Herald readers. It is certainly a *remarkable* showing and gives our Committee great encouragement in looking toward the future.

"The organization of our campaign is steadily progressing, and with the co-operation of all is, I am sure, bound to raise a large sum for the help of the Chinese famine sufferers.

"Please let me congratulate you upon the work that you and your organization have so ably done, the benefits of which are sure to be increasingly evident from day to day.

(signed) "T. W. Lamont"

Supplies from Manchuria Now Are Reaching the Stricken Provinces

IT CANNOT be overemphasized that the prime and immediate need in organizing the relief work is money. Food can be bought in sufficient quantities in Manchuria to feed the starving population of the famine provinces, and adequate arrangements have been made for its transportation. Two lines of railroad, one on the east and another on the west, run north and south through the famine area. Supplies are shipped to strategic points along these two lines and thence are taken by mule carts and the great Chinese wheelbarrows, that can carry almost as heavy a load as a mule can drag to distribution points. The work of distribution is superintended by missionaries of all denominations, who have flocked to the famine area from all parts of China, freely volunteering their services. Food, principally beans, also comes by ship to the port of Chefu, on the coast of Shantung, and is distributed thence by mule carts and wheelbarrows.

In view of these circumstances, the American Committee for China Famine Fund, which has coordinated all relief agencies, has decided after the most careful consideration to decline the numerous generous offers of contributions of corn which have been received. In explaining to would-be donors the reasons which have prompted this decision, the Committee made the following statement:

"Experts in both grain and transportation problems were called into extensive conference, and on their advice it finally has been decided necessary to announce definitely that no corn will be shipped from this country. The reasons are twofold:

"First. The difficulty of shipment for such a long distance and the probability that the cargo would heat before its arrival in the Orient. The authorities declare definitely that the grain would have to be kiln-dried before shipment, thus adding materially to the cost.

"Second. The fact that in the most favorable possible circumstances it would cost fifty cents a bushel to deliver corn in a Chinese port.

"The American dollar is (today) worth $1.60 in China. Our Committee in Peking finds it can buy food in the Orient for almost immediate delivery and it is the conviction of the American Committee that money and immediate food delivery is the all-important thing."

THE judgment of the American Committee is confirmed by Bishop W. R. Lambuth, of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), who has recently returned from an extended tour of the famine-stricken provinces. "The need is more money," Bishop Lambuth declared emphatically in an address before the Foreign Missions Conference at Garden City. "If we had the money we could take care of these people. We could buy foodstuff, and we could have it transported by cart, muleback, or railroad."

Conditions as he found them, he declared, "almost baffle description." He told how he lay awake all one night in Tientsin; unable to sleep for the cries and groans of the 25,000 starving refugees from the famine area who were lying stretched along the stone pavements; he told how one thousand refugees fleeing from the terror to the northern side of the Great Wall, had perished of cold in a single night at Kalgan; he described a fierce battle he had witnessed between two starving women who spied at the same moment a half-eaten sandwich thrown from the window of a passing train; he told of naturally honest villagers roaming the country in search of work, and finally taking to pillage and robbery in sheer desperation.

Perhaps the most pitiable part of the Bishop's story came when he took his hearers with him to a once prosperous village, where he found not a baby under one year of age.

"I asked: 'Where are the children?'

"'Gone,' was the reply.

"'Given them away?' I queried.

"The reply came back: 'We have no one to give them to. Who can feed them? We have no one to sell them to. Who would buy them?' Why, children are being bought in Shanghai at a dollar apiece. The mother continued: 'Rather than see our children starve we will throw them into the wells.'

The Bishop's final word was: "You can have absolute confidence in the committees at work, because they have for their larger membership missionaries in each case, whether it be in Shanghai, Tientsin or Peking. Money sent and distributed through the committees which have been mentioned will surely reach its objective."

Contributions may be addressed to the Christian Herald China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.

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Wise and Foolish Virgins

International Sunday-School Lesson for February 20
Matt. 25: 1-13

By LUTHER DENNY WHITTEMORE, Litt. D.

LIKE all of the other parables of Jesus, the story of the wise and the foolish virgins is full of interest and suggestion, even when it is considered apart from its immediate connection with the culminating scenes in the Gospel narrative. It shows how strength and weakness of character are revealed in conduct; and although social institutions may change with successive generations, and customs vary in different localities, human nature is the same in all times and places, for no one can read the parable thoughtfully without feeling that the lesson which it contains is as appropriate today as it was when the words were spoken by the Master to His first disciples.

"The story itself," says Dr. William R. Taylor, "is so perfect in its simplicity that nothing is needed to aid us in its comprehension. . . . It is so realistic in its detail as to give an accurate description of an Eastern marriage procession, and it may well enough have been founded on some actual history. But what can equal the grouping of the various figures; the stirring suddenness of the midnight cry; the haste of the surprised sleepers; and the sadness of the disappointed ones as they cry with piercing earnestness, 'Lord, Lord, open to us'?

"Even as a work of art, this parable is faultless as its author; and though there were no spiritual meaning beneath it, we could not but be impressed with its simple naturalness, its rapid movement, its tragic pathos, and its silent close as the midnight gloom folds in upon and hides the sadness of those who are shut out. When, however, we go deeper into it, and discern its spiritual significance, we find ourselves concerned; and we have no time for admiring the beauties of the parable, because of the pressing and personal importance of the truths which it suggests."

THE figure of a marriage feast is frequently used to represent something exceedingly desirable. Here it is a symbol representing the kingdom of heaven, which elsewhere Jesus compared to a hidden treasure or a priceless pearl. The parable of the ten virgins gives assurance of the coming of the kingdom, however it may be retarded, and sets forth the need of constancy of endeavor in order that would-be citizens may attain the promised blessings. The ten maidens chosen to carry lamps or torches in the bridal procession were expecting to occupy places of honor, and all had accepted the responsibility implied in such a service. There is no suggestion of a willful violation of the obligation which had been assumed. The fault of the foolish was that of negligence rather than lack of appreciation of their opportunity. By forethought or thoughtlessness the individuals classified themselves as wise or foolish and received their reward or paid the penalty accordingly.

The parable, of course, should be studied in its connection in order that its intended application may be discovered; for Jesus employed it with a definite purpose, to answer the question of the disciples, "When shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming and of the end of the world?"

The final break had come between Jesus and His adversaries. The disputations in the temple had ended with the silencing of the Pharisees and the terrible denunciations which Jesus had pronounced upon them in the hearing of the disciples and the multitude. It seems almost incredible that He who had given the gracious invitation, "Come unto me," could also have spoken those severe words of condemnation: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." Definitely and finally rejected by the leaders of the nation, the Master henceforth turned His thoughts towards the preparation of His disciples, so far as He could prepare them, for the approaching end.

Many have been perplexed regarding the precise meaning of the symbolic language which Jesus used in answering the questions of the disciples; but whatever uncertainty our minds may feel, enough has surely been revealed to make plain our path of duty. If more specific instruction had been essential, we may be sure that it would not have been withheld.

First, it appears that the "day and the hour" of which Jesus spoke was not necessarily the end of the physical earth, for "this generation," He said, "shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished." Neither did He declare that His coming would be a spectacular event outwardly visible; for, although the early disciples at first expected Him thus to return, their expectation was not fulfilled, and they were compelled to readjust their attitude.

The event which must have been uppermost in the mind of Jesus and that for which He wished His disciples to watch and to be prepared, was the approaching crucifixion, which He had previously foretold. From the Christian point of view, this was the pivotal event in all history, bringing to Jesus and His disciples the end of the age then present and the beginning of a new dispensation in which His spirit rather than His body was to be manifested among men. The resurrection, also was to be another significant manifestation of His presence, as well as the coming of the Holy Spirit; and as we now believe, Jesus has manifested Himself in all the ages.

IN THE minds of many the present is in a peculiar sense a period of transition from one epoch to another. Old things seem to be passing away to make room for the new. By the great conflict and upheaval which recent years have witnessed, mighty forces have been released for working out the purposes of God. At such a time the Christian Church, as the representative of the kingdom of heaven on earth, has a responsibility and an opportunity never before equaled. Its mission is to spiritualize events by steadfast loyalty to the Master and by obedience to His commands.

However difficult it may be—and the difficulty may frankly be acknowledged—to interpret and apply the predictions of Jesus concerning the end of all things, the application of the essential teaching of the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins is comparatively simple. Whether Christ comes once for all at the end of the world, or to each individual at the end of his earthly life, or repeatedly in the crisis of the present and earthly life, there is always the same need of watchfulness.

The life of every individual is a never-ending series of emergencies and opportunities which can not be met successfully without due preparation. Achievement in matters great and small does not come by accident, but by thoughtful planning. Particularly is youth the appointed season of preparation for the crises which are sure to come both in the experience of the individual and in society.

The teaching of the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins is paralleled in many other Scripture passages; but perhaps the most comprehensive summary is that in the second chapter of Romans: "Who will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who *by patient continuance in well doing* seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life."

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Saving Steps in the Kitchen

A WOMAN may travel many useless miles within the limits of her own kitchen just because she neglects the simple rule of keeping near each other things that are to be used together. In arranging the pots and pans and other utensils, there is no excuse for having them put away just anywhere without any relation to their use. Those that are used oftenest should be in the most convenient places.

All the utensils might be divided into four groups—one group arranged to hang near the table, another on a shelf over the sink, another near the sink, and one near the stove. In the group near the table should be baking dishes, bowls, knives, bread, meat and vegetable-cutters, egg-beater, flour-sifter, forks, measuring-cup, molding-board, rolling-pin, spice-containers, strainers, and wooden spoons.

Over the sink might be placed the tea and coffee cannisters, tea and coffee pots, double boiler, pitchers, saucepans, and collander. In the group near the sink would belong brushes, dish-pan, dish-drainer, dish-mop, funnel, scrapers, soapdish and soap-shaker, and in the group near the stove would be found together a box for new matches and a box for used matches, pot covers, toaster, frying-pan, and flour, pepper and salt dredges.

The Children's Lunch-Box

ONE problem confronting the busy mother is what to put into the children's lunch-box, when it is necessary that they carry the mid-day meal with them to school. For the sake of the child's health these luncheons should be carefully prepared, no matter how simple they must of necessity be. Just wrapping up "anything" that happens to be left over is not the proper way to treat the small members of the family dependent on a cold lunch at noon. Even when it is carefully prepared there is danger that it will grow monotonous if it is not planned for, as the home meals are.

A good luncheon plan is to provide a three-part menu—such as a substantial filling sandwich, a sweet, and a fruit. The fillings of the sandwiches can be varied each day to provide something different. Peanut butter is an excellent standby, and jelly, chopped hard-boiled eggs, sardines, pimento and cheese, cold meat, ham hash, cottage cheese and lettuce furnish a change for every day in the week for the substantial portion of the lunch-box meal. Then raisin bread, graham bread and brown bread, cut thin and buttered, make another variation that children like occasionally. Little paper cups can be filled with cup custards, meat jelly, macaroni and tomato or cheese, but these are a little more complicated and might be used only once in a while as a substitute for the sandwich. The children are sure to like them.

Molasses gingerbread always satisfies the craving for sweets, and raisin cake is another good dessert for the lunch-box. Among the best fruits are figs, dates, oranges, apples and bananas. When these fruits are expensive or out of season the sandwiches should be filled, if possible, with jelly or jam.

Simple lunch menus for a week could be arranged as follows:

1. Corn bread, well buttered, cup cus-
2. Nut and cheese sandwiches, orange, gingerbread.
3. Hard-boiled egg, potato salad, peanut butter sandwiches.
4. Jam sandwiches, orange, graham crackers.
5. Cold roastbeef sandwiches, bananas, raisin cake.

Keeping the Kitchen Sink Clean

ONE of the most essential things in keeping the kitchen immaculate is that the sink should always be kept clean. This may be done easily by cutting or tearing up boxes such as those used for cereals, sugar, etc., into cards about three or four inches square and keep them in a box or drawer handy to the sink. After washing the dishes, scrape to one end of the sink with water the bits of garbage, etc., and scrape from one card on to another, throwing all together into the fire. In this way the many boxes that come into the house are utilized and the sink is kept clean without having a dirty, greasy scraper or brush always about.

Salt and Its Uses

ONE grows so accustomed to having salt always in evidence in the kitchen that little thought is given to its usefulness outside of the realm of cooking. It has various uses, however, that should not be overlooked in spite of its importance in keeping food from being tasteless.

For instance a little salt rubbed on the cups will take off tea stains, and if put into whitewash it will make it stick better. As a tooth powder it will keep the teeth white and the gums hard and rosy. If salt and water are used to clean willow furniture, apply it with a brush and rub it dry and the results will be most satisfactory. Salt and water held in the mouth after having a tooth pulled will assist in stopping the bleeding. Prints rinsed with it in the water will hold the color and look brighter.

Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt and water and ironed wet to obtain the best results. As a fertilizer salt is very valuable. Thoroughly wetting the hair once or twice with a solution of salt and water will keep it from falling out.

Recipes Worth Trying

VIRGINIA BAKED HAM

WASH the ham and place in a boiler and cover with plenty of cold water. Bring slowly to a boil and then move to the simmering burner and cook for three and one-half hours. Let the ham stay in the water over night. In the morning lift out, place in a baking-pan and remove the skin and trim to shape. Let stand while preparing this mixture: One cupful of brown sugar, three tablespoonfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of ginger, and one teaspoonful of allspice. Mix well by rubbing with the fingers and then put the mixture into the fat part of the ham. Place in a moderate oven, and baste every ten minutes with two-thirds of a cupful of cider vinegar. Bake for an hour, then remove from the oven and let cool. The top may be studded with whole cloves, to add a decorative touch.

to the Home-Maker

BEET SALAD

Boil medium-sized beets until tender. Pare and scoop out the center. Grind the part scooped out with a little raw cabbage, onion, celery-stalks and a cold boiled egg. Season with salt, pepper and vinegar. Fill the empty beet shell with the mixture and place each one on a lettuce leaf.

STUFFED STEAK

Have the butcher split a flank steak, leaving one side intact. Cook one-half package of macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Chop one small onion, one stalk of celery, one green pepper and fry for five minutes in two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute. Add a can of tomatoes, salt and pepper and cook until the mixture thickens, then pour over the macaroni. Stuff the steak with the mixture and sew the sides together, place in a baking pan and sear in a hot oven; add one cupful of water and bake one hour in a slow oven.

CANNED PEAR DESSERT

Cook one-half cupful of well-washed rice for twenty minutes in plenty of salted boiling water. Drain and put in a double boiler with half a cupful of rich milk. Cook until the rice is soft and the milk absorbed. Flavor with a few drops of vanilla. Turn into a mold to cool. Drain the pears free from the juice. Turn the rice out of the mold on a platter, arrange the pears about it and serve with whipped cream.

FISH FRICASSEE

Pick from the bones of cold boiled fish enough meat to make two cupfuls. Season with salt, pepper and a little cayenne, and fry lightly in a tablespoonful of butter substitute. Add one cupful of boiled rice and the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs mashed. Stir well and place on a platter and garnish with the whites of the eggs and pickles chopped together.

COFFEE-CAKE

The sponge is made with one cupful of lukewarm water, one teaspoonful of sugar, one pinch of salt, two cupfuls of flour and half a yeast cake. For the dough take one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of lukewarm water, three to four cupfuls of flour to make soft dough. Make a sponge of the sponge materials and let the mixture stand over night. Then add the dough materials and make a soft dough. Let rise till light. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven, after covering top with melted butter and sprinkling with cinnamon and sugar.

Slip-Covers for Furniture

THIS is the time of year to make the slip-covers that you intend to use for your furniture when the summer comes. They must be fitted carefully, and it takes time and patience to fashion them correctly, which is the reason that the making of them should not be put off until just before they are needed.

A piece of material is pinned on the chair, and after being fitted it is cut the shape desired, leaving plenty of allowance for seams. The whole chair should be done this way and the various pieces sewed together as they are cut, with careful fitting each time a section is added. It is especially necessary to have looseness in a slip-cover. There must be plenty of give to it, so there will be no danger of splitting when it is sat upon.

For a stuffed chair, the strip that runs from the extreme top of the chair-back down to the seat, across the seat, and on down to the required length, should be cut lengthwise of the goods without any piecing. Before cutting, it should be tucked well into the crease between the seat and the back. The narrow fronts of the arms are cut separately. The arm's inner side is cut lengthwise and extends over the roll, under which another seam comes. The outside of the arm is cut in one with the side of the seat. The back of the chair is cut in two lengthwise pieces with the opening up the middle. The fasteners are balls and sockets, or buttons and button-holes.

In all slip-covers seams may be bound with tape of a harmonizing color.

Rag Rugs Again Popular

HIT-OR-MISS patterned-rag rugs are very attractive, but those of only two colors, well blended, seem to be the favorites in this revival of the floor covering that was so popular in the days of our grandmothers. If the rags are dyed before they are woven—some one color for the body of the rug, and another shade for the border, the very best results will be obtained.

Remember that in dyeing rags, in order to have any success, they must be free from all dirt. Boil them thoroughly and then rinse them several times in clear, cold water.

Another way to dye rag rugs is to have them woven just as they are, after being thoroughly cleaned. Then dip them into a dye of some neutral color—olive, green, gray, or some shade of tan or brown.

Helps for the Housewife

TO CLEAN fur: Wash and thoroughly dry a hair-brush with firm, fine bristles. Cover the bristles with absorbent cotton. Brush the fur gently, firmly, always going the same way that the fur lies. When the cotton becomes soiled change it. When finished shake the fur well to make it stand again.

A small-sized baking-powder tin with many holes pierced in the top will make a useful clothes sprinkler.

Substitute two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch for an egg in a plain sugar cake. The only difference noticeable in the cake is that it will not keep moist so long.

Pieces of bread that are to be used for dressing will grind much more easily if they are thoroughly dried or toasted in the oven first.

White darning-cotton is better than black for darning lace curtains, as the white cotton sinks into the fabric and is not noticed.

Small buttons can be sewed on evenly by measuring the space by the lines on writing paper. Make pencil dots at the ends of the lines on the cloth. The buttons may be grouped by skipping a certain number of lines.

Keep a supply of cinnamon sugar on hand in a jar. Then cinnamon toast may be quickly made.

In frying cooked corn-meal, add a little flour to hold the meal together, and a little sugar to make the mush brown more quickly.

After parsnips are boiled, if they are plunged into cold water, the skins will slip off easily.

A cheesecloth bag is excellent for draining lettuce and salad greens.

A fine E violin string is most satisfactory to string beads on if a fish cord is not at hand.

Don't patch blankets, but darn them with soft wool and a large-eyed needle.

All game should be soaked in salt water over night before cooking.

If you wish your bread to have a crisp crust, do not cover the bread when you take it from the oven.

Measure molasses in a greased cup and you will get every bit of it when turning it out.

Pretty Styles Mark the Return of Low Prices

FASHION has been reborn with the return to lower prices. Never before have styles been so charming. Not for years have they been so reasonably priced. Both style and low prices are temptingly combined in "New York Styles," the new Fashion Catalog.

Here are a few models typical of the many new creations it contains. Send today for your copy. *It's free.*

The newest dress creations are cleverly designed for pleating and ruffling effects. Here is a Silk Crepe de Chine frock of unusual loveliness, designed with a side-pleated skirt and surplice-closing blouse. Dainty frills edge the collar, cuffs and bottom of the blouse.

Dresses of Taffeta, Satin and Crepe de Chine are priced from $11.98 to $32.98 in our Spring Fashion Book.

This is just one of a splendid assortment of becoming Voile frocks shown in our Spring Fashion Book at old-time prices as low as $3.98 to $19.98. It has a delicate Georgette pattern in harmonizing shades. Side tunics fall in soft drapes, and are finished with pleated ruffles. A silk taffeta girdle is a just-right finishing touch.

A simple scalloped tunic graces the skirt of this charming Silk Taffeta dress. Pleated frills provide a trimming that is both youthful and stylish.

Silk dresses for every occasion are priced in our Spring Fashion Book from $11.98 to $32.98—values that remind one of pre-war days.

Extremely well-fashioned are the newest suit modes. Here is a model of All-Wool Tricotine, developed in lines of slender jauntiness. Just the least bit mannish with its notched collar, linked buttons and narrow belt. All silk lined throughout. Our suits are developed of fine materials and in the late styles. Some are as low as $14.98—others up to $49—every one a big buying power for your dollar.

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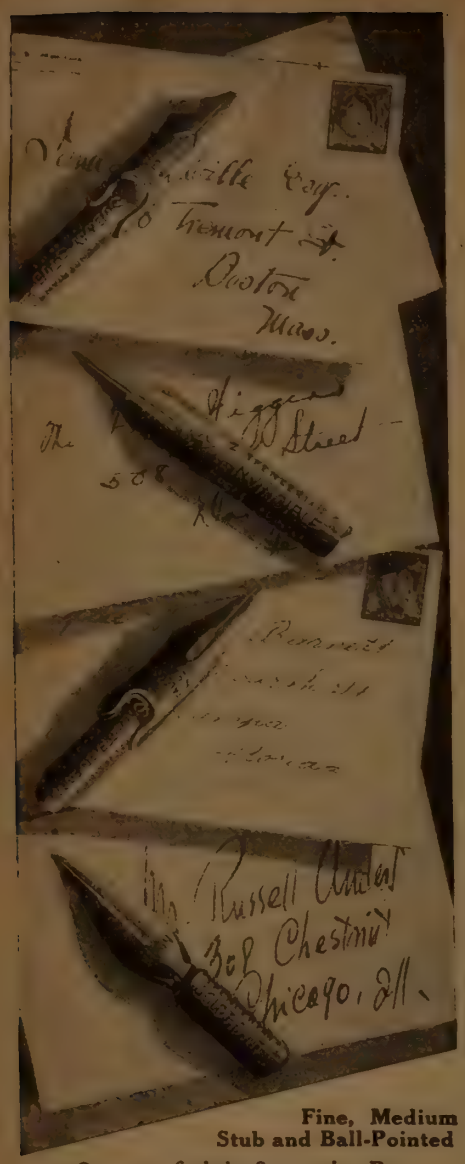

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THE MONUMENT...
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The Island of Faith

Continued from page 125

diagnosis," he told them simply. "It's an extraordinary case, they say; but a not incurable one. The shock—when Jim kicked her—was a blessing in disguise. Not, of course, that I'd prescribe kicks for crippled children! But—" the term that he used was long and technical—"but such things have happened. Not often, of course. The doctors agree with me that, if her voice comes back—as I believe it will—there may be a very real hope for her hearing. And her eyes," his voice was suddenly tender, "well—thousands of slum kiddies are blind—and thousands of them have been cured. If Lily is, some day, a normal child—if she can some day speak and see, and hear, it will be——"

THE Superintendent's voice was soft as she interrupted.

"It *is* already a miracle!" she said simply. "It *is* already a miracle. Look at Jim—working for a small salary, *and liking it!* Look at Bennie—he was the head of his class in school, this month, he told me. And Ella——"

The Young Doctor interrupted.

"Ella and her mother went to church with us last Sunday," he said. "Rose-Marie and I were starting out, together, and they asked if they might go along. I tell you—" his eyes were looking deep, *deep*, into the eyes of Rose-Marie and he spoke directly to her, "I tell you, dear, I've learned a great many lessons in the last few weeks! Jim isn't the only one—or Bennie. Lily isn't the only nearly incurable case that has found new strength . . ."

Rose-Marie was blushing. The Superintendent, watching the waves of color sweep over her face, spoke suddenly—reminiscently.

"Child," she said—and laughter, tremulous laughter, was in her voice, "your face is ever so *pink!* I believe," she was quoting, "'that you have a best beau'!"

The Young Doctor was laughing, too. Strangely enough his laughter had just the suggestion of a tremor in it.

"I'll say that she has!" he said, and his words, though slangy, were very tender. "I'll say that she has! And then—"Are we going back to the little town, Rose-Marie," he questioned. "Are we going back to the little town to be married?"

The blush had died from Rose-Marie's cheeks leaving them just faintly colored. The eyes that she raised to the Young Doctor's face were like warm stars.

"No," she told him, "we're not! I've thought it all out. We're going to be married here—in the Settlement House. I'll write my aunts to come on—and for my old pastor! I couldn't be married without my aunts . . . And my pastor; he christened me, and he welcomed me into the church, and—" all at once she started up from the table, "I'm going to the living-room to write, now," she managed. "I want to tell them that we're going to start our home here—" her voice broke, "here, on our own Island . . ." Like a flash she was out of the door.

The Young Doctor was on his feet. Luncheon was quite forgotten.

"I think," he said, and his face was like a light, "I think that I'll go with her—and help her with the letter!" The door closed, sharply, upon his hurrying back.

THE Superintendent, left alone at the table, rang for the maid. Her voice was carefully calm as she ordered the evening meal. But her eyes were just a bit misty as she looked into the maid's dull face.

"Mrs. Volsky," she said suddenly, "love must have its way! And love is——"

The maid looked at her blankly. Obviously she did not understand. But one, seeing her neat apron, her clean hands, her carefully combed hair, forgave her the vague expression.

"What say?" she questioned.

The Superintendent laughed wearily. "Any way," she remarked, "Ella likes her work, doesn't she? And Jim? And Bennie is going to be a great man—some day, isn't he? And Lily may be made well—quite well! You should be a glad woman, Mrs. Volsky!"

Pride flamed up, suddenly, in the maid's face—blotting out the dullness.

"God," she said simply and—marvel of marvels her usually toneless voice was athrob with love—"God is good!" She went out with a trayful of dishes.

Her chin in the palm of her hand, the Superintendent stared off into space. If she was thinking of a little blond child—lying in a hospital bed—if she was thinking of a man with sleek hair, trying to make a new start—if she was thinking of a girl with dark, flashing eyes and a small grubby-fingered boy, her expression did not mirror her through. Only once she spoke as she was folding her napkin. And then——

"They're both very young," she murmured, a shade wistfully. Perhaps she was remembering the springtime of her own youth.

THE END

America's Mystery Monuments

Continued from page 124

rest of the block is covered with semi-human masks and hieroglyphic panels. The frog was especially important as a totem, for the rain-god is always pictured with frog legs, and August, the height of the rainy season, was called the month of the frog. Whether the frog and the rain-god were the especial gods who favored the official acts of the women rulers who are seated within the mouth and on the body is one of the many unsolved questions of Mayan archæology.

The "Turtle," in whose wide open mouth is seen the figure of another young woman holding the wand of office, is the finest piece of carving found in pre-historic America. It is the size of a small room eight feet high. Deep cartouches, resembling shields ornaments with weird faces, make the relief, in places, a foot deep. Human hands, bony skeleton fingers and animal claws are wound together in the intricate scrolls which cover every inch of surface. The human appeal is insistent in Mayan sculpture, which is always heightened by contrasts with the semi-human deities.

"The leaning Stelæ" is another curiosity remaining from the Golden Age of the Mayans. Though it is thirteen feet out of the perpendicular, it seems, like the leaning tower of Pisa, as firm as any of the great monuments. However, there is always some apprehension about passing beneath this tipsy ruler, for the monument measures twenty-six feet above the ground, and one always has a suspicion that he might continue his downward course just at that particular moment. The popular theory for his reclining angle is that one of the frequent earthquakes of the country shifted the lower strata of sand in which the base was embedded. As a woman, I am glad that this falling monument represents a man and therefore can not be cited as the decline of woman's suffrage in the land of the Mayans.

Some day, it is to be hoped, that it will be possible to read the romance of these monuments. At present, however, they constitute a mystery, and act as a veil through which we peer at one of the most interesting stages of American civilization.

Chinese Converts Baptized

MISSIONARY Z. CHARLES BEALS of Bethel Station, Hochow, Anhwei, via Nanking, China (Baptist), reports that his mission has received and baptized 51 converts during the year thus far. A strong effort is being made to obtain support for Mr. J. Heo, a native evangelist who has proved an earnest and successful worker. The cost of support is $180 a year.

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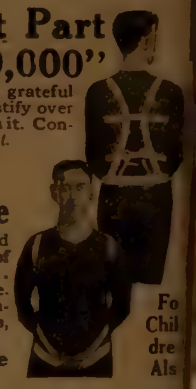

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The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

"THE Bowery Mission at the present time is the center of a great prayer movement. The most important subject that can occupy the mind of man at the present time is prayer, because it means the realization of the presence and power of God in our lives." This is from a letter by Rev. Dr. Halliward, Superintendent of the Mission, and one of the founders of the Prayer League, whose membership and activities have been greatly multiplied in recent years.

Evangelist J. Gordon McPherson writes to the Prayer League: "I am now engaged in a series of evangelistic meetings and Bible conferences, and need the enduement of more spiritual power, and I plead with you to read Acts 4 : 29–30, also Ephesians 6 : 18–20, and offer Scriptural prayers for me that, in these perilous times, I may render a greater service to the glory of our blessed Christ Jesus in leading precious lost souls to our Lord and Master, and the sick and afflicted souls may be healed by the laying on of hands and the prayer of faith."

"I desire to become a member of the League," writes J. W. Warren, Dallas, Texas, "and I desire all the pastors and churches under my supervision to seek for the higher life. I solicit the prayers of all members of the League, that all we ask might be granted through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

Mrs. L. M. writes: "Again I wish to ask prayers for a revival in this little city of Columbiana, Ohio."

Rev. H. M. Buck writes: "It gives me pleasure to unite with the Prayer League in daily prayer. We are in the midst of evangelistic meetings in our church here at Enola, Pa. Several of us feel the burden of unsaved souls about us, and we know the value of prayer. We believe our prayers are being heard and will be answered. Still we desire your prayers, that we may be a power for God. Especially do I ask prayers that I may be led by the Spirit aright, as a pastor, to preach the full message of the Gospel, and to be instrumental in leading many souls to Christ."

Mrs. L. B. J., Union, N. Y., writes: "We are in the midst of a campaign in this village. I wish to ask the League to join me in prayer for the people."

A mother asks prayers for her little baby, who is wasting because they have been unable to find proper food for it.

Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Bartlett of Lima, Ohio, ask an interest in our prayers, that their evangelistic work may be blessed a thousand-fold.

A young mother asks special prayers for healing, and a young wife asks prayers that her husband may be converted, and that they may be reunited and have guidance and spiritual advancement in their future life together.

Mrs. S. K. writes: "Have been reading some of the wonderful answers to prayer in the Prayer League, and I want to ask you to pray for my child. Earthly help has failed, and I feel that God alone can save him now, and make his mind and body normal."

Mr. J. C., Tr., Detroit, Mich., writes: "The Old Book tells us that His power never wanes. 'He is the same, yesterday, today and forever.' He fed Israel when they were in need, and in many other places in the Bible we find mention of His intervention. I have met with it exploring with camels in Central Australia—direct help. In Australia, years since, in times of dreadful drought, the Government set apart a day for special prayer for rain. Why should not our Government act in a somewhat similar manner for China's sake?"

Among the individual requests received are these: for healing, 150; guidance, 7; wisdom, 11; spiritual advancement, 15; reunion, 5; courage, 3; forgiveness, 9; faith, 22; peace, 8; conversion of relatives and friends, 99; patience, 2; and for financial aid, 15.

We have received acknowledgments of answered prayer from the following: Dr. J. M., M. B. S., Mrs. J. H. P., Mrs. W. B., R. A. B. and M. O.

Young People's Topics for February 20

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

The Right Hand—"Lift Up"

E. L. Acts 3 : 1–7 (Mission Study)

THE Scripture lesson is one of the most beautiful pieces of literature in all the realm of prose and poetry. It is the "Gospel of the Helping Hand," described in detail. "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." He who has nothing to give is poor, but he who has something to give and refuses, is poor indeed. The first may still be in grace, but the second is certainly in disgrace. "Such as we have." "We that are strong (in time, talents, money, manhood, womanhood, health, organizing ability, initiative for leadership) ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

"The faith of the head is the faith that is dead;
The faith of the heart is better in part,
But the faith of the hand is the faith that will stand,
For the faith that will do must include the first two."

A young negro arrived in Boston for the first time seeking employment. As he struggled with his heavy bag across the intricate maze and congested traffic of the busy street, he felt a hand slipped in beside his own as a kindly man helped him to make his way across the street. The grateful boy thanked his new friend and the man replied, "Look up, lift up, and lend a hand." That boy was Booker T. Washington and that man Edward Everett Hale.

New Work Our Committees May Do

C. E. and B. Y. P. U. Rev. 3 : 7–13

"BEHOLD, I have set before thee an open door." That door has the word "Opportunity" on the one side and the word "Responsibility" on the other side. Opportunities and Responsibilities differ. It depends on where one lives, the conditions of environment, population, and many other things too numerous to mention. Church work is difficult because of this. Plans and programs from "Headquarters" will not suit all circumstances or meet all emergencies.

New work for committees is for the committees to decide more than anybody else. There are some guiding principles. Certainly, we are agreed, there is new work. There is always new work. "New occasions demand new duties, time makes ancient good uncouth." Let the committees meet and plan. Committees may overlap in their work. This is important: avoid overlapping. New work, too, lies in the province of personal work, getting new members. There is nothing that retards growth so much as monotony.

Committees may work for the elimination of some departments of the work as well as organizing new departments. They may simplify organization as well as multiply organization. See that you do not have more harness than horse. Study methods tried in other places. Spend time and money for the reading and purchasing of literature, on the particular phase of your work. You are engaged in the greatest enterprise in all the world. Spend and be spent to make it a success.

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THERE'S no use *guessing* how Baker keeps the wholesome, refreshing flavor of the freshly picked nut right inside the Baker container. See if YOU can find the secret in the can.

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Discussing Disarmament

Christian Herald Readers Express Their Views Regarding Peace Efforts

DR. SHELDON'S editorial, "Suppose!" in the Christian Herald of January 15th, has evoked many interesting letters from our readers. Lack of space forbids the publication of all these letters, but we reproduce a few representative ones which indicate the widespread sentiment throughout the country in favor of the limitation of armaments.

Franklin Skillings, Woodfords, Me., quotes from an address of Abraham Lincoln in 1837 words which are particularly apt. His letter follows:

"I have read and reread with much interest the editorial in the January 15th issue of the Christian Herald under the caption 'Suppose!' In reply to your question, I think it is high time that we take definite action in favor of disarmament. And I think all people who have the good and welfare of humanity at heart should unite to work for the discontinuance of preparations for war. Of course, whenever disarmament is mentioned, the fear instinctively arises in the minds of most people, that some strong and aggressive nation might attack us, but if we are a Christian nation, as so many people confidently affirm; why not accept the provisions made and set forth in the Bible for our protection and prosperity?

"Those who would like to have the assurance of some man on that subject might read Abraham Lincoln's address before the young men's lyceum of Springfield, Ill., January 27, 1837. The subject was 'The Perpetuation of our Political Institutions.' Discussing the dangers that might threaten our institutions, he said in part: 'At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? By what means shall we fortify against it? Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years. At what point, then, is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, If it ever reach us, it must spring up amongst us, it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of free men we must live through all time, or die by suicide.'

"I think it is a sin to go on preparing for war, and that Christians should unite and begin a passive resistance to it and make it known in a very positive manner."

H. P. PERRY, Trenton, N. J., declaring that "some one must break the ice," writes:

"If such a supposed policy of Congress were carried out, about 50 per cent. of the population of the United States would rejoice; 40 per cent. would be apathetic; 10 per cent. would be venomously resentful. This would be solely as their various interests were affected.

"What any of the various nations of the earth would 'immediately plan to do' we can only guess by past experience. If any nation or combination of nations planned in any way to dominate us, they would never 'let on' or admit it until their ulterior motive was past denial. Certainly! Some one nation must do the pioneering act, i. e., 'break the ice.' I covet for the United States that place in history.

"In all likelihood other nations would follow our example in a straggling way, with much 'hauling and pulling.' I can not conjecture the order of their going; whether Great Britain, Switzerland, or Siam."

REV. J. T. FISHER, Mt. Eaton, Ohio, says:

"You ask what would happen if disarmament took place. The first thing that would probably happen would be that God would pour out blessings on this old world, such as it never has had. How can the world expect fulness of Divine blessing when nations are against nations and blood is running free, shed by human hands? The cry for help coming from starving and underfed European countries, in addition to the millions who died from war causes, surely ought to be enough to open our eyes and wring from our hearts the prayer that God will cause our 'swords to be pounded into plowshares and our spears into pruning hooks,' and 'that we shall learn war no more.' Untold blessings would come from such a decision.

"Another thing that would come, would be the fuller working of the Holy Spirit in conversion, for the more we think of war, and camps and training and high taxes for military training, the less chance is there for the Holy Ghost to work in men's lives on account of the hardening effects of war."

A FARMER'S view is given by Thomas H. Rainsford, Edgefield, S. C., as follows:

"I am a farmer away down here in South Carolina, but I have been reading the Christian Herald for about thirty years, and when I read the article on the Editorial Page of January 15, in regard to disarmament, I was amazed, and I thought this: If the United States were to disarm, it would be a calamity for the United States, and for the human family. Greed is as deep in the human heart as it ever was. I think if we were to reduce our armament just now, Japan would take over the Philippines and right on the heel of that stroke, she would take the Hawaiian Islands. She would then fortify the islands and also Guam in such a manner that the German fortifications of Heligoland would appear as a plaything; this would give her the key to the Pacific Ocean, she would colonize Mexico, and put in coaling stations and fortifications there. Just as sure as the sun shines, if the United States reduces her armament, Japan will soon be mistress of the Pacific, our great and expanding commerce would be driven from the sea, and our prestige gone. Christian civilization would have a backset that would take ages to regain.

"The Anglo-Saxon race, and Anglo-Saxon culture must advance; they can not stand still, and I do not believe the Creator intends they should retrograde, and while we are advancing we must be careful that we are not halted, by not being properly prepared."

THE time is ripe for a real test, says F. W. Hart, Murdock, Minn.:

"Relative to the question propounded by the Herald in its issue of January 15th, as to what would be the results if this nation should disarm, we would like to extend the query a little further. Suppose this nation should disarm, would it be possible, or profitable, for any other nation to undertake to govern over 100,000,000 people of the stamp of the American people, even though no armed resistance was offered? Could physical force triumph over moral force in this age of the world, if given a fair test? Is not the time ripe for nation as well as individual to put the teachings of Jesus Christ to the test; what do you think?"

THE United States has become the world's largest exporter of coal. Prior to the war, this country ranked third, America exports in 1913 having been less than 20,000,000 tons, as against 76,000,000 tons exported by Great Britain and 30,000,000 exported by Germany. In eight months of 1920, the United States exported 23,000,000 tons of coal, while Britain exported only 18,375,000 and Germany lagged far behind—these figures being exclusive of the "bunker coal" supplied to vessels engaged in foreign trade. Experts have estimated the world's stock of coal at 7,398,000,000,000 tons, of which fifty-two per cent. is in the United States.

Free Booklets for Investors

A number of interesting and valuable investment booklets have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these booklets free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for the booklets by number. Address correspondence to Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Booklet No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Booklet No. 2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Booklets 4, 5 and 6 for city real estate bonds, and Booklets 7, 8 and 9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Booklet 11.

To invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Booklet 13.

Liberty Bonds—Booklet No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Long-term railroad bonds of the New York Central, Pennsylvania and other leading railroads, yielding from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. at present prices, are featured in Booklet 21.

Standard Gas & Electric Co. 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent., are described in Booklet 28.

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent. present prices, are featured in Booklet 30.

H. J. Heinz Co. 7 per cent. gold notes, in denominations of $1,000, $500 and $100, at a price to yield 7¾ per cent. for ten years, are described in Booklet 33. The net earnings available for interest charges for the past four years have averaged five times the annual interest charge on these notes.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

M. W., Jacksonville, Ill. The natural man forgives reluctantly, if at all. There may be the expression of forgiveness without the assent of the spirit. Jesus Christ taught us to forgive freely, with the whole heart and purpose, and to have this free forgiveness find expression in our attitude, our speech and our whole duty towards our neighbor. God calls on us for a whole-hearted forgiveness; otherwise we need not ask Him to forgive us if we ourselves are unwilling to forgive. If He is ready, according to His promise, to forgive our sins, surely we ought to be willing and ready to forgive those who may have offended us. God hates sin, but not the sinner, we are told specifically. Toward the sinner, in His great mercy He has only love and compassion. We are all weak and prone to sin, and we must have mutual forbearance. If we will not forgive others, we can not hope or expect forgiveness at God's hands. Therefore to pray for forgiveness while we ourselves cherish an unforgiving spirit, is to pray in vain. Such prayers increase our own condemnation. To make mutual forgiveness between man and man complete, there must be the same spirit in both. Repentance and confession are needed on both sides. Nor can the offender whom we desire to forgive justify his acceptance of our forgiveness, until he has first repented and admitted his fault. The unrepentant one simply shuts the door against complete forgiveness.

Mrs. C. L. A., Byron, Ill. The expressions "Kingdom of God" and "Kingdom of Heaven" are used in different senses in the Scriptures. At times the "Kingdom of God" is meant to include the whole universe; again, the "Kingdom of Heaven" is applied to the celestial regions, where divine Majesty sits enthroned. In the Jewish church it was taught that there were various degrees or heights in the heavenly Kingdom (II Cor. 12 : 2). The old rabbinical doctrines made the distinction of three heavens, viz., the firmament, the starry heavens and the "heaven of heavens," which is the abode of the omnipresent God and the highest of His spiritual creation, and it is this latter heaven which Christ called "the house of his Father" (John 14 : 2). Still further, the phrase "Kingdom of Heaven" is frequently used in the Gospels as meaning that wherever the rule of Christ is set up in the hearts of men, "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you." When we pray "Thy Kingdom come," we look forward to the time when the ends of the earth will acknowledge God's supremacy and his rule will be universal.

C. P., Philadelphia. 1. The passage in John 12 : 27, 28 is regarded as an expression of the agitation of Christ's spirit at the prospect of death which He now saw to be imminent. He had already spoken of it as the hour in which he should be glorified. One commentator writes: "He seems as if thinking aloud, feeling his way between two alternatives, looking both of hem sternly in the face, measuring, weighing them, that the choice actually made might be seen, and even by Himself be the more vividly felt, to be a profound, deliberate spontaneous choice." In the two passages: "Father, save me from this hour," and "but for this cause came I unto this hour," we have the two sides of the proposition presented, the sentiment clearly conveyed being that, since it was the Father's will that He should endure the Cross, He would accept that will and yield himself freely to it. Having declared His acceptance, He turns again to the Father (v. 28) and as though in testimony of approval of His submission and to cheer His spirit, came a heavenly voice which was heard by those standing by. 2. Of the passage in John 11 : 35 "Jesus Wept," much has been preached and written. One authority says of the incident: "The weeping of Jesus consisted of silent tears. Is it for nothing that the Evangelist, one sixty years after it occurred, holds up to all ages with such touching brevity the subline spectacle of the Son of God in tears? What a seal of His perfect oneness with us, in the most redeeming feature of our stricken humanity."

J. R. P., Newport, Wash., writes giving a farmer's view of things in his section, both social, religious and agricultural; also a few characteristic, helpful hints to those who think of settling down there. He writes: "I have just received a letter from a man in Kansas, who seems to think he has been called to straightway take his journey into a far country. People here as well as everywhere else expect a Christian to do his duty without ready-made pillows being sewed to his armholes. The chances of being a successful farmer are about as good in one part of the country as another. There is a fight on against those who have been exploiting the farmer on one end of the line and the consumer on the other end." J. R. P. wrote to the Kansas man: "I am willing to declare farming is a great game if you don't weaken. I have been at it, off and on (mostly off), for forty years, and I have not starved to death yet, though I have been on the ragged edge of it quite a few times. You imply as a reward for telling the truth that you are going to try to get others to move into my neighborhood. Now, that is something of a temptation to indulge in the truth just for the once; but I am going to resist the temptation, as every time I have told the truth about the country as an expert, the people who hired me got mad and would not pay me or hire me again." Then he adds: "Some of this land here would fulfil some of your conditions and some others, but I know of no place in the United States that will fulfil all your conditions. We who are here in the West have had the making of our own environment, and not without a fight right straight along." He tells him that they have churches of many denominations, and "we have progressed enough so that places of business close on Sundays, though a great many of our farmers, who came from the old country or the Middle West, work Sunday the same as any other day. We had open saloons Sunday when I came here twenty years ago, and our principal newspapers openly sneered at the churches, and Sabbath laws. Now these same papers give several columns or pages to the sermons. If you expect to settle down in a place where everybody respects and obeys the law without any fight on the part of law-abiding citizens, I have no place in mind to which I can refer you"; but in any event, if he should come there, he assures him that he will get "the glad hand, a life job and a hearty welcome," which is about as much as any one could wish for.

Mrs. T. A. McI., Magnolia, Del., writes: "The greatest need in this world is the need of making people better, and it is a task which must be begun in infancy. There should be mothers' monthly meetings to improve their methods of raising children and to teach them what is necessary. It is the duty of the parent, not of the Sunday school or the public school teacher, to start the children right. They ought to begin in infancy to teach them obedience and truth. Many others are ignorant and indifferent." She concludes her letter by suggesting that there could be no finer work for the W. C. T. U. to undertake than this.

Mrs. A. J. W., Prairie Point, Miss. The names of the men who were miraculously healed by the apostles (see Acts 3 : 2 and 14 : 8) are not given in Scripture.

H. B. C., Big Island, Va., writes: "We speak of dead churches and those whose influence has gone, because of the fact that Christ occupies a very small place in the hearts of their people. Until our churches place God first and His cause above all others, they will remain dead. In that church which exalts God and the Gospel of Salvation through Jesus Christ, the people will not feel the need of worldly amusements in order to bring life into their worship and to increase the membership. Our President-elect has told the people that he wants to go to the White House with their prayers in his behalf, and he wants them to feel that God is at the head and leading in all things. I trust he will not allow fame and high office to choke out that feeling, and I pray that his influence may spread until our government leaders realize that 'it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die.'"

Mrs. H. C. K., Lancaster, Wis. We read of the comparative status of the redeemed and the angels in these passages: Heb. 2 : 7; Psa. 8 : 5; Luke 20 : 36; I Cor. 6 : 3, etc. Either of the two forms of statement would be right, in its proper place and connection.

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COMING

Christian Herald Features Scheduled for February and March

Christian Herald readers will find much of interest in the following forecast of special articles scheduled for the months of February and March. The Christian Herald has been unusually fortunate in securing contributions of the kind shown below and we present this advance notice with a great deal of pleasure.

"America's Mystery Monuments"—the report of an expedition into the little-known wilds of Guatemala. The story of the findings of this expedition together with photographs of the relics of Guatemala's ancient civilization will appear soon.

"The Prohibition Movement in Italy"—Professor David Levi-Morenos, the famous Italian Expert on Agriculture, has written a special story for The Christian Herald which brings out the economic conditions which are driving Italy towards temperance.

"The Most Beautiful Cities I Have Seen"—We have scheduled for an early issue of The Christian Herald the first of a series of articles by Dr. Francis E. Clark on the beautiful cities of the world, a reflection of his travels which have taken him to the pivotal centers of the globe.

If your subscription is about to expire, it would be desirable for you to renew now, in order to avoid missing these and the many other features that The Christian Herald is preparing as a part of its 1921

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96 What Next ?

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 127

Plenty of work was awaiting him, however, on his arrival at St. Augustine, where he was to take up again the preparation of his inaugural address and resume conferences on the selection of his cabinet. Half a dozen prominent men had been invited to St. Augustine for conferences and the program of the President-elect for his stay there was an intensive one, with the mornings devoted to conferences and correspondence, the afternoons to recreation, and the evenings to the writing of his inaugural address.

Political gossip persisted, despite Mr. Harding's release from toil, and the presence of Senator Fall in the Harding party renewed discussion of his inclusion in the cabinet. It was believed Herbert Hoover's name for Secretary of the Interior had been dropped from Mr. Harding's tentative slate, but announcement of the cabinet appointments was not expected until shortly before March 4.

Dr. Manning Elected Bishop

REV. DR. WILLIAM T. MANNING, rector of Trinity Parish, was elected bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York to succeed the late Bishop Charles S. Burch, leading on each ballot, but not obtaining a majority until the third ballot. His strongest opponents were Dr. Charles L. Slattery, rector of Grace Church; Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector of St. Thomas' Church; and Bishop Nathaniel S. Thomas of Wyoming. After the second ballot the name of Dr. Stires was withdrawn; and Dr. Manning was elected with 126 clerical and 75 lay ballots, to 109 clerical and 64 lay ballots for Dr. Slattery, his nearest opponent. The election then was made unanimous on motion of Dr. Stires.

The new bishop belongs to the High Church party of the Episcopal Church and is the first of that party to head the New York diocese in more than half a century. He was born in Northampton, England, in 1866, but came to America with his parents when sixteen years old and settled in Nebraska. He received his collegiate education in the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., and was graduated from the theological school connected with that institution in 1893. His first pastorate was at Redlands, Cal., and he became head of Trinity Parish, famous for its great wealth, in 1908.

International

BISHOP WILLIAM T. MANNING
Just elected to head the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York

Dr. Manning has been an ardent advocate of the reunion of Christendom, and a book of Church Unity written by him has been published recently. He was earnest in urging America's entry into the World War and served for a year as a voluntary chaplain at Camp Upton, near New York City, his age preventing his going to France as a chaplain.

DOMESTIC

SENATE PASSES PACKING BILL. The bill creating the Federal Livestock Commission, designed to regulate the meat-packing industry, was passed by the Senate by a vote of 46 to 33, virtually unchanged from the form in which it was reported by the Committee on Agriculture. A hard fight in the House was forecast.

HUGE FUND IN TREASURY VAULTS. Completion of the first count since 1913 of cash and securities in the United States treasury showed a grand total of $13,883,819,826.36⅔, of which $97-,410,283.02 was in cash. The count was necessitated by the resignation of John Burke as treasurer, and revealed no shortage.

TWO MORE INDICTED IN GRAFT INQUIRY. The inquiry into departments of the New York city administration, conducted by former Governor Whitman, has resulted in the indictment of two detective sergeants on charges of taking fees for the recovery of stolen automobiles. Two police captains previously had been held on graft charges. Mr. Whitman asserted many thousands of dollars had been paid for the recovery of stolen cars, and divided illegally by a small coterie of policemen.

BIG SAVING FROM PROHIBITION. A statement issued by the Anti-Saloon League of America estimated the saving from the first year of prohibition at $1,000,000,000. The whiskey consumption was placed at 5,581,553 gallons in 1920, as contrasted with 89,641,-985 gallons in 1917.

FOREIGN

SWISS BEGIN DRY FIGHT. A movement has been started in Switzerland for an amendment to the constitution which will give to the cantonments and communes local option regarding the sale of intoxicants. The 30,000 signatures necessary for an initiative petition are being obtained, but strong opposition has arisen, especially from the hotel interests which fear the ruin of the tourist business.

BRITISH LABOR THREATENS GENERAL STRIKE. A general strike to force the government to adopt labor's plans for the solution of the unemployment problem in Great Britain was threatened at the national conference of the Trades Union Congress and the Labor Party in London. The moderate elements prevailed, but the radicals manifested alarming strength.

ATTEMPT TO SEIZE BERGDOLL IN GERMANY. An attempt by a party of Americans to kidnap Grover C. Bergdoll, under sentence in America as a draft evader, at Eberback, Germany, caused a sensation in that country. It was announced he had applied for and received German citizenship.

Hebrew-Christian Work in Russia

By H. L. HELLYER

FOR the past three years, a cloud of thick darkness has covered Russia like a pall. Yet, in the midst of persecution, the Church of God has renewed its strength, and in many parts of the land evangelical Christian communities have sprung up and flourished.

One of the most remarkable of these is the Hebrew-Christian Church at Kieff, which came into existence in 1917 and survived not a few alarming vicissitudes. In that year Mr. Peter Goroditch, a Hebrew-Christian missionary, who had labored at Grodno and, since 1915, at Homel, was forced to move to Kieff. Being near the front, that town was overcrowded with panic-stricken refugees and offered an unusual opportunity for the Gospel witness. Mr. Goroditch found a small Hebrew-Christian nucleus—three or four families and a few single individuals—who hailed his coming. He obtained a house with a mission hall, and soon services were in full swing. The hall was crowded week by week. At the end of a year's work the usual steps were taken to procure the necessary government sanction which would enroll the congregation among publicly acknowledged religious bodies, and in June, 1918, the little community received public sanction.

The movement now made rapid progress. Members of various evangelical churches sought fellowship as associates, full membership being restricted to Hebrew-Christians. In 1918, however, just when it seemed as if the fruit of faithful labor was to be gathered in, the Germans entered Kieff and the workers received notice to quit the premises within an hour and a half. Mr. Goroditch, however, was permitted to arrange for continuing his work in a house which could be adapted to the requirements. This was done, and soon the work was in full operation again.

The revival of spiritual interest which had begun some months before was now at its flood-tide. All the churches in the district were crowded and a spirit of earnest inquiry was spreading. The Jews in and about Kieff were profoundly affected, and inquirers from the provinces came to the mission hall. Sometimes little commissions of inquiry, consisting mostly of young people, came to "spy out the land."

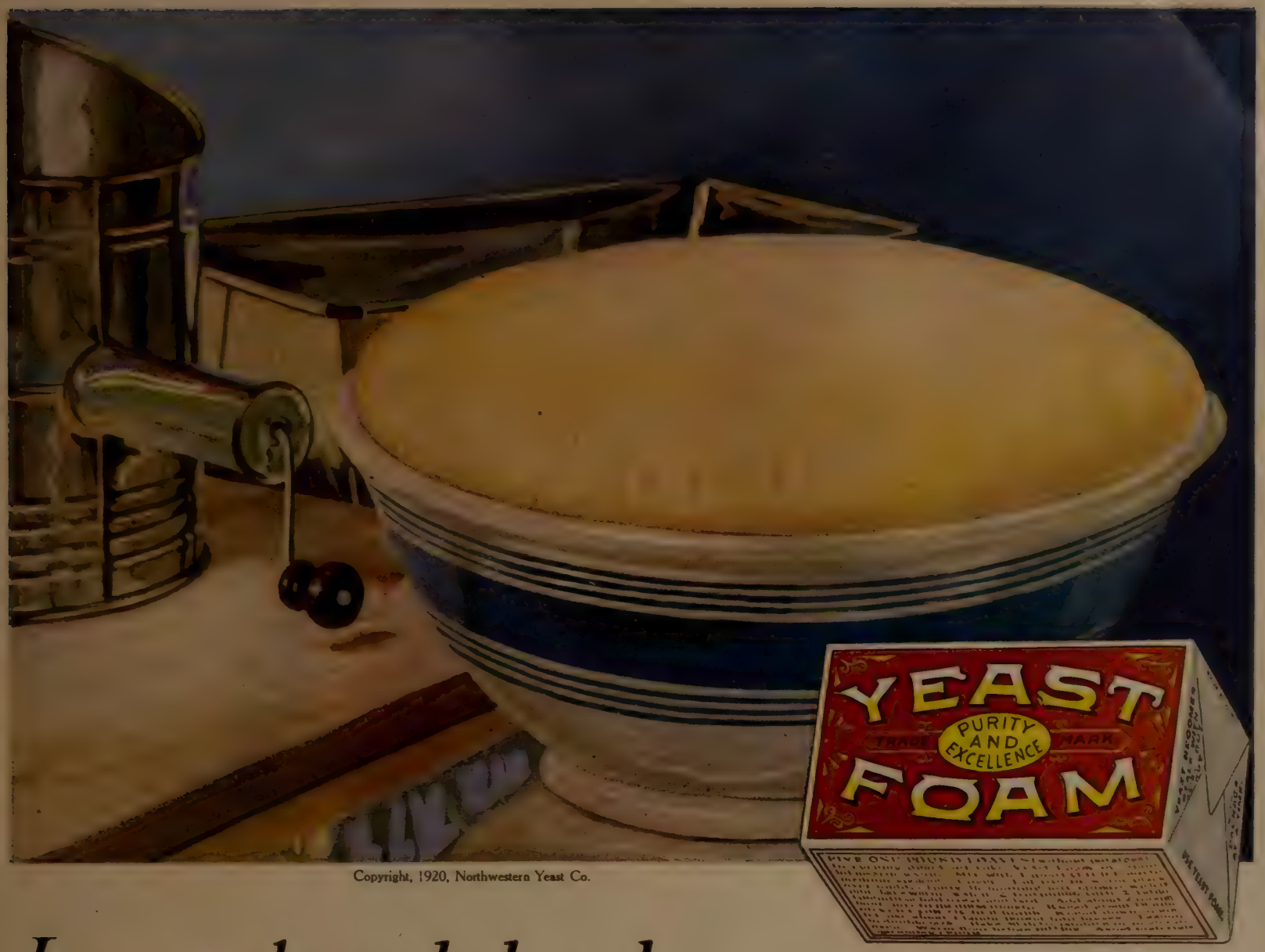
In 1919 Mr. Goroditch received the status of an accredited evangelical pastor, in charge of a Hebrew-Christian congregation (a step which involved his passing a theological examination before a court of law!) and had the joy of baptizing three groups of believers, mostly young people belonging to better-class Jewish families, among them several students and a lady doctor. The congregation now included 48 members in Kieff itself and several families in neighboring centers, besides a considerable number of adherents who professed faith in Christ, but were undergoing probation before being received into full membership.

Many of the Russian clergy have visited the services or directed Jewish inquirers to them. Among prominent ecclesiastics, Bishop Lavrov, who recently seceded from the Russian Orthodox Church, was profoundly impressed by the meetings.

The Hebrew-Christian congregation at Keiff is one more witness to the fructifying power of tribulation. It is emphatically the child of evil times. Since its foundation, Kieff has been under thirteen different governments. Ten times the town was in a state of siege, four times battle actually raged in the streets. Twice shells fell upon the mission house, and on one of these occasions the inmates had an almost miraculous escape. On another occasion a gas bomb fell into the cellar and half killed one of Mr. Goroditch's assistants. Over and over again every pane of glass in the house was broken.

Mr. Goroditch and his colleagues are living and working in unconquerable faith, and God is honoring their trust in Him.

WESTERN civilization is increasing rather than diminishing missionary problems in Mesopotamia. Throughout the villages boys are eager to get to the semi-Europeanized cities where "great factories line the river bank, where women are cheap and excitement plentiful."



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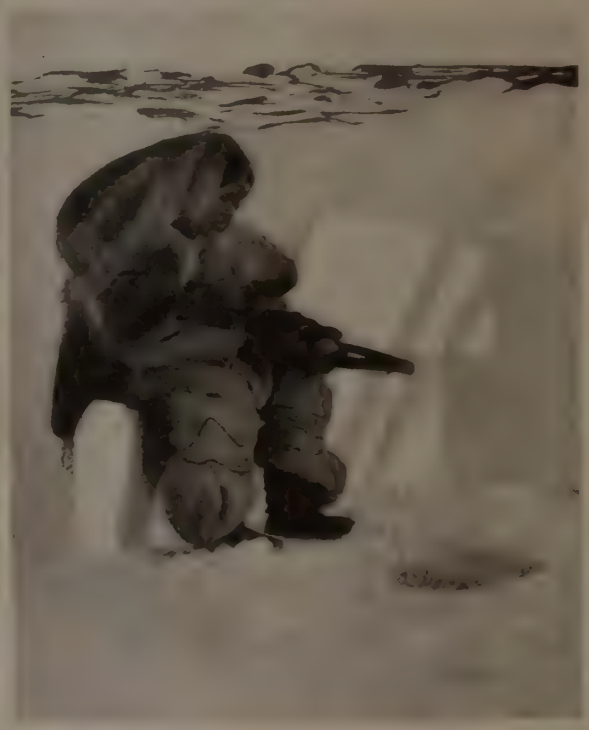
Where It Is Always Winter

In the far northern latitudes the midnight sun bathes the atmosphere in a wonderful sunset crimson that is to be seen nowhere else. But the beauties of this period are more than overbalanced by the long months of the Polar night

Below an Eskimo woman is seen fishing for her dinner off Greenland's ice-bound coast. Even with several layers of clothing, her occupation cannot be classed as a pleasant sport



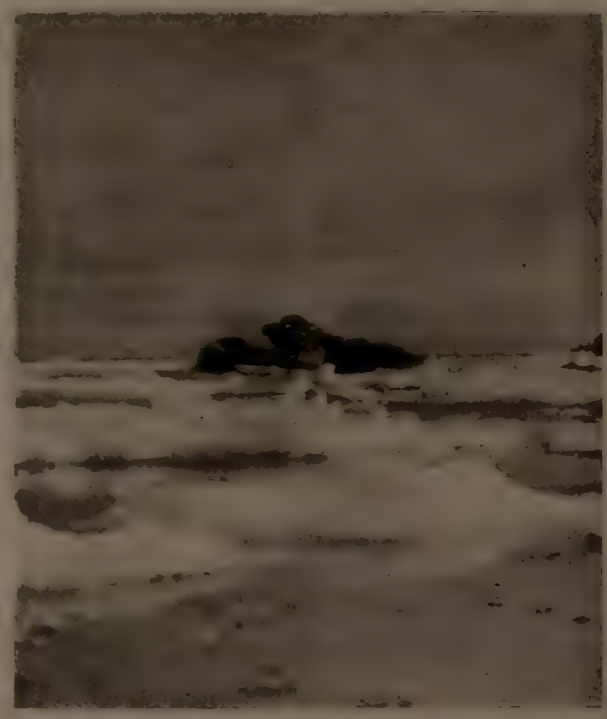
The North Land

By Margaret E. Sangster

THIS is the land of darkness,
Where only the snow is white;
Where the sun, like a fury, flashes
A call through the frozen night.
This is the land of failure,
Where truth stands alone, and chill—
But this is the land of the reaching hand,
And the soul that says: "I will!"

Many the land has broken,
Many grim truth has slain
But a few have won to an ice-bound grail,
A few, of a noble strain.
They have come through the raging blizzard,
With a faith that no night could mar,
And have paved the way for the break of day,
By the light of a single star.

This is the land of darkness,
Where only a red sun glows;
This is the land of grim despair
Of tempests, and frosts, and snows.
This is the land of heart-break,
Of failures that break and kill—
But this is the land of the reaching hand
And the soul that says, "I will!"



Walruses in water are active, the embodiment of life, but when they crawl out on the ice-cakes to sun themselves they are very clumsy in movement and appearance, and find their chief protection in their thick hides

Into the snowbound icy wastes men penetrate in the effort to enlarge mankind's boundaries of knowledge. Here is a striking picture of the explorers' mode of travel, and of the cruel character of the regions in which they venture their lives

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The Yankee Consul on the Job

A Close-Up View of His Work in Promoting American Interests Abroad

By FREDERICK SIMPICH
(of the United States Consular Service)

THE loafing, convivial American Consul—adventurous and picturesque, made famous by Richard Harding Davis—is no longer a superannuate in the great drama of our overseas activities. Fiction and the stage still cling fondly to this often lovable and always interesting character—but in real life he no longer leads the ragged rebels to victory, storms the adobe palace and merrily punches the garlic-fed governor's nose, or rescues the beautiful heiress from a dark and fatty dungeon.

Today his place is filled by a highly trained, energetic official, who spurns the wassail and gay life that made his predecessor famous. Official inspectors make the rounds, too, from Teheran to Tokio, to see that there's no let-up in the spurning; and *ipso facto*, the closer the inspector, the more frantic the spurning!

And whether you're a Democrat, a Republican, or a Groper makes no difference; politics no longer figures in naming consuls. Young men of good repute are designated for examination by the President; they must stand a stiff test in law, language, economics, etc., and must be physcially fit. If they make the grade, they're usually nominated and confirmed by the Senate. This plan began a decade or more ago, and today America is represented abroad by a vigorous group of clean-cut, ambitious officers, bent on carving out careers in our foreign service. Sometimes they even carve their way clear out—and cash in their trade experience by joining a big bank or export house.

Even in old days an "examination" of sorts was held, and a tale is told of one candidate for a post in China.

"It is inferred of course that you know something of the Chinese language?" intimated an official.

"Ask me something in Chinese, and see!" parried the candiate.

But such a bluff would be called now, for they have men in Washington who speak every tongue from Bostonese to Hindustani.

ONE of the remaining weak spots in our Foreign Service—from Embassy to Consular Agency—is the lack of good clerks. "They're scarce as fresh dodo eggs," an inspector told me.

Many adventurous young Americans, eager for a lark abroad at Uncle Sam's expense, are willing to go over as clerks in the consulates—but few seem to stick. Some pine for the jazz and uproar of home town life—and hurry back to it. Others stay till they've learned the foreign language and become really useful—and then go with some American export house at a higher salary than the government pays. Thus our consulates are usually sadly undermanned.

In a hazy way the average American knows that the Yankee Consul flies the flag, helps erring tourists out of trouble, and occasionally pens a literary gem telling how many tons of whale blubber were boiled in Kamchatka in the autumn of 1855. Or, the Sunday papers may tell us an enterprising consul in Fiji has photographed a new sea-serpent, or sent a lock of its hair to the Smithsonian, or the rebels have stoned the consulate at Malaterra, or an earthquake has shaken it down, or the lonely consul there is dead of the plague.

But the actual functions and grave responsibilities of the modern consul are quite unknown to most of us, since he lives and works in foreign lands and is seldom in the public eye.

Discouraging undesirable immigration is one of the consul's important duties. Here is a crowd of Polish emigrants awaiting visaes at the consulate in Warsaw. Sometimes as many as 3,000 were in line

In his "Practice of Diplomacy," John W. Foster says: "Numerous and onerous are the duties required of the consul, and what varied talents are called into play! He is made by law the foreign guardian of our tariff system, of American shipping and sailors, the protector of American citizens abroad; he becomes a material factor in enforcing our immigration laws and excluding undesirable aliens from our population; he has important duties to discharge in respect to our quarantine regulations, and to his vigilance is due in large measure our exemption from pestilence and disease; he is called upon to make frequent and exhaustive reports upon a wide scope of subjects. And to all these is added, in Oriental countries, large judicial and semi-diplomatic functions." Enough for a full-sized man.

Too often the American flag flies over sheds like this, which houses the Amerian consular office at an important Chilean port. And appearances count for much in winning trade. A "galvanized iron hen-house" like this does not help

AND every day, as the war-tired world wobbles back into the paths of trade, a rising tide of mail, cables and department instructions pours in on our busy consuls. Some of the busier offices answer from 2,000 to 10,000 letters a year.

And if the Elite Rubber Company of Oshkosh writes to know how many brown babies in Bananaland are crying for rubber nursing nipples, the tired consul (maybe a bachelor) must answer quickly, or the hustling Oshkosh firm will have a Badger congressman over at the State Department instanter, to know why taxpayers can't get attention. (This ten days after waiting, though it does take a month for mail to go from Oshkosh to Bananaland.)

Moral courage is useful, too. Not so long ago three Americans were murdered by troops in a certain foreign country. Their bodies lay unburied for weeks in a public highway on the outskirts of a lonely mining-camp. Feeling against Yankees ran high. The State Department sent one of its consuls to investigate. When he reached the mining camp he found all surviving Americans had fled. He sought help from the natives to bury the dead men—but none would assist. When night came, the burly *presidente* assigned the consul a place to sleep—in a big barrack-like room where a lot of native ruffians were quartered.

Everybody knew this man was there to fix the blame for the crime. One giant half-breed, the ring-leader of the band that had done the killing, in drunken bravado came up—a six-shooter in his belt—and tried to shake hands with the little man from North Carolina. But the consul put his hand behind him. "He's insulted Juan—now Juan will shoot him!" breathed the crowd. Ignoring them, the consul went to his cot, undressed and knelt to say his prayers. Suddenly the room became very quiet—and the gunman sneaked out.

IN MANY emergencies a consul must act quickly—and report afterward. And, though no longer clothed in any diplomatic character, no man needs more diplomacy in his work.

In a recent case two American civil engineers were arrested, tied on a *riata* and led off to a cemetery. Here they were compelled—at the point of a Mauser—to dig graves and bury rebels and patriots who had fallen in that day's stroke for "freedom." The only charge against the Americans was that they had permitted an "enemy" troop train to pass over a bridge which they were repairing! At dark, the two men were locked in a foul adobe stable with a score of Indian prisoners—and it was hinted that the next day they should face a firing squad. In the meantime, the consul heard of their plight. His prompt telegram to the military governor may not have been couched in that chaste, lofty diction so dear to the diplomatic heart—but it freed the engineers.

Although minus the plush pants and toy swords of diplomatic plumage, the con-

sul enjoys certain special privileges because of his representative character. Some of these have been secured by consular conventions or stipulations in treaties. Consuls are exempt by treaty, in many countries, from arrest, except for high crimes, from the obligation to appear in court as witnesses, and from taxation, military service, billeting, etc.

In Oriental lands where the right of exterritoriality exists, consuls enjoy most of the immunities of diplomatic representatives, such as certain rights of precedence, freedom from customs inspections, and salutes from the native military. Sometimes, too, the right of asylum is respected as to consulates, the same as to legations and embassies.

WHEN American naval vessels visit foreign ports, special courtesies are exchanged between the consul and the commanders. Consuls rank with captains in the navy and colonels in the army; and regulations set down how calls shall be made and prescribe the number of saluting guns to which consuls are entitled.

If a revolution suddenly breaks out in *Shinoga*, and the exuberant patriots in the glee of new-found freedom make a bonfire of the Standard Oil warehouse, the Yankee consul at the port of Tortuga Gorde may cable for a gunboat. But the navy commander, when he arrives, merely confers with the consul as to ways and means; he gets his own orders only from the Navy Department. Landing a small force to protect the consulate, however, is not an unusual proceeding—especially in turbulent countries.

The secret cipher or official code-book of the State Department is supplied to all our consuls, to conceal their messages from telegraph operators and the general public.

In war times the responsibilities of consuls are much increased; protecting our trade and treaty rights, our shipping, and watching to see that the rules of neutrality are not violated is a big part of their work.

In China our American consuls have been singularly successful in keeping Uncle Sam informed as to the trend of political and economic affairs.

To get better team work and insure unity of action and control, many American statesmen favor the consolidation of our consular and diplomatic services. Certain European countries already have done this, in one way or another. "If we adopt this plan and carry it out," said a high official of our State Department, "the results would be most advantageous alike to commerce, international intercourse, the individual American citizen and to the upbuilding of our foreign service. But along with any development of the two branches of the foreign service, must come the enlargement and upbuilding of the State Department itself. The President says the United States has just reached its majority as a world power. Surely if that be true, it must call for such an enlargement of the State Department as will put it on a plane of equality with like departments of the principal nations of the world."

Uncle Sam's consular trade machinery is of infinite value to those exporters who make use of it. Nearly every day a busy consul cables from some part of the world, urging that American business men be put on the trail of contracts that are to be let, or big purchases to be made by governments or individuals. Millions of dollars' worth of goods are sold abroad each month as a direct result of trade intelligence work done by consuls. Proof of this rests in the fact—as I hinted once—that each year watchful banks and trading concerns lure some of Uncle Sam's best consuls back into private life—by offering them more money. One consul lately was offered more than three times what our Government was paying him.

With the rise of our new merchant marine, our ships are poking their noses into every harbor of the world; our flag is flying where it hasn't been seen since the romantic days of whalers and clipper ships, when rum was a part of the ration, and when we carried 92 per cent. of all our trade in our own bottoms. And consuls have intimate supervision over these ships

The American sailor is the consul's partic charge; he saves him from oppression and bad tr ment, and if a sailor finds himself stranded and de tute in a foreign port the consul will relieve distress and sign him on a homeward bo ship. The American seaman is the o Yankee entitled by law to be sent h at government expense, if he "gets on beach" in a foreign land.

Often comedy beams along the c sular path. Once, in a lonely mosq port, a convivial but highly entert ing American was sentenced to jail a good cause. By cleverly cultivating native jailers, he was eventually allowe pass a portion of each day on the stre on parole. As time passed—and beca jail rations were scarce—this time li was gradually extended till finally "prisoner" spent the whole day in streets, and hustled for all his own fo It was stipulated, at that stage of the ga that he should return to the jail ev night at nine o'clock. One night the An ican Consul was aroused by a loud ri It was the prisoner.

"Look here, Consul," he complain "my sentence ain't up yet, but when I to the jail tonight, a little bit late, th scoundrels wouldn't let me in! I prot Consul! I've got a right to sleep in t jail."

IMMIGRANTS for America swarm the consulate on steamer day to h their passports *viséd*, and it is the cons duty to discourage persons taking pass who might be disbarred on arrival her such as convicts, anarchists, polygami idiots, paupers, the incurably diseased, those coming for immoral purposes. Y can easily imagine what disturbances of occur. Not long ago nearly 3,000 m women and children were lined up before the Am can Consulate at Warsaw, and some are said have waited in line for ten days—being relayed t times by relatives!

Even at small and remote consular posts, emerg cies may arise calling for the greatest tact, courage initiative—to save some American's life or to prot the prestige and good name of our Government. like the brilliant feats of our army and navy, howe most of the splendid deeds of our faraway, isola consuls are—by their very nature—doomed to bu in secret archives, unprinted and unsung.

With fewer than 400 consuls Uncle Sam covers earth; he has them posted, as trade and political s tries, in every important world center—as well as the very fringes of civilization. In Africa and A the consul and the missionary go hand in han carrying the flag and the Cross forward together.

This is the United States consulate at Tsingtau, China. Such buildings help to win trade for America abroad, but they are all too few

The Fight to Stop the Morphia Trade

Bills Now Before Congress Would End America's Share in Poisoning of China

By REV. WILBUR F. CRAFTS, Ph.D.

IT IS an ominous warning to us that China's national prohibition of the vice of opium, as wonderful as our national prohibition of intoxicating beverages, is having a "come-back" in morphia smuggling from Japan into China, which is a case of more and worse devils returning to the swept and garnished house. Until recently this morphia was mostly imported from Edinburgh and London drug manufacturers. The conscience of Great Britain made such persistent protest against this international crime that Philadelphia and New York, in our Mayflower year, took precedence of London and Edinburgh in this form of exports.

The very firms that have dishonored us by these shipments stood recently before a committee of Congress, opposing legislation which would effectively break up this American partnership with the smuggling poisoners of other lands. This poisoning is not only killing individual bodies and souls, but is putting the stain of "the black poison" on Old Glory to the injury of our trade and our prestige. China's intense dislike of Japan passes over to us when morphia cans bearing the imprint of American firms are captured in the hands of Japanese smugglers in China, whose sorrows from famine should prevent the hardest heart from adding this additional burden.

It is a matter of interest that the effort of good Americans to checkmate the wrongdoing of other Americans started on the Pacific Coast, where everything Oriental is supposed to be held in disdain. The first bill introduced as a remedy was the Jones-Miller bill, bearing the names of a senator and a representative from the State of Washington, and it was a commercial body, the China Club of Seattle, that drew the bill. William K. McKibben, secretary of that club, made the principal speeches at Congressional hearings, secured by the International Reform Bureau, of which the writer is superintendent.

At the second hearing the legislative agents of both retail and wholesale druggists declared they would interpose no objection to the law, but the chief offenders, the manufacturers, were presently heard from and all drug interests said in chorus, with unintended humor, "Let the League of Nations do it." It was the old device of seeking delay and the weakest enforcement.

THE debate having shown the need of some recognition in the bill of our treaty obligations, a new bill was introduced by Representative Henry T. Rainey, who fearlessly attacked the morphia poisoners in the last Congress, and who believes it was their opposition that defeated him last November. This bill has received the approval of the State, Commerce and Treasury Departments, which are unitedly given very large discretion to prohibit exports to countries that re-export for wrong uses, as well as discretion to limit severely the supply of raw material for making morphia. The international Reform Bureau has also approved the bill, and on January 21 secured its introduction in the Senate by Senator Charles Curtis.

It is known as the Rainey-Curtis Anti-Dope Bill and has a good "fighting chance" to pass if quickly and strongly supported by a nation-wide barrage of telegrams and letters and petitions and deputations, urging congressmen and senators not to allow money measures to prevent the passage of Rainey-Curtis Anti-Dope Bill to protect China and other foreign lands against morphia smugglers, and our own country against dope peddlers, whose supplies will also be mostly cut off if this law is passed.

The hearings brought out good evidence that cutting out alcohol does not drive men to drug addiction, but the reckless after-the-war spirit makes it a real peril, which true patriots and alert Christians should hasten to checkmate by voting through mail and telegraph for this bill, which undoubte will pass if brought to a vote, but will not get to t goal unless Christian citizens unite their efforts.

This is the heart of the bill:

"Exports shall be consigned to only an authori permittee, and upon the furnishing of adequate pr that the drug to be exported is to be used exclusi for medicinal purposes within the country to wh exported, that it will not be re-exported, and t there is an actual shortage of and a demand for drug for medicinal purposes within the country which the export is consigned. And the importat of opium or cocaine or any salt, derivative, or prepa tion of opium or cocaine hereafter is hereby decla to be unlawful, provided such amounts of cr opium, and coco leaves, or other crude narcotics may be found necessary by the Secretary of the Tr ury and the Secretary of Commerce to provide m phine, cocaine, or other needed medicinal prepa tions for legitimate uses may be imported under r and regulations to be prescribed by Secretary of Treasury and the Secretary of Commerce. The p ilege of 'in transit' shipments is hereby withdraw so far as it applies to shipments of opium, coca and their above named salts, derivatives, and prepa tions, unless such shipments are approved by Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce."

And we must not forget that law is not sufficie of itself. When we went before Secretary Jo Hay, asking our Government to interpose China against British opium, the Golden Rule Se tary, recalling our fathers' appeal not only to a but also to international public opinion, quietly s gested that "we should once more appeal to dec regard for the opinions of mankind." This time speakers and writers persistently appeal to t supreme court of the world against the poisoning China by Britain, Japan and the United States. good citizens of these countries and others have ability and so the responsibility to stop it.

Waking Up Arabian-Nights Africa

The Sixth Article in an Engrossing Series on "New Worlds"

By WILLARD PRICE

AN AMERICAN village perched on a North African mountain peak symbolizes the way in which even the land of the Arabian Nights is being invaded by modern influence.

There, in the almost impenetrable stronghold of the mountains, is a village where some member or members of every family have been to Chicago and speak English—after a fashion.

It began many years ago when one inhabitant of the village found his way across the sea and overland to the Windy City. He came back with enough money to buy a dozen wives; but he built a fine house instead. Other villagers inquired just how he had traveled to Chicago, in what house he had lived and with what firm he had worked—and they set out to do likewise. Thus gradually there has been developed on this lonely mountain peak a Little Chicago where may be heard the strains of the American phonograph and harmonica, the whir of the American alarm-clock and the spice of American slang.

A caravan resting at the edge of the desert. The Moslem traders carry their religion with them, and through their work the natives of interior Africa become Mohammedans by the thousand

A Little London graces another peak. The first adventurer went to London, so the others followed. Fragments of cockney speech have here been mixed in with the native Kabyle dialect. Native cooking has been modified a little under the influence of London's culinary art. On gala occasions a frock coat or a cane may be seen, and one intrepid pioneer brought home a monocle—but was never permitted to wear it.

In another village, the artery of whose civilization leads to the heart of France, Parisian fashions arrive about ten years late and peculiar affection is bestowed upon the French, an affection certainly not felt by most Kabyles.

THUS invisible threads of sympathy lead out from these remote villages to the great cities of Europe and the West. But let us be careful not to seem to exaggerate the modernizing of Kabylia. The villages mentioned are oases of modernism in a wilderness of medievalism. People fifteen miles away from the American village, for example, not only are not influenced by it—they do not even know that the village exists. The reason is that back from the French military road travel is almost impossible in this perpendicular country. What a blessing elevators would be! Most of the distance between two points must be measured vertically. There are few places in the world where one may throw a stone half a mile. The boy in a Kabyle village who throws a stone is apt to crack the head of someone in the next village, half a mile below.

Near the main road I have seen a village so close that the children could be made out, playing in the streets. On a level path it could have been reached in three or four minutes. But there was no level path, or suspension bridge, and it took us two hours of the stiffest sort of climbing down through tangled valleys and up steep slopes before we finally panted into the village. This was in only moderately mountainous country.

In the most mountainous sections the villagers on one peak will gaze upon the villagers on another peak year in and year out and never meet.

Considering the miles of weary vertical travel from one village to another, and the desolate distances one may go without meeting a soul, one is astonished to learn from the reports that this is one of the most densely populated sections in the world—500 to 600 a square mile!

The joker is that the census men measure their square miles horizontally and not up and down and around! For example, in one horizontal square mile of wild mountain country there might be five square miles of actual land surface. And on a space where there would be room for only one village if the land were flat, there may be half a dozen villages, so many that on a map they would almost overlap, while in reality it is a long journey up and down the cliff-like mountain sides from one village to another.

ASCENDING in an elevator, if there were such a convenience, one would see a kaleidoscopic change in vegetation, from the eucalyptus and orange trees of the warm valleys up past the olive, fig and fir trees to the lonesome ash above, which are the barren, snow-covered heights.

How to pasture sheep and goats in a vertical country is a problem. The goat may cling to the cliff, but the grass will not. Often the only green thing is the ash tree—hence this tree has come to be known as "the Kabyle pasture." The owner of such a tree is fortunate. He rents it out to his neighbors who cut off the leaves for their animals. This very frequent pruning causes each limb to end in a big knot and the tree looks like a giant with a hundred fists.

The Kabyles are an independent people—as mountain climbers are apt to be. They are not Arabs, and are far superior in honesty and integrity to the Arabs of Algeria. Curious that the people most "on the level" in North Africa should live in a land where nothing is level! Kabyle women go unveiled and enjoy considerable freedom. The people as a whole are said to be descended from North European races, perhaps remotely the same from which came the ancestors of our own Pilgrim Fathers. They are white, fresh-skinned folk, often blonde.

A Kabyle chief. His people are closely akin to those of Europe

At one time they were Christians. Now, although they are nominally Mohammedans, they still retain many Christian customs, and their legends abound in curious distortions of Bible tales.

They have a peculiar version as to how Eve came to eat the apple. The serpent asked Eve if she knew the real reason why the fruit of the apple tree had been forbidden to her. She was all curiosity at once. "Because," explained the serpent, "the apples are wanted for Adam's second wife." Eve was sure he was lying—for was not she the only woman in the world? "No," said the serpent, "you are not. Come to the corner of the garden tomorrow and I will show you another woman." The next day she came to the place appointed. The serpent held up the world's first mirror and Eve looked through the bushes into the mirror and saw what she supposed was another woman. In a rage of jealousy Eve went and ate the apple.

SUCH warped versions of the Bible are slowly being corrected nowadays by all too few Christian missionaries. One athletic, cliff-climbing preacher has told the Story so constantly that he has been called the "Lord Jesus man"—or "Lord Jesus" for short. In a certain village he has a special Kabyle friend called Moses. So when he visits this particular village, everyone calls to him, "Hello, Lord Jesus, are you going to the house of Moses?" He is a good tooth-puller and a fair physician and combines these arts with his preaching. Although a learned man, he makes himself a friend of the people and will help a man catch an errant goat, or sit down with a family in a cobble-stone hut and eat with them a meal of cous-cous, acorns and thrushes' brains as easily as he will lecture before a learned society on the entymology of the Berbers.

A Kabyle inn—very like that famous inn at Bethlehem

Those who suppose that a missionary is just anyone who can't make good at anything else should examine into the accomplishments of the missionary staff in Algeria and Tunisia. A mission board secretary made the following tabulation during a visit to North Africa:

"E. F. Frease, the Superintendent, knows Gujarati, Mahrati, Hindustani, French, English, and reads Spanish and Italian.

"W. E. Lowther speaks German, French, Spanish, Malay, Esperanto, English and Arabic. He has a reading knowledge of Greek, Latin and Italian.

"Friederich Roesch, killed in the War, spoke Arabic, Italian, French, German, English, Koptic, deciphered Koptic manuscripts and constructed a grammar. He was an archeologist of note.

"J. T. C. Blackmore speaks Kabyle, French and English.

"Percy Smith speaks French, English, Arabic; is a fine Greek and Hebrew scholar; is a composer of music and a translator. He has translated the Bible into Arabic.

"J. J. Cooksey and J. H. C. Purdon speak French, English, Arabic and read Greek and Hebrew.

"The women missionaries in Algiers speak Kabyle, French and English. The women missionaries in Constantine speak Arabic, French and English."

MISSIONARIES of such caliber are necessary in North Africa. Nowhere else in the world, not even excepting Japan, is the task of the missionary so difficult as here.

Why? Some say it is because, "Once a Moslem, always a Moslem." But that is not quite true. In other parts of the world, such as India and Malaysia, thousands of Mohammedans have risen to Christianity. And even in North Africa the Kabyles are quite readily reached. But the Arab stays "sot" in his old religion. I do not think it is because the religion is so ideal, but because the Arab is the "sot" kind of a person. He clings in the same way to everything else that is ancient. The Director of Indigenous Arts in Fez told me that he had recently come upon a book written in the fourteenth century and describing Fez as it was at that time. The Director compared the statements in the book, item by item, with Fez as it is today—and found the book to be perfectly up-to-date. Reprint it and it would pass very well as a modern account of present-day Fez. The people of Fez are still doing things just as they did them in medieval times.

Of course cities nearer the coast have been changed—but that is because foreign influence has come in. The Arabs on their own initiative would change nothing.

Moreover the Arab is proud—proud in the conceit of his past traditions. In his stately, flowing garments he moves down the street in haughty ignorance that times have changed since his pirate ancestors roved the seas up and down the Barbary Coast, exacting tribute from ships of all nations. Before the year 1800 the United States had paid more than two million dollars of tribute money into the coffers of the Dey of Algiers. "You bring me tribute and you are my slave," said the Dey to the captain of an American ship. "Here is a message. I order you as a slave to take it for me to Constantinople." And such was the power of the pirates of Barbary that the American captain did as he was told.

A native Kabyle pastor and his family. American missionaries are doing effective work in this region

THE robbers of the seas have had some bitter experiences during the last century—but they remain quite satisfied with themselves and bask in the glory of days gone by. To them, all that was, was splendid. All that is, is anathema. They fight modernism step by step.

And, as for religion, why should the Moslem give up Mohammedanism, which provides him with two angels to accompany him wherever he goes; sanctions lying in three cases—to women, to reconcile friends, and in war; teaches that women are of long hair and small understanding and should be subservient to men in all things; and brings him when he dies to a Paradise where he is given a mansion with eighty thousand servants, a feast of three hundred courses, seventy-two of the beautiful, enticing musk girls of Paradise as his wives—also his old clay wives of earth if he wants them? Why should he give up all these things and accept Christianity, which limits him strictly to one wife, honesty and painful uprightness?

Such an elastic and voluptuous religion as that of Islam can be donned and worn like an easy garment. The Arab sees no reason for casting off so flowing a robe of righteousness; and the pagan blacks of Central Africa are easily persuaded to put it on. Moslem traders who go south across the Sahara to the land of the blacks, carry their religion along with them and teach it while they sell their goods. Would that American commercial travelers were as faithful.

The pagan sees much to gain and nothing to lose by accepting Mohammedanism. He is not asked to make any abrupt break with paganism, such as would be required if he adopted Christianity.

EVERY eighth person in the world is a Mohammedan—and the proportion is growing. Whole tribes in Central and West Africa are "converted" to Islam almost overnight. Needless to say, the Arab is proud of the sweep of his religion—proud and self-satisfied. A missionary reports the following conversation with a Moslem trader:

"You white men know much about *this* world," said Mahomet Ali. "You own steamers and railways; you know all things concerning great guns and dynamite. Yet of one thing you know nothing.

"You know nothing of *ganat el Fardous* (Paradise). You fear not God, and you will go at your death to *Gehennem* (Hell). You are lords of *this* world, but we shall have our reward in the next."

"But we do know of God," said the Christian.

"You do not show it," returned Mahomet. "For I have never seen a government man kneel down to pray; never have I heard one speak of Allah—except in swearing. True, I have heard of a *Khanissa* (church) of white men on the coast. But they go there one day each week, and for six long days it is empty. We Mohammedans pray five times each day. I know that some of your *Khanissa* priests wish to make Christians of the natives, but they are so few and so weak that for every native they convert there kneel ten newly pledged Moslems. You may have the country—we do not care since we have the people. Perhaps we shall also one day gain the land."

The Christian may well blush, considering how little the Christian missionaries have accomplished in comparison with the Mohammedan. There are tens of thousands of villages, penetrated by the Moslem propagandist, where no Christian missionary has ever been seen. A missionary, appealing for help, reported:

"During the last fourteen years eighty more American missionaries have been sent to Japan than to the entire continent of Africa—a country as large as the United States, all Europe, all China, all India and a baker's dozen of Japans combined."

THE place to stop the flood of Islam over Africa is where it begins—in Arab North Africa. And there it is scarcely worth while trying to readjust the firmly rooted notions of the grown Arab. The children are the hope of the future.

The all too few North African children under missionary influence are learning that what makes an automobile go is not a *djinn* or devil—that the loss of the head-lock does not necessarily mean that you will not go to Heaven because Allah will have nothing by which to take hold and draw you up—that the world is not flat, and there is no edge of the earth over which one may fall—and that true religion involves something more than facing the east and murmuring a stereotyped phrase five times a day.

A Welcome for the Stranger

An Account Which Should Help the Church Reception Committee

By EDWARD MOORE

"I KNOW I'm going to like that church," my friend said, "for I can see they mean business, and that's the kind of church I want to work with."

Rather striking sentences, these, and coming as they did, at the close of a little story provoked by a merely casual query as to where my friend had gone to church the Sunday before, they are significant.

My friend—we will call him George Jordan—is a business man about forty-five years old, who had recently moved to a new home in a new section of his city, far enough away from his old church to make it unlikely that he would be recognized. He had been active enough in his old church to earn a place on the Board. Furthermore, he likes to see things go in the church, just as he makes them go in his own business.

The new home is about equi-distant from two churches, both comparatively new, one catering almost entirely to a well-do-do class; the other, a struggling cause, located in the middle of a working-people's district. One had heard reports from the latter, from time to time, of vigorous growth and of climbs over obstacles which were, considering known circumstances, rather surprising.

"YOU know how it is in a new district?" George suggested, when he began to answer my query. "We didn't know anybody, and things around the house were rather upset, and for a couple of Sundays we didn't go anywhere. And then we made up our minds we were going to try both churches.

"In the morning we wandered down to the smaller one. It didn't look very inviting. They haven't really built their church yet, you see, and are using the Sunday-school section till they can finance the bigger undertaking. And when we looked at that stubby sort of place, with a blank wall in front, and only one entrance at the side, things didn't look any too promising. But—" (the enthusiasm began to come when he lived the scene over again) "but you forget that when you get inside that door. We hardly had time to open it when a nice-looking chap with a good warm hand rushed up to us. He seemed to look me over for a second or two to see whether I belonged, and then said: 'Just come this way,' and before we knew it, we were shot across a hall and into a comfortable little reception-room. Waiting there was a big stout fellow with a smile as long as his arm, and in about half a minute he had my name and address, had found out about my little daughter, had introduced himself as chairman of the membership committee, and had given me a pocketful of literature about the church. He had a way with him, and you couldn't but feel that you were in a place where they were interested in you and wanted you to be one of them.

"After a minute or two there, he took us out into one of the best seats in the church, and took my coat away from me when I got it off, saying that I would be more comfortable with it hung up at the back. Since the place was crowded, I guess he was right.

"I thought that was about all that could be done," George went on, still enthusiastically. "But it wasn't. Right after the service a dozen people came up, likely-looking fellows, some of them, called me by name and welcomed us to 'our' church. And a minute or two later the preacher was around doing the same thing."

THAT was all that happened on Sunday, apparently, and I fancy most of you will think it was enough. But it wasn't by any means the end.

"A couple of nights after, I was sitting up in my den," George went on, "when after the maid had answered a ring at the door, a quiet sort of chap about my own age came up and introduced himself as being from the church. We talked business and lodge, and city politics, and every once in a while that scout would try to lead back to the church. I wanted to test him out, so I made it as hard as I could for him, like you do with a salesman you don't like very much, but he stood up to his guns like a hero. And how he did play up that church!

"And then next night, when I answered the 'phone, there was some little girl inquiring for Helen. It was one of the girls from the church, who wanted to call and take her down to Sunday school next Sunday. I know I'm going to like that church."

WE ARE not so much concerned with the other side, but it may be worth telling, for contrast.

"When we walked into the big entrance at the other church, that same Sunday night," George went on, "everything looked lovely. There were half a dozen ushers in morning coats and silk neckties standing round, and after we stood there for what seemed fully two minutes till they decided which one would handle us, one of them came over and put us into a splendid seat. Three minutes later, just when we had gotten nicely settled down, he came along again and after explaining that that seat and two or three others were going to be used for some special purpose—just what, we couldn't understand—moved us into another pew at the side. I guess that was all right, but it looked rather queer when five minutes later, another usher came down and put some other people into the seat we had been occupying.

"That service was fine," George continued, evidently aiming to be fair. "The music was splendid, and the sermon was good. But somehow or other we went out of that church feeling sort of cold."

Was it any wonder? And is there much doubt as to which church, other things being equal, will not only "get" George and Mrs. and Miss Jordan, in its congregation, but will also be likely to "get out" of them their quota of work and support for the Cause?

Why can't more of us do it the first way?

The World News of the Week

Movement to Cut Railroad Wages Starts Controversy

PROPOSALS by railway executives for a reduction of the wages of their employees, on the ground that such action is necessary in order to avert bankruptcy for the roads, have aroused bitter opposition among the men and caused the unions to appeal to President Wilson for an inquiry into railroad finance.

After a meeting of the Association of Railway Executives in Chicago, W. W. Atterbury, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, interjected into a hearing by the Railway Wage Board a plea for abrogation of the national agreements between the railroads and their men. He asserted that the matter could not wait and that the companies could not consider any proposal for a conference with the men, as a delay of a few days might make the whole situation chaotic. "The national agreements, rules and working conditions forced on the railroads as war conditions," Mr. Atterbury said, "cause gross waste and inefficiency. I estimate that elimination of this waste would reduce operating expenses at least $300,000,000 per annum." If this abrogation was granted, he promised that the railway executives would urge each road to make no proposals for the reduction of basic wages within ninety days, while the economies were being gauged; but he declared wage reductions must come.

The union leaders, in their appeal to the President, contended that their wages now are inadequate and that they are suffering from unemployment. They charged that the employers were taking advantage of business depression to attempt the disruption of the unions and were deceiving the public as to the real reason for the financial plight of the lines. A financial inquiry by the Interstate Commerce Commission was suggested, with a reference of the matter to Congress for such legislation as may be necessary.

The appeal charged that the "transportation system is absolutely controlled by the New York banking group centering around the house of Morgan" and that the roads have been operated inefficiently in order to discredit the government's policy and tighten the financiers' grip on them.

The railway executives, in a telegram to Mr. Wilson, denied these charges emphatically and declared the lines never had been operated more efficiently than at present. They attributed their troubles to the higher wages, placing their expenditures for labor at the rate of $3,700,000,000 during the greater part of 1920, while in 1917 they were $1,700,000,000. Higher wages, they asserted, had absorbed the entire increase in operating revenues and threatened to leave many lines practically stripped of earning power in the face of declining traffic.

Germany Fights Reparations Plan

BITTER opposition in Germany to the reparations program adopted by the Paris conference of Allied premiers halted progress toward putting the Allied plan into operation; and a conference of experts to be held in Brussels for the purpose of fixing methods of payments was postponed indefinitely because of the refusal of the German experts to participate. A general conference on the reparations issue is to open in London on February 28.

Dr. Walter Simons, German Foreign Minister, informed the Reichstag that the cabinet had authorized him to inform the Entente that its Paris program could not be considered, but that Germany would send delegates to London bearing new German proposals. The storm of protest was akin to that with which Germany greeted the Peace Treaty, and Allied observers were inclined to discount somewhat the importance of the German officials' announcements regarding the rejection of the program.

The Paris indemnity program provided that Germany should pay a total of 226,000,000,000 gold marks in forty-two annual instalments in addition to an ad valorem tax of 12 per cent. on her exports during the same period. Another clause to which the Germans objected vigorously was that forbidding Germany to contract any foreign loan without the Entente's consent—a provision aimed at Berlin's hopes of obtaining large credits in the United States. The Germans denounced this clause as a violation of the Versailles Treaty, which also had set a term of thirty years for the liquidation of Germany's debt to the Allies and carried no mention of an export tax.

Dr. Simons declared the sum demanded by the Entente was more than the whole fortune of the German people and would mean the complete economic enslavement of the nation. This assertion was denied by the London newspapers, which declared the annuities for the first five years were fixed at a figure which Germany could pay "without seriously retarding the industrial revival which is making such rapid progress." Attention was called to lavish expenditures for amusement in Germany, and Berlin's talk of chaos to follow insistence on the Allied terms was decried as an old familiar ruse to dodge just obligations.

French officials were proposing that in case Germany refuses to assent to the treaty changes made necessary by the Allied plan she should be notified that she owes the Reparations Commission a total of 400,000,000,000 gold marks and that the Allies would claim the right to seize the German customs and railroads to obtain payment-terms under the treaty harsher than those adopted at Paris.

Premier Briand's report of the negotiations was accepted by the French cabinet at a session presided over by President Millerand, and the Premier was assured of the support necessary for undertaking negotiations with the Germans in London. It was apparent, however, that should Briand be forced to make notable concessions in order to obtain Germany's consent to the Allied program the overthrow of his ministry would be attempted.

The United States Government has not been consulted in the negotiations over the fixing of the indemnity, and this problem will demand Mr. Harding's attention soon after he takes office.

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PLANNING FOR A BIG ENLARGEMENT OF BIBLE DISTRIBUTION

Bible secretaries from all over the United States and from abroad met in the Bible House, in which are the Christian Herald offices, to lay plans for a greater year's work than has ever before been attempted by the American Bible Society, which already has distributed 140,000,000 copies of the Scriptures in many lands

Dry Regulations Tightened

AN IMPORTANT step toward more effective enforcement of the national prohibitory laws was taken when A. Mitchell Palmer, Attorney General, rendered a decision that the authority of the Internal Revenue Commissioner to issue permits for the sale in wholesale quantities of intoxicating liquors and industrial alcohol fit for beverage purposes is limited to manufacturers and wholesale druggists. This will end the activities of thousands of wholesale dealers—the Internal Revenue Bureau had a list of 3,888 affected—and will cut off a large part of the supplies which have been used in the manufacture of questionable "tonics" and which have found their way into the hands of rum-runners.

The redrafting of the Internal Revenue Bureau regulations to conform to Mr. Palmer's decision was begun at once, and the work of the enforcement officials will be centralized so that it will be easier for them to detect violations of the law.

"This decision will greatly help law enforcement," said Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, "by cutting off the bootleg supply. We filed a protest against the issuance of these permits and their renewal. They never were authorized under the law. They have been a constant source of trouble in our efforts to have the law enforced."

Another move to enforce prohibition was the extension by John F. Kramer, Prohibition Commissioner, of his ban on liquor withdrawals, which has been effective in seven Eastern states. This ban was made to apply to every state, Hawaii and Porto Rico, and the fifty prohibition directors received this order: "Effective this date approve no more applications for withdrawals of liquor. This order does not apply to alcohol nor to reasonable quantities of wine for sacramental purposes. Exception may be made in cases of retail druggists, who will not b permitted to withdraw in excess of five cases on a single withdrawal."

Recent disclosures regarding laxity of prohibition enforcement, particularly in the larger cities, have caused much concern to Federal officers, and a determination was apparent to reorganize the staffs and to devise means to make the law really effective throughout the nation.

International

THE SENATE'S NEW CHAPLAIN

Rev. J. J. Muir, for thirty-two years pastor of the Temple Baptist Church in Washington, has been chosen to succeed Rev. Forrest J. Prettyman, who resigned to accept a pastorate at Knoxville, Tenn.

Tariff Bill Cloture Defeated

REPUBLICAN leaders in the Senate were defeated in an effort to force the Emergency Tariff bill to an early vote, through the application of the cloture rule, a motion to shut off debate being rejected by a vote of 36 to 35, when a two-thirds majority was necessary for its adoption. Party lines were broken on the issue, nine Democrats voting for cloture and seven Republicans supporting it.

Continuation of the fight over the tariff measure threatened the success of the appropriation bills, for the Republican leaders announced that it would continue as the unfinished business and that no efforts would be spared to bring it to a vote. Senator Penrose declared the money bills might be allowed to go over to the special session and said there would be plenty of time then for the passage of appropriations, as the fiscal year does not end until June 30. Majority leaders hoped to obtain a majority in the Senate for the tariff measure, which has been passed by the House, and counted on the support of Republicans who voted against cloture. Democrats were unyielding in their opposition, terming the tariff bill a hodge-podge which would bring no benefits to the farmers it is designed to help, and refused unanimous consent to a proposal to set a date for a vote.

Mr. Harding has requested President Wilson to call a special session of the new Senate immediately after March 4, in order that prompt action may be taken on his nominations for the cabinet and other important posts. This would permit the establishment of the machinery of the new administration in advance of the convening of the special session which Mr. Harding will call early in the spring, and would enable that session to get down to business without delay.

Cabinet gossip had it that Charles G. Dawes, of Chicago, had been eliminated from consideration for Secretary of the Treasury, for which he had been a favorite, and the name of Andrew W. Mellow, of Pittsburgh, was substituted. It was said Mr. Harding intended to ask Mr. Dawes and Herbert Hoover to head important Federal commissions. Observers believed other tentative selections for the cabinet were unchanged.

Greece Opposes Turkish Parleys

STRONG opposition to the Allies' proposals for negotiations with Mustapha Kemal's Turkish Nationalist Government in an effort to settle the Turkish problem was expressed in a statement issued

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The Secret of the Carved Box

A Story of the Time of Ezra, the Priest, in the Fifth Century, B. C.

By AMANDA M. HICKS

Illustrated by Brown Martin

ON THE western slope of the Mount of Olives stood a neat cottage, the home of one of the Hebrews whose people had returned to their native land when the Babylonian captivity ended.

The main room of the cottage was simply furnished, but in a niche on the wall were two objects; strange things to be found in the home of a Hebrew. One was a small stone image of the god Baal, worshiped by the Phœnicians and many adjacent peoples. Close beside this image was a beautiful cedar-wood box, covered with figures of Assyrian deities carved in relief, the great Assyrian god Ashur having central place on the tightly closed cover.

Just inside the open door of this pleasant room was Thalia, the wife and mother. With shapely arms bared to the shoulders she sat on the rug which covered the earthen floor, grasping the upright bar of the handmill on which she was grinding barley for the cakes for the evening meal. Her eyes were deep and luminous as the fishpools in Heshbon; her hair, black and straight, was held back by a dark red band, from which hung ten pieces of silver, the marriage gift of her husband.

As with practiced hand and a movement of unconscious grace she turned the upper millstone, she watched with deep content two children at play under the olive trees near by. The girl Ruth, eight years old, was dark-eyed and of slender form like the mother. The ten-year-old boy David, was like the shepherd lad of Bethlehem, ruddy of face, with clustering golden hair.

THIS humble dwelling on the western slope of the Mount of Olives overlooked the Kidron Valley, beyond which lay the city of Jerusalem, its broken-down walls enclosing desolate spaces of ruined buildings and scattered clusters of rude occupied dwellings. The one bright spot in all that dreary landscape was the temple, built by the Hebrews on their return from the Babylonian captivity, seventy-five years before.

"Ruth," called the mother, "go down the Mount and meet your father. He has gone to carry a lamb for the temple sacrifice, and will be coming home before the sun goes down."

With flying feet Ruth sped down the Mount, but soon returned alone with quivering lip. "Oh, Mother!" she cried, "father is away down there sitting on the ground with his hands over his face. Instead of lifting me to his shoulder to ride up the hill as he always does, he motioned for me to go away. What made him do that, mother?"

The wife left her grinding and hastened down the Mount, to see her husband sitting as if age had suddenly sapped his vigor, his whole frame shaking with sobbing grief.

"David, my husband, what is it?" she cried, clasping his hands in hers.

"Do not ask me, Thalia, when my answer will only bring sorrow to you and add to my own anguish."

"But, David, I must know. You have never hid anything from me. Tell me, David, what is it?"

"I will tell you, Thalia, but though it break your heart and mine, we must both be brave enough not to let the children know; not yet."

"I will be brave, David, but what can have happened?

"TODAY in the courts of the temple," he replied, "the new teacher Ezra, the Priest, of whom I have told you, read from a roll which he says is the book of the law of Jehovah, given to Moses ages ago. A great company of people, both men and women, had assembled to hear the reading, and this is the word he read: 'When ye come into the land which ye go to possess, give not your daughters in marriage to the sons of the people of the land, neither take ye their daughters to your sons for wives.' That is the law of old.

"When Ezra had finished the reading there was great sorrow and weeping among the people. Then Shecaniah, one of the sons of Jehiel, said to Ezra: 'We have sinned in that we have taken strange wives of the people of the land. Now let us make a covenant to put away all the alien wives and such as are born them.'

"And, Thalia, it has been decreed by Ezra and the chief men of my people that in all this land Palestine every wife who is not of Hebrew stock m return to her father's house, and that the child must go with the mother."

Half dazed Thalia said slowly: "But, David, I not of Hebrew blood. Does this mean that I must le you and return to my father's house?"

"Yes, Thalia, that is the meaning of the decree.'

"But, David," she answered almost fiercely, "t can not send me away. When the great K Nebuchadnezzar sent the colony of my people fr the Upper Zab to occupy this land, his overseer ga by writing, this house and olive grove and oil pr to the men of my ancestral line, and it comes do through me to my son, for I am the only child of father."

"I would we might know that this claim co hold," David replied sadly, "I the older claim goes back to time when my people came out Egypt and this land was divi by lot to the twelve tribes Israel. You, as an alien, can h no inheritance in this land."

"I said I would be brave the sake of the children," answered, "but tell me, wl must this cruel decree be e cuted?"

"It is now the first day of tenth month and the alien wi must be put away by the end the twelfth month," he s slowly.

THE coming of the child put an end to this conver tion, and with such good cheer the parents could assume evening was passed. Only wl the children slept and the fat and mother were out under sky was expression given to t sorrow. When the first he storm of grief had passed, Th was first to speak.

"David, do you remember day when we first saw e other?"

"Yes Thalia, I remember it well. It was soon after twelfth birthday, and I had g for the first time to the gr Passover feast at the temple. odor of sweet incense filled all air and I almost believed I wa heaven. Then I came up Mount, my boy's heart thril with new joy, and saw you sitt on the ground under the o trees with a little hurt bird your lap. You looked up at and your eyes, half blinded w tears, shone like stars."

"Yes," said Thalia, "and came and took the little bird tenderly and looked at its w to see if it could be made w Then I knew that you had a k heart. You told me that y name was David, and that y father tended a vineyard on side of the Mount tow Bethany. I knew you were of Hebrew people because you been to their temple and had the odor of incense on your ments. And, David, whe looked at you I thought you must be like the hero of your pe whose name you bore."

"And, when I looked at y Thalia, I thought 'There are Hebrew maidens like this l alien girl with her deep dark and her beautiful face.' But were so shy that for a long ti did not see you again."

"Yes," she made reply, and that he had been sorry for my poor bird. said: 'Thalia, it is my command that you do not ag have talk with the Hebrew boy. These Hebrews not our equals. They were long ago slaves in Eg and in later days they have been captives in Babyl Now they have come here to take away from us olive orchards and vineyards which were given t under the great King Nebuchadnezzar.' So great my mother's displeasure that I did not see you ag until the day when you drove off the dog that holding me by the dress and snarling at me so fierc Mother saw you then and was so pleased with y

In a long, unbroken silence they walked under the stars

grave looks that she never after objected to our friendship. You know, David, it was those years of joyous young life together that led to our marriage and that makes it so hard to part now."

"Yes," said David, "and add to those beautiful years the twelve more since you have been my wife, Thalia. How proud and happy we were when our little boy came to us. You said, 'We will call him David for his father and the great hero David of long ago.' When our little girl was born I would have called her Thalia, for you, my beloved, but you said, 'Call her Ruth,' for you knew af a great woman among my people whose name was Ruth, and I let you have your way."

So the talk went on until far into the night.

THE two months of respite hurried by, bringing with cruel swiftness the fateful day. Almost daily one or the other had said, "Today we must tell the children." But always the other had made answer: "Not today. Let them have one more day of joyous life."

The last day of the eleventh month had now come. On the morrow Thalia and the boy and girl must go out from home, never to return. Still the children had not been told. "Let them have a last night of happy sleep under the home-roof," the mother had pleaded.

When the children slept the father and mother went out to walk for the last time hand in hand under the olive trees; but first, with lighted lamp, they stood in mute agony by the bed of the sleeping children—Ruth, so like her mother, and David, with his golden hair, his ruddy face and sturdy limbs, the image not only of the shepherd lad, David, but of his father.

In a long unbroken silence they walked under the stars, then seated themselves on a low broad bench outside the door. Worn with heartache and watching, Thalia's eyes drooped, and like a tired child, she lay in David's strong arms, asleep.

With the light touch of rose petals falling in still air he kissed her again and again.

"O, God of my fathers," he prayed, "God of Abraham, of Moses and Elijah! O, Jehovah, God of heaven, who hast brought my people from the rivers of Babylon and planted them again in their own land, can Thou not help us? Is there no way? O, Jehovah, if there is no way but that my precious ones must go from me on the morrow, smite, I pray Thee, this dwelling with plague, and let us all die together before the morning dawns, O, Jehovah, God of my fathers!"

UNCONSCIOUSLY, in his agony, he uttered these last words aloud and Thalia stirred in his arms. Looking down he saw by the light of the coming dawn her face radiant with a smile.

"O, David," she said, "I have dreamed such a wonderful dream, and the pain is all gone from my heart. You know, David, the beautiful carved cedar-wood box that has always stood in the wall niche beside the image of my god, Baal. Often we have wondered what is in it and you must remember well what I have told you concerning the box and why I have never opened it. For a long, long time it has been in our family, always the sacred charge of the eldest son. There is a legend that a curse would fall on any other than an eldest son of the line who should open the box and that a curse would fall on him should he reveal the contents of the box.

"As my father had no son and I am his only child, the box fell to me. I have never opened it because I feared the curse. In my dream I said to you, 'David, before I go out from house and home never to return I must know what is in that box. I no longer fear the curse, for nothing can come to us now more dreadful than has already come.' You brought the box and still half afraid, we lifted the beautifully carved lid. We stood amazed to see the box full of shining pieces of gold, hundreds of them. We know, David, that a million shining pieces of gold could not make us glad this night, but when you saw the glittering pieces you laughed aloud and held me in your arms so close that I cried out.

"Then you lifted Ruth, and tossed her as you used to lift and toss her when a baby. Then you caught up David and laughed and cried all at the same time. You have not laughed for two months, David, and it was good to hear you laugh once more, if only in a dream. Go now and bring the box and we will open it, for in truth I no longer fear the curse."

Continued on page 156

A Woman Who Saves Lives

The Story of a Physician Who Holds Out New Hope

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

DR. IDA M. SANBORN has maintained a small corner for a good many years in an office building in Chicago. And from its cozy depths she has dispensed comfort and good cheer and hope to the stricken ones who have sought her out. I say sought her out advisedly, for—like many another splendid physician—she has a genuine horror of appearing to foist her services upon the public.

Dr. Sanborn is a large, motherly woman. She is the sort of a woman who even *looks* comforting—whose warm, friendly hands seem always outstretched to others, As one of her patients said to a friend:

"Dr. Sanborn is not a bit awe-inspiring, like other doctors. There's something about her that makes you want to take her into your confidence. There's something about her that makes you want to rest your head upon her shoulder—and your troubles on her heart!"

During the long years of her practice, comparatively few have known of Dr. Sanborn. She has gone quietly on in her unassuming way; working tirelessly, and gladly, and often without recompense—for many of her patients were too poor to pay for the services she so willingly gave.

IT WAS quite by chance that her name leaped into prominence; quite against her own volition—almost without her consent. She might never have been discovered by the general public if a friend of one Charles Sumner Harmon—a prominent Chicago lawyer—had not played the part of Fate.

The friend—who shall be nameless, as are most people who play the part of Fate—came into Chicago's University Club one day and nearly fell over Mr. Harmon, who was sitting disconsolately in a large chair by a window. Mr. Harmon was looking pale, thin, and—worst of all—discouraged. And the friend noticed it; couldn't help noticing it!

"What's the matter, old chap?" he questioned, "aren't things going right? What's the matter?"

Mr. Harmon did not raise his eyes to his friend's face. He didn't seem to have enough energy to raise his eyes.

"Everything's the matter," he answered at last, and wearily, "Everything's the matter!"

The friend dropped down into a chair beside the stricken man.

"You're ill," he said; and then, "Tell me all about it."

Mr. Harmon still sat with downcast eyes.

"I've got diabetes", he said finally, in his curiously lack-luster voice; "I'm dying, I guess. I might just as well die as live—the way I'm living! I can't eat or sleep properly—I can't work or take any exercise. . . ."

TO YOU who have never suffered with diabetes—to you who have never seen a loved one suffer—Mr. Harmon's statement wouldn't sound utterly hopeless. But to folk who have seen the dread and apparently incurable disease at work, there need be no explanation. They will know that diabetes is a disease that vitally affects all parts of the body—they will know that it undermines the whole system, bringing with it loss of sleep, of weight, and of general strength. And they will know that the only recognized treatment, for many years, has been the most rigid form of dieting—a form of dieting that makes life very nearly unbearable to the average man or woman. And this treatment does not cure—its only hope is to hold the disease in check!

Mr. Harmon—as he explained, later, to his friend—had suffered under the tortures of the diet. He had known the pain of the terrible swellings—one of the most advanced symptoms—the inertia and fatigue occasioned by the general drag of the disease. When the friend, out of a clear sky, suggested that he go to a doctor who was quite unknown to him—and who was, crowning indignity, a *woman* doctor—he was prone to be amazed, and slightly angry.

"But I have seen physicians from all over the world," he expostulated, "specialists! I have been to

DR. IDA M. SANBORN

London, to Paris, to New York. Surely if this woman could help me—if she were as good a doctor as you say—I would have heard of her!"

And yet—despite his unconcealed scorn and skepticism, Mr. Harmon finally allowed his friend to take him to see Dr. Sanborn at her little obscure office. And, after making various tests, she surprised him by telling him that she thought she could help him. "Restore" she may have said—"cure" is a word that Dr. Sanborn does not use. The treatment that she outlined was a process entirely new to him, a process not built merely upon hateful and continued dieting—a process that was constructive rather than destructive.

And so she cured him. Not in a day—not in a week, or in a month. But from the beginning Mr. Harmon was allowed to eat wholesome, nourishing food—carefully selected at first—which he had been longing for. From the outset he was permitted to exercise, to gain new strength and courage. And at the end of nine months he was entirely well.

It was when he was nearing the end of Dr. Sanborn's course of treatment that Mr. Harmon began to wonder why she had never become famous because of her remarkable powers—why she had never tried to exploit her work. It troubled his legal mind. But when he questioned her he came sharply up against the black wall of professional reticence, a wall that seems to surround all physicians.

"I could not advertise or get publicity in any way," she told him. "It is *unethical*. A doctor can not encourage—trade. Doctors must wait for patients to *come to them*. For twenty years I have been specializing in Bright's disease and diabetes, but only the people who have been sent to me, by satisfied patients, have been able to benefit by my experience and study."

MR. HARMON went away from her office in a disturbed frame of mind. It worried him—just as it would worry any one so deeply interested—to feel that this woman was keeping a great gift from the world.

"Why," he argued to himself, "is it unethical for a physician to tell folk what he can do? Why? *Why?*"

When one stops to think of it, it *is* a silly idea—this idea of professional silence. No other trade—that I can at the moment remember—cherishes such an idea. Your poet gives his work to the world—the artist and the musician make humanity better with their color and harmony. But the physician—who has the gift of life to give—is often held back from the giving of it by the question of *ethics*. Is it right?

I think not. And Mr. Harmon thought not. And because he thought not, very sincerely, he continued to urge. He did not believe that it was right even for him, a mere layman, to let other people suffer and die, without an effort, when he had been so helped. Still less did he think that anything could justify the staying of Dr. Sanborn's wonderful hand. He wanted the news shouted from the housetops.

And he won. Dr. Sanborn finally sent for him. She had been ill herself—desperately ill. When she faced him she was pale and weak, but a new light shone in her eyes—glorifying her kindly face. Quite without preface she began to talk, and it seemed to Mr. Harmon that the very pulsing of her heart was in her voice.

"When I lay in bed, thinking that I might die," she told him, "your arguments took on a new force—and a new meaning. I realized that I had been keeping back something that God had placed in my hands—*in trust*. It came to me with a sudden strong conviction that there were people, all over this country of ours, who were dying—just as you were dying when I took your case. It came to me that I would be almost wicked if I did not do more than I had ever done before, to help them. I felt, all at once, that folk *must* know about it. You were right—and I was wrong. My cure shall live to bless increasing thousands long after I am only a memory—it shall be given to the world—to the people who need it. Ethics are not as important as lives!

That is why, today, Dr. Sanborn has stepped from the background in to the light. That is why people have come to recognize her, why she has grown prominent in the medical field, why her work is becoming well and favorably known to the heads of her profession as well as to the layman.

But—despite her success—she is unchanged. She is still the friendly woman with a sensible mind—that is impervious to success—and a motherly heart and a broad, comforting shoulder that tired heads long to rest against.

The Editorial Forum

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Editor Emeritus

The German Indemnity

AFTER a prolonged discussion, the Allied Supreme Council has approved the plan for fixing the German indemnity and announced it to the world. It provides for the payment by Germany of 226,000,000,000 gold marks in 42 annual instalments, on a rising scale, beginning with 2,000,000,000 marks for each of the first two years, 3,000,000,000 yearly for the third, fourth and fifth years; 4,000,000,000 yearly for the sixth, seventh and eighth years; 5,000,000,000 yearly for the ninth, tenth and eleventh years, and 6,000,000,000 yearly thereafter until the full indemnity is paid. The plan also provides for a tax of 12 per cent. on all German exports.

All of the Allied Premiers have given the plan their approval. Germany's consent is called for and should that, after full discussion, be refused, it is intimated that the Allies may hold her responsible for the 400,000,000,000 gold marks demanded by the Reparations Commission and that military force may be employed if necessary. "Conversations" between the Allied and German representatives relative to the basis of the indemnity agreement will be resumed on February 28.

As might be expected, the German press protests bitterly against the indemnity plan, and its rejection by the German Cabinet is foreshadowed, although the Allies have expressed confidence in its ultimate acceptance. Regarding the proposed tax on exports, the point is made that to put a 12 per cent. tax on all German goods sold abroad creates a difficult situation, as the Allied nations are practically in agreement that they do not want German exports. It may be, however, that this situation will be modified during the "conversations" that are to follow if the absolute rejection of the indemnity by the German Government does not precipitate a new crisis meanwhile.

It is recalled that in 1917 Kaiser William, still confident of winning the war, estimated that the Allies would have to pay to Germany an indemnity of 500,000,000,000 gold marks. Now, we have the reverse of the picture: Germany, conscious of her helplessness, and begging indulgence from the very foes she had hoped to plunder unrestrainedly. The world hardly wonders that the exile at Doorn should pass much of his time lamenting the vanishing of his "beautiful dream, all too soon finished," and mourning as he realized "how far Germany had fallen."

Developments in the next few weeks may help greatly to clear up the situation. There may be a modification of the attitude of both sides, which will subordinate all minor interests to the larger view of world peace and opportunities for rehabilitation.

Measuring the Universe

MODERN science is nothing if not bold in its adventures. Close on the heels of the astonishing calculations of Prof. Michelson, of Chicago University, concerning the immensity of Betelgeuse (one of the stars in the constellation of Orion, which with its background of immeasurable distances impresses the mind with the hopelessness of comprehending infinity), comes an even more startling statement from a Berlin scientist. According to a cable dispatch published in the New York *Times* of January 28, Prof. Albert Einstein in a lecture before the Academy of Science in the German capital made the startling claim that the entire universe is capable of being measured. His theory is that by applying what is known as the "relativity theory" to the Newtonian law of reckoning the average velocity of stars it can be demonstrated that real gravitations at vast distances are smaller than the distances demanded by Newton law. In this manner he claimed that such divergencies would show the finite character of the universe, and would even permit its size to be estimated.

This is by far the boldest flight ever attempted by any scientist. It has startled the astronomers of the world, and we may expect to hear of other attempts to measure the infinite. Within the last half century astronomy has made great advances and added much to man's knowledge of the heavens. We may be on the borderland of still greater discoveries; yet we must not forget that astronomy itself, relatively speaking, is a speculative science. We are all merely learners in nature's great School of Knowledge, and much that we learn has to be unlearned later.

Dr. Einstein has shown a love of sensation in some of his previous researches; hence we need not be surprised to find the same tendency in announcing his latest discovery. It is evidently his belief that the average velocity of the stars is fixed "as that which they must have to prevent the Milky Way from collapsing on itself through reciprocal action." In other words the procession has to be kept up at full speed, otherwise it is liable to telescope itself, with what terrific results Dr. Einstein himself evidently hesitates to conjecture.

As might have been expected the theories of the Berlin professor find an echo in some of our own universities. Dr. Eisenhart, professor of mathematics in Princeton, who has been applying Einstein's methods, announces as the result of his calculations that the radius of the universe "might be said to be about one million times ten million times the distance from the earth to the sun." He candidly admits that this is inconceivable to the mind, but adds, by way of consolation, that it is "easily demonstrable by means of mathematics."

It would be well for those who study the stars to carry into their occupation the sentiment of reverence. Human knowledge is a very little thing set by the side of Omniscience. It was Dr. Young, himself a devoted student of the heavens, who first expressed the conviction that "an undevout astronomer is mad."

Our Palestine Orphans

IN PAST years thousands of readers of the Christian Herald have taken up, as a very special and delightful kind of missionary work, the training of little homeless and helpless orphans in India, China, Africa and other countries. Many have kept up this contact until the present day, and find it a source of joy and heart satisfaction. They feel that they have been chosen as the means through which these young lives are being developed on Christian lines.

In presenting our appeal (in the Christian Herald of January 29) in behalf of the little orphan maids of Palestine, now sheltered in the Christian Herald Orphanage there, we entertain the hope that all of the thirty-six will be "spoken for" by kind American patrons. Where any reader does not feel that he or she can assume, unaided, the entire burden, friends should be interested who are willing to share in it.

One important thing we would suggest here: Any reader who desires to take one of these little ones for support, should make two, or even three or more selections from the list which we published in a recent issue, as it is not improbable that some of those chosen by our friends may have been taken already by other patrons.

Fight the Bad Movies!

IT IS the duty of every good citizen, and especially of all thoughtful men and women who have the moral welfare of the young folks at heart, to aid the movement in behalf of clean films in the motion pictures. Many large film concerns, of their own accord, have pledged themselves to assist in this wholesome reform. Now, it is up to the citizens to enter a protest, when they discover any film in a "movie" theater that is an offense against morals or good taste. The Church already has put itself on record against the presentation of objectionable films, but that is not enough; the people themselves in every community should do their part.

In localities where there is no board of censors, public-spirited citizens should themselves do the work of such a board, by protesting against the use of any film which they know to be debasing and objectionable, especially to young and susceptible minds. If their protest goes unheeded, then let them write to the Christian Herald, stating briefly the basis of their objections, and also the name of the producing firm that issues the film to which they object.

In spite, however, of the offers of the film companies to cooperate with the good element, and also with the Christian Herald, in the crusade for better movies, we are compelled to record the fact that there are occasional slips on their part which appear to us to be inexcusable. Whether this comes from a relaxation of vigilance or from a direct purpose to cater to the vulgar element for pecuniary gains need not be discussed now. That such an attitude should be possible at all in view of the pledges given is the outstanding fact which speaks for itself. We must have a distinct and clear understanding on this subject. The companies have themselves given assurance of the desire to produce or encourage only unobjectionable films. They must be held to that pledge. Nothing less than clean, wholesome, moral entertainment will be satisfactory to the American people who, in the larger sense are, we believe, in favor of law, order and public decency. And the sooner all the film corporations recognize this fact, the better for all concerned.

An Apology and an Invitation

WE HAVE been moving: not the Christian Herald, but our Subscription Department; and some of our regular "chores" have suffered sadly because of the confusion that always accompanies a transfer of equipment from place to place.

Among the duties neglected was our monthly notices of expiration, which should always reach those of our friends whose subscriptions are expiring, at least a month in advance.

Thus, those of you who should have received notice in January that your time for renewing was at hand, have not yet had your notices.

Now, will you accept our apologies, and at the same time, heap coals of fire on our heads by sending in (those of you who would naturally renew now) your renewals before the notices get to you—and within the next few days?

By such favor you will save us from the results of our own involuntary neglect.

Thank you!

The Tax Puzzle

SCENE between the Tax Assessor, and Old Man Ultimate Consumer.

Tax Assessor (after some minutes of interview). "And now we come to your library. What is its value?"

Ultimate Consumer. "Do you mean what I paid for the books when I bought them, what I could get for them at a sale, or what they are worth to me?"

T. A. "What is your library worth?"

U. C. "You are a sworn officer of the state. I ask you what does the state mean when it asks me under oath to declare what my library is worth? Just what does it mean?"

T. A. "Why—er, it means what do you value it at?"

U. C. "Honestly, I cannot answer the state. There are books on my shelves that contain autographs from famous people that I would not sell for any amount of money. There are other books that have sentiment and memories clustering about them. I—"

T. A. "The state cares nothing about all that. What is your library worth?"

U. C. "Honestly I don't know. And it looks as if the state could not tell me."

T. A. "How would $100 cover it? And you are allowed $50 exemption, you know."

U. C. "$100 would certainly cover it. Do you think I could get that much on a forced sale?"

T. A. (putting down on his sheet $100). "Now how about your piano? How much is it worth?"

U. C. "Do you mean what it cost when new, what we could get for it if we advertised it, or what we hold it at?"

T. A. "I mean what is it worth."

U. C. "Exactly. Well, it was a gift from my wife's father. Of course now you know how much we value it at."

T.A. "Say $150?"

U. C. "At least that much for tender association."

T. A. (after putting down $150). "And now how about household goods? Silver, furniture, heirlooms, art pieces, pictures, keepsakes? How much do you value them at?"

U. C. "Do you mean what we paid for them or what our friends paid, what we could get for them at auction?"

T. A. (doggedly). "What are they worth?"

U. C. "Wait a minute. Among the furniture is the old-fashioned rocking-chair in which my wife rocked to sleep our first baby. It alone ought to be worth at least $100,000. I wouldn't take that for it. And yet, I am sure it wouldn't bring $1 in the market."

T. A. "How much—"

U. C. "You are an officer of the state. Tell me what the rocking-chair is worth to the state?"

T. A. (writing). "Call it $200. Is that about right?"

U. C. "Who knows? Yea, verily, who knows? What a farce the whole tax business has always been."

Find the answer.

The Library as an Open Door

How It Helps Transform the Alien into a Good American

By KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH

AMONG the important things that war has taught us is that we have a great body of people—about five and a half millions—who can not read or write the language of our country. More remarkable still a large number of these are native born. It came as a shock to discover that there were tens of thousands of men in camps who could not speak the language of the country they were called upon to defend, and we were in some cases obliged to teach them enough English to understand the commands of the officers.

It is a great experiment that we have been trying in the United States. The gathering together and merging into one people of different races, creeds and aspirations must be undertaken with sympathy, understanding and education. Possibly sympathy is the most valuable, for it is sympathy for the foreign-born that leads to understanding and education. If we are to help others to become good citizens we must broaden ourselves, be less insular, appreciate the trials of others and realize Americanization in our homes and families; we must look upon Americanization as "The constant searching of the human heart for the thing that is better." We can not expect people to pattern after us unless we, too, improve.

Long before the war New York City, because the gateway of the nation, became interested in the problem of the immigrant, took up the question of teaching foreigners, both literate and illiterate, and of having special classes in day and night schools. Today this same work is being accomplished in some form or other in nearly all of the states, and we are beginning to learn the desirability of fashioning a new bond.

An important agency for the furtherance of this great work is the public library, which stands ready to welcome the stranger who is feeling lonely in a new country. Some six hundred American libraries are interested in Americanization, and efforts are made to answer questions intelligently, to give advice and to make a library a constructive force for bewildered immigrants. A few years ago people wondered that our public libraries contained books of foreign languages. Today the public library is such an important factor that the Department of the Interior in its campaign to increase school attendance among non-English-speaking people issues a list of suggestions on "How Libraries Can Help." Many of these hints have been universally adopted, but every library feels it must use its own methods to meet individual needs.

A Jewish Mothers' Club, in which the better care of children and improvements in neighborhood conditions are studied under the leadership of a librarian

OPPORTUNITIES differ in localities, and results must of necessity vary, but most libraries issue lists of books which are of help to the immigrant. Classified under the general head of Americanization may be found lessons in English readers for evening schools, language lessons, pronouncing spellers in English, Bohemian, Hungarian, Italian and other languages, with special emphasis laid on the English versions. There are books on citizenship, civic readers for new Americans, and books on how we are governed and how to become a citizen.

The libraries most interested in helping the alien feel that it is a requisite to keep well supplied with books written in foreign languages, for the immigrant likes to read his own tongue as well as learn the English language. In most of our large cities there are sections so foreign that it seems difficult to realize they are a part of America, and in such localities the branch public library finds a welcome place and becomes an important factor.

From New York City, with its forty-three or more branch libraries, to the small libraries in the range towns of Lake Superior in which are found Hollanders, Bulgarians, Montenegrins, French, Norwegians, Belgians, Germans, Swiss, Finns, Russians, Swedes, Danes, and other nationalities, ingenious and in most cases successful experiments are being carried on in the effort to help newcomers to understand American brotherhood and what democracy means. Tact is a powerful aid in winning new Americans. In the words of a student of the subject: "We can not take these new people by the nose and say, 'Here, become Americans.'" We must remember that other countries have their traditions, customs and mannerisms, and it is possible that some of them are as good or better than ours. Certainly no man will become a good American citizen unless he was a good citizen in the land from whence he came.

Instances without number can be quoted of the astounding way in which sometimes the tables are turned and the American instead of the foreigner becomes the learner. Take, for an example, the Easter day that the white-aproned Greek clerk in a Greek candy store offered to take the writer to his Greek minister to secure data on observances of Easter Sunday in Jerusalem. On the way this vendor of candy, who stood all day weighing sweets by the pound and rubbing and turning apples so the best side of the fruit would appeal to the public, looked at me questioningly. Then, "You are a writer?" he asked, and as he drew himself up with pride he added, "I am a graduate of a college in Athens." I had started with a candy vendor and now there arose before me a vision of Athens in its learning and splendor, and I did not wonder at the pride in his tone. This is only one of countless examples of foreigners, educated, in their own lands, who are working in any capacity in this country in order to learn the ways and language that in the end they may become sons of America.

OVER five hundred libraries are interested in keeping in touch with new methods of naturalization. Many of these libraries, especially in large cities, are employing novel means to become acquainted with the foreigner. Certain ones, notably New York, Cleveland, Detroit and Minneapolis, stand out prominently in the movement of dealing with unassimilated races from all parts of the world. Some cities have cosmopolitan neighborhoods where all races meet and do not mingle. There are other sections given over to one nationality alone, such as the Bohemian section the Serbian section, and others. New York City has such sections which contain more inhabitants than some of the large cities of Europe. No wonder the librarian in any one of these districts feels bewildered to know where to begin, and becomes intensely interested as the work progresses.

These small foreign settlements — part of New York's coronet—are the exact places where it is desirable that Americanism should grow rapidly. But the people must be approached tactfully. Sometimes this is accomplished by devoting a complete department in the library catering to a certain district to the language of the people living in that locality. The Webster branch of the New York Library may be taken as an example, for here there is a collection of some eight thousand Bohemian books, with a native Bohemian woman in charge. Exhibits of Bohemian pictures and handicrafts show the people of that intelligent race that in this library they are more than welcome and that here they have friends and a home which is intended to endear them to New York and America.

A somewhat similar method is carried out in the Tompkins Square branch where a Hungarian librarian is in charge who, so far as possible, meets every Hungarian entering the library and introduces him to large collections of Hungarian literature placed on the shelves. Italians in particular grow fond of a library after they become acquainted with its resources. While they like the ideal and picturesque, they also call for works on agriculture, bibliography, and popular novels.

IT BECOMES more and and more apparent that the work among women is of vital importance if the family is to become Americanized. Time was when the effort was directed almost exclusively toward the foreign man, but as women become independent wage-earners they want to exercise their right to independence, and it is desirable that women become Americanized now that they have the vote. Then, too, the children who speak English are prone to look down on the limitation of the mother, and this is another reason why the foreign woman should learn to speak our language. Some libraries keep trace of men who take out citizenship papers, and as soon as they are issued present the man with an invitation to make use of the library.

Because a woman can most successfully break through the reserve of the immigrant's home and can meet these women of foreign birth and urge them to study English, many times the librarians make home visits where the children act as interpreters. Sometimes the librarian becomes a sort of safety valve, or confessor, and there are times that all the women in the neighborhood congregate to learn why a strange lady is talking.

Cleveland has done much of this work tactfully and successfully. It has been found effective to leave a supply of circulars and placards at the neighborhood store. Invitations urging people to come and get a book are often accepted with pleasure and librarians visit the night schools where hundreds are studying. Cleveland and some other libraries have collections of "Books for Beginners in English," cook books, the Bible, technical books, histories, works on science and kindred subjects. These are called for in the language of the reader at first, but gradually as he becomes familiar with our language the foreigner prefers them in English.

In New York the Italian circulation increased twenty-seven per cent. in two years largely through the success

Continued on page 159

A better understanding of our government is one of the prime objects of the Harlem Library Boy's League in New York City. The lads are of alien birth or parentage

The Day of Miracles

A Sermon by REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.*

TEXT—Josh, 10 : 13. "And there was no day like that day before or after it."

WHY so? What was it that made that particular day stand up above other days like an Alp among the foothills? It was because the Arm of the Lord was miraculously made bare that day. The five kings of Canaan had come out against Israel and were being discomfited—but the sun was going down! More time was needed for the completing of the victory. "Then spake Joshua unto the Lord (More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of!) and behold the sun stood still on Gibeon until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."

A miracle? Aye, even so; a miracle. And what will you do with it? Come, scientists and philosophers, and let us explain it away. Call it an eclipse or an adumbration of the heavens above the valley of Ajalon. Farewell, the miracle! But what have you done? In getting rid of the Arm of the Lord made bare to help His people on their knees, you have simply reduced that wonderful day to the common level of other days.

But this is ancient history; it happened three thousand years ago. Let us bring the narrative up to date. What is the matter with today? Shall today be recorded as a red-letter day, of which some of us shall have reason to say hereafter, "There was no day like that day before or after it"?

That depends upon us. Today will join the long procession of commonplace days that, ever since our birth, have been treading upon each other's heels on their weary march toward the Great Day, unless like Joshua we "speak unto the Lord" and call for miracles. For whatever men may say, the word of the Lord is clear; the day of miracles has *not* gone by.

SOME miracles are exclusively divine, insomuch that we have no part in them. Life, for example. "In Him we live and move and have our being." Our physical life is merely a succession of breaths. The other day a group of scientists at Johns Hopkins University were amazed beyond measure on discovering a man who could accelerate the beating of his pulse at will. But why wonder at that? I can quicken my pulse, and so can you, by merely glancing at a moving-picture of a suffering child. But suppose those learned professors were to find a man who could at will breathe once after he had "breathed his last"—that *would* be a wonder!

The fact is that every breath I breathe is a miracle; and every succeeding breath is as marvelous as a resurrection from the dead. In God we live so really that every breath we draw is a new creation of His.

What then of immortality? That also is a ubiquitous miracle. Every springing bud behind the falling leaves of autumn proclaims it. Mr. Edison has just announced that, so far as he can make out from the scientific point of view, immortality is nothing but a dream. Precisely so. Science, with its use of the five physical senses, can follow a man up a blind alley of life until it faces the mystery called Death and there—for want of further evidence—it is obliged to pause with the pronouncement, "Death ends all!" But faith penetrates the mystery with its "evidence of things not seen" and cries triumphantly, "I shall live and not die!"

The most distinguished scientist of his time was Michael Faraday, of whom it is related that once, on a journey through the Alps, he came upon the lonely grave of a tourist who hadperished in a snowfall. "Dead," he sighed, "dead forever!" Then, catching sight of a torn cocoon clinging to the wooden cross, his faith—like John outrunning Peter to the empty tomb in Joseph's garden—outran the dull materialism of his science to salute the miracle of life and immortality!

To life and immortality we must needs add Providence, as one of the divine miracles with which every passing day is crowded to the brim. In our morning prayer, when like Joshua we speak with the Lord, we say, "Give us this day our daily bread." And, finding us in the bread line, behold, how the Lord giveth us our meat in due season.

"Nay," replies the godless man, "I earn my bread by the sweat of my brow." So be it. Go out into the field and plant a grain of wheat and make it grow by the sweat of your brow. Sweat blood, if you please, and you will sweat in vain unless God makes bare His Arm. The light of the sun, the fructifying factors of the soil, the early and the latter rains are all from Him. Let Him withhold even His drops of dew, and the famine-stricken would plead with shrivelled hands in vain.

WANTED: a miracle! Lift up your eyes and see! Every spear of wheat that rises from its silent grave in the dry and parched field is a new creation—as distinctly a miracle, and therefore as far beyond the purview of science, as the standing still of the sun on Gibeon.

All this of Providence, but what of Grace? We are living under the shadow of the Cross; and there never was a miracle like that. It matters not whether you have heeded the outstretched hands of incarnate Love or not: there hangs the Christ of God!

If the sun were suddenly to descend from mid-heaven and assume the dimensions of a glow-worm, and if that glow-worm's spark of light were to expand until its radiance covered the uttermost parts of the earth, that would be as nothing in comparison with the Love that stooped from the throne of heaven to the anguish of Calvary for us. Explain it who can! This is "the love of God that passeth knowledge." In it behold the miracle of all miracles; God's own miracle, wrought without us, yet yielding all its benefits to the most ill-deserving on the sole condition of acceptance! "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you?"

These are some of the *divine* miracles. But they are so familiar that we keep on breathing, and eating our daily bread, with an occasional glance at the Cross, as if such miracles were a matter of course.

But there are other miracles which may called be called *co-operative*, because, while wrought by God alone, they are conditioned on our participation with Him.

One of them is Salvation. All men are made salvable by the atonement of Christ who "tasted death for every man"; but only those are saved who accept Him as their Saviour. How then is salvation called "free"? It is free as air or sunlight or spring water, which are likewise gifts of God; but air must e breathed, and light is unavailing for eyes closed against it, and a river of water would not quench the thirst of a man who refused to drink it. Wherefore it is written, "Today *if* ye will hear His voice!"

It may be that some non-Christian is reading these words just now: if so let him know that nothing but that "*if*" stands between him and the glory of the endless life. Were he to say with his whole heart, "I will"—clasping the hand outstretched from the Cross—the miracle would straightway be wrought, because "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." But otherwise the day will close without it.

ANOTHER of the co-operative miracles is Sanctification. A sinner may be saved "so as by fire" or "with an abundant salvation." (Read 1 Cor. 3 : 11-15.) By his acceptance of Christ he is assured of deliverance from the penalty of sin: but from the hour of his conversion he is expected to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." It is by this building up of character that he attains to the "fulness of the measure of the stature of a man"; that is, of a Christian, "the highest style of man." To this end the Holy Spirit—who is so called because his official function is to make men holy—invites us to co-operate with him. Thus it is written, "Work *out* your salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of His own good pleasure." By this we are given to understand that the "good pleasure" of God is to develop the largest possibilities that are in us.

And still another of the co-operative miracles is Efficiency. The passive graces do not constitute the whole of Christian character. The yoke of Christ must be reckoned with. There are yokes many and heavy which must patiently be borne in the course of natural life; but the yoke of Christ means co-operation with Him in the building up of His Kingdom on earth. His yoke is always for two. A true Christian is never alone in the discharge of duty: it is always, "My Lord and I." This is the secret of an earnest Christian life: but whether you and I shall ever realize it depends on our assuming *His* yoke. In this life we are serving an apprenticeship for the life further on; learning how to do things for Him. To stand with folded hands, dreaming dreams and seeing visions, while the fields are white unto the harvest, is to fall infinitely short of our high calling and of the splendid opportunities of life.

There is another miracle going on today—the greatest of all, to wit, the Conquest of the World for Christ—which is no miracle of ours unless we choose to have part in it. Our Lord intended that His Church should be a mobilized army for the propagation of His Gospel here and there and everywhere until every knee should bow before Him. If, after the lapse of nineteen long centuries, the triumph is still apparently afar off, it is because there are so many camp-followers. If every Christian were in the rank and file we should soon be crying, "The Lord is come!" The remedy for this condition of things is not in complaining of the Church, but in adjusting ourselves to the divine call. Are we, you and I, co-operating with the Captain of our salvation in the winning of souls? "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings." If we as avowed Christians have hitherto been laggards, let us make this day memorable by falling into line and keeping step with the militant host.

IT IS for us to say what sort of a day this shall be. One thing is sure: *it hastens to a close.* The hands on God's dial will not turn back for us. But—as Napoleon said to Marshal Ney one afternoon when the battle was going against him—"There's time enough yet!" Aye, there is time enough yet in this short day for sinners to accept Christ, time enough for Christians to redeem the past, time enough for every one of us to co-operate with the Lord and His people in the winning of the world for truth and righteousness! *But there is no time to lose.*

The day is short; yet the shortest of days is interminably long when measured by the shadow it casts. "The evil a man does lives after him," says Shakespeare. Right so far; but all wrong when he adds, "the good is oft interred with his bones." In the recent excavations among the ruins of Nineveh an unpaid wine-bill was discovered, the abiding record of an ancient debauch; and close beside it a child's amulet, the memorial of a mother's love. The good and evil of our lives alike live after us. Wherefore, let us take heed how we order our lives today and every day.

For—one more word—this may be our last day. But what of that? "Wherefore look ye so sadly today?" asked Joseph of the chief butler in prison; "within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head and restore thee to thy place."

Suppose the sun of this world should never rise again for us, all's well if the dawn of tomorrow find us sweeping through the gates of heaven to larger tasks and more enduring joys in the presence of the Lord who has redeemed us.

If we would live for eternity, therefore, let us live today. "Do noble things, not dream them, all day long: and so make life, death and the vast forever one grand sweet song."

Then, looking back to this day, we shall be able to say, "There was no day like that day, before or after it."

*Pastor, Marble Collegiate Church, New York.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee," or "Jerusalem My Happy Home."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Isa. 53 : 1 - 12.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (See page 151, first column.)

Sermon—"THE DAY OF MIRACLES"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Hark! Hark! My Soul; Angelic Songs are Swelling," or "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Eternal Father, Creator of the worlds and Lover of little children; Thou Who holdest the Universe in the hollow of Thy hand and notest the sparrow's fall, grant us, as we depart, the cheering thought that we are not of small importance in Thy sight, but that Thou hast taken account of us in our needs. Into the place of peace and contentment may we go with this thought of Thee and ourselves. In Jesus' Name we ask it. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, H. P. Hoskins, C. C. Albertson and E. W. Caswell

Love without Sight

SUNDAY. I Pet., 1:8. "*Whom not having seen ye love.*" We sometimes speak of "love at first sight." Two lives are brought together, and there is a recognition that is filled with far-off destinies. "Deep calleth unto deep." The affinities leap into spiritual wedlock. Each knows the other as life's complement, and the hearts embrace in hallowed union. The fair vision came, and its gentle impression awoke the sleeping love and stirred it into fervent and vigilant life. It was "love at first sight."

But love is not always aroused by the first sight. The "first sight" may not stir the heart to even a languid interest. The vision may be as uninfluential as a cipher. Or the "first sight" may create a repulsion. It may excite my dislike. It may rather rouse the critic than wake the lover. But love that remains sleeping at the "first sight" may be aroused by more intimate communion. The ministries of the spirit may triumph, where the allurements of the countenance failed. Love may be born, not of sight, but of fellowship. It may spring into being amid the intimacies of a deepening companionship.

A number of young people are thrown together in frequent fellowship. For months, and perhaps for years, their association does not pass beyond the sphere of friendship. But one day the fellowship of two of them opened into intimacy, and the sober servant, friendship, made way for the master passion, love. They had seen each other's faces for years, and they remained companions: they caught a glimpse of each other's hearts, and they were transformed into lovers. So love may be the child of spiritual intimacy. It may wait on knowledge. It may wake into being through the ministry of a deep communion.

"Whom not having seen ye love." Theirs was not the love born of gazing upon Christ's face, but the love begotten by communion with His heart. Love may be born of spiritual fellowship. If only we can get into intimacy with the Master's spirit, love may wake into being and song. It is just for this opportunity of individual communion that the Master is craving. He has little fear of our not falling in love with Him, if we will only listen to His story. He wants to visit the heart and whisper His evangel to the secret place.

"If any man will open the door, I will come in and sup with him." That is what He asks—an open door. He asks to be allowed to visit the soul, to pay His attentions, to declare His aims and purposes, and to whisper the Gospel of His own unsearchable love.

J. H. J.

The Righteous Calm Amid the Storm

MONDAY. Psa. 92:12. "*The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree.*" As the palm stands before the sirocco, swaying and bending but ever righting itself, so the righteous man, in the midst of controversies on every side, rests, as they say, "in the eye of the storm." He has duly considered the problems of faith in the light of Revelation and has arrived at conclusions which are proof against the transitory fashions and opinions of the world. He has marked out his course at the bidding of his Master and the shouting of the crowd cannot swerve him. He has committed his soul to the guidance of One who makes no mistakes and is therefore able to say, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day!"

He has no armor of his own, but being panoplied in the whole armor of God—girdle of truth, breastplate of righteousness, sandals of the preparation of the Gospel, shield of faith, helmet of salvation and sword of the Spirit—he is able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand.

In no spirit of bravado but of humble dependence on the Omnipotence by which he is thus buttressed, he plants himself upon his convictions, saying, "Here I stand; I cannot otherwise; God help me!"

D. J. B.

The Manifestation of Refinement

TUESDAY. Mat. 3:2, 3. "*He is like a refiner's fire—and He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and He shall purify the sons of Levi and purge them as gold and silver.*" The word "refinement" has fallen on evil ways. It has been robbed of its finer meaning through many years and, like the tramp of the highway, it needs to be reclothed in its original purple and fine linen. Refinement is not learned at Harvard or Vassar, nor is it borrowed from fashionable society; nor does it come with wealth. True aristocracy is a thing of the heart; culture and refinement are born of sympathy, purity and constancy of character.

It is not human nature to be sincere. Human nature is carnal, proud and selfish. Humility is not a trait of the natural human heart. The only humility known to the worldly man is the humility that is proud of its humility. It is not human nature within us that bends our sympathies and drains our compassion, as we witness the need and sorrow of men. Human nature does not minister; it lives to be ministered to. The dross that Christ comes to refine out of us is simply our fallen human nature. When He is through with us, only His nature will appear.

A person may claim to be a Christian and still be proud. He may claim to love the Lord and still have an abominable temper. He may believe himself to be sincerely devout and still be dirty in body and mind. We hide, or seek to hide, a multitude of sins back of our excuses about the Old Adam and the earth-earthy. But nothing utterly valueless is ever refined. The dirt from the street does not find its way into the crucible. We do not prune and spray thistles. The fact that the weakest and most inefficient Christian is ever in the Lord's melting-pot shows that he has a place in the plan of the Universe. If there is anything in us that looks like Jesus, it is due to the refining fire of His grace and discipline.

H. P. H.

False Prophets and Deceivers

WEDNESDAY. Matt. 24:4. "*Take heed that no man deceive you.*" We state it mildly when we say the average person is easily deceived about many things. An oculist has said that not more than one person out of ten has perfect eyes. The proportion of those who have perfect mental vision is probably much smaller. By no other theory can we account for the numerous fallacies which have prevailed among large numbers of people. It is an easy thing to make the false seem true, the unreal real. It takes less brain, less labor, less talent, less industry, less virtue, less consistency, to be a deceiver—for a time—than to do almost anything else. A study of the morbid psychology of the mob, of epidemic errors may lead us to an extreme view as to the gullibility of the race. No branch of thought has been free from irrational delusions—neither commerce, politics nor religion.

In religion a realm which, in the nature of the case, excludes ocular demonstration. a realm in which the senses have the least and reason the largest scope, there is a fertile field for deceivers. To the end of time there will be false healers, false prophets, false Christs. Only let us not be deceived. Let us fret not ourselves over the temporary triumph of some pseudo-prophet. Let us adopt the Biblical method of trying the spirits to see whether they be of God. Let us preserve the right attitude with reference to religion.

What is it? On the one hand is the man who believes anything that strikes his fancy. On the other hand is the man who believes nothing he can not prove. Midway between these stands the moderate man, the normal, sane, thoughtful, deep-feeling man. He protests against the weakness of the fanatic and against the folly of the universal denier. Brave, truthful, vigilant, wary, hospitable to new truth, true to old truth, he protests with unfevered reason against the sophistry of those who never think beneath the surface and rejects with courage the creed which would reduce life to a mere chemical or mechanical formula. A believer thus planted, thus established, is superior alike to drifting winds of heresy and to storms of destructive criticism. He is on the rock. To the "Lo here and Lo there" of new faiths he says:

"I have seen the face of Jesus; tell me not of aught beside;
I have heard the voice of Jesus and my soul is satisfied."

C. C. A.

A Priceless Inheritance

THURSDAY. Rom. 8:17. "*If children, then heirs.*" A cab driver, sitting drowsily aloft with his lines in hand, was aroused by a voice asking, "Are you thus and so?" The speaker was an attorney who, on receiving an affirmative answer, continued, "I have a letter here stating that your uncle in England has left you twenty thousand pounds." The man looked dazed for a moment and then, realizing his good fortune, uncovered himself saying simply, "Goodbye, hat!" No more cab driving for the heir of a fortune!

If we could realize what it means to be possessed of the riches of divine grace, we should surely change the manner of our walk and conversation. How little would seem the beggarly rewards of this world, and how the eternal verities and sublimities would forge to the front! Let us ponder on the fact that by the spirit of adoption in Christ, we have become sons, sons of God; and if sons, "then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away." This being so, what manner of persons ought we to be!

D. J. B.

"Where Is the Lamb?"

FRIDAY. Gen. 22:7. "*Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?*" If we could penetrate the darkest jungles and the remotest deserts, we would find no savage race without a consciousness of sin, and making some attempt to expiate that sin. The Hindoo mother who casts her child to the crocodiles of the Ganges: the African witch-doctor who slashes and lacerates his own flesh; others who tear out their hair pass through the fire and offer themselves to be buried alive—all do it for conscience sake, to get rid of sin.

But no man is saved by his own blood; no man can offer his own atonement. From our infancy we have been taught to sing that not the labor of our hands, nor zeal without respite nor everflowing tears could atone for sin. "Here is the fire, here is the wood; but where is the lamb?" asked the innocent lad.

And so, with true Christian insight, we may say: "Here is the instrument of torture, here the flowing Ganges, here the perfumed censer, here the crucifix; here are the works done and the money given; but how useless they all are without the Lamb!" Like the voice of the super-prophet he was, John the Baptists' cry came ringing through the wilderness of Judea—"Behold the Lamb of God!"

To the long historic procession of lowing cattle and bleating sheep and lambs headed by priests with uplifted knives, Jesus said, "Hold! Enough!" The cross is the emblem of reconciliation. It is the only place where men can get right with God. The proffer of a million-dollar check for the spread of Christianity does nothing to get a man right with God, if he has failed to get right at the cross.

It is the human story of a very wise old man and an ignorant lad; but it is the innocent question of the boy that bridges the centuries to that far cry of John the Baptist. Isaac knew what the sophisticated world does not know: that God only can prepare a sacrifice for sin.

H. P. H.

The Duty Nearest at Hand

SATURDAY. I Kings 17:13. "*Make me thereof a little cake first.*" These are the words of Elijah to the woman of Zarepath, who had only a handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a cruse. Elijah was the ambassador of Almighty God. He had a special mission to Israel. If his life was saved, he could complete that mission. God takes care of those who stand true to His messengers.

There are two hundred thousand ministers in the United States. They are the leaders in the army of the Lord. Victory will more surely come if we stand faithfully by them. If American is Christianized, the world will be evangelized. Make the little cake first for home missions in our cities, if you would have foreign missions flourish everywhere. The base of supplies must be protected, if the army is to be sustained. One must have riches before he can become benevolent. He must possess brains in order to think; strength before he can labor. Self-protection is the first law of nature. He who protects his family from harm is a patriot to the nation, for a nation is but an aggregation of families. He who defends the home, the school and the nation, acts as God does in the realm of His eternal kingdom.

Paul said: "I magnify my office"; that is my ministry. Elijah was called to the brook. He went, though it looked like a poor place for support. When the brook became dry, he was called to Zarepath, a still harder outlook for a living. If he had been looking for a soft, easy charge, how he would have murmured to the bishop! Elijah knew that the Heavenly Father made His appointments, though he took cheerfully the hardest places in the kingdom. Like Paul, he endured hardships and was able to accomplish great achievements, strengthened by the Almighty arm.

E. W. C.

THE annual report of the Chicago Hebrew Mission shows that during the past year, 11,722 personal calls were made upon the Jews of Chicago, and 7,305 personal conversations held with them regarding their Saviour and Messiah. These resulted in professed acceptance of Christ by forty-four Jews, besides a goodly number of Poles and other nationalities. During the year 9,205 Jewish children attended the classes, clubs and Sunday schools of the mission, and 35,000 adults and children were reported as attending the 192 open-air meetings.

When a Problem Walked In

It Was That of Keeping a Home While "Mother" Was Ill

By A MERE MAN

THE author of this delightfully written article is a man well known throughout this country who, for obvious reasons, prefers that this intimate home picture shall be anonymous. He describes one family's solution of a problem which, sooner or later, in some form or other, comes to almost every family. Perhaps it will help solve the problem for you when it comes to board at your house.

FIRST of all, I want to say I am just an average American citizen, one of the one hundred million of this great and glorious republic, with an average business, an average income (never rises above $3,500 a year), an average set of brains, a wife, far above my ability (with whom I fell in love some twenty-five years ago, and I'm falling yet and hope I'll never stop), with three children, two boys and a girl, the older boy in college, and the younger one and his sister finishing high school.

We live in a fairly average house with eight rooms and a kitchen. My wife, myself and children belong to a church, the name of which you would know how to pronounce if I were to spell it. We all go to Sunday school, and don't understand why the neighbor's family doesn't go, and on the whole I suppose we are just about as well behaved generally as most average American families.

One evening when I came home, as usual, and took up the evening paper, my wife said, with a very serious look on her face, "What do you think! Jennie is going!"

Jennie was our "hired girl." We don't call her that now, but we did when we first hired her twenty years ago. I did not realize the meaning of what my wife said, and I replied, flippantly:

"Where is she going? To the movie?"

"She is going to get married!"

"Married! I haven't seen a policeman around here for a year."

"She is going to marry that man in Chicago. She has been corresponding with him for five years. He is a fellow countryman. You must remember."

Our Jennie, I should have said, is a Swedish girl, and I had heard of this correspondence from an occasional statement made by Jennie herself, but I had treated the matter lightly.

I laid down my paper, and the joy of life seemed to be suddenly clouded.

"But how can we live without Jennie?" I said, looking as serious as I felt.

"I don't know," said my wife. "It will mean a lot of things to have Jennie go."

And so it did. I will not dwell on the lot of things that happened after the sorrowful day that Jennie went out of our house and home, where for twenty years she had cooked and swept and washed and ironed and made the beds and purchased the food, and tended the children when they were little, and endeared herself so much to us that, now that she has some children of her own, she has named the first three after ours.

I will skip over the tragedy of the trials we had with cooks who couldn't cook, and housekeepers whom we couldn't keep, and washers who wouldn't wash. But one day I noticed that my wife was looking very tired, and I wondered if she was getting old. I had never thought of her as an old person. It struck me like a blow on the heart.

"My dear," I said, "you look tired."

"I am tired," she said, "tired of keeping house with incompetent help. And right now there is no help of any kind. There is hardly a housekeeper in town who can get help for love or blarney. I am afraid we may have to do what so many others are doing and go into an apartment house."

"An apartment house!" The very thought sent a chill accompanied with fever and ague and an operation, down the place where a minute before I had had a backbone.

"Never!" I said. "There must be some way out."

"I don't know where," said my wife very wearily. And with the words, for the first time since I had courted her, she fainted away.

I did not know what to do, but while I was trying to think of something, she came to. Then I sent for a doctor, and when he came he prescribed bed and a complete rest for several weeks, and that is how it came about that one mere man out of the one hundred million in this glorious republic took up the housekeeping problem. It was just simply a case of the Problem walking in and saying, "How d'do! Come to put up with you for a while. Where's your spare-room?"

I HESITATE to speak of my experiences during the first week in which I boarded that Problem. But first of all I called a family council. I am proud to say that every member of our family came out strong at that meeting. The older boy said he would cut classes and give up college to help on the entertainment of the Problem. He said he would not miss some of the classes anyway, especially mathematics, which he disliked. It did not seem to me, however, that what he proposed was necessary; but I suggested certain duties to him, which I am proud to say he did with fidelity and efficiency. The boy and the girl in high school also expressed themselves cheerfully ready to quit school, but again I vetoed the proposition as unnecessary, if they would do their share of entertaining the Problem in the style to which he was accustomed. And I am proud of the way they accepted the challenge and stood by the chief cook and dishwasher, which I elected myself to be.

It would not be worth while to relate the time I had boarding the Problem during the first few weeks he was with us. My wife did not get any better, and one week I had a nurse to board along with the Problem. There was an epidemic in town, and all the hospitals were full and I could not secure a place in any one of them. I will pass gently over the experiments I made with two or three housekeepers, whom, by dint of profiteer promises, I succeeded in enticing into the house for a few days apiece. So about the time my wife began to convalesce enough to permit me to attend to some of my business, I was giving the Problem the time of his life, and this is how it was done.

I had at first found it a desperate feat to watch toast in an electric toaster, to remember how many hours the eggs had been boiling, "turn the bacon over often," as the directions on the wrapper said, keep the oatmeal from burning on the bottom of the dish, pour the cream off of the top of the milk bottle and wash the one of yesterday and get it out on the back porch in time for the milkman, and to set the table, and do it all at once without spilling things on the kitchen floor. I came to respect my wife's business ability more than I ever respected the ability of the president of the bank where I sometimes put in money and often drew it out; and I shall never cease, as long as I live, to wonder at the skill and mental efficiency that can prepare three meals a day for a family of five people and keep a house going so that it is a home. I take off my hat to the housekeepers and homekeepers of America!

BUT to get to the real thing, after I had learned requirements of the Problem. A sample of one day's proceedings will answer for the whole week, with some changes in the bill of fare.

I was the first person up in the morning, and the kitchen fire was started by seven o'clock. We have natural gas in our town, which simplifies kitchen fires and cooking generally. The oatmeal had been put into the cooker the night before, so all I had to do was to put the cooker dish into a pan of hot water on the stove. We drink mild instant coffee, so a small teapot of water was started boiling for that. An electric stove made in compartments, was attached on the breakfast table and bread cut for toast. The girl set the breakfast table the night before.

By the time I had the bacon going, the older boy was downstairs, looking after the furnace. The younger boy wasn't quite so prompt always, but he never failed to appear by the time breakfast was ready; and he did gallant work helping his sister wash the dishes before they started for school. The girl also made her mother's breakfast and took it up to her.

From the time the match was struck which lighted the gas to the time we sat down to the table, was twenty minutes or twenty-five at the most. I insisted, I think with good reason, that we must not get demoralized by eating out in the kitchen or off the top of the stove, and that our table manners must be such that the Problem would have to use a clean napkin every meal, and not hurry. After we were all seated we would have grace said, always remembering the invalid upstairs. Then the girl, who presided in the place of her mother, would start the toast going, and I would bring in, with the help of the older boy, the oatmeal and bacon, and filled the coffee-cups. If we had eggs (in case the hens of the district were not on a strike), we boiled them (the eggs) on the top of the electric stove. Our regular morning meal consisted of oatmeal or some cereal, hot toast, mild coffee, a little bacon for those who wanted it, and, sometimes when the market permitted, boiled eggs.

After the meal was over, the two boys would help clear off the table, and run the carpet-sweeper around the dining-room to pick up crumbs. Generally the girl and her brother would have time to wash up all the dishes before starting off to school. Meanwhile the college boy would have time to visit with his mother a little before starting for college, which is only two or three blocks from where we live.

EACH member of the family, I forgot to say, in the division of labor, took care of his own bedroom, making up beds and sweeping some time during the day, after the airing-out process had been faithfully observed. On Saturday afternoons the boys and the girl took the vacuum-cleaner and went over the entire house.

At noon our children at the high school ate at the cafeteria of the school and did not come home. The college boy would come home; and during the time his mother was getting well, but was not yet allowed to do any work, he would get her lunch and his own, which for himself consisted of a bowl of bread and milk, apple sauce (which by the way, I learned to make with great success, after I had burned about a bushel of apples), and a sandwich. During the wife's most serious illness, I stayed with her during the day, except a part of the time when a college girl came in to help a little and remain during the afternoon.

The evening meal was our most elaborate one. I cut out the golf and the Chamber of Commerce after five o'clock and came right home and got to work in the kitchen for the Problem, who by that time had an appetite as big as an income tax.

We had codfish and cream and baked potatoes, the latter baked in the compartment of the electric stove under the dish above, that was bubbling with the codfish. Bread and butter, often a lettuce salad with dressing furnished by the grocer, some kind of fruit, and once in a while a pie that the girl had made. I don't think the pie was always up to standard, if there is any, and sometimes the girl's brother, who went to high school with her, would ask her what happened to the carburetor or the starter or the differential.

Everybody helped to clear off the table, wash the dishes, set the table for breakfast and get things ready for the next day. With every one helping and the girl singing, "Every one works, even father," the work was out of the way, the sitting-room lamp turned on, the furnace fixed for the night, and the family sitting around in mother's room, telling her what a jolly time we were having, and prescribing another week of complete rest. And I want to say here that the whole family kept mother in bed longer than she said was necessary. But she had the resting-time of her life, and when the color came back into her dear face and and the sparkle into her eyes, and the strength into her life again, we all thanked the good God that she was spared to us, for we had never realized before she was taken ill how much we loved her and needed her.

WELL, we think we have solved the Housekeeping Problem without moving into an apartment house or a hotel and losing our home. I reckoned the other day that doing our own marketing and cooking and cleaning we are saving so much that I am putting money into the bank oftener than I am drawing it out. Our breakfasts costs us, on a careful computation, about ten cents apiece, and our evening meal twelve or, at the most, fifteen.

The time we spend doing the housework is so divided up among the five of us, even now when the wife helps, that it is not more than three hours a day, or perhaps on Saturdays or special cleaning days, four hours. My wife is growing young again. On the whole, we have the Problem to sleep, and if once in a while he has a nightmare, we change the bill of fare and try a simpler diet.

I am becoming such a good cook, even if I do say so, that if I were to fail in my business I know where I could get a good job as a chef in a hotel at $5,000 a year. Not bad for a $3,500 man!

Real Tire Economies are Here to Stay

THERE is unmistakable evidence that intelligent motorists and dealers will never return to the old wasteful tire buying and tire selling practices.

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* * *

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* * *

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Awake to China's Need

All Parts of United States Replying to Appeals for the Starving

FROM all parts of the country come welcome indications that Americans are beginning to realize the pitiable plight in which the five northern provinces of China find themselves. The governors of twelve states already have issued appeals indorsing President Wilson's original proclamation and urging the people of their states to rally to the aid of starving China.

From Washington has come a statement by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, addressed to its 27,000 members consisting of individuals, chambers of commerce, boards of trade and other organizations. The statement urges this great membership of business men to give immediate aid to China on the twin grounds of "humanity and self-interest." In notifying the American Committee for China Famine Fund of the sending of this appeal, J. H. Defrees, president of the Chamber of Commerce, pledged his personal support to the effort being made by the Christian Herald and other agencies to feed these 15,000,000 starving people until the next harvest in June will enable them once again to take up the battle of life for themselves.

In our report last week we erred on the side of conservatism in giving an estimate of the number facing literal and absolute starvation at 11,000,000. Reports received since then confirm the earlier estimates that not fewer than 15,000,000 persons must rely on outside help to save them from death by starvation.

Christian Herald readers now have an opportunity of giving additional aid to the cause by helping to promote the sale of the new "Life-Saving" stamps. These stamps cost three cents each, so that the purchase of one stamp is equivalent to the saving of a single Chinese life for one day. The design was made and donated by William C. McNulty, art editor of the Christian Herald, and the American Committee for China Famine Fund is having them made in large quantities for national distribution. Women's Missionary Societies throughout the country are being asked to undertake the work of organization in connection with their distribution, and everywhere the aid of young people's societies and Sunday schools is being especially enlisted. Our readers can render valuable service by volunteering to their local committees to assist in the sale of these Life-Saving stamps. They can be obtained in large quantities by application to C. S. Clark, Campaign Sales Manager, Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

THE announcement of contributions received up to January 26 made in our last issue showed that Christian Herald readers had only just failed to pass the $400,000 mark. That mark, we are glad to report, has been left well behind and our eyes are now fixed on half a million dollars as the next mark ahead. The daily record of contributions for the last week was as follows:

January 27	$5,062.95
" 28	2,719.59
" 29	2,023.80
" 31	4,422.62
February 1	3,838.34
" 2	2,622.58
Grand Total	$415,716.78

All monies received by the Christian Herald are now turned over for prompt transmission to China to the American Committee for China Famine Fund, which is charged with the task of coordinating all American relief agencies. The American Committee has announced the appointment of a local committee in Peking which will receive, administer, apportion and account for all money raised in this country. The American Minister, Charles R. Crane, is ex-officio chairman of the Peking Committee, and its membership is made up of Americans resident in China and prominent in missionary, philanthropic and business activities.

The following have been appointed to serve on the Peking Committee: Frederick W. Stevens; George L. Davis, of the Methodist Church; George D. Wilder, of the Congregational Church; John D. Haynes, of the Presbyterian Church; Henry I. Dockweiler, nominee of Vicar Apostolic Jarlin; John Earle Baker, of the Ministry of Communications and the Red Cross; R. R. Gailey, Y. M. C. A.; Roger S. Green, Rockefeller Institute; C. R. Bennett International Banking Corporation; Henry C. Emory, Asia Banking Corporation; Robert Coltman, Standard Oil; and Morgan Palmer, of the Salt Gaballe.

ONE of the most generous contributors to the Christian Herald fund for China has been Mr. Ralph Leininger, of Brooklyn, who in one mail sent in checks aggregating $8,100—$5,000 as his own gift, $3,000 from Mrs. Emma C. Leininger and $100 from their son, Austin Leininger. Previously he had sent two checks for $1,000 each. In explanation of his contributions, he sent the following letter to Mr. Graham Patterson, publisher of the Christian Herald and vice-chairman of the executive committee of the American Committee for China Famine Fund appointed by President Wilson:

"Dear Mr. Patterson:

"My recent checks for eight thousand one hundred dollars ($8,100) go to make up a total of ten thousand dollars ($10,100) for the Christian Herald China Famine Fund. This is a very much larger sum than I had intended giving, having so many other demands, and since my annual income is about two and a half times this amount. It is, therefore, not given from great resources since I am only moderately fixed financially, but I am deeply impressed with the great necessity of doing for China in its distress, where the conditions differ from those of Europe where the people are underfed and undernourished, while in China the people are actually starving. My desire is to encourage the splendid work of the Christian Herald and, also, to applaud the noble sacrifices of the committee which has been appointed to conduct this work in a larger way, and the cooperation of those who are interesting themselves in this greatest of all human needs.

"In view of these facts, I feel it my duty to go the limit to encourage all those who are so splendidly engaged in this movement and, if possible, to inspire others to make similar gifts which, after all, are investments; especially in the case of China, since were it possible to unite the Mongolian against the Caucasian races, a most serious condition would arise to threaten our modern civilization. Therefore, it is one of the greatest privileges of the American people to bring China to a closer relationship by going to her aid in this her hour of despair.

"I trust that your committee will not have for its goal any given sum of money, but that its slogan will be "The Saving of a Nation from Starvation."

"Yours very truly,
(Signed) "RALPH LEININGER."

Contributions for the relief of China's starving millions may be addressed to the Christian Herald China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.

ALTHOUGH game-breeding in the United States is still in its infancy, there are today more than a million affiliated bird students and conservationists and half that number of sportsmen who are working for bird and game preservation. It has been shown that many wild game birds can be propagated successfully in captivity. In nature probably less than ten per cent. of the eggs of game birds develop into mature birds. By artificial cultivation as high as an eighty per cent. yield has often been attained when conditions are favorable.

Rewards of Faithfulness

International Sunday School Lesson for February 27
Matt. 25: 14-30

By LUTHER DENNY WHITTEMORE, Litt.D.

THE more familiar we become with the parables of Jesus, the more we are impressed by their wonderful variety in subject-matter and in spiritual teaching. Using illustrations from the experiences of common life, Jesus made spiritual things comprehensible, and at the same time interpreted common life in spiritual terms. The occupations of the farm, of the household, of society, of industry, and of commerce have become sacred because in the parables of the sower and the seed, the woman and the leaven, the good Samaritan, the prodigal son, the fisherman's net, the marriage feast, the wise and the foolish virgins, and the pounds and the talents, the connection between the earthly and the heavenly life, was so clearly shown. In these ways Jesus presented in concrete form the principles of the kingdom of heaven and the duties and the privileges of its citizens.

The parable of the talents had a definite place in the preparation of the disciples for their Master's departure. The manifestation of increasing hostility towards Him must have convinced observers that the end which He had foretold was not far distant; and therefore the minds of the disciples were ready to receive the words of warning, of comfort, and of instruction which Jesus spoke in the temporary calm following the stormy conflict in the temple. While His enemies were preparing their plot against his life, Jesus was preparing His disciples for the great change which awaited them, impressing upon them the need of watchfulness for His coming, and the duty of diligence and faithfulness until He should come again.

The parable of the talents is eminently practical. Although the reader instinctively rejoices with the rewarded servants and laments the faithlessness which brought disaster upon the unprofitable servant, who buried his talent in the earth, the parable appeals primarily to common sense and sound judgment, rather than to sentiment; and through the ages it has been a wholesome stimulus to industrious effort and fidelity. At many points it touches the life of the Christian in the world today.

DIVERSITY *of Gifts.* The word "talent," originally a weight of gold or silver, or an amount of money, is now used almost exclusively in the sense required in the interpretation of the parable, to denote peculiar ability of any kind; for money, although it may be used as a mighty power for good, is not the means by which the world or individuals have been chiefly blest. Jesus, the world's greatest benefactor, gave Himself, not money, and His personality has been multiplied in the lives of all those who have followed in His steps.

Among the disciples there was a diversity of gifts. In a sense all had enjoyed equally the privilege of association with Jesus; but Peter, James, and John, the three who were most intimate with Him, were like the servant who received five talents, splendidly meeting the Lord's expectations and meriting His approval. Others, as perhaps Jesus wished to hint, were not so conspicuously gifted, but, like the servant who received two talents, they also proved faithful and were rewarded. Only one, the faithless Judas, was like the wicked and slothful servant who hid his talent in the earth, and returning it unused, condemned himself to outer darkness.

Nothing is more obvious than the individual differences which distinguish people from each other, but in the various activities of organized society there is a place for talent of every kind. No one need be envious because another seems to occupy a more conspicuous place, nor disheartened because his own place in the world seems small; for in the sight of God there is only one standard by which accomplishment is tested, and that is faithfulness in matters great and small.

In the Church itself what varied opportunities there are for service; and how necessary it is, both for the satisfaction of the individual and for the progress of the Kingdom that each member should find his place and fill it according to his ability!

Individual accountability. No one can escape his individual responsibility. Whatever talent one possesses must be treasured as a gift of God and used in the service of God and man. In the modern world great enterprises are carried on by associations, and the group sometimes imposes its will upon the individual; but this does not destroy personal responsibility. To hide one's talent in the crowd, or in the organization to which he may belong, may be as discreditable as to hide it in the earth. Not as groups, but as persons we shall be called to account for failure or success.

In the parable the servant who received a single talent, nevertheless a considerable sum, was the one who failed; but presumably his failure would have been equally disastrous if he had received five talents. Nor can it be inferred that those who succeeded would have failed had they been intrusted with a smaller gift.

SUCCESS *and effort.* The successful servants did not succeed by accident. They went and traded. Hoarded wealth does not increase, nor does unused talent grow. Seed must be planted and the growing plant cultivated before the harvest can be gathered. Intellectual powers and social gifts as well as spiritual graces grow also by use and cultivation. To an observer it sometimes seems as if success comes without effort, but there is no real success that does not require toil and sacrifice. Wealth inherited or easily acquired is often a hindrance rather than a help; and such resources are not talents gained but talents given, and thereby responsibility is increased.

Fear and failure. In excusing his failure the unfaithful servant said, "I was afraid"; and this was perhaps the secret of his failure, for fear produces its paralyzing effects before an enterprise is undertaken, rather than during the period of effort. The coward is conquered before danger appears, and by the fear of imaginary dangers; but the truly brave can say with Browning:

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn nor account the pang; dare never grudge the throe!

"For thence—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be, and was not comforts me."

To him that hath. To take the talent away from the unfaithful servant and give it to him who already had ten talents was not an act of arbitrary favoritism, but the application of an inviolable law. But the mistake should not be made of supposing that the parable justifies an industrial or social system under which the idle rich grow richer and the industrious poor grow poorer. The one talent was not taken away because the possessor had only one, but because he had not been faithful; nor was it given to him who had ten talents because he had ten talents, but because he had been faithful: for "he that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."

What Else

Do children welcome like these Bubble Grains?

Puffed Grains are the finest cereals children ever get. And the cereals that you want them to like best.

Then why not keep all three on hand—Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice, Puffed Corn? Get all the delights they offer.

Puffed Wheat supplies whole wheat.
Puffed Rice supplies whole rice.
Puffed Corn is toasted corn hearts puffed to airy bits.

Why we explode them

The grains are steam exploded, shot from guns. They come to you as bubble grains, light, airy, crisp. That, of course, is what makes them enticing. But the purpose is to blast the granules and fit them to digest.

A hundred million food cells lie in every kernel. We explode them all. Then all the many elements can be assimilated. Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert, was inventor of this process.

Cooking breaks some food cells, toasting will break more. But puffing alone breaks them all.

These airy grains, puffed to eight times size, seem like food confections. They taste like tidbits, made only to delight. But they mean grain foods so prepared that every atom feeds.

Millions of mothers who know these facts serve them morning, noon and night.

For breakfast

The supreme dainties are Puffed Rice and Puffed Corn. Serve with cream and sugar, with melted butter, or mix them in your fruit.

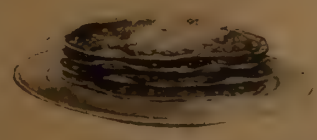
For supper

Puffed Wheat in milk supplies a practically complete food. It is easy to digest. And you never serve a milk dish more inviting.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Puffed Corn**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Nut-like pancakes now



Now we blend ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake mixture. The Puffed Rice flour gives a nut-like taste and makes the pancakes fluffy. Never were griddle cakes made so delicious. Ask your grocer for it—Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It will bring you a surprise.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Shall the World Become an Armed Camp?

Within the month, three of the great nations of the world have laid down plans for battleships to cost more money than is spent annually for schools in the United States.

America's bill for army and navy in 1921 would send 10,000,000 children to school for a year.

The world has gone mad on militarism, and all because of a belief that arms mean safety, and that "the big stick" is the best insurance policy.

But, do arms mean safety,

And is "the big stick" the best insurance of peace?

The Christian Herald doesn't think so, and it has put its belief into words.

In a coming issue, Dr. Henry A. Atkinson will discuss *Disarmament*, and those who are beginning to doubt the wisdom of overwhelming armament will do well to watch for this article.

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The Secret of the Carved Box

Continued from page 147

DAVID caught the excitement, brought the box and quickly opened it. Instead of the yellow gold of Thalia's dream they found rolls of parchment, some yellow with age, some comparatively fresh and new. Opening the rolls they found in clear bold characters writing that was strange to Thalia, but which caused David to exlaim:

"The writing is Hebrew, my own language! Did you not say that this box has been in your family for generations?"

"Yes, David, and mother has told me again and again that only the oldest son in each generation of our family line had ever opened the box or known what was in it. It was her belief that each one who opened the box added something to its contents."

"But your people do not know the Hebrew tongue," exclaimed David. "How is it that these writings which must have come down from them are in the language of the Hebrews?"

"I know not, but perhaps the writings will explain."

"You know, Thalia, that I am not skilled to read my own language, but when the morning is fully come I will hasten to the scribe at the temple and he will read for us what is written in these rolls."

The simple breakfast was soon over. The children went to their play under the olive trees. David with the box held fast hastened down the Mount to find the scribe at the temple.

Thalia watched from the door until he was out of sight, then turned into the desolate home, her home no longer after this day.

All the joy and lightness that had come with her dream vanished. The blackness of thick darkness again closed in upon her. What should she do? How pass the time till David returned? She stood irresolute, lonely, heartbroken.

SHE would grind the barley for the noonday meal, the last in her home. As she grasped the bar, and with slow heavy movement began to turn, she felt that her heart was between the upper and nether millstones. The barley was left unground.

She would prepare the small bundles of clothing to be carried by her and David and Ruth as they go out at evening time, aliens from the loved home. No, not that. The children would see and ask questions. That must wait.

She would pray to her god, Baal. Prone upon the floor she cast herself before the carved stone image, and, like the prophets of old, cried out, "O, Baal, hear me! O, Baal, hear me!" But there was none to answer. In a frenzy of anguish she sprang from the floor, grasped the unheeding image and with a heavy weight crushed it and cast the fragments into the ashes.

She was roused from her despair by the voices of the children, shouting as they ran down the hill side. She hastened to the door. Half way up the Mount came David with leaps and bounds. He caught up Ruth to her place on his shoulder. Young David clung close to the arm that carried the box and she heard their ringing laughter as they hurried up the slope. Her dream!

AS THEY neared the house David sent the children back to their play and hastened forward. Her dream again, for he clasped her so close that she was ready to cry out, as he poured forth his joyful message.

"O, Thalia, my own! You need not go from me! You are mine, mine forever, my Thalia!" and the strong man who had shed no tears in all those bitter days wept in utter abandonment of joy.

Too dazed for tears Thalia exclaimed, "Tell me, David, tell me quickly, that I may know this joy will not vanish like my dream?"

"When I reached the temple this morning," he said, "I found not the scribe whom I sought but soon I saw the great Priest, Ezra, walking in the temple court. As I was passing near him he fixed his eyes upon the box and in stern tones demanded: 'How dare you bring that box, carved with heathen symbols, into the very temple court of our God? Away with it! Pollute not our holy temple!' Quickly I lifted the lid and his eyes fell on the parchments written in Hebrew. With eager haste he came near, and almost before I could grant his request he had the rolls and was reading.

"'Whence had you these writings?' he demanded. I told him all that you had told me concerning the box. 'Was your wife's father Haniel, the son of Beriah?' he asked. 'Yes, I knew her father well in my boyhood. His name was Haniel and often I have heard her speak of her grandfather Beriah. But how know you these names?' I questioned.

"'From these rolls,' he answered. 'You say your wife was of Assyrian lineage; that her people were brought by Nebuchadnezzar from the Upper Zab and settled in this land when the tribes of Judah and Benjamin were carried to Babylon, and that she is one of the alien wives sentenced to depart today from our land. But these are Hebrew names and these parchments trace the lineage of this family back in direct, unbroken line to Asher, a mighty man of valor, the son of Jacob. When the children of Israel came from Egypt to this land of promise and the land was divided by lot to the twelve tribes, the lot Asher fell to the northwest, bordering Phœnicia.

"'Here, according to these records, they lived and prospered. For many years they kept up the forms of the Hebrew worship but when the land was divided into the northern and southern kingdoms they, with many others of the northern Kingdom, fell entirely away from the worship of Jehovah.

"'When the Assyrians began their conquests westward the first of the Hebrew people to be carried into captivity was this tribe of Asher. They were considered a rare prize because of their skill in the Phœnician arts. When Assyria fell under the Babylonian power Nebuchadnezzar separated them far asunder, to people various lands whose inhabitants had been colonized in Babylon and other parts of his empire. A small colony of these people with others from Assyria was brought into this land, and according to these documents, your wife is of that colony and of undoubted Hebrew stock.

"'In your wife's family the Hebrew instinct for keeping family records could not wholly die, so the line of heredity was kept unbroken and secret by the records in the carved box, always in charge of the oldest son, while the others, in the two hundred years of their residence in Assyria, forgot their Hebrew ancestry entirely.'

"I HAD not dared to interrupt the great Priest as he told this long story," David went on, "though my heart was crying out to know if the sentence of banishment would still be executed against you, my Thalia, since you worship not Jehovah, but the god Baal. I told him the truth and waited breathless for his answer.

"'The law of Moses must not be broken,' he said gravely. 'Your wife is of pure Hebrew blood, of the tribe of Asher, of the stock of Israel, a daughter of Abraham. No edict of banishment can prevail against her.'

"When he saw how I was moved by his words he said in tones more kindly than I thought he could command, 'She should put away her false gods and become a worshiper of Jehovah.'"

Silently Thalia led her husband to where the fragments of her carved Baal lay in the ashes.

"David, I will worship Jehovah," she said reverently, "and together let us thank Him for this great day in which He has turned our mourning into gladness.

"And thanks be to His holy name forever that we have not told the children."

Being a "Go-Between"

How an American Arranged for a Japanese Pastor's Marriage

By F. N. SCOTT

Nagasaki, Japan

IF Josh Billings had lived in the Orient he would have said: "Never do anything yourself. Always have a 'go-between.'" So it came about that Mrs. Scott made her first and only proposal of marriage.

We had in a measure helped a certain young man to go to America, where he was graduated from college, and afterwards took a year of post-graduate work. When he got back to Japan he became a pastor, and soon began to look for a wife. At last he settled on a young lady who was teaching in a prominent Woman's Foreign Missionary Society Girls' School. Then he asked us to act as "go-between." We remembered the case of Miles Standish, but our dilemma was not like John Alden's.

I called the young lady over to the house and explained the matter to her. I told her that I had been asked to approach her direct, so that time she left without being asked anything beyond the musical matter. However, the young man still had some American ideas, and he insisted he meant just what he said and wanted us to act as a real "middleman." And this time Mrs. Scott made the proposal. I do not know just how she did it, but the answer was all right.

The wedding picture of the Japanese couple whose courtship is described

THEN came the question of writing the formal letters to the parents, which was my part. I told his parents how fine she was, and laid special emphasis on the fact that she was the daughter of a samurai, though I also mentioned that she was a college graduate and a fine musician. But it was in the letter to her father that I exhausted my vocabulary to show how fine a young man he was, and how desirable he would be as a son-in-law.

Then, to make sure, I asked a Japanese friend, a very influential graduate of Chinzei Gakuin, and who is also the president of the school where her father was a teacher of fencing, to act as my intermediary in getting his consent. I did this because I knew the father was a samurai of the old school, and likely to have some pretty strong ideas of his own. Even then I was not so very much surprised when my friend wrote to me that he could get no satisfaction at all out of the old gentleman. He did not think he wanted a pastor for a son-in-law; and feared the rest of the family would not approve. It looked as if the negotiations would have to end there.

However, we got the young lady to go and see the family, and then I learned that if I approached the father again formally he would give his consent. This I did, again through any friend, asking him to wire the answer. Meanwhile the young man's father had replied favorably. So, when I got the telegram I at once hurried over to tell the girl that everything was all right.

The wedding invitations were issued in our names, and we had a fine Christian ceremony, Mrs. Scott being matron of honor. The ceremony was performed by Dr, K. Uzaki, President of Chinzei Gakuin, assisted by the writer, and the refreshments furnished by the Methodist missionaries apparently were appreciated to the full. The wedding journey was a short visit to his parents.

In view of the fact that the "go-between" is held responsible in case the couple quarrel, it affords me pleasure as well as relief to say that they are very happy.

Young People's Topics for February 27

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

God's Providence in Agriculture

E. L. Hos. 2 : 14-23

GOD, through the prophet Hosea, speaks a promise to his people that He will bless the earth with all manner of harvests. Since then "seed time and harvest has not ceased." Where humanity has not put itself in the way of revelation, the experts through whom God speaks, the Burbanks and the soil wizards, the harvests may cease. But this is the day of the agriculture school, the "back to the land" movements, "the homesteader," and the day when the Church through its department of rural evangelism is the modern prophet of God, teaching, helping, inspiring the people to be productive, making not only two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, but through irrigation and fertilization causing to spring up great harvests where nothing grew before. This is progress. God is always in such progress.

How Can We Make Our Lives Useful?

C. E. Eph. 6 : 5-6

THE answer to this question is found in the reference. "Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." "He who will be great among you, let him be your minister." The true meaning of life is ministry, not mastery. The biography and autobiography of great men and women reveal the fact that they were above all the public servants, striving for the greatest good of the many. Jesus is our Example. "He went about doing good." Follow in the steps of Jesus and there will be no question of your usefulness.

A Wonder-Worker

B. Y. P. U.

MARILLA BAKER INGALLS, born in Greenville, N. Y., about 1827, consecrated her life for Burma. She was especially successful among the Buddhist priests, winning many to follow Jesus Christ. See Young People's Service, published by the Baptist Church, for full information on this subject. Mrs. Ingalls died in 1902.

APPROXIMATELY 20 per cent. of all children in the schools are in need of corrective treatment for eye defects, according to a bulletin issued by the United States Bureau of Education.

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By

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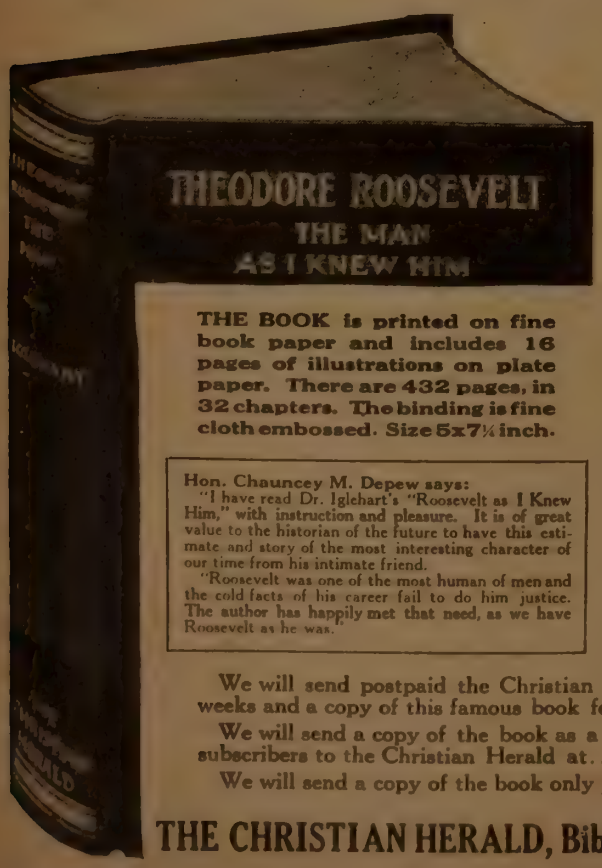

THE BOOK is printed on fine book paper and includes 16 pages of illustrations on plate paper. There are 432 pages, in 32 chapters. The binding is fine cloth embossed. Size 5x7¼ inch.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett says:
"Dr. Iglehart has done his work admirably. His book gives a very intimate and human knowledge of Theodore Roosevelt. It admits us into privacies which unveil the great leader in even larger aspects of wealthy manhood. Dr. Iglehart's personal friendship with Mr. Roosevelt enabled him to unfold these secrets of his deeper life. The book is excellently written and deserves to be widely read."

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew says:
"I have read Dr. Iglehart's "Roosevelt as I Knew Him," with instruction and pleasure. It is of great value to the historian of the future to have this estimate and story of the most interesting character of our time from his intimate friend.
"Roosevelt was one of the most human of men and the cold facts of his career fail to do him justice. The author has happily met that need, as we have Roosevelt as he was.

Dr. Iglehart's biography of Roosevelt is intensely personal. It is the kind of book that will be read with sympathy and pleasure by old and young in many a modest home. The book will be a family treasure for one reason above all others, namely, that its hero-worship is genuine from beginning to end. It begins by giving Roosevelt a sure rank with Washington and Lincoln, and then proceeds to tell the story of his boyhood, his youth, and his manhood, in a very readable, unsophisticated fashion that does credit not only to the robust American manhood of the subject, but also to that of the nature-loving, humane, and large-spirited author. *The Review of Reviews.*

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 145

by King Constantine in Athens. He declared that Mustapha Kemal was only a big bubble and "we could blow him off the map as we would blow a fly off the table," adding that the Nationalists were sick of war and ready to seek any refuge to save themselves. The restored king insisted Greece must hold Smyrna and Thrace, placing that condition on his willingness to enter into negotiations with the responsible Turkish Government.

The Allied governments have made no move toward a reconciliation with Constantine's régime and their ministers in Athens still hold aloof. Busy with more important events, the Allies apparently are waiting for financial stringency and the lapse of time to bring a solution of the problems involved in Constantine's return to the throne.

DOMESTIC

PARDON FOR DEBS REFUSED. President Wilson has rejected a recommendation by A. Mitchell Palmer, Attorney General, for the commutation of the sentence of Eugene V. Debs, five times the Socialist candidate for President, and now serving a prison term, which does not expire until the close of 1925, for violation of the Espionage Act.

GOVERNOR OF MAINE DIES. Governor Frederic Hale Parkhurst of Maine died from pneumonia at the age of fifty-seven, after he had served only twenty-five days of his term. He was automatically succeeded by the president of the state senate, Percival P. Baxter.

BERGER TO HAVE NEW TRIAL. The conviction of Victor Berger and four associates for violating the Espionage Act was reversed by the United States Supreme Court, because Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis did not retire from the case after the presentation of an affidavit attacking him as prejudiced. The action made necessary a new trial for the five men, each of whom had been sentenced for twenty years.

FORD LOSES ON RECOUNT. Completion of the recount of ballots in the Michigan senatorial election of 1918 left Senator Newberry, Republican, with a plurality of 4,334 over Henry Ford, who made a net gain of 3,233 votes in the recount. This proceeding was distinct from fraud charges and criminal proceedings growing out of that election.

BRINDELL FOUND GUILTY OF EXTORTION. Robert P. Brindell, president of the Building Trades Council in New York City, was found guilty of extorting $5,000 from a builder for calling off a strike, an offense carrying a maximum sentence of fifteen years. His conviction was the first resulting from 175 indictments of employers and labor men in the exposure of widespread corruption in the building trades.

FOREIGN

NEW CUBAN ELECTIONS IN MARCH. Partial elections in districts in Cuba where courts or election boards have nullified the results of the November presidential election are to be held about March 1. Enough districts are affected to determine the succession to the presidency.

PERU ENTERTAINS AMERICAN FLEET. American officers and sailors were welcomed enthusiastically in Peruvian cities when the Atlantic fleet took up anchorage in Callao harbor, and Lima was lavishly decorated and illuminated in honor of the visitors. At the same time the Pacific fleet was being received with warm hospitality at Santiago, Chile.

POLISH PRESIDENT IN PARIS. Marshal Pilsudski, president of Poland, and Prince Sapieha, his foreign minister, have arrived in Paris for an official visit, which was attributed to a desire to tighten the alliance with France as a precaution against a Bolshevist attack.

Free Booklets for Investors

A number of interesting and valuable investment booklets have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to have any of these booklets furnished free to our readers by the institutions publishing them. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for the booklets by number. Address correspondence to Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Booklet No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Booklet No. 2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Booklets 4, 5 and 6 for city real estate bonds, and Booklets 7, 8 and 9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Booklet 11.

To invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Booklet 13.

Liberty Bonds—Booklet No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Long-term railroad bonds of the New York Central, Pennsylvania and other leading railroads, yielding from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. at present prices, are featured in Booklet 21.

Standard Gas & Electric Co. 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent., are described in Booklet 28.

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent. present prices, are featured in Booklet 30.

H. J. Heinz Co. 7 per cent. gold notes, in denominations of $1,000, $500 and $100, at a price to yield 7¾ per cent. for ten years, are described in Booklet 33. The net earnings available for interest charges for the past four years have averaged five times the annual interest charge on these notes.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

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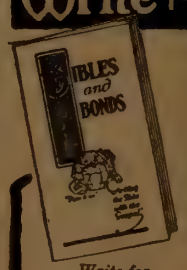

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Investing in Mission Schools

It Is Profitable Even from a Strictly Business Standpoint

By AGNES C. LAUT

IT IS not generally known—to put the fact in commercial phraseology—that practically the entire output of the Protestant missionary schools in Latin America is being absorbed by the public school systems as fast as the graduates can be turned out, both boys and girls.

In Mexico and Yucatan, more than 500 native graduates of Protestant mission schools are filling executive positions in Mexico's educational system. The same thing holds good in both Chile and Argentina.

Counting two-thirds of the population as children, or five-sevenths of the population as children, Mexico with her population of 15,000,000 could absorb 100,000 teachers a year. Let us suppose that the American missionary schools were financially able so to expand as to furnish the children of Mexico with these 100,000 teachers.

Supposing 100,000 teachers, trained in the ideals of American democracy, passed those ideals on to 10,000,000 Mexican youths a year. Of those 10,000,000, there would be at least one million graduates into public and private life a year. Would there be any Mexican problem? Would revolution follow revolution?

Mexico has had fifty-nine different revolutions in sixty-one years; and while Latin-American republics may not have had quite as many revolutions, their instability of government, of observance of law, of respect for life and property have given investing capital periodic cold chills about once in every ten years.

WE MAY denounce capital as a sordid thing—call it "dollar diplomacy," if you like. But what supports schools and opens industry and pays wages and builds railroads is capital; and no matter how rich a country may be, what capital primarily invests in is not the natural wealth of the country, it is the stability of the country. And when you analyze stability, it works down to the human units—the children, who grow into the men and women governing the country's destiny; and where there is no stability, capital will not go.

Argentina is today the favorite investment center for American capital among the Latin republics; and it is the favorite because of its stable conditions. Its school system is the best in Latin-America; and that system got its nucleus from the graduates of Protestant mission schools. Chile and Peru are passing through the same transition stage now; and Mexico is just at the beginning.

A good example of all this occurred during October in one of the largest banking institutions in New York. It had sent a man down to make a secret financial survey of the Latin-American republics. The bank was literally bulging with money to lend at from 6 to 8 per cent. per annum. The countries visited by this financial expert were paying from 3 to 6 per cent. a month, or 72 per cent. annually. The investigator came back literally intoxicated with enthusiasm. Why, those countries had untold, unguessed, hidden wealth of the very commodities the world needed—hard woods, copper, silver, oil in areas that had not yet been tapped.

His report dealt very especially with Venezuela, Colombia, Honduras and Mexico; and he wrote a book that rioted with opportunities for investment; but just as the book was put in print, one Latin-American republic forcibly overthrew its president. Another rumbled with a revolutionary earthquake; and a third threatened to confiscate foreign property. The bank piled the books in its cellar. It did not dare issue a book advising its clients to invest their money in centers where the instability of human conditions might risk all the money invested. American banks have been bitten badly in Russia. They daren't risk another $50,000,000 fiasco.

Owing to the warm climate, the cheapness of cotton clothes and fruit foods, it costs only $150 a year to clothe, feed and educate a Latin-American child.

Foreign commerce between Latin-America and the United States has increased during the four years of the Great War from $800,000,000 to $1,700,000,000.

As a purely financial consideration the missionary schools are one of the most paying investments offered to the great commercial interests of the United States.

Friendship among nations does not make for national absorption. It makes for respect of national sovereignty, as it has made between Canada and the United States, who are each other's best commercial customers today. What a wonderful field Latin-America offers for mission investments!

The Library as an Open Door

Continued from page 149

of the various librarians in winning the confidence of the immigrant. Chicago and Minneapolis and other libraries are letting the foreigners know that they have shelves well stocked with books in their own tongue, and talks on citizenship, American life, and opportunities are given in many libraries to interest the people to study English. One could tell many stories of the work of the libraries in St. Louis, Buffalo, Boston, Louisville, Springfield, Mass., and other places where efforts have been made to have the newcomer feel at home. In all these places the human understanding is hastening the process. One and all feel that it is the personal contact that helps even to giving assistance in many matters of daily life. Books are loaned, but this is only a part of the effort to interest. Personally conducted trips through the library, letter-writing, and innumerable other attentions are bestowed on the bewildered immigrant.

ALL in all it has been the usual experience that attempts to open our libraries to newly arrived foreigners are a success. Imposing buildings do not attract the immigrant, who is often afraid to enter, and when once in he fears he may commit himself to something. The newcomer must be told that it is friendship as well as books that he may expect, and the librarian finds it necessary to take the initiative and try to reach him so that he will come, enjoy and gain the benefits. It has been found that in some instances the priest and rabbi are mediums through whom the foreign population can be reached. Posters, handbills and prints can be sent through them.

Again and again it has been recognized that what the immigrant needs to become interested in our American civilization is a way of approach, some sort of open sesame or bond of sympathy. This he finds at public libraries. These institutions recognize that they have a tremendous opportunity to make their influence felt in the Americanization problem. They have already started to do their share toward assimilating people of different nations. The libraries in this work feel gratified at results already obtained and are eager to adopt any feasible method that will draw the foreigners closer to American life.

The library is a sort of open door through which the immigrant catches glimpses of the ideals of America. In some sections it can do as much as schools to help the bewildered newcomers. It is a medium through which many become acquainted with the new land and already some librarians have obtained magic results in bringing the foreign-born population in touch with America.

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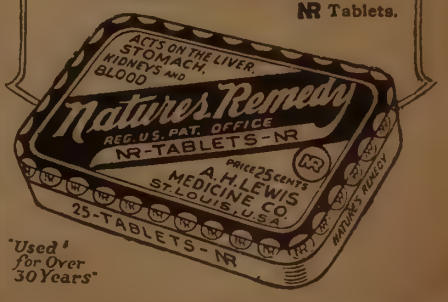

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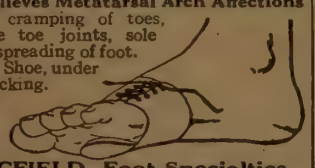

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

A WESTERN reader, Clinton B. Day, Salem, Ore., sends us this delightful letter, apropos of a recent paragraph in the Mail-Bag.

"Your reply in the Mail-Bag to M. T., Greensboro, N. C., that 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' is in substance at least 'found in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," brought back quite vividly to my mind a time when I was much exercised as to the percentage of truth in certain great and beautiful utterances concerning Divine providence and benevolence. I remember that I purchased the 'Sentimental Journey,' and found the words came from the lips of Maria: 'She found her way alone across the Appenines, had traveled all over Lombardy without money, and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell; but God tempers the winds, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.' I remember with what avidity I ran down Browning's 'God's on his throne. All's right in the world'; Tupper's 'All's for the best'; Shakespeare's 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, roughhew them how we will'; and St. Paul's 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.' If Paul's statement, as quoted apart from the context, ever becomes true, it will be only when Satan passes out of existence, when human hatred and strifes pass from off the earth, and when sin ceases its devastations in human souls. We joyously believe that God worketh all things together for good to them that love Him. Paul, with heart aglow as he saw the great outflow of divine grace to our race (see Rom. 8 : 11-33) could not refrain from stating the fact that in everything He does, God is our Helper and Saviour. God is the antecedent term in the text! 'A divinity shaping our ends,' there surely is (see Gen. 14 : 5, 8) but sin and folly frustrate God's ends or aims.

'O, but man . . . like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.'

'All's for the best,' is true only in heaven! 'God's on his throne. All's right in the world,' was surely true to little Pippa, in her limited view, as she went on her way—gladsome as the birds and beautiful and fragrant in her innocence, as the flowers on that springtime morning. If she had been in the slum of a great city, or stood where evidences of human crimes were displayed, as on a battlefield or place of massacre, or where famine and disease raged her words would evidently have been: 'God's on His throne; but in spite of his salutary laws, and all-wise and good government, things are not right in His world.'"

Reader, Mr. Vernon, N. Y. The best way to enjoy the Christian life is, having asked forgiveness and taken God at His word, not to be thinking all the time about your own feelings and emotions, but to forget yourself in doing what you can for others in Jesus' name. Think of others. You do not need to worry over your spiritual condition, if, as you say, you are anxious to be good. He is faithful that promised. Fill your heart with the thought of what you can do for a great world that is in need. Pray for others, and not so much for yourself, if you would find the peace that passeth understanding.

J. W. O., Coleman Falls, Va., writes: "The Bible says the time will come when the nations will bend their swords into pruning hooks and war will be no more. And in the Book of Revelation, from the 7th to the 11th chapters inclusive, it gives an account of the seven angels that sounded the trumpets. When the sixth angel sounded there was a great world-war. It may be that the European war was the sounding of the sixth angel. When the seventh angel sounded, they said in heaven: 'The kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of Christ.' So, according to the Bible, there is to be a time when wars will cease and peace will reign. God works through human agency to perform His purposes in the world. We have laws against murder. What is more natural and what more reasonable and what more in accord with Christianity and in harmony with the teachings of Jesus than that the nations should take steps to prevent the wholesale murder of war? The League of Nations to prevent war is the greatest step the human race has taken since the Crucifixion."

Rev. M. S. Godshall, Carbondale, Pa., writes: "Through the kindness of some one I am receiving copies of the Christian Herald. The paper is good, but I have misgivings regarding one department, namely, 'The Sunday Service at Home.' Are you not encouraging a number of people to stay away from Sunday evening service, while we are wrestling with the problem? You know, as well as all ministers, that many people will be glad of any excuse to stay at home on Sunday evenings."

Our Sunday Home Service, as has been repeatedly stated in the Christian Herald, is not to be regarded in any sense as a substitute for the regular service, or an excuse for not attending the church. To the aged and feeble, the shut-in or any who, owing to distance, or for any good and sufficient reason, may be deprived of the privilege of worshiping in the Lord's House, the Home Service comes with special appeal. It meets the need of a class who, if not ministered to in some such way as this, would have no service at all.

W. P. S., Lindsay, Calif. By an oversight the types in a recent issue made us say 350 years since Cromwell and Charles II instead of 250 years. We are glad you called attention to the matter.

Mrs. L. M., Clinton, Mich. The passage in Psalm 51 : 4 must be read in its immediate connection with the preceding verses. David's sin against Uriah was also a grievous sin against God, and David now felt that it rested with God alone to grant forgiveness. No reparation was possible to Uriah, he being dead, and no forgiveness could therefore be asked of him. It was God alone who must be the judge and assign the punishment. David therefore pleaded with God, and in his confession of guilt, flung himself absolutely upon the Divine mercy. Some commentators hold that his prayer implies that by God's granting forgiveness in view of David's confession and deep repentance, the sinner might be brought through chastisement to penitence and salvation. In this sense, man's unrighteousness would be made to bring to light the righteousness and mercy of God, who "will have mercy on whom He will have mercy." (See Rom. 9 : 15, 18.)

Reader, Germantown, Pa. Christianity was probably first recognized in Britain in the second century, A.D. In his story of early London, Sir Water Besant says that according to tradition, the first missionaries were Paul and Joseph of Arimathea, and later, Lazarus and his two sisters. In 324 A. D. Christianity, which had made slow progress at first, became the recognized religion of the State. The British Church gave assent to the conclusions of the great Council of Nicaea. There was an Established Christian Church in Britain at that time.

N. J. Weiland, Galeton, Colo., writes: "We have organized here in Galeton a community church. Our board of trustees will consist of five members of different denominations. We have a good church. The country here, though comparatively new to irrigation, is rich in resources. The community church idea is proof of a progressive spirit and past the experimental stage. Our present pastor is Rev. Asa Hall, M.D., living in Eaton, eight miles distant. He was formerly a missionary to China, compelled to return on account of poor health. A large practice as physician makes it impossible for him to do much pastoral work. He is agreed with us that we ought to have the service of an energetic resident pastor, to organize the community for the Master. You would do us a favor if you would advise us where an interdenominational, orthodox church may seek and expect to find the services of a loyal, devoted man, capable and worthy of leadership."

We commend this request to the consideration of our readers, some of whom may know of a good, faithful, experienced pastor who would be willing to serve this Colorado church. Write to Mr. Weiland, care of Mr. C. H. Lindeburg.

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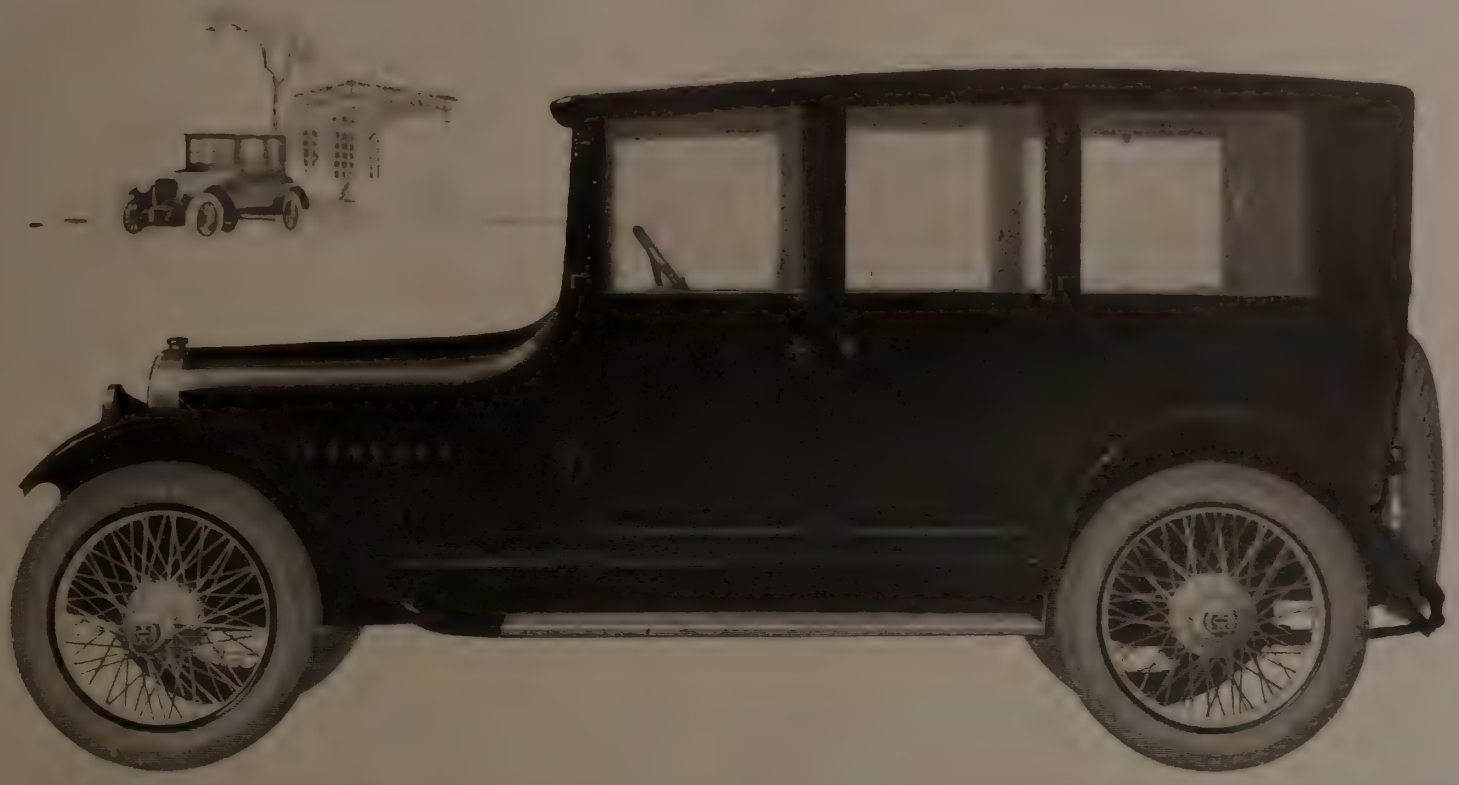

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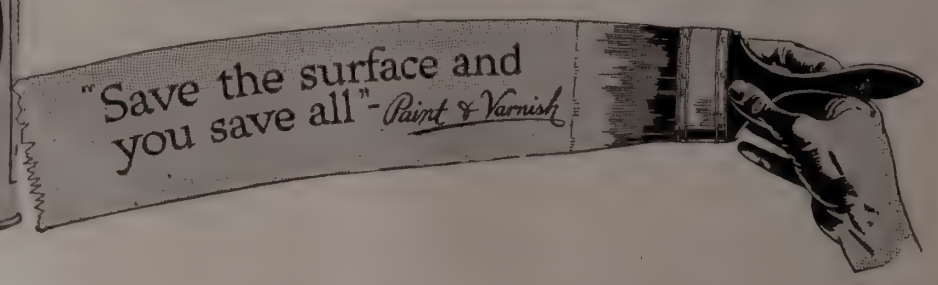

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Transforming the Philippines

WHEN the United States took control of the Philippines it undertook a very complicated task. For the people of the far-off islands formed a curious and extraordinarily complex group. About seven millions of the eight million people might, by a stretch of imagination, have been termed Christians; but, despite their advancement beyond the rest of their race, they were for the most part illiterate and superstitious. The remaining million was composed of utterly uncivilized tribes—people of whom the Negrito at the left of the page is an example. In contrast with him are the high types of Filipino young womanhood at the right.

History tells no story to parallel the achievements of the United States Government in the Philippines. It has turned savage brigands into officers of the law, it has made impassable mountain trails into good roads, it has brought culture and, in part, self-government to the people. The crude wooden plow drawn by the carabao, as illustrated at the bottom of the page, is being replaced by modern agricultural implements. And few of the schools are of the kind shown at the top of the page, for the best of American education has been carried to the islands.

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In His Steps Today

What Would Jesus Do in the Railroad World?

The Ninth Article in a Notable Series Discussing the Fundamental Problems of the Political, Economic and Social Life of the Nation

By CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps"

FOREWORD

IT MIGHT seem at first sight that a railroad was the last thing in the world that Jesus would care anything about. But that would be due to the fact that we might not understand the intense interest that Jesus felt about anything in human energy that had to do with the life abundantly.

And it is also true that perhaps no form of business in all the world has more to do at present with our modern happiness and even our existence than a railroad. If the railroads of this country should suddenly stop running, all the big cities would soon be in a panic, and starvation and ruin would stare them in the face. They are absolutely dependent on the railroads for their food and merchandise and commerce and mail and the every day necessities of life.

There is also probably no other form of human energy about which centers more of possible ethical and moral expression than a railroad. This is shown in the history of railroads and the tremendous changes which have taken place in the legislation which deals with the railroads as they have gradually evolved from a position where they at first dominated politics and received tremendous financial assistance from the government down to the present time, when the whole immense thing called a railroad is governed in very many important ways by restrictive laws.

There has been no attempt in this discussion to have Jesus indicate in specific ways the details of railroad administration. The one thing which He emphasizes is the great law of service which a railroad illustrates when it is performing its God-given mission in civilization. And also (for surely the Master in his contemplation of any form of human energy would not be in the position of a fault-finder and narrow-minded critic who could not see anything good) He would praise the self-denial and the wonderful holding to the day's duty which characterizes a great multitude of the railroad men of the world in their responsible places as servants of the general public. The attitude of Jesus towards the different forms of earth energy would not be that of one who could not see the beautiful and wonderful in men's actions. He certainly would not come today to destroy all the forms of civilization which were a part of the present age. Wherever there was good He would see it, and be as quick to praise as to blame, to encourage men for what they had done that was worth while as to condemn them for the omission of those tasks that were of first importance.

SEATED *about the Conference Table the following: Jesus; the Directors; the Employees; the passengers; the Spirit of Progress; the Spirit of Service.*

The Directors: We are in charge of one of the greatest forms of business known to civilized men. And it is far different from the railroad business of half a century ago. It is so different that many of us have forgotten some of the facts about railroads in the early sixties and seventies.

The Spirit of Progress: What were some of these facts?

The Directors: From the years 1850 to 1871 the National government gave grants to the railroads of 160,000,000 acres of land and gave the roads a special power of eminent domain in giving them the right to force the sale of property for their roadways. In many cases a virtual money grant was made to the railroads by the government.

The Spirit of Progress: This was a great power. What did the railroads do with it?

The Directors: They abused the power granted by favoring large shippers to the embarrassment and sometimes ruin of smaller business concerns, by a device known as rebates. And then, to stifle protest they showered newspaper men, lawmakers and courts with free passes. They had paid lobbyists in Washington and state capitals. They influenced legislatures, and were a factor in building up great monopolies. They formed combines and fixed rates that held commerce by the throat.

The Spirit of Service: That sort of thing would spell ruin to all commerce in the long run.

The Directors: That is true. And as a railroad authority has said: "In 1887 the Federal Government enacted the Interstate Commerce Law; in 1897 the Supreme Court applied the Sherman Antitrust Act to railroads; in 1903 the Elkins Anti-rebating Law was enacted; in 1906 the Hepburn Rate Act virtually amended the original Interstate Commerce statute. Meanwhile, the various State governments have created railroad commissions and enacted regulating statutes. The State and Federal courts have also increased their scope of control."

The Spirit of Service: And yet even now, with all scientific safeguards and modern methods for protecting life, the toll of life is appalling on the railroads in this country compared with that of other countries.

The Directors: We are sorry to say it is. As for example in the year 1911, 10,396 persons were killed and 150,159 were injured on the railroads of the United States. In 1907 the number killed was 11,839, and the number injured 111,016. During the first three months of the year 1919 the total number of people killed was 1,601, and injured 11,844. (*No figures are given for an entire year. If the same proportion held, the number of killed and injured on our railroads in proportion to the number of passengers traveling now as compared with ten years ago is far less.*) But the railroads of Great Britain carry annually more passengers than ours in the United States and kill and injure far less.

The Spirit of Progress: Why is that?

The Directors: There are no grade crossings. There is a uniform system of railroad signals, which is not true of our roads. And the employees are not constantly changing, as ours are. Besides, the country is much smaller, and more care is exercised by the passengers and the general traveling public. For example, in the year 1915, when traffic was unusually heavy during the war in the carrying of troops, there were only 133 passengers killed, and 1,218 injured in Great Britain. The number of people carried in the year's time was 1,455,000,000, or nearly 400,000,000 more than were carried on the railroads of the United States in the same time.

The Passengers: How many people do the railroads of the United States carry in a year's time?

The Directors: In 1918 all the railroads of the United States carried 1,084,960,449 passengers. The figures for 1920 have not yet been made public, but they are about the same.

One of the Employees: According to the Directors' statement, in the first three months of the year 1919 only 93 passengers were killed on all the railroads. That is not a great number considering the great number carried. I am one of the engineers. There are more people killed every day owing to automobile accidents than are killed in three months on the railroads. (*Over 700 in Chicago in 1920.*)

The Spirit of Service: That is true. And besides, the railroad engineers are not to blame for the reckless drivers of cars who try to cross the tracks in front of the train.

The Engineer: I live on the edge of my nerves all the time nowadays on account of the speed mania of automobile drivers. I look out of my cab and see an automobile going along the road by the side of my track. I see the driver of the car speeding up just to beat me across the crossing. There is no reason why the man in the automobile should get across the crossing before I do, except the speed mania. I cannot very well turn out for the automobile and I am running on the company's time table and cannot very well be stopping my engine at every grade crossing when I see a car racing along the road. There is an accident and a number of people in the car are killed or injured for life. Am I to blame?

The Spirit of Progress: It is the speed madness of the age; sometimes called progress, but a travesty on my name.

The Employees: And some of the accidents on the railroads where employees are killed are due to lack of safety appliances or to faulty equipment. On one road during the first nine months of 1920, 26 employees were killed and the number of non-fatal accidents increased 44 per cent. over the year 1919.

The Directors: But according to a strictly impartial investigation of conditions on this very road only 3 per cent. of accidents to employees on all the railroads are due to faulty equipment. By the same impartial investigation 7 per cent. are unavoidable and unforeseen, while the remaining 90 per cent. are due to the fact that the men do not THINK.

The Employees: Our minds have been "out of tune" with our work, since the war. Many of us came back and returned to our old positions in a restless frame of mind. We are getting back to a better state of feeling, as we begin to realize the great importance of our work.

The Spirit of Service: Far more than the commercial or money-making power of a modern railroad is the human service it renders. No one can estimate that in dollars. Without the railroad in civilization, cities would perish for lack of transportation of food and necessities. Mail service would be reduced to the point of absolute confusion. Even with the lack of a perfect and adequate service as at present, no one can calculate what the imperfect system would be if cut off altogether. The carrying of friend to friend on errands of love and mercy; the service of Red Cross relief; the feeding of dying millions all over the world waits on the servant Steam and those who direct it, in the cab or the shop or the office or the Director's place of planning. The Master Himself must feel His heart beat with satisfaction at the sight of man's power working out mighty things for the happiness and general welfare of the world.

Jesus: I do. I came that men might have life and have it not meagerly, but abundantly. I rejoice in all that man does in his earth life to increase life's power.

The Employees: We do not have time, many of us, for church or religious devotion or the attendance on religious meetings. Behold us, an army, 2,000,000 in number. (*As estimated by the United States Bureau of Railway Economics*) on account of the peculiar nature of our work; confined to our duties, many of us, on

Some Railroad Facts*

RAILROAD mileage in United States—233,441 miles operated in 1919.

Number of persons employed—1,953,571 in January, 1920. Bureau of Railway Economics estimates about two millions now.

Cost of operating—$4,419,989,000 for the year ended December 31, 1919.

Valuation of all railroads, including rolling stock, equipment, etc.—$18,900,000,000, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission in the 1920 rate cases.

Number of passengers carried—1,084,960,449 in 1918. Figures not available for 1919.

Receipts from passenger traffic—$1,178,120,000 in 1919.

Total railway payroll in 1919—$2,900,000,000. For 1920 the payroll was estimated at $3,300,000,000.

Freight receipts—$3,556,734,000 in 1919.

*Compiled from the latest report of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

trains of perishable freight, milk-trains, that must run on Sundays, transcontinental trains that can not stop moving on Sunday without throwing all the traffic into confusion. We have little time for religious life. How shall we cultivate, even when we want to, the spiritual part of our lives?

Jesus: By keeping in mind the tremendous service you are doing for the entire community. If you do your duty faithfully in speeding passengers on their errands of love and mercy and necessity, in feeding the children in the cities, in helping the great busy world to do its necessary work, you are worthy to have it said of you "good and faithful servant."

The Passengers: We have not always felt as we move safely and comfortably along how dependent we are on a great army of men whom we never see or know, who are watching out day and night for our train. If even one of these men in the train-service should forget, or be careless or thoughtless, our train would run into death's dark valley. We do not think enough of those who day after day and night after night and year after year are faithful to their trust, unknown and obscure, working in dangerous and unpleasant conditions, walking the tracks in winter storms, toiling at night between the maze of tracks that mark the yards of great city terminals, covered with grease and grime, bearing on their rough faces the marks of incessant labor—how remote they seem from our easy lives, from the softly upholstered elegance of our city churches where we attend with our friends—how impossible to think of these railroad men walking in to our morning service and worshiping the All Father while the surroundings are almost the exact opposite of their lives of dirty work. It makes us uncomfortable to think of these things.

The Spirit of Progress: Conditions in the business world can not be ideal. Business can not be run successfully that way.

Jesus: Do ALL THINGS to the glory of God. Until you men in business make that the rule of life, business will go on blundering and losing. The railroad business is not an exception to this divine rule.

Others of the Employees: Some of us find it possible to belong to churches and attend church services. On many roads the management is such that this is possible. It is a mistake to suppose that as a class, if we are a class, of labor, we have few religious privileges. It looks to some of us that the whole thing is a matter of the men's own choice, and use of the spare time which nearly all working men nowadays have.

The Directors: It is true that very many of the men on the different railroad systems are Christian men and church members. There are thousands of them who belong to the railroad Young Men's Christian Associations, and brakemen, firemen, freight handlers, engineers, train men and shop men find in these Associations great help to their spiritual and religious life. It is not fair to say that the railroad business shuts out men generally from religious privileges.

The Employees: Perhaps that is so. But there is a certain kind of work demanded in the railroad business that, in the nature of the case, on account of the special character of the labor, makes it difficult and sometimes impossible for the workman to command the leisure for all around development.

Jesus: All human energy must at last, when it is carried on in the spirit of real service to one another, recognize the universal right of every toiler to full development of all his needs. When that point is reached in the great business of a railroad, the carrying of it on will be like a great anthem of praise to God.

(*Silence around the table. Broken at last by One of the Christian Employees*): There is a magazine published on the road that I have worked for now more than twenty years, which is designed to put a feeling of dignity and responsibility into the minds and hearts of all the people who work for the road. It is an uplift to read its accounts of good work well done, to look at the wonderful pictures of the men in the different divisions of the railroad line as it crosses the country, and to know that a business that once existed to make money as its main object, now considers it to be a large part of its business to take an active interest in the physical and moral welfare of every person who is in its employ.

The Spirit of Progress: That is because the Directors have found out it is good business management to keep the employees feeling good.

One of the Employees: Just so. Business is slowly finding out the law that the Master has taught, that only as we do all things to the glory of God can we carry on business successfully. And nothing can be done to the glory of God which does not provide for the welfare of man.

The Spirit of Service: Railroads are not free from this law any more than individuals. Humanity grows confused over the size of commercial transactions. Big cities, big enterprises, big business, even the size of a railroad, are all under the working of the Master's rule of life. If they break that rule they are doomed to failure so far as real service to men is concerned, as the railroads in this country found out when they used their great power to corrupt politics and enter into conspiracy with rebates to favor selfish corporations. The evil was so great that the whole power of the Congress of the United States had to be used to put a stop to what was simply human selfishness on a bigger scale than usual. And at last the people learned that a human service like a railroad was too important to be given over unrestricted to private corporations, and legislation was enacted and made constitutional to restrain the railroads from running their business without regard to the public welfare.

Jesus: Men will find out in time that no human energy can take to itself any power and use it for itself without final destruction of the very power that men thought they were creating. They are working against a divine law which is as changeless and as inevitable as the tides of the sea. (*Silence about the Table.*)

The Directors: Some of us have known this law of service and have understood a part of its wonderful working, but some of us still carry in our minds the old pagan thought of self-seeking as the first law of life. If it is true that a railroad should do all things to the glory of God, just as much as an individual, is it possible for us to manage the railroads of this country so that the law of Jesus may have perfect expression? Is that possible, and if so, what would be the result if the law were to be generally obeyed? (*They think it over.*)

The Employees: According to Jesus, our labor is a labor of public welfare. Without us, the railroads of the world could not run. The hard, dirty, dangerous work that falls to us must be done by someone, and if we do it, our place in this wonderful piece of human energy is a very honorable one. Many of us think the wages paid for our work are not enough. Many of us still believe that capital and labor are natural enemies and that they always will be. Some of us now and then catch some glimpse of what the law of Jesus is, and we are happiest with our work when we know that we are necessary to the welfare of the public. Our place in the scheme of railroad affairs is not perfect, but we do not know of any other position in the world where the conditions are perfect. That fact ought not to make us unhappy or at war with the universe. If the Jesus rule of life can work out practically, we shall be glad to add our contribution to the general happiness and well-being of all who depend on our part as workers. (*They think it over.*)

The Passengers: We are the general public. Many of us are also the shippers of goods and merchandise over these roads. We have, as a whole, seldom given much thought to the wonderful skill and management necessary to make a railroad serve the public in a wholesome manner. Business ability of the highest order; physical courage and concentration of energy of the noblest sort, must be hourly expressed by the multitude of employees of the roads, from the engineers and firemen at the front end of the flying train, to the train despatchers and signal men and train men and yard men and the army of trained officials who direct the multitude of enterprises, that are a part of the entire intricate mechanism of the modern railroad. We wonder if the Jesus law of service and doing it all to the glory of God is practical and possible? If it is, a railroad is a divine institution capable of tremendous inspiration to the welfare of the world. (*They think it over.*)

The Spirit of Progress: I have sometimes taken a critical and commercial view of all business in which humanity engages. The standard which has interested me has been the standard of the dollar. Success had been measured by the income exceeding the outlay. But the law of Jesus is eternal, I begin to find out. It can not be broken without breaking the very essence of progress. He came to bring life abundantly, but THINGS alone do not spell that life. I wonder if the men who are conducting railroads on the basis of mechanical progress know this law. What would progress in civilization really be if the Jesus law were to be applied to so wonderful a thing as a railroad? (*Thinks it over.*)

The Spirit of Service: Blessed be the statesmanship of Jesus! The whole world will some time know that His wisdom is the wisdom that brings welfare to the human race. He came to bring men life abundantly. He rejoices in all the wonderful things that men do with the raw material which they take out of the earth and the air and the water to construct power. That which was unknown to His own day is none the less capable of serving His mighty purpose for the world's salvation. What triumphs of welfare for men will signalize the energies of men when all who labor and all who direct labor work together like one family for one and the same end? (*Thinks it over.*)

Jesus (*Speaking to all about the table*): Yours is a wonderful and interesting world. Power is a delight to the divine. And when power is dedicated to the public good and consecrated to the welfare of all, it has a dignity and a beauty that belongs to the eternal things. I came that men might have life and have it abundantly. And I am among you as one that serves.

(*All at the table bow their heads. All catch a new vision of the word "service". And all ponder deeply over the Master's words as they try to interpret His meaning.*)

Christian Workers in Conference

Need for More Prayer and Greater Faith Emphasized at Chicago Gathering

By LOYAL W. MADDEN

A NATION-WIDE Conference of Christian Workers with representatives present from every state in the Union and all parts of Canada, besides several from foreign countries, met in Chicago, February 1–5, and had its formal opening in the big auditorium of the Moody Church. Dr. James M. Gray, dean of Moody Bible Institute, sounded the call to prayer. He said "the rallying thought is 'they were all in one place in one accord,' on the first Pentecost after the Ascension of our Lord Jesus. There were devout Jews in Jerusalem from every part of the world. A large part of the world is represented here and we are seeking a Pentecostal blessing."

Rev. A. C. Dixon emphasized the great need for evangelism. Contact with leaders of religious thought in our own land and Great Britain has revealed that there is a widespread conviction that world needs can only be met by a genuine religious revival.

The laymen had a prominent part on the program. There were representatives from Baltimore, Des Moines, Grand Rapids, Chicago, and other cities who spoke on the practical and business side of the Church's work. All agreed in saying that through prayer and personal leadership men are led to Christ, and that the greatest joy of life came as the result of such work.

The spiritual care of the children is the paramount consideration of the Church at the present moment, said Dr. C. H. Woolston, of the East Baptist Church of Philadelphia. He told how for thirty-five years he had maintained a large junior congregation in connection with his church and had preached to a million and a half of children, using illustrated sermons. Forty-three of these children whom he had received into the church are now preaching the Gospel.

Dr. A. L. Latham of Chester, Pa., originator of the Summer Bible School as an antidote for the empty church and small prayer meeting, said that it has been so successful that last summer fifteen additional cities tried the plan, and the number will be increased to between fifty and a hundred next summer.

Rev. Otis G. Dale, D.D., a pastor with large experience among churches in all parts of the United States, spoke of getting results out of church work. "You must not over-emphasize the value of organization," he said, "nor underestimate its value. It is apparent that the churches that have not much spirituality will over-emphasize organization, while those with the zeal and fervor that win converts will frequently belittle its value. Remember that the Holy Spirit is the author of organizations that are real organisms."

MANY missionaries from foreign fields were present and gave messages from their experiences. They brought encouraging reports of their work, and also stressed the need of more workers and more money with which to carry on the work.

"A social, Bible-denying Gospel does not 'deliver the goods'," declared Dr. W. H. Griffith-Thomas, the eminent Bible expositor, formerly of Oxford, now president of Wycliffe College, Toronto, in speaking on "Teaching the Fundamentals." He formed this conclusion during a recent six-months' tour of the mission fields of the Orient. "The Gospel revealed in the Bible has the power to transform lives; but this evidence of the working of God was sadly lacking where destructive criticism had modified if not entirely changed the Christian message into a social gospel," he said. "The result of the entrance of destructive criticism on the mission field has been a cleavage. The Bible Union of China has been formed, as a bond of fellowship for those upholding the Word of God, and its members pledge themselves to bear testimony to the power of the Bible."

"Too many Christians are like a switch engine with the headlight on behind," Evangelist "Mel" Trotter told the Conference. "They are always looking behind, and wanting things done in the old-fashioned way. I believe we are going to have a great revival in this country and I am willing that God should send it in His own way. For a while after prohibition went into effect the bums were all gone and it looked as though the Gospel missions were going to have little to do; but they are all back again, not drunk, but out of work, and we have right now the greatest opportunity for soul-saving we ever had. The need today is not more churches, not more preachers, not more evangelists, not more missions, but more prayer and faith. On every hand, all sorts of expedients are being tried in the churches. When the church gets back to prayer and believing, Christ can do anything and we'll see devils cast out.

"I don't believe we will have the big tabernacle campaigns in the cities, in the coming revival; but rather that it will be hand-to-hand work on a large scale by believers, each one seeking to win others.

Beautiful Cities I Have Seen

The First of a Series of Fascinating Travel Articles

By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro, locked in by towering mountains, forms a rarely beautiful setting for one of the world's great cities

AS I begin this short series of articles for the Christian Herald, on the most strikingly beautiful cities, lakes, mountains and rivers I have seen, I am impressed by my own temerity in attempting to write them, because I realize the truth of the sententious old saying, "tastes differ." Another traveler may pick out an entirely different set of cities, mountains, lakes and rivers, and call me to book for my poor taste or narrow viewpoint.

All I can say by way of self-justification is that I have seen many if not most of the great cities, lakes, mountains and rivers of the world, and shall attempt only to give my own opinion, admitting my fallibility, and allowing anyone who will to dispute my conclusions.

The most beautiful cities come first in the series I write, not of the largest, not of the most interesting, either historically or at the present day, but the most beautiful, largely by reason of their situation, and partly because of what man has done to beautify them. With these limitations I would name these four, Rio de Janeiro in Brazil, Budapest in Hungary, Geneva in Switzerland, and Stockholm in Sweden.

Each of these, like Jerusalem, is "beautiful for situation." For each of them nature has been prodigal with her treasures of landscape or waterscape. Most of our North American cities, especially on the Atlantic coast, mighty and imposing as some of them are, have flat and rather dull immediate surroundings and outlook. The approaches to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Charleston are not imposing as is the harbor of Rio, nor does the Blue Danube divide them with palaces rising high on either bank, as it does Budapest. It must be confessed, too, that palaces are more picturesque than skyscrapers, even when the latter are fifty stories high.

To be sure, the Pacific Coast cities fare better for situation than those of the Atlantic Coast, and, if I had unlimited scope, I should mention San Francisco, Tacoma and Seattle, Sydney, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa, and others, in even a short list of "most beautifuls," but these cities have not yet had time to grow traditions and castles, and other material assets which must also be considered.

So I will stick to my four, let him differ who will.

RIO DE JANEIRO, all things considered, for the magnificence of its situation, and the good use man has made of this supreme advantage, I should place at the head of my list. As one enters the harbor from the Atlantic, he is impressed by the fact that the Creator Himself has done great things for the Brazilians in planting this city site.

Here is an extensive bay, locked in by towering mountains, through which no rude tempests can blow. So wide and deep is the bay that its discoverer thought it was the estuary of a great river, and called it the River of January, in honor of the month when he made the discovery. Yet the harbor is not so vast that the mountains on the farther side do not bulk with imposing grandeur.

There are the Organ Mountains, which soar into the blue sky like the pipes of some vast organ, and the "Finger of God," as it is picturesquely called in the Portuguese language, whose tip seems to pierce the clouds. There, too is Gavea, and, nearer Corcovado, which seems at a little distance to rise out of the heart of the city; and Sugar Loaf, thrusting its cone high out of the water, close to one of the most beautiful boulevards.

The granite embankments of the lovely esplanades are washed day and night by the rippling waves, while the mountains and lesser hills break the force of hurricanes and tidal waves, which have engulfed many tropical cities.

Such are some of the scenes on the seaward sides of Rio. Behind the city stretch unbounded miles of rich lands, scarcely equalled in fertility in any continent—vast forests of precious woods and millions of acres of coffee plantations, giving Brazil a practical monopoly of this fragrant berry.

By the way, I have just read that since prohibition became the law of our land, sixteen billion more cups of coffee were drunk by the American people in a year than in the days of the saloon. We will not grudge our South American cousins the prosperity that comes from North American prohibition.

Surely nature has done her best for Rio de Janeiro. But what has man done? If I had been writing about the city twenty years ago, I should have said, "Very little" and any traveler who has not been there since the early years of this century will be surprised at any panegyrics on man's part in making the "city beautiful."

A SCORE of years ago Rio was a pesthole, dreaded by ship captains because of the yellow fever that laid low their crews, and because of the difficulties of disembarkation, for there were no proper piers for ocean-going ships. The houses and business blocks were in the Portuguese style of architecture, well enough for cooler Portugal, but entirely unfitted for tropical Brazil. The principal streets ran just the wrong way for health, so that the cooling sea breezes could not blow through them. Suddenly there came to Rio's leading men a vision, and, with the vision, a transformation, until the artificial glories of the city came to correspond with its natural advantages.

Let me quote a few paragraphs which I once wrote while on board a steamer, immediately after leaving Rio de Janeiro, when its glories were fresh in my mind.

"Where the great 'Avenida Central' now runs, there was until recently no street at all, just solid blocks of brick and stone houses, every one of which had to be demolished and cleared away before the street which I will pronounce the finest in the world, could be built. Think for a moment of the stupendous character of the task. In the way of the one central avenue alone were 590 houses and stores of all descriptions. These had to be bought, condemned and demolished. Nearly eight millions of dollars in gold were paid for them, taken as they were at their assessed valuation.

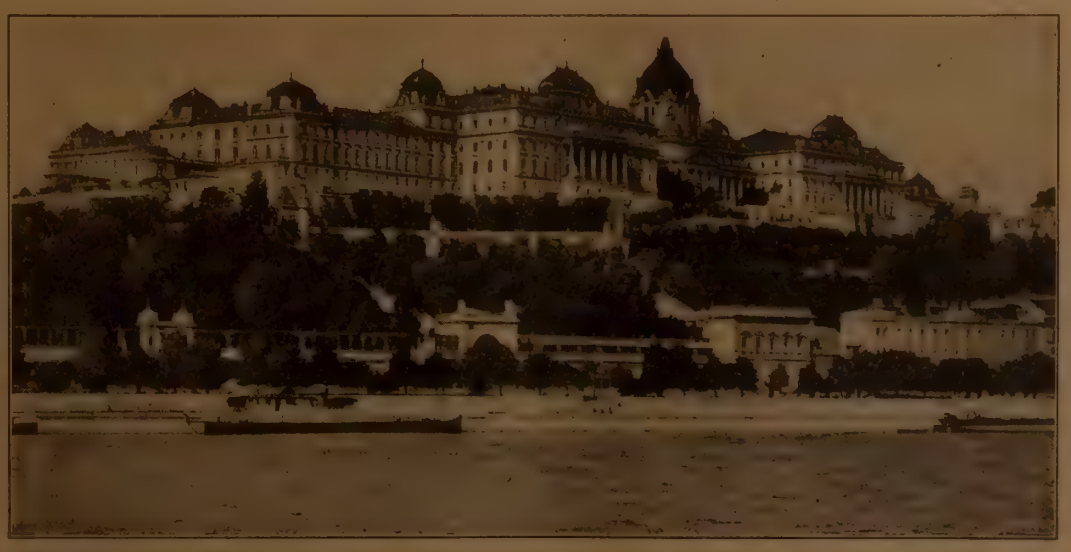
"On the 8th day of March, 1904, the first house was demolished. One year, eight months and seven days later, on the Brazilian Independence Day, the *Avenida* was opened to the public. It is a mile and an eighth long, one hundred feet wide, lined with artistic buildings, many of them truly imposing and magnificent, though some are considered too florid and ornate to suit a severe taste.

"The sidewalks on which ten men can walk abreast are mosaics, in black and white flints, laid by artistic workmen, brought from Lisbon for the purpose. Down the center of the broad roadway are fifty-five ovals of flowers and foliage plants, with a Brazil tree (a beautiful shade tree) in the center. From each oval, too, springs an ornamental pillar bearing three arc lights, and hundreds of gas jets beside, making the night as bright as day.

"Through this great avenue blow the prevailing, life-giving winds, by night and day, and into it pours the sunlight, purifying the city and greatly reducing the death rate.

"This avenue is only the connecting link between equally beautiful boulevards on one side joining the avenue to the new harbor works, a gigantic enterprise, and, on the other, stretching around Gloria Hill to Botafogo, a wonderful crescent-shaped bay, and then, on and on to the open Atlantic, under the head of mighty Corcovado

Continued on page 175



Perhaps the most beautiful palace in all Europe, this imposing structure overlooking the Danube at Budapest, seldom was occupied by the Hapsburgs. Now it is theirs no more

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

The Jewish Hope in Palestine

ALL over the world Jewish hearts today are gladdened by the intelligence that the first great step has been taken toward the realization of Hebrew hopes concerning Palestine. Never in all the centuries have they forgotten the promise: "Behold I will gather them out of all countries whither I have driven them . . . and I will bring them again unto this place, and I will cause them to dwell safely: And they shall be my people, and I will be their God."

Great Britain has accepted the mandate approved by the Supreme Council of the Allies at San Remo, the text of which clearly sets forth that the aim and object of British administration in the Holy Land will be to redeem the pledge in the Balfour declaration to promote the establishment of a Jewish National Home. In the mandate there is also the assurance that every encouragement will be given to establish the widest measure of self-government consistent with existing conditions. At the outset, however, Palestine will be in the hands of a friendly protecting power, which will impose taxes and customs duties, and will bring the new territory into friendly relations with the various nations of the world.

Some criticism has been made of the fact that Palestine is not to be immediately declared a free state. Such a course at the present time would be open to many serious results. The problem of the restoration of a people who have been exiles from the homeland and world-wanderers for twenty centuries is not one to be settled out of hand. The ancient country has just emerged from the long, despotic control of the Turk. Its Arab population is far in excess of the Jews themselves, and is not friendly to Hebrew control. Various problems, some already under way and others still prospective, relating to industrial and agricultural development, have yet to be carried out. To have handed Palestine over to the government of its own people before these and other matters have been well adjusted, and until the practicability of the experiment as a whole has been fairly demonstrated, would have been to invite disappointment and disaster.

Fortunately, the wiser way has been chosen. As the population grows and industries increase, local Jewish administration will be gradually brought up to a point where it can be relied upon more and more to manage its own affairs. Perils of agitation and exploitation must he faced and overcome. Premature action would only serve to delay such a program. It must be the task of the Jews themselves to demonstrate their ability not only to administer the powers of local self-government wisely, but to harmonize their difficulties and help to carry out efficiently the program for building up Palestine. With a population of less than 750,000, one-half of which is confined to the larger towns (a considerable portion of the remainder being nomads), there is room in the wide areas formerly devoted to agriculture for a population of more than ten times the present number. How far the Zionist movement will prove capable of aiding in the development remains to be seen. It has great possibilities, especially when we contrast the present showing of thirty agricultural colonies and approximately 12,000 workers, with the fact that Palestine, away back in Biblical times, supported a total population estimated at 5,000,000.

No one expects to see any general exodus of Hebrews from other lands to Palestine at present. Such a movement would not be advisable under existing conditions, and for a time immigration will be systematically regulated. But the future is bright with promise. Meanwhile, the prospect most clearly in view—the establishment of a Jewish National Home should be fostered and aided by Hebrews in other lands, in order that it may stand as a signal on the heights, foreshadowing the greater glory yet to come.

As It Should Be

IT IS announced by the American Daily Standard of Chicago, on the authority of "those close to the President-elect," that under the coming administration the country will be dry—somebody with a passionate yearning for thoroughness has added: "as dry as a Sahara desert!" We don't know anything about the dryness of the Sahara, but it is good news that there is a prospect of Prohibition having a fair and full trial under impartial auspices. We should be a dry nation as long as the Volstead act remains on the statute books, and should it ultimately be subject to change as the result of thorough enforcement, we think it reasonable to assume that the change will be in the direction of rigidity rather than laxity.

President-elect Harding is a conscientious Christian citizen and one who would naturally, and without any outside pressure, incline to the loyal support of law and order. He may be depended upon to use all the influence at his command to give the Volstead act a fair field, which it has not had thus far.

Moving Toward Disarmament

HOWEVER much the leading nations may differ today on the various questions affecting world welfare that are now under consideration, there is one problem concerning which they may be regarded as almost in absolute agreement. Navalism, the mad and ruinous rivalry for sea supremacy, and the practicability of subduing it, is now under discussion in the American Congress, in the British Parliament and also in the Japanese diet. Indeed, it is becoming plain that Japan from the very beginning of the disarmament agitation has been favorable to a naval reduction policy which would include, as principal promoters, the Japanese government, England and ourselves. It is quite evident from the general tone of public opinion here and in Great Britain, and from the open declarations of official representatives in both countries favorable to naval reduction that the subject is one that is of supreme importance in its relation to national welfare.

Italy and France would be only too glad of the opportunity to follow the leadership of the three great naval powers in a strong reduction program. A naval building "holiday" of five years' duration, has been suggested, and it is not unlikely that a resolution to that effect may come up for action in Congress before the close of the present session, inviting England and Japan to join with us. No partial alliance, however, would sufficiently allay the evil. Every power, big and little, should be invited to unite in the movement in which either the United States or Great Britain must assume the lead—unless both should choose to act simultaneously. Such a step, whether taken in conjunction with the League of Nations or as a separate enterprise, would be welcomed by every land that has suffered through the war. The burden of huge naval expenditures in recent years has become intolerably oppressive. That burden would be lifted by a united movement under full agreement. Besides, the temptations under which strong nations irresistibly drift into war would be removed.

Our own national naval program includes the construction of fifteen battleships; that of Japan involves twelve of the same class, while the British plans—which they are ready to lay aside—contemplate building a number sufficient to retain the traditional "sovereignty of the seas." Each of these warships would represent an outlay of many millions of dollars. France's naval program is indefinite, and the fleets of Germany, Austria and Russia have virtually disappeared. Besides, it is a serious question whether the bombing airplane is not now sufficiently developed to fairly challenge the superiority of even the most formidable warship. And it should not be forgotten that the cost of a single warship would suffice to build a whole fleet of such airplanes.

We frequently hear it said that "the day of miracles is past." We do not believe it. The Almighty still directs world progress and the nation that works with a righteous end in view for the peace and well-being of all men alike, can safely leave the issue of such efforts in His hands. Today, the clear duty of the great nations is to show an example to the world by each fully trusting the honor and pledged good faith of the others, and not to regard them as rivals but as comrades in unselfishly seeking the whole world's good.

To Change—or Not to Change?

WE'VE heard, recently, that a certain lady well known as a reformer—is trying to introduce a movement that will do away with the custom of a woman's taking the name of her husband when she marries. This reformer has a number of arguments in favor of it—chief among them being the argument that many professional women are today using their maiden names without the enactment of a law or any well defined movement. Perhaps the idea may be a good one—we may not be qualified to judge; but we can, at least, express an opinion. And this is it:

For a good many years a woman, when she marries, has taken her husband's name. Oftentimes it has been an unfair exchange—we have known countless Beauforts who have become plain Smiths; many Van de Verees's who are now transformed into even plainer Jones'—but the exchange has been an important one and a significant one, nevertheless. Martage, if it is to be real and lasting, should be a constant state of giving and accepting—a giving of comfort and help and counsel, as well as of more tangible things; an accepting of failure and disappointment and responsibility, as well as the more pleasant gifts, like bracelets and fur coats. And it seems to us that the giving and accepting of a new name is beautifully symbolical.

Many professional women do, of course, keep their maiden names—as far as the public is concerned. But at home, and to their circle of intimate friends, they are plain Mrs. This and Mrs. That. And they are proud to be!

We can not help wondering how many engaged girls have spent many pleasant minutes scribbling the name-to-be on a bit of scrap paper. And we wonder how many brides have ordered their new visiting cards without a thrill of importance. And as for having C.O.D. parcels sent to Mrs. Peter Clark—well, it's bound to be exciting for a few dozen times, anyway!

It seems to us that the world has plenty of necessary work for lady reformers to do. There are still child-labor laws, and food profiteers, and jobless men, and diseases, and starving babies to take up the time of those who have time to give. Why not set a few of the most glaring evils and injustices right—instead of destroying a custom that, while it may have no real reason for existing, is both satisfying and beautiful?

Publishing a Christian Daily

Contributed Editorial by J. Clover Monsma, Editor of the American Daily Standard

WHEN the editor-in-chief of the Christian Herald wrote that famous book, "In His Steps," many years ago, and when in that book he stressed the great need of a Christian daily press in this Christian country of ours, he perhaps little thought that the first place where his noble ideals would be realized would be the busy, noisy, worldly metropolis of the Middle West.

And yet Chicago offered a better opportunity to start a publication of this kind than any other place in the Union. It is the nation's greatest distribution point. Hundreds of trains leave the city daily, going in all directions, and the service is as fast as you can find it anywhere in the world. Within a radius of five hundred miles, we can cover practically every city, town, or hamlet on the very day of publication, and the news is as fresh as that published in the hundreds of local dailies.

In addition to this fact it must be noted that Chicago is a center of political, social, commercial, and educational activities, and that we are in a position to secure first-class news and to secure it quickly.

The publication of the American Daily Standard, America's first Protestant Christian daily newspaper, was started last Christmas day, and we can say, with gratefulness to God in our heart, that we are winning, and winning fast. The Standard has the full leased wire news service of the United Press. It has an important foreign news service of its own, with correspondents in London, Rotterdam, Paris, Montauban, Berlin, Cairo, Shanghai, Honolulu, and Montreal. It has special correspondents in New York, Philadelphia, and on the Pacific coast, and a bureau of its own in Washington, D. C. A well-trained staff of reporters is taking care of the Chicago news.

The Standard is not only a clean and a truthful, but also a positively Christian paper. It believes that the time has come for the American people to return to the God of the fathers. This paper honors the Bible, and adheres to the old orthodox interpretation of the Bible truths. It is non-denominational in religion and non-partisan in politics.

The publishers of the American Daily Standard are profoundly convinced of the tremendous importance of the daily press in the shaping of characters, homes, and nations. They believe that Christian people have not kept abreast of the times, by failing to make use of an instrument which today is more potent and influential than either the school or the pulpit.

The American people are crying for a great national paper that will publish the truth, that will interpret the events of the world in the light of Christianity, that will be clean and wholesome, that will be so Christian and so pure, that not a single line is found in it which the most exacting parent would hesitate to let his boy or girl read.

We are trying to make the American Daily Standard such a paper.

The House That Was Not a Home

A Neighborly Story

By IDA M. KIER

Illustrated by M. L. Greer

"GOOD-BYE, Miss Carson."

I turned around so quick that I nearly dropped the dish I was wiping. I knew who it was that spoke; but I had not heard the child come up on the porch. Something strange for a boy to be so quiet, too; but it was just Benny Ware's nature to be so.

I can see him yet—standing there and looking at me through the screen door. His face was the solemnest I had ever seen it, and his dreamy blue eyes were misty. I saw he was dressed up; which meant, for Benny, a fresh white waist and tie, blue serge knee pants, shoes and stockings, and a cap in place of the wide-brimmed straw hat he had been wearing. He held a flower-pot in his hands. I knew well enough what was the matter.

"Land sakes!" I exclaimed, and wiped my hands on the dishcloth, I was so flustered. "You're not going right now, Benny?"

"Soon as the van comes. We're all packed and ready. I thought I'd run up and tell you good-bye and give you this—'cause we can't take it with us." His voice sounded queer; and as he set the flower-pot down he touched the geranium leaves caressingly with his finger-tips. It was truly a fine plant. I had given him the slip and he had just seemed to make it grow.

"I'll keep it for you," I said; "and now I'll run right down to see your mother. I never thought about you moving before evening."

I got my sunbonnet and we started. Benny ran on ahead of me. He was seven years old and the finest little lad of that age I ever saw. I lumbered along behind him as fast as I could, but I'm getting rheumatics even in my middle age, and weighty, too. I can't walk spry like I used to.

"It's a shame that they have to go!" I stormed to myself as we went along.

THE house where Benny and his mother lived was a little piece from mine. I always called it "the house that was not a home" because no family ever lived there long enough to get settled down good. The principal reason for this was that it was so far out, the main town being across the river. It was the only place for rent in our suburb, and dear knows the number of families it had sheltered in its time. In the dozen years that I had lived by it—after I got my legacy from home and bought the house on the hill—I couldn't begin to keep track of all the people that had moved in and out. I got acquainted with some of them; some I never knew at all.

But it was different with Mrs. Ware and Benny. They had moved there eight months before, and the first time I ever set eyes on that little chap was when he came to my door and asked to buy a nickel's worth of milk. I filled his bucket full of good milk—it hadn't been skimmed, either—and gave him back his nickel and some red apples. He thanked me like a little gentleman, then looked at my wood-box and said: "May I get you a load of wood?" I saw that he wanted to pay for what he got, so I let him get the wood. And from right then Benny and I were friends.

What a help that boy was to me that fall and winter! He came up every day and carried in my wood and water, hunted the eggs and fed the chickens and pig. How I was going to get along without him another winter, I just couldn't see. I gave him milk and eggs and butter and red apples; though I had to be careful about giving them things, for Benny and his mother were not the begging sort. They had a way about them which said plainly that they'd rather do without what they couldn't earn. And Benny paid, by doing chores, for all I gave him.

I knew before I ever saw Benny's mother that she would be worth getting acquainted with. I could tell that by her son. And she was indeed the finest little woman! My heart went out to her on the spot. She and Benny were all alone. There was only a small income left by her husband, and what she added to that with her needle was all the two had to live on. I suspected that she had a hard time making both ends meet; but she was not one to air her troubles, and whatever hardships she endured, she never complained.

She had moved into the "house that was not a home," because the rent was cheap; and then it was out and away from the crowded town. They had lived there longer than any other family had ever stayed, when Mrs. Ware received a notice that the place was sold. She was all broken up over having to move. I was, too, for that matter, but I didn't let on to her half how bad I felt.

I FOUND Mrs. Ware sitting on a trunk that was all strapped. She jumped up and got me the only chair that was not tied to something else. Everything was as Benny had said—"packed and ready."

"It seems to me," Mrs. Ware said earnestly, "that the grandest thing on earth would be to own a home—not to have to move."

"I didn't know I'd hate to leave so bad," she said presently; and her voice quavered a little. "Somehow we are attached to this little place. It has seemed like a real home to Benny and me; so quiet—like out in the country."

"I'm vexed because that man sold it," I said speaking real coarse to keep my voice steady. "To think that when somebody got here that did try to make a home and want to stay, they should be turned out!"

"I'm sorry to leave such a good friend and neighbor as you have been, Miss Carson," she went on. "Benny cried last night after he went to bed because we have to move away. He wanted so much to help you with your little chickens this summer."

"It's a shame that he can't," I cried, "after he helped me set all the hens! They'll hatch in another week—and he won't be here to see 'em." I had to stop and gulp something down in my throat before I could finish. "I aimed to give him Old Speckle and her brood, though I hadn't told him. I wanted to surprise him——"

"He'd have been so pleased," Mrs. Ware said in a trembling voice. "He's never had anything like that of his own."

I couldn't speak for something in my throat. I got up and went out of doors, and she followed me. The little yard, covered with new spring grass was real pretty; and despite rough usage, the house looked sound and neat. Walks, fence and out-buildings were sadly in need of repair. Their destruction was the work of rough children and careless grown folks who had lived there in summers gone by.

Mrs. Ware was looking off towards one corner of the garden where a cluster of plum trees covered with white, waxen blossoms were gently waving their branches and filling the air with perfume; and if there's anything that smells better than plum blossoms—well, I've never smelt it.

"I love the plum trees," she began, then stopped real sudden.

"We were going to have the garden plowed right away," Benny said wistfully, "but now—" he stopped, too.

"Here's a bench that Benny made, Miss Carson. It's real handy. Would you care for it? I'm afraid we won't have room to take it. One always has to leave something behind when they move."

"A person never knows how much they have till they go to move." I had heard that old saying and repeated it before I thought.

"It seems to me," Mrs. Ware said earnestly, "that the grandest thing on earth would be to own a home—not to have to move."

I LOOKED up the hill at my house. It made a handsome showing, with its white walls and green roof. But I had never realized until that minute how thankful I ought to be for it. That poor little woman's remark made me see how little most of us who have homes appreciate them.

I thought once that I couldn't bear to see them go; then I couldn't bear to go and leave them. So I was there when the van came. Two strapping men loaded all the things in a jiffy; and as there was plenty of room left, one of them kindly told Mrs. Ware that she and Benny might ride, if they wished. So he fixed them a seat on a box.

I never say good-bye when I can help it, so I told Mrs. Ware to come to see me, and she told me to come to see her; and we both said we would, and we both knew we wouldn't; for she was moving to the far side of town, across the river and a good many miles away. I never get that far away from home to visit, and I knew she never went anywhere, either.

I wanted to say something cheery to Benny and tell him to come some time, but just as I opened my mouth to speak he said "Good-bye, Miss Carson," so sad and lonesome-like that I couldn't have spoken then to have saved my soul. I just waved my hand and stood there like a dummy. They drove away, and I suppose they thought I didn't care a bit because they were gone.

But as soon as they were out of sight I went right back to that empty house and sat down on the step and cried my heart out. Of course they never knowed it, though; and that's just the way with me. I can't show my feelings before others, so people think me hard and unsympathetic.

After my cry was over I was angry—angry at the owner of the house that was not a home. Why couldn't he have let Benny and his mother stay there?

I started for my own home at last, carrying Benny's bench; and I felt sure then that I would never go back to the place again. When I reached my own gate I turned and looked back. The little house looked awfully lonesome—just like it missed Benny. The dilapidated out-buildings and broken fence appeared desolate and forsaken. The blooming plum trees in the garden formed the one real patch of beauty. But the location is good, I told myself; and if everything was fixed up, it would make a cozy home. Somehow, since my talk with Mrs. Ware, the word "home" had come to have a deeper meaning.

THE new owners of the house that was not a home took possession next day. There were four in the family—father, mother, and two grown daughters. They did not wait for me to call on them. One of the girls came to my house the next day to borrow sugar!

Continued on page 174

The Soul's Search for God

A Sermon by REV. E. V. COLE*

TEXT—Acts 17 : 23. "I found an altar with this inscription, To The Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

PAUL had come down to Athens for a little season of rest, but he found the Athenians so idolatrous and, in spite of their culture, so ignorant of God that his spirit was stirred in him and he was compelled to break forth again into evangelism. He gathered a congregation on Mars' hill and took for his text an inscription which he had found on one of their altars: "To The Unknown God."

The Athenians knew all the gods except God. He was the unknown quantity to them. They spent their time in nothing else but to hear or tell some new thing. It is possible to be in the very presence of God and yet not recognize Him. Philip said to the Master, "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." And Jesus replied, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." These Athenians had been living in the midst of a thousand-fold manifestations of God's presence, but "their eyes were holden" and they had not seen Him.

Now, I think a careful study of Paul's sermon will reveal the fact that it falls into four divisions. That is to say, Paul points out to these purblind Athenians the fact that God had made a fourfold revelation of Himself to them, but they had missed Him at every point. And now let us in imagination take our stand among these Athenians and listen to the argument which he makes.

First of all, God has revealed Himself in His created works: "God made the world and all things therein." God has written His signature across everything that He has made. The world and all things therein are a revelation of Him. Every blade of grass, and leaf of the tree, and dewdrop, and flower, and rain-cloud, and mountain gorge, and sunset splendor tell of Him. The earth, with its rotation of day and night and succession of summer and winter, speaks of Him. The regular visitation of seedtime and harvest speaks of the great provident Heart who has a care for His hungry children. The heavenly bodies that move with such clock-like precision through the boundless spaces manifestly move according to design, but you can not have design without a designer.

You can not have creation without a Creator. Back of these starry skies there is a Master Mind that revels in their beauty and warms His heart in the starlight of these works of His fingers, that sparkle with such matchless splendor all through the night. When you next take your journey to the office or store or field, look about you and see how every foot of the way is eloquent with the declaration of God.

IN THE next place, Paul calls attention to the fact that God has revealed Himself in the history of mankind. "He hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation."

When we look for God in the history of the human race, we find manifold signs of Him there. He directs the affairs of nations, not in the sense that He can be held responsible for everything that men and nations do; but He overrules the movements of humanity in the larger sense, so as to bring about the accomplishment of His purposes. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," said Jesus. God is never idle. He has been at work from the beginning in the history of the race.

"He hath made of one blood"; this is the solidarity of the race. "And hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitations"; human speech could not any more plainly declare the divine intervention in the movements of the race. Speaking of history as it appears in the Bible, Bishop Marvin has said: "But the events of history, as they appear in the Scriptures, serve only as a vehicle. To note and narrate them is not the object of these writings. They are used for a great purpose. They are charged with a message to man. They bear a burden. They are laden with a word—one word—God!"

I am inclined to believe that these words might be applied with about equal force to all history. Indeed, it is altogether probable that we make a mistake when we attempt to divide history into two sections, sacred and profane. All history is under the watchful eye of God. All the great mass movements of the race are paralleled by His footprints.

At the beginning of the World War, somebody asked a great churchman who would win the war? His reply was, "Who won the San Francisco earthquake?" I reckon he meant that if there was anything to be won out of the war, God would win it. It is a unique thought and one we do well to lay away for reference. As we read the history of mankind and note the tragic fate that has marked the end of every nation that has forgotten Him, we can not escape the conviction that God was in it all, and that "these things happened unto them for examples; and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come."

The third place where God had made a revelation of Himself, but where these Athenians had failed to find Him, was in themselves: "We are also His offspring." It was exceedingly obnoxious to Paul that these Athenians had so far forgotten their divine origin as to imagine that they could fittingly represent God with a "stone graven by art and man's device." That was the thing that had stirred him up. Why, a statue, except in outward appearance, doesn't fittingly represent a man; how can it then be like God? Its eye doesn't kindle; its lip doesn't quiver; it thrills to the surge of no emotion; it doesn't long for the touch of a vanished hand. These things belong only to the offspring of God. And so it is that man, in all his God-given powers, is a revelation of God.

IT HAS already been said that the heavens declare the glory of God. Man, too, declares His glory. When we look about at the vastness and magnitude of the created universe, we are awed by its splendor and magnificence, and we are likely to forget that God expressed His fondest care and His dearest hope in the creation of man, when He said, "Let us make man in our image." The Psalmist walked out under the open sky on a starlit night, and was so impressed with the vastness and wonder of it all, that he went back into the house and wrote a song with this refrain: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" In other words, the question which had arisen in his mind was, Can it be that God, who created these vast heavenly bodies and these boundless spaces, has any time or inclination to notice man? "Why, certainly," answers Paul, "for we are also His offspring." A positive statement!

It is indeed a witless soul who has never stood under the open sky on a starlit night, and felt himself shrink into an atom. But take your stand under the shadow of the Cross and see the Son of God, as He holds back the curtains of death long enough to save a thief, and then you will see these same heavens "fade away as a scroll." There is a sense in which a man is dwarfed as he stands in the presence of the created universe; but there is another sense, and it is the immortal sense, in which the value of the soul dwarfs the universe, and dismisses even the moon and the stars to the dustheaps of time.

These Athenians had failed to find God in His created works; they had failed to find Him in history; they had failed to find Him in themselves. But they might now find Him in Christ, and that is Paul's final appeal: "God hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead." Paul seized upon the resurrection as being the thing most likely to startle and challenge the attention of these Athenians, "who spent their time in nothing else but to hear or tell some new thing." And so it did; for some of them mocked, and some believed, while some said, "We will hear thee again of this matter."

TO PAUL, the resurrection is the "proof text" of the Incarnation. It validates everything else, and with it stands or falls the whole Christian system. It is the crowning act of God's revelation of Himself in Christ, and it stands in such vital relation to the faith of the individual believer that, "if Christ be not risen from the dead—we are still in our sins."

The revelation which God has made through His Son still remains, and ever will, the wonder and glory of all His dealings with men. No mind has yet plumbed the depths of the glorious fact that the Word became flesh and dwelt among us. But we do not have to understand the mystery of the revelation of God in Christ in order to appropriate its benefits. "*If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.*" And so the whole matter, so far as you and I are concerned, resolves itself into a question of simple, childlike faith in the risen Christ, who is the complete and final revelation of God. Through Him God hath given assurance unto all men, and through Him we have the hope of immortality planted in our own hearts.

* Pastor, Denton Street Methodist Church, Gainesville, Texas.

The Spirit of Lent

By BISHOP JAMES HENRY DARLINGTON

LENT has a double vision, in that we keep our eyes on the sufferings of our Lord and Master, and also on our own life course, and try and follow His example. Lent is a time of multiplied church services. The Church is Christ's bride and she has the right to call upon us for a tithe or tenth of our money, and as the Hebrews thought, one-seventh of our time.

The greatest mistake about Lent is that people who have never observed the happy season of forty days look upon it as a time of sadness and not of gladness. This year, we have been celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the Pilgrim Fathers, and one incident I learned in the life of the Pilgrims gives us a suggestion as to how Lent is to be observed. The Pilgrims lost by death over half of their women, and a large proportion of their men, in the first year they spent in America. On one frosty morning when the winter was coming on, one of the leaders, greatly discouraged, said: "God has forgotten us, or is angry. We must repent of our sins and fast in sackcloth and ashes. Let us proclaim a fast day, and pray God, perchance His wrath may be turned from us, and that He will be gracious to us, and bring the promised help in supplies and more people from England." Another man, more wise, replied: "Let us indeed spend the day in the worship of God, but let it be a day of thanksgiving for mercies vouchsafed, and not a day of complaint or tears. Let us put an 'e' in the word, and make it a feast and not a fast day. We have garnered sufficient root crops, Indian maize and fuel to last us all winter, and the water from many springs satisfies our thirst. The Indians are peaceful, the sea and the rivers full of fish, while the woods are filled with turkeys and deer for food." His motion was carried; and Thanksgiving day has spread almost all over our nation.

George Herbert begins one of his well-known poems "Dear Feast of Lent"—and to those who truly believe in God and love God's Church, it is a time of both spiritual and bodily refreshment. The outside world makes quips and jests about its reality, because no one *appears to be sorrowful or sad*, but solemnity is not piety, and dyspepsia is no part of religion. Our Lord said: "When ye fast, be ye not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance . . . but thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret."

If this is so, why have a special time, and why not live so close to God that there will not be need to draw near to Him, at a stated season? The answer is evident. There is a time for merrymaking, but that time is surely *not* during the six weeks when such social festivities *will interfere* with regular church attendance.

We are told in Holy Scripture that "they that seek me early shall find me," and when Ash Wednesday calls a halt in the social world of late entertainments, and advises parents and children to gather early in their church homes for instruction and worship, it is good for the health of body, mind and soul that the Lenten call be heeded.

Of course, family gatherings on Sundays and week days, music, lectures and friendly visiting are encouraged; but the call of Lent is to say "No" to all that savors of dissipation; and to say "Yes" to the call to give up evil habits and start better ones in their places.

Dear friends, no matter to what church you belong, try to make use of Lent to your own building up in "God's most holy faith," or at least let me plead with you not to make sport of, or tease any young Christian who is trying, through Lenten discipline, to get nearer to God. Lent is helpful to many, and I do not see how it can hurt any one to try in this way "to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Would Bill-Board the Decalogue

A TIMELY suggestion for advertising moral teachings is offered by R. H. Sherwood, Watervliet, Mich., in the following letter:

"I am a reader of your paper, and enjoy it. The reading is profitable and instructive, and it is a good paper to have on the library table for all to read.

"There seems to be a demand for some scheme that may bring about better citizenship. It is preached from the pulpits and advocated in our secular papers. There must be some practical effort along this line.

"We have commercial advertising and bill-boarding of everything that is for our material needs or for recreation. We talk morals, civic reform and every kind of 'uplift' which pertains to the outside of mankind. Why not advertise and bill-board THE TEN COMMANDMENTS? It is the real sentiment embodying everything for 'good citizenship.' If there is anything in advertising, it certainly would command attention. People must be made good *from the inside out!*"

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, R. Braunstein, E. W. Caswell and C. C. Albertson

The Real Kings and Priests

SUNDAY. Rev. 1 : 5, 6. *"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."* There is a marvelous range in the ministry of these words. It begins in a very low and defiled spot on earth and it rises to the splendor of our Father's house in glory. About thirty years ago a series of little biographies was published telling the lives of famous men who had been born in mean circumstances and had risen to places of eminence and power. "From Log Cabin to White House"; that was one of them, and it told the wonderful story of Garfield's life. It is the range of things that fascinates us. Children are captivated as they watch the passage of Cinderella from the kitchen to the Prince's palace. But here is something far more wonderful. It is nothing less than a transition from a gutter to a throne. Men and women who had lost all signs of sovereignty are made kings; and men and women, who had lost their purity, are changed into priests. Those who were once clothed in carnality are now clothed in royalty, and they walk about as the friends and kinsmen of God.

The very setting of the passage seems to offer some suggestion of its meaning. There is, first of all, a prelude—"Unto Him that loved us." And there is a postlude—"Unto Him be glory and dominion." And between the prelude and the postlude there is a matchless work of grace, a miracle of moral and spiritual transformation. Or shall we say that at the beginning and end of the great passage, we have the formative forces of the divine love, and glory, and dominion; and in the midst of them we have the wonderful thing which is being formed, even a spiritual King and Priest, and he is being formed out of most unlikely material and in most incredible conditions.

First of all, then, we begin with the divine love. That is the beginning of all beginnings. That is the alphabet, and out of this alphabet is woven all the marvelous literature of redemption. "God so loved the world!" That is the eternal fountain, and without it we have no grace at all. For God's love is not vague sentiment, or a mere niceness, or even something sweet and transient as a fragrance. "God so loved that He gave"; it is living which expresses itself in giving, and which so expresses itself continually. "That He gave His only begotten Son"; it is not only impartation; it is impartation even to the limit of uttermost sacrifice. God's love proves itself, not in external gifts but in the gift of Himself.

And what is the ministry of such wonderful love? "He washed us from our sins." Love wages a crusade against the unlovely. It seeks our redemption from the bondage of all that is unlovely. Our souls are in servitude to sin. We are like birds which have been caught in bird-lime, and whose wings and feet are glued in bonds which they can not escape. And God's love washes the lime away; not bits of it, but all of it, until we can rejoice in the glorious liberty of the children of God.

But love not only cleanses us, it raises us. It confers upon us high prerogatives and corresponding endowments. It makes us "kings"; it crowns us with the grace and gift of self-mastery, conveying to us sovereign rights over our own powers, and it names us lords of circumstance and destiny. And love makes us "priests." Ours is the prerogative of intimacy with God, the right of entry into the Holy place, the blessed privilege of being able to go in and out and find pasture. Ours is not the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father! J. H. J.

The Authoritative Word

MONDAY. John 5 : 39. *"Search the Scriptures."* The word for "search" is *ereunato*, the same that is used of a hound on the scent of a quarry, and determined to find it. Now, here is a Book that claims to be the authoritative Word of God. What shall we do with it? The least that can be expected is that we shall approach it as we would any other book; that is, without prejudice. How does a man read Dana's Geology or a volume of Macaulay's History? Does he begin by assuming that it can not be relied upon? On the contrary he assumes its truth until he has found something within to discredit it.

The trouble is that in these controversial days, when men imbibe their views of the Bible from its enemies, they read it with a preliminary conviction that it is a mingled tissue of truth and falsehood. What can God reveal to a man with such a hoodwink over his eyes? I do not believe that anybody can read the Bible with a mind divested of prejudice and open to conviction without concluding that it is a trustworthy compendium of truth and the veritable Word of God, as it claims to be. D. J. B.

The Ministry of Revelation

TUESDAY. John 24 : 48. *"Ye are witnesses of these things."* The world needs "sermon in shoes" and "living epistles." The work of our life from the viewpoint of the Gospel imperatives is that we reproduce Jesus. Christianity is the reproduction of His life in us. Christianity is not a creed or dogma or ritual or polity, but a life. Whoever produces this life—the Christ-life—in its spirit and purpose, and loves God and fellow-men, is a Christian.

The passion of the early followers of Jesus seemed to preach and work that "Christ might be formed" in people. "The best evidence for Christianity is a Christian," said Henry Drummond. The best test is the fruit test. "Believe me for the work's sake," said the Master.

A woman succeeded a certain man on a mission field, where she heroically sought to impart to the natives' minds the majesty and beauty of the personality of Jesus Christ. She was amazed to see how readily her audience grasped the details of her message. One of them said, "Miss Sahib, we know Him well, for Hé lived here many years." The life of her predecessor was bearing fruit. The most successful and persuasive presentation of Gospel truth comes with the preacher's or teacher's complete immolation. As God's licensed fishermen in all waters of humanity, we need the constant prayer and preparation that will fit us for this task. To be a witness of the Gospel values and truths is at once a privilege and an opportunity for the expressing of life in the highest terms, for the greatest good of the greatest number. It is a task that takes all of a person all of the time to po it justice; but it is the highest task that ever challenged the consecration of earnest men and women. The only reason why we venture into all the world to preach the Gospel is that the Master of all the world gives us the strength to do it. It is not a lonely task, but a shared task. R. B.

God Constantly Revealing Himself

WEDNESDAY. Jere. 6 : 16. *"Ask for the old paths, the good way, and walk therein."* Nature's atmosphere, sunlight, ocean and electric power, are always the same, perfect gifts of God. Love, growth, beauty, melody are also elementary, unchangeable blessings. We study, utilize and appropriate the Creator's wonderful productions, but there can be no change in the laws governing the universe; they are complete as the Giver. The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are as staple today as when delivered. We get new views of God's eternal principles, new kaleidoscopic combinations, but it is on the human side that improvement is made.

Moses, Isaiah, David and Paul, who never looked through a telescope, listened to a phonograph, or spoke through the telephone or wireless, wrote, inspired by the Infinite. We know that His Word is truth, that He will never give a second Bible to His children, for the old in His kingdom never becomes fossilized. The revelation of God to men ended when John laid down his pen. The stars may fall, the sun be blotted out, but God in Christ lives on forever.

We may need new applications and specialization of Bible themes, but universal uniformity reigns with the Most High. On the rock of truth the soul finds security, safety, finality and everlasting happiness. Here we should rest in Christ forever. E. W. C.

Choosing the Best

THURSDAY. Phil. 4 : 8. *"If there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."* In Boswell's life of Johnson, he says that he once asked that great man whether he had ever been inclined to turn aside from literary pursuits, and received this answer: "Yes; once I thought of learning to play the flageolet; but after taking a few lessons, I found that it would interfere with my work; because if I played the flageolet at all, I must play it well. Therefore I gave it up."

It behooves us ever to choose between the greater and the less. Love, duty, character, usefulness take precedence of crowns and fortunes. A man who had swung around the circle of life and found the right place of emphasis, was moved to say, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord—that I may win Him and be found in Him—that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection!" To find the highest and best—in other words, to bring truth and righteousness into proper relations with everything else—this is to make life tell! This is to glorify God! D. J. B.

The Gospel of the Knee

FRIDAY. I Thess. 5 : 17. *"Pray without ceasing."* Prayer has been known to change things. Just how, we do not know. If we did know, we would have no need of prayer, for we would be equal to the power that does the changing. The fact of answered prayer is unquestioned; the philosophy of the fact is beyond us. What we need is the demonstration and not its explanation.

Prayer is to our Christian life what the sun is to the harvest. It ripens our individualities into fruits of the Spirit. Prayer is to the Christian what breath is to the lungs. It is the breath of God that vitalizes the life. The more prayer the more power; the more power the more potency. We may omit many things in the propaganda of the faith, but never prayer.

In the Solomon Islands, there is a class of native dogs that suffers from chronic starvation. They have but little spirit, and when they take hold of anything, it is not a difficult task to make them let go. A missionary told the natives how the bulldogs, when they take hold, will die almost before they will release their grasp. A native teacher speaking on "Prevailing Prayer," prayed after the lesson, "O Lord, make us bulldogs in prayer." Such indeed are the intercessors needed today. "I will not let Thee go until Thou bless me." Persistent, prevailing prayer will work the miracles and redemption marvels of the twentieth century. R. B.

The Usher of the King

SATURDAY. Luke 3 : 4. *"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make ye ready the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."* It was no ordinary office John the Baptist was called upon to fill. He was the immediate usher of the Christ, and Jesus Himself spoke of John as "the friend of the Bridegroom, who rejoiceth greatly to hear the Bridegroom's voice." In a sense John was Christ's "best man." Virtually his message was, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him." It is no easy task to straighten out crooked paths, to clear underbrush, to cut away briars and to remove thorns for tender feet. This was his mission—to open up avenues by which the Christ might reach the hearts of men.

And it is our work in a very real sense. We are messengers of the King. He has come and is here. But the way is not straight. There are crooked paths in men's thinking, and out of crooked thinking issues crooked dealing. The world needs Christ and does not know it. All the while Christ seeks men that He may be their perfect Saviour. This is our message: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin, and cureth the ill, and healeth the hurt, and beareth the burden of the world." It is not for us to alter or amend the message. The King cometh. He is at hand. C. C. A.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Blessed Assurance," or "My Lord and I."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Jeremiah 23 : 1-6.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation.

Sermon—"THE SOUL'S SEARCH FOR GOD"—to be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute. (See page 166.)

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to New York for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Sweet Hour of Prayer," or "Love Divine, All Love Excelling."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud: Peace of the world, grant us some of Thine. Joy of the world, comfort our hearts with Thy comfort. Good Physician, bestow on us Thy health of mind and body. Create in us, we pray Thee, Thy courage, and promote in us Thy justice. And until we meet again inspire our lives to the service of others and the forgetfulness of our own griefs or troubles. In Jesus' Name. AMEN.

The World News of the Week

Germany Accepts Invitation to London Reparations Conference

THE defiant tone with which German officials received the reparations program drafted by the Allied premiers in Paris, was dropped in the reply which the German Government sent to Premier Briand, of France, as president of the Allied Supreme Council. Germany's foreign minister had announced that the Allies' terms were so severe the government would refuse to consider them; but the German reply accepted the invitation to attend the Reparations Conference in London, now set for March 1, "provided the negotiations are based on proposals which the German Government reserves to itself the right to lay before the conference." There was no attack on the Allied proposals, and Premier Lloyd George, of Great Britain, already had promised in a speech that the Allies would give fair consideration to alternative proposals by Berlin.

After four days of heated debate, the French Chamber of Deputies gave a vote of confidence to the Briand ministry, 387 to 125; and the Paris agreement was approved by a vote of 395 to 83, with many deputies refraining from voting. Party leaders attempted to exact from Premier Briand a pledge that in no circumstances would he permit the London conference to reduce the indemnity total. He avoided this, asserting that the Versailles Treaty was a dead letter, and France's only hope of collecting anything from Germany lay in maintaining the entente with the other Allies, even though that involved concessions. Any considerable modification in the reparations terms will bring a fight for the overthrow of the Briand cabinet, with former President Poincaré, an advocate of drastic action against Germany, looming high among his possible successors.

An important development was the announcement that at Paris the Allies had decided to reduce to $60,000,000 a year the expense to Germany of the Allied occupation of the Rhine. This meant a saving of $300,000,000 a year, a sum almost equal to that which was expected the 12 per cent. tax on German exports would yield.

Disarmament Resolution Opposed

THE Senate Committee on Naval Affairs has scrapped Senator Borah's resolution for a naval holiday, but the movement for disarmament has continued to advance steadily. The committee, in answer to the Borah resolution, declared the United States should maintain a navy at least the equal of that of any other power; that the battleship and dreadnought are not obsolete as the result of aerial and submarine development, a point on which there is much controversy; and that it would be unwise for this country to disarm since universal disarmament has not been established.

Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador, is returning to Washington with full powers to press proposals for a world conference on disarmament, according to the London press. Such a declaration caused no surprise in Washington, for it was known that his recall to London for conferences with Premier Lloyd George was concerned chiefly with the disarmament proposals and that the British Government was ready to participate in such a movement. The British Ambassador will be ready to discuss this question authoritatively with Mr. Harding immediately after his inauguration. Representative Butler, chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, announced that he knew the nations would be invited to send representatives to a disarmament conference in the United States after Mr. Harding took office. In the Japanese diet a resolution for reducing the naval armament was defeated, 245 to 38.

Congress made good its determination to reduce the American army to 175,000, by overriding President Wilson's veto of the joint resolution ordering such action. In the Senate the vote was 67 to 1 and in the House 271 to 16. Secretary Baker at once ordered the cessation of recruiting, but it was expected nine months would be required to reduce the army to the figure required. The Army appropriation bill, as passed by the House, carried the sum of $329,000,000 and provided for a force of only 150,000 in 1922.

Plea of Railroads Denied

THE Railroad Labor Board has denied the appeal of the railroad executives for the immediate abrogation of the national working agreements and the setting aside of the basic wage rates for common labor. The existing agreements, which the executives have assailed as involving a needless expense of $300,000,000 a year, will remain in force until they are modified. Gain new code drafted by the Board is substituted.

It was announced that the roads would proceed individually to ask for conferences with their unskilled employees over wage reductions in order to bring the wage controversy again before the Board, and wholesale applications by the roads for wage cuts were planned. The Board's action was based on the ground that the railroad executives' pleas of impending bankruptcy belonged in the province of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which has jurisdiction over railroad finances.

International

A HUGE ADDITION TO AMERICA'S AERIAL FLEET

The Italian dirigible, Roma, 410 feet long and the world's second largest semi-rigid airship, has been purchased by the War Department for $200,000. It has a cruising radius of more than 3,000 miles

A measure designed to ease the financial situation of the railroads by permitting them to obtain partial payments under the federal guarantee clause was passed in the House by a *viva voce* vote and was sent at once to the Senate, where efforts were to be made to expedite it. About $300,000,000 was due to the railroads from the government up to the end of September but no payments could be made because of the provision of the Transportation Act that the railroads must render a full accounting before receiving any money—a process which might require a couple of years.

New Immigration Bill Planned

THE Senate Committee on Immigration has rejected the immigration bill passed by the house, prohibiting the admission of aliens for a period of fourteen months, and has begun the drafting of a measure based on a new principle. It is that of limiting the number of persons of various nationalities who may be admitted in any one fiscal year to five per cent. of the number of persons of such nationality resident in the United States, the percentage to be based upon the census of 1910. This would make possible a maximum immigration in one year of 592,436.

Such a principle for regulating immigration has been advanced often in recent years, particularly as a means of limiting Oriental immigration without resorting to racial discrimination. A table prepared by the committee showed that under its proposals 128,000 from the United Kingdom, 125,000 from Germany, 83,000 from the old Austro-Hungarian state 86,000 from Russia, and 67,000 from Italy could be admitted in any year; and that 337,000 of the total immigration would come from the northwestern European countries.

Four of the nine Senators at the committee's session favored the House bill and prepared to submit a minority report, so that the Senate will have a chance to reverse the committee's action. It was not expected that action on the new bill would be possible at this session or that the House would agree to drop all the drastic provisions of its measure.

International

MRS. HARDING READY FOR THE INAUGURAL

In preparation for next week, when she will become "the first lady of the land," Mrs. Harding indulged in a shopping tour in New York. This picture was made at that time

SMUTS WINS IN SOUTH AFRICA. Adherents of General Jan Christian Smuts, prime minister of the Union of South Africa, won a decided victory in the general elections, and the premier was assured of a working majority of twenty in the Assembly. The chief issue in the election was that of secession from the British Empire and the advocates of secession, previously the strongest party in the Assembly, suffered a severe reverse.

SCHOOL SYSTEM FOR PALESTINE. British officials in Palestine have outlined plans to provide education for all children in Palestine except those belonging to the nomad tribes or living in remote districts. The villages will be asked to provide buildings, and the government will undertake the expenses of maintenance.

BRINDELL SENTENCED FOR FIVE YEARS. Robert P. Brindell, long dictator in the New York building trades, was sentenced to a term of from five to ten years in prison for extorting $5,000 for ending a strike. Trial of John T. Hettrick, a lawyer, on a charge of coercion in connection with his activities as organizer of a "code of practice" among building contractors, was begun.

MR. HARDING BUSY AT ST. AUGUSTINE. Warren G. Harding was spending in St. Augustine, Fla., the last weeks before his assumption of the presidency and was busy conferring with party leaders, attending to a great mass of correspondence, and writing his inaugural address. He received many appeals to include in his cabinet, General Leonard Wood as Secretary of War and John Hays Hammond, as Secretary of the Interior.

THIRTY KILLED IN GEORGIA CYCLONE. Thirty persons were killed and forty injured by a cyclone which wrecked the village of Gardner, Ga., and swept bare a five-mile strip in the vicinity. Most of the victims were negroes.

NEW AMERICAN CARDINAL PROBABLE. Predictions are made in Vatican circles that at the next secret consistory, to be held early in March, the Pope will appoint a new American cardinal. It was expected that Archbishop Dougherty of Philadelphia would be selected.

IRISH REJECT HOME RULE ACT. A large conference in Dublin, held under the auspices of the Dominion League and attended by representatives of all sections of Irish moderate opinion, refused to lend support to the Home Rule act in southern Ireland. Only three votes were cast in favor of the act. Resolutions were adopted demanding full national self-government with financial independence, limited by an agreement for safeguarding the strategic unity of the British Isles.

COTTON AND WOOL DUTIES INCREASED. Amendments to the Emergency Tariff bill increasing the customs duties on cotton and wool were adopted by the Senate. Adoption of the cotton amendment by a vote of 36 to 12 was interpreted as a sure indication the bill would pass with a large majority.

EIGHT KILLED IN NITROGLYCERIN EXPLOSION. Emmett Bunyan, a school teacher, and seven of his pupils were killed near Lawrenceville, Ill., by the explosion of a can of nitroglycerin, which one of the boys had found and, ignorant of its contents, had tossed to a playmate.

JAPANESE "AGREEMENT" STILL TENTATIVE. Secretary Colby, in reply to a request of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations for a copy of the agreement between Japan and America on the immigration question, announced that progress had been made but that no agreed text existed which could be given out without tending to defeat rather than to aid a settlement.

China Famine Sunday Observed Widely

All Faiths Join in Heeding Appeal for the Starving

EVIDENCES of the widespread effect of China Famine Sunday, on February 6, in stimulating interest in the efforts of the Christian Herald and other agencies working for the relief of the starving in China, began to come in to the Christian Herald office immediately following the observance of the day. It would appear from reports so far received that the hopes expressed in these columns previous to the event were more than realized, and that February 6 was set aside by thousands of churches of all denominations throughout the country as a day for special prayer and special appeals in behalf of China's starving millions.

An especially gratifying feature of the observance was the way in which all faiths consented to join, each in their own churches, in marking the day. Protestant, Catholic and Jewish leaders alike made special appeals to their clergy to ask for spiritual and temporal aid for the famine victims. The following statement was issued by Dr. Robert E. Speer, President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, on the eve of China Famine Sunday:

"The response on the part of the churches throughout the country to the request that February 6 be observed as 'China Famine Sunday' has been more than generous. Leaders of practically all the denominations represented on the Federal Council have officially endorsed the idea and have sent out a nation-wide appeal to the pastors of their respective churches to set aside tomorrow as a day on which the pitiable sufferings of 45,000,000 famine-stricken people in the northern provinces of China may be impressed on the hearts and consciences of their congregations. Appeals to the generosity of American Christians will be made from thousands of pulpits throughout the country and it is certain that the appeal will not be in vain. American church people have never failed yet to respond generously to the cry of suffering humanity, and they will surely not fail now."

SIMILARLY, the Rt. Rev. O. B. Corrigan, of Baltimore, representing Cardinal Gibbons on the American Committee for China Famine Fund, gave his formal endorsement to the idea of China Famine Sunday and appealed to Catholic clergy to join in its observance.

Jewish congregations were invited to help by setting aside Saturday, February 5, as "China Famine Sabbath," in a letter by Lee M. Franklin, of Detroit, President of the Conference of Rabbis, addressed to the 250 members of his organization.

It is too soon, as we write, to be able to say anything as to the pecuniary results of China Famine Sunday, though it is expected these will be large.

Tangible evidence that the hearts and consciences of Christian Herald readers are deeply engaged in this great work continues to come in in the form of contributions to the Christian Herald fund.

Last week we announced a grand total, up to February 2, of $415,716.78. The daily record of contributions for the succeeding week was as follows:

February 3	$3,271.76
" 4	2,303.62
" 5	2,707.77
" 7	6,569.60
" 8	3,421.26
" 9	2,919.58
Grand Total	$436,910.39

By Styer, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

A gratifying resolution adopted by the Christian Herald Committee in Peking, and signed by its chairman, P. C. Leslie, M.D., has been received at the Christian Herald office by a recent mail. The resolution reads:

"That having been called together as a committee to administer funds raised through the efforts of the Christian Herald we do hereby express our profound thanks to Almighty God, who has raised up this instrument of His, to promote relief among the millions of North China now suffering from the worst famine in the memory of this generation; and we gratefully acknowledge the splendid efforts of the Christian Herald in the beneficent effort it has now launched.

"It is hard to realize the need, hard to estimate what is required to relieve this need, but the committee appointed cheerfully undertakes to make disbursement of the funds committed to it with a view to relieving suffering and preserving life, while at the same time safeguarding the confidence placed in it by the Christian Herald and its generous contributors."

The Christian Herald Committee now is working with all the other missionaries in distributing relief forwarded through the American Committee for China Famine Fund.

ANOTHER letter recently received, from Mrs. J. Goforth, who with her husband is laboring to relieve suffering in Southern Honan, speaks of a meeting of the Famine Relief Conference at which Dr. Leslie "in a hush that could be felt" stated: "There is no human possibility in sight to carry the worst sufferers straight through."

Mrs. Goforth closes her letter, however, on a note of optimism which we are glad to pass on to our readers. "In closing," she says, "let me give one bright glint in all this dark picture. Already we see that good has come out of this calamity. The highest Chinese officials of the land are seeking help of the Christian missionary. Missionaries and Chinese leaders are working together in one common cause. There could be no better proof given of the sincerity and loving purpose of the missionaries than just this famine relief. There is no doubt at all but that a very wide door into the hearts of the Chinese people will be opened as a result of this terrible famine. The Chinese all over the country, high and low, know how missionaries are spending, without stint, strength and money to save their people."

Contributions for the relief work may be addressed to the Christian Herald China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.

Jesus Among His Friends

International Sunday School Lesson for March 6. Matt. 26 : 1-13

By LUTHER DENNY WHITTEMORE, Litt.D.

AMONG the striking contrasts in which the life of Christ abounds, none is more impressive than that suggested by the two scenes briefly, yet vividly, described in the verses which are specified for today's study. At the very moment, apparently, when the Sanhedrin, the supreme council of the nation, having decided to destroy Jesus, was planning the manner in which the deed could be accomplished without provoking a demonstration by the people, Jesus, under the shelter of a hospitable home and surrounded by His friends, received a never-to-be-forgotten tribute of love and loyalty. With exquisite literary art the writer relieves the tension of the reader's feelings by introducing this tender incident in the narrative which moves on irresistibly towards the climax; and Jesus Himself, after the strain to which He had been subjected, must have been refreshed in spirit by a manifestation of devotion so unmistakably sincere.

Jesus in private life. The life of Jesus, after His public ministry began, was so full of action that the record of His private life during His brief career is only fragmentary. An occasional glimpse of His personal relationships is all that is permitted, and much is left to imagination and conjecture. He had no home in the sense in which we understand the term; but He loved children and attracted them to Himself, taking little children in His arms and blessing them. He was a welcome guest in the homes of His friends. In the home at Bethany, where Martha served and Mary sat at His feet and heard His words, He was among His friends as nowhere else. His life was literally given, not on the Cross alone, but every day, to the single purpose for which He came—to reveal the Heavenly Father and to win men to His own ideals.

JESUS *at Bethany.* The scene at Bethany in the house of Simon is one of the few intimately personal incidents in the story of Jesus' life. How real the situation seems! and how lifelike in comparison with the most thrilling of the parables, in which the characters are only creatures of the imagination! The purpose of a parable is, of course, not to relate facts as such; and the events described are not important in themselves, but in the suggested teachings.

But the anointing of Jesus at Bethany was not a parable; and, although the example of Mary is contagious, the purpose of the writer was not primarily to arouse the reader to imitation, for that specific act could not be repeated, but rather to present the scene in its simple beauty and thus to add one more element in the portrayal of the character of Jesus—His appreciation of a friend's devotion. Beautiful in its conception and in the doing, the act of Mary is like a masterpiece in art, a thing of beauty which stays perpetually in the mind, and which is, as Jesus said it would be, a memorial of her who did what she could to comfort her Lord and Master and to prepare Him for the ordeal through which He was to pass.

Jesus' life was filled with ministry for others, and the occasions were rare when others ministered to Him. Perhaps He seemed so strong and self-sufficient that even His friends failed to realize that He needed them; but woman's intuition prompted Mary to offer her costly gift, which was not waste, as some regarded it, but worship. In this act there was no trace of selfish calculation. Mary brought to Jesus the most costly of her possessions, perhaps all that she possessed, and used it lavishly. There was no thought nor expectation of the extraordinary commendation which Jesus uttered.

In this incident, so full of appealing sentiment, there is one discordant note, the interjection of the mean and commonplace—"Why this waste?" But how fine was Jesus' answer! In it was implied a whole philosophy of religion. He spoke of Himself almost impersonally, or as another might have spoken of Him. The two great commandments are both involved, and observance of the first and greatest is not a hindrance but a help to the observance of the second. Hearts that are most responsive to the love of Jesus are most responsive to the needs of men.

Doing *for Jesus.* It seems almost superfluous to point out specific applications suggested by the anointing of Jesus, for love like that of Mary will always find a way for beautiful expression. We may, however, mention some of the thoughts awakened by the contemplation of this memorable scene.

No one who appreciates what Christ has done for him can fail to feel an impulse to do something in return; and if Christ were here among us, how we should prize the privilege of doing something which would please Him! But Jesus Himself has told us how we may show our love for Him. First, we may on all occasions, manifest our personal loyalty; then, we may minister to the ever-present needs of those about us, giving food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, hospitality to the lonely, clothing to the destitute, comfort to the sick, and companionship to those whose misdeeds or infirmities have brought social isolation.

The poor are not only those whose poverty is most conspicuous, but those who need love, companionship, understanding, or appreciation. No one lives who is so independent that he does not need something which another can supply. Even the Saviour of the world, who did not personally lack food or clothes or shelter, gave His chief commendation to her who poured out the precious ointment upon His body in preparation, as He said, for His burial.

In the economy of God there is a place for beauty. The world itself which God has made is beautiful. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork. He created plants, not only for food, but to adorn the earth. The greatest artists can only imitate, and can not approach, the beauty which God has made. Becoming action is also beautiful and Godlike; and the men and women who habitually do things fittingly are benefactors no less than those who provide food and clothing for the poor. We need to be reminded over and over that our life does not consist in the abundance of the things that satisfy the animal appetites, but in the capacity for loving as God has loved us.

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PERHAPS it will surprise you to have us tell you that there are different kinds of water closets, for they have probably all looked alike to you and the subject is one in which delicacy restrains too great a show of interest.

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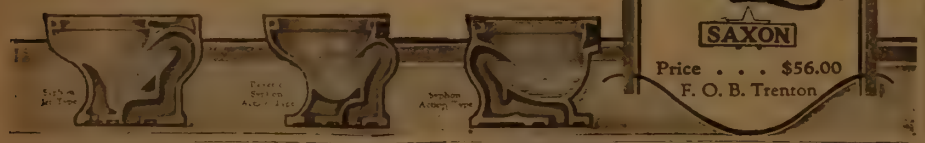

Young People's Topics for March 6

Thy Kingdom Come—In My Church

C. E., and B. Y. P. U. Matt. 6 : 7-15

READ the reference over and over until the words of the Master Teacher have imprinted themselves on the heart. You are a member of the Church of which Jesus Christ is the Head. In the light of his teachings ask yourself these questions:

"How can I best serve in the Church in order to make it more efficient as a force for righteousness?

"How can the young people's society contribute toward that efficiency and as a member of the society what may I do?

"If every Church member were just like me what kind of a Church would my Church be?"

The following may not be good poetry but it is good logic pertinent to our individual relationship:

"Real Churches are made by folks not afraid,
Lest somebody else gets ahead.
When everyone works and nobody shirks,
You can raise a Church from the dead.

"And if while you're saving your personal soul,
And can help save your neighbor's too,
Your Church will be what you want to see,
It isn't your Church—its YOU."

The strength of the chain is the strength of its weakest link. Individual effort makes for collective beauty.

This is Consecration Meeting. Let the members repeat in unison this vow: "I have solemnly promised when I joined the Church, in the sight of God and men, to advance its interests by my faithful attendance, by reading the Holy Bible, by never neglecting its ordinances, by contributing to its support, by joining in prayer and praise and by rendering service to my fellowmen whenever and wherever the opportunity presents itself. That promise I this day renew before God my Father, Christ my Redeemer and the Holy Spirit my Sanctifier."

The Golden Whirlpool

E. L. Jer. 22 : 13-15. Hab. 2 : 9-14

STUDY the first reference and you will detect a criticism against selfishness. Study the second reference and you will detect the same protest in the words "Woe to him that coveteth." Study the Bible from cover to cover and you will learn that the selfish life is contrary to the law of God. God's law is the exponent of love, because "God is love." Jesus Christ, the perfect revelation of God, was Love Incarnated. Christians are therefore to be the living examples of the love doctrine, the golden rule, the square deal and co-operation.

The Christian life is characterized by giving, not getting. It demands that we manifest thought and endeavor for the other persons with whom we come in contact. The strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. The wise ought to help the not so wise. The rich ought to feed the hungry. The world is learning the beauty and power of helpfulness, as witness the multiplied charities and innumerable organizations of benevolence. He truly walks in the steps of Jesus Christ who does the most for his fellow-men. The Church, individually and collectively, is the organized compassion of God.

"Any municipality can coerce men into charity. We need the Lord for the creation of philanthropy. The poor law system may compel us into giving, but in the gift there may be nothing of the fervor of a passionate good-will. How can we get cold charity converted into radiant philanthropy?" The answer to this question is: "He loved me and gave Himself for me." "We love because He first loved us." There is no logical reason for the existence of the poor and needy in the world so long as the Christian Church is in existence.

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Admitting Things

You'll Find Them Easier to Face if You're Not Facing Them Alone

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN we were naughty way back in our school days—when we were saucy to teacher, when we passed notes, or whispered to each other, or did any other of the annoying things that children do in school—we were usually punished by being sent out alone to a dreary room known as the cloakroom. I remember it well—for I was sent there many times—as a gray, narrow place with a large variety of coats and mackinaws and jackets hung in soldierly rows upon wooden pegs. There were no windows in the cloakroom, there were no books or pictures to divert the young mind from the ways of repentance. There were not even any chairs—the small sinner was forced to stand in a corner and contemplate, silently, the empty, accusing coats.

One stayed in the cloakroom for varying lengths of time. Sometimes for ten minutes, only, one stood in the corner and wondered at the ways of life. But sometimes a child would stay in the cloakroom for the whole of a school session. And sometimes a child would even stay past the session and suffer the disgrace of being "kept in."

The punishment, in the first place, was meted out—and justly—by the teacher. But the length of the punishment depended upon the child, and upon no one else. For the child was only obliged to stay in the cloakroom until he was sorry—*and was willing to admit it.* The child was only forced to stay in the dim, narrow room until he was ready to tell his teacher, in front of the whole school, that he realized his mistakes.

Always, when I was forced to spend time in the cloakroom, I was very soon sorry. Always, after five minutes of self-judgment, I knew, in my own heart, that I was being justly punished. But I have stayed for over an hour in the cloakroom tearfully trying to screw up my courage to the point of a public confession. I have gone, more than once, to the door—and have hurried back to the shelter of the room with its empty cloaks that had no eyes to watch me with, and no ears with which to listen.

As a child I found it easy enough to be sorry. I bitterly regretted my small mistakes, I shed many a salty tear over my apparently unavoidable naughtiness. But I found it hard to admit to outsiders, as readily as I would admit it to my own soul, that I was wrong or naughty. I found it hard to confess, even though I knew that forgiveness would rapidly follow my confession!

I READ a story, yesterday, in a certain magazine—the story of a woman who had been the unwilling accessory to a crime. She had had no real part in the wrongdoing—she had only played the rôle that is often a disastrous one, the rôle of innocent bystander. When she learned, through the newspapers, the real meaning of events that had puzzled her, she was appalled and startled. And then the horror of the situation confronted her, and she felt the clutch of panic's hand.

At first she contemplated confessing her part in the affair. She admitted to herself that she had acted foolishly, and without sound judgment—that she had been the tool of unscrupulous people who were cleverer than she. But as the panicky sensation grew she decided that she would not tell her part in the affair. She argued to herself that she had been blameless; that she had only used poor judgment. And she told herself that it would be humiliating to confess to the authorities that she had been silly.

It was all right to realize her own deficiencies, all right to admit, to herself, that she had been unwise. But she could not admit to other folk those things that she knew to be true. She was afraid to face their almost certain feeling of contempt, their equally certain ridicule. And because she would not admit it she laid the foundation of one of the most baffling mysteries in the world of crime—a mystery in which she, later, became terribly involved.

I OFTEN think, as I look through the daily papers, that there are doubtless many crimes that could be solved if some person were willing to face the notoriety and—perhaps—the laughter of the multitude. I often wonder what sort of a world we'd have if more people were willing to admit to others those things that they do not hesitate to tell to themselves.

I have known a good many professional people—artists, poets, and writers—who, though they know that they turn out good work, refuse to admit it. They know that they are satisfied with what they have accomplished and yet, to the outsider, they display a false modesty. I have asked a good many people, point-blank, whether they thought that they did good work and to date only one has answered me, frankly, and said:

"Yes, I do think that my work is good. If I didn't think so, I wouldn't do it!" Only one, out of many, has answered me so, and yet I am sure that many of the people who have answered less honestly would bitterly resent a well-merited criticism from an outsider.

IT'S the hardest thing in the world, almost, to admit one's faults. And, curiously, it's almost as hard to admit one's virtues. All alone, in a silent cloakroom, admissions come easily, but it's a very different matter when the world—or some portion of it—is looking on from the sidelines. It's even hard, sometimes, to admit one's failings and ambitions to one's own mother.

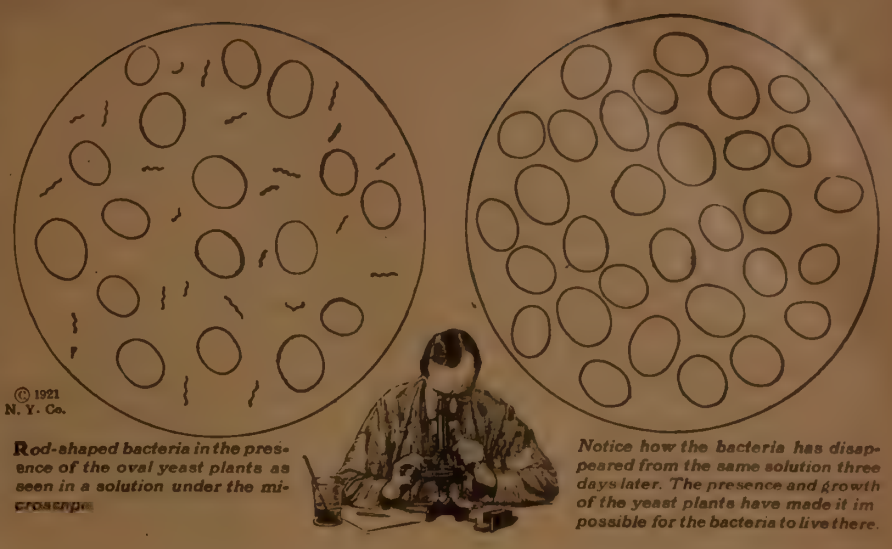
But it is not hard to tell a certain Someone all the doubts and the troubles, the failures and the successes. That's something to remember. And that Someone is, always present, always ready to listen to confessions—be they the confessions of a small repentant child, or of a hardened criminal. That Someone is waiting, with an infinite tenderness and a boundless patience—waiting with loving hands outstretched in compassion.

With loving hands outstretched! That's the thing to remember. The Someone that you should confess to, the Someone that you should talk to, as easily and simply as a child talks to a friend, is not waiting coldly to pass judgment upon you. He is waiting in the silence, with an understanding that is so deep that no explanations are necessary.

One Easter morning two angels rolled a stone away from a tomb. And when we come to God with an admission a like miracle takes place in our hearts. For the angels of confession and of the Peace that follows confession will roll away the stone of guilt.

Take your confessions and your admissions to Him! And you'll find that it's no harder to tell things to Him than it is to talk them over with your own heart and your own conscience. *Perhaps that's so because He is, after a fashion, your own heart and your own conscience.* Take your perplexities to HIM and, after you've told Him all about them, you'll find that it's not nearly so hard to go to the rest of the world and admit that you were wrong, or naughty, or silly. Maybe the rest of the world, as far as you're concerned, is your teacher, or your employer, or some member of your family. Maybe it is a court of law. But no matter who or what it is you'll not find it so difficult to face when you're not facing it alone.

Perhaps it was because we were afraid, as children, that we stayed in the cloakroom. Perhaps it was because we more or less gloried in our naughtiness—which I doubt. But perhaps, and I think this is the most likely reason, we stayed because we didn't want to go out alone. And perhaps now, with the day of cloakrooms past, we're often afraid to go out—alone. It's a comfort to know that we need never, really, be alone!



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Rod-shaped bacteria in the presence of the oval yeast plants as seen in a solution under the microscope

Notice how the bacteria has disappeared from the same solution three days later. The presence and growth of the yeast plants have made it impossible for the bacteria to live there.

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Yeast—a remarkable protective food that prevents the growth of disease germs

DO YOU know why people generally are so susceptible to sickness just at this time of year? A "run down" condition, lowered vitality, lessened bodily resistance, due to unhealthful living, overwork, worry, fatigue, exposure, unbalanced food, permit attacking disease germs to overwhelm the watchful and protecting white corpuscles of the blood, and the other natural defensive forces of the system.

When the disease germs get into the body a struggle follows to see which shall overcome the other. The cells of our bodies usually succeed in resisting and overcoming the disease cells, except in mid-winter when so much of human vitality is directed towards maintaining the normal healthful temperature of the body, and because of the absence of certain healthful green foods.

A vigorous condition of health is the best protection against contagion, because by the right kind of living, by keeping ourselves at a high level of physical fitness, the body produces its own powers of destroying disease germs and eradicating other poisons from the system.

One of the dramatic discoveries of modern medicine is that nature intends the familiar yeast cake to serve mankind through its peculiar ability to repair and upbuild the disease destroying powers of the body, and restore such conditions of the system that nature has a chance to apply her own remedial forces.

When you feel "below par" and the body is below normal in energy and vigor, living particles, known as germs, microbes, bacteria, always present, reproduce themselves more rapidly than ever, but not so when the yeast cell is on guard. The presence and growth of the marvelous little yeast plant makes it impossible for harmful bacteria to live in the same place, the yeast cells eventually outnumbering and destroying the pernicious bacteria.

This is why thousands are creating vitality and resisting disease by eating Yeast Foam.

How to take Yeast Foam

Eat a third, half or whole cake three times a day before meals. Some prefer to eat it plain and wash it down with a little water or milk. Others take a bite of yeast and a bite of cracker, or eat it buttered like a cracker. Some carry a package around with them so a cake can be eaten at convenient times.

For "run down" condition

Many people, not sick enough to be in bed but ambitionless, languid, out of sorts, always tired, irritable, suffer from a "run-down" condition that racks their whole system with distress without knowing just what causes their inconvenience or just what to do to obtain lasting relief.

You may eat bountifully, but still the kind of food you eat may be the cause of the trouble. It isn't the amount of food you eat that makes you strong, healthy and fit. It's the selection of the right foods—those that contain vitamine, the recently discovered health-giving, disease-resisting element, lacking in most of the things we eat. Vitamines are four times as abundant in yeast as in any other food.

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Of Special Interest

Conducted by
MARIE LYNDALL DARRACH

Choosing Furniture for the Home

WITH the approach of spring come thoughts of house-cleaning, and the storing away of articles that are associated in our minds only with winter. Also comes the planning for a few new pieces of furniture that the whole family has been looking forward to enjoying for a long time.

Probably no type of furniture has ever been made that is so entirely satisfactory and inexpensive as the kind that is known as "mission furniture." Its simplicity of design, its freedom from ornament and gingerbread work, makes it popular in the small home, because it does not collect dust and so the unnecessary time or labor is consumed in keeping it clean and tidy.

As it is made in a variety of woods the finish of mission furniture varies from a light green to a dark brown stain, and so can be made to harmonize easily with almost any simple color scheme. Also, because of its simple straight lines of construction, it may be introduced without any jarring effect into almost any room with furniture of other styles.

Although the rocking-chairs seem clumsy looking, until you grow accustomed to them, they are very comfortable. The tables designed for the sitting-room cannot be equalled for solidity, and make very good-looking pieces of furniture as well. The dining-room chairs are also sturdy and can be depended upon not to become "wobbly" because of much use by the children. No more comfortable piece of furniture can be imagined than the leather-seated mission davenports, and while these are not so inexpensive in themselves, they are the best value for the money that can be obtained for a living-room—where this piece of furniture is used constantly.

For a contemplated spring addition to the furniture of either the dining-room, sitting-room or bed-room, no mistake can be made through choosing a piece of the mission type.

Parties for Children

A CHILDREN'S party should always be arranged along very simple lines, with plain dainties which are easily prepared. Any holiday in the year is an excuse for a children's party, which may be given very successfully indoors, with the proper decorations. It is well to lay your plans some time in advance. The number of guests should be limited to about a dozen, if the children are under ten.

For patriotic occasions, crêpe paper caps should be provided for them, and the color scheme should be a combination of red, white and blue, with small flags for favors. Games and singing afford the entertainment, and story telling on patriotic themes by a grown-up amuses the children of a tender age.

A Jack Horner Pie is most effective. To make one a large pudding-pan is necessary. Place a napkin in the bottom and fill it with little trinkets which have a patriotic significance, fastening to each one about half a yard of red, white and blue baby ribbon. Cover the pie with white crêpe paper, making a small hole in the top for the ribbons to come through, and cover the outside of the pan with red paper. Paste and trim with rosettes of red, white and blue baby ribbon. Slit the top of the pie into as many wedge-shaped pieces as there are guests, cutting it from the center almost to the rim of the pie. Place a paper rose in the center and fasten a card with the child's name at the end of each ribbon. Just before they leave the table the children all pull together and each extracts his gift from the pie.

Jelly nut sandwiches are delicious for part of the menu for the party. They are made by putting a half a pound of nuts through the food chopper, beating up a glass of jelly in a bowl and spreading thin slices of buttered bread with the jelly, sprinkling the nuts on it and covering with a second thin slice of bread.

Worth-While Recipes

COLONIAL CROQUETTES

ONE cupful of boiled rice; one cupful of finely chopped meat of any kind; half a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and a pinch of cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful of butter, half a cupful of milk, and two eggs. Put the milk on to boil, add the meat, rice, and seasoning. When it boils well, add the beaten yolks of the eggs, stir it one minute, and let it cool. When cool, shape into rolls, dip into the white of the eggs and cracker crumbs, and fry in deep fat.

BAKED-BEAN SOUP

One cupful or more of left-over baked beans, one onion minced, two or three sticks of celery, minced, two cloves and any left-over vegetables that are on hand; one pint of canned tomatoes, one quart of water, or any sort of stock. Cook well covered, until the vegetables are very soft and the liquid reduced and rub through a colander. Return to the stove and thicken slightly with one tablespoonful each of flour and butter melted together. Let boil up well and season with salt and cayenne to taste.

OLD-FASHIONED MOLASSES CAKE

Half a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one well-beaten egg, one-half cupful of sour milk in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half cupfuls of flour. Bake in a square pan and serve hot.

INDIAN PUDDING

Into one quart of milk which is boiling stir seven tablespoonfuls of corn-meal. Let it boil a few minutes and take from the fire. Then add one tablespoonful of brown sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, and one teacupful of cold milk. Bake one-half hour.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

Dice cold boiled cauliflower. Put one cupful of milk into the double boiler, dissolve two tablespoonfuls of flour in one-half cupful of cold milk. Take one-half teaspoonful of salt, add this and the flour to the milk and cook until you have a smooth cream. Drop the pieces of cauliflower into this thickened milk. When hot pour it into a rather shallow baking-dish, brown in a moderate oven, and serve at once.

COOKIE ICING

Break two egg whites into a bowl, and add slowly enough confectioners' sugar to make icing that will not run. Flavor with one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Beat until fine and smooth. Any flavoring instead of lemon juice may be used.

BAKED-BEAN SANDWICHES

Mash to a paste the required amount of cold baked beans; add a tablespoon-

to the Home-Maker

ful or two of catsup or chili sauce, and a little mayonnaise. Use brown or white bread, and add a lettuce leaf when spreading the sandwich.

CREAMED COD ON TOAST

Place a small package of codfish in a piece of cheese-cloth. Dip it into boiling water, then in cold, and squeeze very dry. Then make one and one-half cupfuls of white cream sauce, add the fish and three tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsely. Heat to the boiling point and then lift onto thick slices of toast. Pour a tablespoonful of butter over the fish when ready to serve and garnish with a strip of nicely browned bacon.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD

Soften two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water. To one can of condensed tomato soup add a can of equal size of hot water. Bring to a boil, adding salt, pepper and a bit of sugar if liked. Remove from the fire and add the softened gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Pour into small molds moistened with cold water. When the jelly is set remove from the molds and serve with a cream dressing.

BAKED EGGS WITH RICE

Chop one cupful of cold ham fine and mix it with one cupful of cold boiled rice, add salt and pepper and one tablespoonful of butter. Put into greased muffin tins, and on top of each carefully break an egg and put into an oven until the rice is thoroughly heated and the egg is set. Remove from the pans and serve on small hot individual plates. If there is danger of cooking the egg too much; heat the rice and ham first before dropping on the egg.

The Use of Molasses

MOLASSES is very rich in lime so that it is a good bone builder. It also contains acids and minerals that are helpful for the up-building of the system. It should be used a very great deal in the preparation of meals, because of its economy and its health producing qualities. It can be used almost constantly for the children, as they are particularly fond of the flavor of molasses and never seem to grow tired of it.

We know that our grandmothers realized the healthfulness of foods flavored with molasses as a great number of old fashioned recipes have molasses as one of the principal ingredients. Whenever it is possible, cookies, cake, and any number of puddings should be sweetened with molasses instead of with sugar.

Letters from Far and Near

TO *the Home Editor:*

I find that it is a great help in saving laundry in the matter of quilts and comforters to put a shield on them. I take a strip of cloth about fifteen inches wide and sew it on like a binding. When it is soiled it can be taken off easily and laundered and put back on again. Flour sacks, which every one has in large numbers, are just the thing and what I nearly always use. I know you will find this a great economy.

Galena, Kansas. Mrs. J. T. SEARS,

To the Home Editor:

This recipe for an eggless cake may help someone. I take one cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one half teaspoonful of salt, two rounding tablespoonfuls of lard, two cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat well and bake in a moderate oven. The batter must be stiffer than for most cakes, because of the lard and because there are no eggs used. E. M. A.

Putney, Vermont.

To the Home Editor:

Your idea for using picture post cards, mentioned in the Home Page recently, was most welcome and I should like to tell you in return of an idea that I have tried successfully. Get a few sheets of blotting paper of different colors. Paste the best of the used postcards upon this paper. When dry, trim the edges neatly. They make dainty little blotters to slip in with letters or for small gifts all through the year. Easter cards are great favorites with me for this work, but they are just as useful and pretty if made with birthday cards. I always have a supply on hand to enclose with small birthday or Christmas gifts.

Atlanta, Iowa. MRS. S. G.

To the Home Editor:

I enclose a recipe for chicken loaf which the ladies of my church often use for luncheons. Boil a hen until the flesh drops from the bone. Soak one loaf of bread or an equivalent amount of sliced bread. Remove the bones from the chicken and mix with bread, six eggs (4 will do) and season to taste. Cook in a double boiler one hour and a half. Serve with white sauce.

EDITH SLATEN

Wichita Falls, Texas.

To the Home Editor:

Some one may appreciate this "discovery." Our granite iron scrub bucket sprang a leak, and not wishing to wait to buy another I tried the experiment of putting a piece of adhesive tape over the hole and was able to use the bucket for two months before it began to leak again.

Portsmouth, Ohio. Mrs. J. J. R.

Helps for the Housewife

WHEN oiling the meat-grinder or eggbeater put a few drops of glycerine in the crevices. This leaves no taste in the food.

Bottle bluing sometimes flows too fast from the neck of a bottle. Tie four thicknesses of old muslin or cheesecloth over the neck of the bottle to avoid this.

Keep your fireless cooker free from odor by putting in a piece of charcoal when you place a dish to be cooked in it. Leave the charcoal in when the cooked dish is removed.

Add a little lemon juice to the water in which you are cooking a tough fowl.

If you get a grease spot on your spats rub it with lard, wipe off and wash.

In making dressing for poultry try just moistening the breaderumbs, and then mixing in a spoonful or two of baking powder, according to the amount of bread that is being used. The dressing should not be packed too tightly into the fowl as it becomes sticky.

Muffins, biscuits, and all hot breads, as well as piecrust and puddings, should have a pinch of salt for flavoring or else they will taste flat. Even boiled custard should have a dash of salt when eggs and sugar are beaten together.

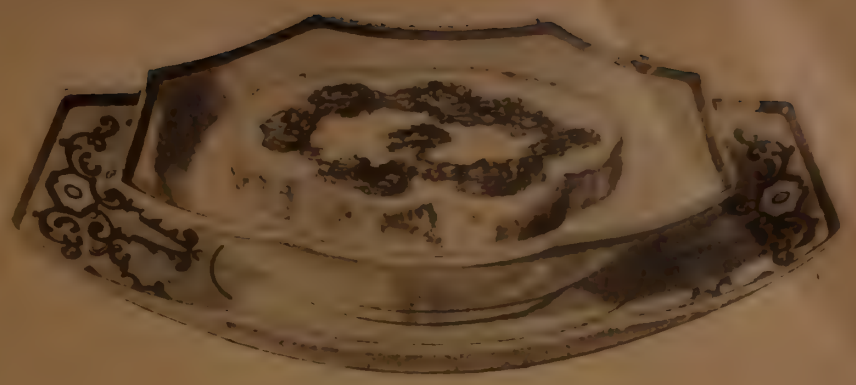
Rubbing a piece of raw potato on mud spots in black clothing will remove the spots readily.

One of the little strong smelling camphor balls will drive away the troublesome English sparrows from a projection on the roof which may be haunted by them.

An excellent way to serve creamed meat is in the casing of baked potatoes.

A chicken fricassee may be garnished with small yeast or baking powder biscuits cut in halves.

Rice pudding sweetened with brown sugar has a delicious flavor and is much richer than when white sugar is used.



Rosy Cheeks and Raisins

Go Together—Note the Reasons

According to Authorities

THERE are other reasons than luscious flavors for the serving of delicious raisin foods.

One is the raisin's *natural iron* content.

Raisins, in truth, may be called "a beauty food," for it is iron in the blood that brings the tint of roses to women's and children's pretty cheeks, and is necessary to ruddy health in men.

One needs but little iron daily in his food, but that need is vital. Raisins are one of the richest of foods in assimilable iron.

Use raisins in plain foods like boiled rice, oatmeal, simple puddings, cakes, cookies, custards, ready-cooked cereals, et cetera.

Learn how much better everybody likes these foods with raisins. The luscious fruit-meats are like natural confections. They tempt the appetite. Increase nutrition, too, for raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Delicious Raisin Roly Poly—Try It

1 cup SUN-MAID Seeded Raisins
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon butter
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 teaspoons shortening
½ cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into bowl, add shortening and rub in very lightly with tips of fingers, add milk enough to make dough to roll out ¼ inch thick. Cover with raisins, which have been stewed, thickened and sweetened with one tablespoon sugar, roll the same as jelly roll, place in bake pan which has been brushed with a little butter; sprinkle top with one tablespoon sugar and dot with the balance of butter. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve warm with lemon sauce or milk.

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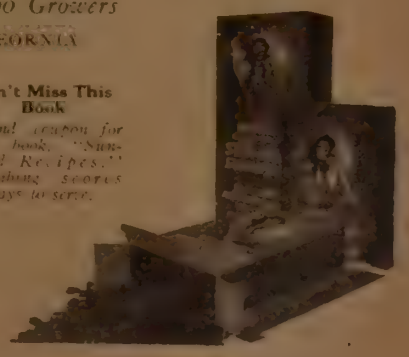

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The House That Was Not a Home

Continued from page 165

Now, I am a willing lender, but I do not consider that a borrowing call makes a good first impression.

While she was there, the girl gave me to understand that any surplus of skim or sour milk which I might have would be acceptable. What a contrast to Mrs. Ware and Benny! And oh, Benny! Benny! How I missed that child! I thought of him day and night, and pined for him. And still, I've been called "a cranky old maid who hates children." Little do people know what they are talking about sometimes. I never was any hand to "make" over children, but I could love a child that loved me; and if Benny could love me, why couldn't another?

For a time I could not endure the thought of having any other child about. Then I began to see how selfish I was. Would I take Benny from his mother? I felt ashamed of the thought; and then an idea came into my brain, and the more I thought about it, the more I resolved to do something.

I wasn't a rich woman by any means, but I had my good home and enough to keep me. And if you have a good thing, why not share it? I finally wrote to a friend of mine who lives in the city and before very long, Maisie was sent to me. Dear little four-year-old Maisie whose parents were dead.

From the minute that she looked at me with her big, solemn eyes that reminded me of Benny's when he had said good-bye—only hers were golden-brown—she was my real little daughter. The good Lord knows that we can't go through life without something to love, and I know that is why He sent Maisie to me. So I adopted her and became reconciled to the loss of Benny.

THE new owners of the "house that was not a home" soon became dissatisfied. "We cannot live there," the girl told me one day. "We are going to move away. The place is for rent."

So they moved. And again the families came and went.

Three years passed before I saw Benny; then one day he came to see me. The sight of him set me a-tremble with happiness. "I thought you had forgotten me," I tried to scold.

"No indeed!" he said. "I've always wanted to come. Mother and I talk about you often."

You don't know how good that made me feel. There is nothing better than knowing you are kindly remembered.

"I couldn't come any sooner," Benny explained, "because when I'm not in school, I'm busy helping mother."

"How do you like your new home?" I asked him.

"Mother says no place has ever seemed so homelike as that." He nodded down the hill.

"Better move back next time it is vacant," I suggested hopefully.

Benny shook his head. "Mother gets more work over there. And I can earn some money to help her, now that I'm getting big." He drew himself up as if to show me how tall he had grown. "I'm to go to school and study hard," he continued, "then when I get to be a man I can buy a home for mother."

Yes, that was what his mother had instilled into his mind—to get an education; then he could have what he willed. And she would give him the education at any sacrifice to herself.

"When I'm a man I'll buy the place down there for mother," he said after a thoughtful pause.

"I hope so, Benny," I said encouragingly, for his words had given me a happy thrill. But—"When I'm a man!" Dear boy! What a long time it seemed to wait!

Benny and Maisie had a good play together. I filled him up on fresh bread and jam and gave him a sack of doughnuts and apples to take home. I also sent more messages to his mother than he could possibly remember. Benny promised to come again; but it was a long time before he kept his promise.

"GOOD morning, Miss Carson." I turned to see who addressed me. It was a tall young man with a handsome face. As his dreamy, blue eyes smiled into mine, something, I couldn't tell what, stirred in my heart just as it used to, long ago.

"I don't believe you know me." He came towards me, still smiling and holding out his hand. "Don't you remember Ben Ware?" he asked.

Mechanically my hand went out to meet his; then I slid right down in a chair that was handy.

"Benny Ware!" was all I could gasp.

I cannot describe my emotions. What I wanted to do was to hug him hard, and cry; but I smothered all that and asked some commonplace question. And of course he never knew how painfully glad I was to see him. I don't say that it's wise to crush back your feelings like that, but it's just my nature to do such things; and I've often been misjudged for it, too.

"I didn't expect you'd know me," Ben said with his pleasant laugh. "It's been twelve years since you saw me and I've changed a lot, I guess," he laughed again. "But you haven't forgotten me, have you?"

Forgotten him! If I could not say the right words to convince him, my grip on his arm must have done so, for he looked as if he understood.

Ben told me a lot about his mother. He didn't seem to be much of a hand to talk about himself, but he told me he had a good position with a big business firm and had been with them for four years. And then all at once he said: "Miss Carson, I'm going to surprise mother on her birthday—a month from tomorrow. I've bought the little place down there where we used to live. I want to get it all fixed up and furnished before she sees it. I've been wondering if you will help me?"

Would I? I was ready to begin right that minute. We talked for an hour and at the end of that time it was hard to tell which was the more enthused with our plans—Ben or myself.

IN a few days a force of workmen were hammering at the house that was not a home, and when they were through, I tell you it was neat. The plum trees, full of half-grown fruit, were all that remained unchanged about the place.

Once more I waited there until the moving van came. But this time it was loaded with nice new furniture and rugs. There was no sad little woman on a box seat, either; for hadn't Ben and I planned the grand surprise? Of course Mrs. Ware knew that Ben had been saving to buy a home, so we made it up that on her birthday, he should take her out to look at some properties and bring her there.

It's of no use for me to try to tell you how pleased that mother was when she came. No words of mine could describe her joy. She had aged some in the fifteen years since I had seen her, but she was not an old woman by any means. I knew she had had a hard struggle to bring up her boy and educate him as she had done, but now how was she repaid! I tell you that mother was justly proud of her boy.

It is so good to have them for neighbors again. Ben goes every morning to his business in the city and comes back at night. The trolley runs out here now, so it is no trouble for him to come and go.

Yes, Ben comes here—quite frequently of late, too, I notice—and I'm beginning to have a suspicion that it's not to see me that he comes so often, either though he does profess to be awfully fond of me.

It just struck me last night—the way things were going to turn out. I'm judging by the way Ben looks at Maisie and the way she blushes, and—well I'm pretty sure that the little house down there will always be a home, and a happy one, too.

THE International Christian Truth Investigation Society, which has headquarters in the Marquette Building, Chicago, has recently engaged in an interesting work. It is distributing free racks containing religious literature as a part of its program to stimulate interest in Christian activities.

Free Booklets for Investors

A number of interesting and valuable investment booklets have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to have any of these booklets furnished free to our readers by the institutions publishing them. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for the booklets by number. Address correspondence to Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Booklet No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Booklet No. 2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Booklets 4, 5 and 6 for city real estate bonds, and Booklets 7, 8 and 9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Booklet 11.

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Liberty Bonds—Booklet No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent. present prices, are featured in Booklet 30.

H. J. Heinz Co. 7 per cent. gold notes, in denominations of $1,000, $500 and $100, at a price to yield 7¾ per cent. for ten years, are described in Booklet 33. The net earnings available for interest charges for the past four years have averaged five times the annual interest charge on these notes.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

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The Vital Reason for the Internal Bath

In Chicago recently, there was held a gigantic political meeting that attracted a crowd of some 15,000 men and women of varying ages. On the outskirts of the assembly stood a physician with a friend. Turning to his friend, the medical man said, "I'll wager that in this vast throng there aren't 100 persons who are in anything like normal health."

Much as we dislike unpleasant truths, there is significance in that physician's remark, for all of us. Few of us can honestly say that we are over 50 per cent. efficient.

We all want to be free from disease or ailment of any kind. We all want to have pure blood, normal heart and sound nerves. We all want to enjoy restful nights and active, vigorous days. Yet most of us are half the time blue and worried, all the time nervous, and most of the time actually incapacitated by illness.

And why? Largely because we do not follow a few simple rules in the care of our physical condition. How many of us, for instance, practice internal bathing? True it is that this means of improving the physical condition is growing in use every day, but there are thousands of us yet who are strangers to the benefits of the Internal Bath.

The need for internal bathing is due simply to the fact that we have within our bodies such an organ as the large intestine, commonly called the colon. Accumulating waste as it does, the colon is the bane of our health. The waste is toxious, which means poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation. That's what causes Auto-Intoxication—which in plain English means "Self-Poisoning," a condition which pulls down our powers of resistance and renders us subject to almost any serious ailment that may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that few of us know when we are "Auto-Intoxicated."

The proper kind of Internal Bath is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the correct way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet and pure.

The effect on your physical condition is little short of marvelous. Your eyes take on a new sparkle, your step a new vigor. Your nerves relax, your appetite improves, and your sleep becomes more restful, more refreshing. You feel re-made.

To really understand the Internal Bath and all that it accomplishes, one should read the very interesting booklet by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade." Dr. Tyrrell's own life was saved and prolonged by Internal Bathing and he wrote on the subject like the eminent authority that he was. The booklet, which is entitled "The What, the Why, and the Way of Internal Bathing," will interest every man and woman. All that is necessary to secure this booklet is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, No. 134 West 65th St., New York City, and mention having read this article in Christian Herald. The booklet will be mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

There is nothing so important as the kind of health which keeps us fit, confident and enthusiastic for the day's work; and as the getting of this Book involves no expense, why not write for it now, while it is fresh in your mind?—(*Advertisement*)

Beautiful Cities I Have Seen

Continued from page 163

itself. Along this drive for much of the way the surf dashes against fine stone battlements, and on the other side are narrow parks, making the whole fifteen miles of the drive one long highway of loveliness."

THE blue Danube is the glory of Budapest, as its mountain-girt harbor is the glory of Rio de Janeiro. Even today when half-starved children and adults crowd the streets of the capital of Hungary, when its industries are paralyzed, and its ancient government destroyed by war and revolution, the great river rolls on as majestically as ever, between Pest on the left bank and Buda on the right, and laves the piers of a series of the most beautiful bridges I have ever seen.

The bridges have the advantage of connecting palatial buildings of unusual loveliness on either bank. On the Buda side of the river is the royal palace of the Hapsburgs, which they seldom graced (or cursed) with their presence, preferring Vienna to Budapest for their residence. This palace is the most imposing in Europe. It stands on a gentle hill, and with its ample and most artistic proportions it dignifies all the landscape.

On the Pest side of the river are the Houses of Parliament, which rival our own Capitol and the splendid British Parliament buildings on the Thames for size and beauty. Besides, in Pest, are splendid business blocks, hotels and public buildings of all kinds, which help me to give the second award to the city on the Danube.

Geneva has so many claims to a place among the cities beautiful, and so many have seen these beauties with their own eyes, that I need not dwell upon them. At the end of placid Lake Leman it lies, and for miles one can trace the shining waters of the lake lying cozily between the mighty Alps, which brood over her on every side. Especially the northern end of the lake, which, to be sure, one cannot see from Geneva, is a mountain-encircled gem.

On clear days Mont Blanc itself lies like a white cloud on Geneva's horizon, and on days, foul or fair, the lake, the rushing green waters of the Rhone flowing through the heart of the city, Rousseau's island, a tiny park in the lake, and the promenades along the shore, add unfailing interest to the city.

Historic memories always throng in Geneva, memories embodied in stone, in Calvin's church (St. Peter's Protestant Cathedral), in the monument to Servetus, and many other historic events in which Geneva has played a part so striking.

And now the palace of the League of Nations on the water-front houses within its generous halls the chief hope of a war-wearied world.

WHY do I put Stockholm, the capital of Sweden among the "big four" in my estimation? Many would dispute its claim very likely, but if they will live there for a few weeks I think the spell of this northern metropolis will grip them.

Here, too, a rushing river holds a supreme place among the attractions, tearing like mad as it does through the city, from great Lake Malar to lose itself in the Baltic. A hundred excursions on either side of the city afford one most charming glimpses of islet and forest and village and castle.

Going west one sees a continuous panorama of exquisite scenery, for many, many miles, through lake and river, until one reaches the prosperous port of Gothenburg on the Atlantic. The King's enormous palace in Stockholm is striking rather than beautiful, to an eye untutored in palaces, but other buildings for legislation, business and education are well worthy of this northern metropolis,

Here my pen must stop, in spite of my desire to add city after city to the list of "most beautifuls." How fortunate it is that to the home-lover his own city, whether large or small, is the "most beautiful." So is my home city in my eyes, and so, I hope, it is with you.

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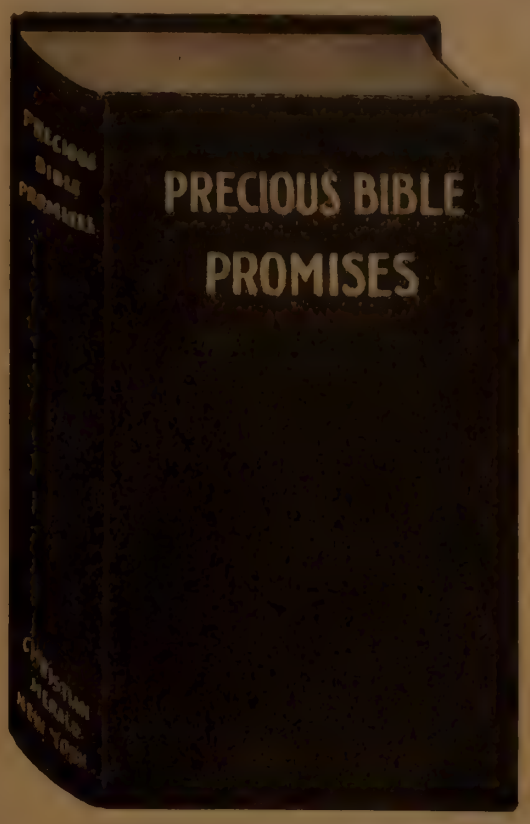

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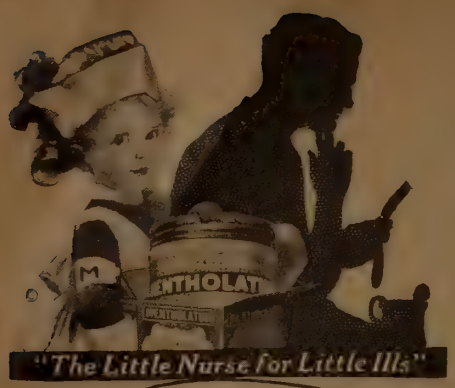

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

E. B., Wilmington, Del. Many an earnest and sincere Christian has "dark days" in which faith is beclouded and the way often seems difficult and misleading. At such times we find cheer and gather renewed courage in the visit of some friend who has traveled farther along the road of spiritual experience than ourselves, and whose Christianity is of the kind that sets life aglow again. Such an one inspires renewed faith in the great truth that "all things work together for those that love God." As a spiritual tonic to fortify us against "blue days" and their depressing influence, a good book dealing with personal experiences in soul growth, is one of the best remedies we know of. Such a book is "What and Where Is God?" by Rev. Richard La Rue Swain, which is really the biography of a soul in travail. But the best of all remedies for brightening dull days is Christian companionship, where two can pray and work together. You no doubt remember how the companionship of Faithful, in "Pilgrim's Progress," his songs and his heartening talk, kept Christian in good spirits, and greatly helped him. The happiest type is the man or woman who never forgets that he or she holds a commission in "the King's business," and who is always doing something to help somebody else, remembering Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Reader, Danbury, Conn. (and others). There are several passages from which an inference may be drawn as to conscious existence after death, in the absence of an explicit statement in the Bible. The first of these is Christ's assurance to the penitent thief (Luke 23 : 43): "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." It was evidently a place of conscious existence. A second passage is contained in the parable of Dives and Lazarus (Luke 16 : 19-31). Some allowance must be made for the form of picture-teaching Christ used, but here he certainly described a conscious existence for the soul prior to the resurrection. The third passage is Paul's expression of a desire for death (Phil. 1 : 23). He wishes "to depart and to be with Christ." He clearly expected that as soon as he died he would realize this hope. Besides, see the very clear state in Rev. 14 : 13. "They rest from their labors," does not imply total cessation, but rather a temporary sojourn in a realm of repose and recuperation. These are a few of the statements from which some authorities have drawn the inference of a conscious state immediately after death. It is not clear that Paul expected a resurrection of the identical body. He expected to receive a spiritualized body. (I. Cor. 15 : 37).

W. C. McG., Harrison, O., writes apropos of a recent article in the Christian Herald: "As to the causes of crime, I am in perfect agreement with the Herald. As to the second given reason, I have thought much about it. 'Train the children to be good citizens.' In the olden times (Deut. 11 : 18-21) these good things were always made very prominent in the home, and the fathers were to train themselves to keep the track! Now, instead of so much general preaching, would it not be better if there were more special applications at close range—the preachers showing the parents, and the parents showing the children their duty and privilege?"

The need of more care and attention in the spiritual shepherding of the children is now being widely emphasized, and seems likely to produce good results. Our churches and Sunday schools should be made, more than ever in the past, Gospel sheepfolds, where the little ones can be trained for the Kingdom. But above all other influences to that end we must place the influence of the Christian home. The Family Altar is well-nigh forsaken and must be restored. The best training a child can receive and that which makes the most lasting impression, is the training given by a godly father and mother, the memory of whose example, teaching and prayers is rarely if ever effaced. Besides, we should not forget that Jesus Himself said, with special reference to childhood: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Miss E. B. R., Utica, N. Y. As substitutes for the Christian religion, the cults you mention are a gross delusion. The best thing is to let them alone and cling to the religion of the Bible. There is no substitute for the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ.

J. F., Windfall, Ind. There is a great lack of housing accommodations in New York City. The result is over-crowding, which is not confined to the poorer class of tenements. The children are by no means neglected, however, and at one period of the congestion, many families were sheltered temporarily by arrangement of the city authorities. Builders are hurrying forward many new houses to completion and more are planned. Altogether the situation is one that can only be relieved by extensive building in the suburbs.

D. B., Hackensack, N. J., writes "On reading so much in the newspapers relative to the serious condition of the housing question, and the high cost of rents, it struck me that the present would be a good time to illustrate the practical value of co-operation. We have an illustration of this in the co-operative apartment, and saving through the plan a considerable percentage on rental and ordinary expenses. It has always been a mystery to me why our co-operative stores have not been more successful. The women seem to prefer to go around shopping for home supplies, and having a good time, although they know quite well that they are paying considerably higher prices for their purchases. The H. C. of L. should give a good boost to co-operation. Like many others, I would like to see it have a thorough trial. It is no small item to save from 12 to 20 per cent. of food and fuel bills, if one figures it out on the expenditures of a whole year."

Our Hackensack reader strikes a note which others have struck before, but he speaks the truth. Co-operation in home ownership and family supplies has not yet had a fair trial, save in a very few localities.

Rev. J. Haber, Route 1, Baldwin, Kans., would like to hear from persons experienced in the use of lantern slides to illustrate Bible stories, "as a possible means to help win young folks in a rural church that has been losing its grip upon its young folks for years."

Major F. M. Culver, Salina, Kans., writes apropos of the great charity movements of our days: "'There were many widows in Israel in the days of Elijah, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when there came a great famine over all the land; and unto none was Elijah sent, save unto Sarepta, unto a woman that was a widow.' (Luke 4 : 25, 26). From the above statement of the Master, I take it for granted that all widows are not to be considered public burdens, but that the true widow is the one who has no outside income, no relation to help her, and no children to look to, who are able to supply her bodily needs. While this text refers to the 'widow,' it can be justly applied to all cases of charity. I am a firm believer in charity, but do not approve of lax systems of giving. I encourage the helping hand, but am down on anything that stimulates shiftlessness and encourages crime. I do not believe in any system that produces 'leaners.' We need 'pushers'—men and women who can stand on their own props. Crime in all its worst stages travels the path of idleness. The familiar statement that 'an idle brain is the devil's workshop' is only too true, and the same statement holds good for idle muscles."

Mrs. L. D. P. Referring to your letter on John 2 : 16, there was nothing wrong in the merchandise, but it was a high-handed profanation to bring any such traffic into the sacred place—the Temple. To Jesus, the Temple, as the seat of His Father's worship, was the symbol of that holy reverence which is due to Him from all on earth. We should love the Lord's house and protect it from invasion by the world, and from being made a place of sale and barter. Jesus' cleansing of the Temple (which, according to some commentators occurred on three different occasions), set up a standard of sanctity and simplicity which it would be well for all churches to keep in view.

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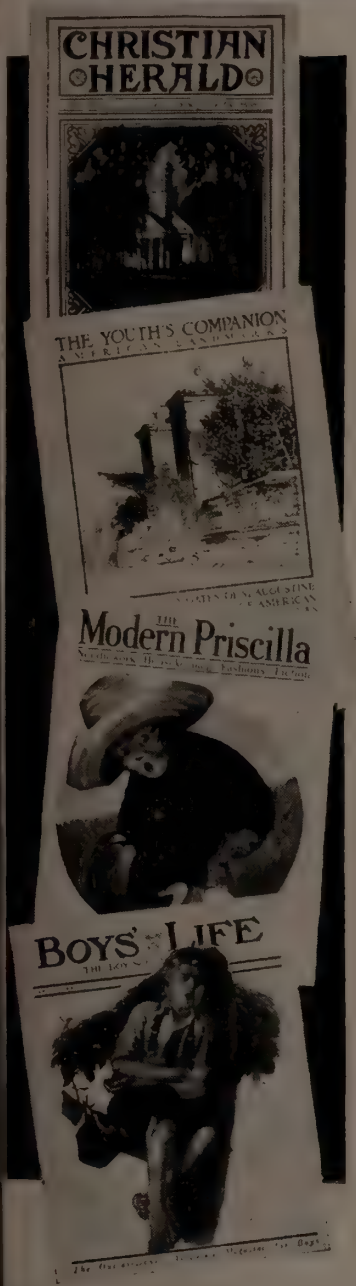

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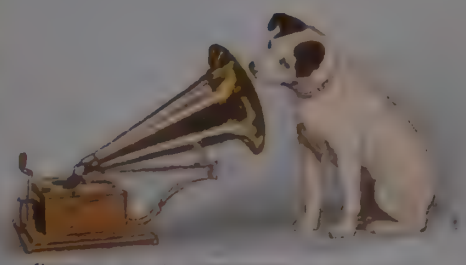

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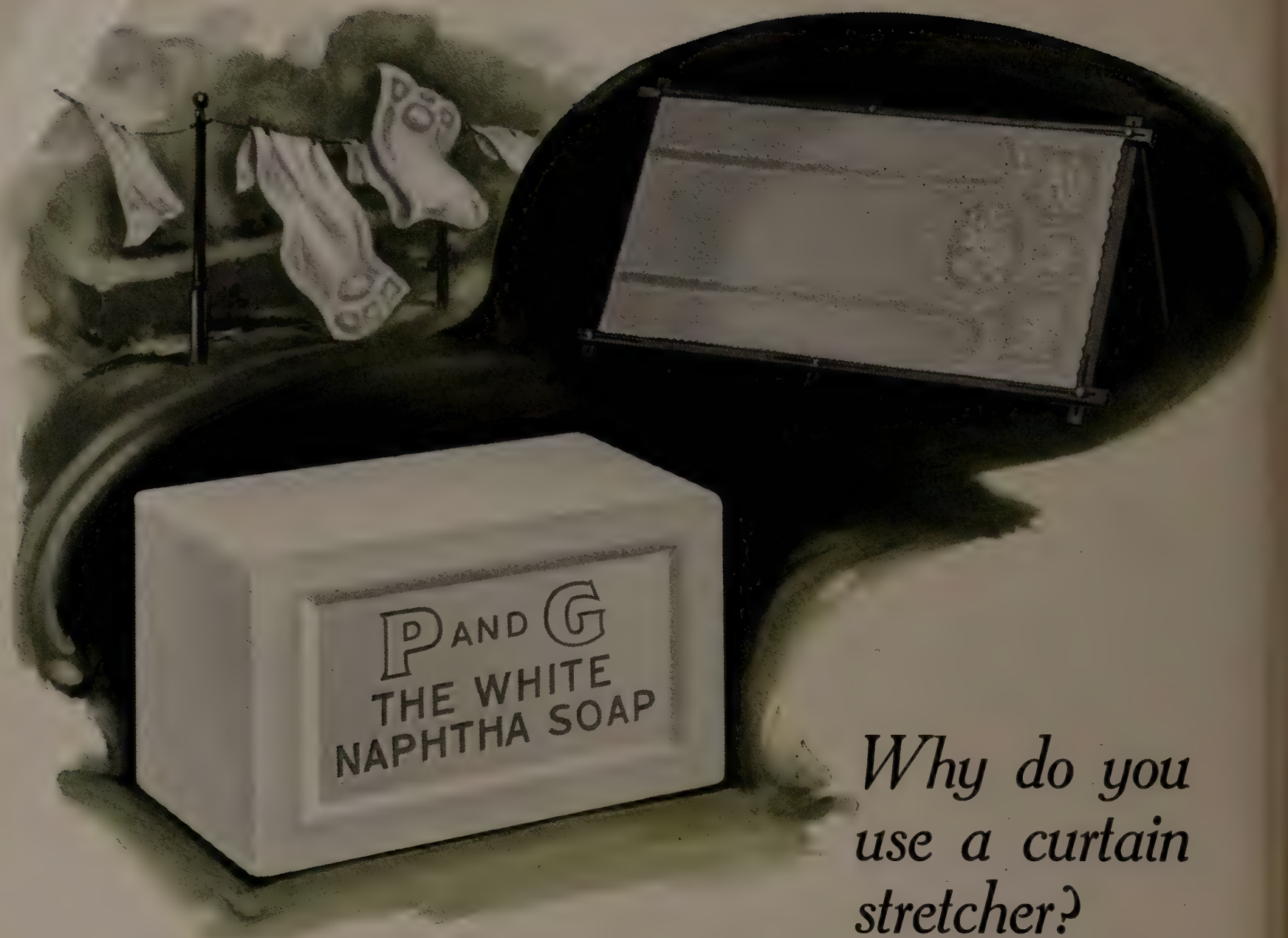

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The huge guns of a modern fighting-ship—man's creation for man's destruction. Beside them the cannon of a decade ago are tiny. What will another decade bring forth if the armament race continues?

Disarmament and World Reconstruction

Now Is the Time to Lift the Crushing Burden Imposed by Fear of War

By HENRY A. ATKINSON

General Secretary of the Church Peace Union

SUPPOSE a business concern acting on the principle that it was menaced by burglars, or enemies wanting to destroy it, should use ninety-three cents out of every dollar paid in by the stockholders for police protection, for uniforms, guns, clubs and whistles, and have left only seven cents out of every dollar for the operation of the plant. Suppose that you were a stockholder, what would you think and do about it?

This is exactly what is now happening in the United States. We are all stockholders in the government, and its business is operated on the taxes we pay. Of every dollar that is paid by the tax-payers of the United States, ninety-three cents goes to pay for war and war purposes and only seven cents is left to pay for all the other functions of the government. Is there not something wrong when only seven cents is available for normal and legitimate purposes? Compare this with the cost of police protection in the past and as an insurance against possible depredations in the future! Is it any wonder that education and moral reform halt when the government provides less than one cent out of every dollar for these purposes!

The cost of maintaining armaments is the most crushing burden that civilized nations have to carry. A modern battleship of the first class costs about forty million dollars. After the plans are adopted, and before it is finished, it has become almost obsolete, and new and mightier ships are ordered. Our naval estimates for 1921 are approximately seven hundred million dollars. Compare this with Germany's naval program for 1914, which was $113,993,329. Great Britain's in the same year was $260,714,275.

The appropriation asked for the army for the current year amounts to $678,791,233. Germany's appropriation for her army in 1913, the year before the war, amounted to $162,958,814. In other words we are asking for our army four times as much as Germany expended on her army the year previous to the war. We may well ponder the inference made by General Bliss when he said that any nation failing to respond to the conference for disarmament is a New Germany and should have the distinguished and particular scrutiny of the United States. General Pershing is responsible for the statement that the cost for maintaining our army and navy for the next year will be the enormous sum of five million dollars for every working day in the year!

This bill is paid by the people of the United States through taxation. This burden is increased beyond all reason by the expenditures for past and future wars. The estimate for the navy alone for 1921 exceeds the total cost of government for the first year of the Wilson Administration, not counting the Post Office Department which is to all intents and purposes self-sustaining. The population of the United States has increased 200 per cent. within a century, and the per capita cost of government has increased 600 per cent. One of the chief statisticians of the United States Bureau of Standards is authority for the statement that in peace times the cost of the military and naval upkeep of the United States was $4.70 for every man, woman and child in the nation. But now under the new plan the cost will be approximately $130 a year for every person. This includes the amount paid in direct taxes and the amount paid indirectly by reason of the increased cost of living.

THE god of war has held his undisputed sway over the world for the last six years. Millions of men lie dead. Other millions are crippled. The world is crushed by the load of its debts, and it is not at all certain at this time that civilization will live. And why all this ruin? Germany is the popular answer. We will not soon forget the arrogance of the militarists in this nation and their careless disregard of every moral consideration. Germany wanted war. She was ready for war and she plunged the world into war. But the other nations must share with her the common guilt.

Through the long years of peace preceding 1914 all the nations of Europe were preparing for war and they got war. Germany thought she saw a menace in Russia; France saw a menace in Germany; Italy thought she was menaced by Austria; England feared the commercial rivalry and economic success of the Continental countries. Each one of these powers held in subject peoples and nations under their colonial system. Huge armies were formed. Millions of men were trained in all the different nations. Battleships were built by the hundreds. Time, money and all the ingenuity of science were utilized in the construction of greater engines of war and more deadly explosives. Finally the pyramid of armaments thus built up became so heavy that it tumbled into ruin and carried down with it in a common destruction all the hopes and aspirations of the world of culture, literature and art. Armaments were the greatest single cause for the world war. The story of the wreck of Europe is written in blood and flame in every nation of the world. Any one can read this record.

Why then this talk of greater navies and huge armies and more deadly lethal engines? Why this new competition in the art and machinery of making war? Men do not learn easily and apparently out of the war we have not learned its one great lesson, and that is that the nation that lives by the sword dies by the sword. All the nations are evincing an absurd fear and the shadow of war is still blotting out the sun from the pathway that all the nations must tread. The world is full of panic and suspicion of others' motives and questionings of national integrity are found everywhere.

Only a few of the nations are in a position to begin the preparation for more war. America, Japan and some of the South American nations are the only ones that have come out of this period with any financial strength, and yet all the nations, even those who have suffered the most, are talking and planning war because of this inherent fear.

THERE is no sound reason why the United States should attempt to have the biggest navy in the world. All the arguments for such an ambition resolves itself into simply this—that the United States is determined to have a greater navy than Great Britain. We do not need such a navy to protect us from Great Britain. England is not in a position to wage war against any nation, much less the United States, nor is there any considerable sentiment within the Empire that would back up and make effective a war with America. Everybody in England as well as in America, who thinks at all, knows that war between these two great English-speaking nations

would mean the total destruction of both nations and the complete collapse of civilization.

We have had for over a hundred years the border between the United States and Canada, this great British possession to our north, unprotected by a single soldier or a single gun. Should Canada and the United States forego their century-old plan of maintaining peace and cordial relations and substitute for it forts and guns along the border and armed vessels upon the Great Lakes it would not be one generation before the two nations would be at war.

America armed becomes a menace to the world. One of the most humiliating experiences in all our history was that which occurred recently at Geneva when the representatives of the nations began to talk seriously of disarmament, and then one and all dropped the subject and backed out of the discussion because the shadow of huge armaments, growing in America, made them afraid. I have a letter received a few days ago from a man across the sea that has in it these words:

"We are all puzzled because of America's huge war plans. What does it mean? Against whom are you arming? Having helped to save the world for democracy, are you now going to plunge into a mad race for naval and military power which is the negation of democracy and which marks out the road that has brought all of our European nations to the verge of bankruptcy, robbed us of our best men and filled all Europe with despair?"

How can we answer such a question? A militarist in America armed to the teeth is just as dangerous as a militarist in any other nation. If we are arming against aggression from without, it is then an open question as to whether or not the type of armament is adequate for our needs. The experts, so called, are quarreling now over just such a question. Germany with a much smaller navy than Great Britain successfully repelled every attack on her own territory, and did not allow troops to land in any one of her harbors. It is impossible for us to create a navy large enough to protect us. Maine with its hundreds of miles of coast-line is just the beginning of that long line down to Florida, that would require a naval equipment of such magnitude as to bankrupt us, and even then it would not be sufficient. In addition there is the whole Pacific Coast as well as the ports on the Gulf of Mexico to be protected!

The jingo politician backed up by the jingo newspaper, and both supported by interests that make their living as profiteers out of war, have created the bogie of enemies who are ever hovering on the border of our nation to destroy our country and enslave our people. It is to their interest to keep this fear always before the mind of the people. Let the people of our nation once realize the sources from which these false fears come, and it can be said of the profiteers in war and the things that make war, as it was said of the kings of an older time, "War is a game that were their subjects wise, kings would not play at."

THERE is every reason for limiting armaments and no reason for maintaining them. Whom do we fear anyway?

Dr. Jefferson shows the folly of saying that we must maintain peace by preparing for war in this bit of delicious sarcasm:

"'We do not want war,' says the advocate of big armies and navies, 'and therefore we have no fear of militarism in this country.' Nations as well as individuals get not what they desire, but what they deserve. No man wants delirium tremens. He simply wants to drink. He says, 'Give me another glass. I do not want delirium tremens. Fill up the glass again. I do not want delirium tremens. Fill up the glass once more. I do not want delirium tremens. Let me drink all night and then all day, but I do not want delirium tremens.' He gets at last not what he wants, but what he deserves. And when a man says, 'I do not want war, but cover the land with soldiers; I do not want war, but cover the sea with battleships; I do not want war, but fill the air with bomb-dropping aeroplanes,' and when this is done, war comes no matter what the nation wants."

There has now been a most remarkable turn of the world's opinion toward disarmament. Even while the nations were talking their war talk, suddenly there began to be heard voices from all the world crying together for such a blessing as disarmament. Great Britain through her most responsible leaders has pronounced in its favor. Lloyd George says, "We can do it all together." The Bishop of Durham, "Competition in naval armaments will be criminal folly." Father Vaughn, most famous Jesuit priest in England, "No world peace is possible without disarmament." General Sir Frederick Maurice, expert writer on military affairs, "Armaments are ineffective as insurance against war." Lord Northcliffe, the most influential newspaper owner in Great Britain, "With the object of the campaign for disarmament, every man and woman who seeks peace and good-will among civilized nations must heartily sympathize." Lord Grey, "When any one nation has begun to force the pace in this competition for arms, let the Council of Nations prevent that competition from growing up once more."

Lord Coudray, British Oil King, "The chief rivalry between great nations today should be a rivalry in disarmament." Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy of the British Navy, "The best that could possibly happen to the world is this: At a certain hour on a certain day and certain month to be arranged, every ship of

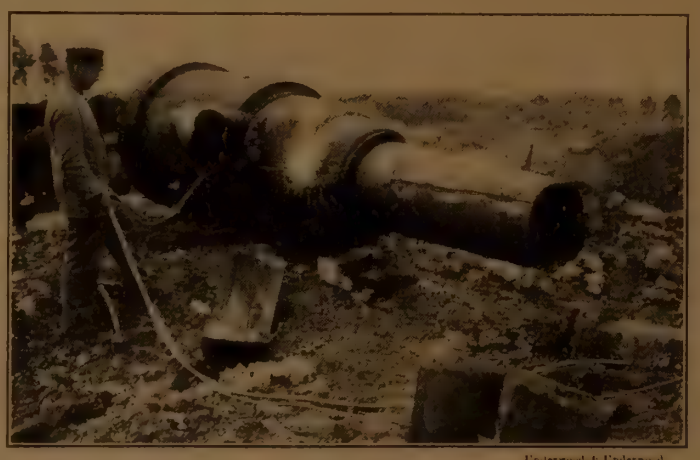
International

Waiting to be "Beaten into Ploughshares." Austria surrendered these cannon to Italy under the peace terms to be melted down for use in reconstruction work—an appropriate close to their careers

war belonging to every nation should be taken into deep water and sunk with appropriate ceremony, officers of the navies of all nations being liberally pensioned, their pensions depending upon their not agitating for more warships." These men represent the real center of thought and life in Great Britain.

The leaders in France are no less outspoken. Andre Tardieu says, "I am whole-heartedly in favor of any movement toward general disarmament." Viviani, the ex-Premier of France, says, "When Germany shall have completely disarmed under the terms of the treaty, we shall ask nothing better, peace being firmly established, than to attain a state better for humanity." General Nivelle, the hero of Verdun, "General disarmament is greatly to be desired." Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, Chairman of the Air Commission of the French Senate, "If Governments, after the lesson of the war do not agree simultaneously to limit their armaments, they commit suicide."

Nitti, formerly Premier of Italy, "Each nation has



Underwood & Underwood

One form of disarmament. Rendering useless the great weapons which defended the Kiel Canal

its imperialism, great nations and little ones, especially little ones. Competition in imperialism has become senseless. The whole of civilization is threatened. Each nation arms because the others arm, and Europe is maintaining with violence a division between the victors and the vanquished which now threatens the future of the victors more than the future of the vanquished."

In Japan we find the same sentiment. Baron Hayashi, the Japanese ambassador to Great Britain, "It is foolish and it is tragic to think of the big states of Great Britain, United States and Japan competing in a race for armaments." Viscount Ishii, and Viscount Uchidi, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and other leading statesmen have put themselves on record as favoring disarmament.

In America we find the same thing. Mr. Taft says, "Of course I favor, in the interest of world peace and national economy, reduction and limitation of armament by the leading maritime powers." General Bliss, General Pershing, business men like William Fellowes Morgan, Henry L. Stoddard, Bernard M. Baruch and hundreds of others have pronounced against the folly of nations arming one against the other.

PERHAPS some one reading this article says, "These opinions are merely those of idealists; practical statesmen take a different view." The answer to such a criticism is not far to seek. It was the practical statesmen who plunged the world into horror and war. The world is indebted to an idealist for such peace as we have. The writer will resent the implication that he does not pay sufficient heed to the facts as they are today. He thinks he knows something about the world and about the forces of evil that are abroad among the nations. He is not contented at all to leave our nation unprotected. Force is not wrong in and of itself. It is the use that is made of force that determines its moral quality.

We will always need a police force. We will need some ships and a small army. All that is contended for in this article is that the policing of our nation shall be put in its proper relationship to other functions of government. We must have policemen in Chicago and in New York and our other cities, but these cities do not exist simply for the purpose of supporting a police force, the makers of police uniforms, guns, police whistles and police clubs. A policeman is a very incidental part of the life of the community taken as a whole. By all means let us recognize that each nation must have adequate police protection, and until the League of Nations becomes more effective and there has been created an international police force, both on land and sea, each nation will have to guard its own interests, but the army and navy should be cut to the smallest possible point commensurate with safety; and the direction of this important function must be taken out of the hands of that "band of adventurers, traitors, owners and forestallers who betrayed mankind into the morass of hate and bloodshed of the recent war."

Suppose that we had the money that we are now putting into ships and men and guns and forts to protect us against outside enemies and could use it for constructive purposes. In the first place we could have better schools, better public health service, more money for the carrying out of measures passed by the legislators in behalf of the common good. This would develop a finer and better basis for public opinion in America.

We have our problem with Mexico. Suppose instead of putting such huge sums of money into men and guns, we had the price of a single capital ship that we could put into education in our sister republic to the south. With forty million dollars we could found and endow sixteen Tuskegee Institutes. Suppose the United States Government deliberately planned in co-operation with the Mexican Government to establish these sixteen industrial and agricultural institutes of the same kind and grade as Tuskegee at sixteen strategic centers in Mexico. In one generation the most outstanding difficulties experienced by the Mexican people and government would be overcome, and all the principal problems which now involve the peace and friendly relations of these two nations would be solved. For the price of one battleship we could achieve in thirty years what cannot be brought about by the greatest army and the most powerful navy in the world in a century.

This is just one illustration. A dozen similar fields of service present themselves to the mind. In the realm of agriculture there are the deserts of the west to be redeemed. Then there is the wide field of social betterment, of industrial experimentation, of mechanical invention, the beautifying of our cities and the increasing of those things which really make for the enrichment of human life.

ONE nation alone cannot disarm, nor make very much progress toward reduction of armaments. There must be an agreement among the nations. But there must be a start somewhere. We can prove our unselfishness by setting the example to the other nations and cut our appropriations for armaments in half and then join with the other nations in working out a plan whereby this crushing burden will be lifted from the shoulders of mankind.

The question then is up for settlement. We must decide now what the policy of the world will be, and upon our decision depends the peace, prosperity and happiness of millions of men yet unborn. If we can bring about an agreement by which all the nations will limit their armaments now, it will be comparatively easy to secure a greater curtailment from year to year, until finally the world is changed from a series of armed camps into an orderly world community. If we fail to limit armaments now it takes no prophet to foresee that there will be a greater and more destructive war just as soon as a new generation of fighting men have been raised up and trained for the deadly business.

The Golden Rule in Business

Its Application Brings Wonderful Prosperity to One Firm

By WORTH M. TIPPY

THE Babson Labor Conference for 1920 devoted an afternoon and morning to the discussion of Religion in Business. A striking paper on "The Golden Rule in Business" was read by Mr. Arthur Nash of Cincinnati, president of the A. Nash Company, Inc., explaining the working out of the principle in that factory. This paper aroused great interest among the business men, labor managers and industrial engineers present, and was influential in determining the report of the Findings Committee.

The story of the beginnings of the A. Nash Company experiment is interesting reading. In 1918 Mr. Nash bought out a men's garment factory in Cincinnati. When the transfer had been completed and the first pay-roll was laid on his desk Mr. Nash discovered that seven dollars a week was an average wage in the factory and that some old women were working for as low as three dollars a week. After reflection he concluded that as a Christian man he could not allow the factory to proceed on such a wage basis, and yet to increase wages sufficiently seemed to invite failure.

Taking a quick inventory of material on hand, Mr. Nash figured that he could increase the lowest paid women from three to twelve dollars a week, and others to what seemed to him a fair wage, and yet be able to liquidate the company, when stocks on hand should be made up, with $28,000 net capital from the investment. "We will then buy a farm and go out of business with what is left," he said to his son; "for we cannot succeed on such a wage basis, and we will not attempt to succeed on any other."

Calling the employees together, he announced the wage increases, and said: "We will run this factory as long as we run it on the basis of the Golden Rule. This means that in my relations with you I will try to put myself in your place. I will ask myself the question, If I were in your place and you were in mine, what would I want you to do? I ask you to let the same rule govern your actions toward me."

THEN came the unexpected. Instead of running behind, the factory began to make money from the start. "I learned," said Mr. Nash, "that not only is the Golden Rule God's law for business, but that the saying of Jesus of Nazareth, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you,' is also to be relied upon with equal assurance."

The experience of the A. Nash Company is the more significant because the year 1919, the initial year of the experiment, was a year of unprecedented upheavals in the clothing and textile industries. In that year and early 1920 there were strikes, small production and unheard-of prices; in June, July and August of 1920 there was little business, cancellation of orders, factories closed down and unheard-of price-cutting among merchants.

During a year of strikes, the A. Nash Company had no strikes. During a year of low production the company increased its production 1000 per cent! During a year of high prices the company manufactured suits and overcoats to retail at from $16.50 to $29.00. When stagnation hit the clothing industry, the A. Nash Company did $81,000 more business in the first six months of 1920 than in all of 1919. In June, 1920, its business was equal to the year of 1918. July and August are dull months in the wholesale tailoring business. During July, 1920, the business was but $12,000 behind the biggest previous month, in spite of the fact that all employees were given a week's vacation on pay. In that month 4,036 orders were filled; in October 1920, 8,853.

The space occupied by the company in the Power Building became too small, and in July, 1919, the factory was moved into an abandoned whiskey and distilling building on East Eighth Street. This gave seven times the floor space previously in use. Mr. Nash called the operatives together, explained the conditions of hate and strife in the industry, and asked them to secure and train new workers from among their friends. The working force was increased 600 per cent. without an advertisement for labor, and the selection and training of new workers were remarkably successful. The plant is now filled to capacity, and it has been necessary since September 1, 1920, to establish three departments in outside buildings.

THE company had planned a scheme of profit-sharing, but when it was talked over with the workers, they asked instead to be paid each week, and left it to the management to figure out what wages should be. Several increases were made during 1919 as production mounted. When the inventory was taken at the end of 1919, it was found that in spite of wage increases and the expense of moving and setting up the new plant there was still a net profit of $42,000 on a capital of $60,000. The company was paying higher wages, selling its product for less money and making larger profits than any of its competitors. This was explained to the workers' open conference and an immediate increase in wages was put into effect.

The practical working of the Golden Rule in the factory is illustrated by the following incidents. At the end of February, 1920, it was found that costs of manufacturing had been less than was anticipated when the wage increase of January 1 had been put into effect.

"We immediately called our help together again," said Mr. Nash. "This time we told them that when we had presented the profit-sharing proposition there was only a little handful of them, and it was possible for us to figure approximately what each one was producing each week, but that since our working force had increased to over four hundred, and we were producing a little better than a suit of clothes every two minutes, it was not possible for us to tell with any degree of accuracy what each one was producing per week. We again laid before them the profit-sharing basis of arriving at a just wage, and told them that we knew of no other way to solve the problem. This time they voted unanimously to adopt this system."

"By the plan presented to them the profits were to

ARTHUR NASH

He has proved that the Golden Rule can be applied successfully in industry

be divided among the help on the basis of salaries earned twice each year. I did not know, nor had I thought, of any other basis of division, and I think probably no other basis had occurred to the employees when they accepted this one. But when they got back out into the workrooms, the Golden Rule began to work in their minds. Imagine my feeling when a few days later the following petition, signed by seventeen employees, was laid on my desk:

"'Realizing that the A. Nash Company is using every effort to be truly just and democratic, and realizing that in making the final adjustment of wages on the profit-sharing basis a very large share of this final payment, as at present intended, would go to those making big wages, and heartily agreeing with the management that it is not just that the lion's share of the profits should go to any individual, or small group of individuals, we, the undersigned, all of whom are drawing a weekly wage of over sixty dollars ($60), do hereby petition the management of the A. Nash Company to distribute the workers' share of profits, which is to be distributed July 1, 1920, on the basis of time worked instead of on the basis of wages drawn.

"'This will give those making the smaller wage an equal dividend with those making the larger one, and we believe is not only needed by them, but is just and in keeping with the policy of our Company. We are sure this will be appreciated by all the help.'

"LET me impress on your minds just what that petition meant in our factory. The skilled labor, like the cutters and the off-pressers who were making from $75 to $90 a week, signed a petition that the poorest paid help should receive the same dividend that they did. In our place we have some old ladies who are past the age of learning to run machines, or doing skilled operations, whom we keep so as to help them feel that they have a degree of independence in life. Besides these there are the beginners who on account of their lack of experience are not drawing large wages. If the dividend had been made as originally intended the high-paid help would have gotten six or seven times as much as these old ladies and the new help who really needed it. When the dividend was made in accordance with this petition every one who put in the full six months received $91.80 as his share of the dividend, or a little over $3.50 for each week's work.

"Now let us study for a moment the question of the increasing volume of business during this period of stagnation and price-cutting. When we decided to make the Golden Rule our governing law it was impressed upon every mind that doing to others as we would be done by did not simply mean employer and employee, but meant each customer on our books as well. It meant that every garment we sold must be of a standard that we would be willing to accept, and sold at a price that we would be willing to pay if we were in the customer's place. It meant that our help saw behind each order a fellow human being whom they wanted to deal with as they would want to be dealt with. It was an honest effort at applying the Golden Rule that fixed our prices during the 1919 orgy of high prices and profiteering.

"The long-suffering public was conscious of these facts, and while others were losing the confidence of the public we were gaining their confidence, so that when the time came that the public went on a non-buying strike we were no more affected by that strike than we were when the laborers went on a strike."

I ASKED Mr. Nash if the company was working out a system for the management of the factory based upon the Golden Rule, so that the method he has developed may become permanent. He replied: "The thing that I have endeavored to emphasize is not a system, but a principle; and wherever that principle is functioning, any system will work, and wherever that principle is not active, any system will have its difficulties."

But Mr. Nash went on to say in further answer to the question, that the company is working out a system of co-operative stock ownership as well as participation in control. As serfdom passed into the wage system, so the wage system, he thinks, will pass into co-operative industry. What he understands by this is indicated by what he is doing and what he is planning to do. Heads of departments are being trained to be capable of going ahead with their departments. All serious moves by the management are taken up with the body of employees, or by departments. The method followed is illustrated by the previously mentioned selection and training of new workers. Another illustration is from the cutting department. Here the cutters themselves worked out a plan by which, through the use of large tables on which garments could be cut and stacked, and by a preliminary classification of orders for suits and overcoats, they were able to increase greatly their output over the old method of small tables and cutting of garments in the order in which they were received. These same cutters, it may be said in passing, increased their output the first year from six to thirty suits a day.

This brings one to the heart of the A. Nash Company experiment. The business organization of the company is not essentially different from other factories of its size and type. That which is distinctive is that it is an illustration of co-operative organization based upon good-will and just dealing between banker, employer, employee and the consuming public.

The co-operative principle in industry may express itself in some form of socialism, as for example Communism, or the guild system, such as the Plumb Plan for the management of railroads or mines. Or it may take the form of co-operatives for manufacturing or merchandizing. Or it may express itself in co-operative relations between employers and workers within the present organization of industry.

The Nash plan is in the realm of the last of the three, and therein lies its importance. If the co-operative principle can be worked out successfully within the present economic order, it will conserve the enormous advantages of private industry—its freedom of initiative, inventiveness, intensive supervision over smaller industrial units, and strong personal incentive to effort—together with the power which lies in the co-operative principle. We need never face the bureaucracy, the inevitable national straight-jacket, and the initial terrorism of revolutionary socialism. In the experience of the A. Nash Company the principle followed has greatly increased production, done away with labor conflicts, brought out the capacity of the workers and awakened the best instincts in all concerned. It has acted in short as a true spiritual force.

The Springs

A Story of Rejuvenation

By NANCY FOUTS GLATFELTER

Illustrated by M. L. Greer

Growing old was no dreadful thing if one had the sense to find a congenial occupation. Mothering was hers

EVELYN ROCKWELL set the table for four, as had been her habit for years and then —remembering—drearily removed the unneeded silver from the north and south sides of the table, and two of the plates from the pile at her husband's place.

The children, now in the care of her sister, were on their way to distant schools, Elinor to college and Howard to a military academy. All the summer had gone in preparations for their departure. There was no day that had not seen activity toward that end, and it had all been joyous; the children on edge for the realization of their going-away dreams, their mother happy in their happiness. Through year after year of motherly care and solicitude, Evelyn had promised herself a rest time that was to be the happiest time in her life—when the children should be safely settled in good schools and she could give to her husband and receive from him the undivided devotion known in the early days of their marriage.

For Howard, Sr., had borne his full share in raising the family. He had worked and worried to "start the youngsters right" until there was a thin spot on the top of his head, and worry lines over his nose. Now he was deeply and comfortably absorbed in business, but from habit and not from any grinding necessity as had long been the case.

"Awful quiet with the kids gone, Evvy!" he observed at their silent meal.

Spartan-like, she held back her tears. "The worst of it is—is—vacation camps—we won't see them much—ever!"

"Well, well," he cheered her, "now's when you must have your innings. You've got a dandy car and you can tear around without worrying about the family any more. Like to see you do it, too. You can get what clothes you want—why, you ought to be a happy woman!"

"I am a happy woman," asserted his wife in a shaky voice, and Howard Rockwell kissed her and, as usual, departed for the evening.

IN THE morning there were callers—privileged ones, of course, to choose that hour—Howard Rockwell's sister, Myrtle, and a lively spinster friend.

"We knew you'd be mourning like a regular Rachel, this morning," announced childless Myrtle, "so we've come to plan things, now you're free."

Miss Bunny, the spinster, lazily fat, added a word while she flipped the pages of the last fashion magazine: "We're not going to let you have a single dull minute from now on, Ev. We never do, and first—the club starts Friday and you and Howard are positively to be in it. He's promised."

"I'd love to," Evelyn confessed, "and of course Howard will go if I urge him—"

"Well, see that you urge, then," commanded her sister-in-law.

"And this afternoon," insinuated Miss Bunny, "you must go to the beauty parlor with us and let Madgie take you in hand."

"No," refused Evelyn, flatly, "I hate that sort of thing. Not for other people—" she apologized hastily, "—but for me."

"But you'd look years younger—" Miss Bunny's offended tone gave edge to the implication.

"Do I look old, Myrtle?" demanded Evelyn, as of an impartial judge.

"Why, not exactly, dear; of course not. Bun didn't mean that—it's just that such things will help put in the time—amuse you."

"Oh," cried Evelyn contritely, "you're both being good to me and I must seem ungrateful. I *will* need amusement, of course—but I *do* feel so—well just flat!"

The club reception stood out in Evelyn's memory as a very tragedy. She had dressed for it in an absolutely zestless mood. There were the gray hairs over her ears to be covered with the still untouched brown from above. A woman who had gray hair—she told herself angrily—was past getting ready for such affairs.

It was no lack of attention that left her unsatisfied and miserable. Nor was it clothes, for none of the other women were gowned more effectively than herself. The music was lively and the refreshments excellent. But Evelyn moved in the midst of it a thing apart. This couldn't be real. This was for young folks—and she was forty-four.

Before she said her prayers that night, Evelyn opened her mother's scrapbook at a thumbworn page, and read through blinding tears:

> "Oh, years that held our earlier prime—
> Youth—when we laughed and sighed,
> There is no gate to let us back
> When once we stand outside."

"I'm getting most too old for these jamborees," Howard groaned, kicking off a torturing shoe.

"I never want to go again, anyway," Evelyn sighed, and even laughed a little at his eager "That suits me."

PATIENTLY, sometimes desperately, Evelyn tried successively bridge, civics, golf, politics, china-painting, and a terrible culture club, but October found her with nerves so jumpy and mind so melancholy that even Howard, abnormally busy as he was, took startled notice of her condition and, without consulting her, called in a doctor.

He was a very jolly and optimistic doctor, quite the antithesis of the type that fears the worst, but will do his best.

"You find it very dull here, I suppose," he observed, after a discussion of symptoms. "A small town has little to enliven the mind. I think you'll have to leave for a while—go to a pretty place——"

Evelyn paled and her hands, often shaking of late, grasped the chair-arms in terror.

"You mean—my mind—is failing?" she gasped.

"Oh, no!" cried the astonished man. "What an idea! I mean that you're feeling flat—lifeless. I could give you a tonic, of course, and perhaps I shall, but your mind doesn't react to social influences and that upsets your whole organization. You're poisoned where you should be nourished. Get that?"

Evelyn did not reply. There was resistance in the set of her chin.

"You see, Mrs. Rockwell," he continued, leaning forward in an attitude of confidence, "when a man or woman goes flat, as I call it, no bounce to them—I spring my little joke. I tell them they haven't any spring in them, so I send them down to The Springs to get some!"

He laughed heartily at his threadbare pleasantry, and Evelyn found herself smiling faintly. So it was agreed that to The Springs she should go.

THE singsong throb of the wheels fitted the words of old songs. Evelyn found herself soothed by the rhythmic grinding. For the second lap of the journey she was compelled to take a chair-car, and carefully choosing the least strewn spot of a crumby passageway, she found a seat beside a weary-eyed and grimy little boy whose sagging mouth revealed rough-edged, untended teeth, and about whose neck was a sharply defined low-water line.

He studied his attractive fellow-passenger with innocent rudeness, and a girl from the opposite seat which had been turned to face him leaned across in worried reproof. "Don't stare so, Jamie," she whispered sharply.

Evelyn smiled down at the culprit, who blushed through his grime and turned his attention to the window panorama.

Beside the girl sat a very evident small sister. Both were red-cheeked and dark-eyed, almost pretty. They were, to Evelyn's appraising eyes, like pictures that would be charming if properly framed.

The older girl had been crying and to divert attention from herself she hastily began the readjustment of the wrinkled black ribbon that adorned the little sister's unevenly cut hair, the kind Evelyn knew would curl if it were coaxed.

"They are tired, aren't they?" Evelyn observed, eager to make a contact before the journey ended.

The older girl changed places with the boy and replied with a tearful gush of relief to the friendly words.

"They're all in, poor little kids, and—and I'm taking them to a Home because our mother is dead."

Evelyn was deeply touched. "Tell me," she said, her hand slipping over the unmanicured one in her neighbor's lap. Why, the girl was no older than Elinor.

"I can't support them—is all. And there isn't anybody else."

"No father?"

"No. Dad left when they were babies and we is heard he died in the oil-fields down in Oklahoma. I'd sure keep them if I could, but I can't do it. My job don't pay enough."

"Tell me your name—and the children's—it is terribly sad—" Evelyn grieved. Who knew what suffering was in the hearts of those all about them—older people too sophisticated to reveal their grief to a stranger as the girl had done. Insistently, she was reminded of her own children, happy and well groomed.

THE man in the seat behind straightened his coat, glanced curiously over the back of the seat at the smartly tailored woman who was interested in strange families and reclined again with his ear to the space between his own and his neighbor's chair. His yellowed fingers incessantly flipped forward and backward the corners of two trunk checks.

"I wish you'd quit that," complained his crudely rouged companion. "It gets on my nerves."

He lifted one yellow finger in a gesture of caution and nodded significantly in the direction of Evelyn and her troubled acquaintance.

"I'm Cora Sutter," the girl was saying. "That's Jamie and Florence, he's seven and she's six. She's nervous—something dreadful. I thought maybe they'd treat her for it—there." The girl's voice trailed to misery, and Evelyn patted her hand.

There was so little she could say. The treatment for a nervous child—even at the best of institutions—must be terribly inadequate. She remembered fearful nights with Howard, Jr., who persistently "heard things," and screamed for his mother.

"It sure is awful," sighed Cora Sutter. "But the Lord knows best, I guess and—they're real decent, for kids. Never any for me, though," she vowed grimly. "It's too big a chance unless you're rich and

Continued on page 186

Electrified India

The Seventh Article in a Series on "New Worlds"

By WILLARD PRICE

THINGS are not as they were in the days when was written

"The epitaph drear,
'A fool lies here
Who tried to hustle the East.'"

The East is now quite accustomed to being hustled. When India even begins to *pray* by electricity, it must be granted that times have changed!

Motor-driven prayers are today a feature of Simla, the summer capital. This came to pass when engineers wanted to harness the mountain streams up to dynamos to supply light and power for Simla. The Buddhist priests objected. It seems that for centuries they had repeated their endless prayers until they grew weary, and one ingenious worshiper invented wheels on which were tacked pieces of paper with prayers written on them. If these wheels were kept continually in motion the prayers were just as effective, argued the lazy priests, as if they were verbally repeated.

The power for these prayer mills was obtained from the mountain streams. And now unbelieving foreigners proposed to divert that water power for commercial purposes. The priests incited the people against the engineers and for a time it looked as if the project to provide Simla with electricity must be given up.

Then the tactful but firm British Government took action. The power companies were given authority to proceed. They must agree, however, to supply all the prayer wheels with electric motors. Simla now prays by electric power.

The American business pioneer meets peculiar difficulties in India. He runs up against a superstition or a tradition at every turn.

A grease manufacturer sent a commercial traveler around the world to India at great expense. And when the man got there he found he could do nothing. India would not buy grease. Why? Because the Hindu religion regards the cow as a sacred animal. It is considered sacrilege to kill a cow, and good Hindus under no circumstances will touch the meat, tallow, hides, or similar articles in trade. The objection of some native regiments to using cartridges which had been greased with tallow is said to have precipitated the great mutiny of 1857.

A canny manufacturer of food products had a special label pasted on all packages for India: "This food contains no cow."

Since the members of some castes are not permitted even to touch an object which has been touched by a foreigner or one of lower caste, the product made entirely by machine has a great advantage. The high-caste Hindu will pick out every time the product labeled: "Untouched by human hands."

He will, if he can read the label. If it is a high-grade, expensive product, the buyer of such a product is probably educated, at least enough to be able to read. But if it is a cheap article designed for the common people, what then? The Yankee trader has a new difficulty to reckon with when he remembers that eighty-nine per cent. of the men of India and ninety-nine per cent. of the women can neither read nor write. How can he advertise his article among people unable to read?

PICTURES are the answer. It will be remembered that in old England before education was common a tavern or shop would hang out a sign on which would be painted no lettering whatever, but simply a picture, perhaps of a boar's head, or a crowing cock. Any one can read a picture, and the place promptly became known as the Boar's Head or the Crowing Cock.

The same ancient principle is employed in India today. The outside of a package will bear the life-size portrait of a cracker, with a tiger curled behind it. The Hindu will ask for the Tiger Cracker. Two different brands of American kerosene are known in India as the Elephant brand and the Monkey brand. Indian deities are frequently used as trade-marks.

Often it is the attractiveness of the picture which sells the goods rather than the quality of the article. Manufacturers vie with each other in getting out trade-marks which will be not only attractive and brilliantly colored, but of such subjects as will make a strong impression on the memory. Such trade-mark pictures, after being taken off the package, are seldom thrown away, but are usually pasted on the walls of native shops or houses, where they serve as a permanent decoration; also as an advertisement of the article to which they had been attached.

Public libraries are of limited use among people who can not read! Progressive libraries therefore make a specialty of their "visual instruction branch" in which they are glad to use advertising motion-picture films and any industrial or educational films of an informing character. Through the universal language of pictures, minds are reached which would remain blind before a printed page.

Those minds are helped to work more effectively by another Western invention—the electric fan. The intense heat of India puts brakes on the brain. Thus the electric fan is not merely a comfort but a real factor in the progress of the nation. For centuries the air of India has been stirred only by the punkah, a rectangular strip of cloth suspended from the ceiling and moved lazily to and fro by a punkahwallah pulling at the end of a rope. To be sure, a hall full of slowly waving and brilliantly colored punkahs was a sight to behold—but the palaces of the rajahs are today fitted with electric fans.

The picturesque glory of India's past is giving way to modern efficiency. That is one of the penalties the world must pay for progress. The quaint, splashing, creaking water-wheel has given way to the silent but efficient turbine. The sailing ship with its waving hills of canvas yields honors to the plain, steam-driven cargo-boat. The magnificent, plunging horses drawing the fire-engine are replaced by the motor. With every step of progress we have less fuss and fury, less picturesque display, and more efficiency. What a monotonous world this will be when it is entirely efficient—when everything works in smooth silence without an interesting gyrations or racket.

The village plowman in India easily can carry his wooden plow on his shoulders. But missionaries are introducing modern farming methods

The gorgeously caparisoned elephant with a miniature house full of gaily dressed people on his mountainous back is also disappearing. His place is being taken by the automobile. The native nobility and princes of India are large purchasers of motor cars, sometimes owning dozens of them. Many of them are fond of sporting models, able to do eighty miles an hour.

How jealously the Hindu clings to fast fading glories is shown in the extreme ornateness of some of these cars. For example, the favorite car of a certain native ruler is painted a rich canary yellow with gold mountings, the upholstery being in old-gold silk brocade, with silk laces to match; also silk curtains in old-gold are fitted on either side of the Nizam's seat, which is a luxurious arm-chair raised slightly higher than the other seats in the car as befits the dignity of His Highness. The roof is domed with silver and the Nizam's coat of arms is painted on the panels.

Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal has an equally gorgeous equipage with one added feature—a rich curtain of violet silk which may be drawn to secure privacy. For it is most important that cars to be used by Mohammedan or high-caste Hindu ladies should be readily closed in by curtains to protect the fair occupants from the eyes of men and the touch of outcastes.

With automobiles whirring over the ancient, elephant-trodden highways, with American vacuum street-cleaners sucking up the dust of Bombay, with the proposal to introduce "road mirrors," five by ten feet in size, so that motorists may be able to see around busy corners, with white-ant-proof iron poles from Pittsburgh carrying electric cables freighted with power and light, it is very apparent that, in India, East and West have not only met—they have amalgamated.

INDIA now spends $1.91 a year per capita for foreign goods. The share of this which comes to the United States is four cents a year per capita. This amounts to a respectable sum when one considers that there are 315,000,000 people in India, but the sum might be much larger if we were as willing to take the trouble to sell as India is to buy.

This once Nirvana-dreaming land is now even sufficiently modernized to have a "Moloch" of industry. Thousands are consumed annually by the grind of factory and foundry. The change from simple home industries to complex factory industries has been so abrupt that laws for the protection of workers have not kept pace. In the last ten years the factories have increased by eighty per cent.

Children of both sexes work ten hours a day for a daily wage of five cents in the cotton mills of Bangalore. Many factories are paying a wage of from three to eleven cents for a day of fifteen hours or more. The evils of country life are supplanted by the much greater evils of crowded tenement life. Labor unrest is acute. To add to the difficulty of the situation, Bolshevist influences are active. In recent months there have been eighty-six strikes involving 300,000 people.

Titanic enterprises are going forward at great human cost. India now weaves enough cloth in a year from home-grown cotton and homespun yarn to belt the world forty times around. The Kolar gold mines yield annually ten million dollars worth of gold. India, aboriginal home of the sugar-cane, manufacturers more than a third of the world's sugar, which is, however, curiously muddy in character because religious prejudices forbid the use of animal charcoal for refining. Most of the world's bags and sacks are made from the jute of India. In India's Pittsburgh the largest steel mills in Asia are manufacturing all the rails and coaches for India's railways—and India stands fourth country in the world in railroad mileage. And the largest hydro-electric project in the world is now being carried out in the Bombay Presidency at an estimated cost of eight million dollars, converting a head of water ten times as great as that of Niagara into electric power for the constantly increasing thousands of factores in and around Bombay.

While great in commerce and industry, India is greatest as an agricultural nation. But this greatness is potential. India has scarcely scratched the surface of her land. She raises only six bushels of wheat on an acre of land that under proper farming easily produces thirty-five. Yet, in spite of her crude methods, she exports more wheat to Great Britain than any other country. She is the greatest rice producer in the world. She is the greatest cotton producer in the world next to the United States.

India is a land of farmers. Seventy-two per cent. of the people, as against seven per cent. in England, live directly off the land. The best land in Europe can support not more than 250 persons to the square mile. The land in India, poorly cultivated as it is, must support often as many as 800 people to the square mile. The result is that the "support" is very slender and frail, breaking altogether in time of famine.

It is estimated that forty million of the sixty million "untouchables" of India go to bed hungry every night of the year. Their pathetic salutation to each other is, "Have you eaten?"

It is very evident that a crying need in India is for agricultural education. The government has not made adequate provision. It maintains 161 art colleges but only one agricultural college.

The desperate necessity of the people is reflected in the tradition of the sutra or farmer caste who believe that a world savior will soon appear. They say he is now doing penance in the Himalayas. When he is through he will come and reign for a thousand years. In those days there will be plenty for all, and tigers and lambs will eat together out of the same rice bowl.

But it is a question whether the world Saviour has not already arrived and is at work through such men as Sam Higginbottom, the farmer-missionary, and Arthur Slater, the "Reverend Sir Hen Merchant," and many others. For the missionaries realize that poverty-stricken India can never live a full Christian life until she learns how to get enough out of the soil to keep body and soul together.

Ignorant, half-starved, disease-ridden creatures are not apt to have lofty thoughts or perform noble deeds. Even if they do become nominal Christians they are not able to support a church and pay for their own Christian education. And America, generous as she

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The Editorial Forum

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Congress on Disarmament

THERE is an indication that the shadow of jingoism is hovering over Congress, at least if we may judge from some of the recent speeches that have been made in the House of Representatives. However, there is in most of the discussion a saving vein of common sense, which modifies the flights of the orators and brings them down to something approaching a sensible working basis.

Mr. Connolly of Texas, speaking in the House on the naval building program, pointed out that our action in Congress would be an eloquent argument to the other nations. It would practically say to them:

> If you are willing to disarm, if you mean what you say, if you are willing to devote some of your resources to the development of the industries of peace, instead of preparing for war, this great nation that has emerged from the greatest struggle that ever shook the foundations of the earth practically unimpaired, practically the only great nation that could look into the future, and, shaking the tears from her eyes, know that her future is secure—if you will agree with us to disarm, we will meet you half way; but unless you do, we shall continue to build the greatest nation that lies upon the Seven Seas!

This is not very dignified language for a world crisis. It sounds more like warning than encouragement. Suppose it should have been stated, instead, that we are willing, as a nation, to reduce our armaments, provided the other naval powers are like-minded and will unite with us in a pledge toward that end. Surely, when the whole world is waiting and praying for peace and looking to the three great powers to take the initiative, it is not a time to wave defiance at them. We have lately emerged from a war which, according to the estimate of Professor Strong of Harvard, has cost all the nations in direct expenditures for military and naval operations $186,000,000,000, with an indirect cost of $84,000,000,000, and a potential loss of life both direct and indirect of 43,000,000 human beings—the latter so terrible and far-reaching in its sacrificial aspect that, in the case of France alone, 70 years will be needed to recover from the loss in population. We should like to hear from some of the eloquent voices in Congress a statesmanlike presentation of the broad humanitarian view, which is what the world needs and looks for from us today.

The old proverb: "In time of peace prepare for war" was a wise and useful one in its generation; but the larger vision, which should be in mind at the present time, would make it read: "Seize the great opportunity to build on solid foundations for world peace." We wait expectantly for some strong voice in Congress to be lifted up, which is capable of doing real justice to America's statesmanship. To let speeches of the jingo class go in that capacity is doing ourselves a severe international injustice, and belittling our influence and motives in the eyes of the world.

Christian Unity's Progress

SOUND and clamor are not always indicative of progress. There are many good people to whom it must appear that the lack of resounding demonstration in connection with the progress of the Christian Unity movement would seem to indicate a declining interest. It happens, however, that the very reverse is the fact. Christian Unity continues to make steady progress by calm and quiet methods, both at home and abroad. During February, several important conferences have been held at which plans for urging the Unity campaign were discussed. At the St. Louis conference, held early in the month Bishop Johnson of that city told of his experience as a member of the Lambeth Conference in England, and Bishop Nicolai of the Greek Orthodox Church gave impressions of the Conferences held in Switzerland. Dr. Peter Ainslie of Baltimore, outlined the present-day movement toward Unity, and several other speakers, representing different religious organizations, gave their views of the general progress during the year. The whole movement at the present time looks more and more definitely toward organic co-operation than it did in the earlier conferences.

That setbacks will occur is to be expected. In Great Britain the plan for Methodist union is making progress toward realization, even in the face of opposition within the Wesleyan Church which, as the parental body, holds fast to advisory privileges, and claims that the churches are not yet ripe for union. The Methodist *Times* of London, a sincere advocate of Unity, touches the quick of the opposition in declaring that the Wesleyans secretly favor union with the Church of England, which most British Methodists are assumed to oppose. Similarly in Australia, where three important groups—Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian—have been steadily moving toward Unity, there is a sudden halt in the progress. While 80 per cent. of the Congregationalists and 75 per cent. of the Methodists are recorded as favorable to union, only 60 per cent. of the Presbyterians give it their support. This lukewarmness on the part of the last-named denomination is now openly said to have been due to the opposition of a few leaders whose attitude is attributed to "pride of history, pride of place and pride of scholarship." But we have the faith to believe that all such stumbling blocks will ultimately disappear, and that the true spirit of Christian solidarity, which we hold to be steadily increasing in the Church as well as outside of it, will yet show the way to the various bodies to put aside all other considerations in order that the Church may become a great, united body "one in faith, one in love, one in charity."

The first great step to be accomplished is the breaking down of the old fences, but this does not necessarily imply denominational extinction. It will be long before the memories and associations of those historic bodies that have been the standard-bearers in all Gospel advance at home and abroad will be put aside. But even that day will come.

We need a united Church, with every battalion in its place and all co-operating in Christian service under the great Commander. We have already seen how imperative Christian Unity has become in the foreign mission fields. Some day soon it will be made clear to all that it is equally urgent at home. Christianity's forces must go on, each in its place and all together. It is the only way to victory!

The Bible and the Inauguration

IN HIS notable book on the "Religious Foundations of America," Rev. Dr. Charles L. Thompson gives some interesting and appropriate passages relative to the place of the Bible in the inaugural ceremonies. He tells of the precedent set when Washington was inaugurated, and also at subsequent inaugurations, in this memorable passage:

> It is remarkable that the place of the Bible in the life of the Nation was fixed by precedent and public sentiment, and not by law. It was a day when infidelity was popular. But when Washington was ready to assume the office of President of the new republic, he asked for a Bible. Stepping out on the balcony of Federal Hall, Wall Street, New York, in full sight of the assembled multitude, he laid his right hand on the open Book while repeating the constitutional oath, and then reverently kissed the page. State Chancellor Livingston turned down the corner of the page toward the words of Genesis 49 : 24—"His bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob."
>
> This custom has never been violated by a President-elect. The Bible is usually opened at random by the clerk of the Supreme Court; a record is made of the passage kissed, and the Book presented to the President's wife. Cleveland used a little red Bible given to him as a boy by his mother. Roosevelt placed his lips to the words of James 1 : 22: "But be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only." The Bible was opened for President Wilson almost at the middle. He kissed the page at Psalm 119 : 46: "I will speak of thy testimonies before Kings and will not be ashamed."

These and other instances in unbroken succession ever since the first inaugural, prove that by tradition, by precedent, by common law and established custom the Word of God was in evidence as a national recognition of the Divine sovereignty. It is eminently fitting that this should be so. Our nation was founded on the principles of Christianity and the U. S. Supreme Court on various occasions, and also the Supreme Court of several of the states, have ruled that the nation is Christian and that Christianity is a part of the common law of the land. These facts give to the inaugural ceremony the character of a solemn religious national function. We trust that the use of the Bible at the incoming of a new administration may always be a feature of the inaugural ceremony.

Passing It On

THE letter we print below belongs to a class of correspondence which is very gratifying to the editors of the Christian Herald. M. D. and N. C. E., of Elmira, Oreg., are the joint writers of the communication:

> The Christian Herald comes to our home; we read it through and pass it on. Its words of comfort to our souls bring weekly feasts worth more than gold. Happy thoughts to us indeed which others have a chance to read. We have a daughter teaching school in ——— County. We enjoy the Christian Herald wonderfully. On the day we receive our copy, we mail the previous copy to daughter and we have kept this plan going over a year. She writes us that the Christian Herald, which she has been able to read in her parental home from the time she first learned her letters, goes a-touring among many of her school patrons, and then returns for her to read many of its gems aloud to the Young People's Class. May God abundantly bless and strengthen the Christian Herald staff is the prayer of two of your aged readers.

These good people, and thousands of other subscribers who believe in "passing on" their Herald after it has done service in their own family circle, are really doing the best kind of home missionary work. We know that the aggregate number of subscribers who widen the influence of the paper in this way must be very large. By this means it reaches a multitude of homes all over the land, where it has become a welcome guest, and where in many cases it is ultimately taken on regular subscription.

There are other ways of doing missionary work in in the same connection. A considerable number of our readers send extra subscriptions for the paper in the names of friends at home or abroad, whom they wish to share the benefit of its regular visits. But the proportion of subscribers who, after the folks at home have read the paper, do as our Oregon friends have been doing—send it on its travels to others, who in turn pass it on until it has done its full duty and multiplied its readers many times—must be very large. We have no means of accurately estimating the extent of this secondary circulation, but we know that it is a very considerable factor in the influence of the publication.

Good Signs

DURING a recent two-day evangelistic tour of eastern towns, the editor noted the following cheerful signs of returning religious life in America:

Religious denominations met with a spirit of unanimity never before noted, even among the groups that came together. The pulpits of Episcopal churches were open to the speaker, with a heartiness and cordiality that were extremely gratifying. And the meetings for conferences revealed a oneness of purpose and an absence of jealousy and division that were in sharp contrast with many such gatherings a few years ago.

The theme that seemed to create the greatest interest was the old theme of the Gospel. Not a discussion of economic or industrial problems, but a statement of the Jesus way. Many papers, in giving accounts of the meetings, laid emphasis even in editorial comment on the answer to the industrial troubles as not to be found in the matter of wages or hours of labor, but in the observance of the Golden Rule by both capital and labor, as the only real answer to the whole vexed question of industry.

The next theme close to the Gospel message that excited general interest was the question of actual disarmament. Even in the center of the steel industry, when the statement was made that the whole world would be better off if not a single battleship were any longer constructed, the audiences cheered. And the encouraging thing to the speaker was that the heads of steel constructing companies said their business could be readily adjusted to disarmament, even a disarmament which meant the complete cessation of making armorplate, on account of the increasing demand for commercial steel for building purposes.

But the main thing that was a good sign to the speaker, the ministers, and the audiences generally, was the fact that the most radical utterance asking the United States to step out and set the example to the world of disarmament, met at once with deep approval. There is little doubt that if the people of the United States could vote on the question, divorced from all political pressure, they would vote overwhelmingly for real and complete disarmament and the end of war.

Another good sign of the meetings during the two-day plan was the healthy attitude taken toward bodily weakness, disease and death. No effort was made to create an atmosphere of miraculous healing or cures. But the response to the New Testament rules of health and happiness was immediate and helpful. The people who came to be helped went away helped, not by the speaker so much as by the assurance of God's promises and the Master's power as the Great Physician. The open door of hope for the sick and despairing may yet prove to be one of the greatest means of reviving faith in a Gospel which was intended to reach all the parts of a human being's life.

Altogether, the results of the meetings were of the cheering kind. Good signs they were of a healthy return to the Gospel of Jesus, after the apathy and indifference of the dark days of the war.

The World News of the Week

Senate Passes Emergency Tariff Bill Much Amended

THE Emergency Tariff bill, designed to aid the farmers, has been passed by the Senate by a vote of 43 to 30 and sent to conference with the House, but there was slight chance that it would become law in the few days remaining of the Wilson administration. A veto by President Wilson was considered certain and enough Senators were opposed to the measure to prevent its passage over the veto, although Congress recently has manifested a tendency to override the President's wishes.

The passage of the bill was due to Democratic support, nine Democrats from the West and Southwest supporting it, while four Eastern Republicans voted against it. Solid Democratic opposition would have insured its defeat. The Senate made many changes in the measure during the month and a half it was before that body, much of the time preventing the consideration of important fiscal bills, and among its additions were duties of 12 cents a dozen on eggs, 8 cents a pound on butter, and an extra 1 cent a pound on sugar. As it went to conference, the bill carried duties of 40 cents a bushel on wheat, 15 cents a bushel on corn, 25 cents a bushel on potatoes, 30 per cent. ad valorem on cattle, and 25 per cent. ad valorem on many other kinds of meats.

Senator Moses, of New Hampshire, one of the four Republican opponents of the bill, offered as a substitute for it the Payne-Aldrich tariff act of 1910, declaring that if the country was to have tariff legislation he favored a real protective measure. Only one other senator supported his motion.

Republican leaders in the House opposed the amended bill and prepared to fight the adoption of a conference report. Representative Fordney, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, went to Florida to consult Mr. Harding regarding tariff legislation.

Europe's Debts to America

REPAYMENT of Europe's debts to the United States has been causing much discussion both in this country and abroad, particularly since a section of the French press has been asserting that President Wilson had promised at Paris to use his influence to have Congress cancel the Allied debts, and that Colonel House had said many times that the United States never would call for the payment of the French debt.

Such assertions were denied by Thomas W. Lamont, one of the President's advisers at the Peace Conference, in a talk with Mr. Harding at St. Augustine, Fla. He declared Mr. Wilson and his advisers at Paris, without exception, had opposed vigorously and finally any suggestion of debt cancellation. "There was no commitment, expressed or implied, near or remote, moral or otherwise, as to the handling of the Allies' indebtedness to the United States," he added. "I was able to assure Mr. Harding, from my knowledge of what took place at the Peace Conference, that as to his future policy in this whole matter, he is as free and untrammeled as air."

That Great Britain is anticipating no remission of debts was shown by the announcement of Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the British Government must make provision during the next year to pay the interest on the American debt. Up to November 15, 1920, Britain owed to the United States interest accrued and unpaid amounting to $314,582,824; while the unpaid balance on the loan was $4,196,818,538. France's debt was in the neighborhood of $3,000,000,000 and French economists were frankly worried over the finding of means to meet it, with Germany seeking to escape so far as possible her reparations debts.

Congress was interesting itself in the unexpended credits voted for foreign governments and the Senate Judiciary Committee exacted from Secretary Houston an assurance that he would permit no further advances until he had consulted the committee. As some of the purposes for which the credits were advanced do not now exist, he estimated that the actual credit balance would not exceed $75,000,000. The committee was beginning an examination of all the foreign loans, a grant of $5,000,000 to Czechoslovakia four days after the armistice being the first taken up.

THE WILSONS MOVING INTO THEIR NEW RESIDENCE

On March 4 Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson transfer their home from the White House to this beautiful dwelling at 2340 S Street, southwest, in Washington, purchased at a price said to be $150,000. They began their moving early, as the photograph shows, so as to have things in readiness by Inauguration Day

Indemnity Outlook Gloomy

AS THE time for the Reparations Conference in London drew nearer, French officials were decidedly pessimistic regarding the chances for an agreement and were predicting that later conferences would be necessary—views which apparently were shared in Berlin official circles. On everything else Berlin and Paris were widely at variance, Premier Briand having received notification from the French Parliament that he may expect the overthrow of his ministry if he reduces the indemnity, and the German foreign minister having been instructed by his government to refuse to sign the proposals.

The French press was demanding a show of force to compel the Germans to accept the terms approved at the Paris conference of Allied premiers, and the seizure of additional German territory was suggested. If Germany refuses her consent to treaty modifications, the Allies might notify her that she must pay the sum fixed or an even larger total within thirty instead of forty-two years and then take military action on that basis. The French believed that the Germans were counting on the new American administration to obtain a modification of the Allied demands but expressed confidence that America would countenance nothing injurious to France's interests.

The House of Commons rejected by a vote of 181 to 40 a motion of censure of the British policy relating to the employment of the Versailles Treaty. Premier Lloyd George reiterated his pledge that Germany would be made to pay "to the limit of her capacity."

Tells of Improvement in Ireland

PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE, reviewing in the House of Commons the Irish situation, declared conditions throughout the island were improving decidedly and predicted that if the British people were patient "order will be restored to Ireland, and with order, liberty." He said that murders no longer were committed with impunity, that Sinn Fein patrols have gone, and Sinn Fein courts have disappeared, and that the Crown forces have recovered their authority.

Replying to former Premier Asquith's request for the application of the Strickland report on the burning of Cork, the suppression of which evoked much protest, the Premier announced it would be kept secret. He admitted, however, that some members of the British auxiliary forces were implicated and said very severe measures had been taken with regard to one company. He reviewed recent efforts to bring about peace and defended the government's insistence that the Sinn Feiners surrender their arms as a preliminary to a truce—the demand which prevented an agreement—on the ground that the Sinn Fein leaders were being pressed hard and that a truce would have enabled them to restore broken communications and prepare for more dangerous attacks.

Despite the Premier's optimism, Ireland was far from quiet. On the Cork-Bandon line, when Sinn Feiners ambushed a train carrying military, there was a battle in which eight passengers and two of the attacking force were killed. In County Cork the Sinn Feiners were destroying bridges and damaging roads so as to make it easier to attack the British patrols traveling in motor trucks, and the guerilla warfare had been intensified to an unparalleled degree.

Presbyterian Commission Meets

THE American Section of the Executive Commission of the Reformed Churches of the World holding the Presbyterian system has been in session in Washington, Pa., with the making of arrangements for the meeting of the General Council of the organization in Pittsburg beginning September 16, as an important part of its work. There are 35,000,000 members of the Reformed Churches of the World, and many delegates from Europe will be present at the Pittsburg gathering.

Rev. James F. Good of Philadelphia presented a report as chairman of the Committee on Work on the European Continent and the delegates voted to petition the General Council to organize a united work to help war-stricken Europe. Another proposal was that the Council draw up an answer to the proposals for Christian Unity promulgated last summer by the Lambeth conference in London.

Rev. R. P. Mackay, secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, offered a report attacking Japan's policies in Asia, and declaring the brutality of Japan's treatment of Korea to be "comparably only to Turkish massacres in Armenia." Even the Koreans who had migrated to Manchuria to escape Japanese tyranny, he said, were followed by a force of 15,000 Japanese, who methodically burned village after village and shot the inhabitants.

Huge Liquor Refunds Predicted

RECENT rulings by the Treasury Department will necessitate the return of from $1,000,000,000 to $4,000,000,000 to distillers, liquor dealers and former saloon-keepers, according to estimates furnished to the Senate by Senators Smoot and Frelinghuysen. It was explained that the money is to be returned for "obsolescence of property" of those whose businesses were ended by the prohibition legislation. Senator Smoot said the Treasury ruling provides allowance for good-will, trade-marks and various assets of an intangible nature.

Dry leaders considered the estimates of the senators to be excessive and expressed the belief that the refunds would fall far short of the $1,000,000,000 mark. Claims have arisen from the fact that distillers withdrew whisky for medicinal purposes, but were taxed at the beverage rate of $6.40 a gallon, instead of the medicinal rate of $2.40 a gallon, because of the contention that much of the whisky was diverted to illegal uses. The Solicitor of the Internal Revenue Bureau has ruled that the distiller is not liable for the higher tax if liquor withdrawn in good faith for non-beverage purposes finds its way into illegal channels, but this question has not been settled finally, and the Attorney-General will be asked for an opinion.

DOMESTIC

HOWAT SENTENCED TO YEAR IN JAIL. Alexander Howat, president of District 14, United Mine Workers of America, was sentenced to one year in jail by a court at Pittsburg, Kansas, after being found guilty of violating a permanent injunction prohibiting the union officials from calling a strike in the Kansas coalfields. Five other members of the District

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Power for Witnessing

A Sermon by REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXT—Acts 1 : 8. "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and you shall be my witnesses."

"THEY, *therefore, when they were come together, asked Him.*" It seems to be a pre-arranged inquiry. They had been talking the subject over. "Is the old material glory to return to Israel?" Is the radiant time of David and Solomon to come back with all its life, and prowess, and power? If so, there will be some fine offices vacant for somebody! The proud representatives of Rome will be swept over the seaboard, and some empty places will be waiting! How the apostles would once again canvass these vacant posts! They would not long talk about the revival of the old kingdom without tending to the more personal matter as to who would occupy the supreme places in the sovereignty. The old controversy would leap into their hearts once more, and again they would "contend with one another as to who should be the greatest."

The apostle Peter, who had once said to his Master: "What shall we have therefore?" was nursing the same inquiry still. James and John were still cherishing their mother's ambition, and were eagerly coveting places on the right hand and on the left in the Lord's kingdom. And in the midst of all their wranglings one can imagine that Matthew, the publican, would obtrude his claim, and on the plea of his own official knowledge of governmental life, would argue for the sovereign place.

Do I really think that this happened? After so startling and extraordinary an event as the resurrection of the Lord, would not all things be changed by this stupendous occurrence? No, I think not. It is marvelous how little a vast external event can alter the plane and trend of one's thoughts. Such a phenomenon may excite and even exalt the feelings, and yet not be influential in transforming the thoughts. After the event, the old mental habits re-assert themselves, and fundamentally we are not changed.

I knew a man who had lived for the making of money. His whole ambition was bent upon it. His desires were absorbed in it. Then his friend suddenly died. The man was profoundly moved, and the great deeps in his life appeared to be broken up. There was no one standing at that graveside who seemed to have been more deeply and severely checked. And yet on the way back from the cemetery, this grief-stricken man said to me: "I wonder how much he has left?" The external event had disturbed his feelings, but had left unchanged the tendency of his thought. And is it not frequently so in sickness? A bodily ailment subdues us, makes us temporarily soft and gentle, but frequently leaves us unchanged. And temporary affliction passes, and our minds rebound to their old exercises, and our thoughts move in the old track.

AND so I think it was with these apostles. They had been so long thinking about a material kingdom, and feasting in expectancy upon its offices, that even so great an event as the Resurrection did not break the habit, and their mental drift was unchanged. They were still eager, still jealous and still quarrelsome, and between the Resurrection and Pentecost they clamored for the supreme place. And perhaps—who knows?—perhaps it was long-headed Thomas who one day obtruded in the controversy with some question as this: "Are we not a little premature? Perhaps there will be no vacant places! Let us ask the Lord Himself!" "They, therefore, when they were come together, asked Him, saying, Lord, dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?"

Now see the Master's answer. "Ye shall receive *power!*" How they would listen when the Master mentioned "power"! It was power they were coveting, power which was the theme of their controversy. "Ye shall receive power," but not belonging to a national office, but springing from a mystic relationship; not the power which comes from the occupancy of a place, but the power which belongs to the possession of the Spirit; "When the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

How revolutionary the answer! Was this to be the power of the Kingdom? At once all the national and imperial dignities and distinctions vanished from their minds. "The pomp of power" no longer absorbed their gaze. These things passed away, and in their minds there arose quite other conditions. These men were Bible students, and they had read and pondered about men of old, on whom the Spirit had breathed and rested. The Spirit had been with Jeremiah, and he was a man of power; not the power of royal dignity, but the power which prefers a dungeon with honor to the kingly favor with shame. Upon Amos the Spirit had rested, and he, too, was a man of power; not the power which won the king's distinctions, but the power which antagonized the king's will. And this was the kind of power that the Master promised, power to quietly know the mind of God, power to purely live the life of God, power to nobly bear the will of God, power to strongly strive in the purpose of God. This was the power of the men of Anatoth, and this, too, was the power of the man of Tekoa. "Ye shall receive power," the supreme dignity of human kind, "when the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

"AND *ye shall be my witnesses.*" Not deputy governors to rule the peoples, but witnesses to commend and justify the Lord. Their distinction had to consist in this, that they were to tell out what they knew about Him. "I stand at the bar of mankind to be judged by them, to be accepted or rejected; witness for *Me!*" Now, a witness has to tell what he knows; his speech is rigidly confined to the facts of his experience. We at once stop a witness if he begins to tell what he thinks. We do not want his theories, his imaginings; we demand his knowledge. The Holy Spirit is creative of a certain kind of life. His fellowship with men produces a great experience. Than this experience nothing can be more certain. This experience we are to tell out, and witness among our fellowmen.

"*Witnesses in Jerusalem.*" What? "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets!" Are they to witness there? "It can not be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem?" Are they to witness there? Yes, they are called upon to witness to people who have scorned and rejected the King, and they will require "power" for that kind of witnessing. It is easy to tell the news to those who are greedy for it, but to go and labor among those who confront it with mockery and sneers, demands the very endurance and compassion of the Lord Himself. "Master, the Jews of late sought to stone Thee, and goest Thou thither again?" Yes, back to the scorners! We are to witness in Jerusalem."

"AND *in Samaria.*" What? "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." Are they to witness to them? The disciples once found their Master witnessing to a Samaritan, "and they marveled that Ye spake with the woman." And they had to go there? They are to witness for Christ to people from whom they have been estranged. That is our vocation, too. When the Holy Spirit comes unto us we have the power to approach those with whom we have hitherto had no dealings, and to confess to them the living Christ. We have got to commend Christ to those with whom we have refused to speak. How are we to do it? I do not know. The Holy Ghost is given to us to make every instance plain. We can not make detailed plans of campaign. Each estrangement must be approached according to its own needs. "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." Estrangements melt down most mysteriously under ministries such as these.

There are few who will resist or resent an approach of any man or woman who is filled with the power of the Holy Spirit. We are to witness "in Samaria."

"*And in the uttermost parts of the earth.*" What? I think of the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, the regions beyond Samaria. I think of the woman of those parts, and how the disciples dealt with her in the olden days. "Send her away!" "Send her away!" They thought of her much as our people have thought of the Calibans of the undeveloped races of the earth. And the Lord called them to witness there! It was a great revolution. But it was a revolution made possible by revolutionary power.

All these things are impossible to the natural man, but to the spiritual man they are the native exercises of the redeemed life.

ONLY three states—Massachusetts, New York and Wisconsin—have bona fide laws requiring every employer of labor in a manufacturing or mercantile establishment, with certain exceptions, to allow every person employed in such establishments at least twenty-four consecutive hours of rest in every seven consecutive days. Here is a field for the Church to make its influence felt in bettering conditions.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Holy Ghost, with Light Divine," or "He Leadeth Me."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—"The Promise of Israel's Restoration." Jeremiah, Chap. 32 : Verses 37 to 44.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 185, first column.)

Sermon—"POWER FOR WITNESSING"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Near the Cross," or "The Shining Shore."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Thou who didst work at common toil in a small shop, using tools of labor, help us to glorify our daily work about the home, or the shop, or wherever we have to work. May we never shirk our task or turn out poor work on purpose or carelessly, as Thou didst not make poor furniture for the people of Nazareth. Keep us good workmen and workwomen this week, we pray Thee. We ask it in Thy Name, O Saviour of the world. AMEN.

*Dr. Jowett's sermons, specially prepared for the Christian Herald, are published in the first issue of every month.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D. J. Burrell, C. C. Albertson, I. D. Lyttle, W. W. Bustard and R. Braunstein

The Blessing of a Curse

SUNDAY. Gen. 3 : 17. "*Cursed is the ground for thy sake.*" "Cursed is the ground!" Yes, who has not realized the blessing which is hidden in the curse? God laid restrictions upon the land in order that, by the means of the restriction, man might be helped to recover his freedom. Man had fallen by disobedience. His relationship with God was perverted. He was afflicted with spiritual crookedness. How to recover his straightness, his rectitude—that was the problem. It would only be done by the wonderful ministry of the boundless grace of God.

And yet that grace not only works upon the soul in direct and immediate constraints; it also works indirectly in a thousand different appointments. For one thing it curses the ground, so that the ground holds its harvests in bonds until they are released by human toil. And so labor becomes imperative, and man has to work for his living, and his labor is the medium of divine grace. The ground is cursed so that the man may be blessed. His very toil is purposed to be the helpmeet of his salvation. When he works for a living, his work is to aid him in the recovery of a life.

And who has not tasted this blessing which was thus enshrined in a curse? Honest labor is the antagonist of many a vile foe, and it drains away many a bad humor from the soul. "What a blessing it was I had some work to do!" That is the thankful utterance of millions of people, and they are finding their blessing in an original curse. The ground was cursed for their sake.

And how is it with the sorrows which sometimes leap upon us like lions from the thicket? We are dazed by the attack. Our united life was so sweet and simple, it was fragrant and lovely as a garden. And then death swooped down upon us, and the garden became an open grave. Nay, the entire world seemed to be smitten with the gloom of the tomb, and all our ways were darkened. But grace broke through the gloom! The Lord was in the stricken garden. Angel presences whispered of resurrection. Yes, and there was another helper when everything seemed to be shaking. We had our work. "I don't know what I should have done if I had had nothing to do!" No, poor soul, but thy labor was a means of grace, and it steadied thy powers in days and nights of confusion. Yes, thy very toil was a sort of angel presence, and it was purposed to brace and hearten the pilgrim of the night.

And so it is, we find our blessing in the primary curse. Our harvest rises in the wilderness. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake."

And all this is a revelation of the wonderful love of God. The clouds we so much dread are big with blessing. "Out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness." God laid upon us this burden of toil, lest we should be corrupted by indolence into deeper degradation. For it is true indeed that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. Idleness befriends disobedience. It relaxes all our powers by swathing the soul in a soft and softening atmosphere of enervation. That is why men who retire too early from business speedily go to pieces. They have lost something vital. They have dismissed one of life's strong angels, and the tonic has gone from their roads.

Let us thank God for the blessing of labor. Let us praise Him for all restrictions which demand our toil. Let us be grateful for the ground that was cursed. In working to release the energies of the earth we help our own emancipation. J. H. J.

The Greatness of Lincoln

MONDAY. Psa. 18 : 35. "*Thy gentleness hath made me great.*" David in his sin and sorrow had drawn from God's merciful gentleness the power which gave him the greatness of goodness, as well as the ability in his wonderful Psalms to touch all the chords of joy and sorrow in the human heart.

The gentleness that makes the true gentleman was the crowning glory of Abraham Lincoln's character. He bore the burdens of a nation with the patience of sublime gentleness. He pardoned the unfortunate soldier with the gentleness of heavenly forgiveness. Such a spirit is greater than that which taketh a city.

When the writer of this article was a Christian Commission delegate, it was his great privilege to accompany President Lincoln as he visited the hospitals in City Point, while on his way to Richmond. The President walked through every tent of six thousand wounded, shaking hands with the soldiers, and often making the cheering remark to the boys in gray: "The war is over now, boys; you will soon be home again." He filled the Divine requirement: "To be good, to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." E. W. C.

The Union of the Divine and Human

TUESDAY. I. Tim. 3 : 16. "*God manifest in the flesh.*" The Incarnation is called "the mystery of godliness." As the cherubim bent in reverent perplexity over the Ark of the Covenant so do we devoutly ponder this fundamental truth. "The angels desire to look into it!" But shall it be rejected because we cannot understand it?

Where would that lead us? There are mysteries on every hand which we receive without a murmur because we cannot help doing so. Explain the influence of mind over matter if you can. Tell me how I lift my hand, at the behest of my will, and I will agree to make everything clear as to the interweaving of the divine and human in the person of the God-man.

In this mystery of the Incarnation there is nothing that antagonizes a single law of human thought. Certainly it is beyond us: but so are all the great spiritual verities. We walk by faith; and faith is "the evidence of things not seen." D. J. B.

The Virtue of Contentment

WEDNESDAY. Heb. 13 : 5. "*And be content with such things as ye have.*" Blessed are they who find great meanings and great values in common things. It has been said that Christ's three favorite words were "the least," "the last" and "the lost." "The least" were the children. "The last" were the humble. "The lost" were the outcast and despised. The Master's attitude to children was beautiful. But was not that His attitude towards all weak things?

Small things are the index of great. The Master regarded nothing as too small to be significant. He reminded us that the sparrow is not unnoticed in heaven. There is a whole philosophy in that. It is easy to say, "Be content with a few things." But in our day, our desires increase with new inventions and devices. The gift of Christ, however, is a simplicity that delivers its posssesor from bondage to the desire for everything that glitters.

To be content with a few things, but to choose the *right* things—is this not the very essence of wisdom, worldly and unworldly, human and divine? C. C. A.

Chastisement and Sonship

THURSDAY. Heb. 12 : 6. "*Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.*" There is perhaps no one phase or feature of our early lives which stands out so prominently, and which has all through life caused us so many mingled feelings, as the corrections of our early childhood. How hard it was for us in those early days to feel even the justice of it all, much less the mercy and love. But afterward, as we looked back our feeling for the ones who chastened us was at least reverence, and sometimes thankfulness.

And how wonderfully true is this fact of experience to the relationship that exists between us and our Father in Heaven. He may see that it is necessary to send upon us one thing after another, until, like the old Patriarch of Uz, we cry out "He breaketh me with breach upon breach!"

But man is not a machine, neither is he machine-made; and the Creative Intelligence at work in your life and mine is the God of Love. Now, it is not that God loves us *because* we have been chastened, for that would savor too much of pity; but He chastens us because He *loves* us. He knows the possibilities within us, and His loving heart cannot be satisfied with anything short of the very best for each one. Chastisements are God's tools for working out His own image in your life and mine. I. D. L.

The Right Way to Go to Church

FRIDAY. Rev. 1 : 10. "*I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day.*" It would be a great help to us if we could remember that the only way to keep the Lord's Day is to keep it in the Lord's way. To enjoy anything we must be in the right spirit.

It should be the spirit of preparation. So many people get up so late on Sunday morning that they have no time to prepare for Sunday worship. They are compelled to dress hastily, eat breakfast quickly, and then run to church. There has been no preparation of the spirit for a spiritual service, no time for a word of prayer, a little communion with God, a few minutes of quiet meditation.

There should also be the spirit of prayer. We are too often likely to be irreverent in the presence of God. How few heads are bowed, how few hearts offer up prayer, asking blessing upon the service. We should remember that the primary object of going to church is not to hear the sermon, but to worship God; it is not simply to come into social contact with other people, but into spiritual contact with our Heavenly Father.

We should also come into the house of God in the spirit of praise. The old songs of the church should find hearty expression in the way we sing them. There should be a joyousness of spirit, a heartiness of worship, a cheerfulness of countenance that would make the church the very gate of Heaven to our souls. W. W. B.

The Victorious Life

SATURDAY. Rev. 2 : 7. "*To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life.*" The greatest battlefields of history are invisible. The arena wherein were gained the most glorious victories is unseen. The history of the triumphs of faith is unwritten to a very large extent. There are two records for every moral conflict—the record on the score card of public approval, and the record on the character of the winner. Sometimes public opinion renders the verdict of defeat, when in reality God, Who reads the heart, sanctions an act with His "well done."

Sometimes success demands too big a price. No one can afford to win at the expense of individual honor. Character is greater than cash. The things of God outweigh the things of gold. Moral waste is the greatest waste in the world. The only kind of a man that God can use and that the world needs is a good man. Morality is the cornerstone of efficiency, and a good conscience the best business asset. R. B.

Thoughts for Lenten Season

By REV. EDWIN W. CASWELL

LUKE 23 : 34. "*Father, forgive them!*" What a godlike act! Behold the Son of God, beaten with rods, crowned with thorns, mangled with nails, hanging on His wounds. Listen to His prayer, "Father, forgive them!" He is not thinking of Himself; His blood is flowing for the pardon of His persecutors; The Cross is the hope of glory for the sinful and Christ is the infinite Forgiver, suffering for the sins of a race. He prays for all sinners during all the ages of time; His forgiveness is forever. He is a picture of loving kindness. It will take an eternity to understand the wondrous mystery of Calvary.

If our sins are sunk like a millstone in the bottom of the sea, if the ocean of His love flows over them forever, should we not forgive as we are forgiven and pray for those who despitefully use us?

Forgiveness, it is said, is the odor which flowers yield when trampled upon, and the poet writes,

"The sandal tree perfumes when riven
The axe that laid it low;
Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe."

God will not forgive us till we are willing to receive His nature and become His faithful followers. To forgive without conversion would be to sanction the evil in man, condoning his offence.

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." Not because we have been kind, but because we manifest the true spirit which alone commends us to God. If we would enjoy the truth, we must be true; if we would have love, we must remember that love begets love; by showing yourself friendly, you will have friends, even among your enemies. Stephen exclaimed, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Martyrs have shown no resentment towards their persecutors. President McKinley, when shot by the man he was shaking hands with, exclaimed, "Do no harm to the young man," and thus he acted like his Master, who prayed for His murderers.

Nations, like individuals, must follow Christ's forgiving spirit, as this is the only real Christianity. In a Young Woman's Christian Association meeting in France, it is said that "Holy Night" was sung and all present joined in the song in their own language, French, Swiss, Austrian, Belgian, Pole, Italian and Russian. We know that music is the same in all tongues. It is the Heavenly Father's picture of unity among all the peoples in His great family. All are forgiven alike when repentant; the melody of forgiveness is God's richest music.

We know that mortals cannot forgive sin; we can only remove our own resentment; God is the Forgiver of sin; His pardon makes a new being out of the rebellious. He justifies and sanctifies. A judge must do differently from a friend; he is sworn to execute the law. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. He is our Judge until we receive Christ as our Saviour; therefore we are guilty before Him until we receive His forgiveness.

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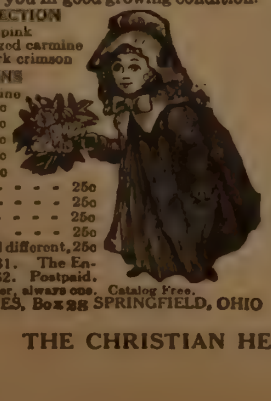

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The Springs

Continued from page 180

can be sure they'll be looked after. Not that I'm blaming mamma," she defended loyally "nor dad either; he went off to get work. Jamie looks just like him," she added wistfully.

"Do they know?" faltered Evelyn, her heart aching with maternal impulses—to make the children clean and sweet, to dress them, to have the boy's teeth attended to and to get straggly Florence in a barber's chair.

"I'm just going to leave 'em," replied Cora with the resignation of the poor. "I won't say goodby—Florence would go all to pieces like she does."

Evelyn knew that the going to pieces would come with the inevitable discovery of their desertion—probably in the night.

"It sha'n't happen to her!" she told herself with a fury of purpose. "They sha'n't be left like that. I'll tell them myself." She was trembling and felt Cora's curious eyes upon her. Her hand sought her long wristbag and encountered the bulky fold of traveler's checks prepared for an extended stay at The Springs.

Defiantly she gripped them—they were hers. Why shouldn't she spend them for what she wanted? Didn't she know what she wanted better than that laughing doctor? She leaned toward Cora and smiled winningly.

"Cora," she entreated tensely, "give them to me."

EVELYN'S appearance and manner had already made a favorable impression on Cora Sutter, and the lure of a wealthy foster-mother in place of a "home" was strong, but the poor are wise beyond their years; suspicion is bred in them and they demand proofs of integrity. In this sudden crisis, Cora followed strictly the path of caution, fearful though she was of offending the wonderful woman who wanted to mother Jamie and Florence.

Evelyn, however, could take no offense at Cora's request for "references." There was, she said, a clergyman somewhere in Kansas City, who had once lived in her home town of the Rockwells and who would vouch for her.

From a hotel bedroom, Evelyn telephoned patiently and at last she found her man, and the quartette made their way to the address given in his kindly voice.

With the ring of his last sentence in her ears, Cora left the conference and was silent on the way back to the hotel.

"—a most unusual opportunity—a wonderful chance for them! I can't get over the surprise of it."

Neither, seemingly, could Cora. "Kiddies," she told them, huskily, "you're going to have Mrs. Rockwell for your mother—you don't care if I go back to work and leave you with her, do you? You won't cry, will you?"

Both shook their heads, but Florence showed signs of tears. The breakdown seemed imminent when her sister kissed her sticky little lips and Evelyn herself fought hard for composure in the trying moment of separation. But she knew many mother-ways for diverting a hysterical child. The crisis passed and Cora Sutter was gone.

"Why did that man keep following us, Mrs. Rockwell?" asked Jamie that night, through a lather of warm soapsuds that accompanied his very first "bath in a tub."

"I didn't see any man," said Evelyn, flushed and contented with her strenuous occupation. "Call me mother, Jamie-boy."

THE hotel was speedily changed for a family boarding-house, and here were spent the first of those "happiest days" to which she had looked forward so long. And the queer part of it was that their happiness consisted in their very duplication of what she had considered the most trying of times—the close care of dependent little children.

Once more her mother-pats and murmured endearments soothed the night-cries of a fear-ridden baby; again, she banished teary thoughts from tired little heads with foolish tales carried over with the years, and just as of old, she thrilled with the mother-joy of soft hands clutching her for protective comfort in the dark night, and of hearing a voice calling "Are you there, mother?"

Her husband should know everything when she had the children ready. He wrote in the rather stilted terms of affection which he had employed in the few letters of their engagement period. Evelyn was amply content. Her replies were detailed descriptions of the parks, the beneficial effects of the mineral waters on her acquaintances and the incidental mention of her own improvement.

She had not set definitely in her mind a time for her return with her new family, though she felt that the children should enjoy a real Thanksgiving at home, and then begin school. Jamie's teeth had been filled and he had howled mightily, but she had held him in the chair with her old-time firmness.

There was a sewing-machine at her disposal, and day after day its whir accompanied the production of little garments whose price in the shops seemed prohibitive to one of Evelyn's thrifty habits. To provide for these children, Howard would have to go on working and so would she—that was the good part of it.

There was no longer any feeling of jealousy toward her husband's devotion to business. Growing old was no dreadful thing if one had the sense to find a congenial occupation. Mothering was hers. Why, when these children were ready to go into the world, Elinor and Howard, Jr., would have married and she would have grandchildren! Now, there was no time to be idle with the two lively children on her hands.

Daily, morning and afternoon, they went to the parks in the crisp fall weather, and with folded hands Evelyn sat and watched them at play. Her cheeks had grown pink, her gray eyes alive with interest, and at Florence's request, she had arranged her brown hair in soft little puffs over her ears "like the girl in the picture." Something not found in a beauty-parlor had "done over" Evelyn Rockwell.

AT THE other end of her park bench, on an Indian summer afternoon, a man with yellow finger-ends turned abruptly toward her.

"I have something to say which will, I fear, grieve you, Mrs. Rockwell," he stated gravely.

A panic possessed her—ill news of what?

"I refer," he continued with studied suavity, "to my children, Jamie and Florence."

"Your children—" she echoed.

"Yes, I am James Sutter, and I have searched everywhere for them. It was only today that my wife and I succeeded in locating you. Cora did what she thought best and I, too, thank you for your kindness, but—I must have my dear babies."

Her hands clenched with the pain of the blow—to lose them now when the bond between had grown so strong!

A rouged woman, sharp-eyed and over-dressed, approached. "Let me bring the darlings here," she gushed, "I can hardly wait to get them home."

The children crowded confidently against their foster mother, happy, affectionate, yet faintly apprehensive of trouble from the look on her face.

"You don't remember me, do you, little ones?" purred the strange man.

Florence averted her face—she was always afraid of strangers—but Jamie stood his ground. "Yes, sir," he responded gravely, not "Uh huh" as he would have said a month before. "You're the man that followed us the day we came here."

His answer called forth a scowl on the stranger's countenance. "I'm your father, that's who I am, and you and your sister are going home with me," he decreed forcefully, forsaking his honeyed style of address.

The children cowered in Evelyn's arms. She forced her tongue to speak in cool argument. "You must produce proofs of your identity, of course, before I can give them up."

"I've got proofs—this lady is my wife and she knows who I am and I've got friends—right over there on that seat. Louis, come here, and you, Joe!"

Evelyn experienced a spasm of terror. She had no one at hand to protect the children or herself and she had not, as at home, a standing that would assure the authorities of her integrity. Long before she could find her friendly clergyman, this man might have spirited the children forever out of her reach. But, as the man turned to call up his cohorts, she glimpsed brick-red hair below his green hat, and Cora had said Jamie was just like his father—black-haired Jamie!

SHE prepared to play for time and a possible park-attendant. Having listened to Louis and Joe, who verified the claims of the man who called himself James Sutter, she was unprepared for the suddenness of his next move.

He reached a commanding hand out for each of the children. The result was deafening and he laughed grimly. "They don't seem to relish the idea of leaving you," he said. "It doesn't make much difference to *you*, I suppose, Mrs. Rockwell?"

At last, like a flash, his motive burst upon her. Money! He only wanted money, and he wasn't their father.

"Certainly, it means something to me," she replied coolly. "Would you be willing—for a consideration—to leave them and sign over adoption papers?"

She was leaning forward, eagerly.

"Well," he admitted with clever hesitancy, "I might, but we can't wait long, we must catch a train. You'll have to be quick. For five hundred—must be cash——"

"But I haven't that amount with me, of course. I will take the children back to the boarding-house and bring you the money."

"Not on your life! The kids stay with their parents, you go alone."

His apparent mastery of the situation led him to overplay. He laid a hand on Florence's shoulder and pulled her away from Evelyn's arm.

Instantly, the storm broke. The high-strung child screamed in a desperate, appallingly shrill outcry that was joined with Jamie's earsplitting shrieks for help. Evelyn, turned tigress, struck her fists furiously in the face of the offender and joined her cries to those of the frantic children.

His confederates hastily faded away and the counterfeit James Sutter would have fled also had it been possible. But fore and aft, he was dragged at and hampered and only released when an officer severely ordered Evelyn to "Let go and quiet those kids!"

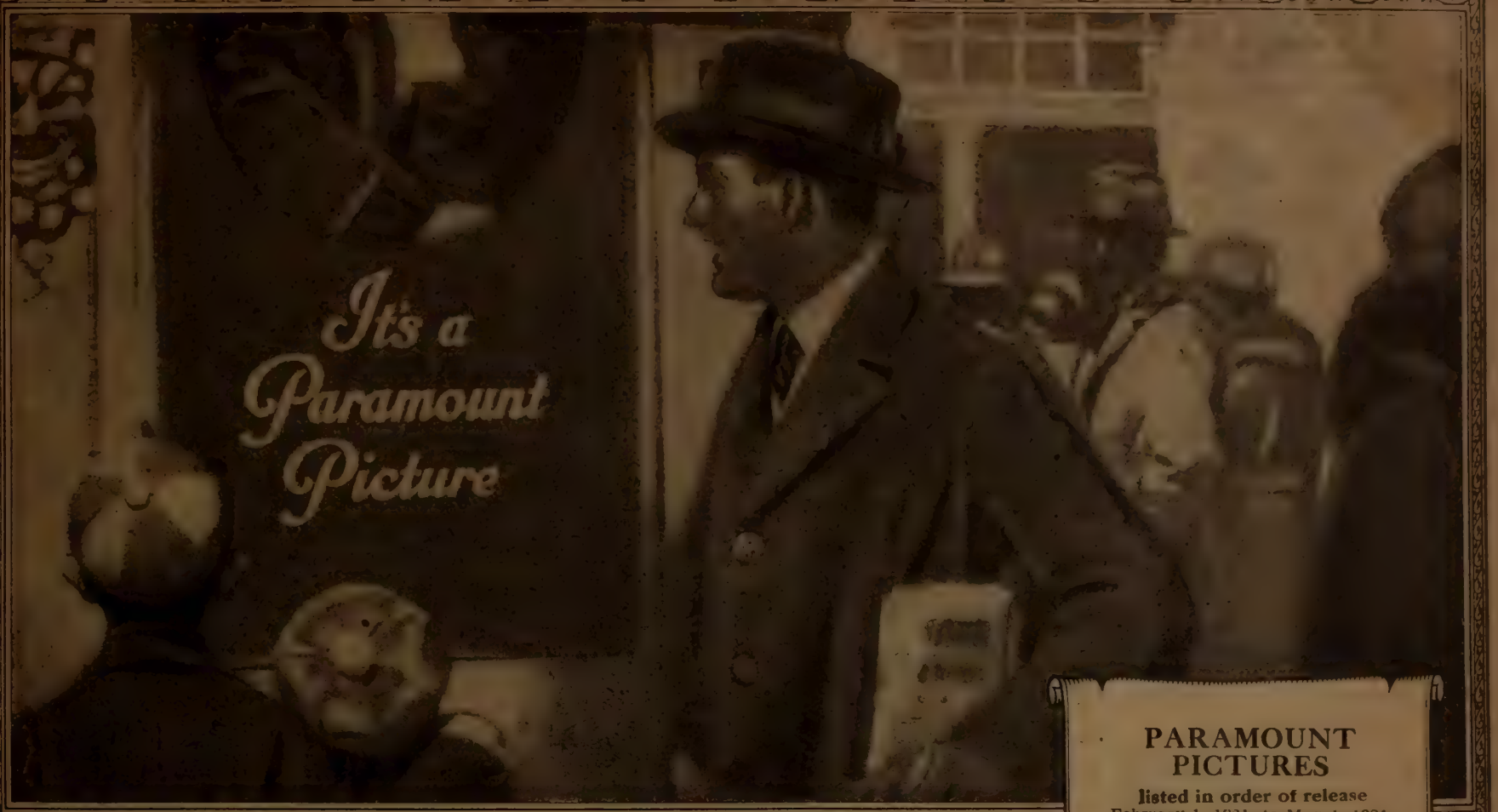
Thus, one of the "happiest days" found Evelyn and her children hailed into police court for disorderly conduct and—still happy. Her clergyman would have gotten her out, but she made no call for his assistance. To her, jail was the only safe place until Howard should arrive, although the matron assured her that the pseudo James Sutter was wanted on such serious charges of long standing, that he could never trouble her again.

Howard came at her wired command, "Come, all right, but need you at once." He liked to be needed. He was her standby in whatever had come up. And when he learned what really had come up and the children stood before him, confidently clinging to a sparkling-eyed mother who had magically lost the outer evidence of some ten or fifteen years, he still remained her standby.

"I guess I can afford 'em if you say so, Evvy. Oh, but The Springs have made a new woman of you!"

Evelyn crowded the children into a four-cornered embrace. "I haven't been near them, dear," she confessed, to his amazement, and later, when the jolly doctor heard the tale, he became jollier than ever.

"Well," he laughed, "she's cured anyway, and there are springs and—springs."



Something to tell the folks

ON the way home from business take your cue from the lobby of any theatre that displays the line "It's a Paramount Picture."

That's the big news to take home and tell the folks. That's the thing that will make them all say "Good! We'll go tonight!"

This idea of shopping for their photoplays is gradually taking hold of people.

Just the way they shop for suits, rugs or motor cars.

It may seem strange to shop for such a romantic thing as a motion picture but good business methods turn out as well in buying entertainment as in buying anything else.

When you buy an automobile that bears the proud brand name of one of the greatest firms in the industry you are sure of the finest.

Why? The *name!*

When you go to a theatre which is showing a motion picture made by the foremost concern in the industry you are sure you are in for a great time.

Why? The *name,* Paramount!

The birds sing not more sweetly in early summer dawns than your heart when you see a Paramount love scene.

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To get entertainment so thrilling that boredom is dispelled like mist before sunshine, see Paramount Pictures.

They are announced in the newspaper advertisements, and in the lobbies, as Paramount Pictures.

That is how the best theatres everywhere may be distinguished: it is the pride of delivering the best.

If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release
February 1, 1921, to May 1, 1921

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

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Dorothy Gish in
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Adapted from the Saturday Evening Post story "Yancona Yillies."

Charles Maigne's Production
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Sir James M. Barrie's wonderful Tommy and Grizel brought to life.

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Elliott Dexter in Augustus Thomas' greatest drama.

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NEW YORK

"All's Right with the World"

Particularly When There Is a Friend in a Time of Need

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"GOD'S in His Heaven," sang the soprano, and the thrilling quality of her voice was like a high sweet bird note. "God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world!"

In the very back of the church, where the seats were free, sat the girl. She sat there ever so quietly, with her shiny blue serge skirt gathered close about her. Her face was thin and pallid, and her lips were nearly white. But her great dark eyes were vivid enough to make up for the lack of color in the rest of her face. And as she listened to the voice of the soprano her soul shone, like a lighted lamp, through the brown of them.

"God's in His Heaven." The arched ceiling of the church seemed to echo the words of the singer; "All's right with the world." The sunlight, shining through the impressive stained-glass windows, seemed to throw back the song. But the girl in the back of the church shivered suddenly, as if she were very cold, and her slim little hands clasped tight together in her shiny, blue serge lap.

The soprano sat down quietly behind the velvet curtain that screened the organ loft. The voice of the organ died away to a murmur. And the pastor, black-gowned, impressive, rose to his feet. All over the church people settled back into positions of greater comfort. And the sermon began.

All through that sermon ran a thread of hope, and faith. All through the fabric of it one could sense the tint of courage. But when the sermon was over, when the benediction had been pronounced, one listener had not responded to the inspiration of it. The girl in one of the rear seats rose quietly, like a little gray mouse, and stole out of the church. And in her heart, over and over again, sounded the words of the soprano's solo.

"God's in His Heaven!" rang the words, but "How can He be?" she questioned. "How can He be in His Heaven—and allow the world to be so torn with unhappiness? How can He sit calmly up there, looking down on our sorrows and disappointments? Perhaps," the thought came to her with a grim whimsicality, "perhaps it's because Heaven is so far away—perhaps that's why He thinks that all's right with the world! Perhaps that's why."

THE street that the church stood upon was one of the most impressive streets of the most impressive city. With a feeling of distaste, almost, for the great buildings that stood all about her, with a sensation of nausea toward the rich gowns of the passing women, the girl turned abruptly into a side street and walked, as rapidly as she could, away from the church.

"They don't know," she told herself fiercely, and the "they" included the soprano, the pastor, and the congregation that she had just left. "They don't know what it is to be hungry and discouraged and out of work! They don't know what it is to be alone in the world!" all at once her fierce young tone trembled.

There was a hurried step behind her, a very hurried step. A breathless voice called, softly——

"Oh, miss, wait a moment. I've been tryin' to catch up——"

The girl turned quickly, almost aggressively. As she turned she winked back a mist that clouded her vision, a mist that might have been tears. But surprise was in her expression as she saw that the owner of the breathless voice was a strange woman—a little woman with white hair, and a kind face that was a fine network of wrinkles.

"Did you call me?" she questioned, a shade blankly.

The little woman had paused beside her. She spoke in a voice that was still faintly breathless.

"Yes," she answered, cheerily, "yes, I called. I was sittin' with you—in th' same pew, I mean, in church. An' when you went I saw that you'd left your purse, an' I just felt as I had to catch up with you—to return it." Her little wrinkled hand extended a flat bit of leather.

The girl laughed, and the sound of her laughter was not in the least mirthful.

"You were very kind," she told the little woman, "but you needn't have taken so much trouble. There wasn't anything in the purse." She laughed again, "*There wasn't anything in the purse,*" she repeated, "But 'God's in His Heaven,' just the same. And 'All's right with the world!'"

The woman looked at her sharply. But when she spoke her tone was pleasantly commonplace.

"I saw you takin' in that song," she said, and the enthusiasm in her voice was almost girlish. "The singers, at that church, are fine. It's a real treat, any time, to listen to 'em!"

The girl assented wearily.

"Yes, they sing well," she agreed, "but—after all—why shouldn't they? They're happy, and they have jobs, and full purses. They have families and friends, too. Why shouldn't they be happy?"

THE woman seemed to be considering, for a moment. And then she spoke.

"Lot's of people," she told the girl, "who have all of those things aren't happy. Full purses and jobs aren't the only things. Of course," she sighed, "families and friends are more important. I *know*. I'm alone in the world, myself!"

The girl felt suddenly drawn to the little woman. It hadn't occurred to her before that there were other lonely people in the world.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she said softly.

The woman's wrinkled face had broken, all at once, into a smile of surpassing radiance.

"Don't you be sorry," she said, almost gaily. "I'm a happy person. I've got a room on the next street. An' I have th' cutest kitchenette you ever see. An' I have a canary bird that sings the same song that th' lady sang in church. Why," all at once she was faltering, "why don't you come home with me this noon? Sunday dinners are lonesome things, alone!"

The girl was startled. It was quite evident even to the little old woman that she had had few offers of hospitality.

"Are you sure that you want me?" she questioned shyly.

The little old woman was laughing softly.

"We'll have hot biscuit," she said, "an' chicken. I got one on now stewin'. And I made cookies yesterday. Don't be silly, child—'course I want you!"

There in the sunlight of the side street, the girl stared at the old woman. And as she stared a tear trickled down the side of her nose, and another followed it. And another.

"Oh," she choked. "Oh—you don't know how you've made me feel! I—I didn't know where my next meal was coming from. I didn't think that any one cared whether I starved or not! But you do —*you do!*"

The little old woman had linked her arm into the girl's. Her voice was all sparkly with good nature.

"An' God does," she said gently, "don't forget *Him!* What the lady sang, in church, was dead right. . . . Say"—sudden excitement shone in her eyes, "my room's big, real big! You can stay with me, if you want to, till you get a job. It won't be so long before you get one! An' it'll be jolly to have a friend stayin' with me . . ."

The girl's face was no longer colorless. Her cheeks were softly flushed, and her lips were warmly pink.

"All's right—with the world!" she murmured.

They walked off together, arm in arm.

Brazil's Corn Missionary

By GEORGE L. MOORE

THE text of his work is something to this effect:

"There shall grow in Brazil five ears of corn where before there were none."

And the result of his preaching is found in the fact that Brazil is now producing the fattest hogs South America has ever seen, and great pails of lard are being exported to London and to New York.

The preacher is Benjamin H. Hunnicutt, director of an agricultural school in connection with the Evangelical Institute of Larvas, Minas Geraes, Brazil. He has been preaching from his text since 1907, and now he has a large and respectful congregation who stand with their forty-centimeter sombreros at parade rest while he expounds the lesson with the aid of a 1920 model, stem-winding plow.

Being a Southerner, Mr. Hunnicutt believes in corn, so when Dr. Gammon, president of the Evangelical Institute glimpsed the possibilities of improved agriculture in Brazil, and sent for this young agricultural graduate to help him, Mr. Hunnicutt began on the theory that the country's corn yield should be increased.

But a little dive into statistics, which were few and far between at that time, showed that in Brazil the average yield of corn per acre was already about twenty-seven and a half bushels. At that time the average yield in the United States was only twenty-seven bushels per acre, so Mr. Hunnicutt decided that the first step was to increase the acreage devoted to corn-raising rather than to try to add to the yield.

And the first step in building a new national corn crib for Brazil was to check importation. For several years previous to the time Mr. Hunnicutt began his work of spreading the corn gospel, Argentine had been sending into Brazil thousands of dollars' worth of corn and corn products every year.

Yet every one of the 1,278 counties of Brazil are capable of growing corn in abundance. In fact, they are now beginning to produce. In 1918, instead of importing half a million dollars' worth of corn and corn products as she did in 1914, Brazil sent a million dollars' worth of corn and its products to other countries.

HAVING had a hand in stopping the carrying of coals to Newcastle, Mr. Hunnicutt went to work at the twin task of increasing the quantity and quality of domestic production. All this is easy to write in a sentence, but doing it was not so effortless by any means.

To begin with the missionaries had to combat the very fecundity of the Brazilian soil. Seed has a positively uncanny way of coming up down there. Even the primitive crooked-stick plow will produce crops. And with a land which naturally breaks into laughter whenever the surface is tickled, what is the use of really working at farming?

That was the natural philosophy of the Brazilian farmer, and his method of corn-planting had been in keeping with his creed.

The system most in vogue was to pick out a likely bit of timberland, light a fire, allow it to spread into the woods and then sit down and wait until a good-sized spot had been burned reasonably clear. Around corn-planting time in August the Brazilian countryside was heavily overhung with smoke and dust, and carbon particles filled the air for miles about a prospective corn-field. When the ashes were reasonably cool, the sower went forth to sow.

It has not been customary to select the seed, but to take whatever is left. The sowing is seven to twelve grains to the hill. Few weeds grow in the virgin soil and only two or three hoeings are necessary. The corn grows to a height of twelve feet. Because of the fallen tree trunks and charred masses of timber it is impossible—or has been, for the missionary agricultural school is helping to put all the old methods in cotton—to cut the corn. The peons and peonolas—or whatever they call them—go through the "fields" and break off the stocks by hand. Making corn grow was so easy that introducing cultural methods seemed like painting the lily.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hunnicutt and his associates have labored at improving corn.

One of the first results of their influence was the establishment of national corn shows. In 1914 the plans for a regular Iowa corn rally, Brazilified were urged through *Chacaras e Quintaes*, a farm publication. There were fifty-five exhibits at the first show. The next year the number jumped to 450, the next 1,000 and the fourth year there were 2,000.

The show is a movable feast, and has influenced thousands and thousands of farmers throughout Brazil. At the last one held in Rio de Janeiro there were 70,000 people. Wealthy landowners in their automobiles, small farmers, swain and swainness bow the knee to King Corn, munch the Brazil equivalent for "hot dogs," inhale the fragrant pink lemonade and talk seeding, cultivating, lard yield per pound, and the latest design in seeders.

The exhibits of modern agricultural machinery have had an incalculable part in making the crooked stick archaic for even the lowliest Brazilian farmer. Mrs. Hunnicutt helped her husband by teaching the housekeepers all sorts of tricks for adapting corn tastily to the Brazilian bill-of-fare.

BESIDE preaching modern machinery, he has through the school propagated the doctrine of better and selected seed. Certain types of seed can not be used in Brazil because of the weevil. Mr. Hunnicutt has developed seed selection in corn-raising so that the general quality of the corn has been greatly increased.

Thirty to forty per cent. of Brazil's corn yield goes into hogs. A large share of the $1,000,000 corn export left the country, therefore, in the lard pail. The nurture and education of the hog has been a substantial part of the agricultural preacher's concern. And since statistics have been cultivated, along with corn and hogs, Brazil can point with pride to 18,000,000 porkers rooting on farms. Mr. Hunnicutt and the Larvas school seek to uplift them, increase their quality and weight, and widen the girth of the nation's lard-pail.

The introduction of several breeds of hogs has already influenced the hog-improvement. And Mr. Hunnicutt hopes to extend the influence of scientific hog-raising to such an extent that Brazilian hogs will be the kind even a Prodigal Son might leave with regret.

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* * *

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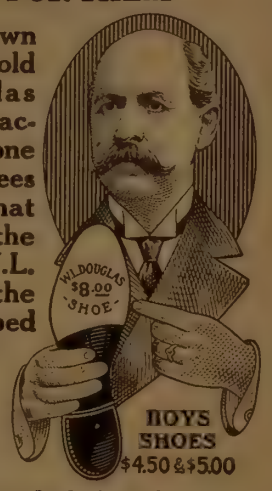

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Young People's Topics for March 13

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

What Is Real Religion?

B. Y. P. U. and C. E. Jas. 1 : 19–27; John 17 : 3

TO THE leader of this meeting we give a hint. There is always a tendency toward the abstract. Try to hold the program to the practical aspects of religion. Religion is not given a full definition in the couplet:

"Remote from man with God she spent his day,
Prayer all his business, and all his pleasure praise."

This verse gives us a view of the contemplative aspect of religion. That kind of religion is good as far as it goes. But there is also the expressional aspect of religion. Religion is prayer and practice, doctrine and doing, emotion and motion. True religion makes an individual keen to hear the word of God and eager to manifest that word. It means that we are not dull to the heavenly vision and not "disobedient to the heavenly vision."

In the mind of Jesus religion meant service. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Meditation must lead to mediation and communion to communication. Strictly speaking the words "Divine Service" are not correct when limited to the worship of Sunday morning and evening. The worship of the Sabbath Day is only the preparation for the religious work of every day. The Divine Service that is held on the Sabbath day is the inspiration that prompts the Divine Service to be rendered on the week day. Faith and works are related. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Jesus needs hands and feet and a tongue in this world. Dedicate your hands and feet and tongue, for the greatest good for the greatest number. "Jesus alone can save the world but Jesus can not save the world alone." "Ye are witnesses." "As the Father hast sent me, even so, send I you."

Thy Kingdom Come—in My Home

E. L. Matt. 6 : 7–15

FIRST of all, let us get a true conception of the topic. What do we mean by "Thy Kingdom Come—in My Home?" Let the members discuss this question. The more of yourself that you put into a thing the more will you get of that thing for yourself. This is a good slogan for the members. Having discussed the topic everybody contributing his or her bit, let somebody good at reading or reciting, render the following:

"We must get home and remembering there,
All gain of all ambition otherwhere.
Rest from the feverish victory and the crown
Of conquest whose waste glory weighs us down—
Fame's fairest gifts we toss back with disdain.
We must get home. We must get home."

Or some other selection from "Songs of Home," by James Whitcomb Riley.

Find out all you can concerning the great mothers and fathers of history and the influence they had on posterity through the home Susannah Wesley, for example, and the home at Epworth, from whence came John and Charles Wesley. Read "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by Robert Burns, for a splendid exposition of God at the fireside. The people in whose breasts are love for home and love for God are people all but invincible. Out of the home come the world-builders, world-savers and world-teachers. How important then that these homes of ours be Christian. If God's will be done in the earth, it must first be done in the home.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD New York

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME Large manufacturer of **Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc.,** wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. FREEPORT MFG. CO., 77 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Your gray hair can be restored in 4 to 8 days

LET US PROVE THIS STATEMENT. Fill out and send the coupon—by return mail you will receive a *free trial bottle of* MARY T. GOLDMAN'S famous HAIR COLOR RESTORER with special comb to apply it.

Test as directed on a single lock. Watch the gray vanish! Note how clean and dainty is this clear, colorless liquid. How nice it makes your hair—how easy to apply. Then get a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from us. But—don't take anything else—there is nothing just as good. Insist on the original MARY T. GOLDMAN.

MARY T. GOLDMAN, 151 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is black.....jet black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....light brown.....

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

Co.....State.....

The Lord's Supper

International Sunday-School Lesson for March 13
Matt. 26: 14-30

By LUTHER DENNY WHITTEMORE, Litt.D.

THE Last Supper, of which Jesus partook with His disciples on the very night on which He was betrayed, the last night of His earthly life among men, is an event which requires not so much comment as meditation. The event itself, so full of pathos and tender associations, the simple and touching record written by some of those who were present, the precious words of Jesus preserved by the apostle John, the observance of the Lord's Supper through all the centuries down to the present time, combine to make the occasion one of the most memorable in the life of Jesus and in all the history of the Church. It was an occasion which could never be forgotten by those who participated in it, and which never can be forgotten by those who have partaken of the communion in remembrance of the Lord.

In the narrative of Matthew, as has been noticed frequently, strongly contrasted scenes are brought together in such a manner as to intensify the impression made by each. Thus the feast at the house of Simon the leper in peaceful Bethany, where Jesus was among His friends, follows closely the scenes of conflict in the distracted city, where Jesus was in the midst of enemies; and the devotion of Mary, who offered her costly gift with unealculating love, seems to have given the culminating impulse to the avaricious Judas, who immediately bargained to betray his Master. The motive of Judas, however, is not clear. Perhaps he was among the disciples who desired high places in the expected kingdom, and disappointed in this expectation, Judas may have thought that to abandon the lost cause before the final catastrophe was the part of discretion.

The preparation. In the preparation made by the disciples who came to Jesus to ask where He wished to eat the Passover, there is no suggestion of apprehension or unusual agitation. It was assumed that the intimate group of the disciples would together celebrate the great Jewish feast, as they had probably done before. Jesus had evidently anticipated the request of the disciples, for He had already made arrangements with some friend, whose house was to be honored as no other house has ever been honored.

Here is a wholesome example of poise and self-command, which permitted attention to practical necessities, even on the verge of momentous happenings. Jesus would not permit the disciples to scatter and their intimate relationship to end, without the opportunity for parting words. Thus, thoughtful of them, as ever, He gave the simple directions for their common meal because He desired to eat the Passover with them.

THE *Passover.* It is significant that the Last Supper was a part of the celebration observed by all loyal Jews in memory of their great national deliverance from the period of Egyptian bondage and the beginning of their national history. In participating in this celebration Jesus showed that to the last He was loyal to His country and to the ideals which the great heroes of the nation had cherished. He was a true patriot, infinitely more devoted in act and spirit to the welfare of the people than were those who accused Him of disloyalty. Instituted as a part of the observance of the Passover and celebrated as a memorial of Jesus Himself, the Lord's Supper is the connecting bond between the old covenant and the new.

The attitude of the disciples. It seems almost incredible that the disciples could have failed to comprehend in fuller measure the situation which Jesus so clearly understood; but it must be remembered that no similar experience had ever come to them and that their human imagination was unable to represent that was so foreign to their past and to the expectation which they had concerning Jesus.

What He said they knew not then, but they understood it afterward; and it was well for them that their minds were clouded to that extent. Had it been otherwise, they must have been panicstricken and unable to receive the last words of comfort and instruction which Jesus knew they needed.

With what surpassing tact and delicacy Jesus eliminated the traitor from the group before His final words were spoken to those whom He fully trusted! The words, "One of you shall betray me," took them by surprise, the eleven, because their consciences were clear; Judas, because he thought that his secret was secure. Every one began to say, "Is it I, Lord?" the readiness of the response proving their innocence. If Judas was the last to speak, his very hesitation was proof of guilt; for he waited to consider what he might say to cover up his thoughts. If Jesus knew the evil that was in the traitor, He also knew the good that was in the faithful; and in their presence He revealed Himself as He had never done before.

JESUS' *self-sacrifice.* The brief accounts in Matthew, Mark and Luke must be supplemented by the words of Jesus which were reproduced by John, in order that we may gain a complete understanding of Jesus' attitude toward His disciples and toward the fulfilment of His mission. Here it is explained why He laid down His life; for greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Jesus was the supreme example of love; and in words of unapproachable tenderness He declared His love for His disciples.

In remembrance of Him. What a wonderful privilege is ours and that of every Christian to do a simple act in memory of the Master! In asking the disciples to do this in remembrance of Him Jesus was not selfish, but considerate. He knew that when men understood Him they would wish to honor Him; but His great heart did not desire such memorials as are erected to commemorate the deeds of the world's heroes and mighty men. He wished His disciples to remember Him, not for His own sake, but for theirs; that they might always keep His ideals before them and that the thought of Him might be as common and as constant as the partaking of daily food.

In no act of His earthly life does Jesus seem nearer to His followers of today than in the Last Supper in the upper room, where He spoke the language of the heart, a language understood by every one who has experienced another's love or loved another; and in no act of ours do we approach Him more nearly than in obedience to His last commandment: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Because of the pressure of other duties, Dr. Whittemore has been compelled to relinquish the preparation of our Sunday-school lessons. The Christian Herald has been fortunate in obtaining as his successor Rev. Samuel D. Price, D.D., of Montclair, N. J., long recognized as an authority on Sunday-school work. A graduate of New York University and of Princeton Theological Seminary, he was an active pastor for several years, until in 1917 he was called to be assistant to Dr. Frank L. Brown, General Secretary of the World's Sunday-School Association. He has been identified with Sunday-school work for more than twenty years, and his broad experience has included the teaching of community classes for teachers as well as classes for adults.

If the Schoolhouse Were to Burst into Flames

IMAGINE the scene of horror that would ensue; the exits menaced; the attempts of the teachers to maintain order and get the pupils out of the building without confusion or hysterical panic; probably serious injuries or even loss of life in the mad rush to escape.

Think of the desperate but futile efforts of the fire department using old-fashioned, out-of-date fire apparatus to check the blaze. The next day the paper would tell the old story of the disastrous fire, the lives of several children lost, and the still more common story of the lack of modern fire fighting equipment.

If the town were protected by American-LaFrance Fire Apparatus mounted an a Ford chassis, this speedy little car would arrive at the scene of the fire within a few minutes after the first alarm, almost instantly a stream of chemical forty times as effective as water would be playing on the blaze. The flames would be extinguished before any young lives could be snuffed out; the building but slightly damaged; the tax payers saved thousands of dollars.

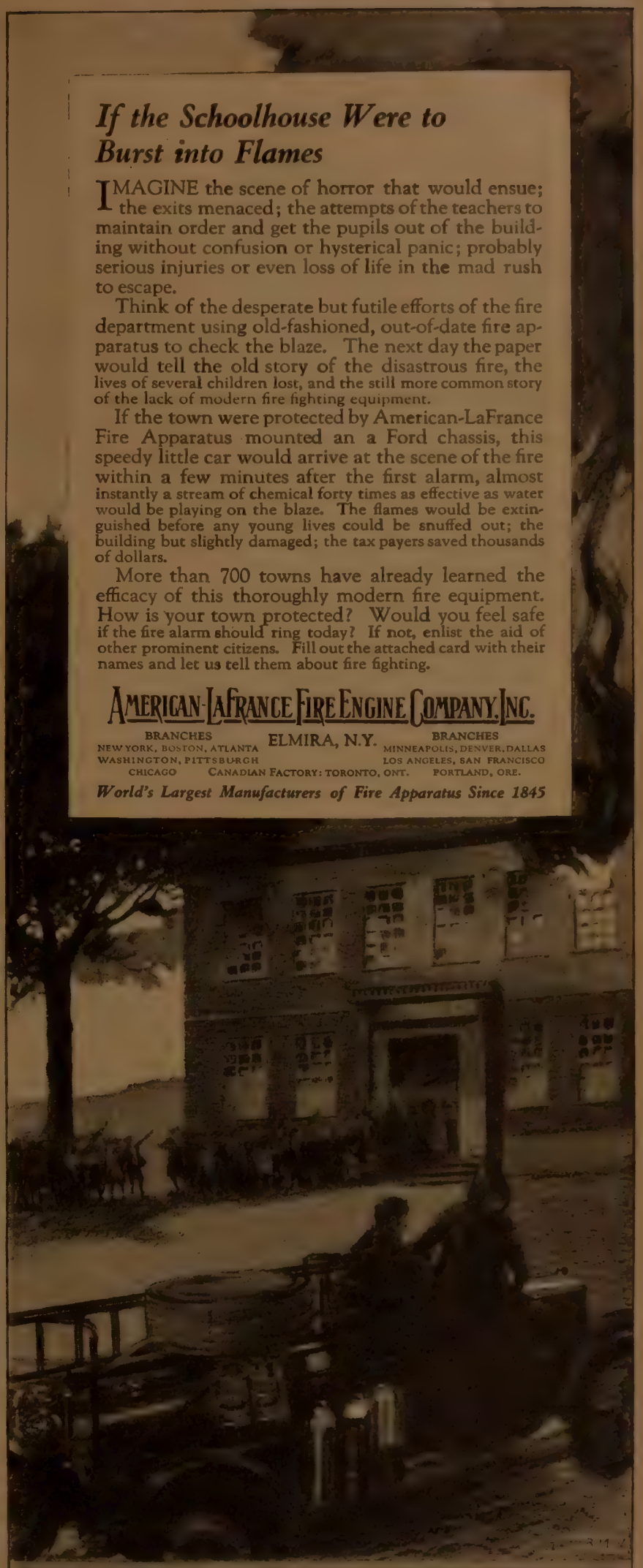
More than 700 towns have already learned the efficacy of this thoroughly modern fire equipment. How is your town protected? Would you feel safe if the fire alarm should ring today? If not, enlist the aid of other prominent citizens. Fill out the attached card with their names and let us tell them about fire fighting.

AMERICAN-LAFRANCE FIRE ENGINE COMPANY, INC.

BRANCHES NEW YORK, BOSTON, ATLANTA WASHINGTON, PITTSBURGH CHICAGO — ELMIRA, N.Y. — BRANCHES MINNEAPOLIS, DENVER, DALLAS LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO PORTLAND, ORE.

CANADIAN FACTORY: TORONTO, ONT.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Fire Apparatus Since 1845

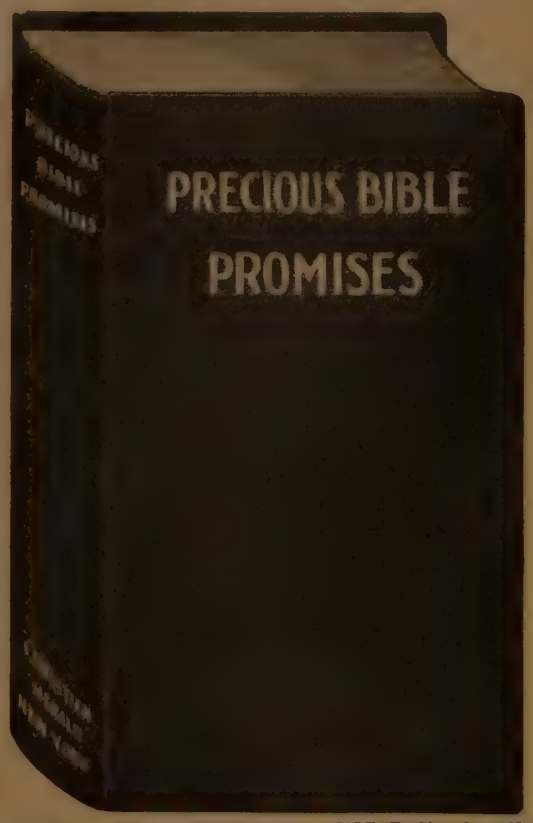


Gentlemen.—I have here listed the names and addresses of several of my friends to whom I should like to have you send circulars giving complete details of American-La France Fire Apparatus. It is understood that my name is not to be used in any way in this connection.

NAMES — ADDRESSES

Special Offer to Renewing Subscribers

The Christian Herald will send for only 10 cents additional to $2.00, the regular yearly rate for 52 weeks of the Christian Herald, a copy of this valuable cloth-bound book.



It contains:

1. Bible Promises to Believers.
2. Bible Promises Relating to Troubles in Life.
3. Bible Promises of Spiritual Blessings in This Life.
4. Bible Promises of Blessings in the Future World,

and many other chapters containing hundreds of inspirational verses from the Bible.

How to Get It

If your subscription expires in March or April, cut out the coupon below, fill in and mail with $2.00 to pay for your renewal for one year and 10 cents additional to cover mailing charges on the book and a copy of this valuable 320-page cloth-bound book will be sent you, postpaid. You may send $2.00 for a new subscription to the Christian Herald and we will send you a copy of Precious Bible Promises free. The book sold separately, postpaid for 60 cents.

USE THIS BLANK

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, X-15 Bible House, New York City

Gentlemen: I am sending herewith $2.10 to pay for a year's renewal to the ***Christian Herald*** and to cover cost of mailing your pre-Easter gift—"Precious Bible Promises," which you will send me at once, postpaid free.

Name.....

Street or Route No.....Town and State.....

The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

DURING the past week many letters have come to the Christian Herald Prayer League requesting supplication for revival. A reader in Kimmell, Ind., asks the prayers of the League in behalf of their church. She writes: "It is rapidly going to pieces, because of old grudges and little misunderstandings between the members. Pray that we may have a great spiritual awakening and a glorious revival."

"I wish to ask prayers for a revival at Kamiah, Idaho," writes, "One who believes in prayer." "There is such indifference to religious matters," the writer adds. "There are quite a few children in the Sunday school, but very few adults."

"Pray for me," writes Mrs. P., Florence, Ala., that I may be restored to health again, if it is God's will; also that we may have a revival in our church this year."

Reader, Alden, Kans., writes: "May I ask the Prayer League to pray that the Lord might give us a heaven-born revival in our church," and Mrs. R. M. B., of Mobridge, S. Dak., asks prayers in behalf of the revival which they are planning for an early date.

A mother, in Curwensville, Pa., asks prayer for deliverance from a dreadful malady, and adds: "I also beg of you that while you are praying at the Throne of Grace you will ask God in all earnestness for a change of heart for my boy." Another mother asks prayers for a son in college, that he may keep a pure heart, high ideals, and that his friends may influence him for good. Still another mother asks prayers for a sixteen-year-old son, who has given her a great deal of trouble, and who has now been sent to a reformatory.

A reader sends us this letter: "Have been hard of hearing for a few years and I miss the Gospel messages so much when attending church. I wonder if the League would pray for the restoration of my hearing. I have been praying for it a long time, and as I read the answered prayers in the Herald, I am impressed to write and ask the prayers of all the League. I am sure that God hears and answers in His own good way. A number of years ago I was sick and asked God to heal me. I promised to write and acknowledge it. I never have done so; as my recovery was slow, I think that is the reason. I was expecting a sudden healing. God sent it, but slowly. Now I want to acknowledge it as I promised."

L. S., Ohio, writes: "My husband has been in the Christian ministry twenty years. A man of strong faith, he has had the joy of seeing a number made well through earnest prayer. A malady has overtaken him, which a physician can do very little to relieve; only God himself can make him the strong man he was. I beg of you to send a hurried and strong call to the earnest brothers and sisters in prayer. His life must be saved for service. May God answer your prayer and mine."

Among the individual requests received are 89 for healing; 64 for conversion of relatives and friends; guidance, 25; spiritual advancement, 17; success, 7; peace, 9; and requests known only to God, 15.

Mrs. E. H., Morgansville, Ky., writes: "Some time ago I wrote regarding prayers for my sister and her daughter, who were in the hospital without hope. Since then my sister has recovered and is at home, and her daughter is improving. Now I come again, to acknowledge God's goodness and to ask the League to pray for my family. Pray earnestly that my children may find strength to resist the temptations that come upon them; that they may not yield to wickedness and that my home may be a godly home."

We have also received acknowledgments of answered prayer from Mrs. W. B. S., E. F., A. H., Mrs. J. C. L., and L. E. A.

Free Booklets for Investors

A number of interesting and valuable investment booklets have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these booklets free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for the booklets by number. Address correspondence to Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Booklet No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Booklet No. 2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Booklets 4, 5 and 6 for city real estate bonds, and Booklets 7, 8 and 9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Booklet 11.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

"I Would Not Part with it for $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it. Conserve your body and life *first*.

The Natural Body Brace

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN AND MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

For Children Also

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
171 Rash Building SALINA, KANSAS

STRAIGHTEN YOUR TOES BANISH THAT BUNION

ACFIELD'S Perfection Toe Spring

Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

Removes the Actual Cause

of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved Instep Support for ..... also.

Full particulars and advice free in plain envelope.

C. R. ACFIELD, Foot Specialties, Dept. 321
1328 Broadway and 47 West 34th St., New York

DEAF?

This Smile Says

"I Hear Clearly"

If you are hard of hearing you have embarrassing moments—so do your friends. Is it not worth while to see if all this embarrassment can be avoided?

400,000 persons are now hearing clearly by aid of the Acousticon.

A New York Physician says: "It is of great value to me. I should have been obliged to give up the practice of medicine long ago if I had not obtained this best of all devices for the aid of hearing."

We offer you the 1921 Acousticon
For 10 Days' FREE TRIAL
No Deposit—No Expense

Just write, saying "I am hard of hearing and will try the Acousticon." Give it a fair trial amid familiar surroundings—thus you can best tell what it will do for you.

Remember, however, that the Acousticon has patented features which cannot be duplicated. So no matter what your past experience has been send for your free trial today.

Dictograph Products Corp.
1314 Candler Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

Which is the Mother?

It is good health which keeps womanly beauty fresh. Cosmetics can only hide the traces of the years in a once pretty face.

Mothers who are still young at the age of forty can teach their daughters the value of a good aperient in keeping the blush of youth in their cheeks.

NR Tablets (a vegetable aperient) act pleasantly and naturally to clear the skin of blemishes and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance.

All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. box of NR Tablets.

Used for 30 Years

It's easy. **We show you how.** Furnish lumber, fittings, hardware, accessories and complete simple plans. You assemble and finish. Hammer, brace and bit and screwdriver only tools required. Need no shop. No experience. No skill. Send for **free** circular. Shows choice of

Phonographs, Lamps, Cedar Chests and Morris Chairs

Build stronger and better than store goods at **less than half** regular prices. Our free circular tells how easily you can build them. How you can **save money.** How you can **make money.** Thousands of men—plumbers, printers, clerks, office men, etc.—busy every evening turning spare **moments** into **money.** They are building useful and attractive articles for their own homes; also for friends. You will like this pleasant and profitable work. Get started at once—send coupon—we'll send circular "F" **free** by return mail.

Address
Vocational Supply Co.
312 E. Willard Street
Muncie, Ind.

Vocational Supply Co.
312 E. Willard St., Muncie, Ind.
Please send me your **free** circular "F" and full details of your proposition.
Name .....
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CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS ARE INVITED to send for full particulars of the money-saving

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Thousands are now members

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The Christian Herald
Book Dept. : : Bible House : : New York

Go Into Business For Yourself! Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free.
RAGSDALE CO., Drawer 37, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

Self-Denial to Aid China

Church People Limit Diet in Order to Contribute for Starving

THE [illegible] aid [illegible] starving in China by actual, personal self-denial appears to be spreading all over the country. No feature of the response which has been given to China's pathetic appeal is more gratifying than this—that Americans, and especially American church people, are willing to give to their hungry brethren in China not only out of their superfluity, which is easy, but out of what are commonly, though often erroneously, regarded as the necessities of life.

Already it has become difficult to attribute credit for the original suggestion of giving to China the proceeds of personal self-denial. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt urged the idea at the China Bowl luncheon in New York, when she suggested that American housewives should eliminate some customary article of diet or some delicacy from the family dinner-table and give the money so saved day by day or week by week to the American Committee for China Famine Fund.

A similar appeal has been made to members of the Protestant Episcopal Church through the columns of The Churchman. The Churchman some time ago made the suggestion that the Lenten season could not be more profitably observed than by exercising self-denial in the matter of diet and setting aside the money that would otherwise have been spent on superfluous food for the benefit of those who have no food at all. The appeal has met with a wide response.

Grace Lok, a Chinese pupil in one of New York's public schools, displaying China Life-Saving Stamps

FROM Delaware there has come to the Christian Herald a remarkable story of what a single church has been able to accomplish through the self-denial of its members. The plan was suggested by the Rev. R. C. Helfenstein, pastor of the People's Christian Church, of Dover, Del., who writes as follows:

"After reading in The Christian Herald of the tragic situation in China, I pondered over a way whereby our church could have a worthy part in responding to the need of the starving Chinese. The thought came to my mind just as I stepped before the Sunday School assembly to ask for an offering, to ask how many of the men, women and children would be willing to go without dinner on Wednesday of the following week and give the money that the meal would have cost as a minumum offering for the China Famine Fund. I presented the situation as it exists in the famine area and then put the proposition as suggested. The response was unanimous, from the oldest to the youngest. The offer was so gratifying the following Sunday and the spiritual blessing so great for all who participated that a number of the men of the church and myself felt that such an idea should be put into operation weekly until after the harvest there was over, and that we should include in our objective the starving of Armenia and Central Europe. Hence, I drew up a form of covenant asking all who would pledge themselves to fast for one meal each week for six months and give the amount that the meal would have cost as their weekly offering for the starving Children's Fund to sign the covenant. The response was of course not so universal as was the response to fast for one day. However nearly a hundred people of all ages and from every walk in life entered into the Covenant.

"The plan has been tried now long enough to prove its practicability. The interest keeps up with wonderful vigor. In the seven weeks thus far the average offering has been $69.83 as a result of the fasting in the interest of the world's starving. This is known as the sacrificial offering which is over and above the regular pledges to the local work and missions. The plan has quickened the spiritual life of the church, all the other offerings of the church and Sunday school have been increasing, and the interest of the people in missionary work has been enlarged.

"The plan is practicable for any church or Sunday school, and if adopted by the churches throughout the country, millions of dollars could be thus raised, millions of lives saved, and many of the churches of our own country would be revived in this practical expression of Christian faith. I believe most sincerely that if the Christian Herald would present the plan and the foregoing facts to its readers that hundreds of the different churches throughout the country would adopt the plan, because it seems to appeal especially to the laity."

The covenant also carries a pledge for daily prayers for China. This section reads:

"We further covenant ourselves to pray during the fast hour in behalf of the suffering millions and to pray that the people of American among all classes will give generously and prayerfully to this, the greatest need the world has ever witnessed.

"It is suggested that those observing the fast gather around their bare table at the meal hour to pray. Even the children who are six years old or more can well enter into this experience, as it will impress upon their minds the gratitude they should have for their daily blessings, which they naturally assume will always be theirs. The sight of the bare table will impress upon the minds of the whole family most forcibly something of the feeling of hopelessness that must come over the people in that distressed land whose tables are bare not only for one meal but for every meal—hungry, but having no food for that meal, and knowing that there will be none for the next, or the next, or the next, unless the Christian people of America send it, they continue to pray that we will send them bread."

CONTRIBUTIONS to the Christian Herald relief fund have continued to mount steadily toward the $500,000 mark. The daily record of contributions for the succeeding week was as follows:

February	10	$3,987.29
"	11	2,818.19
"	14	6,092.73
"	15	2,448.86
"	16	2,945.62
Grand total		$455,479.10

Contributions may be addessed to the Christian Herald China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.

Age-Old Mistakes

Are still made in teeth cleaning

Countless people who brush teeth daily find they still discolor and decay. The reason is, they leave the film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film causes most tooth troubles. To clean the teeth without removing it is one age-old mistake.

Film ruins teeth

Few people escape the trouble caused by film. Those troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has spent years in seeking a combatant.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Combat it daily

Modern science has found ways to combat that film. Able authorities have proved them by many clinical tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily application.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Other essential effects

Pepsodent brings other effects to accord with modern dental requirements. Right diet would also bring them, but few people get it. So science now urges that the tooth paste bring them, twice a day.

Each use of Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Another ingredient is pepsin.

These results are natural and essential. Millions of teeth are ruined because people do not get them.

Watch the change which comes when you use Pepsodent. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Read in our book the reasons for each good effect. This test will change your whole conception of clean teeth.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 563

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 486, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

REVERSIBLE "Linene" TRADE MARK

Send 2 Cents in U. S. stamps to pay postage and we will send you FREE a SAMPLE COLLAR of our New Style "Copley." State size wanted. REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. T, Boston, Mass.

You can be quickly relieved, if you STAMMER

Send 10 cents in stamps for 288-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I relieved myself after stammering for 20 years.
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BRONZE HONOR ROLLS AND HISTORICAL TABLETS
REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS.

4-POUND SILK BUNDLES

WONDERFUL SILK AND VELVET BARGAINS

For Quilts, Fancy Work, Portieres, Etc. Send 10 Cents for big package of large beautiful silk remnants including free quilt designs and agents' catalogue describing our 4-pound silk velvet, gingham, and other remnant bargain bundles, also instructions how to earn money at home by sewing. UNION S. WORKS, 263 FACTORY ST., BOONVILLE, N.Y.

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6% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

A fixed and definite conviction that the First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Gold Bonds offered by this company are the very best, is spreading further and further thruout this country.

Write for new list.

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(392)

Which One Are You?

The Financial Story of 100 Average Americans

By LUTHER D. FERNALD

Treasurer of the Christian Herald

FROM the United States Census reports, the American Bankers' Association has made an exhaustive study of the financial condition, through life, of the average American man.

The results have, for simplicity, been worked out by the bankers' association in the form of "the life experience of 100 average American men," as follows:

AT AGE 25

100 average men, healthy and vigorous in mind and body and dependent upon their own exertions for their support.

AT AGE 35

5 have died.
10 have become wealthy.
10 are in good circumstances.
40 are in moderate circumstances.
35 have not improved their contion.

AT AGE 45

11 more have died; 16 in all.
4 only are wealthy; all the others rated at age 35 as having resources having lost their accumulation.
65 are still working and are self-supporting, but without other resources.
15 are no longer self-supporting, owing to illness, accident, etc.; a few still earning something, but not enough for self-support.

AT AGE 55

4 more have died, 20 in all.
1 has become very rich.
3 are in good circumstances; but not the same 3 quoted at age 45, for one who was wealthy at 45 has lost everything, and another not quoted wealthy at 45 has taken his place.
46 still working for their living, without any accumulation.
30 are now more or less dependent upon their children, their relatives or upon charity for support; some still able to do light work are being replaced by younger men.

AT AGE 65

10 more have died, making 36 in all out of 100.
1 is still rich.
3 are wealthy, 1 of those who lost everything before 45 having again become wealthy.
6 still at work, self-supporting.
54 are dependent upon children, relatives or charity.

AT AGE 75

27 more have died, making 63 in all, 60 of whom left no estate.
2 only are wealthy, three who were rated as wealthy at 65 have lost their accumulation.
35 are dependent upon children, relatives or charity.

These old men will die off rapidly, but their financial condition will not improve, and 33 of them will not have sufficient means to defray funeral expenses unless insured.

SELDOM has there been presented so emphatic evidence of the need for individual thrift, steadily applied year by year.

Never in the past half century has there been such a financial reward, in high interest rates yielded by good bonds and preferred stocks, as are offered to the thrifty man right now. Money saved and invested now will yield nearly double the annual return possible in previous years. Accordingly, money invested—with interest reinvested, and thereby compounded—will double itself nearly twice as soon as in previous years.

The premium on thrift is, then, obviously greater than ever before. When thrift is so richly rewarded, why should any man *today* fail to provide against being one of that majority of average men who die without any estate for their dependent relatives, or reach old age "dependent upon children, relatives, or charity"?

With the soundest securities in the world crying for purchasers at bargain prices because of the temporary exhaustion of capital during the great war, there is no reason for risky speculation. The man who saves can invest his money *safely*, at high interest rates, and for long periods of time.

Electrified India

Continued from page 181

is, can not undertake this service for 315,000,000 people. The only solution is to teach them to help themselves.

SOME of us have thought of missionaries as having their eyes so fixed on the skies that they can not see the common needs of mortals. Persons who imagine this should read Sam Higginbottom's letter on how the missionaries took part in the Gwalior Exhibition:

"Mr. Griffin with his tractors actually plowing, his harrows harrowing, his pumps pumping, his fine crops of pedigreed wheat and grain, proved an attraction superior to the wrestling arena. Dr. Kenoyer in his beautiful research laboratory with experiments of all kinds under way that the Indian farmers could see and understand, his charts, microscopes, seed-testing, was more popular than the Indian juggler who makes the mango tree grow and bear fruit under a gunny bag.

"Mrs. Wiser with her demonstrations of fruit-canning and vegetable preservation, showing the people of India a cheap, sanitary and easy way of saving food, was much more popular than the nautch girl. The Maharajah brought down the ladies of the Palace to see and learn her methods. A few days after Mrs. Wiser had shown the Ranis and Princesses how to can and put up food the Maharajah sent them back to demonstrate to Mrs. Wiser how well they had learned their lessons. He wanted to be sure they had got it right, as he will have to eat the things they put up.

"Mr. Slater came over with a lot of his chickens from Etah to manage the poultry part of the Exhibition. It was the best poultry show I have ever seen in India."

Missionaries introduced the steam engine in India—also the X-Ray—the improved plow called, "the machine-that-does-the-work-of-ten-wives"—a fly-shuttle which enables the home weaver to do four times as formerly—and many other devices vitally needed by India. Missionaries are teaching the tilling of the soil, the raising of stock, preparation of foods, care of the body, mental enlightenment and spiritual growth. They are helping to build an India which shall answer the prayer of India's great poet, Rabindranath Tagore:

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free; . . .
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake."

Hope *Versus* Knowledge

Hope pays no dividends. Knowledge does. Believing that something will go up is only hoping that it won't go down! But when you buy 6% Guaranteed Prudence-Bonds you know that you will be paid their full value at maturity, because they have the stability of sound income-earning properties behind them.

Our guarantee is described in detail in Booklet C-H 125.

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YOU will enjoy reading the interesting articles on various phases of the bond market in our bi-monthly magazine,

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A·H·Bickmore & Co.
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8.21% Steady Income For Fifteen Years

plus a 37% profit on the investment at maturity.

Thus—a safe $100 Gold Note can be bought at the time this advertisement is written for $73. Its coupons amount to $6 per year on 8.21% on the $73 invested, and in 1935 you will receive $100 for the matured note—a profit of $27, or 37% on the original investment.

These Notes also issued in $50, $500 and $1,000 denominations.

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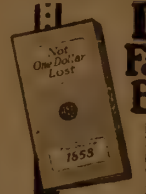

Danforth Farm Mortgage Bonds

represent 100% security as an investment. Millions of dollars have been loaned on farm mortgages by this House for a period of more than sixty-two years, and not a penny has been lost. Every mortgage is secured by productive farm land worth double the amount of the loan.

Send for our Booklet "Not One Dollar Lost" and Investor's List No. 53

Principal and interest remitted without an expense to investors.

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American Bible Society 25 Bible House Astor Place, New York

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1002 Cedar St. Elyria, O.

International

TRAINING BOYS TO CONSERVE BIRD-LIFE

There is no danger of these lads killing the feathered songsters, for they have been shown how to appreciate birds, and were competitors in a contest under the direction of the American Forestry Association for designing and constructing bird-houses

The World News of the Week

(Continued from page 183)

Executive Board received similar sentences. The case was an outgrowth of the Industrial Court legislation in Kansas.

MUSTARD GAS ROUTS SAFE ROBBERS. The Farmers and Merchants' Bank of Utica, Mich., has found a way of putting mustard gas to peace-time use. Tubes of it were placed in the vault and when robbers blew open the safe the fumes forced them to flee so hastily they left $5 cents of their own cash and a large kit of burglar tools.

CENTER OF POPULATION MOVES WESTWARD. The center of population as disclosed by the 1920 census is in the southeast corner of Owen county, Indiana, eight miles southeast of the town of Spencer, a move of 9.8 miles westward and .2 mile northward for the decade.

ENRICO CARUSO SERIOUSLY ILL. Enrico Caruso, world-famous tenor, became so seriously ill at his home in New York City that the last rites of the Catholic church were administered. Later he rallied somewhat, and there were hopes for his recovery.

FOREIGN

FRENCH LABOR EXTREMISTS DEFEATED. Labor extremists have met two defeats in French labor gatherings. In the General Confederation of Labor their ticket for administrators was beaten 243 to 224, while in the Miners' Congress at Lens the advocates of syndicalism lost by a vote of 271 to 137.

WORKERS REJECT WAR ORDERS. Workmen in the great F. I. A. T. plant in Turin, Italy, have refused to manufacture arms and war materials even for foreign countries, although such a course threatened to throw many of them out of work. They carried their refusal to the extent of stopping work on motor trucks which might be converted into armored cars in case of war.

PARLIAMENT GETS MILNER REPORT. The report by Lord Milner recommending negotiations to accord self-government to Egypt has been presented to the British Parliament after a delay of many months. It declares that bitter feeling is diminishing but that the spirit of nationalist Egypt can not be extinguished.

"Religious Book Week"

A CAMPAIGN to promote a wider interest in religious books, in which many leading publishing firms have united, is announced to take place during the week from March 13 to 20. It is to be known as "Religious Book Week." Ministers throughout the country are urged to emphasize in the churches the need of such a campaign, and publishers generally will advertise and display religious books during that week. There will be a great assortment of Bibles, prayer-books, and other devotional volumes in the days immediately preceding Easter. Churches will receive posters direct from the publishers, if they offer to co-operate; also window-cards and labels announcing volumes on "Christianizing America," reconstruction, labor problems and religion, educational reform, religious biography, religious classics, personal religious life, books of comfort, immortality, sermons, helps, outlines, Bible stories, etc.

Sermonettes For Children

SOME years ago, a minister in Brooklyn introduced into his morning service a children's sermon. Just a five-minute talk it was, in plain and understandable language, intended solely for the small folks. There was a special art of childish appeal, and he chose simple, natural truths to illustrate his points and drive home the lesson intended. At the conclusion of this sermonette, the congregation rose and sang a hymn while the little folks were allowed to go out of the church. After their departure the service resumed its usual form.

This wise man realized that the murmuring and restlessness which generally characterizes children's church-attendance is due to the fact that there is nothing of interest to hold their attention. The sermon intended to reach the adult perception has no attraction for the little folks. They do not understand the language in which it is spoken! And so he decided to select a style of talks and texts with action, which would appeal to them. He wanted to draw them to church, but he wished them to come of their own volition. He certainly succeeded, and not only did the youngsters enjoy those sermonettes, but also the adults. We all are only grown-up children, really, and I am sure that some of his lessons made a deep impression upon the big folks of the congregation. I well remember how I used to hurry from home for fear of missing those talks!

I have often thought that many men of the present day are not church attendants now, chiefly because their parents dragged them, as children, to a dry, uninteresting sermon of which they understood not a word.

In Sunday school the child is kept interested, and his desires are gratified, in order to draw him thither. Why, then, doesn't the minister try the same plan in securing their attendance at his morning service? Having found these sermonettes so enjoyable, the lad gradually, as he gets older, forms the desire to stay and listen to the adult sermon—then indeed, can the minister be proud, when he has thus succeeded in drawing him to church.

BERTHA WOOD GODSHALL.

1st

First Mortgages on Corn Belt Farms

are known to conservative investors as the highest grade of a standard form of investment. While the normal interest return is 5%, we are able to offer and recommend for immediate purchase some of the choicest mortgages we have ever owned to net 6¼% and 6½%, with interest payable semi-annually. Every mortgage offered is secured by productive farm land worth, exclusive of the value of buildings, at least double the amount of the mortgage, and has been purchased for this bank's own investment after careful investigation and appraisal.

Our circular of February 8, describes these mortgages, and also contains full information regarding our 6% First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Sent on request by the

Farm Loan Department

First Trust and Savings Bank

Chicago, Illinois

The stock of this bank is owned by the stockholders of the First National Bank of Chicago. Combined resources exceed $380,000,000.00.

BURPEE'S VEGETABLE SEEDS

25 Full-Size Packets Postpaid for $1.00

Burpee's Golden Bantam Sweet Corn

The Burpee Bargain Collection

To help reduce the high cost of living, we have prepared this special **Bargain Collection** of vegetable seeds.

A dollar spent now for Burpee's Seeds will produce vegetables that will help greatly to reduce the high cost of living. You can save a great deal of money by growing your own vegetables.

The Bargain Collection contains twenty-five regular large size packets of Vegetable Seeds of the highest Burpee Quality. One packet each of the following:

Sweet Corn, Evergreen	$.10	**Musk Melon,** Emerald Gem	$.10
Burpee's Golden Bantam	.15	**Watermelon,** Halbert Honey	.10
Country Gentleman	.15	**Onions,** Yellow Globe	.10
Beans, Stringless Green Pod	.15	Burpee's Australian Brown	.10
Burpee's Saddleback Wax	.10	**Parsnip,** Offenham Market	.10
Beets, Burpee's Columbia	.10	**Pea,** Burpee's Profusion	.15
Detroit Dark Red	.05	**Radish,** White Icicle	.10
Cabbage, Enkhuizen Glory	.10	Burpee's Scarlet Button	.10
Carrot, Chantenay	.05	**Tomato,** Sparks Earliana	.10
Lettuce, Burpee's Wayahead	.10	Burpee's Matchless	.15
Burpee's Brittle Ice	.10	**Turnip,** White Egg	.10
Spinach, Burpee's Victoria	.10	**Rutabaga,** Purple Top Yellow	.05
Cucumber, White Spine	.10	Total value $2.60.	

If purchased separately this seed would cost $2.60.

The complete **Bargain Collection** will be mailed to your door postpaid for **$1.00.** Just tear out the coupon and send it today with a dollar bill. **Burpee's Bargain Collection** will come to your door by return mail.

TEAR HERE

W. ATLEE BURPEE CO., SEED GROWERS, **Philadelphia**

Gentlemen: Enclosed I am sending you **$1.00** for **Burpee's Bargain Collection.**

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Aspirin

You must say "Bayer"

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Accept "Bayer package" only.

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rugs, carpets, portieres, etc., at home; from rags and waste material. Weavers are rushed with orders. Send for free loom book, it tells all about the weaving business and our wonderful $9.90 and other low-priced, easy-operated looms.

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THE C. S. BELL CO., Est. 1858, Hillsboro, Ohio

Rapid Fireless Cooker

Special Low Factory Price direct to you. Cooker is aluminum lined throughout. Full set of famous "Wear Ever" aluminum cooking utensils comes with it. Ask for free Home Science Book.

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There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

6%

You Should Have Our Booklet "6% and Safety"

Tells all about this old, conservative Company which has paid 6% on Time Certificates for 26 years and 5% on Certificates *payable on demand*. Certificates always at par, easily cashed and protected by first mortgage.

If you have saved $25 or more, the booklet will interest you. Write for it.

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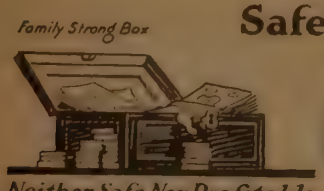

Neither Safe Nor Profitable

Safety & Miller Bond 7% Profit

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Safe But Hardly Profitable

Which Savings Plan Have You?

Would you be willing to formulate a plan for systematic savings—would you take pleasure in carrying through such a plan if you found a type of security that paid *practically double* your Saving Bank's interest rate, and in which your money is as well safe-guarded as it is in the bank?

Miller 7% Mortgage Bonds meet these requirements. They constitute a *first claim* on property and its earning—modern, fire proof, non-speculative, income producing realty worth at least twice the amount of bonds issued.

Miller investors enjoy prompt payment of interest monthly or twice-yearly, as they desire. They are relieved of all detail; they experience no delay or annoyance. Let us help you formulate a definite savings plan. Write today for booklet "Creating Good Investments."

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

IT IS evident that sentiment against the dance is growing. We can only devote space to a few of the letters received on this subject; but in these the expressions are strong and positive.

A. A. F., Chicago, Ill., writes: "Why do Christian people take such a negative stand on the question of the dance? I think seven out of ten Christians, if asked their opinion of this prevalent pastime, will answer in an unconcerned and careless manner something like this: 'Well, I don't know, I've always had my doubts about it; but then it seems to be the fashion nowadays; and of course the young people must enjoy themselves some way.' There is absolutely no conviction expressed, but I believe that every true Christian's conscience will surely condemn dancing in any shape, form or manner. Aside from conscience, cold facts as set forth by many competent authorities will convince the most skeptical. I wish every Christian would read Rev. Beowulfs' book: 'The Christian's Attitude toward Amusements.' Why do professing Christians dance, and permit their children to do so?"

C. E. Van Atta, Tekonsha, Mich., writes that the people there wish to secure a pastor for the charge of their Union Church, composed chiefly of Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists.

A. W. A., Marcellus, N. Y. 1. Although the migration of the Hebrews to Palestine is considerable, it is not unrestricted. 2. Jerusalem was surrendered by the Turks to Gen. Allenby on December 8, 1917. 3. A good deal of reclamation work including extensive irrigation, is now under way, and when this is finished, the most favorable results are anticipated. We have no statistics concerning last year's crops.

To "One in Doubt," Dubuque, Ia., we would say that the discussion over dancing has assumed a new and acute form since the fact became known that a convention of dancing masters had given to a new dance the honored names of John and Charles Wesley. Such a course was capable of but one interpretation, and now the dance is under a heavier fire than ever, and not from the religious press alone. The New Orleans Times-Picayune declares that "the present period of dance degradation . . . is striking at our boys and girls, our young men and women, and thus at the very roots of our future society." A New York amusement journal, discussing dancing halls, expresses this conviction: "We do not fear to state that in our opinion most of these places are notorious incubators of vice." We can not see how anyone professing Christian principles can hesitate to condemn the modern dance by letting it severely alone.

R. N. M., Ellijay, N. C., writes: "The Mail-Bag discussions of what attitude Christians should take toward such amusements as dancing and card-playing have interested me so much that I wish to have my say on the matter. Some of us spend time wondering whether certain lines of conduct are allowable when we should have our minds busied with things that are positively good. Christianity is affirmative. In reading the New Testament, one may be surprised at how often the words 'go' and 'do' occur. Christ 'went about doing good.' A patriot does better than merely keep from breaking the laws of his country. He tries to influence others to be law-abiding; and he lives such a noble life that foreigners will honor his country because of him. Likewise, the man who is loyal to Christ's kingdom, must be careful about what others think of his actions. A strong-minded Christian may feel that dancing will give him some needed recreation without bringing him into temptation; but one who is naturally a weaker character, or who has received poorer training, may become intoxicated with the whirl of the dance, and so grow careless of spiritual matters. And such a person may tell you that he took up dancing because someone whom he admired as a noble Christian was also a dancer. Paul would say 'If dancing make my brother to offend, I will dance no more while the world stands.' Will the world honor God more because some of His worshipers dance and play cards? 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' This does not mean that we should take no recreation, but that we should let even our play time belong to the Master. Those who have learned the joy and beauty of spiritual things, know that we can do this without lessening the pleasure of the rest period. When a Christian can not spend his rest period in some way that will be spiritually helpful to himself or others, he will have to consider what amusements are allowable. In that case, he should ask himself whether the thing he wishes to do will make any appeal to some appetite which should be controlled. The account of Israel's journey from Egypt contains this solemn sentence: 'And they buried there the souls that lusted.'"

Reader, Denver, Colo. It is true that religions die—when they are not founded on principles that will stand the test of time, or are based on ignorance or superstition. A writer in the "Journal of Religion," Chicago, says that out of fourteen or sixteen faiths "each of which once commanded the unquestioned adherence of millions, only ten today survive." Among the ten he mentions two, Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, which no longer exist in the lands of their origin and are steadily declining elsewhere. A thorough survey of the field of decadent faiths would include not only the two mentioned but Shintoism, Jainism, Mohammedanism, and various forms of paganism, all of which have waned as Christianity has advanced.

J. R., Newburg, N. Y. The first mention of any Christian church in apostolic times is that in Antioch (see Acts 11 : 26). As to the building in which these early Christians first worshipped, nothing can be stated definitely. A writer in the London Times calls attention to a recent discovery of what may prove to be the earliest known church building devoted to the Christian faith. Under the direction of the Department of Antiquities, of which Sir Herbert Samuels is the head, excavations in the vicinity of the Garden of Gethsemane have resulted in the discovery of a church of the thirteenth century, while on a still lower level, were found the remains of a much earlier church, assumed to be of the fourth century. So far as known, this is one of the oldest monuments of Christianity in Palestine.

Rev. E. H. Parkinson, Kans., writes: "The union of Protestant churches is a Christian reform which is assuming larger and still larger proportions with the passing of every decade. The advance of other great reforms are only contributive to its substantial growth, so that today we are witnesses of an agitation in its interest, unlike in magnitude and intensity anything that has preceded it. To be sure, there is counter agitation; but that is only serving to call attention to what will inevitably have advertisemnet. Good results are already accruing, and these, after all, are the most effective publication of its great merits, and offer an unanswerable argument for the consideration of the prejudiced and doubtful."

Reader, Paoti, Ind. 1. There are various conflicting interpretations of Ezekiel's prophecies. Conservative commentators accept the visions of Ezek. 37 chapter as designed primarily to cheer up the desponding Jews in their captivity, and hold that prophesying over the dry bones was to quicken and restore spiritual life in a people who had become virtually dead. Many objections are raised to a literal interpretation of the chapters that follow. Principal Fairbairn, a thoroughly orthodox authority, regards them as "a prophetical parable." Others hold that they reach far into the future and outline the havoc "to be wrought by the anti-Christian confederacy and its ultimate overthrow." The latter part of Ezekiel is regarded by Bible expositors as obscure, some holding that its application must be confined to Messianic times, while others have regarded it in a different aspect, "as the vehicle of higher and spiritual import, setting forth the distant grandeur, glory and triumph of the Kingdom of God." There are many commentaries on Ezekiel. Write to Dr. J. M. Gray, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, who can advise you as to a choice of these. 2. Germany was the prime instigator of the world war, and consequently the troubles that have developed from it are logically charged to the same source.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by the Christian Herald, at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The Officers are Graham C. Patterson, President; Geo. H. Sandison Vice-President; Luther D. Fernald, Treasurer and Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $2.00 a year in advance. Remittance should be made in the safest manner available. Make checks and money orders payable to the Christian Herald.

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CHANGE OF DATE.—It takes at least three weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

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LETTERS should be addressed, the CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

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Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers; a peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

PETER FIRST PICKED GOOD SEEDS

IT is not recorded where Peter got his particular brand of peppers, but there is one thing sure; he took care to plant pure-bred seeds. All good gardeners do.

Just where Peter put the peck of pickled peppers is now told for the first time: he "put them up"—"jarred" them—canned them. Winter was coming, and he was a little too independent to pay sky-high prices to somebody else who had the gumption to start a garden.

Peppers, peas or parsnips—whatever you like—you can have them at their best. Just start a garden. Plant Ferry's pure-bred seeds, of course. They all come from parent plants so carefully selected that they tend to produce in abundance vegetables of fine flavor and tenderness, or flowers of supreme color and vigor. Sixty years of experience help to take the guess-work out of Ferry's pure-bred Seeds. Plan to plant them.

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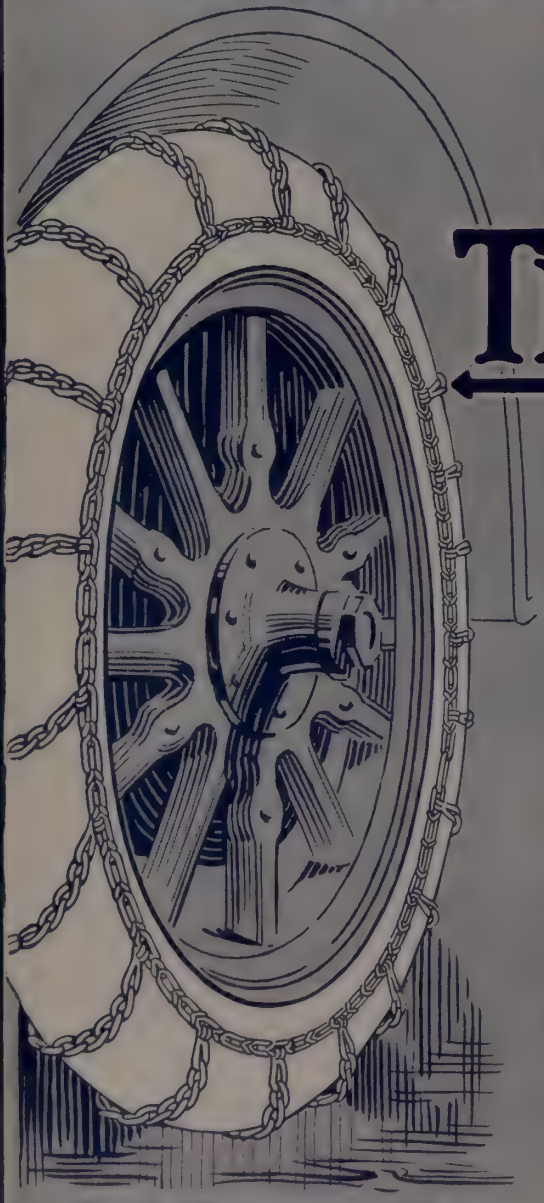
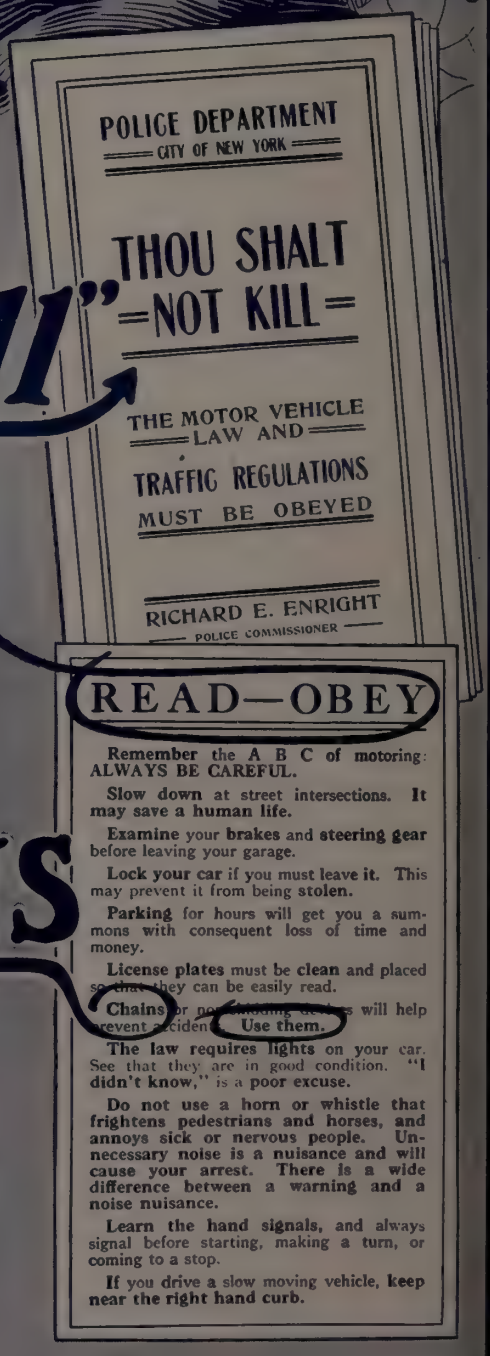


Put on your TIRE CHAINS at the first drop of rain



Above are photographic reproductions of the front cover and first page of the booklet containing the ***motor laws and traffic regulations of the New York Police Department.***

For the purpose of lessening automobile accidents, patrolmen acting under orders stopped and inspected every car and handed a copy of this booklet to each driver.

Necessary in New York for the protection of drivers and pedestrians—
Equally necessary in your town.

Weed Tire Chains are manufactured by American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

An Illustrated News Weekly for the Home

Photo by Willard Price

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MARCH 12, 1921

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North Africa's Sands

Where Missionary Opportunities Offer a Challenge to Christendom

A type of the new Arab—keen, alert and masterful. Christianity must win him if it is ever to dominate this land.

A sunrise prayer in the great Sahara desert, in accordance with the formula followed for many generations.

A school on the edge of the desert. A passion for learning is sweeping this region, and the schools are meeting wherever a teacher can be found. A great opportunity is open for mission schools to win the young.

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(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
AN · ILLUSTRATED · NEWS · WEEKLY · FOR · THE · HOME ·
· GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER ·

International

Thronging into the Church once more—symbolic of the great progress which Christ's Kingdom made in the United States during the last year

Church Census Shows Great Gains!

All the Losses of 1919 More Than Overcome in 1920—An Inspiring Record of Spiritual Progress

By H. K. CARROLL, LL.D.
Compiler of the First Complete Official Census of Religions in the United States

THE Churches of America in 1919 were in the Slough of Despond; in 1920 they are again on the Hills of rogress. What but the outpour- g of the Spirit of God, in response great evangelistic activity, could have wrought e change?

The rally from the heavy decreases in communi- nts which marked the returns of most of the urches in 1919, to bounding increases, indicates an angelistic and parish activity of most hopeful port. The corrected returns of 1919, however, are w seen to show a net gain of all the denominations less than 44,000—the smallest gain for the enor- ous denominational equipments of the United ates, ever known.

There has been an immense leap in membership ring the past year, showing gains from 44,000 to 7,000. How was this accomplished? It is evident t the setback of 1919 aroused the churches, and campaign for souls succeeded the campaign for ney. Is there a connection between the two, and o what is it? The result comes from great parish ivity, for the public has heard little of tabernacle ngelism in the past year. With every pastor ng his duty in gathering in converts, the result st be great.

t is significant to note that the gains are largest in 20 where the losses in 1919 were heaviest. Note se figures:

sses in 1919	*Churches*	*Gains in 1920*
9,940	Methodist Episcopal	157,912
6,404	Methodist Episcopal, South	73,610
2,308	Presbyterian, Northern	31,958

Observe the gains by denominational groups:

sses in 1919	*Groups*	*Gains in 1920*
5,951	Methodist Group	237,127
6,459	Presbyterian Group	43,031
1,108	Baptist Group	129,283

lthough the three large Baptist bodies have not collated their statistics for 1920, from the best mates available it is evident that they have ed over 129,000 in the year. The increase will be ticularly large in the Southern Baptist Convention, judging from the reports of baptisms, which have reached the probably unprecedented figure of 165,000, with churches yet to be heard from.

THE Roman Catholic Church, whose gain of over 158,000 in 1919 saved the Churches from an absolute decrease, reports a somewhat smaller increase for 1920 of 127,579, or 153,093 of Catholic population. Doubtless when immigration sets in again its gains will be larger.

For consideration and careful comparison, the following table covering the gains of thirteen years, and including all denominations in the United States will be both interesting and valuable:

Year	*Total Communicants*	*Gains*
1908	33,885,287	323,391
1909	34,703,821	818,534
1910	35,245,296	541,475
1911	36,095,685	850,389
1912	36,624,462	528,777
1913	37,859,975	1,235,513
1914	38,641,982	782,007
1915	39,184,811	539,829
1916	39,941,811	757,000
1917	41,270,629	1,328,818
1918	41,430,153	159,524
1919	41,473,990	43,837
1920	42,140,997	667,007

Note the unexplainable vacillations in the returns, varying from 323,391 to 1,235,513 five years later, and from 1,328,818 in 1917 to 43,837 in 1919 and to 667,007 in 1920. Excepting the variations of the past four years very little in the way of explanation can be given the sudden rise and fall of these annual returns.

A glance at the returns will show that the Evangelical Churches have made large gains. In a subsequent issue these gains will be fully shown.

Notwithstanding the very encouraging returns in the number of communicants, losses continue in the number of ministers and of churches, in many of the denominations, as may be observed by the many "*ds*" scattered through those columns. There is a net loss in the Methodist group. The Methodist Episcopal Church lost 200 churches in 1920, 288 in 1919. The loss of churches for all denominations is 556 for 1920.

There is an increase in the aggregate of ministers, but many denominations report losses, notably the Lutheran, Presbyterian, United Brethren and Baptist bodies.

REFERENCE to the Summary on page 215 will show some interesting facts. In the first place, it occupies only one-fifth of the space required by the detailed table. In the latter are a great number of bodies, ranging from less than 100 members up to more than fifteen million members. The Summary embraces all the denominations included in the long table, but by grouping them according to family relation, as Presbyterians, Lutherans, Methodists, Baptists, Reformed, Friends, etc., they are all contained in 51 lines. If Adventists, Plymouth Brethren, Baptists, Lutherans and other denominational groups were each merged, instead of 170 or more distinct denominations there would be only fifty-one.

Is not this fact eloquent of what should be?

The second fact shown by the Summary is that the great bulk of membership of the churches is embraced in the groups. Look at a few of them:

Group	*Members*
Baptists	7,207,578
Eastern Orthodox	495,694
Roman Catholic	15,266,799
Disciples of Christ	1,493,515
Latter-Day Saints	452,797
Lutherans	2,493,894
Methodists	7,705,258
Presbyterians	2,255,693
Episcopalians	1,087,037
United Brethren	371,293
Adventists	134,725
Dunkards	134,179
Evangelical	209,047
Total	39,307,509

This means that including only the groups of over 100,000 strong, and leaving out for the present purpose independent bodies like the Congregationalists, the Unitarians, the Universalists, the Jewish Church and others, all but 2,800,000 out of a total of 42,141,000 are covered by the above table. That is, there are only 2,800,000 not in the above groups.

Here is still another suggestion of great force. The glorious lesson is: Consolidate the members of each group.

The third act of interest is that the bulk of the increase for 1920 is to be found in these groups in the foregoing table, for example:

Group	*Growth in 1920*
Methodists	237,127
Catholics	151,434
Baptists	129,283
Presbyterians	43,031
Lutherans	31,389
Episcopalians	9,995
Total	602,259

These six groups report a total gain for 1920 of 602,259, out of a grand total of 667,007, representing the gain for all bodies. Does not this remarkable fact speak volumes for Christian Unity?

The fact that consolidation, as illustrated in the merging of the members of any of the great religious groups means strength and growth, need not be discussed here. Yet it stands out significantly, and suggests what results might be looked for if the merging of the members of each of the groups were accomplished.

Statistics of the Churches in 1920

Gains and Losses of Members, Ministers and Churches

(Embraces the United States only. Not Foreign Missions)

Denominations	*Ministers*	*Churches*	*Communicants*	*Gains in 1920* Min.	Chs.	Com.
ADVENTISTS:						
Advent Christians	325	640	30,316	....	....	....
Seventh Day	725	2,219	99,423	50	88	7,232
Church of God (c)	46	22	848	....	....	....
Life and Advent Union	15	13	658	....	....	....
Churches of God in Christ	51	90	3,480	1	3	23
Total Adventist Bodies, 5	1,665	2,984	134,725	51	91	7,255
Assemblies of God	700	200	10,000	....	....	....
BAPTISTS:						
Northern Convention (a)	8,272	8,826	1,276,260	....	....	....
Southern Convention (a)	17,261	24,874	2,926,100	....	221	95,078
National Convention (Colored) (a)	17,500	20,184	2,735,007	....	184	35,007
General Six-Principle	7	8	445	....	d2	....
Seventh Day	89	80	8,271	d5	....	d204
Seventh Day (German)	5	3	160	1	....	2
Free (b)	178	171	12,257	....	....	....
Freewill	876	762	54,996	....	....	....
Freewill (Colored) (c)	294	170	13,362	....	....	....
General	530	520	31,500	d20	d40	d600
Separate (c)	47	46	3,902	....	....	....
Regular United	997	755	49,184	....	....	....
Primitive (c)	1,292	2,143	80,311	....	....	....
Primitive Colored (c)	600	336	15,144	....	....	....
Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian (c)	35	55	679	....	....	....
Total Baptist Bodies, 15	47,983	58,933	7,207,578	d24	363	129,283
BRETHREN (Dunkards):						
Conservative	3,341	1,010	106,000	164	15	6,000
Old Order	210	60	3,500	d5	d10	....
Progressive	292	206	24,679	....	....	....
Total Dunkard Brethren, 3 Bodies	3,843	1,276	134,179	159	5	6,000
Brethren (Plymouth) 6 Bodies (c)	....	458	13,244	....	....	....
Brethren (River) 3 Bodies	203	122	5,962	....	....	....
Buddhist Japanese Temples (c)	34	12	5,639	....	....	....
Catholic Apostolic (c)	13	13	2,768	....	....	....
CATHOLICS (Eastern Orthodox)						
Armenian Apostolic	20	55	65,000	[illegible]	....	....
Russian Orthodox	225	260	100,000	....	....	....
Greek (Hellenic) Orthodox	106	106	200,000	26	36	25,000
Syrian Orthodox	28	32	50,000	....	....	....
Serbian Orthodox	31	44	76,000	....	....	....
Roumanian Orthodox	2	[illegible]	1,994	....	....	....
Bulgarian Orthodox	2	3	2,700	d1	d1	d2,100
Total East. Ortho., 7 Bodies	414	502	495,694	27	35	22,900
CATHOLICS (Western):						
Roman Catholic	21,641	16,580	(f)15,202,799	622	399	127,579
Polish National	49	51	39,000	12	6	18,855
American Old Catholic	75	50	25,000	15	2	5,000
Total Western Catholics, 3 Bodies	21,765	16,681	15,266,799	649	407	151,434
Christadelphians	....	74	3,812	....	....	132
Christian American Convention	826	1,094	104,390	d106	d98	d920
Christian Union	350	320	16,800	....	....	....
Church of Christ, Scientist	3,200	1,600	....	2	1	....
Church of God and Saints of Christ (c)	101	94	3,311	....	....	....
Church of God (Winebrenner)	421	525	28,672	....	....	....
Churches of God, General Assembly	690	425	14,867	....	....	....
Churches of the Living God (Colored), 3 Bodies	425	165	12,000	25	5	....
CHURCHES OF NEW JERUSALEM:						
General Convention	93	124	8,500	....	....	....
General Assembly	38	22	1,272	....	....	....
Total New Jerusalem, 2 Bodies	131	146	9,772	....	....	....
COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES:						
Shakers (c)	....	12	367	....	....	....
Amana	....	7	1,534	....	....	....
Total Communists, 2 Bodies	....	19	1,901	....	....	....
Congregational Churches	5,695	5,959	809,496	....	....	1,230
DISCIPLES OF CHRIST:						
Disciples of Christ (c)	5,999	8,846	1,175,578	....	....	....
Churches of Christ	2,507	5,570	317,937	....	....	....
Total Disciples of Christ, 2 Bodies	8,506	14,416	1,493,515	....	....	....
EVANGELICAL BODIES:						
Evangelical Association	1,070	1,502	120,200	d55	d69	d3,788
United Evangelical Church	527	897	88,847	....	....	....
Total Evangelical, 2 Bodies	1,597	2,399	209,047	d55	d69	d3,788
Evangelistic Associations (c), 15 Bodies	444	507	13,933	....	....	....
Evangelical Protestant (formerly German)	34	37	17,962	....	....	....
Evangelical Synod (formerly German)	1,133	1,294	269,842	[illegible]	d82	10,223

Denominations	*Ministers*	*Churches*	*Communicants*	*Gains in 1920* Min.	Chs.	Com.
Free Christian Zion Church (c)	29	35	6,225	....	....	....
FRIENDS:						
Orthodox	1,280	786	97,989	....	....	....
"Hicksite"	....	152	17,730	....	d6	19
"Wilburite"	49	45	3,500	....	....	....
Primitive	2	2	75	....	....	....
Total Friends, 4 Bodies	1,331	1,985	119,294	....	d6	19
Jewish Congregations (c)	721	1,901	357,135	....	....	....
LATTER-DAY SAINTS:						
Churches of Jesus Christ (Utah)	4,490	940	359,797	....	....	....
Reorganized Church	3,420	700	93,000	220	....	13,00
Total Latter-Day Saints, 2 Bodies	7,910	1,640	452,797	220	....	13,00
LUTHERANS:						
National Lutheran Council Co-operative:						
United Lutheran Church	2,812	3,775	791,400	146	149	32,01
Joint Ohio Synod	736	953	148,378	5	49	6,10
Iowa Synod	588	1,011	131,726	27	10	3,60
Buffalo Synod	32	18	6,640	15	1	d7
Immanuel Synod	6	8	1,249	d12	d7	d1,72
Jehovah Conference	6	6	864	....	d1	
Augustana Synod	754	1,234	200,253	34	3	6,70
Norwegian Lutheran Church	1,188	2,853	259,688	234	162	d13,39
Lutheran Free Church	180	420	30,000	d24	d2	9,30
Eielsen's Synod	7	37	1,550	....	....	....
Lutheran Brethren	26	40	1,250	16	13	35
United Danish Church	145	176	16,044	2	d14	14
Danish Church	65	104	14,578	d16	....	9
Icelandic Synod	17	62	5,154	2	....	17
Suomai (Finnish) Synod	47	163	18,835	7	12	2,32
Finnish National Church	20	47	4,000	d1	d17	d3,93
Finnish Apostolic Church	8	100	20,000	d31	55	13,33
(2) Synodical Conference						
Missouri Synod	2,857	3,252	628,198	....	....	....
Joint Wisconsin Synod	162	521	300,963	....	....	....
Slovak Synod	31	41	9,500	....	....	....
Norwegian Synod	31	45	4,251	....	....	....
Negro Mission	34	46	1,773	....	....	....
Total Synodical Conf.	3,415	3,905	839,685	63	d938	8,32
(3) Independent Congregations	12	13	2,600	d80	d244	d31,32
Total Lutherans, 18 Bodies	10,061	14,955	2,493,894	367	d769	31,38
SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL BODIES:						
Swedish Evangelical Mission Covenant	382	294	30,000	20	d1	....
Swedish Evangelical Free (c)	96	102	6,208	....	....	....
Norwegian Evangelical Free (c)	68	32	2,444	....	....	....
Total Scandinavian, 3 Bodies	546	428	38,652	29	d1	....
MENNONITES:						
Mennonite Church	534	310	c34,965	....	....	....
Bruedergemeinde, etc.	68	30	1,900	1	d1	....
Conservative Amish	29	10	1,410	....	1	34
Old Order Amish	186	102	8,990	22	9	d16
Church of God in Christ (c)	17	21	1,125	....	....	....
Defenceless	46	26	2,025	....	....	....
General Conference	237	126	19,937	28	d1	2,90
Brethren in Christ	261	171	6,118	106	31	60
Mennonite Brethren	60	50	1,200	....	....	....
Old Order (Wisler)	34	22	1,650	....	....	....
Reformed Mennonite	32	27	1,400	....	....	....
Miscellaneous	49	35	2,481	....	....	....
Total Mennonites, 11 Bodies	1,753	930	83,201	157	36	3,08
METHODISTS:						
Methodist Episcopal	18,410	27,341	3,877,600	d47	d204	157,91
Union American M. E.	205	272	19,028	49	7	21
African Methodist Episcopal	5,727	6,774	551,766	627	d105	....
African M. E. Zion	3,456	3,434	458,734	....	....	....
African Union Methodist Protestant	600	575	20,000	....	....	....
Methodist Protestant	1,340	2,464	186,873	....	....	....
Wesleyan Methodist	590	675	21,000	....	....	....
Methodist Episcopal South	7,373	16,845	2,218,844	16	155	73,61
Congregational Methodist (c)	500	352	21,000	....	....	....
New Congregational Meth. (c)	27	21	1,256	....	....	....
Reformed Zion Union Apostolic	53	53	9,500	....	....	....
Colored Methodist Episcopal	2,533	3,477	271,078	35	20	3,05
Primitive Methodist	78	91	9,600	2	1	10
Free Methodist	1,483	1,239	37,253	182	86	2,23
Reformed Methodist Union Episcopal	51	29	1,726	....	....	....
Total Methodists, 15 Bodies	42,426	63,645	7,705,258	914	d40	237,12
MORAVIANS:						
Moravians	146	122	22,370	4	....	17
Union Bohemians and Moravians	4	21	1,000	....	....	....
Total Moravians, 2 Bodies	150	143	23,370	4	....	17
Nonsectarian Bible Faith Churches	26	58	2,273	....	....	....
PENTECOSTAL BODIES:						
Pentecostal Ch'ch of Nazarene	884	999	35,041	....	....	....
Apostolic Holiness	259	170	5,276	....	....	....
Holiness (c)	28	33	926	....	....	....
Pentecostal Holiness (c)	282	192	5,353	....	....	....
Total Pentecostal, 4 Bodies	1,453	1,394	46,596	....	....	....

Continued on page 215

(a) See previous page (b) In process of merging in the North. Bap. Con. (c) Census of 1916
(d) Decrease (e) Returns for 1920 not ready (f) This is 85 % of the Catholic population
(g) Merged with Northern Presbyterian (h) No returns gathered for 1920

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart in their "outfit" of Peking cart and Russian hayrick, in which they traveled in Mongolia. Their speed was forty miles in fifteen hours

Across the Mongolian Plains

A Visit to People Who Live as in Abraham's Day

By WILLIAM R. and ANNA WHITE STEWART

(Of the Y. M. C. A. in Tokio, Japan)

SITUATED deep in the heart of Asia, the little-known country of Mongolia has remained one of the unoccupied mission fields of the world. It presents peculiar difficulties to the missionary, for the people of Mongolia are scattered over a tremendous expanse of territory in which the population averages only two to the square mile, and lead a nomadic life because their great herds of horses, cattle, sheep and camels require them to be on the move constantly.

The authors' hostess making cheese. The facial resemblance to the American Indian is noteworthy

It was not to seek new adventures that we made the journey into Mongolia—a journey involving 5,000 miles of difficult travel. We found a people of 3,000,000 sadly in need of Christian teachings and influences. Though the coming of the missionary has been delayed, so-called civilization, with many of its curses, is beginning to push into the country, and Russians, Japanese and Chinese have come in all along the railroad. Settlers soon will be flocking into these fertile fields and the Mongolian herdsmen, a race of the very highest possibilities, must be fitted through Christian education to meet the complex life of the new civilization, if they are to survive.

But, to begin at the beginning, it was through one of the resident members of the Tokio Y. M. C. A., the first Mongolian student ever to go to Japan, that we were led to visit this country. This young man made a splendid impression on us from the first, both in the class-room and in our home, where he was a frequent visitor. He told us many interesting facts about his home life, which he described as being much like the wanderings of Abraham in the land of Canaan, four thousand years ago; but when he told us that his nation was without any knowledge of God or Jesus Christ and pictured to us their great needs, we were impelled to go with him to do all in our power to help.

We broke our journey by spending Sabbath in that wonderful mission station of Pengyang, Korea. We also stopped off a day at Tsitsihar, the capital of Helung-kiang (The Black Dragon River Province), the northern half of Manchuria. We arrived at Khailar, Manchuria, after twelve days of travel. Khailar is the governmental center of a large section of territory occupied by the Mongols. We spent nearly a week there in the home of one of the officials while our friend was trying to locate his family out on the plains. They move on an average of once in ten days, and have a range of about one hundred miles.

One of the Mongolian wigwams in the process of being taken down for moving. It is fifteen feet in diameter

"Moving Day" in Mongolia comes once every ten days. Note the felt-covered ox-carts

DURING our enforced delay we were fortunate in being able to attend an "obo," an annual gathering of a social and religious nature, which brings together as many as a thousand Mongolian men and boys. There were present nearly all of the thirty-six Mongolian officials of that district. The event was held on a sacred hill seven miles from Khailar. From the top of this hill one could see for fifty miles in every direction over a landscape of unusual beauty.

Standing are the hostess and her daughter. Note the appearance of the wigwam ready for use

We went to the encampment the night before in order to be in time for the day's events, which began at daybreak, and were much impressed with the cordiality with which we were received. We were the only Westerners present, with the exception of a Russian peasant who came the following day. They set aside for our use one of their guest tents, sent in hot meals to us, and were constantly at our service. Some of the younger officials had been appointed to this task by the head man.

We were awakened at dawn by the call to the horse-race. In the center of the encampment there was a mound of stones in which were stuck thirty or forty bamboo poles bearing brilliantly colored silk banners on which were printed prayers. Around this was circling a caval-

Continued on page 212

The Foeman in the Road

The Story of a Second Trial

By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

Illustrated by M. L. Greer

IN THE chilliness of the early morning Harvey Richards silenced the sputtering of an insistent alarm clock, thrusting out a long arm to accomplish this, and following the movement by climbing carefully out of bed. Gathering up an armful of apparel he tiptoed quietly through the semi-gloom, across the floor and down the short corridor to the bathroom.

Here, by artificial illumination—the December sunlight not yet being on duty—he accomplished the task of dressing. It was cold—so cold that he shiveringly hurried into his things, even wishing he could dispense with shaving. He made a mental note to see to the diminutive furnace before going to the kitchen-dining-room, where presently he would prepare and eat his breakfast. Then it would be nice and warm for Sheila when she awoke. It certainly was unusually cold for early December.

From the bathroom door, as he came out, he saw an oblong of light at the front of the flat. The smell of frying potatoes came pleasantly to his nostrils. He went forward quickly, investigating.

"Sheila!" Remonstrance was in his voice. "You know very well you shouldn't have got up. I could fend for myself for once or so."

"Listen to him now, Dickie!" The girl addressed a sleepy-looking canary whose cage hung within the radius of warmth from the stove. "As if I'd be letting my man get his own breakfast of a morning."

"Besides, I'm not hungry this morning, Sheila, honest I'm not."

She disregarded his protests, setting a great bowlful of oatmeal before him, smothering it in rich, creamy milk, and sweetening it as she knew he liked it.

"Get that inside you, Harvey Richards," she commanded, "and lay a good foundation for what's coming."

He forced himself to eat against his will, because her eye was on him steadily. Presently, finding the warm porridge good for a cold morning, he recovered his appetite, forgetting the worries of which he did not speak.

WHEN the bacon and eggs and potatoes and coffee were served, Sheila took her seat opposite him, drawing her heavy wrapper more closely about her. He found her steady gaze rather disconcerting today, and she herself seemed nervous. Rising presently she drew aside the curtains from the window. Over beyond the regular rows of chimneys on the workers' homes, tints of orange and pink and gold lightened a steel-gray horizon, against which the tall stacks of the factories showed in bold outline.

"It's going to be a fine day, Harvey," she said. "I'm glad of that. You'll be going out to Chester's today, you said?"

"Either this morning or this afternoon." Harvey rose quickly, scraping his chair across the linoleum, taking a final gulp of coffee standing. He felt he could not trust himself to speak on this subject. Betrayal was barely kept from his looks; his words would surely give him away. The optimism of last night when he had listened to Sheila talking happily of the future he was to carve out was gone in the cold gray of morning. Whatever happened Sheila must not be worried with an understanding of the real conditions. How many times the little woman had held up his hands this last twelvemonth or so of married life! With her to inspire confidence troubles seemed to vanish. The hard thing was that he must fight his present battle alone.

"I'll not be in at noontime, probably," he told her, reaching for his hat and coat.

She nodded silently.

A slanting beam of sunlight found its way into the room, touching the ordinary furniture with something of its own splendor.

"Harvey, isn't that grand now? Listen to Dickie—he's singing his morning hymn of praise."

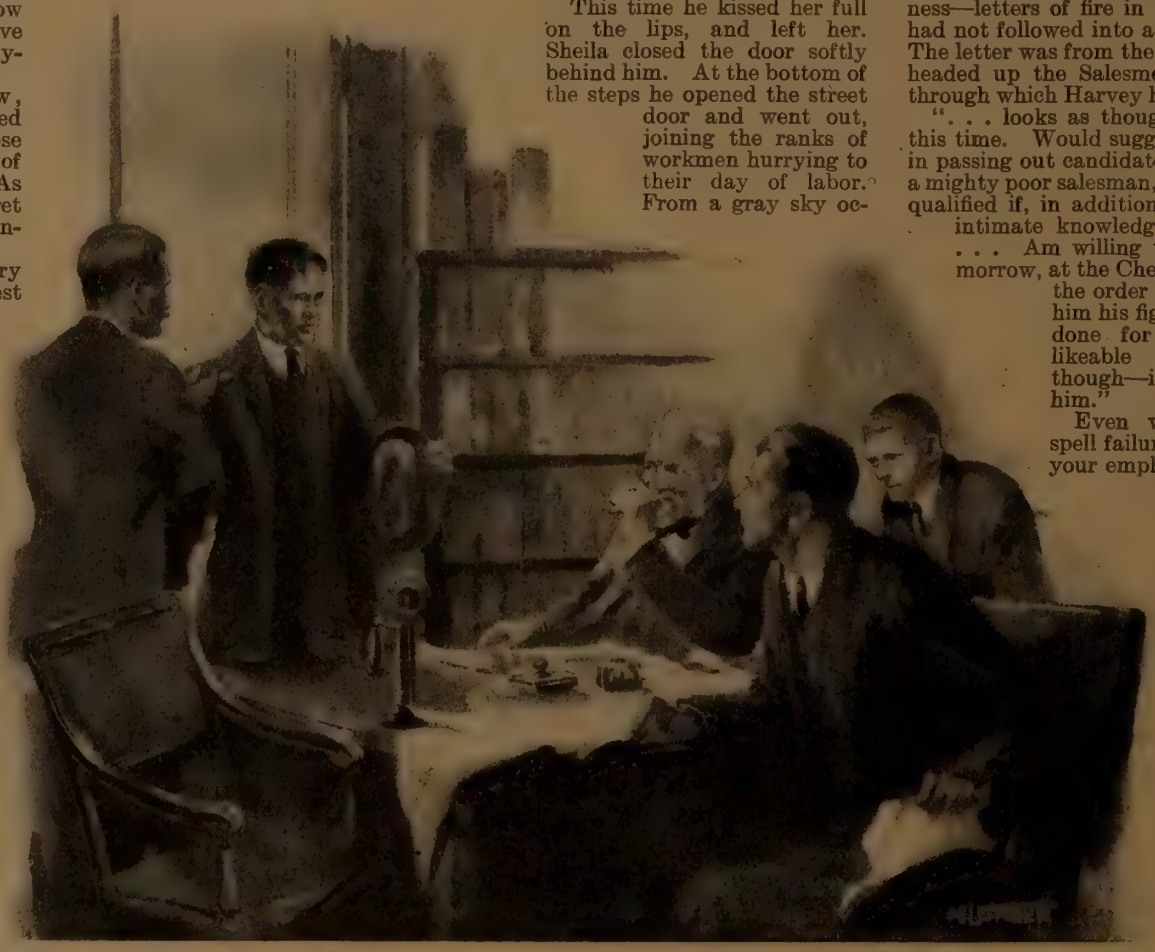
Harvey took the little woman very gently in his big embrace, kissing her tenderly on the forehead. He opened the door and started down the flight of steps, waving, with a gaiety he was far from feeling, a final farewell to her as she stood there in the doorway with the sunshine like a halo about her auburn hair. Suddenly the beam was withdrawn; a cloud dimmed the sunrise, sending the little room back into comparative darkness.

Harvey turned to continue his way down, but a little cry from his wife recalled him.

"Sheila—what is it, dear?" He felt that she was trembling, though her face upturned to his was smiling bravely.

"Nothing, dear, only I wanted you just to—to kiss me again."

This time he kissed her full on the lips, and left her. Sheila closed the door softly behind him. At the bottom of the steps he opened the street door and went out, joining the ranks of workmen hurrying to their day of labor. From a gray sky occasional flakes of snow sifted down. Harvey buttoned his coat more closely about him.



"It's probably out of order, but, well, it would take a squad of policemen to hold this young man down"

A WHISTLE on a nearby factory commenced to blow—a deep, full-throated warning; others took up the signal, adding their strident voices to the imperious call of the workaday world.

A common gateway serves as entrance to both office and workshop of the Caldwell Machinery Company, only in one case you continue up the low stone steps and through plate-glass doors with their gilded legends and in the other you swerve to the left, following the concrete runway into the great works at the back.

Harvey Richards was the only one of the crowd who surged through the gateway, to enter the office door. It was a good hour until the office staff would put in an appearance, but the habit of years is not lightly shaken off, and the mail-clerk, already sorting the letters inside, showed no surprise. For three weeks now, since Harvey had exchanged his overalls for the neat gray suit of a salesman, he had never failed to be first at his desk, poring over catalogues and price lists, familiarizing himself with things that had meant little to him in the past.

Perhaps there was just an element of pride in it, too. Even this morning the nods of his fellow-workmen held the faintest touch of respect—a respect they might not have paid had Harvey not been "through the mill" himself, and mastered the mechanical end of the business with satisfactory thoroughness.

One of the younger men gave him greeting today: "Good-mornin', Mr. Richards."

The prefix was a new recognition of success.

Once inside the office, with his long legs thrust under the flat-topped desk that still held a fascination for him because it was his own—a little card above it announcing the fact by giving his name in neat black and white—the temporary elation faded. From a cardboard folio held down by a paperweight he drew the copy of a letter. Old Peters had brought it to him only last night, leaning over him with a sympathetic pressure on his shoulder as he read it. That was after most of the sales force had gone for the night.

"It's naturally not intended for your eyes," Old Peters had said, "but I thought I'd strain a point and let you see what you're up against. I wouldn't do it for everybody, only I think you've it in you to make good yet, and I want you to make good with a vengeance tomorrow." Peters was assistant sales manager, a position created for him because a lifetime of service and his failing health demanded recognition.

HARVEY glanced through the copy again now, reading the pertinent extracts—as though they were not already etched in his brain; as though, indeed, they had not been before him in his sleeplessness—letters of fire in the darkness; as though they had not followed into and haunted his fitful slumber. The letter was from the sales manager to Turpin, who headed up the Salesmen's Instruction Department, through which Harvey himself had passed.

". . . looks as though you'd landed a dud on us this time. Would suggest in future a little more care in passing out candidates. A good workman may be a mighty poor salesman, although a salesman is doubly qualified if, in addition to selling ability, he has an intimate knowledge of the manufacturing end. . . . Am willing to give him a last chance tomorrow, at the Chester Company. It may queer the order for us, but I'm willing to give him his fighting chance the same as I've done for others. Personally he's a likeable youth. If he falls down, though—it's back to the factory for him."

Even when your own conclusions spell failure it is a bit of a shock to find your employers in agreement with your self-verdict. Harvey didn't know whether to appreciate or not this act of Daddy Peters, however kindly intentioned. The question has been raised by humanitarians who cannot go the lengths of abolition, as to whether or not men condemned to capital punishment should be apprised of the day of their doom in advance! It is apt to be a trifle unnerving!

Harvey's mind ran to Sheila, and for the moment she filled his whole mental horizon. Sheila at least believed in him, would stand by him in his distress if she knew. Only Sheila must not be worried now. A few days more . . .

The memory of the little woman's farewell that morning came vividly to mind, its fervor and sweetness lingering. If it had not been for her and her inspiration he would never have attempted this—would still be content to be chained to workshop and bench. Sheila must never know the strange streak of fear that was like a rank growth in an otherwise decently cultivated nature. She should not know, because he must overcome it—live it down. The thing that made it hard was that he must fight alone. And then came an interruption:

"Mr. Richards, you're wanted in the office."

HARVEY nodded to the boy; consciously squaring his shoulders as he answered the call. Old Daddy Peters', coming out of the Sales Manager's office, nodded encouragement. Harvey entered, returning a mechanical greeting to Hodgson's crisp:

"Morning, Richards. Sit down."

Harvey seated himself nervously on the edge of a chair. The Sales Manager's disapproval showed in his face for just a flash. But he did not speak of the thing then.

"I'm sending you to handle this Chester matter today, Richards. It involves a considerable order for machinery. Several firms are competing. The purchasing agent already has specifications before him, but he wishes to see a salesman from each firm this morning. This afternoon he will turn in a report to his Directorate, who will pass on his recommendations. You are to represent us."

"Yes, sir."

"You will observe——" For fifteen minutes

Richards was lost in a maze of specifications and figures. Finally Hodgson concluded abruptly.

"Good," he said approvingly. "You've got a splendid grasp of the thing. Roper, of Chester's, is strong on detail, so you ought to hit the bull's-eye."

Harvey was not deceived. It is customary, he knew, to inoculate a salesman with "pep" before sending him to his trial by fire. In the familiar details of the last quarter hour he had forgotten himself; now the thought of the ordeal ahead rose up again to trouble him. The letter was too fresh in his mind.

Harvey stood up to go. Hodgson had run for his stenographer and was already sorting out the next matter demanding attention. Across on one wall, beside a day calendar, hung a list of maxims. The first quotation caught Harvey's attention. Hodgson, following his glance, spoke:

"That's the one most of us need at times, Richards. Let it soak in good, and the best of luck to you."

Harvey folded his papers and left the room. The quotation he had read came with singular force and meaning. He repeated it aloud:

"'To doubt is failure and to dare success;
I find no foeman in the road but fear.'"

LATER, when he went out to his appointment, Mike Kennedy met him the passage. Mike lived in the flat below him: Mrs. Kennedy kept a motherly eye on the little Irish Sheila upstairs; her sister, too, was constant in her friendly ministrations.

"How's Mrs. Richards this mornin', sor?"

"In good spirits, Mike, thanks."

Mike scratched his head.

"I'm glad, sor, very glad. My missus seemed fair upset about her whin she come down from seein' her last night. These wimmen, sor, lose their nerve almighty easy at times. I mind wanst whin I was drivin' my truck a gurl gettin' in front——"

Harvey smiled and hurried on. Mike was a notorious talker. Only when Harvey was on the train that would take him—an hour's run—to his destination, did he recall Mike's words. Remembrance came to him of Sheila's fit of trembling as they parted.

Through the car window he saw the unlovely backs of squalid tenements as the train rattled past. Later open spaces gave bleak vistas of white, hedged about with gaunt, bare trees. Above, a leaden December sky seemed to press down upon the earth.

The old streak of fear within the man was touched. A sense of depression was upon him. In this mood he faced the interview with the Purchasing Agent, Roper.

Kipling speaks of triumph and disaster—or success and failure—as the "two impostors"—yet to those who taste the nectar of the one or the bitter of the other there seems, for the time at least, little savor of unreality. Of the two this fact is more applicable to failure.

To Harvey Richards, coming from a gruelling session with the P. A. of the Chester concern, the sense of disaster—of deep, dark failure, was the most real thing in life. He had presented his case with methodical accuracy, emitting few points, in spite of the nervousness that seized him from the moment he joined a half-dozen competitive salesmen awaiting in an ante-room their turn for an interview, and that made his tongue fairly cleave to the roof of his mouth when finally his time came to be ushered into the presence.

Now, in the comparative calmness of retrospection, he could put his finger on the weak spot. His presentation was cold—lifeless—unenthusiastic—because his warm confidence had oozed and oozed until it left him a dry, cold bundle of arguments that lacked conviction beause they lacked life.

FAILURE was written all over that interview. The adverse decision was as clear as if it had been spoken in as many words. Later he heard that two of the salesmen were asked to return in the afternoon, in case the Directors should wish to question them. He was not asked, though he knew his prices and product must compare favorably. The door of opportunity—an opportunity long sought, and paving the way to that goal of which he and Sheila had spoken so often—was shut in his face. Somehow he cared less for himself than for the little woman at home. She would be all sympathy, beneath her cheerful resignation the word "failure" would be ever there to mock her dreams, and shake her belief. He must, at any rate, simulate cheerfulness before her for some days yet.

It was a mercy Hodgson was out to lunch when he returned; at least he would not have to face an interview yet. Harvey left a brief note of explanation, in which there was no suggestion of condoning his failure.

From his desk in a railed-off corner of the main sales office Old Peters signaled him furiously. Harvey's face fell at sight of his troubled look.

"So—they telephoned the result, did they?" Harvey's question was listless. Old Peters waved an excited arm.

"Been telephoning all over town for you, boy. Get on your hat and coat and beat it—quick!"

"I—I don't understand. I've just come in from Chester's."

"Chester's? Great goodness, man, forget Chester's. Your wife——"

Harvey's face went suddenly gray. He looked his question because articulation was an impossible thing. Old Peters's sympathetic grip was on his arm.

"They only said they wanted you—quick. That was half-an-hour ago at least. Look—my car's outside. I'll run you home."

As they sped through the streets the one o'clock whistle was blowing, calling the workers back to the afternoon toil of shop and bench. For just a single flash it came to Harvey that after this its imperious summons would be calling him back to the old rut again. Then the thought was blotted out. What did it matter? What did anything matter—except little Sheila?

A PALE-FACED woman met them at the curb. "You'd best be comin' in with me, sor," said Mrs. Kennedy, clutching nervously at Harvey's sleeve. "The Doctor said to be kapin' you here for a while. Plaze, sor, it's best. There's nothin' ye can be doin' My sister's upstairs, too."

Old Peters's kindly, gray-whiskered face nodded confirmation. Together they led Harvey, protesting still, into the lower flat.

"I didn't know—it would be—so soon." The thing seemed hard to credit. Sheila had never hinted, even to the Doctor——

"'Twas the little gurl's idea, sor, as I happen to know. She said you would be havin' yer own battle to foight just now, and she's just foight hers. She was afraid you might be thinkin' her weak an' fearful and, maybe superstitious——"

He caught at the word.

"Superstitious? What do you mean?" When she evaded his glance, refusing to answer, he took her arm almost roughly. She was greatly troubled at his insistence.

"Mr. Richards—I shouldn't have told ye now. She wouldn't have wanted it. Ye see, it seems her older sister, who married back in the ould land . . . went out. . . this way. . . an' the mother when Sheila was born. She's been worryin' an' thinkin' about it this while. 'Mrs. Kennedy,' she sez, only yesterday, 'ye'll not be forgettin' to pray for me? 'Tis not myself

Continued on page 211

"A Batch of Boys"

How Their Energies Are Directed Into Right Channels in One Town

By W. O. BENTHIN

(In Charge of the Community Church, Parkdale, Oregon)

"WHAT shall it profit a community if it gain the whole world and lose its boys?"

It is my object to personify patriotism in personality. I believe it is a worthy work to direct boys over "Fool Hill." For this reason I am working with "A Batch of Boys," organized into a Boy Scout Troop. We have no panacea that cures all boys' problems, no paper program that works wonders, but concrete illustrations will show how we take the raw material—the boy—and work to produce manly men of the morrow.

As Roosevelt said of the Y. M. C. A., we "mix common sense with religion." We take what the boy likes and on to that we graft what he needs. For instance, the Woman's Auxiliary wanted to decorate the hall for a public function. How could its members obtain the greens and foliage needed for the decorations? The Scouts were told that this was an opportunity to do community work and practice good citizenship. They turned out a hundred per cent. efficient and delivered the goods in the form of half a hall full of leaves and foliage.

Later the sidewalks of our little village became unsightly and dangerous. Inasmuch as the little town is not incorporated it looked as if those walks were destined to remain that way until the owners should get time for repairs or some one had an accident. The danger of the situation was pointed out to the boys as they had their business meeting about the evening camp-fire. This led to the appointment of a committee to take this trouble in hand. Within a week the boys had investigated the sidewalks of the entire village and repaired all the dangerous places.

During the rush season, when it is all but impossible to hire help, the grass on the community church lawn needed cutting. When the trustees were baffled as to how to keep the grass from getting away with the situation, the matter was placed before the Scouts. It took only an hour for that Batch of Boys to give the lawn a clean shave, and the completion of the task was celebrated with a crackerjack feed. Several weeks later a large bulletin board was erected on this lawn, requiring the help of several extra hands for several hours. The Scouts saw a chance to do public service and several of them appeared to see the job through.

OUR boys enter into helpfulness in work that is larger than that of their immediate locality, as was the case when the library for this part of the county was making a drive for funds to buy new books. It was somewhat difficult to get the effort started with the necessary force, and by the light of another campfire the issues were submitted to the boys. This is what happened: First they voted to get back of, and get under the work; then they gave their group yell. A day or two later they attended the community theater and between acts yelled for the "Book Boost." The next day they went from house to house and solicited subscriptions, continuing the work until the drive had passed its goal.

We live in a timber country. The Bureau of Forestry sent out a lecturer on fire prevention and conservation of our trees. I reminded the boys that this was a chance to do some practical Scouting by assisting this campaign. When the eventful night came the roads were stiff with cold mud and the air was full of dark mist. Yet in spite of this the house was full, to the surprise of everyone but the Scouts. They had worked for such a result and gave the lecturer the finest audience he had enjoyed on his entire trip up our way. Later, in recognition of what the boys had done the Bureau of Forestry sent to the Scoutmaster a hundred buttons advocating tree protection. The Scouts were made the dispensers of the buttons and pledged every wearer to do his best to protect our forests. In this instance the boys directly linked hands with Uncle Sam.

The neighborhood cemetery had been woefully neglected. On Decoration Day school was dismissed and the public was expected to be on hand and help straighten up the little graveyard. The majority of the Scouts were there, but only a few others; and these others, almost without exception, busied themselves looking after their own lots. Our Batch of Boys throughout the day dug in the dirt and put "No Man's Land" into presentable appearance. This was done unostentatiously, and with little chance for praise.

The County Fair presented a challenge. The management wanted to furnish free-for-all street attractions which all the people could enjoy. Who would and who could look after this, and run the street sports efficiently and honorably? I asked the Scouts whether they would accept the job, and on that big day our Batch of Boys directed and entertained the masses for an afternoon. Above the hundreds of people waved two flags. The one was our Old Glory; the other was our troop banner bearing the words "Boy Scouts of America—Troop I—Parkdale, Oregon." Our Batch of Boys handled the county's crowd.

PERHAPS someone will want to ask how it is possible to get boys to attend to business as has been pictured. I have no cut-and-dried program. I just use them as personalities and not as human animals that are "only kids." We are partners: I value the friendship and respect of these boys as much as I do the good-will of "successful business men" and "influential citizens." I treat these boys as my fellow-men. We are comrades as well as partners. We enjoy motor rides together; we ramble the woods; we take hikes and spend evenings around a camp fire.

To show public respect to the lads we gave a church service in their honor. Likewise, we took all the boys as guests of honor the night the local picture theater showed a Boy Scout film. We put pep into our play and vim into our work. Whether on or off duty I strive to have the boys appreciate that the only Scout is a manly man: that he has character; that he is willing to do service without being paid for it. I hold practical heroism before the ambitions of the lads.

Without apology the writer asks whether conscientious work with boys is not the most practical, patriotic and constructive Christian service? Mere flag-waving, or allegiance-shouting, is a child's game in comparison with the directing of boys into manly ways of doing. Work like ours directly goes to the heart of the ever-vexing boy problem; indirectly we alleviate also the girl problem. Our work will hold its own with anything that is worth while. It is not our name, or any particular method; it is consecrated energy, time, brain and soul that does the business.

My limited success is made possible with my limited capacity, plus the will to do. I am superbly busy; I have a parish of all creeds and colors, as our community church ministers to all the people for miles up and down our valley. I used to be a boy hater and was afraid to mingle with the boisterous youths and robust lads. Physically I am not entirely well. These things testify to the fact that any normal man who wills to do so can achieve results with and for boys. I doubt whether there is any work under heaven that pays greater dividends to Christ and Country than getting hold of "A Batch of Boys." As Christian citizens I challenge men everywhere to get busy with boys' work.

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

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What the Church Census Shows

OUR readers will welcome the publication of the annual census of the American Churches, which appears in this issue. Dr. H. K. Carroll, the eminent church statistician, who has compiled the first complete official Census of Religions for the government, and who has done this important work for many years for the Christian Herald, announces the present census by far the most remarkable that has issued from his hands since the beginning of the World War. Its revelation of the fact that the churches have made phenomenal gains, more than entirely wiping out the heavy denominational losses of early 1919, is something that ought to give encouragement to God's people everywhere. All the religious denominations are shown in this latest census to be rapidly recovering from the heavy setback which they sustained through the disturbing influences of the war.

In many cases the denominational losses have been not only overcome, but the tide is still rising and fresh strength and added members are still flowing in.

Everyone who is interested in the progress of Christianity, not only here in the homeland but throughout the world, should find cheer and encouragement in this latest evidence of God's goodness to His Church.

There is nothing speculative in the statements in this remarkable document; they are based throughout on the official records of the denominational bodies themselves. The aggregate increase of 1919—the sum total of which for all the churches only reached 43,837—has given place to an advance totaling 667,007. One denominational group, the Methodist, which lost nearly 80,000 members in 1919, reports a gain for 1920 of over 237,000. Another group, the Presbyterian, has recovered from its loss of 46,457 and records an advance by 43,031 gain. Still another group, the Baptist, which in 1919 showed a net loss of over 11,000, now has a net gain of over 129,000. To speak in plain terms, the rule among the churches last year was that of general decrease; this year, it has become the rule of large and inspiring growth everywhere.

Our churches are on the Hills of Progress once again. Let us thank God for the blessing and take courage!

The City Pull

THE Farmer came to the Big City, and pausing on a busy corner he took account of the surroundings.

Streets jammed with rushing automobiles, hurrying both ways; sidewalks so thronged with people that he was several times pushed off into the street; noises of elevated and surface cars and whistles of police, and general din so loud that the farmer thought at first a general fire alarm had been turned in; unpleasant smells wafted up the streets from tenement and congested housing districts; skyscrapers so high that the sun failed to penetrate the cañons except at high noon; and anxious-faced men and women on every side.

He thought of his own wonderfully beautiful quarter section of God's earth, upland, meadow, woodland, God's light pouring down over it, sweet odors from wild flowers, long-drawn breaths from clear air spaces unsoiled by the soot and grime that fell on him as he stood on this Big City corner, and contrasted it all with God's acres where the noises were the songs of birds and the voices of nature, for the Farmer was one of a number who loved farming, and the earth, and the quiet, but his children had moved into the Big City, and he had his wife were getting old, and he could not carry on the farm work alone, and that was the reason he had come to the Big City where, he said, people were plenty, and work was scarce. And as he said to himself after standing on the corner a little while, "there will not be any trouble about getting some of these people to move out of this din and hurry and evil smells and crowding, into God's acres."

So the Farmer went up to a large group of husky looking men and said, "Any one of you want work?"

"Sure!" they all said at once, "we are looking for jobs."

"Then I'm just the man for you. I have fine work for two strong and able men."

And the whole group turned and said "What's the job?"

"Work on God's acres, the most beautiful job on earth, raising wholesome and necessary food for the people in the Big City."

"What!" they all said, "work on a farm! Not on real life, old clodhopper! Back to your farm!"

She can pay $80 a month, a good house for yourself
A sh family, the use of a good garden, free board, the
room, t
of its ow
"Harv
he's sing
Harv

use of an auto once or twice a week, and God's clean air in His out-of-doors!"

"Not for us," said the entire group of unemployed men. "We prefer the Big City."

"But you are out of a job?"

"We are walking the streets for one."

"And you won't work on my farm?"

"We'll starve here first."

And the farmer went back to his farm and sold it cheap to an ignorant tenant, and came to live himself in the Big City. And the Moral of it all is still to come.

Cleaning Up the Films

IN RESPONSE to the widespread public demand for reform in the movies, a new crusade has been started in an unexpected quarter, which promises to accomplish good results. Jesse L. Lasky, the head of one of the leading producing organizations, has issued a list of propositions for the government of his own corporation, and if his suggestions be followed by others, we are justified in anticipating that clean movies will shortly become the rule, rather than the exception. Recognizing the need of a thorough clean-up in the film business, this is what Mr. Lasky proposes as a basis of reform, and what he means to carry out in his own corporation:

No picture showing sex attraction in an improper manner;
"White-slave" pictures barred;
Pictures showing immodesty in dress barred:
Inciting dances barred;
Needlessly impassioned love scenes barred;
Films showing life in the "underworld" barred;
Pictures showing gambling and drunkenness barred;
All pictures which might invite the morally weak to crime barred;
Films offensive to any religious sect or disrespectful to religion barred;
Suggestive comedy barred;
Scenes showing unnecessary bloodshed barred.

This is a good beginning. If Mr. Lasky's pledge be faithfully kept, his example should influence all engaged in the business. Bad pictures must go and the sooner the clean-up is begun in good earnest, the better.

Volunteer Goodness

TWO men were standing on the bank of a river when a third man ran up to them shouting, "A child drowning out there! I can't swim. If either of you can, jump in and save him!"

The first of the two men said to the other, "I can swim. Can you?"

"Yes, I took the first prize at college for the best swimmer!"

"Good!" said the man who had brought the news of the drowning. "Hurry! You can save him, if you hurry!"

All three ran to the spot. Sure enough a child was going down out in mid-stream. Its cry came to the men on the bank as its head disappeared.

"Hurry!" cried the man who had brought the news to the two swimmers. "You can save him if you hurry!"

"Wait a minute," said the first swimmer. "Let us organize a swimming committee and do the thing properly. I move that we form a Swimming Committee to save the child."

"Agreed," said the other swimmer. "I will appoint you as Chairman and I will be the Secretary and Treasurer." And the two men sat down on the bank and began to write down the articles of a constitution for a swimming association.

"But the child will drown!" cried the third man. "See! He is coming up for the last time! Hurry. Jump in and save him!"

"All in due time" said the two men. "We must organize this thing properly. We need to appiont more committees, and hire an office and train other swimmers."

"Meanwhile the child is drowning!" said the fir
man.

"That may be," said the two swimmers. "Bu
we must organize in order to get others interested
We are not very much interested yet ourselves. Bu
after we have created enthusiasm over this drowning
child and got a lot of publicity about him there wi
probably be enough interest in the matter to sav
him, or at least some other child who may fall in a
the same spot."

"But it is too late to save him now!" said the thir
man. "He has gone under for the last time!"

"Yes, he seems to have disappeared," said the tw
swimmers with some concern. "But we have go
organized. If you see any more children drowning
let us know."

One would think that all that would be necessary i
get people of means (especially those who are "swim
ming" in wealth) to give to the saving of starving
children would be to simply state the fact and poin
out the children going down.

But as a very prominent woman in one of our grea
cities said to the editor, "The only way you can ge
these people of society and wealth in this town to giv
to a great human need is first to amuse them. An
the entertainment must be something very unusua
and 'fetching.' And large sums of money must b
spent on special appeals to entice people generally t
give to suffering humanity."

The more's the pity. It is too true. Why is there
not more voluntary goodness? The kind that does
not have to wait to be organized and amused before it
will save a drowning child?

A child is drowning! Yes, we see it, but people
who can swim will not save it until they organize. Or
until they are amused. Meanwhile the child is gone.

To Check Immigration

ONE of the questions which is taxing the wisdom of our national legislators at the present time is the restriction of immigration. Recognizing the need of restrictive legislation as a real one, the question at issue is as to the method under which such regulation ought to be applied. It is not enough to urge that because the influx of humanity from other lands has hitherto been practically unrestrained, it should continue to be so.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the first bill on the subject, originating in the House of Representatives, provided for a complete shut-down, barring all immigration for fourteen months. When the Senate took up the question, its first step favored the fixing of the yearly standard of immigration at 5 per cent. of the foreign-born of any other nationality now resident in this country, as shown under the census of 1910, as the maximum to be admitted in any one year. After considerable discussion, however, this was changed materially, and the Dillingham measure, which fixes the maximum annual immigration for the next three years on a 3 per cent. basis, applying the same principle, was passed by an overwhelming vote.

Under this bill, should it ultimately become a law, the immigration during the three years of the experiment, would be 355,461 a year. The passage of this bill was a compromise between the committee's proposition for a 5 per cent. average and shutting down immigration altogether for fourteen months. In effect, the new bill, should it pass the House and escape a veto, will fix the highest immigration on the list—that from Great Britain and Ireland—at a maximum of approximately 77,000 annually for the three years, and the lowest, that of Siberia, at 139 yearly maximum for the same period.

There is no selective feature in the Senate bill, such as has appeared in earlier legislation, dealing with the desirability or adaptability, and the physical and financial condition of those seeking admission. It is a simple limitation of numbers for the purpose of checking a flood which, in view of existing conditions in Europe, and keeping in mind the industrial and economic problems in our own land, might easily result in an undesirable and difficult situation. Russia, Austria, and possibly Poland have been ready for a huge emigration at the earliest opportunity, and the same remark might apply to several other countries. Only a foolish optimist would say that such a condition should be invited at this time. Three years is none too long to wait before the gates will again be thrown wide open. By that time Europe may have settled down to something approaching tranquillity, and conditions here may also be more favorable. But to welcome the unrestricted influx at the present time, would be both unwise and ill-judged.

To the Christian Herald:

My year expires next May, but I enclose $2.00 for another year ahead. The Christian Herald is simply magnificent. I intend to take it as long as I live. The good you are doing in the world cannot be weighed in human balances. I wish you all success and prosperity in every line of your work.

Signed (Mrs.) MARY S. SNYDER,
LaJolla, Calif.

The World News of the Week

Mr. Harding Reveals His Selections for Cabinet Posts

THE disclosure of Mr. Harding's selections for his cabinet evoked surprise in the case of only one portfolio and in the main the men he has chosen were those mentioned most frequently as probable members of his official family. As this is written a few days before the inauguration, at a time when some of the men whom he has invited to enter the cabinet have not announced their decisions, there may be last-minute changes in personnel, but those closest to the new President expect his slate to stand. It is as follows:

Secretary of State—Charles Evans Hughes, of New York, former governor, former Justice of the Supreme Court, and in 1916 the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

Secretary of the Treasury—Andrew W. Mellon, of Pennsylvania, banker and financier.

Secretary of War—John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts, former senator.

Attorney-General—Harry M. Daugherty, of Ohio, who managed Mr. Harding's pre-convention campaign.

Postmaster-General—Will H. Hays, of Indiana, chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Secretary of the Navy—Edwin Denby, of Michigan, a lawyer and former member of Congress, who enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps in 1917 and rose to the rank of major. His name had not been mentioned previously in cabinet gossip.

Secretary of the Interior—Albert B. Fall, of New Mexico, senator.

Secretary of Agriculture—Henry Wallace, of Iowa, editor of farm publications.

Secretary of Commerce—Herbert Hoover, of California, former Food Administrator.

Secretary of Labor—James J. Davis, of Pennsylvania and Illinois, head of the Moose fraternity, and formerly a union steel worker.

Mr. Hoover at first was in doubt about entering the cabinet, but decided to accept. Formal announcement that Mr. Hughes and Mr. Daugherty would sit in the cabinet had been made before the rest of the slate was revealed.

The cabinet selections were received favorably by most of the newspapers of the country and it was the concensus that it averaged up well. The choice of Mr. Hughes was greeted as a guarantee that the conduct of foreign affairs would be in strong hands, and the inclusion of Mr. Hoover added prestige to the list, despite the opposition of politicians to him. Perhaps the greatest criticism was over the appointment of Mr. Daugherty, whose legal abilities were the subject of attack and whose campaign activities led naturally to the charge that his selection was the payment of a political debt. There also was some opposition to Mr. Mellon, who will have large responsibilities in connection with the enforcement of national prohibition, because it was alleged he had had considerable investments in liquor properties. The general disposition was to expect satisfactory results from the cabinet and, in the words of the New York Times, to say "'it looks like a good working body."

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES
Secretary of State

JOHN W. WEEKS
Secretary of War

WILL H. HAYS
Postmaster General

HENRY WALLACE
Secretary of Agriculture

HERBERT HOOVER
Secretary of Commerce

EDWIN DENBY
Secretary of the Navy

HARRY M. DAUGHERTY
Attorney General

JAMES J. DAVIS
Secretary of Labor

ANDREW W. MELLON
Secretary of the Treasury

ALBERT B. FALL
Secretary of the Interior

Mr. Harding's Cabinet Selections

Labor Prepares for Fight

WITH railroad executives seeking readjustments of wage scales and working conditions and many other large employers announcing wage reductions, organized labor has mobilized its forces for re-[illegible], and a new era of industrial warfare is [illegible]ed.

The 109 national and international unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, at a special conference in Washington, prepared definite plans to combat the "open-shop movement" which they assert certain groups of employers are fostering to disrupt trade unionism. It was the first such conference since early in America's participation in the World War and, like that session, was dominated by Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation. One of the chief weapons in the fight will be a great publicity bureau, the organization and operation of which may cost $1,000,000 and which will appeal to public opinion to support labor in its dealings with the incoming administration. Such a bureau is an innovation for organized labor.

The conference also adopted a bill of rights, a 5,000-word document setting forth the policies for which organized labor will stand and the legislation which it will seek. Among its demands were recognition of the right of the working people to organize into trade unions, the right of collective bargaining, the right to work or to cease work collectively, and the right to collectively to bestow or withhold patronage; the prohibition of immigration for not less than two years; the repeal by the states of "all industrial court laws and all restrictive and coercive laws"; and the cessation of the use of the injunction in industrial disputes where they would not apply in the absence of such disputes.

The railroad executives have declared that wage reductions must be made in order to save the companies from bankruptcy, and other employers have demanded that the workers should accept wage cuts as their share in the readjustment from the period of inflation which came with the war. The conference flatly opposed such contentions. "Labor not only insists upon maintaining the present standards of wages and working conditions," its bill of rights asserted, "but declares its solemn purpose to continue its struggle to further improve these standards."

Mail Crosses United States in Thirty-Three Hours

ALL records for the rapid transportation of mail across the continent were broken when six bags of mail were landed by airplane in New York thirty-three hours and twenty minutes after they had left San Francisco. The best previous time for mail from the Atlantic to the Pacific was seventy-two hours, made by a combination of airplane and fast mail train, as against four days and a half for an all-rail trip.

The flying distance, according to official figures, was 2,666 miles, and was covered in an actual flying time of twenty-five hours and fifty-three minutes, an average rate of about 103 miles an hour.

Four airplanes left New York and San Francisco simultaneously in the try for a new record. Both of the westbound machines were held up at Chicago by bad weather and the flight of one of the east-bound airplanes ended at Elko, Nev., when the pilot was killed by the crashing of his machine in a tail spin. The other machine braved the snow storms which had held up the westward flight and covered the 839 miles from Cheyenne, Wyo., to Chicago by night, a feat which was hailed as demonstrating the entire feasibility of commercial night-flying, since three landings for refueling and exchange of mail were accomplished without mishap.

As a result of the flight orders have been issued by the Postoffice Department for the establishment of regular night landing fields and an attempt will be made to cover the distance across the continent regularly on a thirty-six hour schedule.

Colby Sends Mandate Protest

SECRETARY of State Colby has sent to the Council of the League of Nations, meeting in Paris, a protest against the inclusion among the territories submitted to the Japanese mandate of the island of Yap, that tiny spot on the Southern Pacific of whose existence the public knew nothing until its importance as a link in the cable systems was debated. The American note declared this government never had consented to the transfer of the island to Japan and could not consider itself bound by the mandate, adding a request that the Council should submit the question to a new examination. The terms of the Japanese mandate were approved finally in December.

The Colby note, however, was much broader than a mere protest regarding Yap. It was a declaration that the American government claims an equal concern and interest with other nations in the disposition of Germany's overseas possessions. Along this line, it read: "As one of the principal Allied and Associated Powers, the United States has equal concern and inseparable interest with the other principal Allied and Associated Powers in the overseas possessions of Germany, and consequently an equal voice in their

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The Prayer That Prevails

A Sermon by REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.*

TEXT—Mark 11 : 24. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

A MAN who can pray is a Christian. But praying is something more than saying one's prayers. The Lord said to Ananias of Damascus, "Arise and go into the street called Straight and inquire for one Saul of Tarsus, *for behold, he prayeth.*" Now in point of fact Saul of Tarsus had been saying prayers ever since he was born; prayers at the family altar, prayers in the town Synagogue, prayers of stately ceremony in the Temple; but he never really prayed until he discovered, at his conversion, that the name of Jesus was the countersign of prayer; as he himself had said, "I am the way; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

As prayer is the sign-manual of a Christian, so faith is the infallible test of prayer. A clear distinction, however, must be made between faith and credulity. We are not asked to believe anything which is not demonstrably so. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"; in other words, it is accepting spiritual truth as *substantiated by evidence,* only the evidence—inasmuch as it applies to immaterial things—is not and obviously can not be addressed to the physical senses. The address of faith is made directly to our spiritual nature, namely to mind, conscience, heart and will; the whole inward man being thus enlisted in the act of prayer, which is our upward gaze toward God.

And then the crucial test of faith is expectancy. This is our place of emphasis today. So far we have taken three steps: *first,* no one is a true Christian who does not pray; *second,* no prayer is true prayer which is not offered in faith; *third,* no faith is true faith which does not expect to get what it asks for.

THIS is briefly set forth in the words of Jesus: "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." The best exposition of this passage is found in the wonder-working ministry of Jesus Himself; as, for example, where He said to the father of the demoniac boy, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth" (Mark 9 : 23), and to Mary and Martha at their brother's grave, "Said I not that if thou would believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" (John 11 : 40), and to Peter after his vain attempt to walk on the water, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" (Matt. 14 : 31), and to the blind men of Jericho, "According to your faith be it unto you" (Matt. 9 : 29).

It is obvious that what is intended here is something more than a mere belief that God is able to do thus and so. The blessing is promised to those who believe that God not only can but will do the thing that He is asked to do, and the answer to their prayer is measured out to them according to the expectancy of their faith.

Observe *first,* the proposition thus laid down is consistent with reason or plain common sense. The falsest proverb that ever was coined is this, "Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed." Live that way and you will die threadbare. Confidence begets confidence in every province of life. A whining beggar goes away empty-handed. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

If you propose to go to a certain city, having bought your ticket, you take your seat and expect to arrive. In even so trifling an affair as that there is no appreciable element of doubt or uncertainty. You are not content with knowing that the engineer is able to carry you to that city; you are comfortably sure that he will do it. Is it too much for the Lord to ask of us a like confidence in Him?

THE *second* ground on which our proposition rests is Revelation. The Bible is full of promises addressed to those who pray with confidence; and every one of those promises is yea and amen. Listen to this: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Mark the fulness and unreservedness of that promise; it contains not an if, nor a perhaps, nor a peradventure, but three great shalls! And as if this were not enough—as if the Lord anticipated that somebody would intimate that He scarcely meant His words to be taken literally—He straightway added, "For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

Or listen to this: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you" (John 15 : 7). Let us be careful how we put limitations on promises which the Lord has not fenced in. "What ye will—all things—anything—everything whatsoever"; these are large words and more than a mouthful for most of us. But suppose the Lord meant them? What a draft on the exchequer of God!

Or take the promise in our text. It was given just after the withering of the barren fig-tree. When the disciples "marveled" at what had been wrought by a simple word of the Master, He said: "If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig-tree; but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done." Do you regard that as hyperbole; that is, "over-shooting" for effect? There's the trouble; we are naturally disinclined to believe that the Lord means exactly what he says. Of course, it was the way of it. According to your expectation be it unto you!

THE *third* of the foundation stones of our proposition is Observation. Lift up your eyes and see. The world is full of people who are prepared to certify, not only that God has answered their prayers, but that he has answered up to the full measure of their expectation.

Are you saying, "Now that is simply preposterous?" In the year 1836, a man named George Muller was greatly concerned for the neglected children of Bristol, England. He resolved to start an orphanage but, being without funds, the question was how to support it. He said: "I will undertake this thing for the Lord and expect Him to stand behind it." Great expectations! "A Utopian dream!" Have it your own way, my friend; but the facts are against you. That was eighty-five years ago; the Bristol Orphanage is still in evidence; and meanwhile not a cent has been asked of any soul this side of heaven to support it.

The institution grew from a small beginning until five orphan-houses were filled with children. It grew without "drives" or appeals. And for almost a century, thousands of children have been dependent for their daily bread on the prayers of one man who had faith enough to undertake a great thing for God and to expect great things from Him. Here is a miracle more inscrutable from the world's point of view than the feeding of a lone prophet by ravens in a cleft of the hills. A miracle? Certainly. Why not? Every answer to prayer is a miracle. God as the great wonder-worker is handing out miracles to expectant people every moment of every hour of the day.

BUT there is a *fourth* ground for our proposition, to wit, Experience. The way to discover whether the Lord is good or not is to "taste and see."

David had his ups and downs like everybody else; and he tells what happened to him once as he was going through the Vale of Baca: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard and saved him out of all his trouble"; and in another place he explained by saying that his "expectation was from God."

Peter was a man of faith; but even his faith had its fainting spells. One morning he and other fishermen had come ashore after a night spent in taking nothing but waterhauls, when Jesus came by. "Launch out into the deep," He said, "and let down your nets for a draught." Peter answered, "Master, we have toiled all night and taken nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net." Then came the great draught of fishes. It always comes to those who take the Master at His word. His promises can be depended on. "Not one faileth!" The point of weakness is not in the unwillingness of the Lord to grant our petitions to the very uttermost, but in the fact that at our best we do not half believe in Him.

Faith has value only as it unites us with God. It is like the coupler that unites the locomotive with a train of cars; there is no power in the coupler, nevertheless the train would be at a standstill without it. God is omnipotent; and when faith brings us into vital contact with Him, the power of the great Dynamo works through us. It thus appears that Paul was not exaggerating but stating a simple and reasonable truth when he said, "I can do all things through Him that strengtheneth me!"

There are two immeasurable facts that overtop all others along the horizons of human life. One of them is the love of God, as manifest in Christ; of which Paul says in his Epistle to the Ephesians: "I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

THE other of the immeasurable things is Faith, which links up the finite with the infinite and fills a man potentially with "all the fulness of God."

"Open thy mouth wide," saith the Lord, "and I will fill it!" I wonder if the Psalmist, when he was writing that, had in mind the days when, as a shepherd boy, he had watched the fledglings in an eagle's nest opening their bills for what the mother-bird was bringing them? Did that suggest to him the eager cry of those whose expectation is in God.

The widow of a minister, long, long ago, came to the prophet's house and wept out her sorrow, saying, "My creditors have come, and they require my two sons as a pledge, and these are all that are left to me." The prophet said, "What hast thou?"—"Nothing."—"Nothing?"—"Only a pot of oil; nothing else is left."—"Go back to thy house and borrow vessels. Borrow of thy neighbors, and borrow not a few; then enter into a room with thy lads, and shut to the door and pour out." She did so; the first vessel was filled and the supply was not gone. "Bring me another," said she to the lads; and they brought her another. It was filled and the oil was not stayed. Another and another, vessels not a few; all vessels they had provided. "Bring me yet another." And the lads said, "There is not another here." Then the oil was stayed. O beloved, God's resources are infinite! The oil flows on forever; but the vessels give out. Let us pray for faith; for the faith that expects great things, for the faith that takes God at His word: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you!"

*Pastor, Marble Collegiate Church, Ref., New York.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"O Day of Rest and Gladness," or "From Every Stormy Wind that Blows!"

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Acts 9 : 32-42.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 205, first column,)

Sermon—"THE PRAYER THAT PREVAILS"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," or "Come, Thou Almighty King."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read loud:

May there be no dismissal from Thy presence, O Gracious One, because we depart from one another, but may Thy benediction mean to us not a farewell until we meet again, but a daily companionship with Thee, from whom we pray we may never depart. In Jesus' name, AMEN.

HOW many churchless homes does your community contain? Where are they located? How many times have they been visited by pastors during the past year? Do the children of such households attend Sunday school? Has any real effort been made to enlist these families in the church? With what results?

These are important questions to any church. Can you answer them accurately and completely with reference to your community? The Ohio Federation of Churches is urging house-to-house surveys to answer these and similar questions as a prerequisite to any community program of evangelism. Such a survey is the only means of collecting the information essential to the most successful evangelism. There are three obvious methods of collecting the information: It may be done by an employed worker, by the pastors of the community, or by teams of laymen. It is not proposed to drop the old methods, but to add new ones, planned in a systematic manner to carry the Gospel to the last home in every community in the manner best calculated to appeal to the people of that home.

REV. B. F. LAMB.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., I. D. Lyttle, W. L. Goldsmith, W. W. Bustard, R. Braunstein, and D. J. Burrell

The Joy of the Lord

SUNDAY. Matt. 25 : 21. "*Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.* Whose joy? "The joy of thy Lord." But I thought He was "a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." I thought His face was "marred more than any man's," worn and furrowed by pain. "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." And yet here is the word, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." He was the Lamb of Calvary, and yet within twenty-four hours of the crucifixion, with His face steadfastly set toward death, and His feet already treading the grim and darkening way, He spoke of "My joy." "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy may be in you." A Man of sorrows—"My joy." Are they contradictory? Nay, they are supplementary. Each interprets the other. The sorrow explains the joy. Unless we share in the sorrow, we cannot partake of the joy.

What is the joy of our Lord? In one of His most beautiful parables, the Lord gives us a glimpse of one of His joys. A shepherd has lost a sheep. It has wandered on to the wilds, and has missed the flock. The good shepherd goes in search of it. He trudges high and low, far and wide, gazing with strained vision, and at last he finds his sheep. "And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulder, rejoicing." That is one of the joys of the Lord—the finding of the lost! "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Can we do it? Stay a moment. Let us follow the shepherd home. "And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." Could they really enter into his joy?

Suppose that among his neighbors there were some who had been with him upon the wilds, who had dared the dangers of the heights and the terrors of the beasts, who had trudged with tired feet far into the chilly night—would not these be just the neighbors who would be able to enter into the shepherd's joy? To enter into the joy of finding, we must have entered into the pain of seeking.

To enter into the joy of my Lord, I, too, must become "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." J. H. J.

Fitting the Blessing

MONDAY. Phil. 4 : 19. "*And my God shall supply ALL you need.*" There are few brighter promises than this, and at the same time few concerning which there is so much fear and doubt. We think it is a splendid saying, and time and again we ask God to fit a blessing to us, as the case may need, then speedily set to work to "*unfit*" ourselves for the very thing we have been asking for.

To illustrate: Here is a man who goes to his tailor for a suit of clothes. The tailor makes the most careful measurements, and then commences the conjuring with the cloth. In a day or two you go in to be "fitted," and he may find it necessary to make alterations here and there, until finally you are a sample of "spick and spanness." In a word, *you have had the suit fitted to you.*

Now, God stands ready to fit blessings to you and me, but often he finds it necessary to make alterations. And these alterations must be made in us, not in the blessing we are asking. In other words, *God may have to fit us to the blessing, rather than the blessing to us!*"

Instead of praying that He may suit a blessing to your needs, let the prayer of your heart be "*My Father, make me fit to receive from Thee the blessings Thy loving heart longs to bestow.*" I. D. L.

Alone with Jesus

TUESDAY. John 20 : 19. "*When the doors were shut—Jesus came.*" When the disciples locked the doors to prevent interruption, Christ knew that He was sure of a welcome. He had been waiting for this opportunity to manifest Himself unto them. He could not speak to His friends in the presence of His enemies. He could not get their ear on account of the din and confusion that came through the open doors. Have you ever tried to carry on a conversation over the telephone in a room full of uproar? Then you know why "Jesus came, when the doors were shut."

Closing the door to the world is opening the door to the Master. He is always passing by those doors that are wide-open to all the frivolity and vanity of men; but whenever He finds the door shut to these things, He seeks admittance. He knows that there is room for Him on the other side of the closed door.

Do not be afraid of shutting the door; it is the best invitation for the Master to enter. "Enter into thy closet and shut the door," and He will see that His presence is desired. In the busy modern world, with its multiplicity of interests, we must find time to be alone with the Master. When the doors are shut, Jesus still comes! W. L. G.

Enjoying Religion

WEDNESDAY. Psa. 119 : 77. "*Thy law is my delight.*" God meant that His religion should be enjoyed, not endured. More and more I am convinced that we are not getting out of religion all that God put into it for us. I meet people who "catch" religion just as they would a disease, and they take it "awful hard." They seem to think it is all fear and solemnity. They are never sure that it is right for them to enjoy themselves. In my mind, God intended that we should enjoy His religion, and the people with whom we live should enjoy it also. The presence of Christ should put a new song in the heart and a new smile upon the face.

We need to realize more and more the presence of God in our lives. We forget to count God in. Too often in looking at things, we forget to look at God.

We need to realize, more than we do, the power of prayer. Too often we neglect this means and then wonder why we are so weak. Pray when you need to pray, not when you feel you have to. Do not make a performance, but use it as a privilege.

We need to be more faithful in our Bible study and church attendance. These things make for strength and usefulness in the Christian life. Let us keep busy in the Lord's work and there will be little time to doubt the Lord's word. W. W. B.

Growing in Grace

THURSDAY. II Peter 3 : 18. "*But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*" The logic of God is growth and development making for an intelligent progress and worthy civilization. In agriculture we are working from the seed to the harvest, and from the harvest to bread with which to meet the world's hunger. In literature we are working from the alphabet up into the world's best production in prose and poetry.

Religion begins with the child-lisp: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and rises up to the man's petition, "Thy Kingdom Come," followed by the "Amen" of service and ministry. The mile-stones of Christian progress are Good, Better, Best. The Christian life in men and institutions is one big forward movement.

"As the Christian grows old, he should grow in grace. The nearer he gets to his "fourscore years and ten" the nearer he should be to God. He should be better today than he was yesterday, better tomorrow than today. Paul said, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." His was the philosophy that could sing "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be." The Christian who follows Jesus Christ is leaving the night behind and making his way toward the light of the Eternal Day. R. B.

The Soul's Need of Wisdom

FRIDAY. James 1 : 5. "*If any of you lack wisdom.*" Our mental equipment is made up of two things, Knowledge and Wisdom. By knowledge is meant, in general terms, all that we acquire through the five physical senses; by wisdom all that lies beyond the province of the physical senses and within the purview of faith.

Faith is a sixth sense which is given to man exclusively for the apprehension of spiritual things. Knowledge is important but "wisdom is the principal thing," because it has to do with the great problems which take hold of eternal life.

One may get along without penetrating the secrets of nature; but to know about God and the Atonement and Immortality and Character and Usefulness, this is a matter of vital moment. Wherefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding as to the great questions which center in God. D. J. B.

Prayer a Cure for Discouragement

SATURDAY. Luke 18 : 1. "*Men ought always to pray and not to faint.*" "To pray or to faint"—that is often the question. Alas, fainting seems easier than praying at times! We are more driven to surrender in despair than to our knees in prayer. It is hard work to pray, but it requires no effort to faint. Prayer is active; fainting is passive. And if they pray at all, it must be an act of will energized by faith.

Prayer is rowing against the current and setting one's face up-stream; it is refusing to drift with the easy-flowing waters. To faint is to be discouraged; but to pray is to muster courage.

The easiest thing in the world is to lose heart, and the hardest thing in the world is getting one's self together in genuine prayer. "No man ever became a saint in his sleep." By dint of perseverance in prayer, when every natural instinct is crying out for soft surrender, the higher life is always achieved.

The thing we ought to do is seldom that which we find it easiest to do, and prayer is no exception. Prayer is the difficult art of refusing to faint, and it is the only alternative. Learn how to pray, and you need never lose heart. W. L. G.

The Greatest Prophecy—A Meditation for Lent

II Peter 1 : 19. "We have a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto we do well that we take heed, as unto the light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn."

By REV. A. EDWIN KEIGWIN, D.D.

THE prophecy to which allusion is made is that of a Great Life. The surest prophecy concerning life everlasting is the earthly life of Jesus the Christ. In Him life and immortality were brought to light. According to His own declaration it was for this very purpose He entered our sphere of being. Life eternal pulsated in every word He uttered, every deed He did. With extraordinary persistency He endeavored to focus the attention of all followers, believing and unbelieving alike, upon the future life latent within Him. "I am the resurrection; I am the life." But it was simply too good to believe. His chosen twelve even were not predisposed to accept the statement at face value. As Jews, they had been brought up to believe the resurrection to be something afar off, other-worldly, and not something of present realization.

True, they enjoyed flashes of intelligence, but they were fleeting—very. They recognized in Jesus the fulfillment of long-cherished hopes. Eagerly they discussed with Him prophecies dear to every heart, little realizing that the greatest of all prophecies stood beside them in living and tangible form—the prophecy of life everlasting.

Now, the transcendently glorious thing about this verse is its inference. Every life is a prophecy. The greatest life can not be more. The humblest life is nothing less. In this life we do not arrive—we start. Each exertion is a fresh revelation of latent capacities, every hope a foregleam of grander realization. We endeavor to do something and it turns out to be bigger than we had anticipated. We set out to reach some far-off horizon of longing or ambition, to find we have only pushed life's horizon far beyond. From the cradle to the grave we are ever on our way, but we never arrive.

Then we enter the dark valley and find, with surprise and rapture, that as the physical faculties slip from our shoulder like a dusty and ragged garment, the perceptive powers, stronger then than at any period of life, unmistakably discern the path of continuity leading up the sunlit slope beyond the vale. That this is actually so every physician, every bedside watcher knows perfectly well. A prophecy at the cradle, life is still a prophecy at the grave.

Is there Scripture warrant for such deductions, such assurance? Yes, of the strongest kind. It is none other than this prophetic aspect of mortal life that St. Paul sets forth so clearly in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Moreover, we are not without convincing circumstantial evidence. In these bodies of ours we have the broadest hints of "the body that shall be."

For example, an eminent biologist observes: "The human body has already passed through as great and marvelous, yet always connected, changes here as that final change at the resurrection. Judging from what we know of the present body, nothing is more probable than that our future bodies will be more personal and recognizable than ever in this present clouded and imperfect being."

"I am dying an unfulfilled prophecy," said John Ruskin. Such should be the sublime affirmation of every departing follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Of Special Interest to the Home-Maker

Conducted by MARIE LYNDALL DARRACH

Preserving in Springtime

ONE is apt to think that it is only in summer that the preserve jar may be filled. But in March there are a number of fruits that may be put up and they are not always expensive. Only a little bit at a time may be made—just a glass or two, often—and the extra labor in connection with it will not be noticed. Dried fruits, oranges, lemons, winter apples, cranberries, raisins and nuts can be used in combinations for these winter-time dainties and, as it is not necessary to select the most perfect fruit for this purpose, these preserves do not need to be at all expensive.

Soak one pound of evaporated peaches for several hours, after they have been carefully washed. Then cook them very slowly until soft enough to break into pieces. Mash with a potato masher to a pulp, and add enough sugar to sweeten. Simmer slowly until thick and then pour into glasses. This recipe makes a peach butter that is a delicious spread for bread or crackers.

To make spiced prune marmalade, take one pound of prunes, one cupful of vinegar, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon. Soak the prunes, and simmer for an hour in the same water. Drain and extract the pits, and cut the prunes into small pieces. Return to the fire with the liquid and add the vinegar, spices and sugar. Simmer till thick.

Apple-butter, with raisins, is another delicious spring preserve. It is easily and inexpensively made with six tart apples, one-quarter of a pound of nut meats, one-half pound of raisins, and one pound of brown sugar. Pare and slice the apples; wash and seed the raisins and chop them and the nut meats together, rather coarsely. Mix all the ingredients and place over the fire, with just enough water to keep them from burning. Cook slowly for three-quarters of an hour, then add the sugar and continue cooking until thick.

Old-Fashioned Buckwheat Cakes

SO MANY people use the "self-rising" flours now for hot cakes that the old-fashioned buckwheat cakes, such as our grandmothers used to make, are becoming almost unknown. But it is still possible to get plain buckwheat flour, and the cakes made from it and yeast raised taste quite different from any others.

You will need one-half of a compressed yeast cake dissolved in one-quarter of a cupful of warm water, one and one-half cupfuls of buckwheat flour, one-half cupful of white flour, one cupful of water, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and one and a quarter teaspoonfuls of salt.

Mix these ingredients at night, stir well, cover and leave this in a warm place to rise. Before breakfast the sponge should be light and foamy. Stir and then add, one-half rounded tablespoonful of butter (melt after measuring) and one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of warm water. Beat well and pour from a pitcher or the tip of a spoon to get a well rounded cake. Bake on a hot griddle.

Breakfasts

THE normal healthy man, woman or child has a real relish for breakfast. If any member of the family is in perfect health and doesn't relish his breakfast, there is something the matter with the breakfast.

The coffee should be well made in a perfectly dry clean coffee-pot only a few minutes before it is served. Coffee that has stood half an hour is never so good. Cream for cereal and coffee in the morning are so expensive as to be beyond the reach of many families these days, but the top of the bottle of milk should be used for breakfast, unless the milk is being fed to young children or babies. They should have the full milk with none of it taken off the top. But for adults, and the ordinary household usage, the milk after the top has been removed is quite all right. If you boil the milk it will be richer than raw milk in coffee.

Try to have a little fruit for breakfast, even if it is only a little strained orange juice, or a stewed pear, or some stewed prunes. Just the taste of fruit is appetizing—large portions are not at all necessary.

The Question of Sugar

UNTIL the war came upon us sugar was a cheap food. But sugar even at eight to ten cents still is a cheap food compared with other foods. And sugar is a very necessary food.

In the American home the consumption of sugar should not be reduced in the kitchen or on the table. It should be reduced in its more expensive manufactured states—in candies and beverages. If we are going to cheapen the American diet without reducing its quality, we must do so by increasing the consumption of bread and of milk, and by decreasing the consumption of certain fruits and vegetables; by reducing the consumption of meats and meat products and by holding the consumption of sugar to the amount we are accustomed to, because it is a cheap food. But we must consume sugar more in the form of sugar and less in the form of confections of all kinds that bear a very high cost of preparation and marketing as related to the actual cost of the sugar itself.

Worth-While Recipes

APPLE DUMPLINGS

MAKE a foundation dough the same as for pie-crust and roll it to about one-fourth of an inch thick. Cut in squares large enough to envelop the apples—which should be tart and well flavored. The apples should be pared, cored, and filled with a mixture of butter, sugar and cinnamon, before they are wrapped in the blankets of dough. They are then steamed or baked, whichever is preferred. Steamed apple dumplings will require at least an hour's cooking. Forty-five minutes will be sufficient, if the dumplings are to be baked. Before putting them in the oven to bake sprinkle the dumplings with a little flour and sugar and pour a little boiling water in the pan in which they are to be cooked. This will prevent them from sticking.

CAPER SAUCE

Boiled mutton seems quite often to need caper sauce to give it a proper flavor. The sauce is easily made with two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of onion juice, one cupful of boiling water, four tablespoonfuls of capers, and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Make a sauce of the first five ingredients, and just before removing from the fire, add the capers and vinegar.

MUTTON AND VEGETABLE SOUFFLE

A small piece of stewing mutton from the neck or shoulder should be cooked in enough water to cover it until tender. Add half an onion, stuck with two cloves, and a few celery tops. Let the meat cool in the water in which it has cooked, then chop it up fine. Add to a cupful and a half of the chopped meat one cupful of seasoned cream sauce and a small cupful of finely chopped cooked carrots, cooked celery, drained canned peas, and chopped parsley blended together. Heat to the boiling point and stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, with salt and paprika to taste. Remove from the fire, cool and fold in the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs. Turn into a buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven until well risen and browned.

BANANA PUFFS

Take as many bananas as there are persons to serve. Roll in sugar and cinnamon. Then roll in a thin pie crust. Bake in a hot oven and serve with whipped cream or lemon sauce.

GLASGOW SOUP

This soup is made of the bone left from the roast leg of mutton with a little of the meat attached to it. Crack the bone in two places and put into a soup kettle with three pints of water, one teaspoonful and a half of barley, and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Simmer for one hour and add some chopped celery, diced turnips, carrots, and onions. Cook until the vegetables are very tender. Then remove the mutton bones, chop up the meat, and return it to the soup. Season with a little more salt and pepper if necessary and serve very hot.

BREADED MUTTON CHOPS

Shoulder chops are an inexpensive cut of meat, but it is difficult to make them palatable by frying or broiling. A very satisfactory dish can be made of them, however, if they are covered with a little mound of seasoned bread dressing or mashed potatoes and placed in a casserole. Add a little stock or water, season with salt, pepper, and a little onion or celery salt, and bake until the chops are tender. Add a little kitchen bouquet to the thickened gravy and serve in the casserole very hot

HONEY POP-CORN BALLS

Take a cupful of strained honey, put it into a saucepan, boil until it comes from the spoon in large threads—not fine threads. Have ready one quart of freshly popped corn. Pour the honey over it, mixing all the while. When it is a little cool grease the hands and mould the corn into balls. Stand them on greased paper. A cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of water boiled to a syrup can be used instead of honey.

The Home Mail-Bag

TO *the Home Editor:*

I am sending you this recipe for Eggless Pumpkin pie, that has always been most satisfactory. Prepare the filling as usual, only a bit thicker with pumpkin than when eggs are used. In place of eggs use two level tablespoonfuls of flour or one heaping spoonful of corn starch, and a rounded teaspoonful of baking powder well mixed with the sugar. This prevents the pie from being soggy or heavy. Squash may be used instead of pumpkin.

MAE SMITH.

Alma, New York.

To the Home Editor.:

When the moths were getting into my tapestry carpet I took it up and had it cleaned thoroughly. After scrubbing the floor I took a strong solution of alum and rubbed it into the boards, and into all the cracks and corners. When dry the floor was covered with alum crystals. I put the carpet down on top of them and rubbed some weak alum solution into the few patches where the moths had begun working. I did this years ago and there has been no sign of a moth since. I think this better than using benzine.

Lowell, Mass. MRS. M. W. COBURN.

Helps for the Housewife

TO LAUNDER tatted lace always use a brush stroking with an outward stroke which keeps the picots straight.

Never rub or pour water through to rinse but lay the lace on a smooth surface and brush out carefully. Then picking out the picots when they dry will be unnecessary.

Raisins baked in rhubarb or custard pies give an unusual flavor that many people like.

When making blue-water add just a little common salt to it. This helps to distribute the color evenly, and prevents the clothes from looking streaked and patchy.

Put a pinch of powdered borax into the water in which you wash lettuce. Let the leaves soak for half an hour or so in this, then shake them free from water, wipe each one separately after well rinsing, and the lettuce will be unusually crisp.

Discarded catalogues, because of the texture of the paper, absorb grease readily and the leaves are effective for wiping the range, cleaning the outside of lanterns or oil cans. One placed on the ironing board, instead of an iron rest, does away with the noise, removes any smoke, that may have stuck to the iron, and gives warning if the iron is too hot.

To mend white china effectively paint the edges with common white paint, press together carefully, and wipe off the surplus paint. When thoroughly dried, which takes about a week, the dish may be used and washed as when new.

Longer life may be given to galvanized ware by painting the bottoms of the pails, tubs, etc., with common house paint before any holes appear in them.

White outing flannel makes good crib blankets. They should be made at least six inches longer than the crib. One width of the cloth is usually wide enough for the baby, but if a wider one is preferred the two widths should be joined at the selvidges with over-stitches. Press the seams open with a warm iron. A binding of ribbon adds to their attractiveness.

Denial

By MABEL F. ARBUTHNOT

WITH frightened lips I shall not ever say,
"I know Him not," for none will question me.
I shall not need to speak a word today,
To publish to the world my loyalty.
And yet a hundred times there comes the voice,
"Know you this Man, the Master?" and behold,
A hundred times I make the fateful choice,
Today, as the apostle once of old.
And ev'ry unkind word or straying thought,
And ev'ry deed of hatred or disdain,
Say plainly to the world, "I know Him not."
And then the cock crows—bitter morn of pain!

And would indeed today that they might be—
The times I have denied Him—only three!

Jesus on the Cross

International Sunday-School Lesson for March 20
Matt. 27: 35-50

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

THE greatest March of Triumph in history was about three-quarters of a mile in length and extended from the place of judgment in the city of Jerusalem to the place of crucifixion outside the city wall. Crowds might jeer at Him who had been sentenced after an illegal trial and others would wag their heads at the Place of the Skull, but sacrificial work on that Great Day of Atonement was perfect and the Galilean had conquered. Scenes along the Via Dolorosa have been described. The soldier bore the sign declaring the accusation, the quaternion guard obeyed the orders of the centurion, Simon of Cyrene did his part, the women of Jerusalem wept, but no record has been written of the heavenly attendants who were present, even as when the angels sang at His birth.

Bible research is called for in studying this lesson even more than usual. The account in each Gospel should be read. A harmony of the Gospels will blend the writings into a chronological account of the events of this day, beginning with the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane in the early morning and concluding with rolling the stone before the garden tomb. If you do not have a harmony make your own by following the order of the events of the day.

A sixty-four-page booklet entitled, "His Last Week," is an interwoven record from Bethany to the Ascension and can be purchased for ten cents, or less in quantities. Make also a careful study, using the marginal references in your Bible, of the Old Testament prophecies which were fulfilled. The Seven Words from the Cross furnish material for special character study of Jesus Christ. A careful study of this lesson will greatly intensify the meaning of Friday, March 25, when the Christian world gives special thought to the crucifixion of the son of Mary Who is also the Son of God. He was crucified for us.

IN SPITE of the fact that the world is living Anno Domini (in the year of the Lord) 1921 there are many who can not see Him in the progress of the centuries and deny His divinity. Such personal opinions expressed in opposition to the evidences of time are foolish utterances in the face of the declaration of the centurion who was in charge of the work of crucifying the Messiah. He was a Roman and performed his cruel work as in the routine of his life. Doubtless he was either indifferent to or actually prejudiced against the prisoner. The One hanging on the central cross was no different to him than the two thieves who were on either side. In fact he could make no mistake concerning that central figure. He had but to read I.N.R.I. (Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judaeorum), the sign over that cross, and he would be in a position to utter his ridicule with the chief priests who left their temple work to scoff with the rabble.

The centurion was able to judge for himself: no curse had fallen from His lips upon the soldiers, kindly words had been spoken to the weeping women who were noted en route and who may have been the same women who gave the stupefying myrred wine which was so kindly refused. This Man had even prayed for His crucifiers, He had said something that had been of wonderful comfort to one of the malefactors, and then there had been three hours of darkness. "Who is He?" The answer is one of conviction by reason of the evidences of the day: "And when the centurion, who stood by over against Him, saw that he so gave up the ghost, he said, "Truly this man was the Son of God," Mark 15:39. No flippant opinionist of today can outweigh the testimony of the centurion.

There is a story told about Barabbas that is universal in its application. The tale can be elaborated with much local color. Barabbas was in the castle of Antonio waiting the time of his crucifixion. The quaternion of soldiers come for him at last and after they reach the street of Jerusalem file away, but Barabbas halts. At last he understands that he is free because the custom has again been observed at the Passover season and he has been liberated while another, named Jesus, is to be crucified. This was the decision of the Jews when Pilate asked them to make a choice between the two. Walking aimlessly about the city Barabbas is attracted by the crowd passing along the Via Dolorosa and he follows them to Golgotha. He watches the proceedings and is attracted by the name "Jesus" over the central cross. He finally recalls that the centurion who told him of his release said that he was freed and a man by the name of Jesus was to be crucified. Then Barabbas comes up close to the foot of that central cross and looking upon the One hanging there in his awful suffering says: "I do not know what you did or why you are there. I only know that you are there in my place."

THE supreme work of Christ was His death rather than His perfect life. His wayside ministries, however, were performed to the very last, regardless of personal suffering or heart-burden. The thief on the cross soon learned the full meaning of "Today thou shalt be with me in paradise." No death can have the sacrificial value of that of Jesus Christ, but all can follow His example of soul-saving work, and countless opportunities are at hand. The thrill of the story of the personal work of the Korean Christians is still more intense when heard at first hand in Korea. The many imprisoned Christians were just so many prison evangelists. Our own sorrow is greatly lightened when we are actively concerned in the soul of another. Right now the Presbyterian Church in Korea is in the midst of a year of evangelism. Other denominations are equally active. Every three members meet together frequently, each to pray for some individual whom they are seeking, by the power of the Spirit, to win to Christ.

People still have petty interests in the face of great realities and supreme values. The soldiers divided some clothing and cast lots for the seamless garment, probably woven by Mary, as they waited before the cross when each might have been saved eternally, as was the one thief. Today the world is blowing too many bubbles and following human "isms" when God is knowable and has incalculable values to bestow.

Questionnaires are being sent out asking, What is the greatest need of the world today? Pilate wanted to know, What is truth? The world as ever needs to know Him aright, Who is the way, the truth and the life. The truths of the Cross must be first learned, then accepted and continuously applied both with reference to self and also proclaimed to others. The Supreme Sacrifice was not made on the Field of Flanders but at Calvary. The Master has left a commission to those who love Him because He died for them, and who may desire to serve with or even suffer for His sake. He declared, in Luke 9:23, "And he said unto ALL, If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his CROSS daily, and follow me."

The world-call of today is for sacrifice, and this does not necessarily mean suffering but it does mean service. The starving in China, Europe and the Near East make an insistent appeal, but beyond their cry for food is their need for the Saviour. There is not only the hunger for food and for the Gospel but also for you. In the homeland there are countless cross-bearing opportunities. Stand still and look upon the Christ of the Cross. If for me, then for Him, and we can count it all joy.

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With the Eyes of a Child

One Is Apt to See Only Worth-While Things

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MY grandmother's library—a great, sun-splashed room lined with row upon row of books—is a place that will always live in my memory. I can close my eyes, today, and see again the dull heavy rugs, and the broad fireplace, and the faded, comfortable furniture. And I can see myself, a small girl with tight little pigtails and scratched knees, snuggled down into a great arm chair with a book in my two chubby hands.

I will never forget the joy that reading brought to me. I felt, when words first began to take on definite meanings, that I had made a new and wonderful discovery. I felt that world of precious facts, that a veritable treasure store, lay before me. And grandmother's library was the personification of the treasure; was the garden in which the precious facts grew.

A great many books, had grandmother. It seemed that she had every conceivable sort of a volume upon some shelf—as if no subject had been neglected. There were wide leather books, and narrow cloth bound books, and rare old books, and bran new books. There were books of sermons, and books of biography, and history books, and novels. And I dipped into each one of them—each one of them that I could reach, for some of the shelves were very high!—as an eager little bee dips into one flower after another.

I realize, now that I read many books that were far—infinitely far—beyond my young comprehension. I realize, now, that many of the stories that I read were scarcely juvenile. I realize it, now, but then I did not realize anything. I just read on, and on—passing lightly over those things that I did not understand.

Certain days, in that sun-splashed library, stand out in high relief against the blurred background of the past. There were certain moments when I leaned against grandmother's satin clad shoulder; other times when we stared, together, into the fire and watched the leaping flames build pictures. And there was one time in particular when I crept in to borrow a book and found that grandmother was serving tea to three white haired ladies of quite evident importance.

THEY were kind to me, the ladies, with the unveiled condescention that some grown-ups always display toward children. They patted my head, and told me that I was growing very fast, and that they hoped I would always be a good girl. Yes, they were very kind until grandmother—who was never in the least condescending to children—asked me what I wanted.

"I came up to—to borrow a book," I faltered, "may I take one home with me?"

Grandmother was busy with her teacups, but she laughed as she answered.

"What a little bookworm it is!" she said softly. And then—"But of course you may take anything you want."

It was then that the kindness of the three ladies was dissolved, as a rainbow dissolves into the darkness.

"Certainly," inquired one of them, with lifted brows, "certainly you do not permit *that child* to read anything she wants to read?"

"There are books here," another one of the ladies added, "that it is not right for a child to read!" And——

"I would not let the little girl have very many books," the third said sternly, "she will be getting precocious ideas into that small head of hers. I should give her only a few books to read—carefully selected ones!"

I waited, standing first on one foot and then on the other, for grandmother to speak. And, as I waited, I saw my treasure store being shut away from me—saw my garden of precious facts with a high, blank unclimbable wall all about it.

I waited, and then grandmother spoke. And when she spoke the weight of apprehension rolled swiftly from my mind.

"I'm afraid," said my grandmother, and though her voice was exceedingly pleasant the tone of it was firm and decided. "I'm afraid that I can't agree with you. My granddaughter is too young to be hurt by anything that she may stumble upon in a book. The good that she gets from her reading will be far greater than any possible harm! I am sure that she will pass very lightly over any of the things that she does not understand!" And then grandmother said something, very softly, about the mind of a child.

AS I look back, over the books that I read when I was a very small girl, I am sometimes astounded at the number that I managed to skim through—at the sophistocated titles and subjects that I dipped into. Some of the books I met, years later, in school—some of them I have found in church libraries and old book shops. Some of them I have read again, recently, and I have found many new things in that second reading. And some of them I have understood in a very different way.

I doubt if any of the books in my grandmother's library were children's books. But they formed the basis of many joyous days, of many bright hours. They, some of them, mentioned subjects that children are unfamiliar with; but none of them had to do with matters that a grown-up would in any way disapprove. And that is why my grandmother's decision was such a wise one.

If grandmother, following the advice of her friends, had forbidden me to read any of her books, I might have felt that all books were wrong! I might have thought that there was something bad about the books—I might have thought that my grandmother read books that weren't proper. There were perhaps things in nearly every volume that might have troubled me—had I noticed them. But I didn't. For the child mind does pass very lightly over places that might be questioned. The child mind takes in only the best.

SOMETIMES I find myself wishing that the people of this world had the ability to see only the good of things, as children do. Sometimes I think that, if they had, the earth would be a very different place. When I read criticisms of things that were never intended to be unpleasant—when I see folk looking for objectionable places in beautiful works of art and literature—I sigh in longing for the child heart that accepts the earth as a wonderful place, and the people of earth as worth while!

It is easy to find unpleasantness in nearly everything—if you are looking for unpleasantness! There's hardly a rose that's perfect, if you pick apart the petals in search of flaws; even the blue sky gets its color from the dust that is in the air. The best people in the world have little habits that are irritating to other folk; the best books in the world might be misunderstood if you insist upon giving certain words and phrases a wrong construction.

Try to look at life and the things of life with the eyes of a child, friends of mine! Try to pass over the bits that might be misunderstood, with a clear mind. Where there is evil—well, that is different! When wrong exists you should try to help exterminate it. But when you have to look for unpleasantness—when you think that you may possibly have misunderstood—be charitable with the clean-hearted charity of a child! For, in looking for faults and unpleasantness, you may miss many of the most beautiful things. In looking for faults and unpleasantness you may come, in time, to the point where you can see only ugliness.

Child eyes are tolerant. And they are kinder—kinder than the eyes of grown-ups, often. And they are a living illustration of the old proverb—"Unto the pure all things are pure."

Relief Work in China

How the Various Agencies Are Co-operating in Aiding the Starving

By H. W. ROBINSON

(American Board Mission, Paotingfu)

I SUPPOSE no one who reads these lines needs to be told that there is a famine in North China. Some of you realize that those of us who are trying to do what we can to save life and relieve suffering are in a terribly depressing situation, and you pity us. Someone remarked the other day that all the missionaries in China would need a furlough by next year. Well, it is depressing; and I might give you an account of conditions that would haunt your dreams. But there is another side to the famine situation; and it is this side which helps to keep us out of the slough of despond into which it is so easy to fall.

By the other side of the situation, I mean the responses that are coming in from calls for help, though the responses thus far are nowhere near adequate to the great need; and the hearty co-operation of many races, classes and creeds, even though it is not perfect, on the part of those who are trying to lend a hand to the stricken people. The famine is the greatest unifier I have seen in North China.

In Peking there has been formed an International Union Famine Relief Committee, which is made up of representatives of several nationalities. This committee is concentrating its forces on the territory along the Peking-Hankow Railway as far as Shuntehfu. A similar committee in Tientsin is working along the Tientsin-Pukow Railway. (It is along this line that the American Red Cross with its half million dollars is doing relief work.) Then there are other large committees in cities like Shanghai, Hankow and Mukden, raising funds and helping to administer them. I know little about most of the committees. The one in Peking has its territory divided into four sections, with a Branch International Union Committee located in each of these four regions—Paotingfu, Chengtingfu, Shuntehfu, and Tamingfu.

LET me tell you about one of these branch committees, and I think you will realize better what I mean by hearty co-operation of classes, creeds, and nationalities. A few weeks ago I boarded the train at Paotingfu for Chengtingfu, which is about 100 miles south of here, though it is in territory worked by the Paotingfu Station of the American Board Mission. On the train I joined two other Americans, both of whom were born in China. One of these is giving his whole time to famine relief as traveling secretary of the Peking Committee; the other one is giving up his work as professor in the Yenching University at Peking to go to Shuntehfu to help out there. We three Protestants were met at the Chengtingfu Station by carts from the Catholic Mission, and we were escorted to their large mission compound. We were most cordially received and entertained there by the head of the mission, Father Baroudi, who is a Syrian by birth, but who has been away from his native land so long that he has forgotten his mother tongue. Having been educated in France, he speaks French fluently; but he has not been away from China since he came here thirty years ago.

At the table where we discussed plans for forming an International Union Branch Committee was another priest—a native of Italy, who has been in China for forty years, with only one furlough, and that because of illness. Since I know no Italian, I didn't even learn his Italian name. In Chinese he is known as Father Meng. A third priest in our discussion group was Father Te, as he is called in Chinese. He is a native of Holland. Then there was an Englishman—a representative of the China Inland Mission, which has work in that region: and the S. A. representative was a Swede. Two Chinese—one a Catholic priest, the other a business man—made up the rest of our party. Could you ask for a more heterogeneous group for the nucleus of a United International Committee? We succeeded in organizing such a committee; and to the various societies mentioned above were added the Standard Oil Company of New York, the British and American Tobacco Company, the French Railway, and the Chinese Merchants Guild of Shin Chia Chuang, where the Committee has located its headquarters because of its being a railway center, and better situated for the purpose than Chentingfu.

The Peking Committee granted to this Chengtingfu Branch Committee $60,000 Mex., most of which is to be used in opening schools for children, and running them for five months. Several schools will be started in each county in the district, and these schools will be centers from which other relief work may be carried on. The children who attend these schools are chosen from the most needy families, without regard to religious affiliation. Each child is given about five cents a day, which is sufficient to purchase enough grain to keep body and soul together.

Representatives from the Shanghai Relief Committee have come to Paotingfu; and have met with the Paotingfu International Committee. These Shanghai men are visiting the various organizations in North China in order that they may know better how to co-operate with other organizations, and I am sure their visit will be another element helping to unify the whole famine relief situation. These meetings help to keep us cheered up, and encourage us to keep going.

THE overhead expenses are kept down to a remarkably low figure. Business men are meeting day after day, after office hours, in committee meetings to help administer funds; missionaries and their Chinese co-workers are giving their whole time to relief work. College professors who could hardly be pried loose for any other cause are leaving their work that they may help; college students are giving up their studies, and volunteering to go out and do relief work. The government railways are issuing free passes for those who are engaged in the work; and they have agreed to move grain and supplies free of charge. Every one seems to want to help.

From other lands also encouraging responses are coming. The American Red Cross is expending half a million dollars down in Shantung in relief work. Letters have come recently telling of the Christian Herald's effort to raise a million dollars for China's famine sufferers. Mission boards are sending out special funds from the home lands. And so I say it is inspiring.

But the need is getting greater every day. The temperature for days has been below zero and as I write the ground is covered with snow, making it very difficult to get fuel from the fields, or to gather the young wheat sprouts, such as many of these people have been living on; and all the time the little that some people have left is getting less.

THE Christian Herald China Famine Fund now totals $468,397.80. The last week's receipts follow:

February 17	**$3,213.43**
February 18	**2,205.78**
February 19	**1,218.17**
February 21	**3,347.50**
February 23	**2,933.82**
Grand Total ...	**$468,397.80**

This money has been transmitted to China through the American Committee for China Famine Fund and has been disbursed by the all-American Committee in Peking to the agencies mentioned in Mr. Robinson's letter. What some of the Christian Herald readers' money has accomplished will be told next week.

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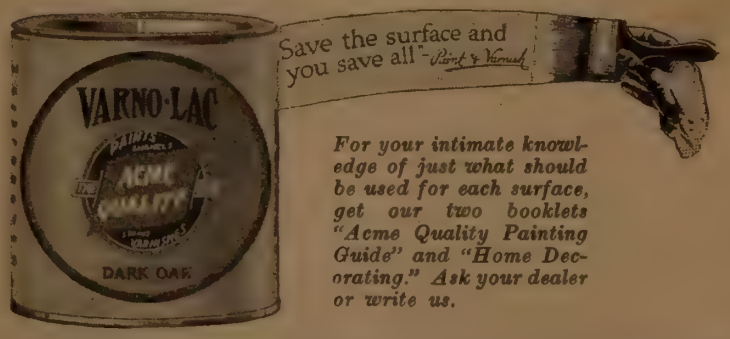

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C.F.SWANSON, of Sioux City, Ia. Before training at the M. S. A. S., Mr. Swanson was working by the day. He now has a business of his own and makes over $500 a month He attributes his success absolutely to M. S. A. S. training.

THIS IS 20 YEAR OLD BEN KOEHLER of Pulaski, Wis. He is conducting a garage of his own. He did $93,810.00 worth of business in the first six months after he started, at a profit of $10,000. Mr. Koehler is an M. S. A. S. graduate.

J. S. STECKLE, of Conlay, Pa., was working for small pay. He trained at the M. S. A. S., increased his income to $100 a week. Mr. Steckle also made a good record in the army, due to M. S. A. S. training.

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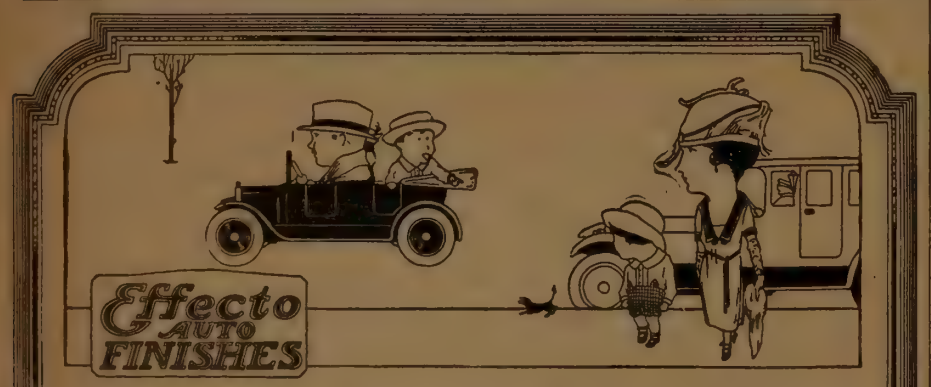

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Young People's Topics for March 20

Stewardship Sunday—Jacob's Promissory Note

E. L. Gen. 28 : 16-22

READ the reference and learn how Jacob vowed a vow to serve God. That vow was "and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee." The dictionary says that a promissory note is a written agreement to pay a certain sum of money at a fixed date, or on demand to a certain person or his bearer who is ordered to collect. Jacob's promissory note was a stone, which he had set "for a pillar" which was equivalent to a reminder that Jacob would pay into the treasury of God a tenth of his income in payment for mercies and blessings received from the Source of all benevolence.

In this scripture we have a background for the doctrine of Stewardship. This is a doctrine emphasized more and more by all denominations. A tithing Church is the most spiritual Church. The most spiritual Church is the most successful and prosperous. This is not an experiment but an experience.

"A million tithers for Methodism" is the slogan for 1921. It is the aim of the denomination to reach that goal by Sunday, March 20. Read "What Stewardship Did for My Church," by Twelve New England Pastors and "Stewardship Catechism."

Hymns for the Stewardship meeting: "Take My Life and Let it Be," and "We Give Thee But Thine Own."

Lessons from the First Easter

B. Y. P. U. Mark 16 : 19, 20

ORIGINS are always interesting. Where did we get the name Easter? An old myth says that long ago an egg of great size fell from heaven upon a river. As it rested upon the surface of the waters, doves came and hatched out the egg when from it rose the beautiful goddess of Spring, Eostre. Hence the name Easter. When Christianity brought the beautiful message of Christ's resurrection in the springtime, the old myth gave way to the glorious fact of the new life in Christ, but the egg became a favorite of the season. Since from its shell there came the little winged creature to a new life, it was not an unfitting illustration of the new life that issues in the resurrection.

The resurrection of Jesus is a fitting climax to His wonderful birth and a life on earth. It is the seal of His miracles and His teachings and a proof of His divine claims. It transforms his death from that of a martyr to that of a God. The death of the martyrs of the early Church are inspiring in their fortitude and as an example to us, but the death of Jesus, His resurrection, are a hope and help in life, giving us also an assurance of life to come. The big word in the Easter story is LIFE. Christianity is the creator and perpetuator of life.

Christian Progress in Alaska

C. E. Home Missionary Meeting

ACCORDING to the Interchurch Survey, missionary work in Alaska includes ministry to the natives as well as to the white settlers. The entire population is about 64,000, more than half of which is white. Two-thirds of the white population is composed of Swedish, Norwegian, Canadian, German, Irish, and English.

Hundreds of square miles are without churches. The present situation demands more missionaries, a broader ministry and a more generously supported work so that every occupied place may be reached. Hospitals and doctors are especially needed. At present whatever work is being done is in the hands of the Associated Evangelical Churches of Alaska. This is an organization made up of those missionaries and their agencies, now there, and who have signified their willingness to share in a co-ordinated program for Alaska.

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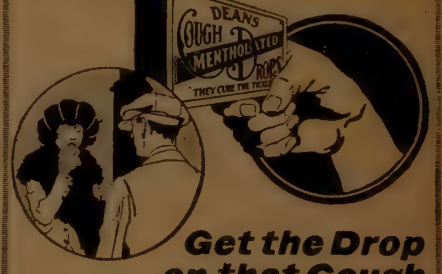

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD New York

The Foeman in the Road

Continued from page 201

I do be carin' for so much, but Harvey needs me so.' Them are her own words, Mr. Richards, sor, an' I'm thinkin' she'd like it if—well—Ij know, sor, as yer not av my faith, but maybe yo'd kneel wid me just now, beggin' yer pardon, sor, for suggestin' it——"

Harvey slipped quietly down on his knees beside an ancient sofa; Mrs. Kennedy raised supplicating hands. A deep hush, broken only by the heavy breathing of the anxious suppliants, held the room. Harvey's soul was agonizing—petitioning in secret that strength and courage might be given.

A QUICK footstep on the stairs; a benevolent figure in the doorway. Harvey dared hardly stir. A hand fell on his shoulder, another sought his right in a firm clasp.

"Congratulations, Harvey lad. Harvey Junior's crying for his Daddy!"

Harvey drew a hand across his forehead. Drops of moisture stood out, though the December day was the coldest of the season.

"And—Sheila, Doctor?"

"Splendid—brave little woman! Sometimes, lad, our mental sufferings are more terrible than the physical realities, too. Wonderful little girl—oh, these mothers of men!"

"And—may I——?"

"You may. She's asking for you."

Fifteen minutes later, from the sacred mysteries of the room above, Harvey descended the stairs. Old Peters awaited his coming.

"Daddy Peters," he said exultantly, "I want you to forget the speed laws and get me to Chester's faster'n you ever moved in your life."

"Harvey—you think it's wise?"

"Think? There's no thinking about this—I know. I'm going to put across that deal yet, or scalp the whole directorate!"

THE Board of Directors of the Chester Company met at three-thirty sharp to consider the matter of placing a contract for certain required machinery. The matter was of sufficient importance to demand higher authority than that of the Purchasing Agent, who ordinarily held the decision in his own hands. Before the long glass-topped table in the mahogany-veneered boardroom stood the P. A. himself, rustling through a pile of specifications and quotations that lay before him. He went through each in turn, explaining. Then he cleared his throat.

"Those are the offers, gentlemen."

"And your recommendation, Mr. Roper?"

He selected two sheaves of papers from the pile. Neither bore the blue embossed lion of the Caldwell Machinery Company.

"It has been difficult to make a selection. There are advantages in all; prices are very close. After careful elimination I find three equally to my taste. Unfortunately for one of them, they sent a poor representative this morning. The choice as I see it lies, therefore, with the other two. Salesmen of both firms are waiting in readiness to answer any questions you gentlemen may care to put. Other things being equal, therefore, I recommend, gentlemen——"

He turned sharply, halting in his speech. A slight confusion at the door had distracted the eyes and attention of all. A diminutive office boy stood in the doorway, apparently blocking the passage of an eager appellant outside.

"Well, Billy?" Impatience was in the President's voice.

"A gentleman to see Mr. Roper, sir. I told him he was busy, but he says it's a matter of life and death."

The purchasing agent frowned

"If it's Mr. Hodgson again tell him I can't see him now."

"It's not Mr. Hodgson, sir. He's waiting outside."

"Better see him, Roper. We'll wait a moment."

Two minutes later Roper returned, but not alone.

"I am taking the liberty, gentlemen, of introducing Mr. Richards, of the Caldwell Machinery Company." The P. A. smiled, little traces of mischief gathering about his mouth and eyes. "It's probably out of order, but, well, it would take a squad of policemen to hold this young man down. He was a bit upset this morning so I thought you might care to give him a chance to present his case now. He knows his machinery from the ground up."

THE President frowned. Most of the directors followed suit.

"Quite irregular, Roper. He had his chance with the others."

The P. A. coughed apologetically.

"You see, gentlemen," he said, "it happens that Mr. Richards's offer was the third one of which I spoke. I didn't care for Mr. Richards's selling talk this morning. He was not enthusiastic about his own line so I could hardly be expected to enthuse. But—well since then he's become the father of a husky new citizen—How many pounds, Richards?"

"Ten," said Harvey, flushing proudly. "Ten pounds and as fine a looking youngster——"

"I think," interrupted a little old director, who concealed a pair of smiling blue eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses, "that Mr. Richards had better confine himself to machinery. Last time I was here our friend Roper was waxing eloquent on a little bit of humanity that had just arrived at *his* house, and I thought he'd never leave off. I would move, sir, that we hear Mr. Richards, if he'll promise to limit his remarks to—machinery."

Later Harvey came out into the general offices, arm in arm with the P. A., chatting in the most friendly fashion imaginable. In the outside waiting-room a gentleman rose impatiently, staring at Harvey incredulously.

"Mr. Hodgson!" cried Harvey, staring back.

"Sorry, Hodgson," said the P. A. genially, "but I couldn't really get out to see you, and I couldn't ask you in to the meeting. However, Richards here will give you all the details. He wasn't asked in either, but—well—he invited himself."

A SIFTING of fine snow had been falling all day, but by sunset the air cleared. The clouds, rolling back, hung in heavy bluish masses over the horizon.

Harvey ran lightly up the stairs to his flat, tiptoeing across the floor to the bedroom lest he should disturb those within. But Sheila was awake and waiting. Mrs. Kennedy's sister, who had been tending her, left to get her own supper. Harvey seated himself gingerly by the side of the bed. There, holding her hand tightly in his big one, he told her the good news.

"Oh, Harvey, it's almost too good to be true. And a raise and all. But I knew all along you had it in you, Harvey to do it."

He shook his head doubtfully.

"Maybe," he said slowly, "but it sure wouldn't have come out and given an account of itself if it hadn't been for a brave little woman who showed the way to face and conquer fear."

Through the window golden beams streamed from the breaking clouds in the west, making the delicate tracery of frost on the pane a thing of beauty, touching the auburn head of the woman on the bed w th a new glory. The infant at her breast turned his face towards it.

"See," she said, "see how he likes the sunshine already. I'm thinking, Harvey dear, there's more sunshine in life than anything else if we only keep our hearts brave and true. Listen!"

From the other room, into which stray beams had found their way through the open doorway, came a trill of song—pulsing, throbbing notes of liquid melody.

"Dickie likes the sunshine, too," said Sheila. "But do you know the little fellow's been singing all the blessed day, without so much as a ray of sunlight to cheer him. Maybe he knows, Harvey, that it's on the darkest days his song is needed most."

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BAKER'S COCONUT
FIRST FOR FLAVOR

Across the Mongolian Plains

Continued from page 199

cade of a hundred of the fleetest ponies of the whole district. They were ridden by boys from eleven to twenty years of age who were constantly throwing to the winds printed prayers, supplicating the gods to give them victory.

Then the procession was led off ten miles across the plain to the starting point. Two hours later we watched the thrilling finish. For miles across the plain we could see the stream of contestants galloping in, surrounded by friends and relatives who were shouting encouragement to them. It was a wild-looking cavalcade which swept panting up the hill to the finish, with the stripling who rode his mount to victory wearing a big red swastika on each arm. The whole event reminded one of our American Indians in their sports.

The second feature of the program was under the direction of twenty Lama priests, brilliantly dressed in red and yellow garments. With a beating of drums and blowing of horns they led the procession down to a big bonfire where they burned in effigy the evil spirit. Then for two hours they chanted their scriptures in an unknown tongue and went through an elaborate ceremonial, in which the head man of the tribe took a prominent part. All the officials in attendance were dressed in their gorgeous silk robes, relics of the late Manchu dynasty, with their embroidered insignia and peacock feathers.

The afternoon was given over to wrestling matches between two rival camps. There were twenty or more representatives from each side, and sometimes as many as ten or twelve contestants were on the ground at one time. Each winner received a brick of Russian tea and a money prize.

At the close of the gathering there was a big feast. We tried to avoid this as we had already put our hosts to a great deal of trouble; but the superintendent of the assembly sent over a high official who insisted on our presence. The great dinner, which was served in Chinese fashion, lasted two hours. At the close they gave us the opportunity to express in a few words our appreciation. It was no exaggeration to state that in all the countries we had visited we had never as strangers received anything like the open-hearted hospitality and generosity which they had extended toward us. The address was made in English and had to be interpreted first into Chinese and later into Mongolian.

FROM Khailar we went fifty miles by train and then took a ten-mile cross-country ride in a Russian wagon to a typical Mongolian village. Here there were twenty families living, all related to one another. They were of the official class and quite well-to-do. Like their clothes, their houses were of the Manchu style. Several of the sons in these homes had been educated in the Chinese high school at Tsitsihar. Two of them had been to Peking, while one has had a year in Tokio; but most of the girls and boys have had no education. They are planning to establish a little primary school to meet this need.

The best educated man in the village, Mr. Kuo, became a Christian while a student in the Peking Y. M. C. A. English School. On his return he opened a private school for Mongolian boys in Khailar. This is now being reorganized and receiving the backing of Mongolian officials. We were told that this was the only school for Mongolian children in the whole province, and possibly among the whole Mongolian race.

From this village we made a fifteen-mile trek across the rolling hills and plains of this beautiful country. We had an exciting experience when we came to the river, which two days before had risen so that it could no longer be forded. At no little risk to our lives and our baggage we were ferried across the swift current in a leaky and unstable boat. Our horses were tied together and after much yelling and pelting with sticks and stones were persuaded to swim the river. It took an extra hour to get the clumsy wagon across.

Safe on the other side, we were treated to another delay. Our steady Russian horse had been sent back and the two Mongolian ponies refused to stay harnessed to the unfamiliar Russian wagon. The balky horses won the bout and we had to transfer our baggage to an ox-cart, while we borrowed a well-broken horse to pull the wagon into camp. Shortly before nine o'clock we arrived at the encampment of which our friend's father is the patriarch. The sun was just going down as we ended our journey.

The six large wigwams in which the clan lives are placed in a semi-circle, hundreds of feet across. The spaces between the huts are filled in with the crude ox-carts, thus making a large enclosure, into which each night are driven the 3,000 sheep owned by the family. The 200 cows lie down outside, while the 300 horses stay on the range both summer and winter—only such horses being brought into the encampment as are needed for work. The size of the herds necessitates the frequent moving of the camp. We were fortunate in taking part in one of these migrations. One day the uncle's possessions, which are greater than ours, were moved past our camp in a caravan of wagons a mile in length. This man has a drove of 2,000 horses, worth from $50 to $100 apiece.

THE wigwams, constructed of reeds, are delightfully cool in summer—in fact we slept under blankets and fur coats at night in order to keep warm. In the winter the huts are covered with woolen rugs a quarter of an inch or more in thickness, and the people dress in several layers of sheepskin with the wool left on. The wigwams are circular, averaging fifteen feet in diameter. A large hole is left in the center of the slanting roof to allow the smoke to escape. The fire in the middle of the tent provides light as well as heat in winter and is used for cooking the simple meals. The furniture consists of chests of drawers and cupboards, which are arranged along the wall, as are also the box beds. These are covered in some instances with costly rugs from China or far-off Thibet.

We were surprised to find the women dressed in costly satins going about doing their daily labors. Owing to lack of water supply and other laundry facilities, their garments become very much soiled. The Mongolians themselves testify that they never wash, and one can hardly wonder when they have to go daily three miles for their scant water supply and when the weather is freezing cold for such a large part of the year.

The Mongolians eat only one meal a day. There seems to be no set time for this, although it usually comes at the close of the day's work In the winter their meals consist almost entirely of beef; in the summer they live on mutton. Our encampment kills a large sheep every day, and it is by far the best mutton I have ever tasted. They have no green vegetables or fruit to break the monotony of their diet. They drink strong tea in which they put scorched rice, milk, and cheese. This they drink all through the day. They are inveterate smokers, puffing lazily at their long pipes from the early morning milking time to the powwow around the evening fireside.

A very interesting feature of the country is the fact that one cannot buy his way into or through it with money, which is held in rather light esteem. Chinese and Russian traders itinerate among the camps and barter supplies for skins and wool. The people live in constant fear of horse-thieves who live in the nearby mountains and who swoop down on their herds from time to time. The wolves also make great inroads on the flocks, and each encampment is alive with fierce dogs which are a real danger to the stranger who comes unescorted to the camp, as they have been known to jump up and drag a man off his horse.

One day we were taken to witness

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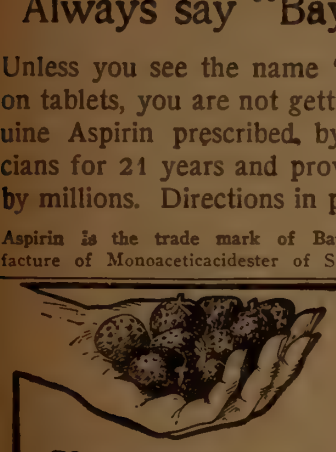

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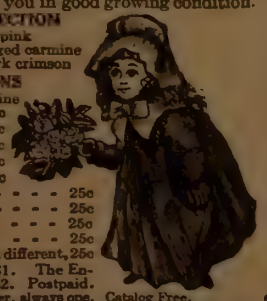

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a ceremonial in honor of the departed spirit of a famous medicine man. In a beautiful little valley was a pile of stones marking the grave of the famous man, while on the hill above was an altar for the repose of his spirit. After the meat offerings and liquid oblations had been prepared, the company gathered around the grave of their saint. Two bareback horses were led up to the grave. These were anointed with milk and turned loose for the use of the spirit. Of course they were later captured and will continue to be used by their rightful owner. Oblations of wine were cast to the winds in all directions, while the presents of meat, tea, wine, and sweetmeats, as well as burning incense, were placed in front of the grave.

The present Shaman, or medicine man, a student of the departed, then took charge of the ceremony. He put on a curious hat with a metal bird and other decorations, and clothed himself in a buckskin garment. On his breast were thirty-two polished brass disks, and on the lower part of his garment were sixty sleigh-bells. On his back were placed five large brass plates, such as the Chinese used in olden times for mirrors. The collar of his coat was embroidered with seashells.

With a crude drum in his hand he went through a long ceremonial of dance and incantation. It reached a climax when he fell in a faint from exhaustion and dizziness. He was brought to by putting pungent incense under his nose and then he rolled on the ground around the grave three times. After repeated supplications to the spirit of the departed to come unto him and help him prophesy, he finally was supposed to have been taken possession of by the spirit, and through him gave counsel to sick folk and to those who were seeking enlightenment. Miraculous cures and wonderful prophecies are ascribed to these men. We came away with a feeling of great pathos for these people sitting in darkness and with not a single witness among them for Jesus Christ.

The Sabbath we were in Khailar our friends came to us asking that we conduct a Christian service for them, which we were glad to do. They said it was the first Christian service which had ever been held there. We had no Bible nor hymnals in Mongolian, but as several of them knew Chinese we used that language and had it explained to the women and children in Mongolian. Each night after that the little boys came in for a story, and we told them one of the Bible narratives such as the story of David and Goliath.

Again, in the distant village we held the only Christian service which has ever been conducted there. On the Mongolian plain in our friend's home we had the opportunity to speak of Jesus Christ where He had never before been named. We had long talks with the blind patriarch of the clan who came to our tent nearly every day for a visit with us. He is an ardent Buddhist and spends hours every day telling his beads and mumbling his prayers. He also showed us his interesting Thibetan prayer-wheel. We have tried to make clear to him the more excellent Way and to give him a deeper knowledge of God and of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. He was interested in the story of the Creation, in the birth of Jesus, and we had a long talk about the reality of prayer. Our presence gave the Christian son an opportunity to testify to his belief in a way that would have been impossible without our visit. One has to understand the Oriental family relationship to fully comprehend this. The eagerness with which our messages have been received, the hear[illegible]nger, and the spiritual need revealed, created in us a longing to be able to speak to these people in their own tongue and a desire to stay with them to help them come to know their Saviour.

BAGGAGE men were somewhat rough in their handling of four cases of eggs being shipped through a Southern state and breakage resulted. The odor which spread around caused an immediate investigation. Then it was found that the natural contents of each egg had been blown out, and the shell refilled with whisky and sealed. Prohibition can not be so ineffective after all if the ill vendors find such a ruse is necessary.

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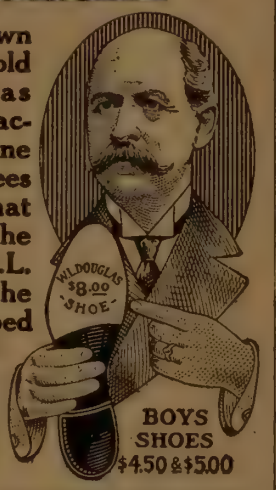

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W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
165 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 203

disposition, which it is respectfully submitted cannot be undertaken or effected without its consent."

The members of the Council wired the text of the note to their governments at once, and discussed its contents at length at their next session, but they attempted to reach no decision regarding their answer pending the receipt of orders from their governments. European statesmen were inclined to take the view that the United States government was attempting to occupy the position of a judge of review on the acts of the League. The controversy over this may be expected to provide a problem for the Harding administration and to cause a prolonged transatlantic debate, especially since so many of the acts of the League will affect American interests.

DOMESTIC

NEW YALE HEAD SELECTED. Dr. James Rowland Angell, famous educator and chairman of the trustees of the Carnegie Corporation, has been elected to succeed Dr. Arthur T. Hadley as president of Yale University, and is the first man not a Yale graduate to be selected as its executive head. Dr. Angell was graduated in 1890 from the University of Michigan, of which his father was president for many years, and among the important positions he has held was that of acting president of the University of Chicago.

SENATE PASSES IMMIGRATION BILL. The Senate has passed the Dillingham Immigration bill, which provides that after April 1 the number of persons admitted from any country in one year shall not exceed three per cent. of the number of persons of such nationality resident in the United States in 1910. This would limit immigration in any fiscal year to 355,461. Prompt action was to be sought in the House.

EIGHT LOSE LIVES IN TROLLEY COLLISION. Eight persons were killed and twenty injured in the collision of two trolley cars near Bridgeport, Conn., most of the deaths being due to the explosion of a can of gasoline which a passenger was carrying.

THREE CONVICTED IN BUILDING CASE. John T. Hettrick, a lawyer who originated a "code of practices" by which contracts for buildings were divided among New York City contractors, and three associates were convicted of coercion and received indeterminate sentences of three months to three years in the Blackwell's Island penitentiary.

FOREIGN

JAPAN APOLOGIZES TO UNITED STATES. The Japanese Government has expressed "deep regret" for the killing of Lieutenant W. H. Langdon, of the United States navy, by a Japanese sentry at Vladivostok. Major-General Nishihara, the Japanese commander, who was held chiefly responsible, was removed from the active list of the army and deprived of his command and of the rank of brigade commander. Four subordinate officers received prison terms. The sentry was exonerated because he had obeyed orders, but was imprisoned for a month for giving false testimony.

DISARMAMENT DISCUSSION BEGINS. The consultative military and naval commissions of the League of Nations have begun the discussion of the disarmament question, in Paris.

TURKISH TREATY BEING REVISED. A conference for the revision of the peace treaty with Turkey has been in progress in London, with representatives of the Turkish Nationalist and Constantinople governments and of Greece holding sessions with Allied delegates, but little progress apparently has been made toward an agreement which would restore order in the former Ottoman Empire.

"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

Father got wet and caught cold

He had to be out at his work—but he didn't have to sneeze and snuffle very long. He took the jar of

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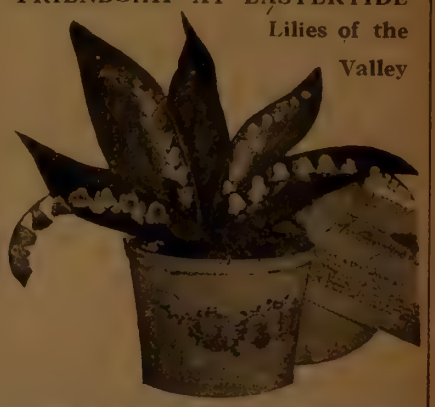
Lilies of the Valley



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Statistics of the Churches in 1920

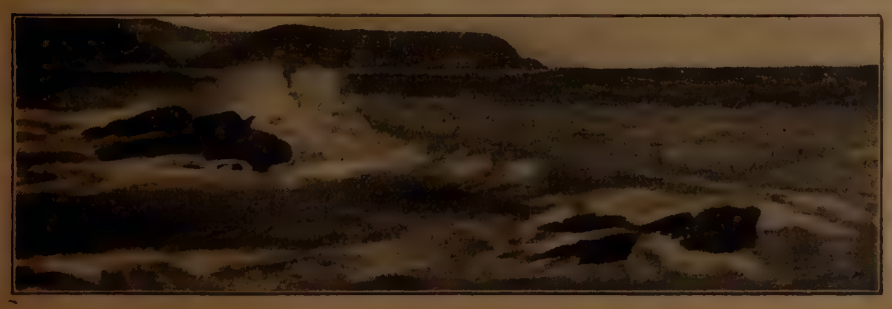
Continued from page 198

Denominations	*Ministers*	*Churches*	*Communicants*	*Gains in 1920 Min.*	*Chs.*	*Com.*
PRESBYTERIANS:						
Presbyterian, U.S.A. (Northern)	9,800	9,623	1,605,584	d9	d37	31,958
Cumberland	752	1,388	61,453	d31	d18	d2,273
Cumberland (Colored) (c)	430	136	13,077	....	....	....
United	979	937	157,135	d1	d26	1,141
Presbyterian, U.S.A. (Southern)	2,013	3,359	376,517	57	d88	12,287
Associate	6	12	500	d1	....	....
Associate Synod South	110	132	16,564	....	....	....
Reformed Synod	119	104	7,680	d4	1	d82
Reformed General Synod	17	18	3,625	....	....	....
Welsh Calvinistic (g)	83	135	13,558	....	....	....
Total Presbyterians, 10 Bodies	14,309	15,844	2,255,693	11	d168	43,031
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL:						
Protestant Episcopal	5,700	7,906	1,075,820	23	d197	9,995
Reformed Episcopal	106	87	11,217	....	....	....
Total Protestant Episcopal 2 Bodies	5,806	7,993	1,087,037	23	d197	9,995
REFORMED:						
Reformed in America	803	727	133,783	....	....	....
Reformed in United States	1,267	1,751	329,937	7	d16	d102
Christian Reformed	168	245	42,854	5	....	1,059
Hungarian Reformed	30	48	15,000	....	....	....
Total Reformed, 4 Bodies	2,286	2,771	521,574	12	d16	957
Salvation Army (h)	2,918	957	48,786	....	....	....
Schwenkfelders	6	7	1,280	....	....	70
Social Brethren	10	19	950	....	....	....
Society for Ethical Culture	9	7	2,741	2	1	291
Spiritualists	500	600	50,000	....	....	....
Temple Society	2	2	260	....	....	....
Theosophical Society	....	200	7,347	....	....	....
Unitarians	516	473	71,110	....	....	....
UNITED BRETHREN:						
United Brethren	1,707	3,440	351,007	d208	d58	3,026
United Brethren (Old Constitution)	391	483	20,286	13	4	322
Total United Brethren, 2 Bodies	2,098	3,923	371,293	d195	d54	3,348
Universalists	620	850	59,650	....	....	....
Independent Congregations	267	879	48,673	....	....	....
Grand Total in 1920	195,926	230,594	42,140,997	2,290	d556	667,007
Grand Total in 1919	193,636	231,150	41,473,990	379	630	43,837

Summary of Denominational Gains and Losses

Denominations	*Ministers*	*Churches*	*Communicants*	*Gains in 1920 Min.*	*Chs.*	*Com.*
Adventists, 5 Bodies	1,665	2,984	134,725	51	91	7,255
Assemblies of God	700	200	10,000	....	....	....
Baptists, 15 Bodies	47,983	58,933	7,207,578	d24	363	129,283
Brethren (Dunkards), 3 Bodies	3,843	1,276	134,179	159	5	6,000
Brethren (Plymouth), 6 Bodies	....	468	13,244	....	....	....
Brethren (River), 3 Bodies	203	122	5,962	....	....	....
Buddhist Japanese Temples	34	12	5,639	....	....	....
Catholic Apostolic	13	13	2,768	....	....	....
Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, 7 Bodies	414	502	495,694	27	35	22,900
Catholics, Western, 3 Bodies	21,765	16,681	15,266,799	649	407	151,434
Christadelphians	....	74	3,812	....	....	132
Christian American Convention	826	1,094	104,390	d106	d98	d920
Christian Union	350	320	16,800	....	....	....
Church of Christian Scientist	3,200	1,600	....	2	1	....
Church of God and Saints of Christ	101	94	3,311	....	....	....
Church of God (Winebrenner)	421	525	28,672	....	....	....
Churches of God, Gen. Assembly	690	425	14,867	....	....	....
Churches of the Living God (Colored), 3 Bodies	425	165	12,000	25	5	....
Churches of New Jerusalem, 2 Bodies	131	146	9,772	....	....	....
Communistic Societies, 2 Bodies	....	19	1,901	....	....	....
Congregational Churches	5,695	5,959	809,496	....	....	1,230
Disciples of Christ, 2 Bodies	8,506	14,416	1,493,515	....	....	....
Evangelical, 2 Bodies	1,597	2,399	209,047	d55	d69	d3,788
Evangelical Associations, 15 Bodies	444	207	13,933	....	....	....
Evangelical Protestant (formerly German)	34	37	17,962	....	....	....
Evangelical Synod (formerly German)	1,133	1,294	269,842	18	d82	10,223
Free Christian Zion	29	35	6,225	....	....	....
Friends, 4 Bodies	1,331	985	119,294	....	d6	191
Jewish Congregations	721	1,901	357,135	....	....	....
Latter-Day Saints, 2 Bodies	7,910	1,640	452,797	220	....	13,000
Lutherans, 18 Bodies	10,061	14,955	2,493,894	367	769	31,389
Scandinavian Evang., 3 Bodies	546	428	38,652	29	d1	....
Mennonite, 11 Bodies	1,753	930	83,201	157	36	3,680
Methodists, 15 Bodies	42,426	63,645	7,705,258	914	d40	237,127
Moravians, 2 Bodies	150	143	23,370	4	....	179
Nonsectarian Bible Faith Chs.	26	28	2,273	....	....	....
Pentecostal, 4 Bodies	1,453	1,394	46,596	....	....	....
Presbyterians, 10 Bodies	14,309	15,844	2,255,693	11	d168	43,031
Protestant Episcopal, 2 Bodies	5,806	7,993	1,087,037	23	d197	9,995
Reformed, 4 Bodies	2,286	2,771	521,574	12	d16	957
Salvation Army	2,918	957	48,786	....	....	....
Schwenkfelders	6	7	1,280	....	....	70
Social Brethren	10	19	950	....	....	....
Society for Ethical Culture	9	7	2,741	2	1	291
Spiritualists	500	600	50,000	....	....	....
Temple Society	2	2	260	....	....	....
Theosophical Society	....	200	7,347	....	....	....
Unitarians	516	473	71,110	....	....	....
United Brethren, 2 Bodies	2,098	3,923	371,293	d195	d54	3,348
Universalists	620	850	59,650	....	....	....
Independent Congregations	267	879	48,673	....	....	....
Grand Total in 1920	195,926	230,594	42,140,997	2,290	d556	667,007
Grand Total in 1919	193,636	231,150	41,473,990	379	630	43,837

(d) Decrease (g) Merged with Northern Presbyterian (h) No returns gathered for 1920



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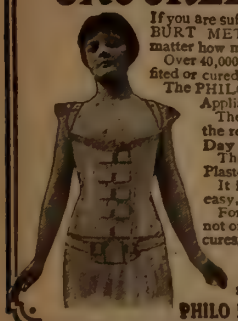

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

A NUMBER of our readers, having special experience in the spiritual training of children, have sent us helpful suggestions on that subject for the benefit of others. I. S., New Britain, Conn., writes:

"I was quite interested in the request of Mrs. S. W. C., of St. Joseph, Mo., for suggestions in regard to Sunday. I would refer her to the chapter on Sunday in Louisa Alcott's Book 'Little Men.' 'Aunt Joe' has a wonderful Sunday program for the entire day, both for the younger and older children. It certainly carries out her ideas which she embodies in these words: 'I want my boys to love Sunday, and find it a pleasant day, when they can rest from common study and play, yet enjoy quiet pleasures.' In the afternoon they have a walk with some older person as leader who shows them the beautiful things in Nature, and finds 'Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything.' After supper, there is a story hour, and then singing, in which every one joins, and some of the chidren play on musical instruments. With a little perseverance and painstaking on the part of their elders children can be brought to regard Sunday as a happy day."

Mrs. Hannah A. Green, Cedar Vale, Kansas, sends this suggestion: "It would be very profitable and interesting, I think, to commit Bible verses, one or many. Call the children's attention to the grandeur and beauty in nature that our dear All-Father has spread so lovingly and bountifully for us to admire—birds, stones, shells, flowers, green grass and many things. A small magnifying glass would be very interesting to examine even hands and finger tips. If the children have not already learned it, teach them the verse, 'Suffer the children to come.' (Matt. 19, 14: Mark 10, 14: Luke 18, 16.) If the grandmother will write to me I will send her some verses of poetry which the children may enjoy."

J. E. F., Oneanta, N. Y., writes: "I noticed in the Mail-Bag a letter from a grandmother who desired to know how to encourage little folks on the Sabbath so that it might be a 'day of days' to the children. Last winter I had two little girls, from the street, aged nine and eleven. The mother was dead. They were with me about three months, until places could be found for them. When they first came, I wondered what I would do with them on Sundays. I decided we would go to church and Sunday School and I went with them. Then I thought what we should do after dinner. I told them they could get their paper dolls for a while, which they did, and played with them until the dinner work was out of the way. Then they wanted something else. I had a Young People's Bible which interested me when a child and I got the book and asked them if I should read to them. They said: 'Oh, yes; do so.' I sat down with a girl on either side, and read to them. I think they would have listened till bedtime, if I had read so long. Some of the stories they became very familiar with, but the ones they loved best were Ruth and Naomi and Samuel and David. Then when the shadows began to creep in and it was too dark to see to read, we had a heart to heart visit and sang and our Sabbath was at an end. I think it was a Day of days to them and that a taste for good reading is being formed which I hope will go with them through life."

C. H. M., Saluvia, Pa., writes:" I think the great trouble is that children are not taught proper love for God and obedience, early enough in life. As early as I can remember my mother took us on her lap every evening, and told us Bible stories and the love of God, and taught us to love and obey God. It was our greatest desire, as we grew up, to obey and not grieve God but to do those things which are pleasing to Him. There were a few in those days perhaps too strict, and who made the Sabbath dreary; but they were very few. Our home was bright and cheerful. We were read to, and encouraged to read, the Bible, good books and Sunday School papers. Sometimes we took a quiet walk with our parents in the fields and woods, and viewed all the beautiful things God has made. Let us strive to do His will and only those things that are pleasing to Him."

Mrs. J. P. M., Muncy Valley, Pa., writes: "I look forward every week for the Christian Herald. I have taken it many years and hope to read it as long as I live. I would say to Mrs. S. M. C., St. Joseph, Mo., who has the care of three grandchildren, that I had three sons of five, seven and ten years. I bought a book, the title of which was 'Happy Sundays with the Bible and our Children,' by Charlotte M. Yonge, which has a lesson for every Sunday in the year. I would read a lesson every Sunday afternoon or evening, and then ask them questions about it. I read it to them for three successive years and think it was a great help to them in their Sunday School work. They are now grown up and are good men."

L. M. H., Pittsburg, Pa. The talents referred to in the parable (in Matt. 25.) were intended to apply to every kind of gift or endowment. Wealth, education, spiritual privilege, opportunity were all included. It is the duty of each individual to turn to good account such talents as he has. He will not be blamed if he is not able to do quite as much as another who, with a larger endowment of talents, is better equipped. The distinction between wordly and spiritual gifts is not very definite, but we have no reason in the parable itself for excluding spiritual equipment, in considering the proposition as a whole. It is for all to do the best we can always and under all existing circumstances.

W. J. McF., Vermilion, Ill., writes: 'Concerning the recent question and answer—'Where were the disciples on the day of Pentecost?' (in the Mail-Bag of January 1)—permit me to suggest that as neither the 'temple' nor the 'upper room' was directly indicated, and no priests or scribes were mentioned, and as no ascent seemingly interrupted the gathering together of the multitude around the disciples, who were yet 'sitting' till Peter 'stood up,' it seems not impossible that the Pentecostal occurrence was neither at the temple nor in the upper room, as commonly supposed, but simply at a house where they had assembled for fellowship or communion It is worthy of note that, though the disciples returned from the ascension directly to the upper room and dwelt there, and though they also 'were continually in the temple praising and blessing God,' (Luke 24 : 53), yet they also were 'breaking bread from house to house' (Acts 2 : 46)."

W. W. S., Calamus, Ia. Fatima was the name of the daughter of the Prophet Mohammed. No such name is to be found in Scripture.

Mrs. W. D., Rochester Mills, Pa. The rabbis—a title of honor given by the Jews to their learned men—were originally the authorized teachers of the law and the spiritual heads of the community. There were rabbinical degrees, varying according to spiritual authority and intellectual acquirements. The Scribes were originally writers or copyists of the law, but eventually they became interpreters and teachers of Scripture, and in the Gospel times they had a powerful influence in the religious life of the Jewish people. The Pharisees were one of the Jewish sects or orders in the time of Christ. In a sense, all might be regarded as teachers.

R. S., De Soto, Mo. Jesus not only said "Love your enemies," but also "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink." You say in your letter that you have not seen anything of this spirit in our attitude toward Central Europe. You have surely been strangely unobservant. Even while the war was still raging, American help was being given to hundreds of thousands of the starving wives and children of our enemies wherever they could be reached. The Christian Herald had relief committees practically in all the European warring countries, save Russia, which declined help. And the aid that America as a nation gave to the devastated countries as soon as the way was opened, has become a part of history. That work is still going forward on a very large scale.

C. R. C., Rochester, N. Y. If both parties are of one mind with regard to the religious training of their children, as your letter states, we see no reason why they should not harmonize other differences.

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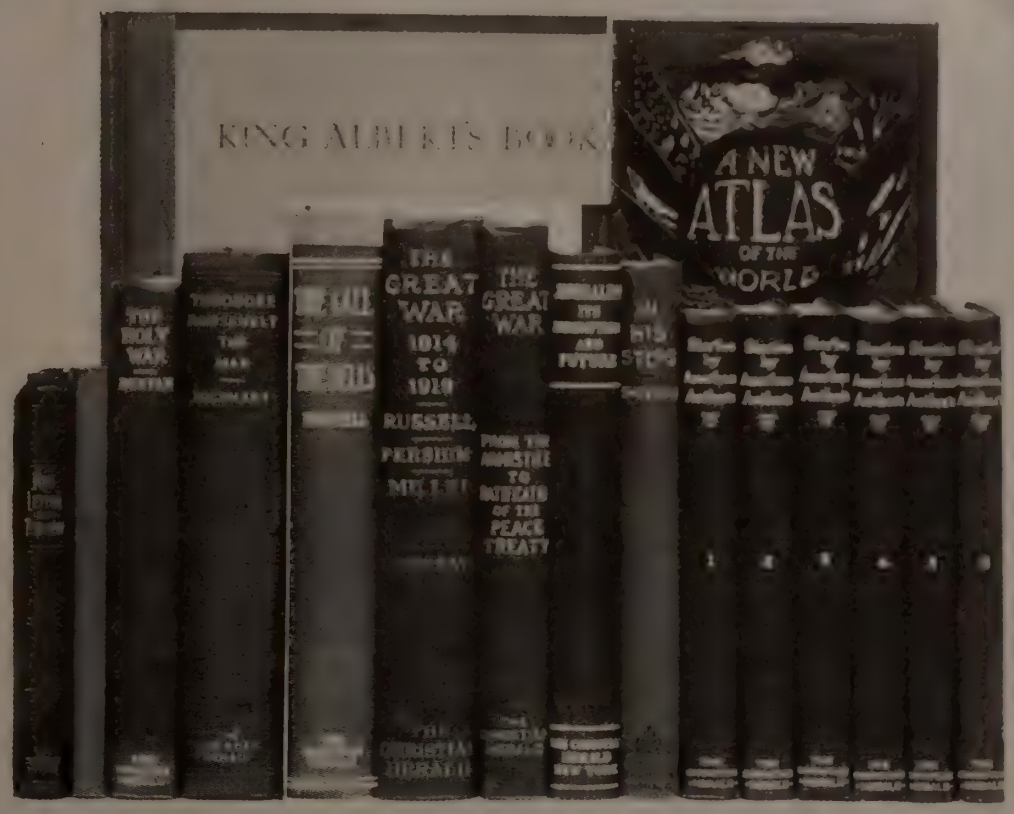

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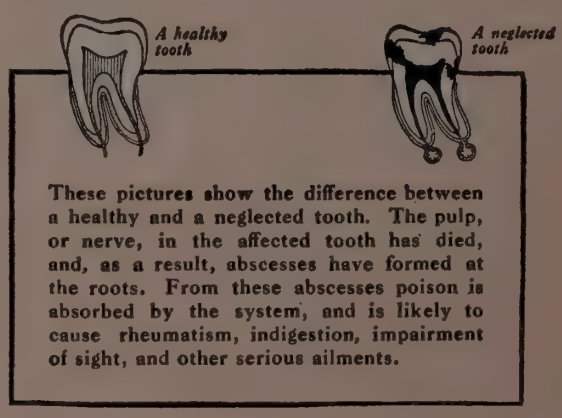

These pictures show the difference between a healthy and a neglected tooth. The pulp, or nerve, in the affected tooth has died, and, as a result, abscesses have formed at the roots. From these abscesses poison is absorbed by the system, and is likely to cause rheumatism, indigestion, impairment of sight, and other serious ailments.

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MARCH 19, 1921

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EASTER WEATHER

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A SOFT wind blew across my face; a wind that sang little songs, and breathed wee fragrant secrets, and murmured small happy words. And I lifted my eyes to the sky—gray-veiled by the smoke of a thousand chimneys—and forgot that I was standing on New York's busiest corner.

All around me swirled crowds—women in shiny straw hats, men in spring overcoats, and little children in half socks and strapped slippers. I wondered, as I watched a fluffy cloud drift through the gray smoke, if any of them were hearing the voice of the wind—as I was hearing it. Perhaps the children were conscious of it—passing lightly over its subtleties—but the men and women were far too hurried, every one of them, to pay heed to vague songs and vaguer secrets. They were too busy to even know that it was Easter Weather!

With a start, almost, I brought my eyes back to the hurrying street. On New York's busiest corner one does not watch the sky, over-long. Sky-gazing is apt to draw a crowd in New York. And a crowd is, almost, unlawful! It would be hard to explain—to a policeman with not much imagination—that a cloud looked like a fairy's pillow.

I brought my eyes back to the hurrying street. And there, on the corner opposite me, I saw a flower man with a tray of violets in his hands. They were hot-house violets, tortured into stiff little bunches, but from across the street one could only see that they were fashioned of a heavenly color. From across the street one could only dream the sweetness of them. Violets—in the city!

The crowds surged past the flower man. They jostled him this way and that, in their eagerness for speed. He did not sell many flowers, but I somehow felt that, even though he did not sell many of them, he was happier than the people who hurried by. For they were passing a little garden, all unseeing. And he, despite the city, was holding a garden in his two hands!

THEY used to grow in great purple beds—the violets. When the meadows were gay with Easter weather, they used to make a carpet, almost, in the quiet places. One seldom spoke aloud, when the violets were a-bloom—there was something nearly solemn about them. They were so shy themselves, and so silent; unlike the roses of June, that seem to hum gently to each other, and the dahlias of the late summertime—that almost shout aloud, so riotously colorful they are! They were so still that we used to walk among them on tip-toe, speaking in whispers.

We always felt, there in the meadows, that God was very near. We didn't exactly think it in a conscious way—for we were only children—but we thought it, nevertheless. Perhaps the violets thought it, too, for they bowed their heads, ever so reverently, each time a tiny breeze crept by.

We often wondered why the violets were such silent flowers. We used to tell ourselves, without speaking it out, that they were quiet because they bloomed so early. If they had hummed like the roses of June, if they had dared to shout as the dahlias shout, they might have called the Winter back again. And then the frost would have pinched them, and the chill winds would have broken them, and the snow would have buried them. By keeping silent they passed unnoticed by the retreating Winter!

Perhaps that was why, too, they hid under their broad green leaves and did not bloom in the open like the rest of the flowers. One has to search out violets, more than any other flower except the arbutus—and the arbutus blooms, too, in Easter weather.

But perhaps they did not hide because they were afraid. Perhaps they only hid because they were too shy, too modest, to show their beauty to the world. There are people like violets, who bury their personalities under a commonplace exterior; people whose souls are as fragrant and as beautiful as purple blossoms. The pity of it is that sometimes *they* wither and die—and no one has sought them out!

THOUGHT-WORDS came easily when one went violet hunting. Lovely words like "dewy" and "misty" and "elusive" and "slim" and "delicate." Words that were as light as a sunbeam's fingers laid across a baby's hair—never heavy words, or ugly words.

Sometimes the words flew straight into lines—like birds going south and sometimes they made verses. Not rhymed verses like they would today, for we knew nothing about rhymes. And yet they were more real, more sincere, perhaps, than any other poems that we have written since we grew up. For they came directly from our souls and were never profaned by the pencil and paper of commerce—and we often times write poetry, now, because an editor wants to buy some, or because there is a long thin space in the middle of a page of type that needs to be filled.

Some of the thought-words that flew into lines were like this, only not rhymed:

When God smiles down on earth's green face.
He thinks that every level plain
Misty with violets, sweet with rain,
Is just another Heaven place!

And some of them were like this—only far better and much easier to understand:

A *dewy* bed of violets,
A-bloom in Easter weather,
Is like a sweet *elusive* song,
And like harp music, soft yet strong,
And rainbows, *slim* and pale and long,
All melted up together!

WE HAD two flat bowls, on the lowest shelf of our china-closet. And one of them was a yellow bowl, and one of them was a gray bowl. And when we put a great mass of violets into the yellow bowl they seemed suddenly to become joyous, and their small golden hearts flamed with light. And we wanted to skip about the room and clap our hands and sing the sunny little songs that they taught us in school. And when our mother asked us why we were so hilarious we would stop skipping, and hang our head, and not know quite what to answer.

But if we placed the violets—gathered very carefully so that their stems were as long as possible—into the gray bowl, the effect was very different. Then the gold of their hearts seemed to fade into a mysterious, almost colorless tint and the purple grew darker and more velvety. And then we wanted to creep away in to some quiet place and repeat over the psalm that we had learned because it was grandmother's favorite.

When the violets in the yellow bowl or in the gray bowl were faded we used to empty them, ever so gently, into the long grass that grew in the back yard. We couldn't bear to throw them into the trash basket; it might have hurt their feelings. And sometimes a few of them weren't quite faded and those we would carefully pick out and place between the pages of some well loved Green and Gold Book. Sometimes, even yet, we come upon the wan little ghosts of them—for we still love our Green and Gold Books. And when we lift them, between a careful thumb and forefinger, they disappear—and only a thin film of dust is left. And sometimes the type of the Green and Gold Book grows dim for a moment, and hard to read. For we cannot help remembering that our yesterdays—when we picked violets in the glad sunlight of the Easter weather—have become only little thin films of dust, too!

A SOFT wind blew across my face today—a wind that sang the songs of youth and whispered the secrets of childhood and murmured the story of Easter weather. And overhead a little white cloud, almost like a fairy's pillow, swept across the sky—blotting out the smoke of a thousand chimneys. And as I stood on New York's busiest corner, feeling almost like an island—because the people who hurried past me were like the waves of the sea—I saw that a flower man was standing on the opposite corner with a tray of violets in his hands.

I wonder if he realized, when I crossed the street and purchased a stiff little bunch of hot-house violets from him, that I was buying something more precious than flowers? I wonder if he could guess that I was very far away from New York's busiest corner as I paid him the silver coin that he asked for? I wonder if he knew that I was seeing visions and dreaming dreams?

Somehow I can't help thinking that he *did* know. For he smiled at me just a trifle wistfully, as I pinned the violets against the dark cloth of my coat and his eyes were soft with understanding.

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President Warren G. Harding emphasizing a point in his inaugural address

Moving Day in Washington

Mr. Harding Takes Office with Simple Ceremonies

By DONALD MACGREGOR

CARPENTERS have knocked apart the flag-draped inauguration stand in front of the Capitol in Washington; the stirring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" have died away, echoing and re-echoing to the Virginia hills across the Potomac; the clatter of the cavalry escort up Pennsylvania avenue is just a memory—Warren G. Harding is President of the United States.

Woodrow Wilson, the most conspicuous figure in the World War, now feeble and gray, intends to practice law in Washington just as he did in Georgia forty years ago; Democratic policies have given way to those of the Republicans; new faces are to be seen in Federal offices throughout the nation—the American Government is in new hands.

The Harding administration is as yet merely an infant, but able to talk and walk. Hovering near, the American people, as a fostering parent, through adoption recorded by the heavy majority at the polls last November, is expectant, anxious, hopeful. Within a brief span the infant will be full grown, for one of the remarkable things about new administrations is that they mature rapidly. At four they are in their prime and, if they live to be eight, it is the end.

March 4, 1921, may be checked off on the calendar as one of the most remarkable inauguration days witnessed in the recent history of the republic. Curiously lacking, at the specific request of Mr. Harding, was the pomp and ceremony of previous inauguration days. There was an undercurrent of sadness about it all, emphasizing the many serious problems of reconstruction that will confront the people of the United States for the next few years as an aftermath of the World War.

SIMPLY an automobile ride from the White House to the Capitol and back again, the round trip little more than two miles in all; just a quiet ceremony that required less than half an hour; an oath administered by the Chief Justice of the United States; a pledge to the people by the man who had assumed the responsibilities of serving as their Chief Executive for four years to come, and that was all. But a change in administration had been made, the work of Government put into the hands of a new group with new hopes and fresh ideals while those who had done the service for eight momentous years stepped into the background as private citizens.

The eventful happenings of March 4 began at half-past ten in the morning, when Warren G. Harding, of Marion, Ohio, stepped out of the Presidential suite of the New Willard hotel and hurried to a waiting automobile in historic Pennsylvania Avenue. Within the brief span of nine months he had developed from a State to a National figure. He had been in Washington for six years as a United States Senator from Ohio, brushing shoulders, unnoticed, with the man in the street. But, as the choice of considerably more than half the people of the nation to be the President, after a spectacular campaign involving world principles of the most tremendous magnitude, he came forward as a new leader, a public hero to be applauded and cheered.

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President Wilson and Mr. Harding leaving the White House for an exchange of titles. In the front seat are Senator Knox and "Uncle Joe" Cannon

The Warren G. Harding who stepped into the bright sunshine of that crisp March day I had happened to know more than ten years before, when he ran for Governor of Ohio. He lost that race, but the Republican principles for which he fought led him forward, undaunted, until he had been designated, not as Chief Executive of the State, but of the Nation.

Mr. Harding, bronzed after five weeks in Florida, where he worked as well as played, looked much the same as he did when he entered public life. It speaks well for his way of living. There is a tinge of gray in his hair and he is, perhaps, a trifle too heavy, but he is youthful in appearance, his step itself revealing vigor. He wore a modish overcoat, of very dark blue and a black silk hat—silk hats always were, of course, and undoubtedly always will be a part of the

inauguration scenery - and no inconsiderable part at that.

IN THE automobile with the chairman of the Joint Congressional Inauguration Committee, Senator Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania, and Representative "Uncle Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, Mr. Harding went to the White House, only three blocks from the hotel, to accompany Woodrow Wilson, the retiring President, to the Capitol. That is the long-established custom, pursued since the birth of the republic.

Mr. Wilson joined the party, presently, in the Blue Room of the White House, where they were waiting. The exchange of greetings was entirely formal, but friendly. The stop at the White House required fifteen minutes.

Outside the White House, in the wide gravel driveway, were eleven waiting automobiles, for the accommodation of the President, the President-elect, the members of the committee, the wives of the chief figures in the drama then in the writing, and a few others whose duty took them there. In the street beyond, across a wide lawn kept very green by a mild Washington winter, a squadron from the Third Cavalry Regiment, stationed at Fort Myer, Va., across the Potomac, stood in a long line at ease, but ready to resume attention at instant command.

The doors of the White House swung open. Out stepped the President of the United States, Mr. Wilson, with Mr. Harding at his left. Mr. Wilson stood for an instant gazing at the group in front of him and the cavalry and the crowds in the street beyond.

To those who knew Mr. Wilson in his prime it was a painful moment. It used to be he stood a good six feet, with straight shoulders, keen, quick, alert. But when he emerged from the White House for the last time he was a physically broken President, very gray, very stooped, leaning heavily on a cane and walking slowly. The eighteen months' illness which began when he was stumping the country to win support for the League of Nations had left its print.

Mr. Wilson walked hesitatingly across the portico to the waiting automobile. His feebleness was emphasized by the vigor of the man beside him who was to take up the work where he had left it off. He looked neither right nor left, but, with the help of the cane continued on to the entrance of the machine.

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President and Mrs. Harding at the entrance to the White House

Here he hesitated, but two White House attendants hurried to his aid, half-lifting him, gently to the seat.

Then occurred a dramatic incident. Mr. Wilson, unable to turn fully because of his condition, raised his hat, silently and without change of expression. It seemed as though he were bidding good-bye to the White House. In this everybody who saw the incident did not agree. Some thought he meant the farewell to those who, as members of the White House staff, had been with Mr. Wilson for the last eight years. The probability is he intended the salutation for both the White House and the staff.

THE automobile which carried the two foremost figures in the great national drama moved slowly down the driveway, hesitating a moment at the huge iron gate, then swinging into the street, where the cavalry squadron took up the duty of escort. Within an instant the machine, trailed by the other ten, was on its way up Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol. Crowds lined the course—crowds ten deep on the sidewalks, crowds on the tops of buildings, in windows, everywhere. There was cheering all along the route.

As the Presidential automobile rounded the corner, turning to the left, at the Peace monument, the first brass band—strange indeed in an inaugural ceremony—was encountered. It was the band of the Harding-Coolidge club, of Washington, D. C., and it blazed away with jazz. Swinging up the hill, the sun by this time, as noon approached, increasing its daze, the Presidential party hesitated near the entrance to the Senate wing of the Capitol.

There was a nod. Few words were spoken.

Mr. Harding and those who accompanied him as chairmen of the inauguration committee, Senator Knox and "Uncle Joe," left the automobile at the Senate steps, while the President continued on around the corner. Health broken, crippled, he could not go up the steps as the others could; he depended on an elevator which he could reach through one of the side entrances, a freight entrance, in fact, to the Capitol building.

As Mr. Wilson appeared inside the Capitol a negro messenger spied him and, anxious to help, rushed for a wheel chair which had been used for a time by Senator Penrose, whose long illness recently had made it

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New Progress Toward Christian Unity

St. Louis and Dallas Conferences Bring Churches Closer Together

By REV. PETER AINSLIE, D.D.

"OF THE three great conferences on Christian unity held in the last twelve months—Lambeth, Geneva and St. Louis—I think St. Louis is the greatest," said Rt. Rev. Nicholai Velimirovic, Bishop of Serbia, "because all the movements for Christian unity are represented here and all are free to speak without regard to position." Bishop Nicholai is one of the most distinguished prelates of the Eastern Orthodox Church, with its 130,000,000 members, and doubtless is the best-known prelate beyond the borders of that Church. He landed in New York a few days before the conference and sat through most of its sessions.

At the instance of the Association for the Promotion of Christian Unity, Baltimore, Maryland, the St. Louis Conference on Christian Unity was held February 2-4. This Association, which had its beginning at the General Convention of the Disciples at Topeka, Kansas, in 1910, is a part of the 1910 Christian unity movement. That year was the most notable year in Christian unity movements. The same day that the Disciples organized their Association the Protestant Episcopal Church, meeting in its General Convention in Cincinnati, appointed its Commission on a World Conference on Faith and Order. In that year also the Congregationalists, meeting in their National Council in Boston, appointed a commission on Christian Union; the Presbyterians and Anglicans in Australia and Tasmania appointed commissions for approaches toward each other; and the Eastern Orthodox Church took up for consideration for the first time in its history approaches toward the Churches of the West. So that whatever one may think of the nature of any one of these movements, or all of them combined, no one can deny the significance of these ocurrences at the same time and in various parts of the world.

The Association's task, however, has been dealing with matters relative to methods and its definite program is intercessory prayer, friendly conferences, and the distribution of irenic literature. Its conception has been that none of these movements are competitive or antagonistic to each other, but instead each supplements the other. The purpose of the St. Louis Conference was not only to demonstrate this, but to make a definite advance in Christian unity thought by passing from a carefully selected group for a conference behind closed doors to opening it to the public generally, where all might share in its discussions and get at first-hand the problem as specialists see it.

THE most outstanding movements for Christian unity were represented there by those who had a part in the starting of those movements or by its present chief officials, so that the whole presentation was first-hand work.

The Lambeth Appeal was presented by Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, Bishop of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, who was a member of the special committee last summer of the Lambeth Conference on its message relative to the reunion of Christendom. The World Conference on Faith and Order was presented by Mr. Robert H. Gardiner, Gardiner, Maine, who has been secretary of the Commission on the World Conference from its origin in 1910. He has conducted correspondence with the Church in all parts of the world, and, as he said, there is hardly a post office on the remotest part of the globe to which literature regarding Christian unity has not gone. The American Council on Organic Union of Evangelical Protestants was presented by Mr. Henry W. Jessup, New York, to whom perhaps more than any other man is due the credit of framing this special plan of Protestant union, which grew out of the call of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. in 1918. The World Alliance for International Friendship through the churches was presented by Rev. Nehemiah Boynton of New York, chairman of its Executive Committee, and who has been definitely associated with it since its beginning in 1914. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America was presented by Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, New York, who has been the general secretary since a few years after its organization in 1908, succeeding Rev. E. B. Sanford, its first secretary. The Universal Conference of the Church of Christ on Life and Work was presented by Rev. Frederick Lynch, New York, who was one of the founders of this movement at Geneva last summer and is now one of its general secretaries.

One of the larger rooms in the Sunday-school section of the Second Baptist Church had been selected for the place of meeting, but half an hour before opening the first session this room was so overcrowded that the large auditorium had to be opened, and before the first day's sessions were closed six to eight hundred persons were there. Twenty-two denominations were represented from eighteen states, some representatives traveling more than a thousand miles to attend.

The evening sessions dealt with Christian unity in general. Canon Samuel McComb of the Episcopal Cathedral, Baltimore, spoke on "Causes of Disunion and the Path to Reconciliation"; Rev. Arthur J. Brown, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, New York, spoke on "Christian Unity in Foreign Missionary Fields"; Bishop Nicholai spoke on "The Call of a United Church for Europe"; Dr. Lynch and Dr. Boynton spoke on "Christian Unity and the Present World Situation."

Every speaker was free, and their utterances indicated careful and advanced thought, whether speaking from the theological, ethical or social approaches. This entire group was pronouncedly of one mind and that mind was for the unity of the Church of God. Bishop Nicholai speaks good English and his addresses made a profound impression, while his prayer brought all to the throne of grace with a challenging sense of brotherhood among all Christians.

One of the most interesting sessions was when eight denominations answered the question "What Does My Denomination Mean by 'the Church' and 'Church Unity?'" It was answered in ten to fifteen minute addresses by representatives of the Protestant Episcopalians, Methodists, General Evangelical Synod, United Lutherans, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Disciples, and Baptists. One could not see any wide differences, however, in the interpretations of these addresses, indicating again the removal of the barriers between the denominations.

THE St. Louis Conference was followed by a similar conference in Dallas, Texas, where Rt. Rev. George H. Kinsolving, Bishop of Texas, interpreted the Lambeth Appeal; Rev. F. W. Burnham, president of the United Christian Missionary Society, St. Louis, spoke for the World Conference on Faith and Order, and also the Universal Conference on Life and Work; Rev. Ivan Lee Holt, pastor of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, South, spoke for the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and delivered one of the evening addresses on "The Place of Unity in the Church," while the writer represented the World Alliance of International Friendship through the Churches and spoke as occasion served. This conference was attended by twelve communions, including Roman Catholics, and a hearty request came from the audience for a similar conference to be given there again next winter.

More and more is it becoming evident that among the various Protestant bodies, genuine Christian brotherhood is the greatest need of these times. In the multiplication of conferences, like those at St. Louis and Dallas, a conscience will be created for brotherhood of the whole Church that will supplant denominational conscience, which is brotherhood for only a part of the Church.

The Spirit of God can only function through a united Church. The day is approaching when necessity will be laid upon all who believe in Jesus as Lord and Saviour to seek diligently for the paths of reconciliation; for we must include the wholeness of life, if we would go to the task of saving the whole world.

A Matter of Flowers

An Easter Story

By BERTHA HELEN CRABBE

Illustrated by Anne Brockman

"I CAN'T paint pictures nor play the piano nor write books, but flowers will grow for me. Sara Haskins drew her crooked little body to its full height, her eyes shone. "No, I can't do any of those things and I've got a bad hip and I'm not beautiful, nor over-heavy endowed with the world's goods, but I do have the best luck with plants!" There was a lilt of triumph in her voice. She fairly trembled with pride as she looked at her three callers.

"That is so," her sister-in-law put in, her face beaming with reflected glory. "There isn't anybody in this village that has such flowers as Sara's. She says she don't know what she's done to deserve it that flowers should grow so good for her, but I tell her she just loves 'em into growing, and that's the truth. She couldn't tend 'em better if they were so many babies. And times when the callas are goin' to bloom—land, it's like somebody had one of those sponge cakes made without baking-powder, in the oven. Me and the children have to walk with light feet, I tell you, and there mustn't be a draft and the cat mustn't get in the flower-room and we hardly dast speak above a whisper for fear those calla buds will be blasted and the flowers won't be blowed out nice for Easter." Mrs. Haskins smiled at Sara and Sara smiled eager, bright gratitude in return.

"Sara's going to have the nicest callas for Easter this year she ever had," Mrs. Haskins continued. "I don't know as I ever see such buds. Take the ladies into the flower-room and let 'em see your plants, Sara."

"Yes, do come," Sara said cordially. "Right this way. Be careful of the step."

She opened the door into a narrow passage and led the way toward the further end. The Haskins dwelling was a dilapidated, disjointed affair, in reality three old fishing-shacks joined together by covered passageways. The Haskins had originally lived in only one of the shacks, but as the family grew and the two adjoining shacks were abandoned, the late Mr. Haskins, Sara's brother, had thriftily taken advantage of circumstances and had added the two shacks to his own. The architectural effect was rather that of a ragged pile of storm-blackened drift-wood washed up among the dunes. At one time the greater part of the population of this stretch of beach had occupied just such fishing-shacks, but now real houses had sprung up further inland along "the street" and only a few of the less prosperous families still were living on the dunes.

"Don't let us talk about it any more, Hattie," she said. "It's gone too deep for me to talk about"

The Haskins family was not so large as it had been. Mr. Haskins had died, the eldest boy and two of the girls were doing well in the city. There were only Mrs. Haskins, her sister-in-law Sara, and the three younger children at home. So it was that Sara could have a room especially for her plants. The Haskinses called it "the flower-room."

SARA flung open the door of the flower-room with an air. "Step right in, ladies," she invited.

Amelia Stone, Mrs. Gregg and Mrs. Baxter Henry filed into the room, followed by Mrs. Haskins. Coming from the dark chill of the passage-way, it was like suddenly stepping full into the heart of summer to enter the flower-room. The air was warm and sweet with perfume, plants were massed on tables and benches, making a very bower of green starred over with blossoms. Though one could see from the windows a leaden stretch of sand and great angry gray waves sending jets of spray against a gray sky, it was hard to believe that the sun was not shining, the flower-room was so bright and cheery. Even the ever-present roar of the ocean was muffled here and softened like something far-off and of no consequence. This was a little kingdom of isolated beauty, and Sara Haskins was its ruler. She faced her callers triumphantly, something regal in the lift of her head.

Mrs. Gregg and Mrs. Baxter Henry looked around them in surprise. Amelia Stone's face took on an expression of inscrutable stolidity. Mrs. Henry, meeting her eyes, gave an imperative lift to her brows and pursed her lips significantly. Amelia took a step forward, clearing her throat as though about to speak, but Sara interrupted her.

"And here are my callas," she said with an air of conferring a very rare and special favor. She limped to a corner of the room. Her sharp little face shone with a high white pride. Her hands trembled as she turned the flower-pots and parted the leaves that her callers might see the forming buds. "There," she breathed in an awed whisper; "there, do you see?"

The women leaned forward. Amelia Stone's face quivered and grew dark, her eyes were hard, her hands clasped and unclasped as though she could scarcely keep from snatching at the buds. Mrs. Baxter Henry looked at her and smiled a secretive, satiric smile.

"Always alike this," Sara whispered. "Always the mystery, the miracle. The miracle that they should be in full bloom for Easter. For fifteen years now, always in full bloom to place in the Lord's house on Easter day."

A little silence followed her wondering voice. Then Mrs. Baxter Henry said, "Ahem!" and nudged Amelia Stone. Mrs. Gregg looked frightened. A gleam went over Amelia's face, she moistened her lips and began, "Sara, we come here today as a committee."

Sara's hands dropped from the flower-pot she had been turning. She braced herself against the table. She looked very fair and frail and mystified as she stood there. Her eyes went swiftly from one to the other of her callers.

"We come here today as a committee," Amelia repeated pompously; "the Easter decoratin' committee. It has been decided that this year, you living so far out and we having to borrow somebody's horse and wagon to cart 'em in, that we won't put you to the trouble of lendin' your flowers for the services as usual. It has been decided to order some real Easter lilies from the city."

Sara stared at her blankly. Then she glanced at her sister-in-law, her eyelids flickering, her face white and helpless.

"You know yourself that you haven't any real Easter lilies, Sara," Mrs. Henry said in her decisive voice. "And all the churches has the real thing now-a-days. You've only got callas." The atmosphere was tense.

Still Sara said nothing.

"Now don't you go to feeling bad about it, Sara," little Mrs. Gregg patted Sara's arm anxiously.

Sara jerked her arm away. She drew herself up, her body quivering with emotion. "Feeling bad!" she laughed scornfully. "Feeling bad! How did you think I'd feel? How do you think *you'd* feel, I'd like to know? Suppose you was a lame old maid that never had much of anything nor could go much of anywhere, that never counted for anything in the world one way or 'nother except for her flowers. Suppose you worked and prayed over your flowers all the year and loved 'em into growing leaf by leaf, bud by bud, blossom by blossom so they would be fit in beauty to place in the Lord's house on an Easter day! Suppose that got to seem the biggest reason for you to be alive, as though the Lord said, 'I need you, Sara Haskins, to grow flowers for Easter because there isn't anybody can do it quite so good.' And then suppose a committee come along and said, 'You needn't to trouble yourself no more, Sara, we don't want your homely old flowers; we're going to get stylish boughten ones from the city.' How would you feel then, I'd like to know?"

The women stared. They had not expected anything like this from quiet, inconspicuous little Sara Haskins. Even her sister-in-law had never before seen her so aroused.

"I always wanted to amount to something," Sara went on in her small, fierce voice. "The girls that went to school with me—one got to be a singer and folks flocked to hear her, some got husbands and children and homes of their own to be proud of, Anna Miller, she's a good cook that everybody praises, 'Melia Stone," — Amelia flinched at the wave of Sara's hand—"she's got money and a hired girl and the nicest house on 'the street.' But it seemed like I didn't have anything and my lameness, besides, for folks to stare at. And then I got to growing flowers, and I could grow 'em better'n anybody else. Easter Sundays I'd set in church and see folks looking at 'em and I'd think '*I* grew those flowers everybody's looking at'. And then folks 'ud stop after service and shake hands with me and ask how I ever grew such beautiful flowers and what I put in the dirt and wouldn't I give them a slip of this or that. And now you say you don't want my flowers any more. And I know why, too," Sara looked straight at Amelia Stone. "It's because 'Melia Stone's jealous of me. Yes, she's jealous. She has a fine house and money and a hired girl, she has a glassed-in flower-room with sprinklers and everything but she can't grow flowers! Not with all her money and fine things can she grow flowers. Oh, I've seen 'em when I've been passing; poor sickly, spindling things with a blasted blossom or two! I've seen 'em. I've seen 'em!"

SARA paused for want of breath. She was trembling with defiance. Amelia Stone's cheeks were purple. She stared at Sara, ludicrously helpless and inarticulate. Mrs. Gregg glanced in distress from one to the other. Mrs. Haskins' head was high, her lips had moved noiselessly in approving concert with every word Sara had uttered. Mrs. Baxter Henry alone, remained smiling and unmoved. Now she stepped toward the door. "Well, ladies," she said to her companions in a pleasant "company" voice, "don't you think it's time we were going?"

The hot color flashed across Sara's face. "Don't be in a hurry," she murmured sarcastically.

"We haven't been." Mrs. Henry assured her sweetly. "Good-afternoon, Sara. Good-afternoon, Mis' Haskins."

With Mrs. Henry in the lead the three women filed along the passage-way, traversed the kitchen and went out on the dunes.

The instant the door closed upon them Mrs. Haskins' indignation broke forth in a shrill torrent. But

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The Editorial Forum

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Editor Emeritus

The New Administration

THERE has been a great deal of discussion during the last few weeks concerning President Harding's Cabinet. Much of this has been of a purely political character, an aspect of the case which does not interest us, as the Christian Herald is in no sense a political journal. It has always tried to take the broader view, and to search out the things that related to the moral and spiritual, as well as the material welfare of the nation. We believe that our new Executive and those whom he has chosen as official advisors are men of character and experience. Some of them have already shown themselves, by service in various public capacities, to be strong, earnest and efficient in a remarkable degree. Others have yet to demonstrate their qualities; but on the whole, the Cabinet is one that gives promise of good work.

This is fortunate, for there are many big problems that will demand their attention and test their abilities. Among the great tasks calling for wise and prompt action are, first and foremost, "World Peace." This nation looks to the new Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, in the confident hope that he will find a way out of the present anomalous situation, which has detached the United States for many months from doing its share in making the world "a better place to live in." How this is to be accomplished, whether through a League of Nations or a new organization, is certain to call for the utmost skill and the wisest statesmanship. This nation can not forget the high purpose we had clearly in view on entering the war, nor that the first impulse toward world-peace was wholly American. We must regain our lost prestige and international leadership. And we must be prepared to make sacrifices, if need be, to that end.

Disarmament, or the reduction of land and naval forces by the leading countries, is another urgent problem. We should be ready to consider proposals, or even to take the initiative boldly, acting in accord with the great nations, as we believe they are prepared to do. A satisfactory agreement would be an immense relief to all concerned, and a long step towards the assurance of World Peace.

Many purely domestic problems are also to be classed as urgent, but we need not enumerate them. They are, however, vital to the public welfare. Nor should we forget that our wounded and crippled soldiers who suffered in the war, ought to be the subject of early relief legislation. The country owes them a debt which should not be overlooked, and which has already been too long delayed.

The Christian Herald and its readers believe that President Harding and his Cabinet have an opportunity to win the appreciation of the whole nation by acting wisely and promptly on the important questions to come before them. We earnestly trust that they may make a good beginning, and that their course may be marked by the highest motives and inspired by the true Source of all wisdom. They enter upon their duties with the best wishes of a united people.

The Public Strike

OF COURSE everyone knows about the printers' strike, and the switchmen's strike, and the coal miners' strike, and the teamsters' strike, and the steel men's strike and a hundred other strikes, but now it is the turn of the public strike. Old Man Ultimate Consumer has reached the limit of his expenditures, and has gone on a strike. And that is one reason along with some others, for the condition of the industrial world all over the world today.

Take the railroads for an example. Their earnings have been going down on account of a decline in traffic. The traffic has gone down on account of high rates. The high rates were put in to make high wages. Then Old Man Ultimate Consumer—who is always, like the innocent bystander, the one to get hit in a fight between capital and labor—decided he would not send his goods by freight, but hire a truck, or hold on to his goods until the freight went down. For example, the rate on a carload of sand on one of the railroads in 1918, carried the distance of less than a mile, was $7 per 100,000-pound car. Today the same load carried the same distance is $23. The result is that Old Man Ultimate Consumer, who in this case is a builder and contractor, is having the sand hauled by team, and the railroad has lost his trade.

Another case is that of Old Man Ultimate Consumer who is a farmer in Kansas. He lately shipped a carload of extra fine hay from his farm to St. Louis, and when the final settlement was made between him and the St. Louis buyer, the farmer received a $1 bill. The freight bill consumed the rest. The distance the hay was hauled was 400 miles. If any one doubts this statement and thinks it is a freak of the story-teller's imagination, the editor can give the actual facts as recorded in the Interstate Commerce Commission's office.

Yes, Old Man Ultimate Consumer is on a strike. He is not buying as he did. He is not riding around as he did. He is not selling as he did. He is cutting out some of the luxuries and a few of the necessities. Those of him who are wage-earners still want the same high wages as they have been getting. Those of him who are paying wages want to reduce, and in a failure to reduce wages, they are reducing the number employed.

It's a queer world, my masters! Old Man Ultimate Consumer is doing a lot of thinking these days. Wonder how many of him ever think that obedience to the Golden Rule would settle all these troubles. Doesn't it strike you as queer that when we have a remedy for hard times, we don't have sense enough to use it?

Lest We Forget

THERE is a tradition of the earlier ages which tells of a race of men, or possibly the intermingling of several races, who dwelt in the morning of the world in a beautiful land to the south of Palestine. After attaining a certain stage of civilization they became completely given over to gross idolatry and sin in many forms, and ultimately grew so besotted that they ceased to recognize the existence of a divine Being. They literally "forgot God." All warnings—for there must have been here and there a strong voice lifted in remonstrance or admonition—were spurned, and the carnival of indulgence and wickedness seized rulers and people alike. The tradition tells us how divine justice punished them by turning them into beasts; their land became a waste; their orchards bore fruit that turned to ashes on the lips, and at last the population died out altogether.

Such is the tradition, but it is not without its parallels to some extent in the history of great nations that have fallen into sin, and persisted in their evil courses, against conscience and the warnings of their prophets.

We need the voice of a prophet in these days in which we are now living, to arouse the consciences of men and to bring them back to the recognition of what they owe to religion. In these times of social turmoil and excessive indulgence, it sometimes seems that many of us are forgetting God. We need not enumerate here the social perils that beset us, the neglect of public worship, the decline of the home altar and the giving over of the best years of youth to associations that are a poor preparation for the more serious duties of life. Assuredly we have no need to look abroad for illustrations of this kind; they are here, at hand everywhere. Our older folks, or at least many of them, deeply lament the existence of such conditions, but seem powerless to check them. The time has come for the united Church to exert the influence that is needed to bring back the people to a safe spiritual anchorage.

Some of our contemporaries, in discussing the situation, view it as one that is inevitable after a great war such as we have lately passed through. Doubtless this is true in part, as war invariably leaves tumult and disorder, if not spiritual deterioration, in its wake. The law is dealing with a strong hand with various kinds of offenders, but the majority are beyond its reach. What else save the Gospel boldly preached, and the consequences of sins of indulgence fearlessly proclaimed, can meet the needs of the hour? While we can not make men and women moral by statutory enactment, the voices of our preachers and evangelists need to be lifted to warn of the dangers that lies ahead. There never was a time when a revival was so sorely needed as now, to call the people back to God, back to His Church, back to the sane and conscientious performance of duties too long neglected.

Missions and Education

IT IS a fact well worth remembering that wherever Christian missions have been established, they have been followed by an educational system which is now bearing fruit. In India, China and other mission fields a widespread educational work, founded by our missionaries, is now carried on over a steadily increasing radius, with the hearty co-operation of the natives themselves, who have learned to appreciate the benefits the missions confer.

In China, we are told by the Educational Review published in Shanghai by the Christian Educational Association, there are something over 100,000 schools in operation, those founded by the missions not competing but co-operating with the government schools. China, however, is a vast country, with its 400,000,000 population (a native estimate made two years ago placed the figures at 448,000,000), and it needs a million schools to deal properly with child education. One of the leading public-spirited Chinese, Chen Chia Kang, recently gave $15,000,000 to be expended in founding a university in Amoy and providing primary, middle and normal schools and teachers. This benefactor has publicly stated that he was influenced in making his gift by the good work done in the mission schools. Other native philanthropists have founded industrial schools at which both boys and girls are taught trades, so that in the next generation we may expect a notable industrial development in the Oriental republic. This also will be due primarily to the influence and example of our mission schools.

One of the most cheering features of educational development in the Far East is that the schools, in every instance, further the spiritual aims that are the fundamental basis of all missionary enterprise. Christianity thus makes headway by virtue of the reforms it has introduced, and the missionary spirit is discernible everywhere. With all our educational advantages here at home, we may learn still something from those distant fields in this respect. Over there they are becoming specially solicitous in the care of and early training of the young. They are learning to shepherd the lambs. Readers of the Christian Herald, who have been friends and supporters of missions for a generation, helping to found many that have accomplished great results, must surely regard themselves as well repaid for all their self-sacrifice and loving interest in those early struggles.

Faith

By JOHN R. MORELAND

IN EVERY leaf that crowds the plain,
In every violet 'neath the hill,
In every golden daffodil . . .
I see the risen Lord again!

In each arbutus flower I see
A faith that lived through frost and snow,
And in the birds that northward go,
A guiding Hand's revealed to me.

Lo! winter from her dark abyss
Came forth to kill all lovely things,
'Twas vain, Spring rose on emerald wings,
Moth-like, from her dead chrysalis.

Each germ within the tiny seed,
Throws off the husk that to it clings,
And toward the sun it upward brings
New life to blossom to its need.

Ye hearts that mourn, rise up and sing!
Death hath no power to hold his prey;
The grave is only where we lay
The Soul for its Eternal Spring!

In every leaf that crowds the plain,
In every violet 'neath the hill,
In every golden daffodil . . .
I SEE THE RISEN LORD AGAIN!

The World News of the Week

Allies Reject German Offer and Serve Ultimatum

GERMANY'S counter proposals for the payment of indemnities, presented to the London conference, were rejected abuptly by the Allied Supreme Council, which at once took up with its military and economic experts the discussion of practical measures to enforce its demands upon the Germans.

The German offer, in brief, was that the reparations total should be fixed at 50,000,000,000 gold marks, from which there would be a deduction of 20,000,000,000 gold marks at which the Germans estimated the value of the payments already made. This would leave only 30,000,000,000 gold marks, or $7,500,000,000, to be paid by Germany, of which $2,000,000,000 would be raised by an international loan free of income tax. Even this offer was made conditional on Germany's retention of Upper Silesia, the disposition of which is to be determined by a plebiscite, and her restoration to free commercial privileges throughout the world. Dr. Simons, the German foreign minister and spokesman, tried to show that this offer was not far removed from the present value of the Paris agreement for an indemnity of $56,000,000,000—a contention which was rejected flatly.

The Allied representatives conferred a few moments over the German offer and then Premier Lloyd George announced: "The German Government appears to have a complete misunderstanding of the realities of the situation, and the Allies have already agreed that the German proposal is one they cannot examine or discuss as an alternative to the Paris proposal." This ended the session and was followed by the summons to the Allied experts for a discussion of coercive steps.

After a day spent in outlining such steps the Germans again were called into conference and were told Germany would have four days in which to accept the fundamental conditions laid down at Paris—or to submit new reparations proposals of such a nature as to be worthy of the consideration of the Allies. In case of a German refusal, the Allies threatened to take immediate steps: First, the occupation by Allied troops of Duisburg, Duesseldorf and Ruhrort and of the Ruhr region; second, each Allied country to place on German merchandise such a tax as it may deem proper; third, a customs boundary to be established along the Rhine under Allied control.

The Germans replied that the intentions of the German Government had been entirely misunderstood and promised an answer within the required time. As this is written, the ultimatum had not expired and in the meanwhile the Allied Council was busying itself with further discussions of the revision of the Turkish treaty.

League Answers American Protest

THE Council of the League of Nations, in its reply to the American protest against the settlement of mandates without the Washington government being consulted, disclaimed responsibility for the inclusion among the Japanese mandates of the island of Yap, to which the United States objected in particular. It called attention to the fact that the allocation of the Class C mandates, covering the German islands in the Pacific, was made by the Allied Supreme Council and declared the League was concerned only with the administration of the territories involved.

The reply was cordial in tone, stating that no country was likely to challenge the rights which the United States acquired as one of the chief participants in the war, and inviting America to send a representative to the meeting of the Council in May or June, when final action is to be taken on other classes of mandates, including that for Mesopotamia.

The Council referred Secretary Colby's note to the Great Powers and it was considered probable that the question of Yap, which is important to the United States as a link in the Pacific cable communications, would be the subject of direct negotiations between the United States and Japan. Viscount Ishii, Japan's representative in the League Council, expressed the belief it would be possible for the two nations to agree on a compromise, but it was evident the Japanese would object to surrendering the island. They evidently hoped for a convention under which Japan would guarantee the liberty of the use of the cables while controlling the island. Diplomatists in Paris suggested that Japan might seek to trade her rights in Yap for concessions for Japanese in Southern Pacific islands awarded to Australia and New Zealand.

Lever Act Penalties Held Void

HUNDREDS of indictments charging profiteering must be dropped as the result of a decision by the United States Supreme Court that the sections of the Lever Act punishing profiteering are invalid because they did not specify sufficiently the nature of the crime. Chief Justice White, in reading the decision, said the wording of the law "forbids no specific or definite act" and is so vague and indefinite, so far as penalties are concerned, that an attempt to enforce such sections would be equivalent to an effort to carry out a statute which merely punished all acts detrimental to the public interest when unjust in the opinion of a court and jury.

Fines aggregating millions of dollars have been imposed under Lever Act convictions, but in a majority of cases payment was held up by appeals. Many large fines have been paid, however, and these must be remitted. Numerous jail sentences also were upset by the decision, the persons convicted having obtained their release on bail pending appeals.

Another important decision of the Court was that upholding the right of the Federal Government to exempt from taxation the bonds of the farm loan banking system. The bonds have been marketable only at prices much below par because of the attack on this right begun a year ago, and Congress had been preparing to aid the banks by appropriating $200,000,000 for their support. The Court upheld fully the power of Congress to establish such a banking system, and to make its securities tax exempt. Officials of the Farm Loan Board announced it would issue at once new bonds with which to finance loans aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars, already approved but held up awaiting the Court's decision. The way now is open for the Farm Loan Board to carry out constructive policies for the agricultural interests of the nation.

International

KING GEORGE ON HIS WAY TO OPEN PARLIAMENT

The British still cling to picturesque customs, and the opening of Parliament is full of color, with the conveyances and costumes of a by-gone day much in evidence. Here the royal procession is seen passing the Cenotaph erected to the British dead in the World War

Champ Clark Dies

CHAMP CLARK, Speaker of the House of Representatives during four Congresses and in 1912 Woodrow Wilson's chief rival for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, died at his home in Washington at the age of seventy, after an illness of two weeks, due to a general breakdown. Mr. Clark died in harness and his last coherent words, uttered while unconscious, showed that his mind was reverting to the days when he was Speaker. The end came three days before he was to return to private life, the Republican landslide of last fall having brought about his defeat, after twenty-four years of continuous service in the House.

A college president at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Clark had been in public life almost continuously since 1878. The climax of his career came in 1912 when, after service as Speaker, he obtained a clear majority on eight ballots at the Baltimore convention, but was unable to obtain the necessary two-thirds because of William J. Bryan's attack on him. He retained great influence in the House to the last and was the unanimous choice of his party for Speaker after the Republicans regained control, serving as minority leader in the last session.

A public funeral was held in the Hall of Representatives, the first since that of Sereno E. Payne, in 1914, and burial was at his home at Bowling Green, Mo.

New Anti-Trust Actions Started

SEVENTY-FOUR large corporations, composing what Federal officials term the "Portland Cement trust," and forty individuals who are officers of these corporations were indicted by the Federal grand jury in New York on charges of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. The indictment was an outgrowth of the disclosures made by the Lockwood committee in New York regarding conditions in the buildings trades and followed an exhaustive secret investigation.

One of the two counts in the indictment charged restraint of trade and the other monopolies and attempts to monopolize. The government charged that a nation-wide combination, with a total capitalization of $600,000,000; was brought about through the activities of the six dominant cement companies, whose strength was so great they were able to persuade or coerce the other cement companies to join them. It was declared the combination has so effectually maintained uniformity of price, divided territories, limited output and regulated the sales and uses of cement as to control the cement up to the time it is actually employed in construction work.

Federal officials said the building industry always was kept "cement hungry," as sales were limited to the amount actually to be used on a job, and increases of cement prices never were impeded by surplus supplies of cement on the market. They predicted a successful prosecution of the cement case would be a great contribution toward bringing about a wholesome increase of activity in the construction industry, which uses cement almost as extensively as iron and lumber.

Another Sherman Act prosecution was that started at Indianapolis, where an indictment in five counts, charging conspiracy to violate the act, was reported against 226 bituminous coal operators, coal operators' association, coal mining companies and coal miners.

International

OPPOSING LEADERS IN THE SENATE

Senators Lodge and Underwood officially are hostile as the floor leaders of the rival major parties, but that doesn't prevent their getting together for a photograph

Panama and Costa Rica Clash

A TINY and informal war, but one in which the United States has a close interest, has broken out between Costa Rica and Panama over the possession of the Coto district, a small tract of little value near the Pacific frontier. Coto was awarded to Costa Rica under an arbitration decision given by Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court, but Panama had retained possession of the district, and Costa Rica brought the question to a crisis by sending troops to seize the territory, which has been in dispute for many years. Panaman troops hastily marched against the Costa Ricans, captured them after a skirmish in which there were few casualties, and recaptured Coto. Costa Rica despatched reinforcements and there were fresh clashes, without any formal declarations of war, but with each country preparing for battle.

The United States sent notes to both govern-

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Witnesses to the Resurrection

An Easter Sermon by DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

TEXT—John 1 : 4. "In Him Was Life."

(In this Day Vision of what the Resurrection has meant to humanity, the attempt has been made to have those persons or Ages speak who have been affected by it. It may give us some small glimpse of the power of the Resurrection in history to hear these various voices from all over the world, and from every race and tongue, speak of the glorious fact of immortality as it shines out in Him who was the "Life of the World.")

JESUS *Himself Speaks:* "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He who believes in Me, even if he has died, he shall live; and every one who is living and is a believer in Me shall never, never die." . . . "In my Father's house are many resting places. Were it otherwise, I would have told you. For I am going to make ready a place for you." . . . "I came from the Father and have come into the world. Again I am leaving the world and am going to the Father." . . . "Father, do Thou glorify Me in Thine own presence, with the glory that I had with Thee in Thy presence before the world existed." . . "Glorify the Son, that the Son may glorify Thee. Even as Thou hast given Him authority over all mankind, so that on all whom Thou hast given Him, He may bestow the life of the Ages." . . . "Take this message to my Brethren. I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." . . . "And lo I am with you always, even to the end of the Ages."

The Dying Robber Speaks. That day, when I hung on that cross, dirty, bloody, brutal and sinful, through my tortured mind went only one thought—that it might soon be over. I had seen men like myself hang on the cross for several days. I looked forward to the same horrible fate. I had no hope of anything to follow, unless it might be the tortures of the underworld which was the hell reserved for men like me. I had never been taught much about the love or mercy of God. I had spent my life in sin. I was a professional robber. As I hung there, dirty, bloody, brutal, sinful, the most beautiful Face in all the world turned towards mine. And the best that was in me, that which even my sinful life had not been able to crush out, cried out as He looked at me, and I said, "Jesus, remember me when you come into your Kingdom!" And then, to my bewilderment, and like a flood of forgiveness over my sinful life His voice came over to me as I hung there: "I tell you in solemn truth that this very day you shall be with me in Paradise!" Think what all that has meant to me after all this time since those words have been spoken! All the joy of immortality, the wonder of it, the unmeasured glory of it! I could not make it known with any language so that mortal could understand. Only when all who are redeemed by the same mercy shown to me, a penitent sinner, are living in this paradise where I have lived, will they be able to comprehend the power of the Resurrection! In Him was life! And I never died. Only my body perished on the cross. My spirit is alive and will always live! Truly, in Him was life!

The Women Speak: We came that morning after the Crucifixion, to the tomb to anoint the body of our Lord. Our hearts were heavy within us. Our gracious Lord had been killed by His enemies, and His beautiful life was ended. But when we came to the tomb in the early morning, we were amazed and terrified to see, sitting on the great stone which had been rolled back, an angel. His appearance was like lightning, and his garments were white as the snow on Mount Hermon. We were turning to flee, when the angel said, "Dismiss your fears. I know that it is Jesus you are looking for—the crucified One. He is not here. He has come back to life as He foretold. Come and see the place where He lay. And go quickly and tell His disciples that He has risen from the dead and is going before you into Galilee: There you shall see Him. Remember, I have told you." Then we ran from that place, terrified, but full of unspeakable joy to carry the news. And suddenly as we were running, Jesus Himself met us! It was the same Jesus whom we had entertained as our most honored and revered guest. And He said to us as we clasped His feet and bowed trembling to the ground, "Peace to you! Dismiss all fear. Go and take word to My brethren to go into Galilee, and there they shall see Me." We went to do His bidding. All the world knows that history. We have been living in the unspeakable joys of immortality for all the centuries since then. We see our Lord as we saw Him in Palestine hundreds of years ago; but O how resplendent He is now! What glories surround His presence! Words cannot reveal the wonder and joy of it all. Only until the redeemed shall see what we behold can the children of men know what immortality means. Surely, in Him was life!

The Disciples Speak: As soon as the women had told us of the wonderful fact of Jesus being alive, we hurried into Galilee. Already Peter and John, who had been to the tomb and found it empty, had gone up there and were waiting about the shore of the Lake for the Master. Shall we ever forget, those of us who were out fishing that night, when we saw Him standing on the beach in the early morning light! What amazement, although He had told us He would live again. Peter could not wait. He jumped into the water to meet the Master, and the rest of us followed in the little boat. How like the Master to ask us to eat breakfast before He gave us His last commands! Then with what tenderness He told Peter, without a word of rebuke for his denial, to feed the sheep and the lambs! For all eternity we shall not forget that scene on the beach that morning. Then after some days the Master took us with other disciples up into the Mount, and after telling us to go and make disciples of all the nations, He ascended into heaven. Those of us who knew Him in the flesh on earth, now know Him in His glory here in heaven. What glory, unspeakable! No tongue can describe it! Only the redeemed, when they come into the place prepared by Him, will understand it. But we are witnesses that the Lord did rise from the dead. It was that great fact that made Peter's preaching on the Day of Pentecost all powerful. It was that fact that converted the powerful Roman Empire to Christianity. Surely in Him was life!

The Great Apostle Speaks: I am that one who persecuted and put to death the disciples of Jesus. I was exceeding mad against them. But one day as I was on my way to Damascus to arrest Christians, I saw a great light on the road, and Jesus Himself appeared to me in glory. O what an experience for one who had persecuted Him! For several days I was blind. Then, after my sight was restored, I became as enthusiastic a lover of Jesus as I had been a hater of His disciples.

All the world knows my story. Up and down across Asia and into Rome, and even as far as Spain, I went establishing churches. Mine was the earthly joy of preaching the Resurrection and the Life. Without that, my preaching would have been in vain. With it, the Roman Empire itself began to give way. The greatest fact in all history, the living Jesus, after His body had been killed, has been making the most astonishing history ever since. Nothing can separate His disciples from His love. "O death, where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory!" I said that, while in the flesh. Now that I am at home with my Lord in the realms of His glory, how much more do I realize it! I was martyred in Rome. My body perished in the arena. But my spirit went at once to be with my Lord! Verily, in Him was life!

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Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Jesus Christ is Risen Today," or "Christ Arose."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Luke, 24 : 13-36.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See Page 223, first column.)

Sermon—"WITNESSES TO THE RESURRECTION"—to be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to New York for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee," or "O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

O Divine Redeemer, the Blessing we want is the Blessing we need, if the world is to be better for this gathering. Make us glad, as we go our ways into the common toil or task that each one of us has for his own. And may His grace be all we need to keep us close to His life and imitators of His spirit. We ask it, with joy and faith. In Jesus' name. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., A. W. Beaven, W. W. Bustard, D. J. Burrell, C. C. Albertson, R. Braunstein and E. W. Caswell

Spiritual Transformation

SUNDAY. Isa. 2 : 4. "*They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruninghooks.*" This is what always takes place when the Kingdom of God has dominion among men. Wherever Jesus reigns, this is one of the fruits of His sovereignty. The sword is converted into a ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning-hook. The sword is not destroyed. It is transformed. The power of the sword is not annihilated; the power remains, but converted. A destructive energy is changed into a beneficent energy. A weapon which has been used for purposes of mutilation is now used in the ministry of cultivation. It is thus that the law of the conservation of forces prevails in the realm of the Spirit.

We may then lay down an axiom in the science of the spiritual life. Jesus Christ never destroys a force; He converts it. He came "not to destroy," but to redeem. Wherever He finds an implement of destruction, He does not annihilate it; He transforms it into an implement of spiritual culture. He retains all the energy of the sword, only it is converted into the energy of the ploughshare. The ploughshare is just the sword transformed, with no particle of its original energy wasted or destroyed.

This is the method of Jesus. When I enter the Kingdom of God, and become a member of the pledged and aspiring host, I pass under the active and liberal influence of grace. I bring with me all the powers which I have been exercising in the ways of the world. I bring with me this or that faculty, possessed of so much power. I bring with me my passion, possessed of so much power. I bring with me my humor, possessed of so much power. How does the work of grace operate upon me? Does the great King denude me of my powers, and do I remain in the world emasculated, with the compass of my being diminished, and the totality of my energies decreased? Jesus Christ our Lord never diminishes our power. Whatever powers I bring to Him, I retain, only I retain them converted and glorified. The "new man" has all the powers of the "old man," but they have been transformed. He takes my swords, and He hands them back to me as ploughshares. He takes my spears, and returns them as pruning-hooks.

J. H. J.

Influence

MONDAY. I Kings 15 : 34. "*Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin*"—I Kings 11 : 4. "*David, his father.*" Two men are mentioned here, David and Jeroboam. Both were kings. Both led great groups of people. Both had been dead for about two hundred years when this record was made. Though they were dead, certain things about them persisted. Out from these two lives, as from two distinct springs, had come two contrasting streams of influence. Jeroboam was always used by the chronicler as a standard of badness, and David as a standard of goodness. The evil of one man starting a tendency that was inherited by each succeeding generation till his nation passes out into darkness. The goodness of another man starting a tendency that survives even the slavery of the nation and immortalized in the Messiah. We need to stand and ask ourselves what sort of a tendency we are starting?

The genius of these two long streams of influence was not simply in the men themselves. Jeroboam was not all bad. David was not all good. But their lives were used to link their people to two opposite sets of forces. As the cable car conductor by the grip reaches down to the cable beneath the surface and links the car to power moving in a certain direction, so Jeroboam linked his nation to the forces that moved away from God, while David linked his people to the forces that moved toward God. After both died, the forces still operated.

We, as Christians, need this point. Our influence is not great because we are so powerful, but we have the privilege of using that influence to link others onto the forces of God. This is our greatest privilege. God help us to use it! A. W. B.

A Second-Rate Choice

TUESDAY. Ps. 106 : 15. "*And he gave them their request; but he sent leanness unto their soul.*" Our best is determined by the choices we make. Before we know it, we often have indulged in something less than the best. We become hypnotized by the world.

The Children of Israel had God as their King. But for the moment they have become tired of God. They started out conscious of God's presence, but they dropped into a lower estate. So we are today in constant danger of making choices that do not represent good at its best. This danger with the Israelites reached a climax when they wanted a king, an earthly king. It was a second-rate choice. However, God did not deny them or abandon them. Generation after generation the very best that was best for them, He gave. But he sent "leanness unto their soul."

This is one of the great tragedies of a Christian's life that, with the opportunity to take the best, he will frequently make a second choice. The best Christians are those who give God their best choice, and in return, receive from Him His best gifts. They are getting the most out of life because they are putting the best into it. A life that pleases God is one that puts Him first and keeps Him there. W. W. B.

The Righteousness of the Nation

WEDNESDAY. Psa. 33 : 12. "*The nation whose God is the Lord.*" Ours is a Christian republic. It ought not to be necessary to adduce proof of a fact which has been recognized from the beginning of our history until now. The forefathers who founded our institutions were most of them committees to the Christian faith. The laws of our country and its jurisprudence are based upon the Scriptures as the Word of God. Our national and State legislatures are opened with prayer to the Christian's God. We use the Christian calendar. Furthermore, it has been affirmed by national and State enactment, over and over again, that we are a Christian nation. And, it has been so determined by our Supreme Courts.

This should make an end of controversy for loyal citizens. How can that be regarded as an open question, which has been so definitely sealed by the logic of events and by formal adjudication? To deny it is impossible to any loyal citizen, because such a denial would be a blow aimed at the vital sanctions of our national life. D. J. B.

The Supreme Credential

A Lenten Meditation

By REV. W. E. BIEDERWOLF

WHAT wealth of satisfaction in the thought of having been "raised together with Christ" and of thus being "united with Him in the likeness of His Resurrection!" Yes, it is true that Christ's Resurrection was the supreme credential to His own divine being and power; but it was more than that. To us who were "also raised with Him through faith" it is the equally supreme certificate of the reality of the new life and the new power which is ours because of and through Him.

But how evident it is also that the divine thought for you and me has never been that we should rest satisfied alone with the *fact* of this life, but that, having attained unto it, we shall first of all accept for ourselves the fine obligation such fellowship in the Resurrection implies, and that we shall deliberately fix for ourselves none other than that standard and ideal which even He set for Himself who brought life and resurrection into the world.

Science recognizes what is known as a "balance of life," but such a state of equilibrium is really foreign to organic things save in theory. Where there is life there must be either growth or decay, and who does not recognize the infinite desirability of "increasing more and more" and "growing in grace and in the knowledge of our risen Lord?"

He told us to "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." It would seem to be Christ's idea that I should become good, just as the lily becomes beautiful; and if my life has failed to become like His, I wonder if it may not be because I have tried to grow in pursuance of some other method than His own. I have resolved over and over again to become good, and then failed at the very point of my resolution, forgetting that the very thing I resolve to become would be the easy and natural outcome if the divine way were mine instead of my own. I have said: "I will copy the virtues of Christ and so by imitation become like Him," forgetting that such an art at its best yields only an artificial product, and that if, instead of imitating the Christ once on earth and now far away in glory, I would allow this same Christ, who by His Spirit dwells in me, to have His unhindered way, He would by His grace work out through my weak but yielded life that which would be fair and lovely like His own.

The lily does not *try* to grow, and no amount of anxiety or worry or thought will add one cubit to my stature or perfect one grace within my soul. The Christian's life is to be a composed one. Growth really takes place, and if I can say with Paul, "Christ liveth in me," why not just let the Christ-life develop in me? For I am sure if we can learn the lesson of the lily, our life, instead of being a series of dismal disappointments and heart-rending failures, will rise into the beauty of holiness, even as the sweet flower of which we speak rises from the garden of its God into its more than Solomon-like glory.

The Love of Mercy

THURSDAY. Micah 6 : 8. "*What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?*" Little Margery Fleming, Sir Walter Scott's precocious child friend, thus sagely commented upon some story of cruelty in the Old Testament: "But not yet had Jesus come to show us the better way." It must be confessed that Old Testament saints were richer in hope and in faith than in love. But let us not be blind to evidences that, beneath the harsh exterior of many an Old Testament saint, there beat a heart of exquisite tenderness. David was a warrior, yet something taught him the secret of the shepherd heart—the heart that pities the weakling lamb, and goes after the wandering sheep.

Long before David sang his songs, the law-giver of Israel had put into the Hebrew code of ethics minute commandments safeguarding the welfare of prisoners, slaves, debtors, the poor, the stranger, the outcast. The widow and orphan were not forgotten. The law declared, substantially, "As ye deal with them, I will deal with you." Christ did indeed organize a "League of Pity," as Dr. Matheson puts it; but for a thousand years the soil of tender hearts had been prepared to receive the seed of His great words. Naught but the grace of God had long before implanted in rare souls the love of love, the hate of hate, the disposition to mercy, the impulse to lowly service. C. C. A.

The Spirit of Reverence

FRIDAY. Heb. 12 : 28. "*Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence . . .*" The way to serve God acceptably is with reverence. Gilbert Chesterton, commenting on Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," complains that Ruskin was interested in every part of the cathedral except the altar. The true statement is that he found the altar everywhere. Life is daily sanctified by tears and prayers, and by the handing down of the faith of many generations.

It is quite easy for those engaged in religious work to become so inured to sacred things as to lose altogether the sense of sacredness. "The temple mouse is heedless of the temple idol." We need all three of the galleries in the temple which Goethe describes; upon one of them was written: "Reverence for the things that are above us," on the second: "Reverence for the things that are around us," on the third: "Reverence for the things that are below us." Hamilton Wright Mabie told us of a Scotchman who said to him, "Every morning for fifty years I have taken off my bonnet to the beauty of the world." Given God anywhere, you have God everywhere. Let us keep alive the sense of wonder, admiration, awe, reverence. Let us cultivate the "harvest of a quiet eye," the soul receptive and the mind open to the revelations of God, that, like His mercies, are new every morning. R. B.

Opening the Gates of Death

SATURDAY. John 11 : 43. "*Lazarus, come forth!*" The climax of Christ's miracles was the raising of Lazarus. Healing diseases might be explained away, but calling the dead back to life was irrefutable and unexplainable. Many believed on Jesus from that hour, while the chief leaders of the Jews from that day took counsel to put Him to death. That is the only thing for bigots to do, when they can not reply to a great fact. Skeptics of all centuries have wrestled with this miracle, which shows that Jesus is God Himself with full power over death and the grave. What singular words Christ uttered when He first heard of the illness of Lazarus—"I am glad I was not there." He was longing to comfort the bleeding hearts of all future millions with the words, "I am the resurrection and the life. I can open the gates of death and those that hear My voice will come forth." This was unspeakably grander than opening blind eyes and deaf ears. Jesus stood before that grave as the controller of all worlds, forces and kingdoms, and Lazarus' final mission was to return to earth, to show forth the majesty of the Son of God. After he had passed over to the other world, the brother of the Bethany sisters heard the voice: "The Master is here and calleth for thee! Come back to the lowly lintel of your home and dwell awhile amid the shadows." E. W. C.

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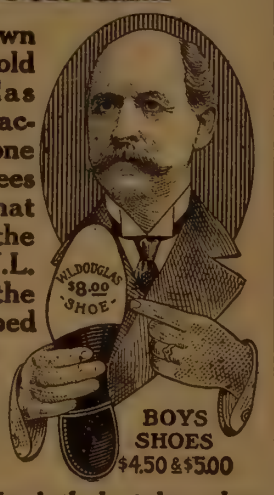

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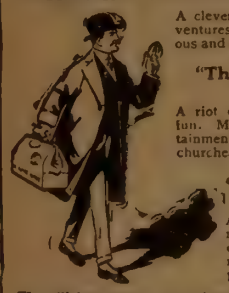

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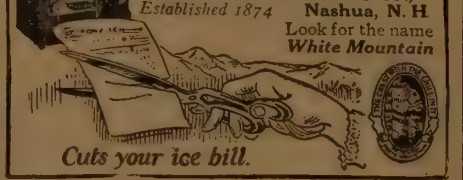

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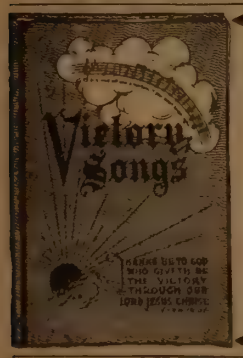

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How You Have Helped China

What the Contributions of Christian Herald Readers Have Accomplished for the Starving

IF READERS of the Christian Herald could be granted a glimpse into the famine regions of North China they would be gratified to observe the manner in which the funds they have contributed for Chinese relief are being distributed.

Under the leadership of the Christian Herald Famine Relief Committee, organized in November to co-operate with existing relief agencies during the famine, the work of feeding the starving, clothing the needy, and healing the sick is going forward with gratifying results.

Reports from the secretary of this committee, H. M. Harris, reaching the office of the Christian Herald, detail the manner in which the money contributed by our readers is being expended and the number of suffering human beings to whom it bears relief.

Prominent in the work which the committee is doing is that, which, by saving the children, looks to China's future. Loans for needy Christian Chinese, food distribution among citizens of all classes, and refugee work among women and children are other important items.

The largest grant in December—$10,000—was made for the relief of women and children refugees at the Canadian Mission at Wu An Hsien, Honan. In the Presbyterian mission at Shunteh, Chihli, $1,100 was granted to supply clothing and shelter for 100 boys; $3,300 for general food distribution; and $1,500 for the 150 girls in the same orphanage.

The channels into which the funds are being directed may be inferred by the following lists of grants, applications for which were considered at the December meeting:

Hsin An Hsien, Honan, for orphanage sustentation	$1,500.00
Hsin An Hsien, Honan, for orphanage work	2,000.00
Loyang, for women's refuge work	3,000.00
Loyang, for famine girls in school	1,000.00
Mienchih, Honan, for famine boys in school	1,000.00
Loyang, Honan, Mr. Anderson, for loans to needy Christians	1,500.00

Definite appropriations were made for the following sums:

Mrs. Clark, Wu An Hsien, for refuge work among women and children	$5,000.00
Miss Petterson, Hsin An Hsien, for orphanage sustentation	1,500.00
Presbyterian Mission, Shunteh-fu for 100 boys	1,100.00
Presbyterian Mission, Shunteh-fu, for food distribution	3,300.00
Presbyterian Mission, Shunteh-fu, for 150 girls	1,500.00
Mrs. Lindbeck, Loyang, Honan, for for women's refugee work (Agree to appropriate $1,500.00 additional for above purpose if necessary.)	1,500.00
Mrs. Jansen, Loyang, Ho., for poor girls' school	1,000.00
Mr. Beinhoff, Mienchih, Ho., for poor boys' school	1,000.00

At the January meeting of the committee, the list of grants was as follows:

J. W. Boyer, Chinkiang, Kiangsu for conveying and supporting 40 orphans from Tehchow, Shantung	$1,000.00
Miss Paula Ritter, Liu Ming Kuan, Chihli, for children and general relief	1,000.00
Miss A. M. Hancock, Kuang Ping Hsien, Chihli, relief work for children	1,000.00
Augustana Synod, for relief work in the counties of Yuchow, Kia Hsien and Juchow, Honan	3,500.00
Swedish Mission in China, the sum of $10,000 allocated as follows:	
Starving Christians, Hoanfu, Honan, five months (estimated 205 persons)	831.25
Boys' refuge work at Honanfu, Honan (300 boys)	3,000.00
Starving Christians (Mienchih) 140 adults, 31 children	610.25
Thirty families requiring aid later in season	272.00
Women's refuge at Mienchih, Honan	1,000.00
150 adults (Sin An, Honan)	562.50
140 adults (Loing, Honan)	525.00
Women's refuge (Loing, Honan)	1,200.00
Four Mission stations at Shansi	2,000.00
Canadian Presbyterian Mission, Weihweifu, Honan, for nursing mothers	3,500.00
China Inland Mission, Hwailu, Chihli, for relief work for children	$5,000.00
Honan Famine Relief Committee, for warm garments	5,000.00
Kaifeng, Honan Missions, for women and children	5,000.00
To Rev. Wilson Fielder, Chengchow, Honan, for relief of starving Christians	500.00
To the Free Methodist Mission, Jungtseh, Hsien, Honan, for relief work for women and children in the Hsiens of Ho Yin and Jungtseh Honan	100.00

While the efforts of the relief workers have thus made a very favorable beginning, those in the midst of the famine district are impressed with the fact that the end is not yet in sight.

A message of appreciation cabled to Herald readers by the Christian Herald Famine Relief Committee is accompanied by a new appeal, which reads:

"Famine situation desperate. Herald Relief urgently requires million dollars before April. Three dollars from each subscriber saves a life."

HOW fully the American people generally are coming to realize the seriousness of this need is evidenced by the evergrowing list of contributors to Christian Herald Fund and that of the American Committee for China Famine.

Great additional impetus, it is expected, will be given to the movement for Chinese relief by the action of Mrs. Warren G. Harding whose initial act as First Lady of America is to endorse the American housewives' movement for eliminating some article of diet from the family dinner table and giving the money so saved to the preserving of lives in starving China.

In her letter addressed to the American Committee for China Famine Fund, Mrs. Harding announces that she has enlisted in the American housewives' movement, and gives her unqualified endorsement to the nation-wide effort of Americans everywhere to help the Chinese by denying themselves some customary article of diet until the famine period is passed. Mrs. Harding writes:

"Information which has come to me concerning famine conditions in China, and also concerning the splendid work your committee is doing for relief of these conditions, moves me to enroll myself among your supporters. I am sure your appeal to American housewives to save in order to help China's unfortunate millions will meet a generous response. We all learned during the war how great a part the patriotic womanhood of the land could play in these intensely practical, necessary affairs. I hope and trust they will now enlist again for this noble cause."

The American housewives' movement, which is now receiving wide support among people of all classes, was started by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, noted suffragist, and a member of the American Committee for China Famine Fund. Another noted woman who has given her endorsement to the plan, which in general embraces the giving up of one course in each meal or of doing without one meal a week in order to help the Chinese, is Mrs. Maud Park Wood, head of the National League of Women Voters.

THE Christian Herald China Famine Fund is rapidly approaching the half-million-dollar mark. The receipts for last week were as follows:

February	24	$1,417.27
"	25	4,208.17
"	26	1,148.76
"	28	5,144.73
March	1	968.43
"	2	1,243.97
Grand Total		**$482,529.13**

Contributions may be addressed to the Christian Herald China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.

The Living Christ

International Sunday School Lesson for March 27
Matt. 28 : 1-10, 16-20

By REV. SAMUEL D PRICE, D.D.

THE tomb was sealed by the Roman authorities and a harmony of lies was sought but "He that sitteth in the heavens" laughed at all those plans. The miracle of the resurrection became the supreme seal to the testimony of Jesus Christ and the weekly calendar was remade. The business world, however much the Christ may be denied by individuals, accepts the day named by the church as the weekly anniversary of the resurrection of the body of Jesus. Would that every one who will profit financially by merchandising with reference to Easter could say "My Lord, and my God"!

Again this lesson should be studied with reference to all the facts given in the four gospels. Any class will be profited by making their own interwoven gospel of these events. The appearances of our Lord should be written down in order. The life of a spirit can be talked about and so-called death can be robbed of its gloom.

"Death" is an awful word for many, whereas it is a word that means liberation from earthly limitations. "Death" refers to the human body and not to the spirit. The body experiences the resurrection and the spirit has never ceased to live. The individual, having believed in Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, is transferred by so-called "death" to another and larger department of service. The spirit of a believer does not go to sleep or cease to be but "to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord." This is truly a wonderful hope with which to comfort one another. Without placing eschatological events in any chronological order it is safe to say that all believers will have similar experiences regardless of personal opinions on the subject. When our resurrection day comes we shall have our glorious body like unto His.

No Judas was present on that first day of the week as the women came early to the garden tomb that they might embalm the body of Jesus. Had he been alive to meet the group he would surely have counted costs as he did only eight days before, when Mary broke her alabaster jar. These women feared and even worried as they came to the place where they expected to find the Roman guard, but their heavenly Father had sent the angels and no stone was there to bother them. Rather the angel was there as a messenger with comfort, instruction and a commission. They could "see" but they must "go quickly and tell."

Women have been wonderfully obedient during the ages since the command was first given. They have been ambassadors of Jesus Christ both at home and abroad. There is special reason for this since womanhood is elevated just in proportion as the facts concerning the death and resurrection of the Saviour are believed. One has but to visit a non-Christian country to see how women are oppressed where Christ is not exalted.

An illustration of this fact was noted last October in riding near Miyanoshita, Japan, when a woman was seen working in a stone quarry with a group of men. On the back of the woman a baby was strapped in the usual Japanese manner and the mother was toiling bearing heavy stones in a basket. As both men and women go and tell of the Risen Lord such things will become impossible. He came not only to save us for heaven but also to make this earth more liveable for all mankind.

THE study of the events of that first Easter reveals many facts of supreme importance to the individual. Three are suggested which bring special joy: Immortality of the soul, stones of difficulty removed long in advance of our footsteps, and gracious forgiveness by our Saviour. With reference to the latter we must remember that when the angel said "Go, tell His disciples," he added "and Peter." We sin as individuals, salvation was accomplished for the individual and as individuals we are forgiven when we sin.

It is a wonderful privilege to bear the message of pardon to one who is guilty. This was the work of the women and it is the continuous work of every saved soul in this twentieth century, though the obligation has been in force since Jesus gave that Great Commission. Saving the world in a generation has often been proclaimed as a possibility. Every reader is urged to take pencil and paper and do a few examples in arithmetic.

A class of boys will be wonderfully interested, kept still and given a life impression by working out the calculation of how many years it would take to win the entire population of the world to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ if every Christian would, by the power of the Holy Spirit, win just one soul to Christ in a whole year. Begin with the suggestion that there is only one Christian in the entire population of the world, over 1,700,000,000. At the end of the first year there would be two Christians. Then those two would each each win one, and there would be four at the close of the second year. Each Christian, whether former or new convert, would continue to win ONLY one each 365 days and at the end of ten years there would be 1,004 Christians. But before the 31st year had been concluded the population of the earth would have been saved.

THIS is just a calculation someone will say, yet it calls for only a minimum of work on the part of each and in view of the authoritative command of Christ. This is a business age and another proposition is suggested for serious meditation. Suppose a firm had 500 salesmen in a well organized, well-directed concern and a product to sell which everyone needs. Would not that firm expect each of those 500 salesmen to obtain at least one new customer in the course of a whole year? A church should be a going, growing institution.

Consider every member as a salesman: how many new converts are added annually to the average church of 500 members? Even Sunday-schools do not get pupil for pupil in a whole year. Some Sunday-schools do not increase their roll in twelve months equal to the number of merely their officers and teachers, while there are millions of school age in this country who are not in the Sunday-school, not to mention the adults who should, without any exceptions, be related to the Bible school.

"I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" is the golden text and it is a wonderful promise but it should be studied in its relation to the commands which are found just before it: "Go—Make disciples of all nations, Baptize, Teaching them."

One of the most impressive truths given at the Eighth Convention of the World's Sunday School Association recently held in Tokyo Japan, was in the pageant presented by Prof. H. Augustine Smith of Boston University, entitled "From Bethlehem to Tokyo." Individuals such as a preacher, children's teacher, teacher of an adult class, etc., each came to the platform and lighted their "light" from the Manger. Then they left the stage but soon they began to return and each came with a group carrying individual "lights." Each group had been found and won by the respective teacher. The great platform was filled with hundreds who had been brought in by means of this individual and personal work. The closing song was indeed triumphant. We today have the same work as the angel which flew in the midst of heaven having the eternal gospel to proclaim.

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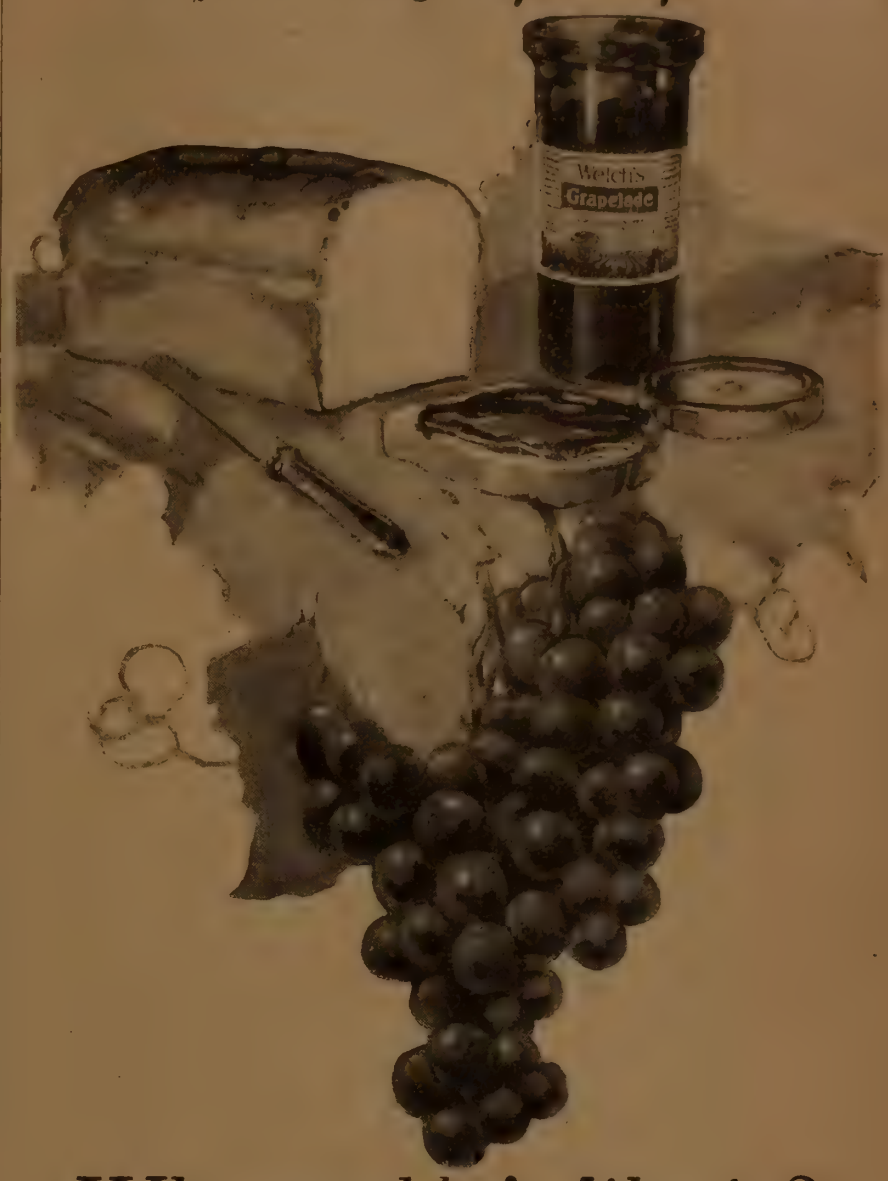

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"The story of 'Way Down East' under your matchless direction, is so gracefully portrayed, so wonderfully told, as to be enchanting. It is **inspiring** in every detail. It must make you quite happy to know that so many men have come away from the picture **with the conviction that they must be better men.** I tell you this because I have heard so many say it. I wish to thank you in the name of the students of Notre Dame."—(Signed) JOHN C. McGINN, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.

And from the lofty Sweetness of St. Mary's

"'Way Down East' is a most wonderful picture. It carries a forceful lesson which, God grant, the men and women of today may heed. By it, may they be induced to live up to the higher and nobler promptings of an exalted nature."—(Signed) SISTER M. CLAUDIA, Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Sermons on "Way Down East"

Rev. Lincoln H. Caswell, pastor of the Crawford Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, has preached two sermons on "Way Down East."

Rev. Henry R. Rose, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Newark (N. J.) recently lectured on D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East," exhibiting more than one hundred and twelve colored scenes from the production.

From Coast to Coast

D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East" now is being shown from Coast to Coast—in First Class Theatres Only—and is playing special engagements at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York City (Seventh Month); Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. (Seventh Month); Woods Theatre, Chicago, (Sixth Month); Sam S. Shubert Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Euclid Avenue, Opera House, Cleveland, Ohio; Lyric Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio; Poli's Theatre, Washington, D. C., and is being greeted in every city as the **greatest achievement** of all time in the annals of the theatre.

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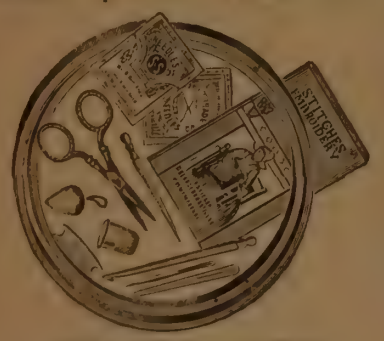

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FROM MILL TO YOU

A Matter

Continued from page 219

Sara would say nothing. Her lips were closed in a hard, thin line. She sat down by the window and took up the baby-sack she was crocheting. She made twenty-five cents apiece on these baby-sacks. Her hands trembled as she worked, and now and then she drew a deep, convulsive breath as though she had been sobbing. Mrs. Haskins' voice went on and on. "It's all that 'Melia Stone's doing——"

Suddenly Sara lifted an imperious hand for silence. "Don't let's talk about it any more, Hattie," she said. "It's gone too deep for me to talk about." There was a strange quiet dignity about her as she turned again to her work.

The days which followed were very trying for Mrs. Haskins. She dared not say a word to Sara about the Easter flowers. Sara was unapproachably silent and reserved. She looked very frail, and it seemed more painfully difficult than ever for her to walk. She had been accustomed to spend much time in the flower-room working among her plants and singing happily to herself. Now she was there only long enough to water them each morning, and she came limping forth hastily with the hunted, determined look of one who is withstanding some great urge.

ON THE morning before Easter Sunday she quietly fainted as she was washing the dishes.

"This settles it," Mrs. Haskins declared, fanning Sara vigorously as she lay on the old couch "You've got to stop right where you are Sara Haskins, or you'll be down sick. I'm going to be real sharp with you. I've got no patience with these people that keep their troubles festering in silence. It isn't natural nor good for a person to be as dumb as you've been lately. You've got to talk things right out to me, and then you'll feel better. You've got to rant out your grudge against 'Melia Stone before it grows in on you. It's awful bad for a person to cherish a grudge."

"I don't want to talk about it," Sara asserted feebly. "And I shall cherish my grudge against 'Melia Stone as much as I please. I *want* to cherish it; I want to cherish it forever. But the flowers don't want me to," she went on in a shaken voice. "Every time I go in there it's as though they said, 'Forgive. Forgive.' I can't hardly stand it to go in there. Flowers are so pure and *good*. But I don't want to be good, not if it kills me. I'll cherish my grudge against 'Melia Stone to the day of my death."

AT DINNER that noon Sammy the oldest of the three Haskins children, was all excitement over the Easter lilies which he had seen being taken into the church. "Miss Stone was there and Mis' Gregg and Mis' Henry and they kept tellin' the man to be careful. They was great tall plants with long white lilies."

Sara's hand trembled as she lifted her spoonful of tea. She could scarcely eat. Even the tea seemed to choke her.

A heavy fog blew in from the ocean that afternoon. It settled down like a curtain around the Haskins house. One knew that somewhere in that fog the waves were tossing furiously and the life of "the street" went on, but the Haskinses seemed shut into a narrow little world all their own. They chafed at the confinement of it. The children were quarrelsome, Mrs. Haskins impatient. Sara could not work at her crocheting; she kept staring out of the window until it seemed to her that the blank whiteness of the fog was fixed upon her eyeballs and the mournful boom of the fog-borns was the moaning of her own troubled heart.

"I guess it won't be much of a day for Easter tomorrow if this fog don't lift," Mrs. Haskins remarked crossly; "and I don't know as I care much. Have those calla buds come out Sara?" Her voice was sharp almost cruel. Sara's silence irritated her.

"I don't know" said Sara.

"Don't know!"

"I haven't looked."

"What, you've been in there waterin' every day and haven't looked at the callas?"

"I shut my eyes. I can manage to stand out against the other flowers somehow, but if I once caught sight of those pure white callas I couldn't hold my grudge. I'd be ashamed to."

"Well, don't hold it then, that's what I say," Mrs. Haskins advised crisply.

Sara's lips stiffened. "You don't know anything about how I feel; I want to hold that grudge. I want to feel hard and wicked."

DARKNESS came early that evening. When Sara sat down by the window after supper she spoke about a rosy glow that seemed to fill the fog in the north.

"It's just the lights from 'the street,'" Mrs. Haskins stated impatiently, "They always show up like that on a foggy night."

"Seems to me this is brighter'n usual——" suddenly Sara paused. "I hear the fire-bell," she said.

Mrs. Haskins and the children rushed to the window. "I declare, it does look like a fire."

"It is a fire!" Sammy asserted shrilly. "Open the window, Ma."

Mrs. Haskins opened the window. The chill fog drifted in and circled about the lighted lamp. The glow in the north was brighter. They could hear the fire-bell plainly now.

"There's a big fire and I'm goin'!" Sammy declared excitedly. He climbed through the window an started off at a run.

"You be careful, Sammy," his mother called. "Don't you get too near!"

"I don't know but it's the depot," she said then to Sara. "Seems in that direction. Lucky it's so damp tonight; things won't be apt to ketch. I guess we better shut this window before we get our deaths."

They watched the glow for a long time. Finally it faded, and after a while they saw Sammy coming home.

"'Twas the church, Ma!" he shouted as he burst breathlessly into the kitchen. "The church! Burnt to the ground! They couldn't save a thing! The life-savers come from the point and the whole town was there but they couldn't save nothing! The roof fell in *crash k-flop*, like that!" Sammy's right fist came down smartly into his left palm. "And the women cried like anything, and the minister was carryin' water in his shirt-sleeves!"

"Well!" Mrs. Haskins breathed. "The church! Just think, Sara, the church burnt to the ground and they just got the new carpet, and had it papered—I guess 'Melia Stone'll feel bad enough. There isn't anybody worked to fix that church up like she has, begging and having sales and entertainments, and now all gone for nothing. I guess she'll feel bad enough."

"Sammy," said Sara sharply. "Did they get out those Easter lilies?"

"No, they was burnt to a crisp. I heard Miss Stone say so. 'Those beautiful boughten Easter lilies all burnt to a crisp!' she said."

A strange expression crossed Sara's face. Mrs. Haskins saw it and whispered, "It seems like a judgment on them, don't it, Sara, the church burnin' with the lilies and all?"

But Sara would say nothing. While Mrs. Haskins and Sammy were still excitedly discussing the fire, she crept off to bed. She could not sleep that night. She kept tossing and turning restlessly.

IT WAS still foggy in the morning. "But I think it'll lift," Mrs. Haskins said as she poured Sara's coffee. "I wonder what they'll do about the Easter services. Sammy's gone to 'the street' to find out. I bet 'Melia Stone and Mis' Gregg and Mis' Baxter Henry feels bad enough; they were going to have things so stylish this year."

In a little while Sammy came in. "They're goin' to have services in the life savin' station," he reported. "Miss Stone and Mis' Gregg and Mis' Henry's gone to the point to see about it.

# of Flowers

They're going to roll out the life-boats and set chairs in."

"Well, I don't know but I'll go," Mrs. Haskins said reflectively, "The fire makes things sort of different, don't it, Sara?"

But Sara did not answer. She looked very pale this morning and her eyes had dark rings around them. Suddenly she put her coffee-cup down with a little crash of despair. "I'm going to see if those callas are blossomed," she said in a loud challenging voice. She waited a moment for the expected comment but none came. Then she limped down the passage-way and flung open the door of the flower-room.

There on the table in the corner were her callas, crowned with the purest of pure white blossoms. Sara moved forward with a little rush and knelt down, her arms outspread to enfold the plants.

When she arose her face was strong and serene with purpose. She limped into the passage-way and called Sammy.

"I want you to go over to Sharp's and get Will to bring around the horse and wagon," said she, "and then I want you to help him carry all the plants over to the life-saving station."

"Why, Sara," Mrs. Haskins appeared in the kitchen door, "Taking your flowers over there to have 'Melia Stone turn you down again——"

"Run along, Sammy, fast as you can," said Sara.

She would not listen to Mrs. Haskins. While Sammy was gone she scrubbed the flower-pots.

In a short time Will Sharp appeared with the wagon, and Sara directed the loading. Just before it was done she disappeared and returned in her best brown silk and straw hat.

"I'm goin' right with you," she said.

THE wagon started down the beach, Sara sitting up straight on the seat beside Will Sharp.

"Now stop right here," she directed when they reached the life-saving station. With Sammy's and Will's help she climbed down, and limped into the station. In the big barn-like place Amelia Stone, Mrs. Gregg, and Mrs. Baxter Henry were busy placing chairs.

There was an impressive dignity about little Sara Haskins as she limped toward them.

"I've brought you my flowers for the Easter services," she announced, "You don't need to take 'em if you don't want 'em but I thought you must be feeling awful bad because of the church burning down and having to have the services in this bare place with never an Easter blossom, so I brought them along. And I want you to know that always before I have brought my flowers to the Easter services out of pride and for the sake of the glory they would reflect upon me, but now I offer them to you in all humbleness not because *I* grew them or I want folks to praise me but because they are beautiful and a fit adornment for the house of the Lord. If you don't want them just say so and I won't hold any grudge against you. I don't hold any grudge now though I tried to. I shall never again hold a grudge against anybody, not so long as there are flowers in the world."

The three women looked at her in embarrassment. Her face was very frank and true and sincere. Amelia Stone was uncomfortably affected by it. "Well, Sara," she said gruffly, "I guess we'd be glad to have the flowers. It'll seem little enough like Easter in this bare place. You can tell the boys to bring 'em in."

Joyously Sara directed the placing of the plants around the improvised pulpit. Her flowers had never been more beautiful. And when the callas were placed even Amelia Stone was moved to express her admiration. "You certainly can grow flowers, Sara," she said with a strained generosity.

"I'll give you slips of any that you want," Sara promised warmly.

In a little while the people trooped in for service. Sara's flowers made a bower of beauty around the pulpit. Such flowers were rare on this stretch of sandy beach. It was hard to grow them in the salt air. The people looked at them with an unconscious, starved expression upon their faces. Many a remembrance of the sermon that morning was confused with the impression of the frail uplifting purity of Sara's callas.

And Sara sitting at the back of the room and looking at her beloved flowers whispered, "Not *my* beauty, Lord, but thine. I am but thy humble handmaiden tending the treasure of Thy kingdom."

The minister's voice reached her mingled with the roar of the waves. And through the windows she could see the beach glittering jewel-like in the Easter sunshine.

Young People's Topics-for March 27

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Lessons from the First Easter

E. L. and C. E. Mark 16 : 1–20.

SEE the B. Y. P. U. topic for March 20, of which this is a continuation. We spoke of Christianity as the exponent of life. The disciples rose to a new life with Jesus Christ. There was an appalling gloom among the disciples over the death of Jesus. It required about fifty days for the risen Lord to gather the little flock to-gether and revive their hopes and dispel their fears. How well the Master wrought this resurrection in the hearts of those who saw Him is shown in the fact that no such reaction followed the ascension, for as Luke tells us, the disciples returned to Jerusalem in obedience to His instructions with great joy and were continually in the temple praising God.

They went everywhere telling the story and Jesus was with them, as He had promised, confirming their word with signs. The resurrection became the doctrine upon which they based their preaching. The resurrection of Jesus was God's validating stamp on everything which Jesus had spoken.

If we are not living an immortal life here how can we believe in an immortal life hereafter? Immortality is a present possession, not a mere future expectation; and the way to be strong in the hope of the future life is to be rich in the life immortal here. Man is immortal for were he not, he would never base his hopes and dreams on immortality.

The Cross in Garo Land

B. Y. P. U. Acts 2 : 1–5; Matt. 16: 24; 20 : 29

READ "The Garo Wonder Book," by William Carey. Read the pamphlets "The Gospel among the Garos" and "Tura Work among the Garos," to be had from the General Promotion Board of the Northern Baptist Convention, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Garon Land is in the heart of India. The religion of the Garo people is demon-worship. As no demon could be appeased without the shedding of blood sacrifices were continually made., Human sacrifices were most to be desired. Superstition and ignorance made the people like dumb beasts. The first contact these people had with the white race was when the government appointed David Scott as administrator of the whole Brahmaputra Valley. He loved his people, though the mountaineers tried to take his life many times, but he was miraculously saved. It was through Scott that the first government school under missionary supervision was started.

The work is still progressing, but under the most trying difficulties. The cross of Christ, however, shall conquer. There is no field too difficult for the missionary. There are no mountains too high or waters too wide, no conditions too terrible, no people too savage for these intrepid soldiers of the Cross.

Morning—Night

The finest dish is a Bubble Grain

Puffed Grains hold supreme place among cereal dainties—as food delights and as scientific foods.

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Prof. Anderson's ideal foods

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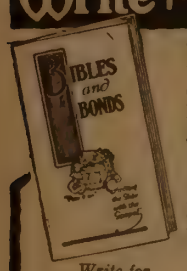

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Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

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Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent., are described in Circular 28.

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent. present prices, are featured in Circular No. 30. The net earnings available for interest charges in 1920 were five times the interest charges.

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Kingdom of Belgium 20-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, redeemable at 107½ per cent., and yielding over 8 per cent. are described in Circular 34.

Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Details of Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 7 per cent. gold bonds, maturing May 1941, at a price to yield over 7 per cent. are given in Circular 36.

Swift & Co. 5-year 7 per cent. notes, to yield over 7 per cent., are described in Circular 37.

Witnesses to the Resurrection

Continued from page 222

The Roman Empire Speaks: Ours was the conquering force of the world. Our legions were known all over the then known world. What was this Carpenter, of this obscure province of Judea? At Rome His name was a vague outline of a peasant, Who had been healing a few sick people with magic. Our Procurator, Pilate, allowed the Jews to put Him to death as a common criminal. The execution was carried out and two robbers were crucified the same day by his side. Then, because some of the Jews were afraid that the friends of this peasant, Jesus, would attempt to steal His body away from the tomb where He was buried, Pilate put a special guard of our Roman soldiers around the tomb, which was sealed with a great stone. But something strange happened that night. Just what it was our people never knew. But the soldiers were apparently smitten down by some strange power, and in the morning the body of this peasant was gone. We spread abroad the story that His friends stole the body while our soldiers slept. But somehow the world has not believed that. Wonderful things began to happen. In less than three centuries, the Empire had a Christian emperor. People all over the world began to believe in a very wonderful manner in this peasant of Judea. Something greater than sword and spear and armies began to hold the thought of mankind. That power finally destroyed Rome's power. History says it was faith in a Resurrection. What a power it must be! Verily, in Him was life!

The Reformers Speak: Through the ages we are of those who in spite of dungeon, fire and sword, held up the torch of the risen Lord. Whatever our faults—and we were all human—one thing distinguished all of us—our devotion to the ideals taught by the Master. And among all the faiths we have held in our hearts, the one uppermost has been the faith in immortality, not as proved by science or demonstrated by logic, but our faith in it *because Jesus rose from the dead.* That one great fact made human progress possible, because that fact made human effort to advance worth while. The race advanced because that advance was part of an eternal progress. At the center of all the real reforms of every age has been the fact of immortality as proved by the resurrection of Jesus. What a wonderful fact! What a source of all progress! Yea, in Him was life!

THE *Sick Speak:* We are the multitude of those who in every century, in spite of pain and disease and suffering, have been sustained by the faith in a future world which would be free from physical trouble. In our moments of despair we have laid hold on those promises that were based on the resurrection: 'And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were gone—and I heard a loud voice which said,

> "God's dwelling-place is among men,
> And He will dwell among them,
> And they shall be His peoples.
> Yes, and God Himself will be among them.
> He will wipe every tear from their eyes.
> Death shall be no more;
> Nor sorrow, nor wail of woe, nor pain;
> For the first things have passed away."

These are the sustaining words that kept us from despair, us millions of earth's suffering, holding all of us, who loved the Lord Christ, from the madness of the mind and the terror of the grave. Now, our abode is in that place prepared for us by His love, where perfect health and joy are the lot of all of us who put their trust in Him. Surely, in Him was life!

The Poor Speak: Ever since He said, "The poor have the Good News preached to them," and "Blessed are you poor, for the Kingdom of God is yours," we have not despaired, even when earth's riches were denied us by those who had its luxuries. We recall His gracious words when He stood up in the synagogue and read the words:

> "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me
> Because He has anointed me to proclaim
> good news to the poor."

and we shall never forget that He Himself had not where to lay His head, and although He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor that we through His poverty might become rich. Yet, although we have never believed that poverty was in itself any blessing, and although we believe that the sons of men will sometime reach that place in the earthly life where poverty will be practically unknown, the thing that all through the centuries has kept millions of us who believe in Jesus happier than the rich, has been our faith in immortality as illustrated in His own. Surely this is a faith that has had a most tremendous influence in preserving the happiness and tranquillity of millions of human beings in all history. What else could have performed this miracle? Thanks be to Him for the riches of His grace. Truly, in Him was life!

THE *Disappointed Speak:* We are of that large number of humans on earth who reared broken columns. Ambition thwarted, love despised, effort wasted, questions never answered, life seemingly not worth having. Then to millions of us after the Resurrection, came the amazing revelation of the possibility of another existence where we might try again to do the things we failed to do, or could not do, or were not allowed to do here. And living on that hope in Him, those of us who trusted in Him as the Eternal Life, now find ourselves in a place where ambition is satisfied, where effort is always rewarded, where love surrounds us like atmosphere, where perfect joy without disappointment crowns our attempt at things that on earth were impossibilities. O all ye disappointed ones of earth, there is another world! It is the world of perfect achievement. It has been made possible by the Resurrection of Jesus. Yes, truly in Him was life!

The Toilers Speak: Ours are the backs that have bent in the earthly life to raise food, to build cities, to dig fuel, to bear burdens of housework, to care ceaselessly for the sick and the sorrowing. And among the millions of us who have put our trust in the risen Lord we have always been sustained so that we could sing a song as we toiled. Even the weariness of earth has been blest by the knowledge that He bore it with Him on His own heart, and ever and always we have heard Him say, "Come unto me and ye shall find rest." Immortality, another world, a place, a resting-place, prepared—the thought has cheered millions of us; and now that we are enjoying that eternal life in heaven we know that our faith was not an empty dream but a glorious fact. What a sustaining faith is this for the toiling sons and daughters of men! Faith in a risen Lord! And a risen humanity! Thanks be to God for that resting-place in the Father's House! In Him was life!

THE *Nations Speak:* When Jesus was aware of His death by crucifixion, He said, "And I, if I am lifted up from the earth will draw all men to Me." How wonderfully that prophecy has been fulfilled In all the centuries, men of all nations have felt His drawing power. Millions of them have been redeemed by His forgiving and regenerative power. We are of that great multitude described in the Book of The Revelation where it says—"After this I looked, and a vast host appeared which it was impossible for anyone to count, gathered out of every nation and from all tribes and peoples and languages, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and carrying palm branches in their hands. In loud voices they were exclaiming, "It is to our God who is seated on the throne, and to the Lamb, that we owe our salvation!" And when one asked who these multitudes were, the answer was, "They are those who have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. They will never again be hungry or thirsty; never again will the sun or any scorching heat trouble them. For the Lamb who is in front of the Throne will be their Shepherd, and will guide them to waterssprings of Life, and

God will wipe every tear from their eyes." Yes, the glory of immortality is around us! The hatreds and race prejudice that warred on earth have all disappeared in these heavenly places, where all kindred and tribes and tongues live happily together. And the Resurrection is a fact which we share with all the redeemed nations of the earth. Ah! Verily, in Him was life!

The Dead and Dying Speak: We are the great multitude daily, hourly, every minute of recorded time, who are constantly passing on out of the earthly life into the other. A sad and terrible procession it would be, if it were not for the faith of those of us who believe in the Eternal Life as it was in Jesus Christ, the Resurrection and the Life. But as the ages pass along, the terror of death, from whatever cause, is swept away by the knowledge of Life Eternal. As the Master said: "Do not fear those who kill the body, but cannot kill the soul." All of us who trusted Him are alive today and happy in Him. Long ago the horror of the plague, the famine, the battle-field, the disease, has been forgotten in the glory of this place where we are. Hallejah! In Him was life!

THE *Church Speaks:* Through all the centuries our power has been built up on a living Christ. If He is not alive today and if the Resurrection is not a fact, then is our preaching in vain. The Church is a living witness of the Resurrection. Jesus Himself said that the gates of Hades or Death should not prevail against it. Surely, in Him was life!

O all ye sorrowing, despairing, hopeless, sick, weary, disappointed, poor, toiling, dying, listen to these witnesses to a Risen Lord! The broken column shall some time be finished. The unfinished song shall some time be continued. The broken heart shall be healed. The tear shall be wiped away by God, and the darkness shall be turned to day, for there shall be no night there.

Glory be to the Eternal Presence! IN HIM WAS LIFE!

Dr. Sheldon's Preaching Tour

By REV. W. L. GOLDSMITH

Pastor of the First Congregationalist Church, Marietta, Ohio

THE ministers of Marietta, Ohio, recently persuaded the Editor-in-Chief of the Christian Herald, Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, to spend two days in Marietta and he arranged a program as follows:

1. A Union Sunday night service in the largest auditorium in town. 2. A Monday morning conference of church workers and ministers. 3. An afternoon devotional meeting for "the sick in body and in mind." 4. An evening forum in a large public hall. The plan is sufficiently novel and suggestive to warrant description, and the whole town was greatly impressed by this brief but united campaign.

A dozen different congregations, and as many different ministers united harmoniously in carrying out this program. On Sunday night, the ministers presented a solid front on the platform behind the speaker, and the people of the various churches mingled in the pews and filled the large building to overflowing. Yet nothing had been done "to get a crowd." There was care to avoid the sensational and the dramatic. On the other hand, moments of impressive silence characterized the meeting, when all were led into the spirit of prayer. The message of the hour was a quiet but forceful and winsome presentation of Jesus as the only Saviour of the world. The only offering taken in connection with these meetings was received at this Sunday night service, when it was stated that all contributed above the necessary expense would be forwarded to the China Famine Fund. As a result, without any special pleading, the offering from that large audience averaged over a dollar a person.

After speaking to the college students Monday morning in an inimitable way on the "Meaning of an Education," Dr. Sheldon held a very informal conference with the church workers of the city at the Y. M. C. A. building. At this time "problems" were freely stated and franky discussed in question and answer. Thirty years of successful dealing with such difficulties in a growing field have fitted the speaker for rare helpfulness in such face-to-face gatherings. The ministers and Sunday School workers agree that in such common counsel there is much light and leading for the new day in Christian work. It is suggested that there must be many great Christian leaders, whom the churches of the smaller cities can unite in bringing to their midst to their very great profit and encouragement.

THE one meeting of the series that was considered strictly an experiment was perhaps the most successful of all. It was stated that on Monday afternoon there would be a special message for the "sick, hopeless and discouraged." It was called an "Open Door of Comfort." The public was invited, but it was understood that the meeting was especially for such as felt the need of help in meeting personal problems. The response was a crowded church, showing the need of such a ministry. After the singing of a few loved and familiar hymns, followed by prayer, silent and spoken, the speaker, who so recently has himself passed through the deep waters of severe illness, brought forward sane, simple rules of Christian faith and living, which assuredly lead to peace of mind and health of body.

Frankly acknowledging the legitimate use of all remedial agencies, the speaker emphasized the place and power of prayer, especially as an expression of deep and abiding trust in God. At the close of the meeting many accepted the invitation to remain for special prayers on their behalf. All of the ministers have endorsed this meeting without any qualifications, and express their conviction that we need to develop such a ministry in all of our communities.

The Monday evening forum in the City Auditorium was announced as of special interest to industrial groups, but controversial matters were avoided. The address on "The Value of a Human Being" was concluded with an opportunity for questions, and the Christian point of view was clearly shown to be the solution of all strife in the modern world. Humanitarian considerations take rank above all material values. The radical and the conservative must settle their differences in the light of Christ's teaching about the supreme worth of humanity. It will be clear that this also was a religious meeting, and the spirit of earnest prayer prevailed.

For variety of appeal and practical value, this two-day mission has not been surpassed. Evangelistic efforts are frequently entangled in high finance and questionable methods, which antagonize and divide; but in this united effort all objectionable features were absent. The Christian community was drawn into closer fellowship and the public was impressed in a new and vivid way.

The churches uniting in this Two-Day-Plan included the Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Christian, and Episcopal. The meeting on Monday afternoon for the sick was held in the Episcopal church, and Dr. Sheldon spoke from the pulpit, after a warm and very fitting word had been spoken by the Episcopal minister. The Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., President Parsons of Marietta College, and other religious workers also added their presence and hearty sympathy to the various meetings. There was a perfect atmosphere of interdenominational unity of spirit. The Sunday night mass meeting was held in the Baptist church building, and the Monday night meeting in the city Auditorium. The citizens generally, of all faiths, and creeds, attended the different gatherings and deepened the community feeling.

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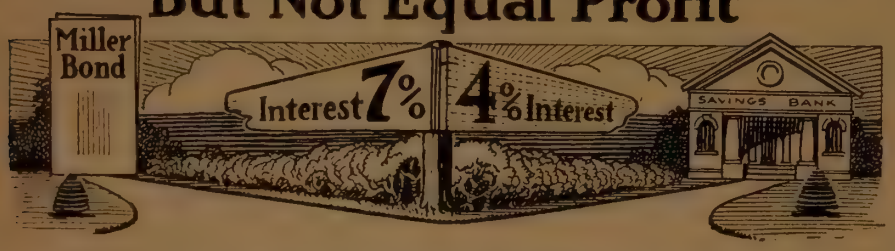

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 221

ments, strongly disapproving of the methods employed in the boundary dispute, and exerted its influence to prevent actual war. The American forces in the Canal Zone were strong enough to have suppressed easily the activities of both sides, but intervention would involve many problems and Washington desired to avoid the use of force, since it might arouse ill feeling in other Latin-American countries.

American troops were used to restore order in the Panaman capital, and rescued President Porras from a mob which was attacking the palace because he was quoted as saying it was absurd to go to war over valueless land.

Revolts in Russia Reported

PERSISTENT reports of revolutionary movements in various parts of Russia have come from the Baltic states and have revived hopes that the fall of the Bolshevist government may be not far distant. Such reports have been received so often, however, that the world is inclined to discount them, especially since there is no evidence of unity in the movements and no sign of the appearance of a leader capable of establishing a new government.

The most serious outbreak appeared to be that in Petrograd, where street battles with machine guns occurred after a public meeting of workers. Sailors sent from Kronstadt to restore order joined in the demonstrations and the rioting spread to the suburbs, with mutinies by several units of the Soveit army reported.

Communications from Russia were long delayed and the reports conflicting, one having it that the Petrograd revolt had been quelled by troops brought from the front and another that 300,000 strikers were arrayed against the Soviet forces. The Soviet trade delegation in London denied absolutely that any revolutionary movement was in progress.

The risings were attributed to the desperate food and fuel situation and were laid to involve Moscow and Southern Russia as well as Petrograd.

DOMESTIC

$13,318,542 SPENT ON ELECTION. Figures disclosed by the report of the special Senate committee on campaign expenditures showed that the two major parties spent a total of $13 318,-542 in the 1920 presidential campaign—the Republican total being $10,960,290 and the Democratic $2,358,252. Pre-convention campaigns cost Republican presidential aspirants $2,859 551 and Democrats $120,482.

THIRTY-SEVEN KILLED IN TRAIN WRECK. Thirty-seven persons were killed and one hundred injured when Michigan Central and New York Central trains, both traveling at high speed, crashed at a crossing at Porter, Ind., forty miles east of Chicago. Michigan Central officials, after an investigation, attributed the wreck to the disregard of signals by the engineer and fireman of their train.

LABOR FEDERATION FIGHTS BOLSHEVISM. The American Federation of Labor has issued in Washington a statement calling officially upon all workers to combat the spread of Bolshevism and declaring that investigations in Russia have proved Soviet rule to be a menace to the best interests of the workers.

FOREIGN

77,005,112 IN JAPANESE EMPIRE. The first census of the Japanese Empire, recently completed, showed a population of 55,961,140 in Japan proper and of 21,043,972 in Korea, Formosa and Saghalien. Tokio has 2,173,162 inhabitants and the second city of the Empire is Osaka with 1,252,972.

KING NICHOLAS DEAD. King Nicholas of Montenegro died at Antibes, France, at the age of eighty, an exile as the result of the merger of his country into the new Jugo-Slav State. He succeeded his uncle as Prince of Montenegro in 1860 and assumed the title of king in 1910.

GRAVE DISORDERS IN ITALY. A new epidemic of rioting, verging on civil war, has broken out in Italy and the casualties were numbered by the hundreds. One of the most destructive outbreaks was in Trieste, where 300 armed Communists, in reprisal for the destruction of the Trieste Labor Chamber by Nationalists, seized the great San Marco dockyard, fired it and caused a property loss of $5,000,000.

A Missionary Who Loves Adventure

"SHOW me a schoolmaster who doesn't love his boys, and I will show you one who is no use," says Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, and there you have the key to all of his work among the Labrador fishermen. He loves them and he loves the adventures of sea-faring life.

From the time he was a child his "bent has been for things of the sea." When he started on his first trip to Labrador, nearly thirty years ago, a friend asked him what deep religious emotion enabled him to accept the sacrifices and discomforts of such a venture. To which Dr. Grenfell replied that he had not considered the question of hardships at all.

"On the contrary," he said, "everything about the journey attracts me, and the preparations are an unmitigated delight. I have no lofty motives. I have always believed that the Good Samaritan went across the road to the wounded man just because he wanted to. I don't believe that he felt any sacrifice or sense of fear."

Adventures have always come to Wilfred Grenfell, because he is that sort of person. When the question of life work came up, the boy wanted adventure, and was deeply disappointed when he found that hunting tigers could not be counted upon as a means of support. In the end he decided to become a doctor because the workings of the human body were interesting.

While he was studying medicine, Wilfred Grenfell heard Moody preach and decided that following Christ was the only adventure worth while. Moody's influence set the boy to working for all he was worth and "made religion real fun—a new field brimming with opportunities."

At first he worked with a class of boys from the London slums, and then the desire for the sea took him to the fishing fleets of the North Sea, and finally to Labrador.

The first summer he was in Labrador Dr. Grenfell treated nine hundred patients, and medical work is still the "main tent" of his mission there, but there are many side shows.

Early in the action he decided that there was no use trying to heal underfed people with pills, so he set out to find ways of curing the poverty which is the cause of ricketts and tuberculosis in the north country.

One of his ventures was a chain of co-operative stores where the people might be freed from the barter system which always gave the poor trappers the worst end of the bargain. He also established a sawmill, and experimented with fox-breeding and with the introduction of reindeer into Labrador. He established a children's home, to which some of the youngsters came because they were orphans and some because they were not.

And always he traveled up and down the coast among his people—four thousand miles by boat in one summer—and on into the fall until the decks of the Stratheona were frosted like a Christmas cake. In winter he travels by dog train, or when the going is too bad for that, on foot.

Moving Day in Washington

Continued from page 218

necessary. The negro brought the chair, but Mr. Wilson spurned it, and walked, a distance of a hundred feet, to the Senate elevator that took him to the office of the President on the Senate floor. It required something like twenty minutes for Mr. Wilson to negotiate this distance and twenty-five feet more, after the Senate floor was reached.

In the Presidential office, which must ever remain in Mr. Wilson's memory because of the fact that he took the oath of office there on Sunday, March 4, four years before, the President called for the last-minute bills and resolutions that required his consideration. The bills were brought, and thirty of them were signed before he left the Capitol, still President of the United States, but with his work behind him, others counting the minutes before they would succeed.

AT THE insistence of Mrs. Wilson, who remained with her husband through the trying time at the close of the administration, and Dr. Grayson, for eight years the White House physician, the President consented to go to his new residence in S street before the oath had been administered to Mr. Harding. The President-elect, in fact, joined in the suggestion that Mr. Wilson might not be strong enough to accompany him to the Presidential stand in front of the Capitol, saying that if this were true he would understand and that there need be no feeling that he would consider failure to appear a personal slight.

"Let us leave," said Mr. Wilson, visibly tired after the most strenuous day he had passed in a year and a half.

Silently Mr. Wilson put on his overcoat and, with Mrs. Wilson on his arm, Joseph P. Tumulty, his secretary, close at hand, and others who were near to him throughout his administration at a trail, he passed from the Capitol into private life. When he left he still retained the title of President of the United States but, less than an hour later Mr. Harding, receiving the oath administered by the Chief Justice of the United States, assumed the duties of the office. At the time Mr. Wilson was at lunch with the members of his family at his new residence.

THE ceremonies in the Senate chamber were in progress in the meantime. The oath had been administered to Vice-President Coolidge, and Thomas Riley Marshall, of Indiana, the only man who ever took with good humor his election as Vice-President of the United States, was stepping out of office.

Mr. Harding, at twenty minutes after one o'clock, with the clock being set back continually to make it noon under the Constitution, came on to the inaugural stand. With him was Mr. White, the Chief Justice. Mrs. Harding and other members of the family had come to the stand a few moments before. They were waiting.

As the President-elect came down the steps the Marine Band, in a stand directly in front of that occupied by the dignitaries, struck up a march. The great audience, estimated in size at 100,000 arose, applauded.

Mr. Justice White stepped forward, in the robes of the Supreme Court, and spoke the oath which Mr. Harding repeated, phrase for phrase:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of the President of the United States and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

But Mr. Harding, in fact, bound himself to duty with two oaths of office—that administered under the Constitution and the second his own, at the close of his inaugural address. His hand uplifted to Heaven, he spoke from the Scriptures—

"'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

"This," he added, "I plight to God and country!"

Silence hung over the mighty throng for an instant; then a tremendous shout of approval went up, starting in the sections nearest the inaugural stand, but rolling back and back to the outskirts which fringed the lawn of the majestic Congressional Library half a mile away. With this President Harding bowed his acceptance of the public endorsement, retiring, with modesty to the Capitol.

TO THE public the inauguration had ended, except for the passage of the Presidential party, half an hour later, from the Capitol to the White House. The crowds lined the street again. President Harding, with Mrs. Harding at his side, rode the mile with the cavalry escort, while countless thousands again applauded. The ceremonies had closed at two o'clock and at 2.45 the new President and the members of the family were having their luncheon in the Executive Mansion.

It will be left to the editorial writers to comment on the address of the New President delivered at the inauguration. Opinion will be divided. Certainly there was no departure from the Republican position on national and international affairs as voiced by Mr. Harding during the campaign; certainly those opinions were endorsed in November by a majority which sent Mr. Harding to the White House.

So the big national show came to an end—the show held once in four years to mark the change of engineers in public affairs. It differed in outward display from the inaugurations of previous years, but not in its unbounded importance.

Washington, as a city, did not approve. It regarded the show as a one-horse circus, fallen flat without the customary all-afternoon parade, capable of drawing thousands upon thousands of a spending public to the city of Presidents.

Mr. Harding is in the White House just the same, with four years of work ahead, four important, serious years meaning much to America.

THE example set by the United States in establishing juvenile courts has now been followed by all the principal countries of Europe. Spain, the last to fall in line, has now adopted the modern viewpoint that delinquent children should not be treated as criminals, but rather as victims of adverse conditions and surroundings. In working out the details of the law Spanish authorities followed America's experience.

Under the Spanish law the children's judge is not necessarily a member of the bench. He is assisted by two advisory members appointed by the Commission for the Protection of Children. Privacy is guarded very closely in the Spanish juvenile courts; no one except probation officers is allowed in the court except by special permission, and the press is forbidden to publish any information about cases coming before such courts.

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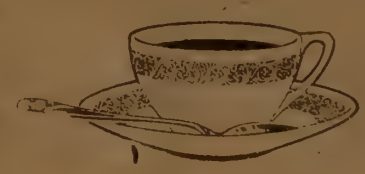

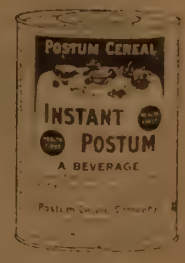

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THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

A. G. L., New Hampshire, writes: "I have been greatly interested in the discussion of the Sunday Amusement question, so vital to the interests of the Christian Church. If we take seriously what our liberal minded friends state in regard to this matter, we must infer that the boys and girls of the earlier days were most of all children most miserable, especially on Sunday afternoons. Let me state a bit of personal history. It wasn't the fashion but it was the pleasure for the young people of our neighborhood to gather, to the number of ten or fifteen, on Sunday afternoons at the home of one of their number where there was an instrument, and after a time spent in conversation, some one was escorted to the instrument. A few lively chords, calculated to stimulate the musical pulse of the company, soon brought every one to his feet and the singing began. Not the cheap ragtime stuff of the present day, in which there is neither life nor sense nor music, but those good old Gospel songs and hymns in which there are harmony and pathos and power. In this way the afternoon passed, and at six o'clock we broke up to meet again a little later in one of the churches, where every one took part, at least in the singing. As we sit here in this quiet, rural New Hampshire town, and meditate upon the widespread effort that is going on to break down the Lord's day, I wonder if the young people are, after all, getting any more out of life in these days than we did sixty years ago! And then, again, I wonder if, when the shadows begin to gather about those who are now young and they find time to meditate, they will realize something of what Paul meant when he said: 'Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that will he also reap.'"

C. T. H., Virginia. 1. The apostles remained in Jerusalem, awaiting the fulfilment of the promise in Acts 1 : 8, which fulfilment came on the day of Pentecost. 2. There is no records of their ever having been all imprisoned simultaneously. 3. Beyond the Bible account in Genesis and the writings of Josephus, Berosus and a few others who gave the traditional records, there is no authentic source of information concerning the ark. 4. The genealogical lines of descent from Shem, Ham and Japheth can be found in any good Bible encyclopedia.

Interested Reader, Pueblo, Colo. The whole question of Jerusalem and the world war can not yet be dealt with in its relation to prophecy. The present period is regarded as a "time of fulfilment," and students of prophecy are giving it their most serious consideration. Some of the best articles on the subject you will find in the book entitled, "Light on Prophecy," published recently by the Christian Herald.

W. E. L., La Mesa, Calif., writes: "Is it inconsistent to think there was on earth, intelligent animal life in the form of man, long before God breathed the breath of His own life into man, and he, man, became a 'living soul'—a soul that lived in the same sense in which God lived? May not many of the works of prehistoric man, which men of today are uncovering, be the works of those unkissed-of-God animal men. Perhaps the Nephilim of the sixth chapter of Genesis?"

The suggestion is purely speculative, since even the most painstaking, scholarly investigation throws little light on the nephilim. The very meaning of the word is in dispute, some holding that they were giants, and others that they were fallen angels or their descendants, while a third class of investigators holds that there were two kinds of nephilim, the first, the originals (who some writers believe may have been fallen angels), and the second, their progeny (See Gen. 6:1–6) who were living contemporaneously, being a huge, unruly generation, lawless, and having no past to brood over to regret. We get the Bible setting by reading the chapter mentioned. These nephilim, however, were not pre-Adamites. Long before their appearance, man had received "a living soul," and there had been a long line of patriarchs from Adam to Seth. One authority says: "The nephilim, assuming them to be intelligent beings, had been either born in rebellion against God, or had at least grown up in ungodly, lawless ways. It is reasonable to assume that they realized their sin, but were so wholly given over to it that they defied both God and man, and were hopeless. This seems to be conclusively shown in Gen. 4 : 5 and 6. If they had been mere animals, 'without understanding, as the beasts,' the record in Genesis would have been altogether different. Whatever their origin they were degraded, sin-besotted, and so thoroughly wedded to wickedness that they may be said to have 'forgotten God'—a condition which always points toward ultimate destruction."

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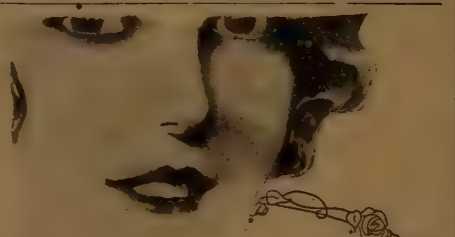

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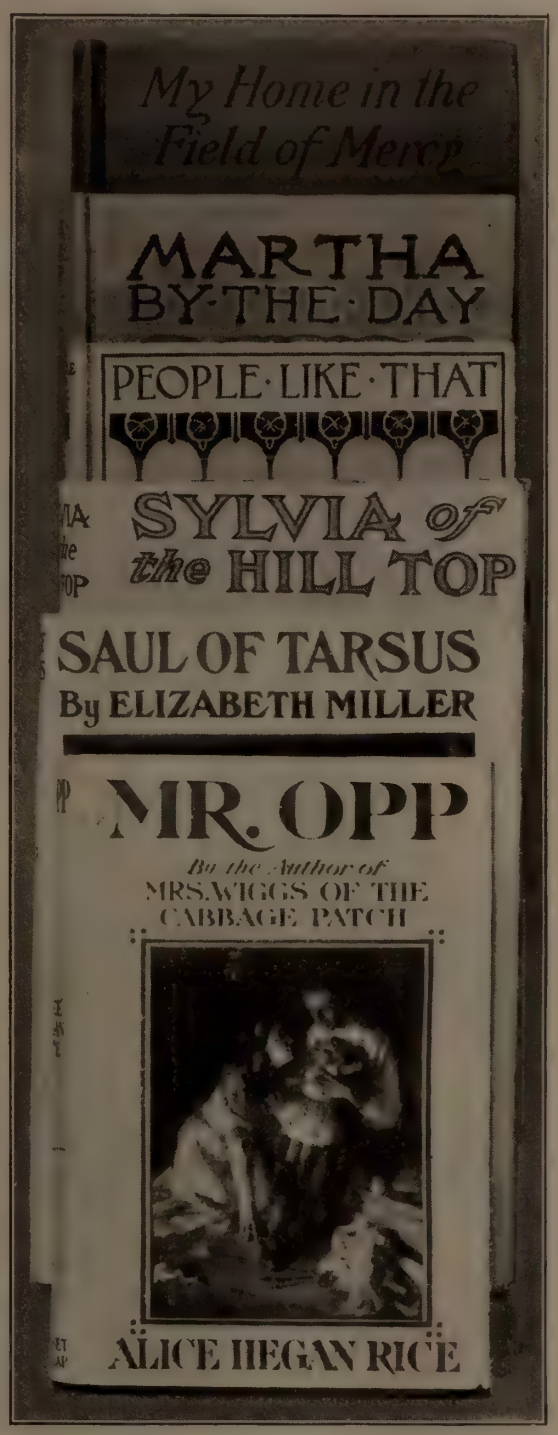

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Around Old Chester

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A collection of stories about Old Chester folks is welcomed the country over. Doubtless, readers of Mrs. Deland's original volume of "Old Chester Tales" would declare that Old Chester, thanks to her loving descriptions of it, is the most real of all fictional towns. In these seven tales many of the well-known characters—the beloved Dr. Lavendar, Willie King, and others re-appear. There are seven tales in the book full of Old Chester sentiment.

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The Rose in the Ring

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The Maid of the Whispering Hills

By Vingie E. Roe

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By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell

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A Cry in the Wilderness

By Mary E. Waller

Much of the success of Miss Waller's writing is due to her comprehension of life and her insight into character. She is also gifted with the rather rare power of imparting her thoughts without sacrificing their vitality or individuality "A Cry in the Wilderness" is a novel with a plot, and the touch of mystery persists to the end

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By Jennette Lee

In Aunt Jane Mrs. Lee has created a real character, essentially human, and full of human philosophy. She is in charge of an endowed hospital. In her province she is a real despot—but always a benevolent one. Everybody adores her and depends upon her utterly in every emergency. Her delayed love story is charmingly told as is the main romance of the two young people in the book.

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Robinetta

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The authors have given us another delightful love story with an old-world setting. A plum tree and a little old woman form the nucleus around which are gathered the rest of the people and the plot. The exquisite irrepressible youth of Robinetta herself gives the tale freshness and buoyancy.

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It tells the story of two young men who went forth from their village to the swifter life of the city, one to prosper, one to fall upon evil ways. At last two Christmas cards brought them both back to the old village, one to find peace and new courage: the other to find his help-mate.

Charming full-page illustrations in color, decorative drawings in black and white, drawn entirely in keeping with the spirit of Mrs. Wiggin's story.

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By Basil King

This story is filled with characters so real we feel we have known them somewhere. The scene is laid altogether in America, in a town with conditions that are typical of places where later generations of families, who have started as equals, find themselves at opposite ends of the social scale.

Belinda of the Red Cross

By Robert W. Hamilton

A vivid and absorbing love story, Belinda is an American trained nurse, the central figure in a strong, patriotic and uplifting book. Grim humor is mixed with keenest pathos. Belinda is a character to be remembered long after the great war is a thing of the past. She is truly human, and therefore truly lovable.

Open, Sesame

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Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, who won her laurels writing pure romance, says of her work "I am a story teller pure and simple."

In "Open, Sesame" she has portrayed Ismay Waldron, and her swift, poignant friendship with Hammond, the American boy whom she met in an old French chateau. She is the heroine of the title story, and a promise of what the other stories achieve in the line of mystery and adventure.

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Ma McGaha plowing in order to have her "likeness took." And, after all the trouble, only a scant half of Queen Hester is visible. In the background is the McGaha home

The People Who Hid for 200 Years

A Glimpse at Life in the Back-Country of Our Southern Mountains

By WILLARD PRICE

IN FAR lands I have seen various queens. But it was necessary to come back to the home land to find the most interesting one of all—Queen Hester of North Carolina.

Royalty that can read and write is common enough. Queen Hester can neither read nor write. But she has other accomplishments. She can ride a steer, she can spit fifteen feet and she can shout a mile. And she is a dangerous shot if any marauder comes prowling about the log cabin which serves her as a palace.

Those who imagine that I am writing about a fictitious person may address Welch Galloway, the mountaineer lawyer of Brevard, N. C., who accompanied me on a horseback journey through the mountains, and he will tell them that Queen Hester McGaha is a very real girl and that that is her real name. Yet she will never learn from this periodical or from any letter that I have used her name, for one reason, because she cannot read, and for another, because the McGahas in their mountain retreat receive no mail, not being able to afford a mail-box.

Her grandmother named her. I understand that there are also numerous Queen Victorias in the mountains, but surely none of them can approach Queen Hester, at least in the accomplishments mentioned.

When our horses, lathered with foam from their climb to the mountain-top, had been tied to an apple tree before the cabin and a savage dog had announced our arrival by growls, the Queen approached from the pig-pen, royally seated upon a pet steer. Ma McGaha followed and the two greeted the "furriners." We were ushered into the windowless cabin which was, however, well ventilated and lighted by at least fifty chinks between the logs.

The interior was furnished with a huge, lumpy bed which looked as if it would feel like a relief map of the Alleghenies, a spinning-wheel, a rough-hewn table, a great mole for splitting wooden rails, and a brilliant rattle-snake skin.

Detecting a camera, Ma McGaha immediately wished to have her "likeness took" plowing. Returning to the yard, Ma and Queen Hester hitched Bill, the versatile little steer, to the plow, fastening ropes to his horns with which to guide the animal. The furrow cut by that plow contained as many curves as those described by a cowboy's lasso.

The required "likeness" was "took"—also a picture of Queen Hester. She is a barbaric, wildly beautiful girl with her flashing, even teeth, her quick smile and abundant vitality. If well gowned and schooled she would be a veritable "queen." But she is twenty-one years old and has never spent a single day in school. The dress she wore she sheared from the sheep's back with her own hand, carded, spun and wove it, and cut it out by a homemade pattern. She has never seen a store pattern. Railroads and automobiles are unknown to her and when a piano was mentioned she asked, in all seriousness:

"What is a piano?"

A student in the Asheville Farm School, with one of the products of his studies

WHO are these people, cast high and dry upon lonesome mountain tops by the sea of civilization, like castaways on remote islands?

Go to London, England, with a camera and you will be besieged by small boys who will plead to have their "likeness took" and will use many other expressions identical with those used by the mountain folk of our South. What is the explanation?

Back in the eighteenth century the Southern pilgrim fathers crossed the sea. Those who remained on the lowlands near the coast progressed with the progress of the times. Those who penetrated the Appalachian mountains and succeeded in getting through them to the fertile plains on the other side, have also progressed, their habits and ideas changing with the changing times. But there were some who got as far as the mountains and then an axle-tree broke down—or one of the party became ill—or they fell in love with the dreamy blue haze and the woods and the hills. They stopped in the mountains.

Shut away from the world, imprisoned in the glorious freedom of the land of the sky, they have known nothing of the movements of men. The speech and habits of another land have remained. Civilization stopped with them. If you wish to see a cross-section of the eighteenth century alive in the twentieth, visit the back-country of our Southern mountains.

At one time pioneer America was the land of the log cabin. Now America is the land of brick, stone and steel. But in Appalachia the pioneer log cabin remains unchanged since the days of the pilgrims. One room. A great stone fireplace. Perhaps a single glassless window with a pig under it on the outside to serve as a sort of animated garbage pail to which anything may be thrown that is not wanted in the cabin.

VERY often there are no windows at all. A young man who had been out to see the world came back to his mountain home.

"Here!" he said. "We ought to have windows in this house," and he proceeded to cut them in. The family looked on passively.

When he had gone, the family became active. "What's the use of having these holes to let in the wind?" they said, and they boarded them all up.

Then there is the occasional mountaineer who can't be bothered building a permanent cabin at all. For him, moving is a simple matter.

"When I move," said one, "all I hatter do is to put out the fire and call the dog."

Even in the smallest cabins there are sometimes so many children that it is difficult to find names for them all. In one family "The Last 'Un" was the only name carried by a child eight months old.

"Pearl, bring me the Last 'Un," called the mother, who complained to me that she didn't know what to call the last baby. She had enough plain names in the family and wanted something a shade more fancy, but she had been through the seed catalog three times and couldn't find a thing that suited her. She had rather taken a liking to "Chrysanthemum" but Pa had laughed at it, saying it was too long a name to yell when The Last 'Un started crawling out on the log over the creek. The child would be in the creek before Ma could ever get the "mum" out.

The Domestic Art classes in the schools train the girls from the mountains to do the actual work of remaking furniture so as to render their homes attractive

The oldest son, worldly wise because he had been to France in the great war, suggested "Joy" as a name which might meet the demands of both parents. Ma admitted it was "fancy." Pa cared little for it, but did grant that it would yell easy—properly shouted it could be heard yon side of Stone Mountain.

"Well," said the son, "what more do you want? It's a fancy name and it yells easy."

A name that will "yell easy" is of no slight importance in this country of far-stretching mountain slopes and valleys.

IN ANOTHER cabin, too small for its family, the visitor was invited to stay all night. He furtively looked around for a bed, and saw none. Hanging on the wall, however, was a mattress. The cabin, measuring only ten feet by twelve, was too small to accommodate a bedstead. When bed-time came the chairs were cleared out of the way and the mattress was laid on the floor. The candidates for sleep undressed in the yard, removing outer clothes only, each one hanging his garments on a separate limb of the cherry tree.

Then all lay down on the mattress —crosswise —for there would not have been room for all lying lengthwise. The visitor lay next the fireplace; then the boy; then a space was left for father who was coming late; then mother; then small daughter; then grown daughter. Six on one bed.

At about two A. M. something got after the chickens. Father called to grown daughter to get up and see. She climbed over the others and went out.

When she returned, father said: "Hit's no use tryin' to go sleep again. Let's all git up."

The visitor did not savor the suggestion; but all got up and adjourned to the open-air wardrobe at the cherry tree. The mattress was rehung and a pine torch was lighted. That home possessed only one book, "The Royal Path of Life," but none of the family could read it. This was their chance in a lifetime to learn the contents of the book, and by delicate hints, for even the roughest mountaineer has inborn delicacy, they pressed the visitor into service. From two-thirty to six A. M., by the light of a burning torch, he read to an absolutely rapt audience.

THE hunger of the mountaineers for an "eddication" is pathetic. The public schools cannot satisfy that hunger, for they are too few and far between, and the few schools which do exist are usually open only during the summer months. Hence the urgent need for mission schools. The schools conducted by various denominations in the Southern highlands are doing a work of practical Christian education which I have not seen surpassed anywhere in the world. And the students in these schools mean business. Most of them work their way through on their own resources.

Think of a primary pupil fifteen years old! Yet many of the mountain young people are that age before they have an opportunity to get their first day's schooling.

Unable to use a knife and fork, never having seen a doll, knowing none of the things that surround most young people, a girl of fifteen applied for an education. She was unable to walk up and down the stairs in the school building without falling—a common difficulty among the mountaineers since there are no stairs in their cabins. But, given the opportunity, she developed into a leader, won the prize in debate, took honors in her studies and is now a graceful and accomplished young woman about to graduate from an Eastern college.

A boy clad in a tight little coat and tight-fitting homespun breeches reaching half-way below his

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That Cry of "Personal Liberty"

What It Means in Connection with the Eighteenth Amendment

By HENRY IRVING DODGE

THE dog still bays the moon and the fool continues to lift up his voice and shout against the tempest. But neither moon nor tempest is perturbed. For the dog is only a dog and the fool is only a fool. Prohibition, procured by a vast preponderance of American sentiment—make no mistake about that, for the wily legislators who ratified it did so with their ears to the ground—and confirmed by the Supreme Court, is here to stay. Yet the voice of the fool still cries in the land: "They have taken away my personal liberty and I will not be comforted." Isn't that funny when you come to think of it—when you really think of it?

What is this personal liberty certain persons claim is theirs by right, guaranteed them by the Constitution? Is it the kind the framers of that great, beneficent, basic document intended? Does it, as presently used, mean personal liberty to be decent, industrious, enterprising, thrifty? Does it mean the exercise of a decent regard for the rights of other persons? Does it mean to be useful, law-abiding, patriotic? Does it mean the right to be happy and to promote the happiness of others? To advance towards a higher civilization? To protect our children and our women? To be constructive? To do unto others—especially in the matter of not infringing upon their rights—as we would be done by?

Don't let us deceive ourselves or permit the noise of the mourners to deceive us. Personal liberty, in its present sense, doesn't mean any one of the foregoing things. In fact, it might properly be defined as the right to degrade, debauch, violate, corrupt, impair, intrude on, pull down, the right to reduce one's self from the image of Divinity to a gross and imbecile thing.

Personal liberty, in regard to the Eighteenth Amendment, is nothing but a camouflage for personal license, a camouflage worn so thin that even a baby in long clothes might recognize the disgusting spectre it seeks so feebly to hide.

THE Constitution guarantees the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to all men—*all* men, mark you. That means that one man shall be protected against another man who would impair his liberty—or it means nothing at all. Now, why did Uncle Sam guarantee such a right to anybody? Was his purpose a beneficent or a wicked one? Did he mean to build up his people or tear them down? Let's give the old gentleman the benefit of the doubt, allow that he was constructive in intent. On that ground then there is no such thing as personal liberty —as used by the wailers. Bloomingdale and Sing Sing are full of men who are wailing about having been robbed of their personal liberty. Men who have incited to arson and sedition—now in prison—claim they have been deprived of the inalienable right of free speech. Inalienable—it is to laugh—another ludicrously overworked word. There's no such thing as inalienable right or inalienable anything else. The word has no business in the language.

Let us examine the moral basis of this so-called personal liberty claim. Every drinker is a potential lunatic. Make no mistake about that. Now, here's the inconsistency of the plea of the wailer: we put a lunatic in a strong room, guard and restrain him by strong men trained in the business of rough-house work, but a drunkard we turn loose in a family of small children, thrust a wolf into the lamb-pen. That is the greatest crime, mark me, of which a so-called civilized community has ever been guilty. For no words can describe the terror suffered by the children of the drunkard, who is liable to come home at any moment and torture them, an apprehension that is never free from the consciousness of the little ones. Many of us parlor Pharisees, parlor patriots, brag of the security of our own children, and in the same breath complain of the act of strong men and women who have deprived fiends of their personal liberty to degrade and torture other—unprotected —children.

We claim that no man shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. We carry this to the extent of assigning counsel, at the expense of the county, to the meanest man that ever stood at the bar. That's the personal liberty we grant him. Then, in the same breath, we condemn the child to starvation and the things that come in its wake, as surely as the night follows the day —crime, disgrace, prison, and possibly the chair. And we do it by granting his father the personal liberty to get drunk, make a lunatic of himself. That's the way the baby pays for the personal liberty society vouchsafes the father.

Doesn't that make personal liberty a horrid, ghastly joke? And the contention of the wailers is so shallow, so diaphanous, so absurd, that one wonders that even the hard-pressed rum interests ever had the audacity, the cheek, to resort to it. Now, by all justice and by the intent of the framers of the Constitution, the public never had any right to barter the child's liberty—a thing it didn't own—for the father's, and which it did barter because the old man had a vote.

LOOKING at the question from the low plane of economy, no man was ever entitled to the personal liberty that would put him in a condition to starve a child, maim it, make it a burden on the community. For does the Constitution give any man individually the right to impose a burden upon another man—a part of the community—make him contribute to the support of his children—and without due process of law? The economic as well as the moral ramifications of this question of personal liberty spread out in all directions, mix up with and are interwoven through the whole social fabric. Does personal liberty mean the right for a man, by drinking, to put himself in a condition not to render to his employer the adequate service for which he receives compensation? Doesn't that come pretty close to giving him the personal liberty to pick his employer's pocket?

Does personal liberty to the drinking man include the right to indulge in all kinds of vices? For that's what he does. Make no mistake about that. Does personal liberty to the drinker include the right to make a nuisance of himself? The other night in a bootblack stand sat five men, all quiet, attending to their own business. Suddenly entered a drunken man and by his blatant, drivelling profanity and obscenity made life a burden to the others, for the time being. The personal liberty of one was paid for by the personal liberty of five. How often is the personal liberty of a whole carload of persons sacrificed to the personal liberty of one drunken rowdy? Does that seem equitable?

In a word, is the booze fighter the only one whose personal liberty must be guarded so tenderly? The drinker has had personal liberty for a great many years. Why not let the people enjoy it for a while?

But the soap-box echoes from the publicity department of the rum interests and from parlor patriots are still heard in the land. The people are told the Constitution guaranteed them certain rights. Very good. But the Constitution has been changed—and by a vast majority of the people. Make no mistake about that.

But the dog still bays the moon.

The Boy Problem Walks In

And How It Is Entertained

By A MERE MAN

SEVERAL weeks ago the Christian Herald published a delightful article, "When a Problem Walked In," telling how the difficulties of keeping up the home when Mother was ill were met by "A Mere Man." The writer was a man well known throughout the country but who preferred that the intimate picture of his home life should remain anonymous. Here is another of his discussions of home problems even more readable than the first.

YOU may possibly remember that a little while ago, I related a part of my experience in entertaining the Housekeeping Problem. I found very soon after that, when my wife had recovered her health, that there were other Problems in the Home, and the one I am going to tell about now, if you are willing to listen to it, is the Boy Problem.

The Boy in our home is a fine boy, if I do say it, and he has never given us much anxiety until lately. He is just beginning his college course, after finishing High School with credit, and we were proud of him because he was so steady and had such a good record in his studies. In fact, I was so absorbed in my business, making my $3,500 a year, that I think I sort of let the Boy's Mother have most of the responsibility of bringing him up in the straight and narrow way.

But one evening, when the children were out of the house (you remember, perhaps, I told you we have two boys and a girl, the younger boy in High school with his sister) and I had settled down with a new novel, a good detective story, my wife said, as she looked over the sitting-room table at me, "I'm getting worried about the Boy."

We have always called the older son "Boy" because his full name is Boynton, and his schoolmates have shortened it up.

I dropped my book on the table and said, "What's the matter?"

"He is beginning to smoke."

"Smoke! How do you know?" (I had almost said "Holy" smoke, but my wife cured me of slang several years ago. Sometime I will tell you how she did it.)

"He told me."

MY WIFE said it so calmly that I did not detect the fact that she was on the verge of tears.

"How long has he been smoking?" I asked, because the Boy had virtually promised me that he would not smoke until he was twenty-one, and he was only just a little over nineteen.

"I don't know, but he confessed to me this morning that he had acquired the habit at the college smoker, and that nearly every student in his class smoked."

"Cigarettes?" I asked, getting angrier every minute.

"A pipe!" my wife said, and with the word she suddenly broke down and began to weep.

My wife cries so seldom that I almost felt as if the end of the world had come. I tried to comfort her, and said a number of foolish things such as the average man says to his wife when he doesn't know just what to say to her. But in spite of all I could think of, she seemed quite depressed.

"I feel so disappointed," she said as she finally wiped her tears away. "I did so want him to keep from this habit. And he knows how I feel. Yet it does not seem to make any difference."

"Wait till he gets home. I'll have it out with him!" I said, perhaps a little sternly. For at that, his mother spoke up as if alarmed.

"Don't be too severe on him. I'm sure he wants to please us generally."

"Oh, well, I won't overdo it. But I don't like the habit and I don't want him to contract it."

"Perhaps,'—my wife said timidly, and then stopped.

"Perhaps what?" I asked as I picked up my book again.

BUT my wife did not say what, and it was only after she went up-stairs and I stayed below to wait up for the Boy that I thought I knew what she meant. I kept thinking it over as I read the detective story, until finally I threw the book down on the table, out of patience with it because it seemed to me that any one could write a better story without half trying. And so I sat there until the Boy came in, a little late, for the younger ones had returned from their school entertainment some time before and had gone up-stairs. So the Boy and I had it out all alone.

"Good-night, father," he said as he started straight for the stairs after hanging up his hat in the hall.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I want to have a little talk with you."

He looked scared at that, but he came in and sat down by the table. I kept trying to remember what his mother had said about not being too severe with him, but I expect I seemed rather stern to the Boy, for acting on a habit I have, I came straight to the subject.

"I understand you have taken to smoking. Didn't you tell me you would wait until you were twenty-one before you began?"

"No, father, I did not make a promise. I said I would try to wait. And I have tried; but what's the use when all the fellows smoke? I don't want to be queer, and unsocial. And smoking is the rule at all the college functions, at least nearly all of them."

"But you know your mother doesn't like it. She is pretty much upset by it."

"I know" The Boy seemed real concerned about that. "I told her about it. And I don't smoke very much, and not at all in my room."

"But you smoke a pipe." I said, getting a little warm over it. "Have you got it with you? Let me see it!"

HE TOOK it promptly out of his pocket and handed it over. I took it and said before I thought, "It is just like the one I used—," and then I stopped and eyed the Boy severely, as I laid the pipe, a short and black affair, down on the table.

"Where have you been smoking tonight?" I asked to bring the conversation back to the original subject.

"At the Y. smoker," the Boy said.

"Do you mean that the Y. has a smoker?"

"They always have one at the social meetings." And he added, "I used to be almost the only fellow at the Y. that did not smoke, and that's one reason I began. I don't see any great harm, father, and besides—you——"

"Well, go on, what about me?"

"*You* smoke," the Boy said, and his look went straight as a drawn line from his eye to my upper left-hand vest pocket out of which stuck two cigars.

"But not a dirty pipe."

"But you just said you used——"

"That was years ago when I was in the University," I said without thinking. And then, before the Boy could say any more I went on. "We won't argue the matter. Your mother does not like it, and I think it is a bad habit for you. I want you to quit right now. No more smoking."

For the first time in his life I thought the Boy looked at me sullenly and defiantly. He rose, and reached out his hand to take the pipe off the table, but I covered it with my hand.

"Leave it here," I said shortly. "We will finish this talk in the morning. Go to bed and sleep off your feeling."

The Boy went away without saying good-night, which hurt me, because it was the first time.

BUT after I heard him close his door, I sat by the table thinking. And the more I thought the less I thought—of myself. I began to finish that sentence, that my wife had begun when she had said so timidly "perhaps——"

I sat up pretty late that night, but when I came down-stairs next morning, after a not very sound sleep, I called the Boy into the library and asked my wife to come with him.

I laid the Boy's pipe down on the library table and then I laid the two cigars down by the side of it. And looking at the Boy's mother as much as at him I said, "I want to make a straight bargain with you about the smoking business."

"With me?" said my wife.

"Well, yes, with you and the Boy. I will give up smoking cigars if you will give up smoking a pipe. What do you say?"

The Boy's eye sparkled, and he jumped to his feet.

"You don't mean it, do you, Dad?"

"I never meant anything more in my life. The habit is a bad one, and I cannot afford it."

"Then it's a bargain," said the Boy, and with the word he reached out for the pipe and threw it with all his might down into the fireplace. It was a cheap imitation briar made of some brittle stuff that went into small pieces. I shook hands with the Boy somewhat dramatically, and was about to sneak out of the room, but if I remember rightly, at that point my wife pulled my head down (she is very short, and I am very tall) and kissed me hard. "I thought, perhaps, if you would do that—" she whispered.

BUT only a little while after the smoke problem was disposed of satisfactorily the Boy's mother came to me with another one, and this time it *was* serious. It was another evening when we happened to be alone. I glanced up from something I was reading, and the Boy's mother was looking mighty worried.

"Do you know what the Boy has done, now?" she said.

"No, he hasn't robbed a bank, has he?"

"It's almost as bad," she said. "He's fallen in love!"

"In love!" I said just as if I had never heard the word before. "Whom with?"

"Ah, that is what makes it a problem. She is one of the silly little things in college; the last girl I would have chosen for the Boy!"

"Leave them to me!" I said somewhat shortly. "He can't ruin his career over some silly girl! The idea! Why, he's only nineteen!"

"But," said my wife timidly, "You were only nineteen when we——"

"But that was different," I said decidedly. "You let me attend to the Boy."

So at the first convenient opportunity I confronted the Boy with this new problem.

"I want to talk with you about this—this girl business," I said to him one evening when we were alone.

The Boy straightened right up and looked defiant.

"This is a matter of life and death to me, Dad. You must not interfere."

"Are you engaged to her?" I asked after a pause.

"No, not yet. But we are thinking it over."

"I don't want to interfere with your affairs, but will you promise me to do certain things which are perfectly reasonable?"

The Boy hesitated a moment, but the confidence he had shown in me since the smoke problem won the day and he said, frankly, "Yes, if they are reasonable."

"Well, then, I want you honestly to do this. I don't know this girl, but your mother seems to, and she is worried. All I want you to do is to put these things into your mind and watch. And you needn't tell me anything. Let your mother know. Be honest now. First, does this girl dress modestly at the college and elsewhere? Second, does she use slang when she talks to you and other boys? Third, does she belong to a church or Sunday school and go to them? Fourth, what kind of shows and movies does she prefer to go to? Fifth, is she willing to have you get her the most expensive candy and flowers, or does she tell you to be more economical out of your allowance?"

I thought at first the Boy was going to explode. But he seemed to pull himself together, and held out his hand to meet mine.

"It's a bargain?"

"Yes, Dad," he said, and he said it soberly.

My wife wanted to know what I had said to the Boy, but I preferred not to tell her. "You wait, and see what he says. We made a bargain and I believe he will be honest about it," I said. And being a very wise and unusual woman she did not ask me anything more.

BUT a few weeks after, she came to me with a smile on her face that reminded me of the time when I was nineteen myself.

"The Boy has waked up from his dream about that girl," she said. "He is disgusted with her and the engagement is impossible. He says he has discovered that she is immodest in her dress, uses slang when talking to boys, never goes to Sunday school and seldom to church, prefers movies that are exciting and sometimes questionable, and never remonstrates with him for buying expensive flowers and candy from his pocket allowance. He says he is done with her, and you can't imagine how happy I am. What a tragedy if such a girl had come into our family!"

"Yes, indeed!" I said humbly.

"I wonder what you said to the Boy," my wife suddenly said.

"Yes, I wonder."

"As for me," she said, "I don't know what you said to the Boy. But I prayed that he might not make the mistake of his life. And my prayer was answered."

And I am wondering ever since whether I had anything to do with solving the Boy Problem after all. For I am only a mere man. But his Mother—

The Editorial Forum

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Ready to Do Our Share

IT IS a substantial public service that has been rendered by United States Senator Spencer in preparing and submitting for the consideration of Congress a tabulated statement of the cost of the world war to all the nations. Accepting it as approximately accurate, one can not refrain from amazement at the staggering totals which the Senator submits in the following table, as showing world conditions on January 1:

	Gross Cost	*Credit Indemnity*	*Final Loss*
United States ..	$44,173,948,225	$2,300,000,000	$41,873,948,225
Britain .	51,052,634,000	9,850,000,000	41,202,634,000
France..	54,272,915,000	16,000,000,000	38,272,915,000
Italy ...	18,680,847,000	3,500,000,000	15,180,847,000
Belgium.	8,174,731,000	5,700,000,000	2,474,731,00
China ..	565,376,000	100,000,000	465,376,000
Japan ..	481,018,000	250,000,000	231,818,000
Total	$177,402,269,225	$37,700,000,000	$139,702,269,225

Entering further into details, the Senator shows that the ultimate loss, even under the best conditions, will far exceed these figures. As consequential losses we must include pensions, civilian damages and various war costs which can not yet be computed, and these together will swell the grand total by many millions. Our own final losses he estimates at $41,873,948,225 and of Japan $231,818,000.

More than twenty years have passed since the famous Russian statistician, Jean de Bloch, wrote his book, "The War of the Future," in which he warned the world against the next great conflict, which he predicted would bankrupt all the nations involved. Many have claimed that the influence of that book so impressed the then Czar, and ultimately other rulers, that it led indirectly to the organization of The Hague Court and the World Peace Tribunal, to which some thirty nations were signatories. This prediction has been fulfilled almost literally. The war left ruin and bankruptcy in its wake over half the world. Now, the problem before the nations is to find a way to world peace by the establishment of a more authoritative body than The Hague Tribunal, and organized on practical lines. The figures submitted by Senator Spencer form the strongest possible argument for a reduction of armaments, and this should be the immediate problem for the new administration.

In his inaugural address, President Harding set forth the national desire "to participate in any seemly program likely to lessen the probability of war, and to promote that brotherhood of mankind which must be God's highest conception of human relationship." This expresses accurately the hope of the whole nation, and we trust it may be realized. He recognized the new order of things, and declared that we are ready to associate ourselves with the nations in council and confidence, to find a way to bring about disarmament and to reduce the frightful expense of supporting armies and navies. This he believes should be accomplished through mediation, conciliation and arbitration. He believes we should heartily unite, taking care, however, always to preserve our national sovereignty.

This leaves the way open for America to do her share in the great world-task, not in a servile way, but as a directing influence.

"Main Street"

THIS is the title of a book which is receiving a great deal of notice from critics and reviewers. One extravagant review says that it is the greatest book of the century. Another says that it is a perfect description of the average small Western town. Still another says the book marks an epoch in describing the struggle of women towards domestic freedom.

This is not a book notice, but a frank expression of real good old-fashioned indignation that a book which has received and is still receiving most fulsome praise should contain the most untrue and distorted picture of a minister and a minister's wife that a novelist could possibly draw. And it raises the question, at least among people who have been raised among church folks in the average Western town, why is it that so many novelists of the present time persist in drawing pictures of ministers and ministers' wives which are absolutely false and misleading? They are like the pictures seen in so many films where ministers are so often held up to ridicule, and caricatured as narrow-minded bigots. Do such ministers really exist? And are they really a type of the sort to be found in the average small town in the West?

After an experience of over thirty years in the West, meeting ministers of many denominations, in very small towns, the writer cannot recall ever seeing any one who in the remotest degree resembled the minister and the minister's wife as pictured in the book called "Main Street." The average minister in the small town out West is generally far above the average in the matter of intelligence and culture and breadth of theology and in the expression of it in his sermons and addresses.

It may be that this book, which has received such unbounded praise from critics and reviewers, is all that they say it is in the matter of a frank picture of a raw, gossipy, crude, self-satisfied, narrow-minded, materialistic town, characteristic of a new country. But it is also true that the church and the minister, as depicted in the book, are as absolutely unknown to the Western town as if they had been created, not out of an imagination which has no basis for its pictures, but from the distorted ignorance of a writer who could not possibly know from experience the real ministers and the real ministers' families, who, more than any other factor, have moulded the characters and shaped the destinies of more of the people in the town than any other people who live in it.

We are getting very tired, some of us who have known ministers and church people all our lives, of the distorted and false characters in novels which the novelist calls ministers. It is an insult to the Church and a denial of the facts to give such impressions to the reading public.

The Films Coming Under Control

IT IS becoming evident that the nation-wide movement for clean films, of which the Christian Herald has been the outstanding advocate, is at last beginning to bear fruit. We lately announced the action of the Lasky Corporation in deciding to bar objectionable films from its productions. This step has been followed by a declaration from the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry announcing its decision to establish a "definite and concrete plan which will insure against the production of questionable films, and will prevent the exploitation of pictures in a manner offensive to good taste." Governor Miller of New York has joined the crusade, and has demanded a strong moving picture censorship in the Empire State. The best censorship, however, would be the vigilant watchfulness of the public and especially the churches. Any official body of censors is apt to become mere political job-holders.

It is understood that the reforms which the National Association has in view will be drastic and far-reaching, drawing the line firmly at all films dealing with sex plays, white slavery, commercialized vice, gambling and drinking, and giving warning that any member of the organization refusing to uphold the authorities and to carry out the proposed reforms to the utmost extent, will be subjected to expulsion from the Association membership. Outlaw concerns which may persist in offending will soon find themselves out of business.

We are glad to note that the churches are awakening to the opportunity for a real national film reform, and are beginning to co-operate with the agencies now at work for that end. At a three days' conference of ministers and lay workers, held recently in the Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago, the question of adapting motion pictures to their religious recreational program, was freely discussed. It was admitted that most of the films now offered are unsuitable; but the point was made that there are several film exchanges that are now beginning to realize this, and to furnish pictures suited to this special need. Rev. Geo. Wales King, of St. Louis, said the kind of pictures shown in the average "movie" in St. Louis, he regarded as totally unfit. Pictures are shown there which would not be tolerated in Pennsylvania or Ohio, where there is a rigid and systematic public oversight. More hopeful was the statement by a Chicago pastor, Rev. Geo. J. Searles, who outlined a regular Friday afternoon film program in his parish which gave general satisfaction, the film exchange using special care in meeting the needs. Every Friday the program was begun with a short devotional service and the pictures that followed were in harmony with the spirit of the gathering.

One of the delegates estimated that about 5,000 churches in many states are now using films on week days, the pictures being selected especially with a view to their effect upon the young. The Church is rousing itself to offset the evil lure of the film, and transform it into an aid to religion and morals. As the film has doubtless come to stay, it must be purified until it is made thoroughly clean and unobjectionable, as well as entertaining and instructive. The corporations now recognize this and they must ultimately yield to the demand for a legitimate censorship. And the Church owes it as a duty, not only to its own immediate parishes, but to the whole nation, and especially to the young, to address itself to this task of purification.

The President's Inaugural

THE following sentences from President Harding's Inaugural address are worth reading by all American citizens who did not read it, and worth a second reading by all those who did. These sentences might have been spoken from any number of Christian pulpits in the United States:

"We sense the feeling of the human heart for fellowship, fraternity and co-operation. We crave friendship and harbor no hate."

"We are ready to associate ourselves with the nations of the world, great and small, for conference, for counsel, to seek the expressed views of world opinion, to recommend a way to approximate disarmament and relieve the crushing burdens of military and naval establishments."

"America is ready to encourage, eager to initiate, anxious to participate in any seemly program likely to lessen the probability of war and promote that brotherhood of mankind which must be God's highest conception of human relationship."

"We hold no national prejudice, we entertain no spirit of revenge, we do not hate, we do not covet, we dream of no conquest nor boast of armed prowess."

"With the nation-wide induction of womanhood into our political life we may count upon her intuitions, her refinement, her intelligence and her influence to exalt the social order. We count upon her exercise of the full privileges and the performance of duties of citizenship to speed the attainment of the highest state."

"I had rather submit our industrial controversies to the conference table in advance than to a settlement table after conflict and suffering. The earth is thirsting for the cup of good-will."

"Service is the supreme commitment of life. I would rejoice to acclaim the era of the golden rule and crown it with the autocracy of service."

"I have taken the solemn oath of office on that passage of Holy Writ wherein it is asked 'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and walk humbly with thy God.' This my plight to God and country."

The Earliest Christian Converts

TO MANY minds, the news which comes by the cable that the British Government is asking the United States to find homes for 30,000 Nestorian Christians in America, would hardly seem to call for more than passing attention. It has, however, a much deeper significance when we come to look into the matter. The Nestorians are regarded as among the first, if not the very earliest, converts to Christianity in the East. Furthermore, they themselves date their conversion back to the preaching of the Apostle Thomas, and there is a well-preserved tradition among them which not only claims Jewish descent, but traces their ancestry back to Ur of the Chaldees, and to Abraham himself.

Whatever merit these claims may possess, the fact is sufficiently authenticated that the Nestorians are not only among the oldest, but are probably the purest of the Oriental Churches, and may be regarded as the first Protestant Christians of whom we have any record. They have preserved their faith through all the long generations, and amid many trials and vicissitudes. Further, they have been a strong missionary force, and have spread the faith in Persia, Syria and India, among the Asiatic peoples long before any other religious organizations took up the work.

The remnants of this old nationality have been severe sufferers during the world-war. Driven from their homes in northwestern Persia, they have been living in camps under British protection. Many readers of the Christian Herald will remember the effort that was made in the early years of the war to send relief to the Nestorians who were even then widely scattered. That effort was only partially successful. In view of the restrictions recently placed upon immigration by our government, it may be impracticable to find homes for these people; but something should be done for their relief. It is probable that a plan will be devised by the churches, so that these descendants of the primitive Christians may at least be kept alive until the way is open for their permanent settlement in their own ancient land.

The World News of the Week

Allies Seize More German Towns After London Conference Fails

FOLLOWING the failure of the Germans to submit acceptable reparation proposals to the Allies at London, and the abrupt ending of that conference, French, British and Belgian troops advanced into Germany to seize the towns of Duesseldorf, Duisburg and Ruhrort as a measure to enforce compliance with the Allied demands. To the advance the Germans offered no resistance and the occupation was achieved without incident; but the Berlin government maintained a passive attitude, making no further effort to bring about a settlement, and the prospects were for a prolonged occupation.

In the final session of the London conference, Premier Lloyd George in scathing terms announced the rejection of the new German terms offered in reply to the Allied ultimatum. He declared the German offer simply evaded and postponed a settlement, since Germany made it conditional on the retention of Upper Silesia, and termed it not even a proposal for five years, but for five weeks. He denounced Berlin's refusal to accept responsibility for the war, and showed that the Allied nations were carrying a greater war burden than Germany.

International

DR. WALTER SIMONS
Who headed the German delegation at the unsuccessful London Conference

Dr. Simons, the German foreign minister and spokesman, then obtained a few minutes for discussion with his colleagues, but offered no more reasonable solution, and the conference broke up. Orders for the Allied advance were issued at once, and while it was in progress Dr. Simons and the German delegation returned to Berlin.

As a measure of protest Berlin recalled its ambassadors from London, Paris and Rome, but carefully refrained from creating the impression that this was a hostile act, such as precedes a declaration of war. It was argued that Germany was powerless to resist the Allied advance, but could not permit her representatives to remain at their posts as though nothing had happened. Dr. Simons also announced an appeal to the League of Nations Assembly against the infliction of penalties, but the London press regarded this as somewhat of a joke and saw no reason to fear that the appeal would produce any result.

The American troops on the Rhine took no action during the Allied advance, and it was announced in Washington that the American Government was not now considering the question of their withdrawal. The likelihood that an American withdrawal would be misconstrued abroad made it probable they would remain longer than would have been the case otherwise.

New Administration Under Way

THE task of getting the new administration in smooth running order has been proceeding rapidly, with President Harding and the members of his official family taking up their duties seriously and unostentatiously.

The European situation early was forced on the attention of President Harding, for he had not been in office a week before it was announced by the French foreign office that negotiations were under way between the French Embassy in Washington and the State Department in an effort to induce him to favor acceptance of a modified League of Nations. Ambassador Jusserand early called on Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State, and they conferred at length. It was believed France was willing to make almost any concessions to obtain American participation.

On the Monday night after his inauguration, President Harding held a four-hour dinner conference at the White House with a score of Senate and House leaders as a means of breaking the ground for the big talks of the coming session of Congress, which he announced later would be called for a date not earlier than April 4, but which might be deferred until a week later. One of the principal topics at the conference was whether tariff or revenue revision should have precedence, a question which revealed wide difference of opinion and which was referred to the Ways and Means and Finance Committees for a further canvass of the situation. President Harding said other conferences were to be held later and emphasized the fact that no attempt was being made by a few men to lay down a program. "We are starting to formulate a program in advance of legislation," he added. "This is the beginning of the program of co-operation between the Executive and Congress. It is the early step in the fulfillment of campaign pledges."

The first session of the new cabinet lasted for two hours, and an innovation in cabinet methods was the seating of Vice-President Coolidge at the north end of the table opposite the President. It was more in the nature of a get-together meeting than a real business session, and most of the time was taken up with the presentation by each secretary of an outline of the policies of his department.

Mr. Harding sent to the Senate a message urging prompt ratification of the long-delayed treaty with Colombia, in the interest of cordial relations. Republicans bitterly opposed ratification when the treaty was presented by Mr. Wilson and twenty-four Republican senators still are said to be against it. The Senate agreed to vote on the treaty on the eighth day of the extra session.

As his personal physician, Mr. Harding selected Dr. Charles E. Sawyer, of Marion, and sent to the senate his nomination as a Brigadier-General of the Army, Medical Section. For Comptroller of the Currency he has chosen D. R. Crissinger, a schoolmate and a lifelong friend, who is president of a Marion bank. Mr. Crissinger is a Democrat, but was an active Harding supporter.

International

GEORGE B. CHRISTIAN
Secretary to President Harding, a task requiring real diplomatic talent

Ruling Permits Beer-Making

AN OPINION handed down by A. Mitchell Palmer on March 3, but not made public until several days after he had ceased to be attorney-general has evoked heated protests from the friends of prohibition as tending to loosen the enforcement laws and to facilitate illicit traffic in intoxicants. It was that beers and wines may be prescribed in unlimited quantities as medicines, and that it is not within the power of the Internal Revenue Bureau, through regulations, to limit the number of permits which may be issued for the manufacture and sale of spiritous, vinous and malt liquors for medicinal purposes, except that permits for retail sale are limited to reputable druggists.

The Volstead Act fixed one pint as the maximum amount of spiritous liquors which a physician might prescribe for one patient in any ten-day period, setting no limits on beer and wine prescriptions; and Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, had argued that only spirituous liquors such as whisky could be manufactured and sold for medical use. Mr. Palmer's opinion overruled this contention and permits traffic in beers and wines subject only to the limitations of the Volstead act on non-beverage intoxicants. It appeared contradictory, however, stating in one paragraph that "the intention was to leave the physician unfettered by governmental control" in determining the quantity of liquor that may be used to advantage, and arguing in the next paragraph that "regulations may very properly limit the quantity of liquor of any and all kinds which shall be called for by a single prescription."

In thirty-nine states laws have been passed against the manufacture and sale of beer, and these states will not suffer from the ruling. In the others it was predicted any extensive production of beer and wines under the guise of "medicine" would open the way for wholesale violations of the law. The brewers were openly jubilant. Many breweries have been making near-beer and can turn to the manufacture of the intoxicating variety at once. The dry leaders prepared to make a vigorous fight against the ruling and hoped to prevent acceptance of the opinion by officials of the new administration. If that fails, they will have recourse to amendments to the Volstead act and to the strengthening of state laws.

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THE CHIEFS OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION READY FOR THE FIRST CABINET MEETING
Left to right in the first row are: Secretaries Weeks, War; Mellon, Treasury; Hughes, State; President Harding; Vice-President Coolidge; and Secretary Denby, Navy. Standing are: Secretaries Fall, Interior; Hays, Postmaster-General; Daugherty, Attorney-General; Wallace, Agriculture; Hoover, Commerce; and Davis, Labor

Russian Revolts Continue

WITH reports from Russia still widely at variance and the Bolsheviki in control of all avenues of direct communication, it is nevertheless evident that formidable movements against the Soviet government are in progress and that large areas are affected by the revolts. After denying persistently that outbreaks had occurred, Bolshevist officials have admitted serious disorders, but predicted the opposition would be crushed in a few days.

Despatches to London indicated that the risings in Moscow had been crushed effectually and that the Soviet officials remained in full control. The troubles there were in the nature of trade union strikes rather than military operations; but it appeared the government had suppressed them by force instead of improving economic conditions, and a recurrence of disorders was predicted.

Regarding conditions in Petrograd there was much

Continued on page 247

"Who Is This Jesus?"

A Sermon by REV. IRA DWIGHT LYTTLE*

TEXT. Matt. 21 : 9, 10. "Who Is this?"

OUR conception of persons, events or things, is an important matter, especially our conception of persons. It is important because it matters not only to ourselves, but in some degree, great or small, it affects the other man. No matter how much some individual may tell you that he is untouched by the opinions others may have of him, still down deep in his heart he does care; and in some cases he cares so much that that opinion of the other is either a barrier to his progress, or a stepping-stone to higher things. And the person holding the opinion of another is to a certain extent "made or marred" according as his opinion is high or low.

If, then, it matters that we hold an opinion, or have a conception concerning another, I think we may go a step further and say the effect of our conception is greater according to the importance of the position occupied by that other of whom we think. And if that other be the God-Man, the Christ who came into the world, I feel sure that I am not going too far when I say, that our eternity rests upon our conception of Jesus.

By way of leading up to your conception of Jesus, let us see what some others who lived in His day and had contact with Him, thought of Him; for it is always more or less helpful to us to know what others think, even when we may not feel to agree with them.

About the time when the fame of Jesus was beginning to spread throughout the country, He returned from a preaching tour and went to His own home. Quite naturally He found His way into the synagogue, and taught the people. What did they think of it, and of Him? They were offended by His preaching, and asked the question, "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Joseph, the carpenter?" They were evidently not satisfied with the rating they gave Him personally, but indicated by their question that "like springs from like."

It was hardly conceivable to these people that this youth who had grown up in their midst, Who had worked with His hands at honest toil, putting His shoulder under the heavy beam, no doubt, many a time to assist Joseph, could be other than the day-laborer whom their natural eyes saw; hence they were scandalized that He should turn instructor to them. Little did they think when they slightingly called Him "Jesus the Carpenter" that they were coining a phrase which in the years to come would express the wonderful possibilities of this humble Galilean preacher. Far from their conception was it that this Jesus was destined to take the rough timber of human life, and make thereof a temple which should be the habitation of God. They saw only the man, with the tradesman's hammer and the tradesman's hope.

ANOTHER conception which, in its day, held many in its grip was the opinion that Jesus was unlearned. Men were eager to indicate that He had never studied in the higher schools, and consequently must be far behind the scribes and others of His time. If this be so, why then should the whole world go mad over Him? Why should great multitudes follow Him from place to place, and hang upon His words? These were questions that persisted in coming up again and again; but in spite of all this, men followed Him, and as they listened, they felt the stirring of new impulses within their hearts.

And why? Because Jesus the unlearned was wise enough to know men, and He interpreted life in terms of spiritual values. "How much is a man better than a sheep?" Infinitely! If the shepherd would give his life to save a sheep that had wandered away, the Son of God would lay down His life for a man who had lost himself in sin!

There were others who, brushing this objection to one side, saw in Jesus a great Teacher. It mattered little to them how He came by His knowledge. The one thing that really did matter was that He "spake as never man spake." Blind leaders of the blind had given them but little help; but here was One who "taught with authority, and not as the scribes." The truth, as He taught it and preached it, hurt like a surgeon's knife; but some there were, who, like Nicodemus, felt that here was "a teacher sent from God." The great difficulty with this, however, was that while they saw God through Him, *they did not see God in Him; He was to them a teacher, not The Teacher.*

Another conception, which can hardly be compared with these, was the one held by even some of Jesus' disciples, that He was destined to become a great national leader of men. They saw a throne in the City of David, and would have put a sword in the hand of Jesus had He said the word. Some of us wonder even yet what would have been the result had He given heed to them. Would a great world-empire have been established, or would He have been a failure? But whatever might have been the result, it did not seem to particularly interest Jesus, for He announced in no uncertain terms, "*My kingdom is not of this world!*" No matter what others might think, the glory of a throne, the pomp and pageantry of kingship held no attraction for Him. A crown of thorns was to be His diadem; but the world could not understand.

BUT now we come to a conception that is a great advance. One day as He was teaching, He said to His disciples, "What is the current opinion in the minds of men concerning me? Whom do men say that I am?" To this query there were several answers. Some thought He might be Elias, or Jeremias, or one of the other prophets, but it seemed the general opinion ran along this level. Even on this great day of His entry into Jerusalem, in response to the question, "Who is this?" the answer was given, "This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee." And they were right, for Jesus was a prophet. How differently the history of the Jews might read today if they had even accepted Jesus as a Prophet. He would never have shed those tears over the city of His love and hopes. He need never have cried in anguish "ye would not, and so your house is left desolate!" Yes, He was a prophet; but He was more than a prophet.

And this brings us to that conception which began to gain ground as He neared the end of His earthly life, and has been gaining ground ever since. After the disciples had told Him of the opinions of men, He asks in a very pointed manner, "But whom say Ye that I am?" And big-hearted Peter, with that impulse which was at the same time his best and his worst quality, rushes to the front and shouts so that all may hear, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!"

We can almost see Peter's eye flash, and his hand go to the spot where a sword should hang, as if he would defend this statement even to the point of death. And Jesus puts His seal upon this conception by pronouncing it a "Divine Revelation." Therefore we have in these words the highest conception which man may entertain of Jesus. "The Christ, the Son of the Living God." Carpenter? Teacher? Yes! Leader? Without a doubt! Prophet? Most assuredly! But is this all? Why the hosannas of the children? Why the palm branches? Why the great multitude?

> "Who is this Jesus, why should He
> The city move so mightily?
> A passing stranger, has he skill
> To move the multitude at will?
> In accents hushed the throng reply:
> Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By!"

Yes, the soul-stirring, vision-clarifying, life-ennobling conception is that King Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God!"

NOW, that we have learned what is the right conception, let us for a few moments return to the thought introduced at the beginning, the importance of a right conception of Christ. It is important, because:

First, what you think of Him determines all your thinking. Nothing in all the world will so quickly set a life right, as a right conception of Jesus Christ. Take the case of a man who had never given much time or attention to the deeper matters of the soul. Christ had been to him a stranger. In his dealings with his fellows, he had been grasping and hard. Everything this man ever did or failed to do might have been traced back to one great, underlying principle of his life—distrust of friends as well as enemies. And back of this was distrust of God. He spurned the Gospel and derided churches, largely because he felt distrustful toward those who represented these things.

But one day a miracle happened. Yes, a miracle. As he sat at his desk in his private office, he began for the first time in his life to think of the Man of Galilee. Stock-taking had been completed the day before, and the accountant had placed some very interesting and encouraging figures before him. Already he was looking ahead and making plans for another year; when a thought that had never troubled him before suddenly arose: "What if I don't live?" Then he recalled a Scripture he had heard when but a boy—the story of the rich fool. As he meditated upon this, his heart gradually softened. He felt that Jesus was right in His view of such a life. And that man left his place of business at the noon hour with a new conception and a profound love in his heart for the Son of Man, which so transformed his life that thereafter men were amazed at the things he did for others. Love and sympathy filled his heart, shutting out the old selfishness and indifference. He reorganized his business and all of his affairs according to the ethics of Jesus. He began to count it a joy to spend and be spent for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. And all because he had gotten the right conception of Jesus.

And this is not an isolated case by any means. It is the old story over and over again. The man who once gets a right conception of Jesus will from that day interpret life in terms of eternal values.

AND then your conception of Jesus determines your attitude toward Him. Now, when I say "your attitude toward Him," I wish to emphasize this, for there are many in this old world who have a very warm place in their hearts for Church work, and for religion as a whole; but they are not very pronounced in their conception of Jesus personally; consequently their attitude is such as to make it impossible for Jesus to "do any mighty works" for them.

Do you behold in Jesus the Teacher? Then He can teach you much that is profitable. The great national Leader? Then you must place Him alongside the other great leaders of the world. Does He appeal to you as a prophet? If so, you will do as some in His day did, place Him in the ranks with Isaiah and the others. And His teachings may stir your heart and fire your imagination, and you may be a better man than you would ever have been without this conception.

But all of this falls far short of the real mark? Jesus does not ask that you give Him recognition by calling Him "good" or "interesting" or "great prophet" or any of the hundred and one other things that might suggest themselves to men; He does not come to you and me that we may give Him a "character"; Oh, no! This Son of the Living God rides triumphantly, and even the little children cry, "*Hosanna to Great David's greater Son!*"

When we behold in Him the very Christ, then He does for us the work that the Christ of God, the Divine Redeemer, came into the world to do. If our conception is that He is in very truth the Saviour of the world, *and if we are ready to accept Him as such in our hearts*, then our attitude is such as makes it possible for Him to save.

Lastly, your conception and your acceptance determine your eternity. In other words, what you do with Jesus *now* decides your future *forever*. By this we are raised to the very heights, or we are cast down to the depths. We open the gates to eternal glory, or we consign our souls to endless night.

Who, then, is this Jesus? The question is not, where does He stand; but *where do you stand? What does Jesus mean to you?* WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow," or "Holy Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 46.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 239, first column.)

Sermon—"WHO IS THIS JESUS?"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"One Sweetly Solemn Thought" or "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

Benediction—Instruct us, O Thou great Teacher of all mankind, in more than human wisdom, and may the Word to which we have here today listened fall like good seed into our hearts, to spring up for refreshment in times of need, not only for our own hunger, but that we may help to feed the hungry soul of any who faint by the way. We ask it in Jesus' name. AMEN.

Author, Baptist Church, Arcadia, Nova Scotia.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., H. P. Hoskins, I. D. Lyttle, E. W. Caswell, R. Braunstein, D. J. Burrell and C. C. Albertson

Which Is His Body

SUNDAY. Eph. 1:22. "*The Church, which is His Body.*" It is a deeply solemn thought, and one quick with inspiration and hope, that the Spirit of the living Christ seeks reincarnation in the fellowship of those who believe in Him. In vital reality He would be embodied in the corporate life of our own day. His Spirit would be the breath and motive of all our movements, "the very pulse of the machine."

The Scriptural metaphor is no remote figure of speech, dimly hinting at the wonderful possibilities of the children of men. It is literally and scrupulously true. The Word is even now seeking to become flesh. The Divine Spirit is seeking and claiming human forms in which to manifest His truth and grace. And this mystic embodiment is to begin with His Church. The Church is to be to the living Christ what the human form of Jesus was two thousand years ago. The Church is to live Christ, to express Christ, to give Christ's Spirit visibility in human life and service. The features of its face are to be the lineaments of His countenance. Every line is to be a sign, and the sign is to be rich and weighty in divine significance. The Church is to be His body, and in the Church the world is to realize the presence of the Lord, and to feel the power of His virtue and grace.

It is an overwhelming claim, and even to whisper it seems a presumption. But nevertheless it is true, and the truth can make us free. The embodiment may be only partial, and this because the human surrender is mean. The Lord's consecration may be full while ours is only fragmentary and broken. There may be little or no room for Him in the inn. But, however incomplete is the embodiment, it is nevertheless most real. The grace of the Lord Jesus can be seen in His Church. His holiness may be seen in many a stalwart virtue. His love may be seen in countless campaigns of chivalry and eagerly accepted sacrifice. Christ's pity can be felt in its compassions. His Spirit, going out after that which is lost, can be seen in countless midnight quests, and in prolonged search upon the mountains. The Church has her failings, she has her reluctances, she has her petty meannesses, she is often wayward and indolent, and she has many sins; but whosoever will look frankly into her life, will find the Presence and the goings of the Son of God. He is embodied in countless fair and strong lines of character, and every virtuous feature is the shining of His face.

But our risen Lord is in His body, the Church, in order that through the Church He might become embodied in everything. That is the vast and majestic purpose of the Incarnation. He embodied Himself in humanity, in order that humanity might embody Him in every human interest. In the completed work of His passion everything is to be His body. His will is to be its pulse, His kindling love is to be its inspiration. Common labor is to be His body, just as all His own earthly labor was His Father's business. Daily work is to be directed by His Spirit, and all its counsels and purposes are to be drawn from His wisdom. Yes, the lines of labor are to reveal the countenance of the Lord.

An Act of Parliament or Congress is to be His body; it is to be Christ's act as well as ours, and it is to do His will on earth even as it is done in heaven.

Such is the process and progress of the Incarnation. It is the filling of earth's water-pots with heavenly wine. It is the seizure of all the forms and fashions of human activity, and so charging them with His Spirit that they vibrate with His life and express the riches of His truth and grace. Every time an old form receives a new spirit, and reflects the life of Jesus, His growing incarnation is manifested, and His kingdom comes. Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly!

Are we making room for Him? "If any man will open the door"—the door of anything, the door of the personal life, the door of the corporate life, the door of an action, the door of a custom or an institution—"I will come in." And this coming in is always a transformation. The house becomes a home, the body becomes a temple, even the temple of the Holy Ghost.

J. H. J.

After Easter—What?

MONDAY. Luke 24: 49. "*But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high.*" The Book of Acts has never been finished; it is going right on. Men like Clement of Rome, Ignatius of Antioch, Savonarola, Luther, John Wesley and Carey Judson, have all added chapters to the history of the Christian Church. The beginnings, however, are found in the latter part of the Gospel according to Luke. He adds to his historic record a loving touch.

The Cross had failed to defeat and the tomb had failed to hold the conquering King. The decisive battle between heaven and hell was fought not in the wilderness with wild beasts but in the quiet tomb of Joseph of Arimathea.

The Resurrection of Jesus is the central fact of Christianity. The followers of Jesus, wherever found, are not marching in the train of a funeral cortege, but behind a chariot. The Church is not a widow but a bride.

The program is plain before us. It is not so much "Back to Christ" as "*On to Christ!*"

If we are really following Jesus we are on the move. He always gets us somewhere. That is quite contrary to the influence of the founders of the old-world religions. With them died the most of their power. But the supreme power of Jesus came when He did what the others could not do. The one thing that men have never conquered is death, and precisely because this is the truth, the Church has always demanded that the resurrection be tested. For truth is never so triumphant and glorious as when it has more evidence than it can possibly use.

But after Easter—what? Well, the first thing is to tarry for the power. After Easter, means anticipation of His return, but it means much more. It means the honest and earnest attempt to lay the world at His feet. And when the Bridegroom comes, we must not be afraid or ashamed to go forth to meet Him.

H. P. H.

Counting God In

TUESDAY. Psa. 18:29. "*For by Thee, I have run through a troop.*" Some of the expressions of the writer of these words seem almost like boastfulness. And when we stop for a moment and think of the act indicated here—breaking through an armed troop—well, as a single-handed feat, it comes pretty near to being impossible. But the writer does not say he did it alone. No, indeed! "By THEE have I broken through a troop!" In other words, he had counted God in.

Is not this the secret of success in all the battles of life? I often think of that day when the old Prophet of God was in the mountain alone with his servant, surrounded by the Syrian hosts. The young man saw nothing but the enemy, and defeat and destruction for his master and himself. "How shall we do?" But the man of God replied, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And then the wonderful thing happened. Elisha prayed, and when the young man's eyes were opened, he saw not only the Syrians drawn up about the hill; but between the Prophet and the enemy he saw the "thin red line" of God's flaming chariots.

And it is ever the same. "He always wins who sides with God." It may be today that we shall hear the noise of battle, but tomorrow, "the victor's song." Man plus God is a magnitude for which the forces of unrighteousness have never yet found an equation.

I. D. L.

Woman's Share in Redemptive Work

WEDNESDAY. John 20:18. "Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord." A woman was the first Gospel messenger of the resurrection, obeying the words, "Go and tell My brethren that I ascend to My Father and your Father." Woman, who has been coming to her own, after nineteen centuries of denial and retirement, may become the great evangel of the Christ. She may turn the tide of evil flowing from war, lust and crime back into its hellish source, and open the way for the River of Life to flow over all the earth.

O woman, thou who were last at the Cross and first at the sepulchre, you may sing the songs of redemption, tell its story from the platform, in the press, on the street and in the home, calling the world unto Him.

"Mary was the first to proclaim the finished work of redemption, the first of mortals to behold the glory of Easter morning? He Who stood before Mary stands before every one, saying, "I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore."

O Christian women of the whole world, the great Church of Christ salutes you, calls you, ordains you to go into all the world, proclaiming the risen Redeemer.

Among the successors of the group of resurrection women are many noble names, like Susannah Wesley, Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, Mrs. William Booth, Frances Willard and Harriet Beecher Stowe, as well as a mighty host of missionary women who have been speaking the words of truth and singing the song

"Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives.
Tell it out among the sinners that He still receives."

E. W. C.

A Voice in the Wilderness

THURSDAY. John 1:23. "*I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness.*" There have been many voices raised, like that of John the Baptist, in an endeavor to "make straight the way of the Lord." And many have been lonely and discouraged, because there seemed to be no response. It is one of the prices we pay in the work of pathfinding and pioneering. Have you never, failing to receive the co-operation of even your best friends, been tempted to ask "What is the use and the good of all this endeavor?" Yet you have not been so utterly alone as you imagine. If such a thought has come to you, let it comfort and cheer you to remember what has been ultimately accomplished for humanity by scores of lonely men and women, isolated, friendless, discouraged.

The solitary voice of the reformer may be heard only indistinctly by the men of his own generation. It may take years for the leaven of the truth to work. But work it will. All the power of God's universe is back of the word of truth and the life of love, no matter how unassuming be the lips that speak it or the life that leads it.

One of the finest things in the book of Revelation is that picture of Jesus Christ, the rider on a white horse, coming forth conquering and to conquer. Our faith, strengthened by the Scriptures in which are the promises of God, and by all history, in which we already see many promises fulfilled and vindicated, convince us of the ultimate triumph of righteousness on the earth. "Jesus shall reign!"

"'Tis coming up the steeps of time
And this old world is growing brighter,
We may not see the dawn sublime,
But high hopes make the heart throbs lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the people's wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round
And heard its voice of living thunder—
Christ's reign! Ah, yes, it's coming."

R. B.

The Seeing Heart

FRIDAY. Matt. 5:8. "*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*" Christ clearly intimates here that there is a quality of the heart which is closely connected with the faculty of perception. One of the greatest of earth's philosophers held that the perception of truth is always a moral act rather than a mental exercise. Why does a child see so much more than an adult? A child misses nothing. There was a boy who, being reproached by his father for inattention to a sermon, repeated the text, related the points of the sermon, and then remarked, "I heard the sermon, every word, and I counted the timbers in the roof of the tabernacle while I listened!" You may say it is because the child's mind is curious. No; it is because the child's mind is still unspoiled. He has his gift of wonder fresh from God. We lose that gift, lose its acuteness all too soon.

There is a gift of Christ which acts in conjunction with moral judgment much as a telescope acts in conjunction with the eye. There is an understanding of the heart. The apostle speaks of having the eyes of our understanding enlightened. The Revised Version changes the phrase and speaks of "the eyes of the heart" being enlightened. This is not strange. There is an understanding of the heart, which, so far as moral truth is concerned, is much more dependable than the understanding of the mind. "The natural man discerneth not the things of the spirit"—because the things of the spirit are discerned by the heart, the pure heart, the tender heart, the believing heart.

C. C. A.

Growing Toward God

SATURDAY. II Peter, 3:18. "*Grow in grace.*" Minerva is said to have leaped full armed from the forehead of Jove; but no Christian is born that way. Character is a development under the influence of the Holy Spirit. No one is a true Christian who is not growing better every day. He may not be conscious of it. He may even lament that he is "living at a poor, dying rate"; but grow he must. He can not stand still. Living is growing. Following Christ is moving on.

The sea gulls in the wake of a steamer that is making thirty knots an hour seem to poise on motionless wings; nevertheless, though noiselessly and inconspicuously, they are keeping pace with the ship. So does the humblest Christian advance in his spiritual life; and the fact that he mourns his imperfection, and is ambitious to "fly up the heavenly way," is proof presumptive of his growing toward God.

D. J. B.

Of Special Interest to the Home-Maker

Conducted by MARIE LYNDALL DARRACH

Using Eggs More Freely

SINCE eggs are becoming cheaper, after a period of several months when their high price has made it impossible to use them freely, there is the tendency on the part of all housekeepers to put more egg dishes on the daily menu. They may be used satisfactorily for other meals beside breakfast, although there seems to be the idea that they are most appropriate for the morning. The simpler forms belong to breakfast, of course, as boiled, poached, shirred or scrambled or an occasional omelet or fried egg. But variations of these fit well into the remaining meals.

Plain poached eggs may be used with seasoned, well thickened tomatoes served on toast, or with spaghetti and tomato sauce made rather thick and served without toast. Again, creamed potatoes, if diced small and made with thick milk gravy, may be re-enforced by poached eggs with or without a sprinkling of grated cheese or garnish of tiny strips of bacon or split sausages. Thick creamed onions are also especially good when served with poached eggs and mashed potatoes.

Variations of shirred eggs are especially useful when it comes to the utilization of left-overs. There may not be enough left-over chicken, veal, ham or fish for the meal. Just cream the meat as usual, place the mixture in a medium-sized baking dish and a few minutes before time to serve luncheon or dinner set it in the oven and when it is heated through, break over the top an egg for each person and dust the eggs with salt and pepper. Allow the dish to remain in the oven till the eggs have solidified—about fifteen minutes.

Any creamed vegetable may be used instead of the meat. Or to make a complete "one-dish meal" line a good-sized casserole with cooked spaghetti, rice or mashed potato, fill in the center with the creamed vegetable meat or fish; heat and break the eggs over the top as directed, cooking them till firm in the oven.

The Children's Diet

WITH the coming of spring there is always the question of regulating the diet of the younger children of the family, and in a large household where the mother is busy the matter of providing proper food for the child under six years old without complicating the family menu or of having to provide practically an extra meal a day is always a problem to be carefully thought out.

Where the entire family breakfasts about seven o'clock the young child can take this meal with the others and should have the juice of one orange, a baked apple or stewed prunes, cereal with milk and one teaspoonful of sugar, a glass of milk, bread or toast with butter and an egg. At half-past ten the child should be given a glass of milk and bread. About one o'clock or at the hour when the family has lunch, the child should be given its heartiest meal. This should consist of broths or soups of any kind, vegetables, baked or mashed potato and bread and butter and stewed fruit or pudding or custard. Or the meal could be made up of chicken or meat, vegetables, baked or mashed potato, bread and butter and cookies.

The evening meal should be at half-past five and be composed of cereal with milk and sugar or milk toast or thick soup—(or an egg if one was not eaten in the morning) cocoa made with milk, or a glass of milk, bread and butter and stewed fruit.

Hot Sandwiches

A HOT sandwich is a very different thing from the thin dainty article that one makes for picnics or tea. The club sandwich is the hearty one. A thin slice of cold roast pork is a good substitute for chicken and very thin slices of cooked sausage meat, laid on a lettuce leaf and covered with a thinly sliced piece of tomato—even from a can—provide a delicious Club sandwich.

Hot roastbeef and hot ham spread on buttered bread make a substantial meal. For a hot ham sandwich, mince odds and ends of left-over ham, including some fat, season one cupful with one to two teaspoonfuls of prepared mustard. Spread on slices of buttered bread, press together and cut in oblong squares. Dip these in a mixture made of one slightly beaten egg, one cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Fry quickly to a rich brown on both sides in a little melted fat. Lay on a platter and serve hot.

A salad of shredded cabbage and apple with mayonnaise and one tablespoonful of catchup can be served with these sandwiches, which are hearty enough for an evening meal.

Worth-While Recipes

SPANISH HASH

CHOP finely four cold boiled potatoes, two onions and one green pepper. To this add one cupful of cold chopped meat and one cupful of tomato pulp. Season with salt, pepper and three drops of tobasco sauce, adding one well-beaten egg. Drop by spoonful into greased muffin rings and bake until firm.

RAISIN BREAD

The sponge is made by dissolving a cake of compressed yeast and one tablespoonful of sugar in one-half cupful of lukewarm water. To one cupful of scalded milk add one cupful of hot water and when lukewarm add the yeast and two cupfuls of white flour and beat for five minutes. Let rise until very light. Then add three tablespoonfuls each of sugar and butter creamed together, one teaspoonful of salt and one and one-half cupfuls of seeded raisins. Stir in the flour until the dough is smooth, using six or eight cupfuls of flour. Cover to let rise, and when light bake about one hour.

CODFISH BALLS

Two cupfuls of potatoes pared and cubed; one cupful of salted codfish, one egg, and one teaspoonful of butter substitute. Wash and shred the codfish and boil with the potatoes until the potatoes are soft. Drain thoroughly and mash well. Add the remaining ingredients. Beat all together. Shape and fry in hot fat.

EGGLESS MUFFINS

One cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar (some people prefer none) one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of melted butter substitute. Sift the flour with the dry ingredients and stir the milk gradually into the mixture. Add the melted butter substitute, stir quickly and pour into greased muffin pans. Bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

STUFFED BEEF HEART

Wash the heart and remove the veins and arteries. Stuff with dressing made of rice, and sew or tie. Roll in flour, sprinkle with salt and brown in hot fat. Place in casserole, add water to half cover and cook slowly for two hours. Turn once or twice during the cooking. When done thicken the liquid and season for gravy.

TOMATO TIDBITS

Wash a cupful of rice, and dry on the stove. Fry in hot lard until brown, and stir in one finely chopped onion. Fry ten minutes. Next add a tablespoonful of tomato paste, chopped garlic, pepper and salt and chopped parsley. Cover with hot water. Cook slowly without stirring. Sausages cut in small squares or small pieces of chicken giblet may be added.

The Home Mail-Bag

TO *the Home Editor:*

I have a recipe for batter bread that I feel sure some of your readers will find useful as well as economical. One and one-half cupfuls of corn meal, butter one-half the size of an egg, and salt to taste. Cream these ingredients together, add one quart of milk and three eggs and cook in a baking dish.

Bernardsville, N. J. V. N. D.

To the Home Editor:

My family is very fond of dumplings with stews and fricassée chicken, and to vary from the usual dumpling, when I have a chicken fricasséed, I make the ordinary baking powder biscuit, cut a little larger than if it were to be used for hot bread. I split these in two and arrange the pieces around the platter and then pour the gravy over them. They are an excellent substitute for dumplings.

Milton, Mass. MARY S. PETERS.

To the Home Editor:

Having tried so many of your useful recipes with success I am sending one that I have used for a long time. It is called "hygienic salad dressing" and people who dislike a great deal of oil find it just right in flavor. To one-half cupful of vinegar I add one-quarter cupful of water and heat. Then take one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful each of mustard and cornstarch and two-thirds of a teaspoonful of salt. Mix these dry ingredients thoroughly and pour into it the heated vinegar and water. Stir it well while it is coming to a boil.

ABBIE E. CHILD.

Putnam Corner, Conn.

When Easter Lifts Her Lily Face

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN Easter lifts her lily face,
And smiles into the sun;
I feel the hopes of other days,
Grow flower-like, one by one,
Until the joyous asure skies,
Seem singing down to me,
The gladness of the Master's love,
And springtime's mystery.

When Easter lifts her lily face,
My sorrows pass away,
As lightly as the stone that rolled,
From where the Saviour lay!
And as the tender grasses leap,
From winter's frozen sod,
I feel again, past fear and pain,
The boundless love of God!

When Easter lifts her lily face,
I want to laugh aloud,
And all at once I see the glow,
Of silver in each cloud,
I feel new life in every breeze—
In every budding tree—
And through the gleam of Springtime's dream,
God's face smiles down on me!

Household Hints

PASTE the oilcloth on the kitchen table instead of tacking it and the oilcloth will wear longer, as it cannot move and wrinkle when wiped, and it does not crack.

To restore the color to ivory handled knives after they have become yellow, rub them with fine emery or sand paper. This will make them white and take out the spots.

Instead of using starch for curtains or other sheer material, add a teaspoonful of borax to each gallon of rinsing water. The curtains will be easy to iron and will not have the cloudy appearance given by starch.

To clean wooden ware, wash in hot soapy water and dry thoroughly. Never dry near the fire as excessive heat will crack the wood.

Do not use new a brass kettle until it has been cleansed with salt and vinegar.

Silk stockings in which a thread has been dropped may be mended by the use of a fine crochet hook. Pick up the dropped stitch and continue crocheting all along the ravelled part. Care must be taken to pick up every thread as you work along the length of the stocking. Fasten the last stitch securely with a needle and thread.

Wool that has been knitted and ripped out may be made to look like new if treated as follows: Place a towel in a colander; nest the yarn on the towel and cover with the ends of the towel. Place all over a kettle of hot water and steam until it is fluffy.

...es of Famine Relief

How Christian Herald Readers Made Possible Two Rescues

FROM Z. Charles Beals, of Hochow, China, treasurer of the Christian Herald Famine Fund in China, come two heart-interest stories of rescues accomplished as the result of the contributions of Christian Herald readers. They illustrate dramatically conditions in the famine district.

The first story is told in the words of Miss A. M. Hancock, who received a grant from the Christian Herald fund for relief work for children at Kuang Ping Hsien, Chihli:

"Lien-rong came to us, as did our other girl refugees, to escape certain starvation and the danger of being sold into slavery. During the first four months of her stay with us, I did not observe anything special about her except her intense listening in meetings and at Bible lessons and her good memory for all that had been preached or taught. Her awful test came just after our happy Christmas, which we observed with song and joy, but with our ordinary food, remembering the starving about us. Lien-rong's brother came to say that the mother was very ill, perhaps dying, and was asking to see her daughter. If it had been one of the other girls I might have suspected danger, but we knew this family a little. On leaving, the girl clung to me and cried. I supposed that it was because her people were starving, and gave her a little money to take with her. Afterward I asked of our helper, Mr. Giang, 'Do you suppose that mother is starving to death?' He replied, in his positive way, 'I will find out.'

"A heavy snowstorm came on which made the eight miles of road to that village impassable for about four days. In the meantime we were very busy with many calls of suffering all about. Many died in that cold spell. When the road was at last passable and the girl had not returned, we began to make inquiry and then we discovered that we had been deceived, that the mother was not ill, that they wished to get the girl home to sell her. They were terribly poor, had sold their little bit of land (a fraction of an acre), and even their bedding and warm clothes, had been living on leaves of trees and chaff, and had for some time been borrowing money on the girl and waiting their opportunity to sell her. My heart sank when I heard that three days before Lien-rong had been taken to the railroad thirty miles away. Humanly speaking, the case seemed hopeless.

"We grasped our little hold upon the case, which seemed to be no hold at all. We seized the old, ragged, starving father, who had come to market to sell a few nails, and made him our willing prisoner by giving him plenty of hot food, a little fire and a bed cover for the night. Then we represented the case to the official who told us what we knew already; that if the parents had sold the girl, there was no law against it. However, he offered to help us by sending for the man and telling him what he thought of him. The father was too ignorant to distinguish between an official and a non-official reproof, and too scared to do otherwise than help us to get the girl back. He declared that it was his wife and her brother who were selling the girl and that he had opposed it. This changed the situation; the sale was unlawful, if his story was true.

"With solemn sense of responsibility for wise and quick action, three of us—Mr. Giang, Mr. Ch'en and I—knelt in prayer for guidance. It came suddenly to Mr. Ch'en that he should go in search of the girl. Mr. Giang and I also felt that this was the Lord's guidance. So he went, taking the girl's brother for his guide.

"Three days later Mr. Ch'en returned bringing the girl. There was great joy in all our hearts. The girls gathered around her and began to sing, "Jesus loves me, this I know," Lien-rong joining heartily in the singing.

"But her part of the story is the best. While we were unaware of her danger, she was being put to the test. Could she pray the effectual prayer for her own deliverance? Yes, she did, and the answer came about through outward circumstances which after all are not so strange, but which seemed impossible at the time. First, the awful traffic in girls in this famine district had been overdone and the market was overstocked. Then the heavy snow had made it impossible for them to take her for a few days. The third circumstance was that her childish faith together with her Christian scruples confused the 'middlemen' employed to find a buyer for her. They did not know quite how to handle a girl who talked of repentance for sin and of faith in God, Who would judge sin. Her faith that she would be delivered caused fear. So it came to pass that when Mr. Ch'en reached the place of Lien-rong's confinement, unarmed and without any legal claim, they were so afraid that they turned her over unconditionally to him. So her prayer was answered and she is among us now."

THE other story is that of a Chinese boy hero, and is related by Mrs. Edith M. Clark, who received a grant of $5,000 for refuge work among women and children in Wuan Hsien, Honan:

"They stood in the big covered gateway through which the raw evening wind blew, piercing their thin cotton rags and making their teeth chatter. Outside the ground was white with snow.

"The mother was holding to her breast a half-naked baby, almost perished with the cold; and the youngest child, a boy of ten, carried his three-year-old sister in poor bony arms not wholly covered with a torn blouse. They made no moan or outcry; even the babies were quiet, too numbed with cold and hunger, to whimper.

"One glance told me that the boy was very ill, his ashen face and gasping breath made it apparent that he was on the point of collapse. And the tiny girl he carried—how could anyone so thin be alive?

"My questions disclosed that they lived at the mouth of a mine, thirteen miles distant in the mountains, had been starving at home and had heard we were saving poor people. They had been walking all day. I looked at them, at their worn shoes, at the snow on the ground and then at the ghastly face of the sick boy and wondered how he could have walked even one yard. The little sister was too weak to stand. Was it possible he had carried her for thirteen miles! The mother explained that the father had fallen down the mine and hurt his leg, so that he had been in bed unable to walk for months, and the family was about to die. The boy had been sick for two months due to standing in the water in the mine, handing up buckets. So they came in and were warmed and fed and clothed. How glad I was to have food to give them.

"Did not your hearts thrill when you read of some wounded soldier on the battle field, bearing an injured comrade to safety? This little boy was suffering from a very bad type of dysentery which had been sapping his strength for months, he was so swollen with dropsy that breathing was difficult. Yet he had staggered all day, over rocky roads, covered with snow, bearing his little sister to where he hoped she might find food.

"The little hero was put to bed and cared for, and now six weeks later he is just beginning to go about and gain strength. The wee girl was so nearly dead that only the best care would give her any chance of life so I took her into my home and nursed her till now she is fat and merry, playing and singing about the house. The father too has had his wounds dressed and is up and able to walk again: and his wife and baby are in our mother's shelter.

"Just one family saved and restored to health; but there are hundreds of such around the mouth of those coal mines, and we have not enough money to save them."

CONTRIBUTIONS to the Christian Herald fund announced in our last issue aggregated $482,529.13. For the week just closed the daily receipts were:

March 3	$2,012.38
March 4	1,850.57
March 5	705.66
March 7	2,402.53
March 8	981.63
March 9	2,969.74
Grand Total	$493,451.64

Contributions may be addressed to the Christian Herald Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.

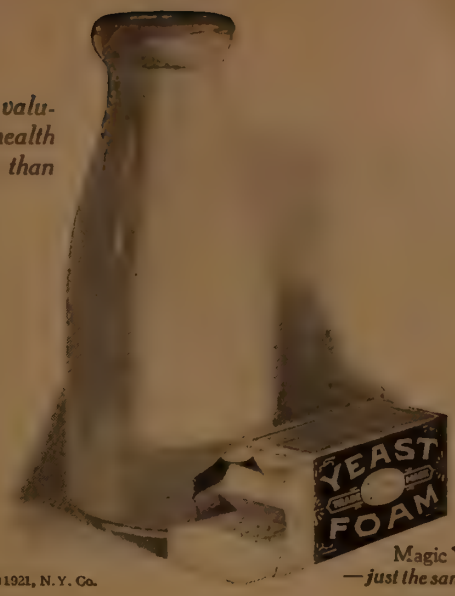
Mission Notes

MORE than a thousand American doctors will be needed on the mission field during the next four years, and half of that number should be ready to go out at once.

"IF WE do not possess the land immediately, it is easy to see what will happen," writes a missionary from Central Africa. "Mohammedan fullahs are already establishing themselves in the villages as spiritual advisors of the people."

AGRICULTURAL education still has a long way to go in some parts of Burmah, where the established method of plowing is to stampede a herd of buffaloes across a wet field. When the ground is sufficiently cut up, seeding begins. But Baptist missionaries say that even there education is beginning to introduce a spirit of progress.

Science finds more valuable growth and health elements in Yeast than in milk.



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Important new facts that everyone *—every mother particularly—* ought to know

IF YOU are one of the many parents who have well-fed but undernourished children you may find Yeast Foam a valuable addition to the foods in your home.

Nutrition experts learn new facts

Only a few years ago Casimer Funk, nutrition expert, discovered that there was a mysterious but valuable substance in food which he called "vitamine," from the Latin word "vita," meaning life. A little later another scientist, McCollum, proved that a certain vitamine was necessary for growth, that this vital element must be present in the diet regardless of the combinations of food eaten, otherwise the child would not grow normally or the mature person be healthy and strong.

It isn't the amount of food children eat that counts

A child might be fed all the food it needed, craved, or had appetite for, but it would not grow unless it had enough growth vitamines, possessed by some green and leafy foods, present in the hulls and hearts of wheat, corn, rice and other grains, but refined away by the process of manufacture.

Growth vitamines many times more plentiful in yeast than in milk

That yeast is more abundant in the growth vitamine than milk has been conclusively demonstrated by some of the country's leading scientific men, notably Osborne and Mendel of Yale University. Yeast, therefore, when eaten as a food supplies in even much greater quantities than milk the necessary growth vitamine which children do not get in most other foods.

Yeast also improves appetite

That yeast stimulates the appetite has been proved by tests upon young animals. When large amounts of milk were replaced by small amounts of yeast, not only the normal rate of growth was maintained, but more food was desired and additional food actually eaten.

Keener appetite, better health, increased weight, result from adding yeast to the diet, because of the extraordinary power of yeast to assist the body in better and more thorough assimilation of other foods eaten.

The best ways to take Yeast Foam

Many mothers crush a cake of yeast with a rolling pin and mix it with cereal after it is cooked.

Some eat it buttered like a cracker. Others prefer to take a bite of yeast cake and a bite of cracker without butter.

Many eat the cake plain and wash it down with a little water or milk.

Things to know about yeast

Yeast is not a drug. It is a marvelous and minute plant.

Yeast contains four times as much of the essential vitamine as spinach.

The yeast you eat is the same familiar cake of Yeast Foam used to make such exceptionally good bread in millions of homes.

It does not have the same effect in the body as in raising bread.

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The Ideal Christian

International Sunday-School Lesson for April 3
Romans 12:1, 2, 9-21

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

DURING the present quarter the lessons will not follow a life, history or book. The general theme will be "Some Social Teachings of the Bible." Twice since the Improved Uniform Lessons were introduced by the International Lessons Committee topical lessons have been studied for a quarter or more. Beginning with July the lessons studies for six months will be "Life and Letters of Paul."

Topical lessons require even more biblical research and teachers will lead their classes in making the largest use of the Bible, finding facts both new and old therein. These lessons also require the teaching rather than the lecture method of presentation since the class, whether of younger or older students, should be encouraged to discuss the various subjects that are presented each week. There is very free discussion outside of the class; and why not have directed conversation in connection with these most important lesson topics?

The subject "The Ideal Christian" is really an introduction to the lessons that follow. Look carefully at the subjects which will be used until the end of June. For this purpose use your quarterly. These lesson studies in the Christian Herald are intended to supplement the information found in the lesson helps provided by the individual Sunday school and it is not the purpose to give an exposition of the lesson text. Always read the Daily Bible Readings each day. They are indicated in your quarterly. Plan additional Bible readings for your classes, if you are a teacher, and be particular to do all that you ask of your scholars.

There is a little danger in the subject. The ideal Christian does not exist and never will. Holiness and perfection come when we reach heaven. We can grow into the likeness of Jesus but never attain the ideal till we meet Him face to face on the other side of the Judgment seat.

The ideal Christian cannot be portrayed by an composite picture of good men and women. Jesus is the only ideal. Men are ever making mistakes by making the good the enemy of the best. But many people do make individuals their standards for living. Young people especially do this in their well-known years of hero worship. The Sunday-school teacher is frequently the ideal Christian of the pupil. What the teacher does becomes a standard. Most teachers show that at every cost they are following close to the Christ. Other teachers should resign their classes or omit those things which will lead their classes away from the Christ. A good definition of fasting is giving up anything that will hurt your influence.

READ the lesson text again and also such related reference material as the Sermon on the Mount (at least Matt. 5 : 1-16). Give attention to each sentence as you would in reading one of the Proverbs. Stop at each period and *think*. Thinking is hard work and there is too little of it in connection with Bible study. It is easier to read what some one else writes and agree or else forget. In the current lesson every sentence and even each phrase furnishes a standard to be used as a personal plumb line in individual character study. The exhortations are positive and not merely neutral or negative. These ideals are not only essential elements in character but they must find expression in acts for the benefit of others.

Most important of all is how the Christian life originates. Some twentieth century leaders think of Christianity as a process of education. There has been no change, in fact, from the first century teaching, which is clearly expressed in Christ's words to Nicodemus: "Ye must be born anew." Paul was still talking of essentials when he said "Christ in you, the hope of glory." People are building on sand when they neglect what Paul wrote to the Romans, "And be not fashioned according to this world." The root truth was presented when he said "but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." It is even more than a change of mind, it is a change of heart. A Christian is one in whom Jesus Christ is incarnated.

There must be the new life, the actual being a child of God, before there can be any approach to the ideal Christian. Only by the power of the Triune God can anyone live out the teachings given in commands found in the lesson text. And if one is a Christian he is seeking by life, prayer and direct appeal to lead others to a saving knowledge of the Christ, Who is the only standard for anyone. In applying this lesson give the chief place to settling the relationship to Christ as a Saviour. Many declared for Christ on Easter Sunday but there are many others who did not thus enlist as followers of Him. After this matter is settled then begin to build up the Christian character as expressed in the many teachings in the individual sentences of the text. The individual life must be given to our Lord and then it must be kept clean. This is a life job worthy of the best in the strongest person. It is a supreme task to live up to your name—Christian.

SOCIETY can be no better than the units. You are an essential unit. Know thyself. Boards of Health recently have been greatly concerned in preventing the spread of typhus fever. Their efforts are especially with the individual. One immigrant or other infested or infected person can harm a whole community. Individual Christians went to India, China, Africa, and other lands, and now there are increasing millions of followers in those and other countries because they lived His life and taught it to others. The ideal Christian is ever a propagandist. Other lessons in this quarter are "Making the Neighborhood Christian," "Making the Nation Christian," "Making the World Christian." Christianity, as Dr. James Stalker writes, is not only an insurance for the next world but a program for this life.

A definition of the Sunday school is closely related to the ideal Christian. It is to win souls to Christ, build them up in Christ and send them out to work for Christ. So with the Christian. There must first be the actual beginning of that life, then there must be individual growth followed by personal work which is as nearly world-wide as possible. "Take root downward, and bear fruit upward," Isa. 37 : 31.

Rapid progress is being made in making the standards of the Bible the ideals of society. Laws are more and more in accord with the principles of Divine equity. The needs of others impel to sharing and to go far beyond the work of "communicating to the necessity of the saints." Need anywhere is a call to give. Those who have injured the world are helped to re-establish themselves. Sympathy and kindness replace rendering evil for evil, and evil is overcome with good. To do these things becomes an obligation by reason of the "mercies of God" which have been so bountifully received. A fine illustration is found in the life of Paul. He lived out his own teachings, even as the Sunday-school teacher, and in fact every other Christian who would teach must do.

A familiar desk sign is "Do It Now." We know what is right and also what we ought to do. Jesus said, as the Golden Text states, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." The world loses much because right thoughts and good intentions do not result in actions. The ideal Christian will *do it now*.

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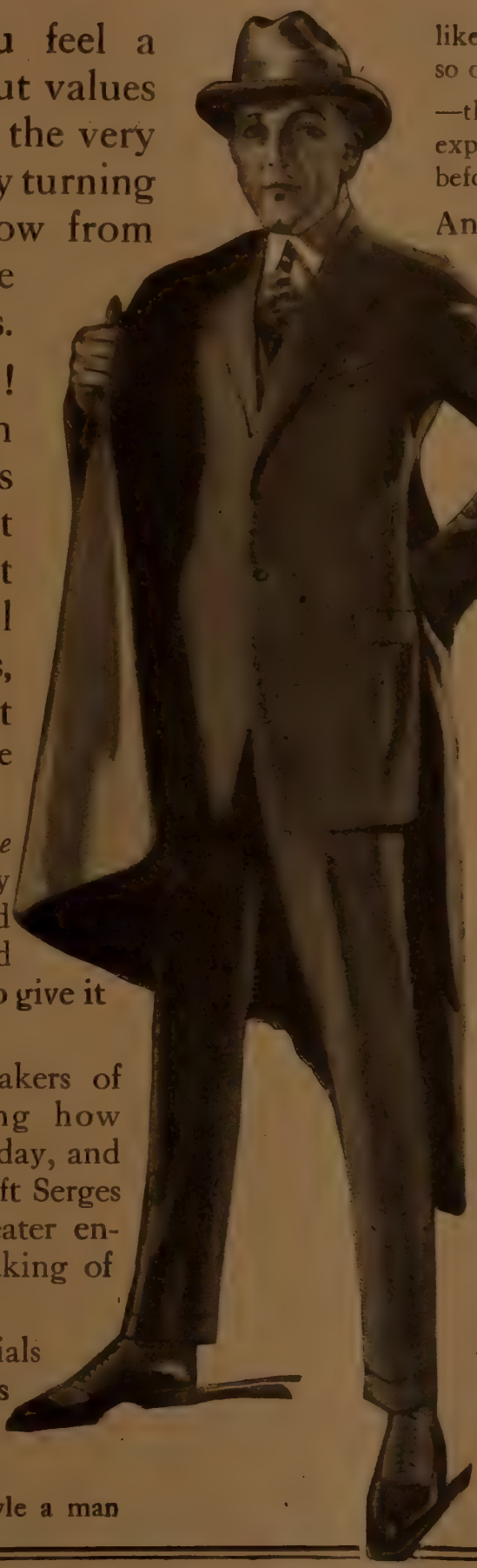

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Concerning the Little Tragedies

Two Letters Which Carry a Real Message for Thoughtless Persons

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

JUST yesterday I received a letter which I am reprinting, word for word. It is a pathetic little letter—and an exceedingly personal one—so I will omit the writer's name.

"I will first apologize," it said simply, "for addressing you. But after apologizing I must tell you of something that I have had on my mind for a long time.

"I am practically deaf, and I have thought that perhaps a word written by you might emphasize the duty that folk owe to their friends who can not hear. I say duty that folk 'owe.' I do not mean just that. I mean duty that thoughtful people are glad to perform. Thoughtful people do not call kindness a duty.

"Folk so often hold conversations near me, and I never hear them unless they remember to raise their voices. Sometimes I ask a question and they make some brief reply and turn and talk to others while I do not know whether they are still on the same subject or not. I am also denied the comfort and blessing of church services.

"My friends could help me out in many ways, if they only realized that I need help. They think that I can understand by seeing, and lip motion—which does aid me a little. But I can not understand a great deal that way, and if they only realized they could do so much, so very much!

"And so, if I am not discourteous to ask it, may I suggest that you write something on the subject? It is not for myself, alone, that I ask it—not at all—but for the good it may do others who are afflicted as I am! I am just suggesting that you write about the little things; like speaking a bit louder, and enunciating more clearly, and not leaving sentences, and thoughts, unfinished. I am only suggesting that you remind people of the things that they will be glad to remember."

Just yesterday I received the letter. And as I was opening the rest of my mail—and thinking, almost subconsciously, about my deaf pen-and-ink friend I came upon another letter that fitted my into thought. This is the other letter:

"Recently I was called to another state by illness, and was in a home where there is a young man entirely blind. He is brave and cheerful now, apparently, but when he asked his mother to show me a letter—that had been written to him when the first awful truth came to him that he was going blind—I knew that his cheerfulness must be at least partially assumed. The letter was from a girl friend and was very sweet and modest, but full of faith and trust and the goodness of our Father. I copied the letter to bring home with me, but have lost it in some way—I intended sending it to you with the wish that you would make a helpful, hopeful story of it. As I said before, it seemed to me that much of the young man's cheerfulness was assumed—and I could see that the girl's letter meant a great deal to him. When I asked him if he would let me read it for a second time he said: 'Yes, do! By all means. It's worth reading over and over!'

"The girl wrote very simply, quite as a sister might have written. I could tell that her interest was wholly in the young man's better nature—I could tell that she was urging him, in the most subtle way, to reach out to God. There was a high, uplifted tone in everything that she wrote—there was a fine spirit between the lines. I am sure that her letter, the act of a kind, thoughtful heart, will do more to help him in his trouble than anything else will do!"

TWO letters—rather alike in some ways, and yet very different! Two letters that carry a real message to people who have, perhaps, not been thoughtful enough. Two letters that are as sincere as letters can be. My mail holds many such letters!

The first woman writes as the central figure in a tragedy—not a great, world-stirring, intense tragedy, but a small thing that goes on ceaselessly with its small heartaches and its small discouragements. She writes from her very soul, from her isolated position—for those who are cut off from the rest of the world by some infirmity dwell in a lonely land! She writes of tiny disappointments—of questions that are never answered, of sentences that are never finished, of sermons that she can not understand. She writes of the beautiful sounds that are denied her—the music of a church service, and the song of a bird, and the wind in the pine trees.

The second woman writes as an onlooker. She writes as an audience; as one who has watched a small human tragedy play its way out. And she, too, writes sympathetically, from the depths of her soul. The second woman is one who would never forget to speak loudly and distinctly to a person afflicted with deafness, she is like the girl she writes about, for I am sure that she would be the first to send a note of hopefulness and cheer to one who was sadly in need of it.

There are a great many people in the world who are like the second woman and the girl she tells about. There are a great many people who are going out of their way, every hour, to make easier the path that some one else must tread—who are always eager and ready to extend the hand of fellowship and love. There are letters that come to me very casually, in nearly every mail, from folk who belong in this class—and who have never given the matter a thought because doing good comes so naturally to them. And these people are not the ones that the first woman spoke of—they are not the ones who need to read this article.

No, it is for the people who are forgetful—who neglect the little things because they are thoughtless rather than unkind—that I am writing this. It is for them that I am quoting the two letters. Because I know that they would go out of their way to pay small attentions to folk less fortunate than they—if they realized how much these attentions meant. *It's only that they do not realize!*

ONE very dear to me was blind for the last years of her life. She could distinguish objects darkly, as through a heavy fog, but she could not see to read—and reading had been her chiefest pleasure. And so I used to take a few hours of my time, every day, to read to her.

The few hours meant very little to me—very little, indeed. But as time went on I could see how very much they meant to *her*. And perhaps, because I could realize how much they meant, I am kinder to others who are in her position than I might otherwise have been. If I had never come closely in contact with blindness I could never have appreciated the pity and sadness of it.

And that is the real reason why so many people are thoughtless. They do not appreciate the real unhappiness that comes with an infirmity. They have never been closely in contact with any one who is a sufferer, they do not understand—for they have had no way of knowing what such suffering really means.

I hope that some of these people who do not understand will read the two letters that I have reprinted. And I hope that they will realize why they have been reprinted. And I hope, most of all, that the realization will make them a trifle tenderer—a shade more considerate.

For, if I can know that the two letters have helped even one thoughtless person on the road to understanding, I will feel that they have fulfilled a very great mission. And I will feel that they have helped make the world just a little kinder—and more than a little better!

Young People's Topic for April 3

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Thy Kingdom Come—In My Community

E. L., C. E. and B. Y. P. U. Matt. 6 : 7–15

WE HAVE discussed the coming of the Kingdom in our hearts and in the Church. Given the Kingdom in the heart, there ought to be a realiza- of the Kingdom in our Church; and given the Kingdom in the Church, there ought to be a manifestation of its values in the community. This, then, will spell the difference between a Church in the community and a "community Church."

The Church that does not touch the community is a dead Church. The Dead Sea has no outlet. That is why it is dead. The "community Church" has a wide open door of an aggressive missionary policy and ministers to the rank and file. It has a program of sane recreation as well as a program of practical evangelism. Both are vitally related, for such a program ministers to the three sides of humanity, mentally, physically and spiritually.

It is a fine thing to entertain a reverent regard for the sanctuary and hold an appreciation for the sacredness of the furnishing of the temple, and to develop an esthetic taste for the sublime and beautiful; but when piety interferes with pity, possessions are placed above persons, oaken pews are more dear than broken penitents, and carpets more important than consecration, then there is manifested a form of idol worship no less sinful than the practice of the heathen who postures and genuflects before his shapes of wood and stone.

The real Church is a group of men and women endowed with the Spirit of Jesus Christ, busy here and there, touching their environments with the leaven of their influence and the salt of their Gospel which prevents corruption. Christianity includes the entire relationship of our lives, domestic and social, commercial and political, public and private. The Church is that group of "two or three gathered together" in the name of Jesus Christ, or of a host numbering into the thousands, changing the moral climate where they live, regenerating lives and institutions, working a program that is helpful, constructive, inspiring, laboring for the greatest good to the greatest number in harmony with the teachings of Jesus Christ. Such a program takes the Church out of a building into the four corners of the community. Such an ideal removes the Church from the sphere of a narrow denominationalism and carries the values of the Kingdom of God into every realm of thought and action.

The theme is illustrated by the story of the circuit rider who had but one sermon. His text was: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." Wherever he went he preached that sermon. One who knew him well said: "I think you are a very good man and that you have a very good sermon, for, wherever you go, you are not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." The way to make the Kingdom come in our community is to stand up for Jesus Christ whenever we have the opportunity and wherever we find ourselves. In other words, Christianity is a between-Sunday task, the divine service held on the Sabbath being only a preparation for the divine service that needs to be done every day. "Ye are my witnesses." "Go ye into all the world." Our commission includes the highways and byways of our pilgrimage through life. It comes as a challenge and an opportunity to express ourselves in the highest terms in behalf of all.

How I Solved the Clothes Problem For Our Family

A personal experience

By Mrs. R. H. Miller, 6 Evergreen Ave., Middletown, Conn.

LESS than a year ago, when our whole family needed clothes at once, I was discouraged. There are five of us, my husband, three children less than ten years old, and myself. My husband is in the Postal Service, and our expenses had increased so rapidly without a corresponding increase in our income that a new wardrobe for every member of the household was a very serious problem. There were no *two* ways of looking at it—we simply *had* to have clothes! But we couldn't imagine where the money was coming from.

Then, almost by accident, I discovered a plan that not only provided us with all the clothes we needed, but showed me the way to turn my spare moments at home into money—more than I had ever expected to make. Altogether this has meant so much to us that I am sure other women will be interested in hearing about it.

One night I read in a magazine the story of a woman who had learned at home in spare time through the Woman's Institute to make for herself at great savings, just the kind of dresses and hats she had always wanted and make money sewing for other people besides.

It seemed almost too good to be true. But, if true, it would solve our clothes problem. I talked it over with my husband and he agreed with me that it was at least worth finding out about anyway. So I wrote the Institute and was so interested in the information I received that I became a member at once and took up dressmaking.

The lessons were delightfully simple and fascinating and in a little while I was making all my own and the children's clothes at such savings that we could all have more and prettier clothes than we ever had before.

For instance, I made myself a voile dress and all the materials for it cost me just $4.44. This is less than half what it would have cost in a store or made by a dressmaker. I also made a blouse that cost me altogether $2.48. And I have failed to see one as pretty or of as good quality anywhere for less than $6.00. These are just examples of what I am saving all the time on my own clothes.

On things for the children I am saving even a larger proportion of what they would cost ready-made. At any store they wanted $2.25 for an overall suit for my little boy. But I made him one of better materials for 98c. I also made two wash suits for my eight year old son at a total cost of $2.45 and I couldn't buy one for him ready-made for less than $4.00.

I saw a little girl's dress on display marked $3.50. I bought the material and made two just like it at a cost of $3.38.

I had finished only a few lessons when it seemed to me almost everyone I knew wanted me to make clothes for them.

One of the first dresses I made was an orchid shade of lavender organdie for the maid-of-honor at a big wedding. It was beautiful and she was so well pleased she gave me several more orders and sent her friends to me. She said everyone at the wedding spoke about her dress.

I have a number of customers who come to me for all their clothes. One young lady gave me in two weeks time work on which I earned $30.00. Some of my customers have insisted on paying me more than I ask them. One of them said she was willing to pay me any price because the dresses I made for her were always admired.

The best part of it all is that my lessons and my sewing do not interfere with my ordinary work at all. I do all my own work, washing, ironing, baking and cleaning, and I have three small children and an eight room house to care for. My customers tell me they don't see how I can keep my house and family looking so clean and neat and find time to do sewing. I tell them that it is easy enough when you know the right way to sew. The Institute has taught me that, and has been helpful to me in countless other ways. I used to dread trying to make myself even a house dress. It was sure to take me at least a week, and cause me a great deal of worry. Now I can make myself a dress and two or three dresses for other people in a week, besides doing my house work.

It seems funny when I think of it now—how at first I hesitated about taking the Course because I could not see how I was ever going to find the money to pay for it. As it turned out, the Course itself has made it possible for me to earn enough sewing for other people to pay for my lessons, buy the materials for all our clothes, and help out with the household expenses. The family have numerous treats on mother, too.

Everything in the Woman's Institute Course is explained so well, and the teachers take such a personal interest in your work that everything is perfectly easy. It has been the dream of my life to be a first class dressmaker, and now that I can see it coming true I am the happiest woman in the world.

This actual experience of Mrs. Miller, told in her own words, is not unusual. More than 100,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn through the Woman's Institute, in your own home during spare time, to make stylish, becoming clothes and hats for yourself, your family and others, at less than half their usual cost.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail and it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the Course as you desire and just whenever it is most convenient.

The Institute courses are practical, fascinating and complete. They begin with the very simplest stitches and seams, taking nothing for granted and proceed by logical steps until you can design and completely make even the most elaborate coats and suits.

Every step is explained fully. You learn how to design your own patterns or use tissue-paper patterns, how to cut, fit, and finish garments of all kinds.

You learn the secrets of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women; how to design and create original dresses, how to copy garments you see in shop windows, on the street or in the fashion magazines, or how to adapt and combine features that make clothes distinctively becoming.

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The People Who Hid for 200 Years

Continued from page 234

knees, riding on a train for the first time in his life when he came to the school, entered the primary class at eighteen years of age. Now he is an intelligent, highly-paid employee in a large concern.

Entering the primary at twenty-two years of age, a girl was told at the end of the first year that it was no use—she simply could not learn. But she persisted and after a time, as if by miracle, her long-closed mind started to unfold like a flower and she began to pick up everything. It was as if her brain had been asleep. She was graduated with high honors and became a Red Cross nurse. During the War she was placed in a most important position as head of a large hospital.

A GROWN man who said he knew nothing but telegraphy asked if he could work his way through school by telegraphy! The principal did not see how. But presently a student was found who wanted to learn telegraphy, and then another, and another. A class was formed and this man worked his way up through the grades by teaching telegraphy.

Such determination to get an education implies that the education given by the mission schools must be worth while. And it is. Japanese flower arrangement, esthetic dancing and Greek are *not* taught. Most of the mountaineers are farmers and they are therefore taught how to cultivate and plant, how to judge livestock, how to build a silo, how to prune fruit trees, and how to raise pigs—all this of course in addition to reading, writing, mathematics and ordinary academic courses. The girls are taught neat carpentering of the simple pieces of furniture needed in the home, gardening, physiology and home nursing, "household and farm arithmetic," domestic science, dressmaking, house furnishing, etc.

All the work at the school is done by the students themselves, no servants being employed. Regularly detailed groups of students care for the buildings, harvest the crops, erect new school buildings or barns when needed, make desks and tables, cook and serve the meals.

For those who wish to study commercial subjects such as bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting and telegraphy, provision is made. But the main subjects are those most needed in the mountains—farming and homemaking.

One cannot learn farming from books alone. Therefore these schools generally possess a good-sized experiment farm—and the students, after a lesson, have more of the smell of soil and hogs about them than the smell of books. For the girls, practice cottages are provided where they may actually keep house, planning the meals, living on a budget and performing all the domestic duties of a home.

SOMEONE said to the President of such a school: "I notice a great difference in your students. You must be drawing on a much higher class now than ten years ago."

The answer was that these were the younger brothers and sisters of the ones in the school ten years ago who had gone back and leavened the homes. As a result of this leavening, the present students were truly of a "higher class."

The mountaineer is introduced to the world—with which he has lost acquaintance for two centuries. He no longer regards the people outside the mountains as "furriners," "outlanders" and "quar." He is not terrified by an elevator as was a mountaineer who entered an office building in Asheville and walked up five flights rather than risk the "pesky cage." He does not ask, as did an old man of the mountains: "Do you know Jim Brown? He lives in New York."

I did not know Jim Brown.

"Perhaps if I was to describe him," said the old man, "you mought remember to 've seed him passin' by. He's a tall, thin man."

So there's an old man of the mountains who will appreciate it if as you walk about the streets of New York you will keep on the lookout for a tall, thin man. That's Jim Brown.

But the schooled mountaineer sees the world in perspective. He knows that, while his own settlement may be large, boasting five families, Chicago and New York are still larger. He knows enough about tilling the soil so that he does not have to resort to moonshining to make a living. And he has had Christian teaching so thoroughly ingrained that he has too much Christian charity and breadth of view to continue old feuds.

HOW strange the cabin home looks sometimes to the returned student. A girl seventeen years old, who had never been ten miles away from home, got a chance to go to school. Before she went she fixed up the house, for the enjoyment of her parents, in what she considered the height of style. She put up a crude lithograph of Mary of the Bleeding Heart. (The family was Hardshell Baptist). She had no way of knowing that it was a Catholic picture—would not have known what the word "Catholic" itself meant. Appended to this, she hung another picture of some dead birds and rabbits. Then she papered every remaining inch of space on the walls and ceiling with pages from a Chicago mail order catalog so that the room was a veritable art gallery of watches, engagement rings, wedding rings, phonographs, shoes, hats, dishes, cameras and banjos.

When she came back, how odd the place looked! Down came the Chicago art gallery and the Catholic symbol, up went a beautiful rotogravure of Jesus and the little children which she had received at the Christian school and in went a glass window to admit the light of outdoors. She made neat, mission-style chairs and a table to replace the gnarled makeshifts formerly used. At the edge of the clearing she built with her own hands a chicken house and a model pig pen like the one at the school, and made a garden. She quickly mended the ailing health of two small brothers by applying her knowledge of dietetics to the cooking of proper food. And each Sunday, since there was no church within a day's journey, she brought out the beautiful Bible which had been awarded to her as a prize by the school and conducted a little family service.

Schools which accomplish such results are worth while. "Don't go West to find a new plantation," say the schools. "Plow deeper and you will find a new one just below the old one you've been scratching on." In the same way it may be said that the denominations have found a fertile field in the mountain work. But they are only scratching it. They need to plow deeper. Where there are a few dozen schools there should be hundreds. In the high nooks and crannies of the Appalachian mountains there are still more than two million people of old American stock locked away from opportunity.

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 237

uncertainty, but it was known that Kronstadt and several fortresses on the south shore of the Gulf of Finland, with garrisons numbering tens of thousands, were holding out against the Bolsheviki and even threatening the capture of the city. War Minister Trotzky ordered large forces sent to Petrograd from other districts, but the joining of battle on an extensive scale was delayed because of doubts as to the loyalty of the reinforcements.

The Petrograd uprising was regarded as constituting less of a menace to the Soviet régime than the widespread and sporadic peasant uprisings. Unless the Kronstadt movement succeeds quickly the Bolshevist rulers will be able to starve the garrisons into submission, but in a struggle against the rural population it would be the Bolsheviki in the cities who would starve.

Spanish Premier Assassinated

PREMIER EDUARDO DATO, for many years one of the most powerful Spanish politicians, was assassinated in Madrid while returning to his home after a night session of the Spanish Senate. As the Premier's automobile sped along a dark street, a motorcycle with a side car drew alongside and the two men in it opened fire with pistols, twenty-one shots being discharged. The Premier was wounded so seriously that he died within a few minutes, while the assassins dashed down a side street and escaped. An official report said the murderers were believed to have been Syndicalists.

There has been widespread industrial unrest in Spain for many months, and at times the disorders have attained almost the proportions of a revolution. Señor Dato, the head of the Liberal-Conservative party, the strongest group in the Cortes, was regarded by the working classes as their enemy and as opposed to all reforms, a reputation due in part to the sternness with which he suppressed the workers' movement in August, 1917, when he was serving as Premier for the second time. One of Spain's frequent political crises a little later caused the fall of his ministry, his sympathy for the Allied cause in the war contributing to that end, but he remained a strong factor in the government and again assumed the Premiership last September.

After many consultations among the conservative groups, Manuel Allende Salazar accepted the premiership and formed a new cabinet. Syndicalist agitation in Spain has been less violent recently, due to a more moderate tendency of public opinion, and it was hoped a conciliatory attitude by the new cabinet would hasten the solution of Spain's financial and industrial problems.

DOMESTIC

WAGE-CUTTING MOVEMENT SPREADS. With railroads all over the country taking steps toward reductions of wages and the meat packers announcing decreases of 12½ to 15 per cent. in the pay of their 100,000 workers, the industrial situation was becoming more threatening. The packing unions ordered a strike vote and railroad unions also were considering means of resisting the wage cuts.

GENERAL WOOD SENT TO PHILIPPINES. Major General Leonard Wood has been commissioned by President Harding to investigate conditions in the Philippines, a conference having resulted in the withdrawal of the invitation for him to become governor-general of the islands. Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania were planning to elect General Wood to be provost of that institution at a salary said to be $25,000.

NEW YORK RENT LAWS UPHELD. The constitutionality of emergency rent legislation designed to protect New York tenants from exorbitant rents was upheld fully by the state Courts of Appeals on the ground that contract rights must yield when in conflict with public welfare. The landlords have carried the fight to the United States Supreme Court.

FOREIGN

PANAMA FIGHTING STOPPED. The despatch by Secretary Hughes of identical notes demanding that Panama and Costa Rica cease hostilities immediately has resulted in the restoration of peace between the two republics, and their boundary dispute is to be mediated.

FORMER W. C. T. U. HEAD DIES. Lady Henry Somerset, formerly President of the World's W. C. T. U. and President of the National British Women's Temperance Association, died at her home in London.

AMERICAN BECOMES A CARDINAL. Archbishop Dougherty of Philadelphia has received from Pope Benedict the red hat, symbolic of his elevation to the rank of cardinal. Two German prelates were made cardinals at the same time, and three Spanish prelates will receive their red hats from King Alfonso.

TURKISH TREATY MODIFIED. The Allied Supreme Council in London has agreed on its proposals for the modification of the peace treaty with Turkey, but details of the changes were withheld. Time was to be allowed for the Turkish and Greek delegations to go home to consult their governments regarding its acceptance.

International

A FOREIGN PRESIDENT VISITS THE UNITED STATES

He is President Charles B. D. King of Liberia, who is standing in the center flanked by members of his mission. He came to seek a loan for his negro republic, which always has looked to America as its protector

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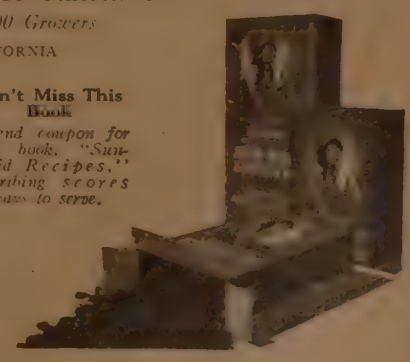

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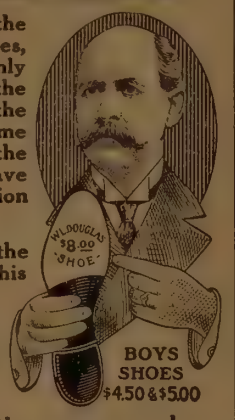

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MRS. C. J. B., The 13th Chapter of I Corinthians has been called "The New Testament Psalm of Christian Love," for here Paul gives the widest and fullest interpretation to the greatest of the Christian graces. Charity is not charity unless it is inspired by love—that love, not only of our neighbor, but of all mankind, which has its highest illustration in "for God so loved the world." With this love in our hearts, our sympathies expand to all whom we can help; we are moved by the spirit of kindness and compassion which Jesus showed in His earthly ministry. Envy, hate, selfishness, greed, vanity cannot exist in a heart that is filled with love for all humanity, and which constantly seeks to find expression in kindly words and deeds, in self-denial, in sacrifices for others and in refraining from harsh judgments of anyone who may have slipped or fallen. We read in the same chapter where Paul explains that merely giving of our substance, without giving love with the gift, counts for little or nothing. Some do this for vain-glory and to gain reputation; but He who searches the heart knows their object and judges them accordingly. We must give ourselves with what we give to others, or the gift will be in vain. We must make allowances for others, and put on their acts, as far as facts will permit, only the kindest construction. We must return good for evil, be ready to gladly bear all trials and submit to sacrifices for the sake of others. The love that is ready for such tests as these is the love which, under the name of charity, the apostle proclaims as the highest of the graces of Christian life and character.

J. M., Worcester, Mass., writes: "There are many calls to the Church today, urging increased zeal and energy in the proclamation of the Gospel. Has any similar situation appeared in the early days of the Church, and if so, what was the remedy applied?"

From age to age, the spirituality of the Church has needed to be revived. We see evidences of this even in the times of St. John the Apostle, who expresses the need in his messages to the churches in Asia. It has often been remarked that some of the sermons preached in the third and fourth centuries would not be inapplicable to present-day conditions, if preached in our American churches. All through the Church's history, the message needed for the time never lacked for a strong leader to deliver it.

E. E. D., Missouri. 1. We should be careful how we judge others. There are some persons to whom we do not instinctively become attracted, and yet who, on closer acquaintance, may prove to be admirable in character. To draw the line on first impressions is always unwise and often proves unjust. If on closer acquaintance you are convinced that a person is unworthy of intimate relationship, you are justified in drawing the line, but not otherwise. 2. See Deut. 5 : 9 which may cover what you mean. 3. Before God, all are equal. He is no respecter of persons. Even though we progress in the divine life and become capable of doing good service for the advancement of the Kingdom, we should cultivate humility, not esteeming ourselves too highly but ever striving to reach a goal of greater usefulness. The last part of your letter has been sent to the Prayer League.

J. P. Williams, Brady, Tex., will be very grateful to any reader who sends to him a copy of the old hymn: "Oh, Sing to Me of Heaven."

C. D. P., Delaware, O. The immigrant who comes to our shores "unclean, unhealthy, indisposed to industry, etc.," would probably be classed as undesirable and rejected.

Mrs. R. M. H., Idabel, Okla., writes: "I can't see why any Christian hates to give up dancing, cards, and all such things. If truly converted, they won't want to go to such amusements. I never see an entrance to a picture show where there are all kinds on the screen, but this Scripture comes to mind: 'Wide is the gate that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat.' If Christians are found in worldly crowds when Jesus comes, how can He tell the difference? We could hardly do without the Christian Herald: especially do we enjoy the spiritual pieces and find them very helpful."

Subscriber, Haverhill, Mass.: The statement, which you say has been made by a clergyman, that there are in the world today forty persons, each claiming to be Christ, has not come to our notice. We assume it is a case in which the minister in question has got an impression and stated it as a fact. There are no doubt a few fanatics, impostors and false leaders of the class against whom Jesus warned his followers. Why not write to the clergyman asking for the authority for his statement?

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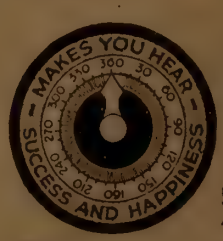

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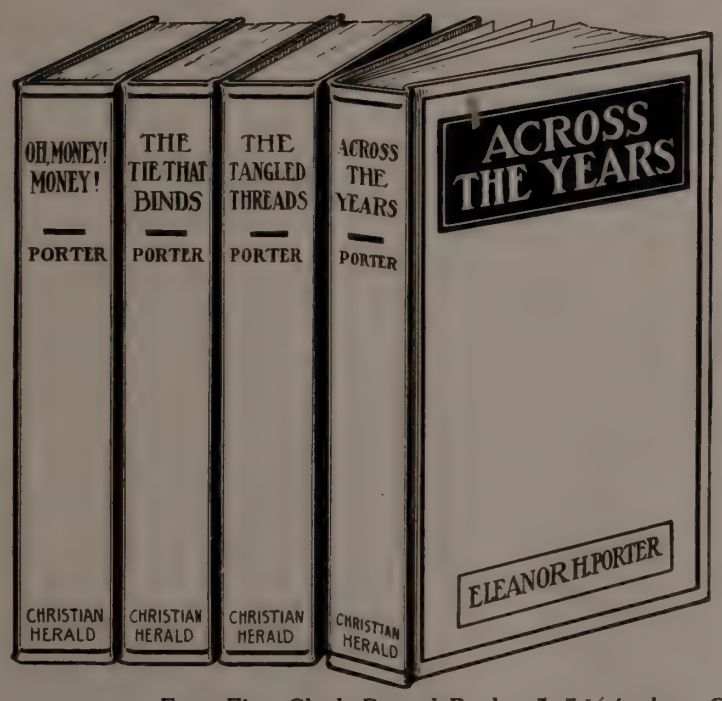

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"The time has come when agriculture must be recognized as the first industry of the country"

Relief for the Farmers

What the Government Can Do to Improve Conditions

By ARTHUR CAPPER

(United States Senator from Kansas)

SENATOR Capper, as the representative of a great agricultural state, and as the publisher of several farm publications, has obtained a thorough grasp of the serious problems confronting the American farmers; and his high standing in the Senate will make him an important factor in the solution of those problems. His proposals deserve careful consideration.

CLEARLY the farming business cannot exist unless credit conditions and market conditions are remedied soon. We must put farming on a fully modern business basis. There is not a living market for farm products in the United States today. Where there is no living market no industry can exist, not even the unappreciated and overburdened industry of agriculture.

The farmer has been made the goat so often that it was thought he could be made the goat again in this big task of deflation. The fall in prices of farm products the past year means a loss to the farmers of more than six billion dollars.

The necessity of practical co-operation between the government and the farmer and the protection of the nation's food resources was never so acute as now. Credit is an absolute necessity to the life of agriculture today and to the food supply of our cities in the future.

Lack of credit is sending breeding animals to market in trainloads. There has been no wool market for months, and recently a Wyoming sheepman paid $2.10 a sheep for freight and received $1.75 a head for them. A few months ago thirty bushels of corn would buy a good suit of clothes, and now it requires 100 bushels of corn to buy the same suit. A bushel of wheat would buy ten gallons of gasoline, but it will buy a little more than half that quantity now; and so it goes with everything the farmer buys, and worse than that, with the money he borrows, for he often pays from ten to twenty per cent. interest and signs as security a property statement on everything he owns. We grudgingly give to our farmers credit at ruinous rates, but our Wall Street bankers never hesitated when the Cuban sugar planters needed financing. We can supply Wall Street with billions for gambling, we can advance the railroads more than a billion on a broken-down transportation system and aid the profiteering planters of Cuba, but have not shown decent business justice to our farmers.

America protects manufacturing industries from the cheap labor and lower living standards of Europe but does not protect the greatest of all our industries —agriculture—from the same foreign competition. Everything the American farmer sells is sold with world competition, and everything he buys he must purchase in a protected market. He competes with South America and Australasia when he sells wool or mutton, and he must buy his clothing with a thirty per cent. tariff tax added; for his government protects the manufacturer of woolens, but does not protect the producer of wool. The interests of the American farmer are so intricately mixed with the interests of all America that a just protection is a necessity for the whole country.

INASMUCH as the present situation has been largely brought about by necessary governmental interference with what would otherwise be the restraining effect of the law of supply and demand, it is quite reasonable to appeal to the government which was compelled to create this condition, to relieve it, so far as it may do so, without violation of economic principles.

If a government can finance a war emergency, why can't it do something to finance a peace emergency? Didn't our government do that last year when it let the railroads have $600,000,000?

Agricultural interests could point to this precedent in the action of the government in relieving the railroads of too sudden readjustment on their return to private ownership. The farming industry is just as important as the transportation problem.

As for a permanent remedy for the ills of agriculture, farming should be put first in our national policy. We should give the farming business its full economic rights. We should map out a great constructive policy for agriculture and put it through, give free rein to every legitimate scheme of co-operation among farmers and tax the land-hog speculator out of existence. We want to remove this absentee landlord-leech—and put the landowning, permanent, contented American back on the land.

There should be fair and open markets for all farm products free from manipulation and hold-ups by speculators and middlemen. There should be full and complete facilities for nation-wide co-operative marketing by farmers, and there should be a better marketing system so that all impediments to the free flow of the law of supply and demand may be removed by constructive control of the great agencies of distribution, and a wise regulation of freight rates on farm products.

At the present time the charges on a car of grain or hay from farm to market consume one-half the amount that the man who grew the stuff gets for his year's work, his outlay and his investment in producing it.

When, as is now the case, the railroads are permitted to charge such rates that the farmer cannot "break even" on the cost of production and is actually out of pocket for everything he sells, it is high time to appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission. A car of grain shipped recently from Oklahoma to Chicago cost the grower $550 in freight charges and brought him a return of $592. Another car shipped to market at an expense of $525 brought the producer $475, and he had to pay twenty cents a hundred pounds for threshing in addition to the fifty-one cents a hundred paid to the railroad company in freight charges.

During this period of market collapse, I believe the Interstate Commerce Commission has a chance to set business going by granting immediately an emergency rate on farm products of at least one-third under the existing tariff, this rate to remain in effect for no less than six months from the date it is promulgated.

THE business world must give the farmer a chance to market his products if it wants him to pay his debts. This six months' emergency rate would give him that chance. All railroad presidents should urge this remedy on the score that the temporary loss in rates would be more than offset by a general revival of trade and a nation-wide business and employment.

The Interstate Commerce Commission demonstrated its wisdom last year when it helped the railroads in their straits by promptly making available a large part of the six hundred million dollars advanced to them by Congress. The farming industry is even more vital than the transportation question and the Commission would bring credit to its organization if it will aid in getting farm products to market at this period when the national welfare is at stake.

We should also abolish gambling in wheat, corn and all farm products. The Federal Reserve act should be amended so as to provide preferential rates for loans for productive purposes over loans for speculative purposes. When the Federal Reserve Board and the market gamblers "deflated" farm products to the extent of from six to eight billions in less than six months, they took more away from the country's wealth producers than there is in circulation in all the forty-eight States and bound them hand and foot so far as credit is concerned.

Big wheat pit operators or Wall street speculators can get thousands or millions at any time to carry

stocks ov[illegible]or price, but it is not called legitimat[illegible]er to try to ho'd any of his product[illegible] price. Only one dollar in every three t[illegible] the re-discounts of the Federal Reserve Bank is farmer's paper. Yet large sales of foreign bonds listed daily show that American money is buying these securities to aid foreign agriculture and industries.

Give our farmers a chance to do business on equal terms with the rest of the United States. The Federal Reserve system, if it gives any aid at all to the farmers, renders a totally inadequate credit service. Its paper shows that it is providing one dollar of credit for this country's eighty billion dollar farm industry to one thousand dollars of credit extended elsewhere. This Federal Reserve Act should be so amended that farmers will have an equal benefit with other business men from this system. It should furnish preferential rates for loans for production purposes. It should provide for loans on warehouse receipts that farmers may market their produce in an orderly way.

THE Warehouse Act should be extended so as to serve the needs of both individuals and co-operative associations and there should be based upon it a rural credit plan which will enable the farmer individually and collectively to obtain implements, machinery, improved live-stock and seed, etc., after the fashion that real estate loans are now provided.

The erection of international credit machinery by which we can enable Europe to buy our surplus, pending this recuperation season, will stimulate agricultural industry here by providing a foreign market.

We should remove obstacles from proper co-operative action and proper collective bargaining on the part of the producers of farm products and on the consumers of farm products.

There should be State and National supervision of middlemen handling food, especially when such middlemen are able to control distribution and consequently can control or influence the price charged to the consumer.

We can aid agricultural industries if we can secure improved distribution, encourage additional facilities on existing rail lines, initiate new water and motor transportation, secure good roads and seek equalization of freight rates on farm products.

We should also provide government supervision of the operation of refrigerating elevator and storage companies when these companies operate as public utilities.

We should not fail to eliminate by all possible federal action and also by action within the states all waste and parasitic profits which are to be found between the farmers and the consumers of the United States.

There should be encouragement rather than adverse legislation for co-operative buying by consumers.

We should give all possible encouragement to the young men who *want to buy* farms and live on the land, by extending the use of capital by federal and state action, as in the present federal plan to the farmer who already owns a farm.

We should adjust taxes so that the burden falls on the land-hog and his land rather than upon the buildings or improvements or the products of farm labor.

We should enact a tariff law at once which will give the American farmers that measure of protection which may be necessary to equalize the difference between the costs of production in this country and the cost in competing nations, where land is cheap and living conditions lower than the standards which prevail here.

We should place an immediate embargo on the importation of Canadian wheat into this country where it is not needed.

THE warehouse receipt plan when put into effect will greatly aid:

1st—Collecting grain in licensed state or federal warehouses with official grading inspection and regulation.

2nd—Issuing uniform warehouse receipts against this stored grain.

3rd—Pooling these warehouse receipts in the hands of a government appointee. Issuing certificates of indebtedness against these receipts, such certificates to run for periods from three to fifteen months. Such certificates will sell readily to the investing public and will provide ample capital for financing the grain until it can be sold to the consumer.

Congress must solve this problem and as one remedial measure it must re-establish foreign trade relations, that our surplus stock, crops, live-stock and cotton may find a market.

The War Finance Corporation ought to operate at once. There is no other way to market the 12,000,000,000 bales of cotton of the last crop and our other great surpluses. Congress should see to it that agriculture is afforded equitable credit accommodations; and there is no reason why a solvent farmer should not have credits as cheaply as any other business man. With honest markets, with agriculture put on an organized business basis, with the hazardous industry free from the economic crimes now committed against it; with the knowledge that his crop will pay him for the cost of production with a fair profit, the American farmer will go ahead and help to make America the best fed and the most prosperous nation in the world.

The time has come when agriculture must be recognized as the first industry of the country and must be supported as such by the public if the industries and commerce of the consumers are to continue to thrive.

"Barbarians" in the Church Choir

A Plea for Distinct Enunciation in Devotional Singing

By JAS. TOOKEN FORD

A LADY living in Cleveland, Ohio, still so vigorous in mind and body that she regularly takes an active part in missionary meetings and attends church services, vouches for the following incident about Rev. Charles G. Finney when he was pastor of the Congregationalist church at Oberlin, Ohio. The choir of which this lady was a member had sung an anthem which was followed by the "long prayer." While praying Dr. Finney expressed his views to the Lord about the singing in the following fashion: "Oh, Lord, we have sung to thy praise. We hope it has benefited the choir. If it has not benefited them we do not know whom it has benefited, as we were utterly unable to understand the words." "At the close of the service," this lady added, "Dr. Finney requested the singers to remain, and came up into the choir loft and talked very pleasantly to us about enunciating the words plainly when we sang."

Doubtless many another pastor has put up, though inaudibly, the same disconsolate cry, and doubtless he has longed to have a straightforward kindly talk with his choir as Dr. Finney did; but, for fear of their saying the "barbarian" was in the pulpit rather than in the choir, has kept silent. But Dr. Finney's idea of the right way of devotional singing we find existed away back in the fourth century. St. Augustine in writing to Ambrose after hearing the great chorus choirs Ambrose had organized told of his tears shed in the psalmody of the church, and then adds naively: "I am moved not with the singing but with the things sung when sung with a clear voice and modulation most suitable."

John McCormack, one of America's most popular singers of heart-melodies, holds the same view and in a recent article in the American Magazine, he said: "The appeal of a heart song is a double one, musical and human, and the way to divide it, I think, is five per cent. musical and ninety-five per cent. human." If all singers in our church choirs could by some grace be possessed of that idea we would have no more "barbarians" to interrupt divine worship. Mr. McCormack reveals his plain common sense: "When singing in English to English speaking audiences I always sing with as perfect enunciation as I am capable of."

If Mr. McCormack's opinion of the larger value of the human appeal in singing a heart-song be correct, then surely the human appeal should hold as large a place in the singing of sacred songs. Yet frequently the experience of church-goers is that church choirs blur if they do not entirely obliterate the ninety-five per cent value in studied efforts to express the five per cent value. Mr. McCormack is evidently one of the common sufferers from this kind of singing, for he says, "It is a curious thing that most singers will study and practice indefatigably to achieve perfect diction in French and Italian, but will sing English with a careless, slip-shod enunciation which makes it perfectly unintelligible."

How was it with the unfamiliar solo or anthem which you heard last Sunday? Could you understand five consecutive words of it? Congregations are so accustomed to meaningless vocalizations they succumb to this outrage in divine worship in silent helplessness.

MUSIC, is but the plumage and the soul embodied in the words is the living thing. When the thought is killed by meaningless sounds, be those sounds even divinely musical, then the singer becomes a musical taxidermist presenting plumage alone. The plumage may be as gorgeous as that of a Bird of Paradise, but the bird is dead. The heart longs for the entrancing carol of a living robin as he pours forth his grateful heart in thanksgiving from a tree-top at dawn, or the notes of a living brown thrush, or the sweet rhapsody of the happy little wren.

An opera house may be the place to display mere musical vocalization, as a museum is the place to display dead plumage, but the House of God is a living grove where David, Fanny Crosby, Watts, Newton, Heber and others, a great flock, pour forth their praises through the ages, made to live again by the power of gifted human voices. And a gifted voice can perform this miracle only through the distinct enunciation of a David's or a Heber's living words.

But one may say, "My soul goes out in worship on the sweet strains of vocal music regardless of the words." Undoubtedly rapturous music is exalting, as also were the rhapsodies of "tongues" in the early church, but of these unintelligible "tongues" Paul says: "If I know not the meaning of the voice I shall be to him that speaketh a barbarian and he that speaketh will be a barbarian unto me." Equally so if I know not the meaning of a singer's voice I shall be to him a "barbarian" and most surely he is a "barbarian" unto me; and the song which should carry the soul up to the presence of God carries it merely to the feet of the singer.

Granting that musical vocalization alone without any distinguishable words can cast a spell over the audience and loose the wings of imagination to bear this one to some scene of happy bygone days, and that one to the zero hour when he was ready to go over the top, another to the awesome stillness of a great forest—yet the emotions inspired by the music alone are necessarily as varied as the number of auditors.

BUT when the words of a sacred song are enunciated so distinctly as to be heard in the farthest corner, and heard without effort, then the whole audience is borne up by the spell of one great definite experience which the sweet passion of the singer has realized and glorified. Each great song of the church, whether by David, Watts, or Wesley, is either a vision from a mount of inspiration flashed on the soul with lightning-like suddenness or perhaps a slow crystallization of the heart-experiences of a lifetime; but each sacred song preserved by the church represents some definite great thought which the singer makes to live again only by very distinct enunciation.

The writer recently heard a singer of national repute sing an original song written for an occasion at which thousands were present. The writer sat with three friends in easy ear-shot, all in perfect sympathy with the singer; but of his four or five stanzas none of us, even with the closest attention, could make out a word, and not more than a line or two of the chorus. The pains, time, and probably prayer spent on putting the thought into form was absolutely lost on us at least, because none of us knew what the singer was singing about. He might just as well have used Choctaw and set it to music and poured out his soul's enthusiasm. As far as the song was concerned he was a "barbarian" unto us.

The very opposite of this unintelligible style is that of Mr. Homer Rodeheaver, who is well known through his leadership of great choruses in the Sunday campaigns. When Mr. Rodeheaver sings "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," or any gospel song, his audiences even of fifteen thousand or more, are held attentive by the clear words of a definite message. Also when directing conferences for song directors, he says: "I especially emphasize distinct enunciation as one of the most important points, especially in singing the Gospel message." The occupant of the pew cannot understand the viewpoint of a singer who sings English to an English-speaking audience in such a way as to make it "perfectly unintelligible."

My Tenants

By
HARRIET WHITNEY SYMONDS

EACH season, at the busy, growing time,
Come applicants for lodgings by the score—
Sweet Honeysuckle, asking leave to climb
The lattice-work outside my cottage door,

And gentle Clematis, who craves a place
About my study's sunny window ledge,
And Yellow Rose, who would secure the space
That lies along my porch's outer edge.

So many come I cannot name them all,
But none are turned away while I can find
A vacant niche or nook, however small,
Where some wee spray may cling or trail or wind.

And careful to exact my due,
You ask: Are rental charges promptly met?
Indeed, I give my sacred word to you,
My tenants keep me ever in their debt.

Fair terms and moderate I like to make—
A waft of sweetness when the night seems slow
To pass, a breath of honey when I wake,
A glimpse of cheery warmth and sunny glow.

This payment only would I ask, but they,
For bits of lodging and growing room,
By far exceeds the measure every day
With lavish waste of fragrance and of bloom.

Christianity and Education

Determining the Relationship of Church and School

By

REV. E. A. McALPIN, Jr., D.D.

AMERICA is proud to be called the land of free schools. All children are given the opportunity of an education from kindergarten through high school, and the day is fast approaching when they will also receive free university training.

To safeguard young people from the proselyting spirit, all teaching of Christianity has been crowded out of the educational system. The consequences of this action are now apparent. We have been developing an irreligious people.

The lack of religious training during the plastic age of youth has taught them to think lightly of religion and they grow up without the self-control that Christianity develops. Judge Crain of New York recently said that the "neglect of religious training among the young is responsible for the great prevalence of crime." This is evidence that cannot be denied.

The first step towards solving this problem is the clear understanding of what relations should exist between Christianity and Education.

There are four possible relationships between education and Christianity.

The first is to subordinate education to Christianity. This was tried in the past and given up as hopeless. No one could teach or believe anything that was antagonistic to Christianity. This theory made the Church oppose Galileo and force him to deny the truth. This spirit bitterly opposed Darwin and his theory of evolution. It led to the hampering of all investigators and meant the binding of all educational processes in the swaddling clothes of mediaeval theology. No one could think freely or delve into the mysteries of nature with a free mind. No one wants to go back to any such theory of education. It is too childish for thoughtful men to consider seriously. It has been thrown into the rubbish heap of civilization as hopelessly impotent.

THE second theory is that Christianity should be subordinated to education. This theory was a natural reaction from the evils that existed when the Church dominated education. Scholars knew that freedom of thought and investigation must be guaranteed if advancement was to be made. Men of deep Christian convictions felt that the science and philosophy in which their religion was clothed were not its essential elements. Science and philosophy might change through a clearer understanding of the principles of life but the fundamentals of the Christian faith would still exist, as they are the answer to universal human needs that cannot be changed by scientific facts or philosophical systems.

As a theory this presents few weaknesses. It was only after the theory had been put into practise that these weaknesses developed. It meant the elimination from education of everything that was of a distinct and compelling Christian character. Schools and colleges that had been founded by Christian people with the primary object of training ministers boasted of their freedom from any religious bias. Formal chapel services and sparsely attended Y. M. C. A. meetings composed their only definitely Christian features. Brilliant men who openly scoffed at Christianity or showed by their lives an utter disregard for its commandments were professors. A mental attitude openly hostile or callously indifferent to Christianity pervaded the classrooms. While this antagonistic spirit was developing in colleges and technical schools the public school system forbade the teaching of anything distinctly Christian. The most that was permitted was a perfunctory reading of the Scriptures.

Young people from kindergarten to university were educated in an atmosphere that was, at best, silent on religious subjects or, at worst, openly hostile to the teachings of Christ. Is it any wonder that we have an irreligious race of young people in our land today? They are the fruit of our educational system. The Church has tried to meet this problem by developing Sunday schools and there teaching the children of the Church the principles of Christianity.

Three things have made this noble effort a sad failure. The amount of time given to instruction is totally inadequate, as usually only twenty-six hours a year is spent in Bible study, and this is too short a time to give any real knowledge of this subject. The difficulty of getting teachers has made the standard of teaching very low, and few of them are capable of imparting any real training in the limited time at their disposal. The inability to require attendance has allowed the vast majority of children to come irregularly, and so most of them fail to gain the training that might come from this limited time and inadequate teaching if it were properly used.

THE practical working out of this theory that Christianity should be subordinated to education has led in its application to the third possible theory—that Christianity and education ought to be divorced from one another.

This is the most fallacious of all theories. Any education worthy of being called an education deals not only with training the mind and hand, but also with the creation of character. The educated man is a man with a complete training. Mere culture apart from character is a hollow, despicable thing. The refined roué is more despicable than the crude illiterate who indulges his baser passions like an animal. The roué knows what he should do, but for his personal pleasure refuses to do it. The ignorant man knows nothing better than animal gratification and therefore is less blameworthy.

Is education merely the mastering of foreign languages and acquiring some knowledge of mathematics and a grasp of philosophy, or is it a training for life?

If it is the mere acquiring of facts and the ability to think clearly it might be possible to divorce all religion from the educational system. If education is a training for life then there must be added to the intellectual discipline the moral control that comes from a virile religious faith. We have tried to divorce education from all religious training and we have suffered a real loss of moral character.

There remains another theory that suggests a solution for this problem. This is that Christianity and education must be co-ordinated in order to maintain and perpetuate a Christian nation. This is the theory underlying some successful preparatory schools and so-called Church colleges. In these institutions no effort is made to teach theology or control the spirit of research and investigation. Men and women with the best intellectual training possible and of a virile piety are engaged as professors.

The idea underlying this theory is that Christianity is a life. It is not imparted by rule of thumb or the learning of creeds. It is caught by moral and spiritual contagion. The atmosphere, charged with the dynamics of a spiritual idealism, reacts on the student's spiritual life. It is not perpetuated by any special geological, biological or astronomical theory. The teachers and students are free to follow Darwin, Newton, Einstein or any other authority in their own field of research who wins their allegiance by convincing their intellect. The laboratories are open for research and investigation.

But the atmosphere sought by the institution is not only scholarly, it is also positively Christian. The teachers are men and women who accept the teachings and person of Christ as showing men the way to live. They believe in the importance of keeping a man's spiritual life in touch with God. From these institutions come students whose training has made them respect the place of Christianity in their personal lives. Their characters have been trained as well as their brains.

VARIOUS efforts are being made to bring this religious atmosphere into public schools. We have only space here to consider two of these efforts. These are presented, as a combination of them could be developed into a complete system of religious instruction for the public school.

The first is the Gary Plan. This in brief is the setting apart of a school period each week for religious instruction. The children of those parents who request it are dismissed from school for this period and required to attend the class held by their parents' Church. The school has no jurisdiction over this period and merely requires the child's attendance. This is best adapted for Grammar School Grades.

The other is known as the North Dakota Plan. In this effort, no period is given for instruction, but the Sunday School Association has prepared a syllabus on the Bible which deals with the history, times and lives of Biblical characters. This syllabus is very comprehensive and accurate. The State School Board has accepted the syllabus and gives examinations on it. The child may study the Bible under any system of theology his parents desire. That is outside of the School Board's province. For passing an examination on the syllabus credit is given for outside work. This method is best adapted for High School students.

A combination of the ideas underlying the Gary Plan for Grammar Schools and the North Dakota Plan for High Schools would give a complete system of religious training for all children and also give the moral support that comes from the school's interest in having every student given definite religious training.

SOME plan must be worked out for the whole country. Children ought to know that the State expects every citizen to serve the Church of his choice conscientiously and intelligently. We must keep the state and Church separate to protect them from interfering with each other's functions. But no strong Christian nation can exist that does not have its citizens intelligent and loyal to the Church of their choice. The Y. M. C. A. is doing a good work in its High School Bible Classes, but all such independent effort, of necessity, must fail to create the unconscious appreciation of the importance of Christianity that its recognition by the school system is bound to give.

Let these voluntary efforts continue and be improved upon and multiplied as much as possible. They are of supreme importance in keeping alive the spontaneity of all true Christian faith, but let us also have as a background the state's recognition of the importance of Christianity as a foundation of character.

America should create a system of education that will develop an intelligent and industrious people controlled by personal piety, as this is a step toward solving all social and economic problems. These problems have their roots in human selfishness and in a disregard for the well-being of others. Christianity points out the sinfulness of the selfish life and the enormity of disregarding the well-being of others.

Here is a problem demanding immediate action on the part of the Church. The Church cannot do this work alone. By all means encourage her to perfect the Sunday school and young people's work, as they are of priceless value. But let the Church also bring pressure to bear on the state until we have established from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from our island possessions to the frozen north of Alaska, an educational system that brings the sanctions and appeal of Christianity to every boy and girl, young man and young woman during their educational life. Then and only then will America have the kind of citizens that she needs to meet the problems of the future.

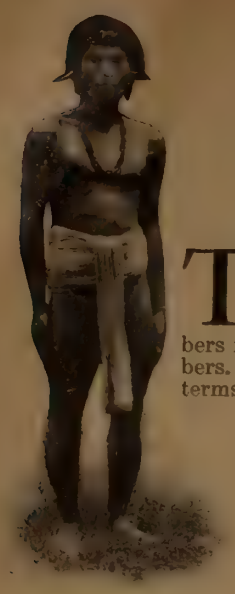
Dr. Sheldon Discusses

The Creed of Jesus

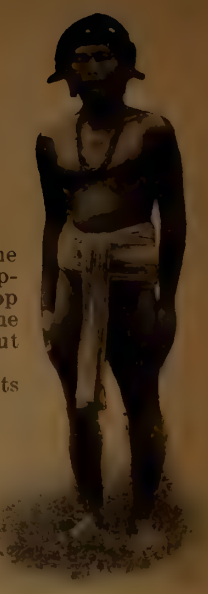
1. He believed in God so naturally that He never tried to prove His existence but took it for granted like the air He breathed or the food He ate.
2. He believed in His own mission, which was to give men life abundantly.
3. He believed in the fact of sin and man's redemption from it by repentance and faith.
4. He believed in heaven and hell and taught that men make their choice of either right or wrong.
5. He believed in the possibility of a Human Brotherhood based on the oneness of human need and dependence.
6. He believed in the capacity of mankind to learn and accept the greatness of the abundant life.
7. He believed in the fact of immortality and took it for granted, as He did the existence of God, never arguing about it.
8. He believed in the seriousness of life without being gloomy or ascetic. And He taught that life should be measured, not by pleasure, but by its joy in service.
9. He believed that prayer is a necessity for a full grown life and taught the need of it without arguing about its meaning.
10. He believed in His own teaching so much that He commanded it to be taught to every nation and laid it upon the Church as a last and binding commission.

* * *

What do you think of the Creed of Jesus? Can you find a better one for yourself?



The Weary Willies of Borneo



The Eighth Article in a Series on "New Worlds"

By WILLARD PRICE

THE American hobo has his counterpart in Borneo! In the United States, hoboism numbers nearly half a million members. It has its own technical terms, its own signs and symbols, professional ethics and standards of efficiency. The American tramp may be pardoned for imagining that his national branch excels all other divisions of the Grand International Order of Hoboes.

But a committee of American vagrants should be delegated to visit Borneo! They would come back with some new ideas! They would perhaps be more moderate in their personal self-satisfaction. For the excellencies of method current among the hoboes of Borneo are such as to make the brothers in America turn green with envy.

For example, in spite of our much vaunted national inventiveness, it has never occurred to the gentleman of the road in America to attach a cushion to his coat tail! Although he sits down fifty times a day, on wayside rocks, iron trestles, scraggly stumps and lumpy ground, this simple and comfortable expedient has never entered his mind.

Contrast this stupidity with the cleverness of the wandering dyak. He hooks a thick mat to the rear of his "chawat" or loin-cloth. It swings gracefully behind him as he strides down the jungle trails from one back door to another. The customary method of expelling unwelcome guests need never dismay the dyak, for he has his armor where it is most needed. And whenever he grows weary, all he has to do is to sway his body forward a trifle to bring the mat well under him, and then sit down quickly. He does not need to search about for a soft resting-place. He has it always with him, following close behind.

And the dyak tramp sits down frequently! Laziness is easy in a country where the weather is "nine months hot and three months hotter."

TWO missionaries had an amusing experience with a company of wandering dyaks. The missionaries are Mr. and Mrs. James Hoover, and they live in an American-built house on the shore of the Rejang River, Borneo.

One evening Mrs. Hoover was called to the door to find sixty weary, travel-stained wanderers—for the tramps of Malaysia, again showing their superiority over their American brethren, travel in groups for mutual protection.

"Have you any tobacco?" asked their spokesman.

"No."

"Have you any sweet potatoes?"

These were forthcoming, and the Weary Willies prepared their evening meal on the bank of the stream. Rice and sweet potatoes were boiled, and each diner received his portion in a coconut shell.

One member of the company came panting in from the jungle trailing an immense snake. It was welcomed with salvos of applause, and two dyaks seized it at either end and held it over the fire. After it had been cooked to a turn, the skin was stripped off and the meat was sliced, distributed and devoured with great relish.

Then another visit was made to the missionaries' home.

"May we sleep in your house tonight?" was the plea.

Permission was granted. As soon as it became dark sixty dyaks filed into one of the larger rooms of the house. They sat about quietly for a while, and then their leader began to train them in the war dance. They had heard of a wee war up in the hills and were on their way to take part in it. A little preliminary practice was needed. Man after man took the floor, thrust his sword at imaginary enemies, maneuvered his shield and worked his feelings up to a murderous pitch while the rest of the company clapped time and whooped their approval.

This continued long after bed-time. In the next room, separated by a thin partition with gaps between the boards, the Hoovers were vainly endeavoring to sleep. Finally the missionaries rose in despair. After a consultation, they opened up the little organ. They resolved to test the adage concerning the charms of music and the savage breast.

At the first sound of the gospel tunes there was a hush in the room beyond. This was followed by an excited jabbering. The leader came around to investigate the mysterious "singing box." He took back reassuring news. The stillness was profound as one tune after another was played. Each tune selected was a little slower and more drowsy than the last; and finally a chorus of soft snores began to sift through the cracks from the improvised dormitory.

The little organ had done its work.

TO TAME the "wild men of Borneo" with Sunday-school music is no slight accomplishment. For head-hunting is still the wild profession of inland dyaks, in spite of the efforts of government authorities to stop the practice. However, a white man's head is considered as of no use. The dyak believes that each person he beheads will become his servant in the next world, and white men are not supposed to make good servants.

A young man cannot win a bride until he has brought home a skull. The extent to which he is admitted into the rights of his tribe also depends upon the number of trophies hanging from the rafters of his hut. A woman's head is worth more than a man's, and a child's is still more valuable, because to secure either of these it is probable that the victor had to fight all the male protectors of the family.

But if a dyak, upon meeting you, shakes your right hand and at the same time presses an egg into your left, you need have no fear. That is a sign of friendship. In return if you can give some scissors or beads or pieces of chocolate, the bond is sealed. And a dyak is honorable—he will not break his bond.

The head of an accredited friend, once he has received the egg welcome, is safe no matter how desperately the dyak may need a skull to fill out his collection. The dyaks are very truthful and they make life miserable for anyone who proves false among them. They keep green the memory of his unfaithfulness by making a pile of branches on a path between villages, and each person who passes throws on a twig and curses the man in whose name the pile was erected.

If they tilled the soil as painstakingly as they throw twigs on disgrace-heaps, the dyaks would be rich. But the soil is so fertile that a bare living can be extracted from it with almost no cultivation. Thus laziness is encouraged.

However, the dyak, indolent though he may sometimes be, must yield the highest Weary Willie honors to the Malay. The incident of the Malay shopkeeper who closed up his shop on Tuesday night because he had enough money to last out the week is typical.

But like a swarm of locusts the active Chinese are now sweeping down into Malaysia. Frugal, industrious, ambitious, they carry everything before them.

Take, for example, the case of China Boy and the Malay tailor. The Malay had a dirty, dilapidated shop. He sat on the front step, not because he did not have an order. He had one, but could not decide whether to begin on it that day or the next. As he pondered, along came China Boy.

"Me work velly hard," said China Boy. "Sleep floor—little rice—no money—work velly hard."

He was taken into the shop on those terms. He swept, cleaned, repaired and soon began to help with needle and scissors. There came a time when China Boy did practically all the work while the Malay wandered down the street and drank up the shop's earnings. China Boy demanded—and got—a share in the profits from the increased business which he had secured. He saved. His boss spent. Finally China Boy astounded the Malay by offering to buy the shop. The deal was closed. China Boy is now a well-to-do merchant, while the Malay works as a porter in a Singapore hotel.

There is some truth in the ironical remark of the Chinese who said, "In Malaysia the Malays don't count."

Outsiders are streaming in to reap the harvests of wealth which the Malays and the wild tribes have ignored. The natural increase in Malaysia of 500,000 a year is about equaled by the number of immigrants who come in annually from India and China.

Fleeing from a famine-stricken land to a land where the richness of the soil makes famine impossible, the Chinese do not lose interest in their native country. When enterprises in China need money they can most easily get it not from residents of China, but from the wealthy Chinese nabobs of Malaysia. When Dr. Sun Yat Sen wanted to finance his revolution to make China a republic he sent his agents to Singapore where they obtained $2,000,000 in contributions from Chinese merchants.

AS CHINESE who come in contact with English-speaking people develop a "pidgin English" so the Chinese in Malaysia have developed a sort of "pidgin Malay" or "Baba Malay" as it is generally called. The odd thing about it is that this corrupt patois of Malay is now respected as the correct speech and anyone not speaking it is looked down upon as ignorant and untaught. The explanation is, of course, that the perverted language is respected because it is spoken by the prosperous Chinese, while the pure is spoken only by the contemned Malay. Thus it seems that the reputation of a language depends not upon its pedigree but upon the company it keeps.

Singapore, cross-roads of the Far East, is claimed by some to be the most cosmopolitan city in the world; but it is doubtful whether it excels in this respect Buenos Aires and New York. Seventy languages are spoken in its streets. There are others who assert that Singapore is the most wicked city in the world. Wickedness, however, is a hard thing to measure. Certainly, Singapore has plenty of it.

Vice is cherished by Singapore because of the revenue it provides. Singapore is an open port. There are no duties except on opium and spirits. Therefore internal taxes must be levied to support the government. In 1913 government expenses amounted to about $10,500,000. There was a total revenue of $12,000,000. Of this $9,500,000 was raised through licenses, excise and vice taxation!

"The frontier of the Orient" describes Malaysia. It is invaded by pioneers and adventurers. Frontier conditions are

This is not, as you might suppose, a carnival side-show or a Coney Island attraction, but a Hindu temple in Sinapore, cross-roads of the Far East

apt to be rough. Steadying influences are needed in such regions.

Christian missions have a big task in this part of the world and are fulfilling it fairly well—in spots. One of the spots is the Anglo-Chinese school in Singapore, the largest educational institution in the Far East, outside of Japan.

That there is need for it is indicated by the fact that for Malaysia as a whole, only 3.9 per cent. of the men can read and only 1.9 per cent. of the women. Hardly one person in two thousand has more than a primary education.

Weird native medical practices make the demand for missionary doctors also very urgent.

"Your little girl appears to be very sick," said the missionary doctor to the mother of a little Siamese girl who showed symptoms of tuberculosis.

"Yes, she has pig's hairs," said the mother. "Somehow the pig's hairs have got into her system and are working their way toward her heart. If they get there they will stab it and she will die. But we are curing her."

"What are you doing?"

"Red chicken feathers," was the mother's reply. "We take a red chicken, boil it with its feathers on, then take the feathers off, put them in a bag, and rub her body."

Another favorite "cure" is rhinoceros tea. It is made by scraping rhinoceros hide into shavings and brewing them. It is regarded as a panacea. It will cure one thing quite as well as another. However, the patient sometimes gets well in spite of the stuff and then the tea is given the credit. The rhinoceros, being a strong animal, is supposed to impart his strength to the tea, and the precious rhinoceros hide sells for a dollar a square foot.

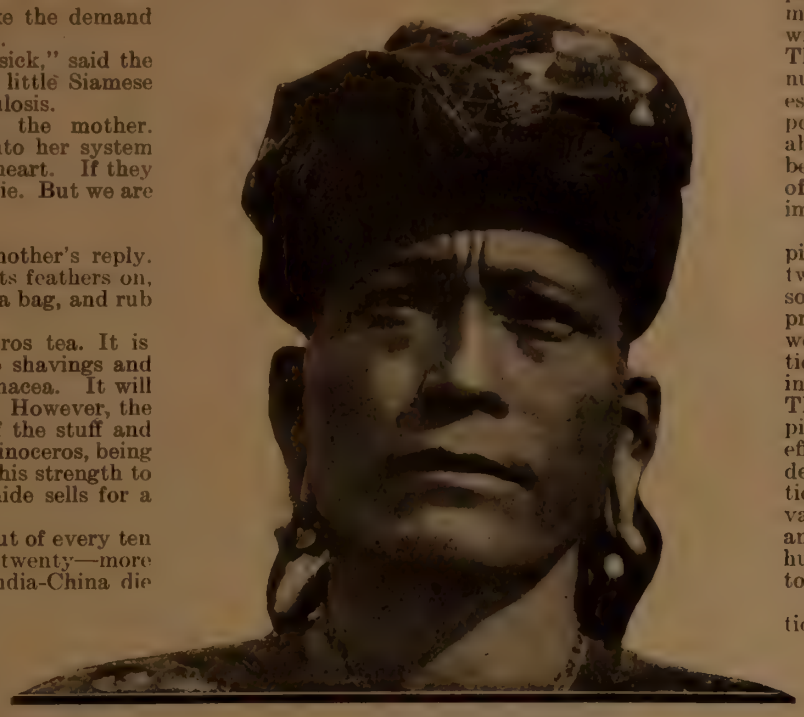
While the United States saves nine out of every ten babies—New Zealand nineteen out of twenty—more than half the babies of Siam and India-China die before they are two years old.

While we have in the United States a medical school for every million of population, Java has only two medical schools for thirty-six millions.

A REMARKABLE offer has been made to the mission boards by the Dutch Government. The Dutch will pay three-fourths of the cost of building and equipping hospitals if the missions will provide the remaining fourth and supply trained doctors and nurses. A denomination is taking advantage of this offer and plans to erect sixteen new hospitals in the next five years in the Dutch area.

Even the wheels of electric tram-cars have been worshipped in Siam, and the religions of Malaysia are a strange mixture, neither Buddhism nor Islam, flesh nor fowl. Mahomet would be shocked at the unveiled freedom of Mohammedan women in Malaysia. Religions have either been left at home by the wanderers who have come to this part of the world or else have suffered a sea change in transit. To what faith, for example, could belong so weird an oath as the following:

"May the blood drop from my body; may my head



A powerful Dyak chief

break in two; may the crocodiles devour me; may I be compelled to carry water in wicker baskets to quench the flames of hell; may I suffer the most horrible tortures until my years are as many as the grains of sand by the sea, if I violate this, my solemn oath."

The tramp-like wanderlust of the people makes mission work a bit difficult. At least thirty per cent. of the Christian church members move every year. But apparently they take their new religion with them. One man converted the entire village to which he went. Another won a whole colony of four hundred cocoanut growers in West Borneo. In supposedly "unoccupied" islands the missionaries are continually meeting itinerant Christians who are serving as volunteer missionaries wherever they go.

A GREAT future lies before this frontier country of the East. The ancient spice trade is gone because people have learned how to refrigerate with ice, thus making it unnecessary to disguise the flavor of food with spice. But greater industries have taken its place. The world buys vast quantities of Malaysia's cocoanut meat or "copra" to make nut butter. In the establishment of the copra industry, which opens up possibilities of wealth even greater than those brought about by the world's ever increasing demand for rubber, and which far surpasses in extent the spice trade of olden days, the Christian missionary has been an important factor.

About the middle of the last century, when Malay pirates still were continuing their devastating raids, two zealous missionaries established themselves on some of the smaller islands under the Dutch flag. The preaching of the gospel was not enough; to make their work effective they must improve economic conditions for the natives. So they planted cocoanuts and instructed the wretched natives in planting them. They induced the Dutch authorities to war on the pirates until those dreaded marauders had been effectively suppressed. And the result has been described as "one of the most marvelous transformations on the face of the earth, from thriftlessness, starvation and constant fear of enslavement, to peace and plenty. Now all through these islands there are huge cocoanut plantations, and everywhere copra is to be seen drying in the bright sunlight.

Copra however, holds no monopoly on the production of wealth in these fertile islands. Two-thirds of the world's tin comes from Malaysia. The second greatest oil company in the world has its rich oil-fields there. Rice will grow as high as a man's head, and the soil is so fertile and the territory so vast that a population as large as that of India could be accommodated without difficulty. Singapore is already the world's eighth seaport, far surpassing Liverpool in volume of shipping.

We do not hear much about Malaysia, for it is a pioneer land. At one time Europe had not heard much about America. But it is well to watch pioneer lands. Malaysia is destined to play an important rôle in future history.

Bluebirds for Sparrows

By ADELINE THAYER THOMPSON

Home of two bluebird families

FOR five or six consecutive seasons we tried to coax the bluebirds to nest in our yard. The yard was an ideal place for them, being large and well stocked with trees, removed some distance from the street. We bought various kinds of boxes which were "warranted to lure the bluebird," but all to no avail! Each spring the experience would be the same: the bluebirds would come, thrilling us with joy and expectation, but always the sparrows would swoop down upon our beloved bluebirds, driving them away, and immediately take possession of the boxes themselves.

We tried everything we could think of and that was suggested in our effort to rid ourselves of the sparrows and keep the bluebirds. We spent hours climbing up and down a ladder removing straws and feathers the miserable sparrows had carried in to the boxes; we invested in a sparrow trap; we bought an air-gun, using valuable time that should have been spent on housework in shooting at the sparrows whenever they appeared near the bird houses; we threw stones by the score; but in spite of all we could do, the sparrows continued steadily to build. To be sure, we accomplished something, in that the moment we opened the door the sparrows would scatter in every direction, but regarding any lasting effect, it made not the slightest difference in their persistence.

Then we sold our home with its wealth of old trees, moving to a bungalow built on a small lot close to the street, and possessing but one tree, which marked the front border-line along one side; its branches overshadowing the public walk in the foreground.

MORE for sentimental reasons than anything else, we had brought one of our bluebird boxes with us. And though it was set in place, in our only tree, with very little hope that the bluebirds would think of moving into a home occupying such a conspicuous place—every passerby having to walk immediately beneath the tree—even if the detested sparrows would allow them to build.

Early in the spring, however, the bluebirds arrived, apparently minding not at all either the location regarding the street, or the very close proximity to our porch, which was only about ten feet removed. We were beside ourselves with joy, just as we always had been when they had appeared. Our delight was as short-lived also, for the sparrows, just as of yore, succeeded in driving the bluebirds away.

This time we were desperate! And after going through the same wornout attempts again and again to keep the sparrows from nesting we decided that if the blueb irds could not have the box the sparrows certainly should not have possession! Thereupon, we ascended the much-worn ladder and promptly filled the four holes of our keg-shaped box with tightly rolled pieces of newspaper. The sparrows, of course did their best to remove the paper, but after repeated attempts flew off to nest elsewhere, leaving the bluebird box unmolested.

After a month or two, we had all but forgotten the existence of the bluebird box, when one morning early in July, we saw a flash of blue near the bird-house! We could hardly believe our eyes, but sure enough, a pair of bluebirds were actually there hovering around the apertures that were tightly wadded with paper! It took us but a few moments, you may be sure, to procure the ladder and remove the papers, and shortly we were rewarded by seeing the birds return, the male bird quivering and fluttering his wings in an ecstasy of delight, singing all the while a low, wooing melody of intoxicating sweetness as his mate circled about the openings to the box, and then bursting into a veritable song of triumph when she finally alighted at one of the holes and flew inside! We were as excited I am sure as he was. And joy beyond words! There wasn't a sparrow in sight.

THE birds took possession at once, carrying soft grasses to form the nest, the female bird doing all of the nest-making, but the male working equally as hard in that he accompanied her on each quest for material, returning with her to the box each time, and regaling her with melodies. After the bluebirds had possession of the box the sparrow held not the slightest terror for them, the male bird especially developing, wonderful prowess, fiercely and boldly driving every intruder away. The eggs were laid and hatched within two weeks, and the last week in July saw five little bluebirds fly out into the air and sunshine.

Within two or three days after the young birds had flown away, another pair of bluebirds, or, the same pair, begun building a nest in one of the other apartments in the box! Yes, and they laid their eggs and raised their precious brood within ten feet of our porch where we were watching them delightedly, just as the pair had done the month previous! Our experiment had far exceeded our expectations, so much so, indeed, that it seemed as if other bird lovers should hear all about it.

Proximity to the street failed to deter bird homebuilders

Evidently the trick in gaining the bluebirds is not so much in the location of their houses as in giving them protection from the sparrow. And further, to feel no discouragement if the bluebird does not take possession of houses early in the season, but to keep the houses closed that the bluebirds may find them unoccupied by their enemies when they are ready for their second, or possibly third brood in midsummer.

Summer in Rayagadda

A Story of India

By EVA ROBERTS WOOD

Illustrated by Brown Martin

ALL NIGHT long Ameliamma had fanned the white woman, until her fingers were cramped from the monotonous waving of the huge palm leaf.

The English woman slept soundly, and appeared to be smiling in her sleep, a fact which particularly irritated the native. Smiles! What right had Madam to happiness when Ameliamma was so full of woe?

The big brown eyes of the Hindu girl opened their widest and jets of wrath illumined them, as she thought of her own stormy, hapless existence. Then, as a new inspiration seemed to spring from her unhappy musings, the dark eyes narrowed, peering through half-closed lids heavy with a black fringe. For minutes she debated, torn between fear and longing, and then determination took full possession of her. She *would* have that slender bit of gold which rose and fell on the white breast of the sleeper, for surely it was the secret of the missionary's joy. However vaguely the story of the Cross had been transmitted to the Hindu girl's idol-dimmed vision, of one thing she was quite sure—that the Cross and smiles were closely connected.

AMELIAMMA had been born fourteen years before, in a settlement on the outskirts of Rayagadda. Her mother had died of cholera when Ameliamma was ten years old, and as the child seemed only a burden to the Hindu father, he had grimly arranged to marry her off to a young Telugu, a water-carrier for the cantonment, and cruel with the cruelty of heathenism. To this dark-skinned fellow the child-wife had gone with no emotion in her tiny breast; since it was the road appointed for her, she had to tread it. As the months had rolled into years, and the estate of wifehood had not broadened to motherhood, the vengeance of the irate husband had known no cessation, so that the apathetic attitude of the child-wife had changed to hatred and only a primitive sense of humor had saved her from utter hopelessness.

To Ameliamma, even in her blackest despair, there was usually something funny in the drastic measures of her big, angry husband. If Kodiak beat her and the lash broke, the joke was on Kodiak, who would be too lazy to obtain another for that occasion. Or if, during a period when he denied her food and doubled his own gluttonous proportions, he was seized with colicky pains, then Ameliamma grinned inwardly—any outward display of mirth was irritating to Kodiak's nerves. His beastly threats she found amusing rather than terrifying, because he made himself so ridiculous, puffing out his cheeks, twisting his mouth and tilting his nose, while strutting about like an infuriated animal.

However, even this saving grace failed to make Ameliamma's life other than a dreary round of drudgery and torture. There were times when she felt that she would like to snatch from the stars their right to twinkle; and this was one of those times, yet tonight the coveted joy was not in the stars, but rather within her reach.

THE torrid heat of India's lowland was upon them; today the white woman would be going to the foothills of the Eastern Ghats, while Ameliamma would be left behind to droop, as great tongues of fire lapped the plains and huge nostrils exhaled sultry air over the sweltering Indian village.

Morning was breaking in the eastern horizon. Ameliamma bent over the sleeper, and with one hand moved the fan in jerky, irregular waves, while the fingers of the other closed over the tiny gold cross and a thumb nail snapped the bit of a clasp. Hurriedly she tied the emblem in her clothing. Madam stirred, but the native shook the fan to its utmost velocity.

As the sun rose, the drowsy village began to stir. An elephant, owned by an aged Brahman priest and to be used in some sacred rite, was being driven to water. The mail-carrier was approaching, his jingling metal anklets clanking with every dogtrot step, after running all night to bring the mail to the village. In the distance a squatty cart, drawn by two bullocks, was winding around the bend of the road.

For an instant Ameliamma watched the approach of the bobbing vehicle being pulled along by the clumsy, swaying beasts; then she dropped the palm leaf and shook the white woman: "Madam, the cartmen! They come!"

Madam blinked: "So early?"

The maid moved quickly, arranging clothing for Madam's immediate use: "Hurry! Madam, they wait badly."

The English woman sprang to her feet: "The water? Did the boy bring it?"

"No, Madam, he did not come," the girl replied. "It is suntha, he has much to sell. The cartmen, perhaps they have things to buy, or sell; and to wait makes them angry." Ameliamma, in her anxiety to have Madam away as soon as possible, had developed an abnormal interest in the bartering of the villagers—suntha being one day in the week when the people of several settlements came together to exchange their produce and wares.

The straightforward, penetrating gaze of the English woman disconcerted the guilty girl; she dashed out of sight for a moment and returned with a bucket of water and a towel.

While Madam hurried into her garments, the apprehensive maid rolled the sleeping-mat. The white woman did not relish this hurried process of departure. "Really, Ameliamma, I must eat!" she protested.

The native's brow furrowed; she was sorry indeed that Madam must stop to eat. Then clutching at a seemingly happy solution, she ventured: "Fruit? You'll carry to eat on the way?"

Now the missionary was properly vexed. "Why, it is dreadful that I should be hurried like this! Try to persuade the cartmen that there is plenty of time; everything is packed and ready, and the sun is not yet high."

In a moment Ameliamma appeared with some fruit and a bowl of cold coffee. Madam looked relieved. "How disappointing Midno is not to come when he is needed so much. You would not fail me, would you, Ameliamma?" she questioned.

The native clutched at her clothing, twisted the knot tied over the bit of gold and gingerly wagged her head, "No." But dismal forebodings were settling upon her, for surely Madam had missed the gold from her neck. Already the stolen treasure was proving a burden.

All night long Ameliamma had fanned the white woman, until her fingers were cramped from the monotonous waving of the huge palm leaf

YET in a few minutes the white woman was being jogged along the road on the first stage of her journey and Ameliamma was dragging her sleepy little body over the zigzag path to the dingy straw-thatched hut where her husband was waiting.

Kodiak met his wife with an ugly grimace of general disapproval, ranting and raving at her in Telugu, which blending of euphony in no way softened the attack. The few rupees which Madam had given to Ameliamma as her monthly wage, she handed to him. Once she had hidden them in the branches of a mango tree, but that was long ago, and the furrows from the lash still showed on her back. It was better, she had decided, that he should have the money.

Drearily the Hindu wife went about her housekeeping tasks, while Kodiak greedily devoured his morning meal. The coffee bowl he drained, but a few crumbs of hard bread, which he had discovered to be not quite to his liking, he returned to the jar; to these his wife was almost welcome. Of the rice which she was pounding, he would know just how much was eaten, for he had all but counted the kernels.

A bit later as Kodiak swung down the road toward the cantonment, his wife watched him from the corners of her eyes, and chuckled to herself; for it didn't really matter about the coffee and bread that morning, as Madam had allowed her to stuff her empty little stomach with fruit. So Ameliamma threw herself on a straw mat, and in spite of heat and husband was soon fast asleep.

A flash of a dream and then the tired girl was awakened by neighbors on their way to the river for water. Sleepy and hot, Ameliamma gathered the few washable articles of which the household boasted, took up her waterpot and joined the women.

THE days passed in grinding monotony. When alone and sure no one could spy upon her, Ameliamma took the stolen treasure from the folds of her garment and stared at it in perplexity; for through some twist of Fate life had been less cloudy since the wonderful gold had been hers and in its possession she felt a sort of secret triumph.

But one day at the river, as Ameliamma pounded away to the rhythm of a score of other toilers who stretched their fabrics on a stone and pounded them with another smaller stone, a cartman brought his oxen to drink. He had come from the hills and had news of Madam. In the ascent of one of the treacherous cliffs, a usually sure-footed coolie had slipped and Madam had been injured by the fall.

Ameliamma stopped her pounding and stared at the man with troubled eyes; involuntarily her hand went to the knot in the end of the sash which girded her body. The girl stepped nearer to the news-bearer: "Is Madam much hurt?"—"Can she walk?"—"Can she smile?"— she jerked out, in short-cut Telugu.

After the oxen had dragged their solemn bulk back to the highway the now frightened girl stood motionless with her big brown eyes fixed on the hills. No adequate sense of wrong over the purloining of the coveted emblem entered her mind, but still there was an uncanny sensation of a slip in fortunes, and it troubled her. Mechanically she finished her laundry work; lowered a water-jar into the river and lifted it to her shoulder.

As Ameliamma picked her way back to the hut she recalled how one day, when she had wondered at Madam's smiles and spoken of the cross, the English woman had placed a hand upon her head and looking intently into her eyes had said: "Ameliamma, if I could only make it clear to you that it is *not* really this bit of gold that is the wonder worker. This is merely a reminder, a message; like a letter from one who loves, telling me of His great love and forgiveness. You must know Him before the symbol can mean much to you, dear one." Strangely enough the native remembered each word that the English woman had so carefully carved in Telugu.

But ages of darkness and idol worship were not easily penetrated, and the Hindu girl was still possessed of but one thought: the cross was a magic charm, a sort of lucky piece, which lightened burdens and brought joy to the wearer. Now Madam was in trouble and could not smile—the cartman had been

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The World News of the Week

Allies Demand Twelve Billion Gold Marks from Germany

NEW pressure on Germany to force acceptance of the Allies' reparations program was begun with the despatch to Berlin by the Reparations Commission of a note demanding the payment before March 23 of 1,000,000,000 gold marks —$250,000,000—and the completion by May 1 of the payment of 20,000,000,000 gold marks, as provided in Article 235 of the Versailles treaty.

Germany has contended that the value of materials already turned over to the Allies was 21,000,000,000 marks, and that she thus has settled the account; but the Commission estimated the value at not more than 8,000,000,000 marks, which would mean that the Berlin government must raise 12,000,000,000 marks in a few weeks. There was no expectation that Germany could pay this sum in specie, and the Commission granted until April 1 for suggestions for payment in other ways than in specie or credits abroad. Failure of Germany to meet the demand for 1,000,000,000 marks by April 23 would give the Allies a stronger legal basis for drastic action against Germany under the treaty than they had after the breaking up of the London conference.

The Commission's demand was calculated to make the German people realize that the Allies fully intend to enforce the letter of the treaty if Germany rejects compromise proposals and maintains her attitude of passive resistance to the indemnity proposals determined upon in Paris. On May 1 the Reparations Commission must notify Germany of the reparations total; and, while no official announcement has been made, it was said that the total would be 550,000,000,000 gold marks, or two and one-half times the sum fixed at Paris. The highest figure suggested at the Allied conferences was 5,000,000,000 gold marks annually from Germany. Allied officials were fixing the tariff line in the Rhine section and preparing for a firm enforcement of that portion of the penalties decreed at London.

Premier Briand, defending before the French Chamber of Deputies his course at London, predicted that if the Allies remained united Germany would discover resources which would surprise even Berlin. He declared Germany was dreaming of gaining by industrial imperialism what she failed to gain by military imperialism, and to this end was trying to cheat France and the other Allies of their dues. He promised that the program of penalties would not be abandoned until Germany had given a satisfactory settlement not only on reparations but on disarmament and the punishment of war criminals. He received an ovation from the Chamber and won by 491 to 66 on a vote of confidence.

Anglo-Russian Trade Pact Signed

THE much-discussed trade agreement providing for the resumption of commercial relations between Great Britain and Soviet Russia has been signed in London and in some quarters has been interpreted as forecasting full British recognition of the Bolshevist government. The agreement is virtually the same as that taken to Moscow in January by Leonid Krassin, Soviet minister of trade and commerce, and pledges each country not to impose any form of blockade or any trade discriminations not imposed on other countries. Telegraphic and postal facilities will be arranged and freedom of navigation is mutually promised.

An important section provides that each party shall refrain from hostile action or propaganda against the other's institutions, and the Bolsheviki pledge themselves to refrain from any encouragement of Asiatic peoples to action against British interests, especially in Asia Minor, Persia, Afghanistan and India. Gold exported from Russia in payment for exports will not be exempt from seizure to pay British claims, and its ownership will be determined by the ordinary procedure of British courts.

Britain acted alone in concluding a pact with Russia, and the French Government maintained its opposition to any dealings with the Soviet régime. French officials believed the agreement was unworkable and that the exchange of goods resulting from it would be negligible, inasmuch as Russia lacks goods for export and the ownership of the gold in Soviet control is in dispute. It enabled Premier Lloyd George to strengthen his position at home, however, by placating radical elements and by putting Britain in a position to outdistance trade rivals when Russia can resume commercial relations.

The Soviet government and Poland have concluded their peace negotiations and the treaty has been signed by the representatives of the two countries.

International

NOTABLES WITNESS POLISH HONORS TO AMERICAN FLYERS

The Virtuti Militari, Poland's highest decoration, was bestowed in Washington on two Americans who fought against the Bolsheviki. In the foreground, left to right, are Ignace Jan Paderewski, former Polish premier; Capt. Harmon Rorison and Lieut. Kenneth Shrewsbury, who received the decorations; and General Pershing, in a happy mood

Viviani Coming to America

EUROPE'S eagerness to have the new American administration an active participant in the settlement of the problems growing out of the World War has become more apparent day by day, and important negotiations already are in progress. France is particularly anxious and through Paul Jusserand, her ambassador, has informed President Harding that René Viviani, former Premier and head of the French War Mission to the United States in 1917, is coming to Washington "with good wishes" from the French Government. That his mission would be limited to the expression of good wishes was credited by none, especially since M. Jusserand's conference with Mr. Harding regarding the visit lasted for an hour, time enough for a considerable discussion of international affairs.

Paris despatches stated that M. Viviani would be authorized to ask on behalf of the Council of the League of Nations whether the United States would consent to enter the League if Article X is stricken from the covenant, and to set forth conditions which he believed would make it easy for America to join. French official opinion was that the Allies cannot abandon the League or the covenant, because it is inseparably interwoven with the execution of the Versailles Treaty; but France was ready to make almost any concession, short of the formation of a new association of nations, to win American support.

President Harding has indicated a belief that it was the first duty of his administration to set domestic affairs in order and therefore since March 4 has given no definite line on details of his program for foreign affairs.

International

A RUSE FOR SMUGGLING LIQUORS

Wearing an overcoat [illegible] man might well get past the customs officials with his assortment of intoxicants, but the customs service maintains a school at New York to train the guards to detect this and similar wiles of the rum-runners

Kronstadt Rebels Scattered

THE great fortress of Kronstadt, near Petrograd, which has been in revolt against the Soviet government, has been captured by the Bolsheviki after severe fighting and its defenders either made prisoners or scattered widely. The Revolutionary Committee, with General Koslovsky, the leader of the revolt, and 800 soldiers fled to Finland.

For several days the Kronstadt uprising assumed proportions which threatened the loss of Petrograd to the Bolsheviki; but Leon Trotzky, the Soviet war minister, massed the entire new Seventh Army, the strength of which was estimated at 60,000, against the 15,000 mutineers. A determined assault was made, and after several hours of fighting, in which machine-gun and artillery fire caused heavy losses, the Bolsheviki forced an entrance into the town. There the Kronstadt communists joined in the fighting, but the rebels were able to repel the attack. Meanwhile near-by defenses had been captured by the Bolsheviki and the defenders of the fortress were not able to withstand another assault.

Before retreating the rebels blew up the warships Petropavlovsk and Sebastopol, which Trotzky had been particularly anxious to save. The destruction of property during the fighting was enormous, and fires occurred over an area of many miles.

The anti-Bolshevist outbreaks in southern Russia were reported to be spreading at a rapid rate, but the meagre and often contradictory despatches made it impossible to determine the strength of the various movements. The entire Odessa garrison was said to have joined the revolutionists, and Soviet troops on the Roumanian frontier were ordered back to the Ukraine to suppress uprisings. The lack of a great leader to unite the foes of the Bolsheviki gave the Moscow government a great advantage and lessened the chances that the outbreaks would gain decisive proportions.

Dr. Zayas Wins in Cuba

PARTIAL elections in Cuban district[illegible] where the returns of the November presidential elections had been thrown out because of fraud charges resulted in the election of Dr. Alfredo Zayas y Alf[illegible]so to the Presidency, but under conditions which on[illegible] accentuated the bitterness of the political strife in [illegible]e republic. Members of the Liberal Party, whose candidate was General Gomez, obeyed the order of its Executive Committee against participation in the balloting and in the four provinces outside of Havana where elections were held only forty-two Liberal ballots for President were cast as against 12,419 for Dr. Zayas.

Under the oversight of Major-General Enoch H. Crowder, the special representative of the American Government, every precaution had been taken to prevent violence and fraud, and election day passed without disorders. General Crowder made an inspection tour of several provinces and kept a close watch to prevent a recurrence of the partisan clashes which caused several fatalities at the November elections.

The Executive Committee of the Liberal party has ordered Liberal members of Congress to abstain from all official duties and also has ordered all Liberals holding minor offices "on strike"—their hope evidently being to force action by the American Government. They prepared to offer strenuous protests against the acceptance of the election returns. Dr. Zayas predicted that the situation would clear in a short time, and expressed confidence that enough members of Congress would take their seats to form a quorum, proclaim his election and enable him to constitute a successful government on May 20.

Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus Dies

DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, for twenty years pastor of the Central Congregational Church and since 1893 president of the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago, died at his home there, following a severe heart attack. Aside from his educational work, Dr. Gunsaulus had won fame as a writer on religious subjects, and was the author of several volumes of poems. Some of his articles were published in the Christian Herald.

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The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

Give Love a Chance!

HAVE you ever stopped to think how many things this old world has used and admired and worshipped which have proved to be absolutely worthless when a great crisis arose to test their value?

The world believed in the power of Commerce and Money. They could not stop the war.

The world believed in Culture. It did not stop the war.

The world thought a great deal of Art. It was powerless to stop the passions of men.

The world worshipped Science and boasted of its greatness. And Science used its skill to invent new ways of killing more people.

The world counted on Music to soothe the savage breast. And Music fled in fear before war's trumpet.

The world was proud of its Ecclesiasticism and covered Europe over with Cathedrals. And all the so-called Religion and Architecture of Ritual went down like a child's sandpiles when the tidal wave of Hate came rushing in over the shore of man's selfishness.

Money, Culture, Art, Science, Music and Ecclesiasticism all failed to stop the flood of Hate and Race Feeling and Greed in men's hearts.

And they always will fail.

Why not give Love a chance? Love is the only thing in the world that could have stopped the war. And the world did not give Love a chance.

Everything else fails to conquer passion.

Love never faileth.

Give Love a Chance!

The Historian in Exile

IN THE quietude of his exile in Holland the ex-Kaiser has been writing his literary memoirs at leisure for many months past. We learn by the cable that in these reminiscences he claims that the idea of a league of nations originated in his brain as long ago as 1905. It is easy to make such a claim, but very difficult to support it with acceptable evidence.

Count Witte in his memoirs refers to the messages that passed between the Kaiser and the Czar, but these pointed to nothing more than a league between the two nations for mutual defense in the event of war. Philip Scheidemann, Germany's Secretary of State, and Chancellor when the war broke out, in his lately completed history of the war, "The Collapse," makes no mention of any episode that can be construed as showing that the Kaiser had such a project in view as a peace league or league of nations: Scheidemann was a vigilant observer and careful recorder. When Austria delivered her ultimatum to Serbia, he tells us how he began to keep a diary. Personally, he was strongly for peace, but was outvoted at every turn.

Fortunately, the facts concerning the League of Nations and its origin are not difficult to ascertain. The original suggestion seems unquestionably to have belonged to Jean de Bloch (1836-1902), a Polish banker, statistician and administrator. He was a Jew, born and educated in Warsaw. His statistical work attracted the attention of the Russian Government and his political advancement followed. M. Bloch wrote a number of books, the most notable being "The War of the Future"—which appeared in 1898, and the following year was translated into English and several other European languages. In it he showed that war between the great powers was no longer possible as the arbiter of international disputes. The next wars, he predicted, would be long, and would result in economic exhaustion, starvation of the masses and dislocation of the social fabric, leaving the great nations practically bankrupt.

Perhaps the most conclusive evidence of the effect of those warnings is seen in the fact that, within twelve months after "The War of the Future" appeared (1898), the first Hague Peace Conference assembled in response to a rescript issued by Czar Nicholas II. Practically all the governments who were invited accepted the invitation. The final act the conference was signed and completed in 1899, ...ty-six nations becoming the signatories. This ...e first League of Nations, and it was not until haps... later, or in 1905, that according to the ex-makes... test recollections, he first formulated the have M...gue!

...e now for the exile of Doorn to set up he had ever attempted the rôle of less that he had originated the League of Nations. The history of the war can not be changed as the facts—even including the final discussion in Berlin when the decision was made—are all well attested matters of record. But in not a single instance has any historian of the war made record of an effort on the part of Wilhelm to avert the conflict either by a league or any other combination in the interest of world-peace. Indeed it does not appear that he ever took any step to avert the struggle which sacrificed millions of lives and brought down destruction on Germany and her allies.

Wait and See

A REAL wave of protest has swept over the country against the bad films and their producers, including the companies, the authors, the theater managers and all those State Censor boards that have failed to censor.

One of the largest film companies in America writes the Christian Herald as follows:

"Motion picture producers are bending their earnest efforts toward a high standard. You will be pleased to learn that almost the entire industry has joined with us in our effort to remove objectionable or offensive films and with the co-operation of the public we hope to achieve great things."

We take this as a sincere and honest promise. It is the business of all the film people now to make good this promise to the protesting public.

Wait and see!

For National Reconsecration

PRESIDENT HARDING is a Christian, and he is not ashamed to have the whole world know it. Weeks before his inauguration and shortly after election, he stated his religious belief at a meeting of laymen in Marion in these words:

"I want you to believe that there is an individual who believes in the reconsecration of a religious republic. I have for my inheritance a Christian belief, and I have in my veins the blood of Christian parentage. I have been preaching to my countrymen the gospel of reverence. I do not believe that we can have the highest type of civilization without its religious strain. We need its influence, and its discipline.

"Sometimes I think that the world is adrift from its moorings of religion, and I know it will help if there come a great renewal of faith. I have no higher concept in the world than a just government, and I do not see how a government can exist in the world without coming in contact with God. I could not hope for a happy relationship among nations if there is not the same current of recognition of the Supreme Being. I do not think that any association of nations could be successful in which God is not recognized."

In his inaugural, when he spoke to an audience of 30,000 and beyond and above them to this whole nation, he made this avowal:

"Here are a hundred millions, with common concern and shared responsibility, answerable to God and country. The Republic summons them to their duty and I invite co-operation. I accept my part with single-mindedness of purpose and humility of spirit, and implore the favor and guidance of God in His heaven. . . . I have taken the solemn oath of office on that passage of Holy Writ wherein it is asked: 'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and walk humbly with thy God.' This I plight to God and country."

In these days when decadence in religion is becoming so marked in many places, it is reassuring for the Christian people of America to have this plain statement of faith from the new Executive. Many readers of the Christian Herald will recall the famous challenge which was issued by Ingersoll in which he made the assertion that infidelity, or at least indifference, toward the Christian faith had become increasingly a characteristic of the American people, and that even those in the highest official stations had become indifferent. It was a challenge to the nation. The Christian Herald took up the challenge and asked for an expression of faith from those in high places. Responses came from the President, the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, a large proportion of both Houses of Congress and leading college Presidents and educators, with the result that the vaunt of Ingersoll received a conclusive negative.

We believe that a similar test, tried today, would upset the representations of the secular press as to growing indifference to religion as effectually as was done in the time of McKinley. And we have confidence to believe that the aspirations of President Harding for a national religious reconsecration are generally shared by a very large majority of those foremost in the councils of our people now.

"Spotted Town"

"YES," says THE YOUNG BLOOD who lives in Spotted Town, "we are getting tired of all these reform movements. Pretty soon we won't be allowed to breathe without an ordinance. The reformers have taken away our harmless beer and wine; they are trying to censor the snappy shows off the stage; they are passing anti-cigarette laws; they want people to spend Sunday going to church instead of to the ball game: they want to make divorce harder to get; they are a pest and a nuisance! The reformers make me tired! Sticking their noses into other peoples' business and interfering with our personal liberty. There ought to be a movement started to wipe the reformers off the map of this town."

"Same here," says THE OLD-TIMER. "The reformers *are* a nuisance. Why can't they leave us alone? We have a tidy little town here. It may not be heaven on earth, but it is good enough for us. I say to these men and women who want to regulate our affairs, 'If you want to keep busy, move to Africa or China where they need reforming. But leave us alone here in Spotted Town. It's good enough for us.'"

We wonder how many of the people who live in Spotted Towns all over this land feel like The Young Blood and The Old Timer. A good many, no doubt. No one loves a Christian reformer. From the time of the prophets down to men like Anthony Comstock and women like Lucy Page Gaston, the civilized world has disliked the people who want to make things better. All the people who live in Spotted Town are not bad people, but nearly all of them, including The Young Blood and The Old Timer, want to be "let alone," and they resent more or less stoutly anything that looks like an interference with their "personal liberty," as if there were any such thing apart from the safety of the public.

It would be well to ask The Young Blood and The Old Timer in Spotted Town where we would all be today if some one had not taken upon himself the disgreeable task of reforming the old world. It would be interesting to know what kind of a world we would be living in right now in our Spotted Towns if the following people had not tried to reform them: Here are some of the people who have helped to clean up Spotted Towns:

Elijah, Isaiah, and all the Prophets, Paul of Tarsus, and all the Christians who turned the world upside down, Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, Huss, Wycliff, John Knox, Luther, the Pilgrims who went out from the Puritans to make a new world, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Howard, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, Frederick Douglass, Abraham Lincoln, Booker Washington, Theodore Roosevelt, and—the names are countless, of whom the world, and Spotted Towns in particular, are not worthy. Surely it would be a queer world if all the reformers had never lived. We doubt if even The Young Blood and The Old Timer would find Spotted Town an agreeable residence if some one did not exist to make the place more or less "SPOTLESS." Nevertheless, Spotted Town wants to be let alone. "It is good enough for us," say The Young Blood and The Old Timer.

Where the Income Tax Goes

NOW that the loyal citizen has paid his Federal income tax, he will be interested in knowing how Uncle Sam proposes to dispose of the money. There has been a good deal of wild guessing on this subject, but all doubts are now set at rest by a statement issued from Chief Herbert E. Brown, U. S. Bureau of Efficiency, which tells us just how far each dollar goes, and the different purposes to which it is devoted. This is his list:

Wars, pensions, compensation, interest on public debt, expenses incurred during federal control of railroads	$0.68
Army and Navy	.20
Salaries of President, Vice-President, Congress, Supreme Court and all other federal officers, harbor improvements, good roads, education	.12

This analysis is based on the appropriations for the fiscal year 1921, those for 1922 being still incomplete. The apportionment given above, however, will not vary more than a few points for the coming year. A dollar goes a long way in this case, and when we count in the thousands of millions, it is a big reckoning. But every intelligent citizen wants to know just what is done with his income tax and now, with the figures given above, it should not be difficult for each to figure out the problem for himself.

A row of workmen's dwellings, varied in design, typical of these erected to make Marysville a city of contented living

Building a City of Content

How One Manufacturer Seeks to Solve the Labor Problem

By DANIEL V. SMITH

WHAT must the big manufacturer of today do before starting to turn out his product? In almost every case the answer is—find a site with good transportation facilities, buy enough land for a factory, build the plant, then advertise for help.

That, however, was not the procedure of C. Harold Wills, who is manufacturing a new automobile of his own design. Mr. Wills refused to look at his tremendous task of production with the eyes of the calculating, profit-seeking business man. Instead, he approached his problem from a more humanitarian point of view—from the standpoint of practical Christianity.

He had been a laborer himself and he realized that workmen were to be treated not as mere factors or machines, if they were to be made content, but as human beings of flesh, blood and soul. His procedure, the result of kindly, Christian thinking, was to prepare to produce his motor cars by making sure of happy living conditions for the men and women who would make such a production possible.

He did this by building a whole city before even laying the foundations for his automobile plant. This "City of Contented Living," as it is called by its founders and inhabitants, is Marysville, Michigan, on the St. Clair River, above Detroit.

Mr. Wills gave long, hard study to the questions of how the workmen who were to build his car were to be made most efficient, and under what conditions they would work best. His conclusion was that workmen are most efficient when they are contented. He then studied the causes for discontent among workmen.

A frequent cause for lessened efficiency on the part of workmen, Mr. Wills saw, was the discontent of their families. If their wives and children were not happy in their life and surroundings, this reacted on the workmen. In an investigation Mr. Wills found that the greatest causes for discontent among the families of workmen were living in small, ill-lighted, unsanitary, crowded houses, with no places for the children to play, poor school facilities and lack of interest in the community.

"Let us begin to build a motor car, then, by building a 'City of Contented Living,'" said Mr. Wills.

So far Mr. Wills's effort, a broad, idealistic, yet practical attempt to bring about a better relation between his capital and his labor, has been entirely successful and beautifully agreeable to him and his workers.

AT THE age of twelve, Mr. Wills began as an apprentice in a machine shop. By night study and constant looking ahead he became an expert draughtsman and designer and finally found himself chief engineer and manufacturing manager of one of the biggest automobile plants in the world. And from that he advanced to the formation of his own company.

Then the big problem of Wills's life confronted him.

How was he to manufacture his car in great numbers? Mr. Wills's experience, from mechanic to manager, had taught him that the greatest difficulty to surmount in the problem of manufacturing was the labor question. Especially this is true, he was aware, in the automobile industry, where he estimated eighty-five per cent. of production cost goes to labor.

The city of Detroit had become so congested that it was evident that Mr. Wills could not build his automobile factory there and satisfy his ideas of properly treated labor. So he looked for building sites elsewhere, yet sufficiently near that motor-car center.

Mr. Wills had often anchored his yacht in cruising along the St. Clair River off a point of land near the mouth at a little, sleeping, cross-roads hamlet, called Marysville. The natural beauty of the place had always remained in his mind. The high river banks, the slope of the land from the river to a considerable elevation, the excellent natural drainage, all combined to make a beautiful, healthful place.

When he started to look for factory sites, it was natural that Mr. Wills should remember Marysville. With his business partner, John R. Lee, he inspected the whole locality more in detail. With its natural adaptability for the location of healthful homes were combined potential shipping facilities and proximity to railroads that might even rival those of Detroit. Here, indeed, was the site for the "City of Contented Living"—and working.

Immediately, Mr. Wills, Mr. Lee and their associates bought 4,200 acres of land in and around the village of Marysville, including a waterfront on the St. Clair River of 4½ miles. Twenty or thirty acres would have been sufficient to build an automobile factory, but Mr. Wills's high ideal was to build not just a plant, but the environment for that plant.

The company was duly incorporated, organized and well financed. The next step was the planning of the construction of model living surroundings.

Experts studied a number of model industrial communities for Mr. Wills. They reported in detail on housing facilities, width of streets, park areas and similar features. In his plans Mr. Wills combined the best features of these communities and in many cases improved upon them. The minimum for Marysville's streets was set at 60 feet. One-third of the whole area of Marysville is devoted to play-grounds, boulevards, and parks. The smallest building lot is 40 feet wide by 120 feet deep.

WITH the plans completed, seventy-five engineers began to lay out model Marysville. Hundreds of other men felled timber on the land. Streets and sidewalks were built, sewers constructed, gas and water-mains laid and electric lights installed.

When all the fundamental facilities of a city were installed work was begun on the dwellings for Mr. Wills's first employees.

At the same time an auditorium seating 1,500 persons was built. It was erected in a single day with everybody working together. In this were provided the best moving pictures and amusements. Workmen were organized into entertainment groups. One of the first steps in this work was the formation of the Half-Shell Club. The Half-Shell, symbolic of open and above-board square dealing, was chosen as the name of this club on the inference that an unworthy oyster is readily discovered on the half-shell.

The Half-Shell Club meets every other Monday night and to it are attracted many of the best speakers in the country, leaders in professional and business activities. This club and all its features of entertainment was in operation before the foundation for the Wills plant was laid. Not until complete provision had been made for the entertainment, health, and general contentment of living of his employees did Mr. Wills begin work on the first of the three units of his great plant.

A great portion of Marysville's workers are unmarried men. To provide quarters for them, four community houses have been built, each accommodating 56 men, with a big assembly room, shower baths and all modern conveniences. A central dining-room seats 400 people. These community houses are more complete than most college dormitories.

On the day it was announced that Mr. Wills was to build his new plant at Marysville six other manufacturers asked him to sell them land near his own site whereon to build plants of their own. Five of these have already started construction.

The city of Marysville is now incorporated. Besides completion of streets, boulevards and park areas, miles of water-mains, sewers and sidewalks have been laid. Three steamer piers have been built on the river-front, one of which is large enough to accommodate the biggest freighters on the lakes.

Such is the beginning of Marysville, builded with a deep, broad understanding of the human problems underlying all achievement. Labor representatives, capitalists and industrial leaders will watch its future with interest, for Mr. Wills's ambitious attempt to keep capital and labor in accord is unique and worthy of success.

For the unmarried workman, these community houses provide attractive quarters quite in contrast to those of the average rooming-house

The Ministry of Individuality

A Sermon by REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXT—I Cor. 9 : 1 and 15 : 7. "Have I not seen Jesus?" "He was seen of James, then of all the apostles."

ONE cannot read the Gospels and the Epistles without marking many distinctions. A great variety is manifest. But difference does not imply antagonism. You may have physiographical differences with geological agreement. A great variety of scenery may be found on the same geological formation. You may have a quiet meadow, a wild, steep hill, a purple moorland and a yellow cornfield, all based on kindred rock. Superficial differences may exist with fundamental kinship.

It is thus with the apostolic writings. There are epistles, like the Epistles of John, which are so simple in thought and style as to be like a quiet meadow in which a child can play. There are other epistles, like the Epistle to the Romans, so lofty and difficult in thought as to be like precipitous heights which can be climbed only by skilful mountaineers. These differences in style and thought are increased by the differences in the aspect of the truths presented. While one emphasizes faith, another emphasizes love. These superficial differences may exist with fundamental agreement; many truths may all center in one truth; but the differences are sufficiently manifest to warrant each of the writers referring to *his* representation of the truth as his own.

These differences are evident in the evangelists. It may need special application and study to note the differences between Matthew and Mark, or Mark and Luke, but even a cursory and unskilled survey will reveal the difference between the Gospel by Matthew and the Gospel by John. You are in the same country but amid different scenery. We indicate a difference on the title-page. We preface the story of the evangelists with these words: "The Gospel according to Matthew," "The Gospel according to Mark," and so on.

Why intrude the personality of the man? Why not suppress Matthew altogether? Why should he be named? Why not just call it the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Well, it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but it is Jesus' Gospel as seen through the individuality of Matthew. It is Jesus Christ as Matthew saw Him. John's Gospel is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but it is Jesus' Gospel as seen through the individuality of John. The individuality counts for something. It is an element which can not be ignored. It is the factor which to some extent shapes and colors the Gospel, which creates these differences, and which justifies each evangelist in describing his own presentation as his own, the Gospel as seen through his own individuality.

NOW let us look at that. Here is Christ the very truth of God, absolute truth, He lived the truth; He thought the truth: He spake the truth: He was the Truth. He was the Light of the World." The story of that Life of light and truth has to be transmitted to the ages. How can it be done? Here, round about our Lord, are a few men, a little disciple band. They shall receive the truth. Upon them shall the light of Jesus fall, and by them shall it be communicated to the generations of after-time. But the men are of varied types. They differ in genius, in temperament, in knowledge, in endowment. No two of them are alike. How will the truth of Jesus fare when it is transmitted through men of such diverse natures, through media of such different kinds?

Here is the pure white light, compounded of seven different colors. This pure white light streams down upon very varied substances. How fares the light? It is broken up. One substance allows every color in the light to pass by except green, and it reveals the green element in the light. Another allows every color to pass by except violet, and it reveals the violet element in the light. As the light falls upon different substances, the different substances reveal the different elements which compose the light.

Now here is the light and truth of Jesus streaming down upon differently constituted men, upon varied individualities. What happens? The light is broken up. From one man shines one color of the light, from another man shines another. The truth of Jesus is broken into different elements, and one element is prominent here, another there. Here are two men, Luke and John. They are of very different personality, of every differently constituted mental substance. The light and truth of Jesus falls upon these two men, and they have communicated it to us. Now mark the difference. Luke was a physician and an artist. Now, pass the light of Jesus through that individuality, and you have as a result the Gospel of Luke. It is the Gospel of the physician and the artist. It is full of healings, full of tendernesses, beauty, and grace. It is the Gospel of the prodigal son.

John was of quite another type. John was mystical, meditative, loving to deal with great secrets and remote origins. Pass the light of Jesus through such an individuality, and you have the Gospel of John. Just as Luke's is the Gospel of the painter, John's is the Gospel of the theologian. John has caught the great reasonings, and the mystic words of the Lord. If John mentions so tangible a thing as a miracle, it is only as the basis of some great discourse. He names the feeding of the five thousand, but it is only the text, mentioned that he may give us Christ's mysterious words on the Bread of Life. It is from him that we learn the mystery of the new birth, and the awful secret of the sacramental presence.

Here, then, we have two Gospels, the Gospel according to Luke, and the Gospel according to John, and in each we have the Gospel of Jesus as revealed through the individuality of a man.

NOW, there is a great principle rising out of all this, and it is this: the truth of Jesus does not suppress the individuality of men, but rather retains and uses it. It would be possible for God to make all Christians as uniform as billiard balls, to suppress every special characteristic, and to refine away every peculiar angle, to smooth down every little rising of individuality, to extinguish variety in sameness. It would have been possible for God to have made Luke just like John, to have made them tell precisely the same story, to have made them reflect the same color of the truth. But that was not, nor has it ever been, the way of God. Men's individuality is retained, and through the individuality the truth reveals its colors.

Now, that is what God wishes to do with men today. He wants His truth to speak through our own individuality. He wants His light to be reflected from our own endowment. I am afraid this is very often forgotten, and especially among the young. It is often assumed that when men become religious, they are pressed and squeezed into a certain fixed uniform mould. There is a certain sombre, colorless piety, or rather perhaps pietism, which is too often taken as the type, and to suppress everything which is out of conformity with this type appears to many to be the purpose of the Christian life.

Now, that is not God's way. God does not desire to make all individualities alike. He desires to make your own individuality shine with the light of heaven. Take what is, perhaps, an extreme instance: Here is a man endowed with fresh, exuberant wit, overflowing with bright, sunny humor. He is the welcome center of every social circle. He can irradiate cheer into the most sedate. Well, the Holy Ghost lays hold of that man; he becomes a loyal and devoted follower of the Christ. What then? Shall his individuality be stamped out? Shall his wit and humor be quenched? Or shall the light of Jesus shine from his endowment? Shall his gift be used by the Spirit?

There was one man in the days of the English Reformation whose wit and humor did far more for the cause of religion than many another man's pedantry and gloom—I mean Hugh Latimer. He was richly endowed with homely humor and with shrewd mother wit, and with these he linked the moral earnestness and fire of an old Jewish prophet. And everywhere God spoke through this man's gifts, through his wit and humor and earnestness, and such powerful preaching had rarely been known. His individuality, just as it was, he consecrated to his Lord. He would not compress himself into the orthodox mold.

I HAVE taken this extreme instance, because from this every other instance can be deduced. The truth, the love, the Gospel of Jesus can speak through men in different ways. It shines from your own individuality. It works through your own endowment and temperament. The Gospel will pass through our individuality and show itself as hope and joy and cheeriness. Others of us are more pronouncedly of the emotional temperament. The Gospel will reveal itself through us in comforts, and compassion. It will be one of balm and healing, most welcome to the broken in heart. For we are not all equally good at sympathizing. We have not all just got the balm that will stay the pain of a wounded spirit. We may be of the mental temperament, and the Gospel will reveal itself through us in wealthy thoughts, deep reasonings, new solutions of old questions.

And so we each have our Gospels, one revealing itself in joy and cheeriness, another in sympathy and healing, another in illumination and light. One is more fitted to go and comfort the sorrowing Martha and Mary; another is more fitted to go and help the doubting Thomas; another more fitted to bless little children. It is God's purpose that, from our own individuality, His Gospel shall speak to those about us, and while all our Gospels are essentially one, there are such differences in the manifestation as to justify us in making the superficial distinction described in our test, "the Gospel according to Matthew."

WHAT then does all this indicate? It indicates a necessity for tolerance; nay, for more than tolerance, for mutual forbearance, for generosity, for a gracious brotherliness, for a spirit of mutual expectancy and welcome. Where views and conceptions are many, we are apt to deny the reality and genuineness of all which differ from our own. *That was not the apostolic way.* Paul and James were very distinct in their individuality, and very distinct in their conception and presentation of the truth. But neither thought of denying to the other the accuracy of his vision. No one has received the whole truth. No one has tracked the whole circuit. "Now we know in part." A small portion of the great structure has been revealed to me; a small portion to you.

"Now we know in part." Oh, if we could remember that, how it would convert our denominational rivalry into mutual helpfulness. How it would turn these hostile camps into friendly and co-operative assemblies! The Light of the World is revealed through many media. The truth of Jesus works through varied institutions. These individualized Gospels together make the Gospel. There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. There are differences of administration, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.

It remains for us to give ourselves to the Lord, with all our varied endowments. Let Jesus shine through us. Let us be ourselves, but ourselves sanctified! Let the Gospel we reveal enshrine the very heart of Christ; let us be filled with the spirit of the Cross, and then, amid all our differences, we shall be ministers of the same grace, the carriers of mercy and peace.

LAST year was the greatest year in the history of the Christian Church in the training of rural ministers, according to the Home Missions Council. A dozen schools to afford special training in up-to-date rural church methods were held by several denominations co-operatively, most of them at State Agricultural Colleges, although some were held at denominational schools. In addition to the co-operative schools several denominations conducted schools for their own men, the Methodist Episcopal Church, for instance, conducting sixteen of these schools with an attendance of over twelve hundred pastors. These training institutes lasted from ten days to three weeks, and the instructors numbered over three hundred, selected from the most successful pastors in the land.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun." or "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Revelation 21 : 1- 7.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (See page 259, first column.)

Sermon—"THE MINISTRY OF INDIVIDUALITY"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer!—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Rock of Ages," or "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Dismiss us not from Thy presence, we beseech Thee, O Thou great and loving One, as we separate from one another, but welcome us anew and with daily hospitality into the friendship which we crave of companionship with heavenly things, as we do our earthly tasks and sing songs that will be heard all the way from this world into the other. In Jesus' name we ask it. AMEN.

* Dr. Jowett's sermons, prepared especially for the Christian Herald, are published in the first issue of every month.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., W. L. Goldsmith, H. P. Hoskins, E. W. Caswell, W. W. Bustard, C. C. Albertson and I. D. Lyttle

The Tares Among the Wheat

SUNDAY. Matt. 13 : 27. "*Didst thou not sow good seed in thy field; whence then, hath it tares?*" Yes, where do the tares come from? Who are the carriers, and who are the sowers of the unwelcome seed? I spend no end of time weeding my garden. I choose favorable seasons when the soil is soft and loose, and I pull up the weeds, "root and all, and all in all." I cleanse the soil. I burn it. I give it pure nourishment. I sow the best seed. But the weeds appear! "Where do they come from?" I ask the gardener. "Well," he says, "for one thing there is a neglected patch less than a mile away, and we are not far from the open country." And what I experience in my garden every farmer experiences in his fields. The ill seed is borne by every wind, and every bird is a minister in its distribution.

Who has not seen the tares? They even enter fortunate fields which have the most favored exposure. There are tares in the Church of Christ. The good Lord sows good seed, for he has no other, and yet the tares appear. We can see them growing in the Church of the earliest days. Cast your eyes over the Church in Corinth; what an awful sight for the farmer! Could anybody have imagined that such noxious, poisonous things could so speedily have invaded the field and taken possession. We can see the tares growing in the Church of the Middle Ages. We can see rank growths appearing in the Church of the Puritans. And we should be stone-blind if we did not see them in the Church of our own day. The tares are fearfully mixed up with the wheat, and the wheat is often strangled and smothered in the wild confusion. "Didst not thou sow good seed in thy field; whence then hath it tares?"

And who has not seen the tares appear in the fair field of beneficence and philanthropy? Some man makes a bequest for clean and honorable issues. Perhaps it is a considerate provision for the poor. And the wheat is very sweet and lovely. But the weeds appear. Sectarian prejudices get into the hospitality and all sorts of bitter bigotries are mixed with its ministries. The good man sowed good seed; whence then hath it tares? Or it may be that some one thinks of the field of education, and determines to enrich it with his beneficence. He will open wide doors of opportunity for every student. He will make it easier for every one to make his way. What a field of fine wheat! But tares appear—lethargy, enervation, indolence, ease. Yes, indeed, fat tares flourish in the field of beneficence.

And who has not seen the tares in other fields of the soul's inheritance? Perhaps some finer freedom has been sown by noble hands, some splendid franchise, some quick and quickening emancipation. It was fine, clean wheat, and yet the blade had scarcely appeared before the tares appeared also. Every extension of noble liberty has been accompanied by some form of license—darnels which look very much like honest wheat. Freedom of speech is attended by irresponsibility, by blasphemy, by gossip, and scandal. Good seed was sown in the field; whence then hath it tares?

And who has not seen the tares in the fields of literature and art? Clean, sweet, strong, seed is sown in the fields, but the tares are flung into the soil and grow up with the wheat. Some books are pure and healthy as the angels which "excel in strength," and there are books with sensual setting and inclination. There are books which are vital and vitalizing, and there are books which are decadent and deadly. It is a rare field, and good seed was sown in it! whence then hath it tares?

And what about the fields of recreation? What fine, healthy, attractive things can be seen in the realm of sport! What clean vigor, what masculine emulation! But the tares appear with the wheat. Gambling is in every field, and in many a field there is jealousy, and foul play, and strife and ill-contention. Aye, tares get among the wheat. What then? Let us scatter God's seed with prodigal hands. Let us sow it everywhere. Let us be keen and alert in our sowing. Let us be the first in every field. Let us sow it in private and in public. As far as lies in us, let us give the devil no advantage. Let us watch and pray, and let us be busy in our fields with an unfailing determination, that in the day of the harvest home, the Lord shall have a heavy reaping. J. H. J.

"As a Little Child"

MONDAY. John 7 : 17 (also v. 37). "*If any man*——" The master does not know any favorites. He is not a respecter of persons. To men that are black of skin, His word is the same as for those that are white, brown or yellow. He does not look on the outward appearance. He does not pay any attention to racial differences. A man may be ignorant or he may be learned, there is one and the same rule in either case: "Except he become as a little child, he cannot enter." Jesus Christ does not issue special dispensations for the benefit of the few. When they asked Him how many would be saved, He made it clear that He was not closing the door in anybody's face; all should have a chance—all were encouraged to make the effort. When certain disciples began to discuss special privileges that might belong to them, He quickly pointed out that there were no spoils of office at His disposal.

It is true we sometimes speak of the inner circle of Jesus' friends, for example, the three that were present at the Transfiguration. But we are not to suppose that these were arbitrarily selected for such favors. They and they only fulfilled the conditions. Peter and James and John climbed the hill; the others were contented to stay on lower ground, forfeiting the companionship of Jesus in His hour of glorification. Is it not likely that the twelve were invited and only the three responded? "The many are called," even though "The few are chosen."

"Any man" can enjoy the friendship of Christ according to the measure of his highest aspiration. Behold, He stands at every door and knocks!

W. L. G.

Following the Fashions

TUESDAY. I Cor. 7 : 31. "*The fashion of this world passeth away.*" Dr. Tapy in his great lecture on the "Psychology of Fashion," says: "Fashion is a series of recurrent changes and has for its basis not betterment, but change." He also goes on to say that the factors in fashion are: 1. The men who make new fashions to sell goods, and 2—The people who demand new fashions to be different, and to attract attention. Dress and clothing, he says, are not synonymous terms.

It is bad taste to dress so as to be conspicuous, whether in the height of fashion or not. What we should object to is the slavery of fashion; the waste of good material, the extravagance and pride and heartburnings because of fashion. Paul was not thinking of dress particularly. He was rather showing the transitory character of things material contrasted with spiritual things. But his words, nevertheless, may be applied to dress and customs and ideas. The fashions of this world—yes, of this month—pass away. Fashion is a moving picture, a passing parade, a condition of flux, a stage of shifting scenes. If a man walked up Broadway dressed as Julius Cæsar dressed he would probably be arrested. If he talked as Shakespeare talked he would be thought crazy.

The "fashion of *this* world passeth away," but Paul was stating a great truth in a negative way. The fashion of the unseen world does not pass away. The Divine mind does not wait to arrive. The pansy and buttercup will wear the same dress next spring; the first robin the same plumage. The sun will rise and set, the stars cover the same courses, the ocean ebb and flow in a manner familiar to Abraham. Truth does not pass away. Goodness cannot change. Love can not fail. It is Christ still for the world's need; for sin and salvation have not passed away.

H. P. H.

The Evil Stings That Assail

WEDNESDAY. Acts 28, 3. "*There came a viper out of the heap and fastened on his hand.*" The Apostle was seeking to do good when he put the sticks on the fire. Evil stings us often when we are in the Master's work. An unexpected bite attacks our moral nature. What seems innocent may become an evil habit, dragging us down to ruin. The strongest temptations are those of the flesh. The viper fastened upon his hand. That which is most pleasing to the taste, the appetite, may be the most deadly, poisoning the whole body. Christ has promised to make a way for our escape. His blood cleanseth away the poison, healing the soul. He would not have you retire from the activities of the battle of life, hidden away in a glass case of seclusion where no temptation could reach you. He says, "Follow Me! deny self, work in My vineyard and you will receive your everlasting reward." Be not afraid to meet the enemy of your soul; shake off the temptations as Paul did the viper. If you play with serpents, you will be stung; if you compromise your principles, apologizing for evil, you are in great danger. You must shake off the evil thing, or it will be your ruin.

How soon the public changes its mind about a man who at first seemed an escaped convict. At last, bitten by a viper, the people thought he was receiving his just deserts; but when he shakes the vile thing off and goes about uninjured, he is considered a hero, a god, a victor. There is only one right side to every great moral question. If we stand for the truth before the world, we will save ourselves and aid mankind.

E. W. C.

Fruit of the Spirit

THURSDAY. Gal. 5 : 22. "*The fruit of the Spirit*" The fruit of the Christian life is the same as the fruit of the Spirit, because the Spirit is to produce the fruit in the life of the Christian. It will not do for a Christian to profess all kinds of Christian virtues and possess none. One can not be a real Christian twenty or thirty years, and not have something to show for in the fruit of the Spirit.

One of the great purposes of the Church is to provide the best conditions for the development of the fruit of the Spirit in the lives of Christian men and women. To be a Christian is more than being saved. It means also to be Christlike. It is to produce in our lives the character that Jesus produced in His. There is more to a Christian life than simply beginning it—just as there is more to a garden than simply planting it—things are to be cultivated in order that fruit may be produced. The best Christian generally produces the best fruit and the most of it.

The fruit of the Spirit is really vital religion, which expresses itself in love, joy, peace. W. W. B.

Saved by Hope

FRIDAY. Rom. 8 : 24. "*For we are saved by hope.*" Most of us are familiar with George Frederick Watts' picture of Hope. It is beautiful and touching. A female figure, seated with drooping head, bends over a broken harp that holds but a single string. She will make music—she will sing, even though but one unbroken string remains. Let us not deny that this is a good symbol of human hope in hours when the fires of life burn low, but it is not the hope that saves in the large sense in which Paul spoke. It is not Christian hope.

The hope which not only saves from despair but lifts to heights of certainty and exultation must be represented by a different symbol. Two works of art, both very familiar, neither of which bears the name of Hope, give us better symbols than the "Hope" of the great English painter. One of the "Winged Victory" of antique classic sculpture, and the other is the "Victory" of St. Gaudens in the Sherman monument at the entrance to Central Park, New York. Both figures are erect, buoyant, vital. The head of the "Winged Victory" is lacking, but fancy supplies it, and it is an onward-looking face, a countenance elate with confidence.

Look for this type of hope in the long ages before Christ came. Who had it? Abraham, Moses, David. It is none other than the Messianic hope, the confident expectation that One shall come to vindicate the honor of God and to redeem the souls of His servants. Perhaps the Messianic hope at its best is seen in another.

A sore-stricken and lonely man cries out, in the hour of his greatest anguish, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and, though this body be destroyed, yet shall I see God." Does he expect to take this body into the spirit world? No, no, but in the flesh God shall yet be seen. We are face to face with the Incarnation, more than a thousand years before Christ. We must draw a line straight from Job, that shall span the years before He comes of whom John says, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

C. C. A.

The Shield of Faith

SATURDAY. Eph. 6 : 16. "*Above all . . . the Shield of Faith.*" The shield is the most important piece of the armor. Every piece is necessary, and every piece good. No matter how good these others are, if the shield be lacking or defective, the soldier is not fully protected.

Note the different parts to the Christian's armor. There is the breastplate of righteousness; for the feet, the preparation of the Gospel of peace; for a helmet the hope of salvation; and for a sword, the Word of God. But "above all" there is *the shield of faith.*

Now, this expression, "above all," is not an accident. I believe it was as carefully thought out and used in this case as any other part of the passage. While these other parts of the armor are to serve as protection to the soldier, the shield of faith is to protect his armor. That is to say, suppose you are wearing the breastplate of righteousness and lacking in faith; suppose you have the helmet and the sword of the Spirit, and all these other splendid things, and lack faith in the outcome? What are your chances of winning out? Nil! But on the other hand, if you are wearing the "whole armor of God," plus faith in the fight, there is no enemy or combination of enemies that can bring you down.

"*As your FAITH is so will it be done unto you.*"

I. D. L.

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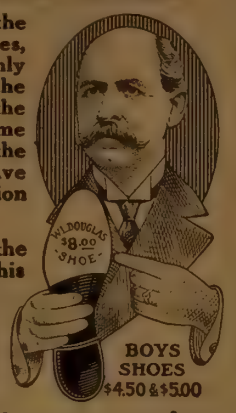

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Reaching Toward the Sun

A Lesson to Be Learned from a Bowl of Narcissus

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WE New Yorkers seldom have gardens—unless we have a great deal of money. For it takes a great deal of money, in this crowded city, to own even the tinest bit of a grass plot. But we love gardens, most of us, and that is why we like to imagine that we have plenty of free, open space for sun dials and hollyhocks and rose bushes and pansy beds—why we like to imagine wonderful things, and why we end by having a wee box of geraniums or a pot of jonquils on our widest window-sill.

My garden this spring was a very simple one. It was also small—as small, almost, as a garden *can* be. But it was exceedingly beautiful, for all that it was so small and so simple. I made it by planting a succession of white narcissus bulbs in low porcelain bowls; bulbs so brown and shriveled on the outside that it seemed hardly within the bounds of reason to believe that they bore, inside, a wealth of grace and perfume.

I planted the narcissus bulbs in smooth white pebbles, and moistened them daily with fresh water. And then, to let the roots have a chance at getting strong and healthy, I set the low bowls in a dark place and left them there for nearly a week. And when the week was over I took them out of the dark place, which was a closet, and set them in the sunlight upon *my* widest window-sill.

The roots had taken hold during that dark week. As I wiggled an experimental finger through the loose white pebbles I could feel the strong tug of them. But the small green shoots that had grown out of the shriveled brownness of the bulbs were slender, fragile things with nothing vivid in their coloring. They looked almost transparent, almost anæmic, when I first placed them in the sunlight.

NARCISSUS bulbs grow quickly. In almost three weeks from the time of planting, they bear flowers. They grow with such miraculous speed that it is an adventure to watch their daily progress. Every hour, it seems, they have gone onward and upward. And, from the time that they have their introduction to the sun, the color of their leaves becomes more vital, more alive.

I watched over my narcissus bulbs with a joy that folk, who have many flowers, might not understand. I took a personal pride in every shoot; in every gallant bud. Only one thing troubled me about my garden, and that was the fact that my garden would not grow straight up! Every narcissus plant insisted upon curving out over my window-sill, toward the place that the sunlight came from. Every leaf, every bud, and later every blossom pointed first toward the street and then toward the sky.

"They look almost curly," I mourned, surveying them. "Why don't they stand up, stiff and tall, like soldiers? Each shoot has two distinct bends in it."

The man-who-knows-more-about-flowers-than-I-do (doesn't that sound like a long Indian name?) answered me.

"Of course they have two distinct bends in them," he told me in a mildly reproving tone, "they're doing the only natural thing that they could do. If they grew up stiff and straight, as you want them to, they'd be going against all the fixed rules!"

I will always ask a question. "Just why would they be going against the fixed rules?" I asked. "Just why?"

The man—I won't add the rest of the long, Indian-sounding title—answered from the height of his superior knowledge.

"You thought," he told me, "when you put the bowls upon the window-sill, that they would have all of the sunlight that they needed. You didn't realize that the window-sill above threw a partial shade upon our window-sill. You didn't realize—but the flowers did! They knew, *instinctively*, that there was more sunlight to be had if they leaned a little farther out. And so they grew that way. Flowers will always grow toward the sun because they know that they need the sun. They're unlike human beings who grow away from the things that are good for them—that they need!"

HUMAN beings *are* like that, sometimes. They do grow away from the things that they need. Not on purpose, often—not often to be contrary or foolish or obstinate. They grow away from the things they need—the things that will make them better—because they have never learned to reach, instinctively, as the flowers reach, toward the Light. They grope along in the shadows, missing the purpose and the glory of things. They are sometimes afraid of bending their backs, sometimes afraid of growing out of place—as my narcissus plants grew. Human beings, sometimes, seem unable to understand the laws of life—as the flowers understand them.

When my flowers were getting their start—growing their firm roots—I put them in a dark, closet place. And there, away from the light, they gained their initial strength, but became pale, unpleasant, undernourished plants. If I had left them in the closet any longer they would have died for want of light.

But I did not leave them in the dark. I took them hurried, gladly, out of the shadows and placed them on my widest window-sill. And the sunlight fell upon them like a caress and a prayer. And they, mad with the delight of it, leaned out across the sill; out so far that their stalks were curiously bent. And by leaning out they were able to gain more light, brighter light.

I took great joy in my flowers. And I learned a lesson from them, too. For I could not help comparing them with souls who are brought up in the shadows and who, finally, experience the love of God. As I saw their color brighten, as I saw them become more glorious and vivid, I remembered certain folk who had brightened and become more vivid because of the Light of His love. And as I watched the way that they grew, reaching always toward the sun, I could not help thinking of the ardent Christians that I know, who seem never to have enough of God's brightness—who are always reaching out for more.

Reaching toward the sun—reaching toward the light—is the natural thing to do. Perhaps it's necessary, sometimes, to stay for a short while in the dark—but only for a short while. When you've been brought out of the shadows *keep away from them*. Reach as persistently, and as bravely, as did the narcissus flowers!

To a Bowl of Lilies

(In a Japanese Gift Shop)

BEFORE a bronze-browed Buddha, silent, And patiently you stand—your white cups glow
With beauty that the Buddha cannot see,
With beauty that the Buddha cannot know!
The incense-laden air seems always striving,
To thrust aside the gallant leaves you raise,
But, through the heavy dusk your gold hearts, thriving,
Sing to One God, a hymn of trust and praise.

The Buddha smiles above your wordless story—
The Buddha's smile is bland, above your song!
He can not know the Power and the Glory . . .
His rule has been so placid, and so long,
He does not know that you, who fade tonight,
Stand for the Resurrection and the Light!

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America's Gifts for China

What the National Committee Has Accomplished for the Starving

SURVEYS in China necessarily are more or less inaccurate, but with the progress of relief work there has come agreement on the big facts of famine conditions.

In November reports showed 15,000,000 people in the five northern provinces of Shantung, Chihli, Shensi, Shansi, and Honan suffering from lack of food and proper housing facilities. The comparatively mild winter has tended to alleviate the suffering to some extent and to hold down the mortality rate; and with the arrival of relief supplies, the improvement in transportation, and the redistribution of food reserves in the affected provinces, the number of those in most imperative need of assistance has rapidly decreased.

Surveys completed in February showed that there were still 10,000,000 people destitute and dependent upon outside assistance if they were to survive until next harvest. Advices early in March showed that at that time the work of relief had progressed so satisfactorily that the safety of all but 6,000,000 had been assured. Feeding and caring for at least 6,000,000 starving men, women and children until June, is, then, the task ahead of the generous-hearted United States.

Reviewing the work of the American Committee for China Famine Fund, since its appointment by President Wilson on December 9, 1920, a report thus summarizes the progress:

"Since its appointment, the American Committee has transmitted to China the sum of $2,200,000 (to March 5). Some religious bodies having special interests in China have sent direct to their representatives a sum in excess of $750,000.

"Our relief in the famine area is being distributed in three principal ways:

"A. By direct gifts of food from kitchens established in missions, temples, schools, churches, etc.

"B. By the establishment of hair net factories where women and girls are brought in, maintained for a period while they learn the trade of net making, and then replaced by untrained persons. One month of this form of relief usually suffices to make a girl or woman self-dependent in that she can earn enough money to buy her daily grain.

"C. By the establishment of phonetic schools for children under twelve who are without food or who have been left with no family. These schools are accomplishing a double purpose in saving life and reducing China's illiteracy.

"The actual relief work is in the hands almost entirely of missionaries and employees of foreign business houses who have been released from their regular employment for relief work. They are assisted by dependable natives.

"While there have existed grave fears of a devastating typhus epidemic in the famine districts early precautions seem to have checked the disease. We now have five anti-typhus units at work; each consisting of one foreign and two Chinese physicians, six nurses, and ten coolies. They are engaged in an educational and delousing campaign and can be expanded to fifty units."

THE Christian Herald fund has now passed the half million dollar mark, a total which should be gratifying to our readers. Contributions for the week were as follows:

March 10	$1,848.85
March 11	1,173.44
March 12	563.93
March 14	1,917.22
March 15	1,301.56
March 16	1,371.33
Grand Total	$501,627.97

A group at the Christian Herald Relief Station for children at Changteho

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Summer in Rayagadda

Continued from page 254

quite sure of that. Ameliamma reasoned within her dizzy little head that it was all because of the gold piece which had once clung to Madam and was now miles and miles away from her.

AMELIAMMA disposed of her wash and waterpot, then dropped upon the ground just outside the hut. Slowly there crept over her a consuming desire to see the fragile little white woman who had gone to the hills. It would have been difficult to follow the working of the Indian girl's brain, in which there was the merest trace of contrition for her own sin, theft being a native instinct which was largely indulged. But she felt a great pity for Madam because she was being left unguarded by the Fates, reduced in Ameliamma's mind to the proportions of a tiny gold cross. Something Ameliamma could not resist seemed to call to her from the hills.

The sun was high when Ameliamma left the village and took the crooked, narrow strip of a road over the plain. Steadily she pushed her way on until her feet burned and her lips were parched. After sundown she found shelter under a spreading mango tree near the highway, ate a few pieces of black bread and curled up in a dreary, achey little bundle for the night.

At sunrise she started on again, and the second day had all the hardship and tragedy of the first, together with a greater weariness and a sterner realization of her boldness in leaving the village without the permission of Kodiak, who would be angered and call down upon her the wrath of some god. Yet she stumbled on over the unfamiliar way, plunging into a thicket or scrambling behind a rock at the approach of any chance traveler. Once she lost her way and in the confusion of that set-back, she slid over ragged, steep places and climbed over rocks until her flesh and nails were torn. But at last Ameliamma reached the compound on the edge of a bubbling stream, where tree ferns, hydrangeas and calla lilies in abundance made a cooling haven.

MADAM, propped up in an easy chair on the porch of the bungalow, was suffering from a fractured ankle; and as she looked out over the hills and to the valley below, a loneliness and sense of failure crept over her. She had given so freely, sacrificed so much for India, and yet how little, how very little, India cared. Her heart was heavy and the unbidden tears sprang to her eyes. Then, a hollow-eyed, bleeding, blistered Hindu girl appeared before her—"Ameliamma!"

Brokenly the native poured out her story, and as she put the glistening bit of gold in Madam's hand: a glorified smile, spread over the English woman's face.

Ameliamma bathed, the cuts and bruises were anointed with healing balm, and food was set before her. Madam longed to shelter Ameliamma for a prolonged stay and would have urged her to remain at the camp, but the missionary knew that she could not justly persuade the girl for the hardships the Hindu wife had under one on the journey were nothing to the price she would have to pay upon her return to the village, for a Hindu woman could not leave her husband as Ameliamma had done without incurring a terrible penalty. The missionary would have saved her if possible, but over these things she had no control.

So Ameliamma went back, back over the same winding path with its ragged rocks and blistering sands, with a constantly increasing fear of Kodiak's revenge weighting her heart.

IT WAS evening when Ameliamma neared the settlement, and just before she reached the first little thatched hut she could see a thread of a blaze; it died down, then spurted up again. How well she knew what that fire meant. Some one, probably a cartman who had passed her on the way back, had told of her return and Kodiak was getting ready for her; he had gathered together a number of the neighbors and kin, to view the torture he would administer to his wayward wife. They would stand around with fiendish pleasure spread over their faces as Kodiak took embers from the fire and seared the evil spirits from his refractory wife.

Ameliamma crept nearer until she could see through the scraggly underbrush much that was going on in preparation for the festivity. A dozen men and boys were spreading themselves at as many angles about the fire; some, sluggish from the heat, stretched themselves apart from the others and bent their chins to their chests in sonorous slumber; others were boisterous and swapped stories of cruelty.

Ameliamma stared upon the scene, gnawing her lips with white teeth and digging her fingers hard into the palms of clammy hands. Then crouching on the ground, she looked up to the stars and folded her arms over her little brown breast in the form of a cross.

All of the men had dropped into a doze, when Kodiak fed the fire, and then went back into the darkness to throw himself on the ground for rest.

Slowly from the shadows a wriggling, slimy coil drew its length nearer and nearer until it closed in upon its prey. There were few really deadly serpents in the valley, but the greediest of the blackest lair had gone forth that night.

A cry of pain rent the air: "A cobra! A cobra!" groaned the stricken Kodiak, who had been bitten on the arm.

Ameliamma could see the dim outline of native figures, as the men sprang to their feet, and stood irresolutely about their companion. All knew full well the deadly poison of the serpent; all knew the homely native remedies, but there were none in the group who valued Kodiak's life enough to incur any danger to themselves or to rise above their caste superstition.

For one brief instant Ameliamma exalted; a skeleton of a smile spread over her face, her eyes glistened as a bit of the old retaliative spirit stole over her. Kodiak was getting the worst of this, too. Then suddenly, the mood changed; a tenderness strange and like a transfusion from another being stirred every nerve. With a bound she broke through the bushes and was at Kodiak's side. Bending over the agonized man, Ameliamma put her own parched lips to the wound, in an attempt to draw out the poison. She tore a strip of cloth from the sash about her waist, and tied it above the wound; then softly, in her purring Telugu tongue she whispered: "Poor Kodiak, Ameliamma is sorry for you, and will not laugh at you."

Yet in spite of Ameliamma's efforts to ward off the ensuing paralysis of the snake's bite, Kodiak was fast succumbing to its venom.

Tears blinded the usually stoical Hindu wife. Again she looked up to the sky, and through those tears the stars looked like so many tiny gold crosses. Quickly she bent to Kodiak's ear: "Look, Kodiak, my husband, there is a lucky piece for everyone, and one for you."

IT WAS spring, toward the end of the valley's most balmy season, and everything in nature was gorgeous. The tiny bell on the mission chapel was swinging out its sweetest tones, for it was Easter. Ameliamma was hurrying along the path toward the chapel, where she took her place with the native "Bible women," who like herself were clad in white cotton gowns, which had the appearance of a straight strip of cloth simply wound about their bodies.

A new missionary talked to the people gathered in the chapel. As he finished, Madam seated herself at the small portable organ; then from the group of brown faces before her she found Ameliamma's, and seemed to read her Easter message there. Gazing into the sparkling depths of Ameliamma's eyes, the missionary sang very softly but clearly in Telugu:

"Just to pity, just to love;
That's the story from above.
Just to help, just to smile,
Is the only thing worth while,
And the message of the Cross to you,
And the message of the Cross to you."

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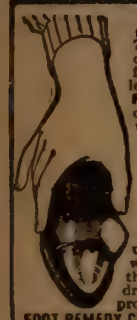

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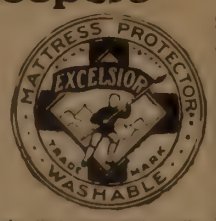

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Bible Teachings About Health

International Sunday-School Lesson for April 10
I Cor. 6:19, 20; 9:24-27; Gal. 6:7, 8

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

CHRISTIANITY is with reference to the whole man and is vitally related to every phase of his life as well as to every person or thing with which he comes into contact. The body affects the soul, the material may even dominate the spiritual and the Holy Spirit in giving the Word of God furnishes instructions for this many sided man. The most practical book on the science of health is the Holy Bible.

Since the lessons for this quarter are taken from no less than fifteen books of the Bible there is a splendid opportunity for special general study. Read the entire book from which a passage is chosen. If you have not already memorized the books in their order learn the names of the thirty-nine books on that upper shelf and the twenty-seven on the lower shelf of the world's greatest library. A teacher should insist that all young people do this, and of course the teacher will set the example. Know the authors of the New Testament—eight of them—Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, Peter, James and Jude. Of course you have some plan for Bible reading that you are following daily.

Paul suggests three unusually helpful passages for this week. He indicates the honor placed upon the human body in that it is indwelt by the Holy Spirit. In becoming Christ's all that we have and are belong to him. The body, with its wonderful possibilities for good or evil belong to God. Local surroundings affect our thinking and Paul, though in Ephesus, writes to the Corinthians about those wonderful Isthmian games. He tells them that he trains for a more worth-while race and no cost will be too great that he, yes and any one else, may win the prize. A wreath of olive is not to be compared to the reward that God will give. He knows that daily deeds count forever and that God's law grinds steadily both in the material and spiritual kingdom—"whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

HEALTH of the individual is clearly presented in the portion of scripture especially suggested for study by the children in connection with this lesson, Daniel 1:8-21. Those Hebrew children ate what would nourish the body without harming it and at the end of ten days the contrast was very apparent. This is the quarterly temperance lesson and "temperance" has a broader application than merely alcoholic liquor. One can sin by over-eating or by eating that food which does not enable the body to perform its high calling in cooperation with the spirit. Wrong personal habits show themselves very clearly in the faces of the youth just as the rich food marked the countenances of those Babylonian princes. During the war the young men of this country were examined impartially by the physicians and the number rejected for physical causes was simply appaling. Paul gave his rule of life as "I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage." He purposed not to be rejected. In youth one should lay up a stock of health for the future rather than mortgage that future by excesses of any kind.

The licensed saloon is gone forever in this land. The use of alcohol as a beverage is unscientific and too much credit for placing this information before the American people cannot be given to the W. C. T. U. They saw to it, by the help of some men, that the children of the land should know the effect of alcohol on the human body. The lengthening of life without alcohol more than makes up for even the awful loss of life during the war. Other nations will soon go dry, for the wet nation cannot compete commercially with dry America.

The Churches as well as the State have now a great cooperative work in making clear to the suicidal addicts who insist on "personal liberty" that they are shortening their live and robbing the state of a real asset. Those who continue to defy the law may be induced to see that they are un-American. Only a couple of years ago one who was found to be un-American discovered that it was good for his health to move to another country. Sowing lawlessness means reaping crime, and a pretty large harvest is being gathered right now.

Many churches and Sunday-schools can get a very practical application from this lesson by looking into the matter of ventilation of their buildings. Often there is none and that is bad. Again there is too much and people catch cold. Somebody should be responsible to see that the temperature and amount of fresh air are always just right. Good health will be the result. Whoever opens the windows should make certain before entering the building from which direction the wind blows and then open the windows on the opposite side of the room. This will give good air and avoid drafts. Here is an opportunity for Sunday-schools to exemplify the teaching in the title for the day. Restlessness on the part of pupils is often due to lack of good fresh air. Many preachers see people asleep in their audience when the real fault is with the janitor or head usher. The result is that the minister is trying to beat the air and the air often wins.

THE church has a responsibility with reference to the public health. There have been enough surveys lately to furnish work for all. Statistics show that much sickness is preventable and give their figures: 70 per cent. tuberculosis, 30 per cent. blindness, 80 per cent, typhoid and 40 per cent. pneumonia. Daily Vacation Bible Schools are working wonders in the matter of the health of the children who attend, as well as improving their minds and morals. Sunday-schools on the foreign mission fields are giving much attention to the physical life of those who attend. Many children in non-Christian lands do not know how to play and the Sunday-school is directing the play life. Some people tell about the wonderful results that could be accomplished if their church only had a gymnasium and how they could then do broad social service work. If there is no gymnasium at hand much helpful exercise can be obtained by running errands of mercy and the old fashioned wood pile still is a good home trainer. The lad said he loved his mother with both arms full, as he carried in the wood which filled the box and added to his health by so doing.

Medical missions, whether at home or abroad are outstanding illustrations and applications of "Bible Teachings About Health." Severance Hospital in Seoul, Korea, is one of the increasingly many places which can be styled "Heaven on earth." As the body is mended, souls learn to know of the Great physician.

The famine relief work in China today is opening doors of hearts to the truths about the Bread of Life. The point of a lancet opened a whole nation to the incoming of the gospel message. Such work is a seed which brings forth more fold than can ever be computed here. It costs enough to challenge the most heroic to give himself. Right now the missionaries in North China are asking, though not in fear, "Who will lay down their lives this time in administering relief to the hungry and diseased?" In the work of each previous famine relief some have died.

Keeping fit is as important as becoming fit. The Christian athlete is always spiritual strong and ready for any task or opportunity. As he follows with his Lord he never breaks training. He then can say at the last with Paul, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

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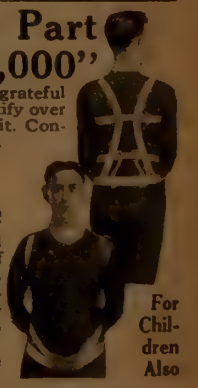

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The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

THE Young Men's Bible Class Federation, of Key West, Fla., has entered on a "Campaign to have all the laws enforced which are being broken." A member writes: "We realize that we have got a big task ahead of us; but we are trusting to God to help us win the battle. Our present plan for the year is: the third Thursday in each month we will have a fast all day and meet at one of the churches and invoke Almighty God to help bring about better conditions in Key West. Also we have faith that this movement will result in a revival such as never has been in our city. We request that your Prayer League help us in this battle, by asking Almighty God to give us Divine guidance in the movement that we may be successful, and that Key West may be shaken by the Power of God, and men and women may repent and accept Christ as their Saviour."

J. D. Scarborough, Wages Route, Colo., writes: "Please help us pray that we may get located just where God can get the most glory out of our services, and where we can do the most good for His cause and Kingdom. Also, that one who is suffering from tumor may be healed and understand how to fully consecrate his services to God."

Reader, Chino, Calif., asks prayer for a family in Africa who have returned to heathenism because of the death of their child. "Pray that they may be brought back to God and many souls saved."

W. I. Newman, a young man preparing for the ministry, writes that he is passing through a period of bitter trial and temptation. He adds: "I request prayer that I may be given grace to withstand trial, and overcome temptation, and be carried through to my work for Christ."

L. E. M. asks prayer for a sister who is dying, and "that she may be delivered from a false teaching and may know the reality of a Divine Saviour and the blood that cleanseth."

M. E. D. asks prayer for a woman now in St. Luke's Hospital, who has been there eight months. She writes: "She is from a country town, no friends here, and with no religion. Pray for her, that her heart and her eyes may be opened to a loving Saviour."

D. M. R. requests prayer for a great "outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the inhabitants of Calgary, Canada, that many of the eighty thousand may be saved and delivered from Satan's power."

W. A. G. asks prayers for a mighty revival of the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ upon the Church and community at Conklin Center, N. Y.; C. W. B. asks prayers for a revival of religion and the salvation of souls at Sterling, Ohio; and M. R. writes: "We are praying for an old-fashioned Holy Ghost revival here in Oskaloosa, Kans., and have many unsaved souls on our hearts."

Mrs. D. G. S. sends in a request in behalf of Hartington, Nebr., and Mrs. F. W. B., asks prayers for a revival in Braddock, Pa.

A. H. B., writes: "We are in the midst of a revival in Minburn, Iowa. Our pastor gives us good Gospel sermons, but the people are so indifferent! Pray that we may have the greatest revival that Minburn has ever had and that many may be brought to Christ."

"We are planning to have a series of revival meetings here at Sylacauga, Ala., beginning April 13th," writes Miss S. T. "Pray for us that the church may be greatly revived and many souls saved."

Among the general requests we have received the following: for healing, 250; conversion of relatives and friends, 230; peace, 25; spiritual advancement, 32; wisdom, 40; relief from pain, 5; reconciliation, 29; faith, 38; blessing, 52; forgiveness, 8; courage 7; financial aid, 46; guidance, 35; success, 15; requests known only to God, 25.

We have received acknowledgments of answered prayer from the following members: Miss T. M. M., Mrs. S., Mrs. C. W. D., Mrs. C. M. S., Mrs. C. J., W. B. R., E. N., Mrs. N. B. P., A Sister and "Portland, Me."

Young People's Topics for April 10

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

How Does Christ Wish His Day to Be Spent?

E. L., C. E., and B. Y. P. U., Matt. 12 : 1-13

STUDY the reference and you will learn how the Master employed a part of one Sunday. We deduce from this that it is permissible to make Sunday a holy day indeed by an errand of mercy, a visit to the sick and shut-in, these in every community who are in some special need of Christian ministry. Aside from the morning and evening worship there is a form of worship that is so easily forgotten. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Sunday is a great day for Good Samaritan ministry. There are no special seasons for the word of cheer and the helping hand.

Newell Dwight Hillis suggests that Sunday ought to be used as a "Library Day" for the culture of reason, conscience and duty. Anything which helps to preserve the Sabbath in the interest of conscience and duty would merit the approval of Jesus. It is certain that he would not indorse the rigid rule that forbids any kind of action on the day. Sitting in supine idleness and indolent inaction dishonors any day. Lord Macaulay was not pleading the cause of religionists, but stating the case of brotherhood when he said that "we are not impoverished but enriched by this seventh day." Enrichment therefore comes from attending the Church, the Library, the Sick Room, making it a day of "rest and gladness," fellowship and brotherhood, worship and duty, inspiration and profit for the spiritual life, of self and others. It is a day for the outgoing as well as the deepening of the soul-life.

If we have bodies, we *are* souls. And if it takes six-sevenths of the week to provide and prepare bread to meet our bodily hunger, we must be sure to use the seventh part of the week to remind ourselves how many hungers there are which cannot be met by bread only. This is a matter for the individual to decide, with the help of God within the conscience. Of this we are positive: The Sabbath Day must be different than any other day, and that difference must be on the side of the better, with ideals and standards that are of the highest, controlling our coming and going of the day, including God in Christ, as the constant companion through the hours. Given a person who makes the day a holy day, that person will have no difficulty in maintaining the sanctity of all the other days.

Another thought: "The Sabbath was made for man." But it was not made for man the secularist, nor the commercialist, nor the epicure. It is for man the helper, the religionist, the culturist, the minister, the inspirer, the constructionist, the brother, the Christian. Furthermore, it is a day for man and beast, for rest of secular tool and task, not only in the name of religion but in the name of health and nerves, efficiency and strength. "The Sabbath law is written in the human body." "Abolish the day of rest," and "this Republic could never survive by a century" was the opinion of Daniel Webster.

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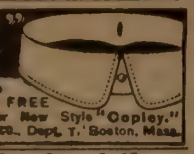

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 255

Born in 1856, he entered the ministry at the age of nineteen and served pastorates in Columbus, O., Newtonville, Mass., and Baltimore before going to Chicago in 1887. Early in his Chicago work, he preached what later became known as "the $2,800,000 sermon," appealing for aid for boys and girls of the city, as a result of which P. D. Armour offered financial help in the founding of Armour Institute, and Dr. Gunsaulus became its president. He was the first to advocate the maintenance of kindergartens by city churches, a movement which has spread widely, and for many years he was a leader in civic betterment movements in the Middle West. In recent years, Dr. Gunsaulus had been less active and his writings less frequent, but his vigorous patriotic utterances during the war attracted much attention.

DOMESTIC

HUGHES SENDS DEMAND TO PANAMA. Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State, has sent to the Republic of Panama a note demanding that Panama live up to the awards made by former President Loubet of France and Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court regarding its Costa Rican boundary. The Loubet award was made in 1900 and the White award in 1914, but Panama has held the disputed territory, despite pledges to accept the decision as final, and a recent armed clash between the two countries was stopped only at Secretary Hughes's demand.

SPECIAL SESSION TO OPEN APRIL 11. The special session of Congress will open April 11, and will consider especially tariff and revenue revision and other domestic problems. President Harding indicated that he would urge legislation to furnish relief to the farmers as the first business for Congress.

DEBS CASE REVIEW ORDERED. President Harding has directed Harry M. Daugherty, Attorney-General, to review the case of Eugene V. Debs, now in the Atlanta penitentiary, and Presidential action on appeals for Debs's release was to be delayed until Mr. Daugherty made a recommendation.

UNION MEN VOTE ON PACKING STRIKE. Meat-packing unions have conducted a vote on the question of striking against wage reductions announced by the packing companies, but final decision was held up pending a canvass of the vote, which was said to favor a strike, and a conference of union leaders. A plan for "industrial democracy" offered by the packers was assailed by labor leaders as conceding nothing.

HARVEY ACCEPTABLE TO BRITAIN. Announcement was made in London that the British Government has given formal approval to the appointment of Colonel George Harvey as the American Ambassador to succeed John W. Davis. This preceded any public statement by President Harding regarding his intentions as to the London post. Myron T. Herrick was said to be slated for Ambassador to France.

FOREIGN

FORMER TURKISH VIZIER SLAIN. Talaat Pasha, former Grand Vizier and Minister of Finance of Turkey, was shot to death in the street of a Berlin suburb by an Armenian student who announced that he was avenging his parents and the many thousands of Armenians massacred while Talaat Pasha was the dominant figure in the Turkish Government during the war. Talaat disappeared almost three years ago and few knew he was hiding in Germany.

SIX EXECUTED IN DUBLIN. Six young Irishmen — two convicted by court-martial of murder and four of high treason—were hanged in Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, while twenty thousand persons knelt in prayer in the streets about the prison and all business and public activity in the city was suspended.

A. BONAR LAW RESIGNS. Andrew Bonar Law, Lord of the Privy Seal, has resigned from the British cabinet, ill-health being given the reason.

Dr. Sheldon at Sioux Falls, S. D.

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON needed no introduction to the people of Sioux Falls, S. D., although something like forty years had elapsed since he spent any time in that city. He was invited there by the Ministerial Alliance and all of the Evangelical churches of the city united in the meetings. The Episcopalian minister, Dean E. B. Woodruff, president of the Alliance, presided at the meetings. His church united heartily in the services, together with the First Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Lutheran churches. Never before have we had such a unanimous effort by the Protestants of Sioux Falls.

Dr. Sheldon spoke on Saturday morning, before the students of Sioux Falls College, and again, on Monday morning, to the students of Nettleton Commercial College. Many feel that his address on "The Essentials of a True Education," was one of the finest that has been heard in Sioux Falls for some years. For the Sunday night mass meeting, the city Coliseum was secured and it was filled to its capacity. The choirs of the various churches were united and after they had sung two good Gospel songs, Dr. Sheldon was introduced and spoke for an hour to about 3,500 people. At the close of the address a collection of over $400 was taken for the famine sufferers of China.

On Monday morning a conference of the ministers and Christian workers was conducted by Dr. Sheldon in the First Baptist Church, during which time the visiting preacher discussed with the local ministers some fundamental needs in doing effective Christian work.

The Episcopal church was filled for an afternoon meeting on Monday, when emphasis was laid upon the healing work of the Spirit of God, and following a very hopeful message from Dr. Sheldon, many sought private interviews with him and Dean Woodruff.

The closing meeting of the two-day conference with Dr. Sheldon was held Monday night in the First Methodist Church, at which time he spoke upon "The Value of a Man."

All of the ministers of the city felt that Dr. Sheldon's coming was a great blessing and emphasized particularly the importance of united Christian endeavor to accomplish the work given to the churches. G. ELTON HARRIS
Secretary Sioux Falls Ministerial Alliance.

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Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent. present prices, are featured in Circular No. 30. The net earnings available for interest charges in 1920 were five times the interest charges.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Kingdom of Belgium 20-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, redeemable at 107½ per cent., and yielding over 8 per cent. are described in Circular 34.

Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Details of Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 7 per cent. gold bonds, maturing May, 1931, at a price to yield over 7 per cent. are given in Circular 36.

Swift & Co. 5-year 7 per cent. notes, to yield over 7 per cent., are described in Circular 37.

Farm Mortgages details also circulars regarding 6% First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for circular 38.

Record of Investments Chart—a simple chart for listing your securities which shows at a glance your monthly and annual income, together with necessary information on Federal Taxes—Ask for Circular 39.

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"THE foundation for making America a thrifty nation was laid during the first Liberty Loan campaign when for the first time in the history of this Nation people were taught the lesson of saving their dollars," said an authority on financial questions recently. Some short-sighted people have disregarded this lesson and disposed of their bonds during the period of market recessions.

The fact that the market price of Liberty Bonds has depreciated along with the securities of other governments and corporations had absolutely nothing to do with their intrinsic value. As a matter of fact, Liberty Bonds are exactly as good today as they were on the day the Government sold them. The mere fact that they have depreciated in price makes this a more opportune time to buy them because they yield a larger return.

The causes of present prices of Liberty Bonds are numerous. An outstanding fact is, that the call for money to carry on manufacturing and industrial activities has compelled many large holders of Liberty Bonds to sell them. Many employers finding it necessary to obtain large amounts of cash to carry on business, buy raw materials, pay wages, etc., have chosen to sell their Liberty Bonds because, being the best securities in their possession, relatively speaking they had depreciated the least in market value. Such of course, while regrettable, no doubt has prevented the shut-down of many factories. These and other factors created a situation where there were more persons desiring to sell their bonds than there were people wanting to buy them.

The Government is, of course, not responsible for the low prices of Liberty Bonds. It is simply a case where John Jones sells his bonds to Jim Smith through the machinery of the market, for less than he paid for them, the Government having no part in the transaction.

In the open market the loss of one person may be the opportunity of another. By retaining his bonds and by buying more at present prices the investor is therefore benefited, as by so doing he averages down the cost of his bonds and increases the yield. These bonds, while depreciated in market value, are backed by the entire strength and resources of the Nation. The Government has made a definite contract to pay interest at regular stated periods and to pay the face value when the bonds mature.

It is generally believed that in five years or perhaps sooner we will have stabilized our present economic conditions so that Liberty Bonds will regain their 100 per cent. value in the market. While we may differ as to time, we are unanimous with respect to the ultimate outcome. It is, therefore, incumbent on all of us to hold on to our Liberty Bonds and to avail ourselves of present market conditions to purchase more bonds at present advantageous prices.

JOHN GOODE, the Bowery Mission evangelist, whose preaching tours during the last few seasons have been markedly successful, is planning a series of evangelistic visits during the next three months. Mr. Goode—long known as "The Wicked John Goode"—is now being widely used in bringing into the Gospel fold men for years given over to criminal lives.

An unusual instance of the effect of John Goode's appeals occurred at a Bowery Mission evening meeting recently when a lad of sixteen, impelled by a power beyond his control, stood up and said he had a confession to make. He had robbed his employer of $72, which he had been sent to deposit in bank. Now, he was determined to do as the evangelist had urged, to confess to God and acknowledge his guilt to the authorities. This he did, and it is hoped his confession may prove to be a turning-point in his life.

Any churches, Sunday schools, or other organizations desiring a visit from John Goode may address him to the care of the Bowery Mission.

Here's One Contented Investor—

Willard, N. Y., March 29, 1920

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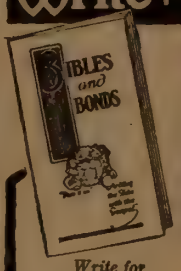

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Through the co-operation of other publishers, the Christian Herald is able to extend you this wonderful opportunity to subscribe for the leading magazines for 9 months at just about half the price of a full annual subscription.

An unusual condition has made this special offer possible: During the past year a general paper shortage necessitated the suspension of several issues and these magazines extended subscriptions so that subscribers would receive a full year's credit. Consequently, many thousand subscriptions which should have expired with the November and December issues were carried over until February and March.

In order to allow these subscribers to get back on the calendar-year basis arrangements have been made with these popular, leading magazines to offer 9-months subscriptions at remarkably low prices. You may be one of the many who, anticipating a reduction, deferred subscribing last year because of high prices. But whether or not your subscription expires in the early spring you should take advantage of this unusually low-priced offer.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MR. A. C. HARTE, of the Young Men's Christian Association, Jerusalem writes us as follows: "For some time I have been thinking of writing you concerning the Christian Herald Orphanage in Jerusalem. I have several times visited this orphanage and have been forced to the conclusion that it is one of the best managed orphanages I have seen in any country. I can not recall anywhere having seen an orphanage where the children are being so well prepared to meet the needs of the life in their own country, and improve their environment. The children in this orphanage are not only being taught their routine studies, their work and good manners, but also are being taught to do cheerfully their part and do it well. I hope the Christian Herald will find it possible to continue this splendid piece of work in Jerusalem."

Theo. S., Manito, Ill., writes: "What are the annual expenditures by the people of the United States for luxuries such as cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, jewelry, soft drinks, perfumes, etc.?"

According to the World Almanac for 1921, in the last fiscal year the people of the United States spent $22,700,000,000 for luxuries as shown by the Government returns including $750,000,000 for face powder, cosmetics and perfumery; $300,000,000 for furs; $800,000,000 for cigarettes; $510,000,000 for cigars; $500,000,000 for jewelry; $250,000,000 for musical instruments; $2,000,000,000 for autos; $350,000,000 for soft drinks; $400,000,000 for toilet soaps; $800,000,000 for tobacco and snuff; $250,000,000 for ice cream; $50,000,000 for chewing gum; $350,000,000 for cake and candy; $3,000,000,000 for "luxurious services"; $5,000,000,000 for food luxuries; $3,000,000,000 on joy rides, pleasure resorts and races.

Mary L. G., Terryville, Conn. Your letter has interested us deeply, and we sympathize with those who, through circumstances, are unable to join in all the great benevolences of these times. One of the effects of America's gift of bread to China will be to make the work of the Christian missionaries easier, and the hearts of that people will open to those who have shown sympathy with their suffering.

Mrs. S. J. P., New Haven, Conn. Send your name and address to the Secretary of the Prayer League, Mr. A. C. Baker, Bowery Mission, New York, for enrollment as a member. No fee is necessary.

A. D., Sutherlin, Oreg. There are certain temperaments that are extremely sensitive, especially in spiritual matters. Conscience, that inward monitor which God has placed in our hearts, sometimes seems to speak in clear and articulate words. The message may be one of rebuke or of warning; or it may be one of encouragement in a certain line of action. It is well to heed these admonitions and to ask for wisdom, that you may fully understand. Take counsel with some godly woman of Christian experience. Talk with her frankly. Tell her your hopes and fears, as you would tell an older sister. The heart needs someone to whom it may unbosom itself at such times, and Christian counsel is always to be valued.

"Troubled Soul," Herrington, Kans. We have sent your letter to the Prayer League.

M. E. D., Mt. Pleasant, Ia. 1. We have already explained in the Christian Herald that there are two Gypsy Smiths. One is a veteran evangelist, a very able Bible scholar and preacher, who has conducted many successful spiritual campaigns. The other is a young man from England who has done Gospel work during the war. His evangelistic ministry began only a few years ago. 2. You should ask permission of the church officials in question. It rests with them to say whether one of a different faith would be welcomed or not.

Mrs. Martin Williamson, Vale, S. Dak., writes: "I am writing you in regard to getting help in our Mothers' Club. I would like advice as to what we could do to be a real, practical help to the mothers in this club, as well as an uplift to the community. Some talk about telling one another how to make cake and pie. Most any mother knows how to make good eats, when we have good things to make them with. I think when a busy mother leaves her home to do club work, we ought to have something worth while to do. But what to do and how to do it is what I am anxious to know."

Here is an opportunity for those of our friends who have practical views and some experience to discuss a subject that should interest many mothers. The women folks at Vale, S. Dak., and no doubt at many other places, would be glad to get suggestions as to Mothers' Club programs.

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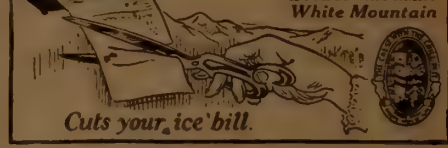

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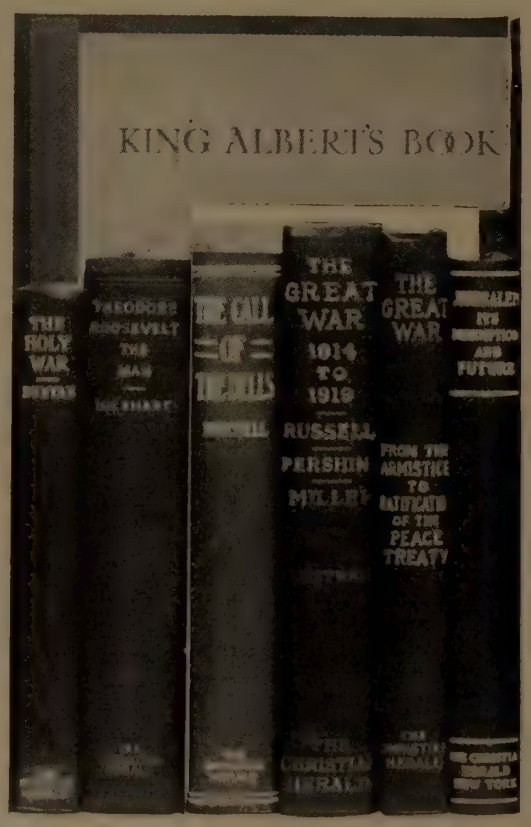

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AN · ILLUSTRATED · NEWS · WEEKLY · FOR · THE · HOME ·
· GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER ·

Italy's soil, broken by innumerable hills, and its mild climate have made the country preeminent for centuries for its wines. This verdure-clad scene is in the vicinity of Naples

The Prohibition Movement in Italy

Economic Conditions Are Impelling the Nation Toward Restrictions on Intoxicants

By
PROFESSOR DAVID LEVI-MORENOS
(Italian Expert on Agriculture)

PROHIBITION in Italy? Ask that question of the average Italian and he will not understand what you mean. You might as well suggest to him that the sun is rising in the west or that the Tiber is flowing up hill. Prohibition to Italians is one of the inconceivable things, things that happen in crazy countries like the United States, where there are also Edisons, skyscrapers, gold mines, Niagaras and other fantastic impossibilities. And yet . . . and yet, if not prohibition, at least very direct and extensive limitation of the consumption of alcoholic drinks is one of the contingencies that Italy is destined to face in a future not very remote, not perhaps for the reasons that have turned America dry, but for others just as imperious, just as cogent.

The sorry fact is that, economically speaking, Italy has been "seeing snakes" for some years now; and what was already termed a national disease of "economic alcoholism" before the war, has reached since 1915 the acuteness of a national delirium tremens.

The situation can be stated in a nutshell.

Italy produces forty-eight million quintals of wheat annually. She consumes, however, seventy-eight millions. This leaves a deficit of thirty million quintals to be imported. In Italy the state retains the monopoly of grain importation. That is why the price of bread instantly becomes a political question of nation-rocking magnitude. Governments rarely dare to raise the price of bread. They prefer to pay for the wheat imported out of the general budget, extracting the money from the country in less direct and obvious ways. The bill for wheat thus shouldered upon the tax-payers in the year just past amounted to five billion lire—a billion dollars in ordinary conditions of exchange. That would be no bagatelle even for countries far richer than Italy.

Meanwhile Italy produces wine—wine of exquisite excellence and wine in abundance.

KEEPING in round numbers the annual wine crop in Italy attains a value in excess of ten billion lire—three and a half times as much wine as wheat, three times as much wine as Indian corn, five times as much wine as olive oil (a precious source of Italian wealth), ten times as much wine as silk. Bearing in mind the importance of agriculture in Italy, it becomes significant to say that one-quarter of all Italian agricultural produce is accounted for in wine. Something over eight million acres of Italian land is taken up by vine culture. Something over twelve million barrels of wine come annually from the Italian presses. The situation is not materially changed by the annexations of land resulting from recent war. Over a fifth of the total area of the Trentino, for instance, is covered by grapevines.

Now if a private individual had his cellar full of Satan juice and his pantry quite empty of food, everybody knows what he would do. He would sell the fire water and buy what he needed to eat. Unfortunately, nations are not always so wise as people, taken one by one. In just such a fix, the Italian nation drinks most if not quite all of the wine in its cellars, and then blames the government for not providing the bread.

While the food question and the high cost of living is keeping the country hovering on the edge of social overturn, the patent fact that stands out is that Italian wealth in grapes would, if properly utilized, more than take care of the deficit in nutrition. The fact, indeed is so obvious that a phrase has become of a commonplace among Italian economists and statesmen: "Italy must drink less and export more of her wine." This remedy is so simple that it would seem almost any ministry would have thought of it. But yet, if you look into the national account book and find the figure, you discover that, in spite of everything, Italy exports still barely more than one per cent. of her enormous wine output.

While it might be desirable for Italy to stimulate wine consumption abroad, it proves impossible to make other nations drink more than they can hold. But that is not really the point either. The principal element in the case is that the Italian people like wine, and drink wine enormously. When it comes to selling abroad, there is nothing left to sell.

TO BE quite just, as well as out of concern for scientific accuracy, it is well to bear in mind the principal factors determining what has been so well called Italy's economic alcoholism—the excessive preponderance of vine culture in the national agriculture over the production of foodstuffs. Italy is an admirable place to grow the vine. Its soil, broken by innumerable hills, and the character of its climate have from time immemorial made the country preeminent for the quality and variety of its wine flavors. Italy had been toping on wine for centuries at a time when the intoxicating fluid of the grape was still unknown to the rest of Europe: and the Latins were singing "nunc est bibendum" hundreds of years before alcohol had been brought to the American continent. In a very amiable way, Italy's prominence as a resort for travelers—the tourist has for centuries been a figure there—has rested upon the proffered solace of her wines. This ancient tradition, going back to the dawn of history itself, is at the bottom of the Italian devotion to wine.

But the important extension given to wine production in recent years, and herein lies the source of our main trouble, is due to other circumstances. Some years ago the French discovered that their own wines of high grade could be improved by "cutting" them, mixing and tempering them with the product of Italy, especially of southern Italy. It was in anticipation of this market that vine culture was taken up by leaps and bounds in many southern Italian provinces where grapes had before been rarely cultivated and wine-drinking practically unknown.

In the second place, Italy was unusually successful in the technical expertness required in the fight against the peronospera and the filoxera, the two dread pests that nearly exterminated the French vines. Between 1890 and 1910 more and more Italian capital went into the vines because the profits to be made there were certain and enormous. Investments in wine production rose nearly to thirty-three billion lire, not counting the three-quarters of a billion circulating among vineyard laborers, who, statisticians have computed, devote a total of 450 million working days to the growing of grapes and the making of wine.

THE output of these great investments of recent decades has not, however, gone abroad to build up a favorable balance of national trade for Italy. What we have witnessed is a growth of domestic wine consumption of proportion commensurate with the supply. Perhaps social unrest has figures as a cause here. People have called for bread and they have been fed wine to keep them quiet. At any rate, the great industrial centers of the north have shown a phenomenal increase in alcoholism. Undoubtedly also the artificial activities of the wine-producing interests to protect and enhance the values of their investments has done something to stimulate wine consumption. No difficulty has been experienced in the last few years in developing flourishing wine markets in provinces of the south, which by age-long tradition and custom had been relatively "dry."

Defenders of wine-producing interests advance the argument that any attempt to reduce vineyard

Continued on page 283

A New Chance for Bobby

He Had Gone Far Astray in His Boyish Choice of a Profession

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT WAS with a tearful face that little Mrs. Brent waited for her large, competent husband to come home. Somehow she seemed incapable of settling problems without his help—somehow she seemed unable to face issues squarely without his arm about her shoulders. She was on the lowest step of the porch, her crumpled scrap of a handkerchief pressed to her quivering lips, as he swung along the street. When he looked up, after closing the prim white gate that kept passers-by from the temptation of the Brent flower garden, she was half way down the walk to meet him.

"Dearest," she quavered, as she flung herself against his broad comforting chest, "Dearest! I'm so upset—so terribly upset. What shall we do?"

For one second Robert Brent allowed the flicker of a smile to touch the corners of his pleasant mouth. He had so often been greeted by Mrs. Brent's wail of anguish—so very often! He allowed himself to consider, briefly, as he drew his sobbing wife close, what it would seem like to have a wife who made her own decisions—who did not have to be babied. At one time he had admired, greatly, the helpless, clinging-vine sort of woman. But his admiration was beginning to wear a bit thin about the edges, after years of being clung to.

"Well, honey," he questioned just a trifle wearily, "what's the matter now?"

Great tears were rolling down his wife's wan face. She gripped his coat sleeve with nervous fingers.

"It's Bobby," she wept. "It's Bobby!"

Over Robert Brent's face swept a shadow. Earnestly he looked into his wife's brimming eyes.

"Bobby's not—hurt?" he questioned, "He's not hurt?"

Mrs. Brent's curly head shook violently. With a ducking movement she buried her nose in the region of her husband's coat lapel.

"No, he's not hurt," she quavered, "it's much worse than that!"

Again the vague smile flickered across Robert Brent's face.

"But, dear," he said comfortingly, "if you're well and Bobby's well—there isn't anything else that matters! What's worrying you, anyway? Surely that young son of mine hasn't done anything vicious?"

MRS. BRENT lifted her tear-stained face with an amazing suddenness.

"Yes, he has done something vicious," she sobbed, "Oh! I didn't think that my boy would ever be a *thief!* I wouldn't have believed it if the teacher hadn't sent a note home with him, telling how they'd found the pen-knife in his desk! And he admitted, when I questioned him, that he *had* taken it from her desk. He took it, he told me, because he'd always wanted just such a penknife. It folded up, in some curious way, and——" her voice drifted off into silence.

The smile had quite died from the man's face. His mouth was a grim line as he spoke.

"Bobby," he said slowly "is quite old enough to know the difference between honesty and dishonesty. I've talked with him, more than once, about being—square. Bobby is nearly ten. He should know that it is wrong to steal!"

All at once little Mrs. Brent had stepped away from her husband.

"Bobby did steal," she told him, and the tremor had almost died out of her voice as she said it. "We know that he did, for he admitted it to me. I sent him to his room to wait until you came home. He did steal but, Robert, he didn't lie! And he brought the teacher's note straight home to me. If he'd wanted to he could have destroyed the note, and nobody would have been the wiser. *But he didn't want to.* He brought it to me, and admitted everything that the note said. That shows, Robert, that he isn't dishonest—even if he did steal! That shows that he has the right sort of instincts. And when I," she was sobbing again, "when I sent him to his room he went in the most bewildered way—as though he didn't quite know why he was being punished. I don't understand——"

Robert Brent's eyes were shadowed. But at his wife's earnestness he forced a smile. "Neither do I understand," he told her gravely, "but it will be all right, honey. We'll have Bobby come down, at once, and explain to us——" he hesitated over the choice of a word, "why he *took* the penknife," he finished.

AND so Bobby was sent for. And he came down from his bed-room, down to the cozy little library where his parents waited, with the shame-faced innocence of a puppy dog who has inadvertantly upset a choice bit of bric-a-brac. A tall boy for his age, was Bobby—a boy who was developing big hands and feet, a boy who was fast losing the semblance of babyhood. Looking at him Robert Brent could remember—and it seemed only yesterday—when his curls had been clipped, when his first wee trousers had been bought, when, quite without his mother's knowledge, he had been presented with skates and a punching bag. He was smiling faintly, as he beckoned the child to his side. And Bobby, seeing that smile, took courage.

"Honest, dad," he gulped as he hurried across the room; "honest, I didn't mean t' be bad. Honest, I didn't!"

The man's big arm encircled the child's tense body.

"I know that you didn't, son," he said, and his tone held a gruff note of comfort. "I know that you didn't! But I don't quite understand. Tell your old dad all about it!"

The boy's eyes were big and pleading. His hand, upon his father's coat sleeve, was screwed into a tight little fist.

"She had a knife, my teacher had," he explained with the almost inarticulate brevity of youth, "she uster leave it on her desk, awful careless, where everyone could see. It was a bully penknife—it had four blades an' a buttonhook in it, an' the blades worked on a spring. I tried t' tell mother about it, but she didn't understand," his nod indicated the small figure in the background, that was Mrs. Brent; "women don't know much about knives, dad!" he paused, and then,

"I couldn't help wantin' it," he said wistfully, "it was so sort of shiny an' new—*an' she left it around so careless!* An' so, when they was all out at recess time—I sneaked up to her desk. An' I took it, and closed th' blades—she might've rusted 'em, leavin' it open all th' time—an' put it in my pocket!"

A BOY is mostly lonesome when he's little;—
grown-up folks
Don't understand his notions or his silly little jokes,
They think he's sulky sometimes when he's only very shy,
And they think he's up to mischief when he doesn't meet their eye.

They smile when he is earnest, at his little loves and tears,
They wonder at his laughter and they wonder at his tears;
So a boy, who must have some one who will answer to his call,
Has a dog that he can talk to and can love the best of all!

Dogs don't laugh at you and tease you when you tell your secret hopes,
They don't ask you what you're doing with your barrel hoops and ropes;
But they gaze at you as if you are a hero from a book,
With a world of trust and loving and confiding in their look.

Oh! a boy is always lonesome when he's little; grown-up folks
Think boys are either terrors or just silly little jokes;
But a dog—a dog's a comfort and he makes their spirits rise,
When he looks at them with loving in his almost human eyes.

Robert Brent's arm tightened around his small son's shoulder. "And," he queried cautiously, "and how did she know that you were the one who took it?"

Bobby's eyes were even wider than they had been.

"It was when she asked who took it," he explained painstakingly to his father, "It was *then*— I had to tell, you know. I couldn't *lie*, could I?"

All at once little Mrs. Brent's voice rose, plaintively, from the shadowy corner.

"But you stole the knife, Bobby," she accused, "surely it was just as wicked to steal as it would have been to lie!"

Bobby turned, from the circle of his father's arm, toward his mother.

"Only cowards an' slackers *lie*," he explained to her carefully, "but nice fellers—heroes—*take things*. It's diff'rent!"

"What," the question in Robert Brent's voice was very casual, "what makes you think that heroes and nice people take things? I'd rather like to know, Bobby, how you've reached that conclusion? By what lines of reasoning——"

A SUDDEN smile broke over the child's face. All at once he was a colorful, enthusiastic little figure. Even his voice was vivid.

"It was Hairbreath Harry," he said—"and Tom Dixon! They never let th' p'lice catch up with them, not ever! An' they set th' best detecitifes on their trail, an' the detecitifes never caught up with them, neither! An' then they got bloodhoun's. An' the bloodhoun's got left, too. Tom and Harry got away with th' jools—clean over th' border they got away! When I grow as big as you, dad," the boy's eager eyes were a-sparkle with enthusiasm, "I'm goin' to be a *int'national thief*. So is Dicky Jones. Dicky Jones feels about it like I do. I call him 'Tom,'" he confided, and "Dicky—he calls me 'Hairbreath'—that is, when we're alone!"

There was a plaintive sob from the corner. Mrs. Brent was crying again. But for once her husband did not notice the tears. All of his attention was focussed upon the small excited boy.

"So that's it," he exclaimed; "so that's it! At the movies, eh?"

His son nodded.

"A swell fillum," he told his father, "called 'Dodgin' the Dicks.' A Dick is a detecitife!"

"Ah," Robert Brent's voice was thoughtful. "A 'swell fillum'!" You liked it! Do they have many such pictures, Bobby? Do you go often to the movies?"

Little Mrs. Brent was speaking.

"Mrs. Jones and I," she told her husband, "let Dicky and Bobby go every Friday afternoon—by themselves—if they have been good all week. We always felt that it was a harmless sort of a reward for being good! We didn't know what sort of pictures they were seeing; we took it for granted that the pictures were all right! This," there was a note of defense in her voice, "this is a clean community, and the owner of the picture theatre is a church member——" her voice trailed off, helplessly.

All at once Robert Brent's tone was firm. "Really," he said, slowly, "really, it was our fault that Bobby took the knife. We should have been more careful!" He paused for a moment, and then—"Son," he said simply, "I want to explain to you just why it was wrong to take the knife. I want to make you understand just why you must never take another knife—or anything else—again!"

IT WAS later that night, after Bobby—with his young code of morals all re-organized—had been sent to bed, that Robert Brent talked the whole matter over with his wife.

"We must face the situation squarely," he told her, "we must do our best to keep the boy from any other mistakes! No—" his hand patted her hand soothingly, "don't cry so! I don't think that we'll ever have this sort of trouble again. Bobby understands now. But there may be new troubles that we haven't dreamed of. Have you any suggestions——?"

Little Mrs. Brent's misty eyes were filled with perplexity.

"I don't like to keep him away from the movies," she said, "all the other children are allowed to go. And yet, if he keeps on seeing crime plays—" she hesitated, "crime plays and plays with vampires, and—and sex plays—I'm afraid that we'll have to keep him away from them!"

Robert Brent shook his head.

"I don't know what to say," he told his wife, "he certainly must not see cheap and trashy pictures but I'd hate to have him miss some of the really fine and inspiring things that might—that undoubtedly would—help him. I'd hate to have him miss the travelogues and the educational films. And I'd hate, more than anybody else, to have him feel that we were in any way curtailing his fun. We can't regulate matters by putting chains upon Bobby. We've got to go at it from the other side, from the angle of the pictures."

All at once Mrs. Brent was glowing with an idea. "Why can't we regulate the pictures?" she questioned. "Why can't we parents get together in a better film movement. There must be other children who are as susceptible to an idea as our son. Surely their mothers and fathers would co-operate with us?"

Robert Brent's voice was as enthusiastic as her own when he answered. "I believe, dear," he said, "that you've got it! I believe that we *can* regulate matters!"

And then they talked very seriously, and far into the night.

THE next morning Robert Brent accompanied his young son to school and interviewed a certain teacher. It was a long interview, punctuated with a laugh or two. And when it was over the teacher walked to the very door of the schoolhouse with Bobby's father.

"I didn't understand," she said, in parting. "I was very stupid, I think! Your son has always been such an honest little chap—and I don't in the least blame him for wanting the knife——" she paused and her smile was very sweet.

Robert Brent shook her hand warmly.

"I'm glad," he said, "that you do understand. And I'm glad that you are going to help us. I'll expect you at the meeting, tonight!"

And, "I'll be there, surely!" answered the teacher.

It was not only upon the teacher that Robert Brent called that morning. He visited the president of the board of education, and the pastors of the two churches, and the mayor of the town, and the owner of the motion-picture theater, and some of the prominent business men. It was nearly noon when he started toward his office. But he was well satisfied with the morning's work.

That night at eight o'clock they gathered in the town hall, the people that Robert Brent had called upon and the people that they, in turn, had spoken to. The meeting was a large one for, in a small town, news travels quickly.

"I did a bit of missionary work, myself, this day!" little Mrs. Brent whispered to her husband. "I went to call on the mothers——"

Yes, the meeting was a large one. The town hall was nearly crowded when Robert Brent walked to the front of the room.

"I want to tell you," he began, "about my little son. It's a story that may interest you." And, speaking quietly, he told the story of Bobby and the stolen knife, told it through from the beginning to the end. And then he sat down in his place.

There was silence for a moment. And then, all at once, Bobby's teacher was talking. She talked well, and convincingly. And she, too, told the story of Bobby—from her side—told the story of Bobby and of the other little Bobbys that are her daily charge.

"Sometimes," she finished, "they do things that seem hard to explain. And sometimes—not always—those things can be traced *back!*"

A mother was suddenly on her feet.

"My Paul," she told the roomful of people, "tried to set fire to our hayrick yesterday. He'd been to see a picture called 'The Firebug.' I've forbade him to the pictures, anymore!" She sat down heavily.

The pastor of one of the churches rose, quietly. His raised hand brought silence to the room.

"It seems a shame, Mrs. Anderson," he told the mother, "to keep Paul away from the pictures. I enjoy the pictures, myself, and get much inspiration from them. It seems a shame——"

ROBERT BRENT nodded, smilingly, at his wife. The situation was shaping nicely to their plans. His smile brightened as the owner of the motion-picture theater rose to speak.

"Of course," said the theater owner, "you're blaming me! You're saying that the show I give isn't a clean one. But——" his face was clouded, "it's hard to think of everything, in this business. I can't censor every point of every picture. I can't cut all the action out of my shows. And there are people—" he paused, "who ask for the same features that you object to."

For the second time Robert Brent was spe "I know—we all know," he told the harassed "that you're in a difficult position. But so are we of us who have children! And so we're going to you for co-operation—not for excuses. We're going ask you to become the chairman of a committee tha we're going to form tonight. And we're going to ask you to put your personal O. K. upon every picture that you show in your theater. We know that it is not easy to blot out every unworthy feature, but we're going to ask you to do it, just as efficiently as you can. We want you to show only the cleanest and the finest pictures that are made."

The owner of the theater was a shade embarrassed.

"Just what will you do—just what action can you take—" he questioned, "if I should refuse to co-operate with you? What would happen if I shoud let an objectionable picture be shown?"

Robert Brent's face was almost stern as he answered.

"If you allow an objectionable picture to be shown," he said, "we shall demand—as a body—that you forfeit the money that the picture has earned for you. We, the mothers and fathers of this town, shall leave the theater. And we shall demand back our price of admission. One or two such pictures would, I think, prove to you that we mean *business*. But if you should insist after such action, upon showing more of them, we might be forced to even more radical measures. We might be forced to open a rival house—for clean photoplays—under the auspices of the school board. And in time," his voice was even sterner, "you will realize, I am sure, that you have made a mistake. Don't you think after all that it would be wiser to come in with us?"

The owner of the motion-picture theater stood, for a moment, considering. And then, all at once, he was smiling. "I guess," he said slowly, "that you and your Bobby have won, Mr. Brent!"

From all over the room came the sounds of approving shouts, of enthusiastic hand-clapping. One of the ministers said "Amen!" loudly. But little Mrs. Brent, a large round tear sliding down over her cheek, was looking across the crowd into her husband's eyes.

Bible Study in Official Washington

A group of prominent Bible students. Left to right: Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Miss Carrol S. Page, Mrs. E. [illegible] Gay, Mrs. I. Frazier, Mrs. W. M. Calder, Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, Mrs. H. F. Ashurst, and Mrs. Atlee Pomerene,

Mrs. Selden P. Spencer, wife of the junior senator from Missouri, who has conducted a Bible Reading Class among the wives of members of Congress which had an attendance of several hundreds each week

By ANNABEL LEE

WE ARE accustomed to thi[illegible] the nation's capital as a place of [illegible]al and social activity, a center giv[illegible]ver entirely to worldly affairs and marked [illegible] a corresponding decadence of religious life. [illegible]w refreshing then is the assurance that this vie[illegible] Washington, D. C., is incorrect and that the tr[illegible]it of official life is one of hopeful religious t[illegible]y. The widening of religious activities wa[illegible]icularly manifest in the official life of the [illegible]al through the efforts of Mrs. Selden Spencer, the wife of the junior Senator from Missouri, who introduced to the official set a "Bible Reading Class" which she has been conducting each week in the ball room of the Willard Hotel, and which has had an attendance well up toward the thousand mark.

Mrs. Spencer is the daughter of Rev. James H. Brooks, D. D., who presided over a Presbyterian flock in the same St. Louis church for forty years. She found in Washington, as elsewhere, that the spirit of the age and the variety of activities inclined even the religiously minded toward mental unrest and had a tendency to keep them outside the church door. She saw that ignorance of the Bible was getting to be a dangerous thing, and she embraced the opportunity to gather into one studious assemblage, the wives of Senators and representatives.

But the story of this interesting work is best told by the little woman who inaugurated these Lenten services.

"Our Bible Reading Class," Mrs. Spencer explained, "developed from Dr. Charles Wood's inspirational suggestion to me—'Throw out your anchor.' I was entertaining the pastor of the Church of the Covenant and when he asked me how I was enjoying Washington life, I replied: 'I fear I am slipping.'

"'Then why don't you throw out your anchor?' were his next words. 'But what can I do in this vortex of social and political life?' I asked. 'It is so difficult to refuse the social pleasures and so easy to go along the lines of least resistance. What can I do? The only thing I can think of would be to start a Bible reading class, and I don't know just how great a task that may be.'

"Dr. Wood encouraged me by saying that 'rank imposes obligation' and by suggesting that if the wives of our national lawmakers should set the admirable example of studying the Bible, it might have a far-reaching effect when it became known. The next day I had a conference with Mrs. J. I. France, wife of the Senator from Maryland, and we immediately sent out invitations to the wives, daughters and mothers of all Senators and representatives in Washington to participate in a Bible reading class. We met at first in the home of Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, who was the daughter of a Senator, the wife of a Senator, and now is the mother of a Senator. Mrs. Elkins gave us the use of her ball room, which was large enough to seat comfortably the few who made up our first audience, and then we had to move to the Washington Club to accommodate the increasing number. Mrs. Elkins assumed the rental and we were quite comfortable in the club house until our membership reached the seven hundred mark, when once more we were forced to look for larger quarters. It was then that Mr. Hight, the manager of the Willard Hotel, offered us the ball room. The attendance is still steadily increasing and the enthusiasm for the work convinces us that all Christian women must have breadth of view, while the union of their sympathies in our scriptural reading is one of the hopeful signs of our efforts. It is the amount of service they give and the spirit with which they give it rather than the creed they profess which widens the religious activities of Washington's official life.

"The members of the class usually do all of the reading and the seriousness of the study is made obvious by the close application to the topic and prompt attention to the hour for the service. There are no stragglers arriving late. There is no music, nothing to distract from the concentration on the lesson at hand.

"While the Lenten season will close the class reading in the Willard for this season, it does not end organized Bible reading among the women in Washington by any means. I am in charge of a Bible class of the Business Women's Council which meets every Friday evening from six to seven o'clock and this instruction goes on during the whole year. There are 1800 members of the Women's Council, of which Miss Ethel Bagley, sister of Mrs. Josephus Daniels, is the head. The work done by this civic organization is indeed praiseworthy. Emphasis on creeds has given place to emphasis on work, and these members are practically applying to daily life the spiritual gain from their close study of the Scriptures."

The Editorial Forum

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Has Russia Seen a New Light?

WHAT has been actually occurring in Russia—what has been passing in the official Russian mind—is a mystery which the correspondents have striven in vain to solve during the last six months. The sphinxlike, immovable silence of Lenine, the Soviet Premier—of whom Trotzky is but the echo—could be construed in various ways. It has been evident for months past that internal troubles were interfering with the plans of the Red leaders, and that their hopes of stirring up a world revolt were gradually dwindling. At last the truth seems to have come out in an unexpected quarter.

Captain Francis McCullagh, who in the beginning of the winter foreshadowed a coming change, has apparently had his prediction confirmed by the utterances of Lenine. In speaking to the Tenth Communist Congress in Moscow, the leader declared that the time had come for the "abandonment of communism and of propaganda looking toward a world revolution," and that unless this was done, the Moscow government could not stand. "If we do not take to heart the lesson we have learned," he said, "and make this assembly the turning-point in our economic policy—the point indicating the maximum of unity of the proletariat—sad words will have to be said of us!" This is the first unequivocal admission that Lenine and his associates clearly recognize a change in conditions that now make world revolution, which was the dream of the Bolshevist leaders, a thing impracticable. With ruin threatening at home, Russia was not going to be helped by revolution abroad. The first duty, therefore, was economic restoration. This could only be effected with the help of foreign influence and capital.

It is yet too early to measure the full import of such a change in the Soviet policy as the admission implies. Nevertheless, it must be regarded as a hopeful gleam of returning sober sense on the part of a nation which has been given over to terrorism and madness. Sketching the future, Lenine further said that the immediate task is to bring about the gradual change from small scale to large scale industry, and to get the latter into efficient working order. The agriculturists must get all they need to aid them in their productive work. Co-operative labor must be encouraged, and the middle class peasantry—the small agriculturists—must be satisfied. There must be freedom of trade and freedom for the small proprietor, who must be helped in every way possible.

Coming close on the heels of the suppression of the Kronstadt rebellion, the change in the Moscow government's plans is significant. It is evident that the projected world revolt had dwindled in proportion as revolutions at home multiplied. Other indications of the new purpose dealing with Russia's reconstruction as the first and most urgent problem, are found in the news that a peace treaty between the Soviet and Poland has already been signed at Riga, Russia promising an indemnity of $15,000,000 in gold, and cancelling Poland's former debt to Russia; also in the news that Russia and Japan are approaching a basis of agreement in the Far East.

IT IS difficult to estimate how far the new program is to be regarded as announced in sincerity. It may be that Lenine, with characteristic adroitness, is covering up the real situation to encourage foreign capital; or it may be that, tired of the long struggle and mindful of hidden perils, Russia is really moving toward reconstruction on the only basis available. Already the change has won trade relationships with Italy, Germany and Great Britain. A few more months ought to bring such developments as will still more clearly reveal the policy by which Russia hopes to effect a transformation of her domestic affairs, and also of her trade relations with the outside world. It will indeed be almost a miracle if the same leaders who have kept Europe so long on edge should, by a swift change of front, become instrumental in a very large degree in bringing about pacification and economic restoration, not in Russia alone, but among her European neighbors as well.

If Russia's 150,000,000 population, or any considerable proportion of them, should be won over to the new political psychology of Lenine, and see in it the promise of greater freedom and security, of undisturbed land holdings, of wage workers against profitably employed, and of business enterprise reaping its due reward, his sudden reversal of attitute might easily be hailed as inspiration. They may picture it as foreshadowing vast changes for the better, and be disposed to acclaim it as the dawning of a new era for their country. But there may still be hidden dangers ahead, with plots and counterplots, and risings incited by ambitious leaders. Russia is a big country, with meagre communications and with a population of many races intermingled. After the years of terrorism and strife, time would be needed for enlightenment and harmonization, and the long trail to peace may yet be marked by many a stumbling block. Out of it all may come a freer, more democratic nation—a union of states like that of which Kerensky dreamed, but which he failed to realize.

But the world will not accept Lenine at his own valuation, though some nations may do so. It will rather wait to see whether the professed change of heart was sincere conviction or merely a clever bit of political strategy, conceived mainly to impress England and ourselves and to open doors to Soviet traders and propagandists.

Reforming the Past

THERE is beyond question a wave of honest and intelligent protest sweeping over this country against the bad films, and motion picture producers and managers are beginning to feel it.

A group of film companies controlling ninety per cent. of the American output have made public their intention to reform the business and in the future give the public only those pictures that shall be free from objectionable features. These public promises of clean films are gratifying to the public which is demanding a reconstruction of the whole film standard.

But what of the past?

There are some very bad films being shown all over the country by the companies promising to reform. But some of these companies say in effect that after investing millions in these questionable films they can not afford to withdraw them for exhibition.

How about that?

Must the public continue to endure demoralizing pictures because they were made before the pledges of reforming films were made?

Must the loss of money be set over against the loss of clean thinking?

Can the future be reformed unless the past goes with it?

A Noble Career Closed

IN THE death of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, the country loses one of the great leaders in the movement for civic betterment. As pastor of Central Congregational Church in Chicago, and later as President of the Armour Institute of Technology, he wielded an influence which has served as an inspiration and example to many in our churches and universities. Dr. Gunsaulus was not only eloquent in address, but was a remarkably clear and cogent writer. He loved the common people and labored for their highest interests as few men have done in his day. It was through his ability that the great institution of which he was long the head came into being and attained its remarkable development. A pioneer in the advocacy of free kindergartens under church auspices, his ardent championship of the rights of the young to good moral and educational training has been the means of stirring up similar work in other cities. Amid all his activities he did not fail to keep in touch with the spirit of the times, and his ministry, no less in the class room and on the lecture platform than in the pulpit, was marked by strong and earnest support of the rights of youth and the duties of municipalities as well as churches to maintain and energize the training of the young.

Dr. Gunsaulus was for many years a frequent contributor to the Christian Herald and his sermons were highly appreciated. His death is a distinct loss to the Christian ministry and to the forces of education and philanthropy.

To Our Canadian Friends

REALIZING the inconvenience and expense faced by Canadians in providing for the day-to-day fluctuations in exchange, we have arranged to accept all remittances from Canada at par, regardless of exchange. This applies alike to book purchases and subscriptions.

This puts our friends in Canada on exactly the same basis as those in the United States—except for the 50 cents additional charge on annual subscriptions required by the Canadian government duties and postal charges.

Lost Values?

THE Department of Agriculture of this great and glorious republic issues ponderous volumes that the Tax-payer seldom reads, even if he does pay for them.

But we imagine the Farmer looking over the last Report might find a few pages interesting.

As for example the Report says very dryly but bluntly:

"The value of farm crops in 1920 was $5,105,000,000 less than in 1919. The chief reductions of value were corn, wheat, hay, cotton, tobacco and oats. The value of the corn crop alone has declined $1,500,000,000."

Old Man Ultimate Consumer wants to know where all this money has gone. If $5,000,000,000 have been lost who has them? Any Reward if found?

"Did You Know?"

THE editor is a curious person and sometimes to satisfy his curiosity he makes experiments. This is one of them.

He had been discussing with a friend the average intelligence of the average crowd which one sees on the street of any American city. The friend was disposed to be sceptical of the average intelligence of the crowd that flows along the sidewalks of big cities and to put the matter to a test the editor suggested that as they were walking along the street of a certain well-known city they put a question to individuals or to groups, as the opportunity was given and note the results.

It was not difficult to put the test into real practice. Stopping in front of a grocery store window were four men, looking at a display of fruits and vegetables.

The editor's friend also stopped and made a remark about the fine display of food, addressing his remark generally to the group of men standing there. One of them made a remark in reply, and then the friend said, speaking carelessly as if he took for granted the possession of the fact was general: "Too bad that food isn't in China."

There was a moment of somewhat surprised silence, and then one of the men in front of the window said: "Why? What's the matter with China?"

"Haven't you heard of the great famine in China?"

All the men looked more or less dumb, and one of them ventured the remark. "What famine?"

"Why, the great famine. Forty-five million people in danger of starving."

"Some story, eh?" another one of the group said. The others did not appear to be interested.

"Hadn't any of you heard of it?" the editor's friend asked.

"Seems to me I saw something in the paper the other day" said one man. "I never paid much attention."

"I suppose you all read the dailies," the editor ventured to say.

"Sure," was the response from all four men.

"And you haven't seen anything about the famine?"

The men were moving along. But one of them said, showing a little interest, "Those Johnnies ought to save up some of their grub."

The editor and his friend pursued their questionnaire up and down that street, and met with an appalling ignorance from a majority of the people they asked, "Do you know about the great famine in China?" Most of them had never heard of it. A few acknowledged that they had seen some notice of it. All said they were newspaper readers. But the general ignorance was something frightful.

Is it any wonder in the face of such a general ignorance of one of the most tragic facts in the history of the world, and in spite of the prevalence of newspaper reading, that the public has to be informed again and again in order to make any impression on the average mind?

If you don't believe the general lack of information on even the greatest of human events, try it yourself. Ask any man you meet on the street of a great city, "Did you know forty-five million human beings were starving in China?" See what he will say.

The World News of the Week

Allies Threaten New Penalties After Germany Rejects Demands

GERMAN affairs held the center of the international stage for the week with the reparations controversy again at a critical point, with the holding of the Upper Silesian plebiscite and with a fresh series of Bolshevist uprisings in Germany.

Germany's refusal of the Reparations Commission's demand for the immediate payment of 1,000,000,000 gold marks and for the payment of 11,000,000,000 marks additional before May 1 was followed by the despatch to the Allied Powers of notification that Germany had refused to fulfill her obligations under the Versailles Treaty and of a recommendation for action by the Powers. The Commission also sent a note to Germany declaring that she wilfully had violated the treaty and would be held responsible under penalties.

The German reply to the Commission's original demand was a declaration that Germany did not owe the money, insisting that the property turned over to the Allies exceeded in value the 20,000,000,000 gold marks due on May 1 under the Treaty, and added that "rudimentary technical knowledge" would show the impossibility of her paying such a sum in so short a time. It offered to present further arguments that the debt had been met and suggested the issuance of German bonds for the payment of any part of the sum which conferences might reveal to be due.

The Reparations Commission denied the right of Germany to question its appraisal of the deliveries made by Germany, expressed a belief she possessed the means of payment, and brushed aside the suggestion for a conference between Allied and German experts. It has been told before that the Commission valued the German deliveries at 8,000,000,000 gold marks, but details of how the German mathematicians reached their total of 20,000,000,000 marks are new. They put in a bill for all supplies they were unable to carry away from northern France and Belgium, and charged an enormous figure for the rights of the French in the Saare basin. They valued the military clothing left behind at 6,500,000,000 marks, which was sixty-five times the value allowed by the Commission. They charged 7,000,000,000 marks for the 2,000,000 tons of shipping surrendered—$875 a ton in American currency—as against the 1,000,000,000 marks the Allies are willing to allow.

Another Allied conference will be held soon to determine what further action shall be taken against Germany. Sentiment in France favored the imposition of extreme penalties, and one French official went so far as to hint at the occupation of Berlin.

Germany Wins Silesian Plebiscite

THE plebiscite in Upper Silesia, a territory rich in minerals and of great industrial importance, resulted in a majority of 245,000 out of a total vote of nearly 1,200,000 in favor of its retention by Germany. Only three of the seventeen areas into which the province was divided for electoral purposes returned majorities in favor of Polish sovereignty, and the distribution of these areas complicated the task of making an equitable disposition of the territory. One Polish district is in the center of the province, another is the southern area bordering on Poland, and the third is a mixed area lying north of the industrial triangle in which are located the coal mines and iron foundries.

Under the terms of the Versailles Treaty the Plebiscite Commission which supervised the election is to present to the principal allied and associated powers a full report on the votes and a recommendation as to the line which ought to be adopted for the frontier. This means that the Allied Supreme Council will determine the boundary unless the United States insists on participating in the settlement and sends a representative to the Council's sessions.

Germany declared that Upper Silesia constituted "an indissoluble national, geographical and industrial unit," demanding that it should be awarded to her in its entirety, but in official circles in the Allied countries it was believed the province would be divided. France has been allowed to take the lead in the Supreme Council regarding Eastern European affairs; and her bitterness against Germany and her close ties with Poland made it probable she would seek to enlarge Poland.

The plebiscite was conducted without serious disorders, though the intense feeling had caused many minor clashes between partisans before election day. It was followed by rioting sufficiently serious to induce the Interallied Commission to proclaim martial law in several districts.

International

MR. HARDING RECEIVES ANOTHER PRESIDENCY

The photograph shows a delegation of Boy Scouts and Scout officials on the White House lawn conferring on President Harding the Honorary Presidency of the Boy Scouts in America. To the right of Mr. Harding is Colin H. Livingston, the Scout president

New Outbreaks in Germany

WIDESPREAD Communist uprisings in Germany—uprisings which German officials declared to be due directly to the work of the Bolshevist régime in Russia—caused many fatalities, but failed to assume proportions which threatened the stability of the Berlin government. The Reds gained control of several towns, but in most instances their mastery continued only for a few hours and the prompt despatch of troops to the disaffected areas prevented a spread of the movement.

Organized labor vigorously opposed the spread of the Communist movement and the Executive Board of the Trades Union Federation adopted a resolution denouncing the attempt to provoke a general strike and warning its members not to follow the Communists. Berlin and its suburbs, where in the past the Reds have displayed great strength, were comparatively quiet, although there was one bomb explosion, and three persons were killed and several wounded in street disturbances.

Hamburg was the scene of the most disastrous riots, and thirty persons were killed there in a day, but the police soon were successful in gaining the upper hand. The Communists held out longest in Saxony, and the government there named a civilian commission to deal with the emergency in accordance with President Ebert's proclamation of a "non-military state of siege."

The movement showed that the extreme elements no longer have at their command the great numbers which responded to earlier calls for rebellion.

International

THE SEA CASTS UP IT SPOILS OF WAR

The hulks of these two German submarines recently were washed up only a few feet apart on the rocks near Falmouth, England, mute confirmation of the effectiveness of the Allies' anti-submarine warfare

Russian Overtures Rejected

A FORMAL proposal for opening trade relations between Russia and America has been despatched to Washington by the Soviet government in the form of a message to Congress and President Harding, expressing the hope that "intimate and solid ties would be created between the two republics, to the greater advantage of both." It recalled Moscow's efforts to obtain peace, voiced a desire that America "will not persist in obdurately following" Mr. Wilson's hostile policy, mentioned the conclusion of treaties with other nations, and wound up with a proposal for the sending to America of a special delegation to negotiate upon the matter of trade.

One paragraph was particularly significant in view of announcements of a reversal of the world-revolutionary policy of the Lenine régime—a pledge that the Bolsheviki would refrain from propaganda in the United States. "The Soviet republic," the message stated, "entirely absorbed in the work of internal reconstruction and of building up its economic life, has not the intention of intervening in the internal affairs of America, and the All-Russian Central Executive Committee makes herewith a categorical declaration to this effect."

Secretary Hughes issued a statement for transmission to Russia which announced that the United States could not even consider entering into commercial relations with Russia so long as the present communistic economic system is continued in that country. It left the way open, however, for further exchanges and the final sentence read: "If fundamental changes are contemplated, involving due regard for the protection of persons and property and the establishment of conditions essential to the maintenance of commerce, this government will be glad to have convincing evidence of the consummation of such changes, and until this evidence is supplied this government is unable to perceive that there is any proper basis for considering trade relations." The issuance of the statement followed a cabinet meeting devoted almost entirely to the Russian situation.

Packing Strike Averted

CONCESSIONS by the big meat-packing companies and by their employees have brought a temporary settlement of their dispute and a strike of the 100,000 workers has been averted for several months. The agreement was reached at a conference in Washington, participated in by representatives of both sides, and by Secretaries Davis, Hoover and Wallace.

The men accepted the wage cuts of eight cents an hour for hourly workers, and of 12½ per cent for pieceworkers announced by the packers, while the companies agreed to restore the basic eight-hour day and overtime rates. Any applications for changes in pay or hours are to be submitted to Judge Samuel Alschuler as administrator, and he is to retain until September 15 of this year the jurisdiction conferred by the war-time agreement of December 25, 1917. The agreement will terminate on September 15, and one of the labor leaders termed the settlement a "truce to prepare for war."

The three federal secretaries were gratified by the success of their mediation, and their opinion that wages must come down was an important factor in obtaining an agreement. They were hopeful that this success would help toward amicable settlements of other industrial troubles. President Harding received at the White House the participants in the conference and Samuel Gompers, and congratulated them on their success.

Irish Fighting Intensified

THE execution of five young Irishmen in Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, far from producing quiet by terrorizing the Irish republicans, has resulted in new and widespread outbreaks of violence. In five days sixty-three persons were killed and sixty-seven wounded in the intensified clashes between the Sinn Feiners and the Crown forces. The Sinn Fein argued that its men were belligerents and that the execution of those captured constituted a breach of the laws of war which was punishable by reprisals. Vengeance was threatened

Continued on page 282

The Altar in the Home

A Sermon by REV. S. A. WILLARD*

TEXT—Gen. 13 : 18. "And Abram moved his tent and came and dwelt by the oaks of Mamre, which are in Hebron, and built there an altar unto Jehovah."

IT IS time to return to fundamental things. As in the business world this is being emphasized, so must it be in the spiritual life. We have been living too much in the superficial, too much even in what we call the active circle. We are placing too much reliance on things we do, and too little on the things God can do in us.

When we speak of the home, we speak of a subject that touches all, even those who have no home, but to whom home is a thing longed for, yet never experienced. About home twine life's tenderest ties. Our fondest remembrances center there; our dearest, earthly hopes spring from it. Home is at once our sheltering place, our refreshing place, the center of our earthly lives, the inspiration of our dreams.

Socially, home is the citadel of human society. It is the very foundation. There is nothing socially beyond the home but the solitary individual. In the home is the first social altar, an altar whose fires spring from the united flames of the secret altars of the hearts that gather there; an altar whose light shines into the outer world.

We have been told that the groves were the first temples. This is not true. Homes were the first temples. The first altars were those of family firesides. It may have been true that the altar was erected in front of the tent, under a tree, as Abram's; but it was first the family altar. Go back to primitive ages. You will find a family worshipping, the father the priest, or sometimes the mother, the rest about him, and the home the temple. Later, families gathered together, then a community, a tribe, a nation; and some day it may be a whole world will, as it were, worship God from a common altar.

THE links of worship are three; the personal altar, the family altar, and the group or community altar. Take religion out of the individual heart, and the others fail. Take religion out of the home, and the public altar will be low, and personal religion will lose its chief place and opportunity of expression and recuperation. Take away the group altar and the common tie of human brotherhood is rent. The chain is imperfect, lacking either link. But the middle link is central in its influence and the most beautiful, because the ties are close and relationship is unselfish.

The Jewish people are noted for their distinctiveness among the peoples of the earth. This is due to their emphasis on religion in the home. Like them we should learn to place the emphasis where it belongs, Israel was especially commanded to teach the words of the Law unto the children, Listen to the "Shema," which was ground fairly into the being of every Hebrew child:

"Hear, O Israel, Jehovah our God is one Jehovah, And thou shalt love Jehovah thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy might, And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be upon thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up, And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be for frontlets between thine eyes, And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thy house, and upon thy gates."

Obedience to this word has kept the Jews distinct, after being without a national home for nearly nineteen centuries. The answer to their marvelous tribal vitality is the power of religion taught from father to son through forty centuries.

IF I had the power, much as I believe in the Church and Church worship, to put religion in its place in the home even at the expense of obliterating the public altar, I would do it. Religion in the home is more essential, more effective, more in its fundamental place. Of course, I do not mean that type of so-called worship at home where father wraps himself in the Sunday papers, the children in the "comics," and mother wears herself out getting "a big feast." If religion had its proper place in the home, the people would flock from the home altars to the community altar to unite with one another in the expression of their praise and love of God, and their love for each other. If it should have to be done that way, both we and God would be the gainers.

What conditions do we generally find? Do we find it generally true that the father is taking his place as priest of his home, the mother and others gathering about him in worship? Or the mother leading when necessary?

We relegate too large a part of the religious training of our children to the church, with the result that it does not get done. Even at best the church has them only a few hours each week. They need that and all we can give besides.

How much of the Bible do we teach? How many children there are who do not know the real story of Christmas! The Santa Claus story is beautiful, and we love it. It has a wonderfully beautiful lesson. But it becomes a profanation when substituted for the real record and what it is used to exclude the wonderful story of love that gave us our Christmas. The Babe of the manger is quite as much of God's love as the Christ of Calvary.

PARENTS, it is your supreme privilege to teach your children the things of God. How much is religion talked in your home? Do they see you kneeling, hear you praying, or know that you do thus pour out your souls before Him? Parents, it ought to be your lofty privilege to introduce your children to the Heavenly Father, not leaving that joy to the pastor, or to the leader of a little group of folks we call a Sunday-school class. Would you miss seeing them graduated from the public schools, except for the most urgent reasons? Why, then, miss being with them when they take the step from darkness into light, from death unto life?

The real fact is that family religion is out of date! We have lost much of it. The result is the children are being lost, and leaders for God's work are not being reared, for there is no soil. Take an all too typical day in an all too typical family. Father gets up early, grabs a bite to eat, sees no one of the family but the cook (who may be wife, daughter or servant) and rushes downtown or to work elsewhere. The rest of the family come stringing along as required by need or inclination. The children are up just in time to be rushed off to school. The great American home motto seems to be "Breakfast served at all hours." Night comes; everyone has some sort of engagement; fifteen minutes cannot be found for the family to be together for worship or for any type of home life. Work, worry, friendship, fun, a place for all but none for the culture of man's real self. We are so full we forget.

We live in cities we builded not, till fields we broke not, have a civilization that we have contributed but a small portion to, and we are so full we have forgotten that we were redeemed from the slavery of sin with priceless blood.

A LITTLE girl one day crept into her mother's arms. Her mother was of a very common type of Christian woman. "Mother," said the little one, "do you love Jesus?"

"Why, yes, dearie; why do you ask?"

"Well, mother, why have you never told me about Him?"

Father came home. The little girl ran to him, and as he caught her up she asked the same question.

A little more put to it he told her to run away to her play. But that night, when the little girl was asleep, he said to his wife, "I think it is time we fitted ourselves to teach our little girl about Jesus."

We say, "A little child shall lead them" forgetting how the words were written. Shame on us, that we do wait till our little ones lead us to Him. when we should be the ones to lead them!

Home ought to be a holy place. Are we doing all we can to make it so? When father comes back at night tired and worn, does he come into a holy place or into a jangle and clash worse than the machine he ran all day, or an irritation greater than his business? When mother is tired with the day's labors or loads are heaped on her, does she find Christ-loving hands ready to help ease her load? Do the children find ever loving favor that is more than silver and gold? Do they live in a holy atmosphere? Is there ever rising the fragrance of the sweet incense of Christ-love from the altar there?

Oh, things may not be so ideal as this, but are all of us doing what we can to establish Christ as the Head of the house, as our wall-mottos say, "the joy of every heart," the center of our lives?

THE home ought to be sacred. Too often the vows of home-making are too easily taken and easily broken. We ministers know that. There would be fewer broken if those vows were taken with judgment, love and the ideal of holiness for the home. The home ought not be easily broken. We ought to set a battlement of sacredness about it, so that those who think of entering thereon shall know that they stand on holy ground and that "nothing unclean or unselfish should enter therein."

Then, there should be the guard of true love, not mere physical attraction. True love is a binding tie, an inspiring spirit. One cannot love as one ought in the home, and wilfully neglect it. One cannot love as one ought, and watch for petty chances to be grieved or angered. One cannot love as one ought in the home, and violate its purity. One cannot love his children and let them go without the atmosphere of reverence, or without leading them to the Divine love.

There should be the guard of faith in the Father above; love for Him and His ways. Every true human love is made greater and worthier if companioned by this greater love. Homes are too often wrecked for lack of the guard of faith. Home love is made perfect in it.

Take your home to God in prayer. In prayer bring your loved ones before Him. Ask Him to be all that He can be for them. Ask Him to help you do all you can to make your homes His holy temples, your loved ones His loving children.

SHALL we not go and set up our altars? Do you shrink before an unwonted task and unfamiliar ways, because of unskilled hands? God told His people that He wished not for an ornate altar, but that they should worship Him at an altar of unhewn stones, such as any man could lay up. You can set up such an altar. Your children will see you kneeling and hear you praying. What higher consecration can you make of your parenthood than to lead your loved ones to Christ? What richer heritage can you leave them than the memory of a home that was a holy temple of God?

A baby girl came to bless and try a mother's heart. She grew up to be selfish of her mother's time and attention. Her mother had been an active woman, interested in the good works of her community and particularly in a certain Sunday afternoon service. She missed these very much. In time, the daughter went away to college. One day the mother had her glorious reward. The daughter wrote:

"Mother dear, I know I was a selfish girl to demand so much of your time, and to keep you from the things you loved so well. But, mother dear, it was when I sat with my head in your lap that I caught my first *clear vision of Jesus*. And now I am going out in His name to bear that vision across the seas, to a people that has never known it."

Blessed mother! Ten thousand times rewarded! How much more than that woman who pinched and scraped to amass millions that she might, as she said, leave her son rich!

Have an altar in our homes? Have prayer in and for our homes? Yes, we will make them temples of God, ourselves the priests and prophets, that we may grasp the privilege of leading our own to Jesus.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun," or "Hark Hark! My Soul!"

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Isaiah 11 : 1-10.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 275, first column.)

Sermon—"THE ALTAR IN THE HOME."—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"The Shepherd True," or "The Homeland, O The Homeland."

Benediciton—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

May the grace of God, which is free from all bitterness, the mercy of the Father, which is without any condition except repentance, and the love of God, which cannot be bounded by our human narrowness, be with us to comfort, inspire and bless, not alone us who seek it, but all whom we meet, until we meet again. In Jesus' Name we ask it. AMEN.

*Pastor, First Congregational Church, Hartington, Neb.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., W. W. Bustard, C. C. Albertson, E. W. Caswell, W. L. Goldsmith, H. P. Hoskins and R. Braunstein

Filled with the Spirit

SUNDAY. Eph. 5:18. "*Be not drunk with wine . . . but be filled with the Spirit.*" But how are we to become filled with the Spirit. Along what lines may we receive stimulus and inspiration?

The apostle supplies an answer which, to the wordly wise man, may savor of foolishness, and appear as a message for babes. "Speak one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." That is to say, one of the great means of revival and stimulus is to be found in the channels of fellowship. I am to take psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, the rich, inspired, Spirit-filled utterances of my brethren, and I am to use them for my own inspiration. Along the way of life they made discoveries, and I am permitted to share in the fruits of their painful toil. They trod the winepress, and I may drink the juice. They put their experiences into "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," in order that what to them had been a doubtful experiment may be to me an unwavering assurance.

I am afraid that, in our day, this means of spiritual stimulus is very largely ignored, and its loss is partly responsible for the flatness and low-vitality of much of our Christian discipleship. We can not afford to drop the hymn and the psalm out of our daily religious life.

They offer us the vehicles of the Spirit for the carrying away of fear and despondencies, and for the bringing in of a buoyant faith and peace.

Goethe's mother used to say that whenever her son had a grief he turned it into a poem, and so got rid of it. We may not be able to turn our griefs into our own poems, but we may turn them into other people's poems, and so be rid of them. Stimulus is sometimes gained by mere expression. Souls are often heavy because of pent-up feeling. A mode of expression would be a means of relief. Utterance would be revival.

The means of utterance can be found in "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." In these we may find our stimulus. We may gain our inspiration from that which is inspired.

How else may life receive stimulus and inspiration? The apostle gives a second answer, as startingly simple as the first. Stimulus may be found, not by drinking wine, but by cultivating gratitude—"giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." Is not that profoundly true? An ungrateful heart can never be exuberant. Where there is no gratitude, the spiritual nerve is dormant or dead.

But how is it where gratitude abounds? The whole life is quick, alert, exhilarant, expressionable. We say that a man's face "beams" with gratitude.

That is the right word. There is exhilaration within, and it reveals itself in a countenance illuminated without. Gratitude confers the quality of "aliveness" and acts as a stimulus to all the complex faculties of the soul. J. H. J.

The Church at Its Best

MONDAY, Phil. 2:1. "*Fellowship of the Spirit.*" When the Church was at its best in the past it was characterized by at least four magnificent qualities.

In the first place it *trenched in the Word of God.* Since our boys have been in France, we know what it means to live in the trenches, fight in the trenches and die in the trenches. Once the Church of Christ trenched in the Word of God, it found its life and sustaining strength there. For a quarter of a century many in the churches have trenched in the criticisms of the Word of God, so the Book ceased to be the sword of the Spirit by means of which we were to conquer the world.

When the Church of the past was at its best, it was also deeply spiritual. It depended upon spiritual things with which to do spiritual work. It had the enduement of the Holy Spirit; knew the power of prayer, and exerted a faith that could do the impossible.

The Church at its best was also constantly progressive. One of the greatest facts in its history is this: "*It grew.*" It grew in power, numbers, grace and knowledge. Growth is always the sign of life, and when a church stops growing, it means that decadence and death have set in.

When at its best, the Church was unselfish in service. Like its Master it did not seek to be ministered unto, but rather sought opportunities to minister unto others.

A selfish Church is a contradiction in word and truth. If really Christian, the Church must express itself in unselfish service toward God and man.
W. W. B.

The Birthright of the Heart

TUESDAY. Eccl. 3:11. "*He hath set eternity in their heart.* A great poet has said, "Our reach is greater than our grasp—else what's heaven for?" The entire history of humanity reveals a perpetual unsatisfiedness. The eye is not satisfied with beauty, nor the mind with truth, nor the heart with love. We have faculties that outreach earth. We are endowed with a persistent illimitability. Plato took cognizance of this fact and saw in it a token of our immortality.

What did Christ come to earth to do? To confirm our intuitions of God and immortality; to add His sanction to our primary conviction that human life is made of finer material than dust, even though it be star dust. This He does when He claims us as coheirs with Him to immortality. "Because I live ye shall live also."

It is a part of the heritage of every man that he has in his heart an affinity for God, let us say, a capacity for God, a hunger for God, a leaning to God. Is it "the desire of a moth for a star"? The moth may be attracted to the star, but it has no capacity for it. A penny candle is light enough for the moth. Nothing but God can satisfy the heart of man. It was a saying of Amiel: "What I desire is the sum of all desires: the knowledge I seek is the sum of all knowledge."

It is not necessary to prove that we have a natural inclination to God. The universality of worship is argument enough. This instinct, dim and uncertain, has been overlaid with error. At its worst, the capacity for God leads to superstition. At its best, with the aid of a special revelation, it leads to the experience of the Christian mystic such as John, Paul, George Fox, John Wesley or Mrs. Browning, who "smiled to think God's greatness flows round our incompleteness, round our restlessness His rest." C. C. A.

God Our Deliverer

WEDNESDAY. Ex. 3:12. "*Certainly I will be with thee.*" Around the bush of fire Moses is called and commissioned to become the leader of Israel, out of Egyptian slavery into the freedom of Canaan's promised land. Moses hesitated about accepting the call, because of his slowness of speech and because he thought himself only a poor insignificant shepherd of the Midian desert.

He should have remembered God's providential deliverances when he was lying in the cradle of rushes in the Nile, in the midst of danger from crocodiles and the bloodthirsty Egyptian. He should have thought how he had been educated in all the learning of that ancient people; how he had been led to choose afflictions with the people of God rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Should he not have gladly yielded to the call of Him Who had been with him for eighty years in his eventful life? How near Moses came to losing the foremost position in all human history! Are not many others today declining to believe the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"? We refuse to be attracted by the flaming bush or the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, saying of ourselves, "Who am I? Only a desert toiler, called to go before the greatest monarch of the earth"? Happy the one who can say with Isaiah, "Here am I; send me!" "I am that I am: the name of Him Who hath sent me." God is with our mouth, teaching what to say and do. What an orator Moses might have been if he had yielded willingly to the call. His lack of confidence allowed Aaron, his brother, to eclipse him in the ministry of speech.

Cromwell, Luther and Knox were also slow of speech, but became mighty leaders under Divine guidance. The fear of man and the distrust of our own ability has often interfered with our greatest achievements.

Was not the picture of Moses leading Israel out of the slavery of Egypt into Canaan but a forerunner of Jesus coming up out of Egypt, leading the world away from the slavery of sin into the everlasting Canaan of peace and promise?

Our God is the great Deliverer; we are not alone when He is with us. He is now here and everywhere, making the desert blossom as the rose, making all things possible unto him that believeth; He is very nigh thee in thine heart and in thy mouth, saying "Certainly I will be with thee." E. W. C.

A "Willing Spirit"

THURSDAY. Matt. 26:41. "*The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.*" How often these words have been appropriated in palliating the foibles and frailties of human nature! Spoken originally by our Lord in charitable judgment of the drowsy disciples who could not watch even a single hour with Him, they have been used as a divinely sanctioned apologetic for every sort of moral disaster and defeat. Men hasten to assert the virtue of a good intention in the same breath that they admit complete surrender to wrong impulse. They excuse themselves on the ground of carnal weakness, as if their downfall had been inevitable, and unpreventable.

It is one thing to use these words in charitable judgment of others' failure; it is dangerous for one to use them in self-defense. One too easily persuades himself that he has a "willing spirit" when he has it not! Men sin for lack of strong, good intentions, which come by watching and praying.

Use these words, if you will, when you confront the sins of your neighbors, but by no means repeat them for your own comfort and peace of mind. Rather be severe in searching analysis of your own sin, and God will bring you unto true repentance. W. L. G.

The Shut Door

FRIDAY. Gen. 7:7. "*And Noah went in.*" V. 16. "*And the Lord shut him in.*" Professor Piazzi Smyth has estimated that the ark was 625 feet long, 104 feet wide, 62½ feet deep, contained three decks and the hold and, being built without engines, funnels, smoke-stacks or coal bunkers, and being larger than many ocean liners, had a carrying capacity of over 3,000 persons. With all the spare room only eight persons were saved! This is significant, for as I read the old story afresh, I find nothing to indicate that the door was not thrown wide open for all who wished to be saved.

In every similar record in the Bible, where God draws the line of demarcation swiftly and arbitrarily between the saved and the lost, about the same conditions and results prevail. The saved are saved because they have faith enough to know that the only way to escape from certain death is by refuge in the arms of God. The lost are lost because they refuse to believe. They make no effort to be saved.

Material things have the preeminent place in the minds of the masses. It is inconceivable that a man should, for instance, give up a paying job because something about the job interfered with his religion. When "trade demands," the world bows down and many nominal Christians are found among those kneeling before the image. Noah was no doubt considered a narrow, pious fanatic, a man who had gone crazy on religion. It strains no imagination to say that he was hated because he was a courageous preacher of righteousness, and his own upright life was a daily rebuke to the bold and brazen sins of the people.

And so, after having pleaded and warned in vain, Noah and his family began to move into the ship which he had builded. And the Lord "shut him in." The shut door is significant. No man can shut the door upon the souls of other men, no matter how sinful or defiant. It is God who seals the fate of the impenitent, as He seals the salvation of others. "Let him that is holy be holy still, and let him that is filthy be filthy still." We find exactly the same lesson at the close as at the beginning of the Scriptures.
H. P. H.

The Vision Splendid

SATURDAY. Prov. 29:18. "*Where there is no vision the people perish.* Our visions are a transcript of our ideals. Our ideals are the things we desire to see come to pass. We may never reach the goal, but we shall never reach anything without striving toward that goal. Through the gateway of the ideal we find our escape from all that is sordid and unlovely upon earth.

It is this which transmutes our human values into terms of eternity, and glorifies our everyday care and vexations: to have an ideal of perfection before us and to see that slowly and surely we are making our lives conform to it—the ordinary matters of life and the things of misfortune count for little or nothing. In our watch-tower we are above every east wind that blows and every storm that breaks on our heads.

Your ideal and mine may not be the same. They need not be. You may call yours truth, beauty, health, wisdom, virtue, kindness, what you will. These are but facets of one flawless gem. You see one, I see another; we are both looking at some perfection of life. Our ideals are all in the same sky. Our angle of vision is from different directions.

We will to low the ideals that beckon to us most commandingly and attract us most strongly. Together we will do our best to get our fellow-traveler to take up the quest, and ultimately we shall find ourselves where the roads come happily together, at the foot of the throne of God. Ideals that are helpful and noble and inspiring and constructive are of God. They are bits of His infinity. They are the divine highways that lead into the Kingdom. R. B.

I have written a Baby Book

Since I began this little series of comfort letters a great many mothers have written to me for advice about babies. And the funny thing about these letters is that a doctor would have found it difficult to answer any of them.

After all, bringing up babies is a trade which only mothers ever seem to master.

So some time ago I started to write a Baby Book which would discuss all of these interesting and important details about which only a mother knows or cares.

It seemed like a big job at first but as I got into it I found that most of the material was contained in my "Comfort Letters" and in my correspondence with thousands of mothers who have written me regarding their baby problems. I have consulted most of the big authorities in order to check up on my experience with my own babies and at the hospitals during the war.

Several people who are qualified to judge have told me that my book is the most useful and practical text book for motherhood that has been written.

The Mennen Company, who make Mennen Talcum, is publishing my book. It is beautifully illustrated, contains charts, tables, question blanks and is thoroughly indexed. It's the sort of book you would pay about a dollar for at a book store, but The Mennen Company will send out a limited number of copies for 25c.

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Finding New Animals

Research in the Far North Brings Two Discoveries

By FRANCIS DICKIE

ALTHOUGH hosts of explorers have been penetrating to all corners of the world for many years, and naturalists and big game hunters have been engaged in constant research, there seems every reason to believe that the world still holds many strange animals as yet unknown to civilized man.

This was borne out by information recently furnished to explorers by natives in West Africa of a queer monster, the description of which led naturalists and zoologists to call it the water elephant, a temporary title pending further investigation. It was described as being smaller than the true elephant, and living in the water, though amphibious.

Still more startling was the sighting by Mr. J. Lepage in the autumn of 1919 of an unknown monster in the Belgian Congo. Through his binoculars he had a good opportunity of viewing it. He described it as about twenty-four feet long, taller than a horse, with a great hump between the shoulders, two tusks, and an immense straight horn at the end of a very long snout. The director of the Museum at Port Elizabeth believes this to be a survival from the pre-historic ages.

Further proof that man has yet much to learn about the animals dwelling upon this globe was provided by the investigations of Professors Moreno and Rudolph Hanthal in the Patagonian Andes, where they found bones and hair which they absolutely identified with the mylodon, a species of gigantic sloth thought to have passed from the earth long ago. Some of the skulls were of recently killed animals, showing the primitive people of this little known region had used them for food.

As further instances of the discovery of new animals may be cited the finding of the Okapi, the mouse deer and the forest hog in Africa in very recent times, though explorers had been penetrating into Africa for a long time before these species were finally brought to light.

It must be remembered that there are enormous portions of the world still little explored, such as the Patagonian Andes, the upper reaches of the Amazon, the interior of Australia and New Guinea, and lastly the wilderness reaches lying in northern Canada and Alaska.

IN THE vast terra incognita of northern British Columbia and the Yukon territory there were found recently two animals, one of which was unknown to science. This is the strange white bear, an absolutely distinct species. Zoologists were first put on the track of this species by the discovery of a small skin in an eastern furrier's establishment, by Professor W. T. Hornaday, the eminent zoologist. The skin was thought to be that of a baby polar bear, but the zoologist on examination realized it was the pelt of a full-grown bear, of a species unknown to science. The skin was traced back to the interior of British Columbia; and vigorous research carried on by Francis Kermode, Curator of the Victoria Museum, revealed that a new species of bear existed in the regions of the Skeena and Nass Rivers.

By Permission of the Curator, Victoria Museum

A group of the strange white bears found in British Columbia

The Fannin mountain sheep, a subspecies recently discovered in Yukon Territory

Only a few specimens, about two dozen in all, have ever been taken. The bear is smaller than the average black bear, creamy white in color, with no spot of color. The ears are very small. Its habitat is 2300 miles from the home of the polar bear. In recognition of the Curator's work the new species is called Ursus Kermodei. Apparently this species numbers comparatively few members and is confined to a very small portion of the globe.

In the Yukon Territory, not a great many hundred miles from the region where the white bear was found, another odd whim of Nature was recently discovered in the Fannin mountain sheep. This sheep, while it cannot be described as a distinct species, still varies so much from the two other species known to science, that it seems Nature had just begun work on the evolution of a new type when she was caught in the act by man. The Fannin sheep, found only in a certain part of the northland, are in some cases pure white; others have white heads with bodies of varying shades of gray and brown stripes down the forelegs. The other types of mountain sheep in this region are the Dall, a pure white animal, and the Stone, a black species. Just why Nature should evolve an intermediate type is a mystery.

A Grasshopper Glacier

FOR several years the people who lived in the small villages in the neighborhood of the Beartooth range of mountains in Montana could be heard joking about a grasshopper glacier. When strangers asked questions they were told that several years ago, a man hunting for gold in these mountains reported that he had found a glacier covered with frozen grasshoppers.

This story was not believed by anyone, and because of the very bad storms on the icy mountain-tops, the miner was not able to return to the remarkable glacier so as to convince the people that he was telling a true story.

Not long ago, however, two men employed by the Government started to explore Granite Peak, a mountain which rears its great head nearly two miles and a half into the sky, and is the highest point of the Beartooth range. These men were not able to reach the top of the mountain, and plant an American flag there, as they planned to do, but they did reach the wonderful grasshopper glacier, and brought back pictures and specimens which show that the miner's story was correct.

The belt of frozen grasshoppers runs the entire length of the glacier at the head of West Rosebud Mountain. It is about a mile long, and the bodies of the frozen insects lie so thickly that a person cannot walk without stepping on them, and when the wind blows, fragments of the insects are blown about.

No one can say positively how the grasshoppers came to be imbedded in the ice, but it is supposed that they tried to fly over the high mountain, and were frozen to death, because of their inability to continue the flight in such a high altitude.

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The germs that breed there.

The dingy coats which film forms on the teeth.

The starch deposits which ferment and form acids.

The acid which attack teeth.

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But film does more than that. It forms the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Resinol Ointment is an excellent healing dressing, too, for chafings, burns and stubborn little sores. *Doctors prescribe it.* Sold by all druggists.

Bible Teachings About Work

International Sunday School Lesson for April 17
Mark 6 : 1-3; John 5 : 17; II Thess. 3 : 6-13

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

THE mother of a son about to graduate from college said to her boy and a classmate who was visiting in the home, "You have learned much in the past four years, but I want to give you three rules for happiness and they are these—Work, Work, Work." Years of post-graduate experience have proved the value of the advice, which was real philosophy. The three passages of scripture which form the biblical basis for this lesson study exemplify the same great teaching. Jesus has been called the Master Teacher. He was also the Master Workman. The great work of creation, which was carried on by the Father and the Son, is suggested in the passage from John. It is sad when anyone cannot see in looking at nature that it is the work of God, and all very good. And God did not just make a perfect universe and then withdraw Himself from it, but He is the imminent God in maintaining His creation—worlds upon worlds.

Jesus, the Man of Nazareth, is the person pictured in the selection from Mark. He is the carpenter working in the shop in Nazareth, even as a lad working with Joseph, the reputed father. The Jewish boy, as was the custom, learned a trade. Jesus was no exception. From the early years hard work was a habit and He developed a physical body that could stand the rigors of those three tremendously hard and fatiguing years of His public ministry. It must always be remembered that, though the Son of God, He was also equally the son of Mary. The world does not have His thumbprint of physical measurements, but the fact of a strong well-built body is without question. Jesus was a graduate in the school of hard work. He could pull an oar with any of His disciples, even though they were fishermen. Classes of boys will be greatly interested in the full rounded manliness of Jesus. He could spend strength by day and then endure the night vigils while He prayed. He could remain awake while disciples slept.

Paul, the tent-maker, gives something of a pen picture of his life when he wrote that second letter to his friends in Thessalonica. Lazy people who are busybodies did not get any encouragement from him. To be sure he was brought up as a scholar at the feet of Gamaliel and could make wonderful addresses, but he could also work with his hands and earn his way as he went. His bread was sweeter because he had earned it by his own labors with the needle and canvass. There is a tremendously forceful appeal when such a man says with reference to earning daily bread, "Be not weary in well-doing."

THE dignity of labor is well established by such examples as Jesus and Paul. The early missionaries were all things to all men as they were forced to become jacks of all trades; and they wrought wonders, too. Many missionaries today are just the same in their handiwork. This is true on the home as well as the foreign mission field. If a boy or girl wants a place in life where their every resource will be taxed to the utmost let them decide to be a foreign missionary. Many people can do one thing well in holding a position in the home land while undreamed of talents are discovered and used on the foreign mission field.

Fathers who could afford it would be giving a richly worth-while post-graduate course if they would send son or daughter to some foreign mission station for a year to act there just as a "handy man." The experience might reveal just how little that beloved child was really able to accomplish.

While the writer was a pastor he was frequently invited to attend the graduation exercise of some daughter in the congregation and he has been known to get a negative answer when he asked that graduate if she could bake a loaf of bread. She could parse in French better than she could peel a potato. Boys have been known to buck a football line with force when they seemed unable to handle a hoe with over much ability.

Work is more appealing in these modern days and positions are being sought where service will render a value to society as well as to self.

Two illustrations come from the newspapers of recent date. A young girl was accosted by an able-bodied man in the upper part of New York City on a morning when the snow was falling heavily. He asked her why she was seeking to get down town on such a morning. She was a telephone girl and said, "I must go down to the exchange so you can telephone to your office that it will be impossible for you to get there today." A well-known captain of industry in Philadelphia just stated that he is giving away his entire surplus earnings since he has enough to live on for the rest of his days. When asked why he did not retire he told of the joy he had in work and he was unwilling to lose that real pleasure. The pay of this man was not measured by the amount of dollars received. His labor produced much more than money as a gain.

Every person should be at least able to earn his own way if he is physically and mentally able. The time may come when this ability will stand between him and poverty or charity. Talents possessed should be used and increased. Take a trial balance of self and decide whether you are a worker or a shirker. What are you able to do now? What can you fit yourself for, even though the time of preparation may require a number of years? Make a survey of others and note how they toil, and how little they often receive in the way of personal comfort after the day's work is done. Your part may be to brighten their lives. Work has a social bearing and the world is filled with labor problems.

THERE is some worth-while work for each class and department in your Sunday school. Make a survey of needs as you go around the walls of your local Jerusalem—your own church. Does your church need a stereopticon, a clock, new chairs or even a new pulpit Bible! Often the little children of the primary or beginners' department are located in the kitchen of the church or even the basement and the teacher is doing her best with very poor equipment for teaching. The church as a whole should work to better such conditions and the children can work to help the missionaries by sending Bible lesson cards and postcard pictures to the overseas fields. Boys and girls of junior and intermediate ages have abounding energies and abilities that can perform wonders by just a little directing. Let the superintendent enlist the co-operation of these members in something that is constructive even though it means hard work. One of the simplest tasks would be to use them as messengers to give out a card of invitation to each home within a particular area, asking the recipient to come to church next Sunday.

The adult classes of great stalwart men and women, who do mighty things during the six days of the week, can move mountains of difficulty on Sunday. Recently in Southern California a large class of men in a single afternoon raised sufficient money to replace a church which had been destroyed by fire. The home department superintendent and visitors can present some plan for work each time they call with a new quarterly.

The study of this lesson calls for more than just a survey of conditions. It demands active service on the firing-line of duty.

Dodge That Draught

It May Start a Chain of Evil Conditions as Poison Would

By DR. ROY KERR ELDRIDGE

AT THIS season of the year in particular, although it is very necessary at any season, it is important that we should guard against draughts as would poison. Why? Because of the chain of evil conditions which may arise from being subjected to them.

There are three areas of the body which are peculiarly sensitive to cold or draughts—the back of the neck, the small of the back and the soles of the feet. In practically every cold in the head or throat one will notice that there is a decided contracted condition in the back of the neck, and this may be called to your attention very painfully by a stiff neck. You may think back to some of your experiences after riding in an open car on a windy day, or riding on a train for some distance with a window open beside you, and note the truth of this. The muscles tighten to the extent of drawing the head around to one side in many instances.

Liniments or oil rubbed well into the muscles is the usual home remedy, but a gentle manipulation, skillfully performed, will relax or stretch out the contracted muscles and relieve the tension, and possibly headache or neuralgia.

It is a strange fact that you can face a driving storm and yet take no cold, but turn your back and let a slight wind blow upon your neck or the small of your back and, unless you are well protected, several disagreeable symptoms will develop in a day or two.

You may have only a slight headache or neuralgia, or it may be chills and fever.

If the person's back should be examined the muscles will be found tightened and contracted and the circulation thereby diminished. The spinal nerves and their branches are thus interfered with, and within a short time the back will be sore and painful. This may put greater work upon the kidneys and a mild nephritis may result.

FURTHER, when these muscles are in this contracted state, there is a residue of toxic substances remaining in these muscles. The poorer the circulation the less oxygenation there is and in consequence there are lessened secretions and diminished perspiration. The kidneys are forced to do their work, and the perspiratory glands as well, and so the toxic materials pile up in the system.

There is no more sensitive part of the body and none which it is so important to keep from undue exposure or injury, than the spinal region, with its thousands of nerve branches coming from the various spinal nerves. There are five layers of muscles in the back, and in the cases of influenza we find all these muscles extremely tense and sore, thereby impeding the blood flow and the nerve impulses to the various internal organs, and causing the so-called lowered resistance of patients. In the contraction of these muscles, if allowed to persist, there is gradual drawing of various spinal segments to one side ever so slightly, but enough to set up an irritation to its corresponding spinal nerve, thus setting up a possible chain of ailments.

Never have the bed placed so that there is a circulation of air blowing directly from a door or window across the bed where you are sleeping and through an open window on the opposite side of the bed; but rather have the bed placed so that there may be plenty of fresh air in the room without blowing directly upon you. Many a stiff neck and a hard cold has come from sleeping directly in a draught.

Too much stress can not be placed upon the necessity of watching for draughts wherever you may be or whatever you may be doing.

The Christian Herald a Favorite

IN WEST VIRGINIA the boys and girls on the farm like to read, and read the best of current periodicals. Late in 1920 the Extension Division of the College of Agriculture of West Virginia University asked the 5,000 members of the Agricultural Clubs located throughout the state to express in a vote their preference in magazines. The accompanying sketch was printed in the February number of the little booklet that goes out from the College to all the club members and shows the ten magazines having the largest number of votes. The Christian Herald is among them.

Nothing could make the staff of the Christian Herald happier than this evidence that the boys and girls of the country like their work. The great things that are to be accomplished in the coming years for country and for church will be accomplished by the boys and girls of today and in the pages of this magazine we want to speak directly to them—more directly in fact, than ever before.

We want the young people to read the Christian Herald because it will give them good, solid information they will need as citizens and as Christians. We want them to read it because it will give them inspiration to world-service. We want them to read it because it will provide a foundational faith in Christ and His good works.

In a sentence we believe that if boys and girls read the Christian Herald regularly now they will be better equipped to take their part as Christian citizens in their adult life. If you know any young people, call it to their attention and let them have the benefit of the inspiration, entertainment and information that every number contains. If you prefer, send to us the names of some of your acquaintances of eighteen to thirty years of age and we will try to interest them not only in the Christian Herald but in the Church and the newer conception of Christian responsibilities. We are receiving letters constantly from mothers and fathers telling of the influence the magazine has on the lives of their children and we would like to extend the influence to an even wider degree.

The West calls as vacation time nears

Four booklets that tell all about it

There's a land that never grows old—an Empire of Enchantment; sublime in its painted mountains, astounding in its roaring geysers, surprising in its glaciers, exquisite in its superbly-set lakes, beautified by gayly-colored wild flowers, unmatched in its outdoor recreation possibilities. And it is our *West.*

There the air is rich in "pep"—and tiredness leaves as if by magic. Nature unfolds a million moods, and contentment reigns. For delight, thrill, health—this year vacation in the glorious playgrounds of our unforgetable West.

See Colorado—"The Playground of The Nation." Then, "hop" over the mountains into Utah—"The Promised Land." Or, go north and revel in the quiet of Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park.

Ride a "bronc" over trails in the Big Horns or the "Buffalo Bill" country in Wyoming, or rejuvenate in the Black Hills.

Go through spectacular Yellowstone Park—in via the picturesque Gardiner Gateway and out over the Cody Road.

Stop off at romantic Glacier Park and witness a Blackfeet Indian pow-wow.

Know the charm of the Pacific Northwest—visit stupendous Mount Rainier and take that indescribable "look" into Crater Lake.

Come back through California and feel the inspiration of the Yosemite.

These sights are all in your own dear America—all reached by Burlington service.

Go, when and where your fancy dictates, one way and return via a different route—at no added cost; stay as long as you like.

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W. L. Douglas shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

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W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

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STAMMER

send 10 cents in stamps for 288-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I relieved myself after stammering for 20 years.

Benjamin N. Bogue, 6258, Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

WHERE CHRIST IN NOT NAMED THE SEED IS THE WORD OF GOD. The seed bringeth forth of its own kind. Would you love to sow it in the Interior of South America? The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. Much more truth for the asking.

REV. JOSEPH DAVIS, Sec'y
113 Fulton St., New York, N. Y.

To the Christian Herald:

My husband wishes to join me in sending you a personal word expressing our deep gratitude for the splendid help you have given us at this time of awful need. Many thousands of lives will have been brought through safely through the Christian Herald Famine Relief funds.

We can not speak too highly of the splendid work that is being done by the famine workers, who would of course be helpless but for the funds sent to them. In visiting the famine area I was constantly impressed with the care taken by the famine relief workers to make the funds go as far as possible.

Again thanking you all for your sympathy and help,

Yours very sincerely,
(Mrs. J.) Rosalind Goforth.
Kikungshan, So. Honan, China.

Relief in China

By (Mrs. J.) ROSALIND GOFORTH

IT HAS been my privilege, though an infinitely sad one, to visit several mission stations in the North China famine area. At each place the help given through the Christian Herald was spoken of with gratitude and thankfulness. At one station held by a lady missionary, quite alone, I was told that for the first four months of famine she had received less than three hundred dollars for famine relief, though the district around her station was one of the worst. Then came $1,000 from the Christian Herald fund. "I just gasped when I saw it," she said, "for I had never received so large a check, but as I thought of the need it seemed I had never seen a check that looked so small!"

When looking over this lady's famine fund account I was amazed at the knowledge of details regarding every one receiving famine relief. She had given relief to three thousand out of the $1,000, enough to tide the people over till another gift of $2,000, also from the Christian Herald, came. This lady's bravery and courage, her marvelous efficiency and executive power constantly reminded me of Mary Slessor.

Two little children were brought in to the children's refuge while I was there. They were washed and wrapped in a warm quilt while new clothes were being made for them. Here I saw them, cuddled together nibbling food, a pair of living skeletons.

It was while waiting for my train on leaving this station that a little child of about six knelt before me piteously pleading for food. Though knowing full well the danger of giving help publicly in time of famine I just could not turn from those hungry eyes. Whispering to the men with me to get a little bread, I hoped to give it secretly to the child, but my intention became known and a mob of struggling, fighting women and children gathered in an incredibly short time, crushing against me so that some police near by hurried up and pushed the crowd back.

The death rate is rapidly increasing. Thousands have already fallen victims to this famine, but it is comforting to remember that millions would doubtless have succumbed before this but for the famine relief given.

In a recent letter, Dr. Percy C. Leslie, the treasurer for the Christian Famine Relief Committee, says: "One thing we must realize is that there is very little time left. All who give must give quickly if lives are to be saved. Urge this whenever you get a chance. Home peoples should cable their gifts now, return mails will be too slow." We must also remember that should belated gifts reach us they will be needed for the support of children who are now in the refuges, but who will have to be provided for at least temporarily. Many of these children will of course be able to return to their homes, but many will have become orphans.

Contributions to the Christian Herald's China Famine Fund for the week amounted to $9,759.10, bringing the total up to $511,387.07.

Baby touched the hot stove

THE poor little fingers blistered and hurt terribly. Mother was wild—but big sister ran for the

A HEALING CREAM
Mentholatum
Always made under this signature A.H.Lyon

The hand was bound with plenty of Mentholatum. The pain soon stopped and the broken blisters were gently healed in a few days.

The little hand was well

Mentholatum is good for many "little ills"—such as cuts, colds, nervous headache, etc.

Mentholatum is sold everywhere in tubes, 25c; jars, 25c, 50c, $1.

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The Baby Midget
Velvet Grip
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"Holds Like Daddy's"

Not only that, but it is made with the *same care* and of the same *quality* as Daddy's.

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Has taken the place of all make-shifts ever known for holding up baby's tiny socks—equipped with that exclusive feature found only on Velvet Grip garters for "grown-ups"—namely the

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The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

"I READ the letters from those who attest to answered prayer and those who seek Divine help," writes W., Chestertown, Md., "and as a father and husband, I want to join this circle. I ask all Christians who kneel in prayer at the Noon Hour to remember me in their prayers. I want spiritual guidance and increased faith. I also humbly ask God to strengthen me physically, so that I may be able to continue to provide for my family; and I ask for moral strength so that I may be able to accomplish something worth while in the sphere in which I move."

Prayers are also requested in behalf of a young evangelist and his wife who are conducting meetings in various places.

Mrs. F. H. asks prayers in behalf of a young man. She writes: "He is breaking the hearts of his mother and wife by gambling. I am asking you to pray that he may be brought to see the terrible results that will follow. Pray for the mother, also."

"Please pray that we as a family may be made able to live faithfully in the Master's service, winning souls for Him," writes a reader in Joplin, Mo.

Mrs. M. E. A. writes: "I am eighty-two years old and do not expect to be on earth much longer. I would like to see my family more zealous in the cause of Christ, and to be revived myself. Please pray for us all."

"I earnestly ask your prayers for my daughter," writes Mrs. H. A. H. "She was taken to an asylum. Pray that the Lord may heal her and that she may be restored to her right mind."

Mrs. B. D. writes: "I wish to try to express to you my thanks for the prayers you offered in behalf of my little afflicted daughter. She suffered for six long weeks and it was almost a relief when the dear Father called her home, where there will be no more sorrow and pain. There is a vacant place in our home that no one else can fill; but we wish to beg you to join with us in asking God to help us all to so live that we may meet little Pearl in a better world by and by, and that her brothers and sisters may all accept Christ as their Saviour."

"Will the members please pray for a girl who is almost completely blind? Her case is beyond medical aid, and so often I have read where God had honored the prayers of faith, and I always notice when blindness is mentioned in particular. Please pray for her." R. R. I., Canada.

"Pray that God may touch the hearts of a man and his wife who are trying to wrong an old lady."

"I am entering upon my first year as a primary teacher. There are many difficulties in the way. May I not have the prayers of the League that I may be successful in my work, and that my influence as a Christian may lead others to seek the Way?" E. D.

"With deep sorrow I write for an interest in your prayers at the noon hour, for a dear daughter who has recently lost her reason through nervous breakdown. Pray that if it be His will, she may be restored to health, and a sound mind." Mrs. M. C.

"Please pray for my brother that he may become a Christian, and that we may have a revival at Chaplin, Conn." Miss I. H. D.

A contributor to one of our funds writes: "Please pray for the giver, a lone old man, 82 years old, living on a Western ranch."

R. B. asks the members of the Prayer League to pray earnestly for a revival in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Winchester, Ill.

Among the general requests submitted to the Prayer League are the following: for healing, 120; spiritual advancement, 12; reunion, 9; guidance, 11; conversion of relatives and friends, 87; faith, 14; peace, 9; heart's desire 41; forgiveness, 10; wisdom, 12; success 8; financial advancement, 10; blessing, 18.

D. M. Shafer, Decatur, Texas, acknowledges answered prayer and adds: "Please pray that the spiritual life of Ascension Mission may be deepened, and that their work may be a blessing to those who give and to those who receive.

Miss E. G. N., Jeromeville, O., writes: "Sometime ago I wrote you asking you to pray for the success of a coming revival service. Your prayers have been answered: 32 were converted, for which we give God the glory."

We have also received acknowledgments from Mrs. O. W. D., Mrs. R. W., Mrs. P. T. B., Mrs. J. D. M., Miss E. J. W., Mrs. H. W., Mrs. S. H. and C. R. A.

Young People's Topic for April 17

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

How Can We Improve Our Recreations?

E. L., C. E., and B. Y. P. U. 1 Cor. 10 : 23

"ALL things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient." These are the words of Paul in our reference. Read the verses that follow this phrase down to the end of the chapter. The gist of the references are that we should so guide our own movements so as not to make ourselves stumbling blocks to others. We may have personal liberty but that does not mean that we have license. Paul says: "Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to th Church of God."

Our recreations may be harmless in so far as we are concerned, or we may think they are harmless to us, nevertheless society requires that we abstain from that which is setting a bad example to others, who, indulging in these recreations, may suffer much in consequence. And recreations that are not good for everybody, certainly are not good for anybody. That is the test and that is the only test. If we would not willingly injure the characters of others, we should guard against the danger of unwillingly doing that very thing.

What is the solution to the amusement question? What is the one infallible guide in this work of improving our recreations? The answer is Jesus Christ. Jesus went everywhere, but He went everywhere as Jesus. If he cannot enter into the fellowship of the recreations of others, as Christian men and women, we have no right to enter into those fellowships at all, if we wish to be regarded and respected as Christian men and women. We have a Name to honor, ideals to protect, standards to maintain, a certain kind of life to keep unsmirched and unsullied. The Church, the Christ whom the Church represents, is not at warfare against recreation. But it does have a quarrel with the kind of recreation that is offered. There is a vast difference between innocent, healthy, sane, normal relaxation and that which is very much akin to the suggestive, salacious, unhealthy dissipation. This demands a consideration of the place, company, and auspices under which a "good time" is offered. The question for those who have been invited to take part is "Who is responsible for this and where is it going to take place and who is going to be there and what is the program?"

Our recreations will be improved when we ask ourselves whether we can invite our best friends and loved ones, the people whom we respect and whose opinion we honor, to accompany us in some pastime or fun. Would we care to invite the Lord Jesus to go with us? If not, then we certainly have no right to go ourselves.

—and this house will be for You and Your Children, my dear

—that Homes may pass down through many generations

HOME may be either the place one lives in, or the place one loves.

Real home-love is born in the first instance of the tender care lavished upon its creation and its embellishment, and deepened in the roses of memory scattered by the passing hand of Time.

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Luxeberry White Enamel, permanent and washable, with which the beautiful French gray tint may be obtained.

Automobile Color Varnish, easily applied by anyone and restores the original lustre of the car.

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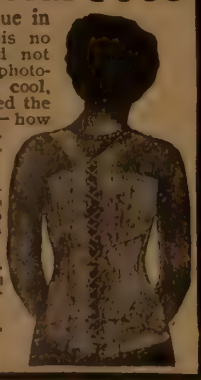

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 273

for every execution, and as the government held many prisoners liable to the death penalty and evidenced a determination to carry out executions, the continuation of bitter warfare seemed inevitable.

Some of the hostile encounters assumed battle proportions, the Sinn Feiners engaged numbering as many as 200 and the fighting lasting for six hours. The Sinn Feiners were armed with service rifles, shotguns, revolvers and bombs, so that they were able to make formidable attacks, and their numbers were sufficient to permit ambushes by day. They were the aggressors in most cases, attacking police patrols on their rounds; but the police were not passive and six Sinn Feiners were killed in a round-up of wanted men near Blarney, County Cork, while the casualties in the other encounters were about evenly divided.

Premier Lloyd George announced in the House of Commons that arrangements were being made for holding elections in May for the North and South Parliaments in Ireland under the Home Rule act. He reiterated his willingness to negotiate with responsible Irish leaders, but declared it was futile to discuss conciliation under present conditions. His statement was in reply to a criticism of the government's policy by former Premier Asquith.

DOMESTIC

DEBS VISITS WASHINGTON UNGUARDED. Eugene V. Debs, who is serving a ten-year term in the Atlanta Penitentiary for violation of the Espionage act, was permitted to travel to Washington without guard and in citizen's garb to present an appeal for a Presidential pardon to Attorney-General Daugherty. After a conference of two and a half hours with the Attorney-General, he returned alone to Atlanta.

CARDINAL GIBBONS DIES. James, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore and Primate of the Catholic Church in America, died at his residence in Baltimore after a prolonged illness. He was 86 years old and had been a cardinal since 1886.

DROPS 24,400 FEET FROM AIRPLANE. A new world's record for a parachute leap was established when Lieutenant A. G. Hamilton dropped from an airplane 42,400 feet aloft, near Champaign, Ill., and landed safely after drifting eight miles.

FOREIGN

GREEKS BEGIN DRIVE AGAINST TURKS. Greek troops numbering 120,000 have started an offensive against the Turkish Nationalists in Asia Minor, with the Bagdad Railroad as their objective. The Turkish strength was estimated at 90,000 but their supplies were inferior to those of the Greeks, who had made careful preparations for the attack. The Turks fought hard, but were not able to prevent a Greek advance over a considerable area.

TWO AMERICANS CONVICTED IN GERMANY. Two Americans who attempted to seize Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, convicted American slacker, in Germany were convicted by a German court and sentenced to jail terms of six and fifteen months. Four Germans who aided them also received prison sentences. Hostile demonstrations against the Americans featured the trial. The American War Department has turned over to the State Department all papers relating to the Bergdoll case, and official action was forecast.

THIRTY-ONE KILLED BY BOMB IN ITALY. Thirty-one persons were killed and 100 injured by the explosion of a bomb in a Milan theater. Several anarchists were arrested on suspicion that the outrage was a measure of reprisal for the imprisonment of the anarchist leader Malatesta.

Free Circulars for Investors.

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent. present prices, are featured in Circular No. 30. The net earnings available for interest charges in 1920 were five times the interest charges.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Kingdom of Belgium 20-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, redeemable at 107½ per cent., and yielding over 8 per cent. are described in Circular 34.

Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Details of Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 7 per cent. gold bonds, maturing May, 1931, at a price to yield over 7 per cent. are given in Circular 36.

Swift & Co. 5-year 7 per cent. notes, to yield over 7 per cent., are described in Circular 37.

Farm Mortgages details also circulars regarding 6% First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for circular 38.

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The Prohibition Movement in Italy

Continued from page 269

area by constraint would be an assault upon one of the great and venerable sources of Italian wealth. Prohibitionists, few in number as they are and going under the unattractive title of anti-alcoholists, do not for their part attempt to gainsay that assertion. They are content to point out that while Italy, for climatic, geographical and geological considerations, must remain a great producer of grapes, it is only for incidental and unfortunate reasons that Italy should be the greatest wine consumer in Europe—and that means the world.

What are the facts? There are 222 thousand public dispensaries of alcoholic drinks in Italy, an average for the nation of one wine shop to every 150 inhabitants. Populous centers like Milan and Venice show averages of one shop to every fifty inhabitants. In terms of New York life, that would mean a saloon for every apartment house. This is, economically speaking, and only in economic terms are the prohibitionists or rather the limitationists of Italy speaking, is a shocking situation. It is apparent that no people can be permanently solvent which offers such facile leakage to the savings of its producing classes.

ITALY, which has in her time produced a Dante, a Michael Angelo, a Garibaldi and a Caruso, without ever producing a Bryan, seems at last on the point of supplying that deficiency. Italian economists, at their wits' end in dealing with the food shortage, and seeing no relief save in an attack upon the strong box of wine treasure, are more and more advocating the adaptation of grapes to food purposes, whether in the form of grape juice or in that of jam. They hope to accomplish this reform not by restricting the cultivation of vineyards, but by limiting the amount of grapes that may be devoted to fermentation.

Milk has been selling in Rome at one lira eighty centimes a quart, thirty cents normal exchange. What this means for the future health of the nation economists and social workers know only too well. It means national underfeeding for the children of Italy. Chemists are advocating a wide adoption of grape juice as a substitute for milk, where milk is not easily attainable. They point out that in caloric values grape juice may be manufactured which corresponds with milk in a ratio of 58 to 40, being richer than milk in sugar, proteins, phosphates and bone-building substances and slightly poorer only in fats.

Efforts to extend the use of grape foods, especially of grape juice as a substitute for milk, really antedate the war. The "U. V. A.," the Union Viticola Anacoolica, which is the principal Italian prohibitionist organization, was founded in 1913, its principal line of propaganda being not to contend with a traditional national fondness for wine, but to utilize the food value of the grape. At that time, the problem of alcoholism was almost exclusively a problem of Northern and Central Italy. The south of Italy has always been "sober," even in relation to the lightest wines. Agitators at that time met almost insuperable obstacles. Not only were they opposed by the interests involved and by national habits of mind, but most important of all by the apathy of the public toward alcoholic excesses. Drunkenness has never been characteristic of a country of light wines in the same visible and disgusting forms that feature the nations where stronger drinks are common. The use of liquors of high alcohol percentages, though it increased at the time of the worst ravages of the filoxera, never became general. It can not be said that the agitation against wine consumption ever attained the dignity of a movement.

The war has changed this situation curiously. The high prices of wine—a dollar as against a former lira a quart—have resulted in less consumption of wine by the salaried classes—professional men, government employees, people living on income, etc.—while wage earners have been drinking more and more.

This has injected the question of alcohol into the class struggle, bringing the economic phases of wine consumption into the political foreground.

THE question may be stated thus: Can Italy afford to spend a billion lire abroad for the grain it does not produce, while continuing to devote one-quarter of its agricultural energy to the production of wine, which is really an article of luxury?

The so-called middle classes, whom the socialists and proletarian parties are anxious to saddle with the burden of taxation, are not willing to assume this billion lire obligation, while leaving untouched the supply of wine which they have in general ceased to drink.

Prohibitionism, of one form or another, has thus found an economic basis in the interests of the Italian middle classes.

Meanwhile the socialists themselves, though hardly as yet daring to broach the question of wine restrictions to the populace which is drinking more than ever or even for the first time, are nevertheless aware of the conomic difficulties which some form of liquor control would help to solve.

It is quite possible that a manner of thinking which would never have made its way in Italy on a basis of morals or hygiene, may become prevalent in the name of national finance.

All parties, at any rate, participated in the Anti-Alcoholic Congress, so called, which met in Italy recently. The program discussed at this congress was one of restrictions upon unlimited production of wine; and various proposals are before the public and are being discussed in the press whereby a certain larger portion of the grapes of Italy will be turned by law into food supplies to help replenish the dwindling larder of the nation.

THE third convention of the Christian Fundamentalists will be held in Denver, Colo., from June 12 to 19, and the program this year will continue the work begun at Philadelphia two years ago and augmented at Chicago last year. Dr. W. B. Riley, of Minneapolis, chairman of the World Committee on Conferences, already has held a meeting with fifty-four ministers and laymen in Denver and has received pledges of their moral and financial support in making the convention a success.

Dr. P. V. Jenness, chairman of the program committee, has indicated the following line of topics for the 1921 convention: The Relation of Christian Fundamentals to Sunday School Instruction, to College Training, to Theological Training, to Church Work, to Evangelism, to Religious Literature, to Social Service, and to World Missions. The literature produced will be published and will provide a program of procedure for orthodoxy. A layman's hour, daily, will be an interesting feature of the convention.

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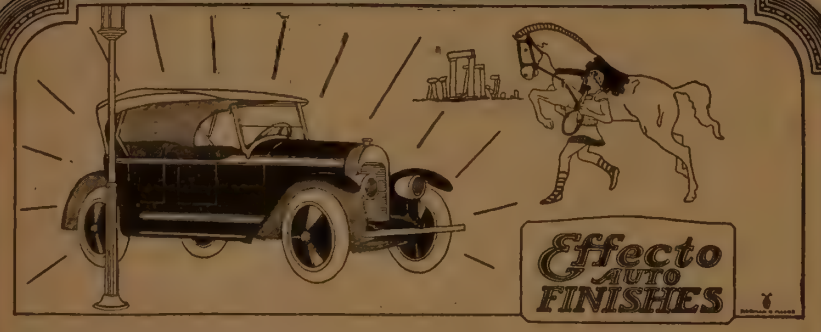

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THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of General interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

READER. The passage in Gen. 2 : 7—"and man became a living soul,"—has been much discussed, and commentators point out that the act of the Creater indicates something different from the conferring of mere organic life, as was done in the inferior orders of Creation. One authority writes that the language of Genesis "is designed to intimate that the newly formed body of man was simultaneously animated by an intelligent, immaterial, immortal spirit, this being the gift of God and partaking of the immortality of its Divine Author." The Jewish writings, in one instance at least, render the words "and Adam was made a rational soul." The Church has always differed on the interpretation of the passage under discussion, and it involves a point on which no one has the right to dogmatize. With regard to the two trees, the "tree of knowledge of good and evil" was designed as a test of obedience, while the "tree of life," one commentator writes, "was a sacramental tree, by eating of whose fruit man in his state of innocence kept himself in covenant with God." Hebrew writers have held that it was also placed there for perpetuating physical life and conferring bodily health, thus giving assurance of indefinite longevity. All of those deductions are more or less speculative. The story in Genesis has had a multitude of interpreters, few of them in entire agreement. Your other questions are in large measure controversial. See Ezek. 18 : 4; Luke 12 : 4, 5; Rom. 5 : 19; I Tim. 1 : 17; 6 : 16; Rom. 6 : 23; I Tim. 6 : 16; II Tim. 1 : 10.

Reader, Sheldon, Ia. We are told to forgive our enemies, not to quarrel with others, and not to go to law with one another. The person who is constantly litigating with his neighbors, or with anyone, is forgetting such injunctions. These are cases where the power of the law must necessarily be invoked, but these would be comparatively rare, if the Gospel counsel were more widely observed.

J. L. B., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I note the letter of G., Leidey, Okla., in your Feb. issue. I wonder if my brief story can help him. In 1901 a friend, who was at that time a member of the State Senate of Nebraska, was asked to father a bill for a 'Traveling Library,' so that those residing in remote districts might have the use of good books. The bill became a law and under the management of the Woman's club, for many years, books of merit and interest have been traveling up and down, and across, the great State of Nebraska. Some responsible person takes charge of the books, when they arrive, and they are loaned from house to house, and from farm to farm, and later returned to the librarian; and again sent on to other towns and villages. At present there are thirty of these libraries, of forty volumes each, going up and down the State. Nebraska has the lowest per cent. of illiteracy of any state in the Union. In that same year (1901) the hands of my friend were folded in quiet, but the law creating this Library Commission will remain a fitting memorial to a busy man who took time to remember others."

Professor James Breasted, Director of the Haskell Oriental Museum, University of Chicago, writes us with reference to an article which appeared in the Christian Herald of December 11, relative to the results of recent archæological discoveries in Mesopotamia and Babylonia. The statements in the Christian Herald were mainly reproduced from articles in the daily newspapers recording the discoveries. The Professor's letter says: "It has been called to my attention that in a recent number of your journal you have published an announcement of my discovery of 'the record of the miraculous destruction of the Assyrian army before Jerusalem, in the days of Hezekiah, as related in II Kings 19 : 35.' As this statement is in serious disagreement with the facts, may I ask that a statement of the real character of our monument be published in your columns? It is true that we now have in our collections at the University of Chicago a six-sided prism, giving an account of Sennacherib's western campaigns, including the one on which, in accordance with the Biblical narratives, he lost his army. It is a partial duplicate of the Taylor cylinder now in the British Museum. It is an extensive document, and we have not yet been able to make the necessary comparison and determine the value of the variants. It does not contain any statement of the miraculous destruction of the Assyrian army before Jerusalem; and there is nothing in it that is not in harmony with the usually accepted modern critical conclusions regarding Hebrew history." We gladly give space to the Professor's letter and indulge the hope that when the cylindrical document is fully examined, we may be privileged to announce through the Christian Herald what it actually states concerning Hebrew history.

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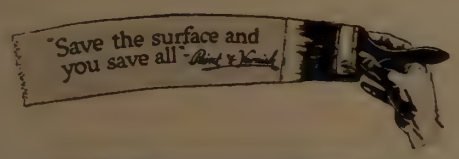

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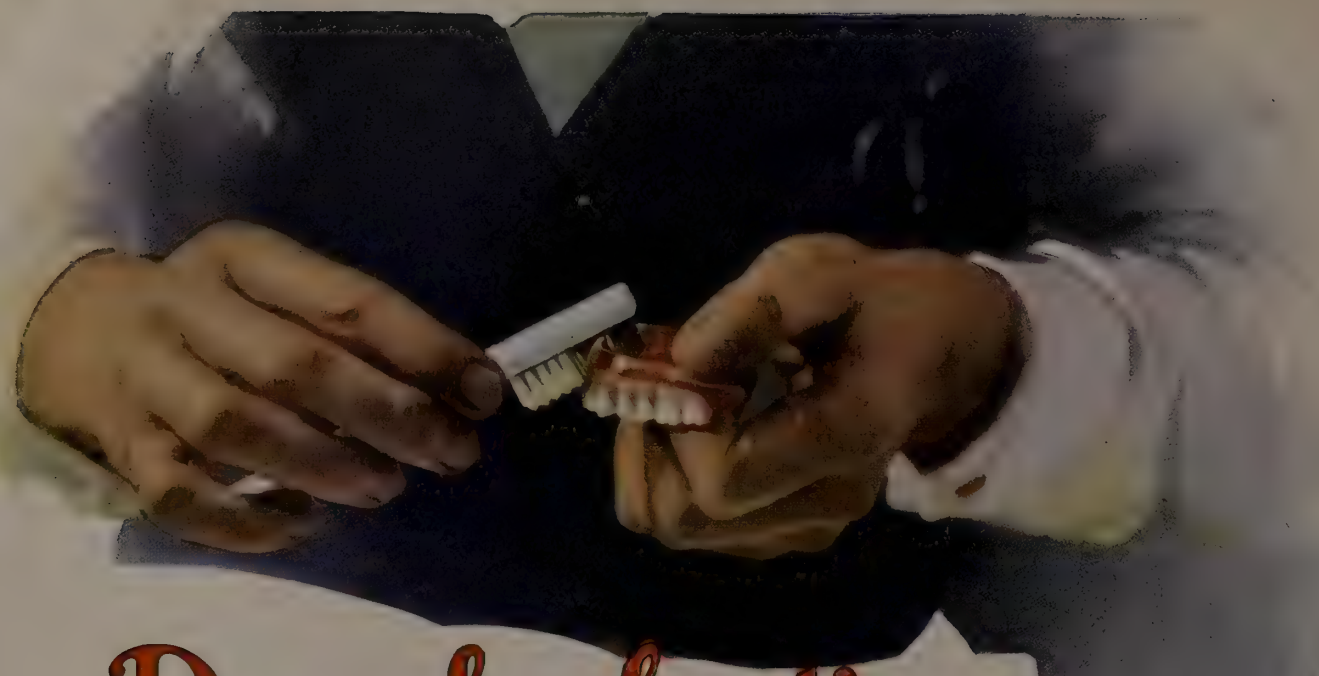

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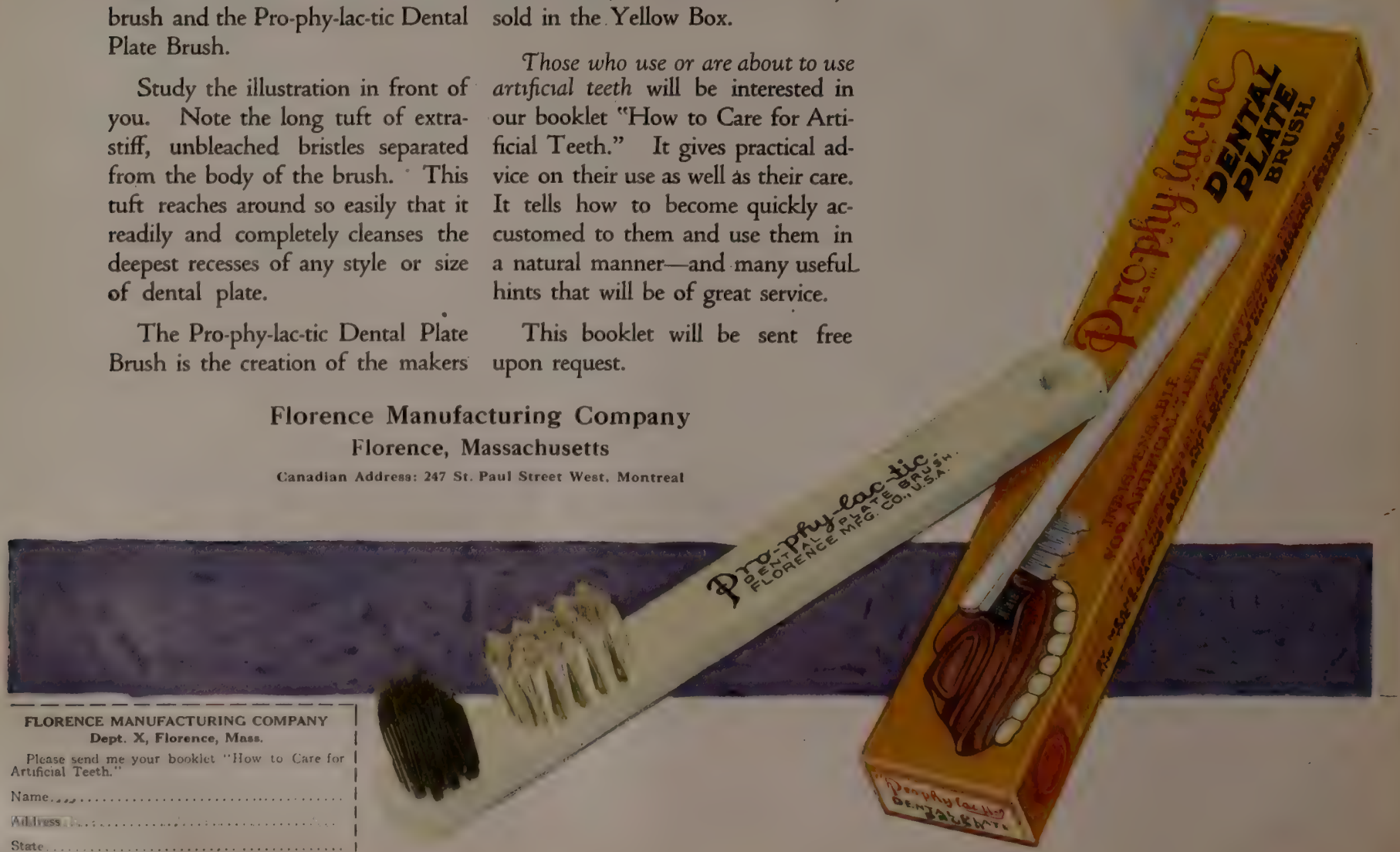

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Springtime in Japan

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

OUT where the river,
Meets the bay,
The cherry blossoms
Dip and sway—
And, as they dip and sway,
They sing,
Of poetry, and love,
And spring!

Like dim shapes passing,
Through a dream,
Gay little boats,
Float down the stream,
They seem much more
Than miles away—
They seem a bit,
Of yesterday!

Veiled music creeps,
Across the hours—
Or is it just
The cherry flowers?
All life seems painted,
On a fan;
A fantasy,
Of old Japan.

Out where the river,
Meets the bay,
All hearts, I think,
Are glad today—
For, oh, the blossoms
Softly sing,
Of poetry, and love,
And spring!

Fujiyama

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHERE Fujiyama lifts her head,
Serenely to the skies;
The tired boatman paused to feast,
His beauty-loving eyes.

And from his shoulders slipped the weight,
Of toil and want and care—
And sweet contentment filled his heart,
And Peace was ruler there!

For where a bit of beauty lives,
Great happiness may be—
If one has but the soul to know,
And eyes that really see!

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· GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER ·

Woodrow Wilson—Private Citizen

By No Means Through with Public Issues, He Is Well Worth Watching

By DONALD MACGREGOR

WOODROW WILSON'S decision to live in Washington, even though his term as President of the United States is at an end, was based on a desire to be close to what is going on nationally and internationally. In forming a law partnership with his one-time Secretary of State, Bainbridge Colby, with offices in Washington as well as New York City, he wished to continue in intimate contact with those responsible for future American policies.

This much—and very little more—is known to the new group of public men who have just assumed the direction of American affairs. They are turning their heads from time to time in the direction of the Wilson residence, an unpretentious red brick house in S street, to watch developments. They are sure developments are going to come. Mr. Wilson, they accept, is by no means through with public issues.

Mr. Wilson quit the Presidency, broken in health, defeated in aspirations and, to the world at large, a fallen idol. After twenty months of serious illness he is slowly regaining his health, increasing his activity day by day. Whether he will ever be able to recover his popularity and again become a really influential factor in public affairs is the question over which Republicans and Democrats are pondering.

Theodore Roosevelt wielded a tremendous force after he retired from the Presidency; William H. Taft, it generally is agreed, is more popular today than at the time he left the White House. The course that Mr. Wilson will follow, in the very thick of the consideration of public questions, will be just as interesting as it may be far-reaching.

Keystone

The contrast of eight years—Woodrow Wilson as he appeared at the first cabinet meeting in 1913 and at the last in 1921

In the back of Mr. Wilson's head still lurks a determination to obtain participation by the United States in the League of Nations. Without doubt he is the chief American champion of the Treaty of Versailles. His closest friends admit that he is quietly awaiting a time when he will try, with some hope of success, to obtain its reconsideration by the United States.

Historians in years to come will better analyze the reasons for the rise of Mr. Wilson's popularity and its subsequent collapse, but a consideration even now of the chief elements is interesting in that they reveal the mental attitude with which he retired from the Presidency.

Mr. Wilson, hale and hearty, entered the White House in March, 1913, with a glow of confidence, his mind centered on domestic problems, chiefly currency reform and tariff revision. Foreign affairs at the time held a secondary place in popular concern, and Mr. Wilson's experience with them had been that of a critical historian.

THE European war began eighteen months after he assumed the Presidency, after virtually the entire program of domestic readjustment had been completed. Mr. Wilson devoted himself almost entirely, therefore, to foreign matters, following in detail the developments on the battle fronts and in the foreign offices of the belligerents.

Something occurred in January, 1914, six months before the European war began, which shed much light upon the inner workings of Mr. Wilson's mind. In a speech he delivered in Indianapolis, celebrating Jackson Day, Mr. Wilson took occasion to defend his much-criticized Mexican policy with the assertion that he cared not what the newspapers said about him. He would be content, he added, to be judged in history. It seemed natural that Mr. Wilson should take such a view, since he himself had been a writer of history.

Many times in Washington during the critical periods that followed the outbreak of the European war it was apparent to the correspondents and others that Mr. Wilson was being guided by a realization of the historical aftermath. At first—so it seemed at the time and does yet, for that matter—Mr. Wilson saw an opportunity to go down in history as a great peacemaker. Those who followed the developments believed this to be the purpose, the secondary purpose, perhaps, of his famous appeal for national neutrality in the early days of the war and his persistent efforts to keep the United States out of the war, even when America suffered from violations of international law.

International

In the rear of Mr. Wilson's new Washington home is a beautiful court where he can enjoy sun baths and exercise in privacy

IN RETAINING such a feeling Mr. Wilson did not necessarily open himself to criticism. Guided even by personal considerations, if such he was, it did not mean that the better interests of the United States had to be sacrificed. What might have put Mr. Wilson down in history as a great man might at the same time have been precisely the thing that would be beneficial to the United States. The danger mark came only if Mr Wilson attempted to carry this personal idea too far. It still is, of course, a debated question as to whether he did this when, at the Paris peace conference, he pledged American membership in the League of Nations.

At any rate those who watched Mr. Wilson's course with the idea in mind that all the time he was thinking of what would be written in history were able to justify the later developments with their theory. They saw Mr. Wilson, after the Central Powers had violated many rules of international law even to the extent of open warfare on the United States, wondering if history would put him down as a man too much afraid to go to war, "too proud to fight," perhaps. There was but one answer. Deciding he would not go down in history as a coward, he became determined to become a great warrior and a great peacemaker as well. Throwing every ounce of American energy into the conflict, he would end the European war and then, at the peace table, write the peace, if possible.

The circumstances of the entry of the United States into the war are too well known to need retelling; the story of how the war was won seven months after the American troops joined the forces of the Allies is fresh in every mind; public memory does not need to be jogged about Mr. Wilson's trip to Europe for the peace conference and how, when he got there, the people of every land acclaimed him as a great leader, some of them as a God-send savior of the day.

Then came the reaction and finally the crash. The Senate refused to accept the Treaty of Versailles as Mr. Wilson brought it back from France, a course which the people of the country approved by an overwhelming vote in the "solemn referendum" of last November. Meantime Mr. Wilson, touring the West in advocacy of the League of Nations, suffered a physical breakdown that barred him from participation in public affairs.

SO CAME March 4, 1921, when Mr. Wilson surrendered the Presidency to Warren G. Harding. He retired bent, gray and feeble, leaning heavily on a cane and walking with a limp, very slowly. But he held the same fighting spirit he had in the days of the treaty consideration, and he showed it in his attitude toward the opposition senators on Inauguration Day.

As a private citizen Mr. Wilson presents to both Republicans and Democrats considerable of a question. The Republicans, naturally, want to know who they will have to fight and the issues; the Democrats want to know whether

Mr. Wilson is through as a party leader or whether he will continue to crack the Democratic whip and compel them to follow his commands.

It is recognized generally that Mr. Wilson still has his friends, countless thousands of friends all over the United States and Europe. Open evidence of this has been the great quantity of letters that the one-time President continually receives; there are throughout the country a vast number of firm exponents of the League of Nations just as there are vast numbers who are determined in their opposition.

President Harding's success with the new American foreign policy he and his associates are working out will be one of the keys to Mr. Wilson's future activity, yet it is doubted by those who deal with such affairs whether any scheme which is decided on, association of nations or otherwise, will meet the approval of Mr. Wilson. He is anxious about the way he is going to go down in history; he is seeking to be vindicated in the foreign policies to which he pledged the United States. Those who know Mr. Wilson's mind declare that in no circumstances will he surrender.

Much of Mr. Wilson's future in public affairs will depend, of course, upon his condition of health. His present gradual improvement, the physicians who have an intimate knowledge of the case agree, probably will continue so as to permit a much more active participation in national issues than is possible at present. Mr. Wilson is but sixty-five, an age when many men are vigorous. Yet the nature of his illness—due to a paralytic stroke—is apt to prevent him from ever taking the stump again or to permit more than general conferences and the issuance of statements.

MEANTIME Mr. Wilson is sitting quietly in the new house in S street, in a room overlooking Rock Creek Park, a magnificent wilderness within a city. Once a day he goes for an automobile ride. Now and then he is the host to some friends he knew in the White House.

Mr. Wilson has not relinquished the leadership of the Democratic party. He is today its most conspicuous and influential figure. Whether he will continue so will depend upon developments. He presents one of the vital questions of the political situation today so far as personalities are concerned. And personalities, to a large extent—almost entirely so with Mr. Wilson—guide policies.

Mr. Wilson is an uncertain quantity for both the Republicans and Democrats. That is why they are both watching.

The Pedlers of the Twilight

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

THE winds of dusk from sunset hills retreat
And steal through valleys to the hamlets still;
In gardens old, rose-haunted, dim, they fill
Their packs with perfumes, blossom-sweet;
Then down the roads of earth on shadow feet
They go, by murmuring river and by rill
To citied plains, to peopled vale and hill,
To scatter beauty down each careless street.

A mother smiles, recalling love's first day;
A lover dreams of one fair as a rose;
And one with pain gray-eyed sinks back to rest;
An exile pauses in a crowded way
And sees again a homeland garden-close—
The twilight winds are busy on their quest!

The Quadricentennial of Luther at Worms

A Review of the Event Which Marked the Beginning of the Modern Age

By JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER, D.D., LL.D.

THE 18th of April, 1921, will be the 400th anniversary of Luther's famous stand at Worms—an act which more than any other perhaps in history has challenged the interest and admiration of mankind. The powerful forces arrayed against him, the vital importance of the questions involved; and the unflinching courage of the chief actor, make it unrivalled in importance and fascination.

The dearest interests of mankind were on that fateful day trembling in the balance. These opposing forces, crystallized into Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, are still living issues. Protestantism, there born, has become the leading religious power in the most enlightened nations. And as it and Romanism are still dividing the church of Christ, it is of utmost value that Christians recall the scene, restudy the issues, and form clear and definite convictions respecting them.

These had been gradually assuming a definite form. While the world was sleeping, and the dominance of the powerful Romish ecclesiastical organization never seemed more firmly entrenched, a modest pious monk, gifted with a keen intellect, and a remarkable religious inspiration, had been carefully studying the gospel teachings of Christ and St. Paul's interpretation of Christianity. Looking out from his monastery upon the ecclesiastical world, and confronted by the traffic which Tetzel was carrying on in Indulgences under Papal authority, he was convinced that the gospel teachings were thereby vitiated to the delusion of the people and the hurt of souls.

Hence, October 31, 1517, he nailed his 95 theses against indulgences as a means of remitting sin, on the doors of the Cathedral at Wittenberg. No one was more surprised than Luther when these theses "flew everywhere throughout Europe, as though the angels of God had been their messengers." From that generative act, developments hurried quickly. Pope Leo X, at first disregarded Luther, but warned by Erasmus, the Papal Legate and others, of Luther's piety, ability, and large following, he determined to avert the danger by issuing a Bull of Excommunication. This was so severe that it would have crushed an ordinary protestant. But Luther was of a different quality. At the head of a procession of students, he committed the Bull to the flames in the Wittenberg Square. This bold, dramatic act rallied so many to his side that it was impossible to carry the Bull into effect. And so Luther was summoned to make answer before an ecclesiastical Diet at Worms.

THE issues in brief were: Papal Indulgences; or true repentance, as the means of the forgiveness of sins. The authority of the Pope, and the Infallibility of Ecclesiastical Councils; or the supreme authority of the Word of God. The power to interpret the Scriptures; whether pertaining to the Church, or the prerogative of the conscience. The liberty of the individual; or the absolute sovereignty of Pope and Councils. The spirituality of religion; or its essence in masses, satisfactions and outward works. The simplicity of public worship; to be conducted not in an unknown Latin tongue, but in the language of the common people, Christian Liberty more vital than an cast-iron visible unity.

The Diet was staged in the most august style, so as, by the tremendous display of force, to reduce the rebellious monk to submission. Charles the Fifth, the youthful Emperor, sat upon a throne, surrounded by the Papal Legate, Cardinals, Archbishops, Princes, Electors and Generals, and the hall was crowded by a vast multitude.

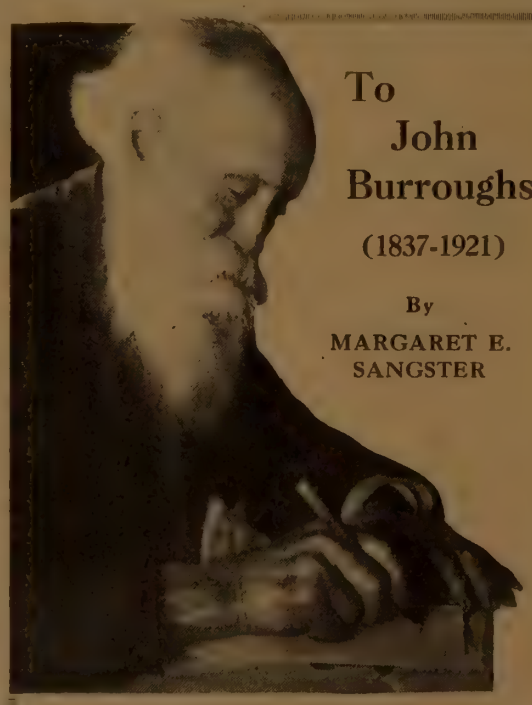
Luther had been greatly encouraged by the crowds who gathered to cheer him, as he passed through the various cities on his journey. Warned that his safe conduct would be violated, as the Emperor Sigismund's to Huss at the Diet of Constance had been, he made the dauntless reply: "Though there be as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses, yet will I go thither." As he entered the hall, there was a great stir to see the monk who had caused such a world commotion.

Summoned to the platform prepared for him, he saw a pile of his books, whose titles were read, and which he was asked to retract. D'Aubigny, in his "History of the Reformation," says that Luther "made answer in a low and humble voice, without any vehemence, but with gentleness and mildness and in a manner full of respect and diffidence, yet with much joy and Christian firmness." He began: "Most serene Emperor and illustrious Princes and gracious Lords: I this day appear before you in all humility according to your command, and I implore your Majesty and your August Highness to listen with favor to the defense of a cause, which I am well assured is just and right. I ask pardon if, by reason of my ignorance, I am wanting in the manners that befit a court, for I have not been brought up in kings' palaces, but in the seclusion of a cloister." He then proceeded to detail the corrupt teachings and practices which had become current in the church, befouling her courts, contradicting the simple faith of the gospel, and misleading the souls of the people.

WHEN Luther closed, the Emperor who did not like German, asked him to repeat his defence in Latin. Luther, exhausted by his effort before so splendid an assembly, says, "I was bathed in sweat, and standing in the center of the princes." But having taken a few minutes' breathing spell, he repeated his address in Latin with undiminished power." The Chancellor then addressed him: "You are not to question the decisions of the Councils; you are required to return a distinct answer: Will you, or will you not retract?" To this Luther promptly made reply: "I cannot submit my faith to the Pope or Councils, because it is as clear as noonday that they have fallen into error, and even into glaring contradictions of themselves. If then, I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scripture, or by cogent reasons, I neither can nor will retract anything, for if is neither right nor safe for a Christian to sin against his conscience."

This positive refusal and the eloquence and power of Luther overawed the great assembly. The Emperor at once arose and dissolved the Diet. There was a great confusion and uproar of angry disputants, in the midst of which Luther rushed to the front of the platform, and in a loud voice heard above the din, uttered the immortal words: "*Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, God help me, Amen!*" As Luther passed out, he held up his hands and cried joyously: "I am through! I am through!" His friends, and especially the great Elector Frederick who had taken him under protection, crowded about to congratulate him, proud of his splendid defense, and of the favorable impression he had made. He left Worms indeed the conqueror.

That memorable day and answer, were the birth of the Reformation. That the movement succeeded, when every previous reform had failed, was owing, under God, to the wise and wonderful leadership of Luther. His personality was a marvelously composite one. Heine said that he combined qualities generally considered irreconcilable. He was a theologian and a statesman; a severe student and lively and humorous in society; the foremost preacher; a translator of the Scriptures and a hymnologist; a terrible champion in battle, yet gentle and tender in the home, loving the play of little children about him; firmly orthodox, yet a lover of the mystic writers; fond of the fine arts and of music, relieving his wearing studies by singing to his lute beneath the stars. No wonder that so great, wise and indomitable a leader became the giant founder of Protestantism, the author of civil and religious liberty; and the creator of the modern age.



To John Burroughs

(1837-1921)

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

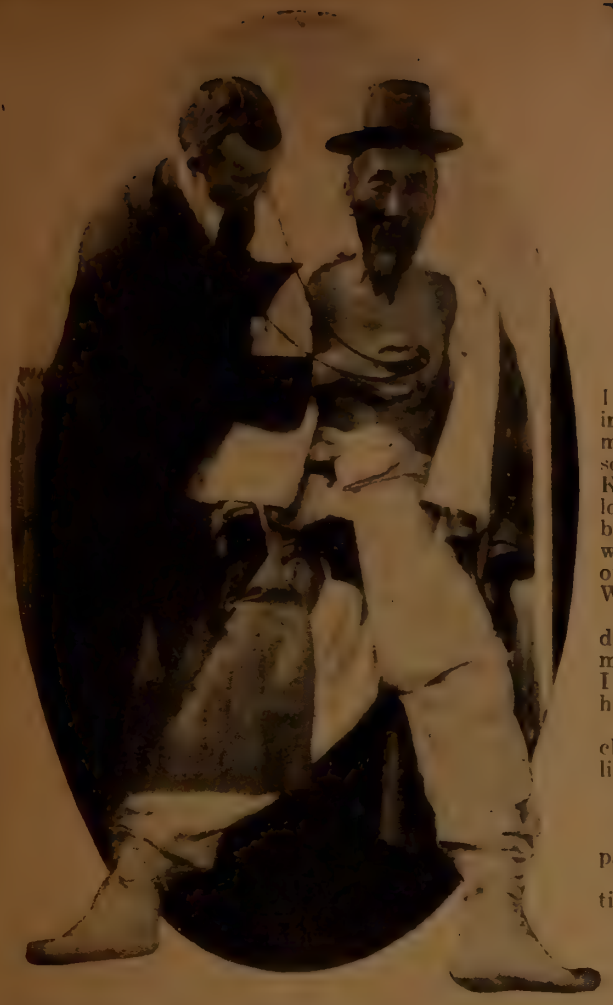
I THINK *that he had rather go,*
Swiftly, like birds that nest
At twilight, when the sun sinks low,
Upon some tree's kind breast.
I think that he had rather sleep,
He who so loved to roam,
When night time silences hung deep—
And he was nearing home!

The forests that he loved so well,
The bees whose song he knew,
The secrets he alone could tell
Of everything that grew,
Are, in this day, his monument
And his enduring fame . . .
An earth man, he—by Heaven lent
To bless his Maker's name!

When Buddhist Nuns Read "Buffalo Bill"

The Ninth Article in a Series on "New Worlds"

By WILLARD PRICE



No wonder this Korean looks pleased. Who would not prefer a medical missionary with stethoscope to a native doctor with red-hot needles

"HOW did you like America?"

An American put the question to a Korean student who had just returned to the Land of the Morning Calm from a visit to the United States.

"Not very much," answered the young man. "You see, America hasn't anything fit to eat, and has many abominable customs, such as eating with a knife and fork, while the language sounded to me like the twittering of sparrows and the chattering of magpies."

"But were you not impressed with our great cities, like New York and Chicago?"

"Oh, yes," with a condescending nod, "as cities go. They are big, but the streets of New York smell horribly, while Chicago was so noisy, I thought I would go deaf."

He was glad to get home to Korea. But even this joy was disturbed by the fact that he did not find Korea as peaceful as it had been when he left.

For even this "hermit country" is fast losing its identity as the Land of the Morning Calm, and is becoming the Land of the Noon-Day Glare. The sun of civilization, with its fierce power for good and evil, is beating down upon it, warming it into life in some places, scorching it to a dead crisp in others.

IN SEARCH of the old Korea, I asked a native friend to take me to some part of the country still untouched by modernism. Leaving car tracks and asphalt behind, we struck off into the interior.

One night we spent in a Buddhist nunnery in the heart of a forest. It seemed certain that no modern influence could ever have penetrated here.

Hospitably received by a sister whose name sounded like "Doublechin," we left our shoes at the door, padded about in our stocking feet, sat on our heels on the floor, and presently our supper was brought in on a tray and set on the floor between us.

We took our chopsticks and went to work. Those who have never tried to eat a man-size meal with chopsticks do not know what real work is.

The meal consisted of rice and seven kinds of pickles—pickled mushrooms, pickled seaweed, pickled cabbage, pickled spinach, pickled beans, pickled pine nuts, pickled millet seeds and pickled maple leaves. Also a little fried seaweed, blistered until it looked like alligator skin, was put before us as a special delicacy.

No meats. The Buddhist nuns were strict vegetarians. An animal, they believed, might be a reincarnated ancestor, and it would be a terrible thing inadvertently to devour an ancestor.

No spoons, no knives, no forks, no napkins, no table or chairs, no glass windows, no pictures of Warren G. Harding on the wall, no newspaper, no telephone, no phonograph—nothing, apparently, that was western or modern. Surely, I thought, we had come to the right place to find primitive Korean life.

After supper we were shown to our sleeping-room—I can hardly call it a bedroom, for there was no bed in it. The room was simply furnished, to put it mildly. Absolutely the only furnishings consisted of some wooden blocks lying on the stone floor. My Korean friend explained that these blocks were pillows. The Korean sleeps on a stone floor, without blankets or padding of any kind, with a block of wood under the back of his neck, his head lopping over. This is the Korean's idea of comfort. To the Westerner, it is decidedly *solid* comfort.

With the hip-bruising satisfaction that I had at last discovered a spot in the world never invaded by modern notions, I finally fell asleep. About midnight I was awakened by a glare of light. The paper door had fallen open a little and a light was shining in.

There, across the narrow court, was Sister "Doublechin," hunched up, reading a modern book by the light of a modern coal-oil lamp!

I nudged my Korean companion.

"What's she reading?" I asked.

He peered across at the large Korean symbol on the paper cover of the book.

"It's Buffalo Bill," he said. "Our Korean translation."

"Where did she get that lamp?"

"That's the lamp the Standard Oil Company sells over here for eight cents," he replied. "And it's Standard Oil she's burning in it."

And there she sat, a Buddhist nun in the heart of primitive Korea, where you sleep on a stone floor with a wooden block for a pillow, and can't eat meat for fear of eating an ancestor—there she was reading an American thriller by the light of Standard Oil!

THERE is scarcely a territorial pie left in the world into which the Western Jack Horner has not stuck in his thumb and pulled out his financial plum.

The first electric car line in the capital of Korea was built by an American. The long-skirted conductors on the cars use coin registers made in Chicago.

When this trolley line was first put into operation, a drought occurred. The sky blazed and the earth rolled up clouds of dust. Day followed day with no sign of rain, and the paddy fields were parched.

What could be the trouble? Farmers flocked to the geomancers and ground-prophets. The answer of these seers was: "The devil that runs the thunder and lightning wagons has caused the drought."

Mobs attacked the trolley cars, rolled one over, set fire to another and exploded the tracks. Soon after this, rain fell, and men smiled at each other, well satisfied that they had given the trolley-devil a terrible fright.

The American who introduced the trolley went on to build the first fine road in Korea, over which American motorcycles speed today. He also built the first railway. All the glass in the first railway coaches was soon broken by excited passengers thrusting out their heads without first raising the window. The Koreans knew nothing of glass. A material so invisible that one could see through it, and yet so solid that it would bruise one's head, was beyond their comprehension.

Finally the same expedient which had been adopted in near-by Japan was adopted. A white strip was painted at eye-level across each window in order that the Korean might have a constant reminder of the reality of the unseen! It was effective for glass and passengers.

Hats for married men, loosely woven so the matrimonial top-knot may be seen

A MORE serious difficulty was the propensity of Koreans for lying down between the tracks at night. Since the stone road-bed was exactly as comfortable as the Korean stone bed, and the iron rail was the exact height and width of the Korean pillow, travelers on warm summer evenings would save the cost of a room at the inn and would drop down on this luxurious outdoor couch to spend the night. They knew that trains rarely ran at night. But occasionally a special would be sent out, and the task of the engineer was a harrowing one as he peered anxiously ahead, watching for a white form across the track and a head lopping backward over the rail. The bell must be kept going and the whistle blowing lustily to awaken the slumberers, who would sit up and rub their eyes in the glare of the headlights, while the train, with grinding brakes, came to a heavy stop within a few yards of them.

Sometimes the slumberer did not awake and the train could not stop. Several decapitations were reported to the authorities before the Koreans decided that track-sleeping, although a very delicious and tempting luxury, was on the whole imprudent.

There are more than a thousand miles of railroad in Korea today. Along the main line the natives are now quite accustomed to the devil-carriages. On every trip hundreds of Korean men, all lit up in their white or baby-blue gowns and fly-trap hats tied daintily under the chin, board cars made in Wilmington, Delaware, drawn by a locomotive made in Philadelphia over steel rails from South Chicago, loll in the first-class carriages, wield their knives and forks in the diner, eat American ice-cream, and look out with *blasé* air upon the forty-miles-an-hour panorama of scenery as if they had been used to this sort of thing all their lives.

TRAVEL has taught Korea that her old map of the world is out of date—the map which showed Korea as the center of the world surrounded by the kingdom of the Three-Headed People, the Land of Fire-Eaters, the Fork-Tongued People and the Round-Eyed Cyclops Kingdom.

Even the picturesque costume of the Korean is undergoing change. The married man's hat, loosely woven like wire window-screening so that the breezes come and go through it, and one may look into it and see the matrimonial top-knot, is being abandoned in favor of the hotter and less comfortable Western straw.

The modern Korean cuts short his hair. An old-time Korean would consider that quite as serious as cutting one's throat. Many are the superstitions that are coiled in with the top-knot; and to sever the strands is to sever with all the past and bring down the terrible wrath of the many millions of Korea's gods.

The shoes of Korea were either cheap straw sandals which would wear out in a week's time, or immense] gondola-shaped wooden shoes, somewhat like the shoes of Holland, but raised up from one to three inches from the ground on cleats of wood. The purpose of this elevation was that the shoes might not get soiled or the feet wet in muddy weather. The leather shoe is now invading the land. Korean young men have found that by tacking metal heel plates not only on the heels but all over the soles of their leather shoes, this footgear will last long enough to be more economical than the perishable straw sandals.

White gowns have been almost universally worn

Continued on page 298

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

The Family Altar

IN a recent Two-Day evangelistic meeting the editor of the Christian Herald asked an audience of 1,000 people, mostly church members, to tell him by a show of hands how many of them were brought up in homes where the Family Altar was the custom. Nearly every hand went up. But when the question was asked, "How many of you have a Family Altar in your own homes?" fewer than 50 hands went up out of 1,000 church people.

Is this a fair percentage, true of all church people today? If it is, we have one reason out of others, for the absence of prayer in our churches, the ignorance of the Bible text and the "hit or miss" habits of thousands of families in their home life.

It has been said that one reason for the dropping of family worship out of American home life is due to a reaction from a form of prayer that was more or less unreal and hypocritical. But when one questions the people who were reared in homes where the Altar was a daily custom, one seldom hears any one criticize the way in which it was conducted. Most grown people today recall the old family worship with respect, and regret that it has passed out.

The real reason is twofold: the hurry and irregularity of American homes in which all hours are kept for meals and assembling the whole family together; and the reluctance on the part of the father to assume the place of the priest of the family.

The trouble is that the Family Altar is not started just as soon as the first child is born, or rather, on the very first day of the married life. That is the place to make a beginning. It would be very embarrassing for thousands of good men, members of churches, to say to a family of grown-up children: "We will begin tomorrow morning to have family worship." Very many would not know what to do, and thousands of church members have never prayed aloud in the presence of their own wife and children.

The Christian Herald will welcome letters from its readers on this vital subject. Answer briefly these three questions:

1. Do you have a Family Altar?
2. How do you conduct it?
3. Is it possible and necessary in every Home?

Please send letters direct to the editor.

CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Spiritual Forces

THE world is waiting for spiritual forces to save it from material defeat. Greed, race feeling, political intrigue, national jealousy, misunderstanding, injustice, hate, ill-will, and selfish passion are powerful forces to destroy material happiness. The Allies and Germany are struggling over the matter of indemnity. Great Britain and Ireland are engaged in a war so bitter and irreconcilable that the term "civil" war is necessary to describe the actual conditions. Russia is an enigma of all the human passions let loose against herself and the rest of mankind. Austria presents the spectacle of a nation holding a Belshazzar feast in a graveyard. China starves to death in the north, and exports shiploads of rare merchandise in the south. The United States spends annually 22 times as much for luxuries as for higher education. Labor and Capital face each other as foes instead of friends. While the people of all countries stagger under war debts that will require three generations to pay, 800,000,000 persons crowd the theaters annually in this country, and churches of 1,000 membership count less than 100 regular attendants once a week at a prayer meeting. Ten million farmers, it is estimated, have abandoned their farms during the last ten years, and thousands of unemployed walk the streets of overcrowded cities and refuse to till the soil at any price.

And over all this stirring of the human passions and weaknesses and frailities of human kind, the average economist, legislator, senator, politician, editor and professional reformer stands bewildered, or at least with no uniform or positive program for betterment or enlightenment. The material world is living in a tremendous crisis and the material man has no salvation to hold out better than material forces blundering along their stupid, ever-defeated course.

It is a good time in the history of this world for the Christian to test his Master's teaching. Jesus said: "Whatsoever ye ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." He said, "Be of good cheer! I have overcome the world!" If the material forces can not save the material world of politics and industry and international adjustment from material defeat, let spiritual forces perform the miracle.

It looks like an impossible task to settle happily the troubles between Great Britain and Ireland. It looks like a wild dream to think of ill-will disappearing from the Balkans. There are any number of pessimists to tell us that the bitterness between Germany and France can never pass away, and that the German mind will never change or improve. And even members of churches will openly express their doubt as to the possibility of a world brotherhood.

But now is the testing-time of the Christian faith. Have we believed a myth or an impossible ideal all these years? Did Jesus speak a lie when He said He would draw all men to Himself? Is it true that love is going down to defeat before hate? Is it a fact that material forces are superior to spiritual forces?

Pastors and church members of America, the time has come to test the power of spiritual forces! The material forces have failed.

Bring up the Spiritual!
Pray without ceasing!
Exalt Jesus!
And give spiritual forces the right of way!
Let there be less preaching and more praying!
Less oratory and more heart faith!
Break down the formal programs of ecclesiasticism!
Lift up the Cross of the Redeemer!
Hold out the hand of Brotherhood!
Level the false distinctions of race!
And give spiritual forces the right of way to straighten out a crooked and distracted world!

The One Response

THE editor-in-chief of the Christian Herald has had the great privilege during the last six months of meeting audiences of the American people in more than half the states of the Union. He has spoken to all sorts of people in mass meetings on Sunday and week days, in country and city, in educational and industrial centers, and at a safe computation has talked to people of every political and religious faith.

And the one thing which has impressed him is the assurance that the people of this country want disarmament. Every time the subject has been mentioned, even so radically as to having the United States step out alone and lay down her arms, there has been an instant response of approval. Even in churches on Sunday morning, where applause is generally unknown, there has been an instant response. The people have not applauded any speaker, but the sentiment expressed calling for the cessation of war, and the making of war material.

There is no question in the editor's mind that the people of this country want disarmament. A majority of them want it. Counting out the politicians and militarists and the people who live off of the manufacture of war supplies, this country wants to go out of the war business. If the Tax-payer could vote on it today he would vote to disarm.

"Question!" Are you ready for the question? All in favor of disarmament say Aye!

"Aye!" says the American people. The ayes have it. The motion is carried!

Sword or Cross?

WHEN Jesus, in one of His last talks with His disciples, told them that "the Prince of this world cometh, and he hath nothing in me," he uttered a tremendous truth. As the crisis of His earthly ministry was approaching, He clearly foresaw the crowning effort of the powers of evil for His destruction. Soon the divine Head was to be bowed under the shadow of the Cross. The same evil power which had outraged humanity for thousands of years, wrought upon the jealous Jewish priesthood to give Him over to death, and even stirred up the very multitudes who had acclaimed Him as King, to cry for His blood.

That the teaching of Jesus and also of His disciples was opposed to war, can not be successfully questioned by anyone who reads the Gospel record. Yet it has ever been the world's way and also that of the Church to approve war, the latter it is true, with occasional reluctance. But these reluctant episodes were usually short-lived. Ultimately the Church has yielded and "the Prince of this world" had his way. The promise of world-power and dominion which the Saviour rejected has never been turned aside, but has been eagerly grasped by so-called Christian civilization.

These reflections, which have been in the minds of thoughtful Christians during the great world war and the chaos that now follows it, are stimulated anew by a timely little volume, entitled "The Sword or the Cross," just issued by the Christian Century Press, Chicago. It discusses in frank and unbiased terms the question which of the two—Sword or Cross—should be the weapon of the Christian militant. "Shall we use the weapons of violence and bloodshed, or is there a more effective weapon available?" the writer asks. It is a fair question and probably the most urgent one before the Church today. Is there no better use for human beings than to be moved like pawns and sacrificed by thousands to gain a given point? There is no possibility of idealizing war. It can not be refined. It is simply, as Henry Emerson Fosdick has declared, "using the finest qualities in human life to make a hell on earth."

"Six years ago," writes Kirby Page, the author of the book, "it was generally believed that the Church was opposed to war. It was—in theory. It remained so until crowned heads and other rulers made declarations and mobilized their fighting men. Then the Church did what it has consistently done for a thousand years—it flung itself unreservedly into the struggle." *"Can it be that the Church has been wrong in holding this attitude toward war?"* He is almost inclined to answer in the negative. But although war, at the moment of its inception, may be said to be favored by the majority, the still more searching question arises whether the majority is infallible. Majorities, including the Church and the governments, have opposed and persecuted many of the world's greatest benefactors—men who brought new light to bear on science, men eminent in religion, and in the great movement for human freedom, as well as in needed reforms and in many other lines of world progress. Every student of history knows it; surely the majority is not infallible!

What might have been the history of the last twenty centuries if the Church had consistently opposed war? The writer of this book reminds us again of the teachings of Jesus, many of them still but dimly comprehended or even wholly misunderstood. The "sword," of which He spoke in Matt. 10 : 34 and Luke 22 : 36, was to mark the line of division between right and wrong, to make a cleavage, not in the bodies of men, but in the ancient philosophies and age-old customs, and especially in the interpretation of religion. His teachings to His followers, His rejection of the Tempter's lure of worldly greatness and power, His new standard of love and kindness, of forgiveness, of brotherhood, were all against war and bloodshed. His Kingdom was not one of power and possessions and mighty armies and wars. It is, as clearly as His words could express it, a Kingdom in the hearts of men who place love and faith and kindness and mercy above all the prizes of the world, with its fightings and conquests. This was the meaning accepted in the early Church. Has the modern Church wholly forgotten the glorious vision?

We commend this little volume to the careful study of our readers, preferring that they should learn the author's conclusions. It is timely and inspirational.

More Good Signs

IT WAS in one of the largest motion-picture houses in New England. It was full of well-dressed, respectable looking people. They looked like the average audience in an average city church. And most of them had come to see a picture which had been widely advertised as the best and most refined that had ever been made.

But after the regular world-travel pictures had been shown, a vulgar comedy was thrown on the screen, in which religion was travestied and the work of the mission was ridiculed. The audience sat silent and with apparent disapproval.

Following the so-called comedy two people came out on the stage and danced a vulgar dance and recited a still more vulgar dialogue. And again the large audience sat silent and refused to call the actors back. During the war or immediately after it, the same exhibition of vulgarity and irreverence would have been followed by wild applause.

Are the people becoming ashamed of themselves? It begins to look as if some of them were. It would have been better if the entire audience had risen and gone out, after expressing disapproval. But its silence was at least a hint of the fact that the people are beginning to think a little.

The bad film is on trial.

So are the people!

The World News of the Week

Former Emperor Charles Tries to Regain Throne of Hungary

FORMER Emperor Charles, weary of exile, believed his reappearance in Hungary was all that was necessary to start a movement which would restore him to the throne of the Hapsburgs, to which he never has surrendered his claims. Ignoring Allied opposition and the fact that the chief purpose of the Little Entente of Roumania, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia was to prevent such an event, he slipped across the frontier from his refuge in Switzerland and motored by easy stages to Budapest, confident that the population would receive him enthusiastically and rally to his support.

His adventure was regarded by the friends of monarchy as a "great calamity," and the reception of the former monarch was not all according to his expectations, but it caused great agitation among the neighboring governments. On the way to Budapest, Charles met Premier Teleky of Hungary, who attempted vainly to persuade him to leave the country at once. Arriving in Budapest, according to the press accounts, he exchanged his civilian garb for a general's uniform, went to the king's private rooms in the royal palace and summoned Admiral Horthy, the Regent, to his presence. The Admiral, a monarchist, returned word that he was the head of the Hungarian state and no one had a right to send for him, but later he held a three-hour conference with Charles, at which he accepted Hungary's highest military decoration, but declared he would offer armed resistance to any attempt to overthrow his régime. Charles at last consented to leave the country, but halted in West Hungary, where he was surrounded by a court of officers who pledged the army's support. A plea of illness was offered to excuse his stay. Government officials promised he would depart at once, but Charles's adherents asserted he intended to persist in his adventure.

The Little Entente made vigorous representations to Hungary against the restoration of Charles. Roumania and Jugoslavia concentrated strong forces along the Hungarian frontier, ready for armed intervention on short notice. Italy was said to be in thorough accord with the stand of the Little Entente, holding that Charles never would be content with the present boundaries of Hungary, and that he would be certain to attempt to regain the provinces which have been detached from his former empire.

Charles apparently entered upon his adventure without consultation with the men now in control in Austria and Hungary; and many believed his attempted coup had made it impossible that he should ever regain the throne, since it showed an irresponsible character. Showing the extent of the fall of the Hapsburgs was the appearance of Archduke Leopold Ferdinand of Hapsburg-Lothringen in a trashy sketch in a Berlin cabaret at the time his nephew was making his reckless attempt to regain a throne.

Viviani Begins Parleys

RENE VIVIANI, former premier of France, has arrived in America and has presented to President Harding his credentials as envoy extraordinary, but official information regarding the proposals which he will make to the new administration was withheld. His first call at the White House was purely ceremonial and was preceded by a conference of more than an hour with Secretary Hughes in which Ambassador Jusserand and Henry P. Fletcher, under-Secretary of State, also participated. The Ambassador served as interpreter, since M. Viviani does not speak English and Mr. Harding does not speak French.

One point M. Viviani will attempt to convey to President Harding is the belief of French officials that a separate peace between the United States and Germany would so encourage the Germans that they would seek in every way possible to evade their obligations under the Versailles Treaty, and that the entire withdrawal of the United States from the post-war settlements might lead to the collapse of Europe. If a separate peace should be made he would ask that it be accompanied by a declaration of American support of the insistence of the Allies that Germany live up to her Treaty obligations.

At a conference between the President and Senator Lodge it was decided to place the adoption of Senator Knox's resolution for a separate peace on the program for the coming extra session of Congress. Some declaration placing the United States on record as upholding the Allied efforts to enforce the Versailles Treaty is to be affixed, under present plans, but it is to be milder in tone than Senator Knox originally intended and will scarcely go far enough to afford all the assurance France desires. Any doubts regarding America's position, however, were removed by the despatch of a note to Berlin announcing Germany must make reparations to the extent of her ability.

Underwood & Underwood

THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS ARE OPEN AGAIN TO THE PUBLIC

And full advantage is being taken of the opportunity to view the presidential mansion at close range. Here you see a part of the great throng of children which took possession of the lawn on the Monday after Easter for the first Easter egg rolling since 1917

Harding Considers Railroad Situation

PRESIDENT HARDING has taken up the railroad situation in an attempt to avert the serious labor troubles which are threatened, and while his program has not been outlined definitely it was predicted he would send a message on this subject to the special session of Congress. The President spent more than two hours in conference with Chairman Clark of the Interstate Commerce Commission and Chairman Barton of the Railroad Labor Board, receiving not only information regarding conditions but suggestions for remedial measures. Railroad managers and leaders of the employees were to be heard in later conferences.

Each road has been dealing with its own employees regarding reductions in wages and changes in working conditions—a course which involves long delay in the settlement of the controversy. Employees appealed to the President to call a conference of railroad executives and labor unions to settle such problems, after the executives had negatived such a proposal made through the Labor Board. One of the obstacles to a settlement has been the inability of the opposing factions to get together, and Mr. Harding might be able to overcome this handicap.

Chairman Clark was said to have taken the position that rates should be lowered in order to stimulate traffic, but that it was impossible to do this while operating costs, of which wages form such a large part, remained at their present level. It was predicted several railroads would go into receiverships by July unless a solution is found, the expected increase in traffic with the opening of Spring having failed to improve the finances of the lines. In some quarters there was a belief that the employees would accept reasonable wage cuts and the modification of objectionable working rules if the principle of collective bargaining was recognized, and that such a course promised the speediest solution of the controversy.

International

HOW LARGE WILL THE AIRLPANE OF THE FUTURE BE?

This huge Caproni flying-boat, which can carry 100 passengers, recently was wrecked in Italy, but it is to be rebuilt and may attempt a transatlantic flight. Its wings span 100 feet and its cabin is 66 feet long

Germany Again Defies Allies

WITH the imposition of further penalties to force German acceptance of reparations demands awaiting the assembling a new Allied conference, the Berlin government again has defied the Allies, this time on disarmament measures.

At the recent conference of premiers in Paris a note was sent to Berlin demanding that Germany surrender the arms still due under the Versailles Treaty, disarm certain fortresses and give guarantees that war materials would be manufactured only in certain factories named by the Allies. The German reply asserted that all arms really due had been handed over and that the Allied figures were wrong by a million rifles; and denied the right of the Allies to forbid the manufacture of arms in factories not on the approved list, despite a specific treaty provision to that effect. It asserted that all the disarmament provisions had been fulfilled and offered to submit to an arbitration tribunal the points in dispute, a course which involve the Allies in all sorts of difficulties in seeking to enforce the treaty. Regarding the disarmament of the Eastern fortresses, Berlin sent a flat refusal, declaring the surrender of the arms in those citadels to be "impossible in view of present events in the East."

The Council of Ambassadors took up the German notes on disarmament and reparations, but no important action was scheduled until the Allied Premiers meet again, probably not long before May 1.

Order Restored in Germany

THE Communist revolt in Germany, which at no time had given promise of overturning the Ebert government, nevertheless died hard. Crushed in one town, it broke out in another and the government has had to be constantly on the alert. The opposition of organized labor to the Communist program and refusals by workers to heed calls for a general strike kept the disorders from assuming revolutionary proportions.

For a couple of days Berlin wore a battlefield aspect, with troops occupying the Wilhelmstrasse, which was closed to all traffic, and with the approaches to public buildings barricaded with barbed-wire entanglements. These measures were taken because of fears of a general strike, but such precautions proved unnecessary and the city soon was restored to its normal appearance.

Just when it seemed the Communist movement had collapsed altogether, there was a flare-up in various parts of the country and in one day more than 100 persons were killed in the renewal of the fighting. The more serious disorders were in Western Germany, the industrial districts where the Red strength is greatest, and the ferment spread to the occupied zone, particularly to the area held by the Belgians. In Duesseldorff the Allied officers returned arms to the police so they could defend the city against insurgents; and in Essen, within the range of the Allied guns, order was restored after fighting, in which fifteen Communists were killed and forty wounded in a day.

John Burroughs Dies

JOHN BURROUGHS, world-famous naturalist and writer on nature topics, died suddenly on a train in Ohio while returning from California to his home overlooking the Hudson river, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Death came without warning, although he had been in a hospital for treatment recently, and he was talking to his physician-biographer when he fell dead. Burial was made on the eighty-fourth anniversary of his birth, near the spot where he was born.

Mr. Burroughs was a close friend of

Continued on page 299

The Spirit of the Master

A Sermon by REV. B. F. SAXON*

TEXT.—Matt. 5:22. *"But I say unto you——"*

THE words "But I say unto you" are repeated five times in the first part of the Sermon on the Mount. This sermon, which is really the charter of the Heavenly Commonwealth, sets the moral standard and prescribes the religious duties of the Christian religion. In the first part of this remarkable discourse, five different references are made to the Mosaic Law, demanding not only its fulfilment, but in each case carrying that fulfilment beyond the letter into the realm of the spirit of the law.

The point is, that nothing is abrogated or annulled, but, rather, exceeded. Each "But I say unto you" is a commentary on the statement, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." The thought of Jesus is that to the degree of this excess, His followers were to be "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world." With this in mind, let us take up these five references in the order in which they are given.

Jesus says there are three stages of anger, the last of which may culminate in breaking the sixth commandment. These stages are, first, being angry with our brother; second, using an expression of abuse implying that he is negatively bad, that is, without goodness; third, asserting that he is positively wicked. These are the underlying distinctions, which are not so clearly suggested by the words "Raca" and "fool", in our English translation. The morality of Jesus leads back along the stream of anger quite a way from the precipice marked by the danger signal, "Thou shalt not kill," and does not stop even at the point of not being at odds with our brother; but He says if we should remember anything that might cause our brother to be angry, we must immediately seek to destroy that cause—in other words, we must close up the spring. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar,"—give up for a time even the most sacred activity of your life,—"and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." The thought is not one of forgiveness. That subject is not under discussion; but the idea conveyed is that the very excuse for anger must be destroyed.

During a summer vacation six years ago, I began to build a little cottage on the shore of a mountain lake, and although everything else was ideal, I could find no spring of water on my lot. For six summers I searched with hazel twigs and dug in vain. But last fall a road was run along the side of the mountain, and on visiting the place I found that from the upper bank at one spot, a number of tiny streams issued forth. Going farther up among the rocks and trees, I carefully sounded with a crowbar and finally succeeded in locating the long-sought spring, just six inches below the surface of the ground! A syphon from this spring would furnish water to a house ten stories high on the lake-side. As the mountain in this case covered its spring, so the Christian should control his temper that he "sin not," and never must his anger rise against his brother.

THE marriage relation was held very loosely in the time of Jesus. Not only did He sustain the ancient law as given in the seventh commandment, but He also clearly stated the one ground upon which a divorce could be granted. On that ground, no follower of His would ever think of going to Reno. It is not our purpose here to speak of the social evil, nor of the ever-growing multitude of divorces in our day and land, which are not approved by the teaching of this passage; but we would emphasize the fact that the righteousness which exceeds the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees is one that has to do with a man's secret thoughts. Jesus explicitly states that the wanton eye and the lustful hand cannot be brought into the Kingdom of Heaven, *i.e.*, the Christian life. He says that if either the right eye or the right hand offend in this connection it were better to lose them,—"it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."

Paul, catching the meaning of the Master, exclaims, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." Later on, in the same epistle, he repeats the question, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" And the innermost shrine of that temple—"the meditation of the heart"—must be pure.

Up at Kensico, near the breast of the great reservoir from which comes a part of New York City's water, there is a field of fountains. Multitudes of sprays spring into the air and sunlight, and then the water, thus purified, rushes into the conduits which carry it to the homes of the city. Having stood and looked at it there, clothed in white, dancing in the light, and crowned with all the colors of the rainbow, the resident ever after raises a glass of nature's beverage to his lips with keener relish. In like manner, Jesus would have us treat our thoughts, lifting them at their fountain above the level of the earth, where His spirit may breathe upon them, His light shine through them, and His beauty crown them. Then, when they manifest themselves in our home and social life, there will be no fear of contamination or curse.

FROM Jewish writings we have abundant evidence that the people to whom Jesus spoke were accustomed to hearing, even in common conversation, the frequent use of oaths. An oath was, and is today, a most solemn obligation to tell the truth or keep a promise. When an oath is taken, an impression of absolute sincerity is meant to be conveyed. Therefore, one who is anxious to have a falsehood pass without suspicion is apt to clothe it with this sacred obligation. Against this practice stood the third commandment, and the law was repeated in Leviticus,—"Ye shall not swear by my name falsely." The keeping of this law constituted a part of the "righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees." They told the truth under oath. When they spoke in italics they could be believed.

Going far beyond this, the morality of Jesus requires that the Christian be habitually sincere. Rather than having to be "put upon his honor" on certain occasions, honor becomes a foundation stone in the house where he continually resides. Ever candid in speech, always honest in business, never failing in his promises and obligations, and absolutely true in all his relations of life, the Christian's word is as good as his bond, and his communication needs only the simple "yea, yea; nay, nay."

It is not necessary for the lion to growl—at least, not strenuously—in order to convey an impression; there is no call for a Chinaman to swear to his orientalism; no heavenly doorman needs to stand at the gates of dawn to announce the coming of the sun. Just so, the Christian's character for honesty and integrity vouches for itself.

THE fourth "But I say unto you" had always seemed to me to introduce a change. It sounded like abrogation rather than increased emphasis. The ancient law, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," appeared to be diametrically opposed to the new law, "Resist not evil."

When I first considered the subject of this sermon, it was "The Annulments of Jesus." Then, in the very beginning of my study of this chapter, I came upon the words, "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." The mistake is often made in taking the apparent teaching of an isolated passage, and not studying it in relation to its context as a harmonious whole.

What was the spirit of the law, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"? Very evidently, it was intended to prevent the exaction of more than an equivalent to the misfortune suffered. It was as though it had read, "Only one eye for an eye and one tooth for a tooth." We see, therefore, that it was a law that did not demand retaliation, but that it headed in the opposite direction. As far as it went it was a good law, and those who kept it were deserving of credit. This will be apparent when we consider what a large place was given to the spirit of revenge in the life of ancient and primitive peoples. It was a common religious belief among many of them, that the soul of one who had been murdered could not rest in peace until his death had been fully avenged. Indeed, we do not have to go back to ancient history for illustrations of a trait which seems to be inherent in the human breast. We are told that after the Restoration in England, the body of Cromwell was taken from Westminster and hanged on a gallows at Tyburn.

Jesus says that we shall turn the other cheek, give the cloak with the coat, and go the second mile. These things are the flowers which grow on the grave of revenge, and are the unmistakable evidence that the spirit which the Mosaic law endeavored to curb has entirely passed out of existence in the life of the follower of Him, who "when He was reviled, reviled not again."

LOVE, that most sublime of all graces, did get over one-half of the road under the old rule, "Love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy." It seems to have been cause for congratulation that it got even as far as this. The term, "neighbor," included every one of the Jewish people. It was like saying we should love every member of the church to which we belong; and when we put our love to this test, we know that the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees had no mean goal in view. But Jesus pointed out the other half of the road over which love was to go before it reached its final and highest destination. It was the steep and rocky half, but it leads into the highlands of the spiritual life—"Love your enemies."

These last two references, concerning revenge and one's enemies, present the two-fold attitude of a Christian toward those who would do him injury—passive at the call for retaliation; active in the exercise of that grace which alone will overcome enmity. It has been well said that the best way to kill an enemy is to make a friend of him.

"But," some one will say, "who is sufficient for all these things?" And it will be claimed that while we have a beautiful ideal set up by these statements of the Master, it is not expected that it shall be fully realized in every-day life. Jesus was intensely practical and means just that. This realization, however, is an absolute impossibility for what the Bible calls "the natural man." "The new man in Christ Jesus" obeys these laws. More than that, it becomes natural for him to do so. We often hear a statement like this: "It is difficult to live a Christian life." It is, for the man who is not a Christian; for him who *is* a Christian, having "passed from death unto life," it is difficult to live otherwise.

THE first annual convention of the American Waldensian Aid Society will be held in Washington, D. C., May 1, 2 and 3, and its forty societies scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific will send delegates. The program covers a broad field, touching the religious, educational and immigrant aid activities of the Society, and among the speakers will be: Bishop McDowell, of the M. E. Church; Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York; Dr. Bruno Roselli, of Florence, first Italian exchange professor to America; and Rev. V. Alberto Costabel, of Milan, the Waldensian delegate to the United States and Canada. The general chairman of the convention is Dr. John Nelson Mills of Washington, and Bishop Darlington, of Harrisburg, will preside at one session.

The Waldensian movement is the most ancient Protestant movement which history records, and the Waldensians live in the Cottian Alps, in the Piedmont region. Since the middle ages they have endured thirty persecutions, and it was not until 1848 that they began to enjoy real religious freedom. Recently missionary work was started and now there are more than sixty Protestant churches and 150 mission stations throughout Italy outside the Waldensian valleys.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." or "Nearer to Thee."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Christ the True Vine: John 15:1-16.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 291, first column.)

Sermon—"THE SPIRIT OF THE MASTER"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"The Homeland, O the Homeland," or "Softly Now the Light of Day."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

O Thou who art strong, make us strong. Thou who art wise give us wisdom. Thou who seest the truth make us free in its eternal freedom. Thou who does not harbor malice even against our slowness of heart, but grievest over it, make us repentent and with the sorrow that refuses to sorrow over the same sins again. And from his hour's worship give us many a day's refreshment. In Jesus' name. AMEN.

*Pastor, Peoples' M. E. Church, New York City.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., C. C. Albertson, R. Braunstein, E. W. Caswell, W. L. Goldsmith, I. D. Lyttle and H. P. Hoskins

The Lord's Chastening

SUNDAY. Heb. 12 : 6. "*Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.*" "Loveth . . . chasteneth." The association of the two words is everything. Unite them, and there is light and hope; divorce them, and there is darkness and death. To bring them together is to relate the vine-dresser's knife to the purple grapes; it lays the sharp-toothed harrow side by side with the blowing corn. To wed love to chastening is to put purpose into pain and to give direction to seemingly aimless grief. It sets a very tender and holy light upon the horizon, and the light throws its cheering beams far down the most desolate way. We are told much of what we want to know when it is said that chastening is not in the careless hands of brutal chance, but in the firm hands of the Lover Who is revealed to us in Christ.

Well, then, there are some seemingly hard things in life which do not come from any hardness in God. There is a flame which is not kindled by anger, but by love. It was the want of this assurance which burdened so many pilgrims who are seen on the Old Testament roads. They related the dark things in their experience to the displeasure of God. They interpreted their shadows as His frowns. Their sufferings were regarded as the strokes of divine revenge. Adversity was a proof of God's ill-favor. They looked upon disappointment as a witness that He had forsaken them. Now and again, a man caught a glimpse of the inner truth of things, and it was amazing how it transformed his world. Here is one of them singing—"In the night His song shall be with me." That man is looking at things as they really are. He has caught a glimpse of the Lover in the blighted garden, and he is not afraid.

The purpose of God's chastening is not punitive but creative. He chastens "that we might be partakers of His holiness." The phrase "that we might be" has direction in it, and the direction points towards a purified and beautified life. The fire which is kindled is not a bonfire, blazing heedlessly and unguardedly, and consuming precious things; it is a refiner's fire, and the Refiner sits by it, and He is firmly and patiently and gently bringing holiness out of carelessness and stability out of weakness. God is always creating even when He is using the darker means of grace. He is producing the fruits and flowers of the spirit. His love is always in quest of lovely things.

Out of all this we may draw a very comforting conclusion; the absence of joy does not mean the absence of God. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous." And yet there are many believers who, when the emotion of joy is not beating in the heart, interpret it as a sign of spiritual lapse and alienation. It is regarded as a severance of the fellowship of God. But the pruned vine does not suggest an absent vine-dresser, and even if the vine be bleeding, it does not mean that He has gone away. And my emotions may change from sorrow to grief, but God remains faithful. My fickle moods do not mean a capricious Friend. Joy will be mine again, and it will be all the richer and the deeper because of God's chastening. His chastenings are just His ministries for the deepening of the soul, for the increase of its receptiveness; He is seeking the enlargement of its capacity for the apprehension of Himself.

The April showers bring the May flowers. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous . . . but afterwards it yieldeth the peaceful fruits of righteousness." And so the frost is related to the harvest, the harrow is the friend of our daily bread.

J. H. J.

Finding Life

MONDAY. Matt. 10 : 39. "*He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.*" This is one of the numerous paradoxes of the Bible. Jesus was fond of such sayings. No one likes to lose anything of value.

Instinct is against it. This saying seems to reverse the law of acquisition. It does not reverse it, but it seems to. It is a matter of method.

Christ says the best things are to be had by renunciation. The student loses much in order to gain scholarship. The gold-hunter loses much for the sake of treasure. Both of these, however, are measurably selfish. At any rate they are selfial. Let us come up higher. Here is a soldier leaving home. What has he gained? It is not a question of what he gains, but of what the cause for which he fights may gain? Who is it that loses his life? Really it is he who knows not the meaning of sacrifice, he of the self-centered life.

There are two ways of treating life. One is to look upon it as a possible field for adventure or exploitation. The other is to look upon it as a grain-field, with tough sod to be broken up, dry places to be irrigated, swamps to be drained, seeds to be planted, weeds to be watched and uprooted, in order that when the harvest comes life may be rich. This is the loss that pays in the end. The heroes of the world are those who have not considered loss. They have "endured the cross, despising the shame," that they might lay hold on the joy that was set before them.

The secret of spiritual renunciation is in the phrase, "for my sake." We surrender life not for the sake of life, but for the sake of Christ. The love of Christ constraineth us. The hope of the future is in the growing power of this motive. Faith in Christ leads to love, and love leads to living for Him, and we shall find life as Christ has told us, by giving up our own.

C. C. A.

The Seed Catalogue

TUESDAY. I Cor. 1 : 18. "*It is the power of God.*" The seed catalogue, advance sheet of summer, is in the mails. Soon we shall look through its pages, and feast our eyes and satisfy our artistic sense upon the myriad colors and grandeurs of creation. Mohammed said, "If I had two loaves of bread, I would sell one and buy violets with which to feed my soul." We know just what he meant when we examine the seed catalogue.

But why violets? There are so many varieties of growing things. We may not be able to roll the coccinea superbas and the multifloras and grandifloras around our tongues like a latinist; but we can enjoy the manifestations of God in the science of botany. Linnaeus, scanning the wayside bloom with his microscope, said: "In the unfolding blossom I see the purpose of God and bow my head in reverence." As the Bible is the written revelation of God's power, so the seed catalogue is a Bible too, in the sense that it is another written and illustrated revelation of the same power. Who can make a seed? The boy can whittle something from a piece of wood that looks like a seed, but it will not grow. The power of God alone gives life. Here is a bulb. It is rough and without hint of beauty. Put it in the ground.

"O little bulb uncouth,
Ragged and rusty brown;
Have you some dew of youth?
Have you a velvet gown?
Plant me and see
What I shall be——
God's fine surprise
Before your eyes."

This is an epic of life, that from the unlovely comes the lovely, from the mediocre comes the majestic, from the hut comes the sage, jurist, statesman, emancipator. By the power of God come the rarest things from the commonest of soils. Christianity has demonstrated the glory in the commonplace; the lily in the muck and has proven that "in the mud and scum of things, there something alway, alway sings."

The blossoming bud is the emblem of God's unfolding plan. Out of a prison we get the moral beauty of John Howard. Out of the midnight dens of thieves and habitats of the underworld comes the righteousness of a Dollinger. By the power of God the sinner becomes a saint, the unkind man becomes kind, the swearer a preacher and all the sons of men the sons of God. The seed, the soil and the sower play a large part in the demonstration of the power of God for the establishment of His Kingdom.

R. B.

The Unsearchable Love of Christ

WEDNESDAY. Eph. 3 : 18. "*The breadth and length, the depth and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.*" Love pervades all the attributes of God. It is the essence of God Himself. Four-sided love encircles the Godhead. The Cross is a measure of infinite love to save. The Cross measures the four sides of love.

The breadth of love is like the wideness of the sea which stretches far beyond human vision, rolling its billows along all shores. The ocean of God's bosom reaches all races, languages and conditions of human need. Every soul wrecked, washed upon the shores of time, may be rescued and reconstructed to make the voyage safely to the home port of the eternal.

O the depths of the riches of the love of Christ for lost men! How unsearchable, incomprehensible and past finding out. Love's heights are the opposite of its depths; higher than the highest heaven. The upward flight of the soul will ever behold higher heights in the lofty range of God's great mountains of loving-kindness. There will be room for exploration while eternal ages roll. He who loved you and gave Himself for you will lead you on in the new discoveries of love that will ever be passing knowledge to fully understand.

How glorious to realize that there is no end to the universe of God, no end to the ocean of His love, no terminus to the joy of the union of soul with the Father and the Son in His family of saints and angels.

E. W. C.

The Truth That Frees the Soul

THURSDAY. John 8 : 32. "*The truth shall make you free.*" Superstition is bondage to unreality and slavery to fear. Ignorance is a chain about the feet of humanity. Scepticism is imprisonment in dungeon-like surroundings where light never comes. Freedom belongs only to those who have broken the bonds of superstition and ignorance and come out of darkness into light.

Truth is the great Emancipator. Human slavery could not stand before it. The drink traffic, with its fierce chains of habit, must flee before its coming. Truth enlarges the boundaries and lifts the horizon of life. To know the truth is to hold the key that unlocks unnumbered doors that have long been closed. We can exchange our narrow and crowded quarters for larger.

Let us distinguish truth from falsehood by this fruit. Truth never sends a man into a dungeon of hopelessness. Only a lie does that. Truth never sets limits to the spirit of investigation. Only a false creed does that. The truth never ties one generation hand and foot with precedents and traditions, which it is a sin to break. It speaks another language: "It hath been said by them of old time . . . but I say unto you"—and the chains begin to fall away. The Truth makes men free.

W. L. G.

The Pure in Heart

FRIDAY. Matt. 5 : 8. "*Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*" How many times you have read this passage, and for a moment were filled with its lofty sentiment. But alas! that wonderful feeling was fleeting, for you may have thought "this is for the pure in heart, and I am not pure."

But wait a moment! It does not say the "faultless," the "perfect," or anything like this; but plainly it states, "*the pure IN HEART.*" Jesus never used "cant" expressions, and so here we have one of the finest things He ever uttered.

What do we mean when we sometimes say a man is good at heart? Do we mean that he has no faults? Far from it; it may just be that his faults are very apparent, and that we are able to see past these shortcomings and sympathize with him, as we see the real good that lies underneath. At heart he may be as good as any one of us; but he has "head tides and contrary winds" that we have never had to struggle against—hence failures and mistakes.

Now, my doubting, oft-discouraged friend, do you honestly, down in your heart, love God and regret the zig-zag path you have made? When you find yourself looking upon some failure of yours, do you feel like poor old Peter who "went out and wept bitterly?" If so, I think I should take, at least the promise of this text, and hug it to my heart and rest. And I think that somehow you will catch a vision that will make you "see God" in your own life and in the lives of others; and the presence of our Heavenly Father will become so sweet to you, that you will draw more and more closely to Him.

I. D. L.

The High Cost of Dying

SATURDAY. Job 21 : 23-24. "*One dieth in his full strength being wholly at ease and quiet—and another dieth in the bitterness of his soul.*" A while back, I stepped off a train and passing out of the station, started up the streets of a city where I had once been a minister. I paused to make way for a magnificent funeral procession. Twelve coaches followed the hearse drawn by twelve span of superb white horses. All the trappings and appointments were of the same aristocratic quality. It was a funeral that must have cost a lot of money. People lined the curbs to let the procession pass. This funeral procession was effective in a certain way! For one thing, it made us forget the H. C. of L. and turned our attention to the high cost of dying.

A few days later another casket was set in state on the grounds of a large home for orphans and friendless children. First there passed rows on rows of children; little tots in front, larger ones following. Each child dropped a white flower on the silent form of a man, noble even in death. Each one, I think, dropped a tear also. Then came the people, the real people; streams of them with wet faces. It was not an expensive funeral, for no showy parade could shed added glory upon the life of this man. It was the Founder of the home: once a rich man, who gave not only his fortune but almost his whole time to fathering these homeless waifs.

The first man's funeral cost his estate much, in many ways, but that of the second cost comparatively nothing; as he had spent all he had for others. To him to live was Christ, but to die was gain.

H. P. H.

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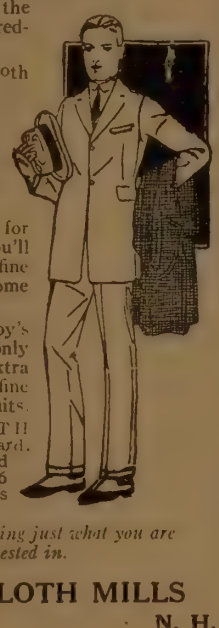

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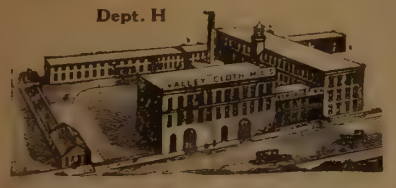

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Blue Curtains in a Window

One Feels, Because They Are Beautiful, They Shelter Happiness

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THERE'S a window, in the house that stands directly opposite my apartment, that is hung with curtains of a soft blue color. It's a long narrow, rather old-fashioned window of the French type, with the gleam of fresh white paint around the casing and a dark sill that, seen dimly through the glass, might be mahogany. It's an aristocrat of a window—one to make up stories about:

During the winter time, when it is very cold and nearly all well-behaved windows are tight-closed, the blue curtains hang with a calm severity of line on either side of the pane. Sometimes, from my apartment, I can see a flicker of warm lamp-light shining between the folds of them—sometimes I can see the ruddy glow of a fire. But when spring comes—when radiant summer is on the way, and nearly all well-behaved windows are left wide open—the blue curtains blow about gaily whenever there is the smallest suggestion of a breeze.

I have never seen any person—any *real* person—standing in the window. But I have imagined many folk—gracious white-haired men and women, and young smiling mothers, and wee youngsters with straight hair cut in bangs across their foreheads. I have imagined the sort of a family that ought to belong to such a pleasant window—I cannot help feeling that only a very lovely person would have chosen curtains of such a wonderful color. I am sure, as I watch them blowing in the breeze, that they shelter happiness—only happiness, and nothing else—from the curious gaze of the passers-by. And often I find the happiness of the home that I cannot see, the home that is hidden from my eyes, reflected in my own heart.

THERE are other windows on the same block that are not curtained in blue. Indeed, there are some windows that are not curtained at all! Some windows have dingy sills that could never, by any stretch of imagination, resemble mahogany. And some of the casings look as though white paint were an unheard-of luxury. Some of them are quite frankly dirty—some of them seem only unduly careless.

It is hard to imagine that pleasant dream people live back of the dingy, uncurtained windows. There is nothing exciting about them, nothing that thrills the imagination. They are only windows—and most of them need washing. They utterly lack the romance of the blue-curtained one, they absolutely lack any suggestion of happiness.

When I glance up at these other windows, in passing, I am very apt to see half-filled milk bottles balanced precariously upon the sill, or a rumpled bag of fruit, or a saucer of left-over pudding. And as I go past, hurriedly, I am very apt to imagine that I can hear voices raised in anger, and over-loud laughter, coming from the rooms in back of them.

As a matter of fact, I am probably wrong. The people who live in the uncurtained rooms are doubtless just as charming, just as worth knowing as the people who live back of the blue curtains. But one would never guess it from the exterior. And when one only sees the exterior there is no other way of guessing!

I HAVE worked with many people, during the years that I have spent in coming to an office. And some of them have been as attractive to look at as the window with the blue curtains, and some of them have been unpleasing as the other windows—the ones that have no curtains. And I have noticed that the people who are neat and charming and interesting get ahead faster than the people who are a bit untidy and careless.

"I hired my secretary," I once heard a successful business man say, "because she was wearing such immaculate collar and cuffs when she called to ask for a position. She looked as if she was exceedingly particular about her personal appearance—as if the little things were as important to her as the big things. I couldn't help feeling that she would keep my work up to the mark; I couldn't help feeling that my desk and my filing cabinets would be as neat, always, as her collar and cuffs. And so I hired her!"

It's curious to think of hiring a girl for a responsible position because of her collar and cuffs. But that sort of thing is done over and over again, I fancy, in the business world.

"First of all," said a woman who is personnel manager of a great factory, "I look into a girl's eyes. And then I glance quickly at her clothing. And if she meets my eyes and her clothing is neat, I hire her. Lots of shabby girls come to me, and I give work to *them!* Shabbiness and lack of style don't mean a thing in my life. All that I demand is that she be as clean as possible, that she make the most of herself!"

Yes, lots of people—men as well as girls—are hired because they have been clever enough to realize that blue curtains go a great way toward making attractive the window of life. A great many people get on, not only in business but in their social and home lives because they instinctively know the value of a pleasing exterior. And a great many people go through the world with really sterling qualities unrecognized because they hide those qualities behind something that is dingy.

IT'S hard to believe, at first glance, that a tidy, happy home lies behind an untidy, unattractive window. And it's hard to realize that a careful, efficient personality dwells in back of a soiled exterior. And so, many people are misunderstood—many people are never appreciated.

I fancy that it wasn't a great task to make the blue curtains that hang in the window directly opposite my apartment. I fancy that a bit of hemming and a bit of pinning up don't take many minutes. And yet the effect is worth ever so much, for it creates an atmosphere of happiness and peace and—more than that—of real caste.

I imagine that it didn't take a great deal of time, either, for a certain girl to launder the white collar and cuff set that won her a very fine position. But that collar and cuff set suggested, at once, a standard of quality.

Often times, when the sky is blue and glowing, I find myself wondering what lies behind the blue of it—wondering what the Home beyond the sky is like. I can't help feeling that it must be a very marvelous place; it couldn't be anything but wonderful because of the curtains that hang, so gloriously, between it and the world! It's a continuous lesson to us, who have earth windows that should be kept neat, always, and beautiful!

Heroic Work in Famine Relief

By (MRS. J.) ROSALIND GOFORTH
of Kikungshan, China

A FEW weeks ago a friend wrote to me: "How often do we attempt to do God's service to the limit of our incompetency rather than to the limit of God's omnipotency!" Now I am going to tell you of one brave woman in China who is attempting to face these awful famine conditions "to the limit of God's omnipotency."

Hsinanhsien is a mission station towards the mountains in Western Honan. It is "manned" entirely by two single lady missionaries. The senior, Miss Maria Pettersson, from Sweden, is one of the most remarkable missionaries in China.

When famine conditions began to be felt, Miss Pettersson determined to receive all who appealed to her for shelter, if the need was genuine.

Soon every possible room was filled; even to her own bedroom, where for a time two babes under a year, and their Chinese nurse, and two older children were accommodated. Then an appeal was made to the official who knew, as all the countryside did, of her work of love for their stricken ones. A fine large place with three large courts and a number of buildings was handed over to her till after the famine.

Every building and shed in this place soon was filled. The first and largest court was kept for the destitute boys; the second for older women and girls, the third for the younger women and little babies, some of whom were castaways. At the time of my visit there were upwards of four hundred receiving shelter and food. I may say here that the Mission to which Miss Pettersson belongs, being strained to the utmost to meet its regular obligations, could not undertake any financial help for this work, so Miss Pettersson simply went forward and "asked her Father" as she needed money for the needy ones.

As we passed along through these courts and story after story was rapidly poured into my ears of this and that one, a tragedy seemed connected with each woman and child. This young woman with a tiny baby pressed to her bosom has such sorrowful eyes and little wonder, for her husband had just been killed in a fight with the robber bands that are terrorizing the people everywhere. That woman was from a family where four had already died of starvation. Here a child was brought forward and his head uncovered revealing many cruel scars, silent witnesses to the awful treatment the poor child had received. I was told that when this boy was admitted he was simply a bundle of bruised bones, the result of vicious blows by his brother-in-law because of the child's following his sister when the father and mother had died of starvation. Only the utmost care had brought the child back to life.

It was with a sense of relief I turned to a young, happy looking woman with a tiny baby girl in her arms and heard this beautiful story of how the family had been saved. Though ordinarily in comfortable circumstances, the famine had struck them hard and when the baby girl was but three weeks old the father bundled the child up and laid it on a door step some distance away. Here it was found the next morning nearly dead and taken to Miss Pettersson, who took it into her own room and had it tenderly cared for. On the father returning home from parting with his baby he said to his wife: "If we stay here we will all die. You take our two boys and seek a new home. If after the famine you want to return to me do so, but if you are happier elsewhere, stay. I love you, but it will be all right." In tears they separated. The woman wandered about with the boys, then took them to Miss Pettersson. The mother, too, was admitted to care for one of the orphan children. Many days later the elder boy was in Miss Pettersson's room when he recognized his little sister's cap. He darted over to the bed where a baby lay covered with a quilt. Lifting the coverlet he recognized his own little baby sister. With a shout of delight he rushed back to his mother and told her of his discovery. So like Moses and his mother, the woman received her own child back again. Later the father was found and helped sufficiently to ensure his getting through till the harvest, when they hope to become again a united family.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the Christian Herald China Fund for the week amounted to $6,066.53, bringing the total up to $517,453.60.

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Poverty and Wealth

International Sunday-School Lesson for April 24
Isa. 5:8; Amos 8:4-7; Luke 16:19-25

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

POVERTY and wealth are related closely to the subject for last Sunday's lesson—work. A few have riches thrust upon them, but most people gain their wealth through hard work, while many are poor because they will not toil arduously. If some who are poor spent as much directed energy in working as they waste time and strength in grumbling against the rich they would possess more of this world's goods.

Many, though they have many dollars, are poor when it comes to abiding values. A recent New York paper contained an account of one who had dollars when he died and who revealed his character by leaving instructions that $15,000 should be expended on his funeral. This study is written in Durham, N. C., where the writer is acting as one of the honorary pallbearers at the funeral of the wealthiest man in that state, George W. Watts. The negro room-woman at the hotel just said: "We have lost a great friend. He was good to the poor." Among his many benevolences Mr. Watts supported an entire mission station in Korea with more than fourteen missionaries. Of course a person can be both rich and a genuine Christian.

The lesson is not an abstract study of poverty and wealth, but rather "What the Bible teaches about poverty and wealth." Every reference in the lesson helps should be looked up. Note especially the Bible portions selected by the International Lessons Committee for use, if desired, in the various grades or departments in the Sunday school. The Primaries have their attention directed to the Shunamiten woman who gave to others, and the Juniors study about the Rich Fool and Barnabas.

Poverty is too often a personal fault. Many are joining the bread lines today who earned more money during the war than did the so-called white-collar group. They squandered their money as fast as they received it. "Tithing" to such people would be a meaningless word.

THE lecture method is inadequate in presenting this lesson. There should be general discussion by the class. The whole world is a field for investigation. As Christ said, "The poor ye have with you always." There are countless millions in non-Christian lands who are daily fighting starvation. The three great famine centers are just exaggerations of a general condition. There are hungry people within reach of every Sunday-school class. At no age in history has this world been so touched with the feeling of the infirmities of the poor and needy. People are learning that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and it is still true, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The majority in the great Sunday-school army of teachers can be classed as the average person. The prayer recorded in Proverbs 30:8 is still in order: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; Feed me with the food that is needful for me."

Ambition must be of the highest type, but it should not destroy contentment in enjoying the worldly goods gained by hard work and the blessing of God. After all real work does not consist in the possession of things (read Luke 12:15-21). The only dependable gold is the kind that is defined in Rev. 3:17-18. Make your daily deposits in the Bank of Heaven.

Amos prophesied to the Northern Kingdom, which today is associated with the lost ten tribes of Israel. That Kingdom decided to abandon Sabbath-keeping, while sabbatic and jubilee years ceased to exist for them. They did not circumvent God or make void His prophecies. The seventy years of captivity in Babylonia total the years which the Jews refused, in their later years, to keep sacred for Jehovah, and when He was ready full payment was made. In God's time the ground of the Hebrew did lie fallow. Keeping the Sabbath holy is a present-day obligation. Using that day for self-interests is stealing from the Lord, which is always an unprofitable business, just like cheating in the matter of weights and measures.

Saving the first one hundred dollars marks an epoch in the life of any young person, or adult too. Many have reached the age of fifty and have never had $100 laid up as a result of savings. Teachers will do well in urging habits of thrift upon each member of their classes. The Government helped greatly in this by Liberty Loans and War Savings Stamps. These investments thus held today represent the only savings that multitudes in this country possess. They will not fully realize the value to themselves of their patriotic investments till the maturity of the bonds upon which they are now receiving interest. Some are saving by investing in building and loan shares. "B and L" can have a fine meaning when applied to "Building through service" and "Loaning to the Lord." Some will never have wealth here, but they will be rich in heaven—which lasts for ever—by laying up treasures there. Daily service and investments of prayer make wonderful deposits in God's treasury.

THE Golden Text for today always brings back an experience when a pastor. A man and wife came together before the session seeking admission to church membership. When asked what induced them to take this stand for Jesus Christ they said: "The verse you quoted at the funeral of our baby—'For where your treasure is there will your heart be also.'"

The parable of the rich man and Lazarus furnishes material for joyous meditation and careful study. While heaven and hell are clearly presented Jesus did not intend that this story should be used as a map of the places of reward and punishment. Those who want to eliminate the word "fire" from having any serious meaning would do well to consider the wisdom uttered by an old slave in the Southland. When asked by his owner where the Lord was going to get enough brimstone to burn all the bad folks who are, have been, and are to be, the Christian negro replied: "They makes it here and takes it wid 'em." The Lord does not lack for resources and, further, the eternal burning of a guilty conscience supplies a tremendous, never-ending sensation.

Dives, so-called, for he does not even have a name in the parable, had wealth, but failed in his stewardship. God's auditing of accounts is absolutely exact and no transaction is lost sight of. Lazarus, who would have been content with crumbs, by reason of the hidden life which he possessed, was able to have place forever at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. He had been kind to sympathetic dogs and went the limit of his resources in helping his fellows, but now Abraham's bosom is his heavenly address, and he continues to do the will of his God.

After completing your study of this lesson, turn again to your Bible and read the lesson text in full. Take the portion in Luke first this time. Think about the character of "Dives," who at one time was indifferent to Lazarus and later—for life is continuous, here and hereafter—desired to use him. He could even call him by name when he wanted a favor. Now read the portions in Isaiah and Amos and meditate on the fact that land-grabbing, false weights and measures, disdain of the Sabbath, etc., will do much toward making another nameless rich man who is poor indeed.

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Young People's Topics for April 24

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

The Growth of the Bible

B. Y. P. U. Psa. 119 : 97-112
Special Reading: "The Bible and Missions", by Montgomery. Chapter 3

THE Bible is the most popular Book in existence. In the time of Henry III the price of a manuscript copy of the Bible would have sufficed to build a couple of the arches of London Bridge. Today millions of copies are produced annually and the prices are so low that each person may own one.

James Anthony Froude, the historian, said: "The Bible is in itself a liberal education." This is the opinion of all educators, religious and secular. Progress and civilization are built on the Bible. The teachings of the Bible are permeating into distant lands, and its wisdom and truth are remaking the map of the world. Its style is influencing literature, and its theme is glorifying art. It is the Word of God and when spoken with the lip and lived with the life raises humanity to the highest power of achievement and regenerates the lowest type of man to the citizenship of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Bible is the text-book of the world, the Light of its men and institutions, and the one infallible guide to its God-given destiny. It is the Sun of the Soul, giving warmth and nurture, as the Sun of the Solar System gives its health and strength to the physical being. "As the sun is to the Rose, so is Jesus Christ to my soul," said Alfred Tennyson. Jesus Christ is the Word made Flesh. Mankind can not exist without the word.

A Good Name and How to Obtain It

C. E. Job 29 : 1-25; Prov. 22 : 1

JOB laments the loss of his good name. It is something that calls for lamentation indeed. The author of Proverbs says, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor rather than silver and gold." All history is eloquent concerning the advantages of having a good name, the honor and respect of one's fellow-beings. It is worth fighting to obtain and worth fighting to maintain. Perhaps we will not have such difficulty in getting a good name preserved once we have attained the distinction.

The question arises, "How are we to get a good name?" It is something that money, good birth, social status, fine clothes, good looks can not purchase. Character is not a thing of externals, but an internal possession. In order to have a good name one must be good. To be good means that we are to be Godly, Godlike. Goodness means Godness. More people have failed because they lack goodness rather than ability. What is goodness? "They who do the will of God shall know of the doctrine." It is safe to say, because all history has manifested it, that the world will not only admire, but lay down its life for the really good man or woman. Jesus Christ is very popular. The chief reason for His popularity is His goodness, His Godness.

Self Control and How to Get It: Its Rewards

E. L. I Cor. 9 : 24-27

THIS theme was discussed under B. Y. P. U., topic for January 16. As additional material we give the following:

Remember that when you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper, and when you are in the wrong you can not afford to lose it. "Self-conquest is the greatest of all victories."—*Plato.* "To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better."—*Jonathan Edwards.*

Self-mastery comes through Christ-mastery. Does Christ master you? He mastered Paul, who said "I am the bond-slave of Christ." Study the life of Paul and you will learn the history of one of the world's great conquerors.

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It may be a new thought to you, for instance, that in building a house lumber must be selected for three totally different functions.

There is the *framework*—which requires strength above all else.

There is the *outside finish*—demanding durability under exposure to the weather.

And the *inside trim*—where the need is for a wood properly seasoned and prepared, that will "stay put", and that will be attractive when stained, or will take and hold paint or enamel.

For each of these functions certain woods are especially adapted.

For some, cheaper woods will give as good service as more expensive species. In other instances, cheaper woods can be used only at a sacrifice of durability and ultimate economy.

The same principle—the *right wood* in its *proper place*—applies to farm buildings, industrial buildings, and all industrial uses of lumber.

The proper use of lumber was never more important to America than it is at this moment.

To the individual citizen it means durable and economical building.

To the nation at large it means still more—a great step toward an *ample supply of lumber*, present and future—the elimination of waste in the thoughtless use of lumber.

What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public, any desired information as to the qualities of the different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

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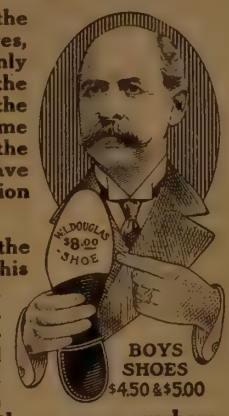

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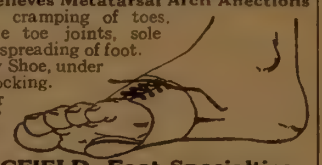

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When Buddhist Nuns Read "Buffalo Bill"

Continued from page 287

in Korea. The reason is this: White is the mourning color of Korea. The mourning period is three years. Whenever a member of royalty died the entire population had to put on white.

It happened at one time that royalty died off so fast that no sooner had the people put off their white clothes than they had to put them on again. So they very sensibly decided to wear white all the time and be ready for emergencies.

IN THE modern gown there is a pocket. There were no pockets in the old Korean gown. But the Christian Korean needed a place to put his Bible, for coming to church *without a Bible* is practically unknown in Korea. Following American example he made a pocket in his clothing, the first one known to the natives and hence still called the "Bible pocket."

There are few countries where Christian missions have yielded bigger results than in Korea. One new convert for every hour, night and day, since missionary work began more than a generation ago—that is Korea's record. There are now more than 300,000 Christians.

Nor are converts easily admitted. In many churches it is an unwritten rule that a believer may not be admitted to full membership until he has brought at least one person to Christ.

Jack London, when he passed through Korea, said: "Do you mean to say that these poor Koreans build their own churches and support their pastors and school teachers? Well, their Christianity means something to them then!"

The atrocities inflicted upon Korean Christians by their Japanese rulers, so pitifully discounting the really excellent work Japan has done in the material development of the country, have put the native Christians to the test. The martyrs of Rome end Carthage did not excel in devotion the martyrs of Korea, and Christianity has, as usual, been strengthened by persecution.

The Japanese blame the Christian religion for spreading ideas of democracy among the Koreans, thus causing them to chafe under the iron hand of Nippon. Perhaps they are right.

MISSIONARIES not only carried the religion of democracy into Korea, but brought in the first modern ideas of education, medicine and hygiene. No hospital or dispensary was known in Korea until one was founded by a Christian missionary.

Korean doctors diagnosed for devils rather than for germs. The human body can be pierced in three hundred places with a red-hot needle without causing death, the native physicians will tell you. The art of the doctor is to know just where to pierce, whether to use a three-inch needle or a twelve-inch needle, and what sort of a devil can be expected to come out through the aperture. The "medicines" which the native doctors prescribe are less painful but almost as absurd, among them being warm blood from the tip of a white dog's ear.

Think by way of contrast of the medical science of such mission hospitals as the Severance Hospital in Seoul. Here there is a food research department—an eye department—an eye-glass department—an ear, nose and throat department—a skin disease department—an X-Ray department—a surgical department with operating room—a pediatrics department—a department for the manufacture of drugs—a dental department—a department for the study of hookworm—and so on.

Missions have brought enlightenment to the mind, healing to the body, quickening to the spirit of Korea. Nowhere in the world is Christianity more appreciated and respected. Christian and Bible words have grown into the language. Traders like to deal with natives who are Christians for they are recognized to be more reliable than their fellows.

And when a child cries the Korean father often soothes it by saying:

"Don't cry! I will give you in marriage to a Christian."

Free Circulars for Investors.

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—To yield 6 to 7 per cent. Ask for circulars 4-6.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Details of Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 7 per cent. gold bonds, maturing May, 1931, at a price to yield over 7 per cent. are given in Circular 36.

Swift & Co. 5-year 7 per cent. notes, to yield over 7 per cent., are described in Circular 37.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6 per cent. First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for circular 38.

Record of Investments Chart—a simple chart for listing your securities which shows at a glance your monthly and annual income, together with necessary information on Federal Taxes—Ask for Circular 39.

Barnsdall Corporation, 7 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold bonds to yield about 9 per cent. own and operate properties in 14 States. Total net assets 377 per cent. of this issue. Circular 40.

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 289

Theodore Roosevelt and was his ardent defender in the "nature faking" controversies in which Mr. Roosevelt indulged so vigorously while an occupant of the White House. They made several trips together in the study of wild life and natural phenomena in various parts of the country, and one of Mr. Burroughs's books was "Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt." In recent years two of his closest friends were Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford, who were frequent visitors at his cabin.

As a boy, a schoolmate of Jay Gould, Mr. Burroughs formed the ambition to become a naturalist, but the necessity of earning a livelihood forced him to become a teacher in country schools, and later he served as a Treasury clerk and as a bank examiner, although he devoted his spare time to nature study and writing. In 1884 he gave up government work and devoted himself exclusively to the pursuits in which his interests centered. The high character and human touch in his writings won for him many thousands of admirers, and the esteem in which he was held was attested by honorary degrees from Yale and Colgate, and the awarding to him in 1917 of the medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for distinguished achievement in arts and letters.

British Miners Strike

COAL mining has come to a virtual standstill in Great Britain with the strike of 1,200,000 miners against wage reductions, and the industrial crisis was made more acute by the danger that the National Union of Railwaymen and the Transport Workers Union might join in sympathetic strikes. The railways are to pass out of government control in August, and the expectation that there then will be an attempt to lower railway wages also has caused these allied unions to believe they might as well make common cause with the miners. Mass meetings of these unions held in various parts of the country pledged full support to the miners.

The government met the strike with a royal proclamation declaring Great Britain to be in a "state of emergency," the first time such a proclamation has been issued in an industrial crisis. This enabled the government to apply certain measures which were enacted last October when a mining strike was threatened—measures which union leaders bitterly opposed.

The unions called out the pump men and other workers who in previous strikes have remained on duty in order to prevent the mines being flooded. Some of the pump men refused to leave their posts, and desperate efforts were made to obtain volunteer crews for the pumps, but there was danger that many of the mines might be ruined. The calling out of the pump men was regarded as an effort to intimidate the government into forcing a settlement of the controversy, but the officials refused to yield.

The exportation of coal was stopped at once, a step which caused the placing of large orders in America, and the supplies on hand were used sparingly. There was enough of a stock in the country to enable other industries to continue for a time.

DOMESTIC

NEW YORK ASSEMBLY OUSTS SOCIALIST. The New York Assembly again has ousted a Socialist member, but this time the basis for action was a charge that he was a resident of New Jersey when elected. The case was that of Henry Jager, of Kings county, and the vote was 77 to 62, only one more than the constitutional majority.

EIGHT KILLED IN CHICAGO EXPLOSION. Eight persons, among them two women, were killed and perhaps seventy-five were injured by the explosion of two tons of gunpowder and fireworks stored illegally in a warehouse within the Chicago city limits. Business houses in the block were wrecked and windows in a radius of half a mile were broken.

CHURCH FIGHTS RENT PROFITEERS. An example of the use of church influence for social welfare was the adoption by the Pittsburgh Baptist Ministers' Association of a resolution under which rent profiteers would be expelled from the churches. All ministers were urged to take a prominent part in the fight "to prevent new burdens of greedy extortion being imposed upon the general public."

TAFT MAY BE CHIEF JUSTICE. Washington forecasters have been busy with rumors that Chief Justice Edward Douglass White of the Supreme Court was to resign because of age and failing health—he is 75—and that William Howard Taft was to be his successor. Mr. Taft called at his former residence in the White House, but it was believed to be merely to pay his respects to President Harding.

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN IN AMERICA. Professor Albert Einstein, the German scientist whose "theory of relativity" has caused so much discussion all over the world, has arrived in America to further the Zionist movement.

PACIFIC LINER SUNK. The Pacific Mail steamship Governor went down off Point Wilson on the west coast after being rammed by the Shipping Board freighter West Hartland. Ten persons were missing.

METHODIST CONFERENCE ADMITS LAYMEN. The New York Methodist Conference, meeting at Cornwall, voted by 103 to 25, to admit laymen into the annual Methodist conference. The action was taken on a memorial from the General Methodist Conference, and two-thirds of the annual conferences must vote in favor of the plan to make it effective.

FOREIGN

GERMANY RELEASES BERGDOLL PRISONERS. The jail sentences of the two Americans who attempted to seize Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, American draft evader, have been remitted by the Baden government and they have been permitted to return to the American occupied zone at Coblentz. This action was taken at the request of the Berlin government after Brigadier-General H. T. Allen of the United States Army had made representations to Berlin.

TURKS PUT UP HARD FIGHT. The Greek offensive in Asia Minor has resulted in a considerable advance all along the line, but after capturing Eski-Shehr, an important city at the junction of the railroad to Angora, they were driven back by a counter-attack in which the Turkish Nationalists claimed the capture of a Greek division.

CATHOLIC CHOSEN TO BE IRISH VICEROY. Lord Edmund Talbot has been chosen to succeed Viscount French as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and his first important act will be to summon the two parliaments of North and South Ireland, elections for which are to be held in May. He is the leading lay Roman Catholic in the United Kingdom and the first of his church to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

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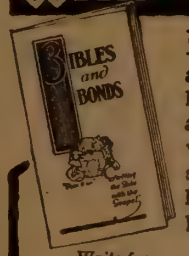

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THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of General interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MRS. C. M. C., Centerville, S. D., referring to the efforts that are now being made in many quarters to secure world-peace, writes: "The Scripture declaration in I Thess. 5 : 1-3 has been called by students of prophecy: 'The Peace and Safety Cry.' We hear much, these days, about disarmament and universal peace. Some go so far as to say the Bible teaches that wars shall cease in this present age, and quote Isa. 2 : 4. During the administration of President Taft, steps were taken looking to a world-wide peace era: and under the administration of President Wilson, with Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State, treaties were made and signed by some thirty countries and nations to this end, and as a souvenir, Mr. Bryan gave paper-weights in the form of ploughshares, made from used swords, with the inscription on it, 'They shall beat their swords into ploughshares'. Not long after, as a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, came the declaration of war, which precipitated our country into the most terrible conflict in history. What we ought to realize is, that the key to peace is not in the hand of any earthly government or human power, but in the hand of Christ, the Prince of Peace, and that none else has power to bestow permanent and lasting peace on the world. When Jesus the Prince of Peace comes to set up His Kingdom on earth, then and not till then, can we expect wars to cease."

A subscriber has asked us to try to find for him "Missing Links," by Rev. Morton W. Spencer, published by the author at St. Augustine, Florida, 1895, 2 volumes, 12 mo. cloth. If you have a copy for sale, please address Book Department, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York City.

Reader, Neff's Mills, Pa. You should make the matter a subject of careful, conscientious study and earnest prayer before deciding which step you ought to take. Gospel work at home needs help, and we cannot see how you could justify neglect of your church's support. Talk it over with your pastor.

H. L. T., Two Dot, Mont. The book, "After Death, What?" was written by Rev. Madison C. Peters and published by the Christian Herald. The author passed away several years ago.

Miss E. G. McC., Ellensburg, Wash., writes: "I am praying and hoping to live to see the day when men will lead all their codes of law with the ten commandments. If the commandments are learned and practiced, then I think all would be well."

We must not forget that Jesus emphasized the Decalogue with a new interpretation: "That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." Love to God and to our fellowmen He showed to be the foundation of the law. Yet so far had this been forgotten, that His restatement came with the force of a new revelation: What we need today is the spirit of Christ in our hearts and lives. Then, but not before, will we be able to live at peace with one another.

"An Old Reader of the Herald" sends in this letter which many will find interesting and suggestive at the present time: "In our day of great problems, it is well to be reminded that there are very few difficulties in the line of human experience that have not happened before. History repeats itself, and this applies not only to events in the realms of war, commerce, legislation, but to most of the conclusions of philosophy as well. That admirable writer and clear thinker, P. Whitwell Wilson, author of 'The Christ We Forget' and other notable religious books, makes the point that it would be an excellent idea for all who are occupied with public affairs to keep in touch with history and especially with the Bible. There are plenty who take their daily portion of Scripture, but comparatively few who continue the practice until they learn to apply it. He reminds us that many of those who have made the deepest impressions upon the minds of their time have been earnest students of the Bible. They have found in its pages their inspiration and influence, and not only this, but they have found unsuspected parallels, which have been most helpful to them in dealing with the subjects of industrialism, commerce, national extravagance, wrangles between labor and capital, strikes, food control and profiteering. One of the earliest strikes recorded, he tells us, was where the Hebrew bricklayers were oppressed in Egypt, the result of which was the first national walk-out—the Exodus—the difference between this and most modern strikes being that the oppressed people had cried to God for wisdom and guidance. 'Does anyone suppose,' Mr. Wilson asks, 'that strikes would be so frequent if capital and labor were led by men who had together examined the Biblical story of the Exodus from Egypt?'"

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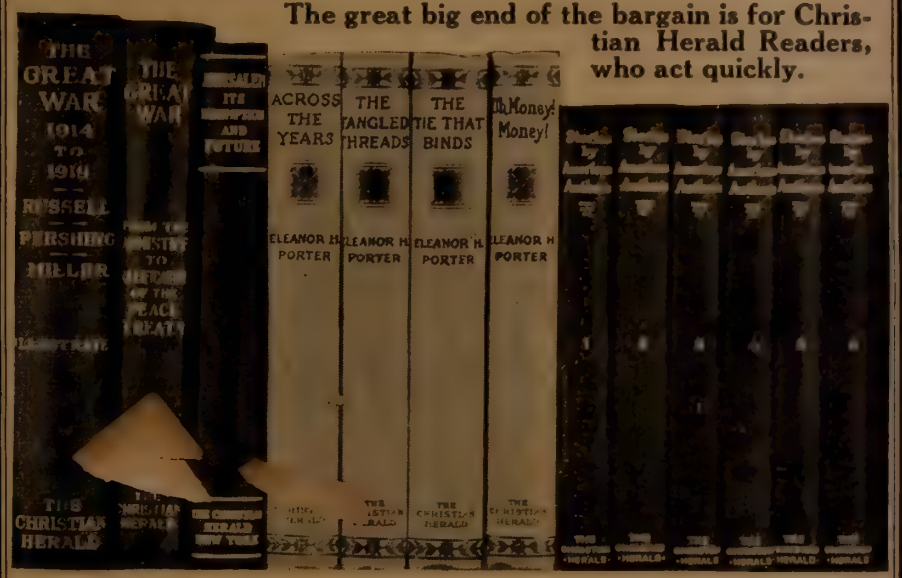

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Mexico's Unplumbed Chasm

By WALLACE THOMPSON

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In Mexico Today

BETWEEN the hovel of sun-dried bricks which is the home of the barefoot Mexican peon and the cathedral in Mexico City, one of the largest and most magnificent ecclesiastical structures in the Americas, there is a great abyss. The cathedral was begun in 1573 and stands on the site of the temple of Huitzilopochtli, the titular god of the Aztecs, but in four centuries the church which it symbolizes has failed to lift the religious instincts of the inert millions of Mexico far from the plane of mere superstition. Freedom from the domination of the Catholic Church has been won and Protestant missions in the last thirty years have furnished one of the important forces for social improvement, but these missions have been all too few for the vast field. The picture in the upper right-hand corner of four urchins gazing through the windows of a Protestant mission in the capital typifies Mexico's great need and the hunger for spiritual uplift. On the opposite page is the first of a series of articles which will analyze present-day conditions in Mexico, with special reference to Christian opportunities.

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Hordes of Mexicans have fled across the line into the quiet and safety of the United States in the last decade of disorder in Mexico. No wonder, when the panorama of misery begins at the northern border and ruined villages dot the country

Mexico's Unplumbed Chasm

A Description of Social Conditions in One of the Most Important Fields Open to American Christians Today

By WALLACE THOMPSON

A BAMBOO hut with a clumsy thatch of grass, a hovel of sun-dried bricks, made, as the Israelites made them, of straw and clay, a shack of unfinished lumber or rotting railway ties topped with a roof of laminated sheet-iron—these are the symbols of the social problem of Mexico. Within them all a dirt floor, a box filled with earth for a brazier, two or three earthenware pots, a *metate* over which the woman bends at her endless task of grinding meal for the family cakes of unleavened corn, a few rush mats for beds and a tawdry shrine with a dim light before it—the inert millions of Mexico live today as they have lived for a thousand years.

Their minds untutored, their thoughts and desires confined literally to the animal plane, their religious instincts almost entirely superstition, their government the support of rulers upon the vast misery of the lowly, Mexico finds her parallels only in China and in Turkey. And Mexico is at our own door!

Up until ten years ago the aristocracy of Mexico counted in its make-up many able men, groups of able men, devoted as far as their lights led them, to a paternalistic care of the Indians and peons. Under Diaz there was, in addition, a slow building of a material civilization, looking, in the future, to the filling of the peon stomach and the lifting of the peon mind through education. It has been the common usage, in this past decade since Diaz fell, to excoriate that aristocracy, to blame it for all the evils of the country, to point with bitter scorn at its wealth, at its material monuments of churches and palaces and railways. And yet, although these ten years of revolutions have been devoted most effectively to the elimination of the Mexican upper classes and of their materialism and its monuments, the conditions of the lower classes has not been alleviated by one tiny burden, nor have they been lifted by one hair's-breadth.

The Mexicans of today are worse off than they were in the days of Diaz: they are worse off than in that wild revolutionary period before Diaz; I am not so sure that they are not in worse condition than they were under the Spaniards, for they seem literally to be sliding back to an era like only to that misery which was theirs before the Spaniards and the Jesuits came.

WE LOSE sight of the essential fact of Mexico if we lose sight for one moment of the problem of the lowest of the Mexican people. Personally, I do not know what the Roman Catholic Church might have done if it had had different, more evangelical ideals, but I do know that, save for the work of the Protestant missions in the past thirty years, hardly any other force but Rome has done anything for social improvement in Mexico. I do not know what an Anglo-Saxon leadership would have done in the place of that of the Spaniards and higher mixed-bloods, but I do know that under the Spanish viceroys and under Diaz (a true friend of Protestant missions) more was done toward improving the material welfare and toward building the foundations of material and moral prosperity for the unfortunate peons than has been done or even sincerely attempted in the ten years of revolutionary rule since the fall of Diaz.

Now, Mexico has been, and indeed is, what we sometimes call in our brusque Americanism, a "white man's country." It is one of the spots in this world where the burden of uplift is essentially the white man's burden. For 400 years white Spaniards have sought to lift it, and in that long effort, with all its failures, they have placed Mexico, even with her six millions of unlettered, superstitious Indians, in the category of the white lands. The duty of the white man has ever been two-fold, and its duality has been its power; we have lifted the material plane of our wards and we have upraised those wards themselves to a higher and yet higher mental and spiritual plane.

IT IS this dual duty that the revolutionists of Mexico have shirked and have scouted. The economic ruin of the country is today almost complete, and its spiritual uplift has been halted as by a wall of flame. From those material ruins Mexico might conceivably rise in a spiritual rebirth, but the fact has been otherwise, for the material ruin has been accomplished by the prostitution of all the ideals, all the sacred faiths of men, concentrated by self-seeking bandit governments to the aggrandizement and the enrichment of a few sodden favorites.

I would, if I could, paint a different picture, but the high lights of such a panorama can be added only after the dull background has been set in. And that background is dark indeed. The panorama of misery begins when one crosses the northern border today. There the scattered but once almost happy villages of other times have been replaced by ruined, roofless railway stations lined with starving vendors of food who fight with the bony dogs for the refuse of the very food they sell. All the long trip to Mexico City is marked by the same voiceless suffering, and the capital itself has a dismal dinginess that cries of hopeless misery, in appalling contrast to the pleasanter days of the Diaz "materialism."

The unhappy toll of war and revolution, one says? Yes, in part, for such "war" as Mexico has known always takes that toll and always, too, from the weaklings, putting starvation and sickness and filth and dismay where once were comfort and health and some cleanliness and happiness.

But, again the question, was it not worth the price, will it not be worth the price, in the victories won for human freedom? And here the answer is unequivocably "No."

Many hoped, with the fine faith of their own sincerity, that the upheaval that followed Diaz was the dawning of a new era. But in that hope even those who knew Mexico forgot the Mexicans and their history. Political independence from Spain had been won, freedom from the domination of the Catholic Church had been won, before Diaz came. The struggle of his day was one of uplift, carried on with faulty tools, perhaps, but slowly reaching toward the light. Living was improving, slowly; religion was improving, slowly; education was advancing, slowly. Then came a period of crystallization; the Diaz oligarchy grew old. Many sincere men, inside and outside Mexico, thought that the advance could and should move more rapidly. Diaz held back these hastening reformers, and the spiritual force that finally broke forth into the Madero revolution of 1910-11 was undoubtedly the result of that repression of progressive thought.

Like all the revolutions of Mexico's stormy history, this one began with a beautiful stating of ideals and unrealized needs of the common man; but as with all those other revolutions, the power passed quickly to the hands of those whose sole "ideal" was personal aggrandizement, personal wealth, and ruin to all whose needs might incommode these exalted "leaders."

THE so-called "social revolution" of Mexico has become, literally, a tempest in a teapot, with the miserable masses of the country serving but as tinder and fuel beneath the vessel. The teapot is the diminutive labor world of Mexico, and that indeed is boiling madly. Today, the "advanced" ideas of Mexico serve, in the name of socialism, only to put sweeping power in the hands of untrained

THIS is the first of three articles which Mr. Thompson is writing for the Christian Herald, as a result of his recent trip to Mexico. The others will treat of educational conditions and the work of the missions in Mexico today. Mr. Thompson, in addition to articles in leading magazines, is the author of "The People of Mexico," one of the most authoritative and best documented works on the Mexican subject which has appeared recently.

men, men who know nothing of the responsibilities of power, and are using it only to the destruction of the very bases of Mexican society.

Thus, while there seems to be a light dawning in the labor world of Mexico, I am not sure that the light does not come from the burning of something which Mexico cannot afford to lose. In that industrial labor world there are but 300,000 workers out of a population of 15 000,000, while there are more than 3,000,000 peons, heads of families, who work, when there is work, in the fields or as common laborers. It is upon the continued, unbroken suffering of these 3,000,000 that the 300,000 profit today—the peons have but changed masters once again and in the name of freedom, now, serve a vaster company. The Mexican leaders, drawing their power in turn from the coherent, organized industrial workers, are today destroying the civilization of Diaz, and with it the civilization of American business men. American teachers and American missionaries, which was indeed the hope of the downtrodden majority.

The "modern" laws which labor has promulgated might perhaps fit the advanced industrial life of Germany or of the United States, but they are utterly suicidal to Mexico. They provide six- or eight-hour days, for men who cannot read and who have no touch of intellectual life. They provide minimum wages, to be determined by factory committees, with the most ignorant workmen in the world on a par with employers and industrial engineers. They provide against discharge for any cause except proven drunkenness, in a land where, to say the least, drunkenness is relative.

Misery untold stalks incoherently in rags and filth. In the markets wretched food can be bought from the very mouths of hungry vendors

Their own people have begun, a little, to wonder at the wisdom of these sweeping changes, and one, Ing. Carlos Arroyo, not long ago wrote in the official but very radical "Bulletin of Industry, Commerce and Labor" that there were four main difficulties which would have to be corrected before factory efficiency could be arranged in Mexico on a cooperative basis: first, scientific method would have to replace the empirical systems now in use; second, there would have to be special training for apprentices; third, there would have to be study of employees to have them properly placed; fourth, the responsibility for the tasks assigned would have to be "equally" divided (not given entirely to the workers) between the management and the workers, "because the former continues to be charged with responsibility for the competence of the latter."

AND as to that competence, this same Bulletin regularly publishes the records of accidents. There one will find that in 1918, for instance, there were, in 278 industrial establishments having 292,364 employees, 6,424 accidents, in which 184 were killed, and 42 maimed and 6,198 wounded. And, most illuminating of all, 5,165 of the accidents were admittedly due to the "carelessness of workmen," only 195 were the fault of the management and 1,064 were due to unavoidable causes.

As to the value of the achieved reforms, I have but this to tell: In all the cities, in the centers of industry like the Tampico oil fields and the busy port of Vera Cruz (busier today than it has ever been because all Mexico must live on imported goods) I found a sullen hatred of the foreigner, an ugly self-assertion that bodes but ill for those mission workers to whom we look for so much of the future regeneration of the country. I saw none of the contented, happy calm of prosperous laborers, but only the unrest of the great cities of other lands, ugly with resentment, fertile field for revolution, but not for steady progress. And yet those very resentful workers, convinced of an unappreciated importance which they know but by rote, are all that there is of the "fruits" of the "social revolution" in Mexico.

No, Mexico has not changed, even amongst her petted laboring classes, and I fear that the old rule of our ancient Christian civilization will have to persist a little longer, and the long, dim road be trod again through failure and reform, and failure again and yet again. I fear that we shall still have to lift by reaching down and, by training the dull forces of those dull minds, teach them to help themselves and to climb by themselves.

OUT on the plantations which I visited the workers are going the rounds that they have covered since Mexico began, and in the fairs I saw the only evidence of happiness that smiled on me in the length and breadth of the country. The market-places and the fairs of Mexico, sunny, crowded, colorful, rich, because the Indians in the booths are close to Nature and Nature's bounty! That simple happiness has been the source of all Mexico's joy—and of all her misfortune. That simplicity has made her people the dupes of predatory chieftains and hideous priests of pre-Spanish times, of Spaniard and priest through the long centuries of the viceroys, of master and priest, too, through the years since the Independence. Yet in those periods those who have duped the Indians have, most of them, protected the Indians in an easy, medieval way, and slowly there has grown a civilization, and in that civilization have been nurtured the seeds of better things.

The time was coming for those seeds to bear fruit, when, hastening the ripening, came the revolutions of 1910 and after. It was like the child who pulled up the stalks to see how the seeds were growing—they were growing much faster than appeared on the surface, but—they did not grow after they were pulled up.

Looking back to the Diaz day we can find, for instance, the slow, constructive work toward the creation of arable land for small farms. It was being hampered somewhat by grasping officeholders, but it was advancing a great national plan of irrigation to make possible the use of small tracts in a country where rain conditions have forever made small farming all but impossible. Then the revolution and the

The woman bending over the *metate* at her endless task of grinding the corn for the whole family

resounding cry for "Land." The alleged land hunger of the Mexican Indians and peons has been at once the rallying cry for each succeeding revolution and the one appeal of all of them for foreign sympathy.

But whatever authorities may conceive as to the facts of the existence of this land hunger or of the forms which it takes—a desire for little farms, for prehistoric communal ownership, or for property only because it is wealth and can be converted into cash—it is also true that the schemes of the revolutionists for land distribution have been impossible except by the confiscation of rich properties and the destruction of vested rights. No land that is not tillable is satisfactory for distribution, obviously, and the possibly, tillable land of Mexico is, in all, actually only about 25,000,000 acres, or one-twentieth of the area of the country. Land distribution must long remain largely a beautiful theory, good only for raising up the natives by direct appeal to their bitter poverty or to their human greed, and for the raising up of foreign sympathy by the flaunting of the misfortunes of the soil under more appealing names.

In Mexico today all these dreams of land distribution have gone the way of other "reforms" for the benefit of the peons. Nothing, virtually, has been done. Some great properties have been confiscated, or "paid for" in unguaranteed bonds of bankrupt state governments, but most of such properties are today in the hands of former revolutionary "generals." Some few have been distributed to Indians, but even these tracts are taken with but scant enthusiasm, one great "land distribution" in Yucatan calling forth a crowd of 6,000 to the festival (all Mexico goes to any *fiesta*) but only thirty Indians took up any of the hundreds of small tracts offered.

THESE essential facts of the Mexican situation are patent to all who go to Mexico today, and they are inescapable to those who have a background of knowledge of Mexico by which to judge of what they see. And yet it is true that in the councils of Carranza, in the entourages of de la Huerta and now of Obregon there have been and are men representing forces which we in our time have felt could not be used to evil purpose. These were men who had been stirred by the fine frenzy of the first revolution, and whose ideals, caught as mere phrases by the leaders of revolts, were handed back to their originators again, as the "ideals" of the revolution. Strange, indeed, it is and yet not only newcomers, but foreigners of long residence and sincere and devoted Mexicans as well, fell victims to that subtle flattery. In education, in the Protestant missions, there were such men, their very hopes too great to protect them from the petty deceits of those who climbed to power upon them.

I think I can thus explain why travelers in Mexico, great-hearted Christian clergymen as well as moistily entertained excursions of American "Chambers of Commerce" can be deceived as to conditions there. I have been inclined to be impatient, as a rule, with those who let themselves be led this way and that, and flattered by the apparent sincerity of self-deluding Mexican officials, but Mexico is, after all, an eternal enigma. It is an enigma because its colossal depths of ignorance and the smallness of its deceits are literally incomprehensible to simpler and broader minds.

It is that enigma that I have sought through all my writings on Mexico to resolve. On this last trip through the country, I saw only the eternal Mexico, the Mexico of ignorance and misery, whose only change was that it was a little sadder, a little more resentful of those whom it once regarded as its helpers and its friends.

A most perfect example of this ability of the Mexican of the "modern" type (though it is in reality a thoroughly national characteristic) to absorb one's ideas and deceive one by the re-dishing of those ideas happened to me on my last trip to Mexico City. In the course of the preparation of an article on a great business for a popular magazine, I met a Mexican *licenciado* (a title of vast elegance, meaning much more than its dictionary equivalent of "lawyer") who was extremely anxious to be quoted as an expert on the subject which I was studying. He evidently thought that my quoting him would help him to a government post to which he aspired, so he expounded his ideas at great length.

When he was finished, I answered his arguments in kind, and with considerable interest in his response to my counter-play. He was pleasantly combative, and we parted in thorough friendship. It was only a few hours later that I had an urgent call from this same gentleman, who had, he told me, been going into new material on the subject and wished to express his views, as stated in the morning, more definitely to me. Whereupon he returned me, recooked and eloquently served, my own friendly contentions of the previous interview! It was a bit thick for me, but it is worth the telling that an American business man of long experience in Mexico who had introduced this Mexican to me remarked when the subject came up: "By the way, Licenciado Blank is getting much broader. He has figured out a pretty decent attitude on this problem. . . ." and redished me my own views again!

This is Mexico today. On the top a group of men, less able even than those who surrounded Carranza

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Can We Advertise Christianity?

A Discussion of Ways to Spread the Church's Message

By H. BERTRAM LEWIS

IN THE Christian Herald of September 4, 1920, appeared an able contribution by Mr. Anderson Pace entitled "Can We Advertise Christianity?"

Mr. Pace preaches sound principles of organization and publicity which are practically certain to increase the attendance of the individual church which applies them.

My approach to the subject of advertising Christianity is along more general lines, for it is a conviction of mine of many years standing that the church as a whole is missing its greatest opportunity in this busy age by failing to preach its essential message through the mediums to which the masses of the people have become accustomed to turn for their daily pabulum of thought.

How can the Christian Gospel hope to touch a majority of the people when it is not taught in places where the people—or rather the minds of the people—collect? In this nation of approximately 107,000,000 souls, there are some 42,000,000 professing Christians, both Protestant and Catholic, and probably 21,000,000 children of professing Christians below the normal age for church membership, a total of 63,000,000, or slightly less than fifty-nine per cent. of the total population. And of the aggregate church membership (and presumably of its children) not more than half is regular in its attendance, which means that 29½ per cent. of the people of the United States come regularly under the influence of church or Sabbath school. The other 70½ per cent. are either indifferent or wholly out of touch.

Obviously, then, a very great majority are not being reached by the preaching in our churches. There are not church buildings enough in the land to accommodate half the present churchless ones if they should be suddenly inspired to come in. So unless religious thought is brought into the current of their lives through some other channel it is not going to enter those lives at all.

From the standpoint of the layman who rubs shoulders daily with many men and women who seldom enter churches, the neglected and unharnessed good in the human soul—collectively speaking—would be the most distressing thing in the world to contemplate if it were not also the most inspiring. If ever the fields were "white to harvest" it is now. Literally millions of persons in every Christian land are going through an experience of spiritual starvation because no voice arrests their daily pursuit of material objects to cry, "Stop. Think. There are higher things than these." And no one who profits by their many splendid impulses, or notes their fine contempt for cant, or senses their longing for and willingness to work self-sacrificingly towards a better social order, can fail to conclude that all they need is the rallying appeal of the simple Christianity of Christ to make every church in the land hum with a spiritual life beyond all precedent.

FUNDAMENTALLY the present trouble with society is the speed of life and its effect upon the human mind. Personal responsibility is not lessened by the fact that we are living like dervishes, but judgment of the individual rests with God and the concrete problem before the church is not to apportion the blame for the average man's neglect of spiritual things but to seek the remedy. And the fact is that men's minds are influenced by repeated impressions. The suggestions most often repeated become the basis of their thoughts, and by the psychological law of averages a man has no chance to think first of his religion where nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand mental impressions he receives are strictly materialistic in their suggestion.

The average American today reads the newspapers and the cheaper magazines. He reads some fiction—proportionately very little. He reads no philosophy. He lives under the heavy pressure of material things. He talks of his business and of the hobbies of his relaxation. For an evening's diversion he plays bridge or goes to the movies. He eats. He sleeps. What chance has religion under this routine? Where can it slip in and touch that racing dynamo to which the senses carry their impulses and from which come the reactions that mold his life?

Get him to church once a week and at least you light a backfire in his overcrowded mind. Without that restraint his brain goes throbbing on its way, growing more and more absorbed every day by the tangible things that make their daily impress and less and less receptive to spiritual stimuli of any kind.

Speaking in practical terms there seem to be just four ways of increasing church attendance: 1. By the organized efforts of individual churches, such as Mr. Pace has described; 2. By substituting for the traditional church service a service of more popular adpeal; 3. By reaching out into the subconscious mind of the mass and mingling impressions of Christian thought with its multitudinous daily impressions of materialistic thought and counting upon the proven laws of psychology to work their inevitable effect; 4. By combining any or all of these plans.

MR. LEWIS, in this article "Can We Advertise Christianity?" presents a point of view concerning which opinions will widely differ. Before we decided to publish it, we sent it to a small group of men and women and asked them to express their frank opinions, not only as to the feasibility of Mr. Lewis' plan, but also as to its desirability.

On page 311 you will find a summary of these opinions. The article is presented not as an expression of the Christian Herald but, frankly, for the purpose of arousing some discussion on the whole problem of Church advertising.

We will be glad to receive any comments that may come into your mind.

HOW far the scattered efforts of individual churches can be permanently effective is a question. Each such campaign will be effective according to the ability and energy with which it is carried out. It will continue to be effective according to the stickatitiveness of the congregation behind it. But in such work there will be as many degrees of ability, energy and stickatitiveness as there are churches, and even if every church could be persuaded to organize such a campaign—which is almost unthinkable—the combined result would be disappointing because the pressure would be so unequally applied.

The second method will generally result in a temporary increase of attendance but without an increase of spirituality. It is perhaps possible to devise a service both popular and spiritual, but the average service of popular character is nothing but a compromise, a concession to the materialism of the masses which even the average attendant—who is there for no purpose much higher than to be entertained at no cost to himself—recognizes as a confession of weakness by the church, a lack of confidence in the appeal of its true message.

Naturally he is not drawn up to the spiritual level of the church. On the contrary the church has lowered its spiritual level, to his and while he is not the man to refuse a "free show," nor to express a lessened respect for the church while he accepts its hospitality, he is at heart farther away than ever from becoming a consecrated Christian, because of a vague contempt for an institution so dubious of its own strength as to fall back upon such expedients as give to the public place of amusement its popularity.

But the third method is not open to the objection of uneven pressure or of doubtful spirituality. The church can speak daily, weekly, or monthly as it elects to the masses through mediums that are certain to reach them and in a spirit and a language which compromise nothing. It has avenues of approach almost without number to the minds and hearts both of men and women. No subject under the shining sun admits of so many convincing presentations. No advocate ever had such a wonderful variety of appeals to his audience. Nearly every problem of human life is a legitimate subject for the church to use in demonstrating the power, influence, and indispensability of the Christian spirit.

WHAT follows relates wholly to this method and at the outset I shall try to make the conception perfectly clear.

It is, briefly, to conduct a nation-wide advertising campaign consisting of messages to the people from the church. The possible subjects of these messages would be almost infinite in number and variety, but the actual subjects should be chosen according to the times.

If, for example, such a campaign should begin today, the subjects uppermost in men's minds at this time would logically form the basis of it, and the method of treatment would be to illustrate in practical terms the true expression of the Christian spirit in these affairs of current interest and to contrast this with the well-known fruits of selfishness. A simple, dignified, man-to-man presentation. No talking down to the reader. No faintest trace of a "holier-than-thou" point of view, but the unassailable truth so stated that every honest man would have to concede it, and would be impelled to bring it home to himself because of the simplicity and sincerity with which it was stated.

Through every line of it should run an impression of the virility of the message and of the Christ who furnishes its inspiration. These men of the twentieth century should be made to feel the power that caused men of their own practical type in ancient days to utter the awe-struck tribute, "Never man spake like this man."

Of prohibitions or injunctions there should never be a trace. The world is sick of them—and because the average man has associated the church in his mind with the thought of a warning finger and a wagging head, his conception of Christ has come to be of a mournful figure whose message may be summed up in three oppressive words—"Thou shalt not." Yet where do we find the spirit of that phrase in all His teachings?

Content as He was to enunciate great positive truths, the acceptance of which blots out the selfishness that calls forth the negative commands, it must grieve Him indeed to see the true burden of His teachings so perverted in the minds of modern men. And only as we apply His method can we hope to make Him grip the hearts of the present generation.

SOME years ago a local advertising campaign was carried on in the Philadelphia newspapers describing in a broad impressive way the function, the achievements, and the influence of the Christian Church; its place in modern society; what men owe to it; why it deserves their support and how they may support it. The thing was splendidly done and I have always understood that it filled the churches of Philadelphia as no amount of individual effort by the churches had ever been able to do.

The Philadelphia treatment would form another excellent phase of a national campaign, and there are almost as many other possible phases as there are possible topics of thought under the sun.

For the Word of God enters into every nook and cranny of life. It applies to every detail of human existence and if it were taught the people by such means as these they would find themselves and their consciences face to face with it every day.

The subconscious mind of man cannot resist that kind of pressure, as every advertising psychologist well knows. Keep any thought before the masses persistently enough and slowly but surely it becomes a matter of acceptance by the majority. The American people could not escape the Christian religion if it were thus presented. Even if their wills were opposed—which they are not by any means—the inexorable laws of psychology would have their way.

How subversive of the present evil order this campaign would be would depend wholly upon the sympathy and inspiration behind the preparation of it, and the power of its appeal. Well done, its effect would be instantly arresting, and rapidly convincing. If it were undertaken by the combined churches with wholehearted confidence in its possibilities, a purpose to make it a paramount function of church effort and not a mere passing phase and an appropriation large enough to bring its influence promptly into every corner of the land, a campaign with the right ring throughout would make almost unbelievable headway. It would do more than fill up the churches—it would fill up the hearts of a majority of men with contrition and charity. It would be the quickest, surest antidote for the evil and disruptive doctrines of the day that could possibly be devised.

And—perhaps the most important result of all—it would multiply recruits for the ministry and vastly improve their personnel. Within two years of the inauguration of such a campaign we would cease to ask ourselves where the ministers of the future are coming from. We should find them coming in increasing numbers from all sections of the country and from all walks of life. But let it be said right here—and with all the emphasis that words can express—that unless these messages of the Christian Church partake of the deepest conviction, the highest spirituality, the keenest common sense and the most profound knowledge of human nature, they will fail and fail miserably. This forecast of results is postulated upon a campaign soundly conceived, powerfully executed and unremittingly maintained.

AND it is high time we were about it. Every thought but the thought of Christ is clamoring through the columns of the daily press. Some are wholesome, many are demoralizing—but how often do you see the Master's name appear? What is there in the secular periodical that makes Him live before its readers? Next to nothing. On the contrary, every new and destructive ism of the age is bulletined about until the man on the street either accepts one of them or accepts nothing. One rival gospel cancels another in the minds of many and they neither know nor care what they think about any of them, Christianity included.

Unless, above the din, our world soon begins to hear the majestic tones of Authority, speaking a simple,

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The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

Doors of Opportunity

TRUE to their long-established record of doing nothing by halves, the readers of the Christian Herald have again demonstrated their philanthropic efficiency in a very remarkable scale. In the last issue of January, we invited them to become patrons of the Jerusalem Orphanage, and at the same time we presented the photographs of thirty-six little maids who were candidates for support. There was still another, but on account of sickness, her portrait was not available at the time. We are now able to announce that patrons have been found for the entire list of orphans, even including the absentee.

This new "door of opportunity" is one of many that have been providentially opened for the Christian Herald Family Circle. We recall the India orphan door, which that great servant of God, Bishop Thoburn, helped to open, and passing through which, our friends found an abundant field for service, ultimately over 5,000 little orphan waifs being gathered into missionary folds and distributed among sixty orphanages, under the auspices of the Christian Herald. Then there was the door which was afterwards thrown wide open in Japan, when 800 to 900 orphans and half-orphans, bereaved by the famine in the three northeastern provinces, were gathered into orphanages, three of the largest of which have become a permanent work. China, too, furnished a similar opportunity when 2,000 orphans were gathered in, many of whom have since grown up into noble and useful manhood and womanhood—some of them trained to preach the Gospel to the unenlightened people of their own land.

And so it has been, wherever our friends have undertaken the work, they have found in many countries an open door inviting their cooperation. Never has the work proved unsatisfactory or unremunerative in the highest sense, resulting in soul-winning in the field and soul and character-building here at home among the interested patrons. The little doorway opened in Palestine gives a glimpse of great possibilities. In a mixed population of many races: Greek, Arab, Jew, Armenian and Moslem, surely there is a divine call in the summons to duty to such a field as this. In these days of quick communication and with skilled workers already in the field, there is the opportunity for every good man and woman here at home to be represented at the Gospel front. You who read this can help this work by becoming a patron of the Jerusalem Orphanage.

Things Better Unsaid.

"MY DEAR friends," said the officiating minister at the funeral of the distinguished citizen of Spotted Town who passed away suddenly last week, "we are met to speak the truth about this poor soul who has gone into the presence of his Maker, and to whom we commit him, without expressing any opinion as to the place where he has gone or where he now is. But this occasion seems a good one, on account of the large number of citizens present who never go to church, to say a few words by way of warning, words spoken without malice, but in truth.

"The deceased has been lauded by the daily press as one of the distinguished citizens of Spotted Town who has amassed a large fortune here, and in a column and a half the paper described his history and told of the political and other offices he had filled, and held him up to the young generation as an example of industry and energy.

"As a matter of fact, speaking the truth, you all know that this man was a profiteer all through the war and at the time of his death. He made his money in ways that God could not approve. He paid as small wages as he could and hold his clerks, and he gave as little to all good causes as he could and retain his reputation as a public-spirited citizen. He was not a member of any church, and this is the only time a minister has ever been called into his home, and then only to assist other organizations at his funeral. He never confessed Christ before men or lived the Master's life or taught it to others. He was selfish, greedy, and non-religious. Few people really mourn his departure and his example is the last thing any young man in Spotted Town ought to imitate. We commit him to the mercy of God. Let us pray."

Of course, the minister did not say anything of the kind. If he had, it would have created a sensation and without doubt have led to a prompt demand for his resignation. And also it may be true that such a funeral address, even if it spoke the exact truth, had better be unsaid. But how many funeral addresses have you heard, Mr. Citizen of Spotted Town, in which you knew that the late deceased was being wafted into a heaven of which he was pitifully ignorant, and praised for good deeds which he had never done, and eulogized as a distinguished fellow citizen when you and every one around you knew perfectly well that the funeral service was a farce, and silence would have been the best way to conduct it?

Reporting Sin

FOR the last three months the press of this country has been giving Old Ultimate Consumer and Tax Payer whole pages of detailed accounts of certain murder and divorce trials.

Murder and divorce are legitimate items of news and the press is justified in reporting them.

But it ought to be done in the right proportion. There are, of course, many Consumers and Tax Payers who want all the ghastly details of murders and filthy suggestions of divorce cases to be served up with the breakfast bacon and eggs and coffee, in the morning, but there are also a good many others who are very tired of the emphasis laid on the details of human sin and sordidness. Why should my morning uplift sheet regale me for two or three weeks with a murder committed in Baraboo or San Diego, when I live in Portland, Oregon, or dish up for my breakfast the salacious bits that go with divorce in high (or low) life in New York when my residence is in Skagway, Alaska?

Human sin ought to be reported as the Bible reports it, giving the cause, and pointing the remedy and making the human transgression abhorrent instead of fascinating. David's murder of Uriah the Hittite and his stealing of Uriah's wife are all told in what would be about three inches in a daily paper, but the effect of it on him and the results as brought out by the prophet Nathan take up a whole page in David's after life.

Yes, report sin, gentlemen of the press, but give it to us by the stickful not the page full.

Cheap Talk

HERE is a sample of the cheap talk that makes up the average conversation of millions of human beings:

"Fine day, isn't it?"
"Yes, fine."
"How are you feeling today?"
"Oh fair. How are you?"
"So, so."
"Some warmer than yesterday, isn't it?"
"Yes, but not so warm as day before yesterday."
"No, not quite. Well, good day."
"Same to you. So long."

In a world that contains so much that is of the most tremendous interest and importance and beauty and power, doesn't it strike you that it borders on a daily tragedy that millions of human beings, many of them gifted with intelligence, should have nothing to say to their acquaintances and friends more than cheap trivialities or dull platitudes? To be sure the weather is always with us, and our "feelings" are always a part of our being, but in the name of Him who made a most interesting world, and put us into it to enjoy it, why do we keep up the silly and empty habit of exchanging question and answer about the same old topics of conversation that the human race has worn out after several centuries of use?

Think of the things worth talking about! The universe is full of them. Instead of using them we indulge in "cheap talk," and the years go by unenlivened by any refreshing exchange of ideas even among the people we love and whom we call our friends and neighbors. As one of our good friends said the other day, speaking of a companion whom he had known in business for over twenty years, "I never heard George say an original thing. He always greets me with the same old word,—'Well, Bill, how goes it? Doing business at the same old stand, eh?' I wonder if he ever thinks of any thing else except business? I wish he would sometimes ask me if the baby has another tooth or tell me something about something else besides business."

It would not be a bad idea to establish a chair of "Interesting Conversation" in our schools and colleges. People do not know how to talk. They talk, but they don't know how. The Professor on Interesting Conversation could start the students on some original tracks and they would be the people we would enjoy meeting at receptions and social gatherings. I get all the weather I want without having it thrown at me in talk. And as for my feelings, perhaps I would not have so many if so many people were not always asking me how I "feel." Say, Professor, when are you going to start that course in Conversation? But I know a lot of people who need it.

To the Christian Herald:

East may be East, and West may be West, but the kindness that you have shown us will be carried back by us and will be planted in the hearts of our people.

May the friendships that have thus been formed between the citizens of these two great and noble countries be as shining lights on either side of the Pacific. Inadequate and meaningless as these thoughts may be, they come from the heart of one who loves China and America. I am,

Very sincerely yours,
LUM K. CHU,
Chairman Famine Relief Committee,
Chinese Students' Alliance.

Chicago, Ill.

Another Tax Puzzle

SPEAKING of puzzles, how about this one?

Ultimate Consumer makes out his income tax according to expert lawyer who charges him $10 for the knowledge of how to do it. One year afterward, he is summoned by an official notice to meet the deputy internal revenue collector at the Federal building and answer certain questions relative to his income tax report as made out a year before. According to the printed notice he receives, the penalty for falsifying an income tax report is $10,000 and several years in jail.

Wondering how soon he will be arrested for some item of perjury in making out report, Old Man Ultimate Consumer hastens to obey summons of deputy collector.

Arrived at the Federal building, he is confronted with the deputy and given the charge against him, as certified in the official mark over against the item, "For repairs and expenses on property," which is,—"Expense of $500 as here stated is too much."

"You will have to explain that," says the deputy.

"Explain what?" anxiously asks Ultimate Consumer.

"The $500."

"Why, I explained that item to the lawyer who made out my report. I had to spend that much to keep my house from falling into ruin. All during the war I was not able to do any building or repairing, and my house was so old that it needed fixing up the worst sort. The plaster was falling off, the floors were rotted through in places. The roof needed reshingling and the whole house painting. I had to make extensive repairs in order to keep my home livable. And on top of everything else, the cost of materials and labor made the expenses twice as great and half as much as the house really needed to make it fit to live in. But where is my crime? What is the penalty?"

The deputy looked grave.

"The crime," he says, "consists in the $500 being put as repairs on a house which you are renting."

"But I stated at the time that the repairs were on my own house in which I am living."

"It was a technical error on the part of the person who made out the report."

"Oh," says Ultimate Consumer, with a sigh of relief. "Then it is something for which I am not to blame!"

"Possibly not," says the collector. "But you will have to pay an additional $23.97 on the $500 repairs on your own home."

Ultimate Consumer heaves another sigh of relief. And takes out his check book. After making out the check for $23.97 he says timidly to the collector, "May I ask what the extra amount would have been on the $500 for repairs if they had been made on the *rented* property?"

"In that case," says the collector severely. "There would have been no extra amount to pay the revenue department. Repairs on rented property from which the owner gets some return are exempt from tax."

"But the repairs on a man's own home from which he gets no return except the pleasure of keeping his home from falling into ruin, *are* taxed?"

"Just so," says the collector. "It is very plain."

"Very," says Ultimate Consumer.

Puzzle: Find out how plain it really is.

Dorinda Finds a Grandmother

A Story

By MARTHA KING DAVIS

Illustrated by M. L. Greer

DORINDA, with utter disregard of beaded Georgette, snuggled deeper in the big arm-chair before the fireplace. Somewhere in the house a clock slowly chimed twelve, and at its last stroke, a door closed gently.

Dorinda straightened. "Come in, Dad. I'm here in the library."

James Hayden stood for a moment in the doorway. He felt a little thrill of gladness at the sight of Dorinda. Always, always, Dorinda brought to him that thrill. He smiled as he shook his head. "What? Not gone to bed yet, snookums? Don't you know that all Cinderellas are supposed to vanish at the magic midnight hour?"

Dorinda went to him and put her strong young arm about his neck; she laid her cheek against his lined one. "Sometimes," she whispered, and her voice caught with a little sob, "sometimes I wish I were a Cinderella."

Her father did not answer. He put her back in the big chair, and sat down by the table.

"Mother—not in yet?"

"No, she stayed on. She sent me home with the Honorable Roswell Dillingham and his mother. Dad," Dorinda raised smouldering eyes, "I am not going to marry the Honorable Roswell Dillingham!"

"Well—you don't *have* to marry him, do you, Toots?"

"I do if his mother and my mother have their say, and if the H. R. D. has his. Dad!" tragically, "do I look old?"

James Hayden smiled.

"Not—noticeably, my dear. You'll not die of old age right away. Who says you look old?"

"Mother. She fusses at me all the time. You know this is my second season. If I don't get married this year it's 'Goodby, chance,' she says. As if I cared——" She leaned over and put her hand on his. "I'd rather stay with you, Dad, always and forever."

He patted her hand gently. "I'm inclined to second the motion. But you just haven't happened to meet the right man. Time enough; you're nothing but a baby. I suppose—I suppose this Dillingham has—money?"

Dorinda nodded vehemently. "You've said it, Dad. Money, blue blood—that's all Mother cares! Oh, forgive me, but what *is* the use of pretending? I—I'm desperately unhappy. Mother's pushing me to accept him before the eighteenth; she wants to announce it at a dinner she is giving that night. Oh, if I only had some place to go! If I only had a relative, a—a grandmother!"

James Hayden started. The girl saw in his eyes a look she had never seen there before.

"Dorinda," he said quietly, "you *have* a grandmother."

"Oh, oh, please, Dad, don't joke that way!"

"I'm not joking, my dear, it's quite true."

"Oh—but it *isn't!* You told me your parents died before I was born."

"They did, but I never told you that your mother's mother was dead."

A little pucker came between the girl's eyes. There was a moment's silence. "No," she said finally, "no. And Mother would never tell me a thing about her life before she met you, though I've asked so many times. But her mother—why, I just took it for granted. Are you sure, Dad?"

"Positive, though I didn't know about her until a few years ago. You see, when we were married your mother gave me to understand that her parents were dead. You said a moment ago that there was no use in pretending. There isn't. You are old enough now to decide things for yourself, uninfluenced."

HE LEANED an arm against the table and shaded his face with his hand. The look in Dorinda's wide, troubled eyes made explanation difficult.

"Your mother came into my office as stenographer. She was very beautiful and I fell in love with her at first sight. Soon after we were married, I realized that wealth and position meant more to her than anything else in the world. But—she gave me you, Dorinda—I never can forget that. We've probably been as congenial as—most couples. One day a young fellow from a little town in northern Massachusetts came to see me. He lived next door to the Lymans, Isabel's parents. He told me of the death of your grandfather. I had a talk with Isabel that night. Seems she left home when she was sixteen, had never written or been back. I guess the old man had been pretty hard with her, but her mother—well, my entreaties were useless. I dropped the matter then and there. I've never spoken to her about it since."

Dorinda's hands were clenched so tightly that all the blood was forced into her finger-tips. "Oh," she cried in a low, stifled voice, "I've always known Mother was selfish, but this—oh, Dad, I can't bear it! Haven't you ever been to see grandmother?"

"Grandmother!" she called "Oh, Grandmother!"

"Why, yes, of course I have, Dorinda. I went right away, and I've been there a good many times since."

The girl's smile was illuminating. "Oh, I might have known! Tell me about her. *My* grandmother! And I've always wanted one so terribly!" She leaned forward with shining eyes.

"You'll love her, kiddie. She's a regular grandmother, but you'll have to go all the way. She's shy and reserved and proud—her life hasn't been a bed of roses, by any means. I didn't like the idea of her living alone, so I got a neighbor and his wife to go there. It's," he smiled reminiscently, "it's a good place to visit."

"But, Dad!" cried Dorinda in a breaking voice. "Why haven't you told me this before? Why haven't you taken me with you?"

Her father put his hand under her chin and looked deep into her eyes. "I wanted to be absolutely sure that you were a—Hayden."

THERE came the whirr of a motor, a murmur of voices, a merry "Good-night, everybody."

Isabel Hayden came into the room, throwing aside her fur wrap and pulling at her gloves. "I declare, if my devoted family are not sitting up for me! You both look about as cheerful as a funeral. What's the glad news?"

Dorinda shivered. How pretty and graceful her mother was standing there in her black lace evening gown. No wonder her father had fallen in love with her at first sight twenty years ago.

"Mother, Dad's told me about grandmother."

The gloves slipped from her mother's fingers. "Jim!" she cried sharply.

"You must have known that I would tell Dorinda, Isabel."

"Oh, Mother, how could you?"

Isabel Hayden flushed defiantly. "Your father has always had a penchant for making mountains out of mole-hills, Dorinda. In the face of what he has probably told you I can't expect to make you understand. Jim doesn't understand." Her eyes flashed. "My father ground me under an iron heel, and my mother—she was afraid to interfere. I stood it as long as I could and then I got out. I said I'd never set foot inside of that forsaken little town again and I meant it. I never shall."

"Mother! Please don't say that. Dad and I are going to see grandmother. Please, oh, please come with us!"

Mrs. Hayden picked up her gloves and her evening coat and walked to the door. "You and your father can do as you like, Dorinda," she said coldly, "I stay here."

DORINDA, her chin cupped in her hand, gazed out of the car window into the gathering darkness and the swirl of flying snowflakes. It had commenced to snow early in the afternoon and now every passing tree and rail fence and stone wall was hidden under a wondrous blanket of gleaming whiteness.

Dorinda and her father had changed from the fast moving Pullman express to this slow, crowded branch train, whose destination would finally be Brandon, the home of Grandmother Lyman.

Dorinda thought of her mother. How disgusted she would be with this close, ill-smelling day-coach. Dorinda knew now why her father's eyes were always so tired, his face so lined, why he spent so many hours away from home. "And yet," she thought proudly, "I've never heard him speak one unkind word to Mother, or deny her one small thing."

She swallowed a lump in her throat. Only a little time now and they would be in Brandon. What would her grandmother be like? She felt a quick thrill of excited anticipation. Her father spoke.

"Mighty lot of snow up this way, kiddie. If we can't get a conveyance at the station—better have let me written of our coming, Dorinda."

"Oh, no, Dad, that would have spoiled all the fun."

He shook his head doubtfully. "You won't call it fun if we have to walk a mile in this young blizzard. Ah, here we are!"

The train came to a jerky stop. Brandon! Dorinda buttoned the collar of her fur coat tightly and held her muff before her face as she followed her father down the car steps to the snow-covered platform.

"Here, Dorinda, you wait here, while I see about some kind of a rig."

The small waiting-room smelled chokingly of coal gas and smoking kerosene lamps. The few people gathered about the big stove eyed Dorinda curiously.

A few moments, and her father came in, his face wreathed in smiles. "Of all the luck!" he exclaimed. "Here's Keith Dundan, Dorinda."

The girl found her hand held firmly in a warm, hearty clasp. She gazed up a long, fur overcoat with melting snow crystals, to a pair of merry, blue eyes.

"Miss Dorinda! Why, of course, I'd have known you anywhere!" He smiled at James Hayden. "The last photograph was a splendid likeness."

"What?" gasped Dorinda.

"Keith lives right beside your grandmother. If it hadn't have been for Keith, I'd never have known——" Hayden broke off abruptly. "He came down to meet an uncle who hasn't arrived. Sorry

Continued on page 312

The Soul-Life of a Nation

A Sermon by REV. BENJAMIN COX*

TEXT—Mark 8 : 36. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

I DO not feel that we do violence to the real meaning of the text if we read it: "What shall it profit America though she gain the whole world and lose her own soul?" America's great need today is soul emphasis. The real prosperity of our country is founded on religion and is fostered by religion.

William Jennings Bryan, speaking in Little Rock to a great throng of men, said among other things: "Gentlemen, some of you may think slightingly of churches; but I notice that you do not buy real estate where there are no churches." It made quite an impression upon me at the time. As a member of the Board of Trade in Little Rock for twelve years, and of the Chamber of Commerce in Memphis for eight years, I have taken the position that the chief commercial asset of any city is its churches.

A prominent American was visiting Argentina. The President of the Republic asked him: "Why has South America gotten on so poorly, and North America so well?" The visitor replied: "What do *you* think is the reason?" "I think the reason is found in the fact," the President said, "that the Spaniards came to South America seeking *gold*, while the Pilgrim Fathers came to North America seeking *God*." There is a great deal of truth in this view. I am sorry to say that North America today does not place God first and gold second, as the Pilgrim Fathers did. Just to the extent that she follows South America in placing gold first and God second, to that extent will North America deteriorate. The prominent visitor to Argentina of whom I speak was Roger W. Babson, who is perhaps the greatest commercial-industrial statistician in the world today. In his striking book, "The Fundamentals of Prosperity," Mr. Babson issues a wonderful call to America to pay more attention to the soul life of the country. He writes: "It is the Church which has created America, developed our schools, created our homes, built our cities, done everything that is worth while in America." Further he remarks: "The need of the hour is not more legislation; the need of the hour is more religion."

More religion is needed everywhere, from the halls of Congress at Washington to the factories, the mines, the fields and the forests. It is one thing to talk about plans or policies, but a plan or policy without a religious motive is like a watch without a spring, or a body without the breath of life. In my judgment, one of the greatest problems with America is the fact that we are trying to hatch chickens from sterile eggs. America's need is to pay more attention to the real germ of life—the soul life of the country.

Business men were packed to the doors in a great auditorium in one of our cities, not long since. A business man, not a preacher, was on the platform, and was answering the question: "What is the matter with business?" In answering this important question this business man—and remember, he was not a preacher—said: "Business is out of joint because business men are *leaving God out of account*." Anything that leaves God out of account will surely be out of joint.

THIS call to America to pay more attention to the soul life of the country is coming from many quarters. I was interested in the bold heading of an article in a February magazine entitled "Taking Sin Out of Business." The three letters "sin" in the middle of "business" is underlined heavily. I have been such a dullard heretofore that, until I saw these three letters underlined, I never realized the word "sin" occurs in the middle of "business." The great need of America is, as far as possible, to take the sin out of business. We need a return to the ideals of business life Abraham Lincoln had. You remember that by mistake he had given a customer one day half a pound of tea short and after closing hours that night he walked seven miles to his customer's house with the half-pound of tea. He knew he could not sleep if he did not restore the tea.

It is not material development that will make America great. We hear a great hue and cry "What is it that we need?" "Higher wages, better houses, a plan for the people to own their homes," some say; "if we have these things we will be all right." It is not true. We may have all of these things and yet be all wrong. A woman came into my office the other day and said: "I want to see you a few minutes privately." I closed the door, and very earnestly she proceeded to tell me that she thought the great need of America was for people to own their own homes. She said: "Don't you think that would be wonderful? Don't you think that would be a good thing?" I said "Certainly I do." "Well," she said, "why can not Central Baptist church buy several acres of land and build homes for the people?" I said, "My dear woman, everybody in Memphis might own his home and yet Memphis go to the devil anyhow."

Home ownership, good roads, better houses, higher wages—all are good in their places; but America needs something deeper. She needs emphasis on the soul life. Less emphasis on the material, more on the spiritual. Well indeed does Mr. Babson say: "We have gone daffy over things like steam, electricity, water power, buildings, railroads and ships, and we have forgotten the human soul upon which all of these things depend, and from which all of these things originate." Yes, indeed, we have gone daffy over "things." We place more emphasis on "things" than on the soul. We have forgotten the words of Jesus: "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these *things* shall be added unto you."

Two men were visiting Niagara. One complained of the vast amount of undeveloped power as being the greatest in the country. "No," replied his friend; "the greatest undeveloped power in America is the soul of man." Mr. Babson tells of a visit to a farmer who took great pride in his fine stock. The pedigree was hanging over the cows and the other animals. Blue prints were kept in his office referring to each one. The visitor asked: "What about your laborers?" "Oh," said the farmer, "they all look alike to me." There are many Americans, I fear, who are like the men on the coast of Gadara. When Jesus caused the devil to come out of the wild man and go into the swine, and they ran down a steep place and were drowned, their owners besought Jesus to leave their midst. Why? Because they cared more for pigs than for people; and just to the extent that America cares more for pigs than she does for people, she will do all she can to keep Jesus out of her midst. Why do men want the liquor traffic? Why do they want to legalize vicious shows? Simply for the reason that they are more for pigs than for people. What is the greatest trouble with Capital and Labor? It lies in the fact that Capital has forgotten that Labor has a soul, and Labor has forgotten that Capital has a soul. We hear people sometimes talking about "soulless corporations." I want to say to you that I believe that in some of these so-called "soulless corporations," are men with mighty big souls. I repeat: The great need is for the employer and the employee both to realize the importance of the soul element.

THIS is true everywhere and very true in our church life. We can not be reminded too often that the great need of all the churches is emphasis upon the soul, upon the spiritual. We need often to be reminded of the truth of the old text: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." A Sunday-school teacher was out one day and saw a dirty, freckled-faced boy playing in the gutter. She invited him to Sunday school "I ain't a-going," said he. She showed him a shining sixpence and said: "If you come next Sunday I will give you that." "I'll be there," replied the boy, and he was there, cleaner than he had been in a long time. He had washed his face. He had even washed himself behind the ears, and when a boy washes himself behind his ears voluntarily, you know there is something happening in that boy. That boy was Amos Sutton, who became one of the world's greatest missionaries, and he did not look very promising to begin with.

A number of years ago a man came into our church. He was poverty-stricken, discouraged and blue. We gave him something to eat. He said: "I am willing to do anything I can." He helped our janitor around the kitchen for his meals. That janitor led him to Jesus. The first Christmas morning after he had been baptized, he said to me: "Doctor Cox, this is the first Christmas morning in twenty years that I have not had to face the judge." He went to Houston, and worked for awhile in the Rescue Mission. Then he did some fine work in the First Baptist Church. Often when Dr. Leavell, the pastor, would be writing me he would say: "'Shorty' sends kind regards. He is doing good work here." Recently he came to spend a short time in Memphis. He was well dressed, had saved money, and was very happy in the Lord. This man, who was very unpromising in appearance to begin with, made a good talk at our Noon Meeting.

A man came to me one morning with his feet sticking out of his shoes. Every time he stepped you could hear the water. We found him food and friends. After being away from Memphis two years he wrote: "Dear Sir: Do you remember the wreck of humanity who came to see you two years ago with his feet sticking out of his shoes? Well, I am that man. I just want to tell you that I was elected cashier of this bank last Saturday. Pray for me."

Three months later he wrote: "I enclose my first quarterly report. The bank is doing well. Pray for me." Still later he wrote: "The president is sick and they have asked me to take his place until he gets well. Pray for me and remember me to the noon meeting." The last letter I got says: "I have now moved to——, where the bank has several million dollars in deposits. Remember me to the meeting and pray for me. The first chance I get, I want to take a vacation and come to Memphis to see you." All of these men were very unpromising from the standpoint of appearance. We helped them by helping them to help themselves.

PUTTING emphasis upon the soul life pays tremendously. It even pays financially. You have but to be a student of history to notice that every great era of prosperity in America has followed a revival era. Real prosperity does not come from raw material. Real prosperity does not come from education.

Mr. Babson reminds us that real prosperity is founded on faith, integrity, industry, co-operation, soul. He was employed to gather statistics concerning seventy of the greatest manufacturers, merchants and railroad builders. The leading men who have made America by developing the fields, the forests, the mines and the industries. He tells us that he found only five per cent. of this seventy were sons of bankers, ten per cent. sons of manufacturers, fifteen per cent. of the seventy were sons of merchants, while over thirty per cent. of them were the sons of poor preachers and poor farmers. He correctly reminds us that security does not depend on steel vaults and time clocks. Human security, soul security, religion in the heart and the life—that is what you need in order to feel safe. The integrity of the bankers and the workers is of more importance than the steel vault and the fine building. America's security, America's success is founded not in locks and bolts but in souls.

America is in danger of making the same mistake that the rich fool did in the parable. The rich fool made the mistake first of leaving out God. If America is wrong towards God, she cannot be right anywhere. "In the beginning God—" is the only safe way to start.

Surely the rich fool was not more foolish than the American who tries to feed his soul on corn, cotton, coal, oil-wells, railroads, houses, lots and jewelry. The trouble is he tried to feed his soul on *things*, and souls cannot be fed on *things*. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these *things* shall be added unto you."

What shall it profit America if she shall gain the whole world, and lose her own soul? What shall America give in exchange for her soul?

*Pastor, Central Baptist Church, Memphis, Tenn.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow," or "My Faith Looks up to Thee."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Mark 4 : 3-20—"Parable of the Sower."

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 307, first column).

Sermon—"THE SOUL-LIFE OF A NATION"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," or "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

To Thee, all wise and loving Father, we commend our spirits after this hour's worship, and as we depart fill our hearts with joy at the thought of thy salvation through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, E. W. Caswell, H. P. Hoskins, C. C. Albertson, R. Braunstein and W. L. Goldsmith

Perpetual Springtime

SUNDAY. Psa. 1 : 13. "*His leaf also shall not wither.*" The leaf is the thing of the Spring-time. It is the first thing that comes. How soon it loses its delightful freshness! How soon the sweet greenness passes into the darker shades of Summer, and becomes sere and yellow in the older days of Autumn!

But my text speaks of a religious life whose leaf shall retain its freshness through all the changing days. The Spring glory shall not wither as the years roll away. The beauties of the Spring-time shall continue through all the seventy years. The characteristic charms of childhood shall never be destroyed. Life shall grow. It shall increase in knowledge. It shall broaden in experience. It shall open out large capacities and powers. But amid all the many and varied developments, the beauties of childhood shall remain. "His leaf shall not wither."

What are the leaves which make childhood so beautiful? They are these: hope and sympathy. These are the fresh green adornments of the Spring-time of life. How many of us lose them as life passes forward into its prime! There is so much that is hostile to them in the very atmosphere of the world we have to breathe. There is the repeated experience of failure. There is the terrible chill of sorrow and care. There is the growing sense of personal sin. There is the increasing knowledge of the world's depravity. There is the ever-present might of the tempter. There is the cold mystery of death.

All these pervade and possess us, and in their bitter blasts our Spring leaves begin to wither. The "tender leaves of hope" begin to lose their freshness; the delicate leaves of sympathy begin to fade away.

As men and women leave their youth and childhood behind, they are apt to decline in one of two ways—to become pessimists or formalists. A pessimist is a soul from whose branches the green leaf of hope has withered away. A formalist is a soul from whose branches the green leaf of sympathy has withered away. When these leaves fade and droop, the world becomes unspeakably poor.

That is a wonderful word in the Apocalypse wherein we are told that "the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." It is full of beautiful suggestiveness. "The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations." If ever the wounds and sorrows of the world are to be healed, it will have to be by the leaves of the Tree of Life, the green leaves of the Spring-time, the leaves of hope and sympathy. It is the child-like disposition which is to heal the world's broken heart. J. H. J.

The Right Source of Knowledge

MONDAY. John 5 : 39. "*Search the Scriptures.*" The quest of truth was set forth by the ancient Greeks in the story of Jason and the Argonauts who set forth in the good ship "Argo" to find the golden fleece. It would have been a vain quest, despite the fact that Hercules, and Orpheus with his lyre, and the twins Castor and Pollux were of that famous crew, had they not known with some degree of certainty where the golden fleece was to be found. Somewhere among the islands of the Hesperides? That was too vague. But Colchis would answer, just there and nowhere else. So, thither they sailed, found the fleece and brought it back with them.

Truth is the principal thing; but where shall we search for it? There must be some place of authority, whither we can go with assurance. To wander about among the islands of the Hesperides, guided by nothing more trustworthy than opinion and guess-work, doubting and wondering, with the rocks and forests as four farthest horizons, this is to pursue a hopeless quest.

In such a case it is little wonder if we are lost in doubt and perplexity. To our cry, "Where is truth?" there is no answer but a mocking echo, "What is truth?" But when the Christian opens his Bible, lo, from every page there comes a voice, "I am the Truth."

If, then, a man would be a believer and not a perpetual doubter, if he would rest on authority and not on mere speculation, let him search the Scriptures; for

"This is the judge that ends the strife
When wit and reason fail,
Our guide to everlasting life
Through all the gloomy vale."

D. J. B.

The Sophistries of Satan

TUESDAY. Luke 12 : 20. "*But God said unto him, Thou fool; this night thy soul shall be required of thee.*" A dying millionaire was asked by his pastor what he would like to have sung at his bedside. The reply was, "Sing 'Come ye sinners, poor and needy.'" He felt the need of diviner help than his two hundred millions. Is it not well to profit by the experience and testimony of others? Another departing rich man remarked, "It is not what I have given away that troubles me, but the millions I am leaving." Why, then, should the heirs struggle to obtain that which seems a weight upon the soul of the one going to meet the Judge of the universe?

A Parisian chemist poisoned by his new discovery, left a note in his laboratory, saying, "Such a substance is poison and the proof of it is that I am dying." He wrote with his trembling hand so that others might be warned. How many still pour down the poisoned liquor after the funeral of the drunkard, after the nation has prohibited, and millions are in desolated homes and drunkards' graves! What fools men are to throw away the pearl of life immortal!

Those who have little faith in God often have great credulity about their own ability to resist temptation, to know when to stop. We hear them say, "I can use these bonds of the bank to secure my broker, as I speculate; I am no thief: I am treasurer of a great institution. I expect to restore these securities and never be detected." Have not such resolutions paved the way to destruction for many a heart and home? Why will men walk on the edge of a precipice when others have fallen around them? Are not wild animals often wiser than men? An animal avoids the trap that smells of blood, but human beings walk into the same old trap where the bones of other victims lie around. The thirty pieces of silver tempt them; like Judas, they think more of money than of their Master.

Man, a little lower than the angels, created in the image of God, becomes a demon from choice, loving the sophistries of Satan rather than the salvation of Christ. O child of heaven, how art thou fallen! Arise and Christ shall give thee life, light and riches unsearchable! E. W. C.

Liberty and License

WEDNESDAY. *John 8 : 36.* "*If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*" Thomas Carlyle once said, "Liberty needs new definitions." If this was true in his day, it is more true in ours. Liberty and license are too frequently confused. Liberty is conduct according to law. License is conduct unregulated by law. When a ship's steering-gear is impaired, a signal is raised, "Not under control." There are multitudes of lives which should raise such a signal. A slave may be freer than his master, a prisoner freer than his keeper. The apostle James speaks of the "royal law of liberty." What is it? It is to find the laws of our being and live in obedience to them. As J. G. Holland once wrote, "A fish is free when it is in its element—the water; a bird is free when it is in its element—the air; a man is free when he is in his element—the law."

We are wise to inquire, What is the right environment for our natures? Each of us is endowed with two natures, a physical and a spiritual. The simplest statement of spiritual law is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself."

What is the relation of Christ to this freedom? He makes us conscious of spiritual law. He inspires us with a desire to be subject to it. He assists our wills by fellowship with Himself and by mystic grace from heaven, strengthening our purposes to choose the right and to reject the wrong. This is none other than the Christian plan of salvation. It is very effective and very simple, as most effective things are. "He is a free man whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside." C. C. A.

Strength and Power

THURSDAY. Deut. 33 : 25. "*As thy days, so shall thy strength be.*" The future in fact and character is wholly involved in the present. The duties, needs interests and thoughts of the present, as they are met and attended to, determine the future. "Now is the essential time." "The inward man is renewed day by day." "Give us *this* day our daily bread." "Take no anxious thought for the morrow." These and many more passages like them indicate our true attitude toward life. Our desire is prone to run ahead of this and live in the future.

This is just as unreasonable as living beyond one's means. Strength comes in the day and in the use of the day. A man is not a man born; we are all born as babes. We grow day by day. We walk step by step. We learn experience after experience. Our maturity dawns when we learn how to sing "One step enough for me." This is the law and procession of life. Strength is given, not for the day, but in the day. God makes us strong as the day is employed to that end. Strength is not something given to us to lay in store against the time of need. Strength develops in the struggle. Power to do lies in the doing. It grows as we grow. It is life itself, a present and never a future. Act today, fight today, be true today and you will be strong today. You will be strong tomorrow in proportion as you have been strong today.

At best, we are on the way. Therefore we can have but relative strength, relative knowledge, relative truth. We can never have full knowledge, full power, but day by day. We are not only in transit, but also in progress. Increased strength is the gift of each day as it comes. Back of every strong tomorrow lies a strong today, and back of every strong today a strong yesterday. Strength is not stored, but current power. R. B.

That Lost Blessing

FRIDAY. II Kings 6 : 6—"*And the man of God said, Where fell it? And he showed him the place.*" The old, historic Jordan has been the scene of many miracles. Like all other miracles, the story of the loss and recovery of the borrowed axe-head is also a parable. Of what use is a foolish ax-handle, held even in the hands of a prophet of God, when the axe itself is sinking deeper and deeper into the mud of the river? About as much use as a lamp without oil or a Christian without grace.

And that is how it often happens: many times our peace and power go swinging off into the air, while we are engrossed in enlarging our material habitations.

And then there comes the reaction; when we are painfully conscious of our loss. We miss the old liberty and unction, the old trust and conscious joy and power for service have ceased to be. The old spiritual equipment has been stripped from us, and nobody takes us seriously—our words have no effect. How can we get a new grip upon the powers we used to possess?

Every day, we see men and women losing the power of God, but not so frequently do we see them seeking its return. Yet to the sincere seeker of any kind of lost energy there is but one fruitful path: "Go back and recover it right where you lost it." That was Elisha's advice to the young prophet, and it is the only wise course to follow. You will find your pocket knife and your glasses and your health and your reputation and your power right where you lost them. How do you trace lost things? You make your memory go back with scurrying feet through the steps of your mind. What was I doing then? You can't go back and tear up the path of time, but you can go back and retrace the path of experience. We will find that we were sleeping, like Bunyon's Christian when he lost his precious roll. And we must find it, as he did, by going back. We lost our love for prayer when we grew too busy and careless to pray. We lost our power of confession when the Devil closed our mouth. We lost our purity of heart when we entertained evil thoughts. Retrace: go back: do it now! H. P. H.

Misunderstanding Jesus

SATURDAY. Matt. 15 : 16. "*Are ye also yet without understanding?*" The Master marvelled more than once at dullness of mind on the part of his hearers. It is true, he made use of picturesque imagery, which required thought for its complete elucidation. But his pictures do not obscure, they only explain the truth.

The language of Jesus does not demand expert literary interpretation. It is a wonder that people do not understand Him better. Why are they troubled to understand His meaning, even to this day? Perhaps because "no man ever so spoke" before. The strikingly new is always more or less inexplicable. It is only the common-place that is wholly intelligible.

The ideas of Jesus are so utterly unlike those with which the world is most familiar that He seems to speak a strange tongue. Even yet it is so! Religious truth is conventionally supposed to be mysterious and incomprehensible; the plain and simple statement of truth by Jesus must carry some dark mystery, which the man of the street cannot be expected to understand. We stumble over His simplicity and, by obscurantist methods, keep the world in darkness. His own words are still and always will be the best revelation of his original mind. W. L. G.

HINTS

By Arthur Wallace Peach

WHAT end may be in God's mysterious plan
That shapes the hidden destiny of man
No one may know; but every noble deed
Hints what the goal may be He has decreed!

The World News of the Week

New American Note Demands Equal Rights in Fixing Mandates

PRESIDENT HARDING and his advisers are taking their time in the formulation of international policies and it is evident that the new administration is to be committed to no definite line of action until its probable consequences have been considered carefully and the co-operation of these men necessary for its carrying out has been obtained. In accordance with this open-minded attitude, a plan which one day seems to be in the highest favor may be at the bottom of the heap next day, while the possibilities of another program are being weighed.

For a time it was generally believed that Senator Knox's resolution for a separate peace with Germany would be put through Congress with President Harding's support, but this scheme fell into disfavor, and there was an agreement that any peace plan should be submitted, in its original form at least, by the President. With this latter view was coupled the proposal that the Versailles Treaty should be ratified with the League of Nations covenant removed in so far as it is possible to unwind the covenant from the other provisions. There also was the suggestion that President Harding should send to Europe next month a commission of distinguished men, probably headed by Elihu Root, to confer with European governments regarding the organization of a new international association to take the place of the League and to be based upon the permanent court of international justice to be established at The Hague.

Underwood & Underwood

AMBASSADOR JUSSERAND AND RENE VIVIANI

They loom large in the Washington despatches these days when the foreign policy of the new administration is being worked out, for former Premier Viviani crossed the Atlantic in an effort to tighten the bonds between America and France

One definite move for the maintenance of American rights, which appears as the dominant motive of the administration, was the despatch to the principal Allied Powers of a note definitely reaffirming Mr. Wilson's refusal to recognize the allocation of the island of Yap to Japan or the validity of Japan's mandate over former German islands in the Pacific. The note was not limited, however, to the Japanese mandate, but denied that the Allied Powers or any other agency, has any right to make a "valid or effective disposition of the overseas possessions of Germany, now under consideration, without the assent of the United States." Secretary Hughes's presentation of the American attitude was perfect in logic, arguing that the right to dispose of Germany's colonies was acquired only through the victory of the Allied and Associated Powers and that the United States never had vested either the Allied Supreme Council or the League with any authority to bind the United States or act on its behalf. The note quoted a letter by Mr. Wilson flatly denying the contention that he had ever consented to the assignment of Yap to Japan and stating that all agreements regarding the assignment of mandates were conditional.

The American note caused much concern, upsetting as it does so much work of the Supreme Council and the League. French diplomats in particular were worried, pending a fuller determination of the American policy, but with former Premier René Viviani in the United States to acquaint American officials with the French Government's views there was a feeling that matters would adjust themselves satisfactorily.

New York to Enforce Prohibition

MUNICIPAL authorities in the state of New York have ceased to be neutrals in the conflicts between federal prohibition officers and rum-runners as the result of new legislation which brings the state statutes into line with the national laws, and have begun campaigns against the illicit liquor dealers. Only time can tell how determined and effective these campaigns will be, but at least there no longer is any legal sanction for ignoring the activities of the rum-runners.

One of the three state prohibition measures just made effective by the signature of Governor Miller, repealed the law which permitted traffic in light wines and 3½ per cent. beer, and banned all beverages containing more than one-half of one per cent. of alcohol, the federal standard; another charged local authorities with the enforcement of prohibition; and the third amended the civil rights law by providing for the recovery of damages suffered by reason of selling or giving away intoxicants.

In New York City orders were issued to the 11,000 members of the police force to exert themselves to make the city dry. The Police Commissioner presented a request for an additional 1,000 men and for $100,000 to aid in getting evidence. The first day of police activity resulted in a score of arrests—not a very formidable showing, but the liquor dispensers were exercising greater caution on sales while waiting to see how strong an effort the police were to make. An interesting sidelight on the status of prohibition enforcement was the abrogation of the old order forbidding policemen in uniform to enter a saloon. Many, many saloons have been operating in New York with all the old-time paraphernalia and with no attempt to disguise the nature of their business.

Railroad Unions Offer Plan

LEADERS of the 500,000 shop employees of American railroads have submitted to President Harding their plans for settling the wage controversy between the companies and the workers and outlining the terms to which they would consent. Their telegram suggested the calling of a conference to work out new rules for working conditions to take the place of the national agreements. They declared that the national agreements must not be abrogated except at the conference table and that the men must have a signed agreement with railroad managements guaranteeing just and reasonable conditions of employment; but they expressed a willingness to drop any rules which may be unjust and a desire to promote the productive efficiency of labor and capital. Included in the message was declaration of twelve "self-evident and inalienable industrial rights," the first being that of collective bargaining.

The Railway Labor Board, before which the wage controversy has centered, refused to grant the plea of the New York Central Railroad for a provisional reduction in the wages of its unskilled employees and announced that a consolidated hearing of all petitions for wage reductions would start on April 18. Twenty-six lines had filed requests for lower wage scales.

Leaders of the Big Four railroad brotherhoods held a conference in New York with representatives of securities holders and declared they would resist efforts to overcome deficits solely by cutting wages, suggesting methods of economizing in other ways. President Harding continued conferences on the railroad situation and several of the union leaders were among his callers.

Greeks Defeated in Asia Minor

THE Greek offensive against the Turkish Nationalists in Asia Minor has been halted by a defeat which has forced a retreat along a considerable section of the front and brought the northern wing of the Greek army to the verge of disaster. The Greeks, in launching their drive contrary to the advice of Allied military experts, hoped to destroy the army of Mustapha Kemal, but that general succeeded in withdrawing his forces until he was ready for a counter blow. He struck the advancing Greeks at Eski-Shehr, on the road to Angora and drove them back, estimates of the Greek losses ranging as high as 5,000 killed.

Athens admitted that the Greeks had been forced to break off their offensive against Eski-Shehr and to retire to their original positions, but declared that the morale of the troops was superb and that the drive would be renewed in a few days. Reinforcements were hurried to the northern front and it was believed that wing of the army would be extricated. A serious defeat for the Greeks would change the entire Turkish situation and make it necessary to call another Allied conference regarding the Turkish Treaty, so that other countries were watching the developments with anxiety.

M. Gounaris, Minister of War, and other Greek leaders who had been in Paris asserted on their return to Athens that all misunderstandings between Greece and the Allies had been cleared up, these difficulties dating back to Constantine's return to the throne. Finances were the chief worry of the Greeks when they launched their offensive, but it was asserted Greece had funds to carry on the war against Mustapha Kemal for three months without outside aid.

Charles Back in Switzerland

FORMER Emperor Charles, his dreams of an immediate return to the throne of the Hapsburgs shattered, has returned ingloriously to Switzerland, and all of Southern Europe is breathing more easily again. But even his disillusionizing experiences in the countries over which he once ruled failed to shake the royal pretensions of Charles and before starting once more into exile he signed this declaration: "His Majesty leaves the country because of his conviction that the moment has not yet come for him to take over his right of governing. He cannot permit maintenance of his right to entail disturbances of the present state of peace. He leaves the land as the crowned king of Hungary."

It was not as a king but as a somewhat troublesome refugee that he was received back into Switzerland. His adventure had caused indignant discussion in the Swiss Parliament, and the Canton de Vaud, in which he had been living for two years, refused to welcome him again. Accordingly he was met at the frontier by a military police officer and several detectives, and typewritten documents setting forth conditions for his conduct were handed to him. He was conveyed to Luzerne, where he occupied the suite in which King Constantine lived while an exile, a fact which he regarded as a happy omen.

Crowds at many stations along the former Emperor's route gave expressions of loyalty, but at Bruck in Lower Austria, there was a hostile demonstration by workmen which held up his train for five hours. A considerable number of officers who had renewed their oaths of allegiance accompanied Charles into exile, among them General Lehar, who resigned command of the West Hungarian troops.

Underwood & Underwood

IN HONOR OF SOUTH AMERICA'S LIBERATOR

The city of Caracas has presented to the city of New York this statue of General Simon Bolivar, famous patriot, and it now occupies a prominent position in Central Park. President Harding accepted an invitation to the unveiling ceremonies April 19

British Miners Still Out

AFTER a week of idleness for the 1,200,000 British coal miners and a week of conferences by union leaders, mine owners and government officials, the conflict so damaging to all British industry remained unsettled. Considering the magnitude of the strike, there was little disorder, although in several instances there were minor riots due to attempts by the strikers to prevent the working of the pumps which keep the mines from being flooded. In Wales there were attempts to hoist the red flag over mining property, but cooler heads among the men frustrated such efforts.

British officials from Premier Lloyd George down were attempting to bring the union leaders and the mine owners together for negotiations, but the first efforts failed because of the refusal of the miners to allow the pumpmen to return as a preliminary to the discussions. Later the unions permitted the return of the pump men and negotiations were resumed with the prospects for an agreement much brighter.

While the peace efforts were being made, the other members of the Triple Alliance of Labor—the National Union of Railwaymen and the Transport Workers Union—were delaying definite action, but were making preparations for a strike. The Triple Alliance numbers so many millions of members and its power is so great, dominating vital industries, that a strike by

Continued on page 315

A Copy-Book Couplet

It May Come Back, with a New Meaning, from School Days

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WE USED to write it in our copy-books in the far-off days of primary school—a couplet with long swinging lines and a pleasant meter. We used to write it carefully, with chubby fingers gripped moistly about a fat pen—paying particular attention to the slim, light upstrokes and the heavy, ultra-impressive downstrokes. And when we had copied it some twenty-five times, with never a blot to mar the whiteness of the page, we laid the books aside with the feeling that we had done something worth while—something to justify our small existences. But I doubt if we ever really *sensed* the meaning of the lines that we wrote in such a painstaking manner.

And yet, this morning as I waked from sleep, the couplet came back to me—remembered imperfectly, perhaps, as to wording, but with the ruling thought of it quite unimpaired.

"And now there dawneth another bright day" is the way that it came back.

"Think—wilt *thou* let it slip useless away?"

THE days follow each other so rapidly, so steadily, so changelessly—one after the other in an endless procession—that we have come to take them as a matter of course, I reckon. At least I have. It is hard to keep back the reflection that there are three hundred and sixty-five days to the year—that there are many thousands of days to the average lifetime. And that if a certain task cannot be accomplished, cannot even be started today, it can certainly be fitted into one of those thousands of days that are to come! The number of them, all looming emptily in the future, is one of the mainest reasons why a great many days—overcrowded and at hand—are allowed to "slip useless away."

I like to sit and dream at my desk; who doesn't? I like to watch the people in the windows across from my office, I like to peer down at the throngs that hurry along our crowded city streets. And often I like to imagine, idly, what I'd do if I could get out into the country for a week or so—often times I like to wonder whether the violets and arbutus are beginning to show their shy faces in a certain stretch of woodland that is not too many miles away.

I like to sit and dream at my desk. And many times, as I sit there, my mail basket is crowded with letters, and my manuscript basket is filled to overflowing, and there is a large new yellow pad just waiting to be covered with writing. And in the very back of my mind my conscience is saying to me, "If you don't finish your work there'll be twice as much—*twice as much*—to do tomorrow!" And I'm quite apt to say, to my conscience:

"But I may feel so much like working, tomorrow, that I'll be able to *do* twice as much!" The curious fact is that I seldom do feel so much like working!

I SEEM to be reverting today, in my thoughts, to the primary school, and copy-books. For I am remembering distinctly, as I write, a story that we used to read aloud in class. I remember how we used to stumble over the two-syllable words, how we used to sing-song the sentences as we read!

The story was not strikingly original as to theme. But, at the time, it impressed us as being very clever. And even now I find more than a grain of truth in it. This is the story:

There was once a farmer who had lived all of his life in a peaceful way. He had never known any bad luck, his crops were usually good, his friends were true, and his wife and children were kind and affectionate. Indeed, it would seem that he had little to wish for. And yet, despite all of his good fortune, he had one great unfulfilled desire.

Almost all of the other farmers, for miles about, had—at one time or another—been forced to resort to the law. At one time or another they had hitched up the old team and driven into town to consult a lawyer. But the farmer in question had never been forced to do so. For his work had always gone smoothly, and his path had always been a sunshiny one. And so, when the other men gathered together and discussed their legal experiences, he was forced to keep silent. And it worried him. For to keep silent seemed to be a confession that he was inexperienced—that he was lacking in initiative and progress.

"If only," he told his wife one day, "I had at some time had to consult a lawyer!"

It rankled in the man's mind—that unfulfilled desire. And the upshot of the matter was that one day *he* hitched up *his* team of horses and drove to town. And the house that he left his team in front of was the lawyer's house!

IT IS unusual for a man with no trouble to consult a lawyer. And the lawyer said so, frankly.

"What on earth are you coming to me for?" he questioned as the farmer entered his office, "there's nothing I can do for you."

The farmer was eager to explain.

"Just give me some advice," he said simply, "some good advice. So that I'll be able to say that I've consulted you!"

The lawyer was laughing.

"Oh," he said, "I see!" And then he sat down and scribbled a line on a bit of paper and folded the paper into an envelope.

"Here's your advice," he said. "Read it carefully when you get home."

And the farmer took the envelope and put it in his pocket and paid his fee and drove home, very happily, to his wife and family.

The story went on to tell, mostly in easy words, what happened. It told how the farmer read the advice and found that it was only an old proverb—"Never leave until tomorrow what you can do today!" And then it told how he went out into the fields and took in the hay crop that he had planned to leave until the next morning. And how—crowning coincidence!—it had rained the next morning.

THE lawyer, in writing down the old proverb, was playing safe. For the proverb was one that is usually right. It's hardly ever wrong to do at once the work that must be done.

And this, I think, brings me back to my starting place. For if I—and if everybody else—did the work that must be done, leaving as little as possible until the next day, and the next, and the rest of the three hundred and sixty-five, few of the bright days would "slip useless away!"

I'm not putting up a high gate barring out, entirely, the dreams and the fancies that *will* come! I've caught more than a flash of inspiration while I was sitting idly at my desk—looking, perhaps, out of the window. But I'm suggesting that we sandwich in the necessary things—the work and the responsibilities—between our dreams!

It's often hard to do the work,
  That comes week in, week out;
It's hard to never whine and shirk,
  Or sigh and turn about!
It's hard to wash and mend and sweep,
  And have no time for play—
It's hard to do the things we *must*,
  And get them done today!

I often wish that all the earth,
  Were made of joy and fun;
That only happiness and mirth,
  Were ours from sun to sun.
I envy all the birds that fly,
  On vivid, widespread wing—
But birds build homes, like you and I,
  They do not only sing!

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Bible Teachings About Education

International Sunday-School Lesson for May 1
Deut. 6:4-9; Prov. 3:13-18; Luke 2:52

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

JESUS was the kind of a boy every boy should be, and the best description of Him as a real boy is given in Luke 2:52: "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." Here you have the elements which are basic in the four-fold life, and they will find expression in the life of every worth-while boy today. At such summer camps as Conference Point, Lake Geneva, Wis., conducted by the International Sunday School Association, these component parts of the four-fold life are constantly taught and exemplified. Any boy or girl who can "camp" there for even one season will receive abiding influences for good.

Being the Son of God did not prevent Jesus from developing a perfectly normal life just like any other lad. He kept Himself from sin. As a Jewish child He received His education as did other Jewish boys. He was taught at home and in the schools of that day. He attended the synagogue at Nazareth. His chief text book was the Old Testament, or at least those portions to which He had access. How well He mastered His lessons and how extensively He read and understood them is manifested when He went up to the Temple at Jerusalem at the age of twelve. He could hold His own in conversation and interpretation with the doctors of the law.

Certain portions of the Law were written on parchment and placed in the phylacteries. These were worn, on occasions, on the forhead and the left arm. The lesson text from Deuteronomy was one of these selections. This same portion also was written on parchment and placed in the Mezuzah, and thus became a working text for each member of the household. The Mezuzah was a little case affixed to the door post. The scroll placed within it was so folded that the Hebrew word for God, Shadai, written on the reverse side, appeared at a small slot or window in the Mezuzah. Each time the Hebrew passed within or without the home he pressed his finger to this word Shadai and then kissed the finger. Now read Deut. 6:4-9 and observe the divine command with reference to religious education in every Jewish home. In Proverbs the scope of education is broadened and man is urged to seek "wisdom."

THE history of education is the history of the church. When a parent makes it possible for a child to obtain a practical education a wealth of ability is made available which is worth more than dollars. Self-denying parents appreciate this fact when they see to it that their children have scholastic advantages which may have been denied to them. This generation offers an opportunity for almost everyone to gain a liberal and advanced education. Handicaps prove advantages rather than otherwise. The person who must overcome obstacles to obtain his schooling studies with a different purpose than the fellow who would rather train a bull pup than his own mind.

To know God and Jesus Christ His Son as a personal Saviour is the acme of education. To study things and not know God's relation thereto is faulty and surely not scientific and in these days educators insist that we must be scientific in our methods.

As in the days of Jesus so today, a man is ignorant indeed who does not know the Bible. General literature cannot be understood without knowing this Book of books. The Sunday school by many is well called the Bible school. Would that the actual Bible had a larger place in every Sunday school! Many never think of carrying their Bible to Sunday School, but that is not to be wondered at when they know no better than to look for the Ten Commandments in the New Testament and the Lord's Prayer in the Old Testament. It is granted that the brief study hour on Sunday is not enough. Only twenty-six hours for instruction in a year puts an awful obligation of responsibility on the teacher. Week-day religious instruction and Daily Vacation Bible Schools are helping greatly in this work of Christian education. In a growing number of communities high school credits are given for satisfactory Bible study which is independent of public school instruction. In becoming acquainted with the content of the Bible the reader is using the best seller in the world. Every second of the year a copy of the Holy Bible comes from one of the many presses of the world. On some of the foreign mission fields whole editions are sold in advance of printing. Day and night work cannot supply the demand for the Bible.

Young Timothy had religious instruction in the home from both his mother and grandmother. This should still be the custom except that the father should take his essential place as another important faculty instructor. The family altar is invaluable though it does not take the place of the individual "Morning Watch." The story-telling hour in the home is never more popular with the children than when some of the great Bible stories are being elated. The church is also a wonderful school, though some ministers preach as if there were no eager, listening, children in the audience.

ONE of the great needs today is for more students for the Christian ministry. The money-making days and the days of the necessity to make money on account of the H. C. L. have turned from the ministry as a life work many who might otherwise have enlisted in this the highest service. Christian service is a supreme vocation and the larger expression of it can be obtained when one gives his or her entire time as a minister or missionary. An adequate education can be obtained so that one is well equipped for Christian leadership. Over in Korea, for example, work is being abandoned simply because there are not enough ministers, teachers and doctors to man the stations. The call is also strong for educated Christian men and women in the home field. Ask your pastor for advice and information. If necessary you can be assisted financially in your college and advanced courses by your denominational Board of Education. There is a way for every willing worker.

While "education" makes one think of college and professional schools there is another school which cannot be lost sight of and it enrolls the largest number of students. It may be called the School of Personal Experience. Some call it the School of Hard Knocks. Books are wonderful teachers and these can be supplemented by correspondence courses, etc. A full college course means only about 7,000 hours of recitation and study, and it covers four years. Two hours of special study daily for ten years will be more than an equivalent in hours of opportunity to acquire broad and useful information. The use we make of what we know is more important than the mere fact of knowledge. Many college graduates do not help this needy world as much as do self-made men. When asked to indicate her academic degrees upon enrolling at the Tokio Sunday School Convention a certain well-known lesson writer, who had never been to college, stated that her degree was A. D., which meant Adjuster of Difficulties. She declared that this work seemed to be her special mission in life.

The teacher-training courses, including the advanced years, offered by the denominations and International Sunday School Association, furnish the subject matter for a number of years of special study. The subjects are broad, comprehensive and practical. Above all study and learn from the Master Teacher, even Jesus Christ.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD New York

Can We Advertise Christianity?

Continued from page 303

straight-forward message that men can understand, humanity will be reaping other whirlwinds of its own misguided sowing, worse perhaps than the recent abysmal catastrophe with its contemporary horrors and ensuing train of evils, one after another of which yet rises to plague us whenever we think the last has been allayed.

Modern channels of publicity have placed before the Church the greatest and most receptive audience in human history. The science of advertising offers a tried and proven method of reaching this audience and guarantees the result of a well-conceived effort permanently sustained.

The greatest opportunity of the ages lies at hand for organized Christianity to grasp.

If the vision and the purpose are not wanting, the spiritual darkness of the present tempestuous times may be only the prophetic gloom before the dawn of a golden age.

Opinions on Mr. Lewis's Program

THE replies of the group of men and women requested to express an opinion regarding the desirability and feasibility of Mr. Lewis's suggestion varied widely. We are unable to print all of the excellent replies which were received, but reproduce below extracts from the letters which show the different shades of opinion.

Dr. Christian F. Reisner terms it "sane, fair and altogether timely," adding: "The world never needed religion as at this moment and never was more hungry for it. A campaign of broad publicity along the general lines of enforcing the claims of religion would help all the churches and do more good to the nation than any other one thing now proposed."

Rev. William A. Sunday comments that the idea "has been tried with varying degrees of success, and that is about the best thing you can say about it. It would be difficult to have a continued effort along that line, and the other side of it would be, 'Who would finance it?' I can see more difficulties than I can encouragement."

Raymond B. Fosdick says of the article: "I find myself disagreeing with its conclusions. I doubt very much whether any advertising campaign such as Mr. Lewis suggests would have anything more than a superficial effect. After the fiasco of the Interchurch, I am afraid of *big* campaigns and *big* splurges of money and modern business methods as related to the teachings of Christ. The two seem fundamentally incompatible."

W. R. MOODY, president of the Northfield Schools, writes: "The question of advertising does not seem to me to cover the need, for the Interchurch World Movement spent money lavishly in just this sort of campaign, and I question very much how effective it proved. An advertising campaign is not, in my judgment, the solution of the problem, but rather an awakened sense of responsibility on the part of individual Christians for their associates, a careful study of the needs of men, and an adaptation of the forms of worship to meet such needs."

Fred B. Smith, of New York, says the article is "simply splendid" and "I believe in it heartily," but adds the opinion that "if anybody started it as a propaganda with the old scheme of a big committee and a chairman and then some experts upon various phases, etc., it would be furiously resented."

Dr. Francis E. Clark founder of Christian Endeavor, says: "The plan that Mr. Lewis urges is one of great interest and promise if it could be carried out. I fear, however, that this is not an auspicious time for such a program. To pay at regular newspaper rates for any advertising that would impress the country would, of course, mean a very large sum, and it is perhaps a question whether such advertisements would be very widely read."

Dr. Peter Ainslie, of Christian Temple, Baltimore, writes: "If it is done in a strong, bold, frank, spiritual fashion, I can see no objection to it at all, for the Gospel of these times certainly needs an interpretation different from that which is in the minds of many."

Dr. A. Edwin Keigwin, pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church, New York, calls the article "excellent, a succinct statement of a serious handicap."

James M. Speers, of New York, finds himself "in accord almost completely with all that the writer states." "It would be almost impossible, I think, to get the Protestant Church unitedly to undertake such a thing at the present time," he adds, "but the carrying forward of such a plan would be no more an alliance between the Church and the world than the publication of the Gospel message in many another way, through the weekly religious papers, for example, through the missionary magazines, etc."

DR. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York, writes: "I think the scheme is impracticable. The churches would not unite for any such object, nor can the necessary amount of money be raised. In my judgment, the scheme would be futile. That is not the way to advance the Christian religion. It would be a novelty for a little while, but after six months the novelty would wear off and the effect would be negligible."

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, associate president of Christian Endeavor, says: "With the general idea I am in hearty accord. It is one of the many big and prophetic things that the Interchurch Movement had hoped to promote."

Miss Dorothy Munson, Galesburg, Ill., believes the suggestions "savors some of an alliance between the Church and the world, and therefore could not be regarded with approval by earnest Christian men and women." Mrs. E. W. Turner of Round Lake, N. Y., and Viola M. Burghard, of Louisville, Ky., fear the effect of such a campaign would not be lasting. Rev. S. F. Wenger, of Dudley, Ill., doubts its practicability.

Mrs. Eliza E. Rideout, Amherst, Mass.: "The proposed plan seems to me wise if there can be found a person, or persons, truly inspired to prepare short, pointed articles sent forth with faith and prayer.

George M. Briggs, Turner, Me.: "I think such a campaign as Mr. Lewis urges would bring much good."

M. E. Cowles, Sugar Grove, Pa.: "If such a newspaper campaign could have the enthusiastic support of the churches generally and be conducted by men of sound judgment as well as earnest Christian spirit, such, for instance, as our editor-in-chief, I believe it might become a powerful agency for turning men's thoughts and hearts to God."

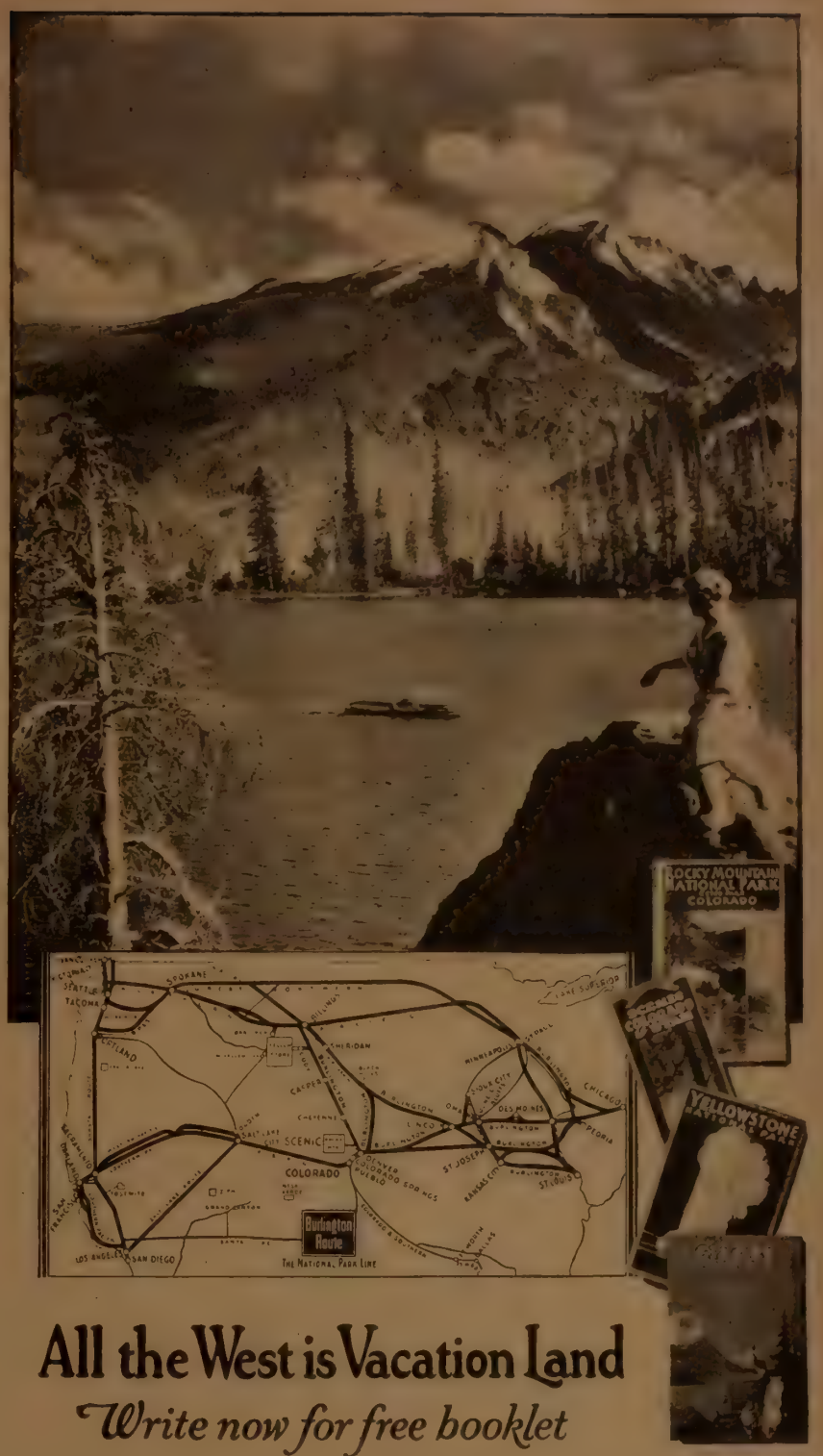
James Kelley, Winsted, Conn.: "I believe that something of this kind is needed and that such a campaign would be helpful.

Ida Parry, Highland Falls, N. Y.: "I have always felt that sensational advertising did little good and perhaps did harm."

P. G. Damrow, Flanagan, Ill.: "The pooling of resources of the different denominations seems objectional to me, inasmuch as certain individuals took advantage of the Interchurch World Movement."

John J. Young, Williamsport, Pa.: "We are failing to take advantage of the great opportunity offered to us by the public press and all other advertising mediums to speak a word for Christianity. Nothing but good can come of your suggestions if they are well carried out."

Mrs. Drusilla M. Buffington, Evanston, Ill.: "If this could be done in His spirit, in His way and for His glory, I feel a great many could be reached. The whole thing hinges upon the manner in which it is done."



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The West is a fascinating picture-book whose pages you may turn a lifetime and always find something new, something thrilling. Beside the great parks and Colorado playgrounds, there are, for instance: the romantic Big Horn Mountains, the historic "Buffalo Bill" country in Wyoming: South Dakota's Black Hills, the charmed land of the Pacific Northwest and glorious California.

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There IS a secret behind the wonderful flavor of Baker's. See if YOU can find it in the can.

In the can:—Baker's Fresh Grated Coconut—canned in its own milk.

In the package:—Baker's Dry Shred Coconut—sugar-cured—for those who prefer the old-fashioned kind.

Have YOU a copy of the Baker Recipe Booklet? If not, write for it NOW—it's free.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BAKER'S COCONUT
FIRST FOR FLAVOR

Dorinda Finds a Grandmother

Continued from page 305

for your disappointment, Keith, but it seems to have spelled luck for us."

The tall young man did not take his eyes from Dorinda's glowing face. "Well, I don't know about that, Mr. Hayden. I guess your lucky star and mine are twins tonight. But, say—I've only the open cutter—afraid you'll get some wet, but it isn't snowing quite so hard as it was."

Dorinda soon found herself cuddled down under a fur robe between the two men. She felt a sort of heady exhilaration, as the snow drifted under her little fur turban and pelted her cheeks with icy dabs.

"Warm enough, Dorinda?"

"Very comfortable, Dad, dear. Isn't it jolly? I—I'm not a bit sorry your uncle didn't come, Mr. Duncan."

"Neither am I. I keep thinking how glad the little lady will be to see you. I was in there a minute this morning. She was just taking a mollasses cake out of the oven and insisted that I sample it. I sampled it all right!"

THEY turned in at a gateway and stopped before a long, low house. Light from the small-paned windows streamed across the pathway.

"Better come in with us, Keith."

"Oh—say——"

"Please, Mr. Duncan!" Dorinda unconsciously held out her hand.

"I would love to see Grandma Lyman's face."

They pushed the door open and went softly through a narrow, dark hall.

"Let me stay back," whispered Dorinda.

"Hello, there!"

Dorinda glimpsed a softly lighted, cozy, sitting-room, with old-fashioned furniture and big coal stove glowing warmly. Heard a sweet, gentle voice, "Why, Keith! We thought we heard sleighbells and some one at the door. Didn't your uncle come?"

"No—but some one else came."

James Hayden went forward.

"James! James! Look—Maggie—Amos—James is here! In all the snow—why, I don't understand——"

But Dorinda couldn't wait another minute.

"Grandmother!" she called. "Oh, Grandmother!" and she was in the center of the warmly lighted room, with both arms outstretched. She saw a sweet-faced, little, old lady, with snow-white hair and faded, tired looking, blue eyes.

The small figure stood rigid, her gaze riveted upon the radiant face of the young girl, then with a smothered cry, "Dorinda," she tottered forward and was caught and held close in the strong, loving arms of her granddaughter.

IT WAS two weeks since Dorinda had been whirled on the wings of storm into the little town of Brandon, and it had been a wonderful two weeks! Her father had returned to the city a few days after their arrival. "Now you've found your grandmother, don't forget that you still have a mother and a father, kiddie," he had said in parting.

But sometimes Dorinda came dangerously near forgetting. She was finding in her grandmother all those things which she had failed to find in her mother—tenderness, sweetness, a gentle timidity—qualities quite unknown to the arrogant Mrs. James Hayden.

Dorinda loved the quiet, homey, little town, the old-fashioned country house. She delighted to sit in the big spotless kitchen and pare apples while Maggie rolled out flaky pie-crust; and, enveloped in a huge gingham apron, she beat eggs and bowls of thick, yellow cream, and iced delicious chocolate cakes.

"I do declare, Miss Dorinda," exclaimed Maggie, "your grandmother looks twenty years younger since you came. I guess you'll have to live with her always."

"I hate the thought of going home," sighed the girl. "I'm having a glorious time!"

She was—and it couldn't be denied that Keith Duncan was helping to make it so. They went sleigh-riding, skating, tobogganing; they popped corn over the kitchen fire and made pans of fudge and molasses candy.

Sometimes looking at Keith, Dorinda would have a fleeting thought of the Honorable Roswell Dillingham. The comparison spoke not at all well for the H. R. D.

They were in the sitting-room and Keith was standing before the mantel. Beginning at one end and extending across were photographs of Dorinda. A starry-eyed baby; an adorable, irresistible little maiden of three; a trifle serious and self-conscious at ten, and so on, down the line, to the beautiful young lady in evening gown.

"I felt that I was sort of butting in," said Keith apologetically, "but when your father came and brought these photographs and I'd studied them a while, I knew I'd made no mistake. You see, everyone knows the kind of man Jim Hayden is, and when one day in a burst of confidence, your grandmother told me it was Jim Hayden that Isabel had married, I said right off, 'I don't believe he knows a thing about the little old lady.' So I went to see him, and sure enough he had never heard of her."

Dorinda turned her flushed face to the window. It was a bitter moment. "Dear grandmother—she's had so many hard things to bear all her life."

"Yes, but it's over now." Keith looked again at the array of photographs. "I've watched that look in your eyes, Dorinda, from the ten-year-old one, on through the line. I knew that some day you'd make up to your grandmother for all her years of unhappiness."

"There was one picture," said the girl a bit tremulous under his gaze, "the one before the last. I liked that one best of all. I wonder why Dad didn't bring that."

But Keith quickly changed the subject.

NOT often did Grandma Lyman speak of Isabel, but one day she looked long and thoughtfully at her granddaughter. "You look like your mother, dear," she said softly; then with a little sigh, "Poor Isabel!"

Dorinda threw back her head impatiently. "She had no right going off and leaving you as she did. How can you speak kindly of her?"

"Ah, my dear, you are blaming her too severely. I blame myself. If only I had been more assertive. Isabel has not one happy memory of—Brandon."

"But if it hadn't been for Keith Duncan's hunting up Father, just think, we might never have known about you."

"Keith has always been an impulsive lad," the little old lady picked up her knitting. "But his impulses are usually right. When his father was stricken with paralysis, he didn't hesitate a moment about leaving college and coming home to care for the old folks. Ah, yes, Keith is a lad in a thousand. He's always been so interested in those pictures of you, Dorinda. Whenever your father sent a new one, he'd always gaze and gaze at it. Now that one before the last—he did just like that one, and I finally gave it to him. You don't mind because I did, do you, granddaughter?" she asked with timid anxiety.

Dorinda did not lift her eyes from the book in her lap. "No, grandma," she breathed softly, "I don't mind—at all."

Unknown to Dorinda, her visit was fast drawing to a close. Looking out of the window one morning, she saw Keith running up the walk. At his unexpected appearance, her heart gave a queer little back-step, and a sudden precious knowledge brought the swift color to her cheeks.

"Keith—what on earth——?"

He took her hand in both of his and his usual merry, blue eyes were dark and troubled. "I've been talking long distance with your father, Dorinda. Your mother is ill—with pneumonia. He thinks you better come at once."

"Mother?" echoed Dorinda dazedly. "Mother—ill? Why, I've never known

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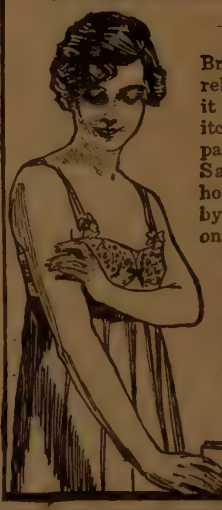

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her to be really ill. Not—not seriously, Keith?"

"Well, I don't know. Pneumonia—you never can tell. Bad one minute and heaps better the next." He pulled out his watch. "You can make the nine-thirty. Dorinda, I'll drive you down."

An hour later Dorinda was saying goodby to her grandmother. The little old lady was tremulously tearful. "Isabel, Isabel," she murmured. "How I wish I could go to her!"

"You are a saint, Grandmother," Dorinda held her close. "Yes, of course, I'll come again—just as soon as I can."

During the short drive to the station, Keith was strangely silent. He stared straight ahead, but all he saw was Dorinda's lovely troubled face. "Jim Hayden's daughter—Jim Hayden's daughter!" he thought rebelliously.

"How can he care for me?" thought Dorinda, bitterly. "A girl with a mother like mine"

"You'll come back, Dorinda?"

"Yes, Keith, of course I will. It's been the happiest two weeks I've ever known."

A FEW hours, and Dorinda was back in the city. Home! A strange home with nurses and doctors and a father a bit grayer, and quieter, and more tired looking. Just a glimpse into her mother's room. Was that her mother tossing and muttering incoherently and breathing such gasping, caught breaths?

Followed days and nights of nerve-tearing anxiety, then the crisis passed and Dorinda could go in and hold her mother's hand for a moment and smile reassuringly. Somehow, it didn't seem a bit like her mother, that sweet, white-faced woman. There was a different expression in her eyes, a questioning, longing expression. It tore at Dorinda's heartstrings.

One day she looked up and saw that her mother's eyes were filled with tears. "Dorinda, come here," she said. "Tell me about—about your grandmother."

Wonderingly, Dorinda told a little of her visit to Brandon. "And you needn't feel ashamed of Grandmother," she added a bit defiantly. "She's not poor or uneducated. She's a perfect darling"

Isabel Hayden covered her face with her hands. "Oh, don't, Dorinda!" she cried sharply. "I've been wicked—hard—unforgiving. When I was so ill suddenly it came to me, what if I should die with all those selfish, lying years upon my soul. Forgive me, Dorinda, I've been a bad mother to you, but to *my* mother—oh, *she* can never forgive me!"

Dorinda put her arms about her mother's heaving shoulders. "Oh, my dear, my dear! Forgive you? You do not know Grandmother. Her last words to me as I came away were, 'If I could only go to Isabel'."

The woman threw out her hand with a wild, sweet cry. "Send for her, Dorinda, oh—send for her to come!"

IT WAS Keith Duncan who brought Grandma Lyman to the Hayden home. He waited in the long drawing-room until Dorinda came down the stairs.

The girl's eyes were wet. "I just opened the door and pushed Grandmother in," she said shakily, "and I came right away. Oh, Keith, I'm so happy!"

Jim Hayden's daughter! Jim Hayden's daughter!

"It was dear of you to come down with Grandma. I told mother about you this morning," she added shyly. "She wants to see you."

Dorinda's barrier had been burned away. She wasn't ashamed of her mother any longer.

He looked at her miserably. "I suppose your grandmother will come here to live now, and you—you'll never come to Brandon again."

Dorinda bravely stepped across the chasm. "Would you—care, Keith?" she asked sweetly.

He forgot that she was Jim Hayden's daughter, forgot everything in the wonderful revelation of her lovely, flushed face. "*Care?* Oh, Dorinda!"

James Hayden paused for a moment in the doorway, then he tip-toed softly up the stairs to his wife's room, but after a glance in there, he moved away again, across the hall to his den. He sank down in his big, easy-chair. The tired look had quite gone from his eyes and in its place was the smile of great content.

The Progress of Relief in China

WITH famine in China at its most acute stage—with reports of 1000 deaths daily in Honan province alone—increasing efforts are being made in America to meet the urgency of the situation. Most recent advices from relief headquarters in China disclose that the work of famine relief has reached the half-way mark—that is, through the combined efforts of American, Chinese, and all other relief agencies, rather more than half the people in greatest need in the famine area have been relieved in some degree. There still remain fully 5,000,000 in dire need who have received no assistance whatever. The millions who have been fed must continue to be fed, and every effort must be made to reach those 5,000,000 terribly destitute ones to whom no assistance has been given.

The Chinese in China are doing all in their power to alleviate the distress of their countrymen.

Of all the efforts for famine relief, none naturally is of greater interest to readers of the Christian Herald than the reports of the good which their own contributions are accomplishing.

The list of grants, reported at the January meeting in Kaifeng, Honan, was as follows:

Mrs. H. M. Clark, Wu An, Honan, for expectant and nursing mothers	$500.00
Miss E. Lily Armitt, United Methodist Mission, Chu Chia Chai, for starving Christians and general relief	1,000.00
Miss Paula Ritter, Liu Ming Kuan, Chihli, for general relief	1,000.00
Miss A. C. Ware, for refuge work, China Inland Mission, Shuntehfu, Chihli	1,000.00
Swedish Mission in China (Rev. Richard Anderson, Honanfu, Ho.) Women's refuge in Sin An Hsien	1,000.00
Swedish Mission in China (Rev. Richard Anderson, Honanfu, Ho.) for destitute Christians in Honanfu, Ho	500.00
Swedish Mission in China (J. Th. Sandberg, Yungchang, Shansi) for starving Christians in Shensi	$3,000.00
Swedish Mission in China (Miss A. E. Buren) Women's refuge, Honanfu, Ho	1,500.00
Miss A. M. Hancock, Kwangpinghsien (S.) Chihli, for general relief	1,000.00
Bishop W. C. White, Kaifeng, Ho., for temporary aid to 100 orphans	500.00
Rev. F. S. Joyce, Kaifeng, Ho., for famine relief in Hiangchenghsien, Ho., and adjacent districts	500.00

Grants reported at the February meeting, in Chengchow, Honan, were:

Norwegian Lutheran Mission, Lachokow, Huoeh for Christians in six hsiens, also women and children (Rev. E. Osnes)	$6,000.00
Mrs. H. M. Clark, Wu An, Honan, for expectant and nursing mothers	500.00
Rev. G. Parker, C. I. M., Kingtsekwan, Honan, for 100 families of destitute Christians	1,200.00
Mr. Bovyer, Tehchor, Shantong, for destitute children	1,600.00
Rev. C. A. Leonard, S. B. C. Mission, Laichowfu, Shantong, for direct relief to Christians	1,000.00
Sino-Foreign Committee, Changte, Honan (Rev. Jno. Griffith) for general relief	5,000.00
Rev. M. L. Griffith, O. I. M., Shuntefu, Chihli, work in 4 hsiens and also for poor boys' schools	4,000.00
Rev. R. E. Jenness, A. P. M., Shuntefu, Chihli, for 200 boys from famine region the sum of	1,600.00
Dr. Friburg, Honanfu, Ho., for food to famine patients	500.00
Rev. J. W. Lindbeck, Augustana Synod, Honanfu, Ho., for soup kitchens in Dengfeng and Mengchinhsiens	2,000.00
Rev. A. P. Ashcraft, Free Methodist Mission, Kaifeng, Ho., general relief in Jungtseh and Ho Kin hsiens	2,000.00
Miss Alger, A. P. M. Shumtefu, Chihli, for work in villages	2,000.00
Rev. Rumsey, A. P. M., Shumtefu, Chihli, for general relief in 4 hsiens to the east	2,000.00
Misses Moburg and Brann, Weihsein, Chihli, for general relief	2,000.00

CONTRIBUTIONS to the Christian Herald fund for the week amounted to $7,667.45, bringing the total up to $525,121.05.

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They know the sterling worth of her writings as evidenced by the thousands of her books they have purchased from the Christian Herald book department. We are glad to announce that we have received from her publishers a special edition of her collected song stories under the title of

Songs in the Common Chord

—By AMELIA E. BARR—

This fine cloth bound book is sold regularly for $1.50 a copy and has not been sold for less.

We are able to offer to renewing subscribers for only 75c a copy

JUST ONE-HALF THE PRICE

This is the last volume to come from the pen of Amelia E. Barr, whose recent death bereaved a wide public of one of its best beloved authors. "Songs in the Common Chord," is a collection of 163 simple, heart-felt poems selected by Mrs. Barr herself as the best of her verse. While these poems were never before published in book form they have appeared in magazines and newspapers everywhere and some of them such as "The Old Piano," "The Great Happiness," and "Help," are known throughout the country. There is nothing highbrow about Mrs. Barr's verse. It is the simple, direct, "homey" sort of poetry that goes straight to the reader's heart. Undoubtedly Mrs. Barr's many admires will have a warm welcome and will maintain a steady demand for these, her last songs. Joseph C. Lincoln, the author of "Shavings" and other successful novels, has written an appealing preface to the volume.

In the 295 pages will be found 163 of the best of Mrs. Barr's poems and a fine portrait of the author.

All admirers of Mrs. Barr's writings should add this volume to their libraries.

Renewing subscribers to the Christian Herald at $2.00 should add 75c to their remittance, $2.75 in all, and subscription will be extended for a year, 52 weeks, and a copy of the book "Songs in the Common Chord" sent postpaid. The book sold separately for $1.25.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

AN UNUSUAL number of letters from different states have been received this week, containing requests for prayer and recording answers to prayer. These have all been sent to the Christian Herald Prayer League to be submitted for prayer and for thanksgiving, as the writers request.

Mr. George Tester, of the Ebenezer Prayer Watch, asks prayers in behalf of the proposed "Missionary Guest Home," where workers from the Lord's Vineyard may come and spend their furlough. He writes: "I am glad to tell you that we have secured new headquarters at 1098 Bresee Ave., Pasadena, facing the Sierra Mountains."

Mrs. T. A. N., Bethel, N. Y., writes: "I request prayers for our Sunday school which has died out; the workers have grown cold and indifferent. Also pray for a revival in our neighborhood."

"I feel that I need the prayers of the League, with my own, for so many things," writes Mrs. G. B., Sharon, Wisc. "Our church here at Sharon is about to begin a series of meetings and we want you to pray with us for spiritual uplift for our community as well as for a revival for our church."

"I wish to ask prayers for a revival in all of the churches in our city," writes Mrs. B. F. P., Dinton, Tex.; and Miss R. W. asks special prayers for the church and community at Cottonton, Ala.

A. G. McNeely, Spokane, Wash., writes: "We are planning for a revival for our city. Will you insert in the prayer column our request for prayer for the Holy Spirit of God to work mightily in Spokane?"

A sister in Centerville, Mich., asks an interest in the Prayer League in behalf of her church—"that a true man of God may be sent to us as pastor to carry on the good work begun."

Mrs. E. K. P., Danville, Ill., writes: "Will you please pray for the restoration to health of a returned missionary doctor. Her hospital is closed. They are needing her help. Patients come many miles to find the hospital closed. Flu, cholera, and various diseases of the Orient are hindering the other missionaries in their work. Also please pray that the missionaries of the W. F. M. S. of the M. E. Church may be restored and sent back to their various fields. And we would also like to have you remember in prayer the revival which we are conducting in Danville, Ill."

From a member in Massachusetts, comes this note: "It is said that 'while they are yet speaking I will answer.' This was the case when my son, so weak from the 'flu' on shipboard, prayed for someone to help him move to his hammock. Before the thought was breathed, a fine young man said: 'Buddy, are you sick? Let me help you.' And his life was saved. Now I have a bill which must be paid at once, and I know not from whence the money will come. I ask for divine assistance."

Mrs. L. C. asks prayers for her only son, for recovery from a nervous disease; also that her husband may have greater faith in God's love. She adds: "A sister has been wonderfully restored to health since asking help from the Prayer League. I am a firm believer in prayer."

Miss M. P., Chicago, Ill., says: "I have been an interested reader of the Christian Herald. In the Prayer League I have read over and over of the blessed answers to prayer. It has put a spirit into me that I can not explain. I want to ask that you add to your prayer list, my sister. Won't you ask for her conversion, that her priceless soul may be won for the Master?"

Among the general requests are: For bodily healing, 160; conversion of relatives and friends, 101; blessing, 25; financial aid, 24; courage, 4; reunion, 10; guidance, 14; peace, 10; faith, 16; forgiveness, 4; and spiritual advancement, 11; also 21 requests known only to God.

M. S., Ellis Grove, Ill., writes: "A few months ago I asked the praying people to unite with me in prayer for my sister who was then lying very sick with an old chronic disease. I now wish to acknowledge God's goodness, and to say that the petition sent to the Heavenly Father in her behalf was most wonderfully answered. This beautiful demonstration strengthens my belief that "the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous and his ears are open unto their prayers.'"

Mrs. E. E., Ohio, writes: "Some time ago I requested prayers in behalf of my grandson. I have good news to communicate. He came home from Sunday school and said he is going to join the church on Easter Sunday."

We have also received acknowledgments of answered prayers from Mrs. R. McD., Mrs. S., L. E., P. T., Believer, Mrs. J. W. G., E. H., L. D. J., Mrs. J. H., Reader, and S. H. P.

Young People's Topic for May 1

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Thy Kingdom Come—In My Country

C. E., B. Y. P. U. and E. L. Matt. 6:7-15
(Consecration Meeting)

THUS far we have been discussing the Kingdom's coming in our hearts, homes, churches and our communities. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is inclusive of all our relationships. Beginning with the individual it widens until it embraces every phase of thought and action. Christian America is our goal at last because Christian America is our objective in the beginning. This brings us face to face with individual responsibility. If every individual in our land were truly in the Kingdom of God, then our country would be in the kingdom. It is impossible to have a barrel of perfect apples composed of individually imperfect apples. The more individual perfection we attain the nearer we are to be collective perfection of our ideal.

Make this a patriotic meeting. Base the study on the Pilgrim Ideals. Seek definitions of that phrase "For conscience's sake" and relate it to our country's splendid beginnings, as you find great personalities and mighty movements in the pages of history. Sing patriotic songs. Whittier has given us that wonderful "Centennial Hymn," and Kipling has given us his "Recessional." Have somebody tell the significance of our flag as follows:

The thirteen stripes emphasize the worth of individuality and of unity. They represent those thirteen little colonies that bravely fought and suffered and sacrificed and remained true. Its stars recognize each individual state, added from time to time, through the worth of each and the right of each to be recognized as a factor in making our nation great. The uniting of these stripes into one and the placing of these stars in the blue field give beauty to our flag and make it symbolic of the union of these individuals into one. The color white stands for purity and unselfishness of motive; blue for the staunchness of purposes; red for the spirit of sacrifice to attain the goal. For the starry field shall we not say that it is a recognition that there can be no union unless heaven comes down and purifies our nation?

A flag to represent such ideals must have a strong foundation if it is not to be displaced. But the flag is but a symbol. Words are only representative. Ideals are only guiding principles. Unless the things for which the flag stands, the words of patriotism and religion that are represenative, and ideals that are guideposts are lived and wrought in human action, they mean very little, if anything.

Mexico's Unplumbed Chasm

Continued from page 302

(who were the remains of the intellectuals who had supported Madero), sycophants and without background of education, morals or religion, and below them the vast misery of the unthinking serfs of the country, duller, certainly sadder and even less well nourished, than in the days of the viceroys and of Diaz. In those days there was aristocracy, with all its faults, and that same mass of human flotsam, but there was also the field for work and for improvement, and slowly, with the limitations of that far-off era before the Great War, they were doing what they could see to do. I would not go back to that day, and if I would, one cannot. Even the faults of that aristocracy would be impossible even in them now. But these newer faults—I do not know.

WE ARE all responsible for the Mexico that is before us. The Americans of every class in that old Mexico were too willing to let the misery of Mexico be what it was, were too willing to take our helpers and our support from the middle class that was emerging so slowly. We made a fetish of that middle class, built our hope of Mexico upon it, called it the crowning achievement of the age of Diaz, and from it came the Mexican Protestants and the beginnings of that group of Mexican leaders of which we all had dreamed. We saw Diaz clear—all of us, I think—and knew that his day could not be forever. But we had faith in that middle class, forgetting as it was easy to forget, the instability of that foundation of Indian poverty and misery. We were going to save that by bringing it up to the examples of its brothers—artisans and clerks and students and teachers. We trusted so blindly, then, in the leaven of example—we knew so little of the shifting sands of utter ignorance beneath our feet.

And then came the day of revolution, Madero the deliverer. There were few of us who regretted the passing of Diaz, save sentimentally, that it should have to be in just that way—we had hoped he would die gloriously, beloved by the people for whom he had given so much. And then the disappointment and the horror, of that wild cabal of graft and loot under Madero, when the dreamers, the repressed brains of a generation, stood waiting, wringing their hands in helpless impotence—those who could, truly, have done so much! It was pitiful, as was also the aftermath of Huerta, that reaction, that impossible reaction with its ugly tinge of a coming uprush of Indian barbarism.

Then Carranza, riding upon the winged horse of Madero—it seems that not all of us understood, quite, for we heard the fair words, as we have heard them echoing through empty halls and across dead and tortured bodies these five years since. Many sincere men were caught by those fair, echoing words, and many followed the phantom to the end. And many continue to this day.

I have no need to talk of the recent past, nor of the present. The story is written in the starving babies of Mexican towns, in the dismal railway stations where wretched food can be bought from the very mouths of hungry, filthy vendors. Pity and grief and pain stalk in Mexico today. Somewhere those who have used these skeletons, as infinite in number, as minute in importance in a money-mad world as the skeletons of a coral reef, for climbing to wealth and power—somewhere those must make answer.

And from somewhere, too, the solution of the interlaced problems must come, and from somewhere it is coming, I believe. That is the ray of hope, a ray that does not shine brightly in Mexico today—not yet. And that is still another story.

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 308

the other unions in support of the miners would verge on revolution. Government officials minimized the danger of a general strike, but labor leaders were bitter because of their belief that the officials were siding with the employers and were in a frame of mind for a finished conflict.

PANAMA REJECTS WHITE AWARD. The National Assembly of Panama unanimously upheld a refusal by the foreign office to accept the White award as a basis for settlement of the boundary dispute with Costa Rica, and declared its readiness to accept whatever consequences might ensue. The action was in reply to the American note urging such a settlement.

NEW ELECTIONS ORDERED IN ITALY. The King of Italy has dissolved the Chamber of Deputies and called general elections for May 15, former Premier Giolitti having convinced him that the Chamber did not represent the present views of the people. Parliament is to reopen June 8.

NEW YORK ASSEMBLY REFUSES TO OUST SOCIALISTS. The New York Assembly by large majorities has refused to oust two members—Charles Solomon and Samuel Orr—who had been ousted twice before because of their membership in the Socialist party. It was explained that the party had amended its constitution so as to eliminate propositions "inimical to the good of the government."

FRANCE LOSES POPULATION. Early returns of the 1921 census of France show a loss of 5.7 per cent. in population since the 1911 census. Paris was believed to have made a great growth, but the official figures revealed virtually no increase.

HERRICK TO BE AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE. Myron T. Herrick, who was Ambassador to France from early in 1912 until near the close of 1914, has decided to accept that appointment again, and it is expected he will go to Paris early in the summer.

MANNING CONSECRATION SET FOR MAY 6. The date for the consecration of Dr. William T. Manning as Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York has been set for May 6, a majority of the Bishops having approved his election.

EGYPTIANS WELCOME NATIONAL HERO. Saad Zaghlul Pasha, noted leader for Egyptian independence, was greeted by crowds estimated at 1,000,000 on his return to Cairo after two years in Europe. Tens of thousands of natives came from all parts of the country to cheer him and perfect order was maintained, the British troops keeping to their barracks for the day to avoid friction.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of General interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

REV. HERVEY WOOD sends us this from a correspondent in Bombay, India, which shows that prohibition has warm advocates even among other religionists: "The Mohammedans of Bombay, India, are conducting a unique 'dry campaign.' The Koran forbids Mohammedans to use strong drink, but many of them are violating this law. These reformers are picketing the principal saloons of Bombay and any Mohammedan who comes out of a saloon is seized and led through the streets, with cries of 'Shame!' The movement is spreading to other cities. In some aspects it recalls the Women's Crusade in America. A man belonging to the 'sweeper' caste was found drunk. His caste-fellows seized him, garlanded him with old shoes and marched him through the bazaars to the beating of empty oil tins. Several castes have adopted resolutions forbidding their members to touch liquor upon penalty of ostracism."

Mrs. W. D. M. The great temperance wave has spread farther than most people appear to understand. It may even be said, as your friend claims, that it has well-nigh circled the globe. Professor Rankin, in the Presbyterian, notes these facts in this connection: Among the South American peoples, Argentina is in the midst of a national "wet" and "dry" struggle: Guatemala closed all its saloons at the late election, to ensure a sane and sober vote; Uruguay is teaching its school children to fight the evils of drink. India has an organized Student Movement for world Prohibition. Sweden has a government Commission to deal with the drink problem. The Polish Republic has passed a law giving power to the people to prohibit the sale of all liquors containing more than 2½ per cent. of alcohol. The Fiji Islands have petitioned Britain for prohibition. South Africa has just established temperance teaching in its colleges and schools. These are only a few of many such indications of world progress.

Mrs. B. V., Dundee, Oreg. Barabbas was a political prisoner, an agitator, who had committed murder in an insurrection. Barnabas, the disciple, was quite another person. Originally named Joses (Acts 4 : 36) he received from the disciples the name of Barnabas, which means "the son of exhortation" (or of prophetic declarations and utterances). Originally a Levite, and a man of superior education and talents, with a gentle disposition, he was one of Paul's intimate friends.

J. B., Philadelphia. Sovietism has been defined as the principle of forcing the hand of governments by mass action instead of by the vote, or, to use plainer terms, seizing power by force and governing by compulsion. Bolshevism has its most practical illustration in the abolition of property rights and the regulating of the lives of the people in all things, by a directing machine, which enforces its will by compulsion.

L. M. G., Greensburg, Ind. We are to pray at all times "according to His will." Our Heavenly Father knows what is best for us, and if we trust Him fully, he will lead us to understand the wisdom of submission. We have sent your letter to the Prayer League.

J. J. B., Dallas, Tex. The expressions "Kingdom of God" and "Kingdom of Heaven" are used in different senses in the Bible. At times "Kingdom of God" means the entire universe; again "Kingdom of heaven" is applied to the celestial regions, where divine Majesty is enthroned. In their teachings, the old rabbis made the distinction of three heavens, viz:, the firmament, the starry heavens beyond, and the "heaven of heavens," which Christ called the house of His Father. Besides, the phrase "Kingdom of Heaven" is frequently used in Scripture to denote the rule of Christ which is set up in the hearts of men —"the Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

J. E. H., Bridges, S. Dak. As to the burials in the cave of Machpelah, the family burying-ground which Abraham bought of Ephron the Hittite (Gen. 23 : 9) the persons mentioned in Scripture as being interred there are Abraham, Isaac and Jacob with their wives, Sara, Rebekah and Leah. (Gen. 23 : 19, 25 : 9, 49 : 31). Nearby is a little building said to contain the tomb of Joseph.

A reader in Washington, D. C., writes us in behalf of a small evangelical church, on the Virginia side of the Potomac river, which was built by volunteer members at night after the day's work was over. They have no pulpit furniture. The members of the little country church would be glad to hear of any church having old or used pulpit furniture that might be available, either as a gift or at a price within their means. Address Virginia Church, care of the Christian Herald.

Free Circulars for Investors.

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No.2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent. present prices, are featured in Circular No. 30. The net earnings available for interest charges in 1920 were five times the interest charges.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent., preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Kingdom of Belgium 20-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, redeemable at 107½ per cent., and yielding over 8 per cent. are described in Circular 34.

Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Details of Westinghouse Electric & Mfg Co., 7 per cent. gold bonds, maturing May, 1931, at a price to yield over 7 per cent. are given in Circular 36.

Swift & Co. 5-year 7 per cent. notes, to yield over 7 per cent., are described in Circular 37.

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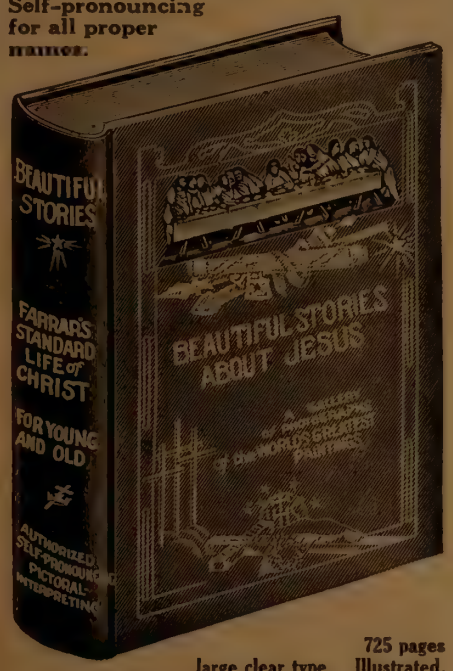

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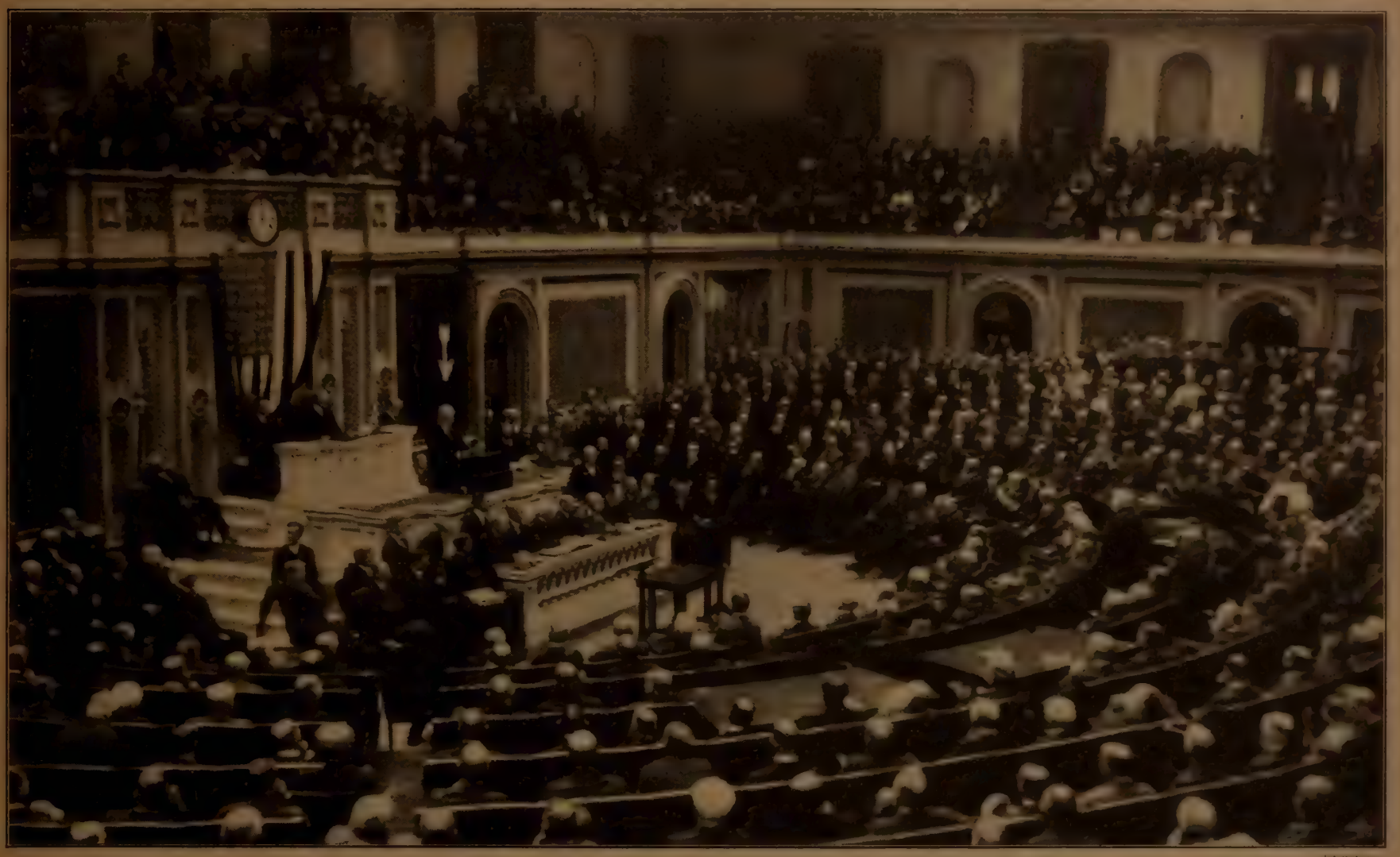


President Harding (indicated by arrow) reading his first message to the joint session of Congress in the Hall of Representatives. Vice-President Coolidge and Speaker Gillett are seated at the rostrum in front of the flag. Above the clock is the press gallery

Our New World Policy

President Harding's Message to Congress Withdraws America into National Shell of Isolation

By RAE D. HENKLE

THE new American foreign policy as outlined by President Harding in his first message to the Congress elected with him may be summed up about as follows:

1. The United States will join an association of nations for the preservation of world peace provided there are no obligations resting on us beyond an observance of the rules of international law.

2. The United States will accept the Versailles treaty after eliminating completely the League of Nations Covenant and making some other revisions which are not yet fully defined. In the meantime a declaratory resolution of peace with the Central Powers will be passed by Congress. This motion will put us technically at peace with Germany and formally permit the resumption of trade and other relations, but in all other respects our rights as a belligerent under the Versailles treaty will be preserved.

3. The United States will join with other nations in a comparative disarmament program, but will not disarm first.

Beyond these major points we are committed to a sympathetic co-operation with Europe to solve the economic problems that are pressing so heavily on the continent and interfering so seriously with the restoration of normal world trade relationships. This commercial interest is specifically divorced from political and nationalistic problems which are peculiar to Europe and in which, the President declares, we can have no active participation.

So, after nearly four years of idealistic leadership in the concert of nations, we withdraw into our national shell of isolation only to emerge, as one cynical observer phrases it, "as a bully to guard our check book." I do not sympathize with the characterization, and I am confident it will never be justified by events. But one thing is certain. The American people for the moment have cut themselves adrift from the rest of the world, have shaken from their shoulders the responsibility voluntarily placed there by their participation in the war and in the European peace which followed, and have retained as their interest in the affairs of Europe only those portions of the treaty of peace which preserve strictly American rights. This despite Mr. Harding's assurance that:

"Our obligations in effecting European tranquillity, because of war's involvements, are not less impelling than our part in the war itself. This restoration must be wrought before the human procession can go onward again. We can be helpful because we are moved by no hatreds and harbor no fears. Helpfulness does not mean entanglement and participation in economic adjustments does not mean sponsorship for treaty commitments which do not concern us and in which we will have no part."

Just what the result will be no person can foretell. Just as politics has governed a great deal of the discussion of post-war problems, so politics will continue, in large measure, to control the development of any foreign program on which we embark.

DURING the month following inauguration and before the beginning of the extra session in Congress, statements were issued from Washington with the utmost regularity, all indicating what on the surface seemed to be the policy we would elect to pursue. They came from the most authoritative sources, including President Harding himself. Apparently, they were put out as "feelers" in order to learn the reaction of the public toward them. By their use every effort was made to reconcile a large number of opposing opinions that would permit divergent elements in the cabinet, the various groups in Congress, and the lay leaders of public thought, to unite on some one general policy which could be accepted by the majority. How far the administration has succeeded in accomplishing this purpose remains to be seen, but the result of the manoeuvre is comprised in the Harding message of April 12.

One of the most regrettable features of the message was the failure of the President to do more than generalize on principles. He stated the position the administration will assume, but he omitted any recommendation or suggestion as to how his program is to be made effective and here, many observers believe, is its very heart. He promises to negotiate a treaty which will satisfy the requirements of the United States, but in no way does he indicate the methods to be adopted, or the processes of negotiation. The treaty agreed on at Versailles was signed by the five principal allied and associated Powers, by twenty-two other allied States and by Germany. Certainly, no American Secretary of State was ever faced with a broader or more highly varied field of negotiation.

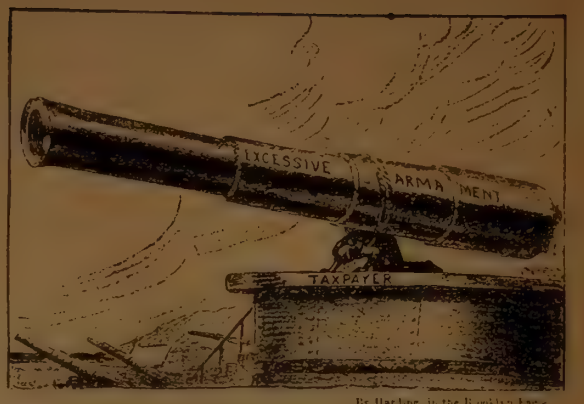
Our acceptance of the peace treaty is contingent on the removal from it, bodily, of the League of Nations covenant. This covenant is interwoven through almost every clause of the treaty and so is a part and parcel of it. President Harding has assumed respon-

From the Chicago News

There is always one prisoner, the taxpayer

tional policy laid down by President Roosevelt, carried forward by President Taft and Mr. Root, while the latter was Secretary of State in the Taft Cabinet, and elaborated by Mr. Bryan in the early days of the Wilson administration. Disarmament conversations would have an important part in this conference. But Mr. Harding, obviously, does not anticipate, at any time, complete disarmament. He is willing to enter into negotiations for "comparative" disarmament, but he is fixed in his determination that the United States shall not disarm first.

FOREIGN comment on the message has taken a very uncertain tone. Most of it has been exceedingly caustic, with an inclination to withhold final judgment until the events of the next few weeks show just what the President has in his mind. It seems to be the concensus, however, that the United States has definitely washed its hands of any further world obligations. Considerable resentment has been shown in both England and Japan, particularly because of our insistence, through communications sent by Secretary of State Hughes to London, Paris, Rome and Tokio, that the United States will not recognize the validity of mandates granted by the League of Nations Council to which this country has not given its approval. The feeling seems to be that the world cannot be expected to stand still while the United States makes up its mind what its future relationships will be. It is pointed out that we are not members of the League of Nations, despite the fact that we signed the treaty of peace; that we have no representatives in the League and that we cannot presume to dictate to the membership what action it should take on any problem that comes up for deliberation.



The human gun-carriage

sibility for approaching these twenty-eight nations, which have affixed their signatures to the document, with a proposal that they reconsider it as a whole and accept what will amount to a new draft prepared by the United States. How much time would be required to accomplish this, even in the most favorable circumstances, can only be conjectured. Certainly, however, only the most optimistic could anticipate that all of these states, having the closest possible direct interest in the treaty as promulgated, could ever be brought to approve our radical revision of the instrument.

CAN we imagine the assent of France, which is now firmly lodged along the Rhine, or Poland with its big territorial concessions, or England with its Asiatic mandates, or Japan with its grip on Shantung and the North Pacific islands? Our knowledge of world politics, in fact, makes us extremely pessimistic over the prospect of any such conclusion to whatever negotiations we may be able to initiate. This all means that while technical peace with Germany seems to be a probability of the near future, established peace is a remote consummation. To bring about a state of technical peace, the famous Knox resolution, which was vetoed by President Wilson last year, has been again introduced into the Senate, with slight modifications. A small group of the Republican members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had hoped in this resolution to enunciate a very definite foreign policy, which should carry to the world a national policy as concrete and far-reaching as the Monroe Doctrine. President Harding frankly warned these Senators, however, that while he sympathizes fully with the prerogatives of the Senate and will defer to that body in all matters that, constitutionally, belong to it, there are certain prerogatives of the executive on which he will insist and that the initiation and negotiation of treaties and matters of foreign policy are essentially in this category. At the last minute, therefore, the Knox resolution was pared down to a bare declaration of peace and a provision securing to the United States all the rights and benefits accruing to it as a belligerent under the terms of the armistice and the subsequent treaty of Versailles. The same resolution also repeals the declaration of war against Austria-Hungary.

Republicans of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee who called at the White House a few hours before the President delivered his message. Left to right are Senators Lodge, Borah, Brandegee, Johnson, New, Moses, McCormick, McCumber and Kellogg

So far as observers in Washington are able to learn, the President's present plan is to name and send abroad a commission headed probably by Elihu Root and including one or more members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. This commission will be charged with the task of conferring with European foreign offices and reaching some understanding which will eventuate in a new international conference, at which the American representatives can re-submit the treaty with the eliminations and reservations which will make it conform to the administration program. It is believed an effort will be made to have this conference called either in Washington or some other American city and that the occasion will be made one for not only revising the treaty and wrecking the League of Nations, but for developing a new association of nations along a line that will be acceptable to the large group in and out of the Senate, which is so strongly opposed to the league as at present constituted. In other words, an association largely for discussion, but without legislative or plenary authority.

This, undoubtedly, would mean in effect the redrafting of the Hague Convention on the basis of new principles of international law as developed out of the experiences of the World War. It would be an association without power to enforce its findings and, to all intents and purposes, would be a refined or sublimited board of arbitration for international disputes. In this, we would be simply developing the arbitra-

France, thus far, has shown a more conciliating spirit, although there is a great deal of disquietude among the representative French people. This disquietude was one of the reasons for the despatch to this country of René Viviani, as special commissioner for the purpose of presenting to the new administration the respects of France and to induce the government to a friendly attitude toward French aspirations. France has never been a warm friend of the League of Nations idea and it is probable that there will be no deep grief in Paris at the collapse of the organization, provided certain assurances could be obtained for support for France in the event of another emergency.

The fact unfortunately, is, however that France probably will be left between two stools. We have repudiated the League of Nations and we have declined to consummate the Franco-American defensive alliance, which was one of the documents brought back from Paris by President Wilson at the insistence of M. Clemenceau. The situation, then, has left France in a very confused mental condition. There

That much-discussed Island of Yap

is quite a bit of feeling against the United States because it has been an open secret that France only entered the League because she thought this country was whole-heartedly committed to it. Even then, doubting the effectiveness of the idea when applied to practical international politics, M. Clemenceau made it one of the conditions of French acceptance that the United States and England enter into separate treaties with France, protecting her against a revival of German military strength and such an emergency as confronted her in 1914.

NOW, if the Republican majority in Washington has its way, France will have neither the league nor an alliance. Her only satisfaction rests on the assurance that whatever peace arrangements the United States makes with the Allies, the material interests of France will be protected. As the editor of one of the prominent Paris newspapers said:

"The League of Nations once rejected, Mr. Harding desires, nevertheless, an association of nations responding to the need universally recognized. Perhaps soon we shall know more about this idea. In the meantime, unfortunate Europe must content itself with what it has."

So far as Germany is concerned, the leaders apparently do not know what construction to put on the new program. They received small consolation from the President's reiteration of Germany's responsibility for the war and his assurance of sympathy with the allies seeking to collect reparations. There is an obvious hope expressed that in the negotiations now forecast, the influence of the United States will be used to lighten in some measure the burdens the German State is shouldering now. French commentators, however, are unable to read in any other developments here, basis for such a hope. As another French editor says: "There remain accounts to be settled between Germany and the people she attacked. They are reparation accounts. In this matter, American policy, as expressed by the message of President Harding, is clear as crystal. Germany ought to repair. The Allies, and above all France, the principal creditor, have carte blanche to go ahead and collect."

The American people are eager and anxious to learn, with some definiteness, how President Harding intends to validate his policies.

Lacking a few days, it is two years since the historic occasion when the great nations of the world gathered around a table in the Versailles Palace and affixed their signatures to the Treaty of Peace. The treaty has not brought peace except in a very limited sense. War between Germany and the Allies ceased, but there are today conflicts in various parts of the world growing directly out of the document which was so solemnly approved on that day in the environments of Paris. More wars are almost certain. Provisions admittedly unfair and unjust are certain to reflect their influence for years to come. Our responsibility for this condition should not be minimized, but while we are responsible for the fact, we have not been willing to assume responsibility for devising a remedy.

If President Harding, now that the majority of the country has definitely repudiated the work of President Wilson, can by negotiation bring real peace, the country will be partly satisfied. Regardless of the results of the November election, the nation as a whole did not repudiate the League idea. It opposed some of the provisions of the document and favored certain revisions; but the great body of the American people, awakened to its world position and world opportunities, is thoroughly committed to an association or society of nations, which will be more than a debating society. It wants a medium through which can be translated into terms of international relationship the American demand for permanent peace, justice and good-will.

Remarkable Lakes I Have Seen

Four Beauty Spots in Far Corners of the World

By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

WHEN you come to think of it, what a thing of joy is a lake, whether large or small! my heart bounds as I think of some of the New Hampshire lakes—ponds we used to call them—where as a boy I "wet a line," in the familiar phrase of an old fisherman. There is something fascinating and mysterious about a lake. There it lies, wood-encircled, reflecting heaven's blue or the sun's gold in the heart of the forest, now smooth as a mirror, now ruffled with the breeze, now raging with the tempest.

Who can tell what is going on beneath that calm or angry surface? Fishes, little and big, are doubtless swimming there. Slimy, grewsome things perhaps are crawling on the bottom. An entirely new flora, as well as fauna, is there, which we never see on dry land. Plants and shrubs flourish under those ripples, which never appear above them.

A lake is a thing to love, if it is small enough, so that you can take it all in at a glance—or at least if you can see the farther shore. I cannot love the ocean, though I have heard many people say they did. But the ocean seems too big, too monstrous, to love. I can admire it, fear it, be amazed at it, but I cannot love it. But a lake or pond is different. It is cozy, comfortable, understandable, lovable.

Lake Superior or Lake Michigan or any other of the well-named "great lakes" is like the sea—too big and grand to love, but who does not remember some quiet, natural bowl in the woods, full to the brim of sweet water? The banks rise gently from the edge of the bowl, and on its rim is a sandy beach, with little flowers and plants that like moisture, decking the shores. The black alders, with their red berries in the autumn, line its banks, and flags and bushes full of fluffy balls of down rejoice in it. The willows love it too, and so does the red-winged blackbird, and the sand-piper. The catbird likes it for her nesting place, and the turtles enjoy nothing so well as to sun themselves on a half-sunken log and then slide off "cachunk," into the water, when one approaches. All homely, gentle things, animate and inanimate, love a pond, and I, for one, admire their taste.

But these are not the lakes I set out to write about. There are four very different ones which I have seen that seem to me most remarkable for one reason or another. They are Lake Titicaca in Bolivia, Lake Baikal in Siberia, one especially hot lake, among many in New Zealand, and the Lake of Galilee.

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On the shores of beautiful Galilee, made ever sacred by its close connection with the life of Christ

THE first of this quartette is especially remarkable for its altitude. Think of a great body of water, one hundred miles in length, perched as it were on a mountain top. Whence can such a lake draw its supplies? What mountainsides can it drain when it is so high itself? The answer is, of course, that the snow-clad Andes have peaks so much higher than Titicaca, some of them towering ten thousand feet higher, that they afford plenty of rivers and rivulets to fill its basin.

An excursion to Lake Titicaca is not often undertaken! The approach to this mountain-top inland sea is a most interesting journey, and to the timid traveler not without its terrors.

One disembarks on the west coast of South America at Mollendo, in Peru, which shares with Antofagosta in Chile the unenviable distinction of being one of the two worst ports in the known world. Even on a calm day the swells seem frightful to a landsman, as he steps off the ship's ladder, or is lowered in a bucket by a derrick from the ship's deck into a small boat.

Up, up, up, to the skies the little boat seems to rise on every great billow, and then down, down, down to the very nadir it sinks. But the sturdy Peruvian boatmen never lose control, and carry us over the watery mountains and through the watery depths until at last they bring us to a slippery rock on which we step ashore with enforced agility. There is no harbor, only an open roadstead for Mollendo—indeed the whole west coast of South America is singularly barren of good harbors, only two or three decent ones in the whole great stretch of coast, for four thousand miles.

When we get ashore our troubles are only just begun, for a rackety, narrow-gauge railroad has great trouble often in avoiding the moving sandhills (a peculiarity of this coast, which are as irresistible as King Canute's tides, and which often get in the little railroad's way. Avoiding them, it puffs and snorts and wriggles its way up the sides of the Andes to an altitude of nearly fifteen thousand feet above the sea, before it can discharge its passengers on the shores of Lake Titicaca.

There is one oasis on this journey, made the more delightful by the mountainous desert which comes before it. At the end of the first long lap, one reaches Arequipa, 8,000 feet above the sea, situated on a well-watered valley where tropical fruits and flowers abound, but where the air is cooled and rarefied by the altitude. Over the city towers Mount Misti, 20,000 feet high, with an everlasting crown of snow upon its head. Here, too, in Arequipa, Harvard University has an observatory for photographing the stars of the Southern Hemisphere. The courteous manager of the observatory showed me a photographic plate on which the stars had taken their own pictures the night before. How many do you think there were in that one picture? You could never guess. There were 400,000, and he told me it would take two thousand plates of that size to photograph the whole Southern heavens. "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

Keystone

Lake Titicaca, Bolivia, showing the island on which are the ruins of a great Inca temple

THE second day of the journey, like the boy of the banner with the strange device, we "keep getting upper," until the railway finds a gap in the great hills, 14,500 feet above the sea, and wriggles its way through. The scenery everywhere is imposingly grand to the last degree, for stern and awful peaks are ever in view. Gentle llamas we see trudging along the few mountain trails; great flocks of sheep feed on the scanty herbage; here alpacas thrive; occasionally a graceful vicuna gazes solemnly from his cliff at the approaching train.

Many of our fellow passengers are afflicted with mountain sickness, and, from the noisy upheavals, one might imagine he was on a small ship in a gale.

From the height of the pass the train slides down a little matter of 2,000 feet until it comes to the shores of this sea among the mountains, which rejoices in the mellifluous name of Titicaca. Here are my impressions of this lake, written on the spot:

"In many respects this is the most wonderful lake in the world. Think of Lake Geneva increased many times in size, until it is as large as all the Swiss lakes put together, raised nearly two miles and a half in the air, and surrounded by peaks half as high again as Mt. Blanc, and one has some idea of this enormous reservoir on the Andes.

"This great lake, though it received the water of twenty rivers, has but one outlet, the sluggish Desaguardo river, through which part of its waters flow into Lake Poopo, another very large body of water that lies at a somewhat lower level. But where do the waters then go? No one can tell, for Poopo has apparently no outlet. Probably an underground river carries off the surplus waters of both lakes into the Pacific, 300 miles away. Titicaca is 120 miles in length, but it takes the slow little steamer a night and half a day to make the journey to the farther end.

"In the middle of the lake we pass the famous Titicaca island where, according to tradition, the great god of the Incas, the first emperor was born. Here are still the remains of an enormous temple in his honor. The lake is in the midst of a enormous plain, much of it well cultivated, and in some places one can see the marvelous terraces of the ancient Incas well up on the mountainside, testifying to the industry and skill of this remarkable race.

"From this plain 700 years

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The Comfort-Bringer

A Pleasing Five-Part Story

By ANNE McQUEEN

Illustrated by M. L. Greer

CHAPTER I

WHEN Ruth Carfax was a little girl she had, as she remembered, everything pertaining to people of wealth, but she had no home. There was much traveling in luxurious conveyances by land and water, and there were many big, crowded hotels, and many servants to wait upon her. There were governesses who taught her their own native tongues, and mixed her very sadly regarding her own; there were instructors in music—a heart-breaking science she found it! There was a pretty young mother and a gay young father—so gay that the servants whispered, indulgently, that he "had taken a little too much."

Of course there were good times—parties, and pretty frocks, and best of all, Nancy, her English nurse, who told her lovely stories of the cottage in England, where the hawthorn bloomed in May, and the hedges were "a fair sight with wild roses and voilets." Ruth longed for the time when she might have a cottage and a hedge where wild roses bloomed—and "voilets."

When she was ten years old a terrible tragedy occurred: The ship on which her family were sailing, went down in mid-ocean, all—father, mother and English Nancy—went down in a common grave, leaving her alone in the world except for Grandfather Carfax.

Grandfather Carfax lived alone with his old servant Ned, who "did for him," in a great, dark house in a great, dark city. That is, the part of it in which the old house was placed was very, very dark and dingy and old, and altogether unlovely.

GRANDFATHER CARFAX and old Ned, however, made up for everything else. If ever a ten-year-old child had a perfectly charming grandfather, Ruth was that lucky child, and if ever there was an altogether perfect man-of-all-work, old Ned was that person. One forgot all about the house in thrilling stories of the Civil War, in which Grandfather Carfax had been an officer and Ned his orderly. And, when she sat on Grandfather's lap, in the big old leather chair in the library, listening to tales of the little house up the country where he and grandmother had "set up housekeepin'" when they were first married, and how she baked such good cakes and such sweet-smelling doughnuts, and loved to divide with the neighbors, and kept everything like a new pin, without a servant at all, Ruth fairly squirmed with delight.

"And when I'm big, let's us go back and set up housekeeping again, Grandfather—you, and me and Ned," she would say, joyously, "and I'll keep it like a new pin, and make cakes, and divide with the neighbors, and do for you all your days."

"Little Heart's-comfort," Grandfather would say, tenderly, "there is nothing in the world I'd like better! But you'll have to learn to bake, and cook, and sew, so that you can do for me, you know. And you'll be obliged to go to school to learn to do all these beautiful things rightly."

"I'll like to," said Ruth, "and not have to study old languages any more—nor a single bit of music. And dancing's sort of silly, don't you think?"

Grandfather did; but he also thought education a very necessary thing, and Ruth went to school in the big, dark city, and came home in the evenings and told Grandfather and Ned and Mrs. Shipp, who had been added to their household, all about what she had learned that day.

Mrs. Shipp was a lady who had been, she told Ruth, "twice widowed," and so had suffered much, but she was very capable and good, taking great care of them all, and most of all taking care of Ned, who was very fond of telling over his old stories to her, finding her a charming listener. Indeed when Ruth had finished High School Mrs. Shipp and Ned were married. Grandfather called them a couple of old sillies, but they were very happy, in their sedate fashion, and stayed on in the big old house, taking care of Grandfather and Ruth, till she went to college, where she learned among other things, how to sew, and to cook, and to do all sorts of wonderful things with her hands as well as her brains—in short, she took a most excellent course in Home Economics.

During vacations they had planned, Ruth and Grandfather Carfax, all the wonderful things they would do when her education was completed, and they would go to live again in the little cottage up the country, where, the old man said, he would grow young and strong again, with his little Heart's-comfort to "do for" him.

But when Ruth was twenty, and had finished her last year at college, Grandfather Carfax quietly passed away in his great, tall-posted bed in the dark, old house in the city, and Ruth was left without kith or kin in all the world.

OLD Mr. Gary, Grandfather's lawyer, was very kind to her; Ruth had always likened him to Santa Claus, in her mind, because of his long, wavy white hair and his marvelous, wavy white beard, as well as for a merry twinkle in his frosty old blue eyes, that somehow had a way of peering over his heavy-rimmed spectacles in a way singularly like Santa, in his most authentic portraits.

The little deep porch, where roses would twine beautifully, already had two old, comfortable benches to rest upon. A brown, weathered old house, cozy and homelike

"What will you want to do now, Ruthie?" he asked gently, as they sat alone in the big, dark library, Ruth in Grandfather's chair, and old Sporty, the big white cat that he loved, purring contentedly on her lap. "Better give up the idea of living in the country, eh?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Gary," replied Ruth, emphatically. "I'm going to live in our little house, just as he wished, and carry out all his plans; that is," she added, hesitating, "if I have enough money to carry them out. If not, I'll just do the best I can."

"There'll be a bit of money," nodded Mr. Gary, "enough to live on very simply, you know."

"My education cost a lot," sighed Ruth, stroking Sporty, who purred loudly and happily, forgetting, after the manner of his kind, the old hand in the comfort of the new one.

"Yes; and your grandfather was pleased to spend his money that way, child, for he knew you'd be a credit to him. But, now that you are alone, maybe the city——"

"I hate it," declared Ruth. "I—I wan' a cottage, and wild roses and—and 'voilets,' as po' Nancy used to call them. And there'll be neighbors, Grandfather said they were good folks, all of them. Here I would have to do some work in an office or a store, to earn my living, and there I can raise chickens, and make a garden, and have a cow, and——"

"SOMEBODY to live with you, or I object," put in Mr. Gary, sharply. "Ned and Mrs. Ned will stay on here—your grandfather provided for the faithful old fellow, leaving him the house to care for; he can fill it with lodgers, and make a good living that way. He had planned all that, I believe, with you."

"Yes; I want poor old Ned and Mrs. Shipp"—for so they still called the lady, no longer widowed—"to stay on here and be comfortable always. And I'll get that stanch New England damsel hight a 'help'—the kind who is always one of the family, you know."

"And we'll buy the furniture and have it shipped before we go," said Mr. Gary, "or would you rather take some of the furnishings of this house, instead?"

"I want everything new as new," declared Ruth, emphatically. "I wouldn't disturb anything in this old house, even if I wanted it, for Ned and Mrs. Shipp must feel at home, and they wouldn't if the rooms were dismantled, poor souls."

"Yes, they will miss your grandfather and you; miss you both sadly," nodded Mr. Gary, in assent.

"Grandfather and I had planned it all," said Ruth; "we were to have the rooms gay as springtime, with bright chintz, and painted furniture, and fresh walls. Then there was the dearest kitchen and laundry, and bathroom—but will I have enough money to do all these things, Mr. Gary?"

"If you are saving, yes," decided Mr. Gary, thoughtfully stroking his beard, "and there's a good market near for your farm products. You'll find the farm in good condition, for you know your grandfather has an old Scotchman living on it—a fierce old fellow, named Donaldson; he lives in the little tenant house on the place, and has, I believe, made a fair living from the land. I've no doubt he will be willing to stay on."

"I want my own farm," said Ruth, positively. "I'll hire Donaldson gladly, but I want to be a farmer, and plant hedges, hawthorn hedges, and have orchards, with plenty of fruit to can, and to give the neighbors' children. I do hope the neighbors will have children to visit me, Mr. Gary!"

"More than likely—poor folks always have oodles of 'em," agreed Mr. Gary, pessimistically; being an old bachelor, he cared but little for children, in spite of his Santa Claus appearance.

RUTH and Mrs. Shipp went shopping next day to buy the furniture for the little house. Ruth had all the dimensions of the chambers, she knew exactly which one would be hers, which would be the guest-room—that, alas, would have been her grandfather's! Mr. Gary had supplied her with ample funds for the purpose, and she determined to get her money's worth, for Ruth was a canny bargainer and loved dearly to shop.

"The only thing I hate about it all," sighed Mrs. Shipp, otherwise Mrs. Ned, "is that there ain't a handsome young man to go along and help you, dearie; this really ought to be a honeymoon like, with all this new, rosebuddy stuff, and brass and china. I hate to think of you, a lone woman, in the house all by your lonesome self, hangin' curtains, and such, and not a male to offer help."

Ruth laughingly protested that she wasn't at all ready to think about husbands—there'd be plenty of time for that.

"Then don't you go and take a farmer," warned Mrs. Shipp, earnestly; "for my first was a farmer, and dear knows the toil I went through with milking at daylight, and summer boarders to feed, and fowls to pluck for market. My second was a storekeeper, and I had time to breathe, till he was taken off sudden with apoplexy, account of too much pork and too little exercise, the doctor said. Don't you eat too free of pork, Miss Ruth, dearie; it's a heavy food."

"I won't; and I'll take plenty of exercise, Mrs. Shipp," said Ruth, solemnly, though her eyes twinkled. "You see, I'll have so much to do in my own home. Just think, it will be the first real home I've ever had; for dear Grandfather gave me the deeds to the little farm when I finished high school."

"And if you can't get along with them country girls, just write and let me know, and Ned and I'll come on the next train," vowed Mrs. Shipp, and Ned, big, gouty old Ned, who could do little now because of his age and his feet, which had "gone back on him," echoed the promise. They would follow Miss Ruth to world's end, if so be she wanted them!

There were tears in Ruth's eyes when she parted from the faithful old people; Ned holding Sporty, the white cat, for Ruth had determined she would take nothing from the old house, not even her grandfather's pet, which should stay to comfort old Ned, as well as he could, for the master's loss.

CHAPTER II

THE little farm lay among the hills of the northern part of the state, and the journey, for most part, was very wearisome. Ruth was very glad when she and Mr. Gary alighted at the little station which was the end of their travel by train, and just two miles from the farm.

"There's old man Green, who was to meet us," said Mr. Gary, nodding toward an elderly man who sat in a wagon, behind a horse apparently as elderly as the driver.

"Hack?" queried the elderly one, briskly alighting. "I'm Abner Green, him you telephoned to," nodding to Mr. Gary. "It's a mighty expensive thing, them long-distance calls—ought to writ me a letter and saved money. And this is little Ruth, old man Carfax's boy Will's little girl? Well, well—growed up, too. Mother must see ye," he smiled, taking Ruth's extended hand and patting it softly, "yes—Mother'll be glad to see any of the Carfax blood, for your grandma, forty year ago, nursed our boy through a spell o' measles, and Mother ain't one to forget."

"I'll be so glad to see her, as well as any of the neighbors who will come to see me," smiled Ruth, her eyes dim with tears—she had heard Grandfather Carfax speak so often of Abner Green, and of the baby Grandmother had nursed—she was glad they were still alive.

Mr. Gary and Ruth climbed into the wagon. Mr. Green flourished a whip over the old horse, called out "gid-dap!" in a very sharp and imperative tone, and they were on their way.

"Gran'ther leave ye purty well provided fer?" queried Mr. Green of Ruth, who shared his seat, "or jest the farm?"

"The farm, and a little money—enough to keep it up, Mr. Gary tells me," replied Ruth, sensing that the old man spoke kindly, and not from sheer curiosity.

"City folks don't always succeed," he nodded, knowingly. "Old man was powerful neighborly, he and your grandma, when they lived among us. Child, if you take after them you'll be a blessing to this community, so you will! And we all thought maybe he had made a fortune, in all these years. But the farm's pretty well tended. Old chap out there don't neighbor with us none, but he's a good farmer, and makes the land turn out crops better'n ordinary. And, if you fail, there's always school teachin'. Miss Em'ly, she's kinder laid up, these last few years, come winter. Rheumatiz. I'd hate to see Miss Em'ly go, but it's a chance she will—and then you apply. Here's your farm we're comin' to."

A ROW of magnificent elms ran parallel to the road; behind them Ruth could see nothing, though she peered.

"Gran'ther planted 'em," stated Mr. Green, "little saplin's when he was here. Your grandma, she allowed she'd call the place 'Hideaway House' when the ellums growed big enough."

"Oh, that will just suit it! Look, Mr. Gary, my house is right behind them—did you ever see such trees?"

"Wonderful!" admired Mr. Gary, as they drew up to the row of trees and alighted, "and Hideaway House will be a fitting name, indeed. Here's the gate. Now will we find the furniture inside the house, Mr. Green?"

"Yep, all hauled out and stored away safe," nodded the driver, "though that old Scotchman eyed me mighty suspicious like, as if he was afeared I'd make away with somethin'. I told him, just like you said, that nothin' was to be arranged till the young lady got here. And them plumber fellers you sent air in the village, at Si Horner's tavern; likewise the painters and paperhangers. Blest if I know what you aim to have done. And it's powerful expensive, too."

"Oh, but think, Mr. Green," said Ruth, coaxingly, "if you've never, never had a real home, how beautiful it will be to have one at last, just as you want it."

"Somethin' in that, too," allowed Mr. Green, and smiled upon this city girl in a very affectionate manner—a fatherly manner, indeed.

Now they had entered the gate and were in the little yard that was hoary with aged shrubs and long grass, but in which Ruth's eyes saw boundless possibilities. It was a little, friendly house whose closed windows would twinkle a welcome, when they were opened wide, whose heavy oaken door with its leaded fanlight looked a friendly door, not one to shut against the world—not a selfish door. The little deep porch, with pillars where roses would twine beautifully, already had two old, comfortable benches for the folk who came to rest upon. A brown, weathered old house, cozy and homelike. Ruth's heart thrilled when she put her key in the lock and turned it.

"Enter, my neighbors, and be welcome!" she laughed, though tears were hanging from her lashes.

"I suppose there is a stove in the kitchen, and we can put it up and cook a dandy lunch in no time."

"Got abundance o' groceries in the pantry, and I took the liberty to set up the stove myself," said Mr. Green, "thinkin' ye might happen to be hungry."

THE hall was dim, and the rooms were crowded with furniture downstairs; upstairs Ruth did not explore. Mr. Gary went out to look up Donaldson, and Ruth and Mr. Green, who insisted upon helping, soon had a fire going in the new stove in her kitchen. Then, while the old man looked curiously on, the city girl set about preparing a meal that opened his eyes regarding her ability.

In a very few minutes she had the repast ready, it seemed to him, though he was quite sure the stove hadn't had time to get "het up" properly. When Mr. Gary appeared with a shaggy-haired, sour-faced man accompanying him the meal was on the table.

"This is Mr. Donaldson, Ruth," said Mr. Gary, cheerfully, "and I have persuaded him to stay on your farm as manager. He seems to have made a success of it; wonderful orchards and gardens back of the house."

Donaldson, coldly casting a glance upon Mr. Green, surveyed the girl who had come to take possession of her farm with something akin to hostility; evidently he had not cared about turning it over to her.

Ruth smiled and held out her hand in friendly greeting, her eyes filled with friendly light.

They were nice eyes—very. Blue, and candid and clear as a June sky, with faith and loyalty and love for humanity shining in their depths. Ruth was not beautiful, but she was wholesomely handsome, with her clear, fresh skin, her shapely, athletic body and her graceful head bearing a wealth of shining, russet hair. Youth was hers, health and a kind heart—could one want more than these?

"I am glad you are to stay, Mr. Donaldson," she said, and the Scotchman took her outstretched hand in a limp grasp, murmuring that he, "would do his endeavors to suit her." Ruth could not say, as yet, that she felt any liking for Donaldson.

"Sit down, Mr. Donaldson, and have a bit of lunch with us," invited Ruth, cordially, "there's only a packing-case for a table, and no cloth, but there's plenty to eat, of its kind, and chairs enough to sit in. Dishes are not so plentiful, till I unpack; but there are paper trays and napkins I sent down for this very meal. Sit down, gentlemen!"

THEY sat; even Donaldson sat with them, and watched the lady of the cottage as she moved from stove to table with the hot food, and graciously served her guests. Ruth had made perfect coffee,

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When No One Smiles Back

What a Cloud It Casts Over the Day If One Sees Only Frowns

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I LEFT the office yesterday feeling as though I had come into a large and splendid inheritance. I was so happy that I wanted to laugh aloud, and to sing. The work that I had planned to do had gone quickly and easily, a certain favorite story of mine had not been returned, and I had received many pleasant letters from many pleasant people. Indeed, as our doughboys used to say, I was "sitting on the world!"

I left the office, smiling to myself over a good day that I had just added to the procession of the past. And on the street outside the office I met the Nicest Man, who was waiting for me. And we got into the subway train together—for we had a far-away dinner engagement—and started upon a long and crowded ride. And just once I patted the sleeve of the Nicest Man's coat—just once! Because I was happy, and my work had gone well, and the day had been a good one. And as I patted it I heard a voice from across the aisle speak sharply. And I heard another voice answer it.

"It seems," said the first voice, "that the women are doing the love-making this year."

And the second voice said——

"Yes, indeed! And in the subway, too!"

I looked furtively across the aisle. And I saw two severe ladies staring at me. And, though I had a perfect right to pat the Nicest Man's sleeve, I felt suddenly guilty. And I folded my hands in my lap, and erased the smile from my face. And I sat quietly and silently in my place. And as I sat there I could feel the eyes of the two severe women upon me, weighing, judging, criticizing. When they finally left the subway train and I was released from the weight of disapproval I could not help feeling that some of the joy of living had been drained from my soul and I knew that my heart was not beating quite so gaily.

THE subway car was crowded, as it usually is, with weary people. As I looked down the length of it I realized, suddenly, that I, too, was tired. Perhaps I realized that I was tired, because so many faces were dark—because so many people looked peevish and out of sorts. A woman laden with bundles spoke crossly to the tiny girl who sat beside her; a prosperous-looking business man, apparently on his way home, reprimanded a small messenger boy who inadvertently tripped over his outstretched legs.

"Look where you're going!" he snarled. "Can't you see where you're putting your feet?"

The little messenger boy wanted to answer back. I could tell it from his small, sullen face. It was not good temper on his part that made him refrain from answering; it was the size of the business man, who was far larger than the average!

Up and down the car I looked. And, as I looked, I realized poignantly that I was no longer "sitting on the world"—that my head was no longer in the clouds. Once or twice I essayed a timid smile—but the smile was not answered. Indeed, the folk that I smiled at regarded me with raised, questioning eyebrows. And I could almost—in imagination—hear them say:

"I wonder who she's looking at, anyway! I wonder if it's possible that she's daring to smile at *me!*"

I sighed, very softly, to myself. But the Nicest Man heard the sigh.

"What's the matter?" he questioned. "You were ever so happy just a moment ago! I thought when you met me, that you were out-pollyannaing Pollyanna! Has anything happened?"

With my hands tight folded in my lap I answered. And perhaps my answer was just a shade cynical.

"It's lonesome business," I told him, "being the only happy person in a subway train!"

The Nicest Man laughed—as he almost always laughs—understandingly.

"Then," he said, "let's go! For here's our station." And together we left the subway and went up to the street, and to the pale sunlight of the dying day.

PEOPLE don't always realize what an effect their expressions may have on the folk who pass them by upon the street, who rub elbows with them in the market place. They don't realize how much their chance words of disapproval may mean, how deep their frowns may go, how terribly their pessimism may hurt. They don't realize that a bit of uncontrolled anger may leave a lasting impression upon some just-forming child mind—and upon the mind of some disinterested observer who may be a grown-up!

I once knew a singer who was the leading soprano in a large city church—a woman with a splendid voice and a beautiful personality. She was a very kind and gentle woman herself, one who never spoke in anger, or found fault, or looked at people unkindly. And she was a great favorite—every one came to her for advice and encouragement.

"Perhaps you've noticed," she said once, "that my voice is better on some days than it is on other days. Perhaps you've noticed some times that the tone of it is full and sweet and at other times that it is heavy and dull! Perhaps you've noticed that, but I doubt if you could guess the reason for it!

"When I stand up in my place to sing, the faces of my audience make a great impression upon me. If they're friendly, smiling, glad, I feel that I really want to give them my bset, *and I feel more able to give them my best!* Their smiles are like a tonic to me; their happy eyes are like a message of love.

"If they're friendly it helps—oh, immeasurably! But if they look at me with hard, super-critical eyes I feel all choked-up inside. I feel stifled! If they look as if they had angry emotions in their hearts, if they look fretful, or impatient, or dissatisfied, my voice seems to dry up. And I sing badly. I can't help it!"

That is the effect of unsmiling faces upon a great singer. Perhaps unsmiling faces—and cross expressions—have the same effect on other famous people, too.

I can imagine a judge making an unfavorable decision because everyone near him had seemed out of sorts for a couple of hours. I can imagine an editor missing the point of a good story because his office force had been taciturn and glum. I can imagine a writer failing to put inspiration into a poem because of a lack of sympathetic understanding in the crowds about him. And I can imagine many other situations along the same line of reasoning.

Friends of mine, don't carry unsmiling faces with you! For, by doing so, *you* may be the ones to keep something worth while from the world. The effect that you have upon your friends—and even upon perfect strangers—may be a profound and lasting one!

Smile, instead, and be cheerful. And, perhaps, then you will be the one to give—quite indirectly—some great gift to your fellow men!

The Editorial Forum

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Mr. Harding's First Message

PRESIDENT HARDING, after a month of rumor coupled with skilful political maneuvering on the part of Republican leaders in Washington, has enunciated his foreign and domestic policy. This first official expression of the new administration, in the form of a personally delivered message to Congress now meeting in extra session, is frankly intended to be a liquidation of last fall's campaign promises and so far as the daily press is concerned, was received with sentiments controlled by political alignments.

Read without bias, there is much to commend in it. Conversely, there is much to criticize.

Certainly, there will be agreement with Mr. Harding in his demand that we "restrict our national expenditures within the limit of our national income and at the same time measurably lift the burdens of war taxation from the shoulders of the American people." His plan is twofold: "Rigid resistance in appropriation" and "the utmost economy in administration." He commits himself unreservedly to reorganization of government departments and the quick passage of the federal budget bill and he strongly insists on a fulfilment of the Republican pre-election pledge of internal tax revisions and a readjustment of the tariff.

The welfare of American agriculture, he believes, depends in part on proper protection by tariff and in part on a lowering of the high cost of transportation. In regard to the railways, he insists on an immediate reduction in freight rates and cost of operation in which both capital and labor shall share alike. "Labor," he says, "must join management in understanding that the public which pays is the public to be served."

The settlement of transportation problems also involves consideration of highway development and expansion, however, and the message contains strong representations for federal aid in road building, coupled with strict checks on all construction projects.

On these points, except for the aged problem of tariff, there can be little disagreement. The country wants a lightening of the direct tax burden; it wants a reduction in the cost of living; it wants economy in government; in brief, to use a familiar Harding expression, it wants a return to normalcy.

There will not be, however, such agreement on those parts of the message devoted to foreign relations. These, in brief, urge: First, abandonment of the present League of Nations covenant; second, passage by Congress of a declaratory resolution establishing peace with the Central Powers; third, the development of an association of nations without "supergovernment" authority; fourth, an assurance of our sympathetic co-operation with Europe in the settlement of Europe's economic problems; fifth, a pledge of co-operation with other nations in a movement for disarmament, but no disarmament on the part of the United States alone.

Failure of the League of Nations as at present constituted was foreknown. The other references to the foreign policy were perhaps milder than might have been expected. The regrettable thing about the pronouncement, however, is the complete absence of program or constructive suggestion. Mr. Harding states his policy, but neglects to provide in a single instance a method by which the policy will be worked out. Of only one thing can we be sure—a continued isolation from world affairs tempered by what may conceivably develop into a new Hague convention based on a revision or new interpretation of international law.

Signs of the Times

EVIDENCE seems to be accumulating that the moral and spiritual changes wrought by the great war have not by any means been confined to the Protestant bodies. The Russian Church, as is now known, has probably suffered more than the others in general disorganization, and loss of prestige and authority. We read of widespread losses in the Jewish synagogues in Europe, although the cable statements are still somewhat indefinite. The New York Herald's special correspondent in Paris, on April 9, reported that "more than a million Bohemians have separated themselves from the mother body since Europe's map was changed and are now members of the new state church of Czechoslovakia."

These are signs of the times which thoughtful readers will hardly regard with surprise. In our own land, there is need of a deep heart-searching by all the churches, a realization of the importance of living closer to God, and a ready and willing recognition of the duty of leading the people God-ward—in a word, of doing the whole duty of Christian shepherds rather than of multiplying their activities and dividing their energies in affairs not within their proper sphere. "Seek ye first the Kingdom," said the Master, "and all things needful will be added unto you."

The Protestant Churches in the United States will progress in proportion as they do their legitimate spiritual duty—spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ at home and abroad, closing up the breaches of division, and uniting in the effort to reach the common people, remembering that it was recorded of Jesus, the Founder of the Church, that "the common people heard Him gladly."

The world-wide conditions to which we have referred should lead us to consider conditions at home. After years of severe mental and physical strain, there are signs that as a people we are gradually regaining normal conditions. The long period of upheaval and unrest, of uncertainty and deprivation, has passed and the reaction comes with unexpected force. We find that we have gained much and lost much—that our morale as a nation needs reinforcement. The serious tasks that call us are apt to be pushed aside; yet never have we needed more to be well poised than now.

To counteract these conditions is the task which the Church must now face. There must be a time of spiritual stock-taking. With all the churches united in such an effort, and strengthened by the prayers of God's people, we may confidently hope to witness that spiritual restoration which is the nation's greatest need.

Hidden Music

WE SPEAK of the harmonies of nature and we read of the morning stars having sung together, but such phrases, beautiful and picturesque as they are, are generally valued chiefly as a poetical form of expression. Science, however, is acting as interpreter. Certain birds, naturalists tell us, have well-defined musical themes, and their trills and cadences can be represented on the staff like other tunes. If these have their songs, why not other birds also, although the human ear may catch but a few? John Burroughs was a great lover of bird-song. With few exceptions, however, he found that each songster had but a limited number of phrases or passages; whether they were songs of joy or signals to their mates, he could not learn.

In a most interesting article in the Atlantic Monthly, Alida Chanler discusses the "Unexplored Harmonies" of nature. She tells of a Mexican bird of the thrush family whose throat "fairly quivered with notes inaudible to my ears . . . its small body vibrates to notes we can not catch at all. And if this is true of sound, it is even more true of light." Science, she tells us, has lately found a new kind of periscope to turn the corner from light to sound. It is called the "oscillating audion" wireless receiver, and it opens up to the human ear sounds that until now have been wholly inaudible—"as sweet as flutes, as variable as Hawaiian guitars." These ether-vibrations are too high pitched for the unaided ear to detect, but the audion makes them clearly distinguishable. By means of this rarely sensitive contrivance, which may be connected with the telephone, the listener is enabled to hear a thousand unimagined musical surprises in nature. It reveals in its sound vibrations a score of octaves! Such a range, unattainable by voice or instrument, no musician could ever have dreamed of. Yet when we consider that by means of the radio, a conversation between Europe and America can be "listened in" upon by Japan, we cease to marvel at the possibilities of the voices of nature becoming audible. This wonderful instrument is described as being capable of being toned or so adjusted as to bring melody out of what may with less care and intention seem to be but absolute confusion. This reminds us of the description in Greek mythology of the Chamber of Harmonious Sounds, hung midway between heaven and earth and which caught all the sounds of the world and sent them aloft in musical concord.

With the development of the new contrivance which science has provided, we may expect that the sounds of nature will become more clearly translatable —the soft and low cadences of the summer wind, no less than the music of Niagara; the song of the brook or the murmuring sounds of a great city heard at a distance like the waves of a soft-toned orchestra. Miss Chanler seems to picture just such an enjoyment to be derived from this new device. "If we are patient," she writes, "we may yet hear the morning stars singing together, or catch a whisper of moonbeams filtering down."

The Glorious Assurance

"IF a man die, shall he live again?" is asked by Job in what is believed to be the oldest book of the Scriptures. And the same question, in many forms and with infinite variations, has been discussed by philosophers and speculative thinkers since the beginnings of history. In Egypt and Greece and among the Hebrews long before the Christian era, we find immortality canvassed as a hope rather than as a thing assured. We find traces of the same belief in China, Persia, and even among the American Indians, Polynesians, Australian aborigines and Greenlanders.

But the great revelation came with Christ, who "brought life and immortality to light." Jesus lifted the veil. He transformed the hope of the world into assurance. The dim foreshadowing was dissolved, and in its place came the great conviction which lifted desire to sublime confidence. Today the Church of Christ teaches immortality to all its followers, and urges the duty of striving to "win the prize," that they may begin to live eternally here and now, confident in the realization of God's pardon and acceptance, promised through His Son. These are set forth in the Gospels so clearly that none may misunderstand.

We are no longer living in the age of darkened minds. It is therefore all the more surprising to find that the message given from some pulpits, far from being either enlightening or direct, is diffident and halting on this vital issue. This should not be so. We should seriously question the qualifications of anyone as a minister of the Gospel who does not lay stress on forgiveness, acceptance and immortality. The light has come into the world; but there are many who still love the darkness, and who prefer confusing controversy to that clear illumination which is furnished in the Gospel.

At this season of the year, when all nature is budding forth into renewal of life, we are reminded of the "eternal spring" which comes into the hearts of those who find forgiveness and the assurance of the life hereafter. Having this message in the Gospel, it is our privilege to hold fast to it as the ultimate revelation from the highest Authority. Why should any Christian who believes in Jesus Christ, and who has entered His service and received the full and free gift of divine forgiveness, doubt concerning the one crowning fact which is the summit of all the aspirations of faith among the race of men? For it is His desire that "none should perish, but should have everlasting life." No Christian need ever dread the thought of the hereafter who has this assurance.

Mont-Lawn in Springtime

THE Christian Herald Children's Home at Mont-Lawn has been called "one of the miracles of the blessing that rests on benevolence." Founded in 1894, it was the direct outcome of a work of charity which had been conducted by the readers of the Christian Herald during the preceding severe winter. Our readers responded to an appeal in behalf of the hundreds of thousands of unemployed, and their gifts were the means of providing food and fuel for several thousand families in the tenements of New York, who were facing very serious hardships. Many churches aided in this enterprise, and eighteen of them gave up their basements or other available rooms which were used as distribution depots during the long, hard winter.

This experience gave Dr. Klopsch a personal knowledge of conditions in the homes of the poor. In the following spring he planned to take a number of children from those homes which had been helped during the winter, and give them a summer outing. The Mont-Lawn property was rented at a merely nominal figure and a few years after the opening, the place was purchased. From that time on Mont-Lawn has continued to grow. Every season has brought new patrons to the Home. The work begun in such simple fashion and on a limited scale, has now become, under God's blessing and through the generous co-operation of friends in every state, one of the best of its kind in the whole land.

Childhood's impressions are lasting. A kindness done to some little one is recalled with a glow of gratitude long afterward. No investment ever yielded such rich returns as this, in sweet and kindly memories.

We trust to have the aid of all our patrons in making the coming summer at Mont-Lawn the happiest and most successful of all. Share your blessing with others by inviting your acquaintances to follow your example in giving a summer outing to some poor little son or daughter of poverty.

The World News of the Week

Debate on World War Problems Delayed as Congress Begins Work

WITH President Harding having recommended enough legislation to keep Congress working at high speed for several months, the extraordinary session of Congress has begun with the Republicans in full control in both Houses by majorities so large as to be almost embarrassing to the leaders.

The first day was devoted to routine matters and the introduction of a great number of bills, the sessions being very brief. The House organization was effected quickly, Representative Frederick H. Gillett of Massachusetts being reelected as Speaker by a vote of 298 to 122 for Representative Claude Kitchin. The second day was marked by the delivery in person of President Harding's message, which is discussed fully elsewhere in this issue, and on the third day the real work was started.

In the Senate, Senator Knox again offered his resolution declaring the war between the United States and the Central Powers at an end, modified to meet the views of the President and with a provision for preserving all the rights obtained by this country under the armistice and the Versailles Treaty. Debate then was begun on the question of ratifying the Colombian Treaty, which has been pending for several years, and the discussion of the international problems growing out of the World War was allowed to wait on a fuller definition of the Harding policy.

The House gave precedence to tariff legislation and after brief debate passed a bill which combines the Farmers' Emergency bill, vetoed by Mr. Wilson at the last session, with anti-dumping legislation and a section intended to overcome the difference of exchange.

Replies to Mandate Note Delayed

ACCEPTANCE by the Allied governments of the principles laid down in Secretary Hughes's note regarding mandates—a matter vital to the successful working out of the foreign policy on which the new administration is embarking—has been delayed, but the preliminary reply of France encouraged Washington officials to believe the Allies would concede the American contention that no final disposition of Germany's overseas possessions could be made without America's approval.

The French note stated that no reply to the Hughes communication could be sent except after agreement between the governments of the four interested Powers at the next meeting of the Allied Supreme Council, but expressed the desire of France "to find a solution which will give every satisfaction to the United States." The date for the next Supreme Council meeting has not been fixed, but it probably will be convened early in May because of the critical stage of the reparations controversy with Germany. Support for America's contention against the assignment of Yap to Japan was seen in the fact that France recalled declarations in a note of February 18, never made public, that President Wilson and Mr. Lansing had "formulated in the presence of the representative of Japan, categorical reservations on the subject of the island of Yap, that Baron Makino did not refuse to allow the question raised by the United States to be brought under discussion, and that in consequence the Japanese Government had cognizance of the American reservations." Japan has been loath to admit that such a reservation was made.

Leading Japanese newspapers were urging that a conciliatory attitude should be assumed, although some opposed any concessions whatever, and the government was understood to be consulting Great Britain and France on the subject. Debate on mandates in the British Parliament was shut off by Premier Lloyd George with the statement that friendly discussion was in progress and that debate might do much harm. The Italian Government was understood to have returned a verbal reply that the question was one which does not concern Italy.

Underwood & Underwood

CELEBRATING 110 YEARS OF WOMEN'S MISSIONARY ACTIVITIES

Sixteen "females," as the church records termed them, assembled in the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia in 1810 and organized their first Women's Missionary Society. Recently a church pageant celebrated the event and some of the costumes of the original members were worn by their descendants who have carried on the work

Germany to Offer New Terms

WITH the approach of May 1, when under the Versailles Treaty the Allies "have a rendezvous with Germany" on the reparations issue, the controversy between the Allies and Germany remains outwardly at quite as much of a deadlock as when the unsuccessful conference in London broke up so abruptly. Under the surface, however, there have been developments which tend to make each side more conciliatory and which give hopes of a solution.

One of these developments is the growing realization in Germany that the Allies are in deadly earnest and that they are allowing France to take the lead in determining what further penalties shall be imposed on Germany if she continues her attitude of defiance. The people of Germany have ceased to regard the Allied proposals for penalties with apathy, as was the case a month ago, and are frankly apprehensive; and this changed view has been manifest in the utterances of the Berlin officials, particularly those of Dr. Simons, the Foreign Minister, who has conducted the negotiations. The Germans were aware that France was making ready for further military action, while President Harding's declarations in his message to Congress had destroyed any hope that America might intervene to restrain the Allies. German experts were working out new reparations proposals, which it was suggested would be offered to the Allies through the mediation of some nation not now involved in the controversy.

In France there was a growing sentiment for moderation, despite Premier Briand's declaration in the Chamber of Deputies: "The time for words has passed. We must now revert to acts." French business and financial circles were beginning to doubt that measures of force furnished the best way of collecting from Germany and were inquiring what had been achieved by the recent extension of the occupied zone. They were ready to consider seriously a proposal for American mediation of the reparations dispute if Germany should suggest such a plan. This moderate position would have won many more adherents had it not been for the general distrust of Germany's good faith and for the anxiety over the reconstruction of the framework of Germany's military machine so as to make her potentially formidable.

Railroad Agreements Abrogated

ABROGATION of the national agreements defining working conditions on all the railroads formerly under federal control has been ordered by the Railway Labor Board, effective July 1, and the task of formulating new rules has been left to conferences between the employees and management of each line. This was regarded as a victory for the companies, as the unions have sought to have such questions settled by a single conference for the entire nation.

The Board's decision directs that conferences shall begin at the earliest possible date and that the Board shall be kept informed of progress. There was a warning to both parties in the reservation by the Board of the right to abrogate the agreements at a date earlier than July 1 with regard to any class of employees which may unduly delay the progress of negotiations and of the right to extend the agreements with regard to any railroad which may block a settlement.

Sixteen principles which are to serve as a foundation in the formulation of new rules were defined by the Board and in these the union leaders were gladdened by the concession of some rights for which they have been contending. This declaration emphasizes the obligation of both carriers and workers to render adequate service in an economical way and demands hearty co-operation; admits the right of the managements to enforce proper discipline, but holds that no employee should be disciplined without a fair hearing; recognizes the right of the employees to organize, and forbids discrimination between members and non-members of unions; accepts the principles of the eight-hour day and of seniority; and requires that the employees should be consulted prior to a decision adversely affecting their wages or working conditions.

The decision affects all classes of railway employees except those in the train service, for whom there are agreements between the "big four" brotherhoods and the separate railroads.

Former German Empress Dies

THE death in exile at Doorn of Augusta Victoria, the former German Empress, showed that the Hohenzollern family still has a strong grip on a considerable section of the German people. The Ebert government sent a message of condolence to the former Kaiser; in many parts of the country flags were half-masted and monarchists donned mourning; and arrangements were made for burial in a royal mausoleum at Potsdam, which originally was intended for the tomb of Frederick the Great. The funeral was to be the occasion for a great gathering of one-time royal and near-royal personages and of the men who dominated Germany in the pre-revolutionary days.

The former Empress, who was sixty-two years old, had suffered from chronic heart disease ever since the flight into Holland in 1918, and several times her children had been summoned in expectation of her death, but only the former Kaiser and Prince Adalbert were at the bedside when the end came. The husband's grief was extreme, for the former Empress had been a most devoted wife and mother, and their marriage in 1881 was a love match.

The Dutch government refused to permit the former Kaiser and the former Crown Prince to accompany the body to Potsdam, as that would make necessary a con-

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International

JAMES COX DAVIS

The new director-general of the United States Railroad Administration was promoted from the position of general counsel to succeed John Barton Payne

International

SIR ROBERT HORNE

He has been appointed British Chancellor of the Exchequer to succeed Austen Chamberlain. Formerly he was President of the Board of Trade

The World's Need of Christ

A Sermon by REV. FERDINAND Q. BLANCHARD*

TEXT—Heb. 10 : 22. "Therefore let us hold fast the profession of our faith, without wavering."

SOME years ago, a famous American physician, then of Johns Hopkins and afterwards of Oxford, opened a notable lecture at Harvard University with a brilliant sketch intended to show how lacking is modern society in any deep concern for questions that are comprehended by the term "religion." Whether Dr. Osler drew a true picture or not, there are many who not only would agree with him but would declare that this is only what you might expect. "Of all the great interests of humanity, religion," they would say, "is the least interesting. Politics, art, sport, education—these are departments of life in which all men are concerned. But religion! It offers dull, unimportant themes."

A very common view is this, but a most strange one. What are the books that have most deeply stirred people? The majority of them have been stories with some issue of religion as their theme. What are the articles that provoke the keenest debate? Usually articles on religion. What are the meetings which call together the largest crowds? Can one suppose that if he had been speaking upon the methods of education, Billy Sunday would have been obliged to build special tabernacles to hold his audiences?

Of course, now and then, some passing issue may arouse the deepest feeling. But although other interests of life do this once and again at intervals, religion has the power to do it at any time. And why should it not? Is it conceivable that a matter with which is wrapped up the fundamental interests of life, which every man in his greatest moments finds supreme, and which holds the answer to the most piercing questions in humanity, can fail of interest till life itself fails to be interesting? When physical existence indeed is counted a negligible thing, men thrill to hopes and march to purposes which would be meaningless and futile save for the assertions of religion. So man's sober second thought invariably and emphatically reduces the comment that religion is uninteresting to a criticism more or less justified that some presentation of the great theme has been unworthy of it. Carlyle said long ago, "A man's religion is the chief fact in regard to him." Interest in the chief thing in life cannot be called in question.

Let us think for a while upon the part religion has played in life and its power to move men, as confirming our faith in its importance and inspiring us to lay hold for ourselves upon its power. And because our religious faith and interest is Christian, it is of the Christian religion that I would speak.

WHEN the faith of Jesus took root in the Roman Empire it was a very tiny, obscure thing. It came from a province held in disdain, save for the wealth that might be extracted from it, and there was not much of that. Its chief figure had suffered a slave's death. Its adherents were slaves and humble people. It had no program to strike the imagination; no appeal that caught the popular fancy. When Nero, to turn from himself the public censure that involved him with the burning of Rome, picked upon the Christians as his scapegoat, he counted it good policy to do so, because although they were already numerous enough to furnish sufficient victims for his purpose, they were held in such poor account as to awaken little pity.

And now note the miracle. Some thirty years later, another persecution of Christians occurred. This time they were not outcasts, but a formidable company, thought to be endangering the ancient foundations of the Empire. As the years passed the persecutions recurred, because the fear the Christians had inspired grew greater. But the persecutions proved futile. At last came the sudden, ever-memorable change. The despised faith of Galilee became an acknowledged religion of Rome. The Cross was lifted above the eagles.

Think of the meaning of all this. Not merely had the Christian religion won its way against paganism, but the question of religious faith had become the chief concern of the Empire. How? Christianity had acquired at this time no armies. Force had not been its means of success. What then had happened? Some one put it in this way: "The Christian out-lived the pagan and out-died him." Not his art nor his literature gave the Christian his fuller life; but his religion. What art and literature there were all sprang out of the religion. Gibbon and other historians recite the same story. Because of his religion the Christian had more and better morals, more hope, more power. An ancient writer of the times testified to the prevailing faith when he wrote that "the Holy Spirit was a glad spirit!"

It is a familiar fact that the Christians reduced all who knew them to amazement by the way they met death. The noble Roman, with his stoic philosophy, died bravely, but these transformed slaves of Cæsar's household and women of the temple died triumphantly. Not every one, of course. Death, and death particularly in the shape of fire or wild beasts, was no more attractive then than now. Many escaped from one city to another, when it threatened. But ever and again, one stood up and laughed at the worst men could conceive, and the spirit of heroism played round him like a lambent flame. In the mob that yelled "The Christian to the lions," many a spectator bowed in shame and sought the secret of such a wonderful faith as had been revealed.

WHAT was the result? The old Roman world was overwhelmed. Its fortifications against the great hosts of northern peoples at last gave way. Everywhere the wealth of the Cæsars became the spoil of those that had been called "barbarians." But one power withstood the flood. The same power that had become central in the old world now began to master the new. And the clue to all this history is religion.

Men have called the centuries which ensued upon the collapse of imperial power in Italy the "dark ages," because the culture which had developed about the Mediterranean was largely forgotten. Great hosts of strong, vigorous people, who knew nothing of Homer or Cicero or Virgil, were forming new nations. By and by beauty and literature and art were to come into their own again and receive new and priceless additions. But for a while war and politics occupied the energies not employed in mere existence. What was the saving element in the middle ages? Religion. Practically all that was preserved from what had made the old days good was preserved by religion. All the impulses bringing light into the chaos were bound up with religion. The fine instincts in life which were to create the new civilization were in the keeping of religion.

I have said first, that religion was the chief force in the old Roman Empire, and secondly, that it was the dominant force in the Middle Ages. How about its place in what we know as the third division of history since the birth of Christ, the modern world? There are various outstanding events that must instantly come to mind. There is the great cataclysm in Europe which shook every state to its center—the Reformation, a struggle over religion. Remember that in England's momentous days, when civil liberty was developing, her hero, Cromwell, and his invincible troopers were swayed by religion more than by love of country. Recall that the foundations of New England were laid by those who thus wrote of the motives which inspired them to hazard life, to conquer a wilderness:

"Lastly, and which was not least, a great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or at least to make some way thereunto, for ye propogating and advancing ye Gospel of ye Kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of the world."

BUT it may be said, "All this is true, yet of late religion has not been the moving impulse. The American Revolution, the Napoleonic war, the Civil conflict of '61, the great European struggle, these were not concerned with religion. The day when religion was supreme has passed." Suppose we grant this for a moment. Then we are driven to a conclusion which I am going to state in these words of one who was not an orthodox Christian, but who was a great thinker who did not miss the significance of religion:

"All our mighty achievements are being hampered and often neutralized. All our social diseases are being aggravated by this supreme and dominant fact that we have suffered our religion to slide from us. The urgent task of our time is to recover a religious faith as a basis of life, both personal and social."

And then our one hope is that which is suggested in the words of John Morley, "Religion is not that supreme, penetrating, controlling, decisive part of a man's life which it has been and will be again."

But it is not necessary to grant the case in just this way. Religion, for the past two hundred years, has not visibly and immediately swayed the course of history as it did for the preceding seventeen hundred. But the ultimate, supreme motive of life is still religion, the final incentive to heroism is still religion. The war in Europe produced uncounted heroic acts. There has been glory for many and it has been a joy to accord many all possible honors.

THE other day, a Southern mountaineer landed in New York acclaimed as the bravest of all. His courage seemed almost superhuman indeed, but I know a yet greater heroism and a sublimer courage which the war produced.

Five hundred miles beyond Constantinople in Asia Minor is the city of Sivas. Here lived in 1914 an American woman, a teacher of the practical arts and the lore of scholarship, administrator of school finances, nurse in the hospital, director of industries for the poor and destitute. In 1914, when the Turkish troops were dying by thousands from disease, she volunteered for the Red Cross service, and after a three week's journey through mud, in the valleys and snow on the mountains, took up her duties as head nurse at the Central Hospital. Four months later she returned to her home to find that the tide of unspeakable cruelty of Turk and Kurd had rolled over it. Human beings and animals lay dead along the roadside. Famine and plague stalked everywhere. But she had become a person of repute, and the governor was in her debt for her services to the soldiers. And as her guerdon of honor, what did she ask? The order for the deportation had gone forth. Her request was that she might go in company with the hopeless exiles. The plan was to drown the entire company of two thousand, or as many as should still be alive when they reached a bridge crossing a river. But at that bridgehead stood this American woman, facing the human beasts that raged around her and the company of Armenians passed over safely.

And then she went back to Sivas, to famine and typhus, alone, for she would not have others share her daily peril; back to distribute supplies which came through, and do what one could in the hell that had been created. And the war passed. From three Governments honors have been bestowed upon her, but she has not returned to receive them in person. She stays there in desolated Asia Minor. She is operating a farm and two grist mills and sees to the planting of the fields, to support one thousand orphans. Where will you turn in all the glorious annals of the years past for a story of greater heroism, or for an equal to it of continuing courage? And if you should ask for the secret the answer would come straight and sure, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Yes, today as yesterday, religion is the mightiest force in life!

The appeal of religion calls us to this knowledge and the service it inspires. It is not the Church which is at stake. That is only an instrument. It is not religion, itself, for that cannot be destroyed. But it is our life and the life of this generation in which we live. Therefore, oh, how overwhelming the logic, let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering!

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"How Firm a Foundation," or "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 37 : Verses 1 to 11.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 325, first column.)

Sermon—"THE WORLD'S NEED OF CHRIST"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," or "The Homeland, O the Homeland."

Benediction, by Pastor Sheldon, to be read aloud: Encompass us, O Thou who rememberest our flesh and knoweth that we are needy, with Thy protection, and enfold us with Thy defense from all terrors by day or night, and make us to feel Thy strength in our weakness and Thy peace in our confusion and Thy forgiveness in our sin, and reveal to us Thy glory that we may never want. For Jesus' sake and his power in us, we ask. AMEN.

*Pastor, Euclid Ave. Congl. Church, Cleveland, O.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, R. Braunstein, C. C. Albertson, H. P. Hoskins, I. D. Lyttle and W. L. Goldsmith

The Heavenly City

SUNDAY. Heb. 11 : 10. "*He looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God.*" A man can be in the land of promise, and yet not feel at home. "He sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country." But why these feelings of the vagrant? Why this sense of homelessness in the promised land?

In the verse which precedes the text we are told that in the land of promise Abraham dwelt in tents, and the shifting tenure made the country appear perpetually strange. Tent-life gave him the consciousness of a changing and uncertain possession. He pitched his tent here today, and for a few short hours he tasted the delights of possession. But on the morrow the tents had to be moved again, and there rushed back into the patriarch's soul all the restless uncertainties of a vagrant. His inheritance was shifting, movable, and transient. He was possessor only by spasms. There was no rich, unbroken, continuous life to create in his soul the settledness of home.

We must emphasize the contrast between the city and the tent. The patriarch lived in the tent; he looked for the city. The tent has no foundations. Its holdfasts are only for transient usage. They are made to be easily changed. The city has foundations. It is stable, fixed, permanent. The tent is the symbol of vagrancy; the city is the symbol of home. The tent is associated with the evanescent and changing: the city is associated with the continuous and the abiding. Abraham dwelt in the land of promise in tents, but "he looked for a city." He longed for settledness. He yearned for the abiding.

Now, we are all the children of promise. A kingdom has been promised to us—not a material kingdom, traversed by lines of latitude and longitude, but a spiritual kingdom, the inheritance of the saints in light. This kingdom abounds in "things that are freely given to us of God"—moral forces, spiritual graces, strengths and beauties from the sanctuary of the Eternal.

Some of us have crossed the borders of the land. We are in the kingdom of promise. But how? Some are in the kingdom in shifting tents. Others are in the kingdom in settled cities. Some people's religious life is full of a restless change; others have a life full of a deep and fruitful homeliness, of rich and assured peace. How many of us only enjoy the kingdom by spasms! We have short seasons of possession. We are dwellers in tents, and have no fixed and settled abode. It is the gracious purpose of our Lord that our religious life should be a certain and continuous possession. He wants it to be a ceaseless "abiding," and not a few detached and uncertain seasons. J. H. J.

The Child-Like Spirit

MONDAY. Matt. 18 : 3. "*Except ye become as little children.*" It is possible to be as a little child without being childish. It is possible to be simple without being a simpleton. Great men and women are noted for their childlike simplicity. The saint on his knees can see farther than the scientist on his toes. The faith of a child is nearer to the fundamentals of God than the doubting of a full-grown man. By faith one enters the Kingdom of all good things. There is no dead line for the open mind, the receptive spirit, the teachable life.

A writer tells us how Phillips Brooks kept alive the child-like spirit of inquiry and investigation, when a gas-fitter came into his study to repair a fixture on his desk. The Bishop asked about every screw and appliance. No child ever showed a more naive curiosity in a new toy. But this was the key to the Bishop's whole character. Like John Richard Green, "he died learning." Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten, insisted that no man could have real joy in living or quicken other lives who did not keep the child's joy in living, the eager interest in life and truth to the end, living with his windows always open toward the East. Henry Ward Beecher sat at the feet of all kinds of people and learned from hackman, stevedore, street-sweeper, and all. This is the explanation of the freshness, spontaneity, readiness and cosmopolitanism of his wonderful pulpit deliverances. Humility is an asset. "Unto me who am less than the least."

The truly great regard themselves as pigmies before the mountainous conceptions that are everywhere. "Less than the least" is a comparative superlative and not perhaps the good English of the schools, but it is the good speech of the child-like heart. In his eighty-fourth year, John Wesley said, "I am still at school." At almost the same age, Goethe said, "I carry my satchel yet." Martin Luther said, "It is not a little thing to speak before men in the place of God." This was the natural recoil of a great soul from a responsible task.

Jesus was interested in the humblest man or woman, and made himself akin to them by entering into their joys as well as their sorrows. Beneath the shadow of His cross on which He was to die, He kept the heart of a little child, and expressed Himself in the midst of the simplicities of life. R. B.

A Wonderful Prayer

TUESDAY. Prov. 30 : 7-9. "*Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee and say, 'Who is the Lord?' or lest I be poor, and steal and take the name of my God in vain.*" Agur's prayer was a wise one. Avarice in its very nature is atheism. It denies God by setting up a yellow god beside Him. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," said Jesus.

The tendency of increasing wealth is increasing pride and self-sufficiency. The rich fool in one of the Parables gave no credit to anybody but himself for what he had accumulated. This denial of God is the canker of gold. The pride of the Laodiceans is the pride of all the purse-proud: "Because thou sayest I am rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked, thus saith the Lord, 'I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see.'"

The second prayer of Agur was, "Give me not poverty." Nothing so singular about that. From gnawing hunger and winter's cold, good Lord, deliver us! Agur was afraid, too, lest he might steal. Indolence is dishonesty; envy is theft. His third reason for dreading poverty is because it may lead him to dishonor the name of God. The reference is not to profane swearing, as we understand it, but to the heedless and unnecessary use of the august Name.

A wonderful prayer is this of Agur! The middle state is what he covets; not poverty nor riches but food convenient for him; that is to say, enough to keep him in the temperate zone of comfort. This is the third estate, where men live nearest to God. "Take no anxious thought for your life," said Jesus, "what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink or what ye shall put on." Anxiety is the enemy of peace. Fret is the opposite of faith. Therefore, trust in God! If Christ be yours, all things are yours. D. J. B.

The Runner and the Race

WEDNESDAY. I Cor. 9 : 24. "*They which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize. Even so run, that ye may attain.*" Courtland Van Rensselaer Hodge was always strong on athletics. As a lad he played scrub ball. He was a hard player to tackle on the college foot-ball team. He also played a strong, swift game of tennis, swam and skated as well as or better than the most of us, and was an all 'round athlete at Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania. When he went into the games, he went in to do his best to win. He ran to win the prize and usually won it. Then, after a while, young Hodge tackled a new game—the medical missionary work in China. With his young bride he sailed, landed and had hardly stripped for action when he was slain by the Boxer uprising in 1900. Hodge met his death as a brave Christian gentleman. He had a great fund of humor, was bright and merry and fond of life, but he knew when his end was about to come. The prize he won at last, quite different from those he had won at college, was an imperishable one. He received it at the hands of his Master.

When the Master of Life comes to check up your score, the question will not be raised,—Did you win? but—How did you run? The Corinthian Christians to whom Paul wrote understood the imagery perfectly, for he wisely drew his illustrations from the circumstances with which they were surrounded. The stadium was the most frequented place in Corinth. The foot-race was always a struggle for mastery, and no runner could stop to look back. He must press on. Tier upon tier above him loomed "the cloud of witnesses." Paul himself had told the elders at Miletus that he desired to finish his course. And he afterwards told Timothy that he had finished it and felt content because he had done his best. H. P. H.

The Holy Spirit the Best Guide

THURSDAY. Luke, 12 : 57. "*Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?*" The Master marvelled that the men of His day applied their common sense so little to the understanding of religious matters. Whenever they exercised their faculties in other directions, as in interpreting natural phenomena, they came to useful conclusions. But for some reason they did not undertake to find the deeper meaning of life by the same methods. Evidently Jesus believed that ordinary human beings had the power of insight, which would guide them into truth, if only they employed it.

We are fortunately not left to ourselves in judging what is right. Help is abundantly at hand. However, we need to recover confidence in our own endowment of common sense. While the testimony of experience is occasionally helpful, it is a sad mistake to lean too much on the mind of others, whatever their credentials. Why not look at the facts through the eyes of the understanding God has given unto us? The Holy Spirit is able to use ordinary intelligence. Beware of the super-man, the expert, whose views of life are often distorted. Trust in God and do your own thinking! W. L. G.

The Empty Vine

FRIDAY. Hos. 10 : 1. "*Israel is an empty vine, he bringeth forth fruit unto himself.*" This is a double charge—emptiness and selfishness. Israel was not content with failure to bring forth the fruits of righteousness, but had set about fostering the sin of sins—catering to self. But in it all he had still kept up the pretense of being religious. He had built altars, and made "goodly images," and no doubt did many other things, but the difficulty was in the fact that underneath it all was a "divided heart."

No man can serve God with a divided heart. Sometimes we say "no man can serve God fully with a divided heart"; but that is only half the truth, for as a matter-of-fact, the divided heart cannot serve God at all!" Jesus laid great emphasis upon this basic principle of Christian life when he said "no man can serve two masters." He can try, but the result is ever the same. Sooner or later he discovers that what he supposed was a fair division of his interests was terribly one-sided, and that self was the favored side.

The only wise thing—nay the only safe thing, is to see to it that we bring forth the fruits of righteousness. See what God says to Israel: "Their heart is divided; . . . he shall break down their altars, he shall spoil their images." But He has promised that if we make His interests our sole concern, He will look after our interests, great and small. I. D. L.

Effectual Help

SATURDAY. Heb. 4 : 16. "*Grace to help in every time of need.*" There are two kinds of causes—instrumental and immediate causes (or proximate causes, as they are sometimes called) and ultimate causes, generally spoken of as effective causes. When a baseball bat strikes a ball, the bat is the proximate or instrumental cause, but the arm of the player, or rather his will, is the effective cause. The words effective and effectual are synonymous.

There is the story of a lame beggar at the temple gate. Seeing two men approach he asked alms, exposing a distorted foot. One of the men said: "We have no money, but we have power to heal you. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Looking down the beggar saw he had been cured, and rose up and walked. If the apostles had given him the alms he asked that would have been immediate help. But when they gave him a good ankle, power to help himself, they gave him effectual help.

Jesus Christ came to the world to give help to the needy race. There is little difference between the words "saviour" and "helper." "Mighty to save" means mighty to help. But Jesus Christ has a method in saving—in helping. He is an effectual helper. In this He is like God—He is ever the God-like Christ.

Here is a man in trouble. He is debt or in need. Creditors are pressing. He prays for help. If God will only send him money now, he will be grateful. Perhaps God does send him money. That has happened many a time. But it does not always happen. Suppose it does not happen. Suppose instead, God permits him to suffer, and in a sudden access of wisdom the man sees there are other methods of meeting the demands, or with desperate courage, he goes to work to earn the money he needs. Or, he fails—compromises with his creditors. There is many an honest bankrupt. Then slowly he goes to work to rebuild his fortune. As time passes, he sees his failure was a blessing; he has learned a valuable lesson. He is a better man because once he failed. Is it not possible to see, in that sudden access of wisdom or in that wonderful exercise of courage, or in the fine spirit in which the man rebuilt upon the ruins of an old business the structure of a better, the effectual help of God? Instrumental help would have solved a temporary problem, but effectual help solves a problem that is lifelong, and that may be eternity-long.

C.

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Rest and Recreation

International Sunday School Lesson for May 8
Lev. 23 : 39-43; Deut. 5 : 12-25; Mark 6 : 31, 32

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

THE title does not go this time to the heart of the lesson. As the Bible is the book among books, so Sunday is the best day of all the week. God has been gracious in providing the night time to recuperate our tired bodies, but nights are not enough. By the end of each week the physical powers are noticeably less than on Monday morning. If, however, Sunday is made the rest day intended by God Monday morning will find our strength back to normal. This is a scientific fact, but science and religion are in perfect harmony. The right use of the Christian Sabbath is the great fact to be studied this week.

Just to read the lesson text, though we have three portions this time, is insufficient. The first selection introduces us to the Feast of Tabernacles, one of the three great occasions during the Hebrew year when the Jew was to go up to Jerusalem for the celebration if possible. The Passover and the Feast of Weeks should also be noted, and to these should be added in special study the Jewish New Year and the Day of Atonement. The two last and the Feast of Tabernacles are in the seventh month of the Jewish year. Use your Bibles constantly in the lessons of this quarter, and get the general facts concerning each book of the Bible, as the scripture is taken from the various books. This time you have Leviticus, Deuteronomy and Mark. Nelson's Cross Reference Bible or the Scofield Bible are very helpful for such study. Turn also to any good Bible Dictionary.

Though the Jew was a busy man his law required him to take time for rest, recreation and worship, in addition to the fifty-two Sabbaths each year. Remember that these feasts and the fast day Atonement, Sabbatic and Jubilee years, are times which Jehovah claimed as His, and man was sinful who did not obey the divine commands with reference to them. Man must use such times according to God's intent, or sin against Him.

In Deuteronomy we have a restatement of the law "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." If there have been six days of honest labor, there is every reason for resting on the seventh day. God set an example for mankind by resting after His great work of creation. The command to rest is not only with reference to the head of the household but to all who are related to that family—members, helpers, faithful animals. In short, it means the caddy as well as the golfer. If some men sawed wood a little, they would not need to play the gentleman's game so much. The law of the land should affect the rich as well as the poor: certainly both are equal before God's bar of judgment. Those who insist on having their recreation on Sunday have no right in so doing to defraud others of their rightful Sunday rest.

TEACHERS will have serious trouble in handling this lesson if they do not themselves keep the Sabbath holy unto God. The officers and members of the church and Sunday school are often too lax in their own habits on the Lord's Day. God has not revoked His Ten Commandments, and each one is equally in force at the present time. Being in the twentieth century does not change the matter at all. Some communities ask for local option on the question of Sabbath amusement, etc. If a minister wants to hear from his people just let him preach a strong sermon on the subject of the Sabbath.

The Lord's Day Alliance of the United States and the similar alliances in the various states are raising their voices for the protection and non-commercialization of God's Day. During the past thirteen years the Lord's Day Alliance of New Jersey has been instrumental in the defeat of thirty-six anti-Sabbath bills which were introduced in the legislature at Trenton. During all those years, some churches did not once pass and forward to the legislature a single resolution of protest against any one of these thirty-six vicious bills. Sunday must be protected or soon there will be no Sunday schools. It is great as well as right to be working with God and His law, rather than against the Creator and His perfect plan for His creation.

This is the lesson that will be studied on Mother's Day and the suggestion is naturally of the home. Sunday should always be Mother's Day, after she has wrought so well during the week and arranged for the comfort of all in the home. It should certainly be her resting time, though it is too often true that mother's leisure time is "just time to do some other kind of work." Some one tried to comfort a dying mother with thoughts about heaven as a wonderful place for service, and mother refused to be comforted until it was stated that heaven was a place of resting. That appealed to her. There would be more of heaven on earth for mother if she could have more rest and recreation down here, before she entered into that place where the Feast of Tabernacles is fulfilled, even Heaven itself. One good way to celebrate May 8 as Mother's Day would be to make mother a real guest in the home. Such attention might surprise her, but she would react without any heart-failure.

IT IS a wonderful experience to see city boys and girls get their first sight of the country when sent out for two weeks by the Fresh Air Fund, to Mont-Lawn for instance. Summer time will soon offer another opportunity for more of this kind of rest and recreation. It costs money, time and work, but the dividends are glorious. Cities are making provisions for the physical and mental recreations of their young citizens. Recreation must be constructive and never destructive. Morality is greatly advanced by reason of physical exercise.

Everyone needs resting times. Summer vacations are not weeks that are lost to the employer. Rather he gains in more and better work done for him upon the return of the vacationist. Such days are periods of real recreation which is the best definition of recreation.

There is a growing tendency in non-Christian lands to make Sunday the rest time, rather than an arbitrary day in the month. Meanwhile the meaning of the Christian Sabbath is making its impression. When at Nikko, Japan last September, the writer went to a barber on Friday. The barber, who could not speak English, declined to attend to business but said "Sunday, come Monday." The fact was that it was Friday. On asking the hotel clerk about it he could give no explanation until he noted that it was September 17, and then stated that the one rest day in the month for the barbers was the 17th and the only way that barber could make the foreigner understand that he did not work that day was to call it "Sunday." What would that non-Christian think about the Christian's sacred day, if he should be in New York, or Los Angeles, on the first day of the week!

Jesus, in Mark 6 : 31, invited His faithful disciples who were tired in the midst of their work to "Come apart and rest a while." They went with their Master. He is still the best Companion for tired folks. He is the burden-bearer and always has His words of comfort. He is the one who speaks peace to the soul. One of the greatest gifts from our heavenly Father is His Day, which, thank God, comes every seventh day. This Sabbath is a blessed foretaste. People who find it a real task to keep the earthly Sabbath holy will need to be made over, or the eternal Sabbath will be to them misery instead of blessing.

Examples of wholesome entertainment furnished by recent PARAMOUNT PICTURES listed alphabetically

Sir James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." An immortal masterpiece brought to life by an all-star cast. Directed by John S. Robertson.

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"Yes—I'm Getting 7% And My Money's Safe"

After supper last night I went down to the post office for the mail and found a letter from G. L. Miller & Company in my box. In it was a check for interest due on a Miller First Mortgage Bond.

As I was reading the letter Dr. Thompson came along. He glanced over my shoulder and saw what it was. He knew I had been investing in Miller Bonds for several years.

"Well, Mac," he said, "are you still getting your 7%?"

"Yes, Doctor, I am still getting my 7%. By the way, what is your mining stock paying?"

"Not a blame cent," he said, making a wry face. "Hereafter my motto is going to be 'Safety'. You seem to be mighty well pleased with your Miller Bonds. Are you sure they are safe?"

"They are secured by a first mortgage on good, modern apartment houses or other buildings, well located in prosperous Southern cities. These buildings earn a steady income, and you can't get a much better guarantee of safety than a first mortgage, can you?"

"But suppose," he objected, "the value of the building on which the bonds are issued declines for one cause or another. Isn't your security in danger?"

"Not at all," I told him. "In the first place, G. L. Miller & Company lend only about one-half of the value of the property, and that value isn't based on boom prices, either, but on a fair, ordinary market. In the second place, the borrower has to make monthly payments to meet the interest and gradually pay off the principal In this way money is always on hand to pay the interest even before it is due, and to pay off the bonds which come due from year to year. The bond issue is growing less every year, and the interest which has to be paid is growing less, but the mortgage on the building remains as full security until the last bond is paid. Don't you see, these bonds are growing safer all the time?"

Dr. Thompson was interested and impressed, but determined to push his investigations further. He had learned a lesson from his mining stocks.

"Any chance of legal slips, faulty titles, or things like that?" he asked. "You have got to be particular in dealing in real estate."

"Well," I answered, "every precaution that a lawyer can think of is taken. Miller & Company have an independent lawyer pass on the legality of each bond issue, after examining the title. The attorney also sees to the drawing up of the deed of trust. A bank or trust company certifies to the genuineness of the bonds. Miller checks up the records to see that taxes on the property are paid and see that fire insurance is kept up."

"Let me have Miller's address," said Dr. Thompson, taking out his pencil. "I am going to send for some more information about those bonds."

You, who read this advertisement, may have a neighbor who is an investor in Miller Bonds. We know that there are Miller investors in your State, for they live in every State of the Union. Not one of them ever had to wait a day for money due on interest or principal of Miller First Mortgage Bonds. We will gladly send you a booklet called "Demonstrations of Satisfaction," reproducing actual letters from these satisfied investors. "Creating Good Investments" tells how Miller Bonds are made and why they are safe. "Two Men and Their Money" tells an instructive investment story from every-day life. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send me booklets, "Demonstrations of Satisfaction," "Creating Good Investments" and "Two Men and Their Money." I have $ for which I am seeking a safe investment.

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The Comfort-Bringer

Continued from page 321

a plate of hot and delicately browned toast, daintily broiled ham, and, for dessert, peaches and little cakes from the store in the pantry.

Mr. Green, dipping his toast in his coffee, watched her with undisguised admiration. Evidently there were city girls and city girls; this one knew how to do things, she'd need no instruction from the neighbors.

"I didn't have any eggs," Ruth apologized, "but you just wait till I get my white Leghorns, and I'll offer them to you in more ways than you've ever eaten. And make a tidy little sum, I hope, selling them. How is the market, Mr. Donaldson?"

"The city is no so very far away, and they'll ship fine. Eggs is woman's work, or I'd ha' been in the beesiness mysel'," said the farmer. "I'm a lone body wi'out help, ye see."

Mr. Green, who insisted upon staying, helped Donaldson and Mr. Gary put up the beds—one in the guest-room for Mr. Gary, and the other in the sunny chamber upstairs, the southwest room that had been long ago decided upon as her own, when she and her grandfather had discussed their plans. The beds were perfect; Ruth had seen to that. Mr. Gary declared that he slept so well that he had serious thoughts of giving up his law practice, and staying on as a permanent guest. Whereat Ruth laughed delightedly—a true hostess is always happy when her guests are comfortable.

CHAPTER III

THE next day Ruth, Mr. Gary and Donaldson went over the little farm; it was a small one, hardly fifty acres, but every foot had been made to yield the fruits of the earth justly, for the old Scotchman was a good farmer, and kept his soil enriched and cultivated.

There were flourishing orchards and carefully trained berry vines, with crisp vegetables for market—enough to keep more than one man busy. Donaldson said he employed little labor, except when the berries were ripe, then he hired children from the village, because he could get them cheap. Tom Auld, who lived on the adjoining farm, helped him a bit.

"I'll tell you the truth, my dear," said Mr. Gary to Ruth, when they had parted from the farmer at his door—he had a small, two-room dwelling, built of red brick, with vines trained over the walls and a neat dooryard filled with flowers—"my opinion is that our friend Donaldson loves money more than anything in this world. He is a miser, whose joy is to make his money and save every dime that is possible. But I think he is faithful to his promise. Drove a hard bargain with me, I may say, but it would have been a harder with you, I'm pretty sure."

They found Mrs. Green at the house when they returned; she was a comfortable old lady of ample girth, and sat panting on one of the broad porch benches, with a white kitten in her lap and a puppy in a basket at her feet.

"I came soon's Father told me you had come," she panted, smilingly. "Got the features of your grandma, honey—her eyes and her nice, smiley mouth. And I fetched along these little creeturs to keep you company."

"Dear, dear, how glad I am to see them!" laughed Ruth, as she unprisoned the curly puppy and let him snuggle up in her arms, where he barked triumphantly at the kitten. "It was mighty kind of you come over, dear Mrs. Green, and to bring me these little things to keep me company."

MRS. GREEN had brought along other things beside the animals—a well-filled basket of home-made preserves, a plate of doughnuts and an apple-pie, fresh baked and smelling deliciously.

"Father said—he's fetching over them plumbers and folks, honey, they'll be right out—that, for all you were town-bred, you could whirl in and get a meal with the best of us. But I knew that stove wouldn't be ready for pies, till you get your kitchen red up."

"I want a girl to live with me, somebody to help with the work," said Ruth, after the good things had been duly praised. "Do you know one, Mrs. Green?"

"Poor Ellen Hawtree," nodded Mrs. Green, "she's a good girl, not overly bright, but willing. Strong and hearty, though. She's an orphan, and she ain't had very good treatment from the folks she's lived out with. Lives with the Smithers family, now, and they work her hard and don't feed over liberal. Ellen's twenty-one, to my knowledge, and she's a word to say for herself, now. Think you could put up with her, honey?"

"Ellen is the very girl I want," nodded Ruth, emphatically. "And she's coming as soon as you can get her from the Smithers family!"

"This very day," declared Mrs. Green, rising. "Smithers can say what they please. Ellen's twenty-one, and got a right to work for wages, instead of mighty poor victuals and worse clothes."

Mrs. Green was successful in her mission; she returned that afternoon with Ellen sitting on her trunk in the wagon.

"The Smithers suddenly found she was valuable, and offered wages, which Ellen wouldn't take, because I told her not to," avowed Mrs. Green, as the "help" climbed out. A tall, awkward girl, with a bewildered look on her face, her roughened red hands twitching nervously in the folds of her check apron, and her feet rubbing against the cowhide brogans that encased them. Ruth's heart swelled at sight of her, and she took one of the red hands in her own, smiling into the startled eyes.

"I've such a nice little room for Ellen, right next my own," she said cheerfully, "and we'll have her trunk taken right up. And then she shall have a lunch, and a nice hot cup of tea."

And Ellen, the dazed look in her eyes succeeding to one of admiration that was to deepen into adoration, followed her new employer into the house.

NOW the place was filled with workmen, and from morning to night the sound of their hammers and saws and the smell of their soldering pots filled the air. Poor Mr. Gary, Ruth saw, was like a fish out of its native fluid, and she finally persuaded him to leave her, with Ellen and the all-capable Donaldson to look after her.

Ellen was a treasure indeed; she was slow to comprehend, but faithful and clean—indeed she spent so much of her time cleaning up after the workmen that Ruth had constantly to remind her that it was a waste of time, until they had finished.

"Law, Miss Ruth, I jest love to be cleanin' up for you," said Ellen, worshiping Ruth with her eyes, "it ain't for money, no'm—for pure love!"

Just as soon as she could Ruth took her help into the village, bought material and had Miss Susanna Baines, the village seamstress, make her some new clothes, so that Ellen fairly blossomed in blue and pink chambray house dresses and neat calf oxfords, which she constantly admired, so that she was apt to be tripped up, sometimes, by her own feet, in striving to view them from all angles.

Neighbors came calling as soon as Mrs. Green had spread the news of Ruth's arrival; there were not many girls, these had gone to the cities to find employment, as had the young men of the neighborhood. Ruth was reminded of "Cranford," where only old maids, widows and retired army officers lived, there was such a scarcity of young people.

VERY early Ruth learned of Nancy Auld, the mother of young Tom, owner of the farm adjoining hers. Nancy Auld was a paralytic, and young Tom had to "do for her," in the absence of a daughter. And young Tom spent most of his time working for Donaldson to pay the interest on money borrowed from the latter—the interest on a mortgage which, from appearances, had small chance of ever being paid.

"But then, if he didn't pay interest,

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A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

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Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Details of Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 7 per cent. gold bonds, maturing May, 1931, at a price to yield over 7 per cent. are given in Circular 36.

Swift & Co. 5-year 7 per cent. notes, to yield over 7 per cent., are described in Circular 37.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6% First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for circular 38.

Record of Investments Chart—a simple chart for listing your securities which shows at a glance your monthly and annual income, together with necessary information on Federal Taxes—Ask for Circular 39.

Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving high average yield of 12¼%—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 42.

Barnsdall Corporation, 7 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold bonds to yield about 9 per cent, own and operate properties in 14 States. Total net assets 377 per cent. of this issue. Circular 40.

Circular 41 gives full information concerning a 7 per cent First and Refunding Mortgage Bond yielding about 8 per cent. 1920 earnings amounted to more than twice the annual interest charges on all underlying bonds including this issue.

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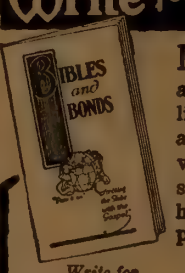

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it would be foreclosed, and poor Nancy turned out of house and home," said Mrs. Abner Green. "That old Scotchman, honey, ain't anything in his breast but a flint—nary thing!"

"I see," nodded Ruth, comprehendingly. "I've never been over to Tom Auld's house, though I've seen the smoke from his chimneys often. And I have noticed how poorly the crops looked on his land. Donaldson told me he was just 'shiftless-like,' when I asked the reason for this. Now I'll visit Nancy Auld; maybe there will be something I can do to help."

"There's a girl, Mary Smithers, old Jacob Smithers' daughter—the man Ellen worked for—who is Tom's sweetheart, only old Jacob won't hear to them marryin' till Tom gets out o' the woods. And Mary ain't spunk enough to run off and marry him anyway. Come to think of it, though," concluded Mrs. Green, with a little laugh at her oversight, "Tom wouldn't let her to do it if she was a mind to. No; he thinks it would be workin' a hardship on the poor girl, when she's fair fading away, in my opinion, from hopelessness."

"Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful to have a lot of money!" breathed Ruth, misty-eyed. "I have never wanted any before, but now—why wouldn't it be fine to pay off the mortgage and have enough to build a dear little cottage and start housekeeping for them?"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Green, drily, "it would, child, only they wouldn't take it—not Tom Auld! Proud as Lucifer, that stock; most equal to Miss Em'ly David, our schoolma'am, you know, who won't accept favors from the neighbors because she can't return 'em. No, we dassn't offer help, even neighborly help, to Miss Em'ly. And it wouldn't do to think of givin' money to Tom, if so be we was rich as old John D. hisself."

"Well, if Nancy Auld isn't above accepting neighborly attentions, I'll certainly do what I can for *her*, at least, seeing I haven't any money to assist Tom, providing he'd take it," laughed Ruth, happily. "Thank goodness, I *can* cook—and I took a course in home nursing, too; maybe there will be something I can do to make Mrs. Auld more comfortable."

SO ONE morning very soon after this conversation found Ruth, bearing a dainty tray loaded with good things for the invalid, walking with determined feet toward the fence that separated her own farm from that of her "shiftless" neighbor. Beyond the low fence, made of boulders piled up, there was no trace of the careful, intensive cultivation that marked her own farm; still the untrained beauty of the woods, and the silky murmur of a little stream that rippled through them delighted Ruth's beauty-loving eyes. For a short space she followed the path that wound by the side of the brook, then paused, with an exclamation of delighted surprise.

The stream had its end in a pool, broad and placid, bordered by flags and rushes, and curly beds of fresh green water-cress. The tiny stream was its outlet, the waters that filled the pool came from a foaming, dimpling spring—a little basin of crystal water that tumbled over wave-worn rocks and poured its burden into the placid bowl of the pool.

Fringing it, spring and pool alike, were thickets of willows that hid it from view until one entered their green feathery screen.

"The man who owns this must be a lover of nature," thought Ruth, as she stood on the brink and watched her reflection in the white water, "else he would cut down the willows, drain the pool, plow the land. And that would be just sacrilege to a nature-lover, plain sacrilege! I'm inclined to like this shiftless farmer boy, just from his spring. And I do believe I want a drink; I see he has a cup handy, hanging from that willow bough."

She drank deeply, filling the rusty tin cup from the foaming lip to the little spring, and found the water delicious.

"It's so pretty—so very much prettier than anything on my own farm, I'm inclined to envy him," murmured Ruth, as she hung the cup once more on its willow branch, "but Donaldson, I'm afraid, would find it just waste to let the good land lie idle; I'm inclined to think that a dollar is the loveliest object in the world to my farmer!"

ONCE more she followed the path, winding steeply up the hillside, on whose summit was placed Tom Auld's cottage—an ancient and dilapidated little house, which looked very tumble-down and disheartened, with its peeling paint and its patched window-panes, its door-yard filled with half-hearted, struggling shrubs, evidently hoary with age, and its equally half-hearted weeds, both seeming to have a hard existence on the barren ground.

But the old house was embowered in the shade of noble elms, and from the dooryard one caught a glimpse of the winding road that led to the village, and a sweep of beautiful green hills and pleasant farmsteads. On the side lay the arable land belonging to the farmer, but the fields were filled with faint-hearted corn, and the orchard was old and half bare—while the fruit on Ruth's trees was so abundant.

"Poor soul—he needs that Mary Smithers to help him struggle out of the depths," murmured Ruth, sorrowfully; "this place has such an air of discouragement about it all. I hope it doesn't affect Nancy Auld as it does me!"

Up the worn path, through the stones of which grass and weeds sprouted drearily, Ruth walked to the porch.

A furious sound of clicking and pounding came from an open door at one end of the long porch—somebody was pounding a typewriter for dear life.

"Dear me, sounds like business school, with all the machines going at once," mused Ruth, as she tiptoed softly to the door, and knocked—a useless proceeding, for with the noise within no one could hear her.

"I wonder, now, if Tom Auld is at that machine," Ruth reflected, "when he ought to be plowing, maybe. Funny thing for a farmer to be doing. Well, I'll just enter!"

She pushed the door wide and boldly stood in the doorway. "Good morning," said Ruth, cheerfully, "I came to see—"

She got no further. A man arose from a seat at the typewriter table—a man gaunt, wild-eyed, glaring through enormous spectacles, with shaggy black locks hanging over his forehead, a shaggy growth of beard shading his mouth—a fearsome figure of a man, who waved her away with an impatient hand.

"Another time—not now," implored this apparition, in tones tense with pleading, "for goodness' sake, get out!"

To be continued

A Mission Surprise

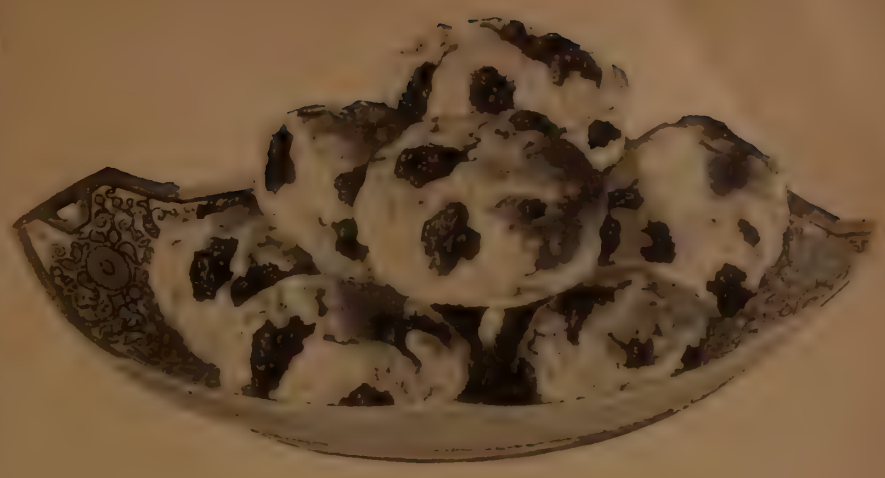
SURPRISES are common enough in mission work, but not long ago a missionary in India received a surprise which almost amounted to shell-shock. A little village near Meerut had decided to become Christian and the minister had gone down to conduct the community baptism service.

Now it was generally known that the landlord, who had previously owned the people body and soul, greatly objected to the freeing of his tenants through Christianity. For he knew that Christianity meant freedom—freedom from fear, freedom from the terrorism which kept the people ground down under his power.

On the day of the baptism service this landlord was in the congregation, a fact which produced general uneasiness. And as the service advanced the uneasiness increased almost to the point of terror, for just as the minister was about to baptize the first convert, the landlord came forward and took the vessel from the hand of the Indian worker who was assisting.

The people gasped, but the situation was explained in an instant. The landlord had suddenly changed his mind about the matter of Christianity, and wished to take part in the rite of baptism as a sign of his approval.

When the landlord learned that four members of the community were away from home and therefore could not be baptized before the minister hurried away to another of his forty stations, he offered to see the men when they came back and to administer the rite himself.



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Serve stewed *raisins* with stewed prunes. Note the new zest in these foods with raisins.

Raisins increase nutrition also, furnishing 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Who's Had Biscuits Like Them

1 cup Sun-Maid Chopped Raisins
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly, add enough cold milk to hold together, add the raisins and mix. Place dough on floured board, roll or pat with hands until one inch thick, then cut with biscuit cutter and brush tops with cold milk. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

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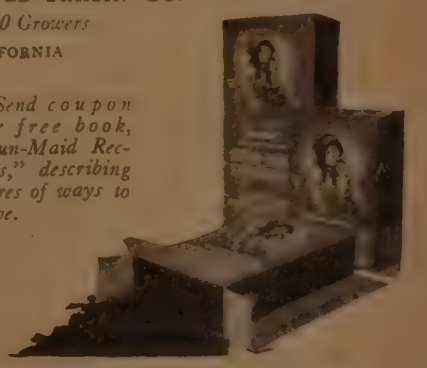

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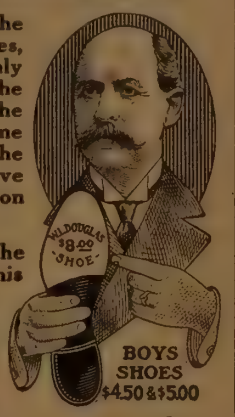

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 323

sultation with the Allies, but no restrictions were placed on others of the Hohenzollerns. Simple funeral services were held at Doorn for members of the family staff only, and the funeral train left Holland under cover of night.

Britain Escapes General Strike

A SPLIT in the Triple Alliance of British labor has averted the danger that the National Union of Railwaymen and the Transport Workers Union would strike in support of the miners and has increased the chances for an early agreement between the mine unions and the mine owners. Several days must pass, however, before the mining controversy can be settled and already British industry has been hit hard by the shortage of coal.

Orders had been issued for the strike of railwaymen and transport workers but the leaders of these unions decided to cancel them after Frank Hodges, general secretary of the Miners' Federation, had informed a committee of Parliament that the miners were prepared to examine a scale of wages for a temporary settlement while suspending without prejudice the question of a national pool to maintain wages. Others of the miners' executives repudiated this offer and there was bitter feeling among the labor leaders, but it enabled the chiefs of the other unions to withdraw from a conflict which would have been revolutionary in scope.

In some sections there were revolts against the no-strike decision of the two members of the Triple Alliance, but the prospects were that a few days would see the settlement of the entire controversy and the return of the miners to work.

Tornado Kills 97 in South

NINETY-SEVEN persons were killed, a score injured seriously and scores suffered minor injuries in a series of tornadoes which swept across six Southern states, causing damage to property aggregating several millions of dollars. The greatest loss of life was in Arkansas, where sixty-six persons were killed. Fourteen were killed in Alabama, nine in Texas and eight in Mississippi; while Georgia and Tennessee, which also suffered from the storm, reported no fatalities. It was feared belated reports from isolated sections would push the death toll still higher.

The first storm originated in Texas near the Arkansas line, and cut a path across three counties in Arkansas before spending its force. A second storm started one hundred miles to the north, while other tornadoes formed in various parts of the territory affected. One of the freaks of the storm occurred in Arkansas when two loaded freight cars were picked up from the middle of a moving train but the train was able to proceed to its destination after the parted sections had been coupled again.

GREEKS DEFEAT TURKISH DRIVE. An offensive by the Turkish Nationalists designed to cut off the Greek forces in the Afium-Kharahissar and Touloubanar sectors was broken up completely by Greek counter-attacks, according to despatches to Athens, which claimed the capture of 6,000 Turks. Greece has called several classes of reserves to the colors in preparation for the resumption of her offensive which failed at Eski-Shehr.

STEEL PRICES REDUCED. The United States Steel Corporation has announced reductions in the prices of steel ranging from $1.50 a ton for billets up to $15 a ton for tin plate. The reductions, effective at once, did not cover all the corporation's products, but new scales for other products were being worked out. It was expected the price cuts would be followed by an attempt to lower wages.

PUBLIC UTILITIES WIN DECISIONS. Two decisions have been handed down by the United States which may result in increased public utility charges in many cities. One decision affirmed the decree of a lower court enjoining the City of San Antonio from enforcing a five-cent fare despite a franchise contract fixing the fare at that figure; and the other set aside an injunction obtained by the city of Fairfield, Iowa, restraining the Iowa Electric Company from increasing its rates above those set in its franchise, the court holding that a contract calling for a confiscatory rate would not stand in law.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE PASSES "MOVIE" CENSORSHIP BILL. The New York legislature has passed a bill entrusting to a board of three members the censorship over motion pictures to be exhibited in the state and authorizing it to refuse licenses to any films which it may consider "obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, sacreligious or of such a character that their exhibition would tend to corrupt morals or incite to crime."

Young People's Topics for May 8

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Living Close to Christ

C. E. and B. Y. P. U., 1 John 3 : 18-24 ; John 15 : 7-10

THIS meeting should be made deeply devotional. Before approaching the study of the theme have a series of sentence prayers. Remember you are going to talk about Jesus Christ. Therefore the mind and heart should be purged from all things alien to such a sacred subject. Divide the program into three sections, thus:

Who is Jesus Christ? Why should we live close to Him? How can we live close to Him?

Write on the blackboard or on some bulletin board in large letters these words: "The right way to begin to walk in the right way is to begin right away. Jesus said, 'I am the Way.'"

We need to live close to Jesus Christ because He makes plain the mysteries of life, of sorrow, of temptation and of failure. Life that is closely related and associated with Him as a traveling companion is less difficult. He gives light in darkness, truth when error conflicts, leading when divers paths bewilder. If He is the world's hope, He is my hope, because as a Christian I am the hope of the world. Jesus Christ is interpreted in what I think and do and say. Note the tree and the branches filled with fruit. The relation of branches and the tree must be vital. The sap, the life, the strength must flow from the trunk to the branches or there can be no fruit. So the very life of Jesus must enter our lives.

What We Owe to Our Parents

E. L., Exo. 20 : 12; 1 Sam. 1 : 10, 11

MAY 8 is Mother's Day. Make it also Father's Day. Advertise this meeting as "Mother's and Father's day." Invite the parents to attend. Sing as an opening hymn "Faith of Our Fathers." In the last stanza sing "Faith of Our Mothers." Let each member render some verbal tribute to parents. Let some read a poetical tribute, for there is sentiment in the theme and sentiment is never so well expressed as when it is done in poetry.

If this meeting is planned carefully and prayerfully it will be a source of inspiration and profit to all who attend. Write out in bold letters the words of the author of Proverbs, so that all may have them before the eye as the meeting progresses, thus: "Forsake not the law of thy mother," and "Keep the commandments of thy Father." Use as a closing hymn "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Waimangu, near New Zealand's famous hot lakes, is more of a spouting volcano than a geyser

Remarkable Lakes I Have Seen

Continued from page 319

ago came the great conquering race of Incas which swept over all the vast tablelands of Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador, until they were the acknowledged rulers of South America, building their cities, their palaces and temples which are still the wonders of the archeologist." Surely Titicaca, for many reasons, has a right to hold up its lofty head.

ONE of its bigger and more important rivals in many ways is Lake Baikal in the heart of Siberia. It stretches north and south for four hundred miles, and is comparatively narrow. It fills a tremendous chasm in the earth's surface, a mile and a half deep, clear as crystal and even in summertime it is only a degree or two warmer than ice.

I remember a weary day which I once spent at the little railway station of Lisovitchnia on the verge of the lake, waiting for the big ice-breaker to take us across. Hour after hour we waited with two hundred other passengers, all of us sitting on our baggage on the dreary platform, or taking short walks, not daring to go too far, lest the boat should come. I ventured to take a plunge in the icy waters, but "right in and right out" was enough.

At last the twelve hour wait was over, the great lumbering ice-breaker, capable of taking two long trains into its capacious maw, steamed to the wharf; the weary, hungry passengers tumbled aboard, and learned to their disgust that the big steamer had been long delayed in order that the Imperial Minister of Justice might get to the boat, have a good dinner, a chat with his friends, and perform other unessentials.

Of course toward the end of June there is no ice to break in Lake Baikal, though it does not go out until far into May, but the ice-breaker which, when built was one of the wonders of the world, plows its way across, summer and winter, and even smashes its iron beak through ice four or five feet in thickness.

MY third lake is as hot as Lake Baikal is cold. It is in New Zealand, that land of thermal wonders. There are a multitude of hot lakes in this wonderland of the North Land, some large and some small. This one, called Rotamahana, is the largest and most famous. We embarked on its cooler shore in a rowboat manned by swarthy Maoris. At first we could easily hold our hands in the water as we dabbled them over the side. It was a mile to the farther shore. As we advanced, the water grew warmer and warmer, hotter and hotter, until we found ourselves over a very witches' cauldron. The water was actually boiling furiously, and only the thin planks of the rowboat stood between us and a dreadful death. The steaming bubbles, superheated, thumped against the bottom and sides of the boat, making anything but a merry tattoo. At last we reached the farther shore, and stepped gingerly on the hot sand, while jets of steam spurted out on every side and enveloped the hills just beyond the lake, in a perpetual white cloud.

A little ways farther on is the world-famous geyser of Waimangu. It is more a spouting volcano than a geyser, for it throws up mud and stones and water and huge boulders, sometimes hundreds of feet in the air. A mile high the steam from this horrid vent hole of nature rises in its periodic discharges, which, if I remember rightly, come once in twenty-three hours. A number of years ago the most tremendous explosion of modern times occurred; a big section of the mountain was torn off and scattered over the surrounding country for fifty miles, burying some sections seventy feet deep in ashes and pumice.

LET us turn from this scene of nature's terrific violence, to a lake of calm and peaceful memories. It lies at the head of the Jordan Valley, surrounded by smiling hills and flower-decked shores. You know its name before I write it. It is the lake made sacred by the frequent presence of our dear Lord. Around its shores and on its waters He walked, on its calm and stormy waves He sailed. When the winds from the hills around swooped down upon it He bade them be still, and there was a great calm.

In a little boat rocking on its tide He sat and talked to the people on the shore, of the sower who went out to sow, of the wheat and the tares, of the grain of mustard-seed, and of the leaven.

"O Galilee! sweet Galilee!
Where Jesus loved so much to be.
O Galilee! blue Galilee!
Come, sing thy song again to me."

There can never be another lake in all this wide world to compare with Galilee! Its interest is supreme, commanding, unending, for He who sailed its waters and walked its marge was the Son of Man and the Son of God.

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—just the same except in name. At your grocer—10c package.

Fatigue that comes with winter's end is caused by vitamine deficiency in winter foods

Physicians now know that no medicine, only certain foods, can furnish this needed element

ONE trouble with most of us in the spring is that the food we eat in winter doesn't have the essential vitamines that we get in summer from fresh vegetables—lettuce, spinach, green things. We get heavy and dull; they used to call it "spring fever." We are more susceptible to illness and sluggishness in the spring than at any other time.

Old foods and new

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Secretary of the Correspondence Department

Business in the Correspondence Department of The Moody Bible Institute is far from dull in this time of business depression. The general falling off in buying and other adverse conditions have, of course, had some effect. The long delayed advance in the prices of our courses, made necessary to bring them nearer to the cost basis, went into effect September 1, 1920. Then heavy advances in the advertising rates of some publications of large circulation made it necessary to discontinue using them, and others also had to be dropped at least temporarily because of failure to produce results.

Nevertheless, new enrolments for the months of October, November, December, 1920, and January, 1921, numbered **1,164**—384, or 24.8 per cent. less than for the corresponding months a year ago, and 171 less than for the four immediately preceding months, June, July, August and September, 1920.

Due to the large volume of new enrolments in the past year, the figures for the number of students now under instruction show a gratifying increase. January 31, 1920, the active students totaled 5,550; on January 31, 1921, they numbered **7,325**—an increase of 1,775, or 32 per cent!

We praise God for every one of the 1,164 new students, and for the large increase in the total number of active students, and ask all who read this advertisement to unite with us in prayer that the Holy Spirit shall give to thousands more a vision for enlarged and more efficient Christian service, through the splendid training awaiting them by enrolling for a Moody Bible Institute Correspondence Course.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

L. G., St. Louis, Mo. We pray not to be saved from meeting temptation, but to be strengthened and given power to resist temptation. Jesus Himself was tempted, yet without sin, for He overcame the tempter. The mere suggestion of evil which enters the mind during temptation is a trap of the wicked one; but if we maintain the resistant attitude and pray for strength, the assaults will cease. We are not held accountable for temptation, but for yielding to it, or inviting its repetition.

Mrs. J. E. M., Frankfort, O. There are different degrees of excellence, but in the passage in Matt. 5 : 48 our Lord indicates the kind of excellence which He desired in His disciples, and to characterize His Kingdom. They were not to be content with striving for any ordinary degree. He pointed them to the Father as the centre and source of all completeness, and urged them to emulate the Divine Model. They (the disciples) must consecrate themselves to lives of holiness, acceptable to God and blameless before men, and this in a very special degree, in order that the work of the Kingdom might not suffer in their hands.

W. T. F., Minatare, Neb., writes: "The cheapest and what would probably prove the quickest and most satisfactory solution of the disarmament question, of which I have yet heard, is this: Let amendments be enacted and added to the constitutions of the different nations, making it the duty of the king, emperor, czar, president, or whatever the ruler may be termed, to take the first rank on the firing line when the nation goes to war; also one-third of the Parliament or Congress to go to the front—this third to be determined by lot after war has been declared." The suggestion of our correspondent is not absolutely new, but it is interesting, in view of the fact that disarmament is a foremost topic at present.

Mrs. W. J. B., Germantown, Pa., writes: "I was raised on a farm, but having lived in a big city for fourteen years, I now know what life and living mean. In your issue of March 26, you write about the Southern mountaineers. Well, I wonder if those people are not as happy as, if not much happier, than the crowds of idle pleasure-seekers we see on the streets of our cities every day. It seems to me that what our parents taught us (about theatres and shows, etc.) is all coming out too true, especially since moving pictures came into vogue. Good Christian people are using them as a power to assist in the rebuilding of the nations; but I see in them nothing to help the world along. They create excitement in the minds of children and there is very little reality to them. The poor even deny themselves proper food that they may 'take in a show.'"

W. C. McG., Harrison, O. We are told in Scripture to "keep the body under," but this does not mean to neglect hygienic laws. It refers to unholy desires and sinful indulgences. We are also told that the body is to be the temple of the Holy Spirit; hence it is our duty to keep it free from everything of a foul and evil nature, that it may be a fitting temple. Hygienic laws include "temperance in all things," and should be observed as a duty, in order that our bodies may be able to render the service for which they were intended. We know that there are certain fads and cults in connection with body training, but these have little to do with the religious aspect of the question

Rev. Thos. Harwood, of the Apostolic Faith Mission, Hangchow, China, writes to the Christian Herald asking its readers to send him old picture post-cards, used or unused, the brighter colored the better, for use in his Sunday school.

Old Subscriber, Newark, N. J., writes enclosing a newspaper clipping relative to the external movements of the coastal range of mountains near San Francisco, which scientists state have been moving slowly northward, "causing enormous earth strains and producing movements in one of which Mount Tamalpais jumped back six and six-tenths feet, according to Prof. Lawson of California University." Tamalpais, as geologists declare, moved northward ten feet between the years 1854 and 1906, and then jumped back in the latter year fully six feet. This was at the time of the great California earthquake. Mount Hamilton, near San Jose, is another California height which has a record of moving northward at the rate of four feet a year for ten years, from 1893 to 1903, and subsequently continuing the same movement at a reduced annual rate. Our Newark correspondent recalls the verse in Ps. 114, "The mountains skip like rams," as being appropriate to the subject.

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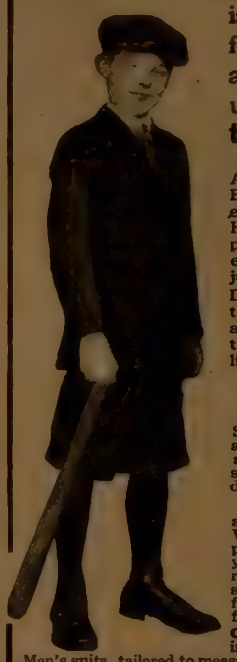

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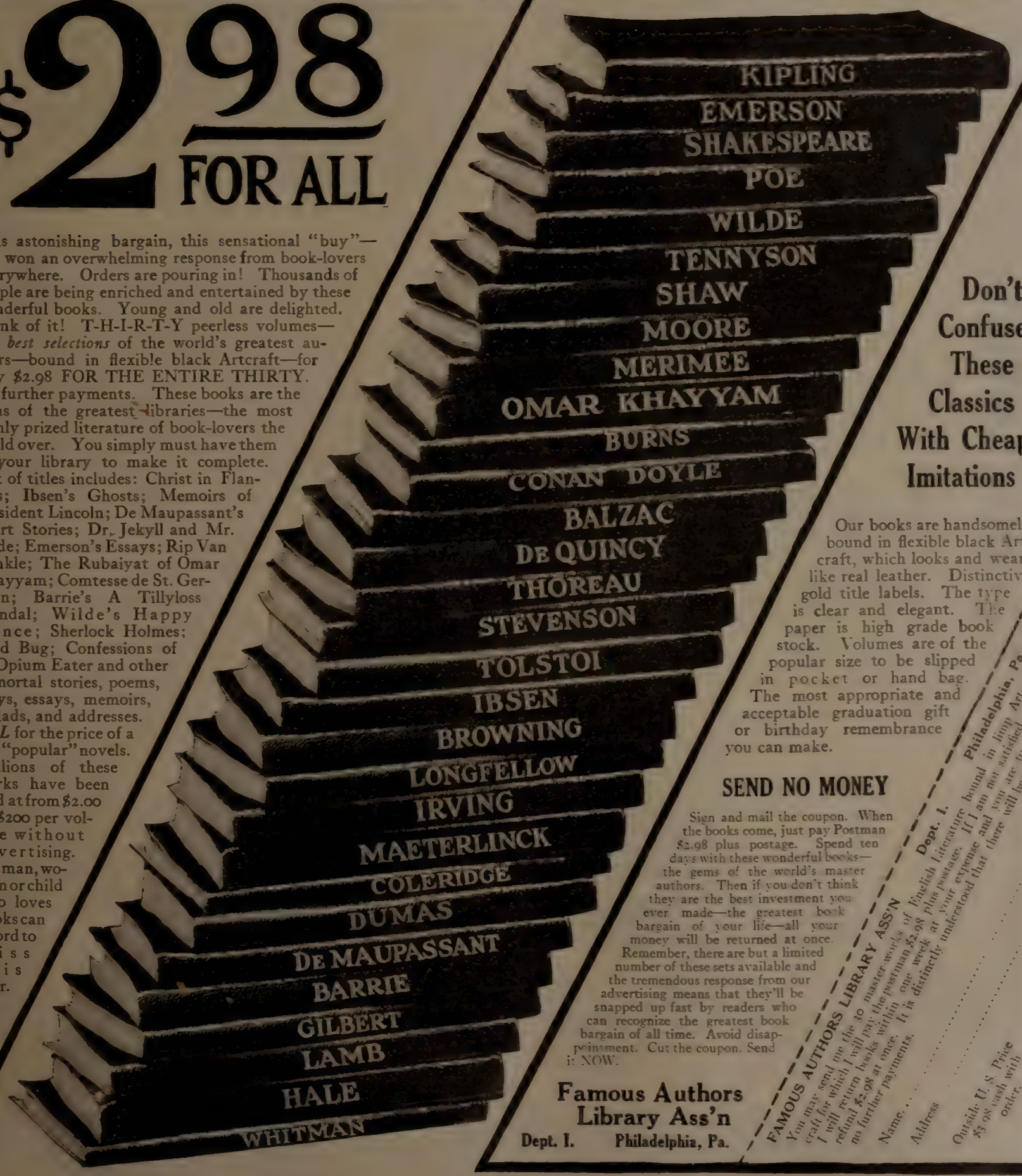

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Painted by C. P. Rissing

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THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD
(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
AN · ILLUSTRATED · NEWS · WEEKLY · FOR · THE · HOME ·
· GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER ·

The Forest of Mexican Ignorance

The Second of a Series of Articles on Mexico, Presenting an Appalling Picture of Illiteracy and Lack of Educational Opportunities

By WALLACE THOMPSON

A LAND of innumerable children. A land where there are twice as many children under 10 years old as there are in the United States, in proportion to population. And a land where not one child in six has even the chance to go to school, because there are no schools for them.

The depth of Mexico's ignorance, in childhood and in adulthood, literally passes comprehension. The active, curious minds of the Indian youngsters grow quickly into sodden stupidity; the keen and vivid intelligences of the children of the middle and upper classes expend their growing forces in sensuality and plunge themselves and their country into debilitating excesses—because there is no training to give them a life above the animals.

I have seen, in the seats of government in Mexico, men who know less of world history than a boy in an American high school; I have talked with "experts" of government departments who knew less of their special subjects than did I, a layman. I have seen in the presidential chair men who believed, literally, that the shrunken, sick Mexico of today was one of the great, advanced countries of the world—because they had no conception of the development of world civilization.

I have seen, in Mexican homes, the slow murder of Mexican babies, because neither I nor anyone else could change the round of tradition, unrelieved by training of any sort, which takes an annual toll of child life in Mexico that is perhaps not surpassed even by the toll of the famine in China.

The chain of tradition links Mexico together, and links her, too, to a past that goes back into the furthest reaches of prehistoric legend. The ways of modern agriculture are those of the early Aztecs, and modern tools, even, are introduced with the greatest difficulty. The round of life is a brief cycle of dull days, unlivened by any thought or knowledge beyond the confines of a village or a township or a few blocks of a city. The schools, such as they are, are patterned after models long abandoned everywhere else in the world, and are stifled by a traditional belief that war and revolution and the erection of imposing buildings are more important to the progress of the country than the education of its youth.

All this has driven Mexico on through the years handicapped with a load of illiteracy that can well be recognized as the most potent factor in the degeneration that marks her every manifestation today.

ONLY figures can tell, even in part, the depths of that ignorance. Back in 1895, the Mexican government reports—which one must always remember speak as favorably as they dare—showed that only 2,000,000 out of a population of 12,500,000 could read and write! This means that 82 per cent. of all the people of Mexico were without these rudiments of learning. By 1900, this percentage has been reduced to 80 and in 1910, the Diaz government claimed that it had been reduced to 78; in other words that of the 15,000,000 population of that year, a little over 3,000,000 could read and write, while nearly 12,000,000 remained in the depths of their ignorance. In 1919, the Carranza government issued a report claiming but a slight advance over these figures in the nine years since the fall of Diaz.

It is literally true that not a tenth of all the people in Mexico have what we would call a common-school education, and three out of four cannot read a street sign or scrawl their own names. Indeed, one great British mining company reported that of its 595 Mexican employes, including scores of what we would call skilled workmen, only six, or about one per cent. could sign a receipt for the money they were paid.

To us who look on through foreign eyes, this condition explains much of Mexico's dilemma, and the point is further clarified when we know that the greatest claim ever made for Mexican schools showed but 12,000 school units, with 850,000 pupils enrolled—while there was a school population of children of school age of more than four million! No single issue is greater, no single problem more pressing, than education. And yet, education waits, as everything else in Mexico waits, on peace and better times, on food and on health. And these wait on education! Around and around the problem swings, and each issue is dependent upon another, and that, then, upon the first.

Of all the complicated, interwoven factors of Mexican life and history none, however, stands out so clearly or offers so direct an entrance within this circle of interdependencies, than race. And this is especially true with regard to education. The basis of Mexico's ignorance and the basis of her steel-bound traditions, is Indianism. For Mexico's 15,000,000 people include 6,000,000 pure-blooded Indians, more Indians in manners than the reservation aborigines of the United States. There are 8,000,000 mixed-bloods, half of whom are virtually Indians in their way of life and in their outlook upon the world. And there are only 1,000,000 of white strain, mostly Spanish, a group which is today almost without voice in the affairs of the country.

The active, curious minds of the Indian youngsters quickly grow into sodden stupidity; the keen and vivid intelligences of the children of the middle and upper classes soon expend their growing forces

Two-thirds of Mexico, then, is Indian, and the other third is a mixture of Indian and white, a mass with the dark Indian sea below it and virtually no light coming to it from above. This is a literal fact, for to-day there sifts into the Mexican ruling classes—these same mixed-bloods—hardly a ray of culture, hardly a gleam of a truly broader outlook, to lift them out of the dull cavern of their circumscribed life. We talk of the heathen of China, of the darkness of ignorance and superstition in Africa, but in Mexico the foreign churches and the foreign industrial concerns seem to me to face a greater need than in any other country in the world.

For Mexico is at our door, and the cultural traditions of Mexico are those of our own world, the white. For 300 years she was a subject state of Spain, and for all the mistakes of the Spaniards and the Roman Catholic Church, the foundation-stones they laid are as the foundation-stones of our own life.

The Indian mass was the great problem of Spain; it was the great problem of Diaz; it is the great problem of today. For the past ten years it has been forgotten, lost in the struggles of individual men for personal power. But always those individuals have been swallowed up in the mire of Indianism, for Indianism, the very epitome of ignorance, lies there always beneath the Mexico that the world sees, waiting to engulf its own masters and to destroy all progress. The Spaniards and Diaz built above these shifting sands, conscious of them, providing against them always. Diaz fell because after he had built his foundations he did not reach down into the Indian mass to upraise them. He fell in his old age, forgetting, as old men forget, the dangers that have been with them through all their life. But before he fell he had laid the foundations, building upon those of the Spaniards and erecting new ones of his own, among them foundations of foreign business, of foreign missions, of foreign schools, business and missions and schools which

by their own enterprise and perhaps as much by the examples which they set for Mexican business, Catholic churches and native school teachers, were beginning the great uplift of that vast, inert Indian mass.

A group of sturdy youngsters from the kindergarten class of a girls' mission school at Puebla. Three out of four of the people of Mexico fall short of the educational attainments of these toddlers

ANOTHER disturbing factor in Mexican educational progress has been the long controversy and confusion between politics and religion. In Spanish times all education was in the hands of the Catholic Church, but in that day and indeed well into this, priests and nuns alone had the devotion to attempt the lifting of the terrible burden of ignorance and superstition. In the lights of their day they achieved tremendously, and our criticism of their work is of necessity grounded on our own standards and judged by the events of later generations than those in which they first worked.

But the Catholic Church is indeed to be criticized in its attitude toward the question of education, in particular, after the so-called Mexican "Reform" of 1857. At that time, following a long battle over politics and religion, the Church and the State were separated by government decree, and the schools were taken away from the Catholics and put under federal jurisdiction. The latter was obviously far less fit, at that time at least, than the Church to handle educational problems; but without recognizing the possibilities of development, the Catholics made the schools, as they made much else in Mexico life, a battleground for retaining their fast-slipping control over the politics of the country.

Beginning at that time and continuing well into the era of Diaz, which began in 1876, the Catholics fought bitterly with the "liberals" over education. Much of the backwardness of Mexican teaching was due to the uncompromising attitude of both sides, for the liberals, on their part, opposed anything that smacked of churchly lore in the schools. Religious teaching was rigidly excluded, and even the morals of behavior and what we would call civic training were taboo. The result was the most superficial education imaginable, and this superficiality has continued to this day in the public schools of Mexico. Intimacy and close interest in the lives of pupils who come from homes steeped in ignorance is one of the great opportunities of education in Mexico, and this was made impossible by the limitations of curriculum and the narrowing of educational ideals which went on in Mexico because of the battle between the Catholic Church and the government. Educated men—and the Catholics still controlled the education of the best Mexicans—were eliminated from participation in education because they were Catholics, the stream of assistance that might have come from religious aid and religious idealism was shut off. The entire processes of education was warped by the personal battles of Mexican politicians, inside the Church and outside it.

It was at this point, some forty years ago, that the first Protestant missions were established in Mexico. Education had been going along at the best pace it could, with the Church still in actual, if not in official control, of all the education that was even remotely worth the name. The Church was also in control of religion, for the "Reform" in Mexico was accomplished without the substitution of Protestanism for Catholicism, or even the introduction of Protestantism.

The effect of those pioneer missions on education and on religion as well, is something that we can not measure. All that we know is that the Catholics made bitter attacks on the Protestants, and that the government welcomed the Protestant missions with open favoritism. Their schools followed the establishment of their churches and where religion was rigidly excluded from even the recognized Catholic schools taught by nuns, it was allowed in the Protestant schools. Thus the Protestant high schools became normal schools for the training of Protestant Christian teachers, and their normal schools became virtually seminaries.

Bright? The face of this little Mexican miss answers the question

Slowly the leaven of their work, the spreading out of their trained teachers into the Mexican public schools—the supply has never been equal to the demand for these workers—the stimulus of their example has affected Mexican education as it has, in many cases, undoubtedly affected the work of the Catholics in broadening their social welfare activities.

But if we thus note a parallel between the mission schools and the painfully slow advance of Mexican education, we have, in justice, to add the sorry story of education under the Carranza régime. Then, with the pressure of the needs of the revolutionary "generals" for greater and greater appropriations for their armies—and for the graft which ate up most of such appropriations—with the ever widening circle of vampires who fattened on government patronage in every other conceivable way, the money available for education shrunk steadily. Where under Diaz the total annual budget of the government was $50,000,000 a year, with the total appropriations for schools, federal and state, probably less than $4,000,000, Carranza had in all nearer $100,000,000 and spent less than $2,000,000 a year on education. For Carranza, when the demands of his generals for their "share" increased, shut off the government support of the schools of the City of Mexico and its neighboring villages and also the sums which had in other days gone to help the poorly provided state governments. He threw the school systems on the hands of absolutely bankrupt cities and towns, with the result that in the city of Mexico alone, some 120 schools, half the former number, were closed, and 25,000 children, despite the crowding of other schools, were deprived of education. All this is history. Statistics do not show that there has been any recovery today, but the benefit of the doubt must be allowed the new Mexican governments.

NOW, under Carranza there were working, as educational officials as well as teachers, a very great number of men who had been trained in Protestant schools and seminaries. Upon these men I cast no discredit, for they were helpless, victimized by the prostitution of their own ideals by Carranza and his minions. They had carried their knowledge of Mexico and of Mexican affairs into the heart of the revolution—they were part of that company of supporters of Madero, of whom so much of good is to be said. They believed in Carranza's contention that he was carrying the torch of Madero—and because they believed they stood beside him, and took, unflinchingly, the odium of his failure and his wicked cynicism.

With one of the greatest of these Protestant teachers I talked in Mexico City last winter. Andres Osuna, a Southern Methodist, a graduate and post-graduate of Vanderbilt University, had much to do with the educational programs of Carranza. He brought to them a clear vision of their needs and a deep understanding of their difficulties. He laid out a long, slow scheme of development, but he was not allowed to remain in Mexico City to carry it out, or even to begin it. He was sent off to greater honors, as governor of the State of Tamaulipas. I do not believe that he will object to my recording that it was he whom I had in mind when I wrote, in my previous article, of the men whose "very hopes were too great to protect them from the petty deceits of those who climbed to power upon them."

These children are fortunate, for a mission school gives them a chance for an education. The greatest claim ever made for the Mexican schools showed only 850,000 enrolled out of more than 4,000,000 children of school age

Governor Osuna is one of those who today is almost hopeless of a solution of the educational problem of Mex-

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The Boy Problem Walks in Again

Another Delightful Discussion of a Question Which Might Arise in Your Home

By A MERE MAN

I THOUGHT when the Boy's first love affair was settled satisfactorily to his mother that my problems, so far as he was concerned, were over for a while. But it seems that they were only just begun.

I had settled down to my detective stories again, and was getting to the point where the blood stain on the library rug was found to be only some red raspberry jam spilled there by one of the children in the haunted house, when one evening, just as I had picked up the story to go on from that point, the Boy came down from his room with a pile of books under his arm. His mother was upstairs and the other Boy and the Girl were out somewhere. I looked up from my book and said, "Going to the library?" (He had been going up there to use reference books and this was one of his nights.)

"Yes, but I wonder if you have time to answer a question?"

At first I felt irritated, anticipating some puzzle or other in philosophy or psychology, in which realms I don't come out very strong; but the Boy had a real look of anxiety on his face and I said, "Sure. Sit down. Let's have it."

He looked at me a little doubtfully (I suppose my invitation hadn't been very hearty), but he sat down and looked so wistful and troubled that I began to feel some uneasy, and I closed my book and laid it down on the table.

"It's about John," he said rather vaguely.

"John? John who?"

"The Gospel of John."

"Yes? Well—go on. What about it?"

"Doctor Strong (he is the Boy's teacher in Sociology) says that John's Gospel was never written by John, and that whoever did write it has not given us a true picture of Jesus. And he says"——

"Hold on. Let me get this straight. Do you mean that one of your teachers in the college is teaching his class that one of the Gospel writers has given us an untrue story of Jesus?"

THE Boy looked at me as if he pitied my ignorance.

"Sure. It's the modern way of studying the Bible. But the thing that is puzzling me right now is that what Professor Strong says is contradicted by our minister. Last Sunday morning you were not at church"——

(I remembered at that point that I had stayed at home to polish up my golf sticks and finish the morning paper. I don't often do that, but once in a while I get so nervous over my business that I can't go to church, and a lot of other church members in our town are getting in the same way.)

"Yes, I remember. Well—go on."

"And in his sermon he said that there was a controversy going on over the authorship of John's Gospel, and he wanted to set some things right. And then he went on to contradict some of the very points that the professor made to us in denying John's authorship and his picture of Jesus, which the professor says does not agree with Matthew or Luke or Mark."

"Well?" I said as the Boy paused.

"The thing that troubles me is which one of these two to believe. Dr. Wright" (that is our minister's name) "is a good scholar and a very careful student, and our professor is a graduate of one of the great German universities, and has written a lot of books. Which one of these two men shall I believe when they contradict each other?"

"Why"—I started to answer the Boy, and then I found I really did not know what to say. I am only a mere man, and I never had a chance to go to college, and my business is very pressing and I never paid any attention to theological or Biblical discussions. I have the greatest respect for all scholars, and our minister is a man I had always trusted to say the right thing; and when he pronounces words in the pulpit different from the way we do it at home, I let it go without question, as I knew he had looked it up in the dictionary and I hadn't. But the question the Boy put to me now was one I didn't feel qualified to answer off the brain at once. So I said again, "Why—" and stopped there.

"Well," said the Boy, "which one of these men am I going to believe?" If John did not write John's Gospel, who did write it? If his story of Jesus is not true, how can I believe what the other Gospels say about Jesus? Professor Strong says modern scholarship takes the view that John's Gospel cannot be depended on to tell us the real character of Jesus. But Dr. Wright last Sunday said that some of the best scholars in this country and in Europe defend John's Gospel as being the spiritual outline of Jesus' character."

I could see that the matter was really troubling the Boy, and I could also see that I did not have the right answer for his question, because I did not know enough about all the discussion that was going on. So I said to him:

"You have got me going on a subject that I shall have to post up on. Give me a little time. Meanwhile, don't throw away your faith in the Gospel of John just because a man who has graduated from a German university tells you certain things. All the truth is not wrapped up in one set of brains. Hold on to the old Gospel and don't make a snap judgment."

THE Boy went away up to the Library, with a curious look in his eye that I interpreted as somewhat more or less of distrust of his Dad's ability to tackle the subject. But he looked also somewhat relieved, as if the matter was not all one-sided.

Now, I may as well say that while I am a mere man, and have been engrossed in business because I have had to earn a decent living for my family, I have always considered my brains as fairly well built to understand every-day affairs, even if they do not come under the head of dollars. So I set myself to find a reasonable answer to the Boy's problem, without too much fear of college professors or of German universities.

The first thing I did was to get from our minister a list of the best books about John's Gospel. He was greatly pleased to lend me all he had, and gave me a list that happened to be in our town library. I set myself to read up on the history of the Gospel, and before I knew it, I found that detective stories are not in it with the wonderful story that John tells. I soon found out the secret of skipping in the right places, and I believe I really got down to the meat of the subject after carving away some of the big bones, and then I went to our minister and had a good long conference with him.

And do you know that, right here, I found one of the most satisfactory experiences of my life? I found that a real study of the Gospels was as interesting as making money. Our minister laid himself out to help me. And I added several degrees to my respect for him as a scholar and a gentleman.

I want to say right here also, that as I went on, I kept reproaching myself that I had not kept more in touch with the Boy's studies in College. I had been so busy making money that I really did not know, when he came to me with that question, whether he was taking a course in Astronomy or Bookkeeping. The whole thing which he had opened up made me ashamed to think that I had turned him loose in the pastures of knowledge without ever knowing whether it grew more thistles or weeds than grass. Only if it had been an old horse or a cow, I would have gone out to the pasture once in a while to see how it looked. So I asked the Boy, one day when I was getting pretty near through the evidence on the minister's side, if it would be possible for me to come into the Professor's class-room and hear what he had to say.

The Boy was a little doubtful, as visitors in college classes were rare. He couldn't remember when any of the fellows' fathers or mothers had ever been into the college, except when the fellows were graduated, and they saw the finished product. But after a little hesitation, he finally said that there was no rule against visitors that he knew of, so one day I went in with the class (took half a day off from business to do it), and I happened at an hour when the professor was going over a review of his arguments on the John matter.

He did not notice me, as the class is a large one and I sat in a back seat, and he is short-sighted, and absent-minded; and I sat there and heard him pull John's Gospel to pieces, without putting it together again. But when the class was dismissed, I went up and introduced myself.

He came out of his absent-mindedness and seemed to be a little confused. I came point-blank to the subject, which is a habit in our family, and asked a few questions, quoting our minister quite liberally. The professor, I am sorry to say, got quite angry at some statements the minister made, as I quoted them. He said the statements were not warranted by the best scholarship. I have a pretty good memory, and I quoted a list of writers I had received from the minister who contradicted the professor, and said that John's Gospel was authentic history. And at that point he refused to discuss any farther, saying he had another class, and I came away.

BUT a few evenings later, when the Boy came in from the Library quite late, and I was alone in the sitting-room, I ventured to ask him if he had settled the matter of John's Gospel and the conflicting authorities about it.

"No, I haven't. Honestly, Father," he said, "I don't see how the two views can be reconciled!"

"Then where is your mind going to rest?"

"I don't think it will. I'll just hang the matter up in the air and leave it unsettled."

"But that is not the way to treat a matter of such importance as this. It is either the act of a coward or a slack and lazy mind."

"Well," the Boy said, somewhat doggedly, "what shall I do? Believe my professor or my minister?"

"Believe the one who presents the best evidence. Why should you believe the teaching of a professor who has filled his mind with German philosophy and higher criticism, and throw away the teaching of a minister who has gone into this matter with just as much keenness of mind and scholarship? After looking into the whole business and having long talks with our minister, I am convinced that John's Gospel contains as true a picture of Jesus as Matthew's or Mark's or Luke's Gospel. Each writer saw the Jesus that impressed him. Each writer has given the world the picture of the Master that appealed to his own heart and mind. If four men wrote the life of Abraham Lincoln, you would have four different looks at him, and each one would be true. And when it comes to scholarly authorities for the truth of John's Gospel——"

At this point I reeled off a list of names that made the Boy's eyes open. I think he had an idea that his Dad was such a mere money-maker that he hadn't brains for anything else. And I think from that time on he looked with more or less added respect over the dinner-table at me.

IT WAS late when he went upstairs to his room that night, and he seemed more satisfied in his mind than I thought perhaps he would be. And may I say right here that the whole incident opened my eyes, not only to the Boy's problem, but to my own. I have taken to reading my New Testament lately, and I don't miss the detective stories so very much.

The Boy's attitude toward the questions which had been raised was not settled finally by our conversation, but I think I really helped him along the right track. He is still wrestling over his philosophy and his theology, and he will have to work it out for himself if the answer is going to become a part of his own convictions and exercise a real influence on his life. All the fathers in the world can't do his thinking for him, which is a good thing for him and saves much wear for a father. But he is honestly and sincerely working toward the answer, not dodging the issue and I'm sure he will come out all right.

The other day, the Boy came in with another Problem. It seems he is beginning to think that perhaps his Dad does know a little even along his line of goods. But this new Problem is really so great and serious that I haven't time to tell you about it this time. Some other time.

Dr. Sheldon Discusses

The Bible

1. The best book in the world; the best to sell; the best to buy.
2. The Bible has the best vocabulary known to the English language.
3. It has more quotable sayings than any other book.
4. It deals with every phase of human experience. Although ancient in its authorship it is modern in its application.
5. Coleridge said he loved the Bible "because it found him."
6. Do not be afraid of new editions of the Bible. Many of them throw new light on old passages. "The New Testament in Modern Speech" will help make vivid "the old, old story."
7. The Bible is a progressive revelation of the growth of the human soul. It begins in the Garden of Eden. It ends in the Garden of Gethsemane.
8. Obedience to Bible teachings will put an end to war, disease, poverty, crime and sin. Of what other book in the world can this be said?
9. "Thy Word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path."

The Comfort-Bringer

A Pleasing Five-Part Story

By ANNE McQUEEN

Illustrated by M. L. Greer

How the Story Began

RUTH CARFAX is brought up by her grandfather, a wonderful companion, after all the others of her family are lost in a sea disaster when she is ten. Her early memories are of a life of luxury and wealth, but in her grandfather's big, dark house in the city all is simplicity and plainness and their fondest dream is of a return to the quaint little country house in which he had begun his married life. As Ruth is finishing college her grandfather dies, but she determines to carry out their plans and, accompanied by Mr. Gary, the family lawyer, she goes to the farm, which is managed by Donaldson, a man of miserly disposition. Entering the home of an invalid neighbor, Nancy Auld, several days later, she is driven out by a gaunt, wild-eyed and unkempt figure of a man.

Part Two

CHAPTER IV

WHILE Ruth stood staring irresolutely, the tray in her hands, bewildered at her reception, the man arose—a huge figure of a man, bearded and with coal-black locks falling down to his eyes, which were shaded by the great spectacles—a fearsome figure, truly. And he peremptorily slammed the door in her face.

"Well," exclaimed the bewildered girl, "if *that's* Tom Auld, I can't imagine him working for Donaldson!"

Just then a voice called from another room, a central room, Ruth perceived. "Come in here, please. That's Mr. Blair's private room, and he don't want anybody interruptin' him when he get's a-goin'."

It was a sweet, thin voice, evidently that of an elderly woman. Ruth hastened to enter the room from whence it came, and found a placid, sweet-faced woman of enormous girth, sitting in a wheel-chair, the knitting-needles held in her hands, showing that they, at least, were not paralyzed.

The woman sat by an open window, looking out upon a field where a man was plowing some feeble corn. It was a neat room, and quite comfortable; there was a rug under the woman's feet, and a big cat lay comfortably upon it; there was a red fuchsia in full bloom on the window-sill, and a table at her elbow held a pitcher of water and a glass.

"You are Mrs. Auld, I am sure," said Ruth, with her sweetest smile; "and I am Ruth Carfax, your new neighbor, come to live at the old Carfax place. I've come to see you, and I've taken the liberty to bring you some of my jelly and some little cup-custards."

She swept off the napkin, disclosing the tempting, quivering mould of amber jelly topped by thick, whipped cream and dotted with preserved cherries, and a cup of delicate custard, accompanied by some brown, thin little cookies.

It was a tempting tray, but the eyes of the paralytic rested, not upon it, but upon the bearer. Her eyes, dim behind their glasses, searched the girl's face eagerly, while her lips quivered. "Child," quavered Nancy Auld, "you are the image of your grandma Carfax, when she was a girl! Ruth Saulsberry she was, and she taught my class in Sunday school, when I was little. I thought Miss Ruth was surely like the angels in Heaven, she was so sweet!"

RUTH placed the tray on the table beside the chair, then she leaned over and kissed Nancy Auld. "That doesn't mean, Mrs. Auld," she laughed, with tears brimming her lashes, "that I'm like an angel, I hope; for I'm sorry to know you'll be disappointed in me if you imagine that!"

Nancy Auld smiled, and there were dimples in her placid cheeks, making her look positively girlish though she must have been at least on the shady side of fifty. "Well, I don't want you to be an angel, yet awhile, Miss Ruth," she laughed, eying the tray appreciatively. "Dear, dear, how nice it does look! I've got nobody to do for me but my boy Tom, and he's too busy to cook up many things, if he knowed how—and if we had the things to make 'em out of. Honey, you are mighty kind to fetch me over such a nice tray, and I thank you so much, but if you knew how lonesome I get, you'd know that your company was even better. Sit down in that rocker, where I can look right at you, and see your grandma's favor. There—move over Blackie," to the cat, who slumbered at her feet, "so's the young lady can have more room."

Ruth, a bit embarrassed at Mrs. Auld's frank scrutiny, picked up the big, satiny black fellow and held him on her lap. "I have a kitten and a puppy that Mrs. Abner Green gave me," she said, "and they are so much company for me, and for Ellen Hawtree, my help. As soon as the men get through with the work they are doing at the house, she and I will come and wheel you over to spend the day."

"Listen to that!" breathed Mrs. Auld, dimpling with delight. "Not," she added, hastily, "that the neighbors ain't kind, and more, but to spend the day! Why, I ain't been out of the house in twelve years, child, think of it—twelve long, long years!"

"Then it's high time you were getting out," nodded Ruth, with emphasis. "But tell me," she hastened, for tears were clouding Mrs. Auld's glasses, "who the wild man is in the door at the end of the porch? He fairly shooed me away—I was frightened, truly. He is a terrible looking man."

"And wouldn't hurt a flea, not he," said Nancy Auld, shaking her head sadly; "it's just his way, when he gets a-goin'. He's our lodger, and does for himself, poor fellow!"

"I like Mrs. Auld's name for you, Comfort-Bringer," he said with a smile. "I wish you could bring me a little, for my book is about finished and I need comforting."

"But what is it he does, when he gets a-going," queried Ruth, "that he should insult harmless and innocent visitors?"

MRS. AULD hitched her chair a bit nearer, a sparkle was in her eyes, and a thrill in her voice. "He's writin' a *book!*" she said, with a touch almost of reverence.

"What?" echoed Ruth, in tones of respect, "a novel, or something like that?"

"Yes, a novel; and it's been in his head for years and years, only there were a lot of brothers and a sister to raise, and him to depend on for the bread that went in their mouths. So, soon's they were all through college, the boys with jobs and the girl married, he found for the first time in his life that he had time to write out his book on paper. And the way he happened to have it, he got down with a spell of fever from overwork—doin' night work to help buy that sister her weddin' clothes, for he didn't want her to go to *his* folks lookin' as if *her* folks couldn't do the right thing by her. Then, when he got better, the house he works for told him to take a whole summer off, on half pay. And he come right here a month ago, and does for himself and writes out his book."

Mrs. Auld ended this long explanation rather breathlessly, afraid that she might leave out something, in the telling.

"Well, he needn't fly at people and slam the door in their faces, if he *can* write a book," returned Ruth, indignantly. "But," she added, "I am sorry for him all the same; he looked, as well as I could see, hungry, too."

"Does for himself," nodded Mrs. Auld, "and you know how men folks are, even my Tom, that I taught myself. He told Tom, just yesterday, to try and get Sary Bryson, who chores out, to do for him—but she must wait till he's out, afternoons. I lay he thought *you* was Sary!"

"Then I'll forgive him," laughed Ruth, "though I wonder if I *do* look like a woman who 'chores out'? Not very flattering to one's self-esteem, is it?"

"Oh, but he's nigh about blind with them specs on," explained Mrs. Auld; "they're for near-seein', till his eyes get strong."

JUST then there entered, from the kitchen door, which opened into Mrs. Auld's chamber, a young man with a gentle face and appealing blue eyes that made one, Ruth thought, want to mother him—a boyish face, irresolute and a bit weak, maybe, but thoroughly good.

"My boy, Tom," said his mother, a thrill of pride and love in her sweet old voice; "and this is Miss Ruth Carfax, son, that's come to live at the old place."

"Mr. Donaldson told me," said the boy, shyly. He lifted his cap, but did not offer to shake hands till Ruth held out her own. She squeezed Tom's hand, shamelessly; Ruth felt an impulse to be kind to him, and to show that she felt that way.

He blushed a little, murmuring that his hands were grubby because he had been digging up stumps.

"Why, I thought you were plowing," wondered Ruth. "I saw you through the window."

"Yes'm, a little; but I been helpin' Mr. Donaldson, mainly this morning."

"Did Mr. Donaldson tell you that this is his last crop on my farm? That I will pay him wages next year?" asked Ruth, and noted the pallor creep into his ruddy cheeks.

"I—I didn't know," he stammered. "I hope, Miss Ruth, you'll let me help with the farm work, right on."

"Surely," agreed Ruth, heartily, "and at good wages, too. I'll ask Mr. Green what that will be—*not* Mr. Donaldson, for he might want to save me all he can, you know." She laughed, and Nancy Auld laughed, but a little bitterly.

"There's such a thing as bein' too savin', Miss Ruth; and my boy and me, we thank you, kindly."

"He's just, Mr. Donaldson is," spoke Tom, anxiously; "mustn't get it that he ain't a just man, and won't treat you right about your place, ma'am."

"There's such a thing as being merciful as well as just," murmured Nancy Auld, but her son spoke up hastily:

"Sary Bryson can't come afternoons, Mother; she's

had to go to her sister, who's sick over in the village."

"That poor David Blair!" pitied Nancy Auld; "he's gettin' thinner and thinner, what with writing like fury and not takin' time to eat, much less to *cook* —'cept make strong coffee."

"Listen," said Ruth, with sparkling eyes, "let *me* do for him. And he'll never know the difference; he'll think I'm Sary! Only this must be kept a dead, dead secret between us three. I would not want him or anybody else to find it out."

TOM protested, and Mrs. Auld protested, but Ruth overruled their objections. It was decided that, each afternoon when the writer of the book was out walking, as the doctors had ordered, she would slip over and "redd" his apartment and cook up a bite, as he had expected Sary Bryson to do.

"Just don't mention Sary, and I'll run over this afternoon," she told them; "and now, Mrs. Auld and Tom, remember that you are my neighbors, and you must let me be neighborly, as my dear old grandfather would have wished me to be. You'll promise, for his sake?"

Tom Auld nodded; the lump in his throat hurt him too much to speak distinctly, and his mother, speaking softly, said:

"Honey, do you see that picter over the bed? I look at it night and mornin', and wonder if there are folks really like that. *You* are like that girl in the picter, Ruthie!"

The picture was an old-fashioned steel engraving of a girl with a basket on her arm entering a cottage door; through the open door could be seen an old woman in an armchair beside the hearth, while a cat reposed at her feet. The title of the picture was "The Comfort-Bringer."

"And hereafter," continued Mrs. Auld, happily, "you'll always mean that to me—'The Comfort-Bringer.'"

"That's a beautiful name, and I mean to be just that to you, to all of my neighbors who'll let me," answered Ruth, softly, as she kissed Nancy Auld on her cheek, waved her hand, with a smile, to Tom, and left the cottage. Ruth was beginning to be embarrassed, poor Nancy Auld was so profuse in her praises.

"The Comfort-Bringer," mused Ruth, as she walked swiftly toward her own home. "Dear Grandfather, you'd be glad to know anybody thought of your little Heart's Comfort as that, wouldn't you?"

CHAPTER V

RUTH returned to Nancy's cottage that afternoon, when the lodger who "did for" himself was out; she cleaned the little room and tiny kitchen, with a small oil-stove for equipment. She did things that were magical with this cooking-apparatus: For instance, it produced a crisp apple-pie, though there was no oven; it turned out a crock of tempting doughnuts, and a loaf of sweet bread; it roasted a chicken—"you can tell him Sary sells her hens cheap," laughed Ruth to Nancy Auld, who viewed the arrangements happily, "and that he won't have to pay until her work is ended."

But the one thing she did not do was to touch the man's precious typewriter and his more precious manuscript, which was held down firmly with an empty bottle as paperweight. Ruth had a respectful awe for literature and the maker of such; her mind was distinctly domestic, and to write a book seemed to her a gigantic task savoring of magic—to write those messy looking sheets was marvelous, but Ruth had small desire to read them, so she let them strictly alone.

Nancy Auld basked in the sunshine of her neighbor's ministrations as well as the book-writer, who waxed strong on the good cooking the supposed Sary left behind her on certain stated days.

"He says his book is fair running away with him," beamed Nancy, on one of the occasions when the chore-woman came, bearing gifts, "and me—honey, I'm just another woman since you came! And it ain't the good things you fetch me, either, it's just the comfort you bring along with you."

Ruth glowed; to be a comfort-bringer was indeed a wonderful thing. "I love you for that, Nancy Auld!" she laughed. "I know I am not clever, or beautiful, or anything that most girls crave to be; so I want to be more than anything in all the world, a 'comfort-bringer' to folks who need comfort. I guess I was just made to 'do for' people, Nancy, because I love it so."

Ruth's days were indeed busy ones, now; carpenters, plumbers and painters were making new the interior of the little brown house. The outside she would not touch, much to the amazement of the workmen, who argued for a new coat of paint, to match the spotless walls within.

"I want it brown, and weathered, and friendly," she declared, "just such a house as will match the hawthorn hedge that Mr. Donaldson is planting—and the beds of 'voilets.' No—my house is perfect without—it sha'n't be touched."

DONALDSON, planting hawthorn and wild roses and violets, viewed them with scorn, as things that would yield not one cent in cash for the outlay expended to produce them.

"But think of the pleasure they will give," argued Ruth, to his protests, "not only to us, but to passers-by. Beauty has its uses, or God wouldn't have made flowers, Mr. Donaldson."

"Oh, aye, if ye say so, mem," said Donaldson, dourly, "but it's better to grow what ye can pit in your purse in the end, I'm thinkin'. Still, ye're mistress here, and I'm your hired man, to do yer will. If 'twas left to me, I'd be stickin' out inguns and cabbages, not weeds and blooms."

The crops on the place were Ruth's, bought by Mr. Gary, who had negotiated with Donaldson. "The old rascal drove a mighty hard bargain, and I don't mind telling you there won't be a cent of profit for you, my dear," Mr. Gary had said; "but you will want to be making apple-butter, and preserves, and canning peaches and vegetables; this year won't matter so much, and the next we can do as we please."

Miss Emily David, the little school mistress, used to come over and help Ruth with the canning. Miss Emily was a regular story-book character, who lived alone in a tiny cottage in the village, who had taught the district school for many years, and who always lived in terror of a letter from the trustees notifying her that her services would no longer be needed. Only pity had kept them from such an act, for Miss Emily was growing old, and her methods were obsolete; also rheumatism, caused from scant warmth and scanter food, was rapidly disabling the poor little body, with the coming of each succeeding winter growing worse.

"If I possessed the magic wand of great wealth, my dear," Miss Emily would say, happily, as she sat on the back porch of Hideaway House and peeled fruit, "I would love to live in a favored clime where one has always fruit to eat. Grapes and oranges—just imagine having all the grapes and oranges one wants!"

"California, or Florida, Miss Emily?" Ruth would say, loving to hear her visitor descant on her favorite subject.

"The Bermudas," Miss Emily would reply promptly. "I went there once, when I was a little girl, with my Aunt Hester, when my family still owned Our Old Home"—Miss Emily always spoke these words respectfully, and with unmistakable capitals—"and I have never forgotten the oranges, the big grapes and the fields of lilies, raised for market."

Mrs. Abner Green, who was usually present, would add to these reminiscences: "But you'd buy back your Old Home, first, wouldn't you, Miss Emily?"

Ruth had often seen Miss Emily's old home—a big, barnlike house on a bare hillside, tenanted by bats and owls. It was the property of some one who lived in a distant city, and who had long ago abandoned it. Miss Emily's old home could probably have been bought for a song, as the neighbors expressed it.

"Surely," Miss Emily would say, with glowing eyes, "that first of all, as a sacred duty; I would refurnish it from memory, and add a few touches to make it as comfortable as this darling cottage. Just think of a furnace in winter!" She shivered enjoyably, though the late summer sun was shining warmly. "Wouldn't it be perfectly grand to have all the heat one wants in winter?" queried poor Miss Emily, thinking of her cold hearthstone in that dread season.

She would babble on, happily, till Ruth would nod to Ellen Hawtree, who would disappear and return soon bearing a tray filled with little cakes or crisp tarts, with cups of steaming tea or tall glasses of iced drinks. These Miss Emily would partake of with keen enjoyment, but she never remained for a meal—she had no way of returning the favor, and she would gratefully but firmly decline all such invitations. Except when Ruth, having her house at last completely turned over by the plumbers and painters, and gentlemen of that ilk, gave a party—a house-warming to which all of her neighbors were invited. To this Miss Emily, who was a thoroughbred little gentlewoman, came as a matter of course. She would not hurt her neighbor by refusing such an invitation to a party which was to be a public function.

NANCY AULD came, propelled over in her chair by Tom, in his Sunday best suit, and by the book writer!

A very different man he seemed to the startled Ruth—who had *not* invited him, never dreaming for a minute that he would come—from the glowering, spectacled and bearded individual who had slammed the door in her face. Tall and clean-shaven was this man, with clear honest gray eyes that were good to look into, and a mouth that smiled in a whimsical way that made one want to smile back. All this, and yet—the man she had "done for"!

"Mr. Blair, honey—our lodger," introduced Nancy, eagerly. "I told him I knowed you'd be tickled to see him, even if he wasn't invited special—*I* invited him, myself!"

"Mrs. Auld is all to blame," offered the lodger, gravely, as he took his amazed hostess's hand. "She wants me to meet folks, now that she isn't ashamed of me, since I've shaved and left off my glasses; also had a hair-cut. She's been mighty good to me, Miss Carfax, and I hope you'll forgive her. You see, she has been telling me such beautiful things about you, that I had to come and see for myself the 'Comfort-Bringer' whom I have never been lucky enough to get a glimpse of before."

His voice was wonderful—like deep music. And the look in his eyes told plainly that he approved of Mrs. Auld's friend. Ruth felt the blood warming her face at thought of the many times she had secretly been his chore-woman!

"He *is* getting some flesh on his bones," she thought, delightedly, "and how that hair-cut and shave improve his looks—and the absence of those spectacles. He's *young*—and—handsome!"

All these thoughts she kept to herself; to him she was frank and cordial, pleased to see the friend of her neighbors, assuring him he had, as the Irish would say, a hundred thousand welcomes to Hideaway House, which she hoped he would like.

Mr. Abner Green, as an old friend of her grandfather's, took upon himself the office of master of ceremonies to the masculine guests, though Mr. Gary was present, having run up from the city, leaving his younger partner to look after the affairs of the office. Mr. Green who had personally given the workmen reams of advice, assumed the undisputed rôle of guide as well as sponsor.

Old Jacob Smithers and his family were there; Ruth had really formed an attachment for Mary, the eldest, and the object of Tom Auld's hopeless love. Mary was a fair, tall girl, with frightened blue eyes and flaxen hair that curled bewitchingly about her pale, rather thin face. Ruth saw Donaldson looking at Mary with curious intentness, and finally walk over to the corner where she sat and begin a conversation in a carefully smooth voice, with a smile wrinkling his visage in an alarming manner.

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Mother's Day

By Margaret E. Sangster

NEVER too busy, she was, to hear
The little doubt or the little fear;
Never too busy to set aright
The dreams that haunted the darksome night.
Never too busy to read a book
Of fairy-tales, in some hidden nook.
Never too busy to kiss or praise,
Never too busy to fill our days
With the faith that lives and the joys that start
From the brimming depths of a mother heart!

Mother's Day? Why, they all belong
To the one who murmured our cradle song,
To the one who rocked us upon her breast,
Who gave us cheer, and who brought us rest—
Mother's Day! They are warm pearls strung
On the chain of years, they are anthems sung
By the twilight breeze in the tallest tree,
They are understanding—and mystery.

Never too busy, she was, to give
The love that will always grow and live—
And we who have taken her gifts must know
That they make a part of a debt we owe,
A debt of hope when the way is hard,
Of cheer when the soul seems battle-scarred,
Of letters sent to a lonely place,
Of smiles to brighten a tired face—
Never too tired to kiss or praise.
Mother's Day? They are all her days!

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

The "Big Brother" and the League

FOR an organization which repeatedly has been declared defunct, the League of Nations manages to keep alive and at its work with extraordinary persistence. Its summer program, which has just been outlined, includes the election of Judges for the International Arbitration Court, the preparation of mandates affecting the interests of some 13,000,000 of "backward peoples" in the Balkans, Mesopotamia and the South Pacific Islands; the adjustment of the dispute concerning the mandate over Yap being likewise on the agenda. The League will also set in motion the work of the Disarmament Commission, of which ex-Premiers Viviani of France and Orlando of Italy are the leading members. It will make an effort to secure the ratification by all the leading governments of the Treaty of St. Germain, which was designed to prevent the dumping among the small, remote nations of the enormous stocks of unused war material left in the belligerent countries. Still another item on the program is the reception of the report of the Committee on Amendments to the League Covenant, including the Canadian amendment to exclude Article X. It will also take up an International Credit plan for extending credits through the League to nations endeavoring to restore economic conditions.

All of the foregoing—and they are only part of the whole program—happen to be items in the settlement of which the United States is deeply interested. We want recognition of our rights in the disposition of Yap, for which Japan is also a claimant. We strongly favor, as a nation, any acceptable plan by which disarmament, or reduction of land and naval forces by the leading powers, can be attained. And this we desire not only on moral ground, but as an economic desideratum, in bringing about a reduction of the oppressive burden of taxation which competitive armament involves. And after all the criticisms we have applied to the League Covenant, it would be singularly ungracious were we to ignore the fact that the Covenant, which was originally an American production, is ready to be resubmitted, with substantially all the changes for which we contended, generously conceded.

Divided counsels have kept us out of the League. Yet the outlook for an understanding which will secure to the United States an advisory voice in all matters before the League in which we have a direct interest, may be ultimately reached, even though we remain aloof from Covenant obligations. There is nothing suggested to indicate that our purpose as a government of retaining the utmost freedom of action on all problems that may give promise of possible entanglements will be called in question.

One thing is palpably certain: the League of Nations is very much alive, and if it should prove equal to the tasks outlined in its summer program, it will deserve to go right on living and working for the world's peace and betterment. We can be the Big Brother and help them with our smile of encouragement, even if we do not take an active hand in the work. Surely some way can be found by which it may be made possible for the United States to keep helpfully in touch with this work whenever opportunity arises, even sharing in its councils as founder and advisor. Thus we would retain the good-will and sincere respect of the nations without sacrifice of fundamental rights or traditions and without any danger of contracting obligations we may choose to avoid.

An Eminent Critic

WHEN James Bryce wrote his famous book, "The American Commonwealth," he was deservedly accorded high consideration by the thoughtful minds of this nation, as one of the few authors of foreign birth who viewed conditions, social, political and economic, from the true angle of an impartial, just and capable observer. In his latest work, "Modern Democracies," published by the Macmillan Company, he treats of condition and peoples in the great democracies of the globe—France, Brazil, Australia, New Zealand, Switzerland, Canada, Mexico, and the United States. His criticisms and valuations are the result of an extensive tour, during which he studied not political conditions alone, but all that most closely relates to governmental methods, courts of justice, elections, the land question, local self-government, and the "tone of public life," contrasting the latter with the tone that prevails in other lands, monarchies included.

His book is really such a series of impressions as none but a man of wide scholarship and experience could possibly have written; and the whole record is so mellowed with the spirit of good humor and fairness, that it is a source of pleasure to the reader. We feel that he is giving us a simple and truthful account of his travels, and in a style so packed full of real worth that the two volumes may almost be read as a continuous narrative. They are not to be regarded as historical, but rather as a friendly observer's presentation of conditions today.

Naturally, the American reader—and there will be many of this class, we feel sure—will turn to that part of the record giving the author's impressions of our own people and institutions. Viscount Bryce does not hesitate here. He is strong in facts and emphasizes them. He tells us that he has found a new spirit awakened in our land, since writing his former book thirty years ago. He notes that the spoils system has almost gone. Civil service has made notable progress, and the calibre of our government employees has palpably improved. We have made wonderful advances in science on many lines. He points out, however, that we still labor under the old evil of "the law's delay," and he hints that the judiciary in some states is hardly respected and in a few almost distrusted. He tells us that our machinery of justice is hampered in many states by ill-drawn and incongruous codes of procedure, some of them absurdly technical and antiquated.

Yet there are many things that offset these defects. Looming large in importance is his discovery that corruption in every form is unsparingly exposed. "Public opinion," he finds to be the real ruler of America. "It is a real force, impalpable as the wind, yet a force which all are trying to discover and nearly all to obey."

His observations in other lands are stated with equal frankness, the good and bad being set in contrast. Of each of the democracies visited he has something of interest to write—here a helpful hint, and there a deserved if rather blunt criticism. All is expressed in the spirit of kindness and with a pen of friendliness of which there can be no doubt.

Industrial Joy

PARDON me; but what did you say?

Industrial Joy.

Never heard of it. We are familiar with "Industrial Unrest," "Industrial Warfare," "Industrial Strife," "Industrial Strikes," "Industrial Problems," but we have never heard of "Industrial Joy." Where did you say it was?

It does not exist. The editor is using it because he is tired of the other kinds of industry. And just for the pleasure of exercising his imagination he is trying to suppose a condition which the wage workers of the world know very little about. In the midst of all the warfare and demands and unrest going on all over the world, the joy of work has been lost. And when that is lost the very heart of labor has been torn out of it.

Where are the men today who sit down to a bench or stand in front of some machine, and glow all over at the joy of creating or producing something that mankind needs for its comfort or its very existence? Where are the workers who are so absorbed in their task that they are more intent on finishing a product and making it worth-while, than they are in counting the minutes they are using the tools, and thinking of the raise of salary or pay? We do not deny the need of the living wage nor the need of shorter hours for many groups of labor. But we find more men with one eye on the hands of the clock and the other on the pay check, than we find regarding the product that the hand has made or the heart rejoices over.

The editor works eighteen hours a day, and often wishes there were more. He also knows scores of preachers who never count the hours of labor, and continue on in the ministry for very poor financial pay. He also knows a few teachers who do the same. All the farmers he knows work from twelve to fifteen hours a day, and a few of them are joyful workers.

But the mass of the workers of the world do not know the joy of work. They say the work is too hard, or too poorly paid, or too monotonous to be joyful. But from whatever cause, it is a sad and almost universal fact that during the "Industrial War" now being fought around the world, the "joy" of life has departed. The creation of a thing of beauty or of use carries no longer with it a sense of personal gratification.

Poor old Industrial World! Dependent on the movie for its entertainment instead of getting it out of its day's task! How some of us long to meet a worker who loves his work and rejoices over the output!

What did you say? What was that phrase you used? "Industrial Joy"?

There isn't any. Plenty of warfare, unrest, strife, dissatisfaction—but Joy? It is lost out of the world of labor. And the heart of labor is gone.

Movie Censorship

THE way to reform is to reform. Under the impulse of public opinion, the agitation for a clean-up of the movies has attained nation-wide proportions. It has won over practically all of the leading production concerns, and the prospects are that the smaller organizations will fall into line. And now the state legislature of New York has passed the Lusk bill for establishing a State Board of Censors for the Motion Picture Industry, which now goes to the Governor for signature. As he has been strongly favorable to the measure, there is little doubt that it will receive his approval. Further, it will probably stimulate similar legislation in those other states, which have no state board of censors at the present time.

But the campaign for clean movies has been headed for success even independent of official censorship. There has been a popular revolution in favor of the reform which has made itself felt in all sections of the country in the last few months. That the great film-producing organizations fully realize the situation is shown by the assurance they have already given the public of excluding from their lists any and every film of an objectionable character.

If the film fulfills its rightful mission, it ought to entertain, instruct and amuse, leaving no sting of regret behind. Too many of the movies in the past have catered to the lower instincts. They have presented those phases of life and character which every sensible citizen regards with repugnance. They have shown the lawless methods of criminals, and have thus become, especially to the young and impressionable, dangerous instructors by suggestion. At the climax, many of them were an offense to morals and good citizenship, and their energy and persistence in presenting such productions kindled indignation to such an extent that they were compelled for their own protection to draw the line sharply.

We look to the good faith of the corporations that have assumed the leadership in movie reform to do their work thoroughly and satisfactorily, and to keep at it until the evil of debased films is stamped out. This can be accomplished if they fulfil their pledge. Boards of Censors may help, and doubtless will; but the controlling concerns have the power in their own hands to make the reform clean and sweeping, and thus to win the approval of pulpit, press and people. In the end the censorship of an outraged public opinion will count more heavily in the scales for decent pictures than all the legal censorships that can be devised.

By courtesy of Charles R. Ring

Try the other team

The World News of the Week

America Refuses to Mediate Reparations Dispute; Premiers Meet at Hythe

REJECTION by the United States of a German appeal to serve as mediator between Germany and the Allies and a meeting of premiers at Hythe, England, to discuss further measures for forcing compliance with the Allied terms were the principal developments in the reparations controversy for the week.

Germany's appeal was that President Harding ould mediate the reparations question, fix the n to be paid by Germany to the Allied Powers obtain the consent of the Powers to such ation. It promised "to agree, without fication or reservation, to pay to the Allied Powers as reparation such sum as the President after examination and investigation may find just and right" and contained a formal pledge "to fulfil in letter and spirit all the provisions of any award."

Secretary Hughes's reply, dated only a day later than the German note, was brief, declaring that "this Government could not agree to mediate the question of reparations with a view to acting as umpire in its settlement." Expressing, however, concern over the seriousness of the issues involved and a strong desire for an immediate resumption of negotiations, it suggested that the German government should "promptly formulate such proposals as would present a proper basis of discussion" and offered to "consider bringing the matter to the attention of the Allies in a manner acceptable to them."

According to unofficial statements Germany had prepared a new scheme which included the following: The offer of a definite total sum to the Allies as reparations; a proposal to take over the Allies' debts to America; the fixing by an international arbitration court of the value of the deliveries already made by Germany.

Premiers Briand and Lloyd George met at Hythe on Saturday and Sunday, April 23 and 24, to decide on further penalties against Germany and to arrange for the holding of a Reparations conference early in May to which the United States will be invited to send a representative. Premier Briand sought British support for a plan drawn up by Marshal Foch for the occupation of the Ruhr region, including the industrial centers of Essen, Barmen, Eberfeld and Mulheim. This would increase the pressure on Germany and would enable the Allies to collect for the reparations account.

A demand by the Reparations Commission that Germany should deposit the gold reserves of the Reichsbank—about 1,000,000,000 marks—either in Cologne or Coblenz as security for reparations was rejected by the Berlin government.

Harding Pleads for Pan-American Unity

A REAFFIRMATION of the Monroe Doctrine, with a pledge that the United States stood ready to fight if necessary for its preservation, and a plea for a greater degree of co-operation between North and South American countries featured President Harding's address at the unveiling in Central Park in New York city of a statue of General Simon Bolivar, the great South American liberator. The day, the anniversary of the victorious Bolivar campaign in 1821, and of Lexington and Concord, was one for expressions of international friendship in which almost every nation of the two Americas participated; and at the time President Harding was speaking, General Gomez, president-elect of Venezuela, was placing a wreath at the base of the Washington statue in Caracas, with appropriate ceremonies.

Mr. Harding, after paying tribute to Washington and Bolivar and the democracies they established, entered upon a defense of the Monroe Doctrine and of its influence in maintaining freedom in the new world. "The history of the generations since that doctrine was proclaimed has proved that we never intended it selfishly," he declared; "that we had no dream of exploitation. On the other side, the history of the last decade certainly must have convinced all the world that we stand willing to fight, if necessary, to protect this continent."

International

"We stand willing to fight, if necessary, to protect this continent." President Harding in a forceful pose at the unveiling of the Bolivar statue

There was a strong plea for greater confidence and co-operation between the nations of the two Americas, not only in their own interests, but in the interests of the older countries suffering from the devastations of war, the use of their increasing wealth to restore all the world. In this departure from a strictly Pan-American theme, one paragraph was interpreted as forecasting a call for an international conference to discuss disarmament. "In the last half century," the President said, "our American commonwealths have not only been able to hold themselves aloof from competition in armaments, but they have built up a system of international arbitration and adjudication which has constantly lessened the dangers of armed conflict. There is too little realization, fellow citizens of the Americas, of the progress that has been made toward judicial and arbitral settlements of international differences by the American nations. It presents an example well worthy of earnest consideration and affords us an assurance which will justify our purpose to invite present-day civilizations to cast aside the burden of armaments."

The stay of President and Mrs. Harding in New York was brief, less than four hours, but everywhere they were received most enthusiastically. All Latin-American diplomats to Washington were in New York.

Japan Stands Pat for Yap

THE Japanese cabinet has decided, according to statements in Tokio, that there is no reason to alter Japan's policy regarding the Yap mandate question because of Secretary Hughes's recent note, and that decision was reported an extraordinary session of its diplomatic advisory council. It was expected that Japan would make no reply to the American note before the Allied Supreme Council had passed on the controversy, but that she would yield if the Council upholds the American contention for the exclusion of Yap from the Japanese mandate.

Publication in both capitals of the correspondence on the Yap dispute, in which were three American and two Japanese notes, was followed by the assumption of a more unyielding tone in the Japanese press, which generally declared the Washington attitude to be unfair and held that the United States was attempting to exercise the right of veto over the decisions of the Allies.

The Japanese notes were curt and sharp in tone, stubbornly claiming exclusive jurisdiction over Yap to the exclusion of other nations from the use of the island as a mid-Pacific communication center on equal terms with Japan, and calling on the United States to prove that President Wilson and Secretary Lansing had made reservations regarding Yap. In one place the American position was characterized as involving "an extraordinary and an unreasonable contention with which no one would be likely to concur" and in another it was argued that if the Supreme Council had decided in favor of the exclusion of Yap from the Japanese mandate at a meeting at which Japan was not represented "it could not but have been regarded as an act of bad faith." Other expressions of like character showed the intensity of Japanese feeling on the subject and the determination to retain possession of Yap.

Secretary Hughes's note to the Powers cut directly through the minor issues raised in the Japanese notes and based the American contention on broad fundamental principles.

Colombian Treaty Ratified

THE treaty with Colombia has been ratified by the Senate in virtually the same form as it was submitted by President Wilson in 1914 except for the elimination of an article expressing regret that anything should have occurred to mar the cordial relations between the United States and Colombia. The final vote was 69 to 19, or twelve more than the two-thirds needed, forty Republicans and twenty-nine Democrats voting for ratification, while nineteen Republicans and four Democrats opposed it. So ended a controversy lasting sixteen years.

Although the treaty opponents were few, they made a strong fight against ratification and caused considerable embarrassment to certain advocates of the treaty by reading excerpts from earlier speeches bitterly attacking it. Senator Borah fought ratification to the last, asserting such action would be notice to the world that the Senate had ratified the charge that "Theodore Roosevelt stole Panama." He twice placed the Senators on record on this through an amendment to assert specifically that the United States, in paying $25,000,000 to Colombia, did not admit that this government or any of its officials had any part in the Panama revolution of 1903 or that the United States ever had violated any of its obligations to Colombia. The amendment was rejected by votes of 49 to 39 and 58 to 30. The United States is to pay $5,000,000 to Colombia within six months and the remainder in four annual instalments of $5,000,000 each.

The House was busy on appropriation measures, some left over from the last session, with the limitation of immigration and reduction of armaments on the program for early discussion.

Underwood & Underwood

One of the many police raids on liquor sellers in New York

1,500 Liquor Arrests in New York

THE New York City police department has been making a great show of activity in its campaign against rum-runners under the new prohibitory laws of the state and 1,500 arrests in less than two weeks attested to the need of such a campaign. The record number of arrests for one day was 220, but on several days more than 100 were seized. The courts dealing with such cases were left far behind in the rush and there was serious danger that attempts to make the city really dry would be nullified by the inability of the courts to handle cases. Some authorities estimated that it would require two years for the courts to dispose of the cases of those already arrested if

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The All-Transforming Motive

A Sermon by REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXT—Matt. 10 : 39. "For My Sake."

"FOR My sake." That is the supreme motive of the Christian life. We use this wealthy word "motive" in other spheres than the region of religion. In the realm of music and the fine arts the "motive" is the prevailing idea in the mind of the artist to which he endeavors to give expression to his work. In morals and religion the motive is the all-prevailing, determining constraint which gives energy, persistence, and direction to the manifold ministries of life.

"For Christ's sake" expresses the motive which is the all-controlling power in the hard and toilsome services of the Apostles. It sways everything. If I ask them why they supplicate in yearning intercession, they answer "For His sake." If I ask them why they minister in all manner of exhausting labours, they answer, "For His sake." If I ask them why they suffered the pangs of persecution, they answer, "For His sake." If I ask them why they continue in a daring defiance of death, again they answer, "For His sake." It is the all-dominant motive which constrains their life.

Now, I want to trace the influence of such a motive in the life in which it is enthroned. Suppose I exalted it as my supreme motive; suppose it ran like an inspiring, guiding clarion through my days; what kind of ministry would it exercise in my life? I seek an answer in the New Testament record. I find that this supreme motive is a great magician and effects wonderful transformations, and it is this ministry of transformation that I wish to consider now.

LET us begin here. *It turns blood into seed.* "He that loseth his life *for My sake* shall find it." Mark where the motive is placed. On one side of it there is "losing," on the other side there is "finding;" and between the two there is the all-controlling, transforming motive. "He that loseth." Loseth what? Life. "The blood is the life." Shall we then re-arrange the phrase? "He that loseth blood for My sake." Surely we have practical experience of this in common life! There is a world of difference between the man who sheds blood in a cause and the man whose labor costs nothing. We sometimes say of some fruitful toiler, "He puts his very life into it." That sounds very suggestive of a shedding of blood. Some people put blood into their ministry of intercession. They drain themselves in supplication for others. "Virtue" goes out of them even while they pray. Others intercede, but there is no pleading. They pray, but there is no exhaustion. They lose nothing!

Some toilers put blood into their services. They give their strength in seeking others, in guarding others, in leading others in the way of life. Others serve, but in the service there is no sacrifice, they lose nothing! Men are constrained to spend, and be spent, when life is lived "for His sake." They who company much with the Master appropriate His spirit of sacrifice, and for His sake they willingly give the strength they have. Now "he that loseth blood shall find it." Every drop of blood shed for the Master's sake becomes a seed. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Aye, but more than that; all shed blood, all expended energy, all strength imparted in intercession or service is seed, and we shall find it again in fruits and flowers of the Kingdom.

There is a sweet legend which is supposed to narrate the origin of the lily. When Eve was driven out of Paradise she shed penitential tears, and wherever a tear fell a lily sprang. Spiritually, the legend has true significance; lilies of peace spring from penitential tears. And drops of blood shed in any kind of ministry are also transformed into living seeds, and we shall find them again in flowers of the Spirit, blooming in the lives of others, gracing and beautifying the children of God.

THIS *motive turns services into delights.* "Ourselves your servants for Jesu's sake." If we stop at the word servants and omit the concluding clause—"ourselves your servants"—we have nothing left but hard, dry, unalluring, unsatisfying toil. But add the final cause "for Jesu's sake," and monotony becomes harmony, and the service becomes a song. When soldiers march without the accompaniment of the band, the tramp is productive of speedy exhaustion. The music gives buoyancy to the spirit, and alertness to the limbs. There is a marked difference between an army marching to the sound of the trumpet, and an army plodding in silence. "For Jesu's sake" add to the music of the march, and the limbs dance to the song.

No one has more to say about service than the Apostle Paul. His epistles abound in the word; but no one has more to say about the spirit of joy and rejoicing. And in the Apostle's mind the two are combined. His labor is a rejoicing labor. It is toil accompanied by song. Is not this the characteristic of the service in heaven? "They serve Him day and night in His temple;" yes, and they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." It is the service wedded to music. It is labor become delight. "Ourselves your servants for Jesu's sake." With that accompaniment how much hard labor can be endured! The district nurse goes through her dirty, repellant, and oft-times loathsome work, and the secret of her persistance is to be found in this constraint, "for Jesu's sake." There are few who would be paid to do her work; "for Jesu's sake" turns the drudgery into angelic ministry. It converts a task into a privilege, and a statute into a song.

THIS *motive turns the world's reproach into a triumphant boast.* "We are fools for Christ's sake." That is not the confession of melancholy. It is the triumphant boast of legitimate pride. Who said the Apostles were fools? The man of the world. The Apostles took up the world's reproach and wore it as a garland. For Christ's sake they were willing to be the fools of the world, and to wear the contumely as the insignia of their nobility.

"You are a fool not to have your fill of the world. What honeyed delights you are missing; what rivers of bliss you are passing; what carnal entertainment might be yours. You are a fool!" Yes, fools for Christ's sake! And the motive turns the indictment into an honor. "You are a fool not to take the first turning that leads to wealth. You are a fool to take the road called 'Round-about,' when there is a more speedy way called 'Short-cut.' It is only a fool who would so deliberately miss the primary chance!" Yes, but fools for Christ's sake! It is the road called "Round-about" that we meet the King, while the grassy way called "Short-cut" is devoid of His companionship. Fools? Yes, and with Him and in His fellowship we are fools gladly. And so the Apostles take up the reproach as a title and wear it as a distinction; the world's derision becomes the apostolic boast.

THIS *motive turns thought into supplication.* "For Christ's sake, strive together in your prayers to God for me." Let us take the very marrow out of the counsel. What is it? "For Christ's sake . . . pray." Then the motive makes me prayerful. For Christ's sake I become a suppliant and intercede for others. For whom do I intercede? For all about when I think. My thought for others is changed into intercession for others. Every thought is the prelude to a prayer. "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine making request." Every time the Apostle remembered them he prayed for them. His remembrance was turned into supplication. And he has made it abundantly plain to us how the transformation was effected. *The Apostle never saw anybody alone.* He always saw them in relationship to Christ, and all perilous bitterness was checked. If he thought of anyone who had ministered unto him, he saw them in relationship to Christ, and his thanksgiving was heightened into praise. Everything was done for Christ's sake, and therefore everything was seen in association with Christ. Therefore did remembrance become thanksgiving, and thought was changed into intercession.

And now we can make a vow. We can vow that henceforth, by the help of His grace, everything shall be done for His sake. If we sanctify ourselves in this vow, the Lord will sanctify Himself afresh unto us. Our motive will operate like a spiritual magician, and life shall be richly and profoundly transformed.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"My Hope is Built on Nothing Less," or "The Church's One Foundation."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—I John (Epistle) 4 : 1-16.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (See page 341, first column.)

Sermon—"THE ALL-TRANSFORMING MOTIVE"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Jerusalem the Golden," or "Nearer to Thee."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

O Thou who art as gracious as Thou art powerful, and as forgiving as Thou art eternal, grant us Thy peace as we go our way to help bring about the peace of the nations from the war of selfishness and hate. And grant that some word or prayer at this hour of worship may make us ready to forgive any who may have wronged or forgotten us. In the Name of Him who is the world's only hope. AMEN.

A WORD of appreciation for Dr. Jowett's sermons comes from Mrs. J. E. Nickerson, of Worcester, Mass., an ordained minister who has served as a missionary to Alaska. "I have just finished a second reading of the sermon, 'The Ministry of Individuality,' by Dr. Jowett," she writes. "For depth of spiritual vision, for a mosaic of truths that scintillate with a glory of splendor, to my mind it is unequaled. 'Difference does not imply antagonism,' the doctor wrote. And that gives me liberty to say, from years of service among almost every type of human nature, that the Love gospel through Jesus, by John, crowns the Work, where all else fails to reach the innermost longing of a human heart."

*Dr. Jowett's sermons, prepared especially for the Christian Herald, are published in the first issue of every month.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, R. Braunstein, C. C. Albertson, E. W. Caswell, I. D. Lyttle and W. L. Goldsmith

Slow Bowling

SUNDAY. II Cor. 11 : 14. "*Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.*" That is the supreme crisis of the soul when the lightning visits us in the form of light. We can make some provision against the lightning. There are available ministries by which the fierce attack can be diverted, and the deadly fire misses its mark and buries itself in impotence. But when the forked lightning is changed into sunbeams, when we are basking in friendly warmth rather than fearing deadly bolts, when it is genial summer weather rather than terrifying storm, we are thrown off our guard and we are in deadliest danger. When Satan is revealed as an enemy we can fight him. It is when he is a friend that we are tempted to throw down our defences, and leave our gates unlocked, and even open them to give him hospitality. What the lightning could not do can be done by the light. He lays aside his terrors, and his gentleness destroys us.

I have been reading Mr. P. F. Warner's recently published book on cricket, and he has a good deal to say about fast bowling and slow bowling. He recalls the career of Spofforth, "the demon bowler," whose swiftness was laden with terror. But Mr. Warner tells us that the days of this terrific bowling are over, as experience seems to have decided that more deadliness can be hidden in slowness than in speed. Cricketers from the Colonies visiting England were nonplussed by the bowling of W. G. Grace. The big man seemed terrifying, and then there would come from his great presence "a gentle, lobbed-up ball," and the unacquainted visitor could not believe that this "baby-looking bowling" was really from the great man and so he got a little flustered, or he took liberties with it, and so lost his wicket. The deadliness of the seemingly gentle bowling! The lightning traveling in the vehicle of light! That is the supreme hour of moral and spiritual crisis.

Now, the New Testament warns us about these sunny seasons. It warns us of the hour when the fierce encounter is changed to genial approach. It records the startling fact that the sunniest hour may be the hour which follows a seeming triumph, the hour when the fighting is over and we put our arms to rest. It is just then, when the terrifying action is past, that we need to put out our sentinels and invoke the protecting power and grace of God. It was when our Lord's temptation in the wilderness was apparently over, and the tempter was beaten, that angels came and ministered unto Him. I can not think that the full explanation of these added resources is found in the Master's exhaustion. I think it is also found in His added danger. The tempter's withdrawal was only apparent. He withdrew only to change lightning into light, swift bowling into slow bowling, and it was then that reserves were added to the Master's forces.

And as it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. Our severest test is not in the hour of lightning, but in the season of light. A nation may stand up to terrific bowling, and may go down when the throw seems as playful as the movements of a kitten. The war is over, we have all relaxed, we have come to easier days. What then? "The terror by night" has only changed to "the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." What then? Are we to be slain by the sunbeam, we who marched through long lanes of destructive flame?

What is our resource? "Put on the whole armor of God." Wear it ever, night and day. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks. Let to live, yes, to live, be Christ. Meet the tempter in the abiding fellowship of the Lord. Face Apollyon in His fellowship. Yes, but also cross the Enchanted Ground in His fellowship. And night and day shall be to the glory of God. J. H. J.

Understanding the Scriptures

MONDAY. II Tim. 3 : 16. "*The Scripture is profitable.*" In one of Krummacher's fables, he tells of a society of learned men who resolved to make a voyage to investigate the properties of the magnetic needle. The ship being ready to sail, they went aboard and placing a mariner's compass in their midst, sat down to observe it. To and fro they sailed, watching the needle, while each defended his own theory as to the secret power behind it. At length there was a violent crash; the ship had struck upon a reef and the waves were rushing in. Then these learned men, seized with terror, leaped overboard and swam ashore. Sitting on the barren rocks, they lamented one to another that there was no dependence to be placed on the magnetic needle.

There are scholars who scrutinize the Bible from the outside without appropriating its truth; and of course they see no profitableness in it. But there are others who search as for hidden treasure; and they find in its pages the unspeakable gift of life.

The man who reads, ponders and inwardly digests it, finds that the Word is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." He believes it and, naturally, proceeds to live by it. D. J. B.

"Not Good If Detached"

TUESDAY. I Sam. 30 : 13. "*To whom belongest thou?*" We have read the words "Not good if detached" on our railroad tickets. They are worthy of a broader application so as to include our relationship toward the Church and the Christian life. "To whom belongest thou?" was a question asked by David of a stranger who crossed his path. The stranger gave the name of the master he was serving. Should some David interrogate us on the way of life, what would our answer be? Would it be: "I am the child of a king?" Would we be able to say "I am a servant of Jesus Christ?" How wonderful a thing to be able to look the world in the eyes and declare, "I am a representative of the Kingdom of God."

It is necessary for all to know just where they are in the Christian life, whom they are serving most acceptably, and for what purpose. There is a difference between being an ardent disciple of Jesus Christ and a mere nominal Christian. There are star-distances between a life that is clear-cut and positive, and a life that is wavering and negative toward the values of the Kingdom of God. It is possible to have one's name written on the Church record and have one's name omitted on the roll of heaven. "Is your name written in heaven?" Are you on the pay-roll of the Father's business? The unorganized indifference of the members of the Church does more harm than the organized unrighteousness of the world.

There is nothing so dampening to enthusiasm or retarding to the progress of God's eternal purpose as an absentee membership. "But Thomas, one of the disciples called Didymus, was not with them." It was the evening of Christ's resurrection and the disciples had met to sorrow over their absent Lord. Jesus suddenly appeared among them and gave them the gift of the Holy Spirit. Thomas was not there to share in this great boon. He was compelled to wait a week, contending with his doubts and battling with his fears. What a week of mental conflict and agony of heart that must have been!

The Christian life means, among other things, that we plunge into the breach and make our influence felt for Jesus Christ's sake. Detached Christians pull no loads. Only he who is connected with the power of God is accomplishing the task assigned. R. B.

The "Power" and the "Glory"

WEDNESDAY. Matt. 6 : 13. "*Thine is the power and the glory forever.*" What do we know of power? Very little. We have devised some very cunning engines of power whereby to employ natural agents, such as steam and electricity. But when we measure their energy, our unit of measurement is a single horsepower. How such a standard fails us when we attempt to measure the power of a flowing river or a moving glacier, or of the sea as its billows break on a thousand shores! Let us look at a volcano or feel the force of an earthquake, or the power of the atmosphere as it presses upon the earth's surface, or the energy that lifts moisture from the ocean and sends it down in rain upon the earth.

A Scripture writer uses a singular phrase, "the hiding of His power." Most of God's power is hidden. Ride over the continent these days and see the awakening earth. The soil appears to be mere inert matter; yet in that matter is magic power. Look at the earth at harvest-time. Whence all the beauty of field and meadow? It sprang from the dry brown soil. There is power hidden there. Here is an oat-field, there a wheat-field, yonder corn, yonder acres of berries, yonder daisies, poppies, roses. The capacity to grow all this is hidden in the soil. "The hiding of His power."

And the highest form of power is not mechanical or chemical or even physical, but moral. Consider the power of an idea. Nations have been built up on the basis of ideas. Civilization is not so much a matter of inventions and discoveries, of commerce and industry, as it is a matter of ideas which have become the common property of groups of people. At the heart of modern civilization lie three great ideas: God, Liberty, Brotherhood. God must be named first, for the other ideas grow out of that. God is the base-line of the triangle, Liberty the upright line, Brotherhood the line that connects them. If modern civilization represents moral power, it is derived from these ideas, and the whole structure rests on God. Faith in God, faith in Him as the personification of eternal righteousness, is the cohesive power of Christendom. God holds the race in the hollow of His hand. "Thine is the power." C. C. A.

The Living Soul in Man

THURSDAY. Psa. 8 : 4. "*What is man, that thou art mindful of him?*" The Psalmist knew that man, the masterpiece of God, was crowned with glory and honor for all future ages.

When the body decays in the shadows of death, the soul, more brilliant than ever, makes its eternal flight. If seeds spring forth from invisible germs into beautiful harvest when the shell is sloughed off, may not the soul rise to the heavenly garner when the body lies in the dust? If gigantic trees are still waving after forty centuries of life; if water, rock and earth continues since creation's morning, shall man, the thinker, the poet, the musician, the sculptor, the discoverer, the builder, the son and heir of God, shall he perish in threescore years and ten? Before such a catastrophe the universe would put on mourning.

When the house of the body is broken, the soul is called to a grander residence, for man is the musician, not the instrument. Breaking the violin of the body does not destroy the melody, for he continues to play upon harps of gold in the orchestra of the heavens.

Faith, hope and love must be blotted out if the grave is to be our final destination. Is not death the night of a new birth into life, rising in the glory of eternal day? May not death be called our autumn of crimson and gold, prophesying the springtime of verdure and life? It is laying aside rags for robes, the mortal for the immortal.

We know something of the mission of the stars and planets, of the laws and forces of nature, but what is the mission of man, for whom all these have been created? Are forces to bury him out of sight? No; his being is a part of his infinite Father. He looks, lives and loves like every one in the Father's universal family. He is created in the Divine image and destined to an immortal existence of righteousness and happiness with God and the angels. E. W. C.

The Alertness of Sin

FRIDAY. Psa. 51 : 3. "*My sin is ever before me.*" What a terrible thing sin is! Once become its debtor and it never seems to be satisfied. Once allow it to lick your hand, and thereafter you will find it crouching at your door.

The writer of the text is speaking of sin as a record that stands out clear and plain before him. Having stepped aside from the path of right, the circumstances and conditions in which he finds himself are like index fingers all pointing to one thing—his sin. No matter what way he may turn there is something to say "This would never have been had it not been for your sin." No wonder the poor man cries in almost desperation, "*My sin is ever before me!*"

But I wonder if we may not, without doing violence to the passage, consider these words as at least suggesting the time element? Is it not a sad fact that sin is ever before us in point of time? My sin may be forgiven, and I may be happy in this sense of forgiveness; but the sinful act or acts have set in motion waves that shall go on and on until they outstrip me in the race.

What a warning to those who play with sin! God has graciously promised to forgive the sin; but how sad to think that off in the future somewhere you may meet the "back-wash" or the "undertow" of an earlier mistake. *Sin will get ahead of you in every deal.*" I. D. L.

"Jesus Only"

SATURDAY. Matt. 17 : 8. "*When they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only.*" On this Mount of Vision the three disciples had seen Moses and Elias in conversation with Jesus. But as the heavenly light fades into common daylight, their eyes strain in vain for another glimpse of these other faces. "No man save Jesus only" remained discernible.

But why ask for more? Is not sight of the Master's face sufficient? Let Moses and Elias go into the deep shadows where they can not be seen. Let the dazzling brightness depart and take with it what it will vided only Jesus is still in the line of vision.

One can go down the mountain-side with Jesus alone and be unafraid. "Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go." I can forfeit other companionship if necessary, if only He goes with me. We only waste time in building tabernacles for Moses and Elias and their kind of visitors. Only let us be sure that by lifting up our eyes we can see Jesus and keep Him steadily in view.

It does not matter who comes and goes amidst the shifting scenes of life's longest day, "*Save Jesus only.*" We can not get along without Him, and, thank God, He has promised to be with us to the end of time. He will not leave us. W. L. G.

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Rice grains puffed to 8 times normal size. Toasted so they taste like nut meats. Airy, flaky food confections, to be served with cream and sugar, with melted butter, or mixed with fruit.

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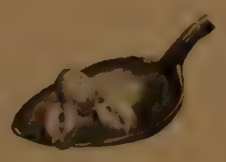

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The Great American Public

Clean, Wholesome Stories Are Certainly What It Desires in Motion Pictures

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"ONE wonders," said the Clergyman sadly, "why so many motion pictures depend upon the sex theme—solely upon the sex theme—for their public appeal! One wonders why crime is so much advertised, and immorality—why the genus 'vamp,'" he cleared his throat, "is so much press-agented?"

The Business Man, who is said to own some stock in the largest motion-picture company, nodded his head sympathetically.

"It does seem," he agreed, "as if it's nearly impossible, lately, to see a film that features happy home life, and girls that are sweet and wholesome, and manly, clean *typical* American boys. Of course, there are some such pictures—but they're very much in the minority"—he paused.

The Clergyman spoke again.

"I wonder why," he said, and his tone was pensive; "I wonder why they are in the minority? Nearly everybody that I know is wondering the same thing, too. We want to see pictures based, as you say, upon the ideals of the real American home. We want our children to see such pictures. But instead of that—" he shrugged.

Hastily the Business Man took up the Clergyman's speech.

"Instead of that," he finished, "we see problems and passions and life in the raw. We often see things that we don't like to talk about—things that our children shouldn't even dream of. It *is* a pity!"

"I wonder," the Clergyman's voice was still pensive, "just what the producers are thinking of when they give us such pictures? Surely——"

The Business Man interrupted.

"Oh," he said, "I suppose that they think the public wants such pictures. Every corporation, every company, every trade is founded upon the law of supply and demand. There must be some decided trend along the sex line—or else we wouldn't be seeing such a flood of sex pnotoplays. There must be a decided leaning toward the type of woman popularly known as a 'vamp'—or else she wouldn't be featured so much. People are evidently interested, this year, in the seamy side of life!"

The pensiveness had quite died out of the Clergyman's face. All at once his hand was banging down upon the arm of his chair.

"The public," he said, and his voice was firm, "is not wanting pictures of the—the unpleasant sort. That I *know! I* don't want them and I represent the church-goers of the country. *You* don't want them, either, and you are an intelligent man of affairs. And other people don't want them, any more than we do. Of that I'm sure!"

I HAD been listening quietly to these men—both good friends of mine—as they talked. And silently I had agreed with them; silently and gladly. For I have always felt that certain much-advertised pictures—of the ultra-broad type—are not truly desired by the Great American Public. Of course it must be admitted that the Great American Public, as a whole, goes to see every picture that is produced, whether it is based upon the right sort of a theme or not. But that is because we, as a nation, are a tolerant and long-suffering people. We are slow, as a nation, to protest—slow to make a fuss about something that is not of intensely vital importance. It's one of our most pleasant characteristics—usually. That is why the Great American Public has gone to see one unfit play after another—and has said nothing!

It is not true, however, despite any regular attendance of the movies—despite the growing popularity of them, that the play with the unpleasantly suggestive theme is the one that is most in demand. It is not true at all! The popularity of the clean, wholesome plays that have been produced are the guarantee of the Great American Public's good taste and high ideals. When has a salacious picture drawn the crowds that flocked to see "Pollyanna"—which was published in the Christian Herald as a serial? What cheap sex story has carried the appeal that was in the filming of Kate Douglas Wiggins' "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"? I have heard both ministers and laymen say that "The Miracle Man" was every bit as good as a sermon. And I, myself, reveled in the charm and simplicity and splendid moral of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird."

All of these pictures were successful—successful in an almost stupendous way. Crowds, all over the country, flocked to see them. Theaters were crowded to capacity, and extra performances were given. When Fannie Hurst's "Humoresque" was produced last year in New York the people who wanted to see it blocked traffic for weeks on the busiest part of Broadway. And "Humoresque" was a fine, clean story.

THE great popularity of Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark is one of the healthiest signs of the public taste. They stand for pictures with an innocent, almost child-like appeal. Pictures of the great out-of-doors, of the gallant frontier West, of moral and mental rejuvenation, are also popular. Certain motion-picture companies who have gone in for sex-thrillers are not so prosperous, today, as they once were! The producers who stand for better pictures are the ones who make a great deal of money—much more than the producers who are secretive about their aims, and shady upon the subject of their motives.

A picture, though clean and worthwhile, can be exciting and intensely interesting. This is one of the points that is seldom made clear in a better pictures campaign—and one of the points that makers of suggestive pictures use as an alibi.

"We want to give the public a real entertainment," they say. "We can't feed the appetites of grown men and women on bread and milk!"

It may be true that grown men and women can not be fed exclusively upon bread and milk. But there was nothing bread and milky in the concert scene of "Humoresque," or in the "Miracle Man" when the little crippled boy, in a sublime burst of faith, threw away his crutches and walked. There was real pathos in "Pollyanna"—real joy in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Charles Ray, who plays only clean boyish parts, is one of the most popular men upon the screen. Will Rogers gives delightfully humorous optimism through his pictures. Douglas Fairbanks has inspired nearly every youngster in the country to reach his ideal of physical health and athletic perfection. And there are many others who stand for the same sort of thing.

No one would accuse the aforementioned men of being bread and milky—no indeed! Their characterizations are splendid food for any mind—be it a young mind or an adult one. *And there is no reason why every picture should not be in the class that they have made popular.*

Nearly everyone who attends the motion pictures has, at one time or another, seen an objectionable photoplay. And many people, because of such plays, have absolutely turned aside from anything that the motion pictures may offer. They forget that there have been many fine pictures produced, many films with great educational value. And they forget that, by ignoring all pictures, they are not helping to put aside unfit films and to further the influence of those photoplays that are useful and helpful as well as entertaining.

Do not, because of several unfortunate photoplays that you have seen, condemn all motion pictures. Do not turn aside from a really worth-while, clean pleasure.

Insist, instead, upon the right sort of pictures and, by the weight of your voiced opinion, broaden and make better a great avenue for the public good!

Working with Others

International Sunday-School Lesson for May 15
I Cor. 12:4-27; John 6:1-14

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

SIMEON STYLITES did not meet with much success in living apart from his fellow men on top of that column. He did not help mankind, though he did have a few followers who also sought to be pillar-saints. That was many centuries ago. Today the Bible truth is accepted that no man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself. There are relationships which must be recognized, and all of these relationships bring obligations. Paul went about establishing churches and he wrote from his work at the church in Ephesus to another church, which was in Corinth. At the very beginning he related each of these distant churches to the church in Jerusalem and gathered money for the poor saints there.

The human body is wonderfully made and this perfect organism is used as a simile for the relationships of society, and particularly for the setting forth of the oneness of the Church, which is the body of Christ. Had Paul been an American he might have said, in preaching to a popular audience: "E Pluribus Unum." Note that the importance of each part is stated, as well as the dependence of each part on every other part of the body. Further, every part needs each other part—eye and feet, comely and uncomely. The body in perfect accord is seen at such a time as when the athlete is making the 100-yard dash in ten seconds.

Teachers of other than adult classes will get numerous suggestions by noting the special themes for the different ages of pupils. The primaries, or better called younger children, will study about "A Boy Who Shared." Their special Scripture portion is John 6 and they will follow the boy with the basket as the five thousand were fed. In speaking of that miracle one has said:

"'Twas seed time when He blessed the bread;
'Twas harvest when He brake."

The junior title is "Helping One Another." The intermediates have "Team Work" for their special subject, while the young people and adults can use "Co-operation and Competition." No one lesson method will fit every age. Always remember that you are teaching the child, rather than teaching the Book.

FACING the needs of the world today, it is evident that no individual can meet them. There must be a coming together of the units, thinking alike before the impact that wins can be made. This does not mean the loss of individuality. When the purpose or objective is of common interest, co-operation is comparatively easy. Recently nations dissimilar in racial characteristics came together to fight a combination of individuals who would not respect the rights of others. Self-interest and selfishness can be submerged for the sake of the common good, or even for the benefit of others. Today the world is beginning to ask "What should be done," and then saying "It can be done!" Not only are the needy thus helped, but there is a wonderful self-development by those who help to lift heavy burdens from the backs of sufferers.

In applying the teaching of this lesson the best place is to begin right at Jerusalem, which is the individual Sunday-school class of which the reader may be either a teacher or student. Each class should have some form of organization and no form is better than the complete one. Get new members, make your average attendance as near to 100 per cent. as possible, do a definite piece of work regularly. Stop right here and ask yourself—"What worth-while objective has our class right now?"

The World's Sunday School Association has a Surplus Material Department which relates those in the homeland with some missionary of your own denomination on the foreign field, that all sorts of things beginning with pictures, papers, books, baby organs, etc., may be sent overseas for a wonderful usefulness. During recent years more than 37,000 introductions have been placed, linking up some one in the home land with a missionary abroad. For full information use the above name and address 216 Metropolitan Tower, New York City. Name your denomination.

Each class, in turn, is a part of a Sunday school. That school also has some fine work on hand. Help the superintendent to accomplish the present job. Sometimes a large class almost forgets that it belongs to the school and its strength is to be felt in the pull with others. Then your school is a part of the city, the county and the state Sunday-school associations. You are also among the 18,762,581 counted in the International Association membership and likewise count in making up the 30,296,531 reported by the World's Association at the Convention in Tokyo. Your class also belongs to your church and you must help if their great program both at home and abroad is accomplished. The Master still can feed the needy world if each boy will take his full basket to Him.

FEW fear to hit at just one hornet, but they will not attempt to strike a hornets' nest. The reason, as Marion Lawrance states, is that they are organized. In Manila there was a small adult class of about twenty-four. They thought they should have a membership of one hundred and organized under the name of "We Brothers of Ninety-nine." When rally day came and the moving picture was taken seven hundred and seventeen passed the camera. It is not enough, however, just to have a big class membership, or even a large attendance. That class must follow the theme of our lesson, and work with others for the common good or to right some wrong.

Sometimes one attains such great distinction and is so much acclaimed that he forgets that he is vitally dependent on others. Great business men would be woefully handicapped if they could not get a stenographer for a week. It is quite easy to sit at a desk, press a button and expect the secretary to bring just the right answer. An organist of great reputation was decidedly annoyed when the organ blower, before these modern days of electric motors, remarked at the close of a rehearsal: "We make fine music, don't we?" The haughty musician said to the little fellow: "What have *we* to do with it. I am the player." The concert took place that night and the player was in consternation when, following a natural pause in the music, the organ ceased to sound. Just then the lad looked from around the corner and said: "Now say '*we*.'" The organist instantly paid due tribute, though doubtless begrudged, and the boy renewed his pumping. Beecher said "One selfish man is enough to destroy the peace of a thousand."

Directed activities produce results. Every one possesses at least one talent and that talent, if used rightfully, can work wonders. The little hammer will still break a large stone. Our individual talents are to be related to the complementary talents of others, and placed under the direction of the great Leader, even Jesus Christ. Would that each one of us would submit to and obey Christ as instantly as when a football team is playing a championship game! Working with others on such occasions makes the winning score. The individual player may not like the signal, but he leaps into action. Too often we hear the signal that calls for action with others, and do not permit our part of the "body" to perform its work. Whereas the golden text holds us to continuous obligation and relationship, saying, "Ye are the body of Christ and severally members thereof."

Welch's Grapelade
the pure grape spread

WHEN one is two or three years old, there are so many things in the world named "No No" and "Don't touch." But Grapelade is not one of them.

Grapelade on a slice of bread or cracker is one of the first meanings of "good." Children love it and Grapelade can be given to very little folks in liberal quantities. It is a natural food—whole, ripe grapes and pure sugar—wholesome and nutritious. Grapelade is not a by-product. Only seeds and skins are taken out and acid crystals removed by the patented WELCH process, leaving a spread that is velvety smooth and thoroughly delicious. The older folks like it on muffins, toast and griddle cakes as well as on bread. And Mother uses it for jelly roll and other desserts and as a sauce for meats.

You can get Grapelade in large 15 oz. glass jars and smaller tumblers. Send for a Grapelade recipe folder.

The WELCH Lades—pure fruit spreads—include

Grapelade, Fruitlade (Grape-Raspberry), Peachlade, Cherrilade, Apple Butter, Plumlade, Strawberilade, Blackberilade, Currantlade. All in 15 oz. glass jars.

If your grocer cannot supply you, a box of 9 jars of assorted Lades, as above, will be sent securely packed and prepaid on receipt of $4.50 (west of Denver $5.50).

The Welch Grape Juice Company,
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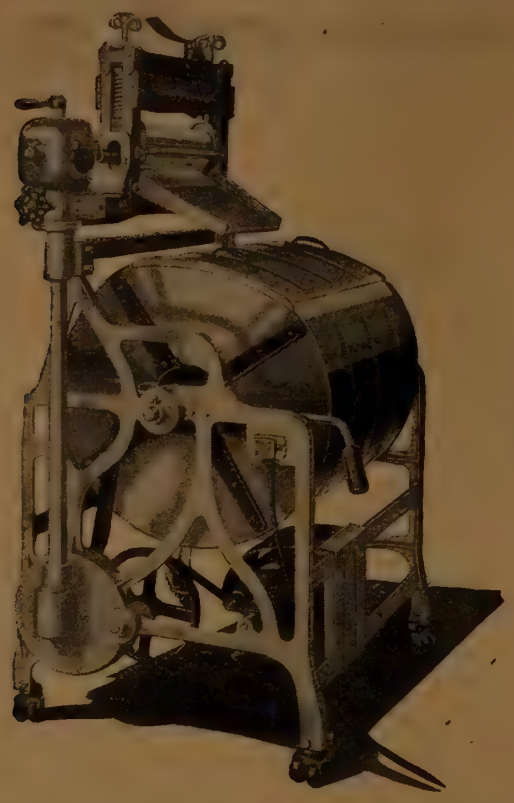

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WASHES THE DAINTY AS WELL AS THE DURABLE

The Forest of Mexican Ignorance

Continued from page 334

ico, in the direction in which it is going. He laughed bitterly when he told me of the curriculums which the newest "reformers" are imposing on the helpless Mexican youth, psychology courses at the age of 12, for instance, being an example of dilettanteism run wild, which he mentioned to me.

Such men as Governor Osuna are awake today and as disappointed as such fine spirits must be when they realize what has been done to their ideals and to themselves in the ugly round of personal aggrandizement to which their beautiful hopes were degenerated under the ministrations of Mexican politicians.

And what do they and what shall we think of Mexican education? I shall have something to say of that in a future article, but just here I want to remind you, by way of hope, that through nearly a generation the Protestant missions of Mexico have been working on that plan which John Dewey calls "education for life," and which in this country has had its most wonderful exponent in the work of Hampton Institute in the education of negro youths of our country for the work of leadership and teachers. The methods have differed and probably will have to continue to differ, but the ideal, the education of leaders to be scattered throughout Mexico, will go on and in it will be the great hope of the nation.

THE Catholics have sought, always, to raise up a Mexican priesthood, and much of their failure, in late years at least, has been in that their native clergy was poorly chosen, poorly educated, and lacking, too often, in the consecration which alone would fit them for their work. And this has been due to the fact from that 1857 to about 1900 the Mexican government closed the Catholic seminaries, so that save for a relatively short period in the latter days of Diaz, there could be virtually no education of Catholic leaders from amongst the Mexicans. The best priests and bishops came from Europe, often without the interest and devotion which is vital to missionary work. For all his objection to Catholic politics, Diaz allowed the seminaries to return, but Carranza, in his wild orgy of anti-clericalism, closed and sacked them, and again forced ignorance into the Catholic clergy by Governmental edict.

But there is another interesting point, and one which we must not lose sight of in our search for hopeful signs in the Mexican horizon. Most of the Catholic bishops and hundreds of Mexican priests came to the United States in 1915, when they fled in terror before Carranza and Obregon. They were here, in exile, for nearly three years. In that time they were in American colleges, and visiting in American Catholic parishes, and there they learned what they could never have learned elsewhere in all the world—the opportunities for social service, the opportunities for true co-operation with Protestant workers, which the Catholic Church in this country has so well developed. They have now carried back to Mexico new ideals and new understanding. Much that is wonderful is to be looked for from this great new leaven.

Of government educational systems and plans there is less to say. The Obregon government has, on paper, re-established the federal department of education, with a cabinet officer at its head, which was abolished by Carranza as an economic measure. There has been some more of the endless Mexican discussion of systems of education, but so far as can be found no increase in appropriations or in plans for better support of the public schools. All those wait, perhaps, as I have said, on the improvement of business conditions.

But they wait, too, on something else, which I have mentioned above, and that is the improved physical condition of the Mexican people. Comfort, food and health are as important to mental and moral development as the training of the mind by education. This misery is so profound, its crushing inertia so deep-rooted and so self-perpetuating that it sometimes seems that it can never be cured from within itself. Some outside force must break the circle and this I believe is the great opportunity of the missions, alone or in conjunction with some other great civilizing energies.

ALREADY something has been done, by great American business concerns, and by American trade unions along the northern border and even within Mexico itself, to improve living conditions. But the terrible chasm of the Mexican mass remains utterly unplumbed, and the childhood of Mexico, and the manhood and womanhood of Mexico wait, hungry because their food does not feed them, in discomfort because their long traditions do not let them even desire comfort, in sickness because of utter ignorance of the foundations of human health.

Of this last a word must be written here. I have compiled the astonishing figures bearing upon this question and have found, in the mass of Mexican official statistics, that the death rate of Mexican babies under one year is nearly twice that of the United States, between birth and ten years, three times that of this country, and, clear through the whole range of Mexican life, that from two to four times as many Mexicans die in each thousand as die in the United States at the same ages. The average life of every Mexican born is but 15 years, while in the United States it is about 35 years, and half of the Mexicans born this year will be dead before they are seven years old, while in the United States half of all the babies born will live to be 42 years old.

High death rate means sickness. Experts estimate that for each death in the United States there are 300 days of severe illness and 6,000 days of indisposition or slight illness, spread over the average 35 years of American life. But in Mexico the average age of death is 15 years, so that the days of sickness must be crowded into less than half the space of time they cover in the United States.

IN MEXICO, almost no care, as we conceive it, is given to the sick, and the government reports show that only one-quarter of all the deaths reported in the country are listed as "classified by the doctor"—in other words, there is no medical attendance at all in three-quarters of all the fatal illnesses in Mexico. It is well known to those who know that unhappy land that in the case of illness, the priest and the doctor are sent for at the same time, the priest to administer extreme unction, the doctor to do what he can with a dying patient.

This factor of ill-health in Mexico is one of the most terrible of all the pictures of her misery. No one who is continually ill can be greatly interested in progress, especially mental or moral progress, and indeed illness is the greatest force working against the material advancement of the people and of the country. And upon material advancement, upon the increase of income and the increase of needs physical and cultural—as the money comes to procure them—we must build the solidity of the Mexican people that are to be.

Out of this picture of darkness, then, comes opportunity and with opportunity the dawning of a new day in Mexico. Because ill-health is so great a factor as it is, there is something that we can attack and can conquer. Because education is at the low ebb that it is, there is something that we can do that is direct and tangible, when the means are put into our hands.

There is hope in Mexico, and that hope is tied up with the Protestant missions, which are actually, and even more potentially, the most disinterested and direct force working on conditions in Mexico today. That land is so torn by personal politics, so disturbed by persecution of and retaliation by business, so much a football of international calumny, that this single ray of clean, clear light can be recognized by all as the one hope in the horizon today. That hope must be made to dawn, and it is well for us to consider how that dawn may be assured, and how the day that must follow may be firmly grounded on economic permanence, on social stability and on the comfort, health and education of the Mexican people.

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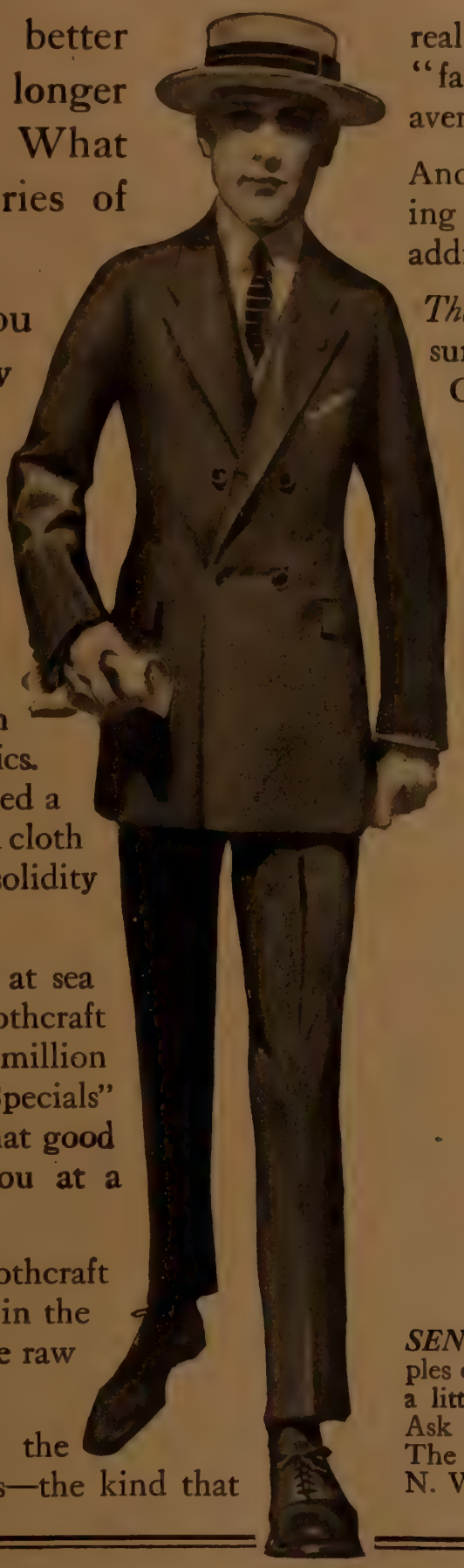

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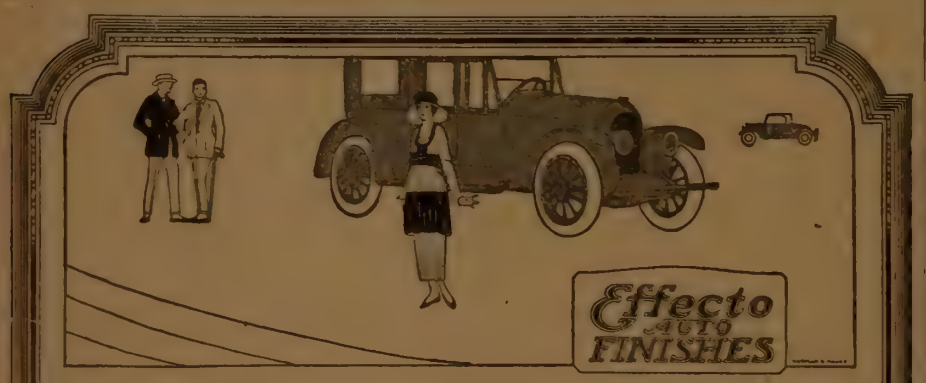

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The Comfort-Bringer

Continued from page 337

"Now what can he mean?" thought Ruth, with a little qualm of fear, "smiling in that awful manner and talking to a girl? Because of her Scotch type, I suppose. She certainly is a typical Highland lassie, with that flaxen hair and those eyes like gentians; and I'm a goose to be worrying over other people's affairs, anyway. Poor Tom!"

The last with a little sigh—Ruth Carfax could no more help worrying over her neighbors' affairs than she could help breathing!

MR. GREEN, with an air of proprietorship, took the men folks down cellar and displayed the new, quite up-to-date furnace, and the lighting plant; showed where the water was pumped through the house, and proudly pointed out the immaculate little laundry, with its white tubs and hot and cold water spigots.

"All the luxuries of a city right here," he avowed, "jest as the child's grandpa wanted there should be. I wish he were here this day to see his plans all come true!"

"Waste o' wark, I call it," grumbled Donaldson, "and cost a pretty penny at that. The young leddy's able to hire help; why should she be savin' the back o' a great, strong lass that's able to fetch her water for her tubs?"

Whereat old Jacob Smithers agreed, heartily, and Mr. Green gave the pair a look of severe and scathing scorn, trusting it might cut deeper than words.

And the women, how they did revel in the kitchen, with its tiled walls, its sink, its glass-topped table, and its wonderful cabinet!

"I've read about 'em, and I've seen the pictures of 'em in the magazines," declared Susanna Baines, the village dressmaker, "but I never sensed what a comfort and foot-saver they could be! I aim to save up from today, and buy me one."

Upstairs Mrs. Green and Miss Emily took the women through the dainty chambers. Mary Smithers fairly gasped at sight of Ellen Hawtree's room, with its comfortable bed, its little white rocker, cretonne-covered dresser and frilled curtains. "It's enough better'n our company room," quoth Mary to Ellen, who had followed blithely, ignoring the fact that she was needed in the kitchen. Ellen, though rosy and plump and well-dressed, was but a child—her mind would never expand beyond the happy mind of a child, and Ruth, knowing this, made due allowance for shortcomings.

"Ain't it pretty? Ain't it just grand?" crooned the maid, joyously. "Miss Ruth, she did it every stitch—she's smarter'n Miss Susanna Baines, she is."

That was the reason why there was little envy among her neighbors; everything showed the careful, painstaking hand of the mistress; her own fingers had made beautiful her bedrooms, with curtains and braided rugs; her devices were all to help lighten her labor—she did not depend upon a servant for that.

NANCY AULD in her wheel-chair was rolled by Ruth herself through pretty kitchen and dining-room and living-room—all the first floor, for poor Nancy would never see the second. Nancy was enthusiastic when she was not weeping silently, recalling the vanished days of her youth, when she had so often wandered through the little brown house. "And I do hope, honey, that you won't mind me fetching along poor Mr. Blair?" she quavered, when they were alone together. You see, he was so lonesome-like, with me gone—he just *asked* me to let him come, if you'll know the truth of it! And, seeing he's shaved and all, and looks so well, I thought you'd like to lay eyes on him again, just to sort of take away that first impression you got, when he hollered at you so."

"I don't mind," chuckled Ruth, "seeing that he is a writer of books, you know. But he did look perfectly awful; and he has a terrifying voice when he likes to use it! Sary Bryson has certainly fattened him, I must say."

"And him never suspicioning more

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than a babe!" triumphed Mrs. Auld. "I've got the money he left with me, you know—and he begs me to keep her if I can, till he leaves."

"I'm getting afraid, without those glasses of his," debated Ruth. "Don't you suppose he will come on me, some day, right in the cottage and—suspect?"

"Not he," averred Mrs. Auld, stoutly, "not when he's always in the woods, afternoons, thinking over his next chapter. Don't you quit coming, child, for —for *my* sake!"

The old voice quavered. Ruth, leaning over the chair, patted her cheek, whispering that, even if Sary Bryson failed the author, she'd never, never fail Nancy Auld!

"ARE you happy, child?" asked Mr. Gary, curiously, when the guests were gone and he and Ruth sat alone before the open fire that burned, after dusk, in the living-room grate, for the air was beginning to feel the chill of late summer, the forerunner of autumn, which was near at hand. "Are you quite happy, leading this simple life among these simple people? Don't you want some young folks' companionship? It seems to me that Ellen Hawtree wouldn't satisfy me, if I were a young lady, accomplished, pretty——"

"Ah, flatterer, hush!" laughed Ruth, "I am *not* accomplished—poor grandmother thought music and dancing and languages were silly—or I persuaded *him* to think so, because *I* did. And I'm an ordinary-looking girl, you know, only just healthy."

"Ordinary fiddlestick!" scoffed Mr. Gary; "there's nothing ordinary about you, in any respect! You are, I may say, one of the most wonderful girls of my acquaintance—indeed you are *the* most wonderful, for I don't know another one like you! And—and it's getting time, my dear, when young men are desirable as well as young women, as companions. And out here there isn't a single specimen of one, is there?"

"Why, no, indeed!" said Ruth, hastily, and a warm color glowed, quite uncalled for, in her cheeks, "not a vestige of a young man, dear Mr. Gary."

"That specimen who came with the Aulds, now," said Mr. Gary reflectively, "doesn't belong here, does he?"

"No—oh, no, indeed," declared Ruth, emphatically; "he is a city man out here for his vacation, and he's writing a book. Think of it!"

"Poor trade," allowed Mr. Gary, without enthusiasm, "except in a few instances, where they get rich from a successful novel. Writing a novel?"

"So Nancy Auld says," nodded Ruth, and explained the author's position. "I never met him before," she added.

"Bugs," commented Mr. Gary, briefly, "the idea of beginning to write, at his age—must be thirty or more—and expecting to succeed. Or does he expect to succeed?"

RUTH could not tell; later, after Mr. Gary had returned to his work in the city, she might have answered the question, for she met, more than once, the man who hammered on the typewriter in Nancy Auld's cottage, and had learned his history and his hopes.

The first time she met him was on an afternoon when she was walking briskly towards the Auld cottage, bearing a tray of good things for Nancy and her lodger. Many times she had caught a glimpse of him at the spring, which he loved to frequent—and always she had slipped by on soft footsteps, unnoticed. Now, however, she met him face to face, smilingly and unabashed, though the tray bore his meals which her hands had cooked.

"Good afternoon. I was hoping you'd come along," called the writer of a book, eagerly; "let me carry that, won't you? Or, better still, let me show you a nice dry log, where you can sit and rest a bit. This spring is picturesque, but damp."

"It is quite marvelous," smiled Ruth, calmly seating herself on the log. "I enjoy coming here and looking at it—the beauty of the willows, the flags and the cress, and this bowl of foaming, dimpled water. It is worth a whole farm, I should say."

They discussed the farm, Tom Auld, Nancy, and their poverty; the beauties of nature, the superiority of the country to the city, and, when at last they walked towards the cottage, the writer bore the tray, sniffing delightedly at a familiar odor that crept from the folds of the napkin which covered it.

"Smells so good—like some cakes Sary Bryson, who chores out, makes for me," he confessed, boyishly. "Honestly, Miss Carfax, I was skin and bones till Tom Auld suggested I get somebody to do for me. I tell you, I'm afraid, when the time comes for reckoning, I'll be broke! That is, if she asks anything like what her cooking's worth."

"She won't," averred Ruth, thrilling pridefully at his praise. "She's a country woman, you know, and food is cheap and plentiful out here."

He left her at the door of the cottage, lifting his hat and walking away back into the woods; Ruth took care to avoid them, going back, but afterward she met him frequently, and not always at the spring; indeed so openly did he watch for her, and so frankly did he declare his delight at seeing her, that Ruth could hardly refuse the poor soul the privilege of her company for a few moments—a girl with her soft heart could do nothing else.

"I like Mrs. Auld's name for you, Comfort-Bringer," he said, with a wistful smile. "I wish you could bring me a little, for my book is about finished, and I need comforting."

OF COURSE he had read her a few chapters of the great work. She had listened, thrilled, thinking it wonderful, but when he asked her opinion, her honest eyes filled with a blur of tears, and she shook her head. "I can't tell you, David Blair," she said, sadly, "because my opinion is absolutely worthless; I am utterly un-literary, and I don't know, truly. But oh, I do hope it may be a wonderful work—that it may make you famous."

"I don't know that I want you to have a literary mind," David Blair had answered, slowly; "you are best as yourself—a Comfort-Bringer to others—to everybody, I verily believe, whom you meet. I have been a failure all my life, Miss Carfax, in the worldly sense of the word; I have worked hard for my family, and held mediocre positions—I wasn't capable of any others; but always I held fast to this dream of some day writing, some day when I was free at last. I felt that it was unworthy, and I tried to smother it, while I had the brothers and sister to work for. This summer, thanks to the untroubled atmosphere of the Aulds' cottage, and to Sary Bryson's wonderful food, which put new life in me, I have had my chance to prove whether it was just a dream, or a beautiful reality I have made into a book."

Sary's cooking—how Ruth glowed at that! She, too, had helped him, and he would never know that she had been to him a real comfort-bringer!

Then the book was completed, was mailed to a publisher; in a few more weeks he would know its fate.

"But why did you send to those people?" queried Ruth, recognizing the publishers as almost inaccessible to new writers. "Why did you not try some lesser publisher?"

"I hitched my wagon to a star," said David Blair, whose face was drawn and pale with the stress of a supreme moment, "and if I fail, why I will just be a failure, that's all. But if I succeed, if I realize that I am at last out of the failure class, then," his face was illumined, his eyes shone with a light any woman recognizes as the light of love, "why then, there is something I will do—something I hope to, rather, that is greater far than anything else in all the world! But only if I succeed; if the book comes back—I—will—burn—it—to ashes!" he spoke slowly, his voice thrilling with pain.

"Oh," cried Ruth, indignantly, "you shall not—you mustn't! You must keep on trying and trying."

"I can't do that, little Comfort-Bringer," he smiled, heart-breakingly, "with me it must be now or never. If the book comes back, I shall go back—into the world of failures, where I belong. If it does not, I may—I hope I may—enter Paradise!"

To be continued

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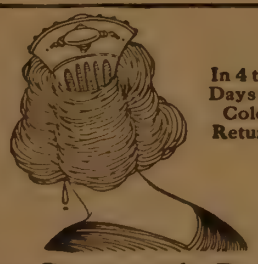

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Mr. Lansing's Confession

A Review of His Disclosures Regarding the Peace Negotiations

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

MR. LANSING'S book on the events which occurred at Paris during the conference of the Allies over the Versailles Treaty perhaps was not intended to be a personal confession, but that is what history will finally call it. It is not, in the last analysis, a statement of what he believed to be grave mistakes, diplomatic and otherwise, of Mr. Wilson, but it is an account of how he, Mr. Lansing, failed to register his own convictions on questions of the most tremendous moral and ethical importance.

For example, he was opposed to secret methods employed by the old European diplomacy, and yet he used them himself throughout the negotiations. He was opposed on principle to the guarantee of independence and territory of governments and favored a mutual compact which should be "negative instead of positive," that is, the different nations agreeing not to do certain objectionable things, in place of guaranteeing in a combination to see to it that the rest did not do them. And yet in spite of that principle which he declares he held as a principle, he wrote to President Wilson:

> "I am so earnestly in favor of the guaranty, which is the heart of the League of Nations, that I have endeavored to find a way to accomplish this and to remove the objections raised which seem to me today to jeopardize the whole plan."

Here is an illustration of an American citizen who was, on his own statements, made again and again, opposed to the diplomacy which had been the curse of Europe for centuries, employing it himself and resorting to its most servile and compromising habits in order to gain what he afterward said was the only hope of a final result. He is so much disturbed by his convictions in the matter of the guarantees and his direct contradiction of his own principles that he feels compelled to write the following "explanation" of his letter to Mr. Wilson:

> "It should be borne in mind in reading this letter that I had reached the conclusion that modification rather than abandonment of the guaranty was all that I could hope to accomplish, and that, as a matter of expediency, it seemed wise to indicate a sympathetic attitude toward the idea. For that reason I expressed myself as favorable to the guaranty and termed it 'the heart of the League of Nations,' a phrase which the President by his subsequent use of it considered to be a proper characterization."

IN OTHER words, "expediency" and not convictions ruled the day. That is, old-world diplomacy was exercised by Mr. Lansing and personal convictions were dismissed as of little account. That is, an American, who had serious principles and convictions, allowed old-world diplomacy to have the right of way, and he finally signed the treaty "without reservations," although he had opposed nearly every article. Mr. Lansing had plenty of mental and moral "reservations," but he did not let them get in the way of "expediency." And what is old-world diplomacy but the subterfuge of weak souls who would rather win a point by compromise than lose a battle where principles were greater than expediency, and right and justice had no right to be set aside for that so frequent boasted compromise by which it is said diplomatists so often distinguish themselves.

Is not the world getting tired of "compromises" which juggle with the truth? Of what use is it to hold to principles and to have convictions, if, finally, they are all set aside for the sake of expediency? Mr. Lansing's account of affairs at Paris is a confession of a soul that lost out in the fight between new-world ideals and the old-world diplomacy of surrender and compromise.

Young People's Topics for May 15

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

How to Enjoy One's Work

C. E. and B. Y. P. U. Eccl. 3 : 1–13, 5 : 16–20

THE only work that is enjoyable is the work that is conscientious and constructive, a work that makes us conscious that we are doing our part in progress and civilization; to realize that all honest work, no matter what it is or where, is worth while. We may be digging dirt in some reclamation project or adorning Cathedral walls with angel faces. We may be only a janitor contributing to the comforts of the tenants or the superintendent of the building responsible for every detail. We may be the hewers of wood and drawers of water in the army of toilers, or the generals and the captains.

It is not the kind of work that counts, but the quality; not the quantity of the production but the fidelity to the task that weighs. Work, high or low in the scale of being, is a joy when we recognize that every one should be in his place and that there is a place for every one. "Faithful over a few things we shall be rulers over many." Let us regard work as a Divine gift, part of the eternal plan, every pen-stroke, hammer-blow, needle-stitch, be it what it may, our share in the building of an efficient civilization and more comfortable existence. The true aristocrat is the man or woman who works.

Life in its highest sense is ministry, service, doing, creating, fashioning. Idleness is a sin, crime, tragedy, mistake. God is a worker. Jesus is a worker. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Find your work, do it faithfully. We like to do that which we do well. We do well that which we like to do. That which you can do well is your work and your joy.

"Toil and be glad! let industry inspire
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead."

Anniversary Day

E. L.

THERE are two ways in which this topic may be presented. The anniversary of the local chapter may be observed or the anniversary of the Epworth League itself may be the feature of the evening. For the sake of the League locally or at large no doubt the following brief sketch will be of value:

The Centennial Conference of American Methodism assembled in the Mount Vernon M. E. Church, Baltimore, Md., Wednesday morning, December 10, 1884. A paper was read by Rev. J. H. Vincent, having reference to forming young people's societies, to be known as "Oxford Leagues." The subject was referred to a special committee and it reported favorably stating the objects of such societies to be: Scripture study, cultivation of a nobler Christian character, the study of the Christian classics for literary culture, the devising of methods for doing good to others. Before this the Young People's Methodist Alliance had been in existence. Subsequently other young people's societies were formed and at a conference of representatives of the various organizations, held in Cleveland, May, 1889, these societies were all merged into what is now known as the Epworth League. Since then it has grown to be one of the greatest forums in the world

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 339

all demanded jury trials and some pessimistic statistician came forth with the statement that 8,000,000 citizens would have to be called in order to provide unprejudiced jurymen. Magistrates were requiring chemical analysis of all liquid evidence, and here again there was trouble, with the city's staff of chemists said to have enough work ahead for seven years.

Richard E. Enright, the Police commissioner, predicted that the days of the saloons still doing business were numbered, and expressed a belief that the city could be made bone-dry if additional men and funds were provided. He said the policemen were determined to enforce prohibition "even though the dry law is probably distasteful to most of them."

One step which was expected to do much toward killing the open saloon was the sending of warnings to the owners of property housing saloons as a preliminary to the issuance of liens against the properties to insure the payments of fines. The threat of having to pay the fine of a defaulting saloon keeper would tend to make every landlord of saloon property a potential enforcement agent.

DRYS WIN IN ONTARIO. The Canadian province of Ontario voted for bone-dry prohibition by a majority of about 200,000 out of 1,000,000 ballots cast, the cities going wet by small majorities and the rural districts overwhelmingly favoring prohibition. The province went dry in September, 1916, under a war measure which was lifted more than a year ago; and this referendum was the second which the drys have won by huge majorities in the last two years.

WASHINGTON RECOGNIZES ZAYAS ELECTION. The American State Department has issued a statement recognizing the election of Dr. Alfredo Zayas to the presidency of Cuba, and urging the Cuban people to accept the verdict at the polls as final.

MANY KILLED IN ITALIAN RIOTS. Many clashes between the extreme nationalists and the communists and socialists have occurred in the electioneering for the general elections in Italy now in progress; and in a single day, fourteen persons were killed and one hundred wounded in such riots in the province of Tuscany.

NEW TRINITY RECTOR CHOSEN. Rev. Samuel Smith Drury, rector of St. Paul's Preparatory School at Concord N. H., has been elected rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in New York City, to succeed Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, who became a bishop. Dr. Drury, who is forty-three years old, will receive a salary of $15,000.

DR. A. W. HALSEY DIES. Rev. Dr. A. Woodruff Halsey, since 1899 secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., died at his home in New York City at the age of sixty-eight.

SUPREME COURT UPHOLDS RENT LAWS. Legislative enactments designed to keep down rents in the state of New York and in the District of Columbia were upheld by the United States Supreme Court, by a majority of five to four, on the broad ground that in a case of public exigency the limitation of the rights of real property is justified.

A CONVERT TO DRY CAUSE. There was rejoicing in the lower house of the West Virginia legislature when J. A. Strother, for many years leader of the wet forces in the state, made public announcement of his intention to support prohibition.

NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY DEDICATES NEW HOME. The New York Bible Society, which was organized in 1809, has dedicated its new building at 5 East Forty-fifth Street with appropriate ceremonies.

Five Things

That science now urges for the teeth

Dental science urges that a tooth paste should have five distinct effects. A dentifrice has been created to meet all these requirements.

Millions of people now employ it, largely by dental advice. This is to urge that you try it—free—and watch the change it brings.

To remove film

One great object is to combat the film which causes most tooth troubles. You can feel it now—a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Brushing teeth in old ways does not end it. The most careful people have rarely escaped its attacks.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Two effective ways

Science has now found two effective ways to fight film. Convincing tests have proved them. Leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

These methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And other factors, now urged by authorities, are embodied with them.

Watch it for ten days

Each use of Pepsodent effectively combats this harmful film. Then it leaves the teeth so highly polished that film-coats can not easily adhere.

It also multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

These are natural aids to Nature. They might come through proper diet. But dental science now desires them in the toothpaste too.

Watch the benefits they bring. Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

When you see the results and read the reasons for them you will join the millions who are cleaning teeth in this way.

Cut out the coupon now.

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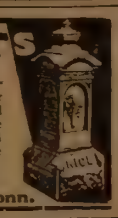

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Rev. J. W. Bovyer, whom Christian Herald readers will remember as superintendent of the orphanage they established at Chinkiang, touring the famine district in a Peking cart

China's President Sends Appeal

THE President of China, Hsu Shih-chang, has appealed to the American people for continued assistance for the famine sufferers in the following cable message which has been forwarded to the Christian Herald from Mr. S. K. Alfred Sze, Chinese Minister to the United States.

"The work of famine relief in the northern province since last year has consisted in the continual purchase and distribution of food, clothing, and farm seeds for spring sowing.

"The amount of contribution obtained by the Government Famine Relief Bureau and the National Relief Society has reached the sum of over $3,000,000, while different provincial governments and other charitable organizations have collected and spent $10,000,000. The above-mentioned sums do not include the proceeds realized from the loan of $4,000,000 secured by the surtax in imports, as well as the money handled by Chinese-Foreign Relief Committees. The number of famine-stricken sufferers is estimated 15,000,000. Contributions thus far received have been sufficient to take care, in some form, of all but about 5,000,000. These 5,000,000 still remain to be saved.

"The Provinces of Honan and Shantung, which have been blessed this spring with considerable snowfall, may count upon a good early crop. . . . In the Province of Chihli, there has been little rain and snow, and the prospect of a good crop is not bright. This is the time which is between sowing and harvest that relief is most urgent.

"China is looking now to the American people with whom she has the strongest ties of friendship to help her meet the crisis she faces in the next few weeks. America has already contributed much, for which China is very grateful, but if America can give more it is certain to be the means of saving thousands of lives.

"The Central Government is doing its best to meet the situation in spite of the present financial stringency."

THE next four weeks in the campaign for funds for the relief of starving China may be compared to the last lap of a grim race between swift, determined runners. The crisis in the relief situation has been reached, international and other funds having been practically exhausted by purchases of grain. It is now incumbent upon the Christian people of the world to provide the necessary means to insure the victory for life, instead of death, in the terrible contest involving five million helpless Chinese people.

To strengthen the powers of the forces of mercy and relief in China, the American Committee for China Famine Fund has designated the first eight days in May to be observed as "China Famine Week." In these eight days scores of activities by churches, business and social organizations, and individuals in every part of the country are centered on aid for China's starving millions. Sunday was set aside for special appeals from the pulpits of the churches, and in many cases special exercises by Sunday schools were arranged.

The most popular suggestion for the observance of the week is the "Pick a Pal in China" idea. During the entire special period of appeal men and women and children are asked to imagine that they have actual famine sufferers as guests; each taking the guests about and treating them as one treats oneself, to lunch, dinner, sodas, tickets to entertainments, and the like. Practically the scheme means the laying aside of the equivalent of the money that the man, woman or child spends, each time one makes an expenditure, and in the end the contribution of the total to the fund for Chinese relief.

"Send What You Spend to a Starving Friend" is to be the slogan for this particular phase of the week's activities, and many who may not find it possible to give the equivalent of all that they spend in a week, are to give the cost of one meal each day.

Another popular suggestion for a slogan was "Save the Last Five Million"—thus emphasizing the tremendous scope of the work still to be accomplished—and it is confidently predicted that the Christian people of America will respond to the appeal for personal sacrifice in order that lives may be saved.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the Christian Herald China Famine fund for the two weeks closed as this issue goes to press were $16,969.77, bringing the grand total up to $540,080.82.

Four mothers, guided by an attendant, leaving the hospital with their babies to receive their monthly allowance. The babies wear wadded garments provided by the Women's Famine Relief Society, Shanghai

Free Circulars for Investors.

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent. present prices, are featured in Circular No. 30. The net earnings available for interest charges in 1920 were five times the interest charges.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Kingdom of Belgium 20-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, redeemable at 107½ per cent., and yielding over 8 per cent. are described in Circular 34.

Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Details of Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 7 per cent. gold bonds, maturing May, 1931, at a price to yield over 7 per cent. are given in Circular 36.

Swift & Co. 5-year 7 per cent. notes, to yield over 7 per cent., are described in Circular 37.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6% First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for circular 38.

Record of Investments Chart—a simple chart for listing your securities which shows at a glance your monthly and annual income, together with necessary information on Federal Taxes—Ask for Circular 39.

Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving high average yield of 12¼%—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 42.

Barnsdall Corporation, 7 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold bonds to yield about 9 per cent. own and operate properties in 14 States. Total net assets 377 per cent. of this issue. Circular 40.

Circular 41 gives full information concerning a 7 per cent First and Refunding Mortgage Bond yielding about 8 per cent. 1920 earnings amounted to more than twice the annual interest charges on all underlying bonds including this issue.

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Business Lessons for 1921

By CHARLES H. SABIN*

President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York

WHEN 1921 was ushered in it is probable that every business man in the country heaved a sigh of relief because 1920 had ended. And yet that twelve-months, despite all the trials and tribulations they brought us, were rich in experience which should be capitalized in the current year and for many years to come. Today we feel assured that, although there are many readjustments yet to be made in the months and years to come, there is every reasonable assurance of a return to more normal business conditions, stabilized prices, easier money and larger business opportunities during the current year.

Surely 1920 impressed upon all of us the folly of extravagance in personal business and governmental affairs. During the year that has just passed we should have learned as never before the folly, and worse, of undermining the moral basis upon which modern business is founded through unjustifiable repudiation of contracts. We should have realized the folly and danger of inefficiency; of unsound and uneconomic taxation; of Government participation in essentially private business; of trying to substitute legislative enactments and administrative decrees for natural economic laws; of permitting raids upon the Treasury for the benefit of any special interests—and, above all, for the purpose of sustaining the prices of any commodities above their market level. When commodity prices are artificially supported every element of our population, including finally even the favored class that temporarily profits, is penalized through keeping taxes high and preventing a reduction in the high cost of living.

The experiences which 1920 afforded in public finances should have taught our legislators that a taxing system based on temporary and abnormal conditions cannot justly be continued when those conditions have passed. An excess profits tax, for instance, will be adequately productive only so long as there are sufficient excess profits to tax; otherwise it must inevitably and rightly fail. France is learning, if we are not, that a tax which is dependent largely on the continuance of high prices is unscientific, for rational attempts toward a resumption of normal conditions and lower prices automatically act as checks on revenues.

WHEN the war ceased, short-sighted men thought that the United States, with its great riches, would escape the effects of the awful destruction of life and industry and wealth in Europe, as they had unwisely believed we could stay out of the conflict, and might prosper indefinitely upon the urgent needs of the remainder of the world.

It is clear enough now that when two or three hundred million people are forced to reduce consumption and are unable to achieve more than a small percentage of customary production for a considerable period, the surplus products of the rest of the world, upon which Europe formerly relied for raw materials or food supplies, accumulate in warehouses or lie ungathered, while the commodities for which they are normally exchanged fail to move over the trade routes between the nations. Yet it has taken two long years to bring about a general appreciation of this fact, and many have even assumed that it could be ignored.

One of the chief tasks of this year should be to aid the restoration of Europe to normal production by using all our own great resources in finance and in initiative. Europe is for the most part courageously endeavoring to help herself—and that is her greatest asset, as well as our best guarantee. There are hopeful signs of recovery, particularly in England, France and Belgium, but until the terms of the German reparation are fixed and peace is made a reality there will be economic and social disturbance.

We, in America, should have the courage to meet the demands of after-war world conditions, if afflicted Europe is striving bravely to do so. We can far better afford as a nation to send our surplus cotton, grain, or other products to needy countries on long-term credits than to permit these commodities to lie unconsumed, while new crops are harvested and a new surplus of manufactured goods is forthcoming to depress prices still further in domestic markets.

THE credit expansion here since 1914 has occurred without destroying the essential safety and strength of the reserve position of our banks. Expansion of bank deposits and note circulation since 1914 is an outgrowth of an increased stock of gold and a more effective use of banks through the increasingly efficient use of the Federal Reserve System. The total resources of all banks of the United States on June 30, 1920, amounted to $53,000,000,000, not including Federal Reserve Banks, a figure that exceeds the combined bank asset of all other leading nations of the world.

The period of readjustment, through which we are now passing, has been marked by the most rapid and extensive decline in prices in our history. And measured by actual test under such conditions, which is the essential thing, our banking system has proved to be sound and not unduly expanded.

There are problems before us to which the banking community must give heed—which, indeed, demand serious consideration and co-operation. Every period of money strain and business depression brings forth a fresh crop of panaceas for the most part unsound, and usually vitally affecting banking practices and financial integrity. Against all such efforts we must be upon our guard.

This nation needs even more than stabilization of prices and economic conditions—a stabilization of mind. It is time for us to turn away from those false prophets who have inflicted their fallacious theories upon a suffering world, willing, in its misery, to try any alleged cure for economic and political ills. It is time for us to turn a deaf ear to pessimists and rumor-mongers.

The situation today demands, above all things, wise and courageous leadership, and behind it the intelligent co-operation of constructive forces. We believe that the political, social and economic system of this country has, on the whole, justified itself as more productive of human happiness and progress than any which the world has yet tried, in spite of the obvious limitations of human nature. To forsake the established order of democracy, economic sanity and private enterprise, to follow false gods into untried fields of experiment, would be suicidal folly, and right-minded, responsible men must be on their guard as never before to resist such efforts.

*From an address delivered at the annual dinner of Group Eight of the New York State Banker's Association.

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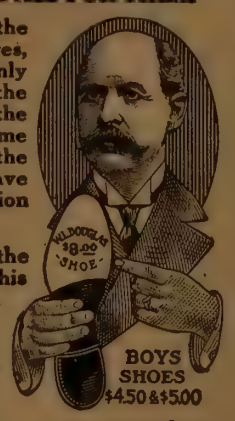

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Questions and Answers

"PERPLEXED," Delaware, Ohio: 1. Jesus Himself placed absolutely no limitations to the power of prayer. And if we study well the Master's advice in this regard, we will receive light to help us. Then we will not ask amiss. In praying, we ought always to be mindful of the fact that God's will, not ours, should govern our petition. What would you think of the wisdom of an earthly father who gave to his little child, just able to lisp its needs, all of its desires? Such foolish indulgence could only have one result—danger for the child. So our Father above, who knows what His children need, and who wants to supply them "with all things really needful," may be trusted to do better for us than we are capable of asking. We are privileged to carry our troubles to Him in prayer, but we need the faith to trust in His wisdom to do that for us which is best. "Not our will, but Thine be done," should be the spirit of every prayer we offer. Then the prayer that is offered by a faithful heart—the simple, earnest petition, leaving the decision in His hands—will be answered. Seeking first the things of the Kingdom—the spiritual blessings—we have the divine assurance that all the rest will be added unto us. 2. You ask how the evangelist knew in what words Jesus prayed in the Garden. Commentators agree that there could only be two ways of ex laining this: (a) either they had witnessed the agitated scene which Luke describes (chap. 22 : 41-44) and overheard His expressions of agony, or (b) Jesus had kept the three near to Himself and allowed them to share this most trying scene, in an intimate and sympathetic relationship granted to no one else.

Mr. Paul Philpin, of the Tract Society of Muskogee, Okla., writes concerning the movement for the widespread use of evangelistic signboards, in preparation for the next general revival, indications of which are already beginning to appear on the spiritual horizon. The plan is to use the same verse (Romans 10 : 9) all over this continent. The evangelistic signboard movement has already spread to twenty-five or thirty states.

A. L. W., Chicago. The title of the sermon is sensationally chosen, probably intentionally so, in order to attract an audience, yet it is not without authority. See "The foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men," I Cor. 1 : 25.

Rev. Ben Cox, Central Baptist Church, Memphis, writes that the Prayer League which started in that city in 1914, with just eight members, at its first meeting in the pastor's office, now numbers over 3,000 members.

J. P. Williams, of Brady, Tex., who wrote asking some one to send him a copy of the old hymn, "Oh sing to me of Heaven," has received some thirty answers, and more still coming. He asks the senders to accept thanks through the Mail-Bag for their kindness.

A preacher in a Long Island town, who is saddened by the slimness of the Sunday gatherings at the services in his little church, writes: "There is no end to the excuses people make for absenting themselves from Church on Sunday. One of the latest we have met comes in the form of substitutes for the living Word. It is argued that people may find a good helpful sermon in the Sunday paper, and fare just as well spiritually as those who attend the means of grace. This is surely one of Satan's delusions to empty the church and lessen its influence in the community. As a pastor who preaches three times each Sabbath, I feel keenly in the matter and I have wondered where our Churches would be if there were many who took to the form of living without the Church service. What of the prayers, the influence of fellowship; what of the warm handshake you may give to another; and what of the example to the weaker brother and the witness for Christ to an unbelieving world? I would like to ask any reading these lines who may have been so tempted: 'Do you pray and look up to God when you stay home, or do you not find that the enemy of souls artfully contrives so that by household duties, or the constant coming in and out of friends, your mind is never free to commune? There is one danger we are apt to overlook when we stay home on Sundays: it is that we make it possible for some to spend the day lightly in visiting. Think and ask what would Jesus do in such a case and think of Heb. 10 : 25."

There are doubtless thousands of other ministers who are passing through the same trying experience. They have our sincere sympathy. The condition of the Church today, while better than a year ago, is still a serious problem, but we believe that faith in God, prayer and earnest effort will go far toward winning back the indifferent. Such a church should pray for a real revival and prepare for it. We have sent his letter to the Prayer League.

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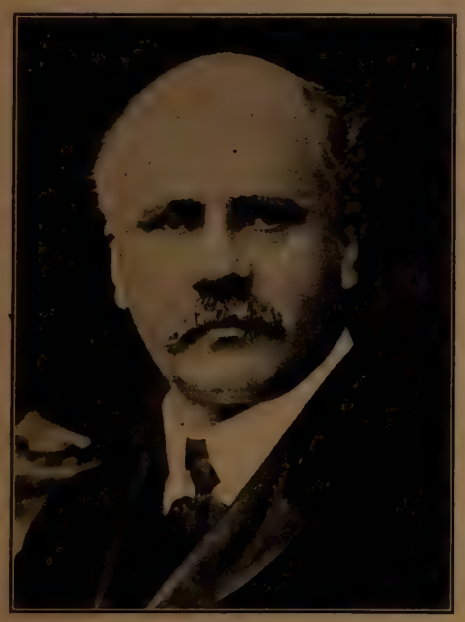

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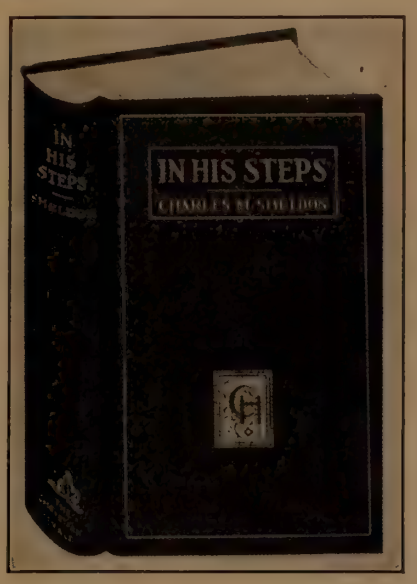

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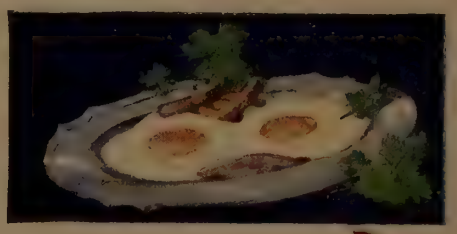

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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A Royal Funeral in Jerusalem

THE little gold-domed Russian Church of St. Mary the Magdalene in Jerusalem recently was the scene of a double funeral which tragically illustrated the tremendous changes which war and revolution have brought in Russia. One of those who found a last resting-place there, was the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, loved by the Russians as intensely as some others of the Romanoffs were hated, wife of the Grand Duke Sergius and a sister of the late Czarina of all the Russians; and the other was a Russian nun who died with the Grand Duchess at the hands of the Bolsheviki, rather than leave her.

The church, which stands on the Mount of Olives, just above the ground rendered holy to all Christians because of its general acceptance as the site of Gethsemane, was built by order of the mother of Grand Duke Sergius in the days when Russia's aristocracy was at the height of its glory; and the Grand Duke Sergius and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth were sent to Jerusalem to participate in the ceremonies of dedication. It was a splendid and joyous occasion, in vivid contrast to that when her body was returned there for burial after being transported across many thousands of miles of land and sea.

After the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius, his widow built a convent near Moscow and took refuge in it. Here she was found by the Bolsheviki in the spring of 1918, and finally was imprisoned at Alapaevsk, not far north of Ekaterinburg, where the Czar, the Czarina and their children were murdered. The nun had refused to seek safety by leaving the Grand Duchess, and with her and other Romanoffs was blindfolded and cast into a deep pit or mine, about the middle of July, 1918. The bodies of the Grand Duchess and of the nun were recovered by the forces of Admiral Kolchak and were sent to China, when defeats compelled the White armies to evacuate the territory.

From China the bodies of the Grand Duchess and the nun were sent to Cairo, Egypt, and thence by through train to Jerusalem, being accompanied on the last stage of the journey by the Marquis and March ioness of Milford Haven, the latter the sister of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth. The Marquis, until June, 1917, also the Prince of Battenberg, is a naturalized British subject and was First Sea Lord at the outbreak of war. The party was met at the railway station in Jerusalem by Lord Hay, aide de camp to the High Commissioner, and other distinguished officials of the government of Palestine; and the bodies of the Grand Duchess and her faithful nun were buried in the crypt below the church, with the Greek Patriarch and several Bishops officiating.

Photographs by American Colony, Jerusalem

"The Angel at the Tomb," painted by Verestchagin, one of the treasures of the Church of St. Mary the Magdalene.

Part of the interior of the Russian Church in Jerusalem, showing its elaborate decorations.

The Russian Church of St. Mary the Magdalene on the Mount of Olives, just above the generally accepted Gethsemane.

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GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER

The Church Facing the Future

What the War Has Taught the Country's Religious Leaders of the Problems Before Them in the Coming Years

By REV. WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN, D.D., L.L.D.

Chairman of the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook

WHILE we were still at war it became clear to those who were engaged in the war work of the churches that when peace came the Church would be faced with a number of problems no less insistent and no less perplexing than those which she had confronted in war, and that if she was to meet them adequately she must begin to prepare at once. The result was the appointment of the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook.

This committee was constituted on April 2, 1918, by the joint action of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and of the General War-Time Commission of the Churches. Its purpose, as defined at the time of its appointment, was "to consider the state of religion as revealed or affected by the war with special reference to the duty and opportunity of the churches and to prepare its findings for submission to the churches." Originally consisting of nine members it has added to its number until its present membership consists of twenty-eight, representing nine different churches, as well as the two Christian associations. In addition a large number of other persons, more than one hundred in all, have served on its sub-committee, and to a still larger number it is indebted for active assistance and fruitful suggestions.

The committee was financed co-operatively by a fund of $20,000 provided by the Interchurch Emergency Campaign as part of a larger fund which it raised on behalf of the co-operating churches for the work of the General War-Time Commission of the Church and its affiliated commissions. In this campaign fourteen different churches united, a precedent which we all hope may be followed on a larger scale in connection with the proposed plans of the Federal Council.

IN PLANNING the work of the committee it speedily became clear that there were three different matters which required attention: first of all, the facts with which the church must reckon; secondly, the problems which confront her; and thirdly, the method to be followed in their solution.

In assembling the facts on which the Church must reckon, we began by studying the attitude toward religion and the Church of the young men who made up our army. These men, taken indiscriminately from all parts of the country by the military draft, constituted a cross-section of our American manhood. It seemed to us, therefore, that their opinions as to the Christian religion would give us an interesting sidelight as to what young men in general are thinking about religion and so as to the nature of the constituency with whom the Church must deal.

We realize that it would be misleading without further qualification to take the experience of these young men as typical of the country at large. The conditions under which they were living were abnormal, and what was true of them then would not necessarily have been true, or at least equally true, under other conditions. And, even if it were true, it would need to be supplemented by the experience of other groups, such as the women and that large body of men of different ages who remained at home and carried on their own work. Nevertheless we believe that the experience of these young men has much to teach us about the religion of the average American.

There is just one point in connection with the religion of these young men to which I desire to call special attention, and that is this—that the great body of truths which center about the central conception of our Lord's teaching, namely, the Kingdom of God, were conspicuous by their absence. The religion which the report describes is a purely individualistic affair. The attempt to apply religion to our relations with our fellow men which commonly goes by the name of the social gospel is not anywhere in evidence. I will not say (God forbid that I should say) that the ideal of unselfish social service was not present in the life of these young men, but I can say with confidence that it was not associated in their minds with that for which the Church of Jesus Christ stands. Here surely is a situation which needs the earnest consideration not only of every minister, but particularly of those who are shaping the program of the Church's religious education.

BUT no attempt to estimate the present state of religion can be complete which is confined to our own country. So we enlarged our survey to include the state of religion the round world over as it comes back to us through the reports of our missionaries. And here we found this notable fact, that when you take Christianity out to China, or Japan, or India, or the ends of the earth, and bring it to men who have never touched it before, the contrast between individual and social Christianity which we so often lament at home disappears. For the individual Gospel reacts on the social environment, and forces into the foreground of Christian thought and interest the whole group of social and economic questions which are so much in evidence in the world today.

This contrast between our home Christianity and the Christianity of the foreign field appears nowhere more clearly than in connection with the League of Nations. Here in this country we may discuss whether or no we shall go into a League of Nations. But among our missionaries as they face the great questions with which their ministry to men of other nationality confronts them, you find no such difference of opinion. They are clear that if Christianity is ever to be realized at all in its world-wide sweep and range, we must have an association of nations for mutual helpfulness and service, and they point out that the right way to approach that difficult and important question, the way that will go further than any other in bringing the peoples together into friendly association for mutual understanding and world peace is to cultivate within each country, as well as in the lives of its individual citizens, those habits of unselfish service and mutual trust which Christianity alone is able to bring to pass.

FROM this general survey of the facts I pass next to the problems which they suggest. There are three groups of problems which emerge, the gravity and significance of which it is difficult to exaggerate. There are first of all the problems which have to do with the relation between class and class; secondly, the problems which have to do with the relation between race and race; and thirdly, the problems which have to do with the relation between nation and nation. These are problems which made demands not only upon the conscience and the will, but upon the mind. They can be solved only by a careful analysis of the facts which will make clear the distinction between those disputed matters as to which men equally honest may differ and those essential questions of principle on which all Christians must stand together.

To take but a single illustration, there is the great question which has been so heatedly debated on our own Western coast as to Japanese immigration. This is a question which is inherently difficult. It presents many aspects on which men of equal honesty and good-will may differ. But the peril of the situation lies in the fact that the spirit in which these questions are approached has often been such as to contradict the central and fundamental assumption of Christianity, namely, that of the brotherhood of man.

I was listening recently to an address by an eminent American who had recently returned from Japan and had made a careful study of the Japanese question, and he expressed his conviction that there was no single point at issue between Japan and the United States which could not be dealt with in such a way as to safeguard all the interests which our friends in California regard as important, provided it was approached in the spirit of courtesy. Here the Christian Church has a plain and obvious duty, namely, to safeguard those central Christian convictions growing out of our faith in the brotherhood of man which afford the only basis on which any discussion of the questions of race, otherwise so baffling and perplexing, can be approached with any hope of success.

What is true of the relations between race and race is equally true of the relations between nation and nation. When, for example, we take up this matter of a League of Nations we find many points on which men equally honest may differ. But here again the difficulty is that these honest differences of opinion are used as a cloak for the preaching of a gospel of national selfishness and indifference against which as Christians we must protest with every power that is in us. We are disciples of the Christ who came to unite nations as well as individuals, and who in His own person transcending all difference of race or class gave reality and definiteness to that vision of the Prophet of old of a day when the ancient enemies, Egypt, Assyria and Israel, should all together be recognized as sons of God and fellow-members of His family.

IT WAS not possible for our committee to consider all these different problems with the attention which they deserved. We therefore picked out one subject for special study as an object-lesson of the way in which we believe all such questions should be approached. We chose the subject which of all others comes closest home to us in this country, and that is the subject of the attitude of the Church to the problem of industrial reconstruction. We undertook to study this question not as economists or social reformers, but as Christians.

For our point of departure we chose the plain teaching of Jesus concerning the sacredness of personality, the fact of brotherhood and the law of service, and we asked ourselves what these principles mean for the life of man today in the complex economic and industrial relationships into which our modern life plunges him. We asked ourselves what these Christian principles mean for men in the definite spheres in which they find themselves, as employers, as employees, as consumers, as investors, as citizens, and we asked ourselves finally what the Church can do in its organized capacity to make these principles effective in its own life and in the lives of the people it influences. For we were persuaded that unless the special duties which we face in these differing relationships are approached in the spirit of comradeship which Christian faith makes possible, there can be no hope for our civilization.

From this analysis of problems we were brought finally to the last of our three questions, namely, the question of the method by which these problems are finally to be solved, and that method can be summed up in a single word—through a teaching Church. And when I say a *teaching* Church, it must not be thought that I minimize the importance of that other primary duty of the Church, the duty of direct appeal

FROM a general survey of the problems of the Church these three stand out as of most importance, according to Dr. Brown:

1. Those which have to do with the relation between class and class.
2. Those which have to do with the relation between race and race.
3. Those which have to do with the relation between nation and nation.

How they can be solved is discussed in this very important contribution to the religious thought of the day.

to individuals for personal commitment to Jesus Christ. Evangelism and education—so often falsely contrasted—are in reality only two aspects of the same thing. A Church that deserves the name must be evangelistic. It is a body of men committed by their allegiance to Jesus Christ, to His program of winning the world and every man in it to the obedience of the Gospel. Education is simply a tool put into our hands by God by which the work of evangelism may be more successfully performed.

What, I repeat, is evangelism? It is the appeal of the whole Gospel to the whole man in such a form as to lead to its acceptance by the conscience and the will. And what is education but such a method of bringing the mind into contact with the truth that when the evangelist's appeal comes to the will it will be heard and answered. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." The great task before the Church today—the task to the study of which our fourth report is devoted—is to find ways and means through which this contact may be made, and our agencies of religious education be so correlated and enlarged that the Church shall be adequately equipped for its great task of Christianizing the world.

BUT that the Church may be able thus unitedly to meet the problems of race, of nation and of class, it must be a united Church. And so in our last report we have tried to study this great movement toward Christian unity in the midst of which we find ourselves. Many different studies have been made of different aspects of the movement as they affect the local community, the administrative agencies of the Church and the denominations themselves, but this is the first attempt, so far as I know, to study the movement as a whole in all its different aspects and to analyze the questions which are at stake in the rival solutions which are proposed. Even to indicate the conclusions to which our study seems to point would be impossible within the brief limits at my disposal, but this I can say with confidence—that the movement toward Christian union is an irresistible movement which is carrying us on with a certainty like that of the tide toward the goal which God has set.

If there is one final word in which I may gather up the outcome of our joint studies concerning the Church as it faces the future it is this: we must move forward not primarily in the spirit of an "either-or" but in the spirit of a "both-and." Not the individual or the social gospel, but the Christianized individual serving a Christianized society; not evangelism or education, but the whole man, thought as well as feeling and will, brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ; not federation or union, but an inward spiritual unity.

Let us then study all the facts with an open mind that we may consecrate ourselves unreservedly to the task to which the facts when known shall point. Let us join with all men of good-will in prayer for the time when the Church and when all mankind shall be one, but in the meantime, let us determine here and now to embrace together our present opportunities and to perform our unmistakable duties.

A Boy Who Learned His Catechism

By GEORGE L. MOORE

IF ALL the boys who have learned the Catechism by heart could be assembled in one place they would make the hosts of Midian look as thin and scattered as a negro camp-meeting during a thunderstorm.

If all the boys who have carried the Catechism with them through life could be assembled in another place they would make a Corporal's Guard seem like the noon crowd at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. Sebastian Kresge would be one, and maybe all of them.

> WE HAVE in preparation now a series of short articles telling what religion means to a large number of the most important American business men. More and more these men are feeling the need of a national religious awakening, as the articles will show. They will inspire you and delight you. Certainly business and religion can mix, contrary to the loudly expressed opinions of some men who would prefer not to be hedged about in their "practical life" by too many moral or ethical restrictions.

The Kresges of Balt Mount, Lackawanna county, Pennsylvania believed in the Catechism and believed hard enough and thoroughly enough to ground every member of the family in it. Sebastian not only learned it by heart; he learned it by head and by will.

Being versed in catechetical lore might not of itself bring success. But there is a solid, fine old granitic something about the document which is a sort of cement and rock foundation for a life. And there is vitality in it which is communicable to a business purpose and may play an unseen but vital part in building character. Sebastian S. Kresge has constructed a business success, and he has built a Christian character. The two, in his career have been knit closely together.

After attending country school, Fairview academy and a polytechnic institute, teaching school for $22 a month while at the last institution, he was still on friendly enough terms with Work to labor as a farm hand for his parents in the summer and clerk in a grocery store in the winter. He never has tried to get by with a minimum of labor.

"Mr. Kresge's success is based on industry," said a man who knows him. "He has not advanced by spasms but by steady effort."

THAT effort has gone into almost as many varied tasks as there are varieties of goods in a Kresge "Five and Ten." He led Monroe county, Pennsylvania, in bee culture for five years; he took a commercial course in a business college; he was employed in the wholesale produce business; he sold industrial insurance; canvassed, selling house furnishings; kept books for a hardware store; had a half interest in a bakery, and traveled as tinware salesman in the North Central and New England states. There were many varieties of activity, but one purpose, which was to save enough money to enter business for himself. He got together $8,000 in those twelve years.

Mr. Kresge's entry into the five-and-ten-cent-store business was when that "line" was young, and his first part in it was modest. He opened two stores, with J. G. McCrorey, one in Memphis and one in Detroit. He managed the Memphis establishment, but sold his interest in it and became sole owner of the one in Detroit. Its business waxed and waxed. A factor in the success was the introduction of a merit system for promoting employees, which was Mr. Kresge's creation, as was also a plan for co-operation between manager and buyer. The business was extended to other cities later and has been growing like Jack's beanstalk ever since. Now, there are over 150 Kresge stores throughout the country.

The Kresge building in Detroit is a monument to the steady work of a boy who learned his catechism. The Kresge home on Boston Boulevard is one of the most beautiful in Detroit. Mr. Kresge himself is a man of almost austere simplicity. He is quiet and modest, consenting with reluctance to speak in public.

Sebastian S. Kresge

PERSONAL religion is a real part of Mr. Kresge's life. As for church attendance, he belongs to that diminishing race of "Twicers" who are in their pew morning and evening. He also attends the devotional service during the week and serves faithfully on the official board. In the Methodist Centenary he had a large share. The movement had a personal commemorative significance for him, inasmuch as his grandmother was 100 years old in September, 1919.

When Prohibition was a sort of minority protest, Sebastian Kresge wasn't afraid to be closely identified with it. He has never listened to the voices which whine that "prohibition will hurt business." It hasn't hurt his and if it had, he isn't the sort of Christian who would have hedged or hemmed and hawed. In the campaign for a dry Michigan, Mr. Kresge was one of the active figures, and in the national prohibition campaign he has been conspicuous.

Moreover, he is now in the fight to stay to the finish.

"The fight isn't won now," warns Mr. Kresge. "We have the 18th amendment as a part of the Constitution, but it is the duty of every citizen to stand by its enforcement. The law must be upheld to the limit, or we are not victors."

Lycanthropy

By J. J. COOKSEY

THE wolf men who wandered in masses through southern Germany, and parts of Italy in the dark ages, were the terror of Europe. They were humans, who by a process of degradation, and mass hypnotism, displayed the predatory instincts and ravenous ferocity of the wolf. And not alone that of the wolf; but others were visibly possessed with the bestial natures of the lion and the tiger; but in the main, the wolf predominated, and the term lycanthropy covered these divers manifestations.

Europe has changed since then; and it is the opinion of her savants that animal possession has ceased to exist. This is not wholly correct, however, because I was once permitted to attend a séance—and only once—in an Arab mosque, in which I witnessed an extreme manifestation of animal possession.

Among the native friends I made in the town of Gabès, in southern Tunis, was an old, white-bearded Moslem. In ordinary life he was as gentle as a child; frequently drank my tea, and gave me many a lesson on the correct pronunciation of Arabic gutturals, which was one of his pet studies. He was a member of the sect of the Aisawia. When he attended the ordinary séances he became quite changed; his gentle docility giving place to a fierce bestiality. Becoming very violent on one occasion, he was locked for several weeks in a room near the market-place; but being released on the occasion of a Moslem festival, I saw him devour about a third of a huge serpent, some seven feet in length.

In one of his sober moments, he invited me to accompany him to a certain mosque, where at about four o'clock on a sunny Friday afternoon, I met him and was conducted to a place of honor near the presiding sheik. The mosque was a moderate size, and there were present perhaps two hundred persons—all men. The roof of the building was partly open to the sky, and crowded around the coping of the walls were some forty women and young girls, who by their shrill cries and shouts of admiration, encouraged the men below.

The first hour of the séance followed the usual Aisawia course; first of mass hypnotism; followed by the eating of scorpions and snakes; the swallowing of broken glass and nails; and nearly nude men hurling their bare bodies upon the thorny spikes of large branches of the prickly cactus. The second part of this séance, however, is what I have set out to describe, and which cannot fail to be of interest to students of psychology, as well as to students of missions.

In the midst of the orgy there appeared to pass over the hypnotized mass a sudden pause. A quietness of a few moments ended the din. It was as though the breath of another spirit passed through the place. And then I was startled to hear a sound I had often heard before—that of a camel, when forced to kneel for a load; throatily grumbling his guttural disgust. I looked about to discover his whereabouts, puzzled as to why a camel had been admitted to a mosque, when nearer to me came a roar as of an angry lion and there in front of me, a man was crouching as a lion ready for a spring. The transformation then became general. To the roar of the lion, and the tiger's note, was added the bellowing of bulls, the bark of the dog, and the howl of the wolf, until the place became a zoological garden of mad humans.

The pandemonium of conflicting animal sounds, emanating from beings who for the time appeared to have lost all the attributes of humanity cannot possibly be described.

I certainly should have made an effort to get away, but I knew I was tolerably safe—though the only European present—for among the crowd were many to whom I was well known, and several whom I counted as friends. So I remained until the end of the second part of the séance, which lasted about an hour.

It must not be supposed that what I have described is normal to the religion of Islam. Were it so, it would be comparatively easy to attack and confound such unmixed evil. But while Islam produces the lowest, it also produces attempts toward the highest.

The survival in it of occasional exhibitions of lycanthropy lays bare its unregenerate spirit, and vividly marks the absence in it of Him, who came "To seek and to save that which was lost."

A Race to Be Palestine's Gateway

Jaffa and Haifa Engage in Chamber of Commerce War for Supremacy as Port

By ARTHUR PAUL

WHAT city will become the new harbor of the new Palestine, modern counterpart of ancient Tyre, and serve as the outlet for the vast industrial and agricultural production that will result from the elaborate reconstruction program soon to be launched in Palestine?

Will it be ancient Jaffa, more modern Haifa, or a new city along the extensive Palestine coast-line, where experts determine is the most favorable location for the big port that will handle the large volume of business following the political and economic restoration of Palestine?

A regular Chamber of Commerce war has developed between Jaffa and Haifa in the race to land the modern harbor and with it the opportunity to become the leading city of the entire Near East, Neithen.

That Palestine is not entirely the old-fashioned lagging land, which is the general opinion of it, but that it is being rapidly modernized through active commercial enterprise, is shown by the spirited bidding of Jaffa and Haifa for the port, for which plans already have been projected by the Zionist Organization of America, through its Society of Engineers, by the British Government, French engineers and private individuals in Palestine.

Each city organized a Chamber of Commerce last summer, the principal work of which was to convince the various organizations interested that it was the logical city to become the gateway of Palestine and its vast fertile hinterland, including the rich plains of Mesopotamia.

So far Haifa has somewhat of an advantage over its more ancient rival. A recent cable message from London reported that the British Government was planning harbor improvements at Haifa costing $5,000,000, while another London report stated that the Anglo-Persian Oil Company is to use Haifa as the terminus of a pipe-line between 350 and 400 miles in length, to give it a direct Mediterranean outlet for its products.

Another boost for Haifa has resulted from the organization of a water farm and school for fishermen at Tantura near Haifa, on land and in buildings donated by Baron James de Rothschild, which will make Haifa the center of the comparatively new fishing industry in Palestine. The fishing industry has never been developed there, but already a commission is at work to make the most out of an industry which has great possibilities because of Palestine's extensive coast line.

© International

The waterfront at Jaffa, ancient port of the Holy Land, always is picturesque and colorful, though it leaves much to be desired in the way of modern facilities. Passengers and freight must be transferred from the steamships to small boats in order to reach the shore

THE rivalry between Jaffa and Haifa over the harbor assumes a timely importance because the construction of an adequate port will be the first big job to be tackled in the reconstruction program to be carried out by the Zionist organization of America through its $10,000,000 restoration campaign.

Plans drawn up by engineering experts of the Zionist Society of Engineers call for an initial expenditure of $4,250,000, with which to build sea-walls, jetties, piers, etc., the fundamental requirements of a harbor, to be followed in time by the construction of open piers, quays, a lighthouse and dry dock.

In connection with the harbor construction, the society plans to connect the port with all parts of Palestine, through a network of railroad lines, and to develop a stone quarry with which to provide materials for harbor improvements. Their plans call for an appropriation of $10,000,000 to establish a merchant marine to provide adequate shipping facilities to hanlde Palestine's increased commercial development.

Both Jaffa and Haifa are ignored by harbor plans proposed by S. Jabniolli, well-known public figure in Palestine, who in his development projects declares that the first step is in the creation of a national economic center in the south of Palestine by the construction of a new city on the sea-coast with a harbor.

"This new town must be connected by a new railroad line with Eastern Palestine, Jerusalem and the Dead Sea and this new railroad line should further extend from Jericho to Tiberias and Upper Galilee," he explained. "Branch lines and motor and wagon services should connect the new harbor with all of Southern Palestine."

Jabniolli plans to increase the importance of the harbor by irrigating the land behind it, stimulating cattle breeding, poultry and bee-keeping, agricultural cultivation, and afforestation, and by the creation of bathing and health resorts along the Dead Sea, utilizing its medical springs.

The Jaffa Chamber of Commerce, as one of the opening broadsides in its campaign, gives the following reasons why it should land the harbor:

"Jaffa lies almost in the middle of the Palestine coastline, while Haifa is situated in the north. Thus goods can be better distributed from and collected at Jaffa. Moreover the output of the hinterland of Haifa is unimportant as compared with that of Jaffa. The harbor of Haifa was to a very great extent up to now fed by grain from the Hauran, but supposing a tariff wall is established in Syria, what will then happen to Haifa? On the other hand the mineral wealth of the region of the Dead Sea and the Jordan valley is very great and here again it is Jaffa, not Haifa, through which the manufactured commodities and minerals will be expected."

After pointing out that Jaffa exceeded Haifa in imports and exports before the war, the Jaffa Chamber of Commerce declares that another consideration which should bring the harbor to Jaffa is the fact that practically all tourists pass through Jaffa and that the number of tourists will reach 250,000 annually.

THE Department of Trade and Industry of the Zionist Organization declares that the foregoing views are one-sided and mentions the fact that Haifa is the terminus of the Hedjaz railroad and the gateway of the fertile valley of the Esdraelon, and that it possesses a natural first-class harbor, while an artificial harbor will have to be built at Jaffa.

Engineering experts who have surveyed the possibilities of a harbor along the Palestine coast are inclined to favor Haifa. By dredging the bay, which is ten miles long and three miles wide, experts point out that vessels of 30-foot draft could be accommodated at a pier there and vessels of greater draft out in the bay, which would take care of any vessels now plying the Eastern Mediterranean.

There is ample room between the slopes of Mount Carmel and the sea for railroad sidings, custom sheds, grain elevators, docks and all other equipment of a great port. With an expenditure of $10,000,000 it is believed that a long breakwater could be built to break up the troublesome southwest seas.

Haifa is not only the logical outlet for Palestine, but also for Damascus, the great granary of the Hauran and the future port of Mesopotamia. Foreign trade experts claim it can be made not only the front door of Palestine, but of the entire Near East.

The two principal railroad lines of Palestine now converge on Haifa. They are the line from Gaza, now joined to Egypt by a British army railroad, and the line from Damascus which rounds the southern end of Galilee and crosses Palestine in a due west line.

European capitalists believe that Damascus is capable of great commercial development if given an adequate port, such as Haifa could be made to provide. Beirut, its present outlet, is connected with Damascus by a narrow gauge railroad, the capacity of which is too limited to permit of great development of Damascus. The railroad from Haifa to Damascus can be made to handle any amount of freight and deliver it to the docks in Haifa 10 hours after it leaves Damascus.

IF a railroad line is built across the Syrian desert from Kut-El-Amara to join the Damascus-Haifa line below Damascus, Haifa will become the greater outlet for fertile Mesopotamia, it is pointed out. Plans calling for this emphasize that the construction of this connecting line offers no engineering difficulties.

The plain of Esdraelon, one of the most fertile sections in all Palestine, is Haifa's hinterland. Its development will also make Haifa the center of the richest agricultural district in Palestine.

In case Haifa is selected for the harbor site, the big jump in its population from 20,000 could be accommodated up and down the bay and along the slopes of Mount Carmel.

Thousands of Jews in the Far East are anxiously waiting for the opening of Palestine, so that they may make their homes there, according to Samuel Mason, Jewish Relief Commissioner to Siberia. Mr. Mason says the intense desire to emigrate to Palestine is not due to propaganda, but it is an expression of deeply ingrained Jewish sentiment. He reports that Zionist aspirations have been endorsed by the Governments of China, Japan and Siberia, and that the Zionist organization has been allowed to assist Jewish prisoners of war in Siberian prison camps. He adds:

"The Jewish people in these countries are roughly divided into five classes—investors, traders, farmers, laborers and idealists. The traders are largely men with wide export and business experience which they propose to utilize in Palestine.

"The farmers want to convert their Russian currency into agricultural implements as soon as they know that land is available for them. The laborers are willing to do any kind of work. The idealists want to dedicate their services to the country in any capacity.

"The investors are usually elderly persons whose faith in the future of Palestine is firm, and who are willing to stake their capital on any development approved by the Zionist Organization."

In America also the Zionists are very active and the funds which they are raising for Jewish colonization in the Holy Land will be an important factor in the effort to restore Palestine to a position of prosperity and power.

Age in the Pulpit

At What Year Does the Minister's Value to His Parish Begin to Decline and What Are the Relative Advantages of Youth?

(Based on Letters)

By A MINISTER

I REMEMBER when I was a boy, the benign, lovable sixty-five-year old pastor of one of our three small town churches. He was the "marrying" and "burying" parson for the entire western part of the county. He was the friend of every girl, and the confidant of every boy; the fishing companion of all the men, and, in general, the best-loved person in the community. His congregations were as varied as the character of the population and, while many of his friends were, frankly, uninterested in the Church and what the Church stood for, they were constant in attendance at services because they "wanted to encourage the preacher."

That was a pseudo-cynical pose, however; they really went to his church because they enjoyed the sermons, they drew vastly to their own good from the sincerity and unselfishness of the pastor, and the spirit of Christ that filled the meeting-place when the preacher got into the pulpit.

I remember one man, frowned on as the town atheist, who went out of his way every Monday to hand a dollar to the pastor, in constant apology for his absence from the congregation the preceding day, but actually for the smile and the handshake and the word of appreciation that would be sure to accompany his contribution—and I can testify to the benevolent influence that surrounded this man the whole day after his meeting with the clergyman.

But the pastor was sixty-five. His hair and his beard were white and his broad shoulders were slightly stooped. More than once he was seen to nod in his chair during the singing of the anthem.

So it was that our group of boys, on the way to school one morning, learned that Doctor S.—— had been succeeded by a young man, fresh from a big theological school, and that the pulpit on the next Sunday would be filled by youth, energy and a new aspiration and—had we but known—a new theology. Of course, the auditorium was filled to greet the successor. The town weighed him and solemnly shook its head. The next week there was an occasional empty seat. The week following the empty spaces were more pronounced. There is no denying the young minister's brilliancy of mind, his earnestness and his love for his calling, but he lacked personality when contrasted with the man whose place he had taken. In a word, he was found wanting. He made a brave fight for six months or so, but, discouraged and broken in spirit, he asked to be relieved of his duties.

So, Dr. S.—— came back to his own.

HERE is just one little incident out of an experience that has come to all too many ministers, who have found gray hair and halting step growing with their years. It is, of course, one of the tragedies of life, no less in other callings than in the ministers', that "youth must be served," but the case of Dr. S.—— shows that not always will youth be served well by climbing with its energies and ambitions over the shoulders of age and experience. The contrast is not to the favor of youth.

So one of the most difficult questions before the Church today is what shall be done with the aged minister. A writer in a well-known monthly publication seriously, though somewhat facetiously, asks this question: "Shall we chloroform our old preachers?" In answer to that, a minister in Virginia, who has had his own severe race with the more youthful men in the Church, says:

> It is particularly unfortunate that in these modern times a man's usefulness and efficiency should be measured by the number of years he has lived. An eminent physician in New York City was recently asked: When is a man old? His reply was, When his blood pressure reaches 150. At what age he reaches that blood pressure depends upon his habits of life. Some men are old at fifty while others are young at seventy-five. There is no justice or fairplay in ranking people by the number of their years. People ought to be judged old or young by their mental condition, their attitude toward life, by their sprightly or inane thought. If they face toward youth and optimism, if they are hopeful and buoyant and cheerful and enthusiastic, they ought to be classed among the young, no matter what their years may be. Give our elders a chance. Surely experience and other qualifications ought to count for something in the equation. No man of energy and mental capacity and self-respect wants to be shelved or made a dependent. Why should our elders be shoved aside to make room for the younger and less experienced ministers of the Gospel? Suppose this course had been pursued in the case of such of our leaders as Barnet Grimsley and J. L. Burrows and J. B. Jeter and Wm. E. Hatcher, and Thos. S. Dunaway and J. B. Hawthorne and scores of others.
>
> Said an active and brainy man of seventy-five years recently: For forty years I was a bread-winner, and during that time I had filled positions of trust that required intellect and capacity and honesty and can say without boasting that I always gave satisfaction until my hair became gray and my face slightly wrinkled. Since that time, which is sure to come to every one who lives long enough, I have lost my position and sought work in vain. My eye is not dim nor my natural force abated, yet invariably in offering my services, I have been told, either kindly, or rudely that my age makes me ineligible, This man and his family must either starve or become dependents. I repeat with added emphasis, give our elders a square deal that their way instead of being a Via Dolorosa may be the way of hope and cheerfulness and usefulness and efficiency.

This minister, early in April, became a member of the Christian Herald Prayer League. At the time he wrote:

> I am glad to become a member of your Prayer League and will join with all who are connected with it in prayer for all the causes mentioned in the Christian Herald. I am a firm believer in prayer, and would ask in my own behalf the petitions of all, that the Lord would direct me to a useful and successful field of labor. I have been pastor of several country churches down here in Virginia, and the Lord has greatly blessed my labors, but as the churches were anxious to secure the services of a young man (I am in my sixty-eighth year) I resigned and have since found it very hard to get a call to another field on account of my age, although I am in good health and as capable of efficient service as ever in my ministry of about forty years, as pastor of various Baptist churches in Kentucky, Montana, Colorado, Nebraska, Maryland, and Virginia. I really think that experience and other qualifications ought to count for something in the equation. I earnestly solicit prayer that I may serve the Lord with all my powers of mind and body and soul in some settled field of labor.

TO WHICH Mr. A. C. Baker, secretary of the Prayer League, replied:

> I am in receipt of your favor of the 10th, which I have read carefully, and which has roused my deep sympathy. I can not understand this craze for the young men, particularly in fields where old men's counsel and ripe experience are more advantageous than those of men under forty. I do not look upon you as an old man, even though you say you are sixty-eight. No man is old, no matter what his age, who is physically and mentally alert, and you seem to be both. I wish I could do something practical, in the way of helping you secure a new charge. Of course I can do something, and perhaps it is the best that any one can do, and that is to pray for your material as well as your spiritual welfare, and in this the mission and its congregation will join me, at the next eight services.
>
> Our pastor and president, the Rev. John G. Hallimond, D.D., is a man just your age, and instead of our looking upon him as old and wanting to get a younger man, we are praying that he be preserved to us for many years, for the reason that he is an inspiration to us all, and the guiding hand of this mission. He is 90 per cent. of its initiative and efficiency. It does seem so silly that people should look upon you in the light they evidently do.
>
> I had hoped that the war would alter things in that respect, because when the young men became scarce we turned to old men in all lines of work, and we found that they were efficient, and what they lacked in speed, they made up in steadiness.
>
> So you see where I stand in regard to you—my blessings go to you and with you, and may God reward you, in the near future, with a charge in which you can be a blessing and an inspiration to all with whom you come in contact.

A fourth letter completes the correspondence to date:

> Your very kind letter is received and read with appreciative interest. I am hoping that the Lord will answer the united prayers of the League in my behalf as well as of others who have made known their requests. It is a comfort to know that we can, though separated by long distances, join in our petitions to the Throne of Grace in behalf of these several and worthy cases.
>
> I do not remember that I mentioned to you that I was ordained to the Gospel ministry at the Hampden Baptist Church in Baltimoré, July 4, 1877, and have been continuously in the pastorate (in several states) until November of last year, when I offered my resignation here to give place to a young man who has not yet finished his course of study at college. Since then, with the assistance of friends, I have sought in vain to reenter the pastorate. Blessings upon the work of the Bowery Mission.

This brings to mind two questions: "At what age does a minister's usefulness end?" and "Which would be preferred in charge of a parish—the young man with fire and energy and the knowledge of life that is, more or less, confined to the text-book, or the man of age and experience whose knowledge of life comes from having lived it?"

It is an interesting question and one that the readers of the Christian Herald are invited to write to us about,

Breaking Faith

A Promise That Isn't Worth the Keeping Isn't Worth the Making

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN I was calling on Mrs. Smith, last Tuesday, her little boy came into the room with a large picture-book in his hand. He is a dear little boy, almost six years old, and he loves his books, with their fascinating stories and their bright illustrations. After he had greeted me in his almost formal, old-fashioned way, he went over to his mother's side and leaned against her knee. It was quite obvious that he wanted something. And, when she had finished what she was saying at the moment, Mrs. Smith drew him close and looked down into his sober little face.

"What is it, sonny," she questioned gently, "did you want to speak to mother?"

The little boy raised his wide eyes to her face.

"When the lady goes," he said, "an' it's my bed-time, will you come into my room and read me a story?"

Mrs. Smith looked at me, with laughing eyes, over her child's head.

"My son," she said, "isn't suggesting that you go home—it's only his own way of talking!"

The little boy, his question unanswered, was tugging at her sleeve.

"Mother," he asked again, "Mother! *When it's my bed-time will you read me a story?*"

Mrs. Smith's pretty face was vaguely perplexed as she answered.

"Why, sonny," she said slowly, "I don't believe that I'll have time to read to you this evening. Daddy and I are dining out—and I'll have to be dressing when it's your bed-time. But I'll come in to kiss you good-night. And tomorrow—" she smiled brightly down into the eager little face, "tomorrow I'll read you a long, long story! And now," she pressed a soft kiss upon his cheek, "now run away and play. Mother's busy!"

The child turned toward the door, his book still in his hand. But, as he was going he spoke to his mother, and his voice was not in the least saucy—it was only very wistful.

"I'll go an' play," he told her, "but you won't read me a story tomorrow. You'll forget 'r sumpin'. I *know!*" And he went out closing the door softly—as he had been taught to close doors—behind him.

I had always rather admired Mrs. Smith. On my infrequent visits to her home I had always wondered how she was able to arrange her affairs so smoothly—how she always managed to have her rooms in order, and her prettiest frock on, and her meals so well served. In these days of hit-or-miss housekeeping she had seemed rather a marvel to me. And her youth and prettiness had helped me in the forming of my opinion—had helped tremendously! But her little boy, Sonny, with one wistful sentence, had done much to shatter the bubble of illusion that I had built around her.

"You won't read me a story tomorrow," he had said. "You'll forget or sumpin'. *I know!*"

MRS. SMITH is not the only mother who, in my hearing, has made some promise to her child—some promise that she does not intend to keep. There are many women who speak lightly of reading stories, and going on picnics, and making visits to the Zoo—women who promise delightful treats and who forget, or regard as unimportant, those promises. Unfortunately children are much less apt to forget than grown-up folk! A child may count the hours, even the minutes, until some wonderful party—and then, when the party does not materialize, he is often broken-hearted.

I have at times heard mothers bemoan the fact that their children are not truthful. "They don't seem to have any conscience about keeping to the things they say," one mother told me. "I have two girls and a boy, you know. And they fib quite outrageously. What on earth I'm going to do with them, I can't imagine! They get worse all the time, instead of better!"

I knew this mother more intimately than I had known Mrs. Smith. And so I spoke right out.

"I wonder," I asked, "if you've ever told your children any untruths? You know that children are wonderful little imitators!"

The mother, for a moment, was inclined to be offended—despite the fact that we were intimate friends—and then she decided to treat my remark humorously. And she laughed.

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"I thank you, Miss Ruth, for thinking of me," she said quietly but firmly, rather haughtily indeed, "but I certainly don't aim to marry any man who—who——"

The Comfort-Bringer

A Heart-Warming Five-Part Story

By ANNE McQUEEN

Illustrated by M. L. Greer

Part Three

CHAPER VI

RUTH looked into David Blair's eyes, shining, filmed with despair, alternating between hope divine and fear that was death and annihilation, and her heart ached so that her throat felt a queer constriction. To be a woman was to be dumb in such crises. There was nothing she could offer to the man who withheld his hope from her—even though she knew, she knew so well!

"Then, let us hope that it will not come back," she said, at last, feeling a queer effort to speak even such a weak, worthless platitude.

He took her hands in his own, stooped and kissed the rosy, fluttering palms, reverently, as if he were a subject and she his queen. Then, smiling, such a brave, pitiful smile, he turned away and left her alone beside the spring.

"It is a shameful thing to be a woman, and tongue-tied," wept Ruth, thinking hotly, wrathfully, of her impotence. She who had first from sheer pity tended this man when she imagined him an object of terror, felt herself longing to comfort him with all the intensity of her nature. Ruth did not try to analyze her feelings toward the writer any further; she just ached to help him.

"I wish I were rich," mourned Ruth, as her slow footsteps turned homeward from this interview, "maybe I could be something to help in getting his book printed, but he'd never let me, never in the world!"

If she had money she could not help the man she—pitied—she would say no more, even to herself, than just that—pitied till her heart ached with the fervor of it.

It was now September, and she had spent a whole summer at Hideaway House, learning rapidly to know and like her neighbors, to love some of them; to worry over their problems—Miss Emily's, Tom Auld's, Mary Smithers's, whom Donaldson was avowedly courting, as well as the incomparably greater one of the writer man.

"It seems to me that I've lived a lifetime here, instead of a few short months," mused Ruth, as she watched Ellen Hawtree, overalls slipped over her pink chambray and a handkerchief tied about her head, shoveling coal into the furnace. Ruth had protested that this was too hard for Ellen, but the latter had scoffed at the thought.

"Hard as I worked to Smitherses, this is play, jest play," said Ellen; "and I do love to think I'm helpin' to keep you warm, Miss Ruth, though this snap ain't cold—we aim to try out the furnace, that's all. Miss Em'ly, now, she ain't had as much heat as this in her house in a whole winter, that she ain't. I wish Miss Em'ly could get good and warm for a whole winter. She's down with the rheumatiz, I heard tell, when I went to the village this morning."

"And school begins next week!" said Ruth, in dismay, "what in the world will she do! Ellen, I'll offer to substitute for her, if she'll let me."

BUT when she went hurriedly down to see Miss Emily, whom she found crouching over a tiny fire in her stove, with her right hand done up in red flannel, it was too late.

Miserably the little woman, down whose withered cheeks the slow tears of age were creeping, handed her friend a letter, a letter from the trustees of the district school telling Miss Emily that her services were no longer needed!

Difficult studies, new methods, her own age and ailments, made it necessary, they very much regretted, to secure the services of a new teacher, one able to cope with the strenuous duties of the school. A young man had been found who was ready to assume his duties when school opened.

"Oh, Miss Emily!" breathed Ruth, "would it be any use, I wonder, for me to see the trustees? I will gladly substitute for you until you get well."

"No, no, child, bless you for wanting to do it! You see, they wanted you, at first. Abner Green told 'em he knew you wouldn't have it, not take it from me. He's a good man, Abner, is. So—so they just went and hired a man. And winter is coming fast, and—and I've lost my position!"

Her voice quavered pitifully; Ruth, even in her stress of pity, noted Miss Emily's choice of words. She still remembered to use her careful, old-time English—it was not a "job" she had lost, but a "position."

"Then come and live with me," was on Ruth's lips, but she withheld the impulsive words, well knowing that Miss Emily would never accept charity till the county officers were forced to come and take her to the poor-farm, for she doubted very much if Miss Emily, for all her frugal years of saving, had even enough money to enter an old ladies' home.

So she made no further comment; she merely built a brisk fire of the little woman's cherished fuel, made a heartening cup of tea; and, vowing that she herself was extremely thirsty, persuaded her hostess to drink a cup with her—for politeness' sake.

Though she had to force herself to swallow it, the hot tea did Miss Emily good; it roused her from her apathy of sorrow.

"Now don't you worry too much, Miss Emily; there'll be a way out," Ruth said cheerfully, as she washed and put away the cups and saucers. "Now I'm going to Mrs. Green's, and see if she has any of her famous liniment made—the kind you said always did your rheumatism good. Just remember, don't worry!"

"The blessed child," murmured Miss Emily as she watched through her window the tall, lithe young figure on its way; "she always seems to bring comfort, wherever she goes. But the Lord only knows how there'll be a way out!"

MRS. ABNER GREEN, busy housewife, was stirring her apple-butter in a big brass kettle when Ruth arrived; Mrs. Green's butter was famous, and she had given the recipe to Ruth, whose cooking, Mrs. Green stated with candor, "fair outdid her own"—the pupil had improved on the teacher's handiwork!

"Yes, honey, I knowed all about poor Miss Emily bein' turned out in her old age," said Mrs. Green, gloomily. "'Twas to be expected, though. Rheumatiz in your right hand ain't to be recommended in teachin'. Liniment? Yes, I made some ready for her, and if so be you'll call by and take it on your way back, it'll save me a trip. And now, seein's we are on the subject o' troubles, here comes Mary Smithers to me, early this mornin', with news that her pap says she's got to marry that old skinflint of a Donaldson! What'ye think o' that?"

"I think it simply outrageous—and she sha'n't do it!" declared Ruth, hotly. "I—I will just forbid Donaldson to do any such thing!"

And then it struck her as utterly impossible for her to forbid Donaldson to marry whom he wished, and she stared at Mrs. Green with incredulous horror on her face.

"Yes, we'd all like to forbid him, child," agreed Mrs. Green dryly, "but you see this is a free country—as old man Smithers and Donaldson seem to realize. And that poor, spiritless Mary, without a will of her own to say no! Beats my time how poor-spirited some girls are."

"Poor Tom," mourned Ruth, "what in the world will he do?"

Mrs. Green stirred her apple-butter with vigor—quite as if she were slapping some imaginary head, in fact. "Why, Tom's as poor-spirited as Mary," she declared, indignantly; "no spunk between 'em. I don't see as how we can do anything about it, me and you," she averred, gloomily, "but just let 'em slide, as Father says. Poor Mary, she'll sup sorrow by the ladleful, I calc'late, takin' up with that old skinflint."

But Ruth could not be willing to let things slide; she would see Donaldson, she would see Smithers—and Tom. And if it were possible, she would persuade Mary and Tom to elope. And she would give him Donaldson's place as her superintendent, or farm manager; certainly he could get along.

BUT when she saw Donaldson, and laid the case before him, the fact of Mary's and Tom's loving each other, and the girl being forced into a loveless marriage by her father, Ruth met with cold comfort from the canny Scotchman.

"Marriage is jist a question o' convenience, mem," quoth Donaldson, coolly, as he picked the ripe apples from a tree, carefully sorting them into different baskets, according to their size. "I will no say the lass may not be thinkin' she hae some foolishness in her mind regairding young Auld, but that'll pass, that'll pass; I'm no worryin' maeself aboot sich nonsense as young folk's havers."

"Very well, Donaldson," she said with heat; "do any such outrageous thing as marry a girl who does not love you, who is being forced to marry you, and—and you will leave my employ at once. I will not keep you on my farm under any consideration."

"Hoots, young leddy, not so fast, not so fast!" quoth Donaldson, smiling grimly and triumphantly; "for there's a contract, mind ye, locked up in ma kist, which gies me five years as your manager. I

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How the Story Began

RUTH CARFAX is brought up by her grandfather, a wonderful companion, after all the others of her family are lost in a sea disaster when she is ten. Her early memories are of a life of luxury and wealth, but in her grandfather's big, dark house in the city all is simplicity and plainness and their fondest dream is of a return to the quaint little country house in which he had begun his married life. As Ruth is finishing college her grandfather dies, but she determines to carry out their plans and, accompanied by Mr. Gary, the family lawyer, she goes to the farm, which is managed by Donaldson, a man of miserly disposition. Ruth soon is known as "the comfort-bringer" among her new neighbors and enters fully into their joys and sorrows. David Blair, long denied opportunity and recovering from illness, has rooms in the Auld house nearby while writing his first book; and Ruth, without his knowledge, prepares his food. The manuscript finished and mailed to a publisher, he tells Ruth of his trials and ambitions and declares all his hopes will be wrecked if the book is rejected.

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
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The Colombian Treaty

THE treaty with Colombia, which had been shelved time and again for various reasons, has at last been ratified by the United States Senate. Foremost among the advocates of ratification were several members of that august body who had formerly opposed the treaty for what they regarded as valid reasons. It was resented by the friends of Theodore Roosevelt as a reflection upon his administration, and a virtual admission of wrong done by the United States to the Isthmian republic—a wrong which the Treaty proposed to compound by the payment of money.

With the new administration there has come a new light in the Senate. Mr. Lodge now regards the Treaty as part of "a great major policy," which he believes will be of importance to the whole American hemisphere, being in the interest of national security and the safety of the Canal. It was explained that on these grounds the President had asked for ratification.

So the Treaty is now ratified and the debt of honor acknowledged and ordered to be liquidated in six instalments. It contains, however, no apology to Colombia, the payment of $25,000,000 being regarded as at once acknowledgment and solatium. As the Treaty now stands, it vests in the United States the title to the Panama Canal, without incumbrance, and grants to Colombia the right of transport for troops, war munitions and other large grants and concessions, and authorizes the payment to that republic of the indemnity. The Treaty looks forward to the reestablishment of the friendly relations between the two governments that existed prior to the dispute at the time of the revolution which arose out of the secession of Panama before actual construction of the Canal was begun.

There are several important considerations which were touched upon during the debate, and may be indicated as good and substantial reasons for ratification at this time. Senator Lodge pointed out "the larger aspects" of the question, and the need of "international amity," not forgetting the fact that Colombia has coasts on two oceans, with good harbors, and vast, undeveloped resources. Just how these reasons may strike the general reader, is an open question. We can not believe they point to exploitation. One main point, however, is clear: The long-deferred act of justice has been done, the awkward situation relieved, and both republics have now an excellent opportunity for the renewal of friendly relations and mutual appreciation.

The Family Altar

THE number of letters on the subject of the Family Altar has been large and gratifying, especially those which have related the experience of establishing the custom on the day of the marriage service. It has not been possible to publish all the letters received, but this is an acknowledgment to all who have sent a response, with thanks for the helpfulness of the replies and a hope that very many families in the churches may begin the service, taking notes, possibly from the way in which different families observe the Altar in their homes.

There is one comment which nearly all these letters make, and that is the testimony to the effect that the Family Altar has been of the greatest value in the home life, and is regarded by those who have made it a habit as fundamental in the training of children. It is also very emphatically said by nearly all the writers that the home life of this country can not be what it should be without this Altar established. Let all the pastors of all the churches make a special effort to influence their people to set up this Altar. Especially would we suggest that whenever the pastor celebrates the marriage ceremony, he urge the newly married couple to make the family altar the first sacred custom in the new home.

What of the Future Ministry?

Amherst, Mass.—Of the graduating class at Amherst College this year, only one student will enter the ministry. Fifty-four will enter business and twenty-seven will take up law, medicine and other professions.

IF THE above news item is a fair sample of conditions in other colleges, it raises several interesting questions.

First—If the American college is not training men for the ministry, where will they come from? The demand for thoroughly educated men for the pulpit is stronger than ever. But if the colleges cease to inspire men for the ministry, how will this demand be met?

Second—What are the compelling motives that urge young college men to enter business in such large numbers? Is it the financial "pull" or the better opportunity to use educated brains?

Third—Are college men very generally discouraged from entering the ministry because of the small and uncertain salaries, or because they do not want to spend their lives and their talents in fighting for an ecclesiastical existence with denominations?

Fourth—What percentage of American fathers and mothers, even among church members, are encouraging their sons to enter the ministry? How many of them are actually discouraging any ambitions looking towards such a choice?

Fifth—What inspiration is being offered by teachers or professors in our schools and colleges to help the student body to a vision of service in the Church?

Sixth—Is the lack of interest in the ministry as a life work due to the philosophic or secular teaching in our schools and colleges?

These questions are suggested by the press item as above. They are not a reflection on the particular college named. The same conditions seem to be true in all colleges. They are conditions that ought to give church people very serious thought. What of the future ministry?

Off the Track!

WHEN a pastor diverges from the straight path of Gospel proclamation and ventures into the byways in the search for topics that seem attractive, he need not be surprised if what he seeks should prove deceptive, an illusive will-o-the-wisp. Endeavors to startle the world with sensational topics as substitutes for the broad, inclusive Gospel, which goes home to the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men, usually end in disappointment. We have known ministers who endeavored to win approval by making the pulpit the coursing ground where philosophic discussion, travelogues, the latest popular novel, and an occasional excursion into scientific fields were served up by way of variety. But the net outcome was in almost every case a distinct loss of spiritual power in their churches, and unavailing regrets afterward over the waste of precious opportunities.

Now we hear of a Western minister who, probably having read of Professor Einstein's theory of spacial relativity, decided to stir up his congregation with a sermon on science. He told them that this old world of ours is speeding to destruction, and that the final catastrophe may come in any one of nine different ways. There might be a sudden change of the earth's axis, which would drown the entire population; or we might collide with a dead star and be smashed into fragments; or the earth's internal fires might fail and the water and atmosphere being absorbed, all life would quickly perish; or the tail of a comet might envelope the globe, asphyxiating its whole population. There were other equally brilliant possibilities of extinction which he pointed out; but the main fact to be kept steadily in view, in his judgment, was that the earth is traveling straight toward Hercules at the inconceivable speed of 600,000 miles a day, and when the distance was accomplished, it would be the end.

There may have been some thoughtful hearer in the preacher's audience who was reminded of Goldsmith's lines on the village teacher:

> "And still he taught and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew."

With due respect for those ministers who seem impelled by some mysterious fascination to dip into science, we think it might be well, before inflicting their conclusions on a defenseless audience, to submit them to some one who has made science a really serious study. They will find in that particular field even more diversity of opinion than there is among the religious sects themselves. We are reminded of a well-known preacher, who confessed to us that he was once squarely cornered on a point in astronomy. "I had referred in my sermon," he explained, "to the immense distances in the stellar heavens. 'The planet Neptune,' I told them impressively, 'is 2,629,000,000 miles distant from the earth.' I paused, and a man jumped up in one of the pews near the platform. I nodded recognition, and he suddenly put the question: 'Why, how do you get those amazing figures? How can you prove—?' 'I assert it,' said I with as much dignity as the case warranted; 'disprove it, if you can!' Then the man sat down and I resumed my sermon; but ever since that time, I leave scientific estimates and calculations alone."

He was a wise preacher in his day and generation, and we commend his example to those who are over-keen to seize upon the dominant topic of the moment and philosophize in rhetorical phrases which are meant to be profoundly impressive but are too often the reverse. You may dazzle with eloquence, bewilder with scientific speculations and measure swords in sectarian disputes, but souls are never won, save by the lifting up of the Cross, which is the highest honor and duty of the Christian ministry.

Training for Immortality

TO MOST minds today, the "larger life" is an unattainable idealism. Even among the great majority of professing Christians, it means much more than a life of good deeds and admirable character. Those who grasp its full significance are apt to be regarded as following a shadow, or at least something so remote and intangible as to be beyond definition. Yet there are illumined souls who, having absolute faith in immortality, have become convinced that the "larger life" should begin here and now. They look upon it as the duty of every Christian man or woman to strive to so expand the spiritual scope of life here that it may conform and co-ordinate more and more with the spiritual life beyond. They are training for immortality, which is "the gift of God," through Jesus Christ.

John Franklin Genung, late Professor of Biblical and Literary Interpretation in Amherst College, was one of the rare souls who held this belief as the most precious part of his whole spiritual experience. A firm believer in the Gospel, and holding the Bible, "in spite of all the monographs of science and philosophy, to be the real textbook of life," he was convinced that the one great duty of every believer in immortality is to raise manhood life to its highest power, now, while the opportunity lies open to us. His spiritual experiences after reaching that decision, have just been issued in a book entitled "The Life Indeed," being one of a series of volumes by different writers, in commemoration of the centenary of the famous college. The manuscript was discovered among his papers after his death, and was found to be a notable record of trial, struggle and success—a fitting last word and a testimony of the deeper and wider spiritual experience which the Christian world would welcome.

Contrasted with the scale to which the Bible conceptions are conformed, the natural scale he found to be petty and puny. "It made death and the survival of death, not life and the ennobling of life, the unit of measure . . . It should be the scale of life, not of death; of life as guided by God and His recognized will." He became convinced that "it is only along this line that life and immortality, in the only sense worthy of the large possibilities of manhood, can come to light. Manhood must rise to a higher order and standard of being, co-ordinated with the life of the spirit. "Why," he asks, "should the spirit have to postpone its life until the body dies?" "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." What we owe to men, to life, to the world, is our just duty, what is due. We owe to mankind simply all that we are. Inasmuch as we have or have not done it, turns the scale.

"This spirit of life," he explains, is moving freely as "faith which worketh by love," redeems the whole man. No accumulated debt of the lower nature can overbalance it; it is what the Scripture calls the power of an endless life. It is Christ who redeems us, and other foundation can no man lay. That is profoundly true. But as our study has revealed Christ in idea, as the perfect manhood after which the spirit of man has dimly struggled, the idea of the redemption He works is correspondingly enlarged and clarified. We have, in fact, found the essential Christ.

Professor Genung's book traverses a whole course of study of the Larger Life. In conclusion he writes: "God is love," says the Bible's deepest and ripest definition of Him. The problem of being at one with Him, then, is the problem of being at one with love, in all the involvements that life has created for it. It goes beyond passive innocence into active, holy, vital work and sacrifice; not the sheer blind sacrifice of abnegation, but the vigorous, voluntary, fruitful sacrifice, of effecting a union of human hearts and human lives in one spirit of love. It goes beyond the shrewdness and studied order of wisdom, of which the world is full, committing itself fearlessly, patiently, hopefully to activities which are the supreme unwisdom of men, but which prove through time, to be the far-reaching wisdom and power of God."

International

THE ISLAND OF YAP, TO JUDGE ONLY FROM ITS LOOKS, ISN'T WORTH NEARLY ALL THE FUSS IT HAS CAUSED

But as the center of cable communications in the Pacific it assumes an importance out of all proportion to its tiny area and to the small number of its inhabitants, who are not far advanced in civilization

The World News of the Week

House Votes $396,000,000 for Navy; Senate Adopts Peace Resolution

DETERMINED efforts to force the inclusion in the naval appropriation bill of provisions for an international discussion of naval disarmament were rejected and the measure, carrying a total grant of $396,000,000, was passed finally in the House by a vote of 212 to 15.

This vote, however, does not represent the real sentiment of the House on disarmament, for the defeat of the disarmament amendments was traceable directly to an assurance by Representative Mondell, Republican leader, that a call for a disarmament conference will be issued before the close of the present session. He said the condition and situation of foreign relationships did not yet warrant such a move, and asserted that to attach conditions to American naval appropriations would delay rather than hasten disarmament negotiations. This statement was brought out by an amendment offered by Representative Connally of Texas that no part of the $90,000,000 for ship construction should be expended until after the President had called an international conference. Another amendment which was defeated would have authorized the President to suspend or curtail the appropriation at his discretion. One important change in the bill was that the appropriation shall be expended only on vessels now under construction.

In the Senate, the Knox resolution declaring a state of peace between the United States and the Central Powers was taken up and adopted by a vote of 49 to 23 under an agreement between the opposing party leaders to get it out of the way. The resolution was attacked vigorously by Senator Underwood, Democratic leader, on the ground that its adoption would mean the United States had abandoned its Allies in the war and had refused to aid them in forcing Germany to pay the reparations due.

A statement by Senator Lodge was interpreted as meaning that the Versailles Treaty could not be amended to meet the requirements of the United States and that a new treaty with Germany was necessary. President Harding's views regarding this were in doubt and there was much uncertainty regarding America's next move.

Allies Reject German Offer

GERMANY was quick to take advantage of America's promise to consider the transmission to the Allied governments of new reparations proposals, but the offer which she submitted was no more acceptable to the Powers than those previously made. As this is written, the German offer has been in the hands of the American government for several days, and the Allied capitals have been made fully acquainted with its provisions, but there has been no decision whether it shall formally be sent to the Allied governments, although the unfavorable reception accorded abroad to the terms render it improbable that Washington will consent to present it.

There was considerable ambiguity in the German note, and pending a clarification of meaning it was impossible to tell how nearly Berlin had approached to conceding the Allied demands. Germany declared her willingness to undertake for the purpose of reparations a total engagement of 50,000,000,000 gold marks present value—$12,500,000,000—and "to pay the value of this sum in annuities suited to her capacity of production up to an ultimate total of 200,000,000,000 gold marks." This was figured by French experts at 50 per cent. of the total of the Paris agreement, which called for the payment of 226,000,000,000 marks in annuities, plus 12 per cent. of the value of German exports. Berlin also proposed the immediate issuance of an international loan, the proceeds to be put at the disposal of the Allies, and suggested that Germany take over the Allies' debts to the United States to the limit of her capacity. As a proof of good-will, the German note offered to put at the disposal of the Reparations Commission the sum of 1,000,000,000 gold marks, all to be paid within three months, quite ignoring the fact that the Reparations Commission's demand of several weeks ago for the payment of 1,000,000,000 gold marks at once and of 11,000,000,000 marks by May 1 had been defied.

The French Government notified its ambassador in Washington that the German offer was absolutely unacceptable and constituted a backward step instead of making any advance toward a satisfactory settlement.

Premier Lloyd George considered the German offer "thoroughly unsatisfactory" and completely inadequate, and the British press attacked it vigorously, as likely to involve the Allies in interminable debate. Belgian officials regarded the offer as unacceptable. The hostility toward the German offer was increased by the fact that it was all conditional—"if the régime of penalties ends immediately; if the actual basis of German production is not further restricted; and if Germany is admitted to world trade and relieved from unproductive expenses."

The Reparations Commission has notified Germany that it owes a total of 132,000,000,000 gold marks, a sum smaller than was expected but far in excess of any demand that has been made by the Allies for payment. In the expectation that the negotiations would fail, the French were going ahead with preparation for the occupation of the entire Ruhr district and the Allied Supreme Council prepared an **ultimatum** to Berlin.

Georgia Governor Fights Peonage

GOVERNOR HUGH M. DORSEY of Georgia has issued a call to the people of that state to purge themselves of crimes against the negro race, and has outlined measures to end oppression and to bring more wholesome relations between the races. The Governor's program was contained in a booklet giving evidence of 135 instances of "negroes lynched, negroes held in peonage, negroes driven out by organized lawlessness and negroes subjected to individual acts of cruelties" within the last two years, and followed court disclosures of numerous murders of negroes in an effort to hide peonage conditions which had scandalized the nation.

Declaring that "if conditions indicated by these charges should continue, both God and man would justly condemn Georgia more severely than God and man have condemned Belgium and Leopold for the Congo atrocities," the Governor suggested a remedial program which should include: Publicity, the careful gathering of the facts regarding the treatment of negroes in the state; an organized campaign by the churches to place in every section of the state a sufficient number of Sunday schools and churches for both races to teach the principles of justice, mercy and mutual forbearance for all; compulsory education for both races; and the organization of state committees on race relations.

The repeal of laws under which peonage was made possible and the enactment of legislation to stamp out the peonage evil also were recommended. Among the suggested laws were one establishing a state constabulary which the governor could send into any county to quell disorder or to protect citizens; another to impose a financial penalty upon any county in which a lynching occurs; and measures authorizing the governor to remove officials derelict in duty and to direct legal proceedings in cases of mob violence.

The people of the country will be glad to see Georgia take the lead in remedying the evil conditions which have been revealed there and see much ground for hope of better race relations in the Governor's program.

International

MR. HARDING BREAKS GROUND FOR ROGER WILLIAMS MEMORIAL

The National Baptist Memorial to Roger Williams, that great apostle of religious liberty, is to be a beautiful colonial-classical structure to cost $500,000. As the foremost Baptist layman of the nation, President Harding took part in the initial ceremonies in Washington

PRESIDENT REVIEWS ATLANTIC FLEET. President Harding reviewed the Atlantic fleet off Hampton Roads after its return from prolonged winter maneuvers in Southern waters. Mr. Harding and several senators accompanied him aboard the Mayflower, while Secretary of the Navy Denby carried a party of representatives aboard the government yacht Sylph.

NINE HUNDRED GERMANS TO BE TRIED FOR WAR CRIMES. The trials of 900 German whose punishment has been demanded by the Allies for crimes committed during the war are to begin at Leipsic, Germany, on May 23. Seven judges will sit as a court.

QUEBEC WOMEN FIGHT IMMODEST DRESS. The Christian Women's League has been organized in the Canadian province of Quebec to fight immodesty in women's dress, and more than 10,000 members already have enrolled. Low-cut waists and garments too short or too thin are to be barred.

BRITISH MINE PARLEYS DEADLOCKED. Parleys between the striking British miners and the mine owners have failed to bring a settlement appreciably nearer, and negotiations again have ceased for a time. The latest government offer was of $50,000,000 to keep up the miners' wages for four months, but was rejected by the union leaders.

SHIPPING STRIKE BEGUN. A strike which threatened to tie up much of the country's ocean shipping was started in New York as the result of effort by ship-owners to reduce wages. The initial break rendered 6,000 marine engineers idle, and it was expected 40,000 or 50,000 men would be affected.

110 INDICTED IN BUILDING TRADES. A Federal Grand Jury in Chicago has returned indictments against 110 individuals and firms in the sheet metal, plumbing and steamfitting trades, charging conspiracies which have doubled the price of certain building materials.

The Parable of the Sunset

A Sermon by REV. PETER AINSLIE, D.D., LL.D.*

TEXT—Psa. 19 : 4. "He hath set a tabernacle for the sun."

GOD paints the sky at sunset and all the great artists of the world have taken up their brushes to reproduce on canvas what God has put on clouds. But the genius of painters pales before the sunset as a tallow candle beside the sun. All reproductions on canvas are bleared imitations. The sunset is immortalized only in the souls of those who see.

One summer afternoon in the Alps, the rugged pyramids of snow were touched with tints of crimson, as crimson as the clouds that hung about the setting sun. The shadow of the valley deepened over Lake Thun and the darkness like some conscious monster crept slowly up the sides of the great mountains. Each pyramid of snow held aloft its crimson tints like piles of burning coals far into the sky until the darkness threw its robes of sackcloth over mountain-tops and the lofty heights were left in the cold paleness of death, the western sky with its red, orange, yellow, green and blue dissolving into darkness, while the counter-glow of purple rested upon the eastern shadow, only to give way to the darkness of night.

It was sublimely beautiful, but as commonplace as the blooming of flowers and the shining of stars. It was only the repetition of that which had marked the close of a million days and upon which had looked ten millions of eyes. I had seen nothing that was exclusively mine, only my experience, as I stood alone in the shadow, made me feel that I was a part of what I had seen. Then I thought of Him who long ago gave the parable of the sower and its interpretation. He must still be speaking in parables. I asked myself, is He leaving us to find for ourselves the interpretation of the Parable of the Sunset?

Eternities of romance throb in the pulse-beats of the dying day. Whether it is the sunset in the mountains of rugged rocks capped with snow, or on the plains of growing corn and orchards of rich, ripe fruit; whether on the ocean or on the desert; whether in the forest of pines and oaks, or beyond the crowded buildings of a great city, the sunset so abounds in the mysteries of spiritual symbols that the eyes of sinner and saint alike turn toward it. All classes meet at the sunset, charmed by the ministry of its spiritual symbolisms, while a strange hunger fills the souls of all who look. If He summoned the lilies of the field and the birds of the air to witness to us, has He not likewise summoned the skies, with their gorgeous decoration, to witness?

IT WAS sunset and the sun had gone down in a cloud with pale crimson tints to the far north and to the far south. Over that sunset might have been written, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," for it was the parable of the sunset in a wrathful sky. Love and anger are indispensable parts of our emotional nature. They both must be controlled, else we pass down those illicit roads which lead to abnormal entanglements and deadly consequences.

Anger may be defensive or offensive. That is to say it may arise only when attacked, or it may arise in the desire to attack some one. The occasion is always to ward off some threatened or inflicted injury.

Wrath, as commonly used, refers to the revengeful element in anger, which may express itself in action against another, or in words reflecting on another, or in an unexpressed wish for evil to another. It is anger on the offensive and is positively sinful. Revenge is not in the moral rights of mankind. Forgiveness is essential to right living. The threatened or inflicted injury must be forgiven. The sun must not go down upon the wrathful spirit, else the whole moral vision is bleared and, if habitually practiced, one's spiritual growth becomes permanently stunted.

In the press of a thousand things upon us we forget life, if that life is not steadily growing within us. No one has a right to pollute the sunset with his wrath, or with his grumbling, or with his dissatisfied countenance, or with his censorious attitude. If the day has not gone as we wanted it to go; if we have had many disappointments, or if we have had none; or if we have had the headache or the earache, we must remember that the sunset is the time of quiet—such quiet that peace will possess our souls. The disagreeable things of the day are to be abandoned, even if it is only the weather, lest the disagreeables find permanent form in our speech; and more, the habit of complaining and retaliating leaves its mark on the under-lip, in the frowns of the forehead and in the dullness of the eyes.

*Pastor Disciples, and Editor of "Christian Union Quarterly."

These are the outward expressions of the disfigured soul within.

It does not lessen the pain when pricked by a thorn, nor does it remove the jutting rock over which we stumbled, to say "I don't see why such things were ever made." The real beauty of life lies not so much in knowing what to say, as in knowing what not to say and sticking by it. In the midst of provocation, silence is always majestic, especially if we can not command a soft answer, which is the force that turns away wrath. To avoid any reference to things that irritate, to think of the best in others, to find that every day is a saint in disguise, waiting to be discovered by us, to look around at the divine display of eternal beauties and to know that God is here, is enough for the noblest of mankind and possible to the humblest of us all. Such a day will find a sunset in the soul which no cloud with pale crimson border can ever cover.

IT WAS sunset again and through a gloom of clouds the sun burst with radiant splendor, turning all the gloom into gold. It was the advent of cheerfulness in the midst of gloom, which means daylight in the soul, whether it be night time or day, filling it with perpetual serenity. It is the attitude of the mind, which may be friendly to the sunny side of existence, or more friendly to the gloomy side. Both sides are here and it is possible for the mind to establish its own habitual mode. The more one spends of cheerfulness, the more cheerfulness he accumulates within himself, and the more gloom one gives out, the more gloom he has within. Some are spendthrifts in gloom, with hardly a day without casting a shadow, so stingy with their cheerfulness that they become misers in mirth—afraid to give for fear another will have, whereas they are ignorant of the fact that the rebound of another's cheerfulness adds to their own.

Religion has too largely lost its hold upon the imaginative and social elements of life, which are as divinely implanted within us as faith and love. These were brought into the Hebrew festivals, and cheerfulness was inculcated as a duty. It is folly to regard humor, wit and imagination as out of the pale of religion, when God gave them to us for holy use. The sense of humor is the oil in the machinery of life, where otherwise would be creaks and groans.

Cheerfulness does not come by seeking it. Perhaps that is the best way not to find it. The influence of honor, riches or pleasure is momentary. No exterior influence will give cheerfulness. It is not what one possesses, nor what one has learned, but what one *is* that determines the degree of cheerfulness. Each must set out to be noble, to be pure, to be honest, to be true, to be kind, and cheerfulness will follow as surely as fruit follows the blossom. The chords of cheerfulness are within us or they are nowhere. A child's hand laid upon these chords, if they are properly tuned, will bring out music. To the slightest influence the vibration will start. These are those who are most cheerful amid gloom, and who are the most appreciative of small kindnesses. They choose to live on the sunny side of the hill and are themselves in the sunshine. The trinity of a cheerful temperament is faith, hope and love.

Over the gloomy clouds melting into gold may be written "Rejoice in the Lord!" Wit, humor and laughter belong to all, but joy is a distinct spiritual grace. It is the ringing of the bells upon the garments of the High Priest as He ministers at the sanctuary in the Holy of Holies. It is the ray of light flashing from between the cherubim through the curtains of the temple upon those who worship. It is the outward credential of the Spirit's inward abiding. Religion is both a joy-breeder and a joy-dispenser. It tightens all the chords of the heart-harp that have slacked by gloom and desponding, giving out enough power in the vibration of one chord to annihilate the force of temptation, and prove the goodness of God.

IT WAS another sunset, and the sun was a round disk of fire hanging like a golden coin on the misty rim of the lowering sky. It is the atmosphere of attitude and the sunset leads us into the inquiry of the principles of judgment of others. Jesus said, "Judge not." This brief sentence might be written over the sunset in letters of liquid fire, for it has been violated perhaps more than any other principle set up by Jesus, and its violation underlies many of the most common sins of mankind. Jesus must have meant just what He said—"Judge not."

His method was to present His strong, gentle, humble life in association with others, receiving sinners and eating with them. In no instance do we find Him condemning the sinner—not so much as a word, but the high standard of His life coming right up by the low standard of their lives, and that high standard clothed in humility, kindness and love, appealed to the best in all. The explanation lies in this sentence: "This is the judgment, that light is come into the world"—world-wide, gentle, penetrating light. That was His method—costly, but fruitful. To denounce the sinner is easy and generally fruitless. To be a disciple of Jesus, the way is clear to us. It is not to render moral judgment against others, but instead to practice severe self-condemnation and stand ready always to help others by genuine sympathy and cordial comradeship. Consequently in the teaching of Jesus we face the challenge of revising our ideas of moral judgment and abandoning those practices that lead to tale-bearing and such like, which hinder the fulfilment of the Christian ideals.

We are not deprived of judgment in matters of suitability of persons or circumstances in which persons are involved, or matters of habits and deeds. These are necessities and cover a wide field, including judgment of mind, character and attitude. Indeed, moral choice and quick decision in moral issues help toward high moral standards; but moral condemnation of others is as much out of the right of mankind as stealing another's property. Jesus emphatically forbade it.

Our approaches, then, to correct the wrongs of the world must have to do first of all with raising the moral standards of the world—not so much by directly condemning the wrongdoer, but condemning the low standard in which he is entangled by raising in ourselves a high moral standard clothed with humility and love. If we pursue the adverse method of attacking the wrongdoer, rather than the standard, we are dealing with the effect instead of the cause. The wrongdoer must see that the standard is wrong before he discovers the wrong in himself. If one holds to the adverse method, which is fundamentally an error, he becomes involved necessarily in two consequences, which are hurtful to character. The effect on the one judged is generally to make him resentful, or despondent, or permanently hostile, thereby defeating his possible penitence and reformation; while the effect on the one who judges is usually to elevate his spiritual pride, making him censorious and hypocritical. Jesus gave us a new method of dealing with this everyday occurrence, and every time we see the sun hanging like a golden coin in the misty atmosphere of sunset, we are reminded that Jesus is still saying, 'Judge not!"

OUT of every sunset one may be able to spell some one of those great words that stand for conflicting principles in human life. As in one sunset we see the protest against anger, and in another the summons to cheerfulness, and in still another a warning against the moral judgment, so when we look upon a cloudless sunset, we see the curtain of the invisible mysteries of God's love, friendliness and immortality. The soul touches the curtain in its yearning for the

Continued on page 361

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Hiding in Thee," or "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Trust in God's goodness: Psalm 16.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 361, first column.)

Sermon—"THE PARABLE OF THE SUNSET"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Rock of Ages," or "Work for the Night Is Coming."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud: Eternal and Wise, Powerful and Good, Almighty and Loving, search us, as we depart, to see if after this communion with Thee and fellowship with one another, we retain any hardness of heart or bitterness of spirit toward any to whom we should show mercy. And add, we beseech Thee, Thy blessing to our service that it may be complete in Christ in whose name we came together. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D. J. Burrell, R. Braunstein, W. L. Goldsmith, E. W. Caswell and J. H. Miles

Increase and Decrease

SUNDAY. John 3 : 20. "*He must increase and I must decrease.*" And yet that very decrease is the secret of sure growth. This sort of decrease is really a making of room for Christ. Our self-importance shrinks, and we grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord. It is when we are full of self, self-opinionated, self-centred, self-seeking, that Christ is crowded out.

That was the deadliness of much of the Pharisaism in the time of our Lord. The life of the Pharisee was stock full of self. Self ran over. It was like a warehouse which is so crowded that part of the stuff is piled outside around the door. You could not go near a Pharisee without running against his egotism. You were always touching his pride. It bulged out in everything, even in his prayers. "*I* thank Thee that *I* am not as other men; *I* fast twice in the week, *I* give tithes." There is no room there for the Saviour. The house is too full. It is crammed with swelling self-conceit.

That was the deadly element in the life of the Pharisee. He would not decrease. He would not become poor in spirit. And so, perhaps, in a very wise sense we may say that increase in the Christian life consists in making room for Christ. And if we knew it, it is in this one thing that we have the secret of everything. For even in the Christian life we are apt to cumber ourselves with many things. We may have too many rules. We have rules for this, and rules for that, and rules for the other. And it is like having a multitude of rules for playing golf. "Fifteen rules for the approach shot!" "Twenty rules to observe on the green!" And what a muddle we should make of it! And I am little or no better when I try to follow some books of devotion. Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living" puts me into bonds. "Twenty rules to observe in prayer!" "Twenty rules for the cultivation of charity!" And so on, and so on. I am over-harnessed. Nay, the harness burdens me more than my appointed load. So I return very eagerly to Him who said, "Come unto Me, for My yoke is easy and My burden is light."

Well, this is the one great secret in the Christian life —making room for Christ. The royal way is just to decrease in everything and to let His increase be our strength and glory. Suppose we concentrated on that, and put all other rules on one side. Let the concentration be detailed and particular. I mean break up life's days and take each circumstance as it comes, whether it be grave or gay, large or small. Let us meet each circumstance in this attitude, and with this spirit—"In this particular circumstance I must make room for Christ. He must increase, and I must decrease. It must be filled with His presence, and the happening must now and hereafter be fragrant with His grace." Surely this would make the long range of daily events one radiant line of consecration.

That seems to have been the way of the apostle Paul. Here is his secret—"For to me to live is Christ." What is that but making room for Christ in everything? And here he states the secret again—"I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me." Self decreases almost to the point of extinction—"Not I"—the apostle becomes complete in Christ. And so our hymn gives us the appointed attitude and aspiration—

"O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me
And all things else recede."

J. H. J.

Facing the Facts

MONDAY. John 9 : 41. "*Jesus said unto them. If ye were blind, ye would have no sin: but now ye say, We see: therefore, your sin remaineth.*" Jesus had the supreme ability to face all the facts of life and to face them squarely. "Talk to me about anything you please," said a brilliant artist to a minister he had sent for in a time of trouble. "Talk about anything except sin; I won't think of that." Perhaps the minister did not mean to speak about sin, but he was no true minister of Christ if he shut his eyes to it. Sin is a fact, a stubborn, ugly, defiant fact. The philanthropy and sociology of the world — indeed the biology and eugenics of the world — owe a great debt to Christ for facing the fact of sin and facing it honestly. He faced it in the large and He faced it in the individual life. He spoke very plainly to the Samaritan woman of the sin of her life, and to the rich young ruler of the sin of his life. He was not censorious, not harshly critical; indeed He wasvery tender, very surgeon-like. A surgeon will tell a patient, "You have neuritis, or nephritis"—or whatever it may be. He faces the facts of life squarely.

How honest was Christ in His dealings with men! And that begat honesty in them. That is one of the charms of the New Testament. Men tell the truth about themselves. They face the universe with no delusions.

Much of the literature of our day is insincere. A critic says of a recent book of poems: "One can not help wondering in what kind of a universe the poet lives. The problems of the modern man seem never to have occurred to him." It is quite possible for one to shut himself up in an atmosphere of mere fancy and never come out of it. Christ brings us face to face with the problem of the conflict between the soul and the senses, the problem of the paramountcy of character over chattels, of the perpetual dissatisfaction of the soul — the inability of the world to feed the soul's hunger. It is a great thing to be able to marshal the facts of life, to enumerate and appraise them at their true value. Christ alone is competent to help us do that.

C. C. A.

Love and Service

TUESDAY. Phil. 4 : 13. "*I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*" Jesus Christ in us, the hope of glory, the Son of God expressing Himself in the sons of men, the Man of Calvary making himself felt through the man on the street.

"The best evidence for Christianity is a Christian," said Henry Drummond. When the woman touched the hem of the garment of the Master, she was healed because Jesus was in that garment. When the world touches us in its daily contact, it will be thrilled with health if the Great Physician be incarnated in us. If we have emptied ourselves and made room for Jesus Christ, He will so direct and move our lives that we shall be able to do all things that are constructive, helpful and inspiring.

Victor Hugo once made a speech at a banquet he gave to eighty children from the families of fishermen in a little Normandy village. This was the sum and substance of what he said: "Believe in God; love one another; fear nothing in the performance of your duty." Not very much can be added to these words. All the good words that were ever said only ring the changes on those few and wise suggestions. If a long creed helps you to do God's will, well and good, hold to your creed. If an elaborate ritual or ornate ceremony helps you there is no reason why you should not use it. But if you ever find these things coming between you and Jesus Christ, so that you cannot come into living fellowship with Him, then get them out of the way and get back to the simplicity that is in Christ. Love God and try to serve Him, accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour, love your neighbor and try to help him. Be sorry that you have done wrong and try to do better and be better, and in it all seek the help of God for Jesus' sake and you have all that is essential in the Christian religion, which is love and service for God and fellowman, through Jesus Christ, your strength.

R. B.

The Soul's Call to Repentance

WEDNESDAY. Psa. 116 : 7. "*Return unto thy rest, O my Soul.*" Not long ago a man entered a Bowery lodging-house in a spirit of desperation. He had been living at the pace that kills and had reached the end of his tether. His sunken cheeks and watery eyes told the story of a wasted life.

The clerk behind the counter handed him a letter, which he received with shaking hands. The handwriting was that of his father, whom he had not seen for many years—not since the hand that wrote that superscription had driven him from home and closed the door behind him. Across the envelope was written the word "Immediate." He opened and read, "My son, come back! Let us bury the past; the door is open for you."

It is such a message as this that comes to every one who has wasted the opportunities of a lifetime. It is never too late to mend. A Voice from the Cross calls, "Come back, and the past shall be buried! As for your sins, I will remember them no more against you."

D. J. B.

Obey the Divine Call

THURSDAY. Acts 26 : 19. "*Whereupon I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.*" Visions call loudly for translation into deeds; they are to be employed and not simply enjoyed. When the heavens opened to Paul, he rightly asked without delay, "What shall I do?" and received for answer a plan of action, which he loyally followed. Peter on the house-top had a strange vision which he was at a loss to understand until he knew certain men stood at his gate, calling him to service.

Every vision is dark with mystery until it speaks of something to be done, and we ought not to let go of such experiences without asking what is required of us. What does it profit to have seen wonderful things if we cannot discern the next steps to their realization? Let us cling to our hours of illumination until they disclose ways and means of expression. Too frequently our disobedience consists of neglect and disuse. We are too ready to tarry in the presence of heavenly visitants, building tents for prolonged enjoyment of their radiant glories, instead of taking up the duties, for which they have already prepared us. *I am disobedient to my heavenly vision unless I become an effective servant of its ideal.*

W. L. G.

The Love That Fills the Heart

FRIDAY. John 20 : 16. "*Jesus saith unto her, 'Mary.' She saith unto Him, 'Rabboni.'*" Why was not the word "Master" put in the place of the word "Rabboni?" Because the full tenderness and love in that familiar word could not be expressed by any other. "My Master" falls far below the endearing word so often used in the life of Mary with Jesus. The word "Mary" uttered in the familiar tone of the Saviour's voice filled her soul with joy. To her every thing beautiful and worshipful was wrapped up in the precious name "Rabboni."

Rev. Dr. William Dale, while writing an Easter sermon, had just penned the sentence "Christ is alive," when wave after wave of conscious realization of the divine Presence swept over his spirit. He walked his study exultingly repeating, 'Christ is alive!" Then he wrote a book on the living Christ, translating his experience into words for the world. Such joy no doubt filled Mary's soul on that morning; language was insufficient to express her joy. "Rabboni" meant "My Lord and my God!"

Christ in the garden used the words "Abba, Father"; that word conveyed His deepest love and longing when He was crying out, "Thy will be done." "Blessed Jesus" are the words most precious to us. In all languages hearts melt with love at the name above every name, "Jesus, blessed Jesus."

E. W. C.

Best Things First

SATURDAY. 1 Cor. 9 : 26. "*I so run as not uncertainly.*" The figure is of one running a race, concentrating his energies in the direct course and letting nothing delay him. In our lives each day there are a few chief things that *should* be done. There are many things that *can* be done. If one attends to the things as they intrude themselves, without choosing and rejecting, the best are liable to be crowded out. They do not get into one's life. The running has been uncertain and there is delay. The rule should be "Best things first." Then, though a multitude of things are undone, yet, so far as attainment and results are concerned, they are done. If the mountains can be climbed by the direct ascending path, why continually go by slowly ascending spirals? And they may not be spirals, but a circular path, never ascending.

It is the second-rate things, the non-essentials, the things aside, that waste our time and prevent our rise. Uncertain and crooked running should be changed into a direct course and a steep ascent. The important, the best should come first. The rest, with gain, would be undone.

J. H. M.

The Parable of the Sunset

Continued from page 360

eternal realities, as the woman of old touched the garment of Jesus. Disillusioned of a religion which puts its primary emphasis on external authority, and of a civilization that lingers in palsied state among barren intellectualism, the soul is in quest of an experience that has to do with spiritual realities. It is not satisfied until it beholds the invisible. Every sunset is a challenge—its beauty, its holiness, its silence. These are the mysteries of the day for the correction of the irritations and the wrongs that crowd human life.

There are things to be done. The life of God has got to be brought into this world. The best is all around us—just a plain man or woman or child, unconsciously waiting to be brought into the wholeness of life. There are possibilities in every soul for growth toward God, and every place of victory is an altar and all who help are priests. The highway to victory is by sacrifice. We suffer and conquer by suffering.

To the whole world Jesus is still saying, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." It is the message of every sunset and he lives wisely who finds in his own soul the interpretation of the parable of the sunset.

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Breaking Faith

Continued from page 356

"You're joking," she told me, "joking! Of course I've never told any untruths to my children!"

I laughed with her. But a moment later I spoke again, in a carefully casual tone.

"Didn't I hear you promise, a week ago, to take the kiddies on a tramp?" I questioned. "If I remember rightly you spoke of gathering wildflowers, and having luncheon in the woods, and perhaps—if you found a little shallow brook—of going wading. . . . Did you ever take them on that tramp?"

The mother had the grace to flush.

"Why, no," she admitted, "I di n't. You see, ever so many unexpected things happened to prevent it. One can never be sure of one's time any more! I belong to several clubs, and they do take up a number of my afternoons. And I've been doing quite a bit of sewing, and I'm way behind in my reading. And—" her voice dwindled away.

"And," I finished for her, "you just didn't have time to remember that you had made a promise! But you expect your children—who aren't so well developed as you are, mentally—to remember when they make promises. Why do you think that they should be more scrupulous about telling the truth than you are? You're their mother!"

For a moment my friend was silent. And then she answered me.

"You've made me feel rather uncomfortable," she said slowly, "telling me all this. But you've made me see something of a light, too. After all, I suppose that—if a promise isn't worth keeping—it isn't worth making!"

I'VE been blaming mothers—quite a lot. But mothers aren't the only ones who disregard promises to children. Fathers are just as careless, often, and so are big sisters and grown-up brothers. I've heard teachers make misleading statements, and I've heard many a doctor say: "This is nice medicine; it isn't at all bitter! You'll like it—why it's exactly like candy!" I've also heard dentists remark, smilingly:

"It won't hurt you at all when I pull this tooth—not at all! There are some little girls and boys who come to me and beg me to pull their teeth out!"

I know one lady over seventy who suffered for years with an abscessed jawbone because a dentist once told her—when she was seven—that his work was perfectly painless!

Some people may think that a promise to a child—a promise that's never kept—isn't a serious breach of faith. They may think that a child—because he's small and young and sometimes difficult to reason with—is beyond certain ethical barriers. Men whose word in business is as good as a certified check are quite likely to be less honest when that same word is given to their small sons! And yet those same small sons will be the business men of the next generation. And their word—when the time comes—may not be as impregnable as their father's word used to be. And, if you go back to first causes, it won't be entirely their fault!

Think carefully before you give a promise to a child! Don't just go ahead rashly and say that you'll do things you have no intention of doing. Don't, if you're a mother or a father, spoil the beautiful ideals of fatherhood and motherhood that is the heritage of all childhood. Don't, if you're a teacher, make the child-mind too incredulous to grasp the important facts that you'll some day have to teach. When you make a suggestion or a promise, *keep the faith.*

You grown-up people, you wouldn't knowingly give a bad check, would you? And you wouldn't, knowingly, throw away something that belonged to another person? No—of course you wouldn't! And yet, every time you break a promise to a child, you do all of these things.

A broken promise—and to a child a broken promise is the same as a plain unadulterated *lie*—may live for many years in the mind and heart of an individual. It may be that broken promises—and the broken faiths that they stand for—will some day wreck lives and even communities.

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What Next?

What a Christian Home Should Be

International Sunday-School Lesson for May 22
Luke 10:38-42; 2:51, 52; II Tim. 3:14, 15

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

THROUGH these three Scripture selections we are permitted to enter three homes. A careful study should be made of each. The daily Bible readings give other pictures of home life. Read all the Bible references found in connection with the word "home" in Nelson's Cross Reference Bible, in the concordance or Bible dictionary. Become experts in knowing the content of the Word of God.

The home is a divine institution. It was founded by God. It was cradled in the Garden of Eden and reaches its perfection in the homeland of the soul-heaven. It takes at least three to make the trinity of the home—father, mother and child or children. No home can reach its perfection without Jesus Christ constantly present. When on earth He did not have place to lay His head, but now He is the welcomed member in countless millions of homes.

Establishing a home is a serious undertaking as well as an intense joy. The initial members should both be Christians. The Bible is very clear about not being unequally yoked together with unbelievers. It is often a serious mistake to marry another with the idea of their being converted later. It is pathetic when both man and wife do not, from the very beginning, go together to the House of God. It is also sad to think of these two living together in the earthly life and separated in eternity, because one will not accept the free gift of salvation through Jesus, the Son of God.

From the first day of marriage the family altar should be erected and never thrown down. It is possible to do this, and untold blessings will result. Any one can read a selected portion of Scripture, and if neither can offer audible voluntary prayer, they can at least pray together the prayer of our Lord. The spiritual life of any church would be increased manyfold if all the homes maintained daily family worship. Take a vote in any group of active church workers and you will find that not more than 25 per cent. have the family altar in their homes. If the entire church should be polled, the percentage would be much lower. On the foreign mission field the percentage is much higher—at least 50 per cent. of the homes of native Christians in China have daily family prayers.

A PROUD son, who was about to be married, led his father from room to room of the newly furnished home, showing the different articles of furniture and adornment. The son waited in vain to hear a favorable comment from the father and at last he asked "How do you like this home?" The father turning to the young man raised the question about what in the home designated it a Christian home—no Bible was seen, Christian books were not in evidence, and no religious pictures adorned any of the walls. This had not been the intention, and the lack was gladly and quickly remedied. Our homes should be so furnished that even a casual caller would know that Christ had an acknowledged place in that home. Homes of native Christians on the foreign field betoken this fact. The large Bible lesson picture rolls, which are used in our Sunday schools in the home land, are prized as oil paintings would be. The study of this lesson may cause some to survey their own homes with reference to the place of Christian art in them.

The blessing will be asked in every home where Christ is rightly known. This also should be the habit from the very first meal in the new home. God is the giver of the bounty that is about to be enjoyed and at least the following can be said, as heads are bowed—"For what are we about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful." When Jesus became a guest in that home in Emmaus it was as He blessed the bread that He became known to those with whom He had walked and talked that first Easter afternoon.

Differences were apparent in the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus. As long as homes are made up of humans there will be difficulties to be adjusted; but if Christ is a participating member of that family circle, all such problems can happily be settled. The oil of love and the presence of Christ will overcome all friction. Home quarrels and the family altar are widely separated. It is often said that it is harder to be a Christian at home than anywhere else. Even so, one can be a Christian anywhere, and there is something lacking in the home when each does not actually help the others to be at their very best in living Christ's life. If it is harder to be a Christian at home then the victory is greater when you succeed.

Jesus in the home is most beautifully pictured in that familiar passage in Luke. Obedience, helpfulness and four-fold growth become examples to every child. He who could later command angels and they would obey and minister to Him was subject to Mary and Joseph.

The home of Timothy suggests much concerning the influence of Christian heredity or heritage. Mother and grandmother were lovers of their Lord and the lad was in a good atmosphere from the earliest years. A tremendous burden is placed upon the Sunday school when the home does not exert a Christian influence. Well-grounded faith and deep religious convictions should be the product of the Christian home. Then the children can meet, possibly without any harm, the loose thinking and low ideals that are so prevalent in the world today.

Jealousy can have no place in the home where the teachings of Christ are lived. There each esteems the other better than himself, and no true parent will place Esau above Jacob.

IN THESE modern days the home is in danger. Congested housing conditions tend to destroy what is idealized as the home. Hotel life robs the children at least of their rightful heritage in this respect. "Going out to meals" is an increasing habit, especially among those who live in apartments. This is not a home-making custom. Not to indicate anything else, asking the blessing before eating is usually omitted, and this is a serious neglect. So-called home becomes little more than a sleeping-place. Home, as of old, should be the center of interest, a bulwark against going astray, and the place for which self-denial is a joy.

Among the related passages which should be carefully studied is Eph. 5:22-6:9. There is something very important for every member of the trinity of the home. Give special attention also to the Golden Text: Col. 3:21-22. The obligation resting upon children to "obey their parents" is usually emphasized to the exclusion of "fathers, provoke not your children." The home is the place where each member has rights as well as duties which need to be faithfully observed.

"Lord, make me so that it will be easier for others to live with me," is a prayer that goes well with the word coined by Frances E. Willard, namely Live-with-able-ness. If we are Christians His life must find expression in ours.

It is a delight to meditate about "Home, Sweet Home"; around the hearth fire; the family altar, etc., and it is also a joy to think forward to the eternal heavenly home where there can be no separations, tears, weaknesses, and where the inhabitant shall not say, "I am sick." If Christ live with us here, we will be with him forever. He said, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

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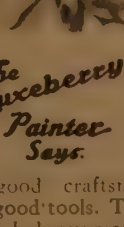

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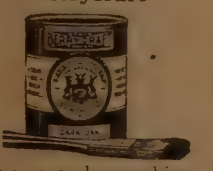

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Young People's Topics for May 22

In School with Christ and His Disciples

E. L. Institute Sunday, Mark 6 : 31

THE institute is a training-camp for Christian soldiers. It is not a question as to whether Jesus Christ might need us that we should be ready for service, but that Jesus Christ needs us now to render the service necessary. It is not *if He should* need us but *because He does* need us. We owe it to our Divine Leader and to our age to become efficient mentally, physically and spiritually. Therefore we owe it to ourselves to equip for highest and best usefulness. Education is not the accumulation of knowledge or the possessing of ability, but the use to which we put our knowledge and ability. The institute enables us to be "workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightfully dividing the word of truth." That kind of a workman is the only kind that will be recognized or succeed in this particular and practical age. An institute is a place where we learn, are inspired, get equipment. It is kin to preparatory school and college. Fundamentally it is a place where we learn how to be better Christians—and a true Christian is always hungering for higher things. "If I cease becoming better," wrote Cromwell in his Bible, "I shall soon cease to do good." Great biographies are more than interesting reading matter. They are the lives of seeking men and women, of men and women who are not content to stand still.

My Favorite Saying of Christ, and Why

C. E., B. Y. P. U., John 6 : 33, 68; Matt. 7 : 24-25

GREAT is the power of words. Suppose we were to forget all the words we ever knew? And suppose everybody else had forgotten all the words they ever knew? The result would be a tragedy. The world would stand still. Words are the means of communication without which mental processes and even physical transaction would cease. There are beautiful words and ugly words. It would not do even to forget the ugly words, for words are symbols that represent values. We need the word "hate" in order to see the value of "love." We need the word "shame" in order to recognize the ideal "virtue." Words help us to make contrasts, weigh evidence, discern between the good and the bad. But words that become flesh, words that are made a part of the life, words that are incarnated, like the words of Jesus, are the best words. Contrast the life of Jesus with His words and note how the person of Christ and the words of Christ harmonize. His beautiful words are the symbols of His beautiful life. Let us make His beautiful words ours and we shall make our lives beautiful. Living the sayings of Jesus, we live His life. Remember the words of Livingstone concerning Jesus' promises: "They are the words of a gentleman. He will not go back on them. That's all there is to it." To Livingstone the words of Jesus were final. Are they final to us? Let us make them ours. Make this meeting profitable by each member quoting his or her favorite words of Jesus Christ. We cannot of course quote them all, but all may quote some.

Those Costly Daughters

THE girls of Baroda are a great expense to their fathers, but quite an asset to their husbands. In case of debt a man will marry a wife just to get his father-in-law's help in paying off his debts, and this same long-suffering father-in-law must often shoulder most of the cost of his daughter even after she is married, besides furnishing her with a dowry. A Brahman father-in-law may even be called on to meet the expenses of his son-in-law's mother! Therefore when a girl baby is born, her father is keenly regretful.

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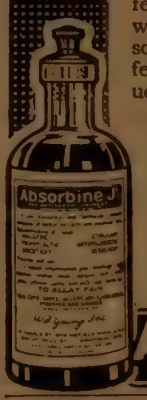

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The Comfort-Bringer

Continued from page 357

had the farm leased from year to year, but Mr. Gary gie'n me a five-year contract as a conseceration for ma losses. Ye'll hae t' pay me ma wages for five year, in any lawful court, as he'll tell ye. And I'm thinkin' ye haena overmuch money to spend on foolishness like that!"

"Oh, if I just *did* have money!" thought Ruth, in dismay. Outwardly she assumed a coldly formal demeanor, trusting Donaldson would be deceived by it, and not guess the dismay she felt. "Very well, we shall see about that, Donaldson," she said, and turned her back indignantly upon the manager, who chuckled audibly as she moved away.

"He knows so well," thought the indignant Ruth, "how very, very impotent I am!"

If only she could afford to pay him him his five years' wages and let him go! It was not often that Ruth felt anger, but her wrath flamed up fiercely at thought of the coolness with which her manager had stated his position and how justly he had summed up her own! She might rage, but it would do no good. Donaldson was safe in his rights.

"And doubtless he'll marry, and fetch Mary right here, to live on my own place—and poor Tom to work for him! I can not imagine anything more subtly cruel."

And then Ruth made up her mind that she would visit the Smithers family, and lay the case before them. Surely a father, even Jacob Smithers, might be persuaded, if the case were presented with tact and gentleness, to avoid sacrificing his daughter for a meager sum of money, such as Donaldson possessed.

CHAPTER VII

THE Smithers home was not an attractive one. The house was brown and weathered, like Hideaway House, but there was no friendliness in its barn-like contours; the tiny porch was grudgingly built, as if its owner wanted no time wasted in sitting upon it; there was no saving grace of green vines and blossoms to twine about its stiff posts, for Jacob Smithers knew that vines, in time, would rot shingles. The small door-yard was bare of flowers, save for a few hardy straggling shrubs; his women-folk had small opportunity to linger in their garden, wasting precious time over flower-beds!

Opportunity favored her; Smithers was busily mending a fence by the roadside as she came up. There would be no need to go to the house, pretending a visit to poor Mrs. Smithers and Mary, and Ruth felt thankful for it. She much preferred bearding the lion in open air instead of in his den.

"Good morning, Mr. Smithers. Wonderful weather, isn t it?' she called cheerily as she stopped before the fence.

"Means early snow," explained Smithers, blinking his small eyes rapidly. "Folks in the house, if so be ye come a-visitin'."

"I didn't come visiting today, Mr. Smithers," spoke Ruth bravely. "I want to see you; I want to talk to you about Mary."

"Thank ye for your intrust in my family's affairs, ma'am," said Smithers, dryly, as he hammered away at the fence.

The hot blood flooded Ruth's cheeks at the rebuff; she wished heartily for a brief minute that she were a man, and capable of giving Smithers at least a good shaking. A good shaking was about as much punishment as she could conceive of giving any one.

"I want to say to you, Mr. Smithers," began Ruth, clearly, to drown the sound of the hammer, "that, as a father, I beg you to consider what you are doing about Mary. You know that she and Tom Auld love each other, and that it is wrong—cruel—to make her marry Donaldson, who is not a rich man by any means, I am sure. He is old enough to be a grandfather, besides. And Tom, I am sure, will succeed. Think how good he is to his helpless mother. Tom will make her a good husband, Mr. Smithers and, in time, a good provider. Won't you please think it over before Mary sacrifices herself?"

Jacob Smithers flushed [illegible] brick color as Ruth impulsively fi[illegible] She was sorry she had used the [illegible] sacrifice as soon as it was uttered, but she could not take it back, and of course it was the truth.

"My darter Mary is not of age," uttered Smithers, briefly, as he gave a last clanging stroke with the hammer, "and she's an obedient girl. I'll thank ye to keep away from meddlin' with her or with me, young lady. If Tom Auld is such a wonderful fine fellow, and such a good provider, let him show a little of it. Let him show that he's money enough to own the roof over his head, and I may change my mind about him and Mary. Unless he can do that, why, I reserve the right to choose a man for my girl who'll do it."

"Good morning, Mr. Smithers," said Ruth, sadly. "I m sorry you think I come interfering, but I intended it for Mary's good. I see nothing can change you but money, and I haven't any.

"That is," she pondered, as her feet slowly bore her away from the surly farmer and his hammer, "not enough to do any good. I will write to Mr. Gary, however, and see if I have enough, by any chance, to assume that mortgage myself. If Donaldson were paid he would have no hold on Tom, and I might persuade Smithers that I would never foreclose, that Tom might have all the time he wanted to pay me back."

TODAY opportunity—such a mockery of opportunity!—seemed to be with Ruth; for, coming from the pasture driving a cow before her, she came face to face with Mary Smithers.

"Oh, Mary, I'm so glad to meet you!" exclaimed Ruth, impulsively. "Do let your cow graze for a moment and—and let me speak to you.

"Certainly, Miss Ruth," agreed Mary quietly, though a soft, pale blush stole over her delicate face. "The cow will be glad to graze, I'm sure."

Now considering that it was September, and that there wasn't a blade of green grass anywhere, this certainly seemed a strange request for Ruth to make, and for Mary, born country girl, to agree to! But the cow placidly chewed her cud in the wan sunshine, and that answered the purpose.

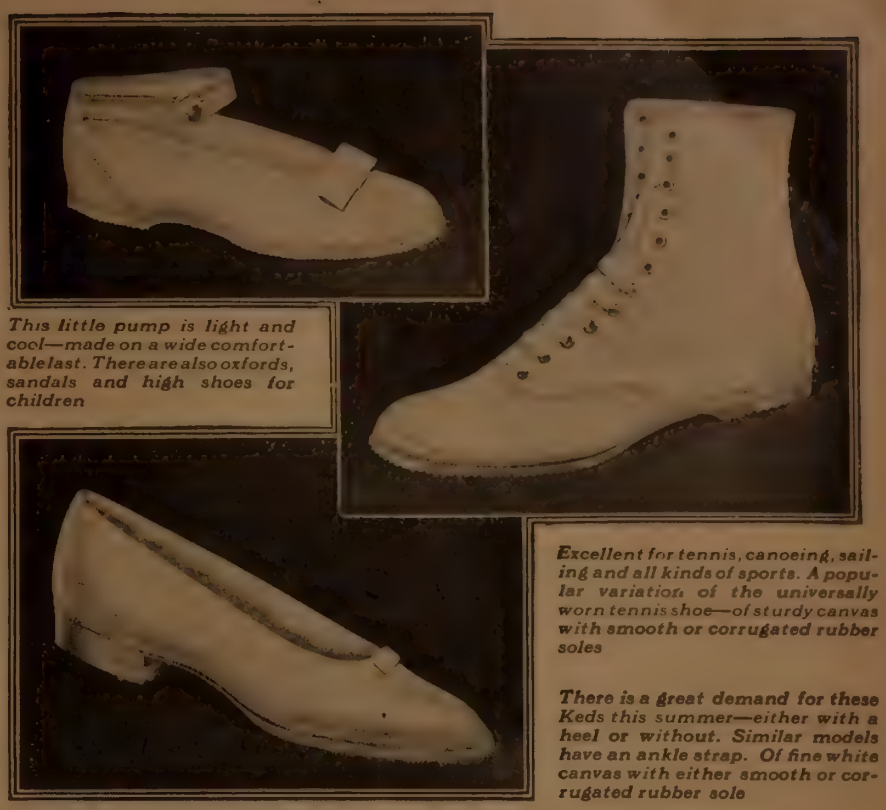
"Mary, dear, why, oh, why, won't you marry poor Tom?" burst forth Ruth, impetuously. "You know how he loves you—everybody says so, and wild horses wouldn't make me marry Donaldson, if I were you. Mary, can't you think it over, and—and let Tom know before it is too late?"

Now the pale flush on Mary's cheeks deepened to a richer hue, and she held her head up proudly. "I thank you, Miss Ruth, for thinking of me," she said, quietly but firmly, rather haughtily indeed, "but I certainly don't aim to marry any man who—who—" here poor Mary burst into tears, which rolled helplessly down her helpless little face in big, round drops. "Who won't ask me to!" sobbed Mary, drearily. "Oh, Miss Ruth, you don't know Tom; he's that proud that he'd die before he'd ask me to share his poverty. And I just can't *make* him, you know. I'm a woman, and we are mighty helpless, in this big world of men, so far as I've seen. I can't marry him against his will."

"You surely can't," agreed Ruth, wide-eyed with astonishment. "I never thought of that, Mary—of poor Tom Auld being so proud. But you know he loves you, don't you?"

"Yes m," agreed Mary, "I guess so—after the way men love folks. If it was me, I'd—I'd just make the girl I loved marry me. I would not sit still and keep my mouth shut tight, and see her enter into misery. Sometimes," said poor Mary, "I think it's a mighty poor sort of love, I do! I've been working hard all my life, and I expect to die working. Then what does he want to wait for? I—I just don't have any patience with him, I don't!" cried Mary, rather wildly.

"But at least you don't have to marry Donaldson," suggested Ruth. "Can't you wait at home? Your father can't



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make you marry a man—the laws forbid that."

"He would kill Mother—he'd take it out on her," said Mary, shaking her head sadly. "None of us dare disobey father, for he knows we know what he'll do to her. Her life's hard enough, as it is. No, ma'am, I'll go through with it. Maybe I'll die soon and get it over with."

THERE was no need for further entreaty. Mary touched the cow with the long switch she was carrying, and the patient animal left her wan sunshine and trudged ahead of the girl, on their way to the Smithers barn.

"It seems to me very much as if I were meddling with fate," mused Ruth, as she, too, took her way homeward, "and fate, I'm told, can't be meddled with!"

Her own little home seemed very bright and friendly when she entered its door. Ellen Hawtree had the house too warm, of course, but it showed the furnace worked beautifully, and open doors and windows soon dispelled the warmth. "If poor Miss Emily only had some of the coal Ellen has wasted," mourned Ruth.

Miss Emily, well, might be left alone, but Miss Emily, helpless, with her right hand in red flannel and liniment, and jobless, must be helped, willy nilly.

"If she would only agree to spend the winter with me, now," pondered Ruth, "it would be lovely. Everything would turn out all right by spring, I know. But in that shanty, without sufficient fuel or food, she will be utterly helpless. Well, thinking about it will do no good, just now. I'll go see if that chicken is tender enough to fill the pie-crust."

Ellen Hawtree had scrupulously tended the chicken, which was, she stated triumphantly, "tender as tender. But how old Mis' Auld eats all she do is a puzzle to me," stated Ellen, frankly, as she watched her employer mix dough with a skilful hand, and fill the pie dish. "You takes her enough to keep her goin' for a week, some days."

"There's Tom, you know," suggested Ruth, her face flushing a little at Ellen's artless query. "Men eat a good deal. And—and they give some of it to their lodger, I know. I am glad to be able to do it for them, Ellen, for we who have plenty ourselves are apt to forget our neighbors who haven't it. You remember the Bible says it is better to give than to receive."

"Oh, now, if you could jest see into Mis' Smitherses pantry!" quoth Ellen, hugging her round red arms, as she always did under excitement, "that bare it is—no jelly nor jam nor canned stuff for winter—all sold soon's it's made. Folks eats jest bread, skim milk and meat, mighty little meat."

Ruth heaped the chicken into the crust, sprinkled it with flour, butter and pepper; she sliced hard-boiled eggs and put them in generous layers, pouring over all a rich cream gravy before she placed the top crust on the dish.

"I've seen the day I could 'a' eat it all," beamed Ellen, enthusiastically, "before you got me filled up proper."

WHEN the pie was ready Ruth placed the dish on a tray, added a loaf and a pat of sweet butter with a pitcher of milk, and took her way sadly toward Nancy Auld's abode.

The sound of Nancy Auld's voice singing a hymn reached her as she entered. Nancy, Ruth had learned, always sang hymns when she was unusually despondent; she said the words cheered her up.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

The sweet old voice faltered a bit, Ruth could sense that it was full of tears.

"Why, Nancy, Nancy dear," she exclaimed, brightly, "singing hymns today? I hope it's just because you love the words, not because you are feeling badly.

Nancy, knitting busily, wiped her eyes on the yarn as she answered, choking back a sob: "No use in fetching him trays now, honey—the writer man, poor Mr. Blair, has gone back to the city. Left this morning on the early train."

To be continued

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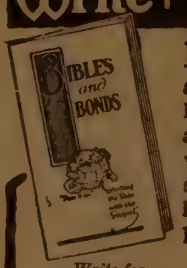

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Many Readers Discuss the Family Altar and Its Influence

RESPONDING to the invitation extended by Dr. Sheldon, many readers have written to the Christian Herald strongly urging the setting up of the Family Altar in the Christian homes of America, and telling of the spiritual atmosphere it has created in their own homes. We would like to print all of these letters; but as space limitations make this impracticable, we give below a few which fairly represent the whole. We commend these to the attention of all who recognize the vital question at issue, and especially the importance of the spiritual training of the young and impressionable.

R. A. Clark, Springfield, Mass., writes: "Family prayer in my father's family has always been a pleasant memory to me. When *we* were married, nearly twenty-nine years ago, we at once started the same custom and have continued it to the present. Of course, occasionally circumstances have prevented the full program. Sometimes we have had only a prayer, but usually reading and prayers, followed by the Lord's prayer. The presence of guests has often raised a question, but usually we have followed our program and usually the guest has joined heartily. At times we have read in turn, each having a Bible, then again only one has read. Sometimes we have read portions—stories or books—of the Bible in course, or have taken readings from various sources. At different times, especially while the children (two) were little, we have sung or recited hymns; learned and recited psalms; twice read Pilgrims' Progress; once read Bunyon's Holy War; read from Story of the Bible; read from different versions, and learned the Bible Books in order. But mostly we have had just the reading and prayer. I believe every family would be helped by regular family prayers—as regular as possible. If nothing more, which is hardly conceivable, this will give, in course of time, a knowledge of the Bible as literature and this alone is worth while. It is not always easy to have the Family Altar, but I believe it pays."

Thomas P. Thompson, Franklin, N. H., writes: "We have a Family Altar; have had one fifty-seven years, sick or well, cold or hot, busy or not. We consider it very important. The time is immediately after the morning meal. We read the Sunday-school home reading; all kneel; the head of the house leads in prayer, then each member of the family offers prayer vocally, not a prayer learned from a prayer book. This takes eight or ten minutes. Sometimes a hymn is sung. An atmosphere is created which goes with us through the day. Children are not compelled to pray, but seeing father and mother praying, they are inclined to join. We believe the Family Altar is practicable in every Christian home."

Mrs. H. P. Wezeman, Oak Park., Ill., writes: "Yes, we have a Family Altar. Ours is a Holland custom, but a very excellent one. It is that of praying before each meal, reading a chapter from the Bible and returning thanks. Since we have six children, the oldest only eight years old, it requires perseverance to adhere to this custom, time-honored among Christians of Holland descent. No matter how distinguished or unbelieving our guest may be, we pray to our Heavenly Father and read His Word. Father intercedes for the family at the throne of grace. Although Evelyn and Peter are only eight and seven years of age they are able to read portions of Scripture in both the Holland and English language. Since the children are young and retire early, they are not present when grown-up members gather for prayer before retiring. This prayer, however, is very essential to the spiritual life and dear to the father's heart and mine, for it is then that we can lay our burdens down, raise our petitions heavenward, and feel the touch of the Divine, and the peace of God descend into our souls. 'Is it possible and necessary in every Home?' you ask. I answer: Most emphatically, yes."

Charles M. Neel, Cornelia, Ga., writes: "For several years I have read the Christian Herald with spiritual pleasure. Replying to your questions as to the Family Altar, I wish to state: We have family Bible reading and prayer after the evening meal. Wishing to make it a joint service, the members of the family choose a topic or subject; and during the reading, any member may ask a question or make a comment. When a biography has been completed, we sum up the lessons to be learned from the character. My grandson, Frank, often stops my reading to ask information. A Christian atmosphere can not be developed in a home otherwise. For six months after the world war began, my faith in Christianity was staggered. After The Hague Court was established, I was sure that never again would there be war among enlightened Christian nations. Yet I saw not only war, but the most savage, cruel war of history. I would abolish the sword and set up the Cross."

Blanche E. Gardner, West N. Brighton, N. Y., writes: "Referring to your editorial in the Christian Herald regarding the Family Altar, I would say we have one, and have found it a great help, especially in teaching the children about the Bible. My husband passed away a year ago, so the two oldest girls aged nine and twelve, read the Bible reference in a book called 'A Guide to Family Devotions,' by Rev. Alexander Fletcher, and I read the prayer. I think it possible for every family to have a Family Altar, and that any family which once took it up would soon decide that they could not get along without it. I have been surprised at the questions my three girls ask me about Bible facts, during our morning devotions. It takes only about fifteen minutes, which can easily be spared. I am very glad to see the Christian Herald taking up this question, and you have my sincere prayers that more families in this land, and all lands, may enjoy a few minutes of family communion with the great Giver of all gifts."

Rev. W. Price, Pastor, Baptist Church, Oneonta, Ala., writes: "It will be quite unnecessary, I am sure, for me to mention with what esteem you are held in the South, as well as all over the country, for your very practical Christian activities. Answering your question as regards the Family Altar, I would answer the first question, 'Do you have a Family Altar?' Yes. We do not think we could maintain correct relations with God and His Cause, nor with our people, nor with our children, without it. It sweetens our lives, tempers our conduct with others, and gives our children a love, reverence and knowledge of the old Book which will be their guide and stay throughout their lives. 'How do you conduct it?' you ask. We read consecutively—just now in the New Testament. There is always some central truth in each chapter. We locate this and explain it in story form, always visualizing the scene before us. No one can fully appreciate or understand the Scriptures unless he places himself in the speaker's chair and tries to see the people, the conditions, the scene as he saw it. 'Is it possible and necessary in every home?' Yes, the home needs only to adjust itself to the requirements of the occasion. This can be done if the desire for it is sufficient. If the hands of nearly 1000 people went up in answer to the question, 'Were you brought up in a home where the Family Altar was the custom?' and less than fifty hands would go up representing family altars today, I am just wondering two things: First, what caused the decline? And second, what will be the spiritual condition of the next generation?"

Rollin A. Williams, Daytona, Fla., writes that in his household Family Altar service, the head of the house reads the Bible, then leads in prayer and sometimes other members follow. Then all unite in the Lord's Prayer. The little ones are taught to repeat a prayer after their father, thus: "God bless papa and mamma and make me good." "We have a set time," he adds, "for order is God's just law."

W. H. Duncan, Conway, Ark., writes: "I have a Family Altar in my home. Ordinarily a chapter or a part of a chapter in the Bible is read, or we say verses (from the Bible) or a member of the family recites a Psalm, when we assemble at the table for supper or on Sundays at dinner. Then we pray the Lord's Prayer together. I believe it possible to have family prayers in every home, and I am strongly of the opinion that Family Altar is of imperative necessity."

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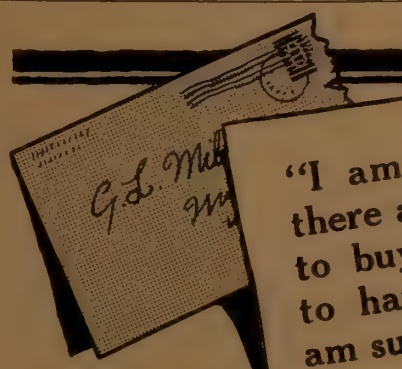

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The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

AMONG the letters received during the past week are the following:

J. A. B., Breckenridge, Texas, asks prayers that some way may be provided for him so that he may take up his studies for the ministry.

A Mother in Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "I have been a sufferer from tuberculosis for four years. Am not incurable, and have been taking the cure for sixteen months, but I lose courage and have a fear at times I never will get well. I ask the League to pray that I may have more love to overcome fear and courage to fight my battle; and that my health may be restored, for I have a husband and two little girls waiting for me at home. Not my will, but God's will be done."

A Reader in Oklahoma asks prayers for two boys, fifteen and sixteen years of age respectively, who are in jail for stealing, that they may be converted and lead new lives.

A Wife, Ringwood, Okla., asks prayers in behalf of a husband, that he may fully surrender to Christ.

L. E. B. writes: "Please join with me in prayer to our Heavenly Father, through Jesus our Saviour, that I may be saved from a threatened loss which involves the Lord's tenth and more for His cause."

Mrs. L. M. N., Sanbornton, writes: "As a member of the League, and knowing that God does hear and answer prayer, I ask that you will pray Him to send His divine Spirit in power to the people of Sanbornton, N. H. Three of the churches have no pastors and the church doors are closed. The fourth church is in a very low condition spiritually, and the attendance very small."

Mrs. L. E. B., Albany, Ala., acknowledges answered prayer and adds: "Please remember the church here, that the Lord will send more leaders and that His blessing may rest upon those we already have."

Believer, Portland, Me., writes: "Pray for the church at Falmouth Foreside, that we may have a revival of religion and that many may be saved and the church built up."

D. M. R. gives thanks for prayer being answered for a great spiritual revival in Calgary, Canada, and requests persistent prayer for a continued effusion of the Holy Spirit upon all the churches of the city.

E. E. A. asks prayers for the conversion of a protégé who is entering into manhood, and is just now "having his fling."

A. S., Philadelphia, asks prayers for a Home for Aged People, where unbelief is very strong, and writes: "Please pray God to send an overwhelming wave of Christian revival into this Home."

S., Charlottesville, Va., writes: "I am presenting this serious question to you for which I ask your devout prayers. Our University of Virginia Hospital is about to be moved to Richmond, and this is a calamity to all of the sick and sorrowing of northern Virginia and West Virginia. The ministers and all the good people of the churches are praying that something may happen to keep this place of mercy for the sick."

Among the general requests for prayer are the following: healing, 88; spiritual advancement, 5; financial aid, 7; faith, 9; conversion of relatives and friends, 55; blessing, 11; courage, 3; success, 3; wisdom, 7; guidance, 8; relief, 1; and that dear ones may be cured of bad habits, 8.

Mrs. T. Y. writes: "Sometime ago I wrote asking prayer that I might be relieved of cancer. I wish to say it has been removed, and I can never be thankful enough to my Heavenly Father for his goodness to me."

We have also received acknowledgments of answered prayers from Mrs. G. W., Mrs. M. B. L., Mrs. S. C. W., Mrs. L. E. B., Mrs. S. B. D., Mrs. B. F. W., J. C., Mrs. G. A. B., Mrs. K. A. H., E. H. W., Mrs. W. V. S., and Praying Friend, Richmond.

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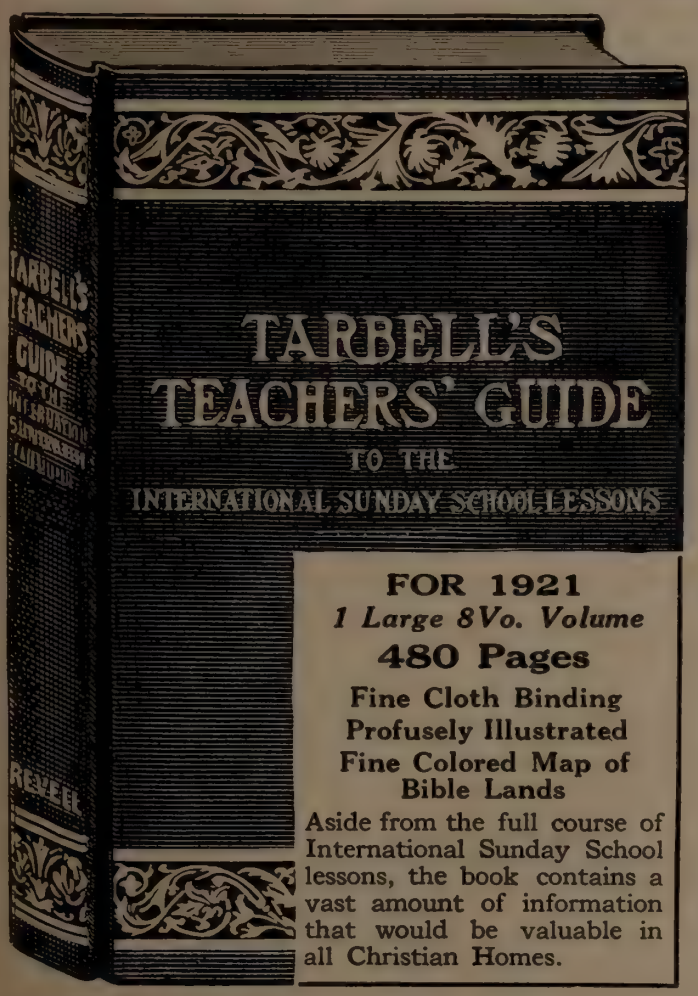

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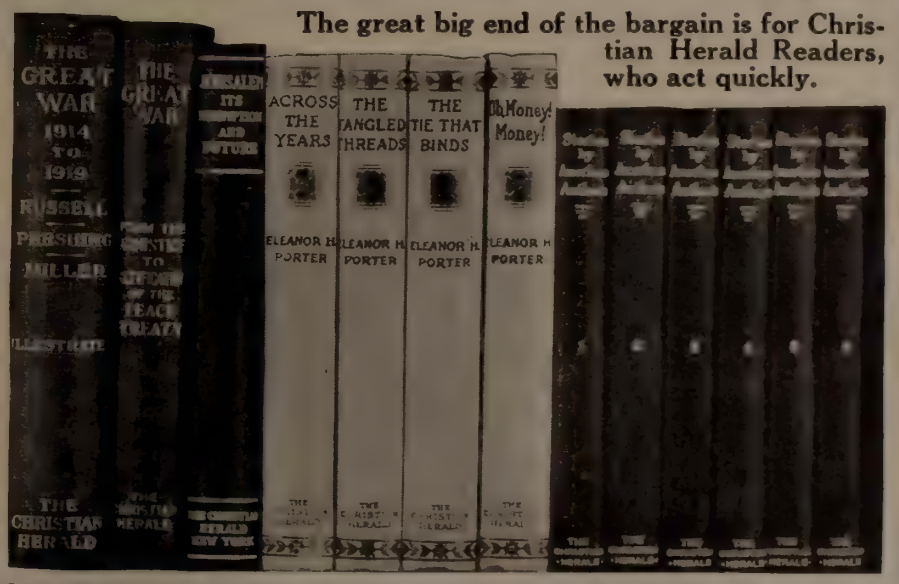

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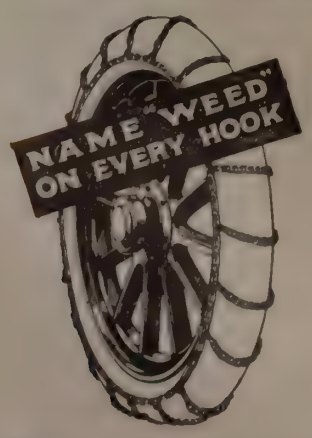

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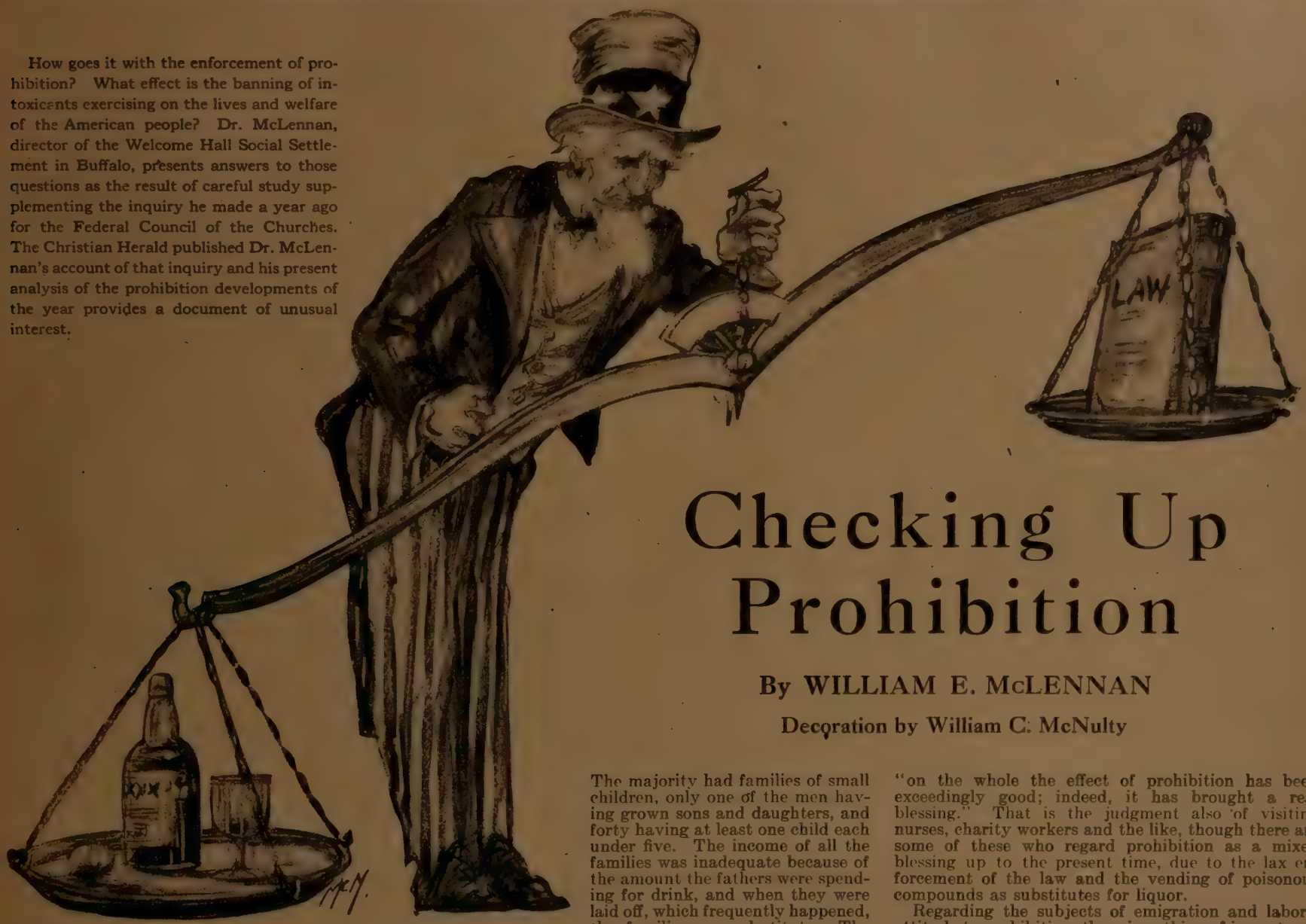

Checking Up Prohibition

By WILLIAM E. McLENNAN

Decoration by William C. McNulty

How goes it with the enforcement of prohibition? What effect is the banning of intoxicants exercising on the lives and welfare of the American people? Dr. McLennan, director of the Welcome Hall Social Settlement in Buffalo, presents answers to those questions as the result of careful study supplementing the inquiry he made a year ago for the Federal Council of the Churches. The Christian Herald published Dr. McLennan's account of that inquiry and his present analysis of the prohibition developments of the year provides a document of unusual interest.

IN THE investigation made in April, 1920, of the effects of prohibition for the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the committee on platform of the Republican Party, I visited New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Harrisburg, Columbus, Chicago and Detroit, reporting my findings under eleven separate heads, as follows: Police returns; returns from houses of correction, jails, etc.; returns from hospitals; reports from municipal and private lodging-houses, rescue missions, etc.; reports of community organizations; effects of prohibition on children; effects of prohibition on industrial accidents; prohibition and labor; prohibition and recent emigration; relation of prohibition to the use of harmful drugs; prohibition and public opinion.

In that report I stated that the material I had secured did not appear to me to warrant definite conclusions respecting the effects of prohibition on the general prosperity, on industrial accidents or on community life. Later facts, so far as I have been able to secure them—not having revisited these cities—do not materially help to make the subjects of the relation of prohibition to the general prosperity and to industrial accidents much if any clearer or more definite.

A year ago, about all I could say of the effects of prohibition on community life was by way of approval of the statement of a superintendent of a charity organization that "we know what way the wind is blowing." We can say something more than that today.

IN AN interesting and suggestive study made by the Boston Family Welfare Society (formerly the Associated Charities) of forty-six families in which, prior to July 1, 1919, "intemperance was the leading problem," the following facts are shown: The husbands averaged thirty-five years of age; only seven were under thirty, and only six were over forty-five. The majority had families of small children, only one of the men having grown sons and daughters, and forty having at least one child each under five. The income of all the families was inadequate because of the amount the fathers were spending for drink, and when they were laid off, which frequently happened, the families were destitute. The misery of the homes was characteristic of the drunkard's home everywhere.

The results of prohibition on these forty-six homes are briefly summarized as follows:

(1) Just before July 1, 1919, five of the forty-six intemperates were nervously in such condition from excessive drinking that they were unfit for work, and had to receive medical treatment. After July 1, they immediately stopped drinking, none of them making any effort at that time or since to secure intoxicating liquor. Of the other forty-one, none has shown any bad results physically of sudden cessation from drinking. In most cases, on the contrary, there has been a steady and remarkable improvement in their physical condition, an improvement to which both their appearance and their families bear testimony.

(2) Not one of the forty-six persons addicted to the habit of drink has taken to the use of any drug.

(3) Although there has been an increase in the number of cases of desertion in the society at large during a year of prohibition, of the forty-six but one deserted this year.

(4) There is little difference as yet in the way the homes are furnished.

(5) It was believed that a change would be observed in the care of children. This hope has been realized. The children in these forty-six families are distinctly better dressed and better nourished than previously.

(6) The men are not holding their jobs more continuously—owing largely to the nature of the work in which most of the men concerned are employed—labor on the streets, longshore work, etc. However, they have not lost time between jobs as heretofore.

THE reports I have from settlement residents, who of all social workers come into closest contact with the foreigner and the poor of our cities, are substantially in accord with the statement of Dr. John L. Elliott, headworker of Hudson Guild, New York, that "on the whole the effect of prohibition has been exceedingly good; indeed, it has brought a real blessing." That is the judgment also of visiting nurses, charity workers and the like, though there are some of these who regard prohibition as a mixed blessing up to the present time, due to the lax enforcement of the law and the vending of poisonous compounds as substitutes for liquor.

Regarding the subjects of emigration and labor's attitude to prohibition, there is nothing of importance to add to what was stated in last year's report, except to say that there is now no one bold enough to claim that the people who left the country since the close of the war did so on account of prohibition. The statement that labor as a whole is unfriendly to prohibition is no longer seriously considered.

Coming to the general subject of crime and criminal returns, while exact and up-to-date figures are wanting in some instances, there are enough data of a reliable sort to demonstrate that there has been not only a general increase of crime but also that, beginning with the closing months of last year and the opening months of the present year, the percentage of arrests for intoxication and disorderly conduct—the latter usually the outgrowth of intoxication—has increased in all the cities under investigation, and also, judged by apparently reliable reports throughout the entire country; though in no instance, so far as information is at hand, does this increase bring the figures up to those that prevailed before prohibition came into effect.

In making the above statement and in quoting the statistics below, I am not unmindful of the uncertainty of all so-called criminal statistics. A rise in the number of arrests for a specified period may mean, not that criminality has increased but that criminals are being apprehended. Certain terms which the police use, such as "disorderly conduct," are capable of much misunderstanding. If a man is arrested committing some crime while intoxicated it is often "up to" the police officer making the arrest to decide whether the man will be booked for the crime or for drunkenness. Such considerations should be kept in mind in passing upon the figures which follow.

IN NEW YORK CITY the commitments for intoxication to the department of correction to serve any sentence were: In 1918, 1,449; in 1919, 920, and in 1920, 541. From Janury to March 26 of the present year, the number of commitments was 300, more than

half the total number committed during the whole of last year. It may be added in this connection that the total number of arrests in New York City for intoxication for the year 1918 was 7,284; for 1919, 5,657; for 1920, 5,813.

Harrisburg records show that for the first three months of 1919, the total arrests in that city were 431; for intoxication, 227. For the same period in 1920, the total arrests were but 96; for intoxication, 28. For the first three months of the present year, the total arrests were 300. The arrests for intoxication for January and February only of the present year were 64—a marked increase in both total arrests and arrests for intoxication over the same period in 1920, but less than for the same period for 1919.

The returns for Columbus for the first three months of 1919 show that the total arrests aggregated 2,794; for intoxication, 637. For the same period for 1920, the total arrests were but 1,162; and, for intoxication, only 60. For the first two months of this year—the figures for March have not yet been compiled—the arrests for all offenses were 1,296, and for intoxication, 124.

The increase of arrests for intoxication in Buffalo in the past three months as compared with a similar period last year is large—160 per cent. The figures for these two periods are as follows: for last year, 698; for this year, 1,829. The total arrests in Buffalo for January and February, 1919, were 5,287; for the same period last year, 1827. For those two months this year, the total arrests were 4,038.

I have not been able to secure returns from the other cities I visited a year ago, but I have no doubt, from indirect information given me, that they show substantially the same results as those I have cited.

The only returns from alcoholic wards of hospitals that I have in my possession are the figures from Kings County Hospital and Bellevue Hospital, New York City—these two institutions being the only hospitals in that city receiving alcoholic patients. The number of these patients at the former during the first three months of 1919 was 278; for the same period in 1920 the number was 63; for the past three months the total aggregated 190. At Bellevue, the number of alcoholics for the first three months of 1919 was 831; for the same period in 1920, the number was 315; for this year the number reached 435.

TO THE question, "What are the causes of this marked increase of arrests for intoxication?" While answers are likely to reflect the individual point of view, there is obviously one cause on which all shades of opinion must agree—*more liquor (or substitutes for liquor) has been obtained and consumed during the past few months.* That means, of course, that the prohibitory law has been widely and generally violated, and in certain sections practically set at naught, so that even the friends of prohibition in certain places have been forced to admit that more intoxicants of one kind or another have been dispensed than before prohibition went into effect.

How the law has been evaded and in places set at defiance has many explanations. One of these has to do with the insignificant penalty inflicted upon the lawless by the courts—a circumstance that naturally encourages the lawbreaker to feel that the courts are more or less in sympathy with him. The chief of police of a city in New York, not far from the Pennsylvania border, in a confidential report to the State Commission of Prisons for 1920, says: "The local officers have made several arrests for violation of the Eighteenth Amendment, but in no case has there been a penalty inflicted which would keep the offenders from a future violation. In two cases where the local officers made arrests and confiscated liquors, the city had to incur the expense of taking them before a United States commissioner and then before a Federal judge in New York City where they were fined $20.00 each, and I have reason to believe are doing business still."

Another thing that has worked in the interest of the violator of the law, is the lack of co-operation among officials and courts, well shown by the situation that has hitherto prevailed in the state of New York, now happily changed by the adoption by the last legislature of the Mullan-Gage enforcement bills which brings the state into line with the Federal government. These laws will undoubtedly insure much more co-operation among Federal, state and local authorities.

In many of its selections of enforcement agents, the government has been, to say the least, unfortunate. The evidence of this is shown on all sides. As late as the middle of April of this year, Judge Hazen of the Federal court in Buffalo sentenced five enforcement agents to terms in the Atlanta penitentiary, together with a fine of $500 each, for accepting bribes. Others are yet to be tried for the same crime, while reports are widespread implicating many others of not only winking at violations of the law but conspiring against its enforcement. Such crimes are worse; they do more harm than the open sale of intoxicants, for they strike at the very heart of the nation. One can but wonder why the appointment of these agents was not made a part of the civil service procedure in similar cases. Civil service may not be perfect, but it is, at worst, far better than the political influence which often determines appointments.

IT IS evident that in many sections of the country, especially in cities, both the spirit and letter of the law have been violated through the misuse of certain privileges accorded druggists and physicians, and by the continuance of saloons as soft-drink shops. Major A. V. Dalrymple, supervising Federal prohibition agent, speaking before the City Club of Chicago on September 20 last, said, "In Chicago there are actually more dispensers of alcoholic liquors now than formerly, when such action was legal; for, in addition to the saloon-keepers, there are many druggists and doctors in the liquor business. The records disclosed that one druggist sold 800 gallons of whiskey in nine days. One physician alone issued 7,534 prescriptions for alcohol in about one month. Altogether over one and one-half million prescriptions have been issued by local (Chicago) physicians in about one year." It must be admitted, too, that many so-called "good citizens" have either violated the law themselves, or conniyed at its violation by others, through the mistaken view that the law itself is something of a joke. Such persons need to understand that an amendment to the Constitution of the United States is a pretty serious matter, to be taken seriously.

It is evident that within the past six months there has been a more or less organized campaign on the part of the enemies of prohibition to make the law ridiculous, or, at any rate, to convince Americans that their liberties are somehow in danger from fanatics. One of the signs of this campaign is the report, which continues to be carried by the press as genuine news, that the so-called blue laws are about to be resurrected and, if possible enforced by certain puritanic individuals and organizations, notwithstanding the repeated denials of the individuals and organizations concerned that nothing of the sort has been contemplated. This propaganda is so persistent that its purpose can hardly be questioned.

While positive proof is wanting there is something more than suspicion that the increase in drunkenness shown in the crime records of the past six months, evidencing a much greater consumption of liquor than formerly, is due in large degree to an organization or association of criminals and near-criminals, influenced by the promise of large money profit, whose purpose it is to win at all hazards, not excepting murder. One sign of this is the astounding record of the Heitler (familiarly known as "Mike de Pike"), Perlman and Greenburg gang of Chicago, one of whose exploits was the smuggling of a car-load of whiskey from Kentucky to Chicago and its distribution through ex-saloonkeepers, policemen and others.

THAT the facts set forth above represent a danger for prohibition cannot be denied, though too much can be made of them. Indeed, the situation can be regarded as, in a way, hopeful, in that it constitutes a challenge to the people of the country whose chief danger is apathy toward law or, at any rate, an attitude which appears to assume that a law once adopted will somehow enforce itself. Prohibition will never enforce itself—that goes without saying—and the efforts, especially illegal and criminal efforts, to overthrow it will serve only to awaken public sentiment and unite it against those who would nullify the law.

One of the outstanding impressions which forced itself upon me during my investigation a year ago was the surprising number of friends prohibition had won to itself since its adoption—had won, I mean, from the other camp. The fact that the majority for prohibition in Congress is larger today than when the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted is one of the significant straws showing which way the wind is blowing. And these men in Congress who favor prohibition may safely be regarded as representing greater majorities for the law at home. There never was a more foolish statement made than that prohibition was adopted by a minority of the people.

If politicians, public officials and others who flatter themselves that they are good judges of public opinion imagine that prohibition has few friends and that these may safely be disregarded, they would be serving their own interest well to undeceive themselves as quickly as possible. For prohibition appears to have come to stay and it is going to be enforced sooner or later—at any rate as well as the run of laws.

A Christian King in Africa

By W. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE

IN ALL South Africa only one man has been allowed by the British Government to retain a position somewhat analogous to that of the ruler of an independent State in India. The British Resident at his capital town of Serowe does not weaken but rather strengthen and emphasize the fact that Khama alone is the real ruler of his native land. This man has for more than fifty years shown himself of royal mould and spirit, and stands out today in South Africa as the greatest leader of his race. This is due to his high Christian character, his great ability, and his singular wisdom.

He has been one of my heroes since far-off boyhood days, when my father, John Mackenzie, was resident missionary at Shoshung, for long the capital town of the Bamangwato, the tribe which Khama's father built up from weakness to great strength, and over which he has ruled so long. I remember how often Khama used to ride up from the native town to the mission house to hold long consultations with my father, both of them about thirty years of age. As he left he would pick me up (or my younger brother), put me on his saddle, and walk beside the horse a short way towards the town. Since those days he has never lost interest in our families, and I still at intervals hear that he has been inquiring about me as "Willie," and about my mother, who is known in that region, native-fashion, as "Ma-Willie."

For with all his great ability and firmness of will, Khama combines a deep tenderness of heart and sound fidelity to those whom he has loved.

Khama and his younger brother, Khamane, were led into the Christian life while still young men by a Hanoverian missionary; but the real formation of Khama's character and inspiration of his policy came from John Mackenzie and J. D. Hepburn, two missionaries of the London Missionary Society who lived successively, and each for many years, in close fellowship with him through all the great crises of his own and his tribe's history. He had much to contend with in his own family. His father, the able and unscrupulous Sekhome, hated Christianity and strove in every way to get his sons broken away from "the Word." When young Khama refused to take, according to the custom of all chiefs, a second wife, and Khamane also resisted, the father drove them and their numerous admirers out of the town, and made war against them. When this failed, and the young men came back to greater popularity than ever, he brought in another relative, Macheng, as wicked as himself, to supplant his own sons. Trying years of plotting against their influence and their lives ensued. Throughout Khama behaved with consummate tact, modesty and goodness.

AT LAST, in 1872, Khama became actual chief of the Bamangwato. He once said, "When I was a lad I used to think how I would govern my tribe and what kind of a kingdom it should be." No royal dreamer ever resolved more wisely than he. On the one hand he determined to have no hand in heathen practices attaching to this chieftainship. On the other hand he would forbid no one to continue these practices who still believed in them. Freedom of thought and action were to characterize his kingdom. This policy has been maintained consistently to this day.

On one matter Khama, however, decided to allow no freedom. He began early to fight the traffic in drink, whether it was imported by white traders or made from millet by his own people. He confronted, with great courage and high moral indignation, the white men who at first dared to oppose his authority. When one of them asked for pity in the name of old friendship, Khama retorted: "Don't talk to me about friendship. You are my worst enemy. You ask for pity, and you show me no pity. You despise my laws, and defy me in the presence of all my people. My people and I are not worthy of pity because God has made our faces black and yours white. No, I have no pity." And he expelled from his country every trader who imported drink.

In 1885 Khama proposed to the British Government a plan by which he should receive through a Resident the protection of that Government, but himself be left to rule his country of seventy thousand square miles, one of the most significant documents in the history of the contact between white and black in South Africa.

I could write long on this man's remarkable acts; his singular self-abnegation, combined with powerful assertion of the right; his repeated deeds of mercy to those who sought his life; his noble bearing in all dealings with the other governments, Boer and British alike; his fatherly care for the slaves, whom at last he set free; his loyalty to the Christian faith; his happy though often bereaved home circle, his statesmanship in the direction of the fortunes of his tribe, internally, as well as in external relations. Withal I must note his martial courage and force when he had to fight against the evil and bloodthirsty Matabele (Zulu) tribe, who attacked him repeatedly.

All these qualities were supremely illustrated when, in 1895, it was proposed to hand over his splendid territory to the British South Africa Chartered Company. His plan of fighting Cecil Rhodes on this plan was to go with several other chiefs straight to London. Their arrival in Great Britain created widespread interest. Khama became a kind of lion in society, and at great meetings which he addressed through an interpreter he aroused sympathy and admiration. Many spoke in utter amaze of the high-souled character which shone out in Khama's bearing through all these trying and testing scenes. He won the day, and since that time he has continued his reign amid peace and prosperity, loved by his subjects, trusted by the British Government and admired by all who know his story for his kingly spirit and his Christian heart.

The Comfort-Bringer

Part Four

A Heart-Warming Five-Part Story

CHAPTER VIII

By ANNE McQUEEN

RUTH placed the tray on Nancy's little stand; carefully she tucked the napkin about the pie-dish, absorbed apparently, in keeping it warm.

Nancy talked on, placidly, now, brightening at sight of her "comfort-bringer." "He insisted on payin' Sary Bryson, honey—said she had kept him alive, so's his energy could be give to his book, which now he knows warn't worth it—not at all! I never see him so low-spirited, for he used to think a heap of that book, when it was writin'. He gave me this, honey."

Nancy took from her knitting-bag an envelope containing a fat roll of bills—all the writer man could spare, he said, but not half enough to pay Sary Bryson for her good cooking.

"And more'n he could spare, if you believe me, honey," declared Nancy, shaking her head mournfully, "for it's my opinion he had mighty little but his hope; and that seemed to leave him, now that he's got to wait on that publisher man to let him know about the book."

Ruth took the envelope which Nancy held out with a deprecating hand. "I wanted to tell him, the worst way, that it warn't Sary, but jest an angel of goodness, that wouldn't take his money for nothin'," Nancy said, but Ruth, taking the envelope very quietly, did not seem to hear her. She was absently tucking the napkin about the side of her dish.

Then, after a moment, Ruth, the smiling, happy-hearted Ruth, sank on her knees by Nancy's side, buried her face in Nancy's lap, and wept as if her heart were breaking!

"There, there, honey lamb, cry all you want to!" soothed Nancy, stroking the smooth head; "you that's always comfortin' somebody or other needs a bit now and then, same's the rest of us. Cry all you want to!"

Wise woman, Nancy Auld, who comforted without inquiry into the cause needing comfort! Ruth, under the touch of Nancy's soft, old hand, grew quiet; she felt very much like a child who is soothed by its mother. At last she lifted her head, dried her eyes and rose to her feet with a little laugh.

"I am acting like a baby, Nancy," she apologized, "but I am so sorry for him—so very, very sorry! And—and I'll keep this money, for the present, till I can think of some way—some lovely way, to spend it, so that it will do somebody good."

"That's what I knew," nodded Nancy, happy to see the soft eyes dry again. "And that book, honey, it's a good book, I lay that! He thinks it is no account jest because it's his. There's folks like that, about their own work; it don't never seem worth anything till somebody else finds it out."

"Yes, yes," said Ruth. "I know. And now you and Tom must eat the chicken-pie for your supper; it is a perfectly fine pie, if I do say it myself."

Nancy knew it was; and Tom, maybe, would relish it. Poor Tom hadn't been like himself lately; Nancy feared it was a cold he was taking; silent and dull-like. He's been working right hard lately for Donaldson, getting in the crops.

Donaldson again! Was he to create discord and unhappiness in so many lives, and remain untouched by their misery? Was there no way of preventing it—without money?

But she said nothing of this to Nancy Auld, whom she left in a much brighter mood, sitting in her wheel-chair with the big cat purring contentedly at her feet, his sleepy eyes, between narrow slits, fixed longingly on the savory smelling pie, which would furnish him juicy bones, later on; he was certain in his cat mind of that!

THERE was a letter for Ruth, a few days later, written by David Blair from the city. In it he begged pardon for leaving her without a farewell, but mere words could not tell her how much the few weeks of her company had meant to him.

"I could not trust myself to tell you," went on the letter, hurried now and swiftly written, as if the writer's thoughts had burst the cold control of the pen, "and now it is impossible to write it—I will not try!

"I had thought, if the book were accepted, to see you again; but the book will *not* be accepted! I am sure of that; sure now, that it is gone, and I can review its many faults, that it is worthless!—a failure, just as I am a failure.

"You will forget me, because I am not worth being remembered"—("Oh, how *could* he say that!") "but I will always bear in my mind the picture of a girl who is, indeed and in truth, a Comfort-Bringer."

Such a poor little letter! If Ruth, with the wisdom of woman, had not been able to read between its lines. Being a woman, however, she saw possibilities in it that sent the blood to her cheeks and a soft light to her eyes. And she laid the letter away where she could look at it very often; that and the envelope containing Sary Bryson's wages.

"David Blair, I know what you wanted to say in that letter—what you wanted to say to *me*, if you had not been afraid to trust yourself!" she whispered softly to herself "and—and I think I know, oh, writer man, I am sure I know—what I would have answered! And you are *not* a failure—and I *won't* forget you! So there!"

She had not written to her guardian, but now something happened that showed her the need to write was urgent: Mrs. Abner Green flurried and panting, toiled up the road one day soon after these happenings, bonnet askew and purpose in her eye.

Ruth, digging up some bulbs, met her at the gate, trowel in hand. "Just go right in, dear Mrs. Green," she said, cordially, "and I'll join you in a moment. Ellen has a good fire in the sitting-room, I know."

But Mrs. Green stood by the fence and panted: "I got to tell you right now, Ruth; I can't wait even a minute. That Scotchman with a flint stone in his chest 'stead o' muscle, is goin' to foreclose that mortgage and turn poor Nancy Auld out of house and home in her helpless old age!"

The bulbs dropped from the basket in Ruth's hand and spilled on the ground unheeded. "Oh, Mrs. Green, that can't be true! Even Donaldson can't do such a dreadful, heartless act as that!" cried Ruth, indignantly. And knew, as she uttered the words, that it *was* true—and just what she had expected of Donaldson, really.

THEY went together into the warm, bright sitting-room, where a grate fire crackled cheerily. Ellen Hawtree's heart's desire was to keep up the fires, and she burned astonishing quantities of fuel in doing so, but Ruth could not find it in her heart to rebuke her for waste, knowing that poor Ellen had never before been truly as warm as she wished—"warm to the hollow," as she expressed it. Jacob Smithers did not believe in luxury, even the luxury of heat enough for his family; fires were always carefully and warily watched by him, and the drafts never left open in the air-tight stove; a grate was something too extravagant to be contemplated. No wonder that poor Ellen enjoyed an orgy of heat!

"Yes, he's goin' to foreclose," continued Mrs. Green, as she sank into a big chair and stuck out her toes to the blaze. "Ain't a grate fire the comfortin'-est thing? And with a furnace, too, you'll be in clover. Only don't let Ellen Hawtree burn you out o' house and home makin' fires!"

It seemed that, as Donaldson and Mary Smithers were to be married soon, he wanted a home that was more roomy than the little two-room cottage he occupied. This, so Donaldson said, was the reason he had decided to take possession of the Auld house, which, when fixed up, would be a right decent place, where his wife, so he said to Mrs. Green's informant, could keep summer boarders and help with expenses.

"Said summer boarders in the village were always crazy about Tom's spring, and he aims to make into a reg'lar summer place," declared Mrs. Green, fanning herself, not from heat but from the oppression of boiling wrath.

"Father said," continued the visitor, "that maybe you could get Nancy Auld fixed up in Donaldson's cottage, and Tom might work——"

"I can," interrupted Ruth. "I can give them the cottage, but Donaldson has a contract for five years as my manager, with salary, and I am not able to get him to break it—I've tried. Besides, I doubt very much if Tom would want to stay where he would have to see Donaldson every day; that is asking too much of him. But we will see, Mrs. Green. I'll write right away to my guardian, Mr. Gary, and I am sure if there is a way out he can find it for us. Now I'm going to have Ellen make us a cup of coffee—tea isn't strong enough to suit the occasion!"

RUTH wrote to her guardian, and received a telegram: "Coming on next train," which comforted her much.

"There is nothing like a man to help one out of difficulties," sighed Ruth, thankfully, "if," she laughed, "he happens to a dependable one like Mr. Gary."

Mr. Green brought him up from the station, and Ruth had the daintiest little lunch imaginable ready; she made him eat it, and drink a cup of coffee warranted to dispel the gloom of an anchorite before she allowed him to speak of business. Instinct, perhaps, aided her to judge of man's dependence upon creature comforts.

When the coffee was finished, Ruth told him all about the case of Donaldson. At the end of the story he laughed.

"My dear, how like a woman!" he teased, "to want to deny to poor Donaldson, getting old and very lonely, the presence of a young wife at his fireside—and a few bawbees in his pouch on account of summer boarders. Now, honestly, is it fair to want Tom, who is young, and reasonably good-looking——"

"Oh, don't, dear Mr. Gary, don't!" implored his ward. "I know you are teasing, but—well, there is nothing I can say that is good about Donaldson except that he is industrious. Not a

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SIX LITTLE DOGS

By Margaret E. Sangster

SIX little dogs in a basket sat;
They were black and white, and were, oh! so fat
That they couldn't move from their narrow beds
(Except their paws, and of course their heads).
So they sat and sat—they were oh! so fat!
Six little dogs—just think of that!

SIX little dogs in a basket sat;
They were, oh! so soft that you liked to pat
Their little heads, and their eyes were bright;
And they couldn't move, they were packed so tight!
So they sat and sat (They were *very* fat);
Six little dogs—just think of that!

SIX little dogs in a basket sat,
When running by came a big gray cat;
And they tried to chase, but they couldn't go
(And a puppy dog is a cat's worst foe!)
For the basket was tight, and they were fat;——
Six little dogs—just think of that!

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

Peace with Germany

IN ADOPTING the Knox resolution declaring the state of war between the United States and Germany and Austria-Hungary at an end, the Senate took a step which had long been foreseen. Whether it will eventuate in our government's acceptance of the Versailles Treaty, with possible modifications and the elimination of the League covenant, or in a separate treaty, has yet to be decided. During the discussion, Senator Lodge gave the impression that the Versailles Treaty would not be resubmitted, but that a separate peace would be concluded.

On the other hand, it is strongly urged that the view expressed by President Harding, in speaking to Congress on April 12, that "it would be idle to delay for separate peace treaties with the Central Powers on the assumption that these alone would be adequate," should govern America's action in the matter, for the reason, as the President went on to explain, that in our peace engagements we "can not ignore the old-world relationship and the settlements already effected, nor is it desirable to do so in preserving our own rights and contracting our future relationships." He held that "the wiser course would seem to be the acceptance of the confirmation of our rights and interests as already provided and to engage under the existing treaty," assuming that this could be done by such reservations as might be deemed necessary to secure us from undesirable pledges and "to safeguard our essential interests."

These are plain words and seem to point clearly to a straightforward and unobjectionable way of accomplishing all that is necessary in the circumstances, and that to change front now and adopt a separate peace treaty would be liable to be looked upon as a studied severance of those relations which have existed between the Allies and this government from the date of our participation in the war until the present time. To the average American mind, the situation in the Senate seems to be heading toward a revival of the old struggle to limit or interfere with the treaty-making power of the Executive—a struggle which rose to an embarrassing pitch during the last administration.

The Christian Herald is not a political paper and wastes no time in the discussion of partisan politics. We believe, however, that we express the general sentiment of the people when we affirm that any course of action which would shake the confidence of those on whose side we fought in the war, and lead them to question the good faith and honor of this nation, or which would tend to alienate international friendship, would be singularly unfortunate at this time.

President Harding has won the hearty approbation of all citizens by his wise and moderate course under very trying conditions. The nation trusts him and looks to him as its Executive to continue as he has begun, regardless of partisan clamor, and to hold the helm with the same firm, able and dignified grasp he has already shown.

Delaying Readjustment

IN THE latest published review of general business and financial conditions, the Federal Reserve Board squarely puts the blame for keeping up high prices at the door of the retailers. Contributing causes are found in high wage levels, heavy transportation charges and the cost of coal; but even these the Board regards as quite insufficient to justify the course of the retailers, who keep on profiteering while other branches are doing their share to help readjustment by lowering rates as far as conditions permit.

By way of illustration, it is shown that while the cost of raw material generally has declined 11 per cent. since January, the retailers' figures show a drop of only 3 per cent. Foodstuffs at retail showed an average decline of only 1 per cent. in 42 different articles during March. In April, with a marked improvement in the business situation everywhere, the retailers still refused to budge to any perceptible degree. At the present time, with comparatively few exceptions, the same situation exists. In many important lines the anomaly is presented of something like an approximation of pre-war prices in the wholesale trade, while the retail is being conducted "at twice or even more than twice 1913 values."

These are conditions which need no comment. It is a time when all branches of business should unite in bearing their just proportion of the lowering of values which is essential to a return to normal conditions. While the general outlook continues encouraging, its full development can not be reached until all the industries do their share towards lifting the burden.

On Keeping Well

KEEPING well is a duty as well as a necessity if we are going to be of real service to the world and happily enjoy life.

Many people regard their bodies with indifference until they get sick. Then they rush with alarm to a drug-store for patent medicines, or anxiously search for remedies, all the way from sanatoriums to sea voyages. Also many other people live in such constant fear of sickness that they are sick half the time.

Another large group of human beings is living under the false impression that sickness and disease are very common and therefore unavoidable. As a matter of fact, the last authentic figures from the United States Bureau of Health, giving the facts from the registration areas which cover three-fourths of the entire country, show that the annual deaths from all causes in the United States are 1,096,436, a percentage of only 12.9 per thousand. Only 4 persons out of 1,000,000 died of smallpox. The chances that any one who reads this will die of typhoid fever this year are about as great as his committing suicide.

The great scourges of history are being wiped off the map of human suffering. Smallpox, typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria, yellow fever, and even cholera, have been to a great degree arrested and conquered.

There are simple rules of keeping well which people may obey.

Study your bodies and take as good care of their mechanism as you do of a new automobile.

Have careful examination of all the body by a good physician.

Study diet and effect of food. Eat less. More people die of gluttony than of starvation, in America.

Work hard at some useful toil.

Sleep as much as your system needs.

Exercise in ways that your body needs.

Have a purpose in life so great that your mind and body are fully absorbed in it.

Cast out fear. Love God and your neighbor. Nothing is so healthy as the creed of Jesus. Ask God to help you keep well and get well and stay well, using all the means that are in the world for a sound mind in a sound body and a sound spirit.

And above all, have faith in a good God who does not rejoice in human sickness, but loves to see His children sane and sound and happy.

Concerning Reparations

CONCERNING the technical details of the just and necessary payment of Germany to the Allies, and especially to France, for the frightful ruin caused, the Christian Herald has no opinion. Even the Allies themselves are not agreed on the details as to the exact amount of reparations that Germany should make.

But there is one reparation which is more important than billions of gold, or even the rebuilding of villages and ruined territory.

That reparation is the acknowledgment on the part of the German Government of wrong committed, and a real repentance on the part of the people for her share in bringing on the tragedy.

M. Briand recently declared, commenting on the whole reparation dispute:

> "Only good-will and good faith are needed to enable Germany to fulfil the disarmament clauses of the Treaty, but she has neither good faith nor good-will, and she plans revenge in her heart. We have got to show her that it does not pay to plan revenge. The way she has behaved about disarmament justifies alone the steps we are going to take."

Does it not seem strange that through all the turmoil and discord which have followed the war, the nations have not yet learned the lesson that God would have them learn?

What are all the money reparations in the world worth without a repentant and humble heart? What avail to pour gold into the lap of a conquering country, if the heart that gives it pours out hate and ill-will? Of what avail, so far as the future is concerned, will all reparations be to secure the world against future wars, if the heart and purpose are unchanged?

What doth the Lord require? Are His claims less than those of France, of Great Britain? Reparations! Yes, but the reparation of a contrite spirit that bows before the Eternal and asks forgiveness—that, and that only, will repair the wrong and pay for the damage.

Gold can not settle for wrong. Only repentance can pay the debt of sin.

Startling Divorce Figures

IN a comprehensive and enlightening article on the growth of divorce, Bishop Moreland of Sacramento has shown that "easy divorce is the subtle poison which is corrupting the ideals of family life" in all the States, and gradually undermining the Christian conception of marriage as a sacred and honored institution. In some sections the divorces outnumber the marriages. In the last two decades, the annual total of divorces in the entire country has more than doubled, the figures for 1920 showing 132,753, as against 61,698 in 1901. In these twenty years 1,183,501 couples were legally separated and 1,318,514 children were deprived of home training and those wholesome moral surroundings which are the birthright of every child born in lawful wedlock. The grand total of "damaged goods" turned out by the divorce mills he estimates at five and one-half million individuals, children and grown-ups together!

Those States in which the evil is most prevalent would form a black belt right across the center of this continent, including eleven States, in which more than half the divorces are granted, namely, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, Kentucky, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee and Texas. The leading States in "easy decree," according to the Bishop's figures, are Nevada, Oregon, Washington, New Hampshire, Idaho, Wyoming, Oklahoma and Montana.

What is the remedy for this startling deterioration of the social and religious life of the nation which threatens the disintegration of the American home? There are a few States which have honored themselves by safeguarding the integrity of the home through legislation which renders divorce far less easy than in other States, where the object of legislation seems to have been to afford every facility for disuniting the marriage tie.

Bishop Moreland, having studied the whole situation with painstaking thoroughness, intimates that he may have a sequel to his enlightening article, in which he will doubtless review the moral and religious aspects of the situation, and may suggest some practical way of minimizing the evil. In the face of such a showing, can the churches afford to remain silent?

Free Course for the Word

LIKE the mercury in the thermometer, the spirits of the average man rise or fall with every little fluctuation of fortune or its opposite in daily life. As with individuals, so with communities and nations. The Montreal Witness, referring to the fact that the Bible is still the "best seller" of all the books in the world, makes this observation:

> "That would be a splendid fact if it meant that those Bibles were read. The Church Times of London says a generation is for the first time growing up without any knowledge of the first facts of the New Testament, and that England is drifting perceptibly into paganism. With this agreed the reports of the war chaplains who found that a very large proportion of the men at the front knew nothing about the Christian religion. We should like to think with the Church Times that it was thus for the first time. . . . It is perhaps true, however, that there never was a time when religion occupied so small a place in the mind of the people in proportion to the other things which now crowd upon their attention and enliven their lives."

While it is doubtless true that there are many unread Bibles and many—far too many—Bibleless homes, nevertheless we have good reasons for believing that there is today a far larger proportion of Bible readers in civilized lands than ever before.

Everyone seeks to be well informed, and it is not a difficult matter in this particular connection to get gratifying facts from the sources of Bible production, and also from the homes of the people themselves. The Christian Herald has been conducting an inquiry on both lines, and finds that the output of Bibles is very greatly in excess of former years. We have also been astonished at the very large number of assurances received through the mails, showing that the Family Altar is still one of the bulwarks of Christian life and character in thousands of American homes.

The Prayer League, which reaches out to almost every section of our land, has revealed the cheering fact that thousands feed daily upon the manna of the Word. And the numbers are still growing. The Bible and Prayer stand together.

Wait until the fog passes, brothers, and then take your Bible-reading census, and you will find that the grand old Book is not only still the "best seller," but far more widely read than you had supposed.

THE AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE WORLD'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSOCIATION AT THEIR ANNUAL MEETING IN NEW YORK CITY

First row, left to right: Frank L. Brown, Marion Lawrence, James W. Kinnear, Justice J. H. Maclaren, John Wanamaker, Bishop J. C. Hartzell, Arthur M. Harris, Paul Sturtevant, George E. Hall. Second row: Rev Henry Collins Woodruff Rev. W. E. Lampe A. F Sittloh, Rev. E. G. Tewksbury, Rev. D. W. Lyon, Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, Fred A. Wells, W. G. Landes, Rev. Samuel D. Price, who prepares the Sunday-school lessons for the Christian Herald, W. C. Pearce. Third row. Walter B. Pearson, Rev. Joseph Clark, Rev. Enoch F. Bell, B. S. Pearsall, Frank M. Sheldon, Rev. J. C. Robertson, Robert N. Coyle, Arthur T. Arnold, J. Herbert Case, Rev. Stanley White, John S. Craig, Harry L. Stark, Rev. John T. Faris, Rev. W. Edward Jordan, William Decker, F. E. Parkhurst, Rev. W. E. Chalmers

The World News of the Week

German Cabinet Resigns as Allies Issue Reparations Ultimatum

REFUSAL by the American Government to transmit the new German reparations offer to the Allies with its advice that Germany should at once "make directly to the Allied governments clear, definite and adequate proposals which would in all respects meet its just obligations," was followed speedily by other important developments in the reparations controversy.

One of the first of these was the calling to the colors in France of the class of 1919, which increased the strength of the French army by 200,000. While these were pouring into the depots, the older troops were marching into the occupied territory in Germany in order to be ready for the word to seize the Ruhr district, which had been decided upon as the next coercive measure in case Germany refuses to meet the Allied demands.

Meanwhile the Allied Supreme Council was drafting an ultimatum, but before it could be despatched the German cabinet, headed by Chancellor Konstantin Fehrenbach, had offered its resignation as a result of the failure of its appeal to the United States. President Ebert requested its members to continue to deal with current affairs, and they consented to do so. The President and the Reichstag leaders had sought to prevent the cabinet's resignation at this time as a futile move politically, and one which would only add to the confusion in Germany and create a bad impression abroad. The Majority Socialists declined participation in the new cabinet and it was expected the formation of a new ministry would devolve upon the present coalition group, made up of Clericals, the German People's Party, the Democrats and the Bavarian People's party. Dr. Gustav Stresemann, leader of the German People's Party and an advocate of more drastic resistance to the Allied demands, was the man most often mentioned for the Chancellorship.

The Allied ultimatum summoned Germany to reply categorically before May 12 whether she will perform her unfilled obligations under the Versailles Treaty, particularly as to the payment of reparations totaling 132,000,000,000 gold marks. In case of refusal, the Allies served notice that they would proceed with the occupation of the Ruhr valley "and to undertake all other military and naval measures." Germany also is required to pledge compliance with the disarmament stipulations and to proceed at once to the trial of war criminals.

Before the Allied Supreme Council ended its sessions in London it extended a formal invitation to the United States to appoint representatives to the Supreme Council, the Council of Ambassadors and the Reparations Commission. Colonel George Harvey, ambassador to Great Britain, was designated to serve on the Supreme Council; the ambassador to France will observe unofficially the work of the Council of Ambassadors; and Roland W. Boyden will sit again in an "unofficial capacity" on the Reparations Commission.

Poles Invade Upper Silesia

ORGANIZED Polish forces, estimated to number 20,000, have engaged in a new adventure which recalls their seizure of Vilna and the Italian occupation of Fiume. With the Allies delaying their decision regarding the final disposition of Upper Silesia, the Poles crossed the border in force and occupied the southern tip of the province on a line from Kosel to Tarnowitz, only a few of the larger towns remaining independent of their control. The rural population in this section is largely Polish, but the Germans are in a majority in the towns.

The Polish invasion, which gradually was being extended toward the north, brought the Poles into conflict with the Allied forces who have been maintaining order in the disputed province and there were numerous casualties. At Gross-Strehlitz, the British control officer opened artillery fire on 2,000 or 3,000 Poles who were attempting to occupy the city, and at Rybnik there was a battle lasting several hours between the Poles and Italian troops. The Allied forces were inadequate, however, to afford adequate resistance to the Polish advance.

Despatches from Warsaw announced that Poland had closed the frontier adjoining the invaded district and declared that the Polish Government had been taken completely by surprise by the movement. Observers in other countries were skeptical that an invasion of such magnitude could have been carried out without official connivance, and this suspicion was not removed by the recall of Adalbert Korfanty, the Polish plebiscite commissioner, who assumed the leadership of the movement.

The pretext for the Polish invasion was a rumor that the Inter-Allied Plebiscite Commission had recommended the awarding to Poland of only the Pless and Rybnik regions in southeastern Silesia. This rumor never has been confirmed, and Allied officials denied emphatically that any decision regarding the division of Upper Silesia had been reached.

Internat. Ea.

PRESIDENT HARDING AT THE REVIEW OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET

At the President's side is Admiral Wilson, commander of the fleet, while behind them is Mrs. Harding

Disarmament Clause Blocked

PRESIDENT HARDING, while willing at the first practical moment to urge an international agreement limiting armaments, has announced his strong opposition to any attempt by Congress to force action. As a result of his stand, the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs has

Continued on page 383

The Place and Power of Prayer

A Sermon by REV. J. A. McAFEE, D.D.*

TEXT—I John 5 : 14. "And this is the boldness which we have toward him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us."

AND such a boldness it is! Surely we would not dare come unto Him at all, if we had not seen Him revealed in Jesus Christ. Surely we would not come with any confidence, if we had not known His love, shown forth in the gift of His Son, our Lord. To come before Almighty God, the Maker of heaven and earth, is a bold thing; to come before Him expecting Him to hearken unto our cry is doubly bold. Yet, without fear and in all expectation, the follower of the Christ comes before the Eternal Creator.

Prayer is axiomatic in any religion worthy of the name. It is elemental in the life of every man. By whatever name it may be called, there is a yearning of every soul for companionship with the higher powers. In the Christian this natural yearning has come to its ripe fruition in communion with God, the Father.

It is not a careless statement which John makes in his letter. There are two qualifications: "And this is the boldness which we have toward Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us." Our asking must be "according to His will," and, even when so made, it does not follow that He will answer as we would have Him, but only "He heareth us." Though we grow petulant and impatient, we know that it is better so. "We, ignorant of ourselves, beg often our own harms, which the wise powers deny us for our good; so we find profit, by losing of our prayers."

We do not come to God with a fanatical belief that He stands ready to grant our slightest wish; that prayer is for us a sort of Aladdin's lamp by which we can gain our desires. We have no words of Scripture which justify such a view. "And this is the boldness which we have toward Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us."

The God revealed to us in Jesus Christ is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Every believer should know the place and power of prayer. Better, he should give it place in his life, that he might know its power.

PRAYER is communion with the Heavenly Father. Prayer must never deteriorate into a mere recital of our needs and desires, a catalog of our requests. God does not need the information which we alone can give. The Master said to His followers: "For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." You and I today fail to find the power of prayer because it becomes the mere reiteration of our requests, and we do not come into communion with our Creator.

Prayer must never become the price paid for the good will of God. Divine blessing must never be a *quid pro quo*, with the extent of the blessing dependent directly upon the length of the prayer. The poor, ignorant woman mumbles her prayers and counts her beads, thinking that the oftener the prayers are numbered off, the more graciously God will look down upon her.

Just how easy it is to take such a view of prayer is shown by the remark of a small boy. The lad made earnest request to his mother that he be allowed to go to sleep under the bed. When pressed for a reason, he replied that if a robber came in the night he would look for him in the bed and would find him easily, while he would not think to look under the bed. The mother asked the boy if he did not pray every night that God would watch over him during the night. The child replied "Yes," and seemed to be satisfied. The mother went on reading and in a little while the youngster asked her if it were not light about four o'clock every morning. She replied that she guessed it was. Then the lad said: "Well, I just pray to God to watch over me in the night and a robber might come after four o'clock." In the thought of the child, the prayer must be altered, if God were going to watch over him after day-break. We do not put the thing quite so baldly. In many cases that is due to the fact that we do not think as clearly as the boy. We do have a feeling that the blessing of God will be in direct ratio to the amount of our prayer. To us who so think Jesus has something to say. "But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking."

PRAYER is the meeting-place of our spirits with Him who is Spirit. It is the faith of the Christian that there is such a meeting-place, and that, not alone can we come making known our desires and our needs to Him, but that, too, we can hear Him speaking to us. It is for us in prayer to train our hearts to hear and to understand His voice. Our understanding must not be dulled, as was that of the boy Samuel, who perceived not that the voice which spoke to him was the voice of the Lord.

In prayer it is God who must be sought. It is not things we seek primarily, but God. When we have found Him our prayers have been answered. It is communion with the Eternal that our hearts crave. It is a bold thing to say, but the Christian has that communion with the Infinite in prayer.

"Not Thy gifts I seek, O Lord;
Not Thy gifts, but Thee.
What were all Thy boundless store
Without Thyself, what less or more?
Not Thy gifts, but Thee."

Prayer has its untold influence upon our own spirits. It cannot be but that we shall come away from a time of communion with the Heavenly Father changed men and women. If it were only for this reflex influence prayer would be eminently worth while. Tennyson was not using idle words when he said: "Solitude is the Mother-country of the strong." Great men and women have ever been the men and women who knew the power of that solitude—alone with Him.

Prayer has a quieting, strengthening influence upon our spirits. An article which appeared in one of the American magazines a few months ago illustrates this. The article, written by a business man, tells of the visit of a friend who asks him the secret of his serenity and freedom from worry. He in turn asks his friend if he has never met other men from whom he seemed to draw strength and courage and faith, who were as a reservoir of power. The friend acknowledges that he has met a few such, but bemoans the fact that in life there are so few. The business man says: "In this respect I am very fortunate; it's the secret of my taking things as easily as I do. There is such a Friend right here in this establishment, whose companionship has meant everything in the world to me. When things are crowding me pretty hard, I simply stop short and shut my door and talk to Him for a few minutes.

"He's a very wonderful friend," he concluded. "I couldn't get through the business day without Him."

"He must be," the visitor assented. "I'd like to meet him. What's his name?"

Though the other doubted if he could make his friend understand, he said: "He's the Senior Partner in this business, and His name is God!"

PRAYER has a purifying influence upon our spirits. Somehow, by His greatness, our own littleness is done away; by His purity, some of our impurity is washed out. I can do no better than to put it in the words of Bishop Trench:

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make;
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take;
What parched ground refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all about us seems to lower;
We rise and all the distant and the near,
Stand forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care,
Anxious and troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?"

Prayer is a constructive force. Prayer as meditation is good, but the Christian belief does not stop with that. "And this is the boldness which we have toward Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us." Prayer has been called "The priceless human contribution to the Kingdom," and "The highest creative function of personality." We must never come to look upon prayer as pious meditation alone. When we do that we have not yet discovered the place and power of prayer.

Very simply, the Christian belief is that in prayer the believer sets in motion spiritual forces, releases spiritual powers, that would not be set in motion or released apart from his prayers. By his prayer the Christian enables God to do things in the world that would be impossible otherwise.

There is nothing in this belief that in any way contradicts the best-authenticated discoveries of science. The scientist cannot, and for the most part would not care to deny the existence of spiritual forces. He may be blinded to them, as were the eyes of the young man with Elisha to the cloud of chariots and horsemen round about the city. The eyes of the Christian are opened and by his prayer he puts those spiritual forces in operation. It is the conviction of the Christian heart that prayer is a great constructive force—the greatest constructive force which the Church or individuals have at their disposal.

WHAT would happen if this thing, with all its implications, once became fixed in our hearts? What a change it would make!

A few days ago I was talking to a thoughtful layman. We were talking of the ever-vexatious problem of the midweek service. He gave me it as his opinion—and I cherish greatly his opinion on any subject—that we were making a mistake in not making of those services what they are usually called "Prayer Meetings." He felt that if our Church members could be brought to the thoroughly Christian view of prayer as a constructive force, they would be found in the services. Frankly now, did it ever occur to you that in prayer you are exerting an influence that is felt around the world? Did it ever occur to you that the greatest thing you can do for the kingdom of God is to pray—not repeat some words—but pray? If we realize that, we would meet together, as a serious business, to put into operation those forces which would reach to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The place and power of prayer are fundamental to the Christian faith. It is one of the golden threads in the fabric of our faith. It is a power, not alone to strengthen and purify our own hearts; but it is the "priceless human contribution to the Kingdom!"

KITTY WOOD KUMARAKULASINGHE of Newara Eliya, Ceylon, writes to the Christian Herald of great evangelistic meetings held by the Salvation Army in the Malayalam country, India, with remarkable results. She thus describes them:

"The Commissioner is preaching to the people gathered in the first center of the Malayalam village districts. Before us are sitting on the ground eight or nine hundred people. Two other addresses follow. And now the praying has begun. It is like the sound of many waters. A great many seekers have come forward, I do not know how many. And now the women have come and another great volume of prayer rises. I cannot describe it. It has the spirit of heaven. I see tears flowing on many faces, and there are tears in my own eyes. They are believing and rise with shining faces. This will spread back to the villages where they come from.

"At Niyattingherry on Sunday, more than double our other crowds assembled, nearly 3000 people. A great many people are listening, and—wonder of India—nearly half the congregation are women! One will have to travel far to hear such praying—thousands calling upon God with all their hearts. Truly these were the most wonderful meetings of my life."

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun," or "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Mark 12 : 28-34. The "Great Commandment."

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 375, first column).

Sermon—"THE PLACE AND POWER OF PRAYER"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League

Closing Hymn—"My Faith Looks Up to Thee," or "Come, Thou Almighty King."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Our gracious Father, we would be worthy of Thy parting grace and ask it may abide with us, to comfort and inspire and encourage us along the path of duty and of temptation and struggle, until we meet to recount the goodness of the Lord as we have met Him in the Way. AMEN.

*Pastor Westminster Presbyterian Church, Topeka, Kan.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, E. W. Caswell, C. C. Albertson, R. Braunstein, W. L. Goldsmith and I. D. Lyttle

The Resources of a Great Apostle

SUNDAY. Phil. 1 : 19. "*For I know that this shall turn to my salvation through your prayers and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ.*"—It is good to be permitted to turn into a strong man's life and to examine his resources. It is a great privilege to be allowed to look into his treasury from which he gets his current coin to meet the urgent demand of circumstances. And that is our privilege with the Apostle Paul.

Here is the great apostle in captivity at Rome. The greatest of all itinerant missionaries is now in bonds. He has roamed at large on enterprising ventures in the cause of the Kingdom of God. He has trudged through Asia Minor and through lands still more remote. He has crossed icy-cold mountains and fever-haunted plains. He has been a torch-bearer for the Kingdom of Light, and genial fires have been kindled in every place in which he has ministered. And now he is in bonds. The missionary is a captive. The torch-bearer is confined. It looks as if his work is over. But no! To this man the imprisonment of the body is not the paralysis of the soul. Even a blind alley may be a mystic thoroughfare. A chain may be the witness of a nobler freedom. A prison may be the birthplace of heavenly springs. That is his faith, and on what does he rely? "I know that this shall turn to my salvation through your prayers and the supply of the Spirit of Christ."

And so the Apostle finds a gracious part of his resources in the prayers of others. And so it comes to pass that apparent weaklings can be the companions of mighty warriors. That is how the man with one talent can be the invisible helpmeet of the man with ten. Even a child can bring succor to the Apostle Paul. This is the supreme application of the old fable—the mouse can liberate the lion. We can, by prayer, liberate the powers of great men and women, and make them mighty masters of difficult circumstances. We can, by prayer, impart to them a sovereignty, by which they are able to handle circumstances and turn them to be ministers of salvation, to the glory of the Saviour's name.

I can, by prayer, become as a part of another man, and I can go forth with him to his battles and his conquests. I can travel through Mongolia with James Gilmour, and I can help him to be light-hearted in the midst of appalling tasks. I can be part of a statesman's personality when he is fighting some great iniquity, or championing the children of oppression. I can be a great companion of some mighty preacher, when he stands in the pulpit, and I can multiply his resources when he proclaims the word of life.

Yes, I can, by prayer, league myself with another, and I can be a mighty helpmeet in giving him conquest over circumstances so as to make them the ministers of salvation. In this way Onesiumus can be a part of Paul, Aquila can be a part of Apollos, and any child can be a part of any great campaigner in the warfare of the Kingdom of God.

Prayer is the appointed means by which rivers of energy are unsealed and directed to some crying needs. And therefore vital prayer is not a word, it is an act. It is as much an act as the waterman's lifting of a sluice-gate which lets the higher waters into the lock where the waters are low. Prayer prepares the ways for the supply of the Spirit of Jesus, and in that holy energy we have the power which overmatches and conquers difficulties which are otherwise invincible. J. H. J.

The Neglected Book

MONDAY. Psa. 119 : 11. "*Thy Word have I hid in my heart.*" It is related in Pilgrim's Progress that Christian was met at the foot of the Cross by three angels who presented him with a name, a white garment and a roll with a royal seal upon it. He found much comfort in reading from this roll until, coming to a pleasant arbor, he fell asleep and lost it.

As he continued his journey, meeting with many dangers, he felt in his bosom for the roll "that he might read therein and be comforted"; but it was not there! "Then was he in great distress; for he wanted that which used to relieve him and which should have been his pass into the Celestial City."

At last he bethought himself of the arbor wherein he had slept; and asking God's forgiveness for that foolish act, he retraced his steps, "All the while crying, 'O that I had not slept!' But coming to the arbor he espied his roll, which, with trembling, he caught up and put into his bosom. And who can tell how joyful this man was; for that roll was the assurance of his life!"

Get back your Bible, my friend. Take it down from the shelf where it lies covered with dust. If while sleeping you have lost it, seek and keep on seeking until you find it. D. J. B.

The Heart of a Child

TUESDAY. I John 3, 1. "*Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us.*" Eva said to Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Oh, Topsy, poor child, I love you! I love you because you haven't any father or mother or friends, because you have been a poor, abused child." The eyes of the black child were filled with tears; large drops fell on Eva's white hand. The darkness of Topsy's heathen soul had been made bright with the rays of love. Does not the voice of Christ's love whisper to every troubled child, "I love you, I died for you; My arms are open to you. Come unto Me and rest in My bosom."

Is not a child the masterpiece of God's creation, and is not our loving and caring for the least of these little ones manifesting our love to Him? Is not feeding and watching over the millions of hungry, homeless children in Europe, doing work for Him Who gave Himself for us? Are the thoughtless rich heedless of the cry of the children? Then they are forgetting Him, the Inasmuch Redeemer. Does not every child possess unknown powers of usefulness and greatness? Our help may plant seeds of kindness that will grow into flowers and fruits for the Paradise of God. Those we aid may be the ones who will receive us into heavenly habitations.

If earth is crammed with heaven and if every common bush is afire with God, how much more is childhood full of infinite possibilities. Is it not holy ground where children are walking? Should we not take off our shoes as we mingle among them? The need and comfort, education and training of playful childhood are now and here and everywhere around us. Is not every day a vessel into which we may pour our love to quench the thirst of childhood? E. W. C.

The Great Companion

WEDNESDAY. Ex. 3 : 12. "*Certainly I will be with thee.*" A young child thinks of God as a sort of omnipresent Watchman, vaguely trusted, vaguely feared, but seldom loved. Our first rhymed prayer is precious in memory, but it is hardly a model prayer for a devout and well-developed Christian. Years pass and the child is a schoolboy. His idea of God takes color from his experience in school. The great personality of the schoolroom is the teacher. A teacher assumes an aspect of divinity to the impressionable child—he knows so much and sees so much, and it is in his power to do so much. The teacher, too, is an incarnation of justice. There is an austerity that begets awe and a justice that begets reverence.

So, to the schoolboy, God is a great Teacher, a Master of Truth, the Supreme Authority in the realm of duty. After school comes the serious business of life. Now friendship bulks largely—helpful and disinterested friendship. Burdens grow heavy, crises come, and blessed is he who has a friend in times of need. Then, unless we lose our vision, God looms up on our mental horizon as the Infinite Friend.

As years fly by, with age come many disillusionments. We measure things differently. We have found out how few things we learned in school that were of any value, how few things we set our hearts on in youth were satisfactory, how few friends we trusted, in our prime were weatherproof. We take account of all these things and set high values on things that have never failed us. God has been with us all the way. He tempered our excess of joy. He consoled us in our sorrow. His Word was manna to our souls.

His promises are strong for us to lean on as we brace ourselves to enter the dark. What is God? An abiding Presence. An encompassing Presence. Is that a gulf I see yawning just ahead? Yea, a gulf. Then I shall surely fall. Yea! I shall fall, but I shall fall into His arms. And Oh! what arms. "Underneath are everlasting arms." "Certainly, I will be with thee." C. C. A.

The Fruitful Life

THURSDAY. I Col. 1 : 10. "*Being fruitful in every good work.*" There has never been a year without its springtime and never will be. Like all good things and lovely it is worth waiting for. Snow and cold, east wind and frost are but a memory. Bird-song, flower-bloom, sunshine, bee-hum and brook-murmur are glorious realities. There is a sense of a general awakening and renewal everywhere. The spring season comes with special meaning to those who are studying the ways of God and who delight to dwell on His gracious blessings. The advent of summer brings its spiritual lessons as well as its material beauties.

The spring teaches us that if we would have fruit, we must first have blossoms. The order of nature is first blossoms, then fruit. First spring with its promise, then summer with its fulfilment. First planting time, then reaping time. Says the botanist: "The fruit is simply the enlarged matured pistil; much of the fleeting spring flower, indeed all that is essential to it, is made permanent in the enduring fruit." The fruit may be regarded as a more perfect blossom, retaining the grace and color, fragrance and form that distinguished the blossom, but adding the flavor that it lacked. We must have blossoms and tenderly care for them, if we would see them mature into fruit.

And what are those blossoms that shall beautify the summer and autumn of our lives? They are high ideals, noble aims, great ideas, constructive thoughts, worthy ambitions, sincere intentions, "whatsoever things are lovely." As we think, so we are. The desires that control our hearts give direction to the path selected by our feet. There are laws of sowing and reaping, cause and effect, choosing and consequence.

It is impossible to foster a bad cause and realize a good thing. Poor seed, immature buds, blighted blossoms result only in undesirable fruit and unwelcome harvests. R. B.

The Value of Central Thought

FRIDAY. II Kings 17 : 38. "*The covenant that I have made with you, ye shall not forget.*" We sometimes say to one another, "Now, don't forget," but despite all warnings and admonitions, we do forget. Who has not learned to say with ease, "Oh, I forgot," when confronted with some neglect or sin of omission? Some very serious consequences have followed a lapse of memory. Our intentions were good. We had highly resolved to remember, but we never thought of it again.

Then there are some facts and responsibilities that are never long out of our minds. We can not escape their remembrance, try as we may. These thoughts come to us, apparently unbidden, and stay in spite of all attempts to drive them away. It is said that we are not responsible for the ideas that come to us, but for those that we keep; nevertheless it is a common experience that those we would keep run away, while others persist in returning.

We are not helpless, however, in these matters. We can control the center of attention, and the center finally determines the circumference. If we put a great regulative idea on the throne in our mental life, right thinking follows as night follows day. The One Great Thought brings a whole train-load of fine associates and puts to flight the numerous enemy-invaders. This explains why—"The Covenant that I have made with you, ye shall not forget!" If we keep this one thing uppermost in our mind, our problem is solved. Which is only another way of saying, "Seek ye first the Kingdom and all other things are added."

W. L. G.

The Cure for Fear

SATURDAY. Ps. 56 : 3. "*What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.*" Perhaps some one may ask the question "Why should we fear?" Much as we should like to be without this very undesirable quality, and in spite of the fact that we feel ashamed at times even to confess that it is there—still, there it is. And it is not that we are afraid as to the ultimate outcome, but the "lions by the way." There is the lion of our own weakness, and this seems like a contradiction of terms; but some one who has been tormented and torn by the feeling that he was not sufficient unto the day, and who has seen the spectre of defeat rise up before him, will never say that one's native weakness is not a devouring lion. Then there is the lion of past failures to strike terror into the heart of the one who would win out. And once again, the lion who is our arch-enemy.

Enough to make one afraid! Imagine waging warfare against a trinity like this! Who may hope to win out in the face of such an array?

But listen to what the prisoner among the Philistines has to say! He does not for a moment overlook the fact that fears arise, and that prison walls shut out the faces of his friends and loved ones; but in this hour of his extremity he says, "*I will trust in Thee.*" He does not say that he would sit down in philosophic calmness and reason the thing out, for he knew full well that he would come into deep waters; neither does he assume the part of the stoic, nor does he try to rally his own fainting courage for the occasion; but, with a faith so simple that it is almost too grand for us to understand, he settles the whole matter with these words, "*I will trust in Thee.*"

"When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee."

I. D. L.

Welch's

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A Bird in Bryant Park

One Touch of Springtime Makes the Whole World Kin

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I WAS going through Bryant Park at the noon hour yesterday with a certain girl who is usually my luncheon companion. We were walking very slowly in the sunshine, underneath the green branches of the park trees, and we were both of us, I think, trying to imagine that we were in the country. For Bryant Park is such a fresh little oasis, in the center of the city, that it is apt to make the mind turn toward thoughts of daisy-dotted fields, and wide, white clouds, and radiantly fresh air.

We were walking slowly in the sunshine when we became suddenly conscious of a crowd ahead of us—quite a dense crowd, even for a city park at noontime, where crowds are sometimes rather hard to plow through. And because we were utterly human—and therefore intensely curious—we hurried as fast as ever we could. And in a moment we were standing upon the outskirts of the crowd.

Almost anything in a great city will draw a crowd. Sometimes an airplane floating above the jagged line of the skyscrapers will make a thousand people pause in their way and stand—with thrown-back heads and staring eyes—for a quarter of an hour. An automobile with a bad tire, or a fire-engine, or a street speaker, or a new dress style, or an argument between two newsboys will in no time at all make a throng collect, a throng that will nearly block traffic. And so we, standing on the outskirts of the crowd, expected to see almost anything—except the sight that we did see!

JUST a little bird, in a city park,
But it came with the breath of spring—
And it made some souls, that were in the dark,
Creep out to the light, and sing.
It made the whole of the city day,
Seem sweeter and more worth-while;
And some of us wanted to kneel and pray,
And some of us had to smile!

Just a little bird with a scarlet head,
And a wonderful soft brown breast;
But it wakened dreams that were almost dead,
And it lulled some fears to rest. . . .
Just a little bird that did not belong
On the close-cropped city sod;
But back of the bird was Spring's throbbing song,
And back of the song was—God!

SOMETIMES, on their way up from the South, strange birds pass over New York. When I say "strange birds," I mean birds that are unfamiliar to city-dwellers—for we are used only to small-brown sparrows, and an occasional robin red-breast, and exceedingly domesticated pigeons. And so, when we saw what was in the center of the crowd we, too, felt a thrill of surprise and interest. And we crowded close to get a good view of it.

It was a large bird that the people were watching, and it had a fairly long bill and short slender legs. It was shaped, just a bit, like a cockatoo—the sort that one sees in the wide window of a bird store. It was brown in color, of a slightly different, infinitely softer shade than the aforementioned sparrow, and the top of its head was crowned with a vivid crimson. I had never seen a bird like it, and the girl who is usually my luncheon companion said that she hadn't, either. Indeed, I doubt if there were a great many people in the absorbed group who were familiar with such a bird!

I looked around the circle of the crowd—we had worked our way into the center of it—with a very real interest. A silent crowd it was, and an intensely appreciative one. Silent, because it did not want to frighten away the shy visitor, appreciative, because of the utter trust that the visitor showed! And as I looked about the circle I seemed to see a certain spirit of friendliness upon every face—a certain expression of goodwill and good fellowship in eyes that might, ordinarily, have been hard.

A MAN—one of the vast army of men who are unemployed—was standing next to a woman who might have been an extremely efficient and well-paid secretary to the president of a great business. An artist, if one was to judge by his rather long hair and his flowing black tie, smiled blandly from beside a frowsy and ill-kempt woman, who might have washed floors for a living. A mother, with a rosy child by one hand, smiled at a short-skirted shopgirl—who smiled back at her. And a minister looked down, through his tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses, into the face of a little boy who was quite obviously playing truant from school!

A typical conglomerate New York gathering it was, representing all nationalities, and all creeds, and all classes of society. A typical New York crowd—with all of the characteristics of our great melting-pot of a city. And yet, though every one of the crowd was of an entirely different type, one felt the kinship between them. And it was all because of a strange bird with soft, brown feathers and a scarlet top-knot—all because of one vivid *living* touch of springtime!

It isn't often that one is privileged to see this spirit of kinship. But when one does see it there is a certain thrill that comes—a certain heart-warming feeling that makes everybody in the world seem very near, and very kind. Sometimes, after a long, disappointing day, such a feeling will revive one's faith in human nature—will give one the strength and desire to carry on. Oftentimes it will build up a fabric of dreams and ideals; a fabric that has been allowed to grow thin and shabby and moth-eaten.

I have seen this expression of kinship on the faces of a crowd during wartime, when a regiment was leaving the city. I have seen long lines of women, shabby, and richly gowned; poor, and ill, and strong—I have seen women, young, and middle-aged, and very old, standing together. And the same heart-break and pain lay behind the gallant smile that each one of them managed to send to her boy, who was going away from her.

PEOPLE, underneath the artificial veneer that is the result of training or environment, are pretty much alike. They're made, fundamentally, of the same materials—they experience the same sensations and the same reactions. But people, most of them, are on their guard. For they have been taught, by the strange processes of civilization, to curb many natural impulses and to keep the veneer of training uncracked.

And yet it only takes something little and bright and friendly—like the bird in Bryant Park—to crack this seemingly unbreakable veneer. And if any one is fortunate enough to be present when the cracking is in progress, it's quite likely that the sight will stay close to that any one's heart!

It was a conglomerate crowd there in Bryant Park. But it was a silent, appreciative crowd—held together by a bond of very real sympathy. And, though I know that everybody expressed it differently, I was sure—as I looked from face to face—that each mind was mirroring the same thought that was in my mind.

I knew that everybody was thinking—though some of them were perhaps thinking almost subconsciously—of the miracle of springtime. And of the mercy and love and *friendliness* of the One who sends His brave little stranger birds into the very strongholds of the city!

Making a Neighborhood Christian

International Sunday-School Lesson for May 29
Luke 10 : 25-37; Acts 2 : 44-47

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

THE Christian Home, which was the subject for study last week, has at once extending relationships and these will be studied in the lessons for the remainder of the quarter. The scope should be noted now. First we will consider "Making a Neighborhood Christian," then "Making the Nation Christian," "Making the World Christian" and "Making the Social Order Christian." This broadening series of titles makes it important to keep within the limits of each subject. This time it is our "neighborhood" which is akin to Jerusalem in the great commission given by Jesus Christ.

Teaching by illustration was the method used by the Master Teacher in answering the question of the lawyer who sought to evade "love thy neighbor as thyself." The story of the unfortunate man who was set upon while on "the bloody way" going down from Jerusalem to Jericho was told, and it has been retold countless times since. The stories, or parables, related by Jesus will never be out of date. They are realistic and truth-teaching. None are more familiar than the Good Samaritan.

Wounds are sore and hope springs up as the traveler approaches; but an added sense of loneliness is experienced as the formalist passes onward with only a glance in the direction of the sufferer. The temple helper soon comes near, but seems to pacify his conscience after satisfying his curiosity. Will no one help! The Samaritan is the answer to the need which demands immediate attention. All that could be expected of any one is done, as he places the now encouraged man in the care of the innkeeper, and then he goes the second mile as he says "whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee."

This Samaritan might have been expected to do something of this kind if the event had been located at Schechem, but this scene is laid in Judea where the Hebrew was not willing to even accord the Samaritan a place in the resurrection. The humanity of the Samaritan was not a matter of geography; rather it was a mere question of opportunity. When the ten lepers were cleansed by the Master, it was the Samaritan only who returned to say "Thank you." Today there are only a few more than 100 Samaritans at Nablous in Palestine, but the spirit of that Good Samaritan is reaching to the uttermost parts of this earth.

BEING a Christian means, in part, that the scales fall from our eyes and we see clearly the needs of others. This implies that we are obligated to more than a curious look-in upon the affairs of our community. Some people go slumming just for the sake of curiosity. They want thrills and hope they will see something awful. Rarely do the sight-seeing cars in our great cities carry through the various "towns" of different nationalities those who later return to help their brothers and sisters in the ceaseless struggle for a bare existence. On the other hand it is gladly stated that there was never a time in the history of the world when so much is being done for those who are in need as right now. Further, those who are seeking to follow the Christ do not wait till they stumble upon the wounded as they walk through life, but the sorrowing are sought out that help may be given them.

"Community" is one of the much-used words of today. The extension of the term is an index of the times in which we live: Community-sing, Community-betterment, Community-chest. Such words have no meaning where the Christ is not known and as He is accepted, they have an immediate application. It cannot be otherwise for He actually makes one brotherhood of all mankind. The early Church (see the passage in Acts) tried the plan of having all things in common. While this plan has not been generally followed, the obligation of stewardship, and helping "as any man has need," is growing in meaning. In many places rural churches are community-centers, to the great benefit of the entire neighborhood. Numerous books have been written on this special subject during the past decade, and they are worthy of study.

Right mental attitudes help much in neighboring. Jealousy and self-interest do not advantage at all. The three monkeys that are sculptured on the walls of a temple at Nikko, Japan, are well known, though not always heeded. They declare, by the hands over ears, eyes and mouth: "Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil." Any teacher who can get one of the little models, and they can be had for possibly fifty cents at a Japanese store, will have the basis for an impressive talk to the class. It would not be out of place to have this little group in every Sunday school or home. Few illustrations would be more effective for the smaller children. The writer has used these "Three Monkeys" for numerous children's sermons and even bought a cane in Tokyo with the monkeys carved on it. Of course it is more important to do what the monkeys teach than to carry them around with you. It takes a Christian to live up to such a standard, and when he does it, he is ready to see the good in others.

Some may wish to help a neighborhood and decide that they cannot because of the financial cost. There are many ways within the ability of every one. Let each class on Sunday give some attention to a purposeful discussion on the subject "What can we do to make our neighborhood Christian?" Soul-winning is one answer. Get the young people into your Sunday school who now stand on the street corners or who openly desecrate the Sabbath. Plan to hold Gospel services in parks or elsewhere Sunday afternoons during the coming summer.

THERE is a forceful application in connection with this parable of the Good Samaritan that is applicable to all. When one becomes conscious of a need and fails to engage in intercessory prayer, the sin of the priest and Levite is repeated. Samuel said to the people (I Samuel 12 : 23) "far be it from me that I should sin against Jehovah in ceasing to pray for you." More prayer for our neighborhood and especially for our neighbors, one by one, will work remarkable changes for good and to the glory of God. We work for those for whom we are praying.

The memory verse assigned to both the primary and junior departments is one that is essential for every age. It is "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise" (Luke 6 : 31). The study of this Golden Rule will reveal many ways by which the neighborhood can be benefited. Always keep in mind that the survey of conditions is little more than negative in value unless something is done about it. The blessing comes not in knowing things, but in doing them.

In writing about the home last week, little was said concerning a large number of individuals in every community, namely, those who do not have a home. There are many in boarding or rooming houses near your church. Oh, how they need to be neighbored! Here is more work for individuals or classes. Seek them, invite them to church, Sunday school and prayer meeting; bring them to your church socials; have a community house of some kind where they can come. Make them want to share in all these things with you, your great objective being, of course, to win them to a saving knowledge of the Saviour and to help them live the Christian life. When the units are all Christian, there will be no question about the Christian neighborhood.

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The Comfort-Bringer

Continued from page 371

single thing! Dearest and best lawyer in the world, isn't there some way we can—can——"

"Beat him out of his rights," laughed Mr. Gary, "that is what lawyers are supposed to be for, you know—to circumvent the right by chicanery of some sort."

But Ruth was properly indignant at this. She didn't want to cheat Donaldson of a penny; she wanted to know if there was not some way she might realize on something—maybe mortgage her own home, if nothing better offered, so that she might pay him and let him go; then, she was sure, Smithers might listen to reason.

"How about the mortgage Donaldson holds on Auld's place?" inquired Mr. Gary, and Ruth gasped with dismay to think she had forgotten that, the biggest factor of all. "And I don't suppose I could possibly get money enough to pay that, too, so that I could take it over, could I?" she queried, in distress.

"Well, you know the old house that Ned and his wife lives in belongs to you; and property has increased in value in that neighborhood, lately. If you sell it——"

"Mr. Gary!" cried Ruth, hotly, "do you imagine, for one minute, that I would sell Ned and Mrs. Shipp's home! I—I—didn't think," and Ruth stopped, sobs choking her voice.

MR. GARY walked round to Ruth's chair and deliberately took her in his arms, where he patted her head, which was hidden in his tangle of beard, and murmured soothing words.

"I didn't—indeed I didn't, honey! I was just teasing you, like the old gump that I am! No; you are too sweet and entirely unselfish to wish to harm anybody except yourself. And I, you know, am your guardian, appointed just for that purpose. But listen to me, little Ruth—sit here, close to me, where I can have the moral support of your hand to hold, while I tell my tale."

He led her passively to the little rocker beside his own armchair, placed her in it, seated himself, and taking her hand in his own, began:

"You see, dear, your grandfather had a whole heap of confidence in me, and, from the time your father and mother were drowned, he left me your guardian; making his will at that time, for he was not sure of a long life; and—well, he had seen the effects of wealth on your father and mother, child. They spent their time in travel, in luxuries that were hectic, unwholesome. When they died, as you know, there was nothing left; your grandfather had supported them, and he had never taught your father a profession—he simply spent the money his father had toiled for."

"Grandfather didn't tell me that, but I knew," nodded Ruth, soberly, "from things Ned let fall—and, and from instinct, I suppose; child as I was, I hated the life we led!"

"Yes; and your grandfather determined that you should be independent. The will he made he never altered, and it was left to my discretion to reveal its contents to you before you were of age, or to wait even later. You will be of age in a few months, but I won't wait till then—I'll tell you now, seeing that you have never disappointed any of us in your whole life, and that you are capable of making your own living, without a penny inherited, I am, nevertheless, going to tell you that you are quite able to pay off Donaldson and do a few other things besides. For you have inherited, from your grandfather's estate, and by the terms of his will, a sum sufficient to keep you in comparative comfort for quite a while——"

"Oh!" interrupted Ruth, eyes sparkling, joy radiating her happy face, "dear Mr. Gary, have I really some money of my own—how much—please, how much have I got?"

"Such a mercenary young person," nodded Mr. Gary, addressing a portrait of Ruth's grandparents which hung over the mantlepiece, "and you didn't guess it, did you, now? Young lady, you are sole heiress, and have come into, to have and to hold, dissipate or throw to the winds, as you like, the sum of —*one million dollars!*"

CHAPTER IX

RUTH was a purely normal girl, in every respect. A person who has an intellect sufficiently acute to grasp at once the meaning of a million dollars would be absolutely abnormal. Ruth, being just an ordinary mortal, sat dazed, blinking rather foolishly into Mr. Gary's kind old face, which was wreathed with happy smiles.

"Can't realize it, little girl?" he asked, gently, "can't realize that you are no longer a country girl who makes a bare living from her farm, her white Leghorns, and other like products, but a young lady of quality, who may hobnob with millionaires, if she so desire. What will you do with your money, little Ruth?"

"Mr. Gary," breathed Ruth, with a long sigh of awakening, "if you tell me the truth, and are not joking—as I don't believe you are——"

"No joke," vowed Mr. Gary, solemnly, "you have a million, with no strings tied to it. And I believe—or I wouldn't let you have it—that you are quite capable of using it, for the good of mankind."

"Ah!" there was a glad lilt to her voice, her eyes shone. "I can make, oh, so many people happy, Mr. Gary, if you let me think a little—and if you help me to think."

"Quite ready," nodded Mr. Gary, "let's spend your grandfather's money, some of it, as quickly as possible. But remember, I am not going to allow you to leave yourself penniless, young lady!"

"Penniless—with a million?" Ruth laughed happily. "Oh, Mr. Gary, I can't begin to think in millions, can you?"

"Just a matter of figures; nothing wonderful about it. Now go ahead—Tom Auld first, isn't it?"

"Yes—but Tom Auld won't let me help him, unless he is sure that I'm getting my money's worth. Dear guardian, I have been thinking, thinking, so much lately about how I would do, that I believe I have Tom settled. Donaldson says he wants Tom's place for a summer resort for boarders, and it is pretty—the spring and all the woodsy part. But Tom needs the house—how can I buy the spring part of his farm and give him enough to pay off Donaldson and still have a start, repair his old house, get new farm machinery, fertilize his land, and plant gorgeous crops. How can I do that? Well, this is the way I planned, if I had 'possessed the magic wand of great wealth' as poor Miss Emily says—ah— we are coming to Miss Emily next!"

"You visit Tom, tell him you have a client looking for a summer home, and buy it—and give him heaps and heaps of money for the land around the spring—no more."

"You don't want any of the credit of your good deed, Ruthie?"

"Oh—oh, no indeed! I wouldn't be known in it at all. You buy it for your suppositious client, and—and—Well, the truth is, I don't know what'll you do with it, after all."

"I'll build a bungalow on it for my grandchildren, who are weakly, if you don't mind," Mr. Gary laughed, "and rent the land from you."

"No, no—I'll give you the land, so gladly! That's a beautiful way out! But what about Donaldson?"

"I will interview Mr. Donaldson myself," said Mr. Gary, with a spark of anger in his eyes that would eventually wither Donaldson. "And now for Tom Auld—I'll wire for the money, and give Tom bills—I guess Donaldson would prefer hard cash."

POOR Nancy Auld, who must be guarded against shocks, knew nothing as yet of Donaldson's proposed foreclosure; she only knew that her darling boy was quiet and pale, and that he was so abstracted that he could hardly be interested in any of Nancy's prattlings of the day. With a mother's intuition, she knew something was

wrong, and it worried her dreadfully for him to be silent—she knew it was to spare her.

Mother and son sat soberly before their little airtight stove, in the late afternoon, when Tom had returned from his work, and before he began the daily round of chores that closed the evening. Nancy was the first to hear voices—Ruth's, and another that was unfamiliar; but Ruth's was so brimful of joy that it fairly bubbled. Nancy, recognizing this, felt her own heart bound. Ruth was happy, therefore others would be.

"Nancy—Tom, I've the greatest news for you!" glowed Ruth, as she led Mr. Gary forward, keeping tight hold of his arm, as if she feared he would escape. "Mr. Gary, my guardian, has brought it it. Tom, listen!"

And Tom and his mother listened, and heard all about the client, the summer bungalow, the spring, and the price—such a stupendous price that they could not grasp its magnitude, till Ruth carefully enlightened them, feeling all the possibilities of the wondrous sum.

They would sell the woodland—of course, and glad to. But—but it was too much, Tom was sure of that.

Mr. Gary laughingly assured him that his client was a millionaire, and that the price was a mere bauble.

So it was arranged; Tom was to receive his money the next day, when he could pay off the mortgage and attend to anything else of importance!

"I will," agreed Tom, promptly; "there's a matter of importance I'll tend to now, mother, if you'll excuse me—won't be gone but an hour or so, and I'll send old Mrs. Bryson, who's come back, to stay with you."

Such a firm, competent boy, this; so capable of doing things, with the magic wand of wealth in his possession! Ruth watched him with shining eyes as he swung briskly down the hillside that led into the road—he was going to see Mary!

IT WAS late, but Donaldson must still be seen! They found him, of all things, primping to go a-courting. Scent on his handkerchief, a blossom in his buttonhole, his shaggy hair greased smoothly, his blue suit brushed and his hat ditto. Donaldson was going to call on Mary—and Tom was already there! Ruth giggled with malicious glee to think of the downfall of this suitor, so confident and serene.

"Well, Donaldson, you are very much dressed up," greeted Mr. Gary, indifferently. "I'll have to ask you to postpone your visit, if you are going somewhere, for a few minutes, however. Tomorrow you will receive your full five years' wages, and you will immediately leave this farm. Get your things together tonight, Donaldson; Miss Carfax doesn't care to see your very hard-featured face any longer than she can help. Get out, and get quick—tomorrow!"

"I'll tak' the money, if it's in hard cash," agreed Donaldson, acutely, "but I—I winna want to leave just yet—I'm no ready to go in my ain house, yet. I'll agree to pay rent for this bit shanty," contemptuously.

"You couldn't pay enough rent—not your whole five years' wages, to induce Miss Carfax to allow you to remain here any longer than it'll take you to pack up and get out! And I'd advise you to remove yourself as far as possible from this neighborhood; there have been such things as—er—rides on a rail, with tar and feathers for decorations, you know. I'm not saying such will happen to you; I'm simply warning you! By ten o'clock in the morning you shall have your wages, and a truck will call for your goods. That is all."

And Mr. Gary swept Ruth away with an imperative hand. "I don't want you to come in contact with that toad," he declared, wrathfully; "don't give yourself any uneasiness—he'll go!"

"I am so glad!" sighed Ruth, contentedly. "Oh, I think it is so splendid to be a man!"

Mr. Gary laughed complacently. "We have our uses, honey—we have our uses. We can cuss, for instance, if it's strictly necessary, which is sometimes a relief. Well, anything else?"

"Miss Emily," said Ruth, promptly, "what about Miss Emily? How shall we go about waving our magic wand for poor Miss Emily!"

Mr. Gary listened while Ruth told him the little teacher's history. "What do you want to do for her?" he asked, when he had heard the whole story.

"Why, I want to give her money enough to buy her Old Home, and fix it up so that it will be livable. And I want her to go to Bermuda, right away, and eat oranges, and see the lily fields, and get rid of her rheumatism in the blessed sun. Now, pearl-of-great-price of a guardian, how shall I go about it?"

"Still anonymously?"

"Oh, yes, it would never do to let Miss Emily know! She'd starve before she would accept charity."

"A gift from a former pupil, nameless, of course," suggested Mr. Gary; but Ruth shook her head. "Miss Emily knows every pupil she ever taught; they all were natives of this village; and she wouldn't touch it—she'd think it charity, and spend all her time trying to find out the giver and return the gift."

"Some distant relative, perhaps?"

"Ah, there you have it! She has told me of an old gentleman from Wales, who once visited her aunt; their name, Miss Emily says, was Ap David, until they came to America. This man was Cousin David Ap David; she'd consider a legacy all right, from a relative."

"All right—here goes: The attorneys of David Ap David, deceased, of Wales, have notified Gary & Gary to deliver to Miss Emily David, of this state and county, a legacy left to her by the said David Ap David, deceased, being the sum of—how much?"

"Why, would, say—two thousand a year, and five thousand to buy back the old home be too much?" asked Ruth, timidly, naming the vast amount with bated breath. "It takes a lot of money to go to Bermuda—besides buying back the Old Home."

"I should say it would. Yes, it will be easy to spare two thousand; I'll notify Miss Emily of her gift tomorrow, after we are through with the others."

"I feel like a fairy godmother with a very important fairy godfather to help me," glowed Ruth. "I couldn't do a thing without the fairy godfather!"

"Anything else?" queried Mr. Gary, twinkling, "there's a good bit of money left, you know."

There *was* something else—something that sent a flood of becoming rose color over her face; she was glad that, because of the gathering dusk, Mr. Gary couldn't see it.

"After tea, when you are quite comfortable, and I have my knitting, and Ellen Hawtree has gone to bed, we'll talk about something else, maybe," she decided, and Mr. Gary laughed, agreeing that perhaps it were better till the inner man was fortified, if the request was more astounding than the others, which was saying a good deal.

To be continued

Notes of Christian Work

THE lepers at Bethesda Mission, Surinam, Dutch Guiana, we learn by a letter received from the Director, are threatened with starvation. The patients as well as the twenty-two children in care of the Mission not only suffer through lack of food, but the hospital management has no money with which to buy the cure, "arouni oil," which comes from India. What little funds are available are more urgently needed for food than for medicines. Miss Anna E. Scott, American Secretary of the Bethesda Mission, writes asking the co-operation of readers of the Christian Herald, "who have always responded to the call for help in past years." Any contributions for the work of the Bethesda Mission may be sent to the Christian Herald and will be promptly forwarded.

The Abigail Free School and Kindergarten, at 15 Charles St., New York, founded many years ago, is now one of the philanthropies of the big cities. It is supported by voluntary contributions. Last year it furnished 17,330 meals to little kindergarten pupils of from three to six years old. Friends of the Abigail last year raised a special fund which will be employed to purchase a suitable and permanent Home for the work, which continues under the efficient management of Mrs. E. W. Devare, widow of the founder.

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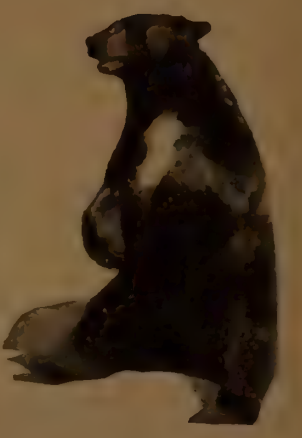

To illustrate: suppose you go first to Colorado—that playground of playgrounds; then to Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park and be literally care free; or stop over in the Colorado Springs-Manitou region; then "hop" over the Rockies into "The Promised Land"—Utah; finally to California. See Yosemite and other inspiring scenes. Return through the enchanted land of the Pacific Northwest, with its Crater Lake and Mount Rainier, and via either Glacier National Park—the most talked of place in America by out-of-doors people, or Nature's own museum—weird and mysterious Yellowstone.

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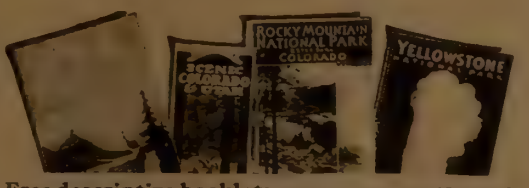

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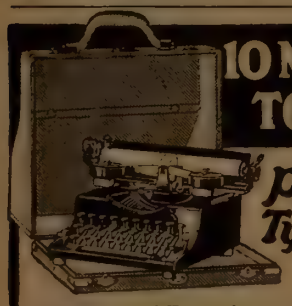

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The Church and Social Unrest

What Attitude Is to Be Taken Regarding Today's Problems

By EDWIN A. McALPIN, Jr.

CIVILIZATION is undergoing a process of fermentation. This fermentation is seen in the social unrest of today. A list of the countries affected reads like a roster of all civilized nations. A state of mind so widely diffused and carrying with it such potentialities, either for the destruction of law and order or the creation of a new and better civilization, is of tremendous interest to the Christian world. The question the Church has to face is what attitude shall she take towards this unrest.

There are four possible attitudes open to her.

First, she may advocate repression and seek to establish a static condition in society. The Church has been and always will be a conservative institution. In spite of the criticism this arouses, it is in some ways a good thing. It makes her a shock absorber that prevents the organized life of mankind from being broken to pieces by constant jolts and jars, due to experimenting with immature plans of half-baked reformers. Reformers and radicals are not conspicuous for the care with which they mature their plans. They see a wrong and they seek to right it. Sometimes their efforts at righting one wrong lead to the introduction of others.

The Church may take a conservative attitude and strive to sterilize and hermetically seal the social order. She may seek to retain the present economic and civic life just as it is and teach that all change is bad. The voice of the pulpit may join with the power of the press and organized government for this purpose. For a time this effort may appear to succeed.

But, fermentation is a sign of life and it can be repressed for only a short time. In time it will break forth in some catastrophe that will wreck civilization and carry suffering to many innocent people. Even if the spirit that is causing the present fermentation could be sterilized and hermetically sealed in an iron-bound social order, it would be a terrible thing to do. Repression means stagnation and stagnation is the ruination of civilization. Life and hope would be warped or crushed. Routine drudgery would take the place of constructive thought, and a stereotyped life would force its stamp on all aspirations of the soul.

Christ knew the dynamic power of social and spiritual fermentation, and He told His disciples that the new wine of progress could not be placed in old skins, as the skins would burst under the strain and all would be lost. This is what the conservative attitude advocates and it is bound to fail.

THE second attitude the Church may take is that of speeding up the process of fermentation in society. There are a few people, more vociferous than thoughtful, who advocate this action. This type of mind thinks that the laboring man is always right because he is a laboring man, and the capitalist is always wrong because he has money. Those who hold this point of view believe that the Church should always co-operate with labor unions and endorse every radical theory of reformation that they advance. Fortunately, this type of mind is confined to only a few people whose enthusiasm is more commendable than their judgment. The main difficulty with this position is that it advocated the Church taking partizan action without the discrimination of sound judgment.

The third attitude the Church may take is that of a laissez-faire position toward the whole question. Some of those who advocate this laissez-faire attitude believe that the church is a spiritual institution and her only task is to develop the spiritual life of individuals. A study of the Gospels contradicts this contention.

Others say that ministers are so busy with the organization of their churches and their theological studies that they have no time to study these complex questions. That is like saying a man is so busy writing a book on ethics that he has no time to put out a fire that has started in his home. He must stop writing until he has put out the fire, or he will have to stop because the fire will put him out. Every educated man *must* take time to understand the social and economic questions that are sweeping the world, or he will be swept away by them.

Still others claim that the Church must not deal with questions so fraught with passion, because she is bound to stir up criticism and enmity. If fighting wrong stirs up enmity, may God forgive us if we ever advocate pacifism. This is the kind of criticism Christ had all His life, and He told His disciples that they had to expect it. It gave the Master no mercy in the Judgment Hall of Pilate or on the Cross of Calvary and it will give His disciples no mercy now. This is no reason for keeping out of the fight, but an added reason to start fighting at once and to keep on fighting as long as there is strength to deliver one more blow for righteousness.

Others who advocate this attitude of laissez-faire say that it is useless to enter this struggle, as society is in the process of evolution, and the trials and sufferings of today are but the birth-throes of tomorrow. They are like men refusing to fight a forest fire because after the fire a new forest will grow up. This argument is theoretically true, but really fallacious. It does not consider the loss of the present timber or the long years of waiting before the new trees reach their maturity. This argument gives no heed to the loss of property and human suffering that follows every unwise effort in the line of social reconstruction.

THERE is only one other attitude possible for the Church to take. She must recognize that social fermentation is a reasonable process as long as it is properly directed and wisely controlled. She should seek to be the moulder and director of the spirit that is causing the fermentation. This is no easy task to be lightly spoken of and thoughtlessly undertaken. It means the placing of new wine into new wine skins and requires the creation of social, economic, and civic customs that will be adequate containers for the aspirations of a vigorous and newly awakened conscience. These containers have to be developed with care and it is impossible to decide by any process of a priori reasoning what they will be. We must put in operation the same methods used in scientific laboratories. We must experiment with many things until the right one is found. Investigation and the exchange of thought are essential steps to any sound conclusions, and should therefore be encouraged.

To meet this obligation, the Church must broaden her activities until she comes into close and compelling relationships with the whole life of society. This takes the Church out of stone cathedrals and away from quiet prayer meetings. It takes her into the markets and highways of life. She can no longer confine herself to creeds and catechisms, but she must stand on an open forum and attend the meetings of labor unions. It is well for her as she faces this new and larger responsibility to be mindful to keep her consecrated buildings and her quiet prayer meetings in good repair as she will need, at times, to get away from these vexing problems and seek the comfort and strength that come from divine guidance.

The sacred associations that spring from stained-glass windows and the deep-voiced strains of a mighty organ are needed now as never before. They are the things that strengthen the soul to meet the stress and strain of toiling in dusty streets and entering into the treadmill of labor in a fearless effort to solve the ethical problems involved in the production and distribution of the necessities and comforts of life.

Free Circulars for Investors.

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 90 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No.2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—Tnis method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 18.

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent. present prices, are featured in Circular No. 30. The net earnings available for interest charges in 1920 were five times the interest charges.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Kingdom of Belgium 20-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, redeemable at 107½ per cent., and yielding over 8 per cent. are described in Circular 34.

Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Details of Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 7 per cent. gold bonds, maturing May, 1931, at a price to yield over 7 per cent. are given in Circular 36.

Swift & Co. 5-year 7 per cent. notes, to yield over 7 per cent., are described in Circular 37.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6% First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for circular 38.

Record of Investments Chart—a simple chart for listing your securities which shows at a glance your monthly and annual income, together with necessary information on Federal Taxes—Ask for Circular 39.

Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving high average yield of 12½%—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 42.

Barnsdall Corporation, 7 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold bonds to yield about 9 per cent. own and operate properties in 14 States. Total net assets 377 per cent. of this issue. Circular 40.

Circular 41 gives full information concerning a 7 per cent First and Refunding Mortgage Bond yielding about 8 per cent. 1920 earnings amounted to more than twice the annual interest charges on all underlying bonds including this issue.

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Young People's Topics for May 29

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Life-Sketches of Great Adventurers

B. Y. P. U., Matt. 4: 23-25; 5: 1-12. Conquest Meeting

LITTLE seven-year old Catherine Mabie took home a Sunday-school paper and her aunt read to her the story of Mabita, a little African girl who was stolen by the slave-traders and made to walk many weary miles—hungry, footsore, afraid—to the seacoast, where she was sold into captivity. As Catherine listened to the reading of the story, she asked, "Why didn't Mabita tell Jesus about her troubles?" "Mabita doesn't know about Jesus," her aunt replied, "in all her country they have not heard about Jesus." It was the first time the child had heard there were other children in the world who had never heard about Jesus, to Whom she always told her childish troubles, and she decided then that she would go over, as soon as she was big enough, and tell Mabita about Him. Came the day when she graduated from Hahnemann College, Chicago, and soon after receiving her degree went to Africa. There she is today, healing, preaching, teaching, loving benighted humanity. She is but one of scores who are living the life sacrificial and heroic, thinking little of self and much of others, going about doing good.

There is no reading matter so inspiring as the biography of missionaries and the miracles of modern missionary endeavor. The latest novel, movie, drama may have their thrills, but "truth is stranger than fiction." The truth of God has produced more heroism than all other things combined. For material concerning Doctor Mabie read "Ministers of Mercy," by J. H. Franklin, and "Our Work on the Congo," by Catherine O. Mabie. For one of the best books on adventure that is free from the artificial and glittering unnatural, read "Ann of Ava," by Ethel D. Hubbard, and "Judson the Pioneer," by J. M. Hull. You can get these books from any publisher.

Missionary Results in Africa

C. E. See the above list of books

Union Meeting

E. L. and Junior League. (Joint meeting of the Juniors and Seniors)

THIS meeting will afford an excellent opportunity for the older members to inspire the younger members in League polity and ideals. There is an "Apostolic Succession" in the League and the day is coming when the younger members shall take the place of the older, the latter having passed on into the official relations of the Church. Let us make this union meeting one of education, information and inspiration.

Jews on the Farms

THE Jewish people seldom are considered as agriculturists in the United States, but the last annual report of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society shows an estimated Jewish farm population of 50,000, tilling more than 1,000,000 acres. Beginning its work more than twenty years ago with about 200 Jewish families on farms in this country, the Society has done all in its power to stimulate a wholesome "back-to-the-soil" movement and has assisted many Jewish families to find farm homes instead of locating in the cities. It maintains a farm settlement bureau which helps applicants in the selection of suitable farms, and during the last year farms were found for 171 of the 1736 who registered for advice and guidance. The Society also conducts other departments to give scientific instruction in farming, to promote better sanitary conditions, to supply labor and to offer financial assistance to those who seek places on the land.

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UNSIGHTLY SKIN AFFECTIONS ARE CAUSED BY INTERNAL DISTURBANCES. YEAST REMOVES THESE CAUSES

YOU often wonder why some girls have lovely skin. And haven't you lately met more girls whose faces glowed with a clear, natural pink color? But did you learn why?

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The real cause of skin eruptions

New knowledge about food and nutrition has revealed that the cause of the annoying skin affections, boils and acne, commonly known as pimples, is often traced to a diet containing insufficient vitamines, that essential substance occurring in some foods, which nourishes and builds up the body.

Many relieved of skin troubles

The same cake you've known so long as Yeast Foam, is one of the richest known sources of the healthful vitamines that act upon the cause of pimples, blotchy skin and sallow complexions. Composed of countless marvelous little plants of vegetable nature, Yeast Foam furnishes vital elements often lacking in the improperly balanced diet—the principal cause of stomach disorders that result in so many ruined complexions.

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Eat a third, half or whole cake three times a day before meals

Many eat the yeast cake plain, washing it down with a little water or milk. You'll soon like the taste. Some prefer to take a bite of yeast cake and a bite of cracker.

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The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

AMONG the leading topics suggested for prayer are world peace and international reconciliation, the readjustment of business in order that it may seek its normal channels and make the problem of living less hard, and for a special blessing on revival efforts in many parts of the country.

C. L. E., Brookwood, Ala., writes: "I want to join your Prayer League, for I am an ardent believer in earnest prayer. I want the League to pray for our revival to be held here in this town. Ours is a mining town, torn asunder by industrial strife. Oh, how we need an old-time Holy Ghost revival to save and reclaim!"

Mrs. C. O. H., Nampa, Ida., acknowledges answered prayer and adds: "We are trying to organize a Sunday school in this little country community, as there are so many children without Christian training. Kindly pray for a good revival here and that we may be able to organize."

Several members from New Pine Creek, Oregon, send this request: "Pray for northern California and southern Oregon that we may receive an outpouring of the Holy Spirit so that all Christians will become soul-winners. Pray, also, that the attendance at our prayer meetings may increase and that our unconverted relatives may become converted."

A Believer, Evanston, Ill., writes: "Pray for a religious revival in all schools and colleges of the nation and of all the world. We can not ask too much of our all-powerful and merciful Heavenly Father."

S. G., Sherwood, Tenn., asks special prayers and writes: "Pray that we may have a church house here in this place to worship God. I go from house to house and hold prayer meetings, but God has laid it upon me to build a church here. And I would ask your prayers, in Jesus' name."

M. E. C., Ames, Iowa, asks the prayers of the members in behalf of a revival at Blandon's Hill, Ill.; and Reader, China, Calif., asks that we remember the missionaries in Africa in those sections where the natives are untamed.

Rev. J. M. T., Creedmoor, N. C., writes: "I am asking the prayers of the League upon my home and also for the congregations over which the Holy Spirit has made me the overseer."

Miss O. W., Goodview, Va., writes: "I am principal of a graded school and have thirty-four pupils enrolled in my room, only three of whom profess Christ. A series of meetings will begin near my school very shortly. Please bear these thirty-one souls to the Throne of Grace, praying for their conversion."

A reader in New York asks the members of the League to pray earnestly for a sister who is suffering from a malignant disease, which is past the stage of surgery and can only be cured through prayer.

Two members ask special prayers in behalf of friends who are suffering from cancer—that their sufferings may be relieved and their faith strengthened.

A Friend writes: "Please remember Mrs. Pauline R. Atchison, one of the Christian Herald family, for nearly thirty years a beloved teacher in the public schools of Colorado Springs. She has been paralyzed on her right side since 1915."

"Pray that the Lord will greatly bless the Baptist Church of Florence, South Dakota, with a spiritual revival," writes C. R. McL., "and also give the pastor wisdom and spiritual strength to lead the people in the way of truth and righteousness."

Among the general requests are: 173 for healing; guidance, 20; wisdom, 21; reunion, 5; conversion of relatives and friends, 98; forgiveness, 23; courage, 9; success, 5; spiritual advancement, 15; heart's desire, 21; financial aid, 11.

We have also received acknowledgments of answered prayers from the following: Miss J. B., A. G. McN., G. W. B., M. S. C., Mrs. M. F. C., Mrs. S. S. P., J. C. N., Mrs. E. C. E.

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 373

rejected Senator Borah's plan for a disarmament conference of the United States, Great Britain and Japan and the House Committee on Foreign Affairs has decided informally to forget the disarmament resolutions referred to it.

President Harding, in explaining his position, made it plain that he was in complete sympathy with the cause of disarmament, but expressed the views that the issuance of a call for such a conference was purely an executive function and that he should not be embarrassed by Congressional action until international conditions are such as to give greater promise of success than at present. The German reparations controversy and the dispute over Yap were cited as unsettled questions which made such a call untimely now.

Senators Borah and Pomerene did not agree with the President and were preparing for a bitter fight for disarmament when the Naval Appropriations bill comes up in the Senate. The Senate Committee added $100,500,000 to the total of the bill as passed by the House, providing funds for the continuation of the 1916 program and for a personnel 20,000 in excess of the 100,000 proposed by the House. The measure was to be taken up immediately after disposal of the Emergency Tariff bill.

The Senate passed the bill to restrict immigration to 3 per cent. of the persons of various nationalities in the United States in 1910, and it was sent to conference because of one or two minor changes from the House draft. The vote was 78 to 1, Senator Reed being the only opponent. An effort was made to permit the entry of persons who could prove to the American authorities that they were the victims of political or religious persecution, but this proposal was rejected 60 to 15. The measure is designed to cut down the number of immigrants from southern and eastern Europe.

The bill creating a bureau of the budget and a general accounting office for the executive departments was passed by the House by a vote of 344 to 9 after two days' debate. A few changes were made in the measure as passed by the Senate, one of them permitting the removal by Congress of the Controller General, the chief accounting officer, without the approval of the President. It was expected the differences would be adjusted quickly in conference and that the President would sign the bill so that it would become effective at the opening of the new fiscal year, July 1.

Many Killed in Palestine Riots

FATAL clashes between the Jews and Moslems have occurred in Jaffa, Palestine, on a scale so extensive that martial law has been proclaimed and additional British troops hurried to the city. A British warship also was sent to the port. Sir Herbert Samuel, the British High Commissioner, announced that thirty Jews and ten Arabs had been killed and 227 wounded; while despatches to the French Foreign Office placed the number of dead at more than seventy with the fighting still in progress.

Bolshevist agents among the Jews emigrating from Russia were blamed for the disturbances. One account traced the inception of the fighting to a May-day Bolshevist demonstration led by Russian Zionists which aroused the resentment of the natives, both Christian and Moslem. A free-for-all fight took place and the parade was broken up, after which there was a general looting of the Jewish shops in the city, while the British troops, greatly outnumbered, were unable to restore order. Another account attributed the initial clashes to Jewish Communist interference with a labor meeting.

The fighting was renewed on succeeding days and the authorities found it necessary to make scores of arrests to quell the combatants. There were disturbances in other places in Palestine as the result of bitter feeling between the Moslems and Jews, but nowhere did they approach the magnitude of the Jaffa riots.

SENATOR NEWBERRY WINS APPEAL. The conviction of Senator Truman H. Newberry of Michigan of conspiracy to violate the Federal corrupt practices act during the senatorial campaign of 1918 has been reversed by the United States Supreme Court, which held that Congress did not have authority to regulate primaries and therefore could not fix the maximum sum which a candidate might spend in pre-election contests. Sixteen co-defendants were affected by the decision in favor of the Senator, who had been fined $10,000 and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

HUGHES ORDERS PANAMA TO ACCEPT AWARD. Secretary Hughes has sent to the Republic of Panama a note announcing that unless Panama takes steps promptly, in an orderly manner, for the settlement of the Panama-Costa Rican boundary dispute in strict accordance with the White and Loubet awards the United States Government will take such steps as are necessary to give effect to the physical establishment of the boundary line under the decision of the arbitrators.

STEEL CORPORATION CUTS WAGES. Following reductions in the prices of its products, the United States Steel Corporation has announced a 20 per cent. cut in the wages of its day labor, and an intention to adjust other rates, including salaries. The saving was estimated at $58,000,000 a year and affects from 125,000 to 150,000 men.

$3,500,000 CHURCH BUILDING PLANNED. Plans have been announced for the erection in the heart of Chicago's business district of a sixteen-story building to cost $3,500,000, to house all national offices of the Methodist church.

LEAGUE ASSEMBLY SUMMONED. The Brazilian Ambassador at Paris, who is acting president of the Council of the League of Nations, has summoned the governments belonging to the League to send delegates to the second session of the League, which will open on September 5 at Geneva.

NINETY MOROS KILLED IN BATTLE. Ninety Moros were killed by a detachment of the Filipino constabulary in a battle on the Island of Sulu which followed the murder of a lieutenant and three other members of the constabulary. Only three of the Moro band, led by a religious fanatic, escaped.

JAPANESE CROWN PRINCE VISITS ENGLAND. Elaborate entertainments were given in England in honor of the Japanese Crown Prince, who arrived on board the battleship Katori. Later he was to visit France.

BISHOP HARRIS DIES. Bishop Marriman Colbert Harris died at Aoyama College, a Methodist institution in Tokio, at the age of seventy-five. He was elected bishop of Japan and Korea in 1904 and retired in 1916.

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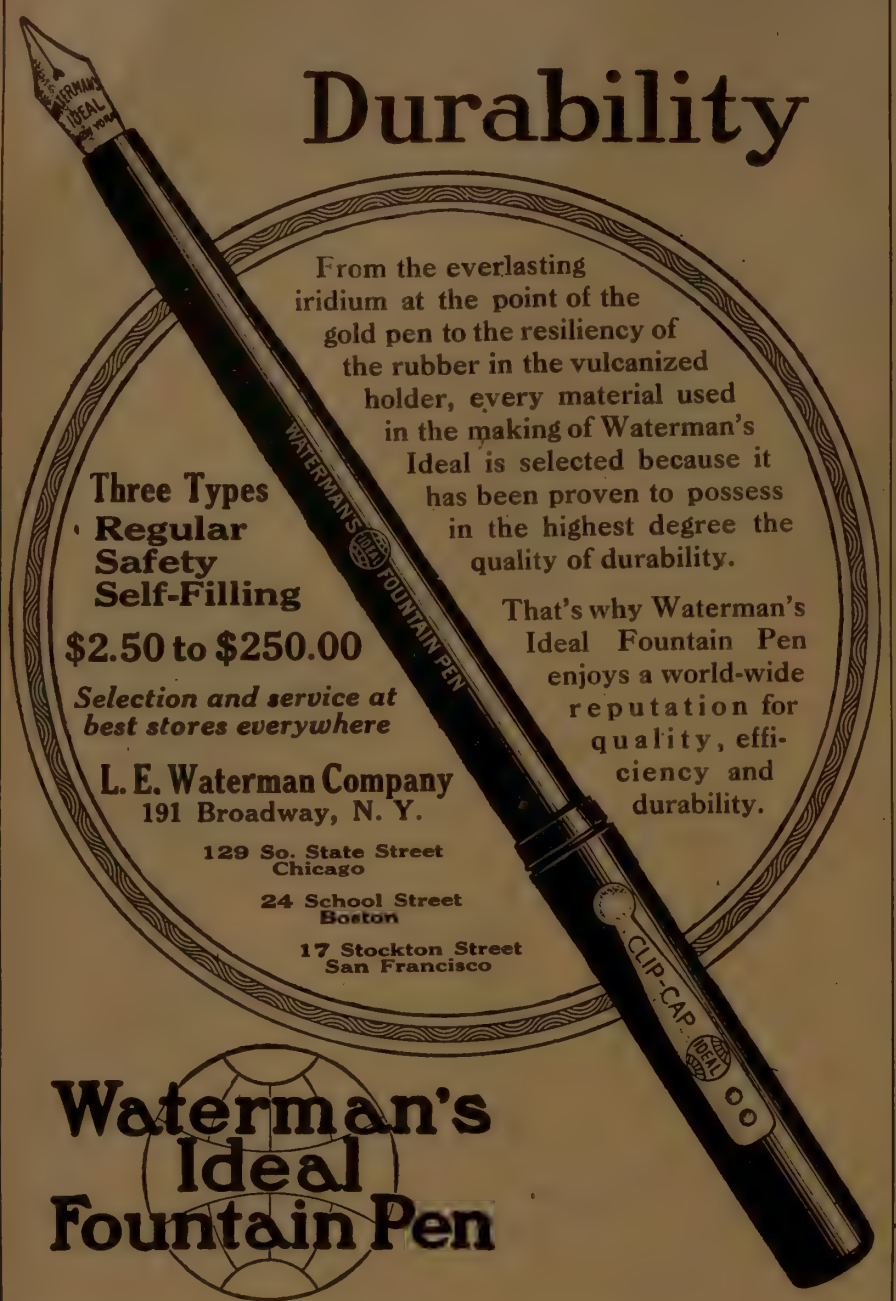

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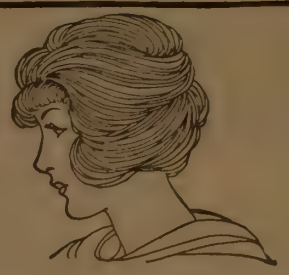

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THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MRS. R. W., Allamont, N. Y., sends this request: "In your Mail-Bag, please explain Matt. 19 : 28 and Matt. 20 : 23. One of our Sunday-school teachers said she would like to have them explained."

1. In dealing with the passage in Matt. 19 : 28, commentators accept it as a special promise to the disciples. The words "in the regeneration," are regarded as applying to those who had followed Jesus "in the New Kingdom or economy which He was then erecting—the new life now begun." Another interpretation is that those who had forsaken all and followed Him so faithfully, would have appropriate recognition; as the Kingdom of the Gospel advanced, the disciples would, by their influence, their spiritual knowledge and example, be chosen as the guides of all believers—a sense in which the promise can be regarded as already "illustriously fulfilled." The great majority of authorities, however, hold that the promise refers to the future glory. (See Luke 22 : 28–30). 2. The passage in Matt. 20 : 23, deals with the special request by the mother of Zebedee's children for her too sons (the one to sit on the right hand of Christ, and the other on the left, in the Kingdom) and the Saviour's answer was a rebuke rather than a denial. The places would be given to those for whom they were prepared. The principle of distribution was not based on favor, but on faithful, loving service. Some of the disciples may have cherished ambitious dreams of a worldly kingdom, in which they might have illustrious seats. It was this spirit which Jesus meant to rebuke (see Mark 10 : 35–41).

Interested Reader, Davenport, Ia. Intoxicating drink in various forms, is a vice almost as old as the human race. Doubtless there were drunken roysterers before the Flood. Recent archeological research has revealed the fact that the ancient Egyptians brewed several kinds of liquor, all intoxicating, it is believed. Scholarly investigators are of the opinion that it will yet be shown that this was one of the main causes of that once great empire's downfall, as it was in Greece many centuries afterward.

A. P., Markle, Ind. The passage in the last chapter of Solomon's Song, verse 5, is held by some Bible students to refer to Christ and his bride, the Church, the reference to the apple tree being regarded as symbolic of the fall in Eden, etc. There is, however, no ground for any interpretation such as your letter mentions. There are many reverent scholars today who take a different view, and who rather regard the entire eight chapters as an Oriental epithalamium or wedding song, and as having no special relation to spiritual affairs.

F. F. H., Hagerstown, Md., writes: "In your reply to J. T. S. I note the same problem that we had to deal with recently. The answer that seemed quite satisfactory I never saw in any comment on John 21 : 25, and I now submit it to you for your judgment. John 21: 25 was interpreted in the light of John 1 : 3, 'without Him was not anything made that was made.' When we consider the vast universe, of which this world is a mere atom, we may realize that we could as easily put all literature on a postage stamp as the whole record of infinite creation on or in this tiny atom of a world. In the light of that, we accept the statement, not as a figure of speech but as the literal statement of a fact, which the one that uttered scarcely comprehended, or he apparently modified the urge of the Spirit by his own 'suppose.'"

Mrs. Lydia R. Ordway, Colo., writes: "I have just read 'Sermonettes for Children," in the March 5 number and I should like to ask where the children go after such a sermon? I do not think children are hurt by a little enforced quiet at church, once or twice a week. The less time they spend in God's house in youth, the less they are likely to spend there when they are grown up. Among my acquaintance, the children who were always in their places at church and Sabbath school are the ones who are the most faithful in their attendance now. I have heard the excuse that such a one was 'made to attend church when young, and now they won't go,' but from my observation the children who went when they pleased and stayed at home when they wanted to, are not the faithful ones in later life."

J. C. V., Bogota, N. J., writes: "Henry Ward Beecher was asked by a young lady member of his church if it was right for a Christian to dance. His answer was: 'I never saw a Christian that desired to dance. John the Baptist lost his head through the dancing of Herodias's daughter.'"

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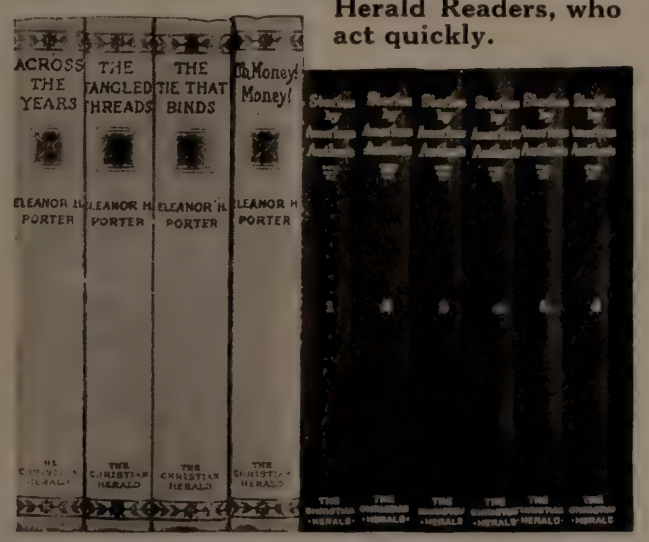

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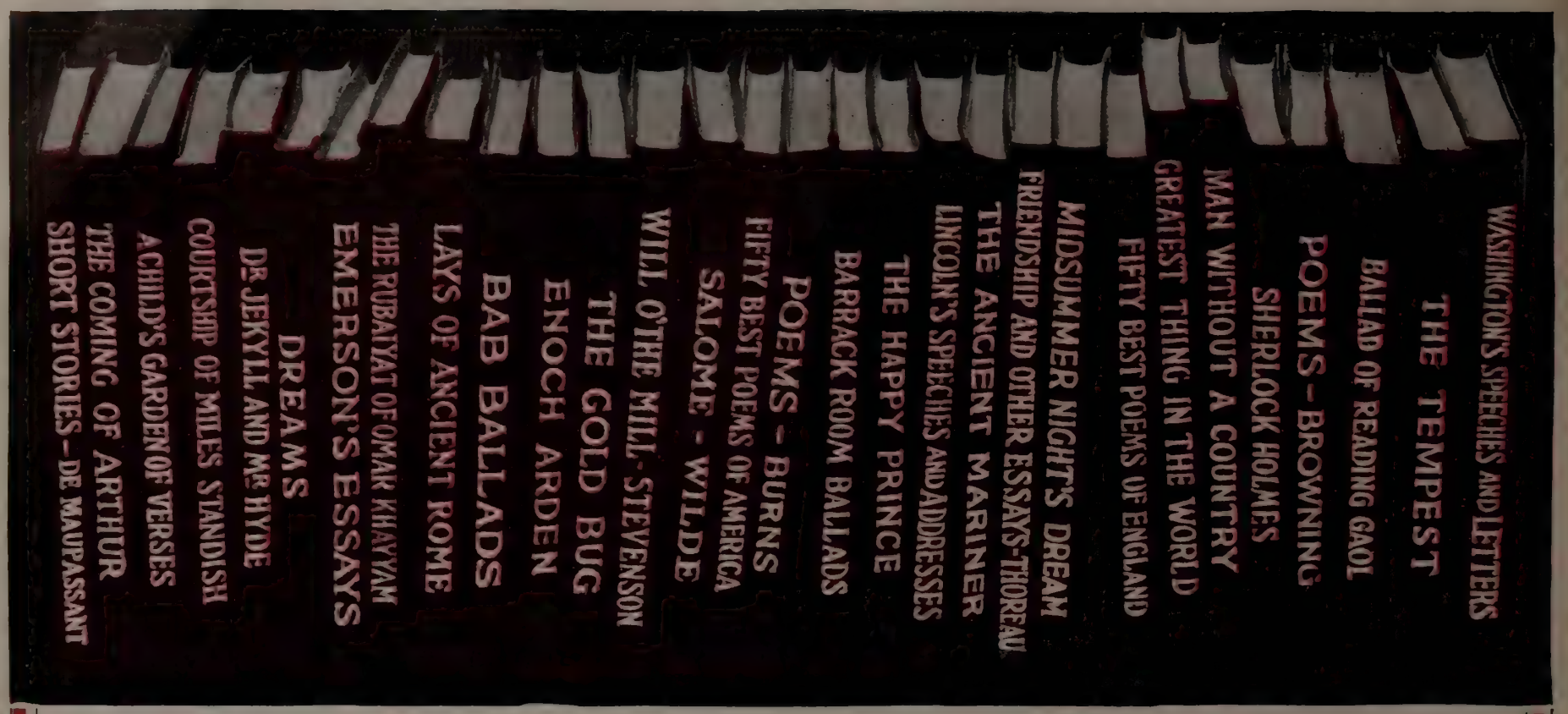

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The Missions and Mexico's Redemption

How Protestant Workers Can Help the Nation to Solve Its Problems, Political as Well as Social

By WALLACE THOMPSON

Mission schools offer a chance to ragged, forlorn urchins such as this

THE work of the mission schools in Mexico has been devoted to the creation of a growing company of educated, devoted Christian leaders which shall ultimately reach into every Mexican community, and there shall slowly uplift the inhabitants. The one need of that unhappy land has been for such leaders, a need which so long ago as the beginning of the Diaz régime, in 1876, was appreciated and fomented by the great dictator himself. But Diaz's leaders were only the political henchmen of his time, mixed-blood town officials who alone spoke Spanish in Indian villages, and *jefes politicos* or heads of counties sent out by the central government to distant centers of population. Some of them were excellent and worthy men, and others, many others, used their power and their knowledge to exploit their charges.

The ideal was good, as so many of the ideals of Mexican government are good, but in practice there was failure, and limitations lay heavy on its sponsors. The work of the Protestant mission schools has, on the other hand, been a working toward the realization of a dream as great, almost, as Christendom itself. They have planned, and have sought, with a widening power, to train up preachers and teachers and evangelists who might go into these same villages, and there live with the narrow-minded natives, truly raising them by their own example and teaching.

And the greatest of those leaders, today, are to my mind those very missionaries, foreigners as they are, but devoted as few Mexicans can be devoted, to the simple hope of the welfare of the people. These missionaries have their defects, perhaps, but in the mass and in the vast majority of the individuals, they are worthy of all the faith and hope that has been put in them.

IN THE City of Monterey, in Northern Mexico, I met, not so many months ago, an American missionary whom I had known ten years before in Mexico City. He was gray and a bit stooped, where when I knew him his hair was black and his nervous carriage brisk and strong. The years of anxiety and difficulty had told on him. Yet there he was, in Mexico still, as he had been through all the years of my own time in Mexico City, and all the ten years since. He talked of Mexico, of the government, of the mission, of the mission schools, and of the work, not long before, of distributing American corn to save the poor of Monterey from starvation, corn given by our Red Cross, but taxed mercilessly in imports and freight by the Carranza government. This man—and he is the typical American missionary in Mexico—is not a Hoover, he is not a Beecher, nor yet a Father Damien. A plain man, with faults and weaknesses. But withal an American, a clergyman, and one who knows Mexico as few foreigners ever know it.

It is this type of man who has tilled the field in Mexico—the list of those in the work today includes nearly half of those who were there before 1910, long before 1910. Some of those others have been misfits, some have gone elsewhere to greater work, but these have hung on as deeply devoted workers or perhaps as just men "holding a job." It does not matter which, for human nature is as it is. But this does matter, that these men know Mexico; they are of Mexico. They have woven themselves into her life and have marked many thousands of Mexicans as their disciples and their friends.

It is in the field of education that the missionaries have done most—for there are but few workers in the churches but have had a part in the schools. The mission schools, far more than the churches, were, however, affected by the anti-religious upheaval under Carranza in 1915-18. The decrees were aimed, we were told, at the Catholics, and provided for the nationalization of church real estate—all church buildings were supposed to become the property of the Mexican Republic, to be loaned, if the government saw fit, to church organizations. The decrees also provided that no foreigner should conduct religious services in Mexico—a blow at the Spanish and Italian priests and bishops. These two provisions the Protestants were encouraged to ignore, and there is no record of the taking of any Protestant Church property or the stopping of any service conducted by a foreign missionary. The mission properties remained in Protestant hands (sometimes transferred to individuals) and the services continued—there was a very well accepted understanding that in this "violation of law" the Protestants would not be molested. It all gave occasion for criticism of the Protestants, but it brought little immediate or ultimate harm to their work.

THE mission schools were, however, slightly affected. The law was most definite regarding the closing of religious schools, and the Protestants were forced to close many, and to limit religious teaching in others. There was no very long period of cessation, however, and long before the Catholic clergy returned (as they did in 1918-19), the mission schools had resumed their work, practically where it has been left off a few months before. In the years before the Carranza visitation, there had been an intensive development of education in certain missionary centers. In the Capital there were seminaries, normal schools, and many primary schools (taught by Mexican women and men). Monterey had model schools, Puebla was soundly placed, Chihuahua, Guadalajara, Hermosillo, Victoria—the list grows as one's mind's eye sketches the country. Today practically all of these are again in operation, only the change in the plan of mission work has consolidated some of them and established new ones in other stations over the country.

There have always been many schools for girls—the mission societies of the United States have a heart interest in the work amongst the women—and hundreds of teachers have been trained there, teachers for the mission primary schools, and teachers for the public schools. Always there have been government places (though the salary is sometimes even smaller than the missions give) for all the teachers the mission schools could furnish, and an astonishing number of the women thus trained have gone on with their careers, married or single though they have been.

I like to think of that devotion to the ideals of service which the American men and women drilled into their Mexicans. The devotion of the mission schools to this ideal of service and of leadership has been continuous and growing. But it has, until now, been confined with few exceptions to the education of teachers, and to the furnishing of leaders who have worked largely through the profession of teaching. That has sometimes led them into other activities, but primarily they have been teachers and, of course, ministers.

THOSE who know Mexico know that while education and uplift of the mind are the great needs of the people, the road to those minds must be through the more tangible ways of hand and indeed of heart. The latter way, through religious teaching, is being nobly carried on by the mission churches, but the training of the hand is as yet only in its beginnings.

But those beginnings are made, and they have today a broad foundation on which to build. The first great phase was the organization five years ago, of a comprehensive plan of co-operation in missions and in schools between some dozen Protestant missionary organizations operating in Mexico. This co-operative agreement is one of the most significant experiments in the whole history of foreign missions. It has apparently already eliminated entirely all basis for friction. It has, moreover, made possible the broadest covering of the whole field of possibilities in the country, in contrast with the previous condition, when many churches concentrated in certain points, leaving vast stretches of Mexico absolutely without workers.

At a conference held in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1914, this co-operation plan was discussed by a large company of missionaries and others, most of whom had been driven out of Mexico by the events of the revolution and by the orders from the American State Department following the occupation of Vera Cruz by American troops.

With two exceptions (the Southern Baptists and the Episcopalians) all the Protestant churches working in Mexico agreed to a zoning system by which the too-intensive development of a few fields like Mexico City and Monterey should be done away with, and the churches assigned widely over the country, inaugurating far broader and more generous work.

In this rearrangement, a remarkable spirit of co-operation developed. With little controversy, the churches to which old fields were assigned took over the properties of others who had been there, terms of settlement being easily arranged. The friendly spirit went further toward true Christian co-operation than mission work has ever gone in any other field, for ministers were reassigned and took up work under churches other than their own without being re-ordained and in complete co-operation.

One effect of this important improvement has been the reorganization of the education program, and a vast broadening of the plan and the horizon of the schools. Already the central Mexican university is planned, and, working out from it, many preparatory and normal schools, and, best of all, technical and vocational schools of the finest type, agricultural and mechanical in all their branches. Some of them are already under way, to a limited extent, and the whole scheme of training leaders in industry as well as in schools is being developed. The idea of Hampton Institute, the great training-post of negro leaders in this country, of giving each student a trade in which he is an expert, should, when adapted to Mexican conditions, do miracles industrially and educationally.

AND here enters in the great force which must be used, and with which the American missions must join hands, if both are to have their greatest development. I refer to the American industrial concerns in Mexico. Back of some of these is already a record of fine work.

Perhaps the most outstanding example of the educational achievements of American corporations was that of the schools which were organized and operated by the National Railways of Mexico between 1890 and 1912, under the direction of E. N. Brown, then president of the National Railways—one of the "pernicious foreigners" who were exiled under Carranza's "nationalization" of the railways. These railway schools trained between 15,000 and 18,000 Mexican mechanics and engineers, taking boys of 14 and 15, paying them first 62 cents a day and gradually increasing this until, after four years' work, they were receiving three and a half pesos a day. They were then ready to take positions as skilled workers on the railways lines or, if they chose, in other industries the railway placed no limitation upon them, holding that all benefited in the increase in the efficiency of the Mexican worker wherever he might be.

The whole scheme of the work, including the plan of paying the apprentices while learning, was the broadest type of educational service, taken up, to be sure, because the railways needed skilled mechanics and trainmen, but with an effect on Mexico and on the creation of the so-called "middle class" which is still felt through the chaos of revolutionary destruction.

The railways are now being operated by the Mexican Government, and the schools have long since been abandoned. The railway executives are now political favorites and not trained railway men, but the personnel is still fairly well leavened by the men trained under American tutelage. The railways do still run, even if they do little else.

Today the great industry of Mexico is the production and refining of petroleum, and foreign companies, of course, control it. Much genuinely helpful welfare work is being done by them, and the very conscious plan of increasing wages until unskilled labor now receives a minimum of $2 a day is having a remarkable effect on the standard of living of the Mexicans of the Tampico oil section. There is much undigested prosperity, and agitators are creating trouble as far as they can for the foreigners. On the whole, however, the effect on the material welfare of the peon has been advantageous, although again there is real need for education and for some form of religious restraint.

Education has been indeed taken up by some of the companies, and where separate villages have been built, as in the model Mexican town of Terminal, across the river from Tampico on the property of the Doheny companies, really excellent schools are maintained under American control.

Conditions in the oil country, outside of the private company towns, are deplorable, however, for the graft and incompetence of the present ruling classes of Mexico have regarded prosperous oil towns only as the most luxurious of posts for influential favorites. The educational conditions in Tampico, where in a town of 100,000 there are only twenty government primary schools with an attendance of 4,500 pupils, beggars description. Where the foreign companies have been called upon to contribute to the cost of schools, to city improvements, or to the fighting of yellow fever epidemics, the money which they have given has been lost in the bottomless pit of Mexican graft.

A typical Protestant congregation in the Methodist Church in Mexico City. These men and women are the hope of Mexico for the leaders, teachers and workers of the future

One of the ablest native Protestant educators in Mexico—Dr. Valderramo of Puebla

THIS is the field wherein I believe that the co-operation of the missionaries and the companies will bring about a solution of the ultimate Mexican problem. For the companies, ready and anxious as I have found them to serve, would, through the missions, find a means wherein their money and the great force of their prestige would find efficient direction. The foreign oil, mining and railway companies will not hesitate, I believe, to put their resources and opportunities at the disposal of workers who they are convinced can truly improve the morale of the native workers upon whom their business depends. Heretofore there seems to have been mutual misunderstanding—the companies have not always been as appreciative as they might have been of the influence and direction which the missions could give them, and the missionaries have been quick on the trigger to find the companies representing predatory capital which has the sole ambition of putting down the "devoted leaders of the people" or of forcing American intervention.

I have faith in both the companies and the missionaries, and I believe that in the new political crisis which Mexico is bringing upon herself as this is written, (and which she may have tumbling about her ears before it is printed) these two must reach out, and will reach out, to clasp hands and go on together.

When that time comes, we may look for the completing as well as the broadening of the work of the missions in Mexico. Today their work is limited, for a complete missionary plant includes churches, schools and doctors and hospitals, and for these last much money and much opportunity must be forthcoming. The Protestants have had evangelical work in Mexico for forty years, and schools for a generation. But there are almost no medical missionaries. The official lists of 1910 showed ten in all Mexico, and six of these were of one denomination, now, I believe, retired from the field. There are hospitals in Puebla, in Monterey and Mexico City. But these are not, actually, a part of the missionary scheme, only connected with it.

The work is a broad one, and the need of prestige and a great nation-wide plan is vital. Ignorance such as Mexico's will sometimes listen to tales of new gods, but long tradition fights against changes in the treatment of disease, and when death comes the "foreign devil" was a poisoner—I have met the same attitude on the Mexican trail when I have given quinine to a child who was dying of fever.

THERE is a great need for the medical missionary, with hospitals, dispensaries and classes, for Mexico is as sick a land as man has ever seen, with people so worth the saving, with children so worth the giving of health. Mexico has so much to give her sons if they but had the strength and will and faith to develop the things that are waiting for them. Should I be asked to tell what I would wish most for Mexico, even before I talked of education, almost before I talked of a human diet for the country, I should say health, and training in health and hygiene.

This work the missions must take up. I have shown, in the second article of this series, how by the very figures of the boasting Mexican government, there is twice as much sickness, twice as much severe illness in Mexico as in the United States. Those who know Mexico know that a really well Mexican is a rarity—there is always some trouble, usually with the stomach, to keep down his energy. And when one thinks how much mere teaching would do, how much medical missionaries could accomplish just by telling the Mexican women just how their babies should be fed, even with what their poverty affords! For although at the basis is that poverty, it is aggravated beyond all description by the utter, unbelievable ignorance of them all. The medical profession of Mexico is supposedly like ours, but their own higher type of doctors frankly describe its ignorance as utterly criminal, and the training in the National Medical School, even before the revolution, as the most flagrant of all the exhibitions of Mexican dilettantism.

Education of the hands, then, and education of the bodies, first and foremost, and then, woven through these two, the bettering of the conditions of the people through better wages, nobler work, broader vision in the planning of the national economic future.

For these the co-operation I have talked of is indispensable, and because it is indispensable, it will

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The Older Boy and a Life Problem

Continuing the Intimate Study of Vital Questions of Home Growth

By A MERE MAN

I HAD an idea that after the Boy had faced the Problem of the Tobacco, and the Girl, and the Bible as taught by the scientific method, that he wouldn't trouble me for awhile. And that is right where I made another mistake. I ought not to have spoken of these problems as a "trouble," for I was beginning to find out that the Boy was passing through the same experience that I had when I was young; but like a good many fathers in this glorious republic, I was in danger of forgetting it, and treating his problems as troubles, instead of opportunities to get nearer to him.

And may I say right here—because I have had it intimated to me that no Boy in love with a giddy young Thing like the one his mother was so afraid of, would ever have done what I asked him to do—that both his mother and I decided afterwards that the Boy was not really very much in love. That was the reason that the tests I asked him to apply were possible. But that is an aside.

What the Boy brought to me a few weeks later was of a far different character, as you will see when I tell you about it. I don't think I am very good at narrative, so I will give you the conversation the Boy and I had over the matter one evening when we were alone. This time it was in his own room into which he invited me to come. That had not happened very often, so I took it as a compliment, which it really was.

"I don't want to keep troubling you with my problems all the time, Dad," he said, "but I wish you would tell me what I ought to do."

You may remember that I corrected the Boy once for calling me "Dad," but he used the term so naturally that I did not seem to find anything to criticize in it.

"What you ought to do?" I said. "You are not in——"

"No," he said coloring up a little. "Nothing to do with that. What I want is some advice about my life work."

"Oh!" I said, as if the Boy's having any life work was a strange idea for him to entertain. "Well——"

"You see, I graduate next June and I don't seem to know just what I ought to do."

NOW I had given this matter almost no thought, except to take for granted without ever having talked to the Boy about it, that he would go into the store and take up the business I was in.

"I supposed you would come into the store with me."

"No!" he said very positively. "I hate business!"

Well, do you know, that just about knocked me over. The idea of any one in the family hating the business that made us our bread and butter—especially butter, considering the market price—was an idea that I had never entertained. And at first I was inclined to say to the Boy, "What's good enough for your Dad is good enough for you!"

But on second thought, I began to think perhaps the Boy had a little right to choose what he would do in this world, so I waited.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Dad. But I just can't think of business. It doesn't appeal to me in the least."

"Well!" I replied, I am afraid a little sharply, "what *do* you want to do? Open a barber-shop?"

He stiffened up at that, and I was afraid the incident of his having a problem of doing something was going to be closed, so far as taking me into his confidence was concerned. But he choked down something, and turned such a wistful look on me, that I felt like kicking myself for a selfish old father.

"No," I said, "I didn't mean that. Tell me what other occupations or professions you don't like. Let's get at the matter by elimination. Tell me what else you hate or don't like and then perhaps we can find out what your likings are."

At that he brightened up.

"Well, cut out politics."

I GULPED a little at that, for I am a good—— never mind what party, as I don't want to create any prejudice against this series of articles. But I didn't say any thing.

"And I don't care for journalism or law."

"Same here. Specially the fellows that drew up the income-tax law," I said with some feeling.

"And I never had any leaning toward farming or architecture or engineering."

"Nor I," I said to encourage him, as he seemed to hesitate over the list of "eliminations."

"And I don't think I am fitted to teach in any special department. I am horribly afraid of showing my ignorance."

"I would be too," I murmured.

"And I don't care to open a barber-shop," he said with something like a grin.

"No. Cut that out. Shave it off the list."

"And I never cared for art or music. You know I can't carry a tune more than a yard without fainting away."

"Or causing others to do so," I replied, remembering the anguish of the family once when the Boy bought a cornet and practised on it in his room.

"Yes," the Boy smiled in his wistful way. "And I never wanted to be a painter."

"Yes, I remember. That time you balked over the proposal I made to you and the other boy that you paint the kitchen floor, and save a big bill."

"But I did paint it, after all," he said a little reproachfully.

"Yes, I remember you did. And we couldn't walk over it for a week without sticking down to it, you put so much glue into it instead of turpentine," I said.

"We will eliminate painting," the Boy said, going on hastily. "And I don't like railroading or banking or the insurance business."

"Well," I said perhaps a little shortly, "is that all?"

"It's all I think of right now."

"Then I don't see that you have much of anything left to choose except the ministry or moving pictures."

AT THAT, the Boy looked at me so strangely that I felt rebuked at my levity.

"Of course," I said hastily. "The ministry is out of the question."

He didn't reply at once. Then he said:

"Or the movies."

"It's up to you," I said using a slang phrase I had more than once corrected him for.

"Yes, I guess it is. You can't help me, can you, Dad?"

"Well, I'm willing to help you. But I can't choose your life work. You will have to do that yourself. I don't mind saying I *am* disappointed that you don't want to come into the store. Your mother and I have almost taken it for granted that some time you would."

"I can't do it, Dad. I'd like to just to please you. But I feel as if I ought to do something else."

"I'm sorry. But you must decide it. I stand ready to help you in any way I can. Have you talked with your mother?"

"Not lately."

"She is very wise, your mother is," I said somewhat vaguely. And as the Boy seemed to be at an end of the interview I went away, somewhat disappointed over the way the thing ended. We had not settled anything, and I did not see any farther into the Boy's life work than he did, apparently.

IT WAS about a week after that unsatisfactory talk, that the college Y. M. C. A. started some special meetings, and a returned missionary from China was one of the speakers. It seems that he was retained by the Y. to stay for several days to hold conferences with the students about life-work problems.

Something of the character of the meetings drifted across the table at meal-times, but nothing very definite, and the Boy, I remembered afterwards, was more serious-looking than I had ever noticed him. But one evening, just after the close of these meetings, the Boy came into the library where I was reading, and as he sat down I couldn't help seeing the real look of resolve in his face. He is handsome, the Boy is, and I don't wonder that people like him and sometimes fall in love with him.

"Dad," he said coming to the point at once, as is the habit with the whole family, "I have decided to be a medical missionary."

You could have knocked me down with a pinfeather.

"A med——"

"Yes, a medical missionary to China. Medicine was one of the things we did not 'eliminate' when we went over the list. I have had a leaning towards medicine for some time. I like to help people in pain. I felt fascinated when last summer we went into the operating room at Augustana hospital and saw Dr. Ochsner do those wonderful things."

"Well," I said. "But you said 'medical *missions*.' That will mean going as a missionary."

"Yes," said the Boy, and his face fairly gleamed. "Dr. Stuart" (that was the name of the missionary from China who had been holding the conferences at the college) "was a wonderful man! The opportunities for service in China are simply tremendous. I feel as if I had a real call to go."

I MUST confess that at first I sat there bewildered. The idea that any one in our family would ever choose to be a missionary, even a medical one, had never entered my head. All my folks had always gone into business. I was still thinking it seemed queer, when the Boy's mother came down-stairs and joined us in the library.

I must have looked somewhat dazed, for the Boy's mother came up to me, and with a tear glistening in her eye, she said, as she leaned over and put her dear face on my cheek: "Yes, the Boy has told me. Isn't it grand to think that he has chosen to be a missionary? What a wonderful life he will have!"

"Yes," I said somewhat feebly, for I was still bewildered. "Wonderful!"

"I had to choose between the ministry and the movies, Dad. You don't feel disappointed, do you!"

"Disappointed! Well—" I put out my hand and the Boy put out his. I couldn't say anything more at the time, I was so upset. But after the Boy went upstairs to his room, my wife said, her face shining with a tender light I had seen on it only a few times, "I have been praying for this, a long, long time."

And now the whole family has a growing pride that we are to be represented over in China. I found myself saying to my junior partner the other day: "My Boy is going to help shape the future Republic of China. Great business!"

He stared at me as if I was a little "off." But I understand that is what medical missionaries have to be: Statesmen of the highest order. *And the Boy said he had no use for politics!*

Dr. Sheldon Discusses

The Common Task

1. Be thankful if you have one, and are well enough to work at it.
2. It is better to earn one's bread by the sweat of one's brow than try to make a living by making other folks sweat.
3. Some people don't enjoy the common daily task, because they stay up too late the night before.
4. It is the common work of the human hand that keeps us all from starving to death.
5. To do one's daily work honestly and faithfully, whether we ever get thanked for it or not, is every-day heroism.
6. Don't expect a medal just because you are working hard for small wages. There are not enough medals to go around.
7. The sum total of common tasks well done makes cities and states and republics worth-while.
8. If the common task makes you tired at the end of the day, thank God if you are able to sleep at night.
9. Jesus worked with His hands nearly all His life. I am in good company if I have to work for a living.

The Comfort-Bringer

A Heart-Warming Five-Part Story

By ANNE McQUEEN

Decoration by M. L. Greer

Part Five

CHAPTER X

SO, WHEN everything was favorable, Ruth, sitting where the glow of the shaded lamp would not fall upon her face, asked her lawyer if there was not some way by which a publisher of books might be persuaded to accept a book manuscript by an unknown author. For a considerable sum of money, of course.

"H'm," mused Mr. Gary, casting a sharp glance at the bowed head in the shadows, "why not?"

"Then do you suppose those big publishers in New York"—naming the firm to which David Blair had sent his book—"would do it?"

"I went to school with old Tom, the head of the firm," said Mr. Gary, reminiscently. "I don't know about them—they are mighty big people in their profession. What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, I am so glad you went to school with one of them! Dear Mr. Gary, could you, by any means, induce them to accept a book by David Blair? The man you met at my house-warming, you know. He—oh, I just can't tell you how much hinges on their acceptance of his book! It will kill his ambitions to have it sent back; it has been the dream of his life, and now that it is finished he is miserable, because he believes it a failure, though he didn't when he was writing it. If it is accepted, he—why, the world will just mean paradise for him! They have already had it a few weeks—could you telegraph them to hold it until you come, and maybe make some arrangement? Buy the manuscript outright—give them—oh, give them anything they want, anything! But be sure that it is so arranged that he will never, never find it out!"

"What does it mean to you, little Ruth, if the book is accepted?" asked Mr. Gary, quietly; and Ruth, her head bowed to his knee, whispered that it meant everything to her!

"Then, if old friendship can do it, I'll succeed. At least, I'll see that the book is carefully read," vowed Mr. Gary. Walking to the telephone, he called up long distance, was connected with the big publisher's own house in the city, and in a few minutes was talking to his old friend.

"Do you still hold a book manuscript by David Blair—don't know the title?" asked Mr. Gary, when the old friends had chatted a few moneyed minutes, "and if so, will you let me know—and hold it till I can come and see you about it?"

The big publisher, known to Mr. Gary as old Tom, having gotten into communication with his chief reader, replied later that there was a manuscript by David Blair still in the office safe, waiting for a verdict. It would be held; and he would be mighty glad to see his old friend, and beat him playing golf, too. Would meet him in his car at the station and take him out home. Just notify him by wire or phone.

RUTH breathed happily when these messages were delivered by Mr. Gary. "If he'll just take it, and print it," she murmured, "that will be enough. I am sure it will sell if properly advertised, and everything done that mere money can do. Be sure and —and offer a big sum, dear Mr. Gary."

"Old Tom may order me out of his house, when he knows my errand," warned Mr. Gary; "but I'll do my best—for you."

"I don't know how much it will take, but if there is enough left I want, so badly, to endow a home for little orphan girls, and name it for my grandfather," Ruth said, with tears in her eyes, "just a few little girls, who can be clothed and taught and made comfortable. A hundred thousand dollars would be all I could ever spend, in a lifetime. Couldn't the rest be invested by you, who are so wise about business, so that they could have a home? Just a wee cottage, where they could be brought up by a good, motherly woman, and taught home economics by a good teacher, so they would be capable housekeepers. Could you—could I do this, dear Mr. Gary?"

Mr. Gary didn't know—he looked into the tender face, filled with the love of humanity, forgetful of herself, and a lump was in the old, worldly lawyer's throat, that had never been there since he was a boy. "If it is possible, we'll arrange it, honey," he said gently; "just a few girls, maybe we can. I'll see."

The next day the fairy godmother's wand was waved over the diminished head of Donaldson, when Tom proudly paid the mortgage, and Mr. Gary gave into the hands of the Scotchman the amount of his wages, and bade him leave instanter.

She waved her wand over the head of Mary Smithers, who was radiant with joy, and who came flying over to see Ruth, telling her how her father, seeing Tom's money with his own eyes, had been very willing to exchange Donaldson for Tom, as a prospective son-in-law.

"Oh, ain't money wonderful, Miss Ruth, when folks use it right?" glowed Mary, "just to think how Tom is changed by it—looks like another man, he does. And—and he told me so much last night that—that—a girl loves to hear from her sweetheart, Miss Ruth! Things he hadn't dared to say before, on account of not having any home to offer me. I told him I'd have been willing enough, but I couldn't speak out and say so, being a girl."

OVER the bowed head of poor little Miss Emily, sitting in her chilly little room by her chilly little stove, the godmother waved the magic wand of great wealth with superlative success.

Ruth did not accompany Mr. Gary on his visit to Miss Emily; she was afraid that, by something or some word, Miss Emily might become suspicious of the legacy. But she need not have feared.

"Simple as a child, that little woman is," declared Mr. Gary, "soon as I told her it was her Cousin David Ap David of Wales, she fell for it—believed implicitly in my tale. Ruth, I wish you could see her now. She's actually gracious, and puts on airs!"

"She'll be over, soon," laughed Ruth. "She'll get Mrs. Abner Green to fetch her in the buggy. I hope Mrs. Green will be as unsuspecting."

But Miss Emily was too ill to venture out; she sent post-haste for Ruth, one of her pupils being the messenger. Ruth found the little woman with eyes shining like stars, and her hands, the poor right one still bundled up in red flannel, fluttering wildly.

"I know all about your good news, Miss Emily," said Ruth, cheerily, "and you are to come and spend a while with me, till you get ready to go on that trip to Bermuda—for of course you'll go?"

"Thank you so much, my love," accepted Miss Emily, graciously. "I will enjoy the sojourn in your dear home almost as much as my trip to the Bermudas. Mrs. Abner Green's niece, Susie Lemon, will accompany me. Susie is one of my former pupils, and a dear girl, but anemic—a slight cough, h'm, you know?" Miss Emily nodded; "and it might develop into something serious. And I shall of course buy back the Old Home, which is owned by a man who is callous, and cannot appreciate it. When I come back, next spring, I shall rejuvenate it," said Miss Emily, grandly, "and my own room shall be a replica of yours, dear Ruth, if you don't object."

"I'll be honored," Ruth said, heartily, "and we shall soon get you ready for your trip, Miss Emily—Miss Susanna Baines and the rest of us. You shall have a warm coat and a tailored suit to travel in, and the rest will be summer things, think of it!"

"I ought to wear mourning for Cousin David Ap David," said Miss Emily, thoughtfully, "and I ought to write—but Mr. Gary has promised to get the address for me, if he has any living family."

"Oh, I wouldn't wear mourning, Miss Emily," urged Ruth, knowing that the feeble little soul needed all the comfort gay clothes could give, "you'll want white, and things like that. He—I'm sure your cousin wouldn't want any mourning worn for him, if he knew how delicate you were."

Miss Emily, who loathed black, was readily persuaded to give up the idea of mourning. "After all, it is the heart, dear," conceded the little woman, "and I shall always mourn the fact that—that I didn't much like Cousin David! He was a rather grumpy gentleman, afflicted with gout, and red in the face. But he had a warm heart, and he loved his family—we Welsh are clannish, my dear, very clannish! He must have been very, very old when he died," she added, thoughtfully. "He was an old man, as I recall."

MR. GARY, his duties satisfactorily discharged, took himself off on the train for New York next day. He would let Ruth know the success of his mission, she knew, as early as possible; there was nothing for her to do but wait as patiently as she could for the outcome of his visit to "Old Tom."

Meanwhile Miss Emily graciously consented to come and occupy the spare-room at Hideaway House until such time as Miss Baines and the neighbors could get her apparel ready, and Susie Lemon, still waking up every morning to wonder if she hadn't dreamed that she was going to Bermuda, could get her own things done.

Ruth was busy every minute; she made a trip to the nearest town where such things could be procured, taking Miss Emily, who tried on traveling suits and coats and hats, and was very delightfully flurried over it all. She helped Tom plan repairs and improvements on his own cottage, and gave all the spare time she could to Nancy Auld, who was now wheeled over every day or so, and was so happy that she could only look, with shining eyes, on the girl who was—even more than she dreamed—her comfort-bringer.

Miss Emily, because of Cousin David Ap David's decease—supposed to be recent—could not be entertained. Ruth, who would have dearly loved to give a joyous party to the little old lady by way of celebrating, was forced to feed her guest with all the dainties poor Miss Emily loved and had done without for many, many years. Chicken salad she had heard Miss Emily mention with awe, as being food for festivals in her young days. And pound cake, Miss Emily said, had always been served by her Aunt Hester and her own mother to their guests.

Determined that Miss Emily should be gratified, Ruth made chicken salad on every possible occasion, and baked pound cake till even Ellen Hawtree remarked that it was wasteful to cook such fine things for just Miss Emily. And how she did fatten! Daily one might see flesh increasing on the guest's small bones, and the rheumatism, in the delicious summer atmosphere of Ruth's house, left the little teacher comparatively free of its pangs.

MR. GARY, meanwhile, telephoned from New York that he had seen his old friend, who assured him that he would personally give the manuscript his attention—would read it himself, and if he found it worth-while, would consider its publication. Nothing more—Ruth must still wait, and every day seemed an age.

At last Miss Emily and Susie Lemon were ready, their clothes packed in their new trunks—Miss Emily had given Susie a steamer trunk which was the duplicate of her own; going away on a steamer one must of necessity have a steamer trunk, she remarked to Ruth, whom Miss Emily regarded as untraveled, not knowing of the girl's childhood.

Also Susie Lemon wore a brand-new suit, and coat and hat and gloves, all of Miss Emily's providing. The two travelers were the marvel and admiration of the village, which turned out in a body to see them off.

"I'll be sure to send you a box of lily roots, my

dear," called Miss Emily, from the car window, "and a box of fruit to everybody! Good-bye, and the Lord bless you, every one!"

"The poor, old body!" sniffed Mrs. Abner Green tearfully. "I'm every mite as glad as if it was me goin' to them islands. I'm gladder, for I wouldn't like to go—not at my age! And she'll come back well and strong, with the sunshine and good food—and my niece, too, praise be! Money's a wonderful power for good, child, if so be it's used right."

"It is—oh, it is indeed," agreed Ruth, heartily.

"But I am surprised at that old man; he must have lived to most a hundred, for I mind how old he was when he come a-visitin' his kin."

"I'm told that Wales is very healthy," said Ruth, hastily. "Of course he had to live out his allotted days, you know, and it wasn't too late for Miss Emily. It was just the right time, indeed."

To which Mrs. Green agreed—it was indeed the right time!

AND now that the excitement of getting Miss Emily away was ended, there began some days of woeful waiting for Ruth, which she spent in self-communings that were doubting, fearing, uncertain. Suppose some loophole were left open and David Blair should find out her hand in his affairs? Would he scorn her, she wondered dully, for her interference? Would it hurt him even worse than if it were rejected, if he found that his book had been bought—by her money? Maybe he would expect great sales, be disappointed and in the end find out that he had been tricked—because she wanted him—just himself, not the genius.

"And the worst of it is, I can never, never be sure!" mourned Ruth, regarding her share in the experiment with dread. "Perhaps, after all, it would have been better if I had gone to him myself—told him that I had enough for both, and that I—but no, I could never, never have done that. I am a woman, I must suffer in silence!"

She heard from Miss Emily—a glowing letter from the Bermudas, enthusiastic over the climate and the benefits she and Susie were sure to derive from it. Already Miss Emily was planning for a party at the Old Home next summer, when she would entertain all her old friends and neighbors, and hunt up from somewhere a nice young man for Ruth, who was urged to take warning and never, never be an old maid like Miss Emily. For if Cousin David Ap David had not remembered Miss Emily in his will, what would have become of her!

"Ah me, I wonder if I will be an old maid?" sighed Ruth, as she read the old lady's advice with lips that trembled as they smiled, "I wonder!"

RESIGNEDLY she began to plan her future, if she were never to marry. She would give up her house and go away and live with her little girls in the John Carfax Home. She would be their matron, instructor, mother. She would rear them to be good, wholesome girls, capable of supporting themselves—trained housekeepers, homemakers, cooks and nurses. But she hoped, very, very much, that these girls would all marry, and make good wives and mothers, and come back on visits to the Home, bringing along their families for Ruth to admire. Yes, that would be a very contented life—useful, which was better than just selfish happiness.

And, when she had arrived at this conclusion, big tears would gather and splash down into her lap, if she were alone; if Ellen Hawtree were present the tears would just gather, but not be permitted to splash, for one day Ellen had witnessed her beloved's tears, and had bawled herself into hysterics at the sight. Thereafter Ruth always considered Ellen.

"I'll have ten little girls, if there's money enough afterwards," Ruth would muse, "if—if it doesn't take it all—oh, I would give it all, every dollar, so gladly, so gladly!"

And then, bravely swallowing back the lump in her throat, she would go on with her plans:

"And—if it *should* happen that I don't live with them myself, I will get the best, tenderest-hearted woman I can find to be their mother, instead. We will have a little hospital, where the neighbors will be glad to send their children, with a trained nurse to care for them, free. How I'll love the diet kitchen; I always did at school and it was so lovely to cook

Continued on page 397

An Ancient American Apartment-House

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

The apartments first uncovered. The mound on which the man is standing was used as a burial-place

GREAT community structures and religious sanctuaries, which challenge the admiration and constructive ability of our modern civilization, are being slowly unearthed by archeologists operating in what is known today as Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. Centuries ago these buildings were occupied by a race which now has passed into oblivion. In recent years the desert sands have been swept aside, revealing one wonder after another. The greatest wonder of all, however, came to light only a few months ago, when scientists from the School of American Research at Santa Fe excavated an apartment-house containing one thousand rooms.

In enduring, residential architecture the unknown people who constructed the building attained to levels not surpassed by the architects of the ancient world. The apartment-house, which has been entirely buried for centuries, would occupy two large blocks if set down in a modern American city, its great curved front extending for seven hundred feet. In its walls are fifty million pieces of quarried stone, not to mention thousands of logs, poles and slabs, which were cut in distant forests, transported by manpower, and set in place with the aid of implements of stone. The building, archeologists are satisfied, was erected, not by unwilling workers, who labored under the lash of priestly or kingly taskmasters, but by a people who took pleasure in what they were doing.

The excavating in Chaco Canyon was begun last spring and proceeded during the summer months. Work will be resumed this summer and will be continued for at least five years. The plans contemplate a study of the physiography of the region; a careful examination of the ruins; and a thorough study of the architecture, art, economic resources and ethnological relations of the inhabitants. In short, the undertaking is to uncover such facts as are obtainable concerning the extinct community of which Chaco Canyon is a part, and to produce, as far as such facts warrant, a picture of the life that was lived ages ago in this remote place. Today no written word of history exists concerning the ten thousand persons who called Chaco Canyon home a thousand or more years ago. Even the name by which they were known is lost. Perhaps somewhere in the ruins something will be found to tell of the blood language and cultural possibilities of these remarkable people.

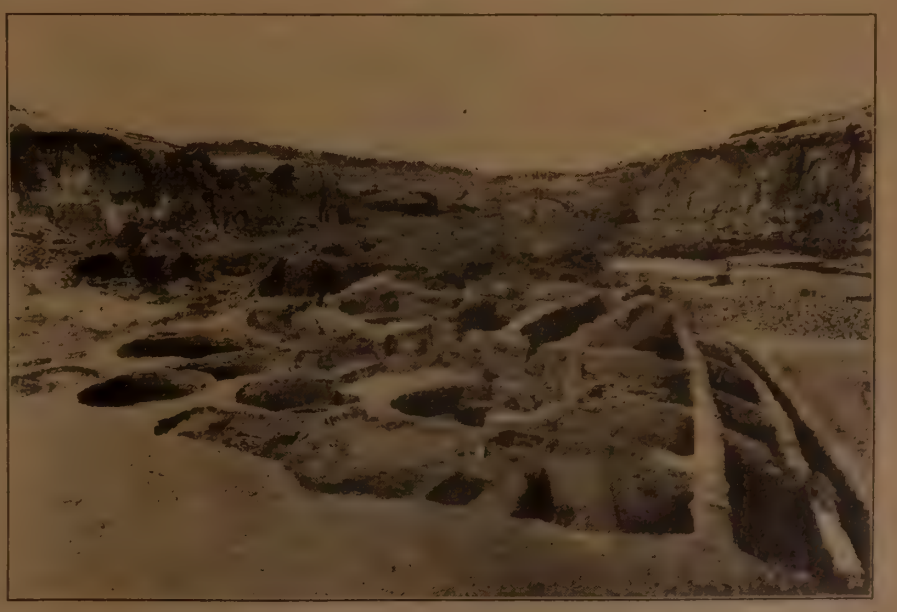
The archeologists who are supervising the uncovering of the ruins in Chaco Canyon are satisfied that they are studying a people which matured in its culture without serious interruption, ran its course to the summit of its civilization and then went into oblivion. They believe that the people never cultivated more than 3,000 acres of land at any one time and never numbered more than 10,000. Evidences of decline, such as are seen in modern towns or pueblos in New Mexico and Arizona, are not visible here. All signs point to the fact that abandonment came at the full tide of life, except that there are no signs of sudden destruction.

THE first step taken at Chaco Canyon was to examine the area surrounding the ruin for refuse heaps and burial-places which, unless excavated first, might be lost under the débris from the buildings. A large oval mound a few yards to the east of the walls was divided from end to end by a broad trench and the work of excavation carried on there. The stratification of the mound was thus laid bare, and the successive layers, all of which were fairly clear, carried plentiful deposits of cultural remains, bone implements, and the usual refuse of domestic life. This was evidently used as a burial-place for the dead.

In excavating the building, an area ninety feet square was laid off. Upon completing the excavation it was found that the curved front was a building with a massive central axis and rooms on either side. It may have been two stories in height in places. The central wall is pierced by doorways all securely closed with masonry, originally affording communication between the rooms on the inner court and those facing outward. The exterior rooms are without outside openings on the level that remains. Outside this series of exterior rooms is a trench eight feet deep, two feet wide, between heavy walls of masonry, which for solidity could not be excelled unless built of modern concrete. Evidently this trench afforded a protective passage from the extreme southeast corner of the building to the northwestern quarter, 700 feet away.

The excavation of the southern extremity of the east wing of the building is disclosed two stories below ground. Looking down into the excavated rooms one gets a fair idea of the knowledge of construction possessed by these people who lived a thousand years ago. Partition walls are sometimes reinforced by embedding timbers in the masonry as concrete walls are reinforced with iron rods today. Floors and ceilings were constructed by first laying heavy supporting logs or poles across from wall to wall. Upon these were laid smaller logs or poles, placed closely side by side. Next came thin slabs of cedar and over them a layer of cedar bark. Upon this was a solidly packed layer of earth, kept hard and smooth by rubbing with smoothing stones. The views of some of the rooms show a remarkable state of preservation of both masonry and timber.

Archeologists are comparing the achievements of these native American builders with the much better-known works of an ancient civilization in the Old World. Chaco Canyon, as excavated, presents a building which, abandoned, unroofed and in some parts exposed to the elements, stands as very few specimen walls in any land have withstood the ages. It is said that in wall masonry the Chaco builders were unsurpassed, and that it may be doubted if our modern masonry will be as enduring.



A general view of one section of the ancient apartment-house. Note the thickness of the walls

Your Dollar in China

THE following cable message, dated Peking, May 4, has been forwarded to us through the Department of State at Washington:

"Drought in Chihli covering about twenty per cent. entire famine area threatens almost total loss spring crop. This means aid must continue until summer crops, say August, to about two million people now receiving aid. Situation in other districts promising. Though Chinese and other contributions have been substantial, American and Canadian funds already received have been saving factor to date." (*signed*) CRANE.

ALL contributions to the Christian Herald Fund for the famine victims in China have traveled the same swift trail on their life-saving mission. No matter how small or how large the gift, each has helped, in its due proportion, to carry through the great task of feeding millions in North China, who would have died of starvation had the aid not reached them.

And that task, when the famine weeks have passed and life in the scourged regions becomes normal again, will stand as one of the greatest accomplishments ever made possible by generous giving and self-sacrifice. For the spirit of helpfulness has found expression in other ways than in gifts to the fund, tremendously important as these have been; it has been the controlling factor in the entire relief undertaking.

"About 300 foreigners, largely Americans from various parts of China and of various professions, have been devoting themselves to relief work, which has taken the form, chiefly, of free distribution of food, some clothing and some labor-giving relief." This brief message from Frederick W. Stevens, a member of the American Committee in China, tells only a part of the famine-field end of the story, for practically all who are serving there, foreigners and natives alike, are contributing their time and their service to the cause of the suffering.

It tells only a part, but it explains why almost the whole of every gift contributed here has gone out in actual food to the starving. And every phase of the conversion of a famine contribution into distributed food, is interesting. For many weeks the relief machinery has been working smoothly, here in America and over there in the remote villages of the stricken provinces 6,000 miles away. It will continue to work smoothly, efficiently and with a remarkably slight "overhead" cost to the Fund, until the last mess of grain has been given to the needy.

Every dollar that is received by the Christian Herald has been turned over at once to Vernon Munroe, treasurer of the American Committee for China Famine Fund, the national body which the Christian Herald was largely instrumental in organizing, and which represents the nation-wide effort to save the starving. And within two weeks that dollar accomplishes its mission.

From here it is promptly cabled to China through the Asia Banking Corporation or the International Banking Corporation, and without cost to the American Committee. As soon as the cable is received in Peking, the money is at once available at the offices of the bank in China, for the use of the American Committee there.

CHARLES R. CRANE, United States Minister to China, is chairman of this committee, which includes American missionaries and business men. Its method of dealing with the situation is thus explained in a recent cablegram from Mr. Stevens:

"Famine relief funds from America are being promptly allocated by a carefully selected and thoroughly representative American Advisory Committee of fourteen, who hold frequent meetings for that purpose. At least six of the members devote practically all of their time to the work: George L. Davis, John D. Hayes, Morgan Palmer and Dr. George D. Wilder, as members of the Peking United Committee; R. R. Gailey, as a member of the Shansi Committee, and J. Earle Baker for the American Red Cross.

"H. C. Emery, Roger S. Green and George L. Davis form a sub-committee appointed to plan and report recommendations as to the proportions in which relief funds should be divided according to the various needs among the famine relief organizations.

"By mutual consent the whole famine area was divided between these organizations several months ago, and the American Advisory Committee was charged with the duty of allocating funds to them.

"The Chinese Government provides free railroad transportation for famine relief workers and supplies, so that practically all money received for relief is used for purchasing grain which is distributed carefully and methodically after a careful investigation of the conditions and needs of the various districts. The records and accounts of relief expenditures are subject to the most careful scrutiny and supervision of chartered accountants who have been engaged for the purpose of conducting an audit."

At no time has money been allowed to accumulate to the credit of the committee in the banks in China; the need for what it will buy has been too great to permit of that. There never has been money enough to supply the full need. Therefore the great problem of the Committee in China has been to allocate the fund at its disposal at any given time to accomplish with it the greatest good.

As soon as decision is made that grain must go to a particular village, the grain is ordered, if the fund is sufficient. A wired message goes from Peking to a representative of the Committee stationed at a big grain market and shipping station. It instructs him not only how much grain to buy but where it shall be shipped.

Even in this purely commercial end of the task, the spirit of co-operation and helpfulness is not lacking. In Manchuria, which produced last year a most bountiful crop, the farmers have been disposing of their grain to the Committee on practically a cost basis.

Pursuant to directions the grain for a particular shipment goes, without any charge for the transportation, to the railroad distributing station nearest the point of destination.

In the beginning it was very generally feared that China's railroad system would prove incapable of meeting the strain of relief transport, and just at the start it did all but break down under the added burden; but an American, J. Earle Baker, who was put in charge of the roads during the famine emergency, soon had them operating so efficiently that famine grain has never since been delayed.

After tracing any shipment to the railroad distributing point, no matter which one, a contributor to the Fund interested in seeing where, in what form, and by what means his money is going, will find the problem of quick and inexpensive handling solved at each step forward in the journey.

Photos from Z. Charles Beals

The happiest hour of the day—breakfast-time—at one of the refuges maintained by the contributions of Christian Herald readers. The 100 boys in the refuge are learning to read the Gospels so they may spread Christianity when they go back to their homes

Only a few of the hundreds of mothers and babies who are being supported from the Christian Herald Famine Fund

A GRAPHIC description of the actual distribution of the relief supplies has been sent by Rev. H. Kerr Taylor, of the Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tsingkiangpu, Ku, China. He was transferred from his mission work to the supervision of an out-station near Siaochang, Chihli, and his experience is typical of the operation of all the out-stations. His letter follows in part:

"The Siaochang mission field, now the Siaochang famine relief field, contains several thousand square miles, and for the present operations is divided roughly into ten circular districts, like so many clocks, each with a radius of about ten miles. I mention the clocks, for this will help to indicate the plan of operation in each of these out-stations where the actual work of relief is going on. Each of these ten circular districts is divided into eight or ten sectors, just as if you were

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The World News of the Week

Germany Yields Unconditionally to Allied Ultimatum

WITH the French armies lined up ready for an immediate march into the Ruhr, Germany has submitted unconditionally to the ultimatum despatched by the Allies, after a week of the greatest tension since the signing of the Versailles Treaty, and the following pledge was given:

"The German Government is fully resolved: First, to carry out without reserve or condition its obligations as defined by the Reparations Commission.

"Second, to accept and carry out without reserve or condition the guarantees in respect of those obligations prescribed by the Reparations Commission.

"Third, to carry out without reserve or delay the measures of military, naval and aerial disarmament notified to the German Government by the Allied Powers in their note of January 29, 1921, those overdue to be completed at once, and the remainder by the prescribed date.

"Fourth, to carry out without reserve or delay the trial of war criminals and to execute the other unfulfilled portions of the Treaty referred to in the first paragraph of the note of the Allied Governments of May 5."

After the receipt of the Allied ultimatum, German opinion fluctuated violently and for a time it appeared that Dr. Stresemann, leader of the German People's Party, would be asked to form a cabinet which would reject the Allied demands. Moderate counsels prevailed, however, and President Ebert entrusted to Dr. Wirth, the Centrist leader, the task of extricating Germany from her perilous position. Dr. Wirth succeeded in assembling a cabinet in which he assumed the posts of Chancellor and Foreign Minister, and in which Gustav Bauer, former Chancellor, holds second rank as Vice-Chancellor and Minister of the Treasury.

The new Chancellor, in his first appearance before the Reichstag, advised the acceptance of the ultimatum with "the resolution to do our utmost to meet the obligations imposed upon us" and the Reichstag upheld his decision by a vote of 221 to 175. In this vote the Majority Socialists, Clericals, Independent Socialists and a few Democrats supported the Chancellor, while the Nationalist, German People's Communist and Bavarian People's parties wished to defy the Allies.

The Wirth ministry was a makeshift composed of Centrists, Majority Socialists and Democrats, and its tenure of office is precarious, as it can directly control only 225 of the 466 members of the Reichstag. It represents a swing away from the affiliations between the ministry and the big business group of Hugo Stinnes in the direction of Socialistic control. There was doubt in Berlin whether the ministry would have the strength to carry out a constructive program, and predictions were made that a reorganization would be necessary if it is to survive for long.

There was rejoicing in the Allied countries over the German surrender, but at the same time there was no disposition to believe that all troubles over reparations were at an end. The French were frankly skeptical and were anxious to see the German promises put into execution, and the British press was issuing warnings that there must be no relaxation of vigilance. The French Government announced that the 1919 class, which was mobilized in order to provide adequate forces for the Ruhr occupation, would be kept under arms until July 1, when Germany has engaged to complete disarmament, and a strong French army will be maintained until conditions are more settled.

C. Smith Gardner

REV. DR. D. J. BURRELL

Who has just celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his successful pastorate at the Marble Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church in New York

International

DECLINES $15,000 RECTORSHIP

Rev. Dr. Samuel Smith Drury has decided to continue his work at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., rather than succeed Bishop Manning in Trinity Church, New York

Allies Disagree Over Silesia

WITH the Allied ultimatum answered, the German Government has an opportunity to turn its attention to the upper Silesian situation, and the Allies feared there would be serious clashes between the Polish invaders and German forces. Small German bands were said to have entered the district and the concentration of German troops near the scene of action was reported, but no serious conflict had occurred. The Allied forces in Upper Silesia were too weak to maintain peace, and none of the Allies has taken any step toward strengthening its contingent there.

Premier Lloyd George, in a speech before the House of Commons, denounced the Polish invaders, who have pushed forward until they occupy a considerable portion of the province, and declared the Allies must keep faith by seeing to it that the Polish resort to force does not swerve them from the path of strict justice under the Peace Treaty in disposing of Silesia. His intimation of a willingness to permit Germany to offer armed resistance if the Poles continue their aggressive policy evoked a storm of protest in France and caused Premier Briand to issue a stern warning against the despatch of German troops to the province. France has been Poland's protector and the clash between the two premiers over Poland's course strained relations severely, but exchanges were begun looking toward an agreement on means of settling the Silesian crisis in advance of the next meeting of the Allied Supreme Council. Premier Briand was to go before the French Chamber of Deputies before meeting Lloyd George.

America's Participation Defined

ASSURANCES that the American representatives in the councils of the Allies will hold aloof from distinctly European questions in which the United States has no direct concern have been given by the Harding administration to Senators who feared this country was likely to become seriously entangled in European concerns. In particular, the United States will not participate in the settlement of the Silesian problem, which involves questions of the fixation of boundaries and the determination of territorial control on the basis of a plebiscite. Very definite instructions have been sent to the American representatives, and when questions such as that of Silesia are under consideration their duties will be limited to reporting the facts to Washington. In Administration circles they were characterized as "posts of observation, protection and conservation" established to safeguard American rights in a practical way; and President Harding considered that participation in the Allied deliberations was the only reasonable way in which our Government could be kept informed regarding matters which concerned it.

The Treaty irreconcilables were restive over the President's decision for American representation, but the only direct and open attack came from Senator LaFollette, who offered a resolution to place the Senate on record as opposing any participation in any of the Allied councils as contrary to American ideals and principles. Consideration of the LaFollette resolution was blocked, but it will afford a chance later for an attack on the Harding policies.

Paul Thompson

PART OF THE PROCESSION AT THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP MANNING
Just behind the verger come Bishop Manning (left) and the venerable Bishop Tuttle, the officiating Bishop

Bishop Manning Consecrated

THE consecration of Rev. Dr. William T. Manning as the tenth Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York was solemnized with imposing ceremonies, and was the occasion for a gathering which packed the Cathedral of St. John the Divine to the limit, with several thousands left outside. In the procession of 500 robed figures were twenty-nine Bishops, among them prelates of the Eastern Orthodox Church, and clergymen representing several Protestant denominations—an indication of the growing sense of unity among the churches. The officiating Bishop was Right. Rev. Daniel Sylvester Tuttle of Missouri, presiding Bishop of the church, who is eighty-four.

Bishop Manning, in his inaugural address, emphasized the necessity for loyalty to the Government and to the guiding principles of the Church. The chief need was not more discipline, he said, but more of the spirit of love for each other in the fellowship of Christ. The Church must play her true part, he declared, in the solution of the great questions, social, industrial and economic, before the world, and can not be a mere sympathetic onlooker, but there should be a limit to the Church's interest in political matters.

At Bishop Manning's request two suffragan Bishops were elected; and the convention named Bishop Arthur S. Lloyd, who has been serving as rector of a White Plains church, and Rev. Dr. Herbert Shipman, rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest. Both are regarded as of the Low Church wing, while Bishop Manning is a High Churchman.

DR. BURRELL HONORED. The thirtieth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. Dr. David James Burrell at the Marble Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church in New York City was celebrated with a dinner attended by 400 members and friends of the church. Dr. Burrell at seventy-six has the energy and enthusiasm of a man many years younger.

PERSHING TO BE CHIEF OF STAFF. Secretary Weeks has announced that General Pershing will succeed Major-General March as Chief of Staff of the Army on July 1.

MME. CURIE IN AMERICA. Mme. Marie S. Curie, who with her husband discovered radium, has arrived in America to receive from a group of women the gift of a gram of radium, worth $100,000. Mme. Curie, an unassuming, motherly appearing woman of fifty-three, was accompanied by her two daughters.

CHURCH LEADERS DISCUSS EDUCATION. Forty-five delegates, each representing a Protestant church agency engaged in educational tasks, met in a three-day conference at Garden City, Long Island. The chairman was Robert E. Speer, president of the Federal Council of Churches, and "An Adequate and Unified Educational Program for the Church" was the chief topic of discussion.

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

Germany Yields

AFTER exhausting the possibilities of diplomacy, and appealing in turn to Switzerland, to the Czechoslovaks, to Rome and to the United States for help, Germany has at last taken counsel of prudence and of her own economists and accepted the ultimatum of the Allies, covering the reparation terms. This virtually became assured when the new emergency Coalition Cabinet, in which Centrists, Majority Socialists and Democrats were represented, was organized. Even then, the coming change was accelerated by the threatening attitude of France, which had planned a new invasion and the occupation of the Ruhr in the event of Germany's refusal to sign the ultimatum. Coercion succeeded where all other means would have failed. The submission of Germany was unconditional.

Dr. Wirth and his associates did expeditious work in a difficult situation. On May 10, the Cabinet met and the decision was quickly reached that acceptance of the ultimatum, which would expire two days later, was the only course to be followed. In announcing this to the Reichstag, the Chancellor did not waste time in multiplying words. In a few brief sentences he presented the urgency of the situation, which was one that called for immediate action.

"Acceptance means," he said, "that we declare our readiness to bear in voluntary labor the heavy financial burdens demanded year by year. Refusal would, however, mean surrendering the basis of our entire industrial activities, and, as a consequence, dismemberment of our economic body, already so greatly weakened, and the shackling of our entire industrial life. The unity and freedom of Germany had weighed most with the new Cabinet, and the Ministry had decided to accept the London terms, which they would undertake to fulfil within the limits of Germany's capacity. This would be only possible through the work and energy of the people."

It had been stipulated that there could be no discussion or amendment of the Allied ultimatum; it called for a definite "Yes" or "No." On being submitted to the Reichstag after Dr. Wirth had spoken, 221 members voted for acceptance and 175 against. Tension was evident, but there was no excitement. The decisive step had been taken by which Germany agreed to pay the total amount assessed by the Reparations Commission; also to carry out the obligations prescribed by the Commission "without reserve or condition," and the disarmament measures, military, naval and aerial proposed by the Allies, and to bring the war criminals to trial without delay.

That scene in the Reichstag while the vote was being taken is one that doubtless will be long remembered. The last of a great drama, it has no parallel in history. And if Germany in good faith keeps her newly made pledges, what to many has seemed a national surrender that could spell nothing but ruin may yet prove to be the means of Germany's rehabilitation on a stable basis, and lead to her ultimate restoration in the confidence and respect of all nations alike.

Kansas Industrial Court

A GREAT many people discuss public questions without knowing the facts about them. This habit is American. Ask the average American citizen about the Kansas Industrial Court and he will give a plump and downright opinion, many times against it. But ask him if he has ever read the law, and he will say no. All he knows about it, or thinks he knows is that it is a legal device made by capital as opposed to labor to take away the workingman's only weapon against capitalistic tyranny, the strike.

As a matter of fact, clearly and repeatedly stated in the Kansas Industrial Court law, there are two great principles embodied in the law which created the Court.

The first of these is the sensible provision made by the Court in its guarantee that industrial disputes involving fair wages or fair labor given, will be solved justly, while *the parties are at work*. In other words, instead of quitting labor on account of a grievance or a wrong condition, the workers agree to continue production, trusting to an unbiased court to make the necessary right adjustment. This is a sensible and fair attitude for labor to take, for it insures wages going on during the settlement of the controversy, and keeps up the necessary production of the particular commodity, which in very many cases like coal mining and printing and other industries affect directly the general public.

The second principle for which the Kansas Industrial Court has been created is the principle that if a strike on the part of labor in any particular industry imperils the public welfare, those who incite to such a cessation of labor are liable to be convicted for the act. Surely it must be as much a part of a loyal citizen to work as to stop working, especially when the production of certain articles of every-day necessity is necessary for the public welfare. Suppose all the men who furnish milk for the big cities should suddenly refuse to handle milk, all the farmers should suddenly refuse to milk their cows because the price paid was not just what they thought it ought to be, is there any workingman who does any thinking who would say, "Let the strike against getting milk into the city go on, no matter how many babies die?"

The Kansas Industrial Court is not a tyrannical act aimed by the capitalistic class against the working class. It is created to protect the workingman and the general public. It is time that the laboring men of this country and the corporations learned that in the constant fights that have been going on for half a century between capital and labor it is the general public that always suffers, and the general public out in Kansas is getting very tired of being the "innocent bystander." We are tired of being hit by the bricks thrown by both capital and labor, and the Industrial Court is a hint that Kansas does not propose to be the target for the quarrels of either party.

More than thirty cases of dispute have already been up before the Kansas Court, and justice and fair dealing have been noticeable in the decisions. It is significant that not one case has yet been appealed.

The statement that the Industrial Court was created by a group of capitalists is false. The law was passed by a farmer legislature and has been unanimously declared constitutional by the Kansas Supreme Court.

The Christian Herald and the Movies

THERE are doubtless many readers of the Christian Herald who, like the writer of the following letter, have been watching with steadily growing interest the result of the efforts of this journal to secure a much needed reform in the movies, that we accord it a place on the editorial page:

"*Dear Editor:*

"Let me congratulate you and the grand old Christian Herald for the excellent work you have done in bringing the movie-producing companies into line for a thorough moral clean-up. You have set the ball in motion, and I trust it will not stop until it goes over the whole course.

"Let me assure you that you have not only the warm support of your subscribers in the attitude you have taken, but you have earned respect in tens of thousands of homes all through this country, the heads of which feel that you are fighting the battle for the sake of the younger generation, and that the formation of youthful life and character depends largely on the issue.

"It was hard for me to understand the Christian Herald's policy on the movies at first, as I felt that anything connected with these pictures was bad and undeserving of the support of good people. Therefore, I followed your editorials very closely. The other day, when the leading companies of the moving-picture industry announced 'their new standards of practice,' in which they are very evidently eliminating the undesirable features in their business, I just felt that we readers of the Christian Herald had been a big influence in helping you accomplish this.

"I have full confidence in the Christian Herald, and believe you are in a position to know how to accomplish the result better than we who are striving individually to keep this old world of ours fine and clean.

"With grateful regard,

"NEW JERSEY SUBSCRIBER."

While it is pleasant to note such hearty appreciation, and to feel that our readers stand shoulder to shoulder with us in this enterprise, as they have done so often on former occasions, there is one thing we wish to add. It is only just to say here that in our contact with the representatives of all the leading film concerns, we were gratified to find them wholly alive to the necessity of reform such as they are now planning, and which would forever remove from the business the stigma of impropriety and make the movies safe, clean, enjoyable, instructive and desirable to all. We regard the present situation as giving excellent promise of the practical realization of this program in the near future.

Industrial Missions

THERE is one romance of missions that the average church member hears little about, and the non-church member nothing at all—the industrial mission. Added to the familiar activities of missionary life—the evangelistic, educational and medical—is this new work which is just as highly specialized and which seeks primarily to improve the economic status of the native population. Such an improvement logically might be expected to result in a more sympathetic attitude toward the labor of the missionary along the three lines of earlier effort, because it frequently is true that a man who is happy and prosperous in his work, is more inclined to new thought on religion, education and sanitation, than the man who devotes his waking hours to a struggle for bread.

The industrial missionary provides one of the great present-day romances of the Church, not only because he is embarking on comparatively uncharted seas, but because he is opening up hitherto unsuspected social problems in every backward country in the world. He is in truth attempting a new scientific contribution to the social Christian progress of humanity.

There have been isolated articles on industrial mission work, and occasional reports to missionary conferences, but the Christian Herald has obtained the first comprehensive survey of this new phase of Protestant activity that has been offered to the Christian people of the United States. It is not statistical; it is not dogmatic. On the contrary, it is a human story of what missionaries can do to improve the social and physical condition of the natives among whom they labor, together with suggested question "Are we justified in turning nations like China and India into highly industrialized countries such as the United States, Japan and England with all their complex problems of sociology, politics and economics?"

The manuscript is called "Industrial Missions" with the sub-title, "An Approach to the Economic Situation in Missionary Countries" and is the result of more than a year's work and study on the part of Miss Winifred L. Chappell, now prominently identified with the foreign work of the Y. W. C. A. It will appear in the Christian Herald in an early number, and will be completed in three long instalments. Every member of every foreign missionary society should read it and preserve it.

Then and Now

AT THE launching of one of our battleships recently one of the speakers called all citizens of this republic who are asking for disarmament, "pacifists and fools," and said the terms were synonymous.

Another speaker on that occasion made the unqualified statement: "Disarmament will never be possible."

It seems a pity that the prophet Joel was not present at the launching of this battleship. For he had the audacity some time ago to predict a time when the nations would "beat their swords into plowshares, their spears into pruning-hooks, and nation would make war against nation no more."

Perhaps Joel was mistaken and the honorable gentleman at the launching was right. However, we are going to pin our faith on Joel. We prefer to join the ranks of the "fools" so far as disarmament is concerned, and stay with Joel and a lot of other "fools" who in all the ages have believed in the impossible. No doubt the people in Joel's time "haw-hawed" when he declared himself for disarmament, and said with the honorable gentleman as above, "It can never be done, Joel. Don't you believe it."

Still it does seem a little queer that all the people who want to put an end to war and the cost of it should be called "fools." And the people who want to create the "biggest navy in the world" should be the only "patriots."

In spite of all that, we believe there are several million citizens in this republic willing to stand up with Joel instead of the honorable gentleman who said he was mistaken.

JOHN BARLEYCORN *is taking some frequent trips to the cellar to accustom himself to the final trip he will take down below into the cold, cold ground.*

How National Sins Are Punished

A Sermon by REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL. D.*

TEXT—Prov. 14 : 34. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

IN THE long line of the Kings of Israel and Judah, the same monotonous story of alternating good and evil is repeated over and over—the reign of the good kings accompanied by at least comparative prosperity; the reign of the bad kings followed, almost universally, by disaster and defeat. Unlike the kings of Judah, the kings of Israel were almost uniformly bad. All that can be said is that some were less bad than others, and Israel was sooner destroyed.

Some rationalistic commentators have suggested that this sequence of prosperity always accompanying a good reign, and adversity as certainly accompanying an unrighteous reign, is too uniform to be true. They tell us that the chroniclers have twisted the facts to fit their theories and convictions of what should be true. Yet all history in the long run is on the side of the chroniclers. Bad governments have often been accompanied by temporary success, good governments by temporary failure. But it always has been true, as it always will be true, that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people"; that sooner or later the right will win. The compilers of the books of Kings and Chronicles were evidently taking long views, looking back over many years of history, and the moral of their histories has been confirmed by the centuries since.

Consider the story of one king in the long succession of Israel's rulers. Hoshea, King of Israel, evidently was not so bad a king as some. It is but a poor compliment, however, to say that "he did that which was evil in the sight of Jehovah, yet not as the kings of Israel that were before him." When we remember the story of Jeroboam and Ahab, both of whom "made Israel to sin," which was the oft-repeated title of infamy given to the former, we see that Hoshea at the best, was damned with very faint praise. It would be like saying of one of the later emperors of Rome that, though a bad man, he wasn't quite as bad as Nero and Caligula.

IN THE reign of Hoshea, however, all the accumulated evils of many previous reigns seem to have come to a head, and punishment, long delayed, fell upon Israel. Hoshea was evidently a tricky and untrustworthy man. While pretending to be a loyal vassal of Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, who had conquered him, he was really intriguing with So, king of Egypt. Suspecting this conspiracy against him, Shalmaneser attacked Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel, and after a three years' siege, captured it and "carried Israel away into Assyria, and placed them in Haleh, and on the Habor, the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes." In this single sentence the wholesale deportation and destruction of a nation is recorded. Israel never recovered her power, while concerning Hoshea himself it is said that "the king of Assyria shut him up and bound him in prison."

But it was not alone the king's wickedness that brought destruction upon the nation. The people were doubtless quite as much to blame as he. Like king, like people. It is also true that like people, like king. Hoshea had a chance to stem the tide of idolatry, but he did not improve it, and he and his people rushed headlong to ruin.

The two great sins of Israel were conformity to the world around them, and idolatry, which was the result of this conformity. The people, we are told, walked in the statutes of the nations whom Jehovah cast out from before the children of Israel. They set them up pillars and Asherim upon every high hill and under every green tree. They served idols whereof Jehovah had said unto them. Ye shall not do this thing . . . they forsook all the commandments of Jehovah, their God, and made them molten images, even two calves . . . And they caused their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire, and used divination and enchantments, and sold themselves to do that which was evil in the sight of Jehovah, to provoke him to anger.

SUCH is the terrible indictment of our lesson against the people of Israel. The root of their sin and their sorrow is the root of all modern sin and sorrow—*the ignoring of God and His laws through conformity to the world.* This is the all-embracing, all-comprehensive sin of our own as well as of ancient times. It is the sin that destroys nations today as surely as it did two millenniums ago. It ruins individual lives, it weakens our churches, it corrupts our cities, it may bring everlasting woe upon our own nation, as it did upon the kingdom of Israel.

The boy or girl who goes to an unholy, demoralizing movie, or an indecent dance, *because others do*, is committing the sin of Israel. The man who practises the dishonesties of big or little business, *because others do*, is committing the sin of Israel. The woman who clothes herself like a libertine, and neglects her household for the bridge-table, *because it is the fashion in some circles*, is committing the sin of Israel.

The church that caters to the world in its amusements, and admits anyone to its membership because of his wealth or influence, is committing the sin of Israel. The community that elects corrupt men to office, because it is easier to go with the tide than efficiently to protest against or resist corruption, is committing the sin of Israel. The nation that is afraid to enact good laws or to enforce them when enacted, because of the opposition of bad men; the nation that cherishes hate, malice and jealousy against other nations; the nation that puts its trust in generals and armies, in "reeking tube and iron shard," in submarines and bombing-planes and poison gas, *because other nations do the same*, is committing the sin of Israel.

Such people, communities and nations cannot escape the woes of Israel. History has repeated and underscored these lessons over and over again. Charles the First, for his dishonesty and contempt of the people, was succeeded by Cromwell and his Ironsides; Cromwell, with all his splendid traits and his rule, never to be forgotten or minified, was harsh and cruel in Ireland, and, toward the end, arrogant if not selfish, and thus he prepared the way for the licentious era of Charles the Second. The ribald looseness of this reign and the obstinacy of his brother, James the Second, made inevitable the triumph of William of Orange. The foolish tyranny of George the Third split the British Empire in two, and gave birth to the young Republic of the West. The overweening arrogance of Napoleon and his belief that Providence was on the side of the biggest battalions, resulted in his disastrous invasion of Russia, in the battle of Waterloo, and in St. Helena.

AND this last and greatest of wars, what is this but a repetition of the old, old story of trust in big battalions and big battleships and every instrument of war which the devilish ingenuity of man can devise, rather than in the principles of the Prince of Peace? The starvation of Europe, the horrors in the Near East, the mountainous debts of all the nations, the worthless currencies of most of them, all tell us that peoples who conform to the evil spirit of the times, who trust in guns rather than in God, will, in some way or other, to a greater or lesser degree, meet the overthrow and destruction which scattered and peeled the people of Israel.

We may well thank God that our nation has been comparatively free from the most glaring national sins of self-aggrandizement. We may well thank Him, too, for the long line of worthy and, for the most part, Christian presidents, from Washington to Harding, who have striven to make America a people whose God is the Lord.

Yet are our skirts wholly free from blood? Was the Mexican War waged wholly in the interests of Justice? In liberating Cuba, were we wholly free from vengeance and self-interest? In taking the Canal Zone, were we fair to Colombia? In more recently intervening in San Domingo and Haiti, did we simply have the best good of the native peoples in view?

I am not arraigning our government. Most of these questions are still in dispute. Unbiased history has not yet given her decision, but it is well that we be not too sure that our own garments are all spotless.

I do know that some acts of generosity and justice have greatly redounded to our real glory. Some conspicuous acts of righteousness have greatly exalted our nation. A good many years ago some American filibusters captured one of the Lobos Islands off the Coast of Peru. Plenty of excuses could be found by a grasping nation for keeping possession. The island was rich in guano. America needed the fertilizer. She could make a better use of it than Peru. She could add to the agricultural wealth of the world if she took it over. How plausibly we can hear the wily politicians make out their case!

An American warship was sent to the Lobos Islands to investigate the report. Our government decided that the island belonged to Peru, and of course ordered off the American buccaneers who had taken possession. Peru has been our fast friend ever since. When, a few years ago, Secretary Root made his memorable tour to South America, none received him so cordially as the Peruvians, and the president of the Republic in his address of welcome referred to the Lobos incident as one reason for Peru's friendship. Being there about the same time myself, I heard many allusions to this act of righteousness, which had so exalted our nation.

In 1900 the Boxer Rebellion startled the world. All the leading nations sent small armies to rescue the beleaguered diplomats and missionaries in Pekin, and to put down the rebellion. They soon succeeded, and at very moderate outlay. All the other nations charged China with the expenses involved, and millions besides, in punitive damages. Our nation took from distracted China only the bare expenses of the expedition, and returned some millions of dollars. Part of this has been used by China in sending hundreds of Chinese students to America, and part in building the fine Indemnity College in Pekin. Today America is regarded as China's best friend. "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

WE NEED to illustrate our text no further. Ancient and modern history confirm the Bible story. When will the kingdoms and republics of this world learn that the nations that desert God are deserted by Him—rather, that those who cut themselves off from Him and forget to deal justly and love mercy and walk humbly, debase themselves and seal their own doom?

As I write, momentous decisions are being made by some of the nations of the world. If greed and vengeance prevail, the late conquerors will be conquered. If righteousness, justice and mercy rule the day, the disrupted and famished old world will come out into a new atmosphere of peace, good-will, righteousness and permanent prosperity.

Our own nation cannot stand aloof. Whether she will or not, her own future is bound up with the future of the world. In her influential and incomparable position of wealth and influence, she can lead the way, if she will, in reduction of armaments and to final disarmament. She can avert the calamity of another great war. No other nation is in such an enviable position to do this as our own.

May God grant that America and all the nations of the world, in this crisis of history, may choose the right path, to honor and true exaltation!

*Founder and President of Christian Endeavor.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"All Hail, the Power of Jesus' Name," or "Blessed Assurance."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 103. Verses 1 to 17 inclusive.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 394, first column).

Sermon—"How National Sin sare Punished"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Sweet Hour of Prayer," or "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

If the Truth as here spoken and prayed has made us more sure of the Love of God, more confident of His forgiveness and more willing to do His will, make us true to what we have heard, as we go our ways into a world which has heard the angels' song and felt the tread of the Master's feet, as He walked the dusty road beside His disciples. In Jesus' Name we ask it. AMEN.

NOTABLE gains in virtually every department of home mission work are shown in the statistics for 1920, just issued in the annual report of the Home Missions Council and the Council of Women for Home Missions. The appropriations totaled $23,135,601 as against $14,649,828 for 1919; and the number of missionaries fully supported by boards increased from 3,369 to 4,473 and the number of native workers increased from 544 to 1,226. The number of missionaries partly supported by the boards decreased from 13,750 to 12,176. The largest expenditure was $6,023,130 for church and parsonage buildings as against $2,295,232 for 1919.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, I. D. Lyttle, C. C. Albertson, W. L. Goldsmith, R. Braunstein and E. W. Caswell

The Graces of True Knighthood

SUNDAY. I Pet. 3 : 8. "*Be ye all compassionate, loving as brethren, tender-hearted, humble-minded.*" Is it disappointing that the apostle should give emphasis to graces which we commonly associate with women rather than with men? I have called them the softer graces; perhaps I ought to have called them the riper fruit. The ultimate expression of the strongest tree is its sweetest and ripest fruit. The tender, exquisite color of a ripening acorn is the finest expression of the oak. Hearts of oak reach their finished achievement in the softest hues of their ripest fruit. Manliness is never perfected until it issues in tenderest grace. Therefore I am not surprised to find the apostle giving prominence to the finished and ripened attainments in sanctified life. What, again, are their names?

"*Compassion.*" The range of a man's life is just the range of his compassions, which is only another name for the range of his correspondences. Death is just the destruction of all correspondence. The dying lose correspondence after correspondence; nerve after nerve and sense after sense collapse; communications are slowly broken; and by gradual paralysis and benumbment all correspondences end. The measure of my life is determined by the quality and quantity of my correspondences.

This is true of the life of the flesh. It is true in the realm of the mind. How much am I in touch with? What is the range of my interests? What are my correspondences? It is true in the domains of the soul. How much do I live? That depends upon my compassion, my responsiveness, my "correspondence." What is the extent of my fellow-feeling? What is my power of apprehending and realizing my brother, and by the ministry of an unveiling imagination planting myself in the heart of his interests and estate? That is one of the rarest attainments in the sanctified life. The Lord refines His disciples into compassionateness. He indefinitely enlarges their correspondences. He endows them with sensitive passion, with profundity of feeling.

"*Tenderheartedness.*" That carries one a step further than compassion. Tenderheartedness is more than correspondence; it is gentle ministry. It includes the service of the tender hand. It not only feels the pains of others; it touches the wounds with exquisite delicacy. Even the pitiful man can be clumsy. Six men may have the sympathy, but only one of the six may be able to touch the wound so as to heal it. The Lord will add a gentle hand to our compassion. He will take away all brusqueness, all spiritual clumsiness, so that in the very ministry of pity we may not "break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax."

"*Humblemindedness.*" Surely that adds a still richer bloom to the heavenly grace! The Lord will not only give us a heart of compassion; it shall be compassion rid of all brusqueness; it shall also be purged of all superciliousness and pride! It shall be "humble-minded." Even pity may wear some of the garments of pride!

There is something bitter and offensive in all compassion which moves in patronage. The Man whose "compassions failed not" was "meek and lowly in heart!" Pity is petrifying when it comes from pride; it is soothing and healing when it flows from the humble mind, and this is the perfected grace of the sanctified life. J. H. J.

Breaking the Chains

MONDAY. Jer. 13 : 23. "*Can the Ethiopian change his spots?*" The word "habit" comes from the Latin *habere*, meaning to have or to hold. A habit is a thing that takes hold of us; and the tighter it holds the better it fits us. The word, it thus appears, is applicable to either clothes or character. We wear our habits as we wear our clothes. But there are some differences.

For one thing, we can not acquire our habits as we do our clothes. They can not be bought either "ready-made" or "made-to-order." One may get a reputation in this manner at any newspaper office, but not a character; for while a character is an earned outfit, a reputation is only what people say about us. The latter is provided by our neighbors, whether we like it or not; but the former is always home-made.

Nor can we dispose of them at will. You can sell a threadbare coat to an "old clo' man"; but an old habit is like the fabled shirt of Nessus; when it comes off it takes the flesh with it. And what's the use, anyway, so long as the root of the matter remains in us? It is like cutting back a thorn bush, only to have the strength of the amputated twig show itself in a more vigorous growth somewhere else. For habit is simply an outgrowth of indwelling sin; and good resolutions are local applications that do not reach the source and center of it.

Moreover our habits are not laid aside when we lie down for our last sleep. What we call death is only a man's moving out of the house he had been living in; all that is himself lives right on. Wherefore it is written, "He that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let him be holy still; he that is unjust let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy let him be filthy still." In other words eternity finds us as time leaves us.

Is the case desperate, then? If a character made up of evil habits can not be laid aside at will, nor worn out, nor removed by shuffling off this mortal coil, what shall a sinner do? There is nothing to be done but to call God in. Our extremity is His opportunity. It was because there was no hope elsewhere that He made bare His arm on Calvary in our behalf. His only-begotten Son came to break every chain and bid the oppressed go free. D. J. B.

The Search for Eternal Life

TUESDAY. Matt. 19 : 16. "*What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?*" The question we should ask in connection with Eternal Life is not "what shall I do?" but "what shall I be?" The Jew, with all his ceremonialism, was madly endeavoring to do the will of God. So intent was he upon this that not only had he made that doing a difficult thing for himself, but he had hedged up the way for others until they fairly groaned under the impositions.

When Paul entered Athens, he was stirred because he saw the Greeks doing at least what they thought to be the will of the gods. They had built a multiplicity of altars, seemingly filled with the idea that if the works of their hands could avail, they would not be behind others in doing.

And all of this was good in its rightful place and at the proper time. These things as the fruits of eternal life may be very good indeed, but as the conditions of eternal life they lead to wrong conclusions. Simon made the greatest blunder of his life when he offered money to the apostles, saying, "Give me this power that I may do." Little wonder they told him that he was still in the "gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity." What a difference there might have been had he understood the matter sufficiently to say "*teach me how to give myself to this Power so that I may BE.*"

And so with the young man of the text, his idea of Eternal Life was doing some good deed, working his way into the Kingdom, or buying the right, if you please. His goodness and evident sincerity were not sufficient however, for when Jesus conditioned Eternal Life upon a surrender of the life that now is, the test was too great for him.

"What shall I do that I may have eternal life?" Do nothing, just "become." "What shall I 'become'?" Become nothing; he that loseth his life shall find it in life eternal. I. D. L.

Honoring God

WEDNESDAY. I Sam. 2 : 30. "*Them that honor me I will honor.*" The complaint of God against an ancient people was, "This people honor me with their lips; they draw near me with their mouth, but have removed their heart from me." That was the curse of a merely formal faith. Not so is God honored, but with a vital faith, interpreted by life.

The prophet Micah gives us a very searching word about what God requireth—the practice of justice and mercy and the humble walk with God. The humble walk with God—this means the common life of every common day filled with the sense of God. This means not the life of the minister alone, the professional teacher of religion, but the life of "the servant in the house," the housekeeper, the child at work or play, the nurse, the teacher, the tiller of the soil, the business men. The poet lived in such a world who saw "every common bush aflame with God." The schoolmaster lived in it who said, "Again and again I thrill when I get a vision of a child's soul when it comes to me fresh from the hands of God." "Sister Dora" lived in such a world—the nurse who always looked at a motto on her wall, when the bell rang calling her to duty. The motto read, "The Master is come and calleth for thee." That New York merchant lives in such a world who recently wrote, "If it were not for my belief that here and now I am serving God, I would not stay at this desk a minute longer." All such souls are honoring God.

There is no other way to honor God but by recognizing His presence in the world and His right to reign over it. Prayer is a form of that recognition. All worship is a form of it. Reverence, charity, friendship, are forms of it. The love of Nature with a heart that sees beyond the visible gratitude for the gifts of life, is among the finest forms of this recognition. C. C. A.

Traveling the Hard Road

THURSDAY. Prov. 13 : 15. "*The way of transgressors is hard.*" I am prepared to believe it. My own limited experience tells me so. My observation confirms it. All of the transgressors that I know admit that the above is a true statement. I have never found anyone to dispute it. Human beings are proving it every day to their own satisfaction. Why do not more of us take the word of another and spare ourselves painful and costly adventures in "the hard way"? Why this everlasting mania for demonstrating what is already proven beyond shadow of a doubt?

Once the writer found a sign-post over a road in the Rockies, which read as follows: "This road has been abandoned; all who travel it do so at their own peril." Nothing was to be gained, and there was grave risk, as some had already discovered to their sorrow.

The experience of the race is cumulative and convincing, and new-born generations ought to take advantage of it. The paths of life bear significant inscriptions and legends, traced in the blood of the many who have gone this way before us.

The wages of sin have been fixed by an immutable law; they are the same throughout all generations. The modern sinner gets no more and no less than "before the War." W. L. G.

The Challenge of Big Things

FRIDAY. Isa. 19 : 20. "*And he shall send them a Saviour and a great One and he shall deliver them.*" The Gospel is a tonic of big things. God does everything in a big way. There is nothing small, petty, mediocre or narrow in His plan and purposes for the human race. Men with narrow horizons and limited viewpoints are content to dwell in the valley of little things, but men with the vision splendid of big things and broader minds climb the height and thrive only on the mountain. The times demand mountain-top dwellers, big thinkers, big doers.

Let us think big in the pulpit and in the pew, in the week-day school and in the Sunday school. Let us pray big prayers, plan big deeds, live big lives, write big things, speak big things, so as to be in harmony with the plans of God as revealed in a great Saviour. It is our duty to think imperially. Says William Watkinson on this subject, "It is only when we realize our relation to the ages, to all who came before us, to all who will succeed us, striving to do our duty to the whole, that we are conscious of dignity, strength and satisfaction. Best of all, let us recognize in its fullness the government of God bringing in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ; here we have the sum of all great causes. To plan and pray for the establishment of the Kingdom, Christ's reign in the whole earth, is indeed to think imperially." Living in a small world, men dwindle and wither; but as knowledge and imagination, faith and hope, make us citizens of a vaster universe, corresponding characters of glory are imprinted on our souls.

Florence Barclay in The Rosary makes the doctor say to his patient: "See a few big things. Go in for the big things. You will like to remember, when you are bothering about pouring water in and out of teacups, that Niagara is still flowing." R. B.

The Nobility of Sacrifice

SATURDAY. I John 3 : 16. "*He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.*" Love that refuses to die for others is not love in the highest sense. Was it not a greater sacrifice for Abraham to surrender his son Isaac than to offer himself? Parental dedication means the surrender of your child for the Master's vineyard in any land. A father once said to his daughter, "I would give you to a noble man, and I will not refuse to give you to Jesus for the glory of His Kingdom. I know He will bless you and bless me in the sacrifice."

If one can lay down his life for liberty or for his country, how much more willing to make the sacrifice for God and his fellows; God gave His Son that we might not perish, but have everlasting life. Can we follow in His train and dedicate our families to His service? Life that does not mean consecration is a failure. Think of Jesus washing the dusty feet of Judas and wiping them with tender care, and then going out to die for Judas' salvation. Was ever love so lowly and devoted? Remember poor Oates, in the Scott expedition to the South Pole, who said to his dying comrades, "I am just going outside and may be away some time." He knew he was going out into the blizzard to die, to save the lives of the remaining company. Such sacrifice means exaltation forever! E. W. C.

Taking Your Medicine

You May Put It Off, but You'll Have to Swallow It Some Day

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I'M SICK in bed as I write this. I won't be, I'm sure, when you read it—for magazines go to press several days before readers see them—but I'm sick now! I have a sore throat and a headache and a great many of the other disagreeable things that go with tonsillitis. And just at present I'm rebelling against taking a dose of particularly unpleasant medicine—medicine that is dark and sticky and bitter.

It was three days ago that the doctor first told me to take the bitter medicine. And it was three days ago that I first rebelled. I argued like a lawyer, like a politician, and like a child who is trying to prove that he didn't take the jam out of the pantry. I used old arguments and new arguments; I used stupid arguments, and the very best arguments at my command. And then finally, and with many a wry face, I took the medicine just as I took it the two succeeding days, and just as I will take it today, when I have argued a trifle longer against taking it!

For that is the curious thing about taking your medicine. It doesn't matter how much you argue, how much you struggle, or how much you evade, or how downright unpleasant you get! The fact remains that the medicine's there! And that, usually, it has to be swallowed down—no matter how bitter it may be!

JESSIE TORRANCE lived two doors from me in a certain little suburban town. She was a sweet girl and a pretty girl and I liked her exceedingly—yes, and admired her! For she was older than I by several years—and several years count greatly when one is under twenty. Jessie Torrance was sweet and pretty, that I have said before. But in the eyes of the town, and of her family, she had one very glaring fault. The family said she had "a mind of her own." The town said that she was "set."

Jessie Torrance became engaged—when she was somewhere around nineteen—to one of the town boys. He had loved her for a long while and we were all glad, for his sake, when Jessie appeared one day with his ring upon the third finger of her slim white hand.

During the days of her engagement I was Jessie's shadow and slave. I was not quite sixteen and the romance of life was just beginning to take on a rosy tinge for me. When she gave a luncheon, or when somebody got up a shower for her I wrote little jingles to be read and sometimes painted wee place cards. That admitted me, in some small respects, to the charmed circle of Jessie Torrance's close friends—under ordinary circumstances I would have been considered quite beyond the pale because of my youth.

And so it was that I happened to be present on the day that Jessie Torrance announced the breaking of her engagement. It was only two weeks before the date for her marriage that she told her girl friends, who had arranged a surprise party for her, that she was afraid she'd have to send back the embroidered things that they'd been giving her, and the little home-made knicknacks.

"You see," she said, just as calmly as if she were talking about the weather, "you see I'm not engaged to Jack—" that was the boy's name—"any more!"

Of course the girls besieged her with questions, while I sat by with wide eyes and an open mouth. But she answered never a word—only laughed and talked about nothings, and made fragrant tea for us.

ON THAT afternoon—and on each of the many afternoons that followed I came to understand why Jessie had been called "set." For, as far as I know, she made not a single explanation to a soul, not even to her mother, about her broken engagement. Somehow, perhaps with the intuition of budding womanhood, I guessed that it had been entirely her fault—for if it had not been her fault no power on earth would have kept Jack, the rejected suitor, away. Indeed, one could often see him—when dusk came—hovering near the place where the Torrance hedge dipped into the deepest shadows.

I, my eyes filled with the rose color of romance, expected affairs to be patched up almost any day—you see I had always greatly admired Jessie Torrance. So did the girls who were her chums, and so did her family. I even think that Jack expected her to come down, some time at dusk, to the place where the hedge dipped into the shadows. But she never came. And the weeks grew into months, and the months became a year, and I moved to the city. And, because I saw Jessie Torrance only occasionally, I didn't think, very often, about her broken love affair.

And then the war came to us. And with it came the flurry of drums and the blare of the trumpets, and the throb of patriotism and the heart-break of partings. And I—like all American women—carried a sick soul under the smile that I struggled to make brave. And I tried to knit mufflers (I do it very badly) and parts of them were wet with my tears.

And then, one day, Jessie Torrance came into my office and sat down beside my desk. And as I looked up from my work I saw that she was no longer a pretty shallow girl—that she had become a woman, quite suddenly. And I said: "Well?" Just that, like a question. And she said just as briefly, "Jack's in camp, awfully near. And I'm going down to say good-bye to him. He sails tomorrow. Will you go with me?"

OF COURSE I went. And of course I was curious. But I didn't ask any questions. I knew Jessie. Well, I didn't have to ask any questions when at last we got through the wall of M. P.'s and red tape and found Jack. For Jessie went straight to him with her slim hand outstretched.

"Jack," she said, "you probably don't care, any more, about things that happened seven years ago" (I hadn't dreamed that it was so long), "but if you do, I want to tell you that I'm sorry for all the silly things that I said to you one evening. I've wanted to say that I was sorry ever since the next day."

Jack looked at her blankly. And then a great light began to dawn on his face. But when he spoke, he spoke rather stupidly.

"Then why," he questioned, "*didn't you say so?*"

For a moment Jessie hesitated, and then:

"I'm stubborn," she said. "And it was hard for me to make an admission. It was like having a glass of horrid medicine before me—and putting off swallowing it. It took something very big to make me into enough of a regular person to take my medicine."

It was just about then that Jack kissed her.

The story ended happily. For Jack came home safely from the war, and he and Jessie were married. But I'll never forget what he said to me, just before the wedding.

"This might have happened a good many years ago," he told me rather sadly. "We've missed such a lot of real joy!"

EVERYBODY who puts off taking their medicine, is doing what Jessie Torrance did. Their medicine may be very different from hers, and the result of not taking it may be very different—but the principle is the same. For if life is to be met honestly and squarely the bitter draughts of life must be swallowed—and putting off taking them won't make them any the less bitter when the time comes.

If I take my medicine now (and I'm pretty sure that I will), I'll be well much sooner than I will be if I put off taking it.

And that's my moral!

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Making the Nation Christian

International Sunday-School Lesson for June 5
Psa. 33:12; Prov. 14:34; Rom. 13:1-10

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

THE Christian nation is dependent on the Christian neighborhood and that in turn is determined by the Christian home. There is very close relationship between the lessons of the present quarter. Next week the outreach of thought is to the Christian world. In all this development the unit must never be lost sight of—the individual Christian.

For the Bible background read the three passages indicated above and then follow the daily Bible readings. In addition study carefully the entire list of references given in your lesson quarterlies, noting particularly the scripture for devotional reading, the primary and the junior topics. The marginal references in your Bible will indicate other texts which should be looked up. It must ever be kept in mind that the Bible is the text-book for study in the Sunday school rather than lesson helps. Take your Bible with you each Sunday.

A God-acknowledging, righteous nation is called for by the Psalmist and Solomon. Paul asks for due respect to the state and those in office. He definitely declares that each citizen has obligations to the nation which must be met. Then he directs attention to the Ten Commandments and shows that obedience to the law of God makes a society where "love worketh no ill to his neighbor." Jesus declared that each citizen was to "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

What constitutes a Christian nation is a subject which is often considered. Some insist that the name of Christ or of God must be written into the Constitution of the nation. Some states have done this. The expression of the life and teachings of Christ are surely essential. The Christian Sabbath has been acknowledged again and again by laws and declarations. For example, Sunday is excepted when the President is given ten days in which to act on a bill passed by Congress. It is good to have on our coins "In God we trust," but it is more important to have the principles of the Bible expressed in all of our laws. More and more this is being accomplished.

A REMARKABLE series of articles about the Sunday school has been published in the North American of Philadelphia. These have been reprinted and over a million copies distributed. In the first issue, January 29, 1921, after declaring that the public school is democratic, the editor states: "Equally democratic in ideals, and perhaps more democratic in administration, is the American Sunday school. While the public school makes its fight for democracy by teaching its civic side, the Sunday school implants in the minds of its members a love and understanding of the doctrines of Christ, which are at once the inspiration and guiding principle of democratic civilization. The Sunday school is more democratic than the public school not only in administration, but also in its social side . . . It is the center of that social contact which unites large numbers of families and individuals, gives them a common interest and inspires in them fidelity to American democracy and Christian civilization."

Home missions as a great subject should be considered in this lesson, even as foreign missions are related to the lesson for next week. The Sunday school and the church are the institutions which do more than all else combined to make the nation Christian. Other forces which make for civic righteousness and Christian ethics get their inspiration from God's Word. The Church rarely comes into existence without the Sunday school as a forerunner, and countless churches exist today because of the prior activities of home missionary work.

Too much credit cannot be given to these pioneer workers who have sought out the unchurched and those untaught in the Bible, and have left the nucleus of a church as they went a-field to still more distant settlers. Write at once to your denominational Board of Home Missions and ask for its last annual report and some leaflets which tell these thrilling stories of conquest. Saturate your mind with this information and give the facts vividly at the lesson hour. Most Home Mission Boards have stereopticon lectures, by means of which the story can be portrayed on the screen. Such a message would be fine in connection with your next Sunday-school social.

A stupendous problem that faces those who are seeking to make the nation Christian is that of the millions of unchurched in our great cities. It is unfair to refer to these only as "foreign population" since there are many "natives" who are unrelated to any church. All, however, must be brought under the influence of the gospel if this, or any nation, is to become Christian. Daily Vacation Bible Schools do much in training the youth for Christian citizenship. The public-school teachers are also doing most resultful service in this matter. The Bible today is in the public school and it must remain there.

MAKING the nation Christian depends upon the individual. Each can be a radiating center of influence until the whole is leavened. It used to be said that the traveler left his religion when he crossed the Mississippi river, and it is told that a home-seeker coming into a new community announced that he would keep the Sabbath holy. He was informed that they did not have any Sunday out there, and he replied, "Yes, we do, for I brought the Sabbath with me." In China a new convert was told she must do her part to make a clean nation. She could not understand that, but concluded that it at least meant that she should keep the street in front of her home clean, so she swept it carefully. Her neighbor noted the contrast and decided to sweep in front of her house, too. The act was contagious and soon the appearance of the entire village was changed. In making our nation Christian each one of us will have some "sweeping" to do right at home.

More Christians are needed in public life. Each Christian, as well as every citizen, has something to "render unto Cæsar" in the matter of local politics. The Church can elect whom it will to public office, but too often the Christians fail to give attention till the wrong man is elected, and then they hurry to the hall of legislation and protest against the passage of a proposed bill. The time to be most active is before the election to office. A daily paper recently gave the religious status of the present Cabinet, and all but one indicated a particular denomination. Of those who were elected to the present Congress, comparatively few are out of church relationship.

Obedience to law denotes one as a good citizen. The United States has made a wonderful advance in Christianization by the adoption of the prohibition constitutional amendment. Now, it is the duty of every citizen to obey the law and not seek to annul the law by breaking it.

The state should help and not hinder the Christian, the Church and the Sunday school in their great God-given work, by passing Sabbath laws which will at least prevent the commercialization of that day, and then see that all Sabbath laws are enforced. If the nation is to become Christian, it cannot be accomplished without remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Millions recently gave their lives for a great cause. There is a call now for those who will fight in civil battles to Christianize the nation. Enlist in this Cause for life service under the leadership of Jesus Christ.

The Comfort-Bringer

Continued from page 389

dainty little things for invalids. I wonder if I will live to—to train more than one set of girls? Maybe I will just live on and on, and see the old ones go and the new ones come, till I'm an old, old woman—and oh, how can I bear it, how can I bear it!"

CHAPTER XI

THE days passed and there was no further word from Mr. Gary. Ruth knew, for the first time in her life, the agony of suspense, even though she busied herself each minute of the day with her household affairs, leaving Ellen Hawtree little to do besides filling the furnace.

She cooked dainty dishes for Nancy Auld until that happy soul begged her to desist—she was growing fatter and fatter, with peace and prosperity and too many good things to eat.

"Just as soon as the house is repaired, Tom and Mary will be married," beamed Nancy, with delight at the prospect. "Honey, if Mary's half as much of a comfort-bringer as you've been to me and to Tom and to that poor writer man, Mr. Blair, she'll be a blessin'. What d'you do with your wages—Sary Bryson's wages? That poor child never suspected no more'n a babe, he didn't!"

"I am sure Mary *will* be a blessing—and I want her to come quickly, for your sake," answered Ruth, hastily, ignoring the question. "The carpenters seem to be getting on nicely—don't you love to watch them?"

Nancy Auld was never to know what became of the wages of David Blair's "chore-woman"; only Ruth knew that, on her visit to town with Miss Emily, she had bought herself a little ring—a cheap ring, but a pretty trifle, set with a little blue enameled forget-me-not. At least she would have that to remind her of him—as if she could forget!

She loved to frequent the spring, now running into a pool surrounded with withered stalks that had once been fair white flags, and green, cheery rushes; soon it would be frozen, when the fierce winter came, and even the little spring would hang in long icicles. Still, the place reminded her of those happy summer days, and poor Ruth would sit on a boulder under the leafless trees, and forget the chilly winds that swept through the bare branches.

AND one day, sitting thus, she heard a rustle in the dead leaves in her path, and looked up to see him!

Ruth thought she knew his face, but now she could hardly recognize the radiant, shining-eyed being who stood before her, his arms outstretched, his lips pleading, "Come!"

Blindly Ruth rose, and fluttered into his embrace, but even as she hid her head on his breast she thought, miserably: "Oh, if he finds out what I have done, will he love me—will he love me still?"

"Listen, sweetheart. Comfort-bringer," he laughed, happily, "to the news I brug. The book is accepted, and I have entered Paradise!"

"It—it *was* a good book," murmured Ruth, from her hiding-place. "David, David, I *know* it was a good book!"

"Dearest, it was—or they'd never have taken it! Ruth, I ran a risk—an awful risk, in sending it to those big publishers, who hardly ever print anything by an unknown writer; but—well, I felt impelled to do it, somehow. Now lift up your head, my Ruth, and let me have the kiss that I have longed for so long, so hopelessly!"

"David, it was never hopeless," murmured Ruth. "You—you would have it so, and I—was a woman!"

"It is all over now," he laughed, exultingly. "I have the strength, the courage of a lion now! I would *make* you marry me now, Ruth, even if you refused me! Now let us sit on this boulder and talk—I must tell you about the book, how it came to be accepted."

WITH a strangely sinking heart Ruth sat beside him, while he fumbled in his pocket for a letter—a letter crumpled from much reading, much handling.

"The head of the firm wrote it," exulted David Blair, as he unfolded the crisp sheet, and with Ruth read once more the precious document:

"I tell you frankly," began the letter, after preliminary courtesies, "that if our readers had criticized your manuscript, there might have been small chance for you. Certain circumstances made me read it myself, and I wish to state to you that it is the most original, charmingly written, interesting and I believe, best-selling story I have had the good fortune to come across in many years. I flatter myself that I know—that I have, perhaps, a vision denied to readers, who are apt to judge a manuscript by its writer, too often. I am glad, indeed, that we are to have the pleasure of publishing it. I will also state that we wish another just as soon as it can be written, and can assure you of its acceptance. We would like to make a contract with you to let us have everything you write; our terms will be better than any other firm can offer, be assured of that."

Ruth read this wonderful letter with the fact gradually dawning upon her that the book was accepted on its merits—that her money had had nothing to do with it!

"I failed—oh, I failed—and I am glad, so glad!" she exulted, and the little bird of hope, so long silent, sang once more in her heart, a tune of love, and joy and fulfilment, that would never be stilled again!

BUT her lips remained mute, though her shining eyes told all her joy to the writer, who whispered softly: "And now, dearest, when will you marry the poor writer man, who has become the richest human being under the sun! With you beside me I can write—oh, I can write such books, my Ruth! When will you marry me?"

"When you want me," answered Ruth, and smiled through tear-wet lashes, "when you want me, David!"

And, just then there appeared on the path Ellen Hawtree, leading the way for Mr. Gary, who had just arrived. They were looking for Ruth.

Ellen stopped and beckoned Mr. Gary, who was a bit behind; ecstasy was in the help's simple face, and she hugged her arms with delight, fairly prancing on tiptoe.

"Ain't it beautiful, Mr. Gary?" she whispered. "I never did see folks courtin' before, and I've always wanted to! Miss Ruth's got a beau, Mr. Gary; ain't you glad!"

"Yes," answered Mr. Gary, smiling happily through his Santa-Claus beard, "so very, very glad, Ellen, because she is happy!"

And while these two looked, all unseen, the spirit of the one who loved her best of all, her grandfather Carfax, must also have looked from somewhere in the spaces free to God's souls, and breathed a blessing on his child and her mate. The fulfilment of life, which is Love, had come to her—the comfort-bringer had received her reward!

THE END

A New School for Africa

THE Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church recently has purchased 8,000 acres of farm land in Portuguese West Africa for a demonstration farm and trades school for the natives—bringing the total area acquired by the church in Africa up to more than 25,000 acres at nine points widely separated. The establishment of the farm and trades school forms part of a plan to raise the economic status of the African negroes and was made in accordance with the Centenary program which calls for six such institutions in central Africa. Among trades to be taught in addition to farming, animal husbandry and horticulture, will be carpentry, brick-making, masonry, broom-making and furniture-making. Agricultural experts have been sent out, and a civil engineer has sailed to direct construction and industrial training.

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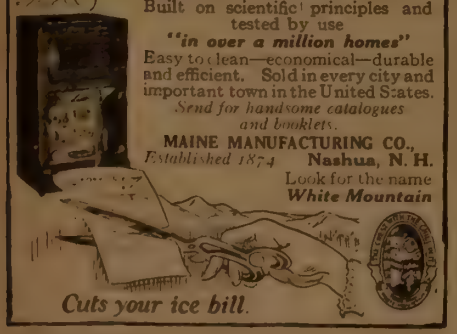

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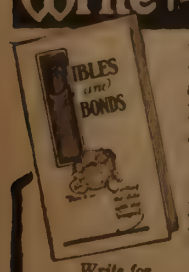

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The Missions and Mexico's Redemption

Continued from page 386

come. Frankly, I feel that much must be done by both the missionaries and the companies to bring about the understanding that will mean the support of the work by the wealth which knows the worth of the work.

But there is pride, particularly on the part of the mission boards. As one rather detached observer within the circle of mission work expressed it: "If such a plan with such possibilities is offered, our own churches will finance it; they don't have to go to the oil companies."

That is true, and its statement brings me to the crux of the matter, which is this: The missions may not need oil money to do their work, just as the oil companies may not need the missionaries to do their welfare work for them. But each needs the other for the moral power that it will give; both need one another for the solution of the great Mexican problem, for that problem lies in the hands of these two.

YEARS of observation of the Mexican problem have led me to this conviction: the international difficulties of Mexico are between the Mexican politicians and the American politicians—their interests decidedly conflict. But there is no division of interest between Mexican business men and American business men; the former are as disturbed over the confiscatory policies of the Carranza Constitution (still in effect) as are the latter. Moreover, there is no division of interest between American missionaries and the true social well-wishers amongst the Mexicans.

Then, has it not been wrong of the oil companies (to take them as the outstanding example of great American business in Mexico) to fight on, now that the Great War is over, merely as Americans, hiding behind the State Department and quarreling over technicalities and depending almost alone on the threat of intervention to get them their natural rights as progressive business men? Should they not consider themselves as Mexicans, in a way, and while never relinquishing their rights as Americans, with the flag behind them, deal with the Mexican officials in the way that Mexicans of equal intelligence and equal property would deal with those officials? What a power such an attitude would bring to bear on Mexico and the bandit governments!

The Mexican business man, the one stable factor of the country, has been deserted by his one possible ally, the American and European business man who is operating in Mexico. With that ally behind him, I have a feeling that we might soon be rid of bandit governments.

But where does this bring in the missionaries, you ask? At the very beginning, and carries them clear through. The missionaries know Mexico as well as the old employees of the companies do, and they have, moreover, a closer contact with those great stable forces, the modern Mexican business man and the intellectual Mexican of the middle classes, and they can reach, as the oil and railway companies should know, far into the heart of the labor organizations which have grown up in Mexico as they have looked on. The missionaries can well be the link of the Mexican and foreign elements that must save the situation in the end. As such a link they can indeed be the real saviors of Mexico in her crisis.

AND from the practical viewpoint of the missionary? Only this, that for years the missionary has been fighting, literally, for his place in Mexico. Here and there he has had support from powerful interests—the Y. M. C. A., for instance, first came to Mexico City because the Mexican Central Railway wanted a place where its American employees might be taken care of in the capital. But the Protestants in Mexico are today alone, and with all the money in the world (unless, perchance, they would use that money to buy their way with Mexican graft) they would still be alone. They need help and they need the backing which great, forward-looking industry can give them.

They have done sublime things in the organization of their own forces—at some not far distant day the Cincinnati conference that united all the missions of all Mexico and divided the country up into great zones for intensive tilling will be a landmark in Christian history. Now it seems that they wait only on this next step, the bringing into that same conference-fold the second greatest constructive force of the world—American business. I believe that this can and will be done, and if so, can we not then see the end, the happy end of this long, hideous struggle in Mexico? And in that ending shall we not find the realization of all the ideals that bandit revolutionaries have stolen from the lips of honest, sincere men since the dawning of Madero's ill-fated star?

The Young People's Topics for June 5

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

The Kingdom of God—In the World

C. E. and B. Y. P. U. Matt. 6 : 7-15

SKETCH a map of the world on a large sheet of paper or on a blackboard. Write across this map the words: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." This is a command from our Lord and is as imperative as the Ten Commandments. The true Christian is a cosmopolitan. Jesus was not racial, provincial, insular or local. He was a world citizen and His was a world-vision. "Missions," is the keyword for universal brotherhood, peace and good-will. The only remedy for the world's unrest and unreason, without controversy, is the message of Jesus Christ.

It has been said that Christianity has been found wanting. Not so. Christianity has been found difficult. Traditional, emotional, theoretical and experimental Christianity have all been found wanting. The unadulterated Christianity of Jesus Christ when once given its perfect way and sway among men will take the hurt and hindrance, the sting and fang and tooth and claw out of international life. We can not stress "Missions" too much. The words missions and Christianity are synonymous. Every Christian is a missionary and every missionary is a Christian. God had but one Son and He was a missionary. The Gospel includes every want and dire need of the human race and meets the demand on every hand as a remedy for the sickness of humanity as it is everywhere manifested among the nations.

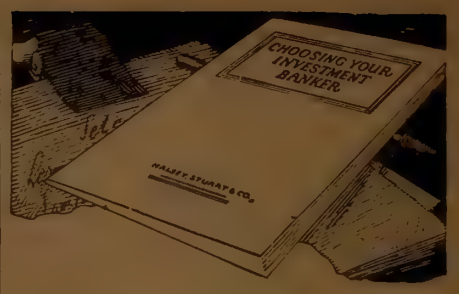
Thy Kingdom Come—In My Country

E. L. Matt. 6 : 7-15

SEE topics for May 1, under head of B. Y. P. U., and C. E. Use the following addenda to the exposition previously prepared:

"No other foundation is laid than is laid in Jesus Christ." It is impossible to have a Christian nation composed of un-Christian individuals. Those who are not in the Kingdom are doing just so much to keep their country out of the kingdom. If every individual were in the kingdom of God then our nation would be in the kingdom of God. We may complain about the Godless condition of our country, but unless we are sure that we are not Godless, the fault lies with us.

There are enough men and women, money and influence, brain and brawn power in the Christian Church to make our nation a Christian nation within the next decade. The Christian home is the basis. God at the fireside will create Godliness at the wayside. God in the home will give us God in the school, shop, market-place and in every realm of thought and endeavor.



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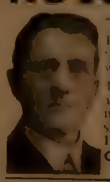

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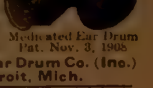

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Your Dollar in China

Continued from page 390

standing at the center of the clock and looking out to two consecutive numbers on the dial, say two and three. From this clock center the actual work of relief is carried on out into the ten sectors, every village being accurately charted. I am located at one of these centers, a big walled city where there are no foreigners. We are receiving grain daily hauled in mule carts forty or fifty miles from the railroad at Tehchow, and in the court outside this house there are five huge piles of grain covered with matting awaiting distribution. We have a force of from thirty to fifty men at work here daily.

"Who are the suffering ones who are now, or who certainly later on will be, starving? And how shall they be hunted out and distinguished from the many who, while feeling the pinch of poverty at this time, may yet by the sale of other effects they have manage to keep soul and body together until harvest time? With the funds and forces at hand only a fraction of the people can be helped, only those who without other assistance must suffer greatly or die. To find these needy ones and minister to them was the problem that brought into being the operations of which this out-station is a part.

"Standing at this clock center and looking out over our radius of ten miles in the circular field, we must plan to relieve over two hundred villages, each of them containing several hundreds or thousands of famine-pressed people. Out in the country the other day I stopped and counted eighteen such villages on the horizon within the radius of a mile. From the clock center we have been going out into each one of the sectors above noticed, visiting each of the more than two hundred villages, and ascertaining conditions just as they are. This work was already under way, when I arrived. The young missionary who brought me out here and left me in charge of this field told me that foreigners were so few it had been necessary to call on the young Chinese students in Peking and Tsinan to do this work of investigation. I was with them in this investigation work until forced to remain here at the center to see that the machinery for receiving and distributing grain keeps running smoothly.

"IN MAKING the investigation out in the villages, the investigators go in teams of two. A team reaches a village, inquires for the head men or elders in it, requests to be led to only the very poorest homes in the place; and, dividing forces, the investigation starts. They go on a run. Every effort will be made by all the villagers to secure one of the coveted tickets, which means a bare ration of a peck or so of grain each month. Only the very poorest must have them; those who have a donkey or a cow or other wealth must make that, or its sale, serve to support them until harvest. As the doors of each mud or brick house are pushed open the investigator hurries in, glancing first at the faces of the huddled inmates where the pinch of famine is sure to tell; then into each side room in search of signs of hidden animals or other wealth; then into the living-rooms proper, where pots and jars may be holding grain. Everything is searched until the investigation is complete, though often a mere glance at a face is sufficient, and the investigation ends there.

"And what do they see? I saw faces pinched and bearing the tell-tale yellow; skins of dogs telling of recent meals; chaff and fodder mixed with the harvest grain for food; men and women collecting sticks and roots for their next meal. In more than one home I saw, in the jar that ordinarily holds grain, a queer looking substance that once was the bark of trees. A poor shivering woman in one house with the thermometer at freezing was wearing only one thin cotton set of clothes, her others having gone to buy food. Often the house itself had been dismantled of some of its timbers which were then sold to buy bread. And so as each house was entered, almost regularly the people fell upon their knees and begged for the tickets that meant grain for them until harvest.

"A day is set, the announcement is made, and the needy ones come in from a certain sector bringing their tickets and receive their rations for the month. It is fine to see them coming in to receive their grain; they bring their own sacks, pass down the line, and, their tickets having been stamped, receive their rations. A motley throng it is, but their faces tell the relief they feel at this sudden gratuitous solving of their food and life problems. Next month they will come back with their tickets, have them stamped, and receive another month's scant supply, and so on until harvest. With the handful of workers, and the enormous amount of work, there has been no time for anything but distribution; construction work of any kind would require a much larger force, the securing of which out here has been impossible. It is only by unceasing efforts that what is being done is accomplished at all."

ALONG with the tremendous task of feeding the hungry has gone an effort to make the famine victims self-helpful wherever possible. To this end several road-building projects are under way in the different provinces; those who work on the roads being paid in grain, as are the carriers, enough food being given to keep them and their families alive. Not only does this provide improved highways for the future, something China greatly needs, but it keeps the workers themselves in good physical condition for the farm work on which the hope of the provinces depends.

Then, too, schools have been established, schools for boys and for girls, where the children are not only fed but taught. This simplifies the distribution to some extent, and makes it certain that the children are living under more favorable conditions than would be possible in the destitute homes. One of the most interesting points about these schools is that native students of colleges and high schools are aiding so generally in maintaining them, by their contributions and by serving as teachers and helpers.

The famine isn't ended yet by any means. There is a last 5,000,000 who must starve if they are not helped at once by funds from America. All along the way from any city or village in the United States to any famine village in North China a spirit of helpfulness, of self-sacrifice, waits to speed every generous American dollar on its errand of mercy. The Christian Herald money has saved many thousands of lives. It started Chinaward in the Autumn when first the need became known. It has gone steadily ever since. All that has gone has been spent and exists now only in the lives it has saved. But there is still need for more.

Latest official reports from Peking place the number of starving people who are now receiving relief through international committees at 6,945,220. This includes 1,500,000 new famine victims to whom relief has been extended recently.

Through the efforts of the American Committee, the churches and other organizations which have been co-operating with it to provide during "China Famine Week" sufficient funds to care for the last 5,000,000 known to be dependent on new gifts from America, a very large sum has been added to the general fund.

The need is still tremendous, however, and it will therefore be some time before the American Committee ceases its fund-raising. And the Christian Herald, which was the first agency in this country to begin the appeal for the famine sufferers, will continue its co-operation with the Committee to the last.

The Christian Herald fund has reached a total of $550,028.30, truly a gratifying response to China's cry of need and one in which every member of the great Family Circle may take pride. In view of the alarming news from Minister Crane in Peking regarding the failure of the spring crop in Chihli, involving the necessity of caring for two million persons for several months longer than had been anticipated, the Christian Herald will continue to receive contributions, which may be addressed to the Christian Herald Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to annonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

R. M. B., Salemburg, N. C. The passage in John 14 : 12 ("Greater works shall he do," etc.) referred to the miraculous gifts which were to be the credentials of the apostolic office, and the "works" which they were to accomplish were to be greater in the sense that they would produce a multitudinous ingathering of souls—after His ascension or, as Jesus Himself explained it, "because I go to my Father." He foresaw those results and cheered His disciples with the picture, strengthening their faith with the assurance "From henceforth thou shalt catch men." To get the full extent of the consolations He set forth, we must read the rest of the chapter, for it is a complete series of encouragements and remarkable promises, viz: the gift of prevailing prayer, the assurance of accomplishing great works and making many converts, and the promise of sending the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, to teach them wisdom and constantly recall Christ to their remembrance.

Mrs. E. C., Okla. 1. The question you suggest is too extensive to be discussed in the Mail-Bag. See the passages bearing on the Sabbath in New Testament times: Mark 2 : 27, 28; Luke 6 : 5, 9 and others. 2. The ten commandments in substance are referred to in various New Testament passages. The person who obeys Jesus Christ is not absolved of the ancient law, but he comes under higher obligations. Under the old law, murder was forbidden; but Jesus forbade the anger that leads to murder. He came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it, and this He did by setting His followers free from its age-old restrictions, and placing them under the greater obligation of love for all men, and inculcating a higher morality and more generous consideration in their attitude toward the whole human race.

A. C. H., Polk City, Iowa, writes: "I have taken the Christian Herald for about forty years. We were very much pleased with your editorial on 'False Guides.' I am sure you will rejoice with us in the birth of the Iowa Bible Association on Christian Fundamentals." Enclosed, our Iowa friend sends an outline of the Bible Association's object and its doctrinal statement. The new organization believes its existence justified by the fact that "in these days many are denying the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the efficacy of the Atonement, and that consequently false doctrines are taught in many schools, colleges and seminaries and the time has come when God is calling His children to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints." The leading officers of the new organization, which has its headquarters in Polk City, are the pastors of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Evangelical Swedish Missionary and the Congregational churches.

Mrs. A. E. D., Jordan Valley, Oreg. We are told to avoid even "the appearance of evil," which means not merely that we will not do evil things ourselves, but we should not encourage others to do them.

J. A. B., St. Paul, Minn. To judge of a man's attitude toward Christ and Christianity without having heard him, and with only a hearsay knowledge of his views, would be altogether wrong. A faithful preacher of Christianity teaches full acceptance of the divinity of Jesus. His finished work, His offer of salvation to all who believe, His sacrificial death, His resurrection and ascension. A preacher true to the Christian religion and to his ordination vows can not dispense with any of these without inflicting vital loss upon his ministry, and causing earnest Christians to question his soundness.

A. H., Lewisville, Tex. There is a moral obligation on both debtor and creditor. The former should clear his conscience and square the account by paying all that is properly due to the creditor, interest included. Zaccheus said he "restored fourfold." There is also a moral obligation on the creditor's part to make the burden of restitution as light as possible, especially if the debtor's means are limited and if complete liquidation, interest included, would prove a real hardship. Both sides need to be considerate, each toward the other, instead of following the legalistic spirit, which would exact payment "to the uttermost farthing."

Rev. A. C. P., Athens, Wis., writes: "We got into a discussion in our little town about raising the Flag over our Public School on Washington's birthday. The master of the Boy Scouts, also the principal of the High School said there was a law passed in 1916 in Wisconsin not to have the flag out in stormy weather. Is there such a law?"

Your county officials or any good lawyer can inform you if there is such a law on the statute books. If it should be found there, it is quite likely that it has been passed out of respect for the flag. We have seen fine flags torn into shreds in a sharp gale, which might easily have been saved, had they been furled at the beginning of the storm.

A. J. B., Johnstown, Pa., writes: "The Mail-Bag is very helpful to me and gives me constant reassurance that there are yet a few living that have not bowed their knees to Baal. I have been especially interested in the discussion of amusements. One thing seems certain regarding this question. That is this: it is the carnal mind that demands carnal amusements. The more the Church caters to worldly amusements for the purpose of holding the young, the worse the disease becomes. Young converts will seek to be engaged in spiritual things. Anyone may know whether they are Christians or not by their 'center of conversation.' In our own experience, we have seen many times churches that kept the altar-fires burning. While the Church was engaged in saving souls there were no cook-stove-fires burning. I have observed recently that these same churches that kept up the spiritual fires years ago, where souls were saved, where prayer-meetings were full of holy fervor, now have ice-cream freezers by the door, hot fires in the cook-stove in the basement of the church; the conversation of the people is about oyster-soups, lemonade, bake-sales, ice-cream suppers and social functions. The center of their conversation used to be about Christ and His Kingdom. But now the old preacher is gone; the prayer-meeting is almost gone; the class-meeting is neglected. We have tried the oratory of the Sunday sermon and the mid-week sermonette, the church movie—the soups and salves of five hundred brands of modern theology. Now for our soul's sake, let us turn back to Pentecost and seek the true and living way to God (Acts 3 : 19). Let us sincerely turn from feasting to fasting; from full heads to full hearts; from waiting on tables to waiting on God; from ham, sham, and chicken-filling, to the infilling of the Holy Ghost. Turn from the pulpit the polished infidels who mutilate the Holy Book; then the amusements of the world will not be desired in the Church."

Mrs. J. B. R., St. Stephens, Ala. writes: "The Christian Herald is growing more excellent each year. We realize fully the power it is wielding for God's plans to help save the world. A principal theme, I think, should be our influence and the training of the young people and the very young children. The home, I believe, is the real seat of God's Kingdom, also of the government of our nation. I am the mother of thirteen grown sons and daughters, and speak from experience. Each one, was taught to kneel at my knee and say the little prayer which has always led to deeper, and also to higher visions and realizations of duty to God, to parents, to mankind and self. While none of them are long-faced Christians, each and every one is in homes of their own. All are men and women of fine, good business ability and influence. Their letters show that they never let up for a moment living the Golden Rule. If each little being coming into the world could have the same tiny spark kindled in its mind and heart, what would be the result? All have their ups and downs, passions and faults; but deep down in their hearts is that basic principle: they cannot live without the love and fear of God in their hearts and homes. They never will grow too old for me to admonish them to live with Him constantly and to be alive to the working of His Spirit. All this is my life. I believe the home is the main story."

W. M., Detroit, Mich. For the passages you want, in which Paul describes the broadening and deepening effects of Christian experience and the life of faith, see I Cor. 13 : 11; II Cor. 1 : 17; Eph. 4 : 14, and Heb. 13 ; 8.

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Free Circulars for Investors.

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2 describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 10.

To invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

United States Rubber Co., 1st mtg., 5 per cent. bonds due 1947, in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, yielding 6½ per cent present prices, are featured in Circular No. 30. The net earnings available for interest charges in 1920 were five times the interest charges.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Kingdom of Belgium 20-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, redeemable at 107½ per cent., and yielding over 8 per cent. are described in Circular 34.

Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Details of Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 7 per cent. gold bonds, maturing May, 1931, at a price to yield over 7 per cent. are given in Circular 36.

Swift & Co. 5-year 7 per cent. notes, to yield over 7 per cent., are described in Circular 37.

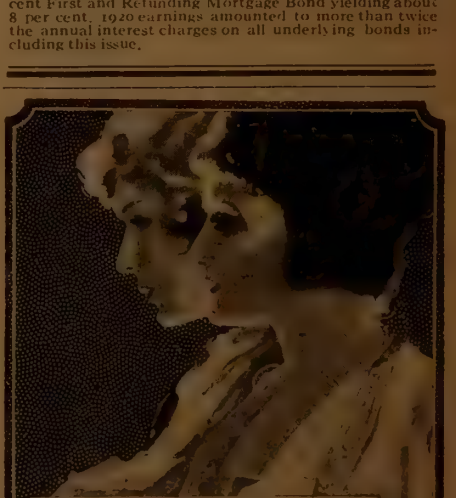
Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6% First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for circular 38.

Record of Investments Chart—a simple chart for listing your securities which shows at a glance your monthly and annual income, together with necessary information on Federal Taxes—Ask for Circular 39.

Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving high average yield of 12¼%—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 42.

Barnsdall Corporation, 7 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold bonds to yield about 9 per cent. own and operate properties in 14 States. Total net assets 377 per cent. of this issue. Circular 40.

Circular 41 gives full information concerning a 7 per cent First and Refunding Mortgage Bond yielding about 8 per cent. 1920 earnings amounted to more than twice the annual interest charges on all underlying bonds including this issue.



Which is the Mother?

It is good health which keeps womanly beauty fresh. Cosmetics can only hide the traces of the years in a once pretty face.

Mothers who are still young at the age of forty can teach their daughters the value of a good aperient in keeping the blush of youth in their cheeks.

NR Tablets (a vegetable aperient) act pleasantly and naturally to clear the skin of blemishes and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance.

All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. box of NR Tablets.

Used for 30 Years

"A TRIP THROUGH THE BIBLE" and other games 35 cents 3 packs $1.00, postpaid.
"WISDOM" PLAYING CARDS
Alexander, North Carolina

The least thing you can do for your country is to show its flag

Pole is NOT included

Let your neighbors know that yours is an American home. Stand solidly behind the great principles of Freedom and Human Rights and let the flag proclaim your alliance! Here is the very flag you want—a large sized "Old Glory," six feet long by four feet wide, a flag which will add dignity and beauty to your home.

To Honor the Flag These Rules Should Be Observed

It should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed to remain up after sunset.

At "retreat," sunset, civilian spectators should stand at "attention" and uncover during the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner." Military spectators are required by regulation to stand at "attention" and give the military salute.

When the national colors are passing on parade, or in review, the spectator should, if walking, halt, and if sitting, arise and stand at attention and uncover.

When the flag is flown at half staff as a sign of mourning it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the funeral.

In placing the flag at half staff, it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position, and preliminary to lowering from half staff it should be first raised to the top.

On Memorial Day, May 30, the flag should fly at half staff from sunrise to noon, and full staff from noon to sunset.

—Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York

THIS OFFER IS LIMITED

We have on hand but a limited number of these Flags, and as they are going fast, we would advise you to

Act at Once before it is too late. Do it today!

SIZE 4 x 6 FEET

Double Stitched Stripes

Brilliant Colors

How You May Secure This American Flag

We will send the Christian Herald, the World's best loved and most widely read interdenominational family magazine, for one whole year, 52 issues and the flag postpaid for Three Dollars

Wouldn't you like to own a large American Flag like the one shown in this picture if you could get it for almost nothing?

Not a little hand flag, understand, but a man-size **"Old Glory," 6 feet long by 4 feet wide.**

Not a pitiful wisp of color, mind you, but real red, white and blue, right from the factory of the flagmaker.

Here is an opportunity to keep faith with your patriotism. You will not only have use for a flag on every holiday for many years to come, but you can also use it constantly for decorative purposes, in public and private sociables, in the school-house, in the church, and, best of all, in the home.

At this time of the year *The Christian Herald* usually puts forth an extraordinary effort to increase the number of members of the great Christian Herald Family. We know you will help us. But we have no right to accept your good offices for nothing, and so we make you the following proposition:

If you will send us Four Dollars, we will mail *The Christian Herald* for one year (fifty-two numbers), to two addresses in the United States or Canada and for your trouble we will send to any address you may designate, a **beautiful American Flag like the one shown in the illustration.**

It should be in every patriotic home, and it may be in yours, free of charge, if you will get two new subscriptions to the Christian Herald.

Do not wait! Send in your order *NOW!*

20 Occasions for Using This Flag

Memorial Day,	May 30
Flag Day,	June 14
Independence Day,	July 4
Orangemen's Day,	July 12
Labor Day,	September 5
Columbus Day,	October 12
Christian Herald Day,	October 24
Armistice Day,	November 11
Thanksgiving Day,	November 27
Christmas Day,	December 25
New Year's Day,	January 1
Lincoln's Birthday,	February 12
Washington's Birthday,	February 22
May Day,	May 1

Every Public Parade Day
All National, State and Local Celebrations
For Decorating Church or Sunday School
Public School Exercises
In your Y. M. C. A.
In Public and Private Sociables

The Christian Herald, 790 Bible House, New York City

I enclose Three Dollars to pay for one year (52 issues) to the Christian Herald and the American flag.

Name..... Street or Route No.....

Town or City..... State.....

Easy and Efficient

Old Dutch Cleanser makes scrubbing easy. Does more and better work; saves time and labor. Cannot roughen or redden the hands. The quality insures economy.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

An Illustrated News Weekly for the Home

A Little Swiss Church in an Alpine Valley

$5.00 A YEAR

JUNE 4, 1921

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Speed with Safety

THE fastest working soap that can be made, yet harmless to clothes and in all general cleaning—that's P AND G The White Naphtha Soap. It combines speed and safety as they never were combined before.

This soap saves hours in the laundry, in the kitchen, and all over the house because it has within itself the dirt-moving energy which your own hands and arms must supply slowly and painfully when using ordinary soap. It is so efficient that it washes clothes without rubbing, and without boiling if you so desire; cuts grease and soot from dishes and utensils almost at a touch; and does all the weekly cleaning in an unbelievably short time.

Yet it does not injure anything it touches because its cleansing power is due—not to destructive chemicals—but to naphtha and to its high grade materials of which *whiteness* is the outer sign.

You can't imagine how much this soap will save you, and without taking any toll from the things it cleans. But get a cake and you will know why millions of women have used it continuously since their very first trial.

Look for the blue and white wrapper

Not merely a white laundry soap;
Not merely a naphtha soap;
But the best features of both, combined.

Made by the manufacturers of Ivory Soap

P AND G—THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP

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THE·CHRISTIAN·HERALD
(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
AN·ILLUSTRATED·NEWS·WEEKLY·FOR·THE·HOME·
·GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER·

The turn of a river, a railroad bridge or the scattered houses of a town along the course serve as guideposts for the air mail pilot as he roars along far aloft on his route

The Post Riders of the Sky

Adventure Rides with the Mails Today as It Did in Frontier Times, When Indians and Bandits Lurked on the Trails

By DONALD MacGREGOR

BUCKING, bolting, vibrating against the wind the mighty mail airplane is pushing along at a hundred miles an hour. Below, the countryside is slipping past serenely.

The mail pilot, young and adventurous, in fur-lined flying-suit, close-fitting headgear and goggles, sits quietly with his hands on the steering wheel. He is chewing at a wad of gum—for gum causes him to swallow frequently and swallowing takes away a part of the ringing of the ears that comes from the deafening pounding of the motor and the whirl of the propeller.

Subconsciously he watches the two tiny dials in front of him, one indicating the air speed and the other the altitude. It is second nature for him to turn the wheel to right or left to keep the course or balance and to raise or lower the wheel-shaft—the "stick," it is called—to gain or to drop to a new elevation.

The altitude is 2,500 feet, virtually half a mile above the ground, the character of which is distinctly visible. Everything looks flat. From such a height, say 2,500 or 3,000 feet, all sense of proportion with respect to hills and valleys is lost.

There is nothing to keep away the sunshine. The air is cold. The trees, with their leafy tops particularly when they are numerous, as in a woods, seem as though they would be comfortable to fall into—fully as inviting as a grassy nook along a stream in springtime. The red brick house in the distance looks much like a chimney does from the ground. It is possible to follow the twists and turns of yellow country roads and of grayish streams for many miles. The cultivated fields, some green, some brown, are neat little squares as if on a giant checkerboard.

IT IS lonely enough with nobody around to talk with. As a rule the postal flyers go alone on their routes, but occasionally there is a passenger or two—there is room for them in some of the larger machines. It may not be realized generally, but there can be no conversation between those who ride in the usual type of airplanes. Sometimes it is possible to convey an idea by forcing the voice tremendously or by lip signals but the roar of the mechanism and the rush of the wind is too great for anything more.

The turn of a river, a railroad bridge or the scattered houses of a town along the course serve as the guideposts. The route is charted much the same as the roads for automobile tourists.

The airplane is rushing along in an uneven way. The conflicting currents of air are causing the bolting of the heavy machine, its everlasting shaking as if in an angry mood. The wind snaps against the spreading planes and sings through the steel rods that hold them in place.

Close behind the pilot, who is sitting in a line with the motor, is the cargo of mail—400 pounds of it, in pouches strapped into the pit of the airplane. It has been put aboard at the flying field from a motor truck sent out by the postoffice; there will be another postoffice motor truck at the landing-field ready to hurry back with the flood of letters so they may be sent out on the late afternoon delivery.

The airplane is sent to a higher level, to 3,000 and then to 3,500 feet. The conditions are no better there, so the craft drops back slowly to 2,000. The track is shifted until a minimum of resistance is encountered. Airplanes operate in a cube, not on a single plane as do land vehicles.

The pilot gazes over the side of the pit into which he is strapped. He wishes to get his bearings, to see something directly below.

The rush of wind on his face, exposed, almost blows his goggles away. He ducks back behind the glass windshield again, a windshield much the same as that on an automobile.

Before him in the pit and at the side is a network of levers and gauges—various controls which become necessary to adjust occasionally to keep the airplane going. It is work, grim but romantic—and important.

ADVENTURE rides with the United States mails today just as it did many years ago, when it went astride a wiry pony that poked its nose past the fringe of civilization. Death lurks nearby just as it did when robbers and murderous Indians infested the lonely roads of the frontier. The means of transporting the mails have changed, but not the chances.

There used to be plenty of romance in the days when the mails were carried on horseback. The towns were far apart and the riders went alone, with the mail in pouches swung across the saddle. There were many post-rider murders, from ambush, in the early days.

Then, as the country grew, the mail stage took the place of the man on horseback. The robberies became more business-like, for the road agents of the early West traveled in gangs and had a system in their holdups that was lacking in the solitary bandits of previous years.

Gradually the stages yielded to the ever-forward progress of two lines of steel across the country, the rails over which traveled the early trains. Even today the heavy mail-cars fall victim to masked bandits, whose six-shooters seldom fail the mark.

There always has been romance, adventure, peril, in the carrying of the mails—continuously shifting in character, of course, as the means of transportation has advanced—but it reaches a climax with the establishment of the airplane mail.

TODAY the post rider braves the air-currents in all sorts of weather. He chooses not only the clear, sunshiny days to get the mail through, but travels day in and day out, over a definite course, whether it be cloudy or bright, winter or summer.

Up through the clouds—perhaps they are sending down rain or snow—he drives the airplane with its load of letters, working on a schedule adjusted to meet the requirements of sending and receiving postoffices. He picks his route from a book containing a charted course. The performance is routine.

Point-to-point flying is the rule in the Air Mail Service. Once the airplane is on its way there is no deviation from the course. The gigantic machines are built to carry weight, and not for stunting. It simply is a case of getting into the air, getting to destination and getting down again, on one of the landing-fields.

Occasionally there is trouble, perhaps with the motor, and the airplane is forced to make a landing away from one of the regular fields. In such an instance an open field is selected, one that contains no trees, and the mail plane is brought to the ground for adjustment.

Forced landings are not so infrequent as they are astonishing to the countryfolk in whose backyards they are accomplished. They are encouraged by the postal authorities when necessary, since the failure of the pilots to recognize impossible conditions for a continued flight has been responsible for a goodly percentage of the accidents recorded.

Twenty-six men have been killed in the Air Mail Service up to date. This occurred in a total of twenty airplane crashes, not fewer than fifteen of which resulted from the fact that the pilots attempted to continue their runs despite bad weather conditions, such as fogs. They simply lost their way in the sky, together with all sense of balance, crashing, finally, into a tree or a mountain. It is surmise, of course,

based on a later survey of the circumstances, but the authorities believe these accidents might have been avoided had the pilots accepted the weather as temporarily impassable instead of going ahead in the notorious dare-devil way of the average man who flies.

In the various crashes death came to eighteen pilots, four mechanics, one division superintendent, and a civilian employee who was out for a joy ride. On two occasions mechanics fell into the swiftly moving propellers while the airplanes were being tuned up for flying.

The development of aircraft, which is continuous, is taking away many of the perils of flying. Every accident is studied for the lessons it will teach and, as a result, the Air Mail Service is rapidly standardizing its types of airplanes. Ships capable of carrying heavy loads of mail, designed solely for straight flying, with the planes so fixed that if something goes wrong the craft will drift down to the ground, constitute the ideal for which the engineers are striving.

International

A group of mail airplanes lined, up awaiting their cargoes of letters

THE Air Mail Service has expanded gradually since its establishment in May, 1918, adding a few additional miles to the routes and a few additional airplanes to the equipment whenever possible, but it has remained until this present spring for the realization of the dream of those who put it into operation—the dream of an airplane postal service from coast to coast.

New York City, therefore, for the written word is but thirty-six hours away from San Francisco, despite the fact that the customary running time for trains is five full days and nights. The accomplishment of such rapid transmission of letters will go down in history as an achievement of first importance to the people of the country.

This pace is possible by means of night flying between Cheyenne, Wyo., and Chicago, Ill., an air distance of 800 miles. The first step in the journey, from San Francisco to Cheyenne, over the Rockies, is made in the daylight, when flying conditions are at their best; so is the jump from Chicago to New York City. The level country between Cheyenne and Chicago, across the great plains, permits with a minimum of danger the negotiation of this 800 miles during the night.

The flying distance between New York City and San Francisco is 2,630 miles, this route alone embracing all but 825 miles of the total for the Air Mail Service. There are three other routes—between New York City and Washington, a flying distance of 195 miles; between St. Louis and Chicago, 270 miles; and between Chicago and the Twin Cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 360 miles.

In reckoning the time of flight between New York City and San Francisco an allowance is necessary for the three-hour difference in time as registered on the clocks of the two cities. The winds count, too, for there is, naturally, a continuous current from the Pacific toward the Atlantic.

In flying East from San Francisco the pilots have an advantage in the prevailing winds and a handicap of three hours added time, but those sailing toward the setting sun have an advantage in the time and a disadvantage in the wind. It is, in a way, a check and a balance; the advantages and disadvantages make the scale about even.

THE Air Mail Service started out largely as an experiment with a route between New York City and Washington. From this modest beginning it has expanded to a system which embraces 3,455 miles, dotting which there are twenty-three landing fields.

In all there are sixty-five airplanes in active service, with 155 more, drawn from the war stocks of the army and navy, held in reserve for future use. There are fifty-four pilots and 562 other employees, such as mechanics, helpers and clerks. Roughly, the service costs a million and a half dollars a year to operate, payable out of the postal revenues.

The new administration intends to expand rather than to reduce the service. Specific evidence of this is the institution of a special radio service for the use of the mail flyers. The major stations already are in operation at Washington, D. C.; Bellefonte, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo., and Omaha, Neb. Fifteen minor stations are about to be opened. The officials intend to install radio telephone apparatus aboard the airplanes so that they will be able to communicate with the various stations and with each other while they are in flight.

As viewed by the Postoffice Department the practical advantages of the Air Mail Service come through the speed in the delivery of letters, even over short distances. The officials estimate that there is a general saving of at least half the time in the transmission of letters by air post.

Altogether the Air Mail Service is operated under an elaborate system, carefully worked out on an intricate schedule. While the primary aim is to deliver mail between the points in the service, yet in many instances it is possible to carry letters merely to connecting trains, thus spreading the saving of time to towns and cities not actually on the routes. For instance, a letter from a small town in New York State to a small town in Illinois may go to New York City by train, to Chicago by air mail, and then to its destination by train.

© Underwood & Underwood

Loading the San Francisco mail aboard a postal airplane at Mineola, L. I., just outside New York City. If all goes well the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific will be completed within thirty-six hours

Such criticism as has been levelled at the Air Mail Service in and out of Congress has been to a large extent on account of the cost. The truth is that it is an expensive service, yet the postal authorities insist that this is offset largely by a saving through the consequent curtailment in the number of railroad distributing cars. This saving, they figure, is eighty per cent. of the cost of the Air Mail Service.

Distributing cars obviously are an expensive feature of the postal service. These are the cars in which the mail is sorted while in transit. They carry from two to four clerks who, of course, must have adequate space in which to work. This reduces the carrying capacity of the distributing cars.

On the other hand the second- and third-class mail, such as newspapers, magazines and merchandise, is handled much more cheaply. It is worked over, as a rule, in the postoffices where there is adequate room and then loaded into the cars, up to the roof, if desired, for shipment straight through to destination.

The rapid transmission of letters by air permits this working of mail in the postoffices without any noticeable loss of time. This does away, of course, with a large number of the distributing cars and permits at the same time, a more complete distribution than ordinarily is possible aboard a train.

AT PRESENT approximately 224,000 letters are carried each day by airplane mail. The average load of an airplane is 400 pounds. Since letters average forty to the pound, it is estimated that each load consists of 16,000 letters. The system provides for the carrying in different sections of the country, of fourteen loads a day.

Airplane pilots in the mail service receive $2,000 a year salary and five cents a mile for the distance flown, so that a regular pilot receives from $3 000 to $6,000 a year. The average is about $4 000. Each pilot flies four days a week, approximately 1,600 miles.

"The flyers in the Air Mail Service have to be twice as proficient as those in the military service," in the opinion of C. J. Stanton superintendent of operations of the service. "They go out under all sorts of weather conditions, winter and summer. The mail flyers cannot select their days. Their job is always before them—that of getting the mail to destination.

"The loss of life in the army and navy flying services is greater than in the postal service. I am basing this on point-to-point flying, and not on stunting, such as is done in the military service, which runs the figure up."

Postmaster General Will H. Hays is working out a scheme of co-operation between the Air Mail Service of the Postoffice Department and the Army Aviation Service, under the War Department to further the national preparedness of the nation. Mr. Hays has interested himself in the service to such an extent that he has made some fights in postal airplanes on his own account in the vicinity of Washington and on the route between Washington and New York City.

Mr. Hays wants to create an aviation reserve corps through the Air Mail Service for the purpose of giving practical training to flyers who might be of value to the country in time of an emergency. The scheme has the approval of some of the high officers of the army, and of John W. Weeks, Secretary of War.

"In this way the Air Mail Service can be one of the greatest value to the country," Mr. Hays declares. "Aviators can be trained to fly and then to get their practice in carrying the mail. Large numbers of young men can be kept prepared so that in the event of a war they can be summoned to serve in the army.

"Purposeless flying, therefore, such as now is necessary in the different aviation schools throughout the country, will come to an end. It will result, I am sure, to the best interests of the commercial as well as the military requirements of the nation."

The reliability of the service was shown by the recent award of prizes by five newspapers along the transcontinental route to air mail pilots flying between New York City and San Francisco. The awards were based on mileage on completed trips made at the rate of eighty miles an hour or better, and failure because of weather conditions or motor trouble was discounted. The winner of the first prize of $500, William C. Hopson, made 111 trips for a total mileage of 23,778 during the six months of the contest; his closest rival made 103 trips for 22,651 miles; and the third man flew 21,240 miles on 102 trips. These performances were achieved as part of the routine of the Air Mail Service and it is interesting to note that each of the prize winners was in the Army Air Service during the war.

The Business Man in the Church

How He Could Make Its Work Immeasurably More Effective

By FREDERICK A. AGAR

(National Efficiency Secretary, Northern Baptist Convention)

IN THE average community in America a large percentage of the successful dominating business and professional men are to be found in the membership of the local churches. Those business men in the church generally hold a majority of the offices in the local organization. They are the deacons, elders, stewards, trustees, treasurers and Bible school superintendents of the church they belong to.

For many years the various local churches have been absolutely dominated in official places by these men and yet it is quite true that the worst managed institutions in American life have been those same church organizations in the control of those leading men, in their respective communities. It is true that many of them do sooner or later fail in their business enterprise, but if they had conducted their wee -day business affairs as they have conducted their local church concerns, they would have failed much sooner and in many cases been dishonored. This fact has been stated to many groups of men and never been contradicted. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule.

The church that is blamed and often despised in the world around it, is in reality causing a condemnation of each of us, for it is but the product of our own and our mothers', fathers', brothers', sisters', companions' and friends' life and labor. We need therefore to stop resenting the flood of criticism and look the facts squarely in the face and then act with common sense to remove quickly the real causes for ridicule and criticism. Too often in the past the stark naked facts have not been told because, forsooth, some are fearful that the Christian sentiment of the country would be outraged and the cause of the church damaged. It is damaged far more by the policy of silence because such a policy precludes the hope of a constructive change.

MEMBERSHIP values at present are calculated in numbers and not in character and achievement when judged by the condition and progress of the local church. One such organization recently dropped nine hundred names for cause. In general, local churches drop about half as many each year as they add by profession of faith. This is poor business. Quality is always above quantity.

The membership, to the extent of about half its number, do not patronize or work for their own institution. It is not uncommon to find a church where only half the members are worshipping with regularity, serving with any adequate zeal and giving in proportion to their evident ability. No business institution could survive this experience for any length of time.

The church apparently does not believe enough in itself and its message to spend adequate sums of money in advertising what it has to promulgate. The progress of business depends upon proper advertising. The average free newspaper comment on religious happenings is not a fair index of what is transpiring in church circles.

For instance some weeks ago in a minister's conference we were discussing the deeper needs for spiritual ministry in the face of present world conditions. In answer to a question from the floor the leader of the conference made a single reference to a much discussed pleasure by advising that time be not wasted in preaching against it, but to build into the life of the church a positive program of activities and the thing referred to would soon be minimized. The presence of a reporter had not been noted, but to the chagrin of the speaker this one little question and answer had been put into a glaring headline and anyone reading that newspaper would have had good reason to think that for several hours that conference of ministers had discussed a sensational phase of amusement while the world about was in great spiritual distress and need.

The business man in the church is in a position to secure proper streatment for church news and he should see that in the local press distortion and gross misrepresentation should cease. Newspaper men like ministers are human and they want to give their constituency what is demanded. Newspapers are most generous toward the churches and have sincerely endeavored to help them, but have lacked co-operation from the business man in the local organization. The church must pay for its advertising like other lines of business.

The church is run on a cheap basis and maintains one of the lowest average wage scales of any organization in the land. It pays its leadership an average wage of less than $800.00 per year. Cheap or poorly paid help is most costly in the long run, for it produces failure in every direction. An underpaid ministry is one of those strange revelations concerning the unreality of Christianity and its detachment from daily living with many business people.

The church in the city or large town is receiving a steady stream of people from the rural or village church. But the average city or large town church permits one of its chief sources of addition to remain in a notoriously backward and weak condition. Moreover, the country church furnishes a large percentage of the ministerial candidates. Who will dare say that those young men are not more or less permanently affected by their early religious conditions? Good business men in commercial circles keep their eyes on the sources of supply.

Many a local church has sold its birthright for a mess of pottage, known as ease in Zion, which results in a minimum investment of lay time, energy, talent and personality. Churches today often hire a preacher to do the work of the organization and then the members, like a group of baseball fans, have sat on the side-lines and hollered at the worker. The average church is the product of its membership and in general today ministers are more or less the product of the people they serve; only they are a little bit higher up than the average lay member. Many local churches are composed of a lot of unrelated groups of people called Bible Schools, Women's Unions, Young People's Societies, Men's Brotherhoods and so on.

The objectives of these varied groups are seldom correlated, so that they all may help to produce a unified goal. Often they are distinctly competitive of each other, particularly in regard to the production of money. They have no common treasury under church control but each maintains its own financial officers who lead their group in efforts to exploit for money everyone within reach. Recently one such local church reported twenty-three money-producing agencies within its sphere of activity. All this money exploitation leads to endless confusion and loss and often produces methods that are distinctly lawless and destructive. Fancy a mercantile establishment with twenty-three departments, each having its own financial plans and officers? Such a condition would not be possible in the business realm nor should it be possible in any local church wherein are some successful business men. One unified financial plan and appeal to every member should produce the total needs of a well-built, all-inclusive budget.

The tendency of the local church has been to desert down-town and other difficult sections of a congested city and move out of such needy centers instead of holding on and investing money enough in a worthwhile program to insure success in serving needy peoples. Too often the church property does not compare with the business property of the community, for it has been generally built on a basis of minimum expenditure and immediacy.

Business that is catering to the public for commercial profits is constantly investing larger and larger sums of money to keep in the center of life and action but the church under the direction of business men has followed the opposite policy.

ANOTHER tendency of the past two decades has been to build auditoriums to seat audiences, rather than a building that while accommodating a congregation would provide ample space for a well-rounded teaching and training ministry to every phase of normal life. In consequence thousands of barn-like structures dot the land.

Due to improper financing the church property has been utilized but a short time each week, thereby rendering partially useless the property investment. This is contrary to good business sense. The buildings are often needed for good community service but are made unavailable because of a misuse of the terms sacred and secular.

Common standards of integrity and responsibility often are not maintained in church life as they are observed in commercial transactions. As instances of this, we may cite the hushing up of the failure of some members to pay their pledges for church work, while they meet every other obligation; failure to emphasize the duties which church membership entails; the giving of letters of dismission which state that the individual is in good report or regular standing when the truth is far different; resort to money-raising schemes which conflict with the church's acceptance of tax-exemption as an institution devoted solely to the service of mankind; the temporary diversion of missionary contributions to meet local expenses; and delay in the distribution of various funds which come in from week to week, while the organizations for which they are intended are forced to borrow to meet their bills. In many minds a question will have come during the reading of these statements. It is an old question in church circles and has been answered in the wrong way for many many decades and the divine institution has in consequence suffered grievously. The question is this—"Why make this public? Why not keep it quiet and correct it, but do not put the church to shame." But after those decades of, "keeping it quiet," it is found that the church is not less troubled by low standards than it used to be. Good business and true Christianity demand that the business men in the church shall pull their spiritual heads out of the sand and look conditions in the face and put the concerns of the church on the highest spiritual and business basis. There is nothing wrong with the divine institution, but the fault is with the business men who control the organization on a low plane while they have a higher code of efficiency and ethics for their commercial pursuits.

The ministry are not entirely blameless in all these matters and will willingly and sorrowfully accept their share of the responsibility and if the business men will free the ministry from financial dependence upon the good-will of a capricious people, they will soon have much larger opportunities to relieve the church from its present situation.

NOW that we have confronted the disagreeable part of the discussion let us remember the constructive values of a local church to business life.

In the far West when frontier surroundings were common, conditions were very bad and women and children were not very prevalent until a church was organized and a little building was erected. That church, often weak and poverty-stricken, was a decided asset to the business life of the community. It helped to stabilize commercial life. It increased property values and safeguarded them. The credit of the community was enlarged. It grew in population and culture and the whole atmosphere was changed for the better along moral and social lines. What was true in early days in the far West is also true today anywhere in America. Who is there that would want to live in a place where the Christian Church was not established?

In central Africa, where my missionary life was lived, commercial life followed in the wake of the missionary. We led the way and created the needed conditions and then business grew apace. The organized church has been and is one of the great safeguards of business enterprise all over the world. It has also helped very largely, through its gospel, to make and keep on the up-grade those fundamental principles upon which all good business is founded and safeguarded. Keen successful business men everywhere recognize their need of the church. When, therefore, condemnation and rejection is poured upon the church it must be remembered that it is not the institution, divinely projected, that merits the contempt but it is those who use their talents, energy, foresight and acumen for selfish ends and being members of the church fail to use those same elements for the production of worth-while results in that organization.

Perhaps some reader may be unable to separate the divine institution from the personnel of its followers. Baseball is a great game, worthy of the nation that has made it the national pastime, and no one surely would confound the game itself with the little group of wretched men who used the game as a vehicle for their own dishonesty. The game is good but those men are bad. So is the divine institution good, but too often its membership is inefficient and unloving.

FINALLY, let us consider what relation the business man in the church should have to its future operation.

Being Christian in his business life, he will be business-like in his church. The same acumen, talents, sagacity, foresight, integrity, tenacity, strength of purpose, property sense and investment values will be shown in every phase of his life and in consequence the church will come into its proper high place in the world of people.

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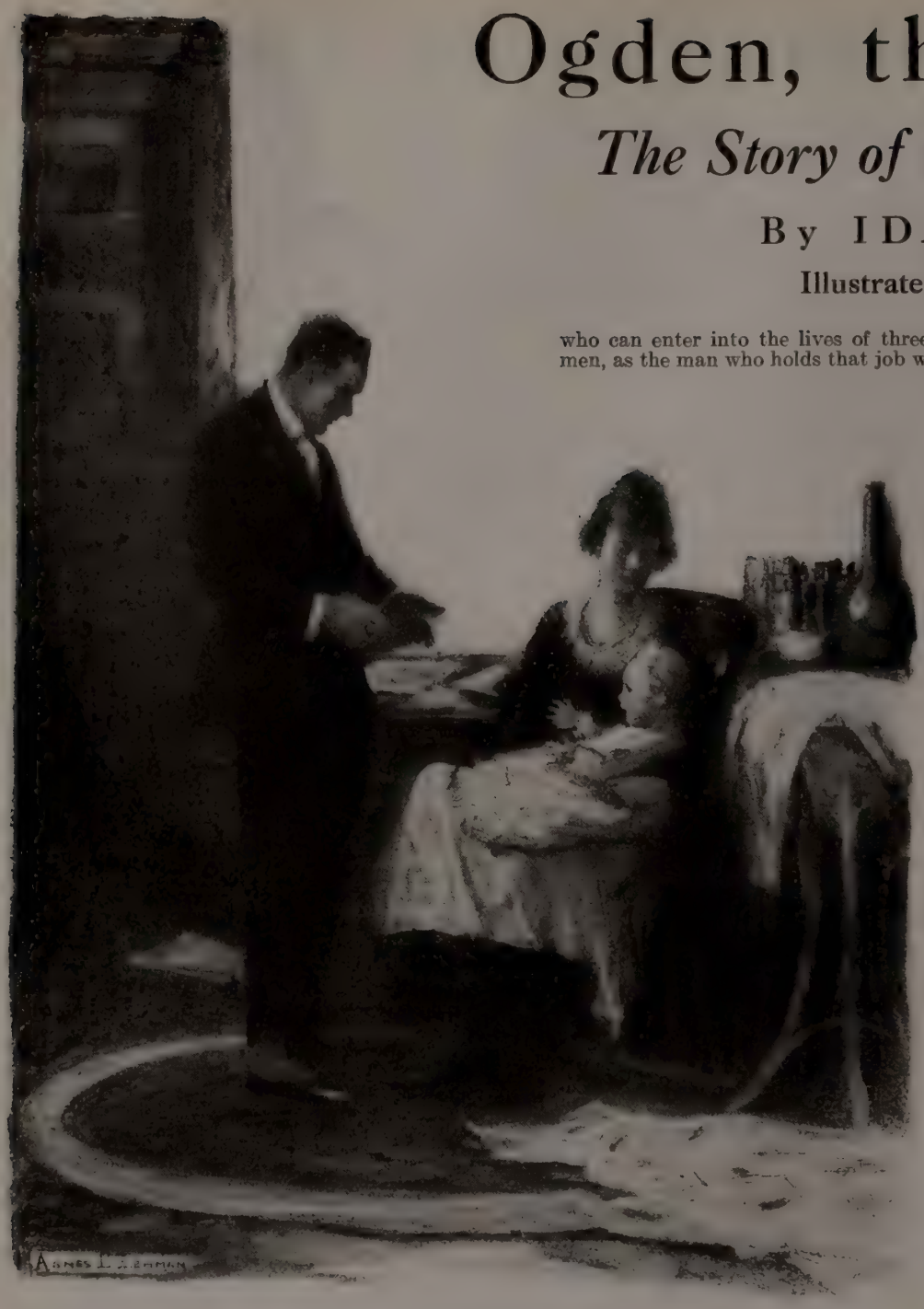
IT IS Dr. Agar's business to travel from end to end of the country, meeting calls from churches to be put on an efficient basis—a basis that makes for efficiency in its particular business, which is the spread of the Gospel and the advancement of Christ's Kingdom on earth. He has learned many things, some good and some bad, about the conduct of the churchs' affairs, and he approaches their problems with a deep sympathy and full understanding of their difficulties. Sometimes his conclusions may be resented and his cures disliked, but he has a big record of ill churches made well that warrants close attention to anything he says.

Ogden, the Detached

The Story of a Baby in Business

By IDA J. BURGESS

Illustrated by Agnes C. Lehman



The baby, all rosy and smiling and smelling deliciously of orris, was handed over to his impatient father

THORNGATE'S habit of talking over his business with his wife dated back to the days when his affairs were insignificant and his personal acquaintance with the income tax was wholly negligible. He could not recall that she had ever made a really definite nor valuable suggestion, yet he was forced to admit that there were times when her intuition was uncanny, though the deductions she drew were usually laughable, as for instance, in the case of Ballinger. All she had said at the time was that Ballinger had the wrong kind of curly hair and sang tenor! Of course, in the face of such absurd criticism, Thorngate took him on, but, as he dismally recalled, Ballinger had been a distinct failure.

Now as he lifted his coffee-cup and smiled at his wife across the dinner-table, appreciating dumbly the effect of the soft candle light on the delicate tints of her skin and the premature silver of her hair, he continued the subject under discussion.

"Ogden is a fine fellow—clever, forceful and all that—but he would never do to handle our men. He's too detached—too impersonal—too lacking in the human touch. Now wouldn't you think," Thorngate put down his cup with emphasis, "that a man with a two-year-old baby would open up a bit on the subject when he's given a chance?"

"A baby! Have the Ogdens a baby?" queried Mrs. Thorngate with new interest. "Why didn't you tell me before? You know"—her lips quivered slightly.

"But I didn't know! That"—Thorngate's smile was tender but there was a touch of exasperation in his voice—"that is just the point I'm making. Ogden didn't even tell me when the baby came, though he has been with us five years. I don't suppose I would know about its existence now if I hadn't run across him buying a little red wagon like the one—" it was the man's lips that twitched now, but he swallowed hard and went on. "—He couldn't very well avoid me then, you see; not when I asked him point-blank what orphan he was buying it for. But don't you see that a man who holds himself so aloof isn't the sort who can enter into the lives of three hundred other men, as the man who holds that job will have to do in order to be a success. I don't want a fellow talking about his personal affairs in business hours, but there are plenty of other times when you sort of expect these younger chaps to open up to a fatherly old fellow like myself. No sir! That place of shop manager needs a man with plenty of points of human contact, and Ogden falls down right there."

"But," argued Mrs. Thorngate, "after all, only a real father would buy a red wagon and carry it home himself!"

"Well, he acted as if I had caught him robbing the safe," rejoined her husband crisply. "All I could get out of him was that he had a baby about two years old—a boy. And he only told me that because I dragged it out of him. I tell you he's too chilly a proposition for the place. He could handle figures, but not men."

He rose to pull out his wife's chair. As they passed into their cheerful living-room, Mrs. Thorngate slipped her arm through his and rubbed her cheek against his sleeve.

"You can't expect all men to feel as you did, Dick," she said softly. "Let me try to find out about Mr. Ogden. We'll ask them both to dinner Sunday and tell them to bring the baby. Then you will have a chance to judge at first hand."

SO IT happened that a day or two later Douglas Ogden carried home a note from Mrs. Thorngate to his wife. He carried it home, but it was quite two hours later before he thought to deliver it. For there was a period in the daily routine of his life when Ogden's thoughts were centered upon just one object. Tonight, as usual, he hurried away from the dingy suburban station, arrived, breathless with haste, before his home and ran up the steps with the air of one who fears to be late for some important event. He turned his key in the lock with the furtive skill of a housebreaker and let himself softly into the warm hall. Through the glass door that led into the living-room he saw again for the hundredth time the picture, the memory of which hastened his homeward steps, and for the perfect vision of which he moved so quietly.

In a low rocking-chair drawn close to the fire, sat Marion, a capacious white apron over her pretty blue gown. By her side stood a lace-trimmed and beribboned toilet-basket, and on a low rack hung a baby's nightgown warming in the glow of the flames. There was an appetizing smell of dinner cooking somewhere in the background and a tall lamp shed a rosy radiance on the simple furnishings of the room. But the whole scene to Ogden's eyes was merely the appropriate and usual setting for the wonderful being who sat on his mother's lap, crowing with joy and radiating superb health. At the click of the key in the lock, Marion glanced at the clock on the mantel and gave the baby a little poke in his ribs, thereby ensuring a still wider grin of welcome for the person who was arriving.

"Right on time, isn't he, honeybunch?" she whispered into the baby's ear. "And if he should happen to be late we could set back the clock and he'd think you were going to bed on schedule time, and yet he wouldn't miss his frolic. What's a schedule for, snookums?"

Dropping his hat and overcoat in the hall, rubbing his hands to make sure that the least bit of chill should have disappeared from them, his face aglow with eagerness, Douglas—the cold, detached, impersonal aspirant for the place of shop manager in the Thorngate plant—hurried in to take his part in the evening ceremony of the Ogden household. There was always the same routine to be observed—a routine of which none of the three participants ever seemed to weary. First there was a sweet young mother to be very fondly kissed. Then a gurgling two-year-old was swung to his father's shoulders for a sight-seeing expedition about the room which included a solemn greeting for every picture on the walls. This Douglas called a "high art pilgrimage," and declared it was laying the very foundation stone of a human being's proper education.

Then came all the fascinating details of a baby's nightly toilet, shamelessly deferred past the prescribed hour by an otherwise systematic mother. There was the exciting moment when a little shirt would stick fast to a round fuzzy head and in wild endeavor to escape from the confining folds its owner unwarily exposed a fat pink stomach to a masculine finger that beat a tattoo on the place where some ribs should have been, though no eye could discern them. Baby chuckled and escaped from his tormentor by the simple expedient of turning over on that portion of his anatomy whereupon there was a delectable fat back to be rubbed and ten pink toes to be counted.

"And this little pig cried 'wee-wee-wee' all the way home," chanted Douglas joyously.

"Wee-wee-wee," squealed his son.

"You're a pair of silly geese," declared the third of the trio, "and Daddy Boy is the sillier of the two. I'm ashamed of you," whereupon she was consoled by a rapturous hug.

THEN the warm nightgown was slipped over the adorable charms, and the baby, all rosy and smiling and smelling deliciously of orris, was handed over to his impatient father while his mother went to prepare her son's supper. This was the time that Douglas loved best of all—the incomparable bliss of the quarter of an hour when he held his boy in his arms and crooned the lullaby he had heard his own mother sing. Only a young father knows the dreams a man dreams when he sits before an open fire with his first-born son in his arms.

It was not until the baby was tucked away for the night and two flushed but radiant young parents faced each other across the dinner-table that Douglas remembered the note. Marion opened it wonderingly.

"Dear Mrs. Ogden," she read. "Will you and your husband dine with us very informally on Sunday at half past one. It's a very unfashionable hour, I know, but we want you to bring the baby. We will send a closed car for you and we hope that nothing will prevent you from giving us the great pleasure of your company. Yours cordially, Helen Thorngate."

"The baby! How did Mrs. Thorngate know we had a baby?" asked Marion. "I thought you said you had never mentioned Junior at the shop. And I have never seen Mrs. Thorngate since he was born."

"I never have spoken of him," protested Douglas. "You know if there is anything that makes me tired it is a man who is always gushing about his kids. You bet, I don't talk about him. We agreed before he was born that we'd never talk about our children in public no matter what sort they turned out to be. They were to be our children and were not to be discussed nor inflicted on our friends. I've stood for enough of that sort of stuff in my time to be guilty of indulging in the pastime myself. Of course, I've never mentioned the baby at the shop."

"But how——" began Marion.

"Well," Douglas was distinctly peevish. "I ran into the old man when I was buying that red wagon the other day. Couldn't dodge his questions. He seemed mighty interested for a man as old as he is. Started to ask me all sorts of things, and I had to cut and run or he'd have had the whole history of the baby."

"Oh, then he must have gone home and told his wife," said Marion. "That's why she invited the baby. Now what are we going to do about it?"

DOUGLAS scowled. "We'll have to go. I've got an idea Thorngate wants to look me over for that job of shop manager I told you about. Probably wants a squint at you, too. But what he wants the baby for is beyond me. Well, we'll go, but we'll have to behave—you especially. No gushing over the baby for Thorngate, remember."

"But Douglas," protested Marion, "you are quite as silly over Junior as I am and you know perfectly well that no matter where we are if he is there too we can't help being a little foolish over him."

"Then he'll have to stay at home," decided the other foolish parent. "If we haven't any more self-control where our child is concerned, then we aren't going to appear in public with him until we get it! We'll throw a bluff about him getting sick—a cold or a stomach ache or a new tooth or something of the sort. He'll be perfectly safe with Susan for a few hours and the Thorngates won't know he isn't coming until we arrive without him. Besides, they only asked him to be polite. What would a cold proposition like Thorngate want with a baby? Other people aren't as foolish as we are."

"But we've never left him alone except at night after he is sound asleep." Marion was disturbed at the mere idea of such desertion. "I'm afraid I'll be so worried that I'll show it."

"Nonsense," snapped Douglas. "There's got to be an end to this sort of thing sometime and it might as well be now. Other people have children and manage to leave them at home."

"Yes," said Marion, doubtfully. "But Junior is so different!"

Whereupon Douglas laughed and pulled her ears. "You'll have to buck up, old girl. It's a question of landing that job. Old Thorngate isn't going to stand for nonsense. I've got to show him I'm above small affairs——"

"Small affairs!" retorted Marion indignantly, which ended the discussion for the time.

THE Thorngates still dined at midday on Sunday. It was one of the customs of their early married life, carried over from the time when Helen Thorngate had cooked the dinner herself and Richard had sat down to it in his Sunday suit, with hands which, in spite of prolonged scrubbing with sand soap, still showed traces of his work at the bench. There had been a baby then—a rollicking two-year-old who had died just about the time that his young father's long hours of toil were rewarded by the discovery on which the subsequent Thorngate fortune was built. The dollars had come, but there had been no more babies, and Helen Thorngate's maturing beauty had taken on an appealing wistfulness, and beneath Richard Thorngate's appreciation of his hard-won success there lurked always a suspicion of its futility when there was no son who could carry on the name.

The Sunday that the Ogdens were expected, Mrs. Thorngate paid special attention to the menu.

"No fancy dishes today, Mary," she said to the privileged person who had ruled the kitchen for many years. "I know you love to make them, but I want an old-fashioned dinner—fricassee of chicken with lots of cream gravy and mashed potatoes and some nice jelly and sponge cake and plain ice cream—the sort of things a baby could have a taste of if babies today are like——" she broke off abruptly.

Mary looked at her mistress with the understanding eyes of a common womanhood. "Sure, ma'am, and I'll be after ordering some certified milk and cooking a cereal if it should be that they'd not be letting him have the other things."

Mrs. Thorngate nodded. She could not trust herself to speak. It had been so many years since she had planned a baby's meal!

Thorngate looked up from his reading as his wife sought him out in his favorite corner of the sun parlor. "Dick," she bent over to him to whisper in his ears, "will you bring the high chair down from the attic? I'll go with you to dust it off."

"Why not call a maid?" her husband started to say, but catching a glimpse of his wife's face he rose instantly. Why, to be sure, no one's hands but his or hers might touch so sacred a thing.

From a locked storeroom at the top of the big house they brought it down—a cheap, battered wooden high chair, the varnish of its tray marred by the white rings where a baby's cup had often been placed, its footrest dented by the kicking of restless little feet. They brought it down the wide stairs and placed it amid the massive carved mahogany of the beautiful dining-room. It had matched the yellow oak set with which the Thorngates had started housekeeping, but here it stood out in sharp contrast—incongruous, pathetic, a mute, but eloquent symbol of something dear and sacred. Helen dusted its scarred surfaces with a trembling hand, while Thorngate laid his arm across her shoulders. But neither spoke as they turned back to the sun room to await their guests.

BUT when the Ogdens came, they came alone. "Didn't you—didn't you bring the baby?" Even Mrs. Thorngate's perfect courtesy was not proof against such disappointment.

"Oh," said Marion, as if the thought of her child's absence had but just occurred to her. "He wasn't well and we decided at the last moment not to bring him. Besides," with an air of extreme nonchalance, "children are so troublesome."

"Quite so—quite so," put in Douglas in his most perfectly aloof manner. "Have you been following the developments in the Irwin case, sir," he turned to Thorngate as if to dismiss such trivial subjects from the masculine ken.

"No," said his employer brusquely. "Say"—this to Marion—"the baby isn't very sick, is he?"

Marion flushed. "Oh, no," she said in quick denial, "he's never sick. I mean he isn't very sick. And we have a good person to leave him with."

"Good person!" Thorngate glanced at his wife. He knew that she was telling herself that there was only one "good person" for a sick baby and that was the baby's mother. What had come over this newer generation of parents?

Talk at the dinner-table dragged. The plain meal which was to have symbolized those never-to-be-forgotten years, suddenly, was merely plain food from which all savor had departed. The battered high chair that was to have enthroned a royal guest stood mute and empty in the corner where it had been thrust hastily. Doggedly, Thorngate stuck at his task of drawing out the Ogdens on the subject of their baby.

"Has your boy any teeth?" he asked Marion. "Don't they have a whole mouthful at his age?"

Marion brightened visibly. Here was something worth discussing. "Yes, indeed," she responded promptly. "He's cut nineteen and there's only one more to come, you know. And he did it so easily. Why, his first tooth came when he was only four months old and we never knew a thing about it until Douglas found——" here she caught a glimpse of her husband's frowning face and stopped short. Gushing about the baby as usual. And on such a topic to such a man! She floundered about miserably,

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When You Climb the Hill

Don't Go So Hurriedly That You Miss All of the Garden Places!

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I DREAMED a curious dream one night, a long time ago. And the memory of it has stayed with me through the years. It's stayed with me so strongly that once I wrote a poem about it—and once I used it as the background for a story. And today, because of Mary Harris—of whom I will say more, later—it came back to me again.

The dream, as I said, was a strange one. But it was a simple one, as to construction. It seemed that I was climbing up a steep hill—a long, dusty, tiresome hill. And it seemed that upon the sides of the hill—away from the dust and dirt—there bloomed green little gardens and sweet, cool stretches of lawn. And it seemed that pleasant people called to me from those garden spots, saying:

"Wait a bit—wait! You're going by all the good things of life! You're missing the flowers and the sunshine and the love. You're letting your youth slip away."

I heard them calling, in my dream. But I didn't answer. For they seemed hardly important enough to answer. Only I kept saying to myself:

"They're silly, asking me to stop. They should realize that I must hurry to the top of the hill. That *I must hurry!*"

The way grew rougher, as I climbed. I could feel the heat of the sun on my uncovered head, and I could feel the bite of sharp stones through my slippers. There were ledges of rock to be crawled over, and deep ruts in the path. But still I kept on. And as I went up and up the green garden places began to grow smaller and the smooth bits of lawn fell sharply away And the voices of the calling people became only murmurs in the distance.

I toiled on. And then, suddenly, I began to grow weary. And all at once I thought, with keen longing, of the garden spots that I had passed.

"IT WOULD have been nice," I told myself, "to have lingered with the pleasant people down below. But——" I added, "I'm almost at the top. And when I've reached the top I'll have nothing more to do, for the rest of my life, but enjoy gardens! I can always go back to the place I've passed!"

So I said, in my dream. And, because of my philosophy, I gritted my teeth and struggled on, up the hill that was now almost unbearably steep. I could feel blisters on my heels, and my head ached, and my tired back was a torment. But I struggled on—and on. And at last I reached the brow of the hill—a gaunt barren spot.

I was tired, so tired, when I reached my destination that I sank down upon the ground. I was too exhausted to feel even a slight degree of triumph. But at last I raised my head wearily and looked about.

Yes, I was at the summit—I had reached the heights that I had toiled for. But everything seemed drab and colorless and shrunken—on the heights. And all at once I wanted the gardens that I had passed so carelessly. And I glanced eagerly down the hillside, But all that I could see was the hard road, winding dustily into the distance. For the garden spots had disappeared—as though some gigantic hand had erased them.

All alone on the summit of the hill I sat. And the sky was dark above me, and I was worn out, and there were no gardens to go back to.

And suddenly, I waked from my dream. And my cheeks were wet with tears.

WHEN Mary Harris came to see me, today, in my office, I noticed the great change in her. When I first met her, many years ago, I had been a child and she had been a young and radiant woman. And somehow, ever since our initial meeting, I had connected her very name with thoughts of youth and radiance. So the change in her came as a real shock to me.

She was faded, and dull, and gray. She was undeniably old, although she was only a little past forty. And her whole manner was disinterested, listless.

We talked, for a while, of the commonplaces. She had been the friend of older members of my family—we mentioned them. And then, as conversation drifts, we swung around to her work (for she is a very successful business woman) and to mine.

"You've gone ahead so fast, Miss Harris," I ventured. "You've reached the big things sooner than most people."

Mary Harris laughed, a hard little laugh.

"Yes," she said. "I've reached the big things—at forty-one. But I almost wish that I hadn't gotten to the top so soon. Don't——" suddenly her voice was intense, passionate, "don't make my mistake!"

I, somehow, did not want to ask questions. But my curiosity got the better of my delicacy.

"What mistakes have you made?" I asked.

And Mary Harris told me

It was a commonplace story that she told me, rather. And the dull tone of her voice made it even more commonplace. There were no high spots in the narrative, no moments of climax.

AS a girl she had been absorbed with the idea of carving out a future, a career, for herself. She had been obsessed with the thought of doing something worth-while, something big. She had talked of it, dreamed of it, prayed about it. And at last a business opportunity, with possibilities, had presented itself.

She had seized the opportunity. And she had thrown herself into the work. She had given up her play times, her moments of recreation, her friends. She had made the business her master—she had become a slave to it.

It is not strange that she made good. You see, she was putting her very life into it. Amazingly she forged ahead, from one position to another, until she had reached an executive office with her name, in gold leaf, upon the door. And then, for the first time, she felt that she could rest.

There had been times, during her progress up the hill of business, when she had almost hesitated. Mary Harris told me, in her monotonous voice, of a man who had wanted to marry her; *and she had loved him.* There had been a home in the country that she had contemplated buying. There had been a certain course of study that she had pondered on, and a trip to Europe, and a chance to do good in the crowded slums. But they would have interfered with her progress.

"They would have held me back," said Mary Harris, "and I didn't want to be held back. So I gave them up. But now——" her voice broke, "now that I've time the opportunities are gone. The man married another girl. And some one else is living in the house. And I'm too old to go to college; I' d be miserable in a class with just *young* women! And I can't interest the slum kiddies—all I know is *business*, and they don't care for business! Oh," she was almost sobbing, "don't try to get ahead so fast that you'll miss all the joy of life!"

IN MY dream the garden places and the pleasant people had disappeared. In the life of Mary Harris—and in many another life—the garden places disappear just as suddenly, completely!

Of course every one wants to be a success. Everyone wants to climb to the top of the hill! But the wise climber will pause in climbing—will take time to enjoy the garden places; to see God's flowers, and God's green grass—and to know the love that God has put on earth for us.

The wise climber will get to the top of the hill, eventually. And he'll have a real joy of achievement when he gets there.

For there will be warm memories in his heart of garden spots, and youth, and an unwasted springtime!

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

The Family Altar Again

THE number of letters received in reply to the editorial on The Family Altar has been very large, and the letters which have come from homes in every part of the country reveal the gratifying fact that the custom of family worship is by no means gone out of the nation's life. The Christian Herald wishes again to acknowledge all these letters, with hearty thanks for the great care and time taken by many writers in describing the way in which they observe the habit, and in many cases outlining in detail the exact form of service held.

The present seems to be peculiarly a fit time to revive this subject. The tremendous upheavals which are going on all over the world in its political, social, economic and industrial life are calling attention to the basic need of the right kind of home and family influence. Already our divorces are almost as many as those of Japan. Family life and integrity are threatened by the hotel and apartment existence forced on thousands. Strikes and lockouts in all parts of the world are creating a spirit of bitterness and unrest that destroy the peace and equanimity of households. The scarcity of candidates for the ministry is illustrated in the remarkable and alarming fact that colleges which a few years ago graduated a score of candidates for the ministry are now graduating only one or two. If ever a consecrated and praying family life were needed in this nation it is needed now as never before in our history. And the establishment of a Family Altar with its immense influence in shaping ideals and creating spiritual impulses is imperative, if we are going to have in the future such homes as will save a republic.

Along with the gratifying revelation of such homes already established, testifying to the tremendous value of the custom in shaping character of children, it is also of great interest to note that splendid organizations like the Gideons, through their speakers who have the courtesy of the churches extended to them, are in very many cases emphasizing with power, the need of the Family Altar. At a recent gathering of the Gideons in the Middle West one of the speakers was so effective that as a result more than forty families in one parish decided to establish the altar in their homes. No one will ever be able to measure the value of those decisions in that parish and community.

Ministers of the Gospel, may we be allowed to make this suggestion? In making your parish calls, what greater service can you render your people than to talk over this matter of the Family Altar with your parishioners? When you receive new members into your communions, what finer thing can you do than to urge the custom on all who have made their vows to love the Lord Jesus Christ. And what greater sermon can you preach than one in which you take the Family Altar as a theme, and outline a simple form of conducting it, giving for illustration of its power, the testimony, gathered beforehand, of all those in your parish who have put it into their homes as a regular part of the sacred home circle. If the Family Altar were an established fact in every American home, we would not be afraid of anything in our social, industrial and political life. Without it, we are in danger of losing out of the Home, which is the real power of the state, the one greatest factor which can shape and mold its thought and conduct.

The Value of Bible Study

IT IS a fact well attested that among the greatest minds this nation has produced, there are comparatively few who have not drawn their principal inspiration from the Bible. Lincoln had studied it from boyhood and its influence was reflected in many ways in his later career. It gave to his addresses a forceful eloquence which caused them to be remembered. McKinley and Roosevelt also owed much of their best qualities in public life to the fact that they studied the Word. And now President Harding, in a recent letter approving the work of a Chicago Bible distributing organization, wrote of the value of Bible study in these unqualified words:

"I have always believed in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, whereby they have become the expression to men of the word and will of God. I believe that from every point of view the study of the Bible is one of the most worthy to which men may devote themselves, and that in proportion as they know and understand it, their lives and actions will be better."

It would be interesting to know to what extent the members of our present Congress have studied the Bible, and in what measure it has been a spur to their eloquence with both voice and pen, and a counselor in times of emergency. The public man who has never studied the Bible has missed much that would have contributed to the real success of his career, while he who has drunk deep at its springs of wisdom, finds it applicable to every emergency, and is not ashamed to tell the world how much he is debtor to it for the greatest triumphs that have come to him in the battle of life.

That Bible study is much more popular today than formerly, we think can not be questioned. There are great multitudes, even outside of Bible schools and classes, who find God's Word a source of comfort and blessing, a safe Guide through all the vicissitudes of life, a revelation of Divine love and forgiveness, with assurance of the life to come.

Commercializing the Lord's Day

WE HEARTILY commend the spirit of the veto message sent to the Connecticut Legislature by Governor Lake, in which he sets forth his reasons for returning, unsigned and unapproved, the measure entitled "An Act Concerning the Observance of Sunday." The Governor's veto says:

> "If this bill becomes a law, the entering wedge of the last session would be confirmed and established as precedent for a commercialized Sunday, and there would be no justification in refusing to authorize any commercial activity upon Sunday. As Governor Holcomb has said, time alone would be required to practically remove all legal distinction between the Sabbath and the secular days of the week. I sincerely and strongly believe that this movement is one of the greatest menaces to the stability of the Nation. History has taught us this lesson, whether we are willing to accept its teachings or not. The pressure of modern liberalizing tendencies in the observance of Sunday has done very much to break down the universal respect for the Christian Sabbath, and it appears that the last line of defense is to be upon the question of commercialism. . . .
>
> "This bill sanctions the capitalization of the sport of baseball and football for the chief benefit of the organizers and promoters of professional baseball games, and the disclosures of the last year have revealed clearly the commercialism which has crept into the latter professional sport.
>
> "The General Assembly of 1913 first saw fit, in spite of Governor Holcomb's disapproval, to authorize commercialized amusements on Sundays. I believe that they erred in what was for the best good of the State of Connecticut and her future peace, prosperity and comfort; that neither that action nor this proposed Act is in accord with those traditions and regulations of life which, coming to us from our ancestors, have made us proud of these New England States and of Connecticut's place among them. In my opinion, the majority of the people of the State are of this belief."

That the growing tendency of what has been called the "liberalizing movement" is towards the wiping out of the Lord's Day altogether, as the Governor points out in his message, will hardly be questioned. The Connecticut liberalizers may pass the measure over the veto; but Governor Lake will have the consciousness that he has done his duty, as a faithful Executive, in opposing the commercialization of the Sabbath. His appeal to history and the lessons it holds is a timely warning, and although it may not prevail, it surely ought not to pass unheeded.

Better or Worse?

IN REPLY to the question raised as to whether this generation of young people is better or worse than the generation a quarter of a century ago, a large number of replies have been received. A majority of these replies say that this generation is different in many ways from that of twenty-five years ago, because it is surrounded by more things to amuse and distract from the serious side of life. In other words, a large number of things have come into this generation which spell expense, and tempt to excitement of the senses.

A quarter of a century ago, there were no movies. Today, the young people crowd the amusement places day and night. By count in one town of 50,000 people, in one afternoon over 700 school children were found in five different movies. The night attendance of students from High School was over 1,200. Draw your own conclusion.

Twenty-five years ago there were no school and college dances and social functions on the large scale as today. At present it is the exceptional college that does not have at least two or three dances a week, and social functions on the part of the fraternities and sororities that take hours of the students' time and much of his and her money. Or, perhaps to be more exact, the money of "father." Draw your own conclusion.

A quarter of a century ago, the fraternities and sororities in colleges were not organized on the scale they are now. In one large educational institution in this country there are 42 different Greek letter societies. Most of these are purely social organizations. They have no literary program. Many of them are extremely expensive. They did not engage the attention of the average student twenty-five years ago as they do today. Draw your own conclusion.

The expense of getting an education has more than doubled within a quarter of a century. The editor went through the Academy and the University on an average expenditure of less than $400 a year for six years. Today it is the exception when a college student gets through a year without spending $1000.

Before any one can answer intelligently the question whether this generation of young people is any better than the generation which has passed, a large number of factors must be taken into account. It remains to be noted that there is no doubt the present-day student has MORE THINGS in his life than students had twenty-five years ago. Do you think those things have made him better or worse? Draw your own conclusion.

Who Is Gandhi?

THE Great British Empire, with its 400,000,000 subjects on whom the sun never sets, knows very well to its present anxiety who Gandhi is, but the average American citizen, even the one who reads the daily paper most carefully, would not know whether the unusual name spelled a new kind of automobile or a special brand of breakfast food.

Gandhi is the leader of the mighty non-co operation movement in India, and his followers number more than any human being ever had in any country. And the wonder of it all is that this frail human being, who weighs only 100 pounds and is a strict vegetarian, fasting for long days, is a practical politician, not a wild visionary nor an impractical dreamer. Gandhi has a definite program to make India a national government, ruled and conducted in all its political, economic, and educational and religious life by the native Indian people. To bring this great program to pass he advocates the complete boycott of everything British in the way of manufactured goods. He preaches the duty of every native of India now in the British employ as a government servant, to resign, and great numbers of high-salaried officials among the educated young Hindus have voluntarily given up their positions to follow the Mahatma, or "saint," who is looked upon with intense reverence by millions.

Gandhi is a pacifist and advocates no use of force to advance the revolution. He says the appeal must be made to the soul of man, and that militarism of the western nations is blasphemy against God. He has very practical ideas about the way in which the people can establish industries of their own. To the wonder of the religious world, Gandhi has succeeded in attaching to himself as his special lieutenants two Mohammedans, and has actually brought the Hindus and Mahommedans together in his crusade against everything British. This feat alone marks him as a unique figure in the revolution of Indian thought and action.

Gandhi goes barefooted, travels always third-class, and is a believer in the oneness of humanity. He preaches against caste, and the use of titles. Hundreds of young Hindus have turned back to the British Government distinguished medals and titles conferred upon them, and thousands have embraced Gandhi's creed of no caste.

It is said by the missionaries who have met him that enormous crowds follow him and listen to him and after Gandhi's preaching, the crowds rush up to kiss his garments.

Just what will be the historical outcome of this man's antagonism to the great British Empire's rule in India remains to be seen. At present the statement is being made that never in all mankind's struggle for independence has any human being had such an enormous and enthusiastic following as Mahatma Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi.

The C. E. Convention

AT LEAST 50,000 people are expected to attend the World's Christian Endeavor Convention which meets in New York on July 6. Several times that many people will be vitally interested in the activities and personalities of the convention. As a compliment to the great young people's organization the Christian Herald for July 9 will be a special Christian Endeavor number, with a portrait of Dr. Francis E. Clark, its founder and president, in colors on the front cover. If you are a member of the Christian Endeavor, or you have friends who are members, you will want to order some extra copies of this unusual issue. If you do want additional copies for your friends it would be well if you ordered them now.

The World News of the Week

Secretary Hughes Rejects Polish Appeal for America's Support

AMERICA'S intention to stand aloof from the settlement of the Silesian controversy has been reaffirmed in a note from Secretary Hughes to the Polish Minister in Washington, who had sought to enlist American support for Poland's claims. Prince Lubomirski, in a lengthy communication, had accused Germany of cruelly oppressing the million Poles in Upper Silesia, assailed the provision which permitted Germans born in Silesia to return for the plebiscite, and denied Germany's contention that she must retain the province in order to be able to pay indemnities, in an endeavor to persuade the American Government to instruct its representatives abroad to exert their influence in Poland's behalf.

Secretary Hughes's reply, which followed his habit of stating America's views briefly and concisely, declared that the settlement of such boundary disputes was a matter of European concern in which the United States, in accord with its traditional policy, should not become involved. It added that the American representatives in the Allied councils, as far as could be foreseen, would express no opinion regarding the settlement.

The differences between Premiers Lloyd George and Briand regarding the situation created by the Polish invasion of Upper Silesia have not been settled as yet, but they are to meet soon for a face-to-face discussion which it is hoped will bring an agreement. The vigorous attacks on Lloyd George's criticisms of Polish policy by the French editors evoked from the Premier a statement that their tendency to resent as impertinence any expressions not in accord with their views "if persisted in, will be fatal to any entente." Regarding Poland he added: "The fate of Upper Silesia must be decided by the Supreme Council, and not by Korfanty. The children of the Treaty cannot be allowed to break crockery in Europe with impunity. Somebody must place a restraining hand on them; otherwise there will be continual trouble."

Harvey Repudiates League

COL. GEORGE HARVEY'S first address as Ambassador to Great Britain contained the most positive declaration yet made by any high American official regarding American participation in the League of Nations—a declaration so emphatic as to remove the last vestiges of doubt as to the attitude of the Harding administration unless the new Ambassador spoke without authority. And it is hardly conceivable that Colonel Harvey, delivering a formal address to an assemblage which included Premier Lloyd George and many of the highest British officials, would make such an utterance without having submitted it to the President for approval.

"There still seems to linger in the minds of many here, as, indeed, of a few at home, the impression that in some way or other, by hook or by crook, unwittingly and surely unwillingly, the United States may be beguiled into the League of Nations," he said. "Now let me show you how utterly absurd any such notion is. I need not recall the long contest waged between the two branches of our government over this proposal. . . . Finally, as you know, the question of America's participation in the League came before the people and the people decided against it by a majority of 7,000,000 out of a total vote of 25,000,000. . . . Anybody could see that it follows then inevitably and irresistibly that our present government could not without betrayal of its creators and masters, and will not, I can assure you, have anything whatsoever to do with the League or with any commission or committee appointed by it or responsible to it, directly or indirectly, openly or furtively. . . . I need hardly add that my government would not dream of criticizing, much less of objecting, to the League as now constituted of other nations. I wish only to dispose definitely and finally of the strangely prevalent and utterly baseless supposition respecting the attitude of the United States of America."

In his speech Colonel Harvey interpolated an announcement that he had just received instructions from President Harding to represent the United States at any meeting of the Allied Supreme Council to consider the Silesian situation. In Paris it was suggested he might serve as peace-maker.

International

THE 16-INCH GUNS OF AMERICA'S NEWEST GIANT FIGHTING CRAFT

One glance at these huge weapons on the super-dreadnought Tennessee, which has just passed her trials, is sufficient to explain why the naval armament race has grown so costly as to be a tremendous burden to any nation

Railway Wages to Be Cut

THE United States Railway Labor Board has decided that there must be a general reduction of the wages of railroad employees, but has not determined how deep a cut in the pay of the workers is justified by present conditions. Announcement of that decision was promised for June 1, and the new scales are to be effective on July 1. The employees of about ninety railroads, among them some of the largest in the country, will be affected by the decision, which will set the standard for all future decisions and ultimately fix the wages of the entire 2,000,000 railroad workers in the United States.

The bulk of the employees who will come under the initial decision are in the unskilled class, mostly maintenance-of-way men, but the request of two companies for wage reductions of all classes affords an opportunity to set a precedent all along the line. As a preliminary to the readjustment, the Board announced a new and complete occupational classification of all railroad labor which is to be used as a basis for the settlement of future disputes.

Representatives of the employees began at once to arrange for an appeal to the courts in case the wage reductions should be larger than they consider just. An order would be sought restraining the railroads from making the reductions effective until the appeal had been adjudged by the courts—a process which might involve months of delay. It was believed that the board's authority would not be questioned but that precedents would be cited for a court review of the board's findings. The exact powers and status of the board have been regarded as doubtful by some, and the law creating it provided no penalty for a violation of its decisions.

A bright spot for the employees was the fact that several railroads were re-employing men who had been idle for some time.

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COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY

American Ambassador to Great Britain and representative on the Allied Supreme Council

Paul Thompson

DAVID H. BLAIR

of Winston-Salem, N. C., who has been named to head the Internal Revenue Bureau

Presbyterian Assemblies Meet

THE General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. and of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. have been holding their annual sessions, the Northern Church at Winona Lake, Ind., and the Southern at St. Louis, with the proposed constitution for the union of the Presbyterian and Reformed churches as one of the most important matters to be considered. This plan embraces also the Reformed Church in America, the Reformed Church in the United States and the United Presbyterian Church; and the united churches would function through a biennial assembly to be known as the United Assembly of the Presbyterian Reformed Churches in America. Each constituent church would retain its autonomy in the creed, government and worship but would act "to further the redemptive work of Christ" through the United Assembly.

The Northern Assembly elected Rev. Dr. Samuel Chapman Swearingen, of St. Paul, Minn., to succeed Rev. Dr. Samuel C. Palmer, of Columbus, Ohio, as moderator. Dr. Searwingen received 560 of the 875 votes cast, the only other candidate being Rev. Dr. John B. Laird, of Philadelphia. Rev. Dr. A. B. Curry, of Memphis, was chosen moderator of the Southern Assembly, succeeding Rev. Walter L. Lingle, of Richmond.

The election of a successor to the late Rev. Dr. William Henry Roberts, of Philadelphia, as stated clerk, was deferred by the Northern Assembly, and Rev. Dr. James M. Hubbert will serve for a year.

Chief Justice White Dies

EDWARD DOUGLAS WHITE, since 1910 Chief Justice of the United State Supreme Court, died in Washington at the age of seventy-six as the result of complications following an operation which had been too long postponed. For several months the Chief Justice had been in poor health, and four months ago his physicians and friends urged him to give up his work on the Bench to prepare himself for the operation, but he declared his duties were so all-important that if necessary he would rather die than stop for treatment.

Chief Justice White's career illustrated the rapidity with which the bitterness of Civil War days passed; for the man on whom was bestowed the highest judicial honor in the nation's gift had served as a boy in his teens in a Confederate regiment from his native state of Louisiana. After twelve years on the Supreme Bench of Louisiana he was elected to the United States Senate in 1891 and served in that body with distinction until he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court in 1894. His promotion to the first place in the court was remarkable as the first instance in which a President had chosen a Chief Justice from the opposing political party.

Several weeks ago there were rumors that Mr. White intended to retire on account of poor health and that William Howard Taft would be appointed to succeed him. It was Mr. Taft who made him Chief Justice, and Mr. White was said to be anxious to see the former President at the head of the Supreme Court, which was his ambition before he became Colonel Roosevelt's choice for the Presidency. Charles Evans Hughes also was mentioned for Chief Justice, but it was believed the need for him as Secretary of State would prevent his nomination.

Franklin K. Lane Dies

A FEW hours before the death of Chief Justice White, there passed away another distinguished American—Franklin K. Lane, who served for seven years as Secre-

Continued on page 415

False Shame

A Sermon by REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D., LL.D.*

TEXT—II Tim. 1 :8. "Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me His prisoner."

"BE NOT *thou therefore ashamed.*" Here the healthy ministry has been perverted! The instinct of shame was implanted by God to help to control and restrain the rising rebellions of meanness and sin. Healthy shame is a certain refined sensitiveness guarding the soul from even distant approaches of the unworthy. Therefore healthy shame is a minister of good. "Is not shame," says Thomas Carlyle, "the soul of all virtues, of all good manners, of all good morals?" But the soil has been soured, the instinct has been perverted, and now in many lives shame is a snare and a source of temptation rather than a minister of good. We are ashamed at the wrong place, and at the wrong time, and about the wrong thing.

Our shame is the foe of holiness instead of the enemy of sin. Instead of being ashamed of the devil we are ashamed of our Lord. "False shame is the parent of many crimes." It is against this perilous shame that the Apostle warns his young disciple, "Be thou not ashamed of the testimony of the Lord."

How does this perversion take place? John Bunyan makes the pilgrim, Faithful, encounter False Shame in the Valley of Humiliation. Humiliation made him ashamed. In the house of the Interpreter, amid goodly companions, and the recipient of honor and esteem, Faithful had no inclination to shame. But when worldly esteem was taken away from him, and he lost his earthly dignities and crowns, his face flushed with humiliation, and he was secretly ashamed. False shame is the creation of unworthy fears. Let me just recall some of the fears in which this shame is born.

There is the fear of appearing odd. Men are humiliated to find themselves standing alone. In the convivial throng they do not like to hold aloof from the general practice. They participate in the things they know to be unworthy lest they should be placed in solitary isolation. No man likes to be a "wet blanket"; no one covets the office of being "a skeleton at the feast." "In Rome, you must do as Rome does"; that is the principle given to us by our fellow-guests. To stand apart is to seem eccentric, and for fear of the crowd we become "ashamed of the testimony of our Lord."

THERE is the fear of appearing unmanly. A tender conscience seems effeminate. It appears to be so much more masculine to enjoy the rough laughter of the world than to sensitively recoil from it. Silence may be interpreted as weakness. It is told of Sir Robert Peel that at the height of his political power, he was one night out at dinner. The ladies had left the table, and the conversation was directed in channels that were both unworthy and unclean. Sir Robert Peel rose from the table, his face suffused with the signs of healthy shame, and immediately left the room. Sure there is no effeminacy in this silent and terrific rebuke! Yet the majority of men would probably have participated in the coarse laughter, or by approving smiles have encouraged its continuance. They would have been ashamed to stand out lest their manliness should be questioned and despised. They would have been "ashamed of the testimony of our Lord."

There is the fear of appearing inconsistent. It is not an easy thing to confess that we were wrong. The world makes such a confession terribly difficult. The world regards confession as humiliation, and its phraseology is descriptive of this regard. The world speaks of "bringing a man to his knees" and making him "eat his own words." And therefore the majority of men will not confess their mistakes; they will rather oppose the truth and adhere to "what they said." They will preserve their consistency at the expense of their self-respect.

There is a very counterfeit type of consistency which greatly needs to be exposed. It was never more abounding than in our own day. Consistency too frequently means changelessness of opinion and changelessness of speech. But that is not the true consistency. I am not consistent because the opinions I express today are identical with the opinions I expressed twenty years ago. A man may be grandly consistent and may change his opinions every year. The abiding matter in all true consistency is not loyalty to past opinions, but loyalty to my God! To be true to what I conceive to be truth, even though the light of today change my conception of yesterday, is the consistency which is honored of God. And therefore it is a manly thing to say, "My opinions are changed, I no longer hold to the words I uttered a year ago!" The confession may call forth the contempt of men, and may subject the confessor to bitter humiliation. And it is just because the consequences of a true consistency often land a man in this unwelcome valley that so many are false to their Lord. They are "ashamed of the testimony of our Lord."

THERE is the fear of losing social regard. When Faithful is describing to Christian his encounter with Shame, he uses the following words: "He objected also that but few of the mighty, rich or wise were ever of my opinion." Such arguments have driven many into shameful cowardice. Not to have the support of the mighty, the rich, or the wise, is to tempt men into the perils of a false shame. To win the regard of the rich and the mighty many men and women have played false with the truth. They have been "ashamed of the testimony of our Lord." And once the false shame has laid hold of a man, it speedily operates in every part of his life. "This shame," says Faithful, "is a bold villain. I could scarcely shake him out of my company." All the fears I have mentioned minister to the growth of this perilous shame. They seduce us into disloyalty to our sober convictions; they make us crucify the Son of Man afresh.

"Be not thou ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, *nor of me His prisoner.*" Such is another form in which the false shame declares itself. "Nor of me His prisoner!" Do not be ashamed of the cause when the battle seems to be going against it! Do not desert, when the cause becomes unpopular and its leaders are in prison! Hold fast to the right even when it walks in chains! It is easy to hold fellowship with the Lord when He enters Jerusalem amid the cries of "Hosannas." It is another matter to be true to Him when He enters the same city amid the hostile howl of "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

It was pleasant and gratifying to be with Paul when he was esteemed as a god. It is quite a different matter when he is now immured in a Roman jail. The Apostle profoundly appreciated the confidence of the men and women who were true to him in his bondage. "The Lord have mercy upon the house of Onesiphorus, for he was not ashamed of my chains." Onesiphorus was true to his leader when his leader was "down." He was not ashamed of the Gospel when its messengers were in bonds. His torch was flaming in the night of persecution. He was not the victim of a false shame. Such is the loyalty which makes the witnessing angels wonder, and adds strength and jubilation to their song.

NOW, how can we resist the approaches of a false shame? How can we overthrow the snare of the world? "*Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel.*" That is the temper of resistance. "*According to the power of God.*" That is the dynamic of resistance. Let us look at the temper. "Be thou partaker of the afflictions." Do not seek to avoid them, rather be eager to share them. Lay hold of them and feed upon them, as though they contained the elements of a feast. Do not stop thy Christian pilgrimage when the road becomes rough and steep. Go on! Let the bystanders laugh, let them heap upon thee derision and contempt. Go on!

I was talking to a friend a day or two ago, who had just come back from his holiday, and he was enthusiastic about the natural glory of the place where he had been staying. "Any cycling?" I asked. "No," he replied, "no such easy roads. But I will tell you what there is, lots of hand-and-knee work, plenty of difficult climbing; but the panoramas! the outlooks! they are indescribable!"

I could not keep my friend's description out of my thought. The road which demanded hand-and-knee work led to splendid panoramas! Surely it offers abundant suggestion as to the inward meaning of my text. "Be thou partaker of the affliction." If loyalty to Christ should make thee appear odd, and leave thee apart in solitary pilgrimage, go on! If it should make thee appear unmanly, go on! Go valiantly on; "the Lord is mindful of His own"; and when the laugh of bystanders in the valley is forgotten, thine own exuberant laugh shall peal from the mountain-top.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Showers of Blessing," or "When the Roll is Called up Yonder."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Luke 12 : 16-30. "Worldly Cares Forbidden."

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 409, first column.)

Sermon—"FALSE SHAME"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"At the Cross," or "Saved by Grace."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Bless us now, we beseech Thee, eternal and merciful One, as we dismiss ourselves from this hour of fellowship to find that it has brought us together in a better understanding of one another's needs and hopes and joys. And bless the tasks of the week with thy peaceful benediction, we ask in our need, in the name of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

*Dr. Jowett's sermons, written specially for the Christian Herald, are published in the first issue of each month.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D. J. Burrell, D.D., C. C. Albertson, R. Braunstein, I. D. Lyttle and H. P. Hoskins

A Noble Abstinence

SUNDAY. I Pet. 2 : 11. "*Abstain from fleshly lusts.*" That is the first note in the forceful life. Do not let us so narrow its interpretation that the majority of us escape the grip of the apostle's injunction.

Let us attribute a comprehensive content to the unwelcome word, "lust." Lust includes the entire army of unclean forces which are antagonistic to the exalted realm of the spirit. It includes not only the carnal desire, but the jealous eye and the itching palm. It comprehends every form of heated and feverish motion which is destructive of spiritual treasure.

Fleshly lust is anything in the life which steams the windows of the spirit. Fleshly lust is inclusive of envy, jealousy, avarice, insatiable selfishness, and immoderate ambition. "Abstain from fleshly lusts," from any excessive heat which maintains its fire by consuming the furniture of the soul.

Now, what is this but a plea for the ascendency of spirit? It is a plea for the magnificent passion of moderation, and for the imposing grace of a noble self-restraint. "Abstain from fleshly lusts." Do not let any fire get outside the bars. Do not let the flames reach the furniture. Hold everything in its place. Suffer no usurpation. Do not let the lower supplant the higher. Rigidly observe the distinction of subject and sovereign, and preserve the purity of the throne.

Such is the all-inclusive meaning of the apostolic counsel. In the constitution of man there is a Divine order. His powers are arranged in ranks and gradations. The science of life is the doctrine of gradation; the art of living is the recognition of gradation. I suppose that George Combe did a great service to the cause of practical thinking when, seventy years ago, he wrote his work on "The Constitution of Man." I am not aware that there was anything new in the philosophy of the book. It only confirmed the teaching of the entire range of philosophy, stretching back from his own day to the days of Socrates and Plato.

And what was the teaching? That the powers of the human personality are arranged in heightening gradation, and that the secret of beautiful living consists in awarding to each rank its own precise and peculiar value. The service rendered by George Combe consisted in the attempt to make this philosophy a plain, practical rule for common life. I find in the resources of my personality regiments of diverse powers. I find vital forces, affectional forces, social forces, moral forces, spiritual forces. I find elements whose kinship is with the swine, and I find elements which have the luster and the preciousness of pearls.

What is the art of successful and forceful living? "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine." Do not treat swine and pearls as though they were of equal value. Recognize an aristocracy among the powers, and to them give the preference and the sovereignty. When there are two calls in the life, the bark of the dog and a voice from the sanctuary, "give not that which is holy unto the dogs," but ever keep the lowest under the severe jurisdiction of the highest. "Abstain from fleshly lusts." Do not allow any lower power to prowl about in loose licentiousness. Keep the chain on.

"Let your moderation be known unto all men." Exercise the ministry of a well-ordered life. Let all the powers in the life be well drilled, well disciplined, healthily ranked, each one in its place, from the private soldier up to the commander-in-chief. "Abstain from fleshly lusts." The primary characteristic of forceful, influential character is the ascendency of the spirit. J. H. J.

The Temptations of Jesus

MONDAY. Luke 2 : 49. "*I must.*" This was the keynote of our Saviour's life. The conscience of the moral universe was in his breast. The ethical imperative controlled Him. "Thus it is written," He said, "and thus it must be."—"All things must needs be fulfilled."—"The Son of Man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It thus appears that He was irresistibly bound by the cords of an eternal needs-be; yet within those cords He was the freest of the free, because they were "the cords of a man."

He was tempted to deviate from the appointed path; but He swerved not an hair's-breadth. When tempted by Satan in the wilderness to accomplish His redemption purpose in some other way, His sufficient answer was, "It is written." When tempted by the people to accept the Messianic crown, He refused because this was not the appointed way. When tempted by Peter to further His plans by the use of carnal weapons, He said, "Put up thy sword into the sheath. How then should that be accomplished which is written of me?" When tempted by His own flesh, in Gethsemane, where every tingling nerve and sinew cried out against the cup of purple death. He, though sweating as it were great drops of blood, acquiesced in the divine purpose, saying, "O my Father, if it be not possible that this cup should pass. Thy will be done!"

Thus on He went, straight on, with face set steadfastly toward the cross. That was the destination of His normal life. "It is finished!" He cried at the last. "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do!"

Close the book; all is fulfilled. So runs the story of the perfect Man. D. J. B.

His Legacy of Peace

TUESDAY. John 14 : 27. "*Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you.*" Here we see two strange things: first, in the hour in which Christ was being hounded and hurried to His death, He had peace; moreover, He had peace to spare, peace to give away. It was the logical culmination of a life in every period of which He had known peace. His had been the experience Goethe's words describe: "that highest state of tranquillity in which one loves what he commands himself to love." Was it not so?

What was the secret of Christ's peace? Petrarch gives us an answer to the question. He says, "The enemies of peace are avarice, ambition, envy, anger, pride." These were absent from Christ's heart. This tells the story.

Peace is one thing. Christ's peace is another. The first promise is to the world, "Peace I leave with you"; the second is to His own people in the world, "My peace I give unto you." He came to bring peace. He is the Prince of Peace. His is the gospel of reconciliation. It is also the gospel of good-will, which means peace among men. But "His peace" has a very special meaning. It is a personal possession. It is an inward serenity. It is a calm, composed self-command, which means a command of circumstances.

We all know how the world gives peace—or how it tries to but fails. The world imagines peace can come with a change of environment, with increase of privileges. God knows there can be no peace while the human heart is alien to the will of God. The secret of Christ's peace is both negative and positive. Not only were there absent from His heart the enemies of peace, but there were present these three things: the acceptance of the Father's will, obedience to the laws of the spirit, and an attitude of soul which makes one superior to time and sense. God gives us His peace that we may do lowly things on high levels, that we may fight our battles above the clouds. C. C. A.

In Time of Storm

WEDNESDAY. Acts, 27 : 31. "*Except ye abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.*" Julius Cæsar once said, while in a great storm at sea, "Pluck up your courage; you carry Cæsar." Paul had more than the egotistical consciousness of genius. He had heard the Voice Divine and he believed God. He felt the call of a great mission; he must see Rome also, and his determination made him fearless. He must preach the Gospel at the central city of the world, and in his prison pulpit speak through his Epistles to all coming ages.

To the sailors and passengers, he appeared to be a poor, insignificant Jewish criminal, hardly worth saving. How little they thought they were carrying the greatest man of his time! Paul being aboard saved the ship's company; they listened to his words of warning as though an oracle from heaven had spoken; all consenting to remain in the ship were safely landed.

Saving the great Apostle from shipwreck meant more to the world than Cæsar's victory in war, more than Rome ruling the world; it meant Christ, the Conqueror of all kingdoms, King of all thrones. It meant Columbus to discover a new continent, where a republic would be founded, pointing all mankind Christward. It meant Luther and Protestantism, Wesley and Methodism. Paul was a link in the golden chain of Providence that was to bind all peoples to the throne of the Highest. The mistress of the world must hear the mighty preacher and spread the glories of the cross everywhere.

Moral heroes are immortal till their work is done. Bunyan *must* write his Pilgrim's Progress in prison and Milton his Paradise Lost in blindness.

The old ship, Zion, sailing over the ocean of time, has often faced wreck in tempestuous storms of war, in floods of blood, famine and panic, but God's angels, whispering to some endowed leader, have brought the vessel into port without the loss of a passenger. Christ, the mighty Captain at the helm, guides all with safety. In our voyage over the ocean of life, let us remain in the Gospel ship, for the dark waters of unbelief are dangerous and deadly. Abide with the Captain, obey the Commander, accept the advice of God's ambassadors if you would be brought safe to the port of immortals. E. W. C.

The Plus Sign in Minus Lives

THURSDAY. Eph. 6 : 14. "*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" Paul abandoned his life to all that the cross could mean to him and his ministry. What did he mean by the phrase "glorying in the cross"? Certainly he did not mean to stress the wooden instrument of torture and death. The cross is a symbol. It is representative of a certain kind of life. It is a perpetual reminder of the life that Jesus manifested, and the result of that life led to the crucifixion.

It was a life that yielded a rich vocabulary. Some of the words in that vocabulary are obedience, loyalty, truth, love, duty, others, ministry, unselfishness. These are suggestive of the eternal values that are associated with and interpreted in the light of the will of God. They represent the cross-life, the life sacrificial, the Via Dolorosa. Paul chose that kind of a life and gloried in it. He walked that path gladly, triumphed in its demands, rejoiced in its possibilities. It was not a dead weight of dull routine, but a living principle of undaunted devotion.

The tragedy of the ages is not that men have not lived the life of sacrifice. The tragedy is that men have chosen and gloried in the wrong causes, abandoned themselves to the losing standards. Christianity has a cross. The world has a cross. Both have their philosophy of thought and conduct. Our philosophy determines our destiny, controls thinking, guides action, prompts motives, dictates choice. Christianity stresses others; the world stresses self. The first is minus; the second is plus. The cross of the world is subtraction and impoverishes; the cross of Christ is addition and enriches.

It is this cross-life of service in the interest of the greatest good to the greatest number that hallows living and crowns the crowded ways with brotherhood. R. B.

According to Your Faith

FRIDAY. Matt. 9 : 29. "*According to your faith be it unto you.*" Here is a statement that seems to sound all right, but may not exactly fall in line with some of our ideas. But that, of course, is not strange, for are we not continually coming into touch with sayings and facts of life which at first seem to relegate all our notions to the realm of Topsy-Turvydom? Now, in the matter of God's supply for our needs, how often perhaps we have taken the needs themselves as the measure of the supply. We quote: "And my God shall supply all your needs." Certainly; but remember it is "according to His riches in glory." And then we think that insistent prayer is going to almost force the hand of God. God wants us to come again and yet again. But often we receive not because we ask amiss. But is not God willing that we should receive these blessings from our loving Father? Undoubtedly, and sometimes I think that He is more disappointed then we are, when it becomes necessary to refuse.

But as a matter-of-fact, God has put the measure of our blessings in our hands— "*According to your faith.*" Simple, like a great many other things: but as sure as God is true! By the exercise of your faith you make yourself big enough to use the blessing which the great Father-heart longs to bestow upon you. And God is only as great to you as you believe Him to be! I. D. L.

Threshing Over Old Straw

SATURDAY. Prov. 26 : 20. "*Where there is no tale-bearer the strife ceaseth.*" Some people persist in always threshing over old straw and in doing so they only raise a big dust and get nothing of value. The farmer is too wise to do that. He knows that wheat and oats only need to be threshed once, and though old straw may contain a few odd kernels of grain, it would be absurd to think of putting it through the mill again, to say nothing of the dust and dirt that would be raised.

Old troubles and topics of gossip, like old straw, get musty. Let them alone; don't start something unpleasant by threshing them over.

There are a lot of things we ought to remember. If we kept green the memory of all the kindness done us and all the love bestowed upon us, it would be well. But there are a lot of things we do well to forget. Those points of disagreement with friends and members of the family; those historic occasions, when somebody has acted foolishly, or spoken rashly, or done wrong. It's hardly fair to stand by everlastingly with a reminder. It accomplishes little by way of argument or correction for the future. Those matters have probably been thrashed out a long time back. One of the hardest things to learn to do is to drop the things that have been talked out. H. P. H.

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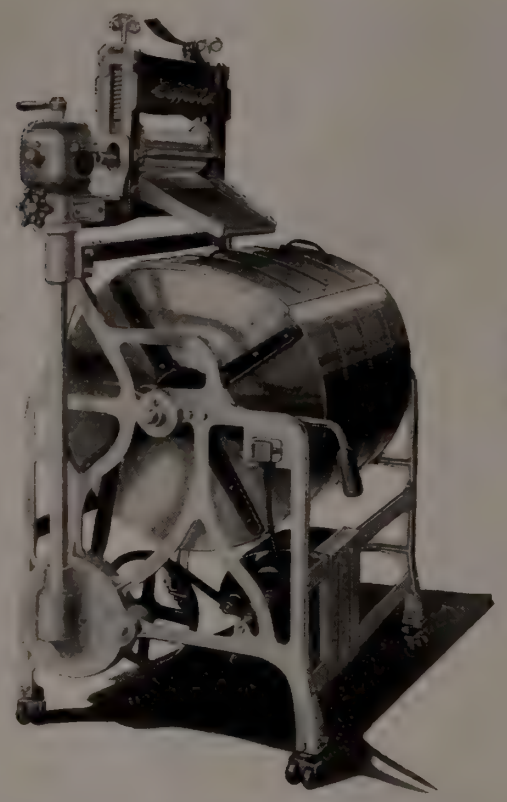

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Making the World Christian

International Sunday-School Lesson for June 12
Isa. 11:1-10; Acts 1:6-9

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

CHILDREN'S Day and "Making the World Christian" are closely related. The Christian adults will not win this world to a saving knowledge of Christ, but the Christian children of today can win the children of the next generation if they will. Rev. F. B. Meyer, D.D., of London, who then was president of the World's Sunday-School Association, said at the Rome Convention: "If the world is ever to be saved, it must be saved through its childhood." But the youth of today are thinking too little of the Christian ministry as their life work. In the class to be graduated from Amherst college this month there is just one, according to a statement just seen in a newspaper, who will enter the ministry, whereas 54 will go into business, and 27 into law, medicine or other professions.

Isaiah gives a wonderful picture of peace on earth in his sublime prophecy of the branch from the stock of Jesse. Those verses should be memorized by all who are not too old to do so. Antagonistic natures can be changed by the entrance of the Christ-life into each, and then all can work together with Christ to make the world actually Christian. The day is coming when, as the golden text states: "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of Jehovah as the waters cover the sea." Meanwhile the ethics of Christianity are being accepted among countless millions of non-Christians.

Ascension Day came in the experience of Him who was the fulfilment of the prophecy by Isaiah. The leaven of Christian righteousness was already working and eleven apostles with many disciples were able to effectively receive the Great Commission. They were told that they would have the power of the Holy Spirit as they began at Jerusalem and went to the uttermost part of the earth. They began their obedience and the Acts of the Apostles is the first great chapter in the history of the Christian Church. This chapter has been ceaselessly added to ever since. Huss, Luther, Knox, and Livingstone, not to mention others, have loyally obeyed the words of the Master spoken that day when "the cloud received Him out of their sight." The modern Acts of Apostles are rich in the record of spiritual victories as such men as Underwood, Moody and Grenfell preach the ever-blessed Gospel.

THAT the world is changing from a neighborhood to a brotherhood is now a familiar statement. Isolation is no longer possible. Recently the Literary Digest, in writing of world trade relations said: "Closing a barrel factory in Kokomo, Ind., may be dependent upon the state of European exchange." The daily newspapers in Tokio not only give the baseball scores of the league teams in the United States, but even recount some of the innings in detail. Postcard pictures of movie stars were more in evidence in Japan than had been noted in any American city. Commercially, the world is one vast field. The scope is no different when children of our Heavenly Father face squarely the command of our Elder Brother.

From the present membership of the Sunday school will come at least 99 per cent. of the missionaries, preachers and Christian leaders who will be inducted into office in the decade beginning with 1930. They will be participating in the Children's Day exercises on this June 12. In them we find the Army of Possibility which will win against sin and ignorance. Effective teaching of this lesson will not stop short of the most earnest appeal to the membership of class, department and school by officers, pastors and teachers, urging (1) belief in the Saviour and (2) enlistment in special home or foreign service as soul-winners or Christian teachers, medical missionaries, etc. If the observance of Children's Day prevents the study of this lesson, be very particular to teach the lesson with the one for the following Sunday.

What is being accomplished in missionary work abroad is a rightful study in connection with this lesson. No matter what is your denomination become familiar at least with the names of the countries where your church is carrying on missionary work. Ask your pastor and he will gladly loan you the last report of your foreign mission board, or write to that board for a copy. Last week you were urged to obtain similar information about your church in the home field. Then decide on some one country, if you are not prepared to study the entire field, and become well acquainted with the work of your church in that particular country. Get such a book as "Five Missionary Minutes," by Rev. George H. Trull, and you will find many helpful and workable suggestions to enable you to know much more about the outreach of missions. It has been said that "lack of missionary enthusiasm is due to lack of missionary information." Send to the writer of these lesson studies for the Surplus Material plan of co-operation by which you can send even pictures to some missionary who wants this help. The address is 216 Metropolitan Tower, New York City. Would that you could hear the Sunday-school children in Korea and Japan sing "Jesus Loves Me," and your eagerness to help would be increased many fold.

WHILE we are thinking about the world problem we must not neglect the "Jerusalem" where Christ called for witnessing. Look at the children who will be gathered by the millions in our Sunday schools on this Children's Day and have in mind that experts declare that out of every five in the Sunday school two will accept Christ while in the school, and a third will do so after leaving the school. The other two leave the school never to become followers of their Lord. If the world is to be made Christian these two should also be won. Both the primaries and juniors, in studying this lesson, should have their attention directed to John 10 : 1-16. There the Good Shepherd is declaring that there is no safety except for the sheep within the fold and under His immediate care. Jesus here also parallels the peace description given by Isaiah as he says: "They shall become one flock, one shepherd." It is a wonderful picture.

"Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," is the prayer which we are seeking to follow up with our works. Too often we merely say that prayer. To *pray* for it is to strive for its fullest accomplishment. What country, or mission station, or missionary are you daily praying for?

A memorable experience, which those present will never forget, was on the closing night of the World's Sunday School Convention held in Zurich in 1913. Dr. Meyer asked every one to repeat in concert John 3 : 16, "For God so loved the world." But it was to be spoken by each in his own language. Representatives of more than thirty nationalities were present and the vast audience of about 3,000 joined in saying, "For God so loved the world." The first impression was a jargon of sound as if the Tower of Babel confusion was being re-enacted; then the deeper meaning asserted itself, namely, that here the nations of the earth, through their representatives, were declaring the supreme love of God expressed by the free gift of his beloved Son that mankind might be eternally saved. As we stood there, hand clasped with brother, the vision glorious of John was close indeed, of tribes and kindred and tongues and peoples, thronging into the New Jerusalem through the twelve gates to the glory of Him who is King of kings, and Lord of lords.

The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, hereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

APPEALS to the Prayer League during the past week have been received from many states asking for prayers, as follows: for better health, 50; financial aid, 6; guidance, 4; wisdom, 2; conversion of friends, 28; blessing, 4; greater faith, 9; reunion, 3; "heart's desire," 5; employment, 1; forgiveness of sin, 1; success in certain plans, 2. Grateful acknowledgments of answers to prayer have been received as follows: for cure of bad habits, 5; for spiritual advancement, 2; and for answers to requests submitted through the League, 4.

Mrs. G. E. S., Freeman River, Alta., writes: "There is no Sunday school or church here for miles. Please pray that God will open the way."

"I have been requested to send in a petition for prayers in behalf of our M. E. Church," writes L. A. D., Cass City, Mich. "Pray that God will send His spirit in convicting, saving power, that the church may 'see Jesus,' and that we may be filled with the Spirit and become alive in Christ Jesus, and that we may be workers for our blessed Lord and Master."

M. M. B., Reidsville, N. C., writes: "Will you earnestly plead with a kind Heavenly Father that He will grant faith, strength and endurance through a serious and dangerous surgical operation, to our aged grandmother, who is so much needed by an invalid husband and some little motherless grandchildren left to her care and keeping."

E. P., Florence, Ala., writes: "Please pray for me that I may be restored to health again, if it is God's will; also that we may have a revival in our church this year."

"Please pray that I may find salvation," writes Mrs. J. A. M., Milton, W. Va.

"I wish to join the Prayer League," writes Mrs. E. W., Big Sandy, Mont., "and ask for prayers in behalf of my mission. Pray that we may come into perfect union and win many precious souls to Christ."

Mrs. A. L. asks prayers for a revival at Gate, Okla., and Mrs. A. W. asks the League to remember the revival meetings which will be held at Milton, Iowa.

"Pray with us for an outpouring of God's Holy Spirit on our church at Grindstone Hill, Pa.," writes Mrs. G. W. H., "that many precious souls may be saved."

"Would like to ask the interest of the League in praying for our revival," writes Dwight Arnold, Arcanum, O.

Mrs. J. S. E., Albany, Texas, writes: "Pray that we may have rain out here in west Texas. Our small grain will be ruined in a few days if we don't get rain; also pray that we may experience a revival in this country soon."

Mrs. E. M. T., Jamestown, N. Y., writes: "Please ask the dear Father in Heaven to strengthen the sight of my little mother's eyes and to grant me the use of my arms and hands—if it be His will."

Mrs. A. H. asks prayers for the conversion of a brother and wife, and "that they may grow in kindness toward an aged parent."

A Mother asks special prayers in behalf of a married daughter, that she may be brought to see the error of her ways.

Mrs. E. A. G., writes: "Please pray especially for my little son, who can not develop mentally unless we have divine help."

A Mother in Sioux Falls, S. D., writes: "I need your helping prayers so much, for my heart and house are so full of trouble. I have an aged mother who is an invalid. Won't you pray for her recovery and strength, that she may have some bright and happy hours along the way? Also pray for my husband, that he may turn his face and heart to God."

W. L. B., Arkansas, asks for the Divine help in a hard fight against evil.

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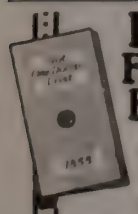

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Railroad Bond Investments

They Offer Good Security and Prices Will Be Higher Later

By F. J. LISMAN

RAILROAD bonds were known and favorably regarded long before industrial companies issued bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and even long before public utility companies came into the money market with large bond issues.

In the panic of 1893 many railroad companies failed, including corporations which now are regarded as of the best, such as the Union Pacific, Atchison, Topeka & Sante Fe, Northern Pacific, Baltimore & Ohio, Hocking Valley and Southern Railway. In the reorganization which followed these bonds were exchanged in part for bonds and for preferred and common stocks. The people who kept the securities which they received for their old bonds made money, that is the new securities within ten years, or less, sold at a very much higher price than had prevailed for the bonds for which they were exchanged.

Most railroad bonds, like all safe interest-bearing securities, sold at the highest prices in their history about 1900 and 1901. This was due to the fact that money at that time was lending everywhere at low rates of interest. In 1900 practically every 4 per cent. bond, even of some of the small railroads, sold at or near par and the best known 4 per cent. issues sold at prices very much above par; in fact some of the best 3½ per cent. railroad bonds at that time sold from 110 to 115. All these bonds gradually declined as the rate of interest went up, but the real big drop came as a sequence of the world's war, when interest rates jumped to a higher level than anyone now living had previously conceived of.

There has been much discussion as to whether railroad bonds are good; in fact the newspapers throughout the country have at times printed speeches by various persons who claim that the railroads are overcapitalized. The railroads of the United States are capitalized now for about nineteen billions: Two-thirds of this, or twelve and one-half billions, is represented by bonds, and six and one-half billions by stock.

In order to find out whether the railroads really are overcapitalized—or to use a common expression, whether their securities had been "watered"—Congress has instructed the Interstate Commerce Commission to have all the railroad properties valued. This valuation work has now been going on for about seven years and has been about completed on a number of the large properties. It has been found that while few of the railroads are overcapitalized most of the larger ones are undercapitalized, that is, the cost of reproducing their properties at pre-war prices would be considerably greater than the total amount of securities which have been issued by these companies.

CONGRESS passed a bill last year ordering the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix rates which would enable the railroad companies to earn five and one-half per cent. on their real value. This does not mean that the Government guarantees this interest, but it merely means that the companies as a whole are entitled to earn that much money, provided they can get it, and if they earn more than that they will have to pay one-half of any surplus over to the Government. Just now the railroads are not earning this 5½ per cent., or anything like it, because wages are high and business is poor. It is now hoped that expenses will be reduced and that wages, which have more than doubled since 1917, will come down and that the coal bill, which amounts to about $700,000,000 a year, will be cut by about $200,000,000. It is also expected general business will pick up again soon. In any event, railroad bonds are good because they represent only two-thirds of the value of the properties. Of course, this does not mean that each and every bond issue is good, because some few railroads were built by people who were too hopeful and have not enough business to enable them to earn their interest. In some other cases the management is not as good as it ought to be, and these roads can not earn their interest.

There are all kinds of mortgages, first, second, third, fourth and fifth mortgages, and some fifth mortgages may be better than some first mortgages, but generally the old issues are better than the newer issues. On the whole, railroad bonds are good and when money gets cheaper they will again sell very much higher than they do now. Money ought to get cheaper now, as it has after every war, because the Government no longer needs to borrow to buy property which is destroyed in the course of war.

Money borrowed in times of peace is intended to be used for construction purposes, by which is meant that it is used for the purpose of enabling people to make or save money. For instance, if a new railroad is built, it may open up additional mines or lands which may enable the farmer to transport his goods to market more cheaply. If a factory is built, it is intended to give employment to people engaged in doing something useful and supply articles which are in demand. Manufacturing for war purposes means exactly the opposite, it consisted largely in the production of goods which were promptly destroyed or largely wasted. It is for this reason that money during war times always becomes scarce and the interest rate advances.

Young People's Topic for June 12

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Out and Out for Christ

C. E., B. Y. P. U., and E. L. I Cor. 2: 1-5

PAUL was an out-and-out Christian. In other words he was a Christian in every walk of life in which he found himself day by day. Christianity as lived by Christian men and women must put on every-day clothes and go to work six days in the week. Contrary to other forms of labor it must not rest on the Sabbath day. Real Christians do not mince matters, never apologize, are never neutral, can be found occupying the same ground at all times under every circumstance, no matter what the occasion. Some so-called Christians may be characterized as in-and-out Christians. They are splendid acrobats but make a poor show for the cause. It is difficult to serve God and mammon. To try to be a Christian in some places and not in others will result in catching an individual off guard and prove him not a Christian at all. An out-and-out Christian is an inspiration. An in-and-out Christian is a detriment.

Paul, nearing the close of his career could say "I have kept the faith." That is far better than being able to say "I have become famous" or "I have become rich," or "I have become popular." Better to near the border line of this life and the next poor, unknown, and unpopular, as the world interprets these words, than to be all of these negative values minus a consistent Christian character. Better to put oneself on record through the years for the things that spell the highest to ourselves and our fellow men in the realm of ministry and sacrificial service, than to go down the years known only as one who thought only of self and personal gain. Who are the greatest men and women in all history? Those who were consistent Christians. History proves this on every page. All the boons and blessings of progress and civilization are the convincing memorials of the fact. The real builders and the real constructors are the followers of Christ.

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Ogden, the Detached

Continued from page 405

seeking a more suitable subject. She gallantly strove to assume her best society manner. "So foolish of me to talk about the baby," she said gamely. "Are you interested in—in grand opera?"

Thorngate stared. "Grand opera?" he repeated. "Not in mine! What was it Douglas found?"

AT HER end of the table Mrs. Thorngate was trying to beguile Douglas. "So you call the baby Junior?" she remarked. "Does he look like you?"

"Why, really, I don't——" Douglas began, when Marion interrupted him. "Why, he's the perfect image of you, Douglas. He's got the sweetest little nose and the most beautiful eyes and——"

"The Supreme Court handed down an interesting decision the other day. Did you happen to see it?" Douglas turned to his employer after transfixing his wife with a fresh glare.

"Not interested," said that gentleman curtly. "What were you saying about the baby's looks, Mrs. Ogden?"

But Mrs. Ogden was not saying. She looked quite unlike her usual radiant self and it was no surprise to her hosts when shortly after the dismal meal had come to an end and conversation was languishing in the living-room, she declared she had a severe headache and must go home. No, they were not to send the car. She needed the walk, and please, might she go at once?

Outside the door, Marion clutched her husband's arm. "Hurry, Douglas," she cried. "Suppose baby is really sick. We should never have said that he was. You can't tell about the effect of such evil thoughts. They might have a psychic effect; you can't tell. Hurry!"

"Nonsense!" returned Douglas. "You're hysterical. But—well, I guess we stayed long enough. Come along."

And the Ogdens fled homeward.

Back in the living-room, Thorngate was enjoying his triumph. "What did I tell you? How could a fellow like that get along with a lot of men—enter into their lives, get into touch with their family affairs? Why he can't get up a decent interest in his own child, let alone anyone's else. And that girl—pretty enough, but what's the matter with her? Seems to be flighty. Or what's the matter with the baby? Is it an imbecile or deformed or something else it shouldn't be that neither one of them would speak of it?"

Mrs. Thorngate turned from the window where she had watched the Ogden's precipitate departure. "No," she said. "I don't think there is anything the matter with the baby. Nor with the Ogdens. Just wait a while about filling that place, Dick."

But Thorngate had gone grumblingly back to his papers.

DOUGLAS managed to catch an earlier train home the next day. They had found the baby perfectly well and happy when they had rushed to him so madly, but Marion's unlucky reference to the possible effect of a mental attitude on physical condition had borne fruit and Douglas was frankly worried. Moreover, Thorngate's attitude had been distinctly hostile and Douglas felt certain that he had been weighed in the scale as a possible factory manager and found lacking in all essential qualities. If only Marion had been able to stick out the afternoon. If only she was not quite so absurd over the baby—here Douglas hastened his step. Absurd! Hadn't she, hadn't he, enough to be absurd about with such a baby as Junior! If a cold business proposition like Thorngate had not the heart to see it, why it was his loss and the job could go hang.

He took the front steps two at a time and softly inserted his key. Then he was within the homey room once more—the room with its soft lights and its odors of dinner in the distance and a blue-gowned young woman holding on her white-aproned lap the justifiable cause of all their foolish pride. Douglas dropped to his hands and knees.

"Woof! Woof!" he cried. "Here comes a big black bear to eat up mother and boy! Woof! Woof!"

In the midst of Marion's soft laughter, the baby's joyous shrieks and the realistic growling of the bear, there was a light knock at the door. No one heard it, for now the little shirt had been pulled over a fuzzy head and the bear was sitting on his haunches, biting the pink toes.

"This little pig went to market," he began.

"Oh!" said someone at the door. "Oh, please may I come in?"

Her squirrel cape slipping from her shoulders unheeded, her eyes shining with joy, Mrs. Thorngate came in, her arms outstretched. "I called to ask about your headache and the baby's cold," she said breathlessly. "The door was open and no one answered the bell. So I came in, but you did not hear my rap. Oh, please, may I take him—do you think he would mind?"

Douglas, scarlet with embarrassment, scrambled to his feet, but Marion with a comprehending smile held out her hand without rising. "He's so good," she said simply, quite as if the unexpected visitor was an everyday occurrence, "he won't mind in the least. If you'll put on his nightgown, I'll get his bottle ready." And she lifted the baby, white apron and all into the older woman's arms. As she went back to the kitchen she beckoned Douglas to follow.

"We're selfish beasts," she fairly hissed into his astonished ear. "It was the baby she wanted Sunday—not just us. To think of the way we acted——" Marion gave a little sob.

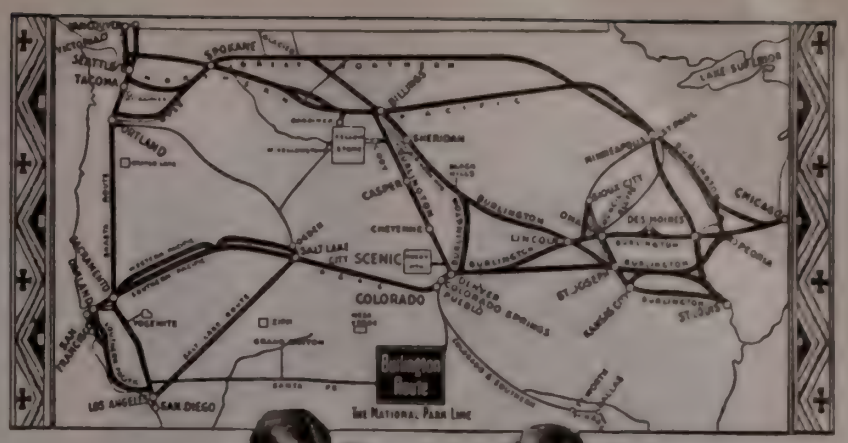
Left alone, Helen Thorngate hugged the little body close to her breast and the baby, recognizing her great need, cuddled down into her arms as she bent to kiss the delectable depression in the back of his neck. When the Ogdens came back they found her gently rocking and softly singing an old song while the firelight shone on her silvered hair and the happy tears glistened in her dark eyes. It was she who, presently, was given the inestimable privilege of carrying the wonderful being to his nursery, of presenting him with his bottle and of tucking him up snugly for the night, while Marion looked on with the understanding heart that comes with motherhood. When she came back to the living-room where a young father was trying to recast his philosophy, Mrs. Thorngate went up to Douglas and held out her hand.

"Junior is to dine with us Sunday," she said. "You may come along if you like and—and you need not be afraid to show us how much you love him, Mr. Ogden."

AT AN unfashionably early hour the next Sunday the Thorngates and their guests sat down to dinner. The battered yellow oak high chair stood between Mrs. Thorngate and Marion and the guest of honor sat thereon. There was simple food deliciously cooked, but what they ate was of small moment to the four persons who looked at the baby with eyes that saw nothing else.

The baby was delightfully at home. On the wooden tray, with its cupmarks made by the baby of other years, there reposed—occasionally—a collection of spoons and small silverware. Spasmodically, first one and then another of the adults present disappeared beneath the table to retrieve a discarded treasure. As Thorngate came up, red-faced and puffing, a silver spoon in his hand, the baby crowed and made a wild dash for his scarf-pin, and as Marion caught a flying dish-cover a small hand clutched at her carefully dressed hair and brought a strand across her face. Mrs. Thorngate looked on happily and surreptitiously fed the royal guest with bits from her untouched plate, Marion agreeing that just a little would not hurt him just this once."

One might not assert that conversation flourished. Yet on the other hand, neither did it languish. Four foolish, happy persons ate mechanically of what was placed before them and watched a wonderful being have his own sweet



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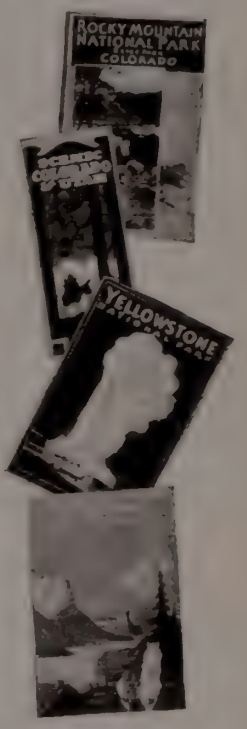

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Teeth become coated with a dingy film. At first it is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It dims the natural luster. But it also is the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film. So the tooth brush has left much of it intact. As a result, the best-brushed teeth will often discolor and decay. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

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Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the filmcoats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

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way. Occasionally there were interjections.

"He sleeps right through from six to six——"

"He's never been away for a meal before," this apologetically from Marion, "so his manners aren't perfect."

"Manners! Couldn't be improved on. They suit me all right," and Thorngate leaned across to add a gold pencil to the collection on the tray.

"What a perfectly lovely party," said Mrs. Thorngate, and meant it.

"He weighed nine pounds when he was born and he has never been sick a day in his life," boasted Douglas with unblushing evasion of his statements of a week ago.

When a beaming Mary, who had banished the waitress temporarily, had served the coffee and removed the dessert service, Thorngate arose and lifted the baby, high chair and all, to his end of the table. His eyes twinkled as he looked at his wife.

"You women can run along into the other room, now," he remarked. "We men have some business of importance to talk over."

The Business Man in the Church

Continued from page 403

The church will be properly financed and will no longer be dependent upon profit-making and the meager, irregular contributions of a part of its membership. The spiritual values of stewardship and worship giving will be realized in every member.

The social life of the church will be financed by the organization as part of its program of spiritual ministry and this will lead to a new sense of brotherhood where class distinctions will disappear and the welding process of spiritual equality will produce a union that will be potent in all its outreaches. Either the state or the church must take the amusement life of the people into its hands and put an end to the exploitation of the people's needs for self gain. It is profit-seeking on the part of the promoters of organized pleasures that causes them to pander to the low and vicious and thereby destroy the basis of orderly and Christian society. All people need amusement and relaxation, and part of any Christian's program is to obtain it and furnish it. The business man in the church will henceforth see to it that the pleasure life of the people is freed from the vicious and destructive elements. Not to do this will be to allow the destruction of every human safeguard. A people are made or unmade quite largely by their relaxation.

Our final thought in connection with the business man in the church needs to be a reminder that every individual life is a unit. Men talk about their business life, their social life, their home life and their church life as if these were four lives. I have heard that a cat had nine lives but man has only one life that must be lived in its various phases of activity and endeavor. If the business phase is not Christian the church relation will be a mockery, and if the social phase of a man's life does not promote his Christian well-being then he will be destroying his business powers as well as laying low the total forces of his one life. Life is a unit and any business man found in the membership of a Christian church needs to use a share of all the constructive powers of his whole life in order to produce a church organization that in turn will uplift him and all his fellows; making them builders of a true home circle, wise and thorough in their relaxations and pleasures, honest and true in all their business concerns and efficient in every spiritual relationship. Thus will they prove the reality of a Christian profession. The business man in the church must make that institution honored and respected in his community.

THE extent of the housing shortage abroad is indicated by a recent survey in England and Wales which showed that 795,000 houses were urgently needed. A new house which before the war cost $1,200 now costs $4,000.

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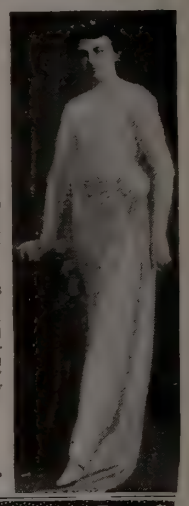

BE what Nature intended you to be—a normal, healthy, energetic and attractive woman.

If you are not perfectly well, get at the cause.

Are you **too thin?**
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Let me teach you how to regain health and figure. I've instructed over 100,000 women; have had 20 years' experience; have successfully treated the most stubborn ailments. Physicians endorse my work.

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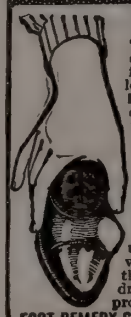

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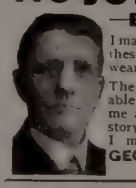

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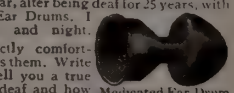

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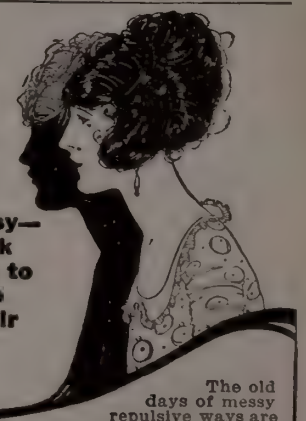

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 407

tary of the Interior, and by many was regarded as the strongest man in the Wilson cabinet. His death—also following an operation, but due to heart disease—occurred in a hospital at Rochester, Minn.

Born in Canada in 1864, Mr. Lane was taken as a child to California by his parents and educated there, being graduated from the University of California in 1886. After several years in newspaper work, he began the practice of law and soon attained political prominence. In 1902 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor of California, and a year later received the party vote for United States senator. He entered national affairs in 1905 when Theodore Roosevelt appointed him to the Interstate Commerce Commission, of which he later became chairman, leaving that position to enter the cabinet. He resigned early in 1920 to enter business, feeling the necessity for making provision for his family, but his health had been poor for several months and after his death his brother announced that he left no estate.

Mr. Lane was master of clear and forcible English and several contributions by him have delighted readers of the Christian Herald. His patriotism was deep and he was an aggressive advocate of policies which would promote the nation's welfare.

GIOLITTI WINS IN ITALY. The Parliamentary elections in Italy resulted in a decisive victory for Premier Giolitti, and the parties which supported him won a total of 285 seats in the new Chamber of Deputies as against 189 in the old. The Socialists dropped from 170 to 120 seats and the Communists from 36 to 15, while the Catholic party managed to reelect its 100 Deputies. Although the vote was light, there was much disorder and the casualties reported as a result of the elections were 63 killed and more than 200 wounded.

REPUBLICANS TO HAVE NEW CHAIRMAN. John T. Adams of Dubuque, Iowa, is slated to succeed Postmaster General Will H. Hays as Chairman of the Republican National Committee when the Committee meets in Washington on June 8. Mr. Adams, who has been vice-chairman, is the choice of President Harding.

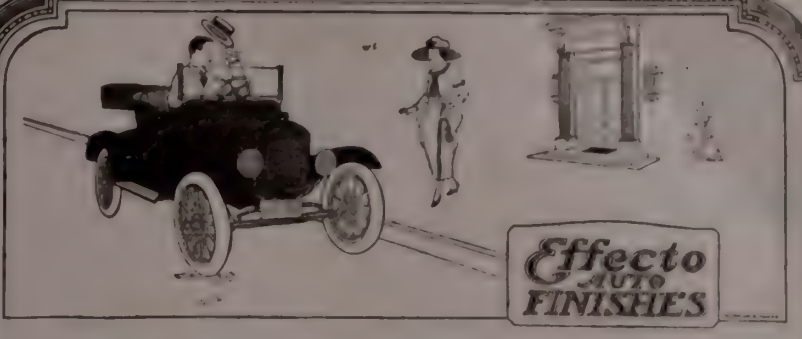
IMMIGRATION BILL SIGNED. The bill to restrict immigration by admitting in the next year, not to exceed three per cent. of the nationals of each country who were here in 1910, has been signed by President Harding and will take effect early in June. It expires July 1, 1922.

HARDING NAMES DIPLOMATS. President Harding has sent to the Senate the nominations of Richard Washburn Child, of Massachusetts, writer and editor, to be Ambassador to Italy, and of Jacob Gould Schurman, former president of Cornell University, to be Minister to China.

POPE URGES PEACE IN IRELAND. Pope Benedict has sent to Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland, a communication appealing to the British and Irish to abandon violence and proposing that the Irish question be settled by a body selected by the entire Irish people.

MINING DISORDERS SERIOUS. Disorders in the Mingo coal field on the West Virginia-Kentucky border, where a strike has been in progress for several months, have assumed the proportions of a small war and much property has been destroyed. President Harding was asked to send Federal troops to the scene, but held that the state forces should be adequate to restore order.

BODIES OF 5,000 SOLDIER DEAD RETURNED. The arrival at the port of New York of the bodies of 5,000 war dead from the battlefields of France, the largest number returned at any one time, was signalized by memorial services in which President Harding took part, having made the trip from Washington aboard the Presidential yacht Mayflower.



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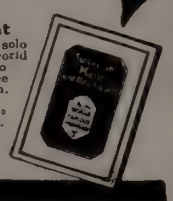

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OUR MAIL-BAG

More Letters Pleading for the Family Altar

EVERY mail brings us many more letters discussing the Family Altar. These mainly come from homes where the Altar has been a long-established institution, and in which the spiritual and material benefits that come from "keeping close to God" in the home have been demonstrated in many remarkable ways. The letters come from people in every station in life, some from the well-to-do and others from homes of poverty; but in all, the same story of helpfulness and encouragement is recorded. A reading of the letters should give stimulus to the re-erection of the Family Altar wherever it has been neglected. There is no greater spiritual need in this nation today.

Mother, Worcester, Mass. writes: "We have family worship. Week days, mother reads the Bible and offers prayer, all joining in the Lord's prayer. This is done immediately after breakfast, all being at breakfast at the same time. Sundays, the father leads, and a hymn is also sung by all. 'Is it possible and necessary in every home?' you ask. Answering the last first, I should consider it *necessary* in every home. Whether or not it is *possible* in every home, I would not say, although it seems to me, if it were a matter of duty and habit, it could be done. There are times when it might in some cases almost seem useless and impossible, as in these days everything must be done in a hurry and every one must either get to work or to school, but I do think if it were a matter of conscience, most people would find time for it."

Rev. G. H. Dix, Qu'Appelle, Sask., writes: "Your little article in the Christian Herald on the Family Altar and your invitation to readers to send in answers to your questions has just come to my notice. We have two small boys in our family, two and four years, who enjoy Family Worship as we do. Our readings are from Hurlbert's Bible Stories, which can easily be put in such form that the youngest child can understand them. Next we have singing, the boys always choosing the songs. They have learned several simple songs which they enjoy very much, and this seems to be their particular part of the worship. Then we have prayer, very brief and simple, ending with the Lord's Prayer in which all take part. So far this form of worship has worked very well in our case and has become a real part of our daily life. We hope that your agitation for the Family Altar may have far-reaching results."

Mrs. R. H. Stephenson, Belleville, Kans., writes: "We have an altar service daily, unless something we can not avoid hinders. My husband has to leave at 6.30 a. m. for his work, so my three children, 9, 6, and 3 years old, and myself carry it on without papa. I could not get through the day without the strength and grace we get from our service early in the morning. When papa is at home, he takes part. We read the Quiet Hour studies, partly (because they are short) for the children's sake, and the comments for my own thoughts to feed on. Then we sing, then all pray. The children each have a prayer and change off with the 23rd Psalm or Lord's Prayer or some other Scripture prayer. We pray in the simplest terms, so the children will learn. Then we finish with a song, singing it long after we are all at work again. I believe I would lose control and also the respect of my children if it were not for God's daily leadings. He certainly directs our ways if we give Him our wills."

J. C. R., Oakland, Ia., writes: "A few days ago I took up the Christian Herald and read the article on The Family Altar and was not much surprised to read that out of an audience of one thousand, mostly church people, fewer than fifty hands went up indicating the observance of family worship. I find conditions no better here in Oakland where I live. In our own home we have the Family Altar in the morning and evening. I read a short Scripture lesson, usually pertaining to the Sunday-school lesson for the coming Sunday; or we repeat in concert a short Psalm, or some Bible verses. Then I lead in prayer and we change off, so each member of the family leads in prayer some time each week, and in unison we close with the Lord's prayer. Prayers are short and to the point. Children are all present who are at home, and when we have company we make no change excepting to call on the company to lead in prayer, if a Christian. A Family Altar is possible in a home when there is system in retiring and getting up in the morning, and that depends largely on the parents. When it has become a regular custom in the home, it is keenly felt to be necessary. When for any reason mother and I are away from home, and the children are left alone, they conduct the Family Altar themselves. Our worship in the morning is before breakfast, while we are sitting around the table, and in the evening just after supper. If some one is very much in a hurry to get away, then we have worship before supper. I consider the Family Altar a very great blessing for the home church, school, and community."

Reader, Grass Valley, Calif., writes: "You ask 'Do you have a Family Altar?' Yes. In answer to the second question I will say my husband is still living and we were both church members when we were married, 55 years ago Before we left the room the morning after, we knelt and established our Family Altar. The offering upon that Altar has never been omitted. As soon as we fell into regular ways in a home of our own, we drew back from the breakfast table, a passage of Scripture was read—each taking a verse—then we knelt, Mr. H. offered a prayer of thanksgiving and supplication, closing with the Lord's Prayer together. Just before retiring we bowed together—and the proper offering of praise and thanksgiving, with prayer for our absent loved ones, was made. In earlier years the Scripture was read and we knelt at the time of prayer; but later, as age and infirmity came on, we kept our seat at the table, and the passage from the Daily Meditation in the Christian Herald was read. Mr. H. clasped his hands upon the table and offered the prayer. If friends were with us, they were not asked to take any part unless courtesy demanded it. Sometimes, at the evening hour, I am asked to offer prayer, and do not refuse. Sometimes, too, when I have been too ill to be out of bed, my husband knelt beside it and taking my hand in his offered the customary prayer There is nothing difficult about keeping up the Family Altar, if there is the real spirit of worship. Start in and the rest will settle itself."

Mrs S. G. G., Newtonville, Mass., writes: "Getting up ten minutes earlier will do it. I rise at 5.20, dress leisurely, get breakfast, call the family at 6.30, have breakfast about 7, followed immediately by family worship. And there is plenty of time to take the eight o'clock train, allowing ten minutes to walk to station. If you really *want* to do a thing, you can."

A. Carruthers, Neogo, Ill., writes: "We have a Family Altar, although our four children are all married and with homes of their own, while my wife and I—each over seventy years of age—still retain the Altar. I read the home reading for the Lesson each morning We each take turns in the prayer. A Family Altar is desirable in every home, quite as much so as any other meal, for God's word is the bread of life. No parent will ever regret having family worship, but I am fearful many sorrows will come to homes that otherwise would not come where it is neglected. Most children will remember the Family Altar in after years, when far from Father and Mother"

A. J. Hurley, Chester, Md., writes: "I am now in my fifties. When I was a child and home with Mother, all of the family were called together morning and night for family worship, and loved it. They have all crossed the river of death. I grew to be a man and married and then took up Family Worship again. My wife died and I am now alone; but still I conduct this family worship alone, in the same room and at the same altar, and I feel that it is one of the very important things for me. And surely it would not be amiss for any Christian."

Miss A. T., Urbana, Ill., writes: "The Family Altar is a great spiritual help. I pray in the morning and evening and at noon. (I am a member of the prayer league.) Three times a day. We read in our Bible that Christ prayed and He taught His disciples to pray. So I believe in the power of prayer."

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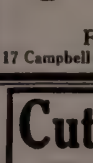

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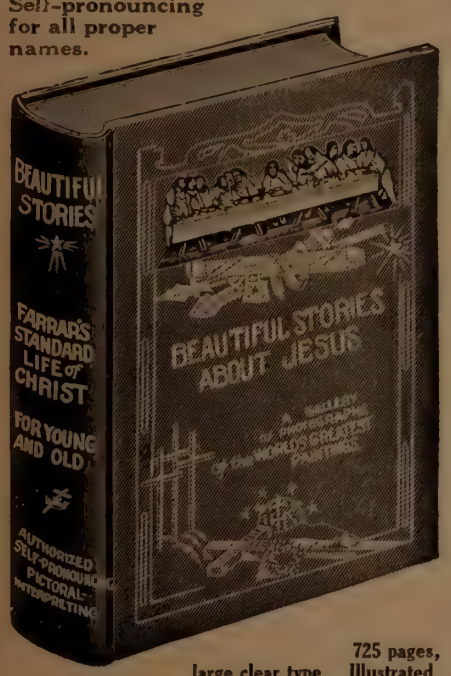

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THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD
(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
AN · ILLUSTRATED · NEWS · WEEKLY · FOR · THE · HOME ·
· GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER ·

With half-naked native boys tending modern machines, as in this scene from the jute industry in Calcutta, the Church must consider well the possibilities for exerting its strength so that the industrialization of such lands as India may be carried forward in a Christian way

The Missionary in Overalls

A Fourth Phase Added to Mission Endeavor Is Reshaping the Economic Life of Backward Peoples

By WINIFRED L. CHAPPELL

IN a thoughtful book, "The Economic Transition of India," Theodore Morison makes a succinct classification of nations: those that have passed through the Industrial Revolution and those that have not. As an Englishman writing a book about India he chooses England as his chief example of the former group and India of the latter, and proceeds to draw a suggestive analogy—more than an analogy, if perchance there are laws determining what course nations must pursue—showing that the economic history of India is destined to the progressive stages which England has traversed during the recent decades.

Accepting tentatively Morison's basis of classification, but choosing other illustrations, we might name as our examples of industrialized nations, the United States and Japan, and of those that have not yet experienced the economic change, but are destined to that end, China, India, Africa and Latin-America.

From the standpoint of modern missionary enterprise and aspiration, the classification is somewhat disconcerting; a comparative chronological study discloses the fact that the industrialization of Japan, with those dire results in woman and child labor, long hours, ghastly housing conditions, tuberculosis and immorality, huge profiteering and seething labor unrest, has proceeded *pari passu* with the effort of the Church to Christianize Japan. It discloses the fact that under the very eyes of the missionaries who are toiling with audacious faith and amazing self-sacrifice to Christianize Africa and China and India and Latin-America, industrialization goes on apace—slipping up on us, as it were, in the night; here a factory and there a factory alongside of cottage industries and workshops; presently the old displaced, the new in full possession, like the proverbial camel crowding the hospitable Arab from his own tent.

THE discovery that missionary effort and industrialization are contemporary makes pertinent the question whether the one has not some vast responsibility toward the other. Are certain obligations imposed upon modern missions by developing economic situations in missionary countries? Have we neglected in Japan, are we in danger of neglecting in other countries, an aspect of the lives of peoples which is absolutely fundamental to their well-being? Especially, has the Church a Christian and scientific contribution to make to social progress?

Some further questions and suggested answers may clarify our subject. Are there, as some have thought, inescapable laws decreeing that all peoples must pass through the same economic stages?

Is the industrialization of the foreign nations in which we are interested desirable, even if not inevitable?

If the transition from handicraft to machine production is both inevitable and desirable, is it possible that the factory system might be accompanied by such thoroughgoing protection of labor as to escape the frightful human miseries which the United States and European countries and Japan have experienced?

Finally, is social control a mere dream of the sociologists, or is it possible for eager, energetic groups to lay hold of social forces and bend them in a desired direction?

The above questions may be answered with some degree of assurance in the light of recent social history, and recent study of social origins.

Sociologists agree that not all peoples have passed through the same economic stages, progressing from the hunting and fishing stage, for instance, through the pastoral and agricultural-handicraft to machine production. Quite certainly some have omitted one or another stage. Conceivably, then, India or China might pass from traditional agriculture and cottage industries to scientifically improved agriculture and handicraft—perhaps alongside of factory production for certain utilities requiring concentration; conceivably the very juxtaposition of tribal society and new industrial towns in South Africa delimit a new social situation which might result in some new economic type. Probably there are not inescapable economic laws determining the course that nations must pursue.

WHETHER industrialization is to be desired depends upon the viewpoint of the person seeking to answer the question. English and American business men enamoured of the machine, and with eye fixed on the profits accruing from native resources, might answer in the affirmative. But certain thoughtful natives—and as good sportsmen in life's game, we should listen to native opinion regarding their own resources—are answering negatively. Some young Chinese now studying in this country are dreaming of the possibility of their industry omitting the capital-and-labor stage and passing direct from the old handicraft with its guild organization to a machine production that shall be co-operatively managed. There are native students in India, of whom Professor Radhakanal Mukerjee is an able exponent, who would have India retain and deliberately develop her indigenous cottage industries.

Again it would seem possible that industrialization, if it takes place, should be accompanied by labor protection from the first. Recent history presents some striking illustrations of deliberately and rapidly executed social changes such as the modernization of Japan, and the abolition of opium and of the old education system in China.

Finally the answer as to the possibility of social control lies before us in the activities of governments and business groups which have already turned the trick. Anyone who takes the pains to peruse the five large volumes of the report of the Indian Industrial Commission, for instance, will behold the British Government and British business at the task of industrializing India.

We may learn a lesson from modern business. "The children of this world," said one whose comments on life were ever trenchant, "are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Should the Church set itself to modify the economic development of peoples it would but be doing that which, as current history shows, can be done with impunity.

Here is an opportunity for adventure. Business is largely personal and selfish, seeking profit. The Church goes as a knight-errant, seeking the welfare

of peoples. Business looks first at natural resources and, lusting after them, sees in natives cheap labor to be used in developing the resources. The Church looks first at the natives, recognizes them as worthy and precious, and considers natural resources as something to be used for the development of the peoples.

It may be objected that "Church" is used ideally here; that in reality the Church represents a cross-section of society; that a stream cannot rise higher than its source; that hence it is too much to expect, that the Church should enter upon an adventure of this sort. To which the answer might well be given, that the Church tends to gather into itself idealists and to generate idealism; that it was Christian idealism indeed which sent the Church out for the salvation of peoples before business went seeking wealth. Surely several generations of gallant missionary effort entitle the Church to a large place in the determination of the world's development.

Moreover a true picture of society—a real cross-section today—would reveal multitudes of people whose human aspirations revealed and then disappointed by the war can be reenlisted in a great enterprise. Shall the Church furnish the leadership? The war revealed a method—the use of propaganda. During the war it was used to exploit human emotions. It might be used by the Church to direct human emotions, to rouse Christian idealists—and those liberals and radicals who do not call themselves Christians, but who have passion for brotherhood—to venture forth upon a great new quest.

IT IS not our province here to indicate in detail methods of procedure. It would seem that Commissions of experts might be appointed to study the possibilities here indicated—a General Commission first, whose members should be men and women of economic knowledge and recognized insight into economic conditions. Such a commission might formulate general plans of advance. But later there should perhaps be a Commission for each country on which should sit natives and missionaries and expert economists to study native economic conditions, and to determine policies to be followed in influencing industrial development.

It is a scientific adventure, this, to which the Church might summon Christians. Sociologists write books and sections of books on social control. The Christian Church has a chance to practice social control. Fancy the interest with which one thousand years hence students of sociology (grown into a fairly exact science, with large contribution to social development) seeking social origins, studying social history, might discover the omission by certain twentieth century nations of a whole economic stage, might discover for instance that while certain countries—England, France, Germany, the United States, Japan and others—had passed from handicraft to machine production and the economic organization known as the capitalistic system, certain others perhaps India and China, had through the deliberate action of their people, worked out some new—and for them more appropriate—form of organization. And not alone, but with the co-operation of the idealists of other countries, with the co-operation for instance of the Christian churches of the United States.

No less is it a spiritual adventure. The indigenous arts and crafts of India have to the Indians a religious significance. It is the religion of the Indian craftsman, Mukerjee says, that gives his economic activities their tone and dignity and simplicity. There is an unmistakable religious appeal in the passionate resolutions of two successive native conferences in Madras—the Visvakarma Mahajana Conferences of April, 1915, and April, 1916—begging the government to take the necessary steps for the preservation of indigenous arts and industries peculiar to the community which are suffering extinction through competition.

It is interesting to know that some missions are already devoting themselves to the development of native industries. The work of the Salvation Army in India hand-loom weaving is notable. The Church of Scotland has a somewhat significant venture at Kalimpong where it has developed lace-work, embroidery, weaving, dyeing and silver work. The opportunity offered is indicated by Mr. Lionel Heath, Principal of the Mayo School of Art, Lahore, who, testifying before the Indian Industrial Commission, said: "I should like to see appreciated the fund of skilled and artistic taste, lying in most cases dormant in the Indian craftsman, to a great extent unspoiled even yet, but which is fast being lost or ruined."

It may be noted in passing that if the Church sets itself to influence economic development, it will find, as some missionaries, and especially as the Y. M. C. A. have found, a significant opening at the point of Co-operation and Co-operative Societies, some time since provided for by the government in its Co-operative Credits Acts.

The United States would not be the loser through the economic activities of its missionaries. Such effort might react favorably upon the monotonous, unspiritual machine production which has developed in the Occident under the spur of the lust for profit. When Charles Cuthbert Hall addressed groups of educated Indians on Christianity he told them that, making their own interpretation of Christianity they would give back to the West a richer religion. Perhaps the East may yet give back to the West a spiritualized industry.

IN THE meantime the question is a fair one whether the Church has been totally derelict in regard to economic conditions abroad, or whether a beginning has already been made. Particularly, is there a special

The Old and the New in China. Above the women are weaving in age-old fashion, slow and tedious work, but are they worse off than the women cooped up all day before machines in the cotton-mills of Shanghai?

type of mission work that claims to have attacked the problem in even a small way.

Industrial Missions, the fourth in that list of more specialized activity which marks modern missionary effort—the others being evangelistic, educational and medical missions—might perhaps make that claim. It is not our purpose here either to defend or to criticize industrial missions as at present conducted, but rather to attempt to interpret them, *for a purpose;* to see whether in this type of missions we have an approach to the economic lives of the people.

If industrial missions offer the best approach to an important and neglected field, let us at once have more and far better equipped industrial missions. If it develops that this type of work does not touch the hem of the garment of our problem, let us, with such haste as accords with scientific procedure, turn ourselves to the development of a real mission to economic life in backward countries.

The term Industrial Missions is used somewhat loosely in missionary literature to describe any missions having industrial features as part of their regular missionary activity. These range all the way from those offering a little handwork, perhaps lace-making or carpentry or gardening, on up through those having somewhat more ambitious workshops and farms to such effort as the scientifically founded agricultural work of Sam Higginbottom at Allahabad, India. Beyond this the imagination runs to an industrial type of missionary work which will actually have to do with the re-ordering of the world's economic life as a foundation for those spiritual values with which the Church has ever been concerned.

Several classifications of industrial missions have been suggested. They may be divided into Industrial Enterprise and Industrial Training. The former includes those missions which carry on business as such, both to give occupation to natives and to aid the mission financially. Such enterprise must meet the difficulties of management, the missionary often being untrained in business; of equipment, which is often expensive; of markets for securing materials used and disposing of articles made; difficulties arising from competition with workers outside and especially difficulties in maintaining Christian principles at the same time that business profit is sought.

INDUSTRIAL training, by far the more significant division, defines itself. There are, however, several types of missionary industrial training. Many mission schools now offer handwork—manual training, domestic science, sloyd, etc.—in harmony with newer educational ideals, solely as a means to character development. But many schools aim to give real vocational training sometimes of a fairly thorough character resulting in qualified technicians; oftener of a simple type merely training the pupils to work under the direction of others. A distinction may be made also between the schools that teach trades and those that give agricultural training.

Industrial enterprise and industrial training overlap. The schools in Africa that claim to specialize in vocational training are obliged to consider the problem of conducting the workshops with regard to business principles, and to wrestle with the difficulty of disposing of products, and the very serious question of competition with white skilled labor; while missions which are primarily of a business character, still, through apprenticeship, teach various trades.

President Faunce in his "Social Aspects of Foreign Missions" graphically distinguishes between "an industrial school which aims not at making tiles or cotton cloth, but at making boys and girls into men and women, and a real factory or business whose service is constantly tested by the market value of its output. Both may be conducted for Christian ends, but a school with a regular deficit may be a great success, while a Christian factory with a recurring deficit must soon close its doors. The school wastes many logs in the carpenter's shop, and much clay in brick-making, without regret, since it asks no visible return. The factory aims at 'philanthropy and five per cent.'"

A MORE adequate understanding of industrial missions comes through the psychological approach. What situations called into being this type of work?

Industrial missions were not first a missionary policy and then a program wrought out by missionaries sent for that purpose. Rather they were at first the attempt made by resourceful missionaries to meet the economic obstacles against which their spiritual effort ever tended to break itself. Without exception—unless the manual training for character development as part of the curriculum of the school be an exception—the raison d'être of industrial missions is economic. Thus the factories and weaving establishments of the Basel Missions in Malabar, India, were developed to supply work to natives who were cast out by their own people when they embraced Christianity. The Protestant Episcopal Church at Quadalajara, Mexico, added industrial features to inculcate the idea of the dignity of labor; finding that it was developing "an aristocracy of white hands and polished shoes and high collars" it moved the St. Andres School to a farm and turned it into an industrial and agricultural school. The De Laney Self-Help Plan, maintained by the National Baptist Convention at its Bible Industrial Mission Academy near Hartford, Liberia, was developed to enable pupils to pay their way in school. It receives from friends in America braid, wire, flowers, and ribbons which are used by the students in hat-making, while goats and chickens, and many kinds of fruit-trees furnish other work. The elaborate scheme of afforestation developed by Joseph Bailie on Purple Mountan near Nanking grew out of the necessity of providing for famine sufferers. Higginbottom's work at Allahabad had as part of its motivation the desire to develop a self-supporting church.

Each of the above is fairly representative and illustrates a practical reason for the development of industrial missions. The late A. Woodruff Halsey in his attractive booklet "By Hammer and Hand"

Continued on page 430

A Problem with the Younger Boy

The Fifth of a Series of Delightful Articles on Intimate Home Topics

By A MERE MAN

YOU will remember, perhaps, that I said my family consisted of my wife and three children, a boy taking a college course, a younger boy and a girl in the High School, and all of them living at home.

I think I said that we all belonged to the church and the Sunday school, and that I had a comfortable business which kept me fairly busy to make my income of $3,500 a year.

I should have said—but perhaps you have already found it out—that up to the time I began to make these confessions, I was so busy making a living that I had let my wife, who is a person of great wisdom and good judgment, do most of the bringing up of the children. But a number of things had occurred to make me think that the father had something to do as well as the mother in training children in the home, and two matters that had to do with the younger boy, emphasized this fact again with me. Thinking that a good many fathers probably face the same problems with their young boys, I am telling about these two incidents, and perhaps it may help you as it helped me, as well as the boy.

His name, by the way is John, which is an easy name to speak and spell and write, and he has his own room, as each one of the children has, and I seldom go into it, except once in a while to see if he is keeping good his promise to his mother to keep everything neat. But the other morning as I was going down the hall, his door was open and I stepped in just to give a look around, and I was pleased to notice that everything seemed to be all right. The boy is athletic and I couldn't help seeing the display of tennis rackets and Indian clubs and boxing gloves and baseball bats scattered around, not in slovenly fashion, but neatly arranged on the wall and by his desk.

I WAS going out, with a feeling of pride in the boy's evident good faith with his mother, when I saw on the top of his desk an advertisement of a moving picture show. It was so large and conspicuous that it caught my eye and I went up closer to read it, and this is what I read:

"AT THE DIANA THEATER! TODAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY! COME EARLY.
"NOT FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.
"'LET US HAVE WINE, WOMEN, MIRTH AND LAUGHTER;'
SERMONS AND SODA WATER THE DAY AFTER."—BYRON.

"On his twenty-first birthday the IMP went on a wild tear.

"He sowed his wild oats in one wild night.

"Come and see how he did it.

"Passion ruled.

"*If you haven't reached twenty-one, here's a surprise, a thrill and a jolt. A night of passion! Come early!*"

There was some more, but what I read was enough to give me a "jolt" if not a "thrill." There was a picture with the advertisement, of such a character that I knew if John's mother saw it she would sink on her knees at the boy's bedside and pray to her good God to save him from shame. So I took the advertisement off the desk and put it in my pocket, and as I went down town to my $3,500 business, I am ready to confess to you that I was angry, so angry and disturbed at what I had found in the younger boy's room that I made several mistakes in adding up some important figures on the adding-machine.

And as I left the store and started for home I was not settled in my mind as to the best way to meet this problem, and thought at first I would pass it on to my wife. Then I felt ashamed to do that, for it was what I had been doing all my life up to this time, and it was beginning to look rather cowardly and weak on my part. So after supper, just as John was getting ready to go out—"somewhere," he had rather vaguely said—I asked him to come upstairs with me to my den, a small room off the hall where I used to go for an after-supper smoke before I stopped in the bargain which, perhaps, you may remember I made with the older boy. I use the den now to read in and do not miss my cigars half so much as I was afraid I was going to.

I ASKED the boy to sit down, and then, acting on the habit which is a characteristic one in our family, of coming at once to the point, I took out the "movie" advertisement and handed it over to him and said:

"Is this what you were going to tonight, when you said you were going 'somewhere'?"

He grew very red, but answered promptly, "Yes, sir."

"Don't you know that is no decent kind of a show to go to?" I said losing my temper and speaking pretty loud.

"Everybody goes. The best people go."

"What 'best' people?"

"All of them."

"Name some."

And the boy did what I asked. And he named about a third of all the church members it seemed to me.

"Do any of them ever go out when they see a picture like that?" I asked pointing to the advertisement.

The boy grew very red again, but he answered with a laugh that would almost have broken his mother's heart if she had heard it, "I never saw them."

"Have you been going to these shows right along when we supposed you were at the high-school gym or at the library?" I said, and I must have spoken and looked rather stern, for the boy's face went white.

"Yes," he said in a low tone, and I was glad he had not lied to me.

"What would your mother say?"

At that he looked really distressed, but after a moment he looked up and said, "If the show is so bad, why do the best people keep going?"

I confess the boy's question was not easy to answer. I did not try. As a matter of fact, I am one of a few men in my town who don't care for moving pictures, and I had not really known much about the character of them until this incident revealed them. The fact that the boy had been going right along, when we thought he was attending to his high-school athletics or his studies, was a very disturbing thing to me, and I knew his mother would break her heart over it. But while I was brooding over it, the boy said rather lightly, I thought, for one who had been found out in a deception:

"Why don't you go to the show, father, and see if it is as bad as you think? Sometimes the advertisements are not like the pictures inside."

IT SOUNDED like a challenge, and I rose right up and said, "We'll go right down."

We went down-stairs, and I said to my wife, "I'm going out with John for a while."

She seldom asks any questions when I speak like that, only she did look surprised, as she said, "Will you be out late?"

"I think not," I said, and then somewhat to my surprise, for John is not a demonstrative boy, he went up to his mother and put his arm about her neck and kissed her.

She looked pleased at that, and the picture that followed me clear into the picture house was the picture of my wife's look as she returned the boy's kiss and said, "You will be in good company with your father."

When we went in to the theater we found it nearly full, and by the time the lights were turned down every seat was occupied. Before that, I had time to look around and check up on the boy's statement that the best people went. I could see any number of our church folks, and three or four ministers.

There was a series of educational and travel views that were very instructive and interesting. I found myself looking at them with real interest. Then the story of the "imp" came along.

I am not exaggerating when I say that some of the scenes in this picture were simply horrible in their vulgarity and suggestiveness. I had noticed that before the pictures were shown there had been a sentence thrown on the screen saying that it had been passed by the State Board of Censors. I could not help wondering, after seeing a few of the scenes, what kind of pictures would have been censored by the Board.

Well, the longer I sat there and saw things that burned into my memory like hot coals, and thought of the times my boy and thousands of other boys and girls all over America had seen such pictures, the more indignant I grew, and I began to look around, to see if any one was going to get up and remonstrate or object. But everyone seemed to be getting the advertised "jolts" and "thrills," and quite pleased with them.

But suddenly the whole thing seemed to me to be so horrible that I took the boy by the arm and said out loud, so loud that several people looked around in surprise, "Let us get out of here!"

WE WALKED over several people's feet to get out, at least I did, and when we reached the lobby, I asked one of the doorkeepers where the manager was.

He told me to go up into the operator's room. I did so and found the manager, and told him why I was leaving.

He looked very much surprised, when I told him I did not consider his show a decent thing to look at.

"Is any one else going out?" he said.

"Not that I know of. But I am."

"Sorry," he said. "But the best people are here. This is what they like. It crowds the house."

I couldn't think of anything else to say and went down into the lobby and joined the boy, who had waited for me.

We did not talk much on the way home. Only, once the boy said, "Are you going to tell mother?"

"Yes, I am," I answered somewhat shortly, for I still felt indignant at what I had seen.

So when we came into the house, and my wife asked if we had had a good time, after expressing her surprise to see us so soon, I told her the entire story.

The thing that cut her the most was John's deceiving us. He broke down over that, and got down on his knees and begged his mother's forgiveness. And I shall never forget the look on her face when she stroked the boy's head, and whispered something to him that I did not hear. And he said something to her which I did not hear.

AFTER he had gone upstairs, my wife and I had a long talk over the matter. She was much distressed over it.

But when we left off discussing the matter, there was a smile on my wife's face, and I ventured to ask her,

"What did John say to you just now?"

"He said he did want to please me. And he promised me not to go to the picture show without telling either you or me, and would not go at all, if we objected, as we shall, to such pictures. Besides, he said spring was here and he had much rather give the time to tennis in the long evenings."

That pleased me greatly.

"You must get interested in the boy's outdoor life," my wife said a little timidly. "Don't you think you could go with him once in a while over to the tennis——"

She stopped right there as she sometimes does, without finishing, and her hint led to the other interesting experience I had with the boy, which I shall have to tell you the next time. But I have thought several times since that night at the show that the boy made that promise about the shows to his mother. I wonder why he didn't make it to me. Come to think of it, I don't wonder much after all.

Family Altar Suggestions

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

IF THE entire family is in the habit of gathering at the breakfast-table, let the Father and Mother see that all the children are seated in orderly and quiet fashion. Then let the whole family repeat the Lord's Prayer in concert. After that, if the children in the family are taught the day before—as in many families they are—let each one recite a Bible verse, in turn. After that, let the whole family say the following grace or thanks, this old Moravian form:

"For these and all Thy gifts of love,
We give Thee thanks and praise;
Look down our Father, from above,
And bless us all our days."

Or another form of thanks is the following:

"Feed us, Dear Lord, we humbly pray
With bread of life from day to day;
And may we give, for Thy dear sake,
To others, that which Thou dost break."

In cases where the head of the household can offer his own prayer asking for the day's blessing, such a prayer, if made with simplicity and directness, will have great influence on the entire family circle. It should be brief, and spoken in reverent and simple language which children can understand, and may be followed by the Lord's Prayer, all joining.

In many homes the habit prevails of reading the whole Bible through by course, each member of the family reading two verses out of the chapter for the day. In other homes a very helpful service is found in choosing some special topic and using it for several weeks or months. Others have used a Gospel or an epistle, reading it entirely through, a chapter or a part of a chapter at a time.

Whatever form the Altar may take, remember these simple rules:

Let the prayers, read or spoken, be brief, simple, reverent, full of thanks.

Make the service joyful, not solemn; reverent, not gloomy or sanctimonious.

If music is possible, let the hymn be one of glad praise and hope. In many homes the music at the family devotions is the part the children most enjoy.

Teach the Lord's Prayer to be said carefully. Do not hurry through it.

Let one of the children learn to say the words of grace or thanks as his own part in the service.

Let the Bible, in some form, be the text-book.

If guests are in the Home, invite them to sit in the circle.

Strictly Disputatious Emily

Her Suitor Tries a New Tack

By PAUL EVERMAN

Illustrated by Ann Brockman

She smiled sadly. "I like you, Alan—sometimes I think I—I love you. If we were young it would be different."

LET it be understood in the beginning that Emily Caswell was not old-maidish, even though she was confessedly an old maid. She was not lank and ungainly, nor inquisitive, nor gossipy, nor querulous; neither was she frail and negative, with a shrinking manner and a fluttering little voice. She was but a desirable little woman whose primness was womanliness, whose plump little hands were helpful, who could cry for sympathy and laugh to cheer.

But tonight she twisted the plump hands in obvious discontent as she confided to Alan Doane. And Doane, sitting quietly in the high-backed willow rocker in which he had sat at least one evening a week for the past five years, watched her hungrily—as he had watched her for these same five years.

"I used to have a mind of my own!" Emily was exclaiming vexatiously. "It used to be that I didn't knuckle under to people unless they were in the right. But now— Oh, Alan, I'm getting so disgusted with myself!"

Doane, who, with his bulging brow and modicum of graying hair, shone nakedly upward from his red, puckered neck, was mildly surprised.

"Why, Emily, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I'm too agreeable, too nice! Just because people come in to buy my hats, I can't forget that they're my customers; and I let them peddle gossip and have their own way about everything."

"For instance——" he suggested.

"Well, take Myra Clemmons. She came in yesterday to look at my hats. She tried on every one I had and finally picked out one she liked—this one"—Emily turned to the other side of the room where a dozen or more hats were perched jauntily on their slim stands, and pointed out a blue velvet one, gay with dainty bits of green ribbon. "I priced it to her, and—and—oh, she was just about insulting! Said it was cheap and poorly made and that she could get one twice as good at Carsdale for half the price."

DOANE eyed his chunky, calloused hands thoughtfully and declared, "I never did care much for Myra Clemmons."

"Oh, I never did either, for that matter. And it makes me so mad to think that I let her tell me what she did—and it wasn't so!—without a word of denial. But that wasn't the worst. While she was here she got to insinuating things about Lizzie Willetts—just because Lizzie is trying to fix herself up dainty and clean after being starved and mistreated most of her life. Why, Myra even intimated that poor little Lizzie had been encouraging attentions from Lafe Billers and Charley Higham and—and that crowd! Oh, I can't tell you all she said, Alan!"

"She's an old cat!" growled Alan, whose manner was as blunt as his nose.

"Yes, she is! But think: I set there and didn't say a word in denial! All I said was 'Well' and 'Is that so?' I couldn't even speak a good word for little Lizzie, who needs friends if anybody does. Oh, it was sinful for me to act that way!"

"I reckon you ain't such an awful sinner, Emily."

"I am too! It's sinful to be so agreeable and side in with what everybody says. I didn't use to be that way. But now this house is getting to be a regular gossip shop. People don't come here to buy hats as much as to spread scandal. And I don't deny their talk even when I know it's all lies. I'm getting tired of it, Alan. I want to have a mind of my own, and I'm going to have." Emily jerked back in her chair, her face flushed and determined.

"Why," said Doane with a surprised glance, "I wouldn't get all worked up over a little thing like this."

"It's not a little thing. It's a question of right and wrong. . ." And Emily rocked furiously.

Suddenly Doane jerked his chair over beside her.

"Emily," he said bluntly, looking straight into her softening gray eyes, "I'm goin' to ask you again: won't you marry me?"

A plump little hand stole over and pressed against his calloused ones.

"Alan, I'm sorry. I hate to hurt you. But it just can't be. I'm sorry."

"But, girl, I'll make you happy!" he cried huskily. "I will! I'm not good enough for you—I'm only a section boss—I ain't got a great deal. But I've got a little, an' what I've got's yours. You're all alone, an' I'm all alone. There's no sense of us goin' on like this, just bein' together once a week when we could be together all the time. Don't you think you could be happy with me, Emily?"

SHE was silent, staring far beyond him, past the neat array of multi-colored hats, through the thin walls, into the grayfulness of memory.

"I 'spect I pester you," he went on, almost vehemently, "goin' on like this an' askin' you again an' again, never takin' 'no' for an answer. I 'spect you get tired o' hearin' the same question over an' over. But I want you—I been wantin' you an' hopin' for the last five years. I've dreamed an' thought an' planned how it'd be if you'd only say 'yes.' I've thought about a home of our own, where you could raise all the chickens an' flowers you wanted, where I could come home every evenin' after a hard day's work an' find you waitin' for me, where day after day we'd be happy together. I'd have something worth while to work for then. It wouldn't be a boardin' house I'd have to go to; it'd be a home! Emily—Emily, don't you think you could be happy with me?"

Emily turned slowly to him, her eyes shining brightly. "Why—why—you can *talk*, Alan!"

"Talk? It's all I think about! I've got it all pictured in my mind just how our home'd be. . . if you'd only say 'yes,' Emily!"

"I'm sorry, Alan," she said wistfully. "I'm sorry. But——"

"But what?"

"Oh—we're too old!" The words rushed out.

"Too old? Pshaw!"

"But we are! Even now, when people see us together they laugh at us behind our backs. Haven't you heard them—the kids giggling at us——"

"Let 'em talk! What do we care! If we'd get married they'd get used to it an' stop their gigglin'."

She smiled sadly. "I like you, Alan—sometimes I think I—I love you. If we were young it'd be different. But now—oh, we're too old to think about it!"

"I'm only forty-two, an' you're——"

She blushed a merry red and laughed, "Never you mind!" Then seriously, "But don't let's talk about it any more. Please! I'd like to make you happy, and—and I'm thankful that you love me. If we were younger it'd be different. But——" She shook her head in gentle finality.

And Doane, as had been his habit for four years and more, gave up his pleas.

FROM the tiny porch of her frail cottage, which gleamed white under the rising moon, she bade him good night and watched his stocky form swing down the narrow path, his tramping feet swishing and crunching among the brittle, autumn-tinted maple leaves. She watched him turn onto the sidewalk that flanked Elmhurst's wide, dusty main street, listened pensively to the solid footfalls growing fainter and fainter.

"Poor boy!" she murmured. "He's so lonely—and so patient!"

Then she went slowly into the house, locked the doors, pulled down the window shades, and peered fearfully beneath her bed (the bravest of women do it).

Ready for bed, she paused before her mirror and looked searchingly into her own shining eyes.

"He's good!" she breathed—"so good!" And with a quick puff she blew out the light and scurried away to bed.

During the following week Emily thought often of Alan Doane. "Wonder what Alan's doing," she would wonder, and would supply the thought with a mental picture: In the morning he was standing stockily on the tool-littered handcar, with his helpers pumping energetically, on the way to work; at noon he was sitting on the grass along the right-of-way, fishing out his cold lunch from a battered dinner-bucket, his head bare, his shirt collar open; in the afternoon he was shoveling gravel, or dragging a rotten tie from beneath the glossy-topped rails, or supervising the work of his men.

And when she wasn't thinking of Alan, and working busily at her hats or selling them to picayunish customers at a ridiculously small profit, Emily was berating herself savagely. Was she spineless? she asked herself scornfully; and a foreign glint spiced the gray eyes. Well, she wasn't going to be any more. Poor little Lizzie Willetts! But she would defend Lizzie next time she got a chance—see if she wouldn't! Just let Myra Clemmons—or anybody else!—come, and she'd find out. . . .

ON FRIDAY evening the lank figure of a woman flew furiously out onto the tiny porch of the frail little house, and down the path to the sidewalk, with never an unbending of neck nor a single glance backward.

Myra Clemmons had come and departed.

"Oh, I told her!" cried Emily to Alan the following Sunday night. "She come nosing 'round and tried on all my hats again. Oh, I was just itching for her to give me a chance to say something. And when she started complaining about the hats being so poor and high, I just lit into her! Yes, I did! I told her that if she didn't like my hats she needn't try 'em on, stretching 'em all out of shape and getting 'em all mussed up and dirty. I told her I wasn't so very particular 'bout having her business anyhow. Oh, I was just getting wound up good and proper, and it was just on the tip of my tongue to tell her what a fine example of Christian charity she was to be spreading scandal about poor Lizzie Willetts, when she jumped up and run out the front door without saying a word. She was scared of me, Alan! She was scared of me!"

Doane chuckled. "I'd 'a' been scared myself, I'm thinkin.'"

"Well, I'll tell her a lot more if I get a good chance. I'm tired of agreeing with people. They think more of you if you speak up your own mind once in a while.

"Take Mrs. Hollister: She's generally nice and likable, but she made me mad the other day, and I told her a thing or two. She was blaming Charlie Mennick for running away from home. Said he was a lazy, good-for-nothing kid that would land in the reform school yet. And I just up and told her that if I had been him I would have run away long ago, with his father beating him and scolding him from morning till night, never giving him a cent of spending money and treating him more like a dog than like a son. I told Mrs. Hollister that she knew as well as I did that it was all old Mennick's fault. And finally she owned up that I was right about the whole business. Think of it, Alan! She owned up! It was her that agreed with me!"

DOANE let out an uproarious laugh and cried, "Well, say, what's come over you? You're gettin' to be a regular terror, goin' 'round with a chip on your shoulder all the time. How many more scraps did you have last week?"

Emily bobbed her head valiantly. "Just one more. After prayer meeting Wednesday night old Perry Ostler walked up to me and stuck his nose into my face, just like he's got the habit of doing, and says: 'Well, I see ye had comp'ny Sunday night. I see a light in your front room when I went past. Alan Doane, I reckon.' And then he laughed in that silly way of his.

"'Well,' I says, and I looked him right straight in the eye, 'what about it?'

"That got him! And he begun apologizing, but I didn't give him any satisfaction. The old scamp! I've been wanting to sting him for a long time. He's always prying into other folks' affairs."

His smooth, red face crinkled with grin, Doane studied her minutely. This was a new Emily. She had been desirable before, but now she was bewitching. There was spice to her: the snap to her bearing, the battle glint to the gray eyes, the excitement bloom of her warm cheeks. She was almost pretty.

Suddenly he sprang up, his face aglow, and stretched a hungry arm toward her.

"Emily," he began impetuously, "won't you——"

"Keep still, Alan!" Her tone was so foreignly sharp that he winced. "Don't start that tonight! It's nine o'clock. You go on home now."

He tried to smile, scratched his pink head in amazement, and finally escaped out the door much after the manner of Myra Clemmons, save for a hastily flung "good-night."

THE week fled with Emily fairly strutting in her regained independence, which she was now agile to flash at the slightest opportunity. The battle glint in her gray eyes had apparently come to stay. It was there while her plump little hands were busily fashioning braids and ribbons into hat trimmings, while she was scattering feed to her friendly chickens, while she was raking and sweeping up the yellow-and-red maple leaves from her square patch of front yard, while she was demonstrating to her customers—especially while she was demonstrating to her customers!

Thursday evening came, and she breathed a glad sigh as, alone, she tucked a soft pillow at her back and picked up a neglected book, pleasurably anticipative of a quiet evening's reading.

A creak and a shuffle outside aroused her. She turned and saw Alan Doane peering in at her, his bald head craned around the edge of the door.

She jumped up. "Why, hello, Alan. Won't you come in?"

Doane stepped inside, a determined swing to his bunchy shoulders, a reckless gleam of excitement in his usually steady eyes.

"Been down to Bates's store," he explained with unfathomable carelessness. "Thought I'd stop in a minute." He chuckled: "Thought mebbe you'd had another scrap with Myra Clemmons. Wanted to hear about it if you had."

Emily flung her book aside, and her face lighted with unalloyed pleasure.

"Alan," she cried, "that woman had the nerve to come back here Tuesday and ask to look at my hats again! And I just lit into her and ripped her up one side and down the other, about Lizzie Willetts and everything else I could think of. And then——" She paused triumphantly.

"Yeh," he encouraged.

"And then she apologized for the way she'd acted, and bought the best hat I had! What do you think about that!"

"Didn't you apologize to her for losin' your temper?"

"What? Apologize to her? I should say not! It's other people that are apologizing to me nowadays! I tell you, Alan, I've found out that people have a lot more respect for me if I show a little spunk occasionally. Now just the other day Mrs. Kinsey come in to gossip, bothering me in my work like she always does. She started out by finding fault with the preacher. Said that he didn't earn his money because he ain't a good mixer and because he don't spend enough time calling on the church members. And——"

"He ain't much of a mixer, Emily," interjected Doane.

"LISTEN here, Alan Doane, I'll tell you just what I told Mrs. Kinsey! And if you don't like it you can just lump it! What kind of a preacher can we expect to get if we only pay him seven hundred dollars a year, with living as high as it is? We get the best we can for seven hundred, and then some people are ashamed of him because his clothes is shiny and threadbare, and some find fault because he don't go out in the country afoot—he ain't even got a bicycle!—visiting his parishioners all the time. I admit

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When Someone Smiles Back

Letters That Are Filled with Loving Thoughts Are Like Smiles

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

NOT very long ago I wrote an article about the unsmiling people I saw one evening in a subway train. I told, rather in detail, how their lack of friendliness to passers-by had made me unhappy. And I told how their frowns had caused my heart to ache. And I called the article "When No One Smiles Back."

The article was published in due time. And when it had been out for a day or two I began to get letters from pen-and-ink friends—friends I have never seen and will, probably, never see. And the letters were so full of thoughtfulness and love that each one of them was like a handclasp from a well-wisher. And as I read them I told myself:

"I'll never again say that there's a time when no one smiles back—never. For I get letters every day—and have for years—from splendid people who are smilers!"

These are some of the letters that have come to me in the last few weeks:

FROM Washington, D. C., I received this message: "I just had to talk to you a few minutes after reading your article 'When No One Smiles Back.' You spoke of those severe ladies draining some of the joy of living from your soul. All because they did not understand. I believe it is possible for all the people who exist to have understanding hearts (that is, spiritual understanding) if all will pray—'Please, God, give me an understanding heart.' It is a gift from God and one He stands ready to give to all. There is something about that prayer that changes everyone who tries it. Many suffer terribly in gaining this spiritual understanding, but it is worth it. And there can be no millennium until all have this understanding. Help it along in one of your articles in Christian Herald, will you?"

And this letter is from far-away Nebraska:

"I was born in Brooklyn in the first year of the Civil War. My mother was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church at Bedford Avenue and Clymer Street, and of course we attended the Sunday school. Elbert S. Porter, D.D., was our minister; George W. Bungay, superintendent of the Sunday school; Emma B. Thursby, our soprano; and Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, teacher of a very large infant class. I remember how active she was and what pretty bonnets she always wore. In centennial year (1876) we moved out West to what we thought was the outskirts of civilization and as we waited at midnight in the little depot at Fort Wayne, Ind., I expected to see Indians come in at the door. Later we went to Chicago where I was married. Then, in 1887, with our four little children, we emigrated to what was really the far West, Cherry County, where we still live. We took up land twelve miles from the small cattle-shipping town of Wood Lake. Everything was so primitive—no 'phones, or autos to shorten the long twelve miles over bad roads—the mail sometimes delayed two or three weeks, and the teaching of the children's lessons oft-times while at work in the kitchen.

But, oh, we learned for the first time what good neighbors really meant. In sickness there would be sympathy and help, and in health the monthly getting together in the different homes with our families for preaching services—with such wonderful dinners afterward to which we all contributed, and the appetites that the pure air and the long rides made so keen. Oh, those years of our early life here were filled with experiences that I would not have missed for anything—hard, many of them, but these are the things that develop character.

"Today, after nearly thirty-four years in the West I can thank God that He guided us here. Our children are all in homes of their own and we have nine bright, healthy grandchildren to bless our old age."

AND this comes from even farther away, for a little girl in the Canary Islands wrote it:

"Perhaps you will be interested to know that you have a little friend in the far-away Canary Islands. It has been more than a year since we landed in the port of the beautiful city of Santa Cruz, and began our work as missionaries among these people.

"I am fourteen years old, and live with my father, mother, sister and brother; both my brother and sister are older than myself. We left our home in the United States and came here because there are so many people here who need to know the Gospel story, and so few to tell them.

"The language they speak is Spanish, and since I am able to speak it, the meeting for children has been put in my charge, every Thursday night. Since you love little children and understand their hearts, I just wish you could meet with us and hear them sing the hymns and repeat their Bible verses. We are learning the Beatitudes, and five of the boys and girls are able to repeat them all from memory, as well as many other verses. Most of the children are very poor, and many of them are ragged and dirty, but their dear little faces are bright and friendly, and I love them very dearly.

"I am sending you a snapshot of myself and my little Spanish friend, Aguieda, who has been a great help to me in the language, and who is the leader among the girls in our children's meetings. Will you not pray with me that she may be saved and become a missionary to her own people?"

THIS letter came from Indiana, with a box of wild flowers:

"I did a little gypsying this morning and started some flowers to you as a result of my trip. Do you want to go with me as I gather them? Well, first we went out through the gate into the back barn lot, past the straw shed and down the lane to the woods. Our Maltese cat went with us every step of the way, often talking to us in cat language saying, 'purr yeou, yeou, yeou.' Our first treasure was a bit of moss (to form a bed for the flowers) which we call tree moss on account of its resemblance to small fir trees. We found several other varieties of moss, too. It had been raining this morning, so most of the flowers had partially closed, except our brave little violets—both the yellow and the blue (I couldn't find any of the white ones).

"Next we found some sprigs of wild plum, and one of haw buds, a bunch of the true anemone, some false-rue anemones, sweet williams, spring beauties, cut-leaf tooth-wost, dutchman's breeches (couldn't find any squirrel corn, and they smell *so* sweet), a red trillium, some fern leaves, a may-apple in bud, and several yellow dog-tooth violets. One of the leaves of these had forced its way through a dead leaf, determined to get up somehow, so we left the dead leaf on it; and when we got back to the house we went out into the orchard and picked a few apple blossoms and tucked them in, too.

"It was sweet and damp in the woods this morning. A cardinal kept whistling, 'Pretty year, pretty year; cheer, cheer, cheer, cheer,' and a noisy mocking-bird kept the woods ringing with a perfect medley of bird-land imitations. Even the frogs in the pond in the corner seemed nearly to burst their throats, they 'purted' so loudly. But we couldn't stay very long, as we knew it would hurry us to get the flowers packed before the postman arrived."

AND this gallant little letter came from up in New York State:

"I have just been reading 'Concerning the Little Tragedies,' and began straightway to wonder if anything I could write would be a help to any person afflicted with deafness. I myself have that terrible affliction; but thank God I think I have about overcome it. What would the first lady you wrote about think if she was so deaf she could not hear her daughter play the piano in the same room with her? It would not help matters with me if people should speak in a louder tone. And yet I can sit here this evening and smell the odor from a beautiful pot of flowers my son sent me. I also have prepared a dinner for the same son; and have gone to morning service with my fifteen-year-old daughter (and not a word of the service did I hear, nor of the singing). But I saw the flowers, and I also enjoyed having my son (who lives away) come home to my dinner.

"I wish I could tell that lady to begin to count the blessings (if she has not already done so) and to never mind if she doesn't hear all that is said. Live above the *little* tragedy of deafness; and as I say this I realize it is a very *great* tragedy. For so many times, one could be so much more useful, if one could hear. I often think I would like to visit the sick; or go and call on a lonely neighbor; but no. There looms a barrier that cannot be easily broken. But I can work for my little grandchildren and others, and sing softly to myself while doing so. And I can remember, and be thankful, that I have known the time when I *could* hear distinctly; so I know all the sounds in my memory; and that is better than having been born deaf."

Oh, friends of mine, after reading these letters, do you wonder that I can say, "There's never a time when no one smiles!"

The Editorial Forum

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Railing at Prohibition

EVER since its enactment, Prohibition has been subjected to misrepresentation. Nobody need be surprised at the loud claims of the liquor people voiced in some of the secular dailies that ought to have a higher regard for the truth than attempt to show that Prohibition has broken down in its enforcement. Nothing could be farther from the facts than this statement which has been emphasized in some journal that ought to be in better business. The Christian Herald, however, is in a position to give authoritatively and without fear of contradiction, the actual situation at the present time.

In New York City, the stronghold of the rum traffic in America, where Prohibition is more difficult than anywhere else, the problem of enforcement is being successfully carried out. For the first time since the settlers landed at the foot of Manhattan Island, almost all of the public drinking-places of the city have been closed Sunday and every day. Police Commissioner Enright has asked for more policemen to help him in his gigantic task, which the authorities have not yet granted; but he declares that if the additional force is not furnished him, he will enforce the state prohibitory law with the men he has at his disposal.

It is a boast of the underworld that the courts are so choked that prohibition is a failure, but this is based upon a misunderstanding of the real facts. Before the Methodist Preachers' meeting on May 23, the Acting District Attorney of New York County stated that while he had asked the Board of Estimate for a large number of helpers to try his prohibition cases, and was fearful that the help would not be given him, he intended to have the help, if necessary, by volunteer legal service, and that the Governor had promised to furnish such assistance in the increase of judges as would relieve the congestion of the courts that interfered with the law enforcement. Governor Miller and the municipal administration of New York City intend to make the greatest city of the world dry and the Empire State also dry.

It may be a difficult task to enforce the Volstead law, yet it will not be nearly so difficult as it was to put the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution of the United States or the Volstead act through Congress for its enforcement. The Federal and State authorities are bound to be true to their oath, and to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment.

It is becoming more and more clear that strong drink has been the cause of a very large proportion of the crimes committed in this country. This statement has been derided and denied by the wets, but statistics now overwhelmingly prove it to be true. It is equally true of crimes in our large cities as well as in sparsely settled country districts. According to a dispatch in the Louisville Courier-Journal of May 16, of thirty-two murder cases tried by a circuit judge in Kentucky, twenty-nine were directly attributable to strong drink. Wherever Prohibition is fairly enforced, crime dwindles. To permit the traffic to live anywhere in our land is to lay upon ourselves the reproach of blood guiltiness—a responsibility from which every decent citizen must shrink.

The liquor people, who owe their overthrow largely to their self-deception, need not imagine that there is any weakness in administration that will save them from the wreckage which the people have visited upon them. The laying off of two-thirds of the Prohibition force by the Federal government has heartened the wets and discouraged some of the more timid drys; but a bill has just been introduced in Congress appropriating $200,000 for the payment of the 700 men laid off, and their early reinstatement is assured. The apparent wide-open conditions in some parts of the country are merely a passing incident—a temporary phase in the great battle, in which the forces of righteousness are going forward to victory.

Old York

THE United States census figures, giving the foreign-born white population in what is called New York, reveal a startling condition in the largest city of America.

There are in New York today 1,989,216 foreign-born persons, over 15 per cent. of the entire population of that city. Of this number there are 479,481 Russians, 388,427 Italians, 202,833 Irish, 193,559 Germans, 145,257 Poles, and 126,447 Austrians. There are thirty nationalities in New York, exclusive of those from Canada and South America.

New York is often called the melting-pot of the world. In the melting process, how far will the children of these foreign-born Russians, Italians, Germans and Poles flow into the mold of well-made, useful, safe, hard-working, moral, steady Americans?

New York contains old-world thought, old-world superstition, old-world race feeling, old-world religions, old-world habits, old-world hatreds and old-world attachments.

In what degree can New York make this old world new?

In a generation from now, in what degree will these nearly 2,000,000 foreign-born become assimilated into the new world? Will New York finally become Old York, or will she be able to make the old into the new?

The Literature of Gloom

WHAT may be justly called "The Literature of Gloom" is having its innings as it always has in periods of international friction and unsettlement. In post-war times it is especially productive. We are overwhelmed with books of the type that sketches the future and the practical control of the seas and the world's commerce by ourselves and Japan while Europe, shorn of its age-long leadership, follows the fate of the old Roman empire in dwindling to the status of a group of petty creditor states, the financial center having shifted from London to New York. These forecasts by French, German and other authors cater to minds predisposed to regard them as the result of inspiration.

To the normal mind, however, they hold no voice of authority. The average man who keeps in touch with the world movement sees a silver lining to the storm cloud and images the future from the standpoint of a wholesome optimism. He sees France's industries reviving, England filled with hopes of speedy settlement of all her outstanding troubles, and even Germany buckling stoutly to the task of meeting her war engagements. He sees Silesia and Poland nearing a pacific settlement and Japan giving no evidence of nursing world-disturbing ambitions, but rather striving for peace and incidentally for time to attend to difficult home problems. Even Russia's madness seems to be giving place to more rational conditions. In a word, the world's brainstorm is clearing off and its peoples are a wiser if poorer group of nations.

As far as the old "European superiority," in the financial and commercial sense, is concerned, the average man here or abroad looks forward hopefully if not confidently to the future. In the years to come and under new and, let us hope, better auspices, every nation will have a new opportunity to take the place to which its own efforts will entitle it in the finance and commerce of the world. If peace prevail and armaments are reduced all will have equal advantages for development in proportion to their needs.

This we believe is the judgment of the sanest observers. The wreck which began seven years ago is already proving capable of restoration. Today the eyes of all the nations are looking peaceward, where alone security lies. If that course is followed with the leading countries in full accord, another decade may work such a miracle that the historians of the "Literature of Gloom" will have to change their theme or drop their pens and go out of business.

Summer and Boys

AN ANXIOUS mother writes to the editor as follows:

"I have three boys, two of them in High School. They are seventeen, fifteen and twelve years of age. When summer comes I face a problem that I have not been able to solve. It is the problem of a small town. My husband is employed in a shoe store, and there is no work there for any of our boys. We have on our street grocery, dry-goods and drug-stores, barber shops, meat markets, two movies, doctors' and lawyers' offices, one book store, a post-office and three pool halls. But in no one of these places have I been able to find a place for any of my boys to work during the summer. Most of the merchants, as in every small town, employ only just enough clerk help to run the business, and in several cases where they have boys of their own, they put them into their stores in the summer.

"One year my husband and I let the oldest boy go out on a farm, but never again. I have not the time to go over that experience for the boy. We may have been unfortunate in the farmer to whom the boy went, but the hard work and long hours almost broke him down. I don't feel afraid of hard work myself, and I don't think the boys do, either, but the boy came home at the end of the summer with a set purpose never to be a farmer, no matter what else he did.

"So the way things are in our small town, our boys, and our neighbors' boys loaf around a good deal. I can find a little work for mine to do around the house, but we live very simply and there is no yard at our place to keep up, and almost nothing in the way of chores. The last summer our boys got to loafing around the drug-store at nights, and going to the movies nearly every night when they showed, Wednesday and Friday. Boys can't play all the time, and I know that all my boys would be glad to work at something if there was a chance. But what is there for them to do? It seems to me that the community of a small town like ours ought to furnish healthy work of some kind for school boys in the summer. The churches here, there are five, have never done anything to settle this problem, and the city council has never suggested anything. But it is a real problem to scores of families here. I have come to look forward to the summer with real dread. It is a tragedy to live in a small town that has no work for boys in the summer."

This looks like a challenge to the churches in small towns, or at least a problem for town councils to take up. Nothing is quite so demoralizing to a boy as long periods of idleness in summer. The average healthy boy does not need to play for three months. It would be a fine thing for the American school system to have some sort of plan to provide summer schools for boys and girls just as the colleges are doing. But if that is not feasible, let the churches and town councils take up this matter and answer those who, like this mother, are anxious for their boys to do something besides go to the drug-store and the movies when summer comes.

The "Jiner"

"YES," says the Average Citizen, "I belong to the noble army of 'Jiners.' I belong to the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, the Gideons, the Social Service Club, the Good Citizenship Club, the Law Enforcement League, the Chess Club, the Seaside Golf Club, the Literary Club, the Art Guild, the Library Association, the Red Cross, the Church, the Masons, and several other lodge organizations, the Amateur Photographers' Club, and an institution sometimes called the HOME. Oh, no, not the Old Men's Home, just HOME."

"I go to as many of these institutions and organizations as I can from duty, and because I pay dues to all of them and feel like getting my money's worth. The dues to all the things to which I belong and which I have 'jined,' not counting the organization called the HOME, amount to about $675 a year.

"I have been looking over my little diary for the last two weeks and you may be interested to see how good a 'jiner' I am.

"Sunday, went to Church in the morning and evening. Monday, went to Church Brotherhood supper. Tuesday evening, a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce to discuss how to make a better city. Wednesday, had a meeting of the Law Enforcement League to discuss ways of enforcing the Prohibitory law. Thursday, called a meeting from seven to eight in the evening to elect officers of the Golf Club getting HOME at eleven-thirty. Friday, monthly meeting of the Chess Club. Games were long, session closing at midnight. Saturday night, helped induct new members into the Knights of The Future. Sunday night, called a meeting after the evening service, of the deacons and trustees to confer with our pastor over the all-members drive to come off next week, calling for only two nights out for the committee. Monday, went to meeting of the Library Association to discuss the need of a new building. Tuesday, attended a special meeting of the Art Guild to examine some pictures on exhibit from Podunk. Very enjoyable evening. My wife was with me. Wednesday evening, banquet of the Rotarians, at a neighboring town. Was gone over Thursday night. Friday, read a paper at the Literary Club, which was discussed at length. Reached HOME before midnight. Saturday, election of officers of the Social Service Club. Rather a long session. But I was at HOME before eleven."

"What is this organization you mentioned, called a HOME?" asked the Young Man Around Town.

"Oh, that," says the Average Citizen, "is a place where I eat two meals a day, and sleep when I am not off on a banquet tour somewhere. It is quite a convenient institution to belong to."

"But I notice you never mentioned spending an *evening* at this place called HOME?"

"Of course not. How can I if I am a 'Jiner'?"

"I don't see how you can."

"Have either of you noticed how fast the divorces are increasing in this country?" asks Old Man Ultimate Consumer.

"No," say the Average Citizen and The Young Man Around Town.

"They are," says Old Man Ultimate. "I wonder why?"

"Yes, queer thing, isn't it?" says the Average Citizen. "I wonder why?"

The Evil Heart of Unbelief

A Sermon by REV. BENJAMIN COX, D.D.*

TEXT—Heb. 4 : 11. "Lest any man fall after the same example of disobedience." (Unbelief.)

I USED to look upon Canaan as being typical of heaven, but now I have come to believe that it represents rather the "rest that remaineth to the people of God here"—the spiritual blessing that are ours in Christ Jesus. The wilderness experience of the children of Israel was very necessary. The wandering was not necessary. In this wilderness experience we find some fine illustrations.

Here is the Dead Sea, which represents and illustrates in a way our separation from the old life through the blood of Jesus. Some of you are looking back to what you were before your experience at the cross; how you now love the things you once hated, and now hate the things you once loved. Christ was not inviting to you. He was like a "root out of a dry ground." Is there anything more uninviting than a root out of a dry ground? There is nothing specially attractive about a root, even if the ground be fertile; but what is there more uninviting than the root from which the dry ground has been scratched away? But now, such a wonderful change has taken place because of your experience at the cross, that you can say with Paul: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world."

Then their experience at Marah was very helpful. That signifies the taking of hardships and making blessings of them Exodus 15 : 23-25, "And when they came to Marah they could not drink of the waters, for they were bitter. Therefore, the name of it was called Marah. And the people murmured against Moses saying, What shall we drink? And he cried unto the Lord and the Lord showed him a tree which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet. There he made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there he proved them." There is only one tree that can sweeten the hard Marah experiences that come to us and that is the Tree of Calvary.

In the third place, they had a very interesting experience at Elim,and that soon after their adventure at Marah. "And they came to Elim where there were twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters." This illustrates the rest and refreshment that the Lord gives to us in our wilderness experience.

THEIR experience at Sinai is suggestive also. Here it is they come in touch with God's holiness, and cannot approach the Mountain of Law. It quakes and trembles, and they, too, tremble. We are reminded that "by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight, for by the law is the knowledge of sin."

Their wilderness experience was necessary, but their wanderings were not, as I said before. Let us learn from Israel's mistakes, lest we fail to enter the Canaan of rest because of the same thing that kept them out—the evil heart of unbelief. Notice the spies are sent out, and at a very auspicious time—the season of ripe grapes. The bunches of grapes are so big that two men come back carrying one bunch between them. Ten of the twelve spies report that the land indeed flows with milk and honey, but they go on to say: "And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak which come of the giants. And we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." The trouble with the ten spies lay in the fact that they kept their eyes on the giants and away from God, therefore when they saw themselves they appeared as grasshoppers. If we have our eyes on God, the number and size of the giants will not dismay us, but if we fail to see God and spend our time looking for giants, we ourselves shall appear just as they did, as mere grasshoppers. Caleb and Joshua, with their eyes off the giants and on God said "We are well able to take the land." Then the congregation cried, "Stone them with stones!" and that has been done ever since.

Men in Gospel days, like Caleb and Joshua of old, bring the report that God is able to save the vilest of sinners, that "where sin hath abounded grace did much more abound," and a cold, skeptical world cries out against them. They preach against sin, as a minister of Fort Worth preached plainly against the sin of church members who made a good part of their money by renting out buildings to be used as saloons and dives, and the world cried "Stone him!" There are lots of ways to stone a man with stones, and so they set fire to his church house and charged him with burning it, but he stood firm, and today he is preaching to great audiences. In his Sunday school on a recent Sunday there were 42,000 present. His auditorium was built to seat five thousand, and hundreds are turned away every Sunday night.

OTHER earnest pastors with the courage of Caleb and Joshua preached in the prohibition campaign, claiming that God was able to give the victory, and again the world cried, "Stone them with stones! If you preach against liquor it will hurt our business." They said to Sam Jones: "If you preach against the saloon, grass will grow in our streets." He replied. "Then we will raise more hay and less hell" Still other Calebs and Joshuas proclaim the power of the Lord against the gambling evil, and the world cries, "Stone them with stones! They are tampering with personal liberty." When others claim that the Lord is able to conquer the awful sex impurity of the present days, the world again calls out: "Stone them with stones! They will corrupt our people Such preaching will suggest things." You do not need any "suggestions" under existing conditions.

So wherever the modern Calebs and Joshuas proclaim that there is to be found in Jesus complete victory over sin, the world says: "Stone them with stones! We are bound to sin. We must sin." But I maintain that if God is able to keep you victorious over sin for one minute, He can keep you victorious for ten minutes. If He can keep you for ten minutes, He can keep you for one hour, a day, a week, a month. If He can keep you a month, He can keep you a year, and through all the years to come.

When, like Caleb and Joshua, our Gopsel messengers proclaim that in our Canaan inheritance in Jesus there is for us healing for the body as well as blessing for the soul, the scoffing world cries out: "Stone them with stones! It cannot be. The days of miracles are past." But they cannot cite chapter and verse teaching that the days of miracles are past. I thank God that in my congregation is a dear woman who was born deaf and dumb, who did not hear or speak a word until last summer. It was a glorious sight when on a recent Sunday, she brought a deaf and dumb friend with her and interpreted on her hands a part of the sermon.

NOTE the awful results of unbelief. The Israelites went back and spent forty years in wandering from Kadesh-Barnea to Ezion-Geber and return. All through this wandering they had trouble and humiliation Especially are we impressed with their humiliation when they seek to pass through the country of Edom. They, God's chosen people, the kings and queens of the earth, forced to come crouching and saying to the king of Edom: "Thus saith thy brother Israel, thou knowest all the travail that hath befallen us, how our fathers went down into Egypt, and we have dwelt in Egypt a long time, and the Egyptians vexed us and our fathers. And when we cried unto the Lord he heard our voice and sent an angel, and hath brought us forth out of Egypt, and behold, we are in Kadesh, a city in the uttermost of thy borders. Let us pass, I pray thee, through thy country. We will not pass through the fields or through the vineyards, neither will we drink of the water of the wells. We will go by the king's highway, we will not turn to the right hand nor to the left until we have passed thy borders. And Edom said unto the messengers: Thou shalt not pass by me lest I come out against thee with the sword. And the children of Israel said unto him. We will go by the highway. And if I and my cattle drink of thy water, then I will pay for it. I will only, without doing anything else, go through on my feet. And he said, Thou shalt not go through. And Edom came out against him with much people and with a strong hand." (Numbers 20 : 14-20.) And so, instead of going through Edom, they had to compass the country.

It is a humiliating spectacle to see the chosen people of the earth today who have to humiliate themselves before the world, and all because they were kept out of Canaan by the evil heart of unbelief. Jesus in His earthly ministry found the same trouble. It is said of Him "When He came to His own country, He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief. It is said also that He marveled at their unbelief." And in Mark 16 : 14, we read these striking words: "Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen Him after He was risen."

SO IT is with Jesus now. He marvels at the unbelief of His own people. It is not the sins of others that trouble Him, but the unbelief of His own people. He upbraids them for their unbelief when they refuse to believe in the power of the resurrected Christ. If He does no mighty works among us in these times, it is for the same reason—unbelief. If He is not using us in the salvation of sinners, it is because we ourselves have this evil heart of unbelief.

Thank God, there is no qualifying adjective before the word "sinners" in that wonderful text which says "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." If we have not victory over sin through Jesus, it is wholly because of this evil heart of unbelief. If we refuse to accept the blessing of the Lord in healing our bodies as well as our souls it is because of the same evil heart of unbelief.

"Oh," you say, "we need good buildings." I agree with you. "We need good Sunday-school equipment." That is correct. "We need good music." That is so. "Oh," you say, "we need more money." That is correct, too; but let us beware of depending on our money. During the Seventy-five Million Campaign I had an interview with a dear friend, one of the leaders of the movement, and I told him that my great fear was that Southern Baptists would be in danger of depending upon the seventy-five millions and forgetting the Lord. I took the position that they were better off with seventy-five dollars, having the Lord in mind, than with seventy-five millions forgetting Him. I believe that one reason the Lord has allowed trouble to come is because of this danger of our depending too much upon money and too little upon Him.

Yes, we do need buildings. We do need equipment. We do need music. We do need advertising. We do need money. But most of all we need FAITH. "According to your faith, be it unto you."

"Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink of any earthly woe!
A faith that shines more bright and clear when tempests range without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear, in darkness, feels no doubt.
God give us such a faith as this! and then whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss, of our eternal home."

AT THE third Annual Convention and World Conference on Christian Fundamentals, which meets in Denver June 12 to 19, the leading subjects to be discussed are announced as follows: "The Relation of Evangelical Faith to Evangelism," "The Menace of Modernism," "The Test of Theories as Theological Education," "The Scriptures and Sunday-School Instruction," "The Bible the only Basis of Christian Belief," "Faith and the Future of Christian Education," and "The Fundamentals in Foreign Missionary Work." The list of speakers includes Rev. W. B. Riley of Minneapolis, Minn., Rev. Cortland Myers, Don O. Shelton, Rev. A. C. Dixon, Mr. C. G. Trumbull, Bishop Chas. L. Mead, and possibly Rev. Paul Rader, Dr. James M. Gray, Hugh Monro, and others.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Come, Thou Almighty King," or "Rock of Ages."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—"The Call to Righteousness," Isaiah 54 : 6-13.

Dr Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 424, first column).

Sermon—"THE EVIL HEART OF UNBELIEF"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Sweet Hour of Prayer," or "Shining Shore."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Thou who has protected us this day, defend us when night draws nigh, and may Thy Light make of all darkness sunshine, of all fear confidence, and of all despair eternal hope through Jesus Christ Who is the Light of the world. AMEN.

*Pastor Central Baptist Church, Memphis, Tenn.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., R. Braunstein, C. C. Albertson, I. D. Lyttle, E. W. Caswell, and H. P. Hoskins

The Most Exalted Taste

SUNDAY. I Pet. 2 : 3. "*If ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious.*" Everything begins here. It is no use our dreaming of perfected human relationships until the individual has deliberately tasted the things that are Divine. A chastened palate in the individual is a primary element in the consolidation of the race. There must be a personal experimenting with God There must be a willingness to try the spiritual hygiene enjoined in the Gospel of Christ. We must 'taste and see" what the grace is like that is so freely offered to us of God We must *taste* it, and find out for ourselves its healthy and refreshing flavor.

What is implied in the apostle's figure? In the merely physical realm, when we taste a thing, what are the implications of the act? When we take a thing up critically for the purpose of discerning its flavor, there are at any rate two elements contained in the method of our approach. There is an application of a sense, and there is the exercise of the judgment. We bring an alertness of palate that we may register sensitive perceptions, and we bring an alertness of mind that we may exercise a discriminating judgment.

Well, these two elements are only symbolic of the equipment that is required if we would "taste and see how gracious the Lord is." We need to present to the Lord a sensitive sense and a vigilant mind There is no word which is read so drowsily as the Word of God. There is no business so sluggishly executed as the business of prayer. If men would discern the secret flavor of the Gospel, they must come to it wide awake, and sensitively search for the conditions by which its hidden wealth may be disclosed. 'Son of man, eat that thou findest . . . Then did I eat it, and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness."

"Eat that thou findest!" Well, the only way in which we can eat a message is to obey it. Obedience is spiritual consumption; and in the act of obedience, in the act of consumption, we discern the wondrous flavors of grace. We are, therefore, to approach the Gospel of our Lord. We are patiently and sensitively to realize its conditions. We are to put ourselves in the attitude of obedience, and, retaining a bright and wakeful mind, we shall begin to discern the glories of our redemption. We shall taste the flavor of reconciliation, the fine grace of forgiveness, and the exquisite quality of peace. This is the primary step in the creation of the family; the individual is to taste and appreciate the things of God.

All delights imply repulsions. All likes necessitate dislikes. A strong taste for God implies a strong distaste for the ungodly The more refined my taste, the more exacting becomes my standard. The more I appreciate God, the more shall I depreciate the godless. I do not wonder, therefore, that the "tasting" of grace is accompanied by a '*putting away*" of sin. If I welcome the one I shall "*therefore*" repel the other. The finer my taste, the more scrupulous will be my repulsions.

Mark the ascending refinement in this black catalog of expulsions: "*wickedness, vile, hypocrisies, envies, evil speakings!*" The list ranges from thick, soddened compact wickedness up to unkindly speech, and I am so to grow in my Divine appreciation that I just as strongly repel the gilded forms of sin as I do those that savor of the exposed and noisome sewer. The taste of grace implies the "putting away ' of sin, and therefore the second step in the creation of the family is the cleansing of the individual. J. H. J.

Welcoming the Prodigal

MONDAY. Luke 15 : 21. "*I am no more worthy.*" The prodigal was quite right when he said to his father, "I am not worthy to be called thy son." He had gone away of his own accord, had taken his patrimony with him and squandered it, had forfeited every rational claim to his father's consideration. Nevertheless, on his return, he was welcomed to the old home and restored to all the privileges which he had thus voluntarily and recklessly given up.

The same is true of the penitent sinner who comes home to God. He knows he is not worthy to gather up the crumbs that fall from the table, yet all the rich viands of grace are spread before him.

A sense of ill desert lies at the very heart of penitence and, by the same token, it is one of the vital evidences of faith. As in heaven all worthiness is ascribed "to Him that sitteth upon the throne," so here the true follower of Christ is frank to confess that he merits none of the blessings lavished upon him.

"Why was I made to hear thy voice
And enter while there's room
While thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?"

The point so often urged by non-Christians that "there are better people outside of the church than in it" is well taken; since in this fellowship all are confessedly sinners, sinners without merit, only sinners saved by grace.

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly drew us in,
Else had we still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin." D. J. B.

The Glory of Childhood

TUESDAY. Luke 2 . 52. "*And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man.*" When Jesus was born He put childhood on the throne of the world Childhood has been endowed with regal splendor and royal prerogatives ever since Nothing is too good for the child. Every child has a right to be born well and is entitled to the best advantages for development. Childhood everywhere of all races and climes, is sacred and beautiful, created in the divine likeness, packed with potentialities, enriched with possibilities, and heir-apparent to all the best things of the future.

Even the most selfish persons pay the highest tribute to those who come after them. Trees are planted, songs of inspiration written, institutions built, laws framed, books produced, pictures painted, systems of education established and reforms given impetus for posterity. Childhood is the fertile field for our investment. A child has intelligence, but not experience. It is the business of the child to learn, to acquire this experience. It is our business to make it possible for the child to gain the best experience available.

A nation rich in material things and poor in spiritual values is a nation on the downward path. Jesus is our model He increased in wisdom. That was educational development He increased in stature. That was physical development. He increased in favor with God. That was religious development. He increased in favor with man. That was social development. Such development makes for the four-square life. Anything short of this causes a lack and creates a void in our national life. The hope of the future the blessing of the great tomorrow, lie in the growing child of the formative and developing period of today. R. B.

The Unseen Hand

WEDNESDAY. Psa. 139 : 5. "*Thou hast laid Thine hand upon me.*" The laying upon us of God's hand often means selection. The military law under which we labored during the late war was called the law of selective service. For the first time in our military history we tried on a large scale to classify men as to their capacity for specific kinds of service. There were men who made excellent motor drivers who were not qualified for trench work. There were chemists for research work. There was a youth I know who could not possibly have carried a gun or driven a motor truck, but he knew trees, and the Government sent him into the forests of the Northwest looking for timber for air-craft propellers.

Here was the psalmist, a dreamy-souled but open-eyed shepherd boy. God knew the qualities that lay hidden in his breast. He was a natural leader. Reverence was strong in him. So, because he was a man God could use, God laid His hand on him. Where did that hand lead David? From the sheepfold to the throne

A thousand years go by. A great work is to be done. It is nothing less than the building of a world-wide Church. Christ was laying the foundations, and He was a Master Builder. He needed twelve men. He did not want all of them to be of the same type. So we see a selecting intelligence at work. What a diversity of genius and talent in the apostolic company!

Fifteen hundred years go by. Another great piece of work is to be done The Church is overlaid with errors and superstitions and must be cleansed. God lays His hand on a miner's son, a child of the people, of peasant blood. Full-blooded, passionate and honest, with the power of eloquent protest and the gift of rugged speech, Martin Luther felt the unseen Hand laid upon him in an act of selection

Two hundred years go by. Christ lays His hand upon a young Englishman at Oxford. He is small of body, but lithe and active and capable of tremendous industry and terrible earnestness John Wesley felt the unseen and selecting Hand. It is ever so. God's hand is still active in history. It is the guiding hand along the way of our pilgrimage. It is the strengthening hand in the day of our struggle with what appears to be adverse fate. It is the establishing hand when we would otherwise be moved from our sure foundations Let us recognize it when it is laid upon us. Let not our patience resent it or our self-will shake it off for it is the hand of a Father who is also our Uttermost Friend. C. C. A.

The Father's House

THURSDAY. John 14 . 2. "*In my Father's house are many mansions.*" Have you sometimes longed for and wondered about that haven of rest, the Father's house of "many mansions"? Have you, when pressed by the trials, and weary with the conflict, just longed to lay your head upon the breast of Christ, that you might feel the touch of His hand, and hear the gentle tones of His voice telling you to rest? Have you, when all footsore with the journey, tried to imagine what it would have been like to have been with the disciples that evening, when Jesus laid aside His outer garment and washed the feet of those men?

Of course you have! And sometimes when He seemed so far away, you wondered—just wondered if He really knew. Like Job you could say: "O that I knew the place where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat." Just a glimpse of His face, and a word from lips that could speak comfortably, and all would be well. You would then feel like taking a fresh hold of the trials, in the confidence that you would come of more than a conqueror. The presence of Jesus is not a matter of time or place, but of triumphant faith in His glorious promise, "Lo, I am with you always." He is still in the Father's house, and so are you. You have but to speak and He will respond. He is ready to walk with you and talk with you, and by the joy of His presence He will roll the clouds away. I. D. L.

The Life More Abundant

FRIDAY I. Cor. 15 : 36 "*That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.*" Every seed has its own body which must perish in the ground that the germ may live to produce a great harvest. Otherwise the seed abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. Is it not so that the human body goes down into the earth for the emancipation of the spirit, likewise self dies that the angel of life for others may live? We see this beautiful law in nature. Leaves fade and fall that new life may blossom in the springtime. So old age is but a premonition of everlasting youth.

The Creator's motto must be "Behold I make all things new": a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Parting with the old means development of the new. Losing the sinful we find the pure life of Christ within us and become complete in Him. It should be that the longer we live, the more spiritual our joys become. Our affections are upon things above, where are a multitude of our fellows, who have left us awhile with only memories of vivid friendships Is it not blessed to know that the mortal is to put on the immortal, by dying to the sensual and living to the spiritual? The process is conversion to Christ, a radical change crucified with Him, we become dead to sin and alive unto God.

The heart, like a harp, must be attuned to spiritual melodies to understand heavenly music and divine voices. It is the Christian musician who puts his soul into song, giving it spirit and life. He puts youth into age and life into death. When loved ones go away, it is the soul within them we miss, not the physical and perishable; the soul is everything that is valuable and eternal We may lose all else and still our riches are illimitable. E. W. C.

More Like the Master

SATURDAY. Matt. 10 : 24-25. "*The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord.*" The character and authority of Jesus are absolutely unique. In person and power we can no more be like Him than the tallow dip can be like blazing Arcturus. That is not what Jesus meant. He meant that those who follow Him must be ready to accept the rough usage He received, that the fare He had should not be rejected by them and they are not to expect better treatment at the hands of the world than He received. In sympathy and character we are to be like Him,

It is easy for many under certain conditions to develop class consciousness, to drift into the feeling that we belong by temperament and calling, in a cultured, intellectual highly moral class, and that there are even several classes within that class. There is a class for the big influential citizen another for the man of moderate acquirements, and still others for the representative of schools of various reputations. It is easy for the Jameses and the Johns nearest the Master to slip into the habit of class consciousness.

But those who are the most like their Master in sympathy are very humble, and not even proud of their humility. Spiritual honors bring spiritual responsibilities which may eventually weigh down even the strongest. The church that is built of folks *like* the Master is a vital, compelling force yet without being proud or self-seeking. H. P. H.

The World News of the Week

Senate Adopts Disarmament Amendment by Unanimous Vote

THE strength of the American sentiment for ending the competition among nations to excel in preparedness for war was strikingly exemplified when the Senate, with seventy-four members present, unanimously adopted the Borah naval disarmament amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill. Under this amendment President Harding "is authorized and requested to invite the Governments of Great Britain and Japan to send representatives to a conference, which shall be charged with the duty of promptly entering into an understanding or agreement by which the naval expenditures and building programs of each . . . shall be substantially reduced annually during the next five years to such an extent and upon such terms as may be agreed upon, which understanding or agreement is to be reported to the respective governments for approval."

A similar amendment was defeated in the House because of the President's belief that the issuance of a call for such a conference should be left entirely to his discretion, but he had withdrawn his opposition before the proposal came to a vote in the Senate. With Mr. Harding ready to accept the amendment, it was predicted by leaders that the House also would adopt the disarmament clause without a dissenting vote when the conference report on the Naval bill comes before it.

There was prolonged debate on the Naval bill in the Senate, where nearly $100,000,000 had been added to the House draft in committee, and efforts to obtain heavy reductions in the Senate total of $500,000,000 were defeated. One of the hardest fights was over the proposal to cut the enlisted personnel from 120,000 to the 100,000 provided in the House measure, but the larger figure was retained by a vote of 45 to 23, thirty-one Republicans and fourteen Democrats voting for it, while thirteen Republicans and ten Democrats opposed it. An attempt to have the United States appoint a representative to the League of Nation's Disarmament Commission was defeated by a vote of 42 to 22.

Harding Seeks to Fund Allied Debts

INFORMATION that the United States is seeking to change the form of the Allied debts to this government so as to permit their distribution among the people, with a consequent reduction of the tax burden, was conveyed by President Harding in one of his New York speeches and has caused widespread discussion because of the magnitude of the financial operations involved.

"The exigencies of war compelled the Government to take, by taxation, much wealth from our people to be loaned to our Allies," Mr. Harding said. "This is the basis of their obligation to us, and it is not a good form in which to hold the obligations of one people to another people. It is altogether to be hoped that in a reasonable period we may change the form of these obligations and distribute them among all the people. We hope that this may be accomplished and also that there may be effective reduction of the cost of government. In these ways we hope to release a great volume of wealth and credit from the burden that government has been imposing and make it available for the development of domestic industry and the expansion of foreign trade."

In authoritative circles in Washington it was explained that no pressure on Europe to pay her debts in the near future was contemplated, but that negotiations are in progress looking toward the re-funding of the debts of the Allied countries from mere promises to pay into long-term obligations. The bonds of the foreign countries would be delivered to Washington and sold to the people of the United States with the guarantee of our government, the proceeds being used to retire Liberty Bonds. This would reduce not only America's bonded indebtedness but also the interest payments. Officials doubted that any of these bonds would be offered for sale within a year.

The proceeds of the five Liberty loans totaled $21,435,370,600 and the American loans to Europe ran up to $9,711,739,636, so that the transfer of the Allied obligations would cancel nearly half of the Liberty Bonds.

Bankers Dine at White House

A GATHERING of prominent bankers at the White House which at times in the last quarter-century would have caused a tremendous outcry against "Wall Street influence" in government affairs initiated a series of conferences which President Harding intends to hold with financial interests regarding the flotation of foreign loans and the revival of American industry and export trade.

International

MME. CURIE RECEIVES AMERICAN WOMEN'S GIFT OF RADIUM

The package which she holds in her hand is not large but is worth $100,000, for radium is so expensive that even its co-discoverer has not been able to afford any for experimental purposes. At President Harding's left is Eva Curie, Mme. Curie's daughter

In addition to Secretaries Mellon and Hoover the President had at dinner with him: J. P. Morgan, Charles H. Sabin, Paul Warburg, James A. Alexander, C. E. Mitchell and William Kent, all connected with great New York banking houses; Benjamin Strong, governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank; and H. C. McEldouney, a Pittsburg banker.

No advance notice of the conference had been given and it was secret in a sense, but it was made known that nearly every phase of the foreign and domestic situation was discussed. No final decision was reached on any question, and other financial conferences are to follow. One topic was that of limiting foreign loans here, as far as practicable, to the settlement of outstanding obligations or the stimulation of American industries and exports. The bankers were said to be in agreement on that principle, but to be in doubt regarding the extent to which it could be carried out without an unfortunate reaction. They promised co-operation with the government, and foreign requests for further loans will be scrutinized carefully. The bankers were unanimous in saying that the best way to help the nation's export trade and thus stimulate industry is to aid in bringing about better financial conditions in Europe, but it was agreed that any process of readjustment must necessarily be slow.

Silesian Situation Clearing

THE Wirth ministry in Germany has taken up its work with a display of strength and energy which has surprised the many observers who predicted its speedy fall, and the evidences of good faith toward the Allies which it has given have brought words of commendation from Premier Briand in the French Chamber of Deputies. Particularly in regard to the Silesian controversy has the attitude of the Wirth ministry won approval.

News that battalions of German troops had crossed over into Silesia prepared to give battle to the Polish forces which had invaded that province in defiance of the Allies caused Premier Briand to send a note to Berlin demanding that Germany take steps immediately to prevent the further passage of German troops into Silesia, and to obtain the withdrawal of those already across the border, with the warning that a German invasion of Silesia would be regarded by France as a *casus belli*. The German Government replied at once that it would close the frontier to prevent the passage of troops and would disband the volunteer bands formed in eastern Germany in the last three weeks. Advices from Allied sources showed that Germany was enforcing vigorous measures for keeping the peace and for punishing those who sought to recruit forces for attacking the Polish invaders.

Premier Briand, in a long address before the French Deputies, made a plea for moderation toward Germany, which revealed a new attitude. He declared Dr. Wirth had manifested "great frankness and great loyalty," had undertaken engagements and taken steps to carry them out, and that France owed it to herself and to the world to give Berlin a chance to make good its new promises. "While I am upon the bridge I shall not drive the ship upon the rocks," he said in announcing that the Chamber must get a new chief if it refused to back up his policy of moderation, for which he claimed the support of the public opinion of the republic. The Premier won the vote of confidence which he demanded from the Chamber by a vote of 403 to 163.

Both the French and British Premiers have adopted a more conciliatory attitude regarding the Silesian muddle, although the British and Italians still advocate a boundary line different from that favored by the French. One suggestion for a settlement attributed to the British was that Germany should receive the undoubtedly German portions of Silesia, Poland the Polish sections, and that the disputed industrial section should be administered for thirty years by an international commission. Premier Briand scoffed at the idea that the Allied differences over Silesia could break up the entente.

Dublin Custom House Burned

THE burning of the Dublin Custom House by Sinn Feiners in an afternoon attack in which eighteen persons were killed overshadowed all other events of a stormy and riotous election week in Ireland. The building, which was 120 years old and one of the most imposing in Ireland, housed many important government departments, and its destruction was the most important damage of the rebellion. It occupied an entire block, and the property loss was estimated at $5,000,000, to say nothing of the loss of archives which cannot be replaced. The burning of the structure was said to be more disabling to the governmental machinery than that of Dublin Castle itself would have been.

International

JAPAN'S CROWN PRINCE INSPECTS BRITISH GUARD OF HONOR

Not a man in the lot is shorter than six feet and, topped by their picturesque bearskin shakos, they make the future Mikado appear rather diminutive, but he is above the average of Japanese stature. His visit in Britain is to be followed by one in France

The attack was carried out with machine-like precision. Police sentries on guard at the entrances were overpowered in a moment by assailants who sprang upon them from the passing crowds, and the attacking forces hurried into the offices, held up the officials at revolver point, then saturated books and documents with petrol and set fire to them. In a few moments the greater part of the huge structure was in flames. Reinforcements of Crown forces arrived before the Sinn Feiners had time to depart and there was sharp fighting for a few minutes. Then the Sinn Feiners were driven to flight, leaving about fifty of their number as prisoners.

The polling for the election of members to the North Irish Par-

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liament was accompanied by many disorders and there were many clashes between the opposing factions, especially in Belfast. Following British custom, the counting of the ballots was delayed, but it was anticipated that the Unionists would elect all of their forty candidates. The Unionists polled a total of 341,289 votes; the Sinn Feiners, 103,516; and the Nationalists, 60,762 on the unofficial returns. In South Ireland no candidates had been named to oppose the Sinn Feiners, except from Dublin College.

Assails Irish Propaganda

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., at its final session at Winona Lake, Ind., passed a resolution condemning the "persistent and systematic propaganda being carried on by sympathizers with certain movements in Ireland" designed to force the American Government to interfere in the affairs of a friendly nation and expressing "sympathy with and earnest support of our Protestant brethren of Ireland in their distress." Other resolutions urged President Harding to call a disarmament conference, favored uniform Federal marriage and divorce laws, and called for a nation-wide campaign for motion-picture censorship by the government. Rev. Dr. Louis Seymour Mudge of Harrisburg, Pa., was elected States Clerk at a salary of $8,000 to succeed the late Rev. Dr. William Henry Roberts, having been the unanimous choice of the special committee.

The United Presbyterian Assembly, meeting at Philadelphia, unanimously elected Rev. A. F. Kilpatrick, of Burlington, Wash., as its moderator. The reports presented to the Assembly showed excellent progress. There was a net gain of 2 per cent. in membership and $6,500,000 was contributed to the church during the year, an average of $41 a member as against an average of $26 for the preceding year.

FIRST GERMAN WAR CRIMINAL CONVICTED. The first trail by the High Court at Leipsic, which is to pass on the cases of Germans accused by the Allies of violating the rules of war, resulted in the sentencing of Sergeant Heyner to ten months' imprisonment for ill-treating British prisoners. The punishment was denounced in the British House of Commons as inadequate.

MANY KILLED IN EGYPTIAN RIOTING. Twelve Europeans and thirty-six natives were killed and nearly 200 wounded in rioting in Alexandria, which followed a clash between Greeks and Egyptians. British troops restored order after indiscriminate shooting, looting and burning had terrorized the city for several hours.

TARIFF BILL SIGNED BY PRESIDENT. Adoption by the House of the conference report on the Emergency Tariff bill by a vote of 245 to 97 completed its second passage by Congress since December 22, and the measure was sent to President Harding, who affixed his signature.

NEW GOVERNOR FOR SANTO DOMINGO. The selection of Rear Admiral Samuel Shelburne Robison as Military Governor of Santo Domingo to succeed Admiral Thomas Snowden has been announced by Secretary Weeks. The ultimate withdrawal of United States marines from the republic is under consideration in Washington.

TWO DIE IN RUM STILL EXPLOSION. Two persons were burned to death and five others were injured when an illicit whisky still exploded in Brooklyn, igniting a large quantity of alcohol secreted in the room and setting fire to the building.

FIGHTING IN VLADIVOSTOK. Despatches to Washington have announced the capture of Vladivostok by anti-Bolshevist forces, made up of the remnants of the former army of the late Admiral Kolchak. They have hoisted the flag of the empire over the principal buildings, but the duration of their control was in doubt, as fighting still continued.

BERGDOLL PROPERTY SEIZED. All the property of Grover C. Bergdoll, convicted draft dodger, who now is a fugitive in Germany, has been seized by the Alien Property Custodian, under the Trading with the Enemy Act. The property of his mother and brother also was placed under Federal control, but will be returned when Mrs. Bergdoll separates it from the property of the fugitive.

A Word on the Sunday-School Lessons

President WM. N. DAVIDSON, LL. D. — Vice President H. D. W. ENGLISH — Secretary R. E. CARMACK — Treasurer GEORGE T. MARSHALL — General Secretary GEORGE W. PENNIMAN

ALLEGHENY COUNTY SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION
(INCORPORATED)

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April 18, 1921.

Mr. Graham Patterson,
The Christian Herald,
Bible House, New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr Patterson:

I am reading, with a great deal of interest and profit, the comments on the International Sunday School lessons, written by Rev. Dr. Samuel D. Price.

I am sure that you made no mistake whatever in selecting Dr. Price for this very important service, for he can bring to this work, not only a large experience as a pastor, but, unlike many writers who are trying to get the truths out of the Sunday School lessons, he is a thorough Sunday School man himself, and knows what the Sunday Schools ought to have in the way of intensive expression in order that a proper impression may be made by the lesson.

I shall follow these articles with a great deal of interest and I am sure that anyone who will invest the time to read them will be repaid with dividends of a very helpful character in the interpretation of the great truths that are to be found in the lessons for the coming months.

This is, of course, only one of the good things that you have in the Christian Herald, which continues to be, as it has been in the past, a splendid and potential factor in advancing the cause of Christian civilization.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,
Geo W Penniman

GWP DGO

26 27
The 32nd Annual Convention, Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, September 19 & 20, 1921

Strictly Disputatious Emily

Continued from page 421

he ain't as smooth a talker as some, but he's a good, kind man, and he's done a lot of good. He's earned his money twice over, and you know it!"

"I've been in favor o' raisin' his salary all the time," put in Doane defensively.

"Well, maybe you have; but Mrs. Kinsey hasn't. She's a regular hard shell! We got into it about something else, too. She tried to run down the Salvation Army. You know old Joe Biggs got salvation at one of their meetings they held on the street here the other night. Mrs. Kinsey set here and sneered about it. Said it wouldn't last, and that it wasn't no use to waste time on such critters."

"Well, it didn't seem to last with old Joe," declared Doane with reckless force. "He went on another rampage last night and kicked his family outdoors."

"Are you trying to start a quarrel?" cried Emily angrily. "Listen here, if old Joe's salvation only lasted a week or ten days, wasn't it a blessing? Wasn't his children and wife happy for that long? Wasn't his temporary change worth while, even if he did backslide? You know it was! I told Mrs. Kinsey so, too. I told her that the Army influences people that no other church can hope to reach, and that she ought to be ashamed making fun of them and sneering at them."

"What'd she say then?"

EMILY jerked her head and gave him a dangerous, tight-lipped smile. "She agreed with me!"

"Uh-huh." He stared at her, and the wild gleam of excitement in his eyes grew and grew.

Suddenly he dragged a chair very close to hers and slammed himself into it.

"Emily," he began, leaning far over and watching her closely, "the other night I asked you to marry me."

She drew back quickly. "Let's don't go into that again!"

"I asked you to marry me! An' now I can see that you was right about the whole thing."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I guess I'm what you'd call a *pore* man——"

"Oh, you've got enough money—as far as that's concerned."

Doane grinned behind a calloused hand. Then he went on, "I ain't much on looks neither. I'm bald as an egg, an' my complexion ain't exactly fashionable, an' they ain't nothin' beautiful 'bout my shape, an' I got false teeth——"

"What makes you talk like that, Alan Doane? Your looks are plenty good enough for me—as far as that's concerned."

"I ain't much on education neither. My grammar ain't very good. I 'spect I'd embarrass you when we had company. I'm awkward, too, I guess, an' my manners ain't nothin' extry. An' of course I know I'm only a section boss, which ain't——"

"Your manners are all right!" flared Emily. "You wouldn't embarrass me, either! And a section foreman is good enough for anybody!"

THE calloused hand sheltered another grin. "Oh, I 'spect you'd be ashamed o' me," he continued, with tremendous self-depreciation. "I ain't used to bein' 'round women folks."

"You could soon learn."

"I 'spect another reason why you're kind o' timid 'bout marryin' me is because I believe in long engagements. I don't believe people ought to be married till a year or two after they're engaged. It don't——"

"A year or two? Long engagements breed trouble, I tell you! A year or two! Why, two months would be long enough!"

Doane edged his chair still closer. "Well, mebbe you're right. Remember what you said the other night—'bout us bein' too old to think about gettin' married? Well, you was right about that, too. People *would* laugh at us, an' I guess it ain't like as if we was young folks. I'm forty-two. That's purty old, I tell you. An' I don't blame you for not wantin' a man as old as me."

"You're not old!" she cried hotly. "Lots of people have got married at our age and been as happy as can be! and it ain't anybody's business but our own, I tell you! It ain't——"

"Emily!" A powerful arm closed roughly about her shoulders, and his lips crushed against hers.

"We could be married next Friday," Doane suggested half an hour later, with a tremendous grin.

Emily's eyes snapped. "Friday?—We'll be married *Monday!*"

And that settled it.

Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine

Western Hemlock
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine

A NEW STANDARD OF EFFICIENCY IN THE USE OF MATERIALS

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That is why an enlightened lumber service is important in this period of industrial reconstruction and in the great era of home-building that is ahead.

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For years there has been accumulating a mass of close-knit knowledge about the kinds of wood, their service values and adaptabilities.

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Add to this the advanced knowledge of wood preservation—and you begin to see the far-reaching benefits of this lumber service.

What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public, any desired information as to the qualities of the different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether we handle it or not.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on our product.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices and representatives throughout the country.

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Producers of Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States

Do You Borrow the Christian Herald?

THIS question is addressed to those members of the Christian Herald family, who are not subscribers, but to whom subscribers gladly lend their copy of the Christian Herald.

The Christian Herald is a great spiritual force.

Its strength grows as its readers increase.

The person who loans you his paper multiplies its influence by two. He gets as much pleasure out of giving as you do in receiving.

Now—why not multiply this force by four?

Send $2.00 to-day for a year's subscription. You, yourself will have a paper each week to loan to some one. Your friend also will be able to loan his copy elsewhere. Instead of two homes in your town being blessed with the spiritual influence of the paper, four will be energized and stimulated. The paper will thus have four opportunities to help the young people of those families to get started right.

We know from past experience that a great many readers of courtesy mean to be readers by right of purchase. Each year many of these subscribe. Why not do so now—and do your part in helping us to publish the Christian Herald and extend its influence for good.

Use this blank to have your subscription entered

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
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Gentlemen: Please enter my name for the Christian Herald for one year, 52 weeks. I enclose $2.00 to pay for the same.

Name .....

Town ..... State .....

Rural Route or Street .....

Effective Church Advertising

Paid Newspaper Space Is Used Systematically in an Ohio Town

By HERBERT H. SMITH

PERHAPS the best answer to the question "Can We Advertise Christianity?" is that Christianity is being advertised in paid newspaper space in many cities of the country, some of which "ads" are of considerable size. The Federation of Churches of Portsmouth, Ohio, for example, for the three weeks preceding Easter, this year, spent $440 in daily copy in both newspapers in the town, setting forth various phases of the claims of Christianity. These "ads" were signed by the twenty-five churches of seven denominations. which are members of the Federation, but money was solicited from business firms of the city.

The effort first was to raise $500. The contributions came in so rapidly, however, that $720 was on hand before the pastors cried "Enough." The money not spent at Easter-time is being used to run small copy every Saturday throughout the year. The "ads" preceding Easter were twelve inches on four columns, or larger. One advertisement, paid for jointly by the banks of the town, and signed by them, occupied fifteen inches on five columns. In this advertisement the bankers say:

"We know that the unseen forces of life—honesty, integrity, fair dealing—are stronger than steel doors, time-locks and brawny special officers.

"Honesty, sense of right, conscience, religion—call it what you will—we bankers know it exists. The strong boxes are for the few subnormal men who prove the general rule of honesty.

"Every banker in Portsmouth knows that if churches had not been here since the beginning of the town, the banks could not stay a week—would never have been. Law and order must precede safe banking. Churches induce law and order.

"We support the churches, each banker and employee, according to his choice, because we want Portsmouth to grow and become a better place in which to live and raise a family. We know that along the path of righteousness and this alone, lies stable, continuous prosperity. We want to put our influence on the side of right every time.

"The bankers of this city know that the church is the sole institution which has for its chief business the inculcation of the principles of honesty and right dealing.

"Churches develop faith, and faith is needed before a man is willing to risk his savings and his labor in a project he hopes will mean much to the city and its workers.

"Churches are the ally of everything that is good and the enemy of everything that is wrong. The banks of Portsmouth stand solidly beside the churches on this platform.

"The banks and bankers of Portsmouth cordially invite the officers and employees, and every citizen of this progressive city, to attend some church tomorrow. It is the Sunday before Easter, Palm Sunday. Why not accept this first invitation by the banks of this city to attend church? Pick your church—any church—but go. Be there on time. Go expecting to get some good from it. Go every Sunday. You will never regret it."

ANOTHER "ad," used on Good Friday, signed by the Federation, was illustrated with a cut of the Cross, with the inscription of three languages, which Pilate said should remain on the Cross on which Christ was crucified:

After Lent Is Over

"Shall we be satisfied with the formalities of religion?

"The Christianity which does not carry over into the store, the shop and the office is not very worth-while. Unless we have as much zeal to live close to our ideal on Thursday night as we have on Sunday noon, we have not caught the true spirit of Christianity.

"Lent is sometimes twisted into a sort of spiritual comfort by those who devoutly attend special services leading up to Easter, and then with a self-satisfied smile imagine that their duty to their better nature is done for another year.

"Churches are maintained and character is builded by regular church attendance and attention to all details of spiritual helpfulness.

"Attendance on special meetings at one season of the year is not enough. The test comes on the Sunday after Easter. Will you be in your place in church then? Will the new-made vows be strengthened with fresh purpose? This is no imputation on the resolve of you who have decided to live "the Jesus way." It is a question which you will have to face when your first temptation arises.

"Determine to live up to your highest ideals now and always.

"PORTSMOUTH FEDERATION OF CHURCHES."

THIS "ad" is typical of the series. An effort was made in every announcement to give the reader something which would help him be a better man, whether or not he accepted the recurring invitation to attend church.

The headings of other "ads" indicate the nature of the material—"Moral Forces Alone Are Permanent," "Christianity Is Difficult," "Support Your Preacher," "Your Spiritual Income Blank," "Easter Means New Life and Hope," and "Christianity Is the Great Adventure." Copy for these "ads" was furnished at the request of the publicity committee of the Portsmouth Church Federation by the church advertising section of the Department of Publicity of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

This department sends our weekly copy of a similar nature to 1,800 Presbyterian ministers, who have requested this service. A number of pastors of other denominations have also asked that they be permitted to have these copy suggestions. All of these have attempted to set forth in popular form Christian ideals. One advertisement recently issued was illustrated by a picture of an automobile on a rough road, approaching a hand, directing the wayfarer along the smooth pathway "3 miles to church." The text read:

"Church helps a man from his moral ruts and starts him on the highway of right thinking and right living. The longer we travel in ruts the deeper they become and the more difficult it is to get out of them.

"The churches of this community are here to help you out of both social and moral ruts. They provide Christian fellowship and offer the only solution for sin—the Gospel of Jesus Christ. No man ever regretted the time he spent in church attendance.

"Let us help you out of your ruts—perhaps you will help us out of ours. Come to church Sunday."

Two hundred and thirty-five country newspapers in various parts of the country in the past year have used a series of twelve "ads," issued by newspaper syndicate. The headings of some of these "ads" indicate their evangelical character: "Your Moral Wages," "Can you Keep Sweet at Home?" "Are Your Children in Sunday School?" and "Strengthen Your Moral Convictions."

In some places these "ads" are used by an individual congregation, paid for by the pastor from his tithe account, or by the trustees from their current expense account. In some towns a number of churches unite to buy space in the local paper to use these advertisements of Christianity.

PRAGUE, the capital of the new state of Czechoslovakia, now has a population of almost a million since there have been consolidated with it thirty-eight towns and villages which had grown up around its borders.

Making the Social Order Christian

International Sunday-School Lesson for June 19
Luke 4 : 16-21; Matt. 25 : 34-40

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

THESE two selections from the gospels are taken respectively from the early and concluding parts of the ministry of Jesus Christ. Thus they bring the whole public service to our attention. He presented to the world a program for all life in all time rather than suggestions for some on Sabbath Days. Jesus read that day in the Nazareth synagogue from the Prophet Isaiah, and the fellow townsmen, who observed the life of this new prophet, knew that He exemplified the declaration made in the long ago.

The Church founded by Jesus Christ is essential in making the social order Christian. There are free thinkers today as in other ages, boasting of their independence, who refuse to be related to, or to work in direct co-operation with the Church. They find fault with the Church. Jesus, in talking about the Kingdom of God, told of the wheat and the tares that would grow together until the harvest. It is most valuable to note the attitude of the Founder of the Church toward the synagogue of His place of residence. He "entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the sabbath day." Today one of the most important habits in character-building and world-betterment is to be regularly in the Lord's house on the Lord's Day.

Another tremendously valuable statement to be pressed home by every teacher and contemplated by every reader is that Jesus, when the roll of the prophets was handed to Him, was able to find the place. Countless members of the church and Sunday School cannot even find the Lord's Prayer, not to mention other best known portions of the Bible. Test yourself in finding such parables as the Good Samaritan, the Ten Virgins, the Prodigal Son or "Suffer little children to come unto me." When you commit a verse of scripture to memory, memorize also the location by book, chapter and verse, and state it in that order, rather than backwards—the way some preachers announce their texts, as, "the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John."

"Help" is a world-cry which is coming from every country on both hemispheres. This cry becomes louder just in proportion as we give attention to individuals and communities and note how they live. Is there any balm in Gilead to help the world's festering sores? The non-Christian peoples have no answer from their ages of experience. Baron Sakatani, of Tokyo, declared at the World's Sunday School Convention last fall that Christianity is the one international religion. There must be not only good morals and sound ethics but also a power to enable the individual to live them. Christianity presents the standards and the dynamic for their attainment. Christianity is able to respond to every cry of "Help." Christ's program is a sufficient curriculum in the great School of Life.

IT IS the business of the Church, which has received as a legacy the Great Commission of our Lord, to make living for every person on this globe just as easy as possible. The Church believes the Beatitudes and is under obligation to make every effort to work these into the very life of humanity. The Bible is a book for constant use in daily life. Study and meditation mean little until commands are wrought into deeds. The Bible is the greatest book on sociology that the world has. Man's relations to man and to mankind are perfectly stated therein. There can be no wrongs in society when each person is ready to put the answer into action when the question is asked, "What would Jesus do if He were in my place?"

That the social order is becoming Christian is seen when history is studied. Two flaming illustrations are the abolition of slavery and of the legalized liquor traffic. Child labor is lessening and women's inherent rights are being recognized. Prison reforms, literacy, sanitation, etc., are receiving the attention of all who would make the world or any part of it more livable. Though some will not respond, every person must be given the very best opportunity and environment for self-development.

When a nation teaches the Christian social relationship by example, the whole world can learn. At one time a Japanese gun was fired at an American vessel lying in the Straits of Shimonoseki. In connection with the apology Japan paid to the United States $800,000 in gold as an indemnity. This money was stored in Washington. There were those then in this country who were eager to do their part in making the social order Christian and in time the cases of money were returned to Japan. And this was done without the seals on the several boxes having been broken. Just as it came and even uncounted it was returned. Such neighborliness made a profound impression on the Japanese. They could not spend such money carelessly. The indemnity thus returned was finally used in making the great breakwater in Yokohama harbor so that the vessels of the United States, as well as those of other nations, might ride in safety though even a typhoon raged there. That lesson has not been forgotten.

In more recent years a sum of money was given to the United States by reason of wrongs incident to the Boxer uprising in China. That money, however, is being expended in China and a great university has been established near Peking where Chinese students are trained in respect to things that are good as well as in the great facts of many sciences. John R. Mott has said "What you would have appear in the life of a nation, you must first put in the class room."

LEST the importance of the individual be lost sight of in this tremendously big lesson subject, we must remember the old fact that the whole is but the sum of all its parts. The social order is best made Christian by making Christians. But even though we have in mind such a glorious work as the mass movement in India and elsewhere, where multitudes seek the ordinances of the church more rapidly than they can be carefully instructed in the teachings of the Bible, yet no one becomes a Christian except by obtaining individually, through the work of the Holy Spirit, the new birth, even as Jesus taught Nicodemus at that night school many years ago. Teach this lesson with the supreme object of winning souls to Jesus Christ. You will thus start another life to make the Kingdom come, that His will shall be done in earth even as it is in heaven.

The work of making the social order Christian is staggering in its greatness. It is impossible of accomplishment except in working under the directions of Him who declared that all things are possible to those who have faith. Economy of time and strength are a great consideration. How can this work be done with the least expenditure of the resources that must be involved? The answer is simple. Would that mankind would rise to the challenge! *Save the children.* John Nuveen, a Chicago banker, said: "The future of our country depends upon the development of a Christian character in what are the boys and girls of today." Woodrow Wilson declared: "The Sunday-school lesson of today is the code of morals of tomorrow. Too much attention cannot be paid the work which it is doing."

Those who would help society cannot do it more effectively or more speedily than by relating themselves to the Sunday School and working therein with all the God-given and God-developed power they can receive. Jesus watches as you work and continues to say, as in the golden text, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

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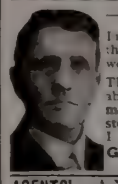
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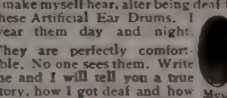
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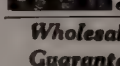
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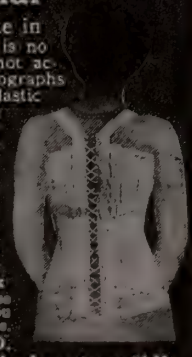

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The Missionary in Overalls

Continued from page 418

summarizes these reasons as follows: "The alleviation of suffering as in the case of famine; self-help or the necessity of student support; the vocational reason, providing a method of obtaining a living suitable to the new intellectual and spiritual life of the convert; and the cultural reason, the development of character." To these most students of this type of work would add "the development of a self-supporting Christian church."

These reasons are worthy, but they are far from being sufficiently comprehensive. A survey of reports and magazine articles dealing with industrial missions discloses scarcely a reference to that more fundamental reason with which we are here dealing—the need of developing the natural resources of missionary countries in the interest of native peoples. The Report of the Panama Congress is a notable exception, the point of view of which is both indicated and summarized in the statement, "It may even fall to the missionary to face the whole problem of improving the economic condition of the community beginning with the Christian elements of it and so lead in the solution of the problem."

THERE does not exist a complete list of industrial missions. In the nature of the case such would be almost impossible of collection. The term as we have seen is not definite; the idea has not permeated the church, so that in some cases Societies maintaining somewhat notable examples of industrial work make little or no mention of them in their reports; missionaries devoting enthusiastic effort to this type of work may be too busy to report it at all or even to answer questionnaires on the subject; industrial departments are sometimes short-lived owing to the vicissitudes of mission finance.

The World Statistics of Christian Missions (1916) lists two hundred and nine industrial schools, but much of the work is attached to some station and would not come under the head of industrial schools. It can hardly be claimed as yet that there is a missionary policy in regard to industrial work.

A policy is developing, however, at least where backward peoples are concerned, through the pressure of missionaries upon the Boards. The Kodaikanal Conferences in India composed of missionaries engaged in industrial work and dealing with this subject show that it had by 1910 assumed great practical importance in that country. The Panama Congress emphasized the importance of industrial and agricultural missions for Latin America and there is general agreement of government commissions, educationalists and students of the native question in South Africa as to the need of such training there.

Perhaps the strongest indication of an increasing emphasis upon this type of work is to be found in the recommendations for Latin America by a Committee on Co-operation acting as a board of strategy for thirty missionary societies which include agricultural and industrial training; and in several more or less tentative programs developing out of The Centenary Movement which call for attention to such subjects in the Training Institutes recommended for Africa, South America and the mass movement area in India.

IT IS important to note that missionaries developing this type of work are definitely seeking in some instances to co-operate with the Government of the country concerned and in notable cases are receiving government aid. The British Government in South Africa has for many years given grants-in-aid to missions offering industrial training. Brazil has asked missionaries to take charge of two of its large industrial schools and the State of Rio Grande do Norte has given to the Presbyterian Mission 10,000 acres of land valued at $200,000 for a modern agricultural school. The president of Paraguay recently begged an American mission representative for an industrial school, a place where the women of his country could learn to cook and sew, and where the men could become good masons and carpenters. Paraguay offered to turn over its agricultural school to missionaries. Bolivia has heavily subsidized missionary education.

Where government plans look toward a national system of education including industrial training, as is true in China and perhaps in India, it is important that missionary policy should take these into careful consideration and work out plans of co-operation. It is evident that in the face of the vast need of these countries missionary industrial schools may continue to play an important part. In China the Government is handicapped by lack of funds and of qualified leaders to carry out its own ideals of education, while Protestant Missions after several decades of experiment are definitely aiming to furnish a thoroughly standardized and co-ordinated system of Christian education.

Where the Government is alien, as in the case of India, the temptation will perhaps prove irresistible to think of technical training in terms of business profit rather than of human welfare. The Christian church has therefore the greater responsibility.

Young People's Topic for June 19

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Lessons from the Sun and Light

C. E., B. Y. P. U., and E. L. Psa. 74: 12-17

THE psalmist in praising God declares "Thou hast prepared the light and the sun." Sun and light are indispensable to life. Darkness makes for decay and death. Sun, light, life, are the characteristics of a normal scheme of things. Darkness, decay, death are the abnormal items in a normal scheme of things. All nature, animate and inanimate, depends on the light of the sun for subsistence. The ancients knew this and even went so far in their appreciation as to worship the sun rather than the Creator of the sun. The power of God is manifested in the sun and the beneficent light it sheds upon the world.

In the spiritual realm light is as potent as in the material universe. Jesus said, "I am the Light of the World." The Christ throws daylight upon the soul. Tennyson said, "What the sun is to the rose, Jesus Christ is to my soul." The genial warmth and glow of His personality ripens character into fair fruitage and causes aspiration and ambition to blossom out into lovely forms of service and ministry. We need light on spiritual problems and amid the gropings of the world for the true path of pilgrimage Jesus Christ gives illumination and guidance. "Thy word is like a lamp unto my feet." Only sin and misery flourish in the dark. Nothing good or true or noble thrives in gloom. Wherever the Gospel is preached there is health of thought, constructive endeavor and noble living. As the material world can not exist without the sun, man connot exist without the "Light of Life." When our earthly lamp is extinguished then the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in His wings.

The Sun that glads mine eyes,
Is Christ the Lord I love:
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for us above.

Happy indeed the individual who can sing "Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour Dear" and who has learned that "The Light of the World is Jesus." The perfect days of universal peace and good will shall come if the Light of the World is shed abroad and focused upon the life of man everywhere

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

READER, Decatur, writes: "We have now been taking the Christian Herald in our home for a little over two years and find it increasingly attractive to our household group. How many years has it been published? We would be glad of a short outline of its past activities."

The Christian Herald's first issue was on Oct. 24, 1878. Its offices were then, as now, in the Bible House, Astor Place, N. Y. It has been interdenominational from the beginning, and is the only journal of large circulation and influence that is welcomed by all denominations alike. Thirty years ago it began on a broad scale to be a channel of national and international benevolence. It was a pioneer in child support and training in missionary lands. It has supported and educated 5,500 orphans in India, 2,000 in China, 800 to 900 in Japan, and numbers in Africa and other lands. It has conducted at various times extensive relief work in India, China, Finland, Italy, Japan and Russia. During the Great War it had relief committees, appointed under the auspices of United States Ambassadors or Consuls-General, in France, Belgium, Germany Poland, Austria, Serbia, and Turkey, with similar committees for aiding needy war refugees (non combatants) in Holland and England. In times of suffering at home, it has conducted extensive relief work in many domestic fields. It has helped to found both home and foreign missions and to establish workers in new missionary lands, and has given substantial aid to evangelistic work at home. Its Prayer League, founded 10 years ago, now has a membership well approaching 20,000, taking in all the States. Its Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, N. Y., founded in 1894, has received some 60,000 children of poor families up to date, and the Bowery Mission in New York has been conducted under its auspices for the last twenty-six years and is still doing remarkable service.

M. H. W., Devon, Mont., writes: "It is a known fact that while we are here on earth, we must pass through many trials and tribulations. God brings trials and tribulations (more to some than others) upon His children that they may learn more fully not to be selfish, but to have more love and compassion for the welfare of others—to love each other, not in word only, but in deed, and truth. God has set us in this world not to live for ourselves alone but *for* and *with* one another to His honor and glory. Christ performs many miracles, but many of the Christians of today say that although He performed many miracles when He was here on earth in flesh, the days of miracles are past! This is not so. We should be able to see this clearly. Sinners are saved today and the sick are made well again by the almighty, merciful, and loving God. He is good to all, but especially so to those who believe and call upon His Holy Name. He does things oftimes in mysterious ways that we may not like, in order that we may be drawn in closer confidence toward Him and also that those who yet live in their wickedness should repent (Acts 8 : 22) and turn away from wickedness and idolatry, and instead, call upon and give praise, honor, and glory to the Lord of all, thus becoming Christian examples."

D. H. S., Starksboro, Vt., writes, apropos of the Christian Herald's discussion of the question: "Can We Advertise Christianity?" "Certainly, but the only way is to be ourselves living epistles, known and read of all men. What a farce is being made of religion in these last days! How people are trying to climb up some other way. People heaping to themselves, teachers having itching ears and turning away from the truth, ministers trying to deceive God along with the people, Jannes' and Jambres' work re-enacted. Oh, the long suffering of God! Dear people of God, what does Jesus say? 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me'. Try this. It is all the advertisement needed. New methods are being tried because people do not want to surrender entirely. A genuine turning to God is the only help for this old sin-cursed world with its terrible waves of crime, unrest, misery, and every evil and sin. Let the Church first put on sackcloth and ashes, confess her sin and forsake sham, cant and hypocrisy. 'Then shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.'"

Mrs. E. W. B., Westerly, R. I., writes: "I was surprised to find in the Mail Bag an intimation that some one had objected to the Christian Herald's Sunday Service at Home. I have been a regular subscriber of the magazine for many years. The first time I read the Sunday Home Service on the farm, it pleased me so very much that I felt that the Christian Herald should never be without it again, as I believed it would prove a blessing to many. For instance: during such storms as we are now having, many families could not leave their homes. They were fortunate to have the Christian Herald. And what a help they must have found it, in enabling them to conduct a little service among themselves! I do not think it will ever be regarded as an excuse for people staying at home Sunday evenings, if they are anyway interested in attending church. I would rather think it might be the means of making some who had been careless in church attendance, more willing to go." The Herald's Home Service she regards as a great help to any families who want to conduct cottage meetings, and who wish the neighbors to attend and share the benefit of united worship.

Mrs. J. A. T., Canby, Minn. See Rev. 21 : 1-4; also Luke 10 : 9, Luke 17 : 21, Luke 11 : 2 and similar passages. The general interpretation is that the Kingdom begins here, in the hearts of men.

A. J. P., Mohler, Wash. 1. The name "Jew" is derived from the patriarch, Judah, and was first applied to those belonging to the tribe or country of Judah, and afterwards to the subjects of the kingdom of Judah. 2. the gift of tongues at Pentecost was equally miraculous whether the power to speak in the languages of the strangers was conferred upon the disciples, or that the meaning and full import of their message was made clear to their hearers, irrespective of the tongue or dialect in which it was spoken. God is not the author of confusion. The miracle consisted in making the apostolic message intelligible to all. Acts 2 : 4 makes it clear that "they each began to speak with other tongues," as the Spirit gave them utterance.

H. A. R., Dayton, O. Faith without works is dead, the Scripture tells us. Faith in God and in His free grace through Jesus Christ—that is the first essential. Having repented and accepted, we are impelled to do all that lies in our power wherever opportunity offers. Thus good works are the outcome of faith. An inactive, indifferent Christian is unthinkable. We are spurred onward to good works by the faith and gratitude in our own hearts. Yet we know that all we can do or give could not avail alone. It is the faith that leads us to accept of Christ and His merits and sacrifice that saves.

Mrs. R. A. A., Woodbury, N. J. God's mercy is boundless. He pardoneth whom He will and whom He will he chasteneth. In all ages He has had his witnesses among the nations, men of virtue and uprightness who, knowing not the Gospel, lived by faith. Even in the darkest periods of Jewish history there were doubtless some who were of this class. If the masses were unenlightened, it is still conceivable that God in His mercy might not utterly condemn. In the midst of the blackest of world tragedies, Jesus Himself urged pity on His enemies, praying: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." We can not set limitations to the sovereign mercy of God, nor have any of us the right to assume to judge others. Divine wisdom alone is equal to such a task. There are today many earnest Christians among the Jews, probably more than we imagine. Let us hope that they may be brought in greater numbers to see the light and to come out of the darkness of unbelief. That they will yet be converted the Word plainly declares (see Romans 11 : 1-12; Isa. 2 : 2-4; Jere. 3 : 18; 16 : 14, 5, and other passages).

F. N. W., Princeton, N. J. The Dr. Young referred to in the Christian Herald of February 19th was, of course, the famous English poet, author of "Night Thoughts," and not the late Dr. Young, of Princeton.

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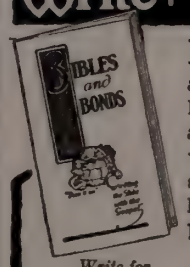

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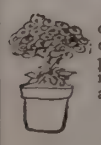

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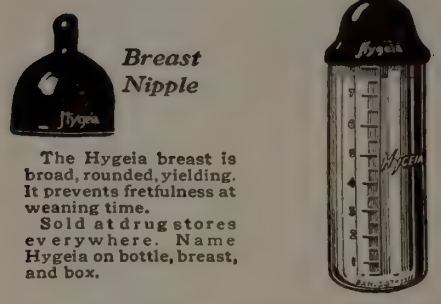

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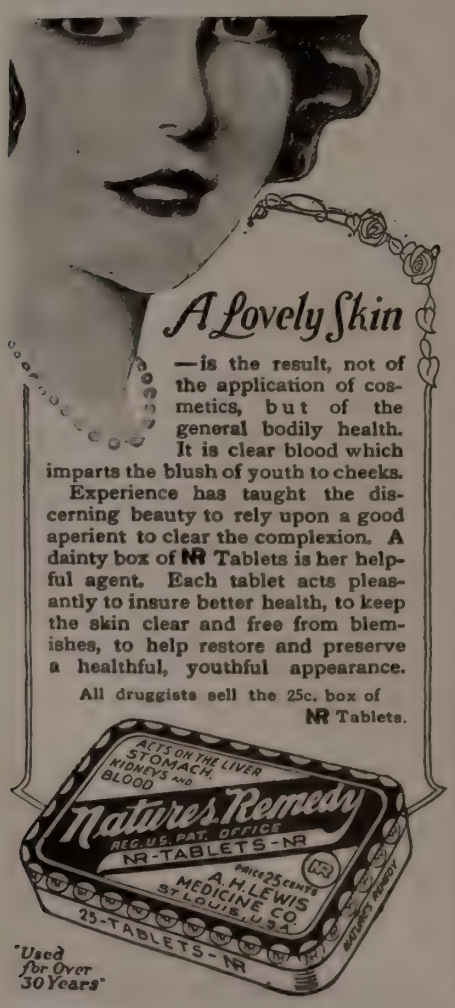

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Prohibition Law in India

Christianity Must Win the Land if It Is to Be Saved from the Liquor Scourge

By PAUL RADER

EVERYWHERE I have gone throughout Europe and Asia, on the boats, on the trains, as men have spotted me for an American, has come the question, "How do you like prohibition in America?" Somehow my heart thrills with a new sense of pride in my country as I think of what prohibition means to America.

While I was in Jerusalem I heard the American consuls had been ordered to turn down their glasses at all public functions, in keeping with the prohibition law, although they are outside the bounds of the United States. I have seen no official announcement to this effect, but I hope it is true.

There is no prohibition law on the statute books of India, but there is a law written in the heart of India's people. For hundreds of years the powers of Hinduism have discountenanced drunkenness in this land. Mohammedanism and Buddhism have prohibited intoxicants altogether. Other forces have been allied with them in building up—not exactly a public opinion—but a public virtue antagonistic to liquor. I substitute another word for "public opinion" because opinion is not public in India. The great caste system still prevails, and it is rather opinion within a caste than any united opinion.

It is hard for Americans and Europeans to estimate the power of public opinion until we get into a land like India, where opinion is so cut up. What I mean is: Buddhism might stand against liquor, but with all of its power it would have no influence in making the Mohammedans stand. Mohammedans stand against liquor, but not in connection with the Buddhists. Three outstanding religious forces have each spoken on the liquor question, and, with other factors, bring the overwhelming majority of human beings in India under this prohibition law of the heart, or, rather, of religion. There is a strong feeling against liquor in all the upper classes of India's people.

THE Europeans who have come in are breaking down this religious statute. They have openly done their carousing, and, while it was a great shock to the natives at first, little by little these men, who all their lives long have considered drink a very great evil, have broken over the law of their conscience and have become partakers with the Europeans. Europe, thank God, has not yet brought these countries to a place of drunkenness, for one can spend years in India and not see a drunken native. The drinking among the natives is not public, and it is only under strictest privacy that some of the high-caste men will drink.

If India should want a prohibition law I do not know how she would get it if it depended even upon these natives who do not themselves drink. India has no system or institution which is common to all, through which ideas or ideals may be communicated. One wonders how these religions survive, for there seems to be no system for their propagation. The Buddhists and the Jains have monks who do a little educational work of a very rude sort. They also preach occasionally. However, they are much too busy in the task of saving their own souls to look out for the souls of others or to care to lead in any reform. There have been Samajes who have led in some religious reformations in India, but if one depended upon the officials of these religions uniting in a moral movement, one would wait a long time. The Mohammedans have no clergy. Their reader is what we would call a janitor. The leading Mohammedan official of the mosque sweeps out, calls out, and reads out at stated intervals, but does not trouble to do anything outside the mosque.

The prohibition of liquor in the Mohammedan world has come entirely from the teaching of the Koran. There is nothing in the religions of India to teach them to go out of their way to help others. Paul Dahlke, an enthusiastic and sympathetic apologist for Buddhism, has said: "That cordiality which forgets itself for others; that affection which breeds tenderness and emotion, is entirely wanting in Buddhism. The whole moral scheme of it is nothing but a sum in arithmetic set down by a cold, clean egoism: 'As much as I give to others, so much will come again to me.'"

This, you will notice, is extreme individualism. Social and co-operative work does not thrive in an atmosphere like this. When you know the Buddhist monk and his philosophy you will not go into the monastery to find a hero. It has been said of Buddhism, "Each man's great task is to develop his own character, to pile up merit for himself, to cut all ties—social, as well as sinful—and to get out of this evil and sorrowful world into Nirvana (which means nothingness) as soon as possible."

The Parsee priests are less respected than other monks or priests, and are very often the most ignorant in the community. The Sikh priests read once or twice a day from their sacred book, in a tongue that is so sacred that it cannot be understood by the people, and very often not even by the priests themselves. It is said that the Sikh priest spends most of his time plying a brush made of peacock feathers and seeking "baksheesh." So these will not aid in any reform in India.

The Hindu Gurus or teachers are propagandists of superstition. Of the Brahmin priests, one of the best authorities, starting with a dash, says, "Of them it were perhaps best to say nothing at all. They are, as a rule, lazy, ignorant, avaricious. Their official occupation is pouring water on a "Lingam," repeating verses, many of which they do not understand, putting mystic marks in the foreheads of the faithful (for a consideration), and squeezing money from the pious pilgrim, and the rest of the truth about them is hardly fit to print."

WHERE, in this array, will we find the men who will lead in any kind of temperance reform? Yet, if India is ever to be saved from the ravages of liquor, it must be done at once, for a new day is on. The war has greatly shaken the caste system, as it has shaken many other strong things in the world and been the undoing of many governments. We are praying that in India we may be shaken with a mighty revival, for unless she is shaken by a revival there is no hope of reformation.

I have been through Scotland, England, Palestine, and now through India, and I say very earnestly, that unless all of these places are touched with a mighty God-sent revival there is no hope for any reformation. Reformation is not a pioneer; reformation is never a Christian program. Evangelization, salvation, is God's program through Jesus Christ, and then follows the product called "reformation."

Only God knows how marvelously the evangelists who swept over America, leaving behind them a trail of converts, produced soil in which this great temperance reformation grew. The Women's Christian Temperance Union, that organization which became the great educating factor concerning the effects of alcohol, through school and press and public platform, was a product of revival and came from the efforts of Christian women who had turned from self to others.

It is preaching Christ and a revival which India needs first. The first thought of men and women who have been saved is of others. The heart flows out to a perishing world. One of our splendid American psychologists and philosophers has said of Christianity: "The greatest argument for the superiority of Christianity is the fact that it is supremely the missionary religion. One might even go so far as to say that a religion deserves to succeed just in so far as it has the missionary spirit, for the missionary spirit is the spirit of loving service. It is the incarnation of Christianity. Hence, it is astounding to find Christians, as one so often does, who do not believe in missions. Wherever Christianity ceases to be a missionary religion it ceases to be Christian." Only Christianity turns the hearts of men toward their fellows.

The absence of drinking in India has not come because the Indians love their fellow-men, but because, in all of these early religions there was an inward working in the practise of Yoga and meditation, with which liquor interfered. Men could not practise what was really self-hypnosis through these Yoga customs, which were fundamental in their religions, and drink liquor; hence, the founders of these religions were strong in their protest against the use of intoxicants. I am sure that the history of these religions and a study of their philosophy, will bear me out in the statement that they are not primarily altruistic.

THE hope of reformation in India, as I have said, and in the rest of the world, is through Christianity first. India is the man going down to Jericho. She has fallen among thieves, and the priests and the Levites—which represent the law and religions of India pass by on on the other side. Dr. Copleston, after years of experience in India, has made the astounding assertion: "An Indian man could call all day for help and no Buddhist would go out of the way to help him." The Good Samaritan, which is Christianity, is in India, and it is her hour to move forward.

Christian missionaries have taken the Gospel to the lowest of the low, in India, and it has lifted them. These lowest of the low are outside the pales of all of India's religions. They are beneath even the contempt of men of caste. They have not these restraining teachings concerning liquor, and have given themselves over to unrestrained vice. Into this heathenism the Christian missionary has dared to go with the Gospel of Christ. Wherever they have, by faith, taken hold in the power of the Spirit, it has lifted these people from their drunkenness and from their crime. Only the Christian religion in India cares what becomes of these outcastes. One of the professors of an American university, says this concerning them: "The outcaste and the animistic tribes are too low for the Hindu to touch. It is from these that Christianity is making the bulk of its converts. They are the prey of superstition, fears and ignoble customs, the slaves of impulse, with no defense in public opinion or cultured self-control against various forms of vice and temptation to which they are exposed. To make anything of such people might well seem hopeless, but many a missionary has wagered his life on the outcome, and the result is that all over India, in jungle and in city, a transformation is being wrought in the dregs of Hindu system which no one but the Christian missionary has dared to hope for."

Here, then, in the Christian missionary, is the hope of India. The quickest way to bring prohibition in India is to speed Christianity in India. Only then will India care what becomes of the downtrodden and the pitiable. If liquor continues in this country and the caste system is broken down, God pity this poor land! There is degradation here now, but degradation unheard of and unthought of will prevail here when these castes and religions weaken in the presence of modernism and revolt against authority. Over these broken dikes will flow the liquor scourge, more horrible than any plague that has struck India, and no one will care except Christians and those who have come under the spirit of Christianity for others.

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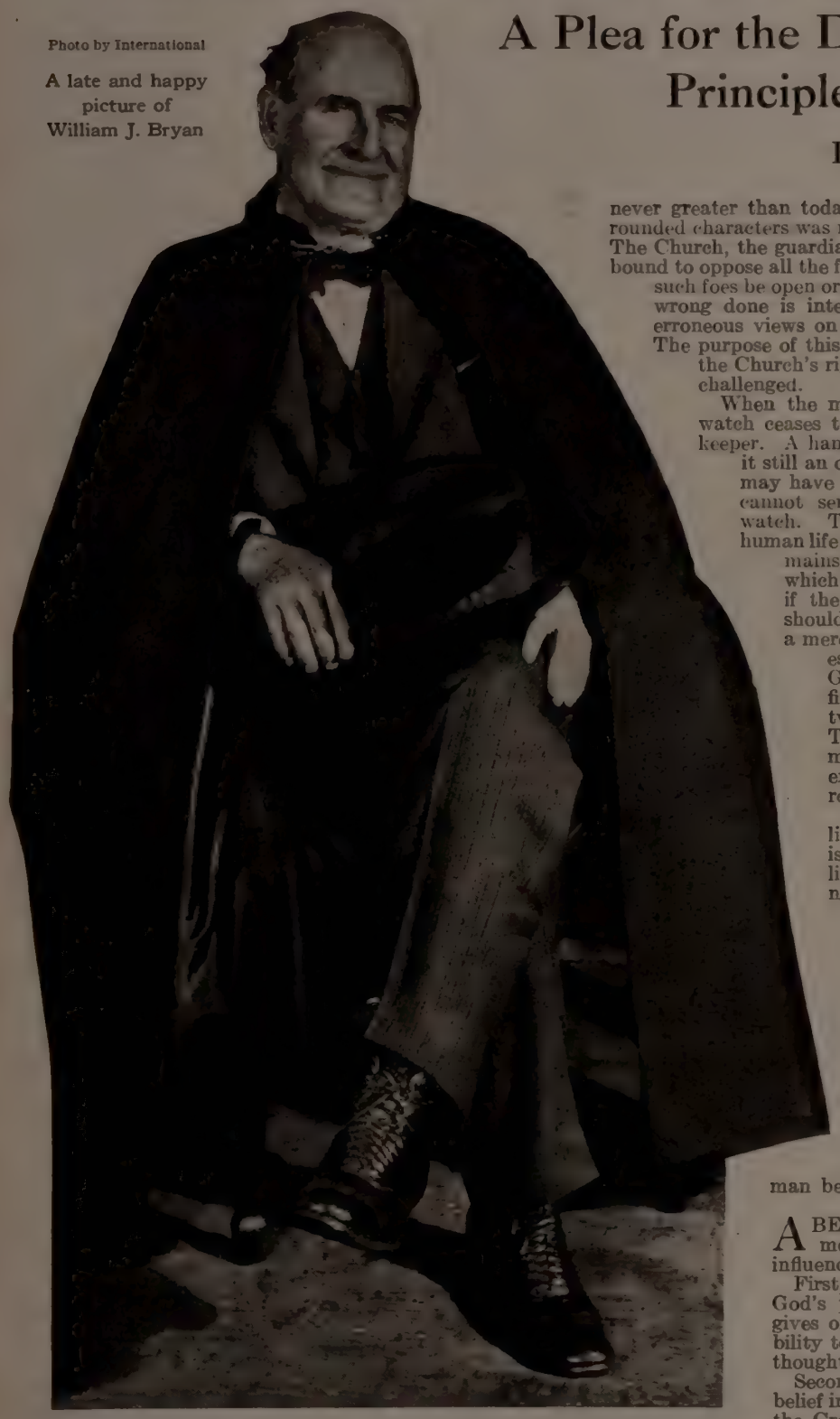
Tampering with the Mainspring

A Plea for the Defense of the Bible and Its Vital Principles in Christian Education

By WILLIAM J. BRYAN



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A late and happy picture of William J. Bryan

THE Christian religion is a heart religion. Its appeals are addressed to reason as well as to faith, but Christians believe that out of the heart are the issues of life. No education is complete that ignores the spiritual part of man. The case can be stated even more strongly. The need for heart development increases with the training of the mind, just as the rudder of a ship must have size and strength in proportion to the capacity of the vessel.

Christian schools of all denominations are intended to protect the student by supplying a life purpose powerful enough to control and properly direct all the energies of the mind and body. Such schools are more free than others to lay emphasis upon religious truths. They are, in fact, the only ones that can apply religious tests and thus surround the young with a wholesome environment at the most critical period in life.

The demand for full and complete education was never greater than today. The need for well-rounded characters was never more imperative. The Church, the guardian of morals, is in duty bound to oppose all the foes of religion, whether such foes be open or secret and whether the wrong done is intended or the result of erroneous views on fundamental subjects. The purpose of this article is to show how the Church's right and duty are being challenged.

When the mainspring is broken a watch ceases to be useful as a time-keeper. A handsome case may make it still an ornament and the parts may have a market value, but it cannot serve the purpose of a watch. There is that in each human life that corresponds to the mainspring of a watch—that which is absolutely necessary if the life is to be what it should be, a real life and not a mere existence. That necessary thing is a belief in God. Religion is defined as the relation between God and man, and Tolstoy has described morality as the outward expression of this inward relationship.

If it be true, as I believe it is, that morality is dependent upon religion, then religion is not only the most practical thing in the world, but the first essential. Without religion, viz., a sense of dependence upon God and reverence for Him, one can play a part in both the physical and the intellectual world, but he cannot live up to the possibilities which God has placed within reach of each human being.

A BELIEF in God is fundamental; upon it rest the influences that control life.

First, the consciousness of God's presence in the life gives one a sense of responsibility to the Creator for every thought and word and deed.

Second, prayer rests upon a belief in God; communion with the Creator in the expression of gratitude and in pleas for guidance powerfully influences man.

Third, belief in a personal immortality rests upon faith in God; the inward restraint that one finds in a faith that looks forward to a future life, with its rewards and punishments, makes outward restraint less necessary. Man is weak enough in hours of temptation, even when he is fortified by the conviction that this life is but a small arc of an infinite circle; his power of resistance is greatly impaired if he accepts the doctrine that conscious existence terminates with death.

Fourth, the spirit of brotherhood rests in a belief in God. We trace our relationship to our fellow men through the Creator, the Common Parent of us all.

Fifth, belief in the Bible depends upon a belief in God. Jehovah comes first; His word comes afterward. There can be no inspiration without a Heavenly Father to inspire.

Sixth, belief in God is also necessary to a belief in Christ; the Son could not have revealed the Father to man according to any atheistic theory. And so with all other Christian doctrines: they rest upon a belief in God.

For the purpose of this article, I speak of a belief in God only as it affects these six fundamental propositions, viz., consciousness of responsibility, communion with the Father, hope of immortality, confidence in the Bible, acceptance of Christ and the cultivation of the spirit of brotherhood.

IF BELIEF in God is necessary to the virtues enumerated, then it follows logically that anything that weakens belief in God weakens man, and, to the extent that it impairs belief in God, reduces his power to measure up to his opportunities and responsibilities. If there is at work in the world today anything that tends to break this mainspring, it is the duty of the moral, as well as the Christian, world to combat this influence in every possible way.

I believe there is such a menace to fundamental morality. The hypothesis to which the name of Darwin has been given—the hypothesis that links man to the lower forms of life and makes him a lineal descendant of the brute—is obscuring God and weakening all the virtues that rest upon the religious tie between God and man. Passing over, for the present, all other phases of evolution and considering only that part of the system which robs man of the dignity conferred upon him by separate creation—when God breathed into him the breath of life he became a living soul—I venture to call attention to the demoralizing influence exerted by this doctrine.

It undermines confidence in the Bible as an inspired revelation, as to creation, human conduct and man's hope for the future. There is not a word in the Bible that fits into the hypothesis of Darwin, just as there is not one fact in the universe that supports the hypothesis. A man may accept the Darwinian view after he has acquired a religious momentum sufficient to carry him through life, and he may continue to profess a belief in the doctrine without surrendering the religious ideas previously adopted, but he cannot begin with the Darwinian hypothesis and frame a conception of life that will meet man's needs.

There is nothing in the brute doctrine of descent to inspire either lofty purpose or high ideals. On the contrary, civilization is possible only in proportion as the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest" is abandoned, and the opposite doctrine of loving care for the weak is substituted for it. Darwin recognized this, and in his "Descent of Man" complained that, instead of eliminating the weak, as savages do, civilized man tries to prolong life and cares for the weak. He declared that this practice (of caring for the weak) impaired the race, but excused it on the ground that man's sympathy will not permit him to follow "hard reason" and continue in the course to which Darwin ascribes the rise of man from the lower animals.

THOSE who accept Darwin's views are in the habit of saying that it need not lessen their reverence for God to believe that the Creator fashioned a germ of life and endowed it with power to develop into what we see today, but this is even less than a half truth, and a half truth, it is said, may be worse than a lie. It is true that a God who could make man as he *is*, could have made him by the long-drawn-out process suggested by Darwin; and it is true that the God who could do the latter, would be as great as the God who could do the former—to do either would require infinite power, beyond the ability of man to comprehend; but that is not the real question.

What is the natural tendency of the doctrine? Is it likely to strengthen man's character? Or will it weaken the restraints that keep him from wrongdoing?

Will man's attitude toward Darwin's far-away God be the same as it is toward the God of Moses? Will the believer in Darwin's God be as conscious of God's presence

in his daily life? Will he be as sensitive to God's will and as anxious to find out what God wants him to do?

Will the believer in Darwin's God be as fervent in prayer and as open to the reception of Divine suggestions? If God did not create man by separate act, and for a special purpose, when has He touched human life or laid His hand upon the destiny of race or nation? Elijah taunted the prophets of Baal, suggesting that their God might be asleep. Darwin mocks us more cruelly: he tells us that our God has been sleeping for millions of years. The estimates as to the time since life began upon the earth range from twenty-five million years to three hundred millions. Some evolutionists will not admit a creative act since electrons combined to form atoms or atoms combined to form matter. They conceal God's power behind an infinity of time; they avoid affirming His existence at all.

The inevitable tendency of this doctrine, when fully accepted, is to diminish reliance upon God and to dilute reverence with doubt. It puts reason above faith, the mind above the soul. It makes man a worshiper of the intellect—a more deadly form of idolatry than the worship of man-made images; it quenches the spirit, and discredits the heart, out of which are the issues of life. It transforms the Bible into a story-book and reduces Christ to the stature of a man.

Can the believer in Darwin's doctrine have as firm a faith in immortality as one who believes that man was made in the image of the Creator and placed on earth to carry out a divine decree? If there has been no break in the line of descent from the lowest form of life up to man, at what point in the development was man endowed with hope of a future life? Will the follower of Darwin carry all insects, reptiles, and beasts into immortality with man or will he deny immortality to man as well as to all life below him? How will the follower of Darwin graft the love of brotherhood upon the "fighting animal" if he has risen by overpowering and devouring?

IT IS useless to quarrel with the morals of a *fact;* truth must be accepted because it is truth, and the believer in God will fear no truth because he has faith in the wisdom and the love of God as well as in the power of God. But a hypothesis is not a fact—it is a guess. A hypothesis is not a truth—it is a suggestion, and has no value except as it is supported by facts. Facts and facts only can convert a hypothesis—a guess—into a truth, and the facts do not support the Darwinian hypothesis. The "missing links" have not yet been found although they have been searched for with a zeal that might have been better employed in an effort to bring man nearer to God. The press dispatches report a recent expedition to Africa; scientists are still trying to find facts to support an absurd hypothesis. If the hypothesis of Darwin were *true*, every foot of the earth's surface would furnish proof: we would find *everywhere* evidence of life in transition, but we find evidence of transition *nowhere.* Every living thing, except man, is perfect, and man is physically perfect. Everything but man is living up to its possibilities.

Dr. Etheridge, Fossiologist of the British Museum, says: "Nine-tenths of the talk of Evolutionists is sheer nonsense, not founded on observation and wholly unsupported by facts. This museum is full of proofs of the utter falsity of their views."

Prof. Beale, of King's College, London, says: "In support of all naturalistic conjectures concerning man's origin, there is not at this time a shadow of scientific evidence."

Prof. Fleishman, of Eriangen, says: "The Darwinian theory has in the realms of Nature not a single fact to confirm it. It is not the result of scientific research but purely the product of the imagination."

Darwin based his guess as to man's ancestry on the operation of two (so-called) laws—natural selection and sexual selection. The latter has been laughed out of the class-room and the former is being abandoned because it furnishes no adequate explanation of differences known to exist. No new explanations have been substituted for the ones that deceived Darwin, and yet many professors still teach Darwinism and spread its poison among the youth of our land—and this, too, in Christian colleges as well as in schools supported by taxation.

IF THE acceptance of a hypothesis does not affect conduct—either in the individual or in the mass—we need not concern ourselves about it. For instance, when a scientist, speaking of Honolulu a few years ago, announced that the Pacific Ocean was formed by the throwing off of the moon—basing his belief upon the similarity between the mountains in Hawaii and the mountains in the moon—no one felt that it made any difference whether his hypothesis was true or false. He could amuse his hearers without injuring their morals.

But when, last November, a college professor explained to a Philadelphia audience that we dream of falling because man's ancestors "fell out of trees fifty thousand years ago," it does make a difference whether the hypothesis is true. Man tries to square all of his ideas with his dominating belief. If he believes in the Bible account of man's creation, he will believe in God, and in prayer, and his belief in immortality and in brotherhood will be consistent with his belief in God and prayer. If, on the contrary, he accepts as his dominating belief the hypothesis that man is next of kin to the monkey, his whole philosophy of life will, in time, be brought in to harmony with this hypothesis.

The experience of George John Romanes furnishes an excellent illustration of what the doctrine of evolution will do for the student. Romanes (in a book prepared just before his death and published after his decease) explains how evolution led him away from his orthodox views while he was in college. He put his atheistic belief in book form and became an ardent supporter of Darwinism. He ceased to pray. Toward the close of his life he laboriously thought his way back to a belief in God, but, still clinging to the ape-line of descent, he was never able to bring himself back to communion with God through prayer. He admitted in his first book "The appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of the creed that once was his" and "the lonely mystery of existence" into which evolution led him.

Evolution is the basis of higher criticism—a phrase used to describe the attacks of a school of critics who, starting out with the proposition that the Bible must be wrong because its account of Creation differs from the evolutionary hypothesis, proceed to eliminate all that is supernatural in it and to undermine the faith of their followers in its authority. They put the Bible on the operating table and cut out the parts that they think diseased. When they are through, it is no longer the Book of Books—it is "a scrap of paper."

Sir Robert Anderson, commenting upon the effect of higher criticism, says that it has dethroned the Bible in the home and that the old practice of family worship is rapidly dying out. He contends that great national interests are involved, that those who are trained in the fear of God will do their duty to their neighbors and be good citizens; that the dethronement of the Bible leads practically to the dethronement of God. He points out the effect of this in Germany, America and England.

I HAVE stated what seem to be the logical results of Darwinism, but we do not need to rely upon our reason for a warning. We have the facts of history. Darwinism, carried to its logical conclusion, has given us Nietzsche with his super-man. Nietzsche cast aside the moral restraints of the environment that surrounded him in his youth and boldly denounced Christianity as the doctrine of degeneracy, and democracy as the refuge of the weakling. He denied the existence of God and rejected all standards of morality. He praised war, teaching that it is necessary to man's development, and he eulogized hatred because it leads to war. If you grant the truth of his foundation principle, namely, evolution as applied to man, you cannot escape his conclusions. His philosophy, if it is worthy the name of philosophy, is the ripened fruit of Darwinism—and a tree is known by its fruit.

Darwinism furnishes the basis for the growing antagonism in the industrial world. "The individual efficient for himself"—"the survival of the fittest"—is the quintessence of selfishness. It eliminates conscience and the spirit of brotherhood. Its motto is: "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

Darwinism is causing so many business men to take their ethics from the jungle that civilized society must constantly devise new laws to protect the weak from gross injustice. In the United States pure-food laws have become necessary to keep manufacturers from poisoning their customers; child labor laws have become necessary to keep employers from dwarfing the bodies, minds and souls of children; anti-trust laws have become necessary to keep over-grown corporations from strangling smaller competitors, and we are still in a death grapple with profiteers and gamblers in farm products.

We have seen a generation's rivalry in battleships and militarism end in the bloodiest war in history, with nearly every great Christian nation involved. And these nations have not yet found a peaceful way of settling international disputes. Darwin's doctrine, amplified by Nietzsche, is largely to blame for the present international situation.

In 1900—over twenty years ago—while an International Peace Congress was in session in Paris the following editorial appeared in L'Univers:

"The spirit of peace has fled the earth because evolution has taken possession of it. The plea for peace in past years has been inspired by faith in the divine nature and the divine origin of man; men were then looked upon as children of one Father and war, therefore, was fratricide. But now that men are looked upon as children of apes, what matters it whether they are slaughtered or not?"

If the above utterance can be regarded as prophecy how completely it has been fulfilled during the past six years!

If we are to have world peace it must rest on the doctrine of brotherhood. It cannot be built upon terrorism, however pleasant that theory may be to those who harbor revenge, or however profitable it may be to those who manufacture munitions. Friendly co-operation, substituted for brute practices, will weld the world together and permit the conversion of swords into ploughshares. Faith in God should bring this about before the threat of universal bankruptcy compels it.

AS DARWINISM has led a multitude to reject the Bible, the rejection of Darwinism will bring many back to reliance upon the Bible as the Word of God. Some of our Christian leaders have tried to harmonize the Bible with Darwinism; it cannot be done. The acceptance of one will ultimately compel the rejection of the other. Which shall we choose?

Darwinism deals with nothing but life; the Bible deals with the entire universe—with its masses of inanimate matter and with its myriads of living things, all obedient to the will of the great Law Giver.

Darwin concerns himself with only that part of man's existence which is spent on earth, while the Bible's teachings cover all of life both here and hereafter.

Darwin begins by assuming life upon the earth; the Bible reveals the source of life and chronicles its creation.

Darwin devotes nearly all his time to man's body and to the points at which the human frame approaches in structure—though vastly different from—the brute; the Bible emphasizes man's Godlike qualities and the virtues which reflect the goodness of the Heavenly Father.

Darwinism ends in self-destruction. Its progress is suspended, and even defeated, by the very genius which it is supposed to develop; the Bible invites us to enter fields of inexhaustible opportunity wherein each achievement can be made a stepping-stone to greater achievements still.

Darwin's doctrine is so brutal that it shocks the moral sense—the heart recoils from it and refuses to apply the "hard reason" upon which it rests; the Bible points us to the path that is "like the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Darwin's doctrine leads logically to war and to the worship of Nietzsche's "Superman;" the Bible tells us of the Prince of Peace and heralds the coming of the glad day when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and when nations shall learn war no more.

Darwinism offers no reason for existence and presents no philosophy of life; the Bible explains why man is here and gives us a code of morals that fits into every human need.

TO THE Church schools we must look for leadership in the defense of the Bible and all the vital doctrines for which the Bible stands.

The great need of the world today is to get back to God—back to a real belief in a living God—to a belief in God as Creator, Preserver and loving Heavenly Father. When one believes in a personal God and considers himself a part of God's plan he will be anxious to know God's will and to do it, seeking direction through prayer and made obedient through faith.

The time calls loudly for a return to fundamental religious principles; they should be emphasized in the pulpit and *they should not be contradicted in the schools. Where the Bible cannot be defended it should not be attacked.* No amount of book learning can compensate for the undermining of the student's faith.

Man is the handiwork of the Almighty. He is superior to the beasts of the field, greater than any other created thing—but "a little lower than the angels." God made him for a purpose, placed before him infinite possibilities and revealed to him responsibilities commensurate with the possibilities. The Heavenly Father beckons man upward and the Bible points the way; man can obey and travel toward perfection by the path that Christ revealed, or man can disobey and fall to a level lower, in some respects, than that of the brutes about him. Looking heavenward, man can find inspiration in his lineage; looking about him he is impelled to kindness by a sense of kinship which binds him to his brothers. Mighty problems demand his attention; a world's destiny is to be decided by him. What time has he to waste in hunting for "missing links" or in searching for resemblances between his forefathers and the ape? In His Image—in this sign we conquer.

We are not progeny of the brute; we have not been forced upward by a blind pushing power; neither have we tumbled upward by chance. We are attracted to the Heavenly Father by the power of love—a power which finds its expression in Christ who promised: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

SEVERAL thousand young men and women are being graduated from American colleges and universities this week and next. The season inevitably brings up the question of educational values; what education really consists of; what youth should know when it steps from the classic halls into the practical world. Our demand is for an increasing stress on religious training and religious thinking, and we asked Mr. Bryan to prepare for us an article outlining his convictions along this general line. Few men outside the ranks of the professional educator know the trend of collegiate thought better than this able publicist and sincere Christian, so his conclusions are especially valuable.

Berkeley (Calif.) High School building, steel frame, covered with reinforced concrete—a type of structure which is durable, and offers little fuel for a fire

Making the School Building Safe

By H. COLIN CAMPBELL

ONE of the things we brag about in this country in support of the contention that we are the foremost of forward-looking nations is that education is compulsory. Compulsory attendance at school is the logical expression of public recognition of the fact that free education is the most powerful safeguard of our national institutions—the things which we as a nation stand for. It is in the public schools, if anywhere, that the seed of knowledge can be most effectively sown that will develop thorough appreciation for the meaning of liberty as we speak of it.

It is well that the vast majority of children of school age must attend school; but since this attendance is compulsory, it should follow that responsibility for the safety of these children is equally compulsory upon those who have placed these helpless human beings at the mercy of their superiors. No one who has reached the age of full citizenship can escape his participation of this responsibility. Regardless of the direct responsibility of legislative bodies, each member of the community must bear his share.

The disastrous Collinwood, Ohio, school fire several years ago, which resulted in the loss of life of more than 150 school children, has all but passed into history. The memory of it is revived now and then when a sporadic attempt is made on the part of some right-minded person to correct the lax conditions almost universal in schools throughout the country. Statistics show that there is a school fire somewhere in this country every day. A disastrous fire in a school building is a crime in which every citizen participates. It does not matter that only a few persons, or even but one, suffers injury directly or indirectly from any particular fire. The mere fact that it has happened, that some child suffered, does not relieve any individual of his responsibility for allowing conditions to exist that make such fires possible. One of the most pitiful attempts at justice that we occasionally witness is the fixing of a value on some human life by jury, in order that there may be a legal settlement of some particular case in question. A human life is invaluable since it can never be replaced or restored, so any money damages voted as compensation never can satisfy.

NINETY-FIVE per cent. of the school houses in the United States are either firetraps or may easily be destroyed by fire. This statement comes from the National Committee for Chamber of Commerce Co-operation with Public Schools. There is only one possible excuse for this flimsy construction, so prevalent among school buildings. Today that excuse cannot seek defense in the arguments that might have prevailed in part during the past. Several years' stagnation in the construction industry has extended not only to homes, but to hotels, apartment buildings, office buildings, churches, schools and other structures, even including industrial plants, where human beings are sheltered or find quarters for some considerable period during every twenty-four hours. In the past one could partly excuse laxness by saying that lack of time prevented proper survey of conditions which might have resulted in the selection and adoption of a better type of building construction.

The inactivity of the past three or four years, therefore, in the building industry will have proved fortunate if the outcome from it takes the form of a determination to build better in the future than we have built in the past. So we have had lots of time to realize that we have not been building wisely. Low first cost has been the argument often advanced for the choice of non-fireproof construction. Public schools like other public buildings are public property. Their cost is borne by the taxpayers of the community. It is probably true that most such structures do not carry regular fire insurance. In some cases municipalities safeguard themselves against total loss by fire of the investment in such public property through creating a sinking fund which will take care of replacement either at the end of useful life or due to loss by fire. But no precautions that may be taken can safeguard against the loss of life so well as the precaution of building of the highest type of firesafe construction.

A school building, which is not only a menace throughout its life, but which year after year exacts its toll of further expense for maintenance is not the sort of an investment which the directors of a successful commercial institution would approve. Taxation is a right and necessity of a government having powers delegated by the people, but the delegation of such power carries with it a responsibility for its wise exercise. Expediency might sometimes point toward the selection of a structure low in first cost in order to secure approval of a proposed bond issue, but there is a very strongly implied bad faith on the part of those immediately responsible for school building projects when the argument of low first cost is advanced to defend the selection of a building material that means a firetrap. There is, therefore, more than one reason for building all school buildings of permanent fire-safe construction. Such a building constitutes the only means of discharging the grave responsibility of the community for the safety of its children and of protecting the public funds represented by the structure from being a total loss.

THE Fifteenth Annual Convention of the National Convention of Mothers' and Parent-Teachers' Associations but recently closed in Washington. Our national school situation, as viewed from the standpoint of the combustible school buildings throughout the country, impresses one with the grave importance of this organization in its ability to mold in proper direction various features of our educational systems, among which the necessity for good buildings is one. After all it is from the mothers of the country that we can expect the greatest interest in correcting the evil practices of the past. Now that suffrage is a privilege of the gentler sex, we can perhaps hope that the organization mentioned will concentrate its attention on securing much-needed laws for the protection, extension and perfection of our public-school system.

According to the report of the National Committee previously mentioned, there are now approximately one-half million children who are either on half-time, because of lack of school accommodations, or are housed in portables, rented buildings, attics, basements or corridors. It would require over 600 thirty-room buildings to properly house these children so that they could receive the full school-day of instruction to which they are entitled. Even then there would still remain overcrowded schoolrooms in other buildings, many of which have been in service for years and are entirely unsuited to their use.

A fine type of school house, built of fireproof materials and with an interior plan which insures a high degree of safety for the pupils

The report referred to contains other important data in regard to the school-building situation. It says that only 5 per cent. of the school buildings now in existence may be classed as fireproof structures and that 30 per cent. of the city school-buildings in the United States are firetraps. This situation may not appeal to the rural dweller, who thinks that because the local school which his children attend is small and not overcrowded and permits easy egress in case of fire, he is not concerned with this alarming aspect. One should remember, however, that the tendency in the rural districts is

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Results of True Education

A Discussion of the Elements of Character It Must Develop

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

WHAT is education? It may be defined this way:

Education is the development in every right direction of all the powers of the human being for the purpose of using those powers to make a better world.

On the basis of that definition, let us look at some of the results of this kind of education.

The first result of a true education is a deep sense of humility. We were born into a very great world and we can never learn very much about it. The last thing in the world that a student should entertain is a spirit of pride. The wisest people know very little compared with the vast amount of knowledge to be acquired. Around the substance called radium hundreds of eager minds in laboratories all over the world are at work and so far they have discovered very little. There are mysteries in the air, the water, the light and the common dirt under our feet which we have only just begun to discover.

Education means keeping the mind open as long as we live in order to learn about the great universe. There is no such thing as finishing one's education. We may be graduated from a school or college, but never from the university of experience. It is because some people, and unfortunately some ministers, teachers and professional men, stop learning that they stop being useful.

But true humility is the first result of a true education and by it we will understand an open mind, hungry and eager for new truth and larger truth. Every one can teach you something. There is no one in the world who can not teach someone else a lesson or impart some knowledge.

THE second great result of true education is a love of hard work. When some morning you wake up to find that you are hungry for the day's task and eager to face what has been an impossible situation, that may be the first sign to you that you have passed over the borderline from a student to the country of the scholar. Those who do things for the world, which need to be done, are not watching either the clock or the pay envelope all the time. The work which they are doing is greater than what they get for it, if it is worth doing at all. Those who have succeeded in helping the world up out of darkness into light have not been money grubbers or people who were jealous of giving the best they had in order to get results.

One of the most pitiful things about the present-day industrial condition is the fact that millions of workers have lost out of their lives the love of their work. They look upon it as a task which must be done, but they get no joy out of doing it. When the day's work becomes drudgery or monotony, the very heart of service is gone. Everyone has the experience of growing tired in doing the day's work, but one should not grow tired in outdoing it if it is necessary for the world's happiness that it should be done.

Real education puts into the heart and mind a joy in using the gifts of mind or the strength of body. Taken for granted that the work one is doing is necessary and worth-while, the love of it should always be a part of it. No man is truly educated who works his way through the world without the real joyous feeling in the day's labor. And it is a tragedy now being enacted all over the world when millions of men are embittered in one way or another with those who employ them over the matter of wages and hours. It may be there are great wrongs being done and great injustice in the industrial world, but in spite of all that the day's work which is not done with hearty eagerness and joy is not worth doing.

THE third result of true education is a clean life. A truly educated man or woman can not have bad habits. There are men and women who have been to schools and universities who have articles of culture in their homes, who have traveled around the world, but who have vicious habits of mind and body. I would not call such people educated. A truly educated person must be wholesome, must think straight and live straight.

A sound mind in a sound body is not only a good maxim, but it is the only definition which can rightfully be made of the development of the human being. To have a brilliant intellect and a dull moral consciousness is a contradiction and it is a mistake for any young man or woman to think that brilliant qualities of mind and intellectual power can ever wipe out the stain of an evil imagination or of an impure act. Conduct and intellectuality must go hand in hand or there is something wrong with the entire thing called education.

The fourth result of a true education is high ideals. The first thing that the average man does is to sneer at ideals. He says they will not work in the markets and they will not go in politics. What he means by that is sometimes if one acts from the highest motives he may lose money or fail to get elected to an office.

I remember one season visiting my old university and watching a baseball game between my old university and a visiting college. The game was very close and the interest intense. Near the end of the game a mis-play was made by one of our team which was not seen by the umpire, and what was called a run was registered and our team went off the field shouting victory. The captain of the team would probably have gone over the top any number of times to exhibit his physical bravery, but he did not have enough moral courage to go to the umpire and tell him to throw out the run because it was stolen instead of earned. It took the university a good many years to recover from that kind of athletics.

The high ideals that one carries into business or politics will not be carried in there unless they are formed during the period of education. A student who cheats in his examinations will cheat in his business or political life, and no man is truly educated who cheats and no man is truly educated who has no ideals in the making of money or in the holding of power. There was a time once in the history of one of our largest cities in America when all the largest lawyers had been retained by a class of boodlers in the city government and a reform party which was trying to clean up the city was obliged to go somewhere else to get lawyers to defend their cases. These men were college graduates and supposedly educated. On the definition of education which we have made, they were pagans and had no right to the name of educated gentlemen.

THE fifth result of a true education is an independent spirit. Educated people who are truly educated, according to our definition, will do things which other people will not do. One of the greatest tests of an educated man or woman is the test of putting them into difficult positions and challenging them with seeming impossibilities. Where an uneducated person would fail or cowardly run away, an educated person will remain and wrest victory out of defeat. The mark of independence is the quality which has made reformers and it would be a very poor world without them. There are times in the life of an individual, a community or a nation when a person must stand all by himself for some great cause. Then the independent spirit comes to the front and reveals the difference between the coward and the brave man. No one is truly educated who does not have something of this independence, who is not afraid to use it in a time of emergency.

Another mark of a truly educated life is a sense of brotherhood. I may be a citizen of the state of New York, or of Kansas, so far as my birthplace or citizenship or voting place is concerned, but I am also a citizen of the whole world. No one is truly educated who has race prejudice or hates other people because they belong to another nationality, or who is indifferent to the troubles of other people because they do not live in his block. Every really educated person has a feeling of sympathy for all the people in the wide world and it is absolutely impossible for him to hate or despise or be indifferent to any other human being.

It is not possible to think of Jesus as being unwilling to sit down to a table and eat a meal with any kind of a human being in perfect friendship with them all. If you are in doubt concerning education, you do not have to ask whether you have ever been to college or have a degree, but you do need to have to ask whether you have race prejudice, or race feeling. It may be all right to say "America for Americans," but we must add in the next breath "America for all the rest of the world," if we are good citizens.

THE last great result of a true education, and the best of all, is religious convictions. There are a good many people who have been graduated from colleges, traveled around the world, accumulated wealth, who speak several languages, whose houses are full of works of art, whose libraries number thousands of books, who are not educated because they have no real love of God or man in their hearts.

Every truly educated person in the world must have a religious life. There is no such thing as true education without true religion. By religion I do not mean going to church, subscribing to certain articles of creeds, or wearing certain kinds of clothing. I mean what Jesus meant when He said: "We must love God and our neighbors as ourselves." That is religion in the highest sense and no college training, no book learning, no linguistic gifts, no travel, no culture, can take the place of a love of God and man. There are a good many pagans walking around in this world under the guise of educated people. They are not educated unless they have the great basic foundation in life of the creed of the Master.

These are some of the results of a true education. It is not necessary that a person should go to universities and colleges in order to get these results, but if they do have what is known ordinarily as a school education and come out from that course of study with their minds filled with knowledge from the laboratories, with a knowledge of language, history, mathematics, literature, economics and everything else, and do not have some or all of these results in some good degree, they can not be called educated people. And at the basis of it all is religion.

Education without religion is a farce and a failure. If the schools and colleges do not teach the great fundamentals of conduct, and of the right relations of men to their neighbors, of common justice and honor in the market-place, of an absence of race feeling and prejudice, if they do not teach peace instead of war, and love instead of hate, and service instead of self, they are pagan institutions with no right to an existence and the tax-payers' money is wasted upon them. The people of America have the right to demand that those who teach should teach essentials of human conduct no matter what else they teach. If they do not teach conduct and character, they are pagan and not Christian.

What Is the Use?

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

HE HAD degrees on the end of his name,
And knew several languages well;
He was listed in Who's Who's page of fame,
And he never was known to misspell;
But very few cried, they say, when he died,
And most folks were perfectly satisfied.

He played the piano with unusual skill,
And ranked as a genius in college;
Very difficult places he knew how to fill,
And his head was a storehouse of knowledge,
But he never smiled when he met a child,
And Love never spoke when his will was filed.

He ordered ten thousands of men to die,
And the crown of a king he wore;
And his wealth rolled up to the very sky,
And his greatness from shore to shore;
But widows of men will curse him again,
And when he is dead and buried—what then?

Yea, what is the use of power and fame,
If, when they are won, we are lost?
And what is the use of the world's acclaim,
If the Soul has to give up the ghost?
I would rather be known as obscure and alone,
Than wear bloody crown on a king's bloody throne.

THE care which is exercised in many colleges and universities to keep the students in close touch with church work and with religious influences is well illustrated by an account of such work at Cornell University, contributed by E. J. Walenta. Five denominations are working in co-operation with the Cornell University Christian Association, each having its own student-pastor who maintains an office in the C. U. C. A. building, Barnes Hall.

In this building committees of students of each church meet on registration day and to them go the registration slips of the freshmen telling church membership or preference. In the case of the Episcopal Church, which Mr. Walenta takes as an example, the names are copied in alphabetical order and then another list is arranged according to the section of the city in which the student is to live. A letter of welcome is sent at once to each new Episcopalian student and a night or two later some member of the committee calls upon him and extends an invitation to the student-service at the church on Sunday morning. Following this service a breakfast is served in the church basement at which the students get to know each other. Another means of tightening the church bonds is the frequent "open house" of the student-pastor.

A June Bride in Central Africa

At Least Two Years Must Be Devoted to a Shulla Courtship

By DEMAREE C. BESS

JUNE days in Central Africa are often cool and pleasant, because June and July are the "winter months" of that region. That time of year is the best for hearing the stories of Mrs. David S. Oyler, wife of the American missionary at Dolieb Hill, in the Egyptian Sudan, whose note-books are filled with the lore of the little-known Shulla negro tribe. Twenty years ago, white men had no knowledge of that large tribe's language or literature or customs. Then American missionaries penetrated Shulla land on a house-boat, settled down among the friendly natives, and began to write down their unrecorded language, and to glean from them, bit by bit, their folk lore, their simple literature, their traditions, their dim religious beliefs.

Mrs. Oyler has filled many note-books with the facts gathered as she and her husband have traveled about for eight years through the acorn-topped villages of the Shulla country. Since they have mastered the simple Shulla language, the natives tell them everything they ask. One of the most interesting chapters in those note-books to me was that on marriage customs. For the primitive black folk have evolved a system of marriage customs which are even more rigidly observed than those of our own civilized country. And the rigamarole extending over a period of two years which a Shulla youth must pass through in order to win his first wife—and usually his last—would very likely exhaust the patience of our own civilized youths.

Mrs. Oyler told me one day about the marriage of her two young friends Ku and Agula, young people whom she had known almost since the beginning of her residence in the Shulla country. They had themselves told her the complete story of their engagement, which was very similar to others among the Shullas.

ONE day Ku's "eye was hot," which meant that he was in love, and wanted to get married. So he went to his best friend Awaki and said frankly enough, "I want to get married." Awaki laughed, and said, "Why, whom do you want to marry?" Ku knew very well the girl of his choice, but tribal custom prescribed that he should answer, "Oh, I don't know. Let's take a walk, and I will find a girl."

So the two strapping young men went to the river for a bath, then greased their bodies liberally with oil and butter, put on all their ivory and elephant-hair and giraffe-tail bracelets, and such others as they could borrow from their friends. In this informal fashion, Awaki was made the "best man" for Ku, whose principal duty would be to look after his financial interests.

Ku and Awaki went walking, Ku seeing to it that they walked in the right direction, and soon they met Agula. They greeted her formally enough, and she asked them, "Where are you going?" "Oh, we are just out for a walk," Ku answered nonchalantly. "But where are you going?" Agula persisted. Thus urged, Ku replied "I am looking for a girl to marry." Agula pretended intense surprise. "Why, whom do you wish to marry?" Ku's "hot" eye looked at her. "I wish to marry Agula."

Agula, a fine muscular girl, almost as strong as Ku himself, was pleased. So she invited the young men to her home in the nearby cluster of acorn-topped huts, and asked them to be seated just outside the house-opening. Then she hurried to a neighbor's house, to borrow food for the visitors, because she did not have anything fine enough for them in her own hut. Her best girl friend, to whose house she ran, expressed surprise when she saw her come running, although she had seen the young men. "Why, why do you hurry so?" she asked. "I have travelers in my home," said Agula. "You must come to help me."

When the two girls had set borrowed food before the young men, Agula ran to the river for a bath, greased her lithe young body thoroughly, and put on all her own finery, which naturally did not compare with that of the young men, because she was only a girl. Then, properly attired, she took her seat beside the two young men, and talked of many things Finally, Ku formally renewed his suit, and she told him to return on a certain day.

On the specified date, the two young men went again to her village, and were well fed. At the close of the meal, Agula told Ku that he must present his case to "the old men of the village," which simply meant her father. Ku, upstanding and vigorous, able to hunt well, to fish, and to plant if necessary, suited Agula's father very well. "You may have Agula for the usual price," her father told Ku. "I shall ask only the usual ten cows." Ku had been elated by a rumor that the new king of the Shullas planned to reduce the cost of a wife, but the king had established the old rate of ten cows. So Ku arranged with Agula's father to make the first payment of two cows in the near future.

When Ku had led his two cows to the village, and had turned them over to Agula's father, there came the first celebration. For two days they feasted and danced with the people of the whole village. To each of Agula's parents, and to her brothers and sisters, Ku gave a sheep as a gift. Two of Agula's sisters had died, but Ku gave sheep to their departed spirits, which were taken and eaten by the parents. Awaki, Ku's best man, danced during these two days with Agula's girl friend, who assumed the part of "bride's-maid."

Underwood & Underwood

A group of African belles adorning themselves for a festival

AND NOW, for a whole year, the ceremony was dropped. Ku and Agula saw something of each other, as they occasionally met in their walks over the level marshes and through the scrubby African woods, but they did not "keep company" as in our land. At the end of the year Agula, with a number of her girl friends, carefully prepared tempting food, placed it in baskets, and went to Ku's village. On the way they pretended, according to custom, that they were lost, and wandered about until some one from the village discovered them, and led them to Ku's house. Arrived there, they refused to enter the house enclosure until they had been given a hoe. Then they refused to place their baskets of food on the ground until they had been given another hoe. Then they declined to carry the food into the house until a fish-spear had been given to them, and found it impossible to taste any food before Ku had given them a sheep.

The next morning they gathered wood, and prepared the food. All of the old men of Ku's village assembled, carefully inspected the food, and pronounced it good. Then the village, divided into three groups of old men, young men and women, gathered together, and ate. Toward evening, after the village had gorged to contentment, they sought out Ku and Agula, placed them together in the middle of the village, and danced gaily around them, singing their praises.

The next day, Ku killed a sheep for Agula and her friends, and the village again feasted. Then the visiting girls prepared food sufficient for all the people of the village, and went home. And now the young people must wait for another full year, before the ceremony could be resumed.

At the close of the second year, Agula, with only a few selected girl friends this time, went again to Ku's village, with baskets of food, and once more the old men gathered to inspect it. Then a sheep was brought, and prayed over, just before it was killed. Its ears were cut off, beads were sewed on them, and one ear was tied to Agula's ankle while the other was tied to Ku's ankle. Then each of the guests took as much water as he or she could hold in the palm of one hand, spit into it, and threw it on Ku and Agula. Then the bride and groom led the way to one of the best houses in the village, where a bath had been prepared. Ku was taken into the house and bathed. Then the women bathed Agula. Then the marriage party proceeded to a second house, and Agula was given some oil with which to anoint Ku.

Agula's girl friends and the people of the village worked all during the night preparing the marriage feast, which was served early the next day, a sort of wedding breakfast. As each friend of Agula's started home the next day, Ku and Agula gave a present to her, and she was lavish in her praise of their generosity. When the bride and groom had given presents to all their friends, the ceremony was complete: Agula remained with Ku in his village, and after he had completed payment of the ten cows, was his property.

THE marriage of Ku and Agula ran along smoothly enough, although it must have seemed a slow process to the impatient young people. But many Shulla engagement ceremonies are not so happy. Complications arise quickly if the girl says "No" when the young man first makes his offer. Perhaps she is only wanting to be coaxed, or perhaps she fears that if she appears too anxious, her father will stubbornly refuse to permit the match. If the girl says "No" decisively, however, the young man usually gives up the quest—and seeks to invest his ten cows elsewhere.

But sometimes the young man, although the girl may hate him, stands well with the father. Then the father is angry, and promises the young man that he will compel his daughter to reverse her decision. If she is strongly opposed to the young man, and her father persists in ordering her to marry him, she must pass through three tests or "ordeals." First, her men relatives beat her with cow-ropes until she is badly bruised. If this does not change her mind, she is wrapped in a fish-net, and put into the river until she is unconscious; then they take her out, and revive her. If she persists then in her refusal, she is imprisoned in a sealed house, with a smoky fire, and left. If the girl has the endurance to pass through these ordeals, the father cannot compel her further. The tests, however, are so difficult, that few girls have the strength to endure them.

Sometimes, when the girl is most eager to marry a certain young man, her father emphatically says "No!" Usually that ends the matter. Sometimes the girl, much in love, may persist, but the father offers a prayer, putting a curse on the girl.

Divorce among the Shullas is very largely a matter of taking back a bad bargain. The man has the right to divorce the woman, but she does not have the right to leave him unless all the dowry has been returned by her father. If the girl is a poor housekeeper, her husband may return her to her father, and demand his money back; if the wife runs away, the husband may divorce her, and demand back his cattle. If a woman dies childless, her father must either give back the ten cows, or provide a new wife for his son-in-law.

The Editorial Forum

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The Soul of the Nation

WHAT America fought for in the War has been variously discussed by speakers and writers lately. In a few notable instances the attempt has been made to show that this nation went into the world conflict solely to defend its own interests, and that the broader purpose of rescuing civilization from collapse had nothing to do with it. Such, however, is not the view of the American people, nor of their real leaders today; nor was it their view at that memorable time when their sons so nobly responded to the call to save civilization from shipwreck.

President Harding, on the Sunday preceding Memorial Day, worshiped in the historic church of Pohick, Virginia, of which our first President was once a member. He sat in the Washington box pew, and after the service addressed the congregation by invitation. That the President held the broader view was clearly made manifest in the course of his address. While he disclaimed any intention to launch out into a discussion of the cause of the war, President Harding declared that "America fought to preserve the rights of the Republic and to maintain the civilization of which we had such a part in the making; and in that service we have rendered tribute not only to that cause but also to *the highest ideals of humanity.*"

Again, in his Memorial Day address at the Arlington National Cemetery, the President recurred to the same theme; "Wherever men are free, they are wont to give thought to our country's services in freedom's cause. Where men may aspire to a freedom not yet achieved, their instinct turns the eye and the thought of hope this way and they pray that their cause may gain our approbation. . . . They have seen our protecting arm stretched over the outposts of liberty on every continent. For more than a century our plighted word warned tyranny from half the world; then, when the gage was taken up by mad ambition, men felt the blow that arm could strike when freedom answered in its utmost might. Across the seas we sent our hosts of liberty's sons, commissioned 'to redress the eternal scales' . . . Now our Memorial Day is become an international occasion; it calls upon the fortunate free of many lands and countries to help in its observances, and equally to them and us it is a reminder of our common troth to civilization, humanity and everlasting justice."

Referring to our own interests as a nation, he said: "I counsel no selfishness, no little Americanism, no mere parochialism, when I urge that our first duty is to our own, and that in the measure of its performance we will find the true gage of our capacity to be helpful to others." Then, toward the conclusion of his brilliant oration, he said: "We believe that the torch will flame more brightly in our hands, that we will hold it safe and high aloft, and that its light will help, at least, to point the way for humanity on the path of safety and in the task of building for all time!"

These utterances by the President, which accurately express the sentiments of the American people as a whole, might profitably be pondered by those who have not hesitated to attribute to the nation views it never held concerning the war. Such men do a disservice when they stir up a conflict of discussion over a matter that should have been regarded as too sacred to be made a target for partizanship. It was clearly in President Harding's mind to forestall such discussions in future when he spoke in the Virginia church and at Arlington as he did, and we take it that he means it to be well understood what that purpose is. At this late date, to spread the assumption that the United States had no aim beyond the selfish one of serving its own interests, is a libel upon the whole nation and a gross misconception of the spirit of America, whose heroic sons gave their life's blood to make the whole world "a better place to live in."

Yes, the nation has a soul, and it found expression in the war. We did not seek glory or conquest, but justice and righteousness. And we will continue to seek these until we have done all that lies within our power to attain them.

"Adequate Armament"

IN a recent magazine article entitled "What is Adequate Armament?" Hayne Davis, who was an interested spectator at the Hague Conference of 1907, and a friend of President Roosevelt, says, "Armament should be in proportion to known dangers." He then goes on at length to argue for a "naval armament which will give us an unquestionably superior power in the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, adjacent to our territories and possessions."

But he fails to state what the exact armament should be, and at no point in his article does he define what the "known dangers" are, or how large the armament should be to protect America from them.

The American people are not visionary about the need of some kind of a police and protective force on the seas, at this time in the history of the world. Neither does the average citizen minimize the facts that have to do with the world powers, in their suspicion and fear of one another. But the average tax-paying citizen of the United States has a right to know how far the naval experts propose to go in spending the people's money for armament, and a good many of them want to know what the "known dangers" are, if those are the basis of the armament this country needs to protect herself against attack.

What are the "known dangers" that confront America at the present moment and which require a navy of "unquestionably superior power in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans"? Come, gentlemen of the Navy, speak up, and tell us in plain United States language what these dangers are. We are from Missouri, and Kansas, and Illinois, and Ohio, and New York, and a lot of other states of the Union, and we would be interested in knowing the facts. If there are "known dangers" let us know what they are. Thousands of us are good patriotic citizens, who love our country just as much as the naval enthusiasts, and all we want to know is on what you base your demand for the greatest navy on earth, as a good many of you do. If there are "known dangers," why keep the matter a secret? If Japan is really waiting for a chance to attack the United States and you are in possession of the facts to prove it, by all means give the people the facts. But if you have no facts to prove these "known dangers" why keep on inflaming the public mind by continuing the same propaganda of fear and suspicion and jealousy that have filled the world for centuries?

There is an increasing number of taxpayers, and the number is rapidly growing, who are growing very tired of the magazine writers who are anxious for an "adequate armament," and who write long and elaborate articles for it, but fail to state in the articles just what the danger is that requires the enormous expense. For more than a quarter of a century certain writers and speakers have picked out Japan as the menace to our national security. Give us the facts, gentlemen. We have had suspicion and fear instilled into us long enough. A quarter of a century has failed to prove to a good many of us that Japan is an enemy of the United States. Is she the "known danger" you keep mentioning in your magazine articles? Pound your typewriters to give us facts. We have had enough of "fear."

Young Souls Neglected

THAT our modern educational methods do a grievous wrong to childhood in cutting off the Bible in a large proportion of the schools has been many times demonstrated, but probably never so startlingly as in an example recently brought to our attention. In an address in one of the leading Brooklyn churches a few days ago, District Attorney Lewis told his audience of a recent test made in a public school in that city to ascertain how many of the pupils were familiar with the Ten Commandments. Of the 1,373 pupils questioned, 499 admitted that they did not know the Commandments, while 351 had never heard of them. The District Attorney gave some of the answers made by the pupils when asked to repeat the Decalogue. A few of these are worth noting.

"The first commandment is 'There shall be light,'" was the reply of one student.

"The Ten Commandments were the ten amendments to the Constitution," said another.

"There shall be water," was the answer given by a third to the same question.

Still other children declared that the first commandment was "Children must keep off the steps of street cars;"

"Not to swear for anything;"

"Don't crook anything;"

"Thou shall not hit thy father or mother;"

"Don't swindle."

In concluding his remarkable statement the District Attorney declared that the test had convinced him of the need of some sort of religious and moral training for a child better than any system we now have. It is a disgrace for our boasted civilization that we should be guilty of permitting any child in our land to grow up in ignorance of the Bible, and especially those portions of it that are essential in the formation of character. By excluding the Bible from the schools, millions of the young are deprived of all knowledge of the greatest Book in the world, familiarity with which would implant the love of all the virtues and graces of heart and mind that make for noble and useful manhood and womanhood and the best type of citizenship.

While sectarian teaching and special spiritual instruction are the proper task of the Church, the Sunday School and the home, the Bible should have an honored place in the schools for its unapproachable literary value, its moral teachings and its power to plant and cultivate in young minds all of the qualities that are most worthy of attainment in human life and experience.

Let the Bible have free course! It is God's message to man. Our children need it as they need air, exercise and food. It is almost unthinkable that we should open the Bible in the schools in heathen lands, and yet exclude it in those of our own.

A New Bible?

MR. H. G. WELLS, the English novelist and of late a notable historian, is quoted as saying the world needs a new Bible, one that is written to meet present-day needs, in present-day language, with modern application. The field is open to any one who wishes to write such a Bible, and the Christian Herald ventures to suggest that Mr. Wells himself try his hand at it. There is no law to prevent any writer or philosopher or historian getting up a new Bible and offering it to the world. It might be an interesting experiment to make, if a dozen novelists like Mr. Wells combined with as many more philosophers, scientists, theologians and poets to write such a Bible as Mr. Wells says the world needs now.

Far be it from us to suggest even an outline of such a new Bible to the versatile compiler of a World Outline of History. But we have been wondering a little since reading Mr. Wells's statement what new matter he would use in creating his new Bible. We hesitate to suggest even that the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule are back numbers and something better ought to take their place! And when it comes to Paul's writings on immortality and his treatise on the greatest thing in the world, called Love, it seems almost superfluous to suggest even that a combination of modern writers might easily find something more up to date than either immortality and love with which to make this new Bible the best seller in the market!

Also when it comes to dealing with such homely and every-day themes as sin and the consequences of it, with man's need of God and his redemption from evil, it hardly seems quite the gracious thing even to hint that a combination of modern writers like Mr. Wells can easily find some better way to treat the entire subject of man's transgression and his way out than the old Bible gives us!

It will also be a very interesting thing to watch the making of this new and modern Bible when the writers of it give to the modern reader some story more interesting and valuable than the old, old story of Jesus Christ. If the old Book is so worn out as some people seem to think it is, here is a chance for the imagination and genius of modern poets and theologians and writers to create a story that will entrance the world as it never has been entranced by the story of the Redeemer of the world. What a wonderful Bible this new Bible will be when it is made to order to fit present-day needs and present-day theology and present-day sins! What a revelation of the poor thing the world has had all these years in this old Bible which has become too antique to fit the needs of the twentieth century! How breathless we all ought to be as we wait for the publishing of this new revelation! What a seller it will be for the publisher who is fortunate enough to get out a copyright on it!

Go to it, all ye writers and social reformers and new theologists! There is nothing to hinder you from getting up a better and more up-to-date book than the old Bible! That is, there is nothing to hinder, except the impossibility of modern brains and souls and imaginations to perform such a task. If Mr. Wells and all the rest of the modern writers do not believe this, let them write the Bible they say the world needs. Meanwhile the modern preacher need not wait for this modern Bible to get texts that will fit the modern world. The old Bible still has several texts that fit very well every human condition, and will do so for a number of centuries to come.

And in this connection it might be well for those who are tired of the old Bible to remember what the Master said: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

The World News of the Week

Senate Passes Naval Bill Carrying Total of $494,000,000

FOREIGN observers are apt to wonder somewhat regarding the attitude of the United States Senate on disarmament. When a theoretical question of disarmament was before it, the Senate voted unanimously for the calling of a conference designed to reduce armaments on the seas, but when on the practical issue of appropriations it passed a bill carrying $494,000,000 for the maintenance of America's sea forces in the next fiscal year and for the continuation of the 1916 building program. This was only a very slight reduction in the total reported by the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs and was $98,000,000 more than was carried in the Naval bill as it was passed by the House.

Party lines were ignored in the final vote of 54 to 17, with 38 Republicans and 16 Democrats voting for the bill while 5 Republicans and 12 Democrats opposed it. One of the hardest fights of the protracted debate over the measure came on a motion to recommit it to the committee with instructions to reduce the total to the House figures but this was defeated by a vote of 43 to 25. Opponents of the bill assailed it as "reckless extravagance" and declared business conditions in America made imperative economy in federal expenditures, but their arguments were overruled by the majority.

A hard fight between the Senate and House conferees was anticipated and it was said the House leaders were determined that the naval appropriations should be trimmed down to the $396,000,000 on which they decided originally.

Disarmament Feelers Put Out

THAT President Harding has instituted "informal feelers" to ascertain whether it would be feasible to bring about an international conference to devise means for the limitation of naval armaments has been disclosed at the White House. Just what means of sounding out the Powers has been adopted was not revealed and no intimation was given whether any responses had been received. The first move by the President was said to have preceded the passage of the Borah disarmament amendment in the Senate and to be on a broader scale than that declaration contemplated not being limited to Japan and Great Britain.

In this connection the New York Times carried an interesting story for which there has been no official confirmation. It declared that the disarmament feelers were being put out through Col. George Harvey, the American representative on the Allied Supreme Council, and that President Harding was planning to make the association of nations of which he spoke so often in the campaign an outgrowth of the Supreme Council. If the Supreme Council demonstrates its capacity to keep the world's peace, according to this story, it would be developed gradually so as to take over the outstanding functions of the League of Nations and would be coupled with an international court of justice to be created. Such a course would obviate the necessity of calling an international conference to draft a constitution for a new association of nations and of obtaining the Senate's ratification of a new covenant. Whether a new international organization can be built up in this way must be in doubt for a considerable period, but the suggestion at least has the merit of being a more direct approach to the problem than many of the other methods proposed.

Many Killed in Tulsa Race War

A RACE war which rivaled in horrors those dreadful conflicts in East St. Louis, Omaha and Chicago, has swept over Tulsa, Okla., intensifying racial antagonisms and imposing a toll of human life which must appal all thinking persons in America. Thirty persons—nine whites and twenty-one negroes—are known to have been killed, and some estimates of the number of dead ranged as high as eighty-five. Two hundred were wounded. Ten blocks of homes in the negro quarter were destroyed by incendiaries, with a property loss of $1,500,000, leaving 3,000 homeless.

The conflict started over the arrest of a negro accused of a crime against a white girl. He was taken to the Court House and lodged in the jail on the upper floor. Rumors of an attempt to lynch him apparently were circulated and armed negroes made their way to the Court House until 200 were around the building. Crowds of white men also gathered and those who were unarmed broke into shops and supplied themselves with weapons. With city and county officials taking no action, a clash was inevitable and was not long delayed. After several clashes the negroes retreated to their own quarter, which was invaded by the pursuing white men, and the fighting assumed the proportions of a battle, with the number engaged on both sides running into the thousands. The homes of negroes were set on fire and the fire department was prevented from attempting to cope with the flames.

Meanwhile the militia had been called out and restored order in the business section, but it was several hours before the troops were in force sufficient to disperse the rioters in the negro quarter. Martial law was declared, guardsmen were scattered throughout the city with machine guns ready for action, and orders were issued for the immediate arrest of all persons carrying arms.

Thousands of negroes fled from their quarter as the fighting began and others gathered up as fugitives or combatants were taken to improvised camps where they were kept under armed guard with civic organizations and citizens providing food and medical care for them. There was a tremendous revulsion of feeling and the one bright spot in the situation was the manner in which the better elements of Tulsa hastened to organize relief measures for the negro victims and to raise funds for the reconstruction of the homes destroyed.

International

FOUR NATIONALITIES AT A MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

Representatives of Japan, Czechoslovakia, India and China got together for a photograph at the annual meeting of the Central District Women's American Baptist Foreign Missionary in Chicago. Can you tell which is which?

The countries which are forming the Central American Union

Railway Wages Cut $400,000,000

WAGE reductions averaging 12 per cent. and expected to effect a saving of $400,000,000 a year for the railroads of the country have been announced by the United States Railroad Labor Board in accordance with its decision of several weeks ago. The new scales, which become effective on July 1, affect the members of 31 labor organizations employed by 104 railroads, but the Board announced that the same reductions will be granted to the other lines, so that all railroad workers in the country are involved. The Association of Railway Executives estimated the number of men ultimately affected at 1,700,000 as against 2,056,381 affected by the pay increase of July, 1920. The reduction in the personnel means an annual saving of $700,000,000 for the companies, so that the total reduction in the annual labor expense is $1,100,000,000.

The heaviest cut was that of 18 per cent., or 8½ cents an hour, in the pay of maintenance-of-way laborers, wiping out the increase granted a year ago. Switchmen and shops crafts were reduced 9 per cent., train service men 7 per cent., and car repairers about 10 per cent.

Some railroad executives expressed disappointment that greater reductions had not been made. Union leaders withheld comment, but it was predicted the unions would accept the new scale. The "Big Four" brotherhoods have called a meeting for July 1 to discuss the award.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has been working on a revision of freight rates and has before it for review many applications for reductions in rates filed as the result of agreements between railroads and shippers. President Harding made a call at the Commerce Commission offices to discuss the subject of rate reductions and readjustments and there was a belief the wage reduction would permit a lowering of traffic charges.

Central American Union Approved

THE Central American countries of Honduras, Guatemala, Salvador, Costa Rica and Nicaragua, which originally were one, have been endeavoring for some time to get together in a Central American Union which will enable them to co-operate more effectively. The three states first named have formally approved the compact and Costa Rica is about to do so, her regular Congress already having approved it. Nicaragua alone has held back, fearing her entrance into the Union might in some way involve her rights under the Bryan-Chamorro treaty by which the United States has an option of building an interoceanic canal across Nicaragua.

Secretary Hughes, at a luncheon in Washington in honor of Maximo H. Zepeda, the Nicaraguan Foreign Minister, who has been in the United States for several months, heartily endorsed the proposed Union and predicted that "important advantages would accrue through united effort in the field of common interest." This approval, it was predicted, will hasten Nicaragua's entrance, as it has been made plain that Nicaragua would lose no rights under the treaty.

The countries which have ratified the Union desire to have everything ready so it will be proclaimed on September 15, the one hundredth anniversary of their independence. Such an experiment in amalgamation, after a considerable period of separation, will be watched with interest by the world.

Fresh Clashes in Silesia

NEW battles on any considerable scale have been averted in Upper Silesia, but there have been conflicts between the Germans and French and between the Germans and Poles which emphasize the tensity of the situation and the necessity for an early settlement of the boundary question.

One of these clashes occurred at Buethen, within the area occupied by the Polish invaders, when forces organized by the German inhabitants of the town and estimated at 3,000 attacked the French garrison. The situation was complicated by the presence of Polish forces around the city, but the news dispatches indicated that the French commander refused their proffers of aid, kept the Poles from entering the town, and restored order with his own men. The French used tanks in the fighting, according to reports, and suffered no losses, while those of the Germans were heavy.

A more formidable engagement was between the Germans and the Poles near Gross Strehlitz, where the Poles were compelled to retreat, leaving 130 dead on the field. Other clashes were on a small scale. Inter-Allied officers in Silesia tried to obtain an agreement for the establishment of a neutral zone between

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God's Witness to Service

A Sermon by S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.*

TEXT—Eph. 5 : 10, 11. "Proving what is acceptable unto the Lord, and having no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."

SOCRATES anticipated George Fox by teaching within certain limitations the doctrine of the inner light, and by claiming to be a living illustration of its presence and potency. Most of us are familiar with the self-revelation of the illustrious Greek when he told the judges who condemned him to die that a spirit dwelt in him and made its voice heard in restraint and reproof whenever he was about to enter upon a wrong course of action. But though the ghostly visitor warned Socrates against what was ill-fated, it did not show him what was obligatory and virtuous. It told him what he ought not to do, but alas! it was dumb as to what he must do. His experience was curiously one-sided, possibly because his nature, although singularly exalted, lacked the confident aggressiveness of the devoted religionist.

Many share the disability of the noblest philosopher of the ancient pagan world. Keenly aware of the forbidden things of life, averse to the practices which reason and morals alike castigate, nevertheless the majority are somewhat puzzled as to what policy in affairs great or small is just, wise, vital, and approved of God.

All agree that it is well worth-while to have a widely diffused and clearly defined determination of what men and nations must not be and must not do. Not so many by any means are held in a common conviction as to what men and nations are bound to become and to effect. The standards of affirmative and constructive action are obscured in the public apprehension. Ideals which one group extols are severely denounced by another group. Confusion was seldom more prevalent in politics, in social measures, in ecclesiastical institutions than it is at the present moment.

CHRISTIANITY leads us to expect something infinitely higher and better than the contentious issues which afflict the nations. It deals with a race which can never be content with a series of mere inhibitions, and which will soon resent a monotonous undertone of admonition. And it deals with that race uncompromisingly, exacting as the first condition of divine guidance and approbation, the unquestioning obedience of men and women. For my part, I am satisfied that this should be as it is; that in the fluctuating welter of earthly wisdom one unmistakable scheme, packed with divinity, sanctioned by the past, and competent to solve the problems of the present, is found in the New Testament doctrine and ethic.

The first unfolding of the Gospel reveals that Love which is the indisturbable foundation of Life; the Love surpassing human thought, arranging and dominating all existence, ordering its progress toward a rational goal. The pithy phrase of St. John's Gospel covers the case. God is Love, and, protected by the splendid magnitude of His affection, we can so act as to win His favor. Certainly He will do something more than pull the check-rein when His offspring take a perilous turn. He presides over the universal destiny for far more than preventive purposes. He proposes to align us, not simply for safety, but for righteousness.

Earthly love is ever eager to show its pleasure toward the object of its desire. It revels in commendation and encouragement, and its native speech is charged with sympathy and understanding. It leaps to recognize in the loved one what is meritorious and exaggerates the good qualities which a colder inspection would minify. The austere affection which cannot shape its message in good cheer is abnormal. Here and there a parent is glacial, reticent, and harsh. No warm blood rules the heart; codes are prescribed for the child with forbidding insistence. Without a hint of tenderness and paternal grace, the unfortunate youth who wilts under this frosty treatment must measure up to the tasks which exceed his capacity. James Mill was such a parent—harsh, grim, inexorable, willing to use his gifted son, John Stuart, as a living peg on which to hang the father's theories of education. The outcome was the needless mutilation of one of the finest intellects of the past four centuries.

In utter contrast to this learned cruelty the Being whom Jesus proclaimed is lavish of praise and co-operation. We may prove to our sorrow what is odious in His sight. But we may also prove to our eternal joy what is well-pleasing to Him. Nor does He withhold from us the riches of His nature. There is nothing of parsimony in His distribution of gifts. They are abundant beyond imagination, with no boundaries except those which our personal limitations impose upon them.

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He is, indeed, the Father of lights, with Whom is no variableness or shadow cast by turning.

NOT a little of the doubt and difficulty confronting us is due to the fact that we are never quite sure we are not gambling against a melancholy Fate. If men could only be confident that they have the blessing of their Creator, the world's travail would cease, its prospects brighten, its warfare end. But factions strive, and wisdom is darkened by a cloud of words because we lack the witness of the Indwelling Diety whose strength is all-sufficient for our necessities. Place the pupil in an untoward position with his instructor and he will shrink before the pressure he dreads. The servant becomes as sour as the mistress who does not realize that a kind word is as important in its place as the monthly wage. The workman who receives no tribute of honest praise from his employer is ripe for rebellion. The home, the school, the forge, the factory, the office, are far more dependent for efficiency upon good-will than is ordinarily supposed. Personal contact, gracious bearing and comprehensive treatment are not the stuff which economic writers are apt to purvey, but they are vastly more requisite than much which these writers elaborate at length. The colossal size of modern industrialism, the continual expansion of society, call for the lubrication of instructive and broadening Christian sentiment. Those who do not want work to become a blind grind, a soulless servitude without a trace of humane consideration, will have to generate a fresh atmosphere in which mutual respect and cordiality prevail.

We can set aside the fools who thrive on adulation and hunger for flattery. But let us have a Christ-like courtesy for the millions of honest and faithful souls in every walk of life who do not receive a tithe of the eulogy they deserve. Service can not be a drudgery when love inspires it, benevolence greets it, and the amenities of Christian intercourse environ it. Religion is chiefly concerned at this point, not alone in its practical expression but also in its inward cultivation. The worshipper must be sure of Divine favor or his pieties are likely to become tortures. The belief that God is and that He is the Rewarder of those who diligently seek Him will have to pervade our ordinances or they will sink to the depths of Hindu fakirism.

BEYOND question, our Heavenly Father never intended us to be in the bondage of fear, as though He were a God of capricious temper and jealous exaction. Quite otherwise, He stoops to share our burden, and has so arranged the faculties of our being that they harmoniously respond to His Will. Think of the quiet pleas of a conscience void of offense; of the regal rest of the mind intent upon realities, of the conscious integrity which is the seal of just endeavor. Is there any bliss quite so tranquil and refreshing as that which flows out of virtuous living?

No man need be of the night who strives for the day. There arises in him the soul's bright morning star. In the darkest shades, if his Creator appear, the dawning has begun. Hazardous guesses and precarious speculations vanish; the spirit's motives and deeds reach an unusual elevation; they attain a dignity and an influence which cannot be gainsaid. Enoch had the testimony that he pleased God; Abraham believed the word of his Maker and it was reckoned unto him for righteousness. Some interpreters of the economics of grace maintain that men can not know what Enoch knew, can not obtain that which Abraham received. These prophets of a legalistic theology inform us that man has no prevision of his future, that he must be prepared to wait for the approval of God until another life shall reveal it.

I would not trespass on the jurisdiction of that last decree, wherein the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. But I am not persuaded that martyrs have burned, and patriots suffered persecution unaided by the sustentation of God's presence and approval. Behind the statesman and the hero stands the Everlasting One, who guards His own and walks with them in the fiery furnace. The centuries which have elapsed are strewn with the names of the pure and the believing, who, in the favor of the Lord, were able to say that whether in this world or the next they were always at home with Him.

Would that those who expend themselves so freely in hand and brain were more vividly aware of God's blessing upon all genuine workers and their work! But do not forget that what men and women most need today is a new vision of God as the Eternal Workman of Christ, as the Comrade of the Worker Who lived among them and died for them. The Divine approval of what is strong and true and ethical, the Divine Wrath blazing against what is treacherous and false and malefic, should be seen and felt as they are not seen and felt by leaders and peoples.

LASTLY the time comes when the thought and purpose of worthy souls center not so much upon personal benefit as upon the work to be done and the assurance of God's approval. We have a set tendency to estimate these questions from their ignoble side. Accusations of greed and selfishness run wild in too many mouths. There is a sickening loss of what we have to do and of the material with which we have to do it, because of wastrels in every social group who betray their trust. But let us at least give others credit for being as honorable and as desirous of pleasing God as ourselves. I meet thousands of my fellows every week, and seldom have I found one less willing to hear the command of the Master of us all than I am myself. Contact with them gives me no Carlylean repulsion, evokes from me no ravings about the insanities of democracy.

From my study window I observe a cluster of roofs covering the homes of those upon whose ceaseless and cheery battle the God of bloodless war casts a sanctioning gaze. Those roofs are found everywhere, and beneath them is celebrated that sacrament of love and service whose altar fires are always leaping heavenward. They have God's benison, here and now! It rests upon them and upon the dwellers whose goings forth and incomings are very dear to Him. But what shall be the worth and glory to follow? That I must leave to the as yet undreamed-of joys which shall be shed by the God-pleasers. A syllable of His commendation outweighs the acclaim of a republic.

One would rather have had a word of earned praise for a literary venture from Dean Howells than a chorus of silly cacklings from the crowd which does not know letters. Immeasurably more than this is God's "well done" for your fidelity in toil. Think of the reversals of human judgment it will incur. Painters whose blood went into the colors, poets, who sang while they starved, soldiers who died alone where was a dearth of woman's tears, inventors who saw the progeny of their genius stolen by the unscrupulous, idealists who were scorned and murdered, and last and best, the dim distant hosts who have had no audible voice, all will hear the ravishing sentence, "Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom." Toil on and in your toil rejoice, proving what is well pleasing to the Lord. The fellowship implied here belongs to common life, to reciprocal knowledge, to mutual service.

There is little intercourse between people who live on separated planes, but, thank God, the workers, and their name is legion, are one, even though there are agitators who deny this. Their oneness is emerging from the chaos; society sees its essentiality, and the drift of public conviction is toward unity. The cohesion means pain and here and there loss; but it will eventuate in solid gains. And if all who compose the new humanity will first offer it and themselves as a sacrifice to God, the race shall not want either direction or power.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Praise God, from whom all Blessings Flow," or "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 98. A Hymn of Praise.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 441, first column).

Sermon—"GOD'S WITNESS TO SERVICE."—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"I Need Thee Every Hour" or "The Homeland, O the Homeland", or "Just as I Am."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Grant to us, O Lord, the favor of Thy Presence as we go back to the common daily task. Redeem it from drudgery and hallow it with Thy glory, that we may see in the work of the hand The divine handiwork in our human toil. In Jesus' name, AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, C. C. Albertson, D. J. Burrell, R. Braunstein, H. P. Hoskins and I. D. Lyttle

Fervent in Love

SUNDAY. 1 Pet. 4 : 8. "*Above all things being fervent in your love among yourselves.*" Now the apostle is at some pains to make it clear to us what is the quality of this love which should characterize the life that expects the King's appearing. In the first place, it is to be "fervent." Now the significance of our English word "fervor" scarcely unveils to us the contents of the apostle's mind. He did not so much suggest a love that is ardent as a love that is *tense*. This very word "tense" is almost the original word. The love has to be "tense," stretched out, extended to the utmost limit of a grand comprehensiveness.

The New Testament recognizes different types and qualities of love, and there is no counsel in which it is more abounding than just in this counsel to push back the boundaries of a circumscribed affection, so that it be characterized by a more spacious inclusiveness. There is love whose measure is that of an umbrella. There is love whose inclusiveness is that of a great marquee. And there is love whose comprehension is that of the immeasurable sky. The aim of the New Testament is the conversion of the umbrella into a tent, and the merging of the tent into the glorious canopy of the all-enfolding heavens. Therefore does the writer of this very letter, in a second letter which he has written, give this very suggestive counsel, "add to brotherly love, love." Which just means this: Make your love more tense; push back the walls of family love until they include the neighbor; again push back the walls until they include the stranger; again push back the walls until they comprehend the foe.

The quality of our love is determined by its inclusiveness. At the one extreme there is self-love; at the other extreme there is philanthropy! What is the "tense," the stretch of my love? What is its covering power? I do not wonder that the apostle proceeds to indicate the magnificent "cover" afforded by a magnificent love.

"*Love covereth a multitude of sins.*" Not the sins of the lover, but the sins of the loved! Love is willing to forget as well as to forgive! Love does not keep hinting at past failures and past revolts. Love is willing to hide them in a nameless grave. When a man, whose life has been stained and blackened by "a multitude of sins," turns over a new leaf, love will never hint at the old leaf, but will rather seek to cover it in deep and healing oblivion. Love is so busy unveiling the promises and allurements of the morrow, that she has little time, and still less desire to stir up the choking dust on the blasted and desolate fields of yesterday. "The Son of Man is come to seek that which is lost."

There's a cover for you! I do not wonder that the great evangelical prophet of the Old Testament, in heralding the advent of the Saviour, should proclaim Him as "a hiding-place from the wind, *a covert* from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." "Love covereth all things." J. H. J.

Healing the Heart of the World

MONDAY. Prov. 4 : 23. "*Keep thy heart with all diligence.*" We are thinking of Nathaniel Hawthorne's story entitled "Earth's Holocaust." It is the story of men and women who became weary of their foibles and follies and sought to be rid of their fripperies and foolishness. They determined to make an end of them by burning. A great mountain of useless and silly possessions was lighted and the flame and smoke of them rose to the sky. There were in the company a number of reprobates who were sad of countenance now that their business was gone. Satan came up to comfort them: "Be not cast down, my peers," he said, "there is one thing these wiseacres have forgotten." "What is that?" they all shouted. "They have forgotten the human heart. Unless they hit upon some trick of purifying that foul thing, it will soon be the same old world again."

Our business is to change the heart of the world. External remedies will never accomplish the task. We must not think that we have the supreme task completed when we change environments and social status. Change the heart and you change the individual. Only changed hearts can create a changed world. "As a man thinks in his heart, so is he."

The year 189- marked the first successful surgical operation on the humar heart. "The path to the heart is one inch long, but it took surgery twenty-four hundred years to find it," said one of the doctors. In the interim the medical world did some very great things. One fine day it mended a sick heart. The Church has been doing some very fine things here and there. Some fine day it will step forth in the limelight of God's approval and present to him the healed heart of a hitherto very sick world. Jesus Christ wants our hearts. "Give me thine heart," He pleads. May our answer be

"Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne."

If we would produce masterpiece lives on the outside, we must first of all produce masterpiece lives on the inside. "Let the words of my mouth and the *meditations* of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord." R. B.

What God Wants of Us

TUESDAY. Micah 6 : 8. "*What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?*" How we shall approach our heavenly Father is a momentous question. How we may obtain joy and peace with Him, beholding His beauty in His temple, should be the supreme question for every one to solve.

Shall we multiply the forms and ceremonies of the ritual? They are but the scaffolding that must fall when the building of character is completed. External observance will not create inward purity. Fasting alone will not produce cleansing. Increasing benevolence cannot bribe justice or atone for the sin of the soul. The sacrifices God requireth are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart. What we need is to accept, believe and receive the sacrifice Christ has made, thereby becoming like our Lord in goodness, mercy, justice and in close, careful walking with Him.

Our suffering cannot pay the price of redemption; Jesus paid it all! Self-torture becomes horrible in the presence of Him Who suffered once for all humanity. Personal suffering may sublimate beautiful character, but it must not be self-inflicted. Our part is to walk humbly and harmoniously with Him Who has promised to be with us always. It is then our hearts burn with the joy of His love, as we commune with Him in the way. Happiness and holiness are twin blessings, resulting from fellowship and comradeship with our Lord. Love toward God is best shown by love for our fellowmen. Doing justly and loving mercy, answering the cries of the suffering and needy, the starving, is the way to show our allegiance and obedience to the Father.

Abraham Lincoln must have had our theme in mind when he remarked: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true." Theodore Roosevelt regarded Micah's text as the essence of all true religion, the sum of all creeds. E. W. C.

Honoring God

WEDNESDAY. I. Sam. 2 : 30. "*Them that honor me I will honor.*" God puts Himself on our plane when He asks us to honor Him. He makes religion, which seems to some so vague and far off, intimate and near. We know what it means to honor our parents. Of course it means obedience, but it means vastly more. Honor includes respect, reverence, affection. What father would not infinitely prefer to be honored than obeyed? A horsewhip might secure obedience, but obedience is a moral quality. A tyrant is obeyed from fear or force. God is no tyrant; He desires no selfish obedience. This is why He reasons with us: "Come now, let us reason together."

That honor includes obedience is perfectly true, but it includes much more—free obedience, full obedience, cheerful obedience, the obedience of the heart. We honor God by the acceptance of His will as ours. He who prays, "Thy will be done," honors God perfectly. To the deputation that waited upon President Lincoln and assured him they were praying that God might be on the side of the Union, he replied, "I am much more anxious that we should be on God's side." It is certainly far better to seek to ascertain what God's plans are and adjust ourselves to them as life's objective, than to seek to bring God over to our way of seeing things.

It is conceivable that when the adoption of God's will is the rule of our lives we may not be choosing the easy way. Providence does not always move along the line of least resistance. Often it moves along the line of greatest resistance. Then our path ceases to be easy. Then comes the pain of self-denial. But the pain of self-denial is the benevolent pain of discipline. So may we honor God by enduring, by suffering His will. But the end of education, of discipline is character. We learn to *do* in order to *be*. The saintly character honors God as nothing else can, since it is a reflection of God.

No one of us has ever done a good or generous deed, has ever put down in himself the selfish and the base, has ever refused to take refuge in a lie, has ever striven to lift the general average of truth and honor by his own choice of the high road, who has not thereby honored God by so doing. C. C. A.

Freedom by Observance

THURSDAY. James 1 : 25. "*The perfect law of liberty.*" An idea prevails in some quarters that liberty and law are mutually incompatible; but in this expression, "the perfect law of liberty," it is suggested that they are quite in accord with each other.

It is a common mistake to assume that liberty means absolution from all restraint. This was the error of the revolutionists of France who cried, "Down with law and order and government!" and they paid the penalty in confusion worse confounded. "Go as you please" is not the badge of a freeman. Will a disregard of the laws of hygiene set a man free? Nay, it will bind him on a rack and thrust him through with fiery arrows.

Let him apply it in the province of his intellectual life, and where will it land him? To call one's self a "free thinker" because he defies the prescribed rules of thought, is as if a skipper were to ignore the maritime chart, run up the black flag and become a wild rover of the sea.

Nor is it less disastrous to apply this conception of freedom in the province of ethics. He who insists on living as he pleases, despite the moralities, is as far as possible from being free, since he is bondslave to the lusts and passions of his meaner self.

Sin has swept us away from our moorings, so that we are neither where nor what we ought to be. The literal meaning of the word "transgression" is crossing the line. We have lost our freedom in crossing the lines of normal life. Is a fish free when floundering on the shore? Why not? Because it is "out of its element." Man in sin is precisely like a fish out of water. He is out of his element. God intended him to move as easily and joyously on his upward course as a planet in its orbit; and he finds his freedom only in such perfect obedience to perfect law. D. J. B.

Knowing Jesus

FRIDAY. Phil. 3 : 10. "*That I may know Him.*" The growing intimacy with Christ, toward which Paul was ever fondly pressing, was the chief of his life ambitions. You can understand any man's work and purposes much better after you know the man himself. For years we may have been impressed with the zeal and energy of certain preachers, writers and educators who have influenced and stimulated our lives in common with many others. But the great privilege of having even a slight personal contact with some of these men themselves, deepens unspeakably our interest and comprehension of their work. If we would understand the lesson, we must study the teacher. We can not fully understand the Gospel unless we have a growing knowledge of Jesus.

A great many people may have known more *about* Jesus than you or I, but they may not have known Him as we know Him. They have studied him critically; that is historically or psychologically, yet without having grown to love Him, or to yield full accord to His will. We cannot study him as we study Socrates or Napoleon. These men are dead. Jesus is alive yet; His influence is felt growing ceaselessly throughout the whole world.

What did Jesus say? What did He do? What did He think? What is His real influence on the conduct of the world? You cannot answer these questions through natural science or theology with the same conclusiveness as if you spoke in terms of loving, personal experience. H. P. H.

The Divine Protection

SATURDAY. Psa. 140 : 7. "*Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.*" How well the writer of these words knew the nature of the conflict and the tactics employed by the foeman. While the warrior must look well to the various parts of his equipment, one thing was of vital importance—the covering for the head. For while a spear thrust in arm or leg might disable one for a time, injury to the head was almost sure to mean death. And so, carrying this analogy into the spiritual experience, this warrior of times gone by, looks up to God and gives thanks that He has been to him not only a source of great strength, but arms and armor as well.

There are some things that this statement of the text does not say God will do when we are called to battle against the forces of evil. It does not, for instance, say that He will make us immune from wounds, or from the anxiety of the conflict; but He shall provide a helmet for me, and the Apostle tells us that our helmet is "*the HOPE of SALVATION.*" Can we win out in the battle of life and for life, without this same quality? We can not! But when we have this God-inspired factor upon which to count, we can wield the sword of the Spirit in such a manner as to strike terror into the heart of foes. I. D. L.

Welch's

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THIS pure fruit juice is a food-drink as well as a delightfully refreshing beverage. It contains all the richness and vital elements of ripe Concord grapes—for each bottle of Welch's many bunches of selected grapes are required.

Because of its richness, if served "straight," Welch's should be sipped from small glasses. It is a wholesome fruit course for breakfast and a valuable addition to all menus.

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Order Welch's by the bottle from your grocer, druggist or confectioner. Three sizes, quarts, pints and juniors. Tell the children to ask for the Welch Hi-Ball at the Fountain. Welch's has been the grape juice of known quality since 1869. Say Welch's and get it.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

For June Brides—and Other Brides

About the Ideals Upon Which They Are to Build Their Homes

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I WAS shopping with the June bride, yesterday, for the last few things that are always put off until the last few minutes. I went shopping joyously—despite the desperate haste we were in—for the average woman loves to shop! And, as we hurried from counter to counter—pausing at one place to purchase a frying-pan and at another spot to go into raptures over a bit of embroidered linen—I found myself enjoying the brightness of her face as much as I was enjoying the fun of buying pretties—and necessaries, for we got dish-pans and kitchen knives and oil-cloth and shelf-paper, as well as the frying pan!

I went shopping, yesterday, with the June bride. And we started out in the morning, as soon as ever the stores were open, and we didn't get through until well past the noon hour. And when we got through, we were so tired that we wandered, very gratefully, into a cool and not too crowded little tea-room. And as we ordered salads and crisp rolls we smiled wearily at each other across the snowy damask of the luncheon-table. And, from the bottom of her heart, the June bride spoke.

"Well," she said, "I must say that I'm glad I'm all through!"

I laughed.

"Through!" I said. "Why, child, you're not through! You're just beginning—really, you haven't started yet!"

The June bride laughed with me. And then——

"I reckon you're right," she said thoughtfully. "I reckon you're right! I *am* just beginning."

"And," I added, "you'll have a long, and sometimes difficult, road to travel, I expect. For no road is ever smooth, all of the time. And you'll meet many amazing adventures and many interesting experiences. Matrimony is full of adventures and experiences. And——"

The June Bride interrupted.

"Don't think," she told me very seriously, "that I have underestimated the great adventure of matrimony. Don't think that I'm going into it with only expectations of sunshiny times, and joy, and success. I know that there will be many hard, dark, difficult moments. I know."

THE salad and the crisp rolls had arrived. But the June Bride did not notice them. Instead, she went on talking:

"Stories," she said, "usually end at the place where the hero and heroine walk solemnly into the little ivy-covered church. Stories usually say—'And so they were married and lived happily ever after!' And uninitiated folk think that marriage is as—as easy as the stories would lead one to believe! They think that the happiness just goes on pleasantly and indefinitely. Well, sometimes it does! But sometimes it doesn't . . .

"I love the man that I'm going to marry—love him so much that my whole world just seems to revolve around him. I'm the gladdest girl in the world because he cares for me. But I know that there will come times when we'll have to face problems—when, perhaps, we'll disagree. But, even though I realize it, I'm not sorry—not at all. *For we'll have each other.*

"Life isn't all as easy as it seems to me, now. I've just finished buying a trousseau and furnishing a little home. But I have enough foresight to know that in time the trousseau will wear out, and that the house furnishings will grow shabby. And I don't want my marriage to do that—it must never wear out or grow shabby!

"I've thought a great deal about marriage—the sober everyday part of it, not the romantic and the sentimental part. And I've come to realize that, to keep it fresh and new and wonderful and worth-while, I must actually work and strive and pray. I can't just sit back and take my happiness for granted, as the story-books suggest. *I must make my happiness!*

"I wonder how many girls think of marriage as a career? They go in for music or art or teaching or business with a fixed ambition and a splendid set of rules. But do they go into marriage with the same sort of a working basis? Some of them do; but some of them, I am sure, don't!

"The worst way for a bride to start out is with the thought that she's *got* her husband—and that it's not necessary, any more, to make herself interesting and attractive. The old idea, you know, of not running for a street car after you've caught it! This applies to young husbands, too—only a young husband usually has an easier time, because his outside and business interests keep him mentally, and every other way, on the alert. The wife, who usually must stay at home, day after day, in the same surroundings, finds it harder to keep up.

"A bride—be she a bride of a month or of fifty years—should try just as earnestly to keep her husband as a business girl tries to keep her job. She should be tolerant, neat and charming in her dress, efficient in her home-making and, above all, quick to understand and to sympathize. She must really try to make her marriage a success—not just take the success of it for granted!

"Very few engaged girls would let their fiancées see them in curl papers. But a good many married women seem to feel that curl papers—even at the breakfast table—are quite all right. Very few engaged girls will quarrel with their sweethearts over trifles—but how many wives soon acquire the habit of nagging? And it's like that, all through, in ever so many little things that are really of vital importance.

"I know that I'll make mistakes, many of them. But it won't be because of carelessness that I'll make them. Marriage is a job that I want to hold for the rest of my life! It's a job that I want to be successful at!"

THE June Bride paused, suddenly conscious of the salad and rolls that were waiting for us.

"My," she said, as she surveyed them, "my, but I'm hungry! And you must be starving. Why didn't you stop me? I've been preaching away about ideals for ever so long, and you must have been bored to death! Why didn't you tell me that I didn't know what I was raving about?"

I surveyed the June bride very thoughtfully, for a moment. And then I spoke.

"I didn't stop you," I said, "because I wasn't bored. I didn't stop you because I'd forgotten that I was hungry. And because—most important of all—I rather imagine that you *do* know what you've been talking about! I wish that every girl who is about to be married could think as clearly on the subject as you do."

The June Bride laughed, with just a trifle of embarrassment.

"Of course," she said shyly, "I must admit that I'm standing, now, at the entrance to an undiscovered country. Every girl who is ready to take up the responsibility of being a wife and a home-maker is like a traveler entering into new lands. We don't any of us know quite what life may hold for us—or what life may not hold. But—well, knowing that you're going to travel beside someone you care for, knowing that he'll help you over the rough places—and that sometimes you can help him—is more than enough to make up for the uncertainties!"

I nodded, with a world of understanding. And—after a moment—the June bride spoke again.

"Love," she said softly, "is the only thing to base marriage upon. Love should be the foundation of the home. But the walls of the home should be made out of sympathetic understanding. A wife should be ready, always, with advice and praise. She should be tolerant, appreciative, and affectionate. She should be able to play the part of a man's pal, at times, and of his sweetheart at other times. And, upon occasion, she must almost be a mother to him. Marriage is like that!"

The Social Task of the Church

International Sunday-School Lesson for June 26
Rev. 21 : 1-14

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

DURING the present quarter some of the social teachings of the Bible have been studied. These have been peculiarly worth while in relating the Bible to daily living. All God's Word is to be interpreted in the lives of His children. This review study should bring the twelve previous lessons to mind and their intimate relationships should be very carefully observed. These lessons should have forged a chain of influences for us which will bind each to our Saviour and also to mankind. Turn to the lesson titles and meditate on them, one after the other. Take your Christian Heralds, if you keep them, and read two lesson studies each day through the coming week. Go step by step from "The Ideal Christian" to "Making the World Christian." Becoming a Christian through the new birth changes the entire life of the individual, even as the Christian is to turn the world upside down.

Review Sunday is rich with opportunities. Do not plan merely to restate the chief points and applications of the individual lessons. Very often one thinks of something on the following Monday which would have been a helpful truth to state on the previous Sunday. Review Sunday is your time to say those choice things. The twelve golden texts should be repeated, and from memory if possible. There is an added incentive to learn the golden text each week, if all the texts are to be called for the last Sunday of each quarter. Another simple method for reviewing is to take each lesson and recall Persons, Places, Events, Teachings. Since the recent lessons have been studied topically, there will be special value in looking at the details in the various scripture passages. Remember that you are always studying the Bible though you are teaching the pupil.

The subject, "The Social Task of the Church," is as broad as the world. It covers the interrelations of the individual to the Creator and to Creation. Social Service has been defined as "Dirt, Disease, Drink, Debt, Derelicts." Do not accept, as complete, the definition of any one. By general discussion make your own description of the social task of the church. When a Christian begins to think of opportunity for service and responsibility, one's personal geography is greatly enlarged.

GOV. HUGH M. DORSEY, of Georgia, in a booklet under the title, "The Negro of Georgia," suggests four remedies for the un-Christian social conditions in Georgia that have had wide newspaper publicity in the past months. One of his remedies is: An organized campaign by denominations to place in every section of Georgia a sufficient number of Sunday schools and churches. An even more significant statement was made by Roger W. Babson's Reports. The general subject was Christian Education. In line with the remedy proposed by Governor Dorsey note the supporting reason given by Mr. Babson. He said: "I do insist that the safety of our sons and daughters, as they go on the streets this very night, is due to the influence of the preachers rather than to the influence of the policemen and lawmakers. Yes, the safety of our nation, including all groups, depends on Christian education. Furthermore, at no time in our history has it been more greatly needed. The need of the hour is more education based on the plain teachings of Jesus."

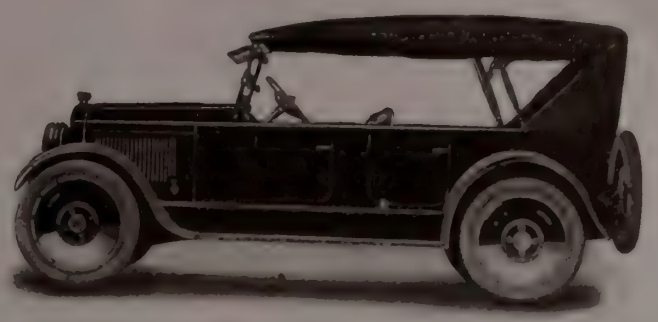
Part of the social task of the Church is to create an uplifting public opinion which expresses the consciousness that the most unfortunate person and classes in the world should be so helped that living will be easier and happier. When a sense of *ought* is recognized much has been accomplished. The non-Christian is generally an egoist, while the Church member is a poor sample of his creed if he is not an active altruist.

Too much social betterment is left to too few in the Church and Sunday school. Every member should have developed ability to do at least one thing that is helpful in Kingdom-building. A certain man, upon declaring that he had been a member of the church for 18 years, was asked what he could do in the work of that church. His reply was a complete negative. Shortly afterwards he was asked to teach a class of boys, which job he attempted. After only a few minutes the boys began to leave the class one by one until only one pupil remained with the teacher, who was sportsman enough to ask that boy to adjourn with him. Then the teacher faced the opportunity and his inability, and studied the work of a teacher and the nature of boys, with the result that he can now answer, when any one asks him what he can do, "I can teach a class of boys," and he is doing it with marked success.

NO SOCIAL task can be too great if all will co-operate. Archimedes' story of one man and a lever long enough is well known. But he never found either the lever or the fulcrum, and he died without moving the world. Today the attention is given to the division of labor in solving world problems. A most striking illustration comes from Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas. Hut No. 41 had to be removed and re-erected half a mile distant. The plan of the contractor was to tear down and rebuild on the new site. The Colonel of the regiment said that was a waste of time and energy. He stated that the best plan was just to carry the hut to the new location, and agreed to attend to the little matter. The hut was raised from the foundation and part of the floor removed. Stout extension stakes were nailed to the floor joists so that about four feet projected from the outside of the building. Now only 800 men were marched to the building and 600 were detailed to the inside of the hut while 200 were stationed around the outside. Then each man lifted at the same time and just walked off with the structure and set it down, after going by easy stages, on the new foundation. Now meditate on three facts: Each man lifted only fifty pounds, which was an easy load; all lifted and moved at the same time; and the majority of the workers were unseen. One picture of that event shows a crowd standing in front of the building and just talking things over. Nothing happened, however, until each soldier stood in his own place and obeyed the Colonel.

The emphasis in connection with this closing study for the quarter on the "Social Teachings of the Bible" must be, as has been stated in connection with nearly every individual lesson: What are you doing or what will you do in practising these teachings? To have studied these thirteen lessons and not to have projected yourself into more active work in helping others is very calamitous. This is particularly true, because if you are teachers, you are dealing with young people in their character-forming years. If these young people do not acquire the habit of service now it will be most difficult to establish it later. Each one of us must know that we are saved to serve.

Every individual, directly or in relation with his class or school, should be related to some work that is worthwhile. Organized classes are doing great things. Other classes have only a paper rather than a real working organization. Ears are deliberately stopped if no Macedonian call is heard. Few problems can be solved in a day. The perseverance of the saints has an application in maintaining a continuing service. Take firm hold, hold on and win out. Oh, the joy of service and the blessings to those who are helped!



The Car Complete

An Interpretation

SHERIDAN represents the demands of the trade of cars that are better built, better trimmed, more *complete* in the details of equipment. In appearance, comfort, convenience and mechanical excellence, The SHERIDAN is a notable achievement in motor car values.

Complete Beauty of line, finish and trim; a beauty that makes every detail seem a proper and harmonious part—that makes one proud in its ownership and service.

Complete Comfort, measured by greatly improved riding qualities, scientific body and spring design, highest grade upholstering materials; unusual lounging comfort, roominess, ease of operation and control.

Complete in Conveniences; a combination of unusual refinements; distinctive features of electrical equipment; a practical car, *plus* important new details that reflect the thoughtfulness with which it was designed.

Mechanically Complete; power smoothly and efficiently applied in a way to insure economy; every part functioning to produce easy, steady progress over the road.

No temptations in the form of lower-priced materials have been permitted to enter against the achievement of *quality*. The entire equipment and mechanism of The SHERIDAN insure extra years of satisfying service and reflect the perfections that are demanded in a car of unwavering reliability.

The line consists of four and eight cylinder types, each having its open, roadster, coupe, and sedan models.

ILLUSTRATED PORTFOLIO MAILED ON REQUEST

The Sheridan Motor Car Company
Muncie, Indiana

The Sheridan

A Record of Investments

can be kept in a most convenient way by the use of our specially prepared loose-leaf folder. These folders contain detachable sheets, properly marked and spaced for keeping complete information regarding all income-producing property [bonds, stocks, mortgages and real estate]—time purchased, price paid, income therefrom, etc. There are also sheets for keeping records pertaining to all forms of insurance.

A complimentary folder will be sent to any investor on request.

A. B. Leach & Co., Inc.
Investment Securities
62 Cedar Street, New York
105 S. La Salle St., Chicago

Boston Cleveland Hartford
Philadelphia Minneapolis Pittsburgh

Large Income Principal Safe

Invest the way others have done for years without running the danger of losing either principal or interest.

No one has ever suffered a loss by buying the 7% Georgia Farm Mortgages recommended by us. We invest our money in these mortgages before we ask you to invest yours. We don't take any risk; neither will you.

Interesting information about this form of investment, which you can buy in large or small denominations or on the partial payment plan, will be given on request for Circular A-11.

GEORGIA LAND & SECURITIES CO.
Savannah, Ga.

Wherein They Are Safer

There are some first mortgage securities that are as good as 6% Prudence-Bonds up to the point of the ticklish question of a guarantee—and, of course, the guarantee of both interest and principal makes Prudence-Bonds just that much stronger, safer and better.

Send for Booklet No. C.H.-157

Realty Associates Investment Corporation
31 Nassau St. New York
162 Remsen St. Brooklyn

Where None Is "Chased Away"

Mont-Lawn Offers Freedom and Happiness to the Children of the City

THE ragged little boy stood beside the park fountain and stared, ever so wistfully, into the white mist of the water. He was so small and so forlorn and so curiously hopeless looking that I paused beside him, and laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder. I was surprised at the way he flinched away from my hand—surprised at the terrified expression that swept across the thin little face that he raised to mine.

"I didn't mean t' do anythin', lady," he told me plaintively. "I was just a-watchin' th' water!"

"Why, honey," I told him quickly, "I didn't mean to startle you. I don't mind if you stand and watch the water! It's pretty, isn't it?"

The child's eyes searched my face for a moment. It was only when he was positive of my sincerity that he answered—only then that he allowed himself to smile, faintly, at me.

"Yes, lady—it *is* pretty!" he told me softly, and I saw a sudden light leap into his face. "I like pretty things . . ." He was very quiet for a moment and then he volunteered a remark. "I thought," he said, "that you was goin' t' chase me away. They chase us kids away sometimes when we stan' an' watch pretty things."

MY HAND still rested, lightly, upon the little boy's shoulder. Through the tatters of his shirt I could feel the rigid little bones of him—could feel the lack of softness and warmth that make well-nourished children so cuddly. Poor little chap—he was as forlorn as a stray kitten, as sad and lonely as a little unhappy ghost. Loving beauty with all of his child heart, he was afraid of being "chased away" from the sparkling water spray that was one of the city's few beauty spots. Loving nature, he was denied even a glimpse of it. With eyes suddenly misted I tightened my hold upon him.

"How," I questioned, "would you like some ice-cream—some *pink* ice-cream?"

Wide-eyed and incredulous, the child looked up at me. For a moment he was speechless, and then—

"I ain't never had pink ice-cream," he told me. "I had white ice-cream—onct——"

We repaired to a drug store. And there, seated upon high stools, we consumed much ice-cream of a high, brilliant rose color. And, between mouthfuls, I heard the little boy's story—in part, at least.

Fragmentarily, as little boys talk, he told me of the poverty of his home, where bread and potatoes were the only food—and a not very plentiful food, at that!

His father—a hard, though not very skillful, worker—was a victim of the unemployment wave that has engulfed our city. His mother did piece-work—at a pitiful wage—for a sweat shop. And there were seven children—all under ten years old—to be clothed and fed. When I heard this I did not wonder that the little boy was so thin and so ragged!

MONT-LAWN, the Christian Herald Children's summer home on the Hudson, is like a bit of Heaven now. The trees are covered with a mantle of fresh green leaves and the lawns are like soft velvets. The houses—every one of them like a wee home—are being freshly cleaned, and garnished and put into order. Everything seems hushed and radiant and *waiting*—waiting for the children, who are the heart of Mont-Lawn, to come.

There are more little ones than ever this year who need the country. There are small girls and boys, who are actually dying for want of wholesome food and fresh air, more than we can, perhaps, accommodate. Many families—who could, in former years, struggle alone—are destitute because of the hard times.

But, despite this hard, heart-breaking period, Mont-Lawn has not changed. Despite adverse conditions Mont-Lawn—more beautiful than ever—is swinging wide its welcoming gates to the children of the city slums. Five dollars will still send a child to the country for ten days. Twenty-five dollars will still endow a cot for the season—giving seven children a ten-day vision of happiness. And five hundred dollars will still buy a perpetual endowment, which means that seven children will go to Mont-Lawn every season as long as the home shall last!

IT IS hot, now in New York. And in a few weeks the heat will be unbearable. Emergency wards in hospitals will be filled with dying babies—youngsters who have not the strength to resist the onslaught of the summer. Many children—like the ragged little boy—will creep into parks to see a glimpse of fountain or a stretch of sun-parched grass. And many of them will be sent away—"chased out"!

There is no chasing out at Mont-Lawn. The home, and everything connected with the Home, belongs to the children.

Already the friends of the little ones are hurrying to their aid. Only yesterday a letter came to the Christian Herald from a sailor on one of the nation's battleships. It said:

"I give one-tenth of my income every year to some worthy cause and, for the next twelve months, it shall come to the Children's Home as an allotment; a check for ten dollars every month.

"I love children. That's the reaosn I'm sending this money to you!"

There are others who say the same thing. "I love children," they say. "And Mont-Lawn is the best way, *I know of*, to help them!"

Do You Need a New Bible?

PRESIDENT HARDING says: "I have always believed in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, whereby they have become the expression to men of the word and will of God. I believe that from every point of view the study of the Bible is one of the most worthy to which men may devote themselves, and that in proportion as they know and understand it their lives and actions will be better."

Until July 31st the Christian Herald is going to make it possible for every reader to have a copy of our regular $3.50 edition, red letter Bible, for $2.75, postpaid, or the illustrated $5.00 edition for $3.75, postpaid. These fine Bibles are in *full leather* binding with overlapping edges. The edges are red under gold. They have 1251 pages, including 16 pages of Holy-land maps in colors. The illustrated edition has 48 full-page photogravure illustrations from the famous Mastroianni sculptural reliefs.

Every home without a good Bible should order one of these editions without delay. Special prices are good *only* until July 31st.

Free Circulars for Investors.

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address, on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To Invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6% First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for circular 38.

Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving high average yield of 12¼%—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 48.

Barnsdall Corporation, 5 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold bonds to yield about 9 per cent. own and operate properties in 14 States. Total net assets 377 per cent. of this issue. Circular 40.

Bonds—questions answered, terms defined. A very valuable non-technical booklet that every prospective bond buyer should have. No. 42.

Selecting Your Investments, Strong Box Investments, Creating Good Investments, are three booklets describing the service and safe, high yield investments of a nationally known investment house. No. 43.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. first Mortgage 20-year 8 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold Bonds are described in detail in Circular 44.

Details of the First Mortgage 5 per cent. ten-year gold bonds of Libby McNeill & Libby to yield about 7.6% are contained in Circular 45.

Long Term Railroad Bonds—Valuable Information on the better class of Railroad bonds to yield 6 % to 8%. No. 46.

Real Estate First Mortgage Bond on improved New York City property that pays 8%. No. 47.

A Government Bond (Non-Callable)

With High Coupon Rate

applies to the new issue of French 7½'s, maturing in 1941.

This is the *only* foreign loan which combines the feature of being *Non-Callable* for *twenty years* with a large monthly sinking fund constantly supporting the market during the first five years.

Price and complete description on request for circular F.

CLARK WILLIAMS & CO.
Investment Securities
160 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

6%

YOU CAN OPEN A 6% ACCOUNT BY MAIL

No matter where you live, you can invest your savings promptly and safely with us at 6% interest.

For 26 years we have paid 6% on Two-Year Time Certificates and 5% on Certificates payable on demand—First Mortgage Security. Interest paid semi-annually or quarterly if you wish.

If you have saved $25 or more, write today for booklet, "6% and Safety."

The Calvert Mortgage Co.
863 Calvert Bldg. Baltimore, Md.

JAPANESE WOMEN ORGANIZE TO PROMOTE THE CAUSE OF PEACE

Most of this group wear the costumes of old Japan, but they are modern in spirit and through the Women's Society of Japan are campaigning actively for the elimination of the teaching of militarism from the schools of their country and for the better rearing of Japanese children

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 439

the Polish and German forces, but failed because of the refusal of the German insurgent leader to permit retreat by his forces.

Meanwhile no date has been set for an Inter-Allied conference to determine the Silesian boundary, and the French desire to postpone a meeting until a commission of experts has reported, a matter which may require two weeks more.

Chancellor Wirth won a vote of confidence from the Reichstag by 213 to 77, the issue being a declaration regarding the fulfillment of the Allied ultimatum. On the Silesian question also his policy was approved.

Scores Perish in Pueblo Floods

FLOOD waters of the Arkansas river, swollen by great cloudbursts, swept through the city of Pueblo, Colo., causing a death list which will run up into the hundreds and doing damage to property estimated at $10,000,000. The destruction in the city was so great that it was impossible to make anything like an accurate check of the flood casualties, but more than a hundred bodies had been recovered and conservative observers believed probably 250 persons had perished. Some estimates ranged as high as 600 dead.

The entire business section of the city was inundated to a depth of from three to eighteen feet by the first rush of water, which came Friday night, June 3. Residents of the lower section had been warned of the danger, but most of them had disregarded the warnings and many were swept away in their homes. To add to the terrors of the situation, explosions of gasoline and oil-tanks spread flames over the flooded area, igniting the wreckage and destroying by fire many structures which might have withstood the flood. All power and lighting plants were wrecked, leaving the city in darkness, bridges were swept away and communication with the outside world was broken for hours, delaying the beginning of relief measures.

On Sunday there were new cloudbursts and huge dams above the city gave way, so that the city again was flooded almost to the level of the previous inundation and the work of caring for the sufferers was greatly impeded. Relief trains from neighboring cities were unable to reach Pueblo, and food was conserved carefully to avert a famine. The city was placed under strict martial law to prevent looting.

Towns in the Arkansas river valley below Pueblo were flooded and several lives were lost. At LaJunta, Colo., the river was three miles wide and it was believed a score of persons had lost their lives. The Platte river overflowed its banks at Denver and that city also feared a disastrous flood.

SEVEN DIE IN AIRPLANE ACCIDENT. Seven persons were killed when a big Curtiss-Eagle ambulance airplane crashed to the ground in a violent wind and electrical storm near Morgantown, Md., forty miles from Washington. The dead were Maurice Connolly, formerly a member of Congress from Iowa; A. G. Batchelder, chairman of the executive board of the American Automobile Association; Lieut. Col. Archie Miller, of the General Staff College; three other army officers and a sergeant of the Air Service. As none survived the crash, the exact cause of the worst accident in the history of American aviation remained in doubt, but several other aviators who were caught by the same storm had narrow escapes from disaster

AIR BOMB EXPLOSION KILLS FIVE. Another Air Service disaster was the explosion of a fifty-pound TNT bomb which fell from an airplane taking off for a rehearsal bombing flight from the Government Proving Grounds at Aberdeen, Md. Five men were killed and eleven others were injured, two of them probably fatally, all except one of the victims being in the army.

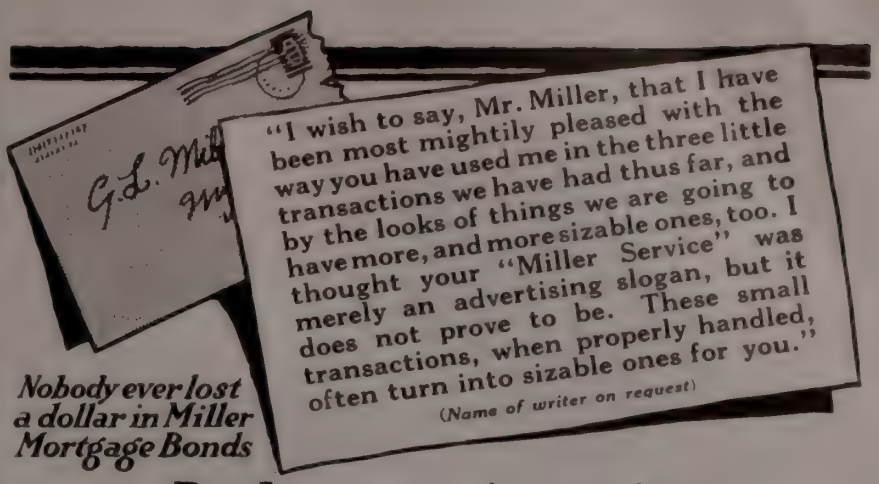
PREMIERS OF BRITISH DOMINIONS TO MEET. The premiers of the British dominions and representatives of India are to hold in Premier Lloyd George's official residence in London this month a conference at which many important questions of the Empire's policy will be discussed, among them the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese treaty and the sharing by the Dominions of the burden of naval defense. Such a development is of great moment, marking the extension to the Dominions of a greater share in the determination of Britain's policies.

SCOTT C. BONE TO BE GOVERNOR OF ALASKA. President Harding has nominated Scott C. Bone, who was publicity manager for the Republican National Committee in the last campaign, to be Governor of Alaska. Mr. Bone formerly was editor-in-chief of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER DIES. General Horace Porter, ambassador to France during the McKinley administration and the last survivor of General Grant's military staff, died at his home in New York City at the age of 84.

ANTI-BEER BILL REPORTED FAVORABLY. The House Judiciary Committee has filed a favorable report on the bill prohibiting the use of beer as medicine and restricting to one pint the quantity of wine which may be obtained on a ingle prescription. The committee added a provision that a physician may issue not more than 100 liquor prescriptions within ninety days.

SYRACUSE CHANCELLOR TO RESIGN. Rev. Dr. James Roscoe Day, who has been Chancellor of Syracuse University for twenty-seven years, has announced his resignation, to be effective as soon as a successor can be appointed. Dr. Day, who is seventy-five, wishes to devote his time to study and writing.



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You, too, can feel as satisfied as the writer of the letter above. Through Miller Service your invested funds are thoroughly safeguarded and net you a good interest return. Every bond is secured by an income-earning, non-speculative, fire-proof apartment structure or office building in a prosperous locality—property worth substantially in excess, often more than twice the amount of bonds issued.

As the borrowers are required to deposit with the Trustee each month one-twelfth of the amount of the principal and interest due for that year, all payments of interest and principal are made promptly to every investor. There is nothing complex, nothing to worry you when you invest your money in 7% Miller Mortgage Bonds. It is just as easy or easier than depositing money in your savings bank.

Send today the coupon printed below for a copy of "Selecting Your Investments." This booklet is free and will interest you in its clear explanation of the many excellent features of 7% Miller Mortgage Bonds. Write for a copy today.

$100 Bonds; $500 Bonds; $1,000 Bonds
7% Interest payable twice yearly
Maturities, 2 to 15 years
Partial payment accounts invited

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

G. L. MILLER & COMPANY, 612 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of "Selecting Your Investments." I have $ for which I am seeking a safe investment.

Name .....

Address ..... City and State .....

G. L. MILLER & CO.
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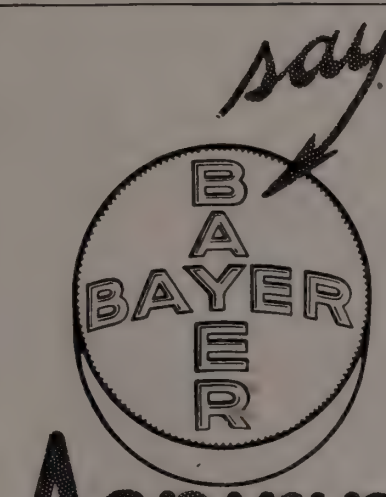

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Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Always say "Bayer."

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

LAY UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES IN HEAVEN Would you love to have your own Native Trained Missionary? and support him for $1.00 a week? Pray for him by Name? Have his report? Would you love to support one for some loved one? for a memorial? for the Lord Jesus? Write SAMUEL R. BOGGS, President, 473 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., for free literature.

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The little matter of 10 cts. will bring you the Pathfinder eight weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for all the Nation; an independent home paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth; now in its 28th year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, strongly, briefly—here it is. Send 10c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation eight weeks. The 10c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. Address: THE PATHFINDER, 4203 Langdon Sta., Washington, D. C.

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MR. C. E. BROOKS

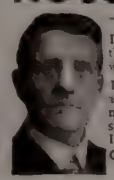
Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

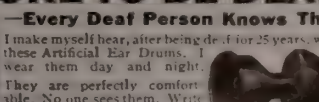
Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.
Brooks Appliance Co., 498C State St., Marshall, Mich.

"A TRIP THROUGH THE BIBLE" and other games 35 cents, 3 packs $1.00, postpaid.
"WISDOM" PLAYING CARDS
Alexander, North Carolina

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every Deaf Person Knows That



I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address


Illustrated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
6 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

June Joys

Don't let your children miss them

Mix Puffed Rice with your berries. These flimsy, flavory morsels add what crust adds to a shortcake. Any fruit dish is made doubly delicious when you blend them in.

Garnish ice cream with Puffed Rice. The grains are like airy nutmeats. Use them in candy making. Scatter either Puffed Grain in your soups.

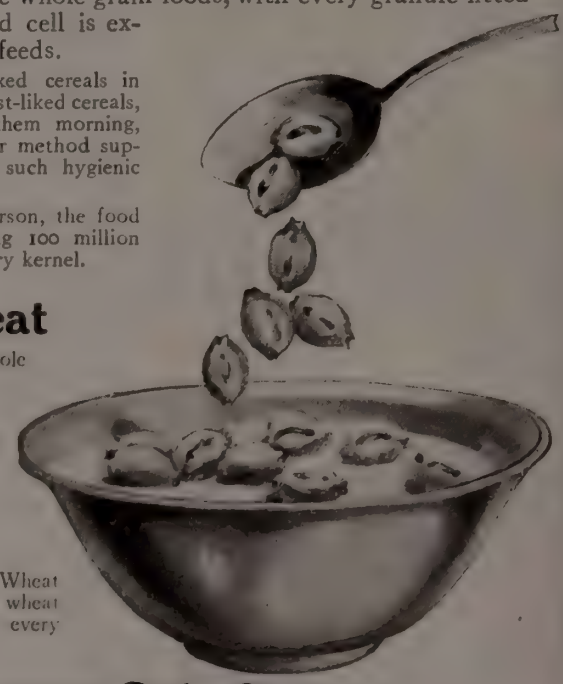
Douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoons.

Puffed Grains are not mere breakfast dainties. They are food confections—airy, flavory, toasted tidbits, to be used in many ways.

But with all they are whole-grain foods, with every granule fitted to digest. Every food cell is exploded. Every atom feeds.

These are the best-cooked cereals in existence. They are the best-liked cereals, too. In summer, serve them morning, noon and night. No other method supplies whole-grain foods in such hygienic form.

Invented by Prof. Anderson, the food expert. Made by causing 100 million steam explosions inside every kernel.



Puffed Wheat

Toasted bubbles of whole wheat.

Puffed Rice

Puffed to 8 times normal size.

At night

The ideal dish is Puffed Wheat in milk. It means whole wheat made easy to digest. And every airy grain is a tidbit.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, hereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

THE Great Commission Prayer League, Chicago, is earnestly inviting spiritual co-operation in imploring divine blessing on the Bill Board Gospel Campaign that is now being planned throughout the country, and that it may be made the means of bringing many to realize the need of a Saviour. This is a matter which should be taken up by our Prayer League at the earliest opportunity, and by individual members and little groups of members of the League all through this land.

Mrs. A. E. W. writes: "Pray for the Tabernacle Church at Wilson, N. C., that we may have a revival of religion and that many may be saved and the church greatly strengthened."

E. W. B. writes: "We are in need of a mighty awakening by the power f God here in Richland, Okla. Pray that we may have a demonstration of His powerin the meetings we are about to commence."

"All members of the Prayer League are requested to unite in prayer for a world-wide wave of personal evangelism," writes D. M. R., of Canada. "And I would also ask prayer that the Lord will open the hearts of people all over the world to attend to the Word of Life."

Mrs. J. B. asks prayers for the town of Quapaw, Okla. and for the little church and Sunday School which has now only a few members.

M. A. C. W. asks prayers for father, sister, brother and herself, that they all may be restored to health; also that the officials of the church at New London, Conn., may be filled with the Holy Spirit, and that the church may have a revival and many souls be saved.

R. C. asks prayers for a revival at Catawba, S. C., and M. E. R. writes: "I wish to ask prayers for the heart searching and revival of the members of the churches of Pasadena, Calif., and of David City, Nebr."

A. B. Hollenbeck writes: "Will your faithful Prayer League admit me into your Prayer circle and pray to our Heavenly Father that I may receive power from on high, and may be a blessing in God's hands in E. Las Vegas, New Mexico, for the saving of precious souls. We are planning for a revival."

I. E. McL., Puslinch, Ont., asks prayers for the Sunday School in S. S. No. 9, that it may be built up; J. E. T., for the church at Milton Mills, N. H., and Mrs. G. for the church and people at East Pittstown, N. Y., and Mrs. A. W. B. requests the members to pray for a church in Pasadena, Calif, "that it may come back to the old, old Gospel of our Lord and Saviour."

Among the general requests are the following: for healing, 200; conversion of relatives and friends, 176; blessing, 29; peace, 17; faith, 36; reconciliation, 10; spiritual advancement, 31; financial aid, 40; guidance, 31; recovery from the drug habit, 1; heart's desire, 22; success, 19; and reunions, 4.

We have also received acknowledgments of answered prayers from Mrs. S. F. Y., E. M., M. S., S. S., Mrs. L. F. E., Mrs. G. A. D., Mrs. B. C., Mrs. G. H. W., Mrs. W. F. H., J. D. P., Miss E. J. W., J. W. K., Mother, Mrs. T. Y., Mrs. H. J. T.

"We are having such wonderful answers to prayer in Syracuse," writes Mr. John Goebel, "that I want the Christian Herald family to know of it. An evangelistic campaign is on, and the outstanding feature about this campaign is the large number of sick and suffering ones that come and a great many of them are healed. It seems like Bible times!"

Making the School Building Safe

Continued from page 435

toward consolidated schools, made possible largely by better roads and hence better means of transportation. In some countries where modern road systems have been completed, the one-room school has been literally banished and in its stead four or eight-room or even larger school buildings, up-to-date in every way except from the standpoint of fire-safeness, have taken their place. As a result purely educational facilities have been wonderfully improved, while the safeguarding of children from fire has been in many cases neglected. Fifty-eight per cent of the schools in the country, though not classed as fire-traps, could easily be destroyed by fire.

DO NOT these facts point irrefutably to a line of activity which should commend itself to the immediate consideration and action not only of the Mothers' and Parent-Teachers' Associations, but to every parent who has a child of school age? Immediate legislation which is forceful, pointed, and not susceptible to misinterpretation is the most effective means of curing this calamitous national situation. A simple law requiring that all school buildings more than one story high shall be of the highest type of fire resistive construction would eliminate the possibility of another such catastrophe as that at Collinwood, Ohio, and at many other places too well known to those where loss has caused lasting grief to many a household.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to realize that the loss of innocent child life in a firetrap school is one of the most deplorable events that could happen or be in prospect. Fire-escapes are all very well in their place, but they cannot make a burnable building fire-safe. The only way is to build it so that there will be no food for flames—so that a fire which starts can at most be but a small one and can be confined without effort to the place of origin.

Millions of words have been printed about our national fire loss. Reduced to dollars and cents this has been ranging around a million dollars a day for some time. We celebrate an annual Fire Prevention Day with a great deal of gusto, parades, music, object lessons, speeches—everything but hard and fast legislation that would forever correct existing evils. The fire loss in dollars and cents is a trifle compared with the fire loss in lives, however few, since no adequate value can be placed upon them.

VIEWING the fire loss solely from the monetary standpoint, isn't it time that such needless waste were stopped, when any architect or builder can tell you that he knows how to build fire-safe? Everybody admits that fire loss is a deplorable waste. Even when the loss is "covered by insurance," the fact remains that the money returned to the person who suffered the loss does not compensate for other losses which are non-insurable, and above all it is not compensation for the utter destruction of natural resources which were drawn upon when the structure was built.

Schools present a far greater hazard these days from the underwriters' standpoint than they used to. The more modern the building, the more likely it is to have all those appointments which invite its use as a community center. Domestic science, manual training and shop practices as a part of educational courses are now a feature of most of the more comprehensive schools, and these are representative of the additional hazards introduced into school buildings.

In most cases little precaution is taken when the building plans are being worked out to safeguard against these hazards. An era of building is no doubt about to dawn. When it does, let us not try to defend ourselves with the statement that it was necessary to rush into this building without properly laid plans, for that defense can no longer apply.

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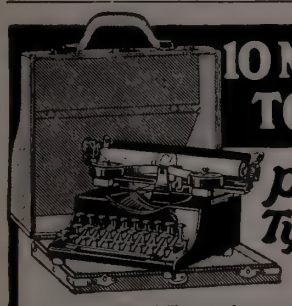

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Young People's Topics for June 26

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Men and Women Whose Lives Should Inspire Us

E. L. and C. E. Heb. 11 : 32-40; 12 : 1-2
See the denominational Missionary Annals

THERE are no lessons so inspiring as those derived from Christian biography. To read the chronicles of the Greathearts and Stronghearts of history, both religious and secular, whom to know is to feel ourselves exalted, is to realize even in this twentieth century of distracting materialistic age in many instances, that the age of chivalry is not dead but very much alive as vitalized by the heroisms and sacrifices of the hour. King Arthur's Round Table is not a bit of idealistic literature confined only to the printed page, but a chronicle that may represent any period of the world's history. The "Vision of Sir Launfal" has not faded off the horizon but is vivid and fresh today as ever.

Mission fields, home and foreign, city slums and isolated frontiers are daily contributing their share of noble living and splendid endeavor for the making of a better world, not to mention scores of private nobilities of effort that will never be given space under the caption "In the Public Eye." College halls and seminary corridors pour out young men and women bound for battle royal and loyal fidelity by the submerging of self and the nullification of the ego in behalf of others. There are still those who "are unwilling to slide into cautious graves but who would rather forget themselves into immortality."

"How poor were earth if all its martyrdoms
If all its struggling signs of sacrifice
Were swept away and all were satiate smooth."

Life Sketches of Great Adventurers

B. Y. P. U. See above topic.

WE IGNORE the fellowship and despise the sentiment of those who depreciate the race to which they belong and whose tribute is a sneer. He surely has a starved soul and meager mind who says "However we may brave it out we men are a little breed." The noble person is one who fixes the mind on the best in his brother and friend and the same spirit possesses him who is a true friend and brother of the race.

So we glory in the procession of our pioneers and prophets, the regenerators and helpers, the architects of our liberties and the roadmakers of civilization, the founders of our institutions and the framers of our ideals, the avengers of our wrongs and the champions of our rights, the apostles of our religion and the missionaries of its passionate propaganda. Men and women have felt that whatever God has lent them of wealth and health, brain and brawn, passion for others and power for doing, was lent them in trust for humanity. Men and women,

"Whom we build our love around like an arch
Of triumph as they pass us on their way
To glory and immortality."

He alone is great in heart who gladdens the world with a great affection, great in mind who stirs the world with noble thoughts, great of will who shapes to a higher destiny, truly Christian who lives and loves and toils like his redeeming Lord. And he is adored by his fellows and adorned of God who does most of these things and does them best. Sacred friendship with its unselfish toil ready to die for those it loves; holy philanthropy that pours out its treasure to enrich environment; noble patriotism that is slain in its high places, beautiful in death. These are beautiful thoughts that challenge our attention. Let us think on these things and, thinking, strive to do likewise.

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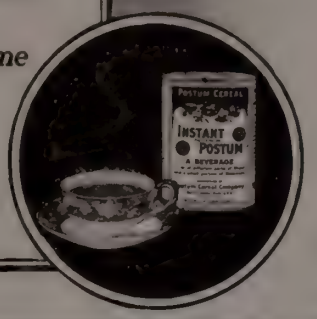

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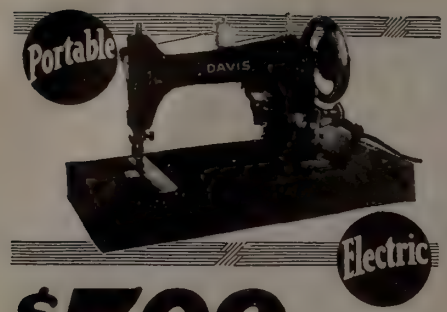

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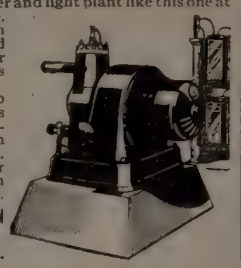

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

THE Christian Herald has received letters from the following readers, in which they discuss the Family Altar, and their endorsement of it is substantially unanimous:

W. S. G., Sawtelle, Cal.; Rev. N. W. B., St. Cloud, Fla.; Mrs. J. S., Montclair, N. J.; Mrs. L. R. S., No. Andover, Mass.; A. M. E., Dunlap, Kans.; Rev. A. G. T., Bamberg, S. C., Mrs. N. W. V., Winston-Salem, N. C.; Mrs. J. A. J., Hebron, N. D.; Mrs. L. C. B., Oxford, Ala.; F. W. H., Bucyrus, O.; Mrs. E. W.; Shawnee, Wyo.; Mrs. E. L. R., Sterling, Colo.; Mrs. J. M. B., New Concord, O.; Mrs. O. J. B., Casport, N. Y.; Dr. H. Z. F., Lansford, N. D.; Mrs. E. R., Dunbridge, O.; H. B. P., Miltonvale, Kansas; Mrs. E. E., Camden, Mich.; G. B. S., Middletown, O.; A. W. H., Palouse, Wash.; Miss V. L., Waco, Tex.; Mrs. M. E. B., Farmington, N. M.; Mrs. D., Terril, Ia.; Mrs. E. P. K., Centralia, Mo.; I. W., Webster, Mass.; J. D. R., Cascilla, Miss.; Mr. P. H., Bellefonte, Ark.; Reader, Brimfield, Mass.; Mrs. M. M. B., Swarthmore, Pa.; C. E. C., Phoenix, N. Y.; Rev. E. P. H., Gaylorsville, Conn.; W. H. H., Plymouth, Ind.; R. A. B., Alden, N. Y.; Mrs. F. E. M., Sequim, Wash., Mrs. A. S., Glendive, Mont.; F. C. C., Gervais, Ore.; A. D. J., Prophetstown, Ill.; Miss R. C., Catawba, S. C.; C. T. W., Greenville, N. H.; Mrs. J. E., White Salmon, Wash.; Mrs. L. J. C., Adrian, Mich.; H. M., St. Paul, Minn., Mrs. W. E. B., Helger, Mont.; Mrs. C. D. S., Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. R. W. B., Enid, Okla.; H. J. S., Corinth, Vt.; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. S., Colfax, Cal.; A. M., Utica, Ill.; M. E. B., Whitehouse, O.; J. M. R., Medford, Okla.; A Reader, Moscow, Idaho; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. C., Hornell, N. Y.; Mrs. T. P. D. Boon, Mich; J. W. C., Morning Sun, Ia.; Mrs. M. P., Pawhuska, Okla.; Mrs. N. M., Johannesburg, Mich.; Miss V. M. C., Cambridge, N. Y.; W. H. T., Monroe, N. C.; J. R. H., Jr., Venedocia, O.; M. E. A., Wheeler, W. Va.; E. A. M., Western Springs, Ill.; H. S. K., Cavendish, Vt.; S. D. F., Escalon, Cal.; F. A. D., Orange, Cal.; G. A. B., Groton, N. Y.; W. T. R., Simpson, Va.; Mrs. A. S. H., Peterboro, N. H.; E. R., Lamartine, Pa.; Mrs. S. M. R., Bynum, N. C.; Mrs. I. H. W., Stuart, Fla.; A. B. C., Eufaula, Ala.; Mrs. F. G., Rio, Ill.; R. C. P., Abilene, Tex.; D. B., Decatur, Ark.; C. P. D., Buda, Ill.; J. A. L., Tyrone, Pa.; H. T. M., Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. J. L. D., Carey, O.; S. A. Y., El Paso, Ill.; Mrs. N. K. G., Oswego, N. Y.; Mrs. A. B. P., Warehouse Point, Conn.; J. A. R., Reliance, S. D.; Mrs. J. M. K., Borwell, Pa.; T. S. H.; Birmingham, Ala.; J. M. S., Greeley, Colo., Mr. F. G., Albion, Mich.; C. G., South Ozone, N. Y.; Rev. J. T. G., Kinston, N. C.; T. C. G., Cincinnati, O.; Miss L. A., Ionia, Mich.; A. D. A., New Haven, Conn.; A. L. T., Roesburn, Man., and many others.

Mrs. Ida G. N., Mocksville, N. C., writes: "We erected the Family Altar in our home more than thirty years ago. I have been a lonely widow twenty-five years; still my ninety-two-year-old mother and I keep the fires burning. I have sent five children out into the world, and not a blemish on their names."

A. Halling, Lebanon, Ill., writes: "Our Family Altar began when the children were small. For a number of years we have used the Daily Meditations published in the Christian Herald. Previously we used exclusively the Bible, from the Psalms, Proverbs, the Prophets and the New Testament. The latter I have re-read a number of times, especially the Gospels. Our best time for devotions is at supper time, because the whole family can be there. I think a Family Altar could be made possible in every home, and I find it a source of strength. We also, wife and I, have prayer in the morning. The Christian Herald is a help to us all."

Mrs. L. V. P., Berkshire, N. Y., writes: "When I first began to think of having a home with my husband I told him that whatever we did to make a happy home we must have a Family Altar. This plan has been carried out with more or less success during all our eleven years of married life. Now we have four children and many hard and pressing duties, as we live on a dairy farm. But we try never to neglect the good Book before we sleep. I usually read some chapter of the Bible, or part of a chapter, on the Sunday School lesson. Often I stop and ask the children a question, to see if they hear and understand. If not, I read the passage over and explain the meaning. Then my husband and I take turns in prayer. The Lord's Prayer follows and closes our devotion and the two older children join. Sometimes they say a prayer of their own. As they grow older I mean to have them lead in prayer more often. I think a Family Altar is possible and necessary in every home, if the members are anxious to walk in the heavenly way and get all the help they can to keep in that way. All kinds of excuses are given for neglecting Family Worship, lack of time being the main one. But my mother taught me to believe that 'prayer and provender hinder no man's journey'. Jesus said 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.' That is one way of seeking first the Kingdom, getting close to God at the Family Altar. A great evangelist said he had an unconverted brother who told him with tears running down his cheeks that he never could get away from the holy influence of the Family Altar of his childhood."

Mrs. C. A. J., Los Angeles, Calif., writes: "My Family Altar was only a few months old and I found it hard to keep up the interest. I asked you what I might do, but you did not suggest much, yet you encouraged me to go on. Now, I can see why one can hardly suggest a method or form which will be always interesting. The interest lies within one's self. We must never give in to our frame of mind, when Satin seeks to discourage, but as Fosdick says in his book, 'The Meaning of Prayer,' when we feel the least like praying, we should pray the more. My oldest boy was in his teens when I set up the Family Altar, and if I had not failed in my first attempt to do so many years before, I am sure it would have made a stronger impression on him. We took turns in reading until the oldest boy could read, and only used the stories which they could understand. The best and most interesting method I have ever had is to study the Sunday School lesson. In our Sunday school credits are given and so many place them on the Honor Roll. One thing is required, to read the Bible every day, using the parts suggested in the Quarterly. Thus the Family Altar is a place to help them succeed, and I am comforted that God says His word shall never return unto Him void. I am sure the Family Altar is possible in every family. They should have some time to be together if not all at once, perhaps in part. When my oldest boy went to work and arose earlier than the younger, I had two seasons of prayer in the morning. God will always plan a way if we are willing. After all these years—and I am now helping to earn the living besides keeping house—I am glad to say our Family Worship continues and I have come out triumphant, though Satan set up many hindrances. Nothing can take its place in any Christian home. My prayer is that we may have more Family Altars and we will have better citizens."

N. W. M., Los Angeles, Calif., writes: "We have had Family Altar ever since I was first married in 1863. We conduct it every night just before retiring. It is necessary with those who remain at home."

C. A., Whiting, Nebr., writes: "I am a lone widow. I ask God to bless every meal I eat. When I go to rest I ask the Lord to protect me. He is the Ark of Safety. I ask Him to help me so to live that I may not cause anyone to fall. I ask you to pray for us. We have fine people here. I have taken the Christian Herald for about thirty years."

Mrs. B. M. D., Diggs, Va., writes: "We have family prayer just before the morning meal. My husband reads a chapter from the Bible, then prays, ending with the Lord's Prayer."

M. O. Dick, Lamar, Colo., writes: "In my home, the Family Altar has been there as long as I can remember, and before I was married—more than thirty years ago—it was understood the Family Altar would be maintained. After breakfast we read a portion of Scripture, kneel and have our prayers. Last thing before retiring the same is repeated and a blessing asked at each meal."

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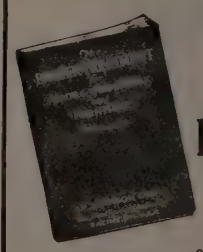

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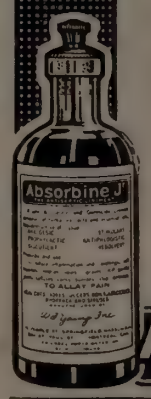
for swellings



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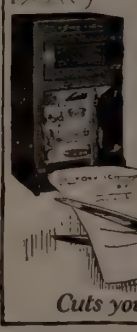

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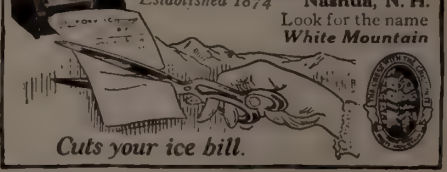

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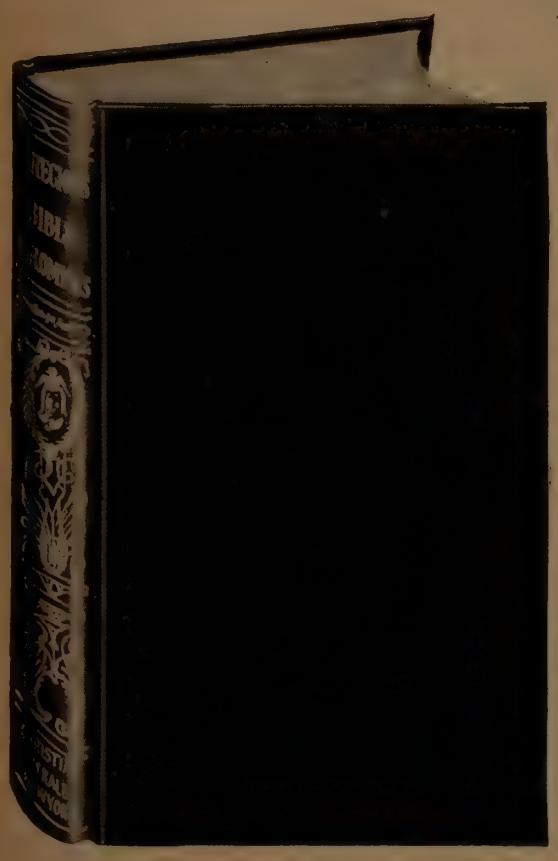

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The Way Out

The Religious Sentiment of All Races, Expressed Through the Churches, Offers a Means of Limiting Armaments

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GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS

During the terrible fighting of 1917, General Bliss said not long ago in arguing for the convening of a full and free international conference to devise means for the limitation of armaments, a question which often came up in the talks of Allied officers was: "How long can the world stand this sort of thing?" "Everything that I heard," he added, "confirmed my opinion that the general sentiment was ripe for a settlement of the matter. I would still believe it practicable if everybody else said no"

By
REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

IS THERE a way out of the present international *impasse?* I believe there is, and it is through the door of religion.

That was a remarkable letter which Gen. Tasker H. Bliss sent to the churches through the Church Peace Union, in which he said:

> "If the churches cannot agree upon a demand for an international conference, for limitation of armaments, it will not be achieved; nor will it be achieved until the good God puts into them the proper spirit of their religion. The responsibility is entirely upon the professing Christians of the United States. If another war like the last one should come, they will be responsible for every drop of blood that will be shed, and for every dollar wastefully expended."

This letter, sent far and wide through the press, and immediately made the text of a great interdenominational gathering, and of innumerable sermons and addresses in the churches, may well be the spark that will light the flame of consecrated enthusiasm to end all wars; the bugle call that will arouse the churches, and all men of good will, to their opportunity and their duty.

No one else could have sounded this note so effectively as an eminent military man. The same thing has been said in substance, if not so trenchantly, by a multitude of the ethically minded, but it has often been discounted because the speaker or writer was a preacher or teacher. "It's his business to preach to us," is the natural retort; "what does he know of military necessity?" and thus the edge of these exhortations has been dulled.

But here is a man, who, when he speaks of war, knows what he is talking about. He knows the awful carnage of the battlefield; he realizes the frightful waste of the world's resources which war involves; he understands the terrific burdens of taxation and consequent poverty which a great military establishment is piling up, for our own backs and for the backs of our children's children. He realizes that another world war may be so much more terrible than the last as to set back the clock of civilization for a millennium. He knows all that can be said in favor of war, and yet he writes as he does.

Because he realizes these issues as no non-military man can do, he makes this appeal to the churches, appealing to them against his own profession, as it were, and risking the enmity of his own comrades in arms, so many of whom seem to believe that to make war is their only mission, instead of the safeguarding of peace and justice.

His is "a word fitly spoken," which, the Wise Man tells us, is "like apples of gold in pictures of silver"; or, as it has been translated, "like a golden picture in a frame of silver."

BUT whether General Bliss had uttered this challenge or not, it was bound to be spoken, for every tendency of the church for years has led up to it. At no other time could such a challenge come to the Christian world with such effect as now.

While the war lasted, it would have been scouted as the word of a pussyfoot Pacifist. What, *then*, was more devilish than a Pacifist! Its author might have been court-martialed for it. Indeed, some of General Bliss's extreme militarist colleagues would doubtless like to court-martial him now. We are told on high authority that this "church move" causes much "anxiety" in high military circles, especially since important secular papers have declared, through a widely syndicated correspondence, that:

> "Such exalted conviction as that, coming from a man of General Bliss's standing and character, and addressed to an officially existing group, which includes the Protestant churches, the Catholic churches, and the Jewish churches of America, might turn out to be the beginning of a spiritual movement far more effective toward ending the world's troubles than all the wandering in blind alleys that the politicians and economists have been doing."

Now is the psychological moment (pardon the shiny threadbareness of the word) for the utterance and the repetition and re-repetition of this dictum of General Bliss's. A thousand men of like character, and a thousand publications, should utter the same appeal.

Until recently we have never seen how hopeless are the "blind alleys" that lead in other directions. Before the war some of us sought comfort from the dread of another great conflict through a fatuous belief in the tortuous mazes of self-interest.

The labor unions, we said to ourselves, are so powerful that they would not permit their governments to initiate a war, since laboring men would be the chief sufferers. Then we said: "Big business will prevent a world war, for it would mean ruin to many. The governments of Europe owe so much to the Jews of Frankfort and Amsterdam that they cannot afford to risk their displeasure."

Again we said, "The socialist parties are so strong in the old world that no cabinet would dare to run counter to their oft-declared principles of pacifism."

Some of us got lost in the still blacker alley of excessive military preparedness. The hoary lines, "In time of peace prepare for war"; and "The best insurance against war is to be ready for it," led captive our reason. Even now these lies sometimes lift their diminished and discredited heads and whisper, "In order to prevent the next war we must spend another half billion on armaments."

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ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. SIMS

Speaking of Europe's desire for disarmament and of his meetings with European statesmen in war days Admiral Sims said: "One of the commonest remarks made was that when we should get done with this war we would all be pretty faulty if we could not find some means by which we could get along peaceably in the world and safely without the enormous expenditures of a country like France, which needed a great army to protect itself from invasion from the east, and countries like Great Britain, needing protection on the sea"

Last of all we saw light and the prospect of permanent peace in the League of Nations. We clung as desperately to it as a shipwrecked sailor to a life-boat, but we are beginning to feel that our life-boat is battered and leaking, since the League's officials dare not tackle, man fashion, the fundamental question of international disarmament, or even the limitation of armaments.

Nevertheless we are loath to give it up, and hope it may yet be patched up so as to ride the turbulent waves of national selfishness, jealousy and distrust.

THE attitude of many nations is that of small boys with fists doubled up, fire in their eyes, wrath in their hearts. We have all seen them thus face each other. They spar, and dance around for position. Each one knows that he is in danger of being whipped, and would be glad to drop his belligerent attitude and go home, but, in the language of the small-boy audience, gathered to see the "scrap," "one's afraid and the other dassent," either fight or give it up and go home peacefully. Now comes the opportunity for a full-grown by-stander to say, "Stop this foolishness, boys; shake hands and forget your quarrel."

The By-stander in this world's prize ring is the Religious-Sentiment-of-All-Races, embodied in the churches, synagogues and temples of the world.

This sentiment has never been effectively appealed to, perhaps it could not have been aroused before however many the peace sermons that have been preached.

I believe that the keynote has been struck by General Bliss. It will vibrate through every religious assembly during the coming year. Within the next twelve months almost every religious denomination in

all lands will hold a representative assembly. Literally tens of millions of people moved by a common religious motive will assemble in gorgeous temples or in plain meeting-houses to discuss this theme. They will represent hundreds of millions who must stay at home, but who will join them in spirit, and will be mightily influenced by their deliverances.

This great question of disarmament and consequent peace, or effective limitation of armaments will not down. It must be faced to satisfy the aroused and indignant constituents of these assemblies, who have had forced upon them for months the startling knowledge that over ninety per cent of our national revenues is used to pay for past or prospective wars, and that their own money is being squandered on short-lived battleships of very doubtful value even when new. Our own people and other peoples understand such facts as never before, and this bitter realization of what war really means will be added to the supreme religious motive for exorcising the Demon who revels in extravagance, deceit, lust and murder, and who, when let loose, breaks the bones of every commandment in the Decalogue.

THE power of religious sentiment when aroused is not often realized. It is as strong today, if not so easily expressed, as when a Pope ruled the civilized world. It once put a stop to the gladiatorial shows. It abolished the *duello*. It has outlawed the lottery in America. It has made the prize ring disgraceful. It wrote the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution.

Whatever opponents may think of the wisdom of any of these measures there is no question as to the chief driving force which made them possible.

Why may we not believe that this same David with his sling and his stone, the pulpit and the press, will hit the bragging Goliath, War, a death blow?

Let it not be said that the churches are so divided that they cannot act together on any great moral issue. The two hundred and fifty-seven varieties of religious belief, creed, and practice, as represented by the Protestant denominations in America, have far more in common than appears upon the surface.

With few exceptions their fundamental religious beliefs are the same. On the great moral issues of the day they can act as one.

There are many instances where Protestants and Catholics join in promoting the temperance and purity of a community. I recently attended a legislative hearing for the abatement of a movie nuisance, where, though the protestants were largely Protestants, an honored Catholic priest made the effective speech that carried the day for the united churches. On the Board of Trustees of the Church Peace Union are leading Jews, Roman Catholics and Protestants.

Few Americans realize the added strength that will come from the sympathy and active co-operation of the so-called Greek Church, more properly the Oriental Orthodox Church.

The beloved Serbian Bishop, Nicolai Velmerovitch, has recently been in our country and has been received with distinguished honor. Every one has been impressed by his Christlike face, simple dignity and natural, spiritual bearing. He is a friend of leading Protestant pastors of different denominations in Great Britain and America, and often preaches in their pulpits.

When calling upon him in his palace in Belgrade a few months ago, I was particularly impressed with his yearning for universal Christian brotherhood. He said to me: "Why should we draw apart from each other? Our fundamental beliefs are the same. It has been in the unessential matters of forms and ceremonies that we have differed. We in our Oriental Church may drink the Water of Life out of a golden chalice, and your Protestant denominations may think it right to use only a plain earthen cup, but what does that matter? The Water of Life is the same in either."

THERE, too, is the great Russian section of this "far-flung battle line" of the churches, only waiting for the destruction, or waning power, of Bolshevism to co-operate with the rest of Christianity on moral and religious issues. In the old days of Czardom this was impossible, as it still is, in these days of the Soviet.

Most unprojudiced visitors to Russia agree that the Bolshevists' days are numbered, though no one dares to predict their number. It is well known, however, that Lenine's government was not able to throttle the religious life of the Russian Church, though it did its best. In the early days of this government the Soviet authorities issued all sorts of impotent decrees against the Church, and even placarded the walls of the cathedrals with such mottoes as "Religion is the opiate of tyrants." But the simple peasants knew better, and were not swerved from their faith. Indeed, their religious zeal has been greatly quickened; the priests, released from the shackles and muzzles of the State Church, have marvelously increased their devotion and influence, and the Soviet leaders were obliged to put the soft pedal on efforts to destroy the Church.

We can well believe that when these tens of millions of the Russian Church have a chance to speak their minds, and exert an influence on world politics, they, too, will do their part, in helping to abolish the Devil who has striven so hard to ruin their land.

The existence of even closer ties, that bind together the Protestant denominations in Europe and America, when they unite on a great moral issue, must not be ignored. Lutherans in America are united in peculiar bonds to the Lutherans of Germany, Scandinavia, and Eastern Europe. Presbyterians in the United States, and Hungary, and other lands, look to Mother Scotland with affection. The Congregationalists, and Baptists of New England and the West look to Old England as, religiously, their Motherland, while the Methodists have peculiar ties binding them to the Wesleyans of Great Britain and Australia.

THE sentiment of religious solidarity has been greatly strengthened during and since the war; by the international exchange of pulpits on the part of Protestant ministers; by the ministrations of chaplains, both Protestant and Catholic, to the boys in the trenches; by the activities of the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and the Salvation Army; by the intercommunion of Sunday schools and Young People's Societies. In one of these societies four millions of members, speaking nearly a hundred different languages, have taken the same pledge, and frequently meet together both internationally and interdenominationally.

The Federal Council of Churches, by the many visits of its officers to Europe and the formation of sympathetic organizations there, has been effective in developing a solidarity of Protestant Church effort which the world has never known before.

The Church Peace Union, before alluded to, with its leaders in all denominations, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, an organization from which Andrew Carnegie, its founder, rightly hoped so much, is exerting a wide and sane influence at home and abroad; while its child, The World Alliance for the Promotion of International Friendship through the Churches, with its "Councils" or branches, in many lands, is a new power which makes only for fellowship and good-will.

These influences for promoting world-peace, which, of course, if permanent, must mean ultimate disarmament, are working, quietly and unostentatiously but powerfully, and are, I believe, pointing the way out from the house of black horror in which we have lived for the past seven years, into God's sunshine.

These organizations have accepted, or will accept, the challenge of Gen. Bliss, and will remember that they and those whom they represent will be held responsible for another possible world war, if they do not do their utmost for the immediate limitation and ultimate abolishment of world armaments.

They will not only do this, but, when the preliminary conference is held, they will not allow wily politicians, and militarists, open or disguised, as in the past, to hoodwink them with fair words or unfulfilled promises. They will not allow them to cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," and when they, the militarists, do not desire peace. The conscience of the church has been awakened. It will not sleep again.

Bringing the Presidency Nearer the People

A Measure to Permit Direct Nominations Is Offered in Congress

By THOMAS D. SCHALL

Representative from Minnesota

WHILE the cautious conservatism of the founders of our government was justified and wise, we have long since outgrown any idea that the people cannot be trusted. We have learned by experience that a government of and by the people, is the best government for the people, and that the keystone of the arch of our governmental strength is the good sense and sound judgment of the whole people of the United States.

This being so, I am advocating at this Congressional session a bill giving to the people of the several States, the direct right to nominate such candidates for President and Vice-President as they want, independent of any political manipulation and control. In this bill also is included provision for the regulation and control of the political machinery of the parties, especially as such regulation and control applies to the contribution and expenditure of money for political purposes.

Because there may be some doubt as to the technical constitutionality of such a bill under the Constitution as it now exists, I am introducing an amendment to the Constitution providing for nation-wide primaries to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President as well as extending to Congress the legislative power of regulating and controlling, in the people's interest, the contributions and expenditures and internal machinery of the political parties.

It is my firm belief that all necessary political expenditures should be appropriated by congress, and thereby cut off the unfair advantage that rich men now seek by making large contributions to campaign funds.

My amendment in all probability will require as much campaigning as the recent eighteenth and nineteenth amendments have required but it is bound to be the keynote to the political activities of all parties within the next year, and it reads as follows:

"1. The electors of the President and Vice-President shall be the people of the States of the United States, and shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislatures; and the person receiving the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, and the person receiving the greatest number of votes for Vice-President shall be the Vice-President.

"2. The Congress shall have legislative power to regulate and control elections for President, Vice-President, Senators and Representatives in Congress; to provide for, regulate and control the selection and nomination of persons to be voted for at such elections and the appointment of officers to supervise or execute any law adopted under this power; and to appropriate funds for carrying out the foregoing powers."

AS MATTERS now stand, there is no way in which political chicanery and corruption can be prevented or punished. It is a well-known fact that three of the delegates who sat in a recent convention of one of the great political parties, had large sums of money in their pockets furnished by or in behalf of one of the candidates before that convention. These men sat and voted for the man whose money they had taken, yet they had broken no law, because there is at present no way of enacting a constitutional law that will cover this class of despicable actions.

Theoretically, at the present time, the people elect the electors who choose the President; but practically, a few men who have gained control of the political machinery of the parties, compel the people to vote for one or the other of the two men whom they have selected, and there is no law and no constitutional provision by which this can be prevented.

My bill and amendment are meant to change this condition and provide for the nominations and elections by the action of the people themselves and to provide also severe punishments for an attempt to prostitute the will of the people as expressed by law and I would fix a penalty of twenty years imprisonment on offenders who violate party pledges and platforms.

The framework of the bill will harmonize with the State laws and give uniform opportunities. An officer should be elected from each Congressional district whom we can term a member of the State Committee, and a member-at-large who shall be Chairman of the State Committee and this member-at-large shall also be a member of what we term the National Committee which will be composed of one member from each State and Territory and will elect its chairman.

These men should be given a stated salary. There should be a committee of not less than five men, whose headquarters should be in Washington and who should be selected by Congress. Not more than three of this commission in any instance are to be of any one party and any party which can poll twenty per cent. of the vote shall be entitled by law to have a membership which may be increased as conditions require.

This Commission will necessarily have to be clothed with considerable power and should be placed in Washington where all contests and disputes may be decided.

This machinery will give a body of men elected by the people who can meet in convention and shape party principles and set out party platforms.

IN 1787, when the United States Constitution was adopted by the convention of States which Congress had called for the purpose of preparing it and submitting it to the States for ratification, popular government was an untried experiment.

So the framers of our Constitution, which is the foundation on which our whole federal government is built, provided for three classes of representation. The members of the House of Representatives were to be elected by the people directly and were intended to be, as they actually are, the people's direct and intimate representatives in the federal legislature; the Senators were to be elected two from each State by the legislatures of the States and were intended to represent the interests of their States as distinguished from the individual interests of the people.

In 1913, we amended this provision of the Constitution so that Senators are now elected by the direct vote of the people. The President, the most powerful official in the world and the man now looked to for guidance by 100,000,000 people, was to be chosen by a body of electors who could, and can today, be selected in any way that any state legislature may direct and there is nothing in any law that prevents these electors from voting for any man they please, so long as he is a natural born citizen of the United States, thirty-five years old.

Jimmy Gives a Lift

A Story of the Coast Guard

By
MAUDE BURBANK HARDING

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

THE lobby of the Congress Hall Hotel was deserted except for three men, who were dimly visible through a wavy curtain of cigar smoke.

One of them drew out his watch.

"Five minutes yet," he announced. "Brightman is never ahead of time, but he was never known to be late."

"Was he ever known to change his mind?" The questioner leaned forward, a boyish yearning shining in his aging eyes.

The third man put a kindly hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"Bly, old chap," he said, "we've prepared you for his answer, haven't we? Brightman is not interested in your bill for the life-savers. Their future means nothing to him, and he doesn't spend his energy on mere favors to his fellow-Congressmen."

The compact bulk of the chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee loomed before them, and the prestige of his position was clearly established by the fact that the three men instinctively rose.

Jameson Brightman set down his Russian leather traveling bag, but remained standing.

"Well, gentlemen?" It was a challenge.

Congressman Bly took one step forward. "Before you go, Mr. Brightman, I want your open sanction of my bill to pension those life-savers grown old in the government's most humane arm of service. The bill is the last hope for the ambitions, —for the very lives, even— of so many unrewarded heroes——"

"It establishes a dangerous precedent, Mr. Bly."

"An 'expensive' precedent is what you really mean; yet I have shown how money will be saved by offering inducements that lead the right sort of men to enlist. You must see that an ambitious personnel of satisfied men means fewer wrecks! It will diminish the expenditures made necessary by constant changes——"

"Virtue is no longer, then, its own reward?"

"It is poor recompense for suffering, is it not? Oh, Mr. Brightman, what would I not give to be in your position! Men from Eastport to Cape Nome look to you to give them this great benefit from the great country they so nobly serve! It is an easy thing to kill a bill. Anyone of us might do that; but you have power to secure the passage of this splendid measure. Have I your word——" The good man's voice was trembling.

"No, I think not. I am not prepared——"

"Then do not make *any* decision, I implore you! Do not commit yourself until you return! I understand you are to join your family on the east coast, and if you do not turn your back on opportunity, you will meet some of our Coast Guard, talk with them, understand them a little, and come back ready to lend them a hand. I wish you a pleasant journey, Congressman Brightman, and an instructive one."

Mr. Bly left the group at once. It was evident that he was deeply moved.

"M-m-m." The Chairman of the Committee lifted his bag. "I bid you good-day, gentlemen." He walked off briskly, and stepped into the waiting cab.

SO IT happened that two nights later, the same stocky figure leaned thoughtfully against a pillar on the porch of the Hotel Kentworth. His face was turned seaward, but he seemed not to notice the raging wind that tore at his greatcoat. He did not turn as one of the bell boys hurried out to move back the chairs from the ravages of the September storm.

"Bad night," Jimmy remarked conclusively, as he busied himself with the scattered furniture. "Pity the fellers at sea tonight."

"You don't like the water?" There was no particular interest in the question.

"Not much, I don't! Seen too much what it can do to you."

"M'm'm. I'm not fond of it, myself." He braced against the pillar and wheeled toward the boy.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Brightman!" Jimmy's tone was most respectful, as he faced the well-known Congressman, but there was scant cordiality in the discovery, and no liking in his face. He bunched up the chairs and was moving away when a dull boom arrested him.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Brightman.

"Wreck, prob'ly." Jimmy consulted his watch. "Luck!" he announced to himself, joyfully, as he ran inside. "I'm through for the night!"

Three minutes later he darted out a side door and was racing down the walk, when his name was called imperiously.

"Wait, Jimmy! I'm going with you!"

"With *me!* Guess you don't know where I'm going!"

"Aren't you going to the wreck?"

"In a way. I'm going to the Coast Guard Station. Got a brother there, and they're short-handed just now. Like to give 'em a lift on the inside whenever I can."

"Well, come along." The Congressman started in advance of the boy, who showed no inclination to continue.

"But you—you——" Jimmy caught up with him, distressed, but determined. "As man to man, Mr. Brightman, it's no place for you down there. The men—the men don't feel very friendly toward you since you shut the door on the bill in Congress that was going to give 'em a few square deals. I—well, I wouldn't go down, if I was you."

"The Bly bill hasn't yet been killed," observed the unmoved voice of the man, whose pace never slackened.

"No, most likely you been too busy to bother with it," cried Jimmy, bitterly. Then his young voice poured out a deluge of eager hope. "Say! Mr. Brightman, lemme tell ya what it means to 'em all, will ya? Let's go back, Mr. Brightman, an' I can tell you a whole lot you orter know! Will ya?"

"There's another gun! Come on, Jimmy." The man glanced down at the excited face beside him. "You're pretty well informed on legislation, for a youngster, aren't you?" he asked quizzically.

"You have to be when your mother's living depends on legislation," quivered the boy, "especially when the laws are made by men who don't understand the things they're legislatin' about!"

"Such as ——?" inquired the Interstate chairman.

"Wrecks!" exploded Jimmy. "Human ones as well as boats."

"Then this is a chance for me to learn something. Here is your chance to help me understand," Jameson Brightman shouted, for they had reached the open shore line, and the gale forced his words back into his throat. He stumbled over the unfamiliar ground, and Jimmy steered him through the down-shutting darkness; away from the station they stopped at the rampart of ledges that were threatening the lives of whosoever clung to the straining vessel that was burning the red light tossing up, tossing down, flickering madly to one side, out there in the howling blackness. If he wanted to learn, he should have a thorough lesson, Jimmy determined.

THE unchecked sweep of wind, fresh off the ocean, with not so much as a blade of grass to break it, was enough to make an old sea-dog falter, and Jimmy was not surprised when his companion clutched his arm in an attempt to signify his willingness to turn toward the hotel's light and warmth and safety.

"Can't do—good—here!" the words came to Jimmy, and with the last of them, from across the water, rang a fearful cry.

"Sounded like a woman!" gasped Jameson Brightman.

"Sure!" bawled Jimmy. "Women—boats, don't they?"

Then there were more cries and shouts and orders that were strong or feeble, as the wind happened to bring them, but always nearer and nearer came the bobbing red light. The two looked down at the hissing combers torn on the jagged blurs in the blackness below them, and they shuddered.

Jimmy it was, then, who tugged at the big man's coat and begged him to go farther out to the station.

"But—something—done!" shrieked the Congressman.

Jimmy pointed to some gray-gleaming figures moving hurriedly on the edge of the shore where the water was pounding hard enough to deafen one to almost anything except those cries that persisted on every backward surge of the breakers.

"Smartest crew—life-savers—coast!" Jimmy made him hear, and he indicated the Coston that burned red in the station tower to proclaim that help was coming.

Mr. Brightman groaned with relief as the slender white line of the life-boat slid over the launchway, but Jimmy shook his head; he had seen the impossible attempted before this by those men down there who had such a fine disregard for their own safety.

With a sudden unison of movement, the men were in the boat; the oars flashed for an instant, straight, upstanding, and fell at exactly the right time on a heaving roll of surf; but the little boat was beaten back like a shingle, spilling the men into the shallow froth. Twice they tried it, and it was splendid to behold such daring; but the ocean had become a supermonster.

It was man's hand with God's help, alone, that must measure against it now.

The carbon reflector leaped, with its ghastly gleam, across the water. It showed the vessel driving before the gale, for her chains had parted. Raked fore and aft by the crashing breakers, the crew had taken to the main rigging, and as a tremendous broadside caught her, she was thrown inshore to within about a hundred feet.

The doomed vessel writhed and quivered in an agony of shock, but Jimmy knew that there was still a chance for it if the gun-line found a true mark. He sent out a silent prayer for the man who was sighting the Lyle gun. Boom! Away sped the line fair between the trembling foremast and the mainmast, and rested on the stays. On the instant a sidewise

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The keeper shouted orders as the shipwrecked group made fast the line around the body of one of its members who, at a second command, jumped into the sea and was steadily pulled toward safety

With the Missionary in Overalls

Notable Examples of Industrial Missions Which Are Uplifting Backward Peoples

By
WINIFRED L. CHAPPELL

THE establishment of industrial missions, that newer phase of the missionary's activity which is designed to remove the economic obstacles which tend to defeat his spiritual efforts as the medical missionary seeks to cure bodily ill in order that he may cure soul ills, is pioneer work. There is no well-beaten path to follow, no set of rules to insure success. Each such enterprise must be adapted to the peculiar needs, capabilities and stage of growth of the people it is to serve. But though the industrial mission still is in a state of development, there already are many notable examples of what may be accomplished for Christianity through this agency.

The typical example of industrial missions at present is probably the mission school in India which offers some manual training work as a means of self-support to the student or the station which conducts enterprises serving to teach the natives better methods. Choosing almost at random, we may note instances which show the wide variety of such activities.

Sam Higginbottom at Allahabad is teaching the native of India to grow twenty bushels of wheat to the acre instead of six or eight, and believes there is no greater work he could do for the advancement of Christianity

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has industrial work at Lubefu in its Congo Mission, where considerable building has been done, trees planted, and a village for workmen laid out; and at Wembo Niama, where there is something of agriculture, including cotton, pineapples, cocoanuts, sugar-cane, peanuts and sweet potatoes, and a carpentry shop where furniture is made and lumber sawed and planed for building. Several buildings have been erected and reroofed and the report says—indicating some ambition for developing industrial work further—"We will have to be always rebuilding and repairing until we can begin making brick and tile with which to build permanently."

The Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa conducts industrial work at many of its stations, notably at Old Umtali in Rhodesia. From the various centers of the work men and women come to Old Umtali to prepare for evangelistic, educational, industrial and general improvement work among the needy people of the kraals. It is recognized that the native must furnish the leadership and the development of out-stations is greatly desired. "When the native Christian leader," says the report, "settles for his task at an out-station and proceeds to improve all of his stock and his gardens, markets some of his produce and begins to live better, the heathen, who had formerly thought such practices only for white men come from far around to see and learn. After a while the standard of living throughout the area is raised." An out-station consists of a pastor-teacher, a pole-and-mud church and a pole-and-mud schoolhouse, centrally located in respect to ten or twenty villages. The people erect the buildings and make and care for the gardens from which the teacher gets his food.

THE American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society has industrial work in India of which these are typical. At Bapatla an industrial mission teaches the Palmyra fibre industry and reclaiming of farm land and conducts the Bapatla Co-operative Association; at Donakonda 280 acres of land are cultivated, the best farming methods being taught; at Udayagiri an industrial department trains masons, carpenters, agriculturists; at Pyinmana is a mission school where students are trained in new methods of agriculture, raising pigs and poultry and working in school gardens; at Bessein are several mills owned by native Christians which furnish employment to natives.

The Friends' Church mentions, in reporting on its work at Nowgong, Harpapoor and Belari, the handkerchief industry, the raising of mulberry trees and experimenting with silk-worms.

The Kenneth Mackenzie Memorial School at Lakawn, Siam, a Presbyterian Mission, has developed a notable industry in leather, under the direction of a missionary who, seeing the raw material unused and recognizing the value of the industrial work to the people and to the mission, set himself to the development of the industry, though without previous training in the art of tanning leather. He took advantage of his furlough in the United States, consulted business men, and finally started his work with two tubs and a few knives. The result of the first year's work was the sale of $1,000 worth of leather goods.

In the Philippines the American Baptist Society maintains the well-known Jaro Industrial School two miles from Iloilo. Upon sixty-five acres of land it has developed the industries of farming, building, painting, cabinet-making, electric-wiring, telegraphy and surveying. There are two school stores managed by students.

In Chile the Methodist Episcopal Church has purchased the Bunster farm of 4,000 acres at Angol, where it plans to train thousands of Chilean peons in modern agricultural methods, equipping them to return home and "work out their own economic and social betterment."

Tree-planting on Purple Mountain, with Joseph Bailie wielding the spade. His work is benefiting all of China

To what extent the above missions and the scores of others of which they are to some extent typical are touching the economic life of the communities in which they are located it is impossible to say. Commissions of experts would doubtless find much to commend and perhaps also something to criticize. But it is evident that they are not noticeably affecting industrialization.

Happily there may now be cited several examples of industrial missions, or of schools and centers where scientific vocational training is given which, while not in any sense "typical," being far more comprehensive in character than most, still serve to show the possibilities of missions at least where agriculture is concerned. Perhaps the best examples are the Agricultural Institute at Allahabad, India, the Department of Agriculture and Forestry of Nanking University and the Department of Agriculture of Canton Christian College. The list should perhaps include also the somewhat remarkable work at Lovedale, South Africa, though friendly complaint has been made that while Lovedale is far and away above most industrial schools in Africa, it still turns out, not technicians as does Hampton for instance, but natives who must work under direction. Perhaps also the work of W. Barbrooke Grubb among the Chaco Indians of Paraguay should be mentioned. Certain it is that he has done a most notable work in civilizing savages, making large use of agricultural and trade training. Other ventures also may verge toward the significance of the examples to be here described.

THE dramatic story of Sam Higginbottom at Allahabad, India, has often been told. Like other missionaries, Higginbottom found his work blocked by the vast poverty of the people. Unlike many of them he modified his work to meet the conditions. "If the government and missions are justified in any kind of education," he asked, "are they not justified in that kind of education which most directly concerns the great majority of the people in India? Should we not teach these people to get more out of their soil?" For since India is so largely agricultural he thought at once in terms of agricultural training.

After a while his query was answered in harmony with his own eager desire. He was sent home to study agriculture and to raise money for a new sort of missionary venture. When he returned with financial gifts and a degree in animal husbandry from Ohio State University, a college farm of 275 acres had already been obtained. This was stocked and equipped with bungalows, barns, and buildings for dairy purposes, an engine-room, an irrigation plant, and farming implements, many of the latter received from great American concerns—American tractors, reapers, threshing-machines and a deep-well pumping apparatus, capable of giving a million gallons of water a day for irrigation. The underground silo was introduced, an institution of great importance to India, as the loss of cattle in time of famine means a great increase in suffering. An Agricultural Research Institute was developed. A colleague, Don W. Griffin, has introduced a plow, any part of which can be repaired by an Indian blacksmith, and which can be cheaply made.

From the first, boys came to the college farm desiring to earn their way. Boys of the lowest caste and the highest work side by side. To see a poor Christian convert from the sweeper caste plowing in a field along with a wealthy Brahmin of the highest rank is a sight that makes old-time India rub its eyes in amusement. A Hindu of the most sacred caste, himself a landowner, owning ten thousand acres became a student and perspired with the best of them on the mission farm.

The Maharajah of the native Indian State of Gwalior has placed Higginbottom in charge of the agricultural development of his State, setting aside an annual

budget of $25.000 for the purpose. A project under way is the establishment of a model village in each district of the State and the placing of a student from the mission farm on each. The Maharajah of Bikaner is willing to finance a missionary trained in agriculture to supervise in that state. The Maharajah of Jodhpur has 40,000 square miles to cultivate and wants two agricultural experts. Besides aiding these three states Higginbottom is agricultural adviser to the states of Rutlan, Kotah, Jalawar, Dhar, Jaora and Benares, an area more than double the total area of Great Britain. He was a member of the Imperial Conference on Agricultural Education held in Simla in June, 1917.

Ten-day summer classes for the district board teachers of Allahabad were introduced and a large correspondence is carried on with leading native Hindus in regard to crops, machinery and other agricultural subjects. Graduates of the Agricultural Institute are now scattered here and there throughout the country demonstrating and doing rural work, while the farm itself has become a community center for better farming.

Higginbottom interprets the judgment scene thus: "When you taught that little famine-cursed village to grow twenty bushels of wheat in place of six or eight you were helping to feed the hungry, and when you taught those people how to grow three bales of cotton in place of one, you were helping to clothe the naked."

It would seem that inasfar as the economic situation of India relates to agriculture—and 75 per cent. of her population is agricultural—a solution has been found in the type of work done at the Allahabad Agricultural Institute. If Higginbottom's economic vision for India, as indicated by his own work and by a comprehensive plan which he outlined to the Calcutta University Commission, can be made a reality through adequate gifts of money and lives, India's economic redemption may be at hand.

OUT of the work at Allahabad has grown another economically important venture, the chicken farm at Etah with its extension into the surrounding district—established first to provide work and a means of self-support for the boys of the Etah Boarding School.

Etah is at the heart of a mass movement area where chicken-raising is a hereditary occupation among 15,000 village Christians from the depressed classes, scattered in hundreds of villages over a district of 2,800 square miles.

Experiment at Etah with imported breeds showed Arthur E. Slater, the poultry expert in charge, that while thoroughbreds could not stand the climate a vigorous breed was secured through crossing with indigenous varieties. The work of the Industrial Department at Etah is under two divisions, the Central Station and the District. At the first there is grading, packing, testing for freshness and despatch of market eggs; the sale of eggs for hatching and stock to the public; correspondence and the publication of leaflets; and conducting the yearly Etah Poultry Show. Fowls weighing more than twice as much as the scrawny Eastern type and eggs double the size of the ordinary egg are exhibited to interested natives. The district work consists of the distribution of pure-bred eggs for hatching in the villages and the purchase of market eggs from the people. The aim is to form a series of "egg circles," such as have proved successful in Denmark and Australia. There is an unlimited demand for table-eggs of high quality, and shipments are made to Agra, Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and other cities.

One Christian who won the prize at the Poultry Show expressed his gratitude by opening work in four different villages and an itinerating elder commended work in twenty-one villages by the expedient of distributing properly bred eggs for hatching.

THE story of Nanking University College of Agriculture and Forestry is perhaps as interesting and important as the work at Allahabad. Joseph Bailie, Professor of Mathematics in Nanking University, set himself to a more fundamental task in regard to China's famine sufferers than that in which he found missionaries engaged. He secured tracts of land on Purple Mountain, organized refugees to clear and drain the land, selected from these the more capable to place as settled tenants, expecting them to support themselves after the first harvest and to pay taxes sufficient to meet the government tax and interest on the money expended in giving them a start. After awhile additional acres were secured on Purple Mountain and at Lai An Hsien. Starved refugees, succeeding at the task, paid back the money with interest, the Chinese Government watching the experiment.

At Old Umtali in Rhodesia the native learns how to mend his farm tools and do forge work. He thus can help his neighbors when he returns to his own community

Then Bailie set himself to famine prevention. Behind famine is flood and behind flood is lack of trees. So he planned the afforestation of Purple Mountain. It is a barren hill, but his men dug up humus from a pond, mixed it with heavy clay soil, and carted it to the site chosen—three thousand cartloads of it. Says Willard Price: "Thus Bailie took up the floor of a lake and plastered it on the mountain-side half-way up to serve as a breeding ground for his forests." When a conflagration caused by an old woman burning paper money at the graveside of her ancestors destroyed in a few hours more than 200,000 of his precious trees grown, with such arduous toil, Bailie turned discouragement to inspiration, planting new trees at intervals and building on the treeless tracks between, brick houses for his colonists.

Out of this effort grew a national Arbor Day set on the very holiday called Ching Ming, when formerly multitudes were accustomed to go into the country, burn down bushes or chop down trees and shrubs that had grown up around the graves of their ancestors. Out of it too grew the School of Forestry of the University of Nanking. The establishment of a Tree Seed Exchange is part of the venture. Chinese seeds are purchased in preference to others, the money thus going to the poor of China who could be enlisted in collecting seed, and the children being taught the value of forests.

There has been the deliberate effort to stimulate the government. Provincial governors come from far to see the work and go back to start a similar enterprise.

The later history of the college is equally significant. The work in sericulture has to do with experiments in the cultivation of mulberry trees—pruning, fertilizing, drafting and culture—and with the production of silk-worm eggs according to approved scientific method, and the distribution of these eggs to the farmers.

Notable work is being done in the cultivation of cotton, China being one of the great cotton producers of the world. The college is trying out foreign varieties to learn which is best adapted to each section of the country with the aim of producing seeds for distribution to farmers.

Sericulture and cotton form but two of several important undertakings by the college.

A SOMEWHAT similar venture in another part of China is the Canton Christian College under the very able direction of President Charles J. Edmunds, educator and scientist.

Dr. Edmunds thinks of China in world terms, dreaming of the time when she shall take her part in the world as a strong nation with material and spiritual contribution to the whole social process. To this end his college is devoted to the problem of developing both material resources and also the intellect and soul of the people. One of the most significant departments of the College is the agricultural. The special staff in agriculture includes besides the head of the biology department as entomologist, two Americans experienced in horticulture and animal culture—representatives respectively of the collegiate missions of the Pennsylvania State College and the Kansas State Agricultural College—one Chinese educated in America as agronomist and several experienced Chinese agriculturists secured locally.

Twenty-five acres are under special cultivation, the products being rice, foreign and Chinese vegetables and fruit; and there is dairying and hog breeding according to scientific method. Rice culture is being improved by selection and sericulture through the production of silk-worms free from disease; a study of the diseases of the lychee and of citrus fruits will be of importance to California and Florida as well as to China. A herbarium exchanges with museums throughout the world.

There are indications that the Nanking University College of Agriculture and Forestry and the Canton Christian College are exerting a large influence upon missionary policy in China and upon governmental policy as well.

The Angelus

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN war swept over France many of the church bells were confiscated and were made into cannon balls to feed the ever-hungry enemy guns. Their going left the people without the symbol of their faith—the call to prayer, the invitation to divine service, the voice that tolled for wedding and for funeral.

Recognizing the importance of this symbol in the lives of the people and seeing an opportunity to make a permanent and constructive memorial to the "beloved dead" who fell, the American Committee for Devastated France has created a fund, "The Angelus Bell Fund," for the purpose of restoring, through the medium of the bell some degree of stability, idealism and joy in the devastated area.

THEY stand so silent, so alone, so lost in quiet prayer,
It seems as if the hand of God is spread above them, there.
It seems as if His tender eyes, so filled with love, can know
That rapture fills their tired souls with life's warm afterglow.

The bells had been so long away since war first spread its pall
Above the land—since raiders came and carried off their all—
The bells had been destroyed for food to feed the hungry guns,
To farther devastate their homes, their husbands and their sons!

All through the weary years of war they heard no call to praise—
Their burials went all untolled, uncounted were the days—
The brides went musicless to wed, the Church's valiant arm
Seemed shrunken, somehow; at a loss to keep its flock from harm.

* * * *

But now the bells are back again—how joyously they ring!
And workers in the shell-torn fields hark to the song they sing;
They stand so silent, so alone, so lost in quiet prayer,
It seems as if the hand of God is spread above them, there!

Glimpses into Savage Lives

Religious Beliefs of the Indians of the Northwest Coast

By SARAH ENDICOTT OBER

FEW whites have gained an insight into Indian minds, or a true knowledge of their occultism. But often the key of kindness or sympathetic understanding unlocks the barred portal and discloses marvelous meanings in barbarous ceremonials or heathenish practices. The Indian has a symbolic representation for every spiritual belief, a ceremonial for each historic tradition, a dance for every observance, and these are interwoven into the warp and web of his very being. With no written chronicles, no recorded annals, religious beliefs and traditions were handed down from generation to generation, losing much of primal truth and original conception in transmission. Thus ideals of noble conception or beautiful meaning degenerated into harmful and even horrible practices.

The Indian religion, spiritualistic in the extreme, was based upon belief in spirits ranging from *Sahg-a-lie Tyee*, the great supreme creator and ruler of the universe, through an infinity of spirits to *Klail* or *Lejob Ta-mahn-a-wis*, or the devil, with all his demonial train. The latter was more often worshipped than *Sahg-a-lie Tyee*, for he needed to be conciliated or propitiated, or he would work harm. But *Sahg-a-lie Tyee* was so merciful and beneficent he did not need to be worshipped. To savage minds natural phenomena were attributed to supernatural powers or spirits, and the earth, sun, moon, stars, mountains, rivers, lakes and ocean, had each its mythical *ta-mahn-a-wis* or spirit. Each tree, bush, stone or stick was personified, or rather, spiritualized, having a *ta-mahn-a-wis*, and power for working good or evil. And every Indian had his *ta-mahn-a-wis* or guardian spirit, to obtain which the Indian boys had to undergo terrible ordeals in utter isolation and solitude. When reaching the age of puberty, they were sent forth into the wilderness to fast, pray and purge their bodies, and endure trials of physical endurance and rites of purification until a state of bodily exhaustion and mental clairvoyance was reached. Then the first beast, bird or fish that passed before their half-crazed vision, became their "medicine" or *ta-mahn-a-wis* for life. It was ever sacred to them and nothing could induce them to kill or harm it, for that would bring misfortune or death. In that ordeal the character and after life of the lad was moulded for good or evil, according to natural bent, and yielded to the control of good or evil spirits.

AN OLD Cowhechian Indian told me about the first Catholic priest who visited his people. Thousands of Indians were gathered at the mouth of the Fraser river to catch salmon, when this Blackgown, as they called him, came among them. In great wonder they gazed upon this strange being with his pale face. They watched him set up his cross, and paraphernalia for service, and when he lighted his candles, they all fell on their faces, bowed in worship of the *ta-mahn-a-wis piah*, or "sacred fire." Never before had they seen fire in that form and to their awed minds it was supernatural. Imagine that scene—the black-robed priest engaged in worship, the great primeval forest against which stood the cross and shone the flickering candles, that vast multitude of bowed, naked forms, filling the natural amphitheater.

And from the forest sprang two Cowhechian boys, frenzied by their fastings and physical sufferings, and before them they saw their *ta-mahn-a-wis*, their "medicine" for which they had vainly sought. Over the bowed multitude they leaped, springing from bare shoulder to shoulder, babbling in their uncouth tongue, and gripped the startled priest with frenzied clutch, beseeching him to "bless" them. The old men had taught them to hold on to their *ta-mahn-a-wis* until they received a blessing, so nothing could break their hold. The frightened priest supposed this to be an attack upon his life, and struggled to free himself, but they clung the tighter. Somehow he broke loose, fleeing into the wilds, never to be seen again, leaving his torn robe, cross and candles behind. And these relics were cherished by the boys as their "sacred medicine," throughout their lives. It was not until years afterwards, when a Catholic priest came to the Cowhechians to live with them and reveal Christ to them, that they comprehended that first ceremonial.

"*Ta-mahn-a-wis*" is used as noun, adjective or verb, and there were four principal *ta-mahn-a-wis* ceremonials, as well as numerous lesser ones. The sick *ta-mahn-a-wis* was practised for bodily healing; the spirit *ta-mahn-a-wis* for spiritual blessings; the red or *Pil-Pil* (blood) *ta-mahn-a-wis*, a winter pastime, invoked material success or prosperity, or chronicled traditional and historic events; the black or *Klail* (devil) *ta-mahn-a-wis* was a very secret observance, a kind of Indian free-masonary, whose dreadful mysteries can only be surmised. Each ceremonial had its own peculiar practices, masks, and body-paintings, as well as dances.

THE sick *ta-mahn-a-wis* was presided over by a medicine man who held despotic sway over the superstitious Indians. These conjurors combined some knowledge of natural remedies, with more diabolic abominations, and kept their subjects in abject terror. To propitiate them or to pay them for practicing sick *ta-mahn-a-wis*, the Indians gave them gifts galore. Some medicine men used natural remedies, but many were possessed by demoniac powers, past masters in hypnotism, mesmerism and witchcraft. They could concoct poison so deadly that an atom would cause death. And they had other decoctions which so disfigured or affected their unfortunate victims that death would have been a merciful release. Woe to the man or woman who offended them, or refused to give allegiance to them! Each medicine man had his secret and peculiar death box, containing all sorts of gruesome objects, dried portions of human or animal bodies, poison sacs of snakes and other articles supposed to possess devilish powers.

Very strange diagnoses were made by these "devil doctors," for they attributed most ailments to some evil "spirit" which had taken possession of the sick one, or to some foreign object "thrown" into him by an enemy. After locating the trouble, the next step was to catch and expel it. Noise appeared to bear prominent part in the medicine man's practices, and his incantations were accompanied by lusty beatings of tomtoms and drums, and by sticks struck sharply upon resounding boards. Neighbors and relatives of the patient assisted in this mad pandemonium, crowding the house and vociferating in wild chorus. Stripped to the waist, the medicine man had everything that could rattle attached to his medicine belt—wristlets and anklets, claws, shells, hoofs and nails, all rattling in sharp accompaniment to his wild dancings and antics. In his hand his own *ta-mahn-a-wis* rattle bore prominent part in his performances. Prancing and dancing about the sick one, he postured grotesquely, varying proceedings by occasionally pouncing upon him, pummeling, kneading and squeezing the afflicted part, and sucking it until blood was drawn through the skin. This was evidently the sign that he had trailed the "spirit" and was drawing it out.

Sometimes he declared that a bit of bone, wood or feather had been "thrown into" the sick one, and after great proceedings he professed to have secured this, and held it up triumphantly before his awed audience. This he had produced craftily by sleight-of-hand, not from "up his sleeve" as he was nearly naked, but from his matted hair or medicine belt. When he had secured the troublesome "devil," he proceeded to "drown it" in a vessel of water, making prodigious struggles as if it required his whole strength. Sometimes the "gnawing spirit" which had caused lung trouble or rheumatism was drawn out by the medicine man inhaling it with vigorous suckings, and then he rushed to the door and expelled it in great puffs, blowing it far out into space, or over the sea. The sick *ta-mahn-a-wis* was sometimes continued for days, until the poor patient either recovered or, as was more often the case, died.

IN INDIAN villages remote from civilization the chant of the medicine man and the monotonous beat of tomtom and drum are often heard, and often they are succeeded by the woeful "wailings" for the dead. Like many Oriental peoples, the Indians have this custom of wailing the dead, and sometimes hired "mourners" perform this function. I have seen many an Indian woman sitting in the dust, her hair cut short in token of mourning, and filling the air day and night with her wailings.

Among the savage tribes of the west coast of Vancouver island, some medicine men, called the Elites, were demoniac in their horrible practices. At certain seasons of the year they went into the wilds to perform their fastings and self-tortures to receive greater power in their evil arts. The maniacal yells announcing their return sent every Indian into hiding, for the crazed demoniacs would seize the first animals or persons they met, and bite and tear them horribly. I have seen old women still bearing the scars inflicted by Elites, and one chief carried to his grave the terrible scars inflicted by mad fanatics when he interposed between them and his people.

Hezekiah Butterworth describes a sacrificial ceremonial, as told him by a missionary half a century ago. A tribe of Northern

Photographs by courtesy of F. C. Stephenson, Methodist Mission Board, Toronto, Canada

A chief's totems on the British Columbia coast

These modern homes are in Bella Bella, B. C., once a stronghold of heathenism, but now a remarkable exhibit of what Christianity can do in improving the lives of the Indians

Indians had landed on Puget Sound where this missionary had held his services a few weeks before, and he came to hold another meeting there. The place was deserted when he arrived in his canoe, but from the woods all around came strange sounds like birds, the like of which he had never heard before. A great fire blazed up, lighting the sky, and he approached the little prairie upon which it was built. Upon a large platform near it were piled blankets, canoes, pressed fish, berry cakes, wampum, beads, everything that an Indian possessed, for a grand potlatch. The only person in sight was an old squaw bound to a stake. He asked her in Chinook what it all meant. "Free potlatch—devil dance," she wailed.

The full moon rose red in the smoky air and the sounds grew louder and wilder, until hundreds of yelling, painted, masked Indians poured out of the woods into the open space. Some were on all fours, some had masks representing grotesque beasts, birds or fishes, some had on crude wings or tails. Last came the Elites, attended by raving squaws. These tore the flesh from the arms of any who were not found at the dance at a certain hour. To the beat of drums and blowing of shells a great circle was formed and the dance began. Great gifts were bestowed as at a powwow or wah-wah. This was a *ta-mahn-a-wis* or spirit dance, or rather a "devil dance."

The missionary asked an exhausted chief the next day why they worshipped the devil. "Good Spirit always good—we no fear Him. But must please the devil—he harm you. When all well, happy—good *ta-mahn-a-wis*—when all wrong—bad *ta-mahn-a-wis mamok*" (work).

EACH medicine man had his own special fetish or totem, from which he professed to gain his power. Many days and nights were spent before it in silent, secret imbibings of its supernatural qualities. Again he would dance, howl, sing and talk to it, or practice weird incantations before it. Often this was but a hideous image, or perhaps but a charred stick, ornamented with feathers, but its great powers were never doubted. And genuine witchcraft was wrought by these medicine men, men and women dying from their devilish arts.

Yet some of the medicine men were skilled in natural remedies. One from a Willapa Harbor tribe was remarkable for his fine traits and great skill in healing.

The Indians have strong belief in the "evil eye," and bewitchment, and have many charms to ensure safety from these. The Puget Sound Indians used to believe in a stick *ta-mahn-a-wis*, or "wood spirit" credited with having power to change people into toads, birds, beasts or reptiles. They used to have totems, masks, rattles and other charms against this mythical being. Other tribes believed in *Do-ka-batl*, who had the same powers and who taught the Twana Indians how to make fish-traps and other useful arts.

What marvelous changes this Indian woman, said to be more that 100 years old, has seen among her people

Great prints in the rocks on Hood's canal, with vague resemblance to a mammoth footprint are supposed to have been made by him.

I have a Cloyoquot medicine man's rattle but I never knew its significance until it was revealed by a Makah Indian. This man had never been as far north, neither had he ever met one of the Cloyoquot tribe, but from the bird shape he knew where the rattle came from. On the handle reaching from the bird's head to its tail were carved two lizard-shaped figures. These showed him that it had belonged to a powerful medicine man, because there were two figures. Between them on top of the handle was a crude form of a man, and beneath on the body of the bird were diagonal lines representing the death river, over which the souls of men must pass after leaving this world to reach the spirit world. Because the man was nearly over that river, the owner of the rattle must have had power to bring back the soul, even when it had almost passed over the river of death. Within the bird, which was cunningly cut in halves, were old lead bullets to make it rattle.

CHRISTIANITY and civilization have rapidly weakened the power and hold of the medicine men over their followers, and only in remote reservations can they still keep their superstitious sway. Many an old Indian has given up utterly the ancient beliefs and customs and has been faithful to the Saviour and the Church. So the old Shamen are very bitter and fiercely antagonistic to missionaries opposing them in every possible way. Yet even some of these poor deluded souls have been touched by arrows of conviction and yielded themselves to Christ.

Only a few months ago I heard the account of such a conversion. On the coast near the Frazer river lived a famous medicine man, a powerful "devil doctor," who was feared by all the Indians who knew him. He seemed wholly destitute of humane principles, and utterly given over to evil influences. His face reflected his bad character, being "*klail*—bad—black like devil," as my informant told me. In some mysterious way God touched that heart, arousing in it strange longings to know Christ. For a long time these struggled within his soul, growing stronger and stronger, until he could not practice his black arts any longer. He went into the wilderness to fast and pray—as the Indians say to "let his whole heart take hold of God." One night he had a vision of the Saviour, and returned to his home transformed, confessing Jesus as his Master.

As in my glimpses into savage lives I get glimpses into groping souls, and see how God's Holy Spirit has been leading them out from heathen darkness—out from awful superstition and terror—into His marvelous light, I am filled with wonder and awe. They have had so little and such poor Gospel teaching—have borne so great wrongs and oppression—have had everything to hinder and discourage them, yet their faith and trust in God and their simple acceptance of the in-dwelling Christ are marvelous.

The Girl in Sprigged Muslin

Often She Is Clothed Far More Appropriately Than the One in Silk

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE girls of the Cloverdale High School were holding a class meeting to discuss the problems and the plans that had to do with graduation day. And, because they were just girls—young, and pretty, and full of the joy and excitement of a new experience—their talk ran very largely in the direction of clothes. For what girl—at graduation time—isn't interested in clothes? What girl can think connectedly of prize essays and valedictories and diplomas when there's a graduation frock to be made?

"I'm going to have a white crêpe de chine dress," the fluffy blonde girl, who had been voted the prettiest in the class, told the rest. "I'm going to have it made with inserts of very fine valenciennes lace. And I'm going to have little white flowers, made of satin ribbon, at half-inch intervals around the neck and sleeves."

"That," said the dark girl with the great coil of hair that she had just learned to do high upon her head, "that will be perfectly stunning! Now, I'm going to have a taffeta dress with rows and rows of little ruffles, all hemstitched, on the skirt. It will rustle when I walk. And it will rustle when I sit down. And it will rustle when I stand up——" she laughed.

The auburn-haired girl—who had been voted the second prettiest in the class—was speaking.

"I like a soft silk, myself," she said slowly. "I guess that I'll have a very satiny charmeuse gown. And I think that I'll have it made ever so plain—but rich. I like good lines and not a great deal of trimming."

SO THE talk ran—for most of the girls in the Cloverdale High School had well-to-do parents. The conversation touched upon every variety of expensive fabric—it embraced the qualities and quantities of real lace, and hand-embroidery, and ribbon, and silver braid. And then, at last, when nearly every one had told just what she was expecting to wear, there was a sudden pause. For it was Mary Carson's turn to speak.

Mary Carson's mother was a widow with a small annuity. She was one of the best women in Cloverdale—her friendly hand was always stretched out to help those in trouble and her meager purse was never shut against a real need. But her tiny cottage was very modest and Mary, her one child, was never permitted to indulge in even the mildest sort of extravagance. Perhaps that was the reason for the moment of silence before one of the girls asked a question.

"What," asked the girl, with a trifle of embarrassment, "what are you going to wear, Mary?"

Mary Carson smiled pleasantly. She was an attractive girl, with smooth pink cheeks and bright, blue eyes. If she shared in her classmate's embarrassment, she did not show it.

"Why," she said cheerfully. "Mother is helping me to make up a sprigged muslin. I'm putting ever so many of the finest little tucks on the skirt and waist. I'm doing every stitch by hand."

There was a second pause—a shade longer perhaps. And then another girl spoke.

"But, Mary," she said tactlessly, "you'll look so different from the rest of us! We're all going to have silk dresses."

Mary Carson smiled again, as she answered. And her voice was just as pleasant as it had been.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I know that I'll look different from the rest of you. Mother and I talked that all over. And Mother said that perhaps—if we scrimp a lot on other things—we might manage the sort of clothes that you all are having. But I told her that I'd rather wear a muslin dress that I knew we could afford than a silk dress that I knew we couldn't afford!"

THERE aren't many girls—or many men either—that learn the value of sprigged muslin (and all that sprigged muslin stands for) as early as Mary Carson learned it. It usually takes a good many years, and a deal of bitter experience, to realize that the best and most suitable thing—be it a home, or a garment, or an ambition—is the one that we can truly afford.

I have known so many people who feel that it is necessary to follow—on a sprigged-muslin income—the lead of folk who can wear silk. Because the Smiths are buying an automobile it becomes necessary for the Browns to have one; and because the girl next door has a grand piano, the old parlor organ suddenly takes on a raucous tone. Many people insist on entertaining extensively, upon living in elaborate quarters, upon going upon expensive trips and acquiring luxurious habits because they're afraid of "being different from the rest."

"Perhaps John White *does* make more money than you do," I once heard a woman say to her harassed husband. "Perhaps they *can* swing their establishment more easily than we can. But you don't want the neighbors to think we aren't as good as the Whites, do you? Haven't you got any pride?"

"Oh, I suppose I have," groaned the husband, "but pride's a mighty heavy load to carry, sometimes. If we could only cut down, a little, on all of this pretense——"

But he didn't finish. His wife, with one glance, had silenced him.

WHEN one is willing to admit—as Mary Carson was—that it's no crime to be different from the folk who have more money to spend on unessentials, there is a great deal accomplished. When false pride has assumed its proper place in the every-day scale of living, that scale of living is very apt to go down—instead of up!

Sometimes it requires real bravery to speak up, as Mary Carson did, in front of a group of people. It isn't easy to admit that it's necessary to shave off a dollar there. It's hard to confess that economy is necessary. But after the admission has been made—after the group of people have been faced—a rather comfortable feeling is quite likely to creep into the heart. And the sprigged muslin will, without doubt, give its wearer a very pleasant feeling.

The world, for a good many years, seems to have been trying madly to wear silk. Perhaps that is why there has been so much unrest—so much war and famine and unemployment and bitter sorrow. Perhaps that is why kingdoms have tottered and monarchs have been massacred and peaceful fields have been drenched with the warm, red blood of armies. Perhaps that is why there has been so much talk of social revolutions and wage scales and strikes. Perhaps that is why it has been hard to stretch our budgets to meet every demand.

It's possible—by scrimping in many ways—to wear silk dresses when all of the rest are wearing them. But one silk dress leads to another—and to another. And the scrimping is curiously certain to end in unhappiness and discontent.

It's better—and this rule applies to business firms and to nations, to small communities and to world-wide conditions—to do as Mary Carson did.

It's better—far better—to wear the sprigged muslin that we know we can afford than the silk that we realize to be beyond our means!

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

Wonderful News from China

THE China Famine Fund opened by the Christian Herald last November, and later expanded with the appointment of a national committee by President Wilson as the American Committee for China Famine Fund, has closed its appeal as the result of cable messages from the committee in Peking, supported by the United States Minister, Charles R. Crane. These messages told of sudden heavy rains and of Chinese contributions that were larger than had been anticipated, the two circumstances making further effort in the United States for actual famine relief unnecessary.

The success of relief activities has been complete, although some post-famine problems remain to be considered, including those of the care of orphans, rehabilitation of family life, the re-stocking of farms and the reconstruction of homes. So far as surveys at present available indicate, the mortality rate has been held down to a point heretofore unheard of in China's periods of famine. To the great family of Christian Herald readers we believe much of this success is due. It was their spontaneous response to the story of famine conditions which we published last autumn that brought about the organization of the national campaign for relief funds, and it was their unwavering support of the cause that inspired as much as any other single factor the growth of interest in China's tragedy among the public at large.

A total of approximately seven million dollars has gone from the United States to China for famine relief of which the readers of the Christian Herald to this day have contributed $562,279.44. Through an acute famine period of six months, this means that our family circle has saved the lives of more than 180,000 men, women and children.

The American Committee, with its headquarters at the offices of the Christian Herald, now has under consideration a question which not only is vital to China, but to the entire world. It has enlisted the sympathy of technical experts and is undertaking to develop a program of famine prevention work applicable to those territories in China especially susceptible to flood or drought famines out of which is expected to grow a permanent commission for anti-famine work. By this means three big problems in the life of the new republic may be solved. First—the establishment of life in North China on a stable economic basis. Second—a vast increase in the natural productive power of the people. Third—the removal from the minds of the natives of the constant fear of destitution and death from starvation.

The appeal for relief, carried into every corner of the land in the last few months, has done other things, however. It has made the American people infinitely better acquainted with China and the Chinese; it has cemented the bonds of friendship that have linked together China and the United States for decades; it has encouraged China in her struggles to attain political and economic independence, and it has proved to the world again the spirit of generosity that possesses this nation and that makes it the friend and helper of the poor everywhere. Moreover it has given an impetus to Christian mission effort in China that probably no other single circumstance could have developed.

The readers of the Christian Herald are to be warmly congratulated and most heartily thanked for their part in this great work. A final report of the numerous activities in which the American Committee has engaged, and a statement of the methods by which the money raised was distributed, will be prepared and made public in the near future.

Open-Air Evangelism

WITH the coming of summer we look forward to an active season of evangelism in the open. In our big cities the workers are preparing for a vigorous spiritual campaign. Year after year we note the increasing earnestness of the efforts put forth by the leaders who are hopeful of reaching the unchurched population with an outdoors' Gospel; yet this work is frequently found the hardest of any they can undertake.

This is all the more singular when it is remembered that, as one writer has aptly expressed it, "The Gospel was born in the open air." The teachings of Jesus, wherein He reached the common people, were almost exclusively given to outdoor gatherings. And in a very large sense it was the same with those of His disciples and with the Gospel leaders of early apostolic times. Long afterward, in days of persecution and hardship, many of the notable triumphs of the Gospel were won in the open, where eager multitudes listened to the earnest appeals of speakers who of necessity were compelled to talk vigorously so that the message might reach every ear.

There is a physical strain attendant on outdoor preaching, it is true, but that need never prove an obstacle to the man with a real mission to save souls. If he be a true worker, zealous to win men, God will give him both a voice and a message. He will have the inspiration that comes of contact with the great outdoors, with the heavens as a canopy, deriving strength and courage from these conditions.

May the outdoor Gospel this summer be the means of winning multitudes to Christ! God's people everywhere should help it by their prayers and their gifts. Let them not forget, in assembling in their churches, to plead the cause of the great masses who never enjoy that privilege, and to pray that they may be brought in from the highways and byways, and to know the joy of salvation.

Assistance Offered to Pueblo

WHEN the floods which overcame Pueblo, Colo., assumed serious proportions and dispatches indicated very heavy loss of life and property, the Christian Herald took immediate steps to place its services at the disposal of the authorities of the city. The fact that we have several score subscribers in Pueblo who presumably were among those affected by the disaster, naturally increased our eagerness to assist in meeting the emergency. The following telegram was immediately sent to the Mayor of Pueblo:

> "Christian Herald deeply sympathizes with you and people of your city in your terrible trials. This magazine has many friends in Pueblo and desires to be of all possible assistance to them and whole community. Can we help in any way with money or supplies?
> (*Signed*) GRAHAM PATTERSON, *Publisher*."

At the same time the following telegram was sent to Rev. C. M. Benight, who is a Christian Herald subscriber:

> "Please get in touch with Mayor regarding telegram just sent to him offering Christian Herald aid. Letter fo'lowing. Deepest sympathy."

In a letter sent to him the same day we urged him to do everything required to aid the Christian Herald readers, a list of whom accompanied the letter. That the situation as a whole is being very well taken care of is indicated by this response to the message addressed to the Mayor:

> "Thanks for the offer. Will advise you of needs if situation becomes acute" (*Signed*) JAMES L. LOVERN, *Commissione*.

No response has been received as yet from Mr. Benight, but the Ch istian Herald stands ready to forward any assistance necessary to its readers who may have suffered losses from the flood. We are sure our friends in all parts of the United States will join us in our expression of sympathy and our desire to alleviate the suffering that must inevitably follow in the wake of such a catastrophe as descended on Pueblo.

Mont-Lawn Reopens

MONT-LAWN opens again this week! The beautiful Children's Home on the heights above the mighty Hudson never has looked more enticing and never has extended a warmer welcome to its little friends from the tenements of New York than at this, the opening of its twenty-eighth season.

Established and supported through the generosity of the readers of the Christian Herald, Mont-Lawn will take from the city's byways and refresh and rebuild 3500 boys and girls this summer who otherwise would have their glimpses of the sun from the steaming pavements of canyoned streets.

It is "The Children's Paradise," this Mont-Lawn. From its light airy dormitories, its well-equipped play grounds, its swimming and wading pools and its great dining hall to its quiet, subdued chapel and its cosy library and writing-room, it is made for children. Their happiness and comfort and well-being are the only considerations that govern the staff. Everything belongs to the little guests. It is their home; and they take wonderful pride in it and pride in themselves in the setting it provides for them.

We look forward to this twenty-eighth season as the most successful in the history of the work, but in the end this success depends largely on the good friends of children, far and wide, whose generous contributions and loving thoughts make the work possible.

This Country's Need

THE one great need of the United States is a genuine REVIVAL of Jesus Christ's RELIGION.

The recent race riots in Oklahoma emphasize this need.

The reckless waste of the people's money in voting for a $500,000,000 navy emphasizes it.

The growing Sunday desecration and enormous expenditure for frivolous amusements emphasizes it.

The hatred of different classes of society demands it.

The scandal of divorces exceeding anything known in history, except the history of Japan, emphasizes the need of RELIGION in the heart of this nation.

The pagan profiteering, which has robbed the people of billions of money with no steps taken against it, worth mentioning, demands a complete upheaval of standards. And nothing will bring it except a RELIGIOUS REVIVAL in the heart of this nation.

This nation does not need a revision of the TARIFF in order to bring in prosperity. It needs RELIGION!

This nation does not need increased trade with other nations in order to restore prosperity. It needs RELIGION in the heart.

Pray for a revival of RELIGION in these United States if you love your country. True patriotism at the present moment calls for a love of God and brother man.

America's need is a RELIGIOUS REVIVAL! We have loved our country. It is time now, if we want to love her for her future salvation, that we love our God and our Fellow Man.

The great need is RELIGION. Not statesmanship. Not diplomacy. Not economics. Not politics. Not laws, but RELIGION, the RELIGION of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world.

C. M. S.

Race Self-Control

WHEN the race riots were going on at Tulsa, Oklahoma, where negroes were killed and maimed and the part of the city where most of them had their homes was being burned by the mob, the Kansas State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs was holding its annual convention at Topeka.

In the midst of all the excitement among the delegates, some of whom had near relatives in Tulsa, the President of the Federation, Mrs. Charles Childs, stood up and calmly spoke these words which are worthy of being preserved among the noblest utterances of any race:

> "This is a time for us to prove to a watching world that we are women of a great race. To the masses we are only known by what John and Henry and Tom do. Let us by our example today and in the coming days prove that we are capable of great good beyond the dreams of even those who are faithful friends today and believe in us. There is only one thing that will carry us over this chasm of terror and that is faith in God and love of each other."

Any race that can exhibit self-control like that, and then go on, as these negro women did, with the regular work and program of their convention, is a race that has the highest possibilities in it. One of the other speakers of this convention expressed the firm conviction that there were plenty of good white people in Tulsa and in the nation to see that justice was dealt out to all who suffered and that the guilty would be punished. She also counseled the delegates to be calm and believe in the ultimate triumph of law.

The Chamber of Commerce and the good citizens of Tulsa may rebuild the homes of the negroes that were destroyed by the mob, and make all the redress possible for the actions of those who, through their race hatred, put a stain on civilization. And in making restitution, the citizens will do well. But words like those of Mrs. Childs will do more to command respect and in the end make impossible even mob folly.

The World News of the Week

Obregon Rejects U. S. Proposals for Treaty Carrying Recognition

GENERAL ALVARO OBREGON, President of Mexico, has rejected proposals of the United States for a treaty which would carry with it American recognition of his government, according to despatches from Mexico City, but the negotiations are being continued and officials in Washington expressed confidence they would be concluded successfully.

The Mexican policy of the Harding administration and the basic conditions upon which the Obregon régime may obtain recognition were defined clearly in an official statement issued by Secretary Hughes after a cabinet meeting at which the Mexican situation was discussed fully. Recognition would be accorded not through a formal announcement but through the negotiation of a treaty, the conclusion of which will result automatically in the recognition of the government in Mexico making it.

The fundamental question, Secretary Hughes declared, "is the safeguarding of property rights against confiscation. Mexico is free to adopt any policy which she pleases with respect to her public lands, but she is not free to destroy without compensation valid titles which have been obtained by American citizens under Mexican laws. . . . This question should not be confused with any matter of personalities or of the recognition of any particular administration. Whenever Mexico is ready to give assurances that she will perform her fundamental obligation in the protection both of persons and of rights of property validly acquired, there will be no obstacle to the most advantageous relations between the two peoples."

Mexico City newspapers, apparently officially inspired, declared that President Obregon would sign no treaty until his government had been recognized, and denied that he possessed the right to conclude a treaty of a political nature. A statement issued by the Mexican Foreign Office said that "In the political phase, the American note was objectionable, because it contained stipulations which were contrary to the precepts of the Mexican Constitution, and which the President, who must, first of all, have regard for the Constitution, has no power to accept." The Obregon régime has been having difficulties at home, with formidable Bolshevist elements menacing its stability and a reactionary faction threatening opposition. President Obregon has stated that the provisions of the Constitution of 1917 regarding which Washington seeks guarantees are not to be enforced in a retroactive or confiscatory manner, but he probably fears the signing of a formal treaty to that effect would weaken his position seriously.

A Presidential decree issued in Mexico City added an average of 25 per cent. to the export taxes which petroleum companies operating in Mexico must pay. The new tax, which is expected to net $15,000,000 a year, will be used solely for payments on Mexico's foreign debt. American oil men declared the increase, if enforced, would virtually suspend oil production in Mexico, as it would bring the total tax up to a third of the value of the product, and prepared for an appeal to the American State Department.

Estimates of Pueblo Death Toll Decrease

CHECKING up of the fatalities of the Pueblo flood has shown, happily, that the toll of life was not as great as was feared at first. Early reports said 132 bodies had been recovered from the wreckage of the Colorado city; two days later the City Health Commissioner gave the number as 83; and after a week it was established that 49 bodies had been recovered in the city and 46 at points down the river—a total of 95 known dead. A revised list of missing issued by the local chapter of the Red Cross, which is in charge of the relief work in the flood, contained 231 names.

In the La Junta district it was announced that eighteen persons were known to have perished from the flood, and that the property damage was $1,000,000.

Estimates of the property loss throughout the flooded area have increased instead of decreasing, and Major L. D. Blauvelt, state highway engineer, placed at $20,000,000 the cost of repairing the highways and bridges of the state. In the Pueblo district it was believed the damage would be nearer $15,000,000 than $10,000,000. A joint resolution adopted by Congress directed the Secretary of War to extend aid and made available for that purpose the whole or any part of $1,000,000.

International

HOW PUEBLO'S STREETS APPEARED AS THE FLOOD WATERS RECEDED

This photograph, taken in Grand Street, gives some idea of the destruction but the camera is inadequate to record the extent of the disaster which overtook the city

The energy with which the people of Pueblo set about clearing away the wreckage, caring for those made homeless by the flood and laying plans for rebuilding won the admiration of the entire country.

Pittsburgh Pastors Assert Independence

PITTSBURGH clergymen and the Employers Association are engaged in a controversy of far more than local importance, involving as it does an attempt to restrict the activities and attention of the churches and religious organizations in the industrial field to the so-called "neutral zone" of urging co-operation, conference and good-will.

The Employers' Association objected to the statement of social and industrial principles known as "The Social Ideals of the Churches," originally worked out by the Federal Council of Churches and later adopted by national conventions of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and other religious bodies. When some of these organizations were seeking funds in the city the Employers' Association issued a series of communications urging the withholding of contributions.

This attitude was attacked vigorously in a resolution adopted unanimously at a meeting of the Union Ministerial Union of Pittsburgh, reading as follows:

"Whereas, The Secretary of the Pittsburgh Employers' Association has issued a series of communications, with the purpose of dissuading men from furnishing financial support to certain Christian organizations because the ministers have not limited their messages to a so-called 'neutral zone,' prescribed by those whom the said secretary represents; and whereas this involves as a principle and as a purpose the dictation to religious bodies as to what fields of thought and human service they may enter, and as to what constitutes the Gospel of the Kingdom, and

"Whereas, the Church throughout all its history, whenever true to its mission, has zealously guarded its absolute freedom to proclaim the full Gospel of Jesus Christ without dictation of any outside parties or any external authority, and

"Whereas, the Pittsburgh Employers' Association, through its secretary, represents itself as speaking for the employing group, an assumption which we are convinced is contrary to fact, particularly in relation to many high type Christian employers; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we, the Pittsburgh Ministerial Union, resent this attempt of a commercial organization to prescribe limits within which alone the Church and other organizations may move; that we reaffirm the historic right and the duty of the Church to proclaim the whole truth in Christ as revealed in the Scriptures and as applied under the Holy Spirit to every relationship in life, that we deny to any political, commercial, industrial, or any other group or agency the right to set any restrictions on the freedom of the Christian Church or its agencies to apply the spirit and standards of the Kingdom of God to the whole of life; that we declare it our solemn duty and purpose to defend this liberty of the Gospel."

The clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church also adopted the resolution, so that the Christian forces are lined up in a way which should convince the leaders of the Employers' Association of the impossibility of capital, any more than labor, assuming a position of dictatorship to the Christian Church.

Shipping Board Selected

THE personnel of the United States Shipping Board, which has been causing much worry to President Harding, has been settled at last with the selection of Arthur D. Lasker, of Chicago, as chairman. Mr. Lasker, head of the Lord & Thomas Advertising Agency and part owner of the Chicago National League Baseball Club, was appointed for a term of six years as the representative of the Middle West. He supported Senator Johnson in the pre-convention campaign, in 1912 and in 1916 was a member of the Progressive National Committee, and previously had been active in California politics. The President had sought an experienced shipping man for the position and, failing in that, turned to Mr. Lasker as one of the great business organizers of the country.

Other nominations for the Shipping Board were: T. V. O'Connor, of New York, president of the International Longshoremen's Union, for a term of five years; former Senator George E. Chamberlain, of Oregon, four years; Edward C. Plummer, of Maine, three years; Frederick I. Thompson, of Alabama, two years; Meyer Lissner, of California, one year; Admiral William S. Benson, of Georgia, one year.

As soon as the Senate confirms the nominations, the President expects to hold a conference with the Board regarding its policies. The new Board will try to stop the losses which have been a heavy charge on the public treasury because of the unprecedented stagnation in shipping and to organize a merchant marine on the basic principle of private enterprise operating under federal protection and assistance.

Sims's Speech Under Inquiry

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. SIMS'S habit of expressing his views publicly, with more force than regard for possible enmities, has caused Secretary Denby, of the Naval Department, to cable to him that he had "read with amazement" accounts of a speech by the Admiral in London and to order an immediate report as to whether he had made the remarks attributed to him. The Senate, without a division, adopted a resolution calling for an investigation; and a similar resolution was offered in the House, but not acted on.

Addressing the English-Speaking Union at a luncheon in his honor, the Admiral was quoted as saying of the Sinn Fein and other anti-British propagandists in the United States: "They are like zebras—either black horses with white stripes or white horses with black stripes, but we know they are not horses—they are asses. But each of those asses has a vote, and there are lots of them." He added the advice to the British to disregard any resolution "forced by these jackasses' votes" and the "dangerous prop-

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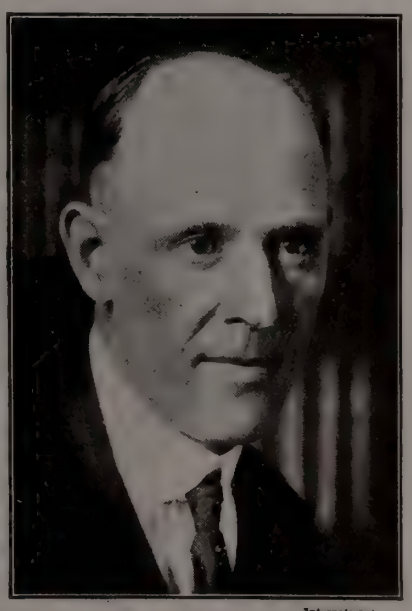

International

JOHN J. TAGGERT

who has succeeded P. P. Claxton as United States Commissioner of Education

International

LORD JULIAN BYNG OF VIMY

who has been appointed Governor General of Canada whose forces he led in France

The Moral Demands of Christ

A Sermon by REV. GEORGE JACKSON, D.D.*

TEXT—Luke 6 : 46. "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

IT IS related of an English king that as he lay upon his deathbed he turned to those who were standing by and said, "Believe me, I have always been a religious man." Yet the man who said this had been during his life the central figure in stories with which no decent writer today would defile his pages. And yet when he came to die, he declared that he had always been "a religious man!"

And unhappily, as every one knows, this strange divorce of religion from morality is no uncommon thing. If it were worth one's while one might gather illustrations of it by the handful both from history and from literature. The truth is we are dealing here with one of the most obstinate and ingrained tendencies of our common human nature. "There is," a great religious teacher has said, "no strange self-deceit more deeply and obstinately fixed in men's hearts than this: that those whom God favors may take liberties that others may not; that religious men may venture more safely to transgress than others; that good men may allow themselves to do wrong things." And if anyone is disposed to doubt the truth of this, let him turn, I will not say to books or to the lives of other men, but to his own life; let him examine himself honestly as in the sight of God, and he will soon be ready to admit what a sadly easy thing it is to say "Lord, Lord," while yet we do not the things which He says.

Once more, therefore, let us set ourselves to learn this old and always needed lesson—the obligation of the godly to be good, the worthlessness of all religion in the sight of God which has no root in, and no hold over, the moral life.

AND to begin, let us note with what insistence this truth is proclaimed all through our sacred Scriptures.

Turn to the Old Testament. The glory of the Old Testament is without doubt the teaching of its great prophets and psalmists. And the burden of their teaching, in a word, is this: in God's sight nothing will do but righteousness. Among the nations around Israel—and sometimes within Israel—the emphasis in religion was upon sacrifice. It was only by blood, men thought, the blood of their dearest and their best, of their flocks and of their herds, sometimes even of their sons and of their daughters—only by blood could the Deity be appeased and approached. What a supreme moment in the moral history of our race it was, therefore, when to the old question, "Wherewithal shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?" this was the answer: "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." "Thou delightest not in sacrifice; the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit."

And sometimes the prophet's voice grows almost shrill with passion as he thinks how strangely men have misunderstood God and His will concerning them: "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto Me. Your new moons and your appointed feasts My soul hateth; they are a trouble unto Me; I am weary to bear them." What then would God have? This: "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Thus, with all its many voices does the Old Testament tell us—nothing will do but righteousness.

And when we turn to the New Testament the truth grows still more insistent. There we have both what we call "doctrine" and what we call "morality." But what we so often fail to note is the unity in which in the New Testament these two things are set before us. Here there is no such thing as doctrine which does not look towards conduct. Every truth in the world of spiritual reality has its immediate and necessary corollary in the world of moral action. It is never the way of the writers of the New Testament to say: "Here, on the one side are certain things which we must believe; and here, on the other side, are certain other things which we must do." To them these two things, the believing and the doing, are not two, they are one, and are no more to be separated, except of course in thought, than are the two sides of the same coin. So that a religious faith which has not immediate significance for life is not true faith at all. Between faith in God and a life of sin there is a fixed, eternal, inexorable incompatibility.

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THERE is perhaps no better way of emphasizing this than by calling to mind the meaning of two or three great and familiar New Testament words. Take, for example, the word *faith*. "The fruit of the Spirit is . . . *faith*." When St. Paul says that he means not only what we usually mean by "faith"—he does mean that—he means "faithfulness" as well. Indeed, his word is, if I may so put it, a two-sided word, one side looking heavenward and Godward, the other earthward and manward. So that the "believer" of the New Testament is always not simply a man who trusts, he is a man who can be trusted; he is not simply one who believes in God, he is one in whom other people can believe. And thus it is that the New Testament summons us not only to "believe" the Gospel but to "obey" the Gospel. For the Gospel is both a revelation of divine love and a revelation of divine law; and as we open our hearts to receive the love so we must bow our wills in glad obedience to the law.

Or take the word that on our lips goes so often with the word "faith"—*salvation*. "Believe on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved." Everyone knows what a sword in the hand of the evangelist that great saying has been. And no one for a moment would wish to quarrel with the evangelist's use of it. But do let us remember, the "saved" man of the New Testament is not simply one who has been through some single, soul-shattering experience which has made for him all things new, he is one who is daily "being saved" (Acts ii. 47).

Salvation is more than a transaction, sharp and final, once and never again; it is a process, in which the soul is being daily healed of the grievous hurt of its sin in which it is being slowly remade in the divine likeness and image. I repeat the "saved" man of the New Testament is not simply one to whom once a long time ago something happened; he is one in whom something is always happening. Let us read again the apostle's words marking well the tenses as we read: "Bearing fruit in every good work—increasing in the knowledge of God—strengthened with all power unto all patience and long-suffering—giving thanks unto the Father:" this is salvation.

"BUT why," it may be said, "this labored demonstration of what nobody denies? Of course religious men must be good men; of course faith without works is dead. But who does not know these things? Tell us something fresh." But indeed there is no "of course" about it at all. For alas! nothing is easier and nothing is commoner than for religious people to do wrong things; to do them I mean under cover of their religion and as if their religion provided the license for their wrong-doing. "Man should beware," Gladstone once said, "of letting his religion spoil his morality."

It is a terrible thing to think of, but it is sadly, strangely true that there have been times in the history of the world when it would have been better in the interests of morality if religion had not been there at all. In ancient Greece and Rome nobody pretended that religion had anything to do with morality. A man then might have said, "I ought to be religious," or he might have said, "I ought to be good"; but nobody ever thought of saying, "I ought to be good because I am religious." Perhaps that is why, as Mr. Lecky has suggested, some of the best men of the ancient world—men like Epictetus and Seneca and Marcus Aurelius—would have nothing to say to Christianity. They were moralists, and in their eyes Christianity was simply another religion of the sort they already knew so well and they passed by on the other side.

Well we have moved far since then but how much has yet to be done before religion—our religion—becomes the moralizing power in life that God means it to be!

Sometimes our religion stops short at emotionalism. I am not denying emotion its just rights: "The fruit of the Spirit is joy." And if a man's religion does nothing for the deepening and enriching of his emotional life, there is surely something amiss with it. But it must find its way into the deeper places of his being if it is to accomplish all God's purpose concerning it. A company of Cornish revivalists, Matthew Arnold once said, will have no difficulty in testing, seeing, hearing and feeling God twenty times over tonight, and yet may be none the better for it tomorrow morning. Cornish revivalism is not quite the poor and barren thing that Arnold thought it, but this at least we may readily grant, that if the quickening of the emotion ends with itself, if we are none the better for it tomorrow morning, it were better never to have known it at all.

And sometimes our religion stops short at ceremonialism. Again, do not let us misunderstand. We are all ceremonialists after a fashion. The fashion of one is gorgeous and elaborate, and him we call a "Ritualist." The fashion of another is simple and plain, and him we call a "Puritan." But the really important thing is not the fashion a man follows, simple or elaborate but rather this—what is it doing for him? What is it helping him to? "Oh, yes," some of us are ready to say, "we are agreed about that; ritualism *is* nothing." But equally it is true, your want of ritualism is nothing. And he on the one side who prides himself on his ritual, and can never have too much of it, and he on the other side who scorns and flouts it and will have none of it—if they rest there, are both alike in the same condemnation. For the thing that really matters is neither this nor that, neither our ritualism nor our want of it, but "the keeping of the commandments of God." And whatever will best help a man to that, to that let him cleave and therein let him abide. It is not the fashion of our approach when we come saying, "Lord, Lord," to which the Master looks; as Dr. Johnson, used to say, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one. By this will He know that we are His disciples—because we do the things that He says.

I MAY be told, perhaps, that in all that I have said I have been preaching the law rather than the Gospel. In a sense this is true; but it is the law which is implicit in the Gospel, and that flows forth from it. Yet let one word be added from the other side. Christ sends no man forth on a long and lonely quest after righteousness; He turns no man over to the hopeless task of making himself good. If He could do no more for men than that, Christianity would have taken its place centuries ago with other "systems" which began by promising us crowns and ended by leaving us in the mud. God Himself is pledged to our aid in this thing. "This is the will of God, even our sanctification;" and if it be our will, too, He and we, working together, will accomplish what of ourselves we never can do.

In one of his stories Ralph Connor tells of a man—a rough "lumberjack" in one of the lumber camps of British Columbia—to whom there happened a great and wonderful thing which made all life for him new. When he told his mates of what had come to him some of them began to jeer. "What!" said one, "have you swallowed the whole thing—Jonah and the rest of it?" This was the simple fellow's answer: "I haven't much of a creed," said he; "don't really know how much I believe. But I do believe that good is good and bad is bad, and good and bad are not the same. And I know a man's a fool to follow the one, and a wise man to follow the other, and," he went on, lowering his voice, "I believe God is at the back of a man who wants to get done with bad."

God is at the back of a man who wants to get done with bad. The saying is very simple, but the very pith of Christ's Gospel is in it, and he that willeth to do His will may know for himself how true it is.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"O Day of Rest and Gladness!" or "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Joy in Obedience, Psalm 40, Verses 1 to 8.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 459, first column).

Sermon—"THE MORAL DEMANDS OF CHRIST"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Just as I Am," or "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," or "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud:

O Thou, Eternal and loving, strong in creative power and tender in thought of little children, Peacemaker of the world, grant us Thy joy to lighten the sorrows of our hearts, and enough for ourselves and others who bear heavy burdens, remaining with us as we part, and meeting with us when we come again to this hour of worship. In His Name, we ask it. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., W. L. Goldsmith, R. Braunstein, and H. P. Hoskins

The Sanctuary of the Heart

SUNDAY. I Pet. 3 : 15. "*Sanctify in your hearts Christ as Lord.*" The heart is a sanctuary. It is a place of worship. Worship is always proceeding. There is a large congregation. Who are the worshippers? Let me name a few. There are our wishes, our ambitions, our motives, our willings. All these are worshippers, bowing in the heart before some enthroned and sovereign Lord.

Our dispositions are also among the crowd. All the forces of thought and feeling are mingled in the varied congregation! Go into the sanctuary of any heart, and you will find, kneeling side by side in homage and obeisance, wishes, motives, sentiments, purposes, dispositions, all bowing before some central shrine.

Who is the Lord of the temple? In some temples it is Mammon! He is the sanctified Lord, and round him are kneeling the congregated thoughts, passions and ambitions, offering him incense, supplication and praise. Who is the Lord? In some temples it is the Lord of Misrule. He is sanctified as Lord! Chaos reigns, and in riotous disorder the mob of tumultuous thoughts and feelings offer him noisy acclamation. Who is the Lord of the temples? In some temples Indifference is enthroned. Indifference is sanctified as Lord! The atmosphere is opiated; life is a lounge; everything comes and goes in carelessness; all the worshippers are narcotized in thoughtlessness, or sunk in profound and perilous sleep.

Who is the Lord of the temple? In some temples it is the devil. Every worshipper bends in adoration of vice, reciting the liturgy of uncleanness, and every member of the congregation, every thought, every feeling, every ambition, bears upon its forehead the mark of the beast.

Who is the Lord of the temple? In some temples it is the Christ. All the assembled forces and powers of the life willingly prostrate themselves in fervent and lowly worship. Every hour of the day there is a worshipper in the radiant temple! Now it is a wish, now a shaping plan, now a completed purpose, now a penitent feeling, now a gay delight—these all stoop in reverent homage before the exalted Christ; and as we always appropriate the worth of the object we worship, the bending congregation of thoughts and sentiments acquire the beauty of the Lord. The worshipping motive is chastened and refined; the kneeling wish is etherealized; the stooping sorrow is transfigured; all the reverent forces of the personality are transformed into children of light.

Who is the Lord in the temple? That is the all-determining question. "Sanctify in your hearts Christ as Lord." In your temple let the Christ be enthroned. Let everything in the life be made to kneel in that sanctuary. Bring ye everything to the foot of the great white throne. Let the Lord be King! "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

J. H. J.

The Clear View of Duty

MONDAY. Acts, 10 : 6. "*He shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do.*" The word "ought" is one of the greatest in our vocabulary. The man who has learned it is worthy of the degree of Master of Arts. When Jean Valjean escaped from the galleys, he was happy in evading his pursuers until he learned that another man who resembled him had been arrested and was in chains. Then the great problem confronted him. Should he do, at all hazards, what he knew he ought to do? Should he give himself up and return to the intolerable anguish of the old, weary days? He decided otherwise; and "just there," says Hugo, "he heard an internal burst of laughter!" All joy forsook him; conscience awoke and shook its finger at him; the comfort of living was gone. He had broken the law marked out for him as a child of God.

At length, the burden passing all endurance, he resolved to confess his identity and take the consequences. And "just there" was where he saw "the great light shining," which was, indeed, the shining of the face of God.

D. J. B.

Comrades of the Master

TUESDAY. Phil. 4 : 3. "*Fellow laborers, whose names are in the book of life,*" Paul writes of "fellow laborers" and "yokefellows." He is appreciative of comradeship and fellowship in his daily work. He knows the value of kindred spirits and sympathetic friends. Jesus is the great fellow laborer and yokefellow and inspiring companion. He bids us go with Him on His great errand of redemption.

Such comradeship is important in its effect on character. Adam Smith was not only a political economist, but he also wrote much about character. He taught that it is well for us all to imagine ourselves in the presence of an "ideal spectator." This "ideal spectator," or "man within the breast," would counteract the evil influence of unworthy companions and the frivolous blame of the unthinking. When we are in the presence of nobler persons, our nobler selves are free and strong; while in the presence of the base, we are often ashamed even of our higher feelings. Who is not good and noble in the presence of some highly respected man or woman? Character is caught, not taught. Our characters are a transcript of our ideals. We work out inevitably in things about us the likeness of that with which we come in contact. In medieval times the knight never started out to his work until he first had made a pilgrimage to some chapel. There he knelt before the altar, in the sight of the Saviour's face, and spent hours searching his life.

But character is not only made by seeing what is good and criticizing what is bad. It goes beyond the initial stage of fine ideals and high standards of thought. Character also needs action for its growth and development. He is a true king who does kingly deeds. He is a true Christian who is most like Christ in deeds.

It is here that the comradeship of the Master helps us. Comradeship means that we engage in the same task, engage in the same work, take up the same burdens, labor for the same ends. Men become comrades when they fight side by side, stand shoulder to shoulder. Jesus Christ is bent on a great mission. We are His comrades when we occupy ourselves with that mission. To be a comrade of Jesus Christ, we must "seek first the Kingdom of God," and with life and lip give impetus to its values. Therefore let us get into the apostolic walk and join the procession of the Greathearts and Stronghearts, and go forth led by our Great Captain and capture this sin-struck world for Him, and by so doing regenerate lives and transform environments.

"Galahad, knight who perished, awaken again
And teach us immaculate ways among men."

R. B.

The Christian as a Lamp

WEDNESDAY. Matt. 5 : 14. "*Ye are the light of the world.*" Light, the first act of creation, is a revealer, a witness of all other creative glories. There was light because God was there. Every good and perfect gift cometh from the Father of light. We may become bright and shining lights after Him, reflecting His beauty to men like the sun and stars, till the whole earth is full of His glory.

When God's spiritual light is flashed upon the soul, we become responsible for the illumination of the world; to smother its shining means night to men. If we seek to shine our own light, we stand between God and men as shadows, and those seeking after God will cry as Diogenes did to Alexander, "Stand out of my sunshine."

It is the property of light to shine. We need only to let it shine, like the stars, without effort. Hiding the jewel rays in a napkin prevents our becoming a lighthouse to earth's mariners. We should be like John the Baptist, drawing the curtains of darkness from the form of Christ, crying, "Behold the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world."

Cheerfulness is light, benevolence, a pure ray, joy, winsome love, bright and beautiful. We are to let these rays gleam forth upon the world that men may see the light of life so that at evening time it shall be light, and after the momentary eclipse of death, light forevermore!

E. W. C.

Grace for Peculiar Need

THURSDAY. II Cor. 12 : 9. "*My grace is sufficient for thee—for my strength is made perfect (manifest) in (your) weakness.*" Grace sufficient for what? For the ordeal of suffering unaccompanied by bitterness, or whining, or cynical complaints. It is fruitless to inquire what Paul's thorn in the flesh was. It may have been bad eye-sight. Whatever it was it was a physical handicap. No doubt he believed he could do much better work for Christ if it were removed. But nearly all men have to work under some physical handicap; or, what is as bad, something that they consider as one. It may be what they consider a lack of opportunity or some inherited weakness, or some real physical defect. When we feel that nature has been unkind to us it takes a ot of grace to keep a sweet and brave optimism alive within the breast. That grace can be made manifest in strength and courage given us beyond our own. Grace is an extension of unmerited and unlooked-for kindness. Without strength of character, men are unable to stand up under adversity. They cannot stand the slightest. irritation.

The history of all heroic exploits teaches us that it is rigor that makes vigor and that success is more apt to come from adversity than from prosperity. Those who are the most kindly, sympathetic and eager to serve are not usually persons whose skies have been cloudless and whose eyes have been free from tears. They are rather those who have been down in the deepest valley of human suffering.

If we think our woes and trials are peculiar, we should remember that grace is peculiar too. God never manifests the same sort of grace to two different persons. As the incoming tide shapes itself to conform to every indentation of every separate cove in the bay, so divine grace shapes itself to your peculiar and personal need. At every turn in the dark road we see the light ahead.

H. P. H.

Wisdom in Silence

FRIDAY. James 3 : 3. "*Bits in the horses' mouths.* Paul says that when he was caught up into Paradise, he heard "unspeakable words" and saw things "not lawful for a man to utter." What does he mean? What 'law" was it that hindered him?

Was it an interdict which God had laid upon him? Had he been enjoined from speaking, like Peter the Martyr, who is always represented with his fingers on his lips? Or was it the boundaries of speech that gave him pause? There are indeed many things in our experience for which there are no words in our vocabulary. For example, you will search the dictionary in vain for the wherewithal to express a mother's love. So there are "songs without words." Did you never look out over a far-reaching landscape which baffled the largest possibilities of speech? Who has ever adequately described a storm at sea; or the beauty of a sunset; or the solemnity of a death-bed?

"I wonder if ever a song was sung but the singer's heart sang sweeter?
I wonder if ever a hymn was rung but the theme surpassed the meter?
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought;
Or if ever a painter with light and shade
The dream of his inmost soul portrayed?"

Or perhaps the restraint of expediency was laid upon Paul. It is not always wise to tell all one knows. This is the lesson of that homely fable of Aesop, where he tells of a lion calling a sheep and asking, "Is my breath sweet?" and when the sheep answered "No," he bit off his head for slander. He then called a wolf and asked, "Is my breath sweet?" and when the wolf answered "Yes," he bit off his head for flattery. He then called a fox and asked, "Is my breath sweet?" And the fox, coughing and sneezing said, "I have such a cold that I really cannot say"; whereupon the lion said, "Come with me; thou art the wise one!"

We talk too much; or, if not that, we all say too much that had better be left unsaid, and withhold too much of what might profitably be said to those about us. "Silence is golden."

D. J. B.

Deeds Better Than Words

SATURDAY. John 16 : 31. "*Do ye now believe?*" The disciples had just made a beautiful confession of faith: "Now, are we sure—by this we believe!" But Jesus knows how easy it is to utter words in the atmosphere of the prayer meeting, which one is not prepared to stand for on the morrow, and He presses the inquiry as to the genuineness of their faith. "You speak after this fashion—do you know what such language ought to mean? Is your loyalty equal to the severe strain that is certainly at hand?"

It is always in order to ask searching questions of those who recite glibly long creeds. Stout affirmations are easily pronounced, but their implications are not clearly perceived. Once a man said: "I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." Did Jesus congratulate him on his complete surrender? No! He began to tell him what it would mean. It is one thing to sing "Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go"; it is better to sing "I'll go where He wants me to go," provided we have some sense of direction.

The world is tired of recitations. What is needed is performance. Stop your mouth, until your hands and feet are within hearing distance and ready to take orders. The forces of evil are not afraid of orthodoxy of speech but of action. If dogmas have fallen into disrepute, it is because they are not capable of a direct relationship to daily conduct, and those who hold them are not in themselves the most attractive examples of Christlikeness. Those who claim perfection totally misunderstand the use of language. In the same breath with our expression of sincere faith, belongs the prayer "Help Thou my unbelief," wherein we become aware of the inadequacy of our present convictions.

W. L. G.

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The Early Life of Saul

International Sunday-School Lesson for July 3
Acts 21:39; 22:3, 28; II Tim. 3:14, 15; Deut. 6:4-9

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

THE study of history is generally the study of biography. Events center about the lives of individuals. Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles, will be the subject of our studies for the remainder of the year. While not one of the Twelve Apostles his recorded work is greater than that of any who were companions with Jesus. Every member of the Bible School knows many things about this great bond-servant of Jesus Christ, who was converted near Damascus. By a careful study during the coming six months, we can know Paul better and learn many things from him by means of which we can become better apostles for our Lord.

July 3 will be observed in many parts of the country as "Citizenship Sunday." This is by request of the United States Department of Labor, Bureau of Naturalization. This Sunday is chosen by reason of its nearness to Independence Day. This lesson, which deals with the early life of Saul, lends itself to applications with reference to preparation for citizenship. Saul was a most worthy Roman citizen, and Tarsus never had a son who brought more credit to that city. The name of the chief political officer of a city can be almost forgotten ten years after he ceases to hold office, but the world still knows Saul of Tarsus.

Occasionally a man is converted after he is thirty years of age. Generally this change of heart comes before he is twenty or it never takes place. The child is still the father of the man. The events of the early years determine the general trend of life. The early life of Saul explains many of the later events. Foundational study must come before the 'teen age is over. Post-graduate courses may come later, as was the case with Paul, who began to learn from Jesus Christ when on the Damascus road.

The verses selected for this first study introduce Saul to us. He was a Jew of Tarsus, and also a Roman citizen. Like Timothy, he had been instructed in the Law, the Prophets and the other Writings of the Old Testament in the home. From earliest years these had been his daily readings. Many selected passages had been committed to memory. He was a regular worshipper at the local synagogue. He was a Pharisee, as will be seen in the study of the lesson for next week. Having been instructed with reference to the Law, he was zealous to even force people to think with him and was not afraid to use force to accomplish his purpose.

TEACHING is a rare privilege. The words of today are seeds which bear fruit in after years. The character of a teacher often impresses even more than the facts which are taught. Teachers are remembered though they may have no personal evidence thereof. Saul had the opportunity of going to Jerusalem for post-graduate study and there sat at the feet of Gamaliel, a great Pharisee and profound philosopher of that day. The careful mental training of these preparatory years is seen in the great addresses and numerous writings of Paul. The facts of Christianity, later acquired, were presented with the logic and rhetoric of academic days. He was able to use Greek, Latin, Hebrew and Aramaic, but best of all he could think with God, under the power of the Holy Spirit. A study of these preparatory years show that Saul was sincere and conscientious. Later, we will see that one can be both and yet be in the wrong.

Again we have Deut. 6:4-9 as a part of the lesson text. In connection with the study for May 1 this passage was considered. Every male Hebrew repeated this and other scripture portions twice daily. The words were placed in the phylacteries, worn on the forehead and the left arm, and in the mezuzah, which was fastened to the doorposts of the Jewish homes.

Like all Jewish lads, Saul was taught a trade. He was a tent-maker and was so expert in weaving the hair of the Cilician goats that when away from home he could earn his own living that he might preach the gospel without charge. There is still dignity in labor. The World War revealed unthought-of individual resources and many are still spending themselves in helping humanity.

Saul, named after the great Benjamite king, or Paul, according to the Latin, was proud of his birth, his attainments and his privileges. It is very interesting to observe those two Roman citizens talking things over in the Castle of Antonio, Jerusalem. Paul had been bound for flogging. Knowing just how things would turn out, he could smile contentedly while the soldiers were tying him to the whipping-post, and even when laying his back bare. Then he just asked if this was the way they treated a Roman citizen who had not had a formal trial. Hastily they summoned Claudius Lysias, the Chief Captain. With much display, and possibly with a manifestation of arrogance, he declared that his Roman citizenship had cost him a great sum of money. Whereupon Paul stated with much directness, "But I am a Roman born." That day, at least, Paul's back did not receive the forty stripes, save one. Lysias was terrified, for a serious offence had all but been committed.

TO OBTAIN the most from this series of lessons, there must be continuous study and research. Suggestions will be made in the various lesson studies. To know Paul and his writings is a worthwhile work. Classes will be stimulated if home work is assigned, but be very particular to call for that work on the following Sunday. Note that in connection with the Acts you should also know the epistles of Paul. He penned more books than any of the eight New Testament authors. In preparation for the coming Sunday, and as a preview for the six months, read Acts during the next week. You will note that there are twenty-eight chapters. Have each member of the class read just four chapters each day. If asked to make an analysis of the book it will cause more careful reading. These analyses can be compared and a workable one agreed upon. Write this simple outline at the beginning of Acts. All blank space in a Bible, the margins, etc., is fine for notes.

Special attention will be given to the geography of the journeys of Paul when they are reached in our studies. We now have six months of delightful study and research ahead of us. If teachers, seek to inspire your class with that fact. You can make them enthusiastic students. Do not let the summer lessen the interest. Remind them that summer is the time for Daily Vacation Bible Schools, Summer Schools for Bible Study, etc.

Books that help in Bible study should be purchased every year. There are small-sized but very helpful volumes that you should possess for use in knowing Paul better. Some are "Bible Studies in the Life of Paul," H. T. Sells; "The Man Paul," Robert E. Speer; Stalker's "Life of Paul." The five pages on "The Acts" and "The Pauline Epistles" in Tarbell's Teachers' Guide are unusually helpful. A long list of books as well as a "Chronology on Paul's Life" will be found in Peloubet's "Select Notes." Closer attention should be given to the study of the Bible than of any other book. Superficial reading covering a life time furnishes little real information. We must *know* the Bible, for it is the book by which we are to live.

Saul was born about the same year as Jesus. Both had world missions. You cannot be either, but remember what Jesus said to Peter: "What is that to thee? follow thou me." Would that we could follow Him as well as Paul did!

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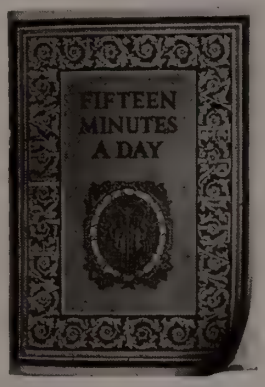

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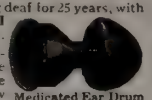

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 457

aganda circulated in America by your enemies and ours."

He also was quoted as making this prophecy: "The English-speaking peoples are coming together in the bonds of comradeship, and they are going to run this round globe. I should like to see an inter-English-speaking policy and when we have that we shall have peace and prosperity."

Secretary Denby's action followed a call by Senator McCormick of Illinois to protest against the Admiral's utterances and to ask for disciplinary action. It recalled his famous "blood is thicker than water" speech of 1910 in the Guild Hall in London, for which he was reprimanded by President Taft, and his criticisms, of the naval medal of honor awards, which precipitated heated discussions.

British Push Back Poles

BRITISH forces, ready to fight if opposition is offered, have been conducting a "big push" against the Polish lines in Upper Silesia in an effort to bring the province once more under the control of the Inter-Allied Commission. So far the Poles have offered only the merest show of resistance and the British, in a fanwise movement toward the large cities near the Polish border, have occupied Gleiwitz, about fifty miles southeast of Oppeln, and Rosenberg, a considerable distance to the northeast of Oppeln, the headquarters of the Inter-Allied Commission.

The British, while pushing back the Polish invaders, have prevented the German irregular forces from advancing and thus are creating a neutral zone which lessens the danger of a revival of warfare. British troops from the Rhine have been sent to Silesia, but even with these reinforcements the Allied forces will be so weak that the utmost care will be necessary to keep the Germans and Poles under control. Sir Harold Stuart, the new British Plebiscite Commissioner, indicated that a new plan of pacification was being formulated for submission to the Allied Supreme Council and that, with its approval, the work of clearing away the Silesian menace to Europe's peace would be advanced.

International

REV. DR. W. D. ABERNATHY
Now pastor of Calvary Baptist Church in Washington, where the Hardings worship

AMERICAN LEGION HEAD KILLED IN ACCIDENT. F. W. Galbraith, Jr., national commander of the American Legion, was killed when an automobile in which he was riding plunged over a steep embankment near Indianapolis. Mr. Galbraith, whose home was in Cincinnati, was colonel of the old First Regiment, Ohio National Guard, which was mustered into the Federal Service as the 147th Regiment, and commanded it with distinction in the battles of St. Mihiel and the Argonne. He was chosen last September to head the American Legion.

ULSTER PARLIAMENT BEGINS WORK. The first meeting of the Northern Parliament of Ireland, marking a new development in the government of the island, took place quietly and without a hitch in the Council Chamber of the Belfast City Hall. Only the forty Unionist members, of whom two are women, were present, the dozen Sinn Feiners and Nationalists elected to seats absenting themselves. Robert William Hugh O'Neill, the youngest member of the House, was elected Speaker. The Premier, Sir James Craig, was the first member of the new government to take the oath.

REPUBLICANS REDUCE SOUTH'S QUOTA. The Republican National Committee, at its meeting in Washington, ordered a further reduction of twenty-three votes in the representation of the Southern states in the party's national convention. The delegates which the South loses, making a total reduction of 40 per cent. since 1912, will be gained largely by Northwestern states. John T. Adams, of Iowa, succeeded Will H. Hays as national chairman.

FOUNDER OF ASBURY PARK DIES. James A. Bradley, who founded the New Jersey resorts of Asbury Park, Ocean Grove and Bradley Beach, where famous religious gatherings are held each summer, died at his home in New York City at the age of 91. A celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Asbury Park had been planned for this month.

THOMPSON'S JUDICIAL TICKET DEFEATED IN CHICAGO. Mayor William Hale Thompson's political machine suffered a severe defeat in Chicago when its candidates for twenty judges of the Circuit Court of Cook County and one judge of the Superior Court were defeated by a coalition ticket supported by Democrats and insurgent Republicans.

CHURCH UNION ADVANCED IN CANADA. Organic union of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in Canada has been approved by the Congregational Union of Canada, in session at Montreal, and by the Presbyterian Assembly, meeting at Toronto.

CIGARETTES NOW BANNED IN UTAH. An anti-cigarette law, which prohibits the sale, exchange or giving away of cigarettes and provides against smoking in public places, has become effective in Utah. The measure was passed at the last legislative session.

Young People's Topics for July 3

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Thy Will Be Done—With My Strength

B. Y. P. U. and C. E. Matt. 6 : 7-15

WE OWE it to God, the world, the Kingdom, to be strong in mind, body and soul. Red-blooded, virile men and women are needed for the Herculean tasks that challenge in these days of social rebuilding and moral reconstruction. In the army of the Christian faith it takes all of a person all of the time to do all the things that demand to be done for the bringing in of a new and better day for the human race. God wants our all—our minds to think for Him and to plan for the Kingdom; our hands to do deeds for Him and our feet to run errands for Him.

If you will study the lives of the great representatives of the Kingdom you will learn that they took care of and trained their bodies for hard usage on the difficult fields of action and the strenuous energetics of their environments. We cannot imagine a Grenfell facing the rigors of the Labrador coast, an Archdeacon Stuck on the wintry trails of Alaska, a Dan Crawford in the fever swamps of Africa, a Frank Higgins in the lumber-camps doing acceptable and efficient work with bodies weakened or incapacitated for their mission.

John Williams trained as a blacksmith and so equipped himself to endure hardness as a good soldier of the Cross in the South Seas. Keith Falconer was an enthusiastic cyclist in England before he served as an enthusiastic apostle in Arabia. Charley Studd and Stanley Smith labored hard at cricket and rowing while in college before they labored hard at preaching and teaching in China.

It is a heartening sign of the times that more and more are stressing the "passing of indoors" and are advocating the virtues of the "old swimmin' hole" and the field sports of the day, summer and winter. The more baseball diamonds, football ovals, tennis courts and skating rinks we have the stronger and healthier shall be our rising generation. The gymnasium shirt is as much of an adjunct as the Geneva gown. The khaki of the hiker leads to the degree hood of the scholar. The aromatic and resinous odors of the forest and the smell of the burning sap of the campfire are more of an asset than the fetid and stuffy interiors of the study. The pulpit of the Master Preacher was a tossing boat on the crest of the wave and the picturesque background of a harvest field. The wind-swept ridges and arid wastes and cactus growths of the desert and wilderness were the training places of ancient prophet and seer. The Boy and Girl Scouts of today are the timber for the missionary and pathfinder of tomorrow.

But it is only strength intelligently and conscientiously used that will be acceptable. Milton asks, "What is strength without a double share of wisdom?" Use wisdom in acquiring strength. Use wisdom in applying strength. Strength dedicated to God and employed in the help of humanity nets results like unto the strength of ten. "To be strong is to be happy," says Longfellow in "Christus-Golden Legend"—but the poet is speaking in terms of strength used for the Master.

Thy Kingdom Come—In the World

E. L. Matt. 6 : 7-15

WHAT can I do to make the Kingdom come in the world? I can study world needs. I can know not only the needs but I can put myself into a sympathetic attitude toward those who have need. I can put myself into the place of others, see their viewpoint, try to imagine myself in the other's place. Thus will I be able to move toward the lessening of the evils of which I know. I can move others by teaching and preaching and by prayer and with my purse. I can move my time and my talents, dedicate them to this noble use and purpose and propaganda.

It is said that when Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect for missions an old acquaintance said, "Well Andrew, I'll give you five pounds, seeing it is you." "No," said Mr. Fuller," I cannot take anything for this cause, seeing it is me." He handed the money back to his friend. The man saw the point. "Andrew, you are right," he said, "here are ten pounds, seeing it is for Jesus Christ."

When we learn that "going into all the world to preach the gospel" is Jesus Christ's work and command we shall have no difficulty of winning the world for Him. Once get this idea fixed, that it is the Lord's work and command, we shall move ourselves, our friends, heaven and earth to make it successful.

Jimmy Gives a Lift

Continued from page 451

plunge sent them out of range of the light. Who could say whether a soul aboard was able to make fast the line?

UPON the ledge, the two watchers felt the tension of the rescuers as they stood by the breeches buoy, waiting—waiting—waiting for the tautening or the sagging of that line.

A shout went up! The line had held fast! The crew bent the hawser to the whip-line and began to haul. Steady, through the caldron of boiling wreckage, cool heads and hardy hands kept the lines from tangling—for a while. . . . Then, down crashed the foremast, and a man dropped from the shrouds into the sea. In jumped one of the belted, white-clad figures from the shore, and two heads were thrust up in the midst of the débris.

Then the light went out.

Mr. Brightman pressed his hand across his eyes, muttering protest, shaken with the horror of his own helplessness, but powerless against the compelling urge to see the end.

The reflector, shining again, revealed a sailor, who swung himself on a hawser and began to make his way shoreward, hand over hand, with the ship pitching and tautening the rope at every offshore lurch, until a sudden wave, broadside, flung him into the air like a dead fly off a rubber band, and he came down, headlong, into the seething wreckage.

A dripping form rose out of a great roller, dragged his rescued burden to the sand, and turned to the ear-splitting fall of the vessel's mainmast that swirled inshore, its broken arm sweeping spars and timbers and tangled lines—oh, the hopelessly tangled lines—on with it to destruction.

The straining eyes above the ledges spied out four huddled heaps on the cabin top which had drifted loose and was within fifty feet of a huge, flat rock. The surfmen had seen them, too, and they made a dash for this rock, which was the only point of possible service, heaving-line in hand. The Keeper shouted orders as the shipwrecked group made fast the line around the body of one of its members who, at a second command, jumped into the sea and was steadily pulled toward safety.

At the same moment, another figure plunged in after the first, as if afraid to trust it to the slender line; but the undertow swept him back, doubled on its own force and flung him shoreward again, catching him up once more for another backward surge, when two of the life-savers jumped after him just in time.

One of the Coast Guard crew was working over the first man saved, farther up the beach, and that left only two on the rock to haul the heaving-line; but nearer and nearer came their burden, and thankfully they lifted it, when a gigantic breaker thundered in upon them, washing rescued and rescuers from the rock, but up, inshore, raking the ragged tops of twenty-odd feet of low-lying ledges.

THE backward drag of the undertow threatened them savagely, when, with a single movement, Mr. Brightman and Jimmy slid down the surface of the ledge on which they stood, and seized the man who still clung to the rescued one. The other surfman was drawn back, but regained his footing on the way and gripped the rock that stood between him and certain death.

Under that same rock of thirteen tons or more, may still be seen a great spar wedged there when the shock of that terrific impact of water lifted it for one desperate second in the worst storm that ever shook the shores of Merry's Point.

From this stronghold, the life-saver took off the two survivors and made his way with them to the beach where the two civilians were giving a hand with the limp body they had helped to save.

Jameson Brightman was eagerly obeying the shouted directions of the coast-guard and the hotel bell-boy, who proceeded to put into practice all his absorbed knowledge of resuscitation. Unrolling a clinging garment, as they turned the drenched form over, the Congressman found himself holding a baby, cold and still.

"It is the woman who screamed!" he half sobbed, "and her child!"

The baby was not dead, and the mother opened frantic eyes after nearly twenty minutes of the most wonderful treatment Jameson Brightman had ever witnessed—rolling her over, a bundled wedge beneath the stomach; now turning her back, her tongue held firmly between rough fingers suddenly grown gentle, while Jimmy skilfully raised and lowered the bleeding arms. Mr. Brightman, himself, rubbed the lower limbs upward, always upward toward the heart, and the hard-minded man felt the unguessed thrill of giving life. Life! To those who must else have remained dead!

As the two "outsiders" followed the procession of saviours and the saved to the almost holy shelter of the Coast Guard Station, the famous legislator bowed his head in an overwhelming humility of thanksgiving.

"What is my life worth beside these guardians of God's children?" he silently bemoaned; then he straightened with a recurring sense of his old power and authority. His head was high, again, as he placed the mother between warmed blankets on a couch.

The Congressman crossed the room to the Keeper's desk, and wrote rapidly. He turned at once to Jimmy, who was holding the baby in a close, frightened grip.

"Give me the baby, Jim, old chap," he commanded, "and take this message to the nearest telegraph station, on the run. Good way to work off some of this excitement. Read it, if you like."

Jimmy stared. "Read—your telegram?"

"Yes. Read it! I wish you to do so." The Congressman's set mouth relaxed into a wistful smile as he watched the boy's changing face, which was suddenly raised, transfigured by radiant astonishment.

"Will you take it?" Mr. Brightman asked him.

"Will I take it?" Jimmy stretched out a cold, wet hand, and wrung the palm that met his own. "*I sure will!*"

DOWN in Washington, the lobby of the Congress Hall Hotel resounded to the monotonous cry of "Roll call in de house! Roll call in de house!" when a high-pitched summons for "Misto' Bly!" rose above it, sharply.

Congressman Bly turned wearily, in the doorway.

"Fo' de Intahstate Committee, Misto' Bly. De boss, he reckon mos' likely you-all take it, sah."

Mr. Bly unfolded the yellow sheet. He read:

"Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee.
Washington, D. C.

"PUSH BLY BILL FOR COAST GUARD. MEASURE HAS MY SUPPORT.

(*Signed*) JAMESON BRIGHTMAN."

"You ll take it, sah?'

"Take it?" cried the Congressman. He raised the fluttering sheet high. "*I sure will!*"

AT A meeting of the Industrial Christian Alliance, recently held in New York City, a loving cup was presented to Charles W. Knight, as a mark of esteem from his associates on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of his appointment as general manager for the organization. In this testimonial all united heartily. Addresses were made in which Mr. Knight's ten years of faithful service as general manager, without remuneration, and the wonderful work he had accomplished, were enthusiastically acknowledged.

The officers of the Industrial Alliance are: George T. Brokaw, President; Hamilton Fish, Jr., First Vice-President; John A. Offord, Second Vice-President; Benjamin H. Doane, Secretary; Charles W. Knight, Assistant Secretary and General Manager; Bruce M. Falconer, Treasurer; Theodosius Stevens, Counsel; Edwin Zimmerman, Medical Supervisor. Many prominent men are members.

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Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

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To Invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates pay'ng 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

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Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

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Details of the First Mortgage 5 per cent. ten-year gold bonds of Libby McNeill & Libby to yield about 7.6% are contained in Circular 45.

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THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

SUBSCRIBER, Glendale, W. Va., writes: "I have noticed that those who go to prayer meetings are generally the staunch spiritual supporters of the Church, and one can see that they do receive a blessing. Prayer meetings are mostly made up of the female sex. Twenty-five per cent. men is about the average. Why are the men not as much interested as the women? One time we had all a special invitation for a prayer meeting, and the above percentage held good. Shortly after that, the men members of our church were asked to meet, as there was an urgent business matter that needed the advice and financial support of the business men of our church. A large percentage of our male members turned out, and I think that none of the business men were missing. The reason that there are more women than men at the prayer meetings is because the women have practically all the organizations of the church—like the Ladies' Aid Society, Home and Foreign Missionary Society, the Industrial Society—and through these different departments they receive a clearer view and vision of what the church does and is expected to do, and also a better appreciation of the necessity and pleasure it gives to work for the Lord. The men, we may just as well admit, have in most churches no society or club like those the women have, where they may get together to discuss the duties of the church as a whole and how to build up the Kingdom. There are in some churches good Men's Bible classes; but until men get together in church organizations to discuss different needs and use their business-trained minds for the upbuilding of God's Kingdom prayer meetings will hardly see more than the average 20 or 25 per cent. of men."

It is quite true that in many churches the situation is such as this letter outlines. We would be glad to hear from churches in which this inequality has been overcome, where the prayer meetings now have a fair representation of both sexes, and how the change came about.

A Michigan Pastor sends this interesting note: "In communities without churches, Sunday schools and all other Christian organizations, we find always the dance occupying a first place in the people's lives. A certain number of the people in such communities call themselves Christians. The dance question is brought into conversation. The question is asked: 'Is it wrong to dance? The Bible does not forbid it. Is it well? David danced, too!' Lately we were holding revival meetings in an unchurched location, in order to win some to Christ and to strengthen our Sunday school One evening we found only a few people in our service. We knew a dance would be given that same night. Four of us planned to visit the dance-hall. We paid for tickets of admission and went in. The looks of the people told us already that they understood that a minister of the Gospel and a dance-hall did not belong together. We waited a few minutes, the music stopped, and the dancers sat down to rest awhile. It occurred to us that when people could be Christians and dance at the same time, there could be no reason why we should not entertain them during this rest-period with a Gospel hymn. We started a hymn and as soon as we saw that the orchestra made themselves ready again, we stopped our singing, and the dance was continued. While we were waiting for the next rest period, the dance manager requested that we should leave the hall. If we continued the singing of Gospel songs, he said, probably it would do harm to his dance entertainments, as people do not wish to attend a dance where Gospel songs are sung. We asked for his request in writing and he gave us the following: 'This to certify that the missionaries have been requested to refrain from singing at the dance, as per information from the authorities of community.'"

J. G. F., Waverly, Ill. Periods of spiritual doubt and depression are the work of the adversary of souls. But take courage, and pray for faith. Temptation is not sin, for all are subject to it; but to yield to it is sin, when, through prayer, we can be strengthened to resist. Remember the promises. It is not His desire that any should perish. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow." "Whosoever cometh, He will in no wise cast out." Pray in Jesus' name for strength and courage, and for greater faith. The Prayer League is pleading for you, that you may be helped through your severe trials, and given heart peace and assurance.

Mrs. H. C. K., Lancaster, O., writes: "A leading minister made the statement from the pulpit that a Christian of the present time is head and shoulders above the angels in heaven in the sight of God. Is the statement justified in Scripture?"

See Heb. 2 : 6, 7; Psa. 8 : 5, I Cor. 6 : 3; Luke 20 : 36. The minister in question may not have been rightly understood.

B. N., Guthrie, Okla. There is no real conflict between the passages in Matt. 22 : 30 and Luke 20 : 34, 35. The sense obviously meant to be conveyed is thus stated by the best commentators: Marriage is ordained to perpetuate the human family; but as there will be no breaches by death in the future state, this ordinance will cease. We have heard of the strained interpretation of Luke's Gospel before, but authorities give it no consideration. We might point to Christ's own language as all that is needed for complete contradiction of the assertion that Luke's meaning is that those who marry while on earth are excluded from heaven. See Matt. 8 : 11, which refers to the patriarchs, all of whom were married. See also Mark 12 : 19 to 25. In the state of the redeemed, the natural body will have given way to a spiritual body (I Cor. 15 : 44).

Interested Reader, Sunbury, O. The looseness of the existing laws in the United States regarding divorce and remarriage is a great evil. They are largely in conflict with plain Bible teaching on the subject; indeed they seem to ignore it altogether.

Rev. W. H. Hargrove, Versailles, Mo., writes: "I have just finished reading your editorial, 'The Big Brother and the League,' in the Christian Herald. Your idea, reduced to practical application, is to let the other nations go ahead and assume all the obligations, responsibilities, and expenses of the League of Nations in carrying out the noble service to humanity, and America come along and rake in the benefits, for the impossibility of being a 'Big Brother' is certainly apparent, at least under present conditions, because the President of the United States takes every advantage on every occasion to declare the League dead, and that this country can never enter into it. These times call for Elijahs, Jeremiahs, John the Baptists, real prophets of God, not men who cover over national selfishness with beautiful words of impossible fulfilment. Shall Christianity adapt itself to majorities in politics or politics be made to adhere to Christian principles? This is to my mind the great issue at the present time. Before we boast further in the matter of our spiritual supremacy over the rest of the world, let us remember that the old world adopted the Covenant of Peace, the League of Nations, while America rejected it."

We believe it to be one of the inevitable things that our nation must do its full part in world readjustment. It is not necessary to be a prophet to foresee that this will yet be done, and that America, notwithstanding delays, will be represented in all that makes for world peace and reduction of armaments. This can be accomplished without unnecessary involvements, and yet so that the nation's honor and good faith are preserved. In view of present conditions, it would be well to await developments before hurrying to conclusions.

J. J. M., Newark, N. J. Now that the war is over, all feelings of bitterness between the nations may be expected to gradually pass away, as they should. National antagonisms sometimes die out quickly, especially if both sides are magnanimous and forgiving.

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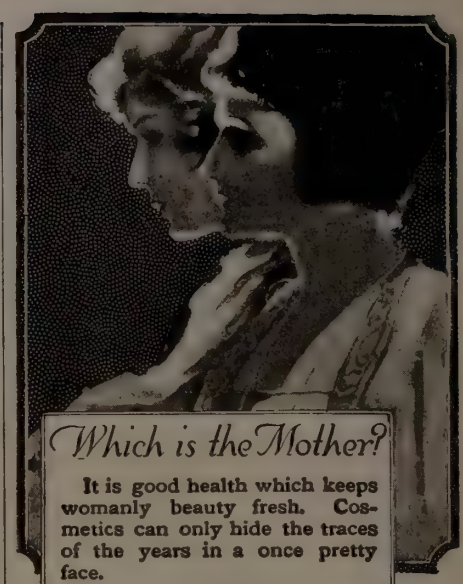

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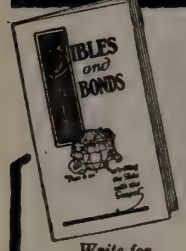

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In Mildmay Park, London. These historic structures are now occupied by the British Y. M. C. A. Training College

Historic Mildmay Park

Where King George III Read the Declaration of Independence

By ARMSTRONG PERRY

THE scene at the signing of our Declaration of Independence has been painted, written, and sung until every American can visualize old Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell and belfry, and even the principal characters.

How many have thought to inquire where the Declaration went from there—whether it was delivered to that country whose interest in it was second only to our own, or whether it was merely filed for future reference while American soldiers continued their fight to throw off the yoke which they had declared should no longer bind them?

Last summer I chanced upon the spot whereon occurred a scene which seems to be known to but few Americans, though it is as vitally a part of United States history as what occurred on July 4, 1776.

It was a warm, moonlight July night. I arrived at Waterloo station, London, from Southampton just as the hands of the big clock outside the train-shed came together at the midnight hour. Outside I climbed to the upper deck of a green motor bus and started north. I know it was north, not because the streets we threaded ran in any particular direction, but because whenever I could see the stars I always found Polaris dead ahead.

As we crossed Waterloo Bridge I saw Parliament on the left. Later we passed The Strand, Fleet Street, St. Paul's, and other streets and structures known to all the world. In half an hour we came to a public square, known as The Angel because of a bronze-colored figure supposed to be a likeness of one of those heavenly beings. She was advertising a tavern, or a cinema. Here we turned into Essex Road.

THE houses grew lower and lower, the streets narrower and narrower and the people we passed poorer and poorer. After fifteen minutes in thoroughfares where no one seemed to care to embark or alight we rumbled across a bridge over a railway and skirted a high wall for some distance.

"Mildmay Park, sir," said the guard. Those courteous busmen—they never shout nor forget!

I stepped down with thanks and found myself before a closed gate bearing the familiar red triangle of the Y. M. C. A. I knocked, and as though to fulfil the promise of the Scriptures it was immediately opened unto me.

A paved pathway conducted me to an office where lights were burning. Entering here I learned that Mildmay Park was occupied principally, though not completely, by the British Y. M. C. A. Training College, an institution similar to the "Y" colleges in Springfield, Mass., and Chicago. I was greeted by Mr. Summers, the executive secretary, who is an alumnus of Springfield. He explained that my room was not quite ready—which was not to be wondered at, as not only I, but three hundred and seventy-five others were arriving twelve hours ahead of schedule and in the middle of the night—and bade me feel at home.

The air was balmy and I began exploring the grounds. Through an iron gate I passed into a yard where, except for a cement tennis court, the level ground was covered with the turf the English love. After ten days on shipboard it had a feeling that lightened the feet.

At one end was a hedgerow. A gravelly path crunched sociably as I followed it through an opening. There in the moonlight stood one of the most beautiful trees I have ever seen. Its spread I estimated at sixty feet. Its leaves were wonderfully thick and there was a thrill in their rustle as they moved in the night breezes. The trunk was large and twisted, as though it had seen strife and known sorrow, but otherwise it showed no sign of age. I was in doubt as to its identity until in fingering a branch I touched a rough green berry. It was a mulberry—the tree whose sacrifice to the silk-worm clothes the beauteous maidens of the world for life's most vital moments.

MR. SUMMERS found me here. English hospitality always has in store some surprise, some unexpected delight to make every guest feel that he is a guest of honor.

"I see you like trees," he ventured.

"Indeed, yes!" I replied. "What a fine mulberry you have here."

"Yes, and it has a history," he responded.

"Like almost everything in London," I added.

"No—a history of particular interest to Americans," he replied, taking me literally.

Greatly interested, I asked for the story.

"Mildmay Park was on the outskirts of Middlesex Forest, famous in early English history," he began, broadening the subject to give me the proper connections. "Henry VIII built a hunting-lodge here. It still stands, the other side of the chapel yonder, used now as a home for nurses."

We moved to a position where we could see it in the moonlight, a quaint three-story stone house covered with luxuriant ivy.

"Fair Queen Bess used to come here during her sister's reign. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, her favorite, lived here in the village of Newington. John Gilpin passed this way on his famous ride. Isaak Walton often strolled on the lea near by. It was here that Charles Lamb gathered some of his choicest material for the 'Essays of Elia.'"

The succession of famous names with their varying associations fairly dizzied me, but he went on, and my interest deepened.

"De Foe wrote 'Robinson Crusoe' in a house on what is now called De Foe Street, around the corner yonder. Rogers, who wrote that once famous book 'Pleasure of Memory,' used to look out into his summer garden from the window of a building up the street, now occupied as a printing office. Oliver Cromwell's daughter lies buried under a little old church whose bell you can hear of a Sabbath morning. Queen Bess worshipped in that church, and the pew is still preserved."

HE PAUSED a moment for me to mentally arrange these facts, then continued:

"John Howard, the philanthropist, occupied a house in Church Row, which is but a few moments' walk away. Isaac Watts, whose hymns are sung in America and all Christian lands, came here to Newington as a dissenting minister. His health failed and he remained to write hymns. His home was in Abney Park, near by. Edgar Allan Poe said that he owed much of the romantic element in his character to the years he spent here—five of them, at the most im-

pressionable age. He was placed in a school here by his adopted father, Mr. Allan of Baltimore."

Another pause. My thoughts were busy with the significance of these great lives in American history. Who among us has not, in the church where first he learned of his duty toward God and Country, been stirred by those solemn hymns of Watts': "Joy to the World," and "O God, Our Help in Ages Past"? And what American school-boy has not read, diagrammed, scanned and otherwise dissected Poe's "Raven"?

"I am not giving you the history of Mildmay Park and Newington Green in chronological order," Mr. Summers resumed. "If I were to do that I would need to begin with the Roman wall whose remains you may see near Broad Street. That was ancient even when the Earl of Warwick fell here in a battle fought in 1471. At Tewkesbury and St. Albans, which adjoin Newington, much blue blood was spilled in the War of the Roses."

"A strange contrast with the name 'Mildmay Park,'" I remarked.

"The name Mildmay Park comes from Sir Henry Mildmay, who acquired this estate by marriage in the reign of Charles I," he explained. "Later it became known as Mildmay Mission, during the period when Rev. William Pennefather of the Church of England was vicar of Barnet Christ Church. He invited your famous evangelist, Dwight L. Moody here, and a series of annual conferences resulted. The inspiraton derived from these was given to America through the Northfield and Chicago conferences."

Outside the gate of Mildmay Park

HE TURNED to the mulberry. "Now for the history of the tree, and for the event most intimately connected with American history," he said. "About three hundred years ago the Huguenots—Protestants—were driven out of France. A company of them purchased Mildmay Park. As a means of subsistence they started a silk industry by planting mulberry trees. This is one of the original trees.

"Later, Mildmay Park reverted to its old use and became a rendezvous for George III. and his inner circle of nobles. They met here within these walls under this very tree, as mentioned in records of the time. Screened from prying eyes they discussed informally the weighty affairs of the moment."

My imagination readily reconstructed the scene as I sat there with the moonlight filtering through the leaves—the corpulent and pompous king, the nobles, the ladies, the gossipy discussion of affairs upon which hung the destiny of civilization.

"One day there came a sealed parchment from America. The king opened it. It was the Declaration of Independence."

For the first time in my life I realized that the Declaration of Independence had not only been signed but that copies of it also were sealed and delivered. Of course the king had known that the fight was on, for there had been ample time for the news of Lexington and Concord to reach London, not to mention that of armed revolts, such as the Boston Tea Party, which had been taking place in the colonies during the past two years. But all these to the monarch's mind were but the acts of hot-headed, unorganized rebels. The levying of his stamp taxes and other acts of authority were but the ordinary processes of government, supported by many precedents. America was full of loyal British subjects and lawlessness could be checked by force of arms. That had been his point of view. Those around him had believed it, too, and had counseled the throwing down of the city of Boston about the ears of its rebellious inhabitants as though it could be done with impunity and justice.

HOW did George III. feel that August morning when he unrolled that parchment under this mulberry tree and discovered that all the American colonies had united and organized to throw off his authority?

Did he take it seriously or did he laugh at it, imagining himself too powerful to have his grip shaken from his possessions in the New World?

Certain it is that the little group at Mildmay Park did not get the point of view of America nor appreciate her spirit. How could this privileged aristocracy, living in ease and comfort, understand the feelings of our hard-working ancestors whom they were trying to govern? What common basis of experience was there behind those who lolled under the shade of the mulberry tree in this garden spot of the world's greatest city and those to whom a tree was more often an obstruction in the way of plow and progress—an obstruction to be removed by dint of hard and dangerous labor? How can a spirit nurtured within brick walls and the even closer confines of courtly convention comprehend the aspirations of those who live where the rolling ocean and the endless forests speak alike of unhampered freedom?

They sat here in the pleasant shade and sipped their tea and made the same old mistake of palace and parliament and—dare we breathe it?—of White House. Imagined that they understood the needs of people whom they had never seen. Imagined that they, three thousand miles away, could enforce their will upon unwilling subjects and compel those subjects to pay the expenses of the operation.

And so my thoughts ran on until, as the bell in a church tower struck two a delegation of three hundred boy scouts, products of the democracy which placed the Declaration of Independence in the hands of fat King George at Mildmay Park and then backed it up, marched in and prepared to "shake down." Then I went with them into the gymnasium which had been a chapel, lay down and fell asleep under the inscription: "The Lord is My Shepherd, I shall not want."

With the Missionary in Overalls

The Final Article of a Series on Industrial Mission Activities

By WINIFRED L. CHAPPELL

TWO facts become evident from a study of outstanding examples of industrial missions. The first is axiomatic. Successful effort depends upon dynamic leadership. Without such men as Bailie and Reisner, Higginbottom and Edmunds, Slater of Etah, Stewart and Henderson of Lovedale, Grubb of South America—men who have thought in economic terms and who have had the power to realize their dreams—these achievements would have been impossible. It follows that we must discover other leaders if we are to achieve the economic salvation of countries.

The other fact has not apparently been recognized by students of missions, for the reason perhaps that students of missions have not as yet greatly concerned themselves with economics. Namely this: the industrial missions that can be called "successful" from the standpoint of affecting the economic situation in missionary countries are all of the agricultural type. Apparently we have not succeeded in developing a type of missions that is vitally affecting the problems of industrialization. Trade schools do little more at present than train native youth to become more or less skilled craftsmen. And craftsmen must have more than their skill if they are to effect significant economic changes; along with skill there must go some knowledge of natural resources, some sense of proprietorship in them, and of responsibility for their use.

Christian social settlements like the Tokyo Tabernacle and the work of the Baptist Mission in Shanghai and of the South African compounds and interior mission in the Transvaal do little more economically speaking than to ease somewhat industrial wrongs.

This is not meant as a criticism of social settlements or of trade schools. Neither would claim to make a large contribution to the solution of problems of capital and labor. Who on the face of God's earth knows how to control developing industrialism? Yet, business men are at the job for profit's sake. Someone needs to attack it for people's sake.

Before attempting any conclusions regarding this type of missionary activity it is well to note briefly the general industrial features of the chief countries for whose economic development the Church should feel concern.

Japan is already largely industrialized. How rapidly the process has gone forward was revealed by the figures of the Interchurch World Movement Survey. In 1900 there were 1,400 industrial firms; in 1919, 30,000. In 1900 there were 120,000 factory workers; in 1919, 2,000,000. The frightful accompany social results are now well known. The Church has not been, perhaps, totally without wholesome influence. Some Christian business men, taking their new religion literally, are seeking to make their own firms Christian as far as labor conditions are concerned, while there has been some attempt on the part of missionaries to mitigate industrial miseries. But the ungodly system whereby fortunes may be wrung from the lives of the workers has not been prevented from coming to fruition in Japan. The churches seem almost content if they can minister to factory workers. "Scores of factories," said the Interchurch Survey with a degree of content, "are now welcoming the missionaries." Individual missionaries and an occasional report, to be sure, stress the new need. "Here is a field we long to enter—but funds at hand do not allow," says one report referring to sanitary conditions in an industrial center.

It is not certain that the Church can make much contribution at this late stage. Unless, perchance, it should through a new form of organization, set itself, quite fearless of conservative opinion, to help the democratic movement in Japan which, developing under oppression, is taking both political and economic form.

Silk-weaving in India—a cottage handicraft which is disappearing rapidly as industrialization sweeps ahead

CHINA is still in the agricultural and handicraft stage. Eighty-five per cent. of her people are said to live by agriculture, and the Chinese are noted for their intensive farming. In the cities artisans are busy in their little workshops along the streets, "smiths in iron, tin, copper, brass and silver, the carvers of ivory, amber, tortoiseshell, onyx and jade, the workers in wood, rattan, lacquer, wax and feathers, the weavers of linen, cotton and silk."

It is a land of vast poverty. "No natural resource is too trifling to be turned to account by a teeming population," says Professor Ross. "The sea is raked and strained for edible plunder. Seaweed and kelp have a place in the larder. Great quantities of shell-fish no bigger than one's finger-nail are opened and made to yield food that finds its way far inland. . . . The roadside ditches are bailed out for the sake of fishes no longer than one's finger. On the Hong Kong waterfront the paths of the coolies carrying produce between warehouse and junk are lined with tattered women, most of them with a baby on their backs. Where bags and

beans of rice are in transit a dozen wait with bag and brush to sweep up the grain dropped from the sacks." "Careful observers say that four-fifths of the conversation among the common Chinese relates to food." "In their outlook on life most Chinese are rank materialists." Yet "they are capable of the highest idealism . . . the materialism is imposed by hard economic conditions. It is the product of an age-long anxiety about tomorrow's rice."

It is also a land of vast resources—inexhaustible coal and iron-ore deposits, antimony, salt, natural gas, cotton and many agricultural products.

And industrialization goes on apace. China is "at the dawn of what may prove to be the greatest industrial and commercial development the world has yet witnessed," with one-quarter of the world's population and with access to such resources. In Hunan the Pingsiang Colleries, the property of that great industrial organization of China, the Hanyehping Iron and Steel Company, and in Chihli, the Kailan Mining Company, are indicative of the changing situation.

It is well that industrialization should take place? The Interchurch Survey seemed to assume that it is, saying that China with four hundred million population can feed and clothe herself if given modern methods and machinery. The student of economic history groans in spirit, knowing something of the vast human suffering that impends as little workshops and home industries give way to factory production, as yellow-skinned, slant-eyed youth begin to go up from country-side and village to the rapidly growing industrial cities. The world's business interests are set to that accomplishment.

But one who possesses something of constructive imagination pictures an alert young China setting herself to modify economic history; to determine the course that her economic development shall take. It would be a wonderful adventure for the Church to inspire and to aid such an effort.

SO ALSO in India. It is an agricultural nation and a nation of handicraft, of cottage industries—hereditary crafts with religious significance in the eyes of the people; pride in the traditional workmanship of family and caste.

But the industrial revolution impends. British business and American business will see that it is accomplished. Notable government reports like those of the Calcutta University Commission and the Indian Industrial Commission indicate that England, whose business enterprise has already largely destroyed certain of the old indigenous crafts, will continue the process with even more deliberation. Already there are cotton-mills in Bombay, jute-mills in Calcutta, steel-mills in various cities, mines of coal, mica, silver, manganese, tin, tungsten and "the steady shifting of multitudes of workers to the busy, grimy, deadly slums"—a change "coming over this dreamy old land."

A strange situation is presented here—beautiful old arts hard up against machine production. There is probably no inherent reason why handicraft should not be retained and developed—alongside of machine production in certain fields where concentration is desirable. India offers a singular opportunity for experiment, the more as the Co-operative Credit Acts promote co-operation so important in a nation of small holdings and small industries. Here is a point of contact for the Church, as the Y. M. C. A. has admirably shown.

India and China are old, old lands. In social history Africa is young. Here the missionary's task has to do with peoples emerging from savagery or barbarism. Not greater in social interest is the juxtaposition in India of handicraft and machinery, than is the situation here created by the presence of raw natives hard up against "civilization." Here we have what has been called the most difficult current problem in racial sociology, whites and blacks facing each other with growing venom. Africa has been and is still a vast area for exploitation. The Government seeks to mitigate this by a policy of segregation, but as one graphically says, "So often it is 'heads I win, tails you lose' when the white man tosses with the native." Stewart of Lovedale died in 1905 without realizing the dream that had inspired him in his long notable service of "bringing the native population into line with the European occupants of the land." How far the dream is from realization is indicated by the anxious words of Stewart's successor Dr. Henderson, "A conflict appears inevitable, to which none of us who know the position can look forward without grave apprehension."

Industrial missions have sought to give training in trades and in agriculture. The latter especially will continue of importance, and its development will help meet the situation of developing industrialism. The former, too, probably has a permanent place. But who shall say what measure shall be taken in regard to those vast industrial enterprises on the Rand sucking in the raw natives of the veldt, Johannesburg alone, as Willard Price reminds us, a pool that swallows 20,000 men a year from a thousand miles north and one thousand miles south. If the Church is to be a vital factor she must lay hold of the situation with an energy and initiative and audacity at least equal to that manifested by the business interests which, as

In compounds such as this many thousands of negro mine workers are concentrated in the Rand, Africa. Here a few scores are gathered to hear the Gospel

the Interchurch Survey points out, "are exploiting every nook and corner in Central Africa."

FINALLY there is the economic situation of Latin America which, according to the Interchurch Survey, "has the largest stretch of undeveloped fertile land in the world," making great advance during the twentieth century inevitable. "The world's attention is rapidly shifting to Latin-America where the food products, room for overcrowded populations, and a market for surplus goods and capital command universal interest. Beginning at the Rio Grande and extending down through Mexico, Central America across Panama, over Colombia, Brazil, Peru and Chile and the abounding plains of the Argentine to the straits of Magellan is the largest stretch of undeveloped fertile land in the entire world. . . . Capitalists, manufacturers, steamship directors, food economists and political leaders in Europe, North America and even Japan are . . . intently fixing their attention on these fallow lands."

But it is in Latin America that that saddest of all groups, the Latin-American proletariat, forty million Indian slaves exist. Peons, practically all illiterate,

Latin America, too, has its problems of industrialization, and Indians from the interior are lured to the ports and industrial centers to toil long hours at heavy tasks

compose 60 per cent of the population of Latin America. Says the Interchurch Survey, "Justice to the Indian, this is one of the most pressing of all the needs in Latin America." The progressive republics of South America are interesting themselves in labor conditions. They should have the vigorous support and stimulus of the Christian Church.

As to Mexico American capitalists, according to the Interchurch Survey, have invested a billion dollars there. The evangelical churches after fifty years of experience and five years of scientific united study have a program for Mexico. Is it sufficiently comprehensive of Mexican economies?

IN THE meantime in all the countries where industrialization goes forward with its accompanying exploitation, the labor movement also develops. One finds only occasional mention of this in missionary reports, though it is a phenomenon of vast importance in the countries with which the Church is concerned. In Japan recently the workers engaged in a huge parade, demanding the ballot and frankly connecting the demand with their economic aspirations. During 1915, 1916 and 1917 there were spontaneous uprisings of factory workers, in 1918 the now well-known rice riots, and in 1919 the development of the use of "ca'canny" practiced intuitively by oppressed workers. South African business journals report native labor troubles on the Rand, between thirty and forty thousand blacks being on strike recently with well-organized pickets. In Latin America labor disputes have been taking the place of revolutions, the strike seemingly flourishing in the South American atmosphere. In India there were strikes in Bombay, 200,000 mill-hands from the cotton mills going out so suddenly as to surprise the mill-owners, and in Calcutta and other cities as well. Bal Gangadhar Tilak, who has been called the greatest of living Indians, has been speaking to audiences of many thousands in Bombay and Madras reminding the people that according to government figures about 15,000,000 people go with only one meal a day. "You must remedy this condition," he is saying, "it will not come from Heaven."

It is significant that the workers recognize the internationalism of their cause. The India Labor Union of America carries on its propaganda here; the New York Call last year reported that the I. W. W. Defense Committee had received a check from the Internationalist Socialist League of South Africa with a note to the effect that though in financial need they wanted to help; the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party in the United States sent out a May Day proclamation greeting workers in all lands, "of whatever nationality, race, color or creed."

SEVERAL tentative conclusions have been reached after a study of industrial missions and of economic conditions in missionary countries.

First. Missionary practice and policy in regard to industrial missions have proceeded so far that we may consider this type of work to have won a permanent place. Thus far the trial and error method has been used. The time has come for a deliberate program based upon the findings of a commission or commissions of experts.

Second. It would seem that the type of agricultural missions developed at Allahabad, Nanking, Canton, and perhaps at some South African mission stations, offers an example to be followed in the development of agriculture in missionary countries. Such missions would need to be greatly extended and equipped; and they should be manned by experts.

Third. Industrial missions are not touching vitally the problems connected with the industrialization now in process in various countries. Missions now giving instruction in various trades would not claim to offer a solution, nor would such special effort to reach industrial populations as the Tokyo Tabernacle, the Baptist Settlement in Shanghai, and other similar activities.

Fourth. It should be possible to develop a type of industrial missions that would actually contribute to the economic development of nations. It is too much to hope that the Church which has not succeeded in Christianizing industry and commerce at home can directly Christianize either international trade relations or the labor movement developing in foreign countries. But it may by counter-attack deprive selfish commercial interests of their power and put into the hands of the peoples the means of their own economic salvation. This counter-attack lies in giving the people knowledge of their own resources and technical skill for the development of those resources. This should be the concern of The Greater Industrial Missions. Peoples with this peaceful weapon will resist exploitation, whether by domestic or foreign business, or by governments, and will develop their own industries and their own type of economic organization.

Fifth. Such industrial missions have spiritual possibilities beyond our dreams. The old theology and philosophy sought to bring God from afar. The new finds Him in the material and social resources of life. It looks toward a society in which the peoples of the world co-operating with each other and using material goods for spiritual ends shall together develop the Commonwealth of God.

Do-As-You-Please Day

A Fourth of July Story

By
ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL
Illustrated by William C. McNulty

MARY BREWSTER smiled at the sudden remembrance of that funny little child-name of hers—she'd been the greatest kiddy for naming things! Then close upon the smile, snuffing it out altogether, came the remembrance that it had never been a do-as-you-please day to her. Oh, never, really.

She had, she remembered, asked her mother's fat old washerwoman what "Independence Day" meant. She could see herself now—a sharp-chinned, meagre little piece—sitting on the end of the long washbench, swinging her lean little legs.

"What's In-dip-pen-dunce, Mrs. O'Grady?" she had piped politely. That was one thing she had been, anyway—polite. "It's a pretty long word, isn't it?"

"Sure 'tis long, but the manin' av it is short intirely!" Mary, now—this moment—could hear that pleasant Irish laugh. "Suit yersilf—that's 'indepindence'!"

But the Mary-child had changed it to "do-as-you-please," which had a ripping, running little sound in her ears.

"And I never," sighed this Mary-woman, "celebrated a Do-As-You-Please Day. Twenty-four of them—uncelebrated. Supposing——

"Tomorrow I will celebrate one!" laughed Mary, in the grip of the lovely inspiration. Why not? Just do the things all day that she wanted to do—Lie in bed as late as she pleased, run away by herself to some glorious, all-alone piece of the big Outside, read, lounge—write a poem on Independence! On—love.

Run away from Father and the Infant Terrible next door, and all the bang and bustle of the Fourth——

Run away from Peter—for Peter would come tomorrow as he came on all his holidays. Mary had a vision of him coming, in his neat gray suit and neat, smooth-shaven face. He would bring her the same number of crimson roses, in the same neat box, that he had brought for three years, on holidays. The stems would be neatly clipped—for three years Mary had longed to implore Peter to leave those stems beauteously long. Tomorrow, on Do-As-You-Please Day, she'd ask him next time to leave them—but, no, tomorrow she was going to run away from Peter!

THE idea persisted in Mary's head. She played with it—grew on intimate terms—adopted it! For once she would do all the things she wanted to do, and leave undone the things she *didn't!* By bedtime she had arranged a dozen different programs and un-arranged them all. It would be better—"funner," that Mary-child would have said—to act on the pleasant spur of the moments, as they came. Plenty of pleasant "spurs," thought Mary.

She wrote a note to her father, explaining why she was not up, making his beloved "fritters" for breakfast. She would leave the note where even near-sighted and absent-minded old fathers could not help seeing it.

"Because," wrote Mary, in an excited riot of tripping, slanted words, "I'm celebrating Independence Day, Father. I'm born free and equal today! So I am lying in bed till I *want* to get up—the coffee is measured out in the pot and yesterday's muffins are in the oven ready to have the gas lighted under them. There are doughnuts, cookies, cakes—you celebrate, too, and take your choice! Don't expect to see me till I appear in sight," etc.—there were a considerable number of "etc's." A score of things clamored to be said in that note to Father—about clean towels, and rubbers if it was damp, and the cold apple-pie and handkerchiefs and turning off the gas—especially turning off the gas.

Then Mary slept the sleep of the independent, and dreamed Peter came, and he and the roses withered.

SHE woke bright and early with the boom of celebrating cannons and the fizz-bangs of small and harmless crackers in her ears. The Infant Terrible next door had already begun his day. But Mary buried one ear pillow-deep and folded thicknesses of the sheet over the other and prepared to "lie abed" till such time as she "pleased" to get up, exactly such time.

A vagrant little breeze came in-window and tickled her nose with a soft strand of her hair. A bird perched itself on her window-sill and sang about what a glorious Fourth it was and how he and Mrs. Bird and the children were going to celebrate with a feast of particularly juicy Fourth o' July angle worms. She could hear the next-door child drumming reveille on his mother's dish-pan. Everybody was celebrating.

Mary sat up suddenly. She pushed back all her soft hair and laughed.

"Why, I want to get up!" she cried. And all the other mornings how she hadn't wanted! It was earlier, too, than usual. But if she *wanted*—this was the day of doing what she *wanted!*

She chose her neatest housedress and placed it ready on a chair. As soon as her hair was smoothed neatly back——

"But I want it loose and curly," Mary said. "And I 'please' to put on a white dress with a blue ribbon," and little climbing red roses in a bunch, to finish out the patriotic colors of the day.

She left the soft hair loose and it attended, itself, to the matter of curls. She hung away the severe, neat dress and got out a fresh white, frilly one that matched the soft hair. But she consented to wear a great apron temporarily over the dainty whiteness. Then did this young and independent Mary slip downstairs the back way so as not to waken Father.

There was his note, bestowed painstakingly in the most conspicuous position!

"And here am I—*up!*" laughed Mary. "And, more than that, I'm going to make fritters for Father's breakfast because I *want* to make fritters for Father's breakfast!" If it was a joke it was a nice one that Mary liked. She sang as she collected her materials and set her breakfast table. The cloth must be a fresh one and the little glass bowl must be filled with red, white and blue flowers. It was going to be a Fourth of July breakfast.

"A Do-As-You-Please one!" she nodded with decision, for wasn't she do-as-you-pleasing? Though it *was* a joke! But only up to nine o'clock—or half-past eight o'clock. After that her independent day was to begin in good earnest. No joke about "after that." She planned where she would go in the big Outside, to be quite alone. She knew of a woodsy stretch and a little tumbling stream—someone had described it to her and the way to reach it. Oh, lovely woods and tumbly water!

"I will write a little poem on—love," thrilled Mary—this every-day and matter-of-fact Mary. But she had always known she could do it, given her chance. Today was to be her chance. Lovely little thoughts floated wistfully through her mind; the quiet little place of trees and water beckoned her.

It came suddenly to Mary that she had not kissed father since she was a little child

THEN Father came down to breakfast and Mary sat opposite him in her usual place and poured his coffee. He looked across and did not know it was not the same Mary. His near-sighted eyes failed to see the light in her face.

"If you look through my apron you'll see I've got my best dress on!" laughed Mary, as she poured. "I don't believe you know it's Fourth of July today—I'm celebrating, Father!" In another moment she might go around the table and kiss his dear, puzzled face. Why not—if she "pleased" to? This was her chance. It came suddenly to Mary that she had not kissed Father since she was a little child. And now she wanted to. *Wanting* was—kissing, today!

His soft, old cheek was cool under her lips.

"Does it hurt?" smiled Mary. She reached to the little glass flower-bowl and selected a white pansy, a dark and royal blue one, a bit of a red rosebud. She pinned them in a red-white-and-blue cluster to Father's alpaca coat.

"Now you are celebrating, too!" said she. "We are a patriotic family." What was it—the kiss?—that made this little tender throbbing in her throat? She wanted to kiss the other cheek—if Father would only turn that one also! She wondered shyly how Father had liked the kiss.

The meal cleared briskly away and the great concealing apron doffed, Mary stood revealed in the soft white dress of celebration. Just one minute more to slip out into the back yard and hang up her towels and she would be ready to begin Do-As-You-Please Day in good earnest. She had Father's dinner arranged for and a luncheon for herself tied up in a little packet.

AH, BUT she slipped out into the back yard that one minute!

"Bunny," the Infant Terrible next door, was in his back yard, engaged in small snapping, fizzing, gun-powdery rites that had blackened his small countenance and apparently done things to his fingers. He waved them, bound about with bandages possibly once white, at Mary.

"I've burnt three thumbs an' two fing—" catching himself up with a little black-and-white grin and beginning over again, "I mean I've burnt three fingers an' *two* thumbs! My mother did 'em up, but now she's gone to bed. She's got both o' her ears stuffed full o' cotton. She says—says——" the Infant's attention wandering from mothers to firecrackers.

"What?—says what, Bunny?" prompted Mary, lingering a moment longer. Ah, it was lingering that moment longer that did it!

"Who says wh—*oh*, my mother says she guesses maybe pur-raps she'll be dead tonight."

"Bunny Davis!"

"She's got the nerves terribly," with small black-and-white calm. "She says my father'd ought not to sent me Fourth o' July money 'cause once she knew a boy all exploded to pieces an' she keeps a-seein' the pieces, an'—an'——"

"Oh, Bunny, do stop!" shuddered Mary. That poor, frail wisp of a mother, lying there dreading awful things! The little fizzy crackers did not look very terrible to Mary, but her heart went out to the poor mother. She remembered that Mrs. Davis had a serious heart trouble. Bunny was referring to it now, in his running comments.

"She makes me stop outside the door every time I go in to be bandidged an' say how bad it is an' *where* 'tis an' everythin'—'fore she'll open her eyes an' look. She says it makes her heart jounce terribly. My mother's got a very jouncy heart."

"Bunny, listen!" Mary had firm hold of a grimy wrist. "Let *me* talk. Have you spent it all?—that money your father sent you? What?—only half? Then listen *hard*. How would you like to be a—a boy scout today and go on a hike? Cook bacon on a forked stick and—everything, Bunny? A regular picnic hike, with *flags* because it's Fourth of July. Bunny, you get a lovely big flag with the rest of the

money! And if you carry back all the crackers and torpedoes you haven't opened they'll give you *lit'le* flags for them—to wear in all our button-holes, Bunny!" Mary's eyes were lighted. Bunny's opened very wide and remained wide.

"Honest?" he gulped. Then "*Hoo-ray!*" and, snatching up his unbroken packages, he was off on a run to the firecracker place that was also a place of flags.

MARY went in to the frail little mother and told her the news through the cotton wool in both ears. Mrs. Davis had no difficulty hearing, so beautifully penetrating is good news. The relief in her pale little face "choked" Mary.

"My dear! You are an angel, there in that white robe! All you haven't got is wings! If you knew if anybody but me *could* know the tortures Fourth of Julys are to me. Since—since—once I saw——"

"I know," soothed Mary. "Bunny told me. Don't think about it any more—*this one* isn't going to be a torture! We'll have a lovely harmless picnic. If you felt able to help put up a lunch ——"

"If I only did!" laughed Bunny's mother. "See me put up a beautiful one—I'm invited, too? Don't say I'm not!"

"Of course you are going, too! And Father—I must go and break it to Father. I don't believe he remembers what a picnic is."

"Well, we'll show him one! Does he like jelly tarts? I've got pie-crust all made, in the flour barrel—'keeping' just for a picnic! Won't take more than twenty minutes to whisk it into tarts—we'll take the jelly in a tumbler and fill 'em when we get there. Oh, I feel as light as air, now I've stopped dreading! *Flags*, you say Bunny's going to get with his money?"

"Flags," nodded Mary.

"Oh, the lovely idea! *You* did it—angel! But I *can't* see why you should do all this for neighbors, plain neighbors——"

"Why? Because I want to!" Mary cried in a happy singing voice. That was the surprising thing about it—she *wanted* this picnic with the others! She went singing back to Father and broke it to him.

"You can find 'specimens,' Father—plants and rocks and all sorts of nice you-things! And maybe a wonderful butterfly—take your net. Maybe you'll be a famous discoverer today!"

His clear old eyes traveled over Mary's face and the whole white sweetness of her, and a soft little shine crept into Father's face. He was thinking that he had "discovered" Mary. This new Mary who ordered people about; who said go to a picnic and they went—who slipped around tables and kissed old fathers. A Mary in a frilly white dress in the morning! Who called young terrors next door "Infant-Terribles" yet invited them to picnics and pinned little flags on them—an undiscovered Mary hitherto.

Father liked his discovery.

THEY were all ready, with baskets and paper bags, by ten. Bunny, in a borrowed boy-scout suit, led them with a huge, waving flag.

"*Left*-right! *Left*-right! *March!*" he intoned shrilly. "I'll whistle the tune to keep step to."

But Mary had suddenly remembered Peter. In her bustle of planning and of preparing she had forgotten. Peter would come. She was marching—left, right; left, right away from Peter. That she had meant in the beginning to run away from him as well as from the rest of them did not at that moment occur to her. What she had meant to do in the first place and what she was doing now were so far apart.

She fell out of step with Bunny's tune and stood a moment, thinking.

Peter's strong young face, sober and plain, rose before her, with the wistfulness in its eyes—Mary knew that wistfulness. She knew what Peter wanted and patiently waited for. She had been a little impatient at his patience, herself. She had thought, without really putting the thought into words that a more brilliant, a little less patient, Peter would please her better. Perhaps—she was not quite sure—she had been waiting for one.

Now, standing here a moment, alone, she thought principally of Peter's disappointment when he came and found she was not here. The roses in the neat box under his arm would wither on their clipped-off stems. It was not kind to Peter and the roses to march away to that brisk little tune of Bunny's, without a word.

She went back to the house and wrote two words on a slip of paper and left it on the step, with a pebble to weight it down.

"Berry Woods."

If Peter found the slip, the two words would point the way to her, if he cared to follow, and Peter would care. If he did not notice the little paper, anyway she had done her best. She could do no more. She hurried on in the wake of Bunny's troop.

IT WAS a successful picnic. The tumbling little stream, the "scout" fire, and the bacon, the jelly tarts—all were factors of the success. Even the butterflies helped, Father and Bunny netting a wonder in blue and gold, that had never been discovered before in the annals of Father.

But Mary had no chance to sit by the tumbly water and write her little verse of love. She forgot about it in her watching for Peter. It seemed odd that he did not come. As the afternoon wore away it seemed a little frightening—as if something had happened to Peter. Mary was troubled.

"Peter," she said in her thoughts, "this is my Do-As-I-Please-Day, and I please for you to come! Come and bring me my roses, Peter!" But he did not come. She had not thought she would miss him like this.

If anything had happened ——

She was not sorry when it was time to go home and Bunny and his flag led the way. The Fourth of July sun was slipping redly down behind the hills.

"I've had the dandiest time *ever!*" cried Bunny.

"It's been so blessedly peaceful," sighed his little mother.

"I may be mistaken, but I don't think there's ever been another of the species in the state," Father, ruminated contentedly. He did not mean another picnic of the species, but another butterfly.

"But I missed Peter," Mary thought.

LATER, when the soft darkness settled over the world she slipped out of the house, to miss Peter by herself. And, as if he could not resist this new call of her heart, he came to her.

"Mary, is it you?"

"Peter! Oh—Peter!" because that was all she could say. His hand found hers in the dark.

"Why, Mary, I can't see, but you *sound*—you sound as if you were glad to see me, Mary!"

"I can't be glad to *see* you," she laughed softly, "but I'm glad to feel you, Peter."

"Mary! And I decided you didn't—I tried to stay away all day. But it was no use, I came tonight."

"I called you, Peter."

"You mean—dear, you mean you *wanted* me?"

"Oh, yes," sighed she, from the warm room of his arms; "I found out I wanted you, Peter, and it was my day to have what I wanted. I thought—I thought you were going to spoil my day!"

But he had crowned her day. He—this Peter—was the Peter she wanted. No other. She wanted him exactly like this, better and splendider than all the Peters of the earth!

"Did you bring my roses, Peter?" It was afterward now and they were seated together on the steps. She knew he must have brought them.

"I dropped the box when—when——" She knew when. "I'll go and pick it up. Mary, when I asked the flower-woman for scissors to cut the stems she told me—I've just found out they leave them long on purpose—I guess you've thought me a stupid——"

"Get them—get them!" she cried, "and I'll get the scissors. I *want* them short! I want them exactly the same." Peter's neat, dear roses, not a flower-woman's with splendid stems. She wanted no changes in Peter or her roses.

"Oh, I have had a beautiful day!" sighed Mary for very contentment therewith. "Every minute I've done as I pleased! I'm—doing as I please—now, Peter——"

"Mary, just once more, dear!" and as their lips met in the beautiful old way, Mary knew this was her verse of love.

Exhibits for the Sunday School

Suggestions for Picture and Curio Displays Which Will Add to the Interest

By MARION BROWNFIELD

IN a certain well-patronized public library a number of weekly exhibits are of continual interest to the public. Especially educative are the exhibits situated close to the joint entrance to the general reading and children's rooms.

These exhibits are well worth copying for the Sunday school, for they furnish excellent counter interest to amusements which might keep people away from the Sunday school. For example, a recent library exhibit was entitled "Peoples to the South of Us." About three dozen postal cards illustrated types of the different peoples of Mexico, Central and South America, their homes and activities. This southern field is one in which the Church needs to educate the younger generation's more altruistic interest to parallel our commercial invasion southward.

Other library exhibits of a sociological scope included a city map showing the foreign population by colors in different districts of the city, photographs of housing activities, especially in the slums, reconstruction work in Europe, Red Cross activities, women who are aiding humanity, etc. Literary exhibits, such as pictures of American and foreign writers, and displays in keeping with anniversaries such as Dickens's birthday are of course a distinctly literary attraction.

For the children, especially, a glass case about the size of an ordinary glass display counter, set firmly on a long table, has housed exhibits of handcrafts like wood carving, pottery, bead and basket work, paper toys, butterflies, Indian and historical relics.

Interesting and practical for the Sunday school—especially where a kindergarten or manual arts teacher will volunteer to co-operate—are the paper-constructed scenes. Thanksgiving, Pilgrim and harvest scenes, illustrated with homes and dolls, make the past much more vivid to children. Such objects as log cabins, Puritans, Plymouth Rock, the Mayflower, cornfields, Indians, spinning-wheels, settles and other details of the colonists' every-day life can be worked out effectively on a small scale. The religious significance of this holiday, as well as a nativity scene, for Christmas, is sure to appeal to every age in the church—the actual illustration of long ago events make them so much more real.

WHETHER the exhibits are to be entirely the kind that can be pinned to a blackboard, wall, or burlap curtain, or articles of various kinds, it is a good plan to appoint a committee to plan carefully these exhibits for the fifty-two Sundays of the year with reference to all church programs and holidays. Missionary occasions, Easter and Children's day, for example, should each have special attention. It is easy to find suitable materials for a picture exhibit from such sources as post-cards, snapshots, newspaper illustrations—particularly the rotogravure sections—and magazines. An appeal to the congregation for pictures will make members more enthusiastic to view the exhibit, for everyone is more interested in a thing in which he has had a hand. Just an announcement from the pulpit of the topics planned, say three months in advance, coupled with the request for co-operation, should set the members of the congregation busy looking everywhere for their best pictures.

Among the picture exhibits possible are the following: The people in our missionary field, scenes about Bethlehem, Madonnas (during December), life of Christ, the Apostles, unique missions in the United States, interesting churches of our own denomination, from the smallest to the largest, community churches, social centers in the United States, Chinese boys and girls, mountain whites of the South, negroes who are helping their race, industrial plants which have welfare work for employees, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. activities (use this when support is called for), Jane Addams and Hull House, Juvenile court work, child labor, what the Salvation Army has done for children, prison betterment, Boy Scouts, Campfire Girls, children who have done brave deeds and so on, quite endlessly.

Charts to illustrate the pernicious effects of alcohol, narcotics and smoking, with lists of business firms who will not employ men who drink or smoke, are splendid for the young men's class, being successfully impersonal sermons, but none the less emphatic and authoritative!

Exhibits of articles are possible under such classifications as Bibles and books our grandparents used, souvenirs of the war brought home by our soldiers, plants mentioned in the Bible, utensils used in the countries where our missionary works, and costumes of natives in our mission territory.

From paper, clay and other simple inexpensive material may be constructed the early churches of America, homes in Turkey, Armenia, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, China and Japan, for example, scenes illustrating the life of Christ, scenes along the Nile, industries of Biblical times, agriculture of the Bible, modes of travel (camel, donkey, primitive boats), famous buildings of the Bible.

Altogether the picture or article exhibit has great possibilities for interest and education for the Sunday school and may be comprehensive enough to interest everyone from the Cradle Roll up to the Men's Club. It might even be an exchange feature between young people's societies of different churches. By circulating these exhibits, contributions from many sources can be gained to make them extremely worth-while.

A FANCY

By Amy E. Poppe

I LOVE to think my cares are sheep
That in the summer twilight go
Over the distant slopes—until
They're lost to sight behind the hill.
My Father does not care, I know;
But seems to smile with look, benign,
Upon this fancy, sweet, of mine.
So, when the hour comes for sleep,
I love to think my cares are sheep.

The Editorial Forum

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The Storm That Rages Around Admiral Sims

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. SIMS, because he has a sailor's habit of saying what he thinks, has brought another hornet's nest down about his ears. This time his frankness was directed against Sinn Fein and its American adherents, and was voiced in London in circumstances that resulted in a peremptory cancellation of his leave of absence by the Secretary of the Navy and his return to Washington to face his critics.

Admiral Sims is an ardent advocate of an official accord between Great Britain and the United States, although he has not publicly urged an accord to the point of an actual alliance such as Lord Northcliffe and a strong group of English and American publicists are seeking to bring about.

Aside from the fact that Admiral Sims attacked a faction in American politics that has considerable strength at the polls, the sharp criticism that has been leveled at him is based on the fact of his position as a high naval officer, and the rule of the service that naval and army officers must avoid public discussion of international relationships. The fact that this was not his first offense, and that he had been sharply reprimanded by President Roosevelt for a similar breach of regulations, has been pointedly recalled. The bitterness of the present attacks on him, however, have reacted somewhat against his enemies and has aroused to his defense a large class of responsible and far-thinking men and women who are firmly convinced that the best chance of permanent world peace is the very thing Admiral Sims inferentially favors—an Anglo-American entente.

It is Lord Northcliffe, with his 110 influential publications in England who is taking the lead in that country in advocacy of an alliance between England and the United States and the withdrawal by the British Empire from all other alliances, including those with France and Japan. It is his conviction that an understanding between the two English-speaking powers for the preservation of peace would present a block that no nation or combination of nations would dare affront. He has strong adherents in both his country and ours, and the question is certain to result in wide, and probably heated, discussion in the next few months. This is particularly true just now for the reason that the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance is on the table for the London foreign office for almost immediate decision. The British Government thus far seems to be about evenly divided on the question, but powerful influences in addition to those exerted by Northcliffe are being used to force a definite pro-American policy.

There has been no official indication in Washington of the Administration's attitude, and London is watching carefully all the news from the Capitol to see which way the wind blows. The London Times correspondent, in a despatch prominently displayed in his newspaper, says "the ultimate desire, even the deliberate plan, of the Harding administration, is to bring the United States and the British Empire together in a working agreement which shall be world-wide in scope."

Co-Workers with God

WHAT are you doing with your life?

Have you reached the point where you have recognized the great truth that each of us is responsible for doing his or her share in carrying forward God's work in the world—that there can be no such thing as passive Christianity?

At no time has the call to the Lord's vineyard been so urgent as today. It is a time of spiritual harvesting and workers are needed everywhere. Great changes, which amount almost to complete transformations are taking place. The world is in transition. Potentates, rulers who held power over empires as a heritage, and had the fate of millions in their hands, have been swept aside. Thrones have crumbled to insignificance. It is a time of world-wide overturning, such as the prophets foresaw. And unless God's people everywhere stand fast in the faith and work mightily for and with Him, the divine plan for bringing order out of chaos may be long delayed in its accomplishment.

Our nation must turn its face resolutely toward the duty that calls us. We must unite, as never before in prayer and work for peace and righteousness. Not by church deliverances alone, nor by eloquent addresses can the soul of the nation be awakened to the duty that lies before it. The call is one that should be felt in the heart of every Christian. It summons us to individual duty, to grasp the new opportunity of doing personal work and of bringing souls into the Kingdom.

There is work for all, for the weak and poor, as well as the strong and affluent. Even a child can be taught to lift up the banner of the Cross. However humble your sphere, you can find opportunities for service—for working and praying in the line of God's purposes.

Make your life from today a record of work done for His sake Who has done and is still doing so much for you. In the home, the field, the workshop, or wherever duty calls, you can find opportunities. Be not a hearer only, but a doer in the helpful, spiritual efforts in your church, in your own family circle, and in kindly deeds, gracious sympathies and Christian encouragement strive to win others to the way of righteousness. Seek in prayer for divine wisdom and direction in all your activities, and you will be strengthened and equipped for every service. Finally, in all the work you undertake, give God the glory and be not ashamed to confess Christ before men. So may you make your life more abundant, laying up for yourself treasures the world can not bestow nor take away.

The Lure of Riches

THERE has been a good deal of discussion recently in the press concerning the right and wrong uses of wealth, and as to the arbitrary powers which excessive riches enables men of a certain type to assume. It has been claimed that the possession of such power conduces to an abnormal egotism, leading the individual to imagine himself a sort of superman, far above the range of his fellows, whom he learns to regard as mere pawns in the great game of which he is a master, and fit only to be used to minister to his desires.

Greece, in the ancient days, held that when a mortal rose to undue eminence and was swollen with pride and selfish indulgence, he became an offense to the gods. If their warnings passed unheeded they quickly compassed his downfall. His riches took wings. If on the other hand he showed wisdom and moderation, and practiced the virtues, and applied his influence and wealth to noble purposes, he was prospered and honored.

That wealth, with the power it puts within the reach of those who have not the right conception of its proper uses, is liable to become a menace to many, is abundantly proven by evidence that can not be set aside. It hardens the heart and makes it indifferent to the call of humanity, and careless of what is due to society. It condemns all that does not appeal to individual selfishness, to the love of pleasure and to the desire to be regarded as a "money king." A thousand opportunities for making it a means of blessing are missed. Obsessed by greed of gain and infatuated with the power it brings, the "poor-rich man" goes stumbling along through life, deaf to the call of duty and blind to the open doors of opportunity. Such was the man in the Interpreter's House of Bunyan's narrative, who kept raking straws and dirt, his eyes fixed on the ground while a Shining One bent over him, holding out to him a jeweled crown which he might easily have grasped for the reaching.

Answer These!

MR. EDISON'S Questionnaire has started the habit all over the country, by newspaper editors and school teachers and business generally, but we do not remember seeing any list of questions that covered the ground of real human experience. The list as Mr. Edison made it comprised what he called miscellaneous knowledge of certain facts in the scientific and material world. A knowledge of such facts might be of interest to the man who possessed them, but of no particular value as related to his human conduct.

As there is no patent carried by Mr. Edison or any one else in this matter of asking questions we venture on the following list which we claim is at least valuable in the direction of behavior:

(1) Do you love your (wife) (husband) as much as when you were first married, and if not, why not?
(2) When you die, how many people will be sorry, and what for?
(3) If you had to write your own obituary, what would you put honestly on the tombstone?
(4) How many enemies have you, and what makes them?
(5) Are little children glad when they see you coming?
(6) What is your definition of God?
(7) Do you believe in a future life, and if not, why?
(8) What is the best thing you ever did since you were born?
(9) As you get older, do you get happier?
(10) What is the source of your greatest pleasure?
(11) What is your greatest fault? What do your friends think it is?
(12) Do you always count honestly when playing golf?
(13) Can you love an enemy?
(14) Can you forget when you forgive?
(15) Whom would you like to be if you could be some one else?
(16) Do you get more fun out of being good or doing good?
(17) What do you imagine will be your business or activity when you get to heaven, if you get there?
(18) Do you pray, and if not, why not?
(19) Do you think you are getting better or worse as you get older?
(20) Is life on the whole worth while to you, and if so, why?

Thank you.

Dear Christian Herald:

Following some of your suggestions a few of our women brought together some parents to protest against the pictures shown our young people; for the present management has followed his own inclinations for seven years, and is making money at the expense of character building, we believe. When our High School Athletic association gave "Mid-Channel" as a Benefit, it seemed to furnish a concrete case upon which we could protest; the results so far as realized at present are the publicity given through our Daily News and appointment of a local censorship committee including the Manager.

Thanks are due you for a plan so practical that something tangible can be worked out for the protection of our people against vile, misleading, motion-picture films, and we believe every locality should wage war against this evil. We hope you will go right on with this work till there is no place in America where such films can be shown.

Sincerely yours,
(*Signed*) Mrs. W. W. PARKER

Batavia N. Y. June 4, 1921.

The Seventeen

WHAT Seventeen? The seventeen United States Senators who voted on June 1 against the additional Naval Appropriation.

As passed by the Senate, the bill carries $494,000,000 as compared with $396,000,000 voted by the House.

The vote on passage was 54 to 17. Five Republicans—Capper, Kansas; Norbeck, South Dakota, and Morris, Nebraska, voted against the bill.

The twelve Democrats opponents were Dial, South Carolina; Glase, Virginia; Harris, Georgia; Harrison, Mississippi; Heflin, Alabama; Hitchcock, Nebraska King, Utah; Pomerene, Ohio; Sheppard, Texas; Stanley, Kentucky; Trammell, Florida; and Watson, Georgia.

Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas explained his vote as follows:

"Before the war we appropriated about $115,000,000 annually for naval purposes. I think $500,000,000 too much. Now the House committee went into this question thoroughly and after full discussion decided that $400,000,000 was ample to maintain a first-class navy. I think the House was nearer right than the Senate committee, and for that reason I favored the House report. The time has come to shut off the lavish expenditure of public funds. The whole country is staggering under the burdens of debt and war taxes."

If one of these seventeen Senators is from your state, and you believe as Senator Capper does that "The time has come to shut off the lavish expenditure of public funds," write to the man representing your state in the Senate and tell him that you are with him on that proposition. The Christian Herald is for reduced armament, in concerted movement with the other great powers. And it is also for decreased expenditure in the building up of a great navy at a time when all the nations are staggering under tremendous loads, and at a time when so far as any earthly power can determine no nation on earth either wishes to make war on us or could do it if it wished to.

When will the folly of the legislatures of the people stop? Great Britain, Japan, and France all have smaller naval appropriations than the amount voted by our own Senate. What nation among the world powers is preparing to attack us? Why should the United States take on a burden of nearly $500,000,000 when the whole earth is groaning over the tragedy of a war that has beggared the civilized world? How long, O Lord, how long!

The most promising development in sight are the conversations beginning between Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State, and the Japanese Ambassador, to reach an agreement on all outstanding Japanese-American questions, and the new Imperal Conference in session in London.

The World News of the Week

Senate Rejects Peace Resolution Passed by House

CONGRESS has been having a difficult time in its efforts to bring about a technical state of peace through the adoption of a joint resolution and, with the Senate and House deadlocked as to the form of the resolution, its troubles continue. The leaders of the Senate majority agreed, after much discussion, to the Knox resolution, which was adopted and sent to the House. The House Foreign Affairs Committee did not like the wording of the resolution and substituted for it one drafted by its chairman, Representative Porter. Several weeks elapsed before the House took action and then the Porter resolution was adopted by a vote of 305 to 61—49 Democrats supporting it, while 60 Democrats and one Republican voted against it.

Speakers on the Democratic side vigorously attacked the Porter resolution as a poor sequence to the brave achievements of American soldiers in France, asserting that it would give to Germany every opportunity to disregard the rights of the United States and would afford no protection to American reservations under the armistice. The Republicans maintained that the resolution was merely technical and would be followed by a formal treaty of peace.

Section One of the Porter resolution is a declaration by Congress establishing "a state of technical peace" and "undertakes to do no more"; Section Two reserves all the rights of the United States by reason of its participation in the war and embodies "the qualifications essential to protect all our rights," according to Mr. Porter's explanation of it. The Knox resolution is broader and contains a repeal of the declaration of war—a step which Mr. Porter assailed as a repudiation of the war in which so many American soldiers lost their lives.

The Senate refused to accept the House substitute and the resolution was sent to conference, where several meetings failed to produce an agreement. With the authors of the rival resolutions on the conference committee, neither side was inclined to yield and it was considered probable the deadlock would continue until President Harding made his wishes in the matter more definitely apparent.

REVIEWING A PARADE OF 125,000 SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN

The ninety-second annual parade of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union in Prospect Park, in which 400 schools took part, was the greatest in the history of the Union. Among the notable persons who reviewed it were: Left to right, Postmaster-General Hays, Vice-President Coolidge, Mrs. Coolidge, James W. Gerard and Senator Calder

Deadlock on Navy Bill

TWO weeks of conferences have failed to bring an agreement on the Naval Appropriation bill, the Senate conferees demanding that the $98,000,000 which the Senate added to the measure shall be retained and the House conferees being equally firm for the reduction of the total to the $396,000,000 originally voted. The situation became so tense, in fact, that the House conferees abruptly walked out of the conference room and informed the Senators they were through with negotiations until the representatives of the upper chamber adopted a more conciliatory attitude.

One of the chief points of disagreement is over the Senate's addition of 20,000 men to the navy's personnel, an item involving $40,000,000. The House members contend that a force of 100,000 is adequate for the maintenance of the navy, while the Senators insist that such a figure would mean putting a considerable number of ships out of commission. Secretary Denby declared himself vigorously in favor of the Senate side of this argument. Another disputed item is for the purchase of foodstuffs, the House conferees contending that recent reductions in food prices make possible a material cut in the ration rate.

The Senate bill contains the Borah disarmament amendment, whereas a disarmament proposal was defeated in the House. House leaders decided to detach the disarmament resolution from the naval bill and to pass it as a separate measure.

Japanese Parleys Begun

SECRETARY HUGHES has begun conversations with Baron Kijuro Shidehara, the Japanese Ambassador in Washington, looking toward a settlement of all outstanding problems between the two governments. Several weeks will be required for the discussions, which take in the status of the island of Yap, Japanese immigration to this country, alien property rights, the restoration of Shantung to China, and the attitude of Japan with regard to Siberia. Satisfactory progress has been made so far, and there was evident a feeling that solutions acceptable to both countries could be reached

Under the Wilson Administration, Baron Shidehara and Roland S. Morris, then Ambassador to Japan, negotiated for some time and reached certain identical conclusions with regard to a settlement of the California alien land question and the immigration problem. The Morris report was turned over to Secretary Hughes and he has been studying it for some time, but the Yap controversy and other points of difference between the two governments delayed action. The new negotiations were said to have been started at the suggestion of Japan, which is anxious for a clearing away of all the points which have tended to promote ill-feeling.

If the two governments are able to reach an agreement it will not be necessary for the League of Nations Council to seek to compose the Yap controversy and other matters, and European statesmen probably will be glad to be relieved of the embarrassment of rendering decisions. A settlement also would be a long step in the direction of the maintenance of world peace and might be expected to help greatly the movement for a limitation of naval armaments.

Reorganization Plans Opposed

ALTHOUGH the Joint Executive-Congressional Reorganization Commission has scarcely begun its work of planning the reorganization of federal departments in the interests of economy and efficiency, President Harding has found it necessary to issue a warning that efforts by those in the government service to influence Congress in this connection would result in the dismissal of the offending officials. This warning, which was given at a cabinet meeting for transmissional to bureau chiefs, followed a complaint by Walter F. Brown, of Ohio, chairman of the Commission and the President's representative on it, that an active propagandist movement was being conducted to defeat the reorganization plans. Several senators and representatives were beginning to feel the effects of it, and Mr. Harding decided prompt action was in order.

The reorganization will mean the transfer of certain bureaus from one department to another and probably the elimination of some duplicating bureaus or agencies. Naturally the men whose positions are in danger are concerned about the suggested changes and are unable to see the advantages of any step which might affect them adversely. The Commission has not advanced far in its work, but the growth of the federal departments has been so haphazard and undirected that many consolidations and transfers are desirable. It was said at the White House that the Cabinet members were in thorough accord with the President's desire to effect a reorganization, but that there were differences of opinion as to the best methods of accomplishing it.

International

HIS JOB IS TO ENFORCE PROHIBITION

Major Roy A. Haynes, of Hillsboro, Ohio, at his desk in Washington just after taking the oath of office as Federal Prohibition Commissioner

New Dry Chief Takes Office

A NEW Federal Prohibition Commissioner—Major Roy A. Haynes, of Hillsboro, Ohio—has taken up the task of enforcing national prohibition, and his first declaration of policies was that anything short of strict enforcement of the laws "means chaos, means Bolshevism." Major Haynes, who long has been active in Ohio politics and temperance matters, is forty-one years old and since 1908 has been editor of the Hillsboro Dispatch. He was indorsed for his present post by leaders of the Anti-Saloon League.

In talking to newspaper men, Major Haynes forecast the prompt passage of the supplemental Volstead bill prohibiting the use of beer in medical prescriptions and indicated that he does not consider it necessary to issue now the beer regulations formulated by the Internal Revenue Bureau. "The public may be advised," he said, "that early consideration will be given to the tentative draft of the proposed beer regulations that has been prepared. A final draft will be completed just as soon as conclusions can be reached, but in the meantime it appears that the Volstead bill will become a law and will be passed within a short time; then it would seem to be useless to issue the regulations, since the existing law may be changed so as to make the regulations ineffective."

He also made a plea that newspapers, playwrights and motion-picture producers refrain from holding the prohibitory laws up to ridicule and suggesting that they may be broken easily. Such a course would create a sentiment for breaking the law, and he declared that "the man or woman or agency which condones its violation or becomes a party to its violations or encourages a sentiment of laxity in regard to its enforcement is helping to create, consciously or unconsciously, a very serious condition. The first year of national dry enforcement has been waged against almost insuperable difficulties. Due credit should be given to former Commissioner Kramer, a man of sterling integrity, firm convictions and splendid courage, and to his helpers for the progress made. They were the pioneers and pioneers are always seriously handicapped."

Allies Seek to Delay Greek Drive

THE Greek Government has prepared for a new offensive against the Turkish Nationalists in Asia Minor in an effort to crush Mustapha Kemal and to restore the prestige which was damaged severely by their recent defeat at his hands. Generally efforts are made to keep secret the fact that an offensive is being planned, but the Greeks have been discussing their intentions freely, and King Constantine has arrived in Smyrna to take a direct part in the drive. He expressed confidence that his army would be victorious and indicated that he had 200,000 fighting men in Anatolia, with another 100,000 in reserve, whereas the forces of Mustapha Kemal were believed to number not more than 100,000 effectives.

The British, French and Italian Governments despatched to Greece a note calling for the postponement of the offensive and suggesting that the Allies arrange peace with the Kemalists. The peace terms to be offered were not carried in the note, but it was indicated they would be much the same as those proposed at the recent London conference—evacuation of the vilayet of Smyrna by the Greeks, as well as other important changes in the Sevres Treaty for the benefit of the Turks. This made Constantine's position extremely difficult, for whether he accepts or rejects the Allied demands his government will be in danger of falling.

In connection with the Near-Eastern situation, it is interesting to note an allocation by Pope Benedict, delivered before a secret consistory, in which he expressed deep anxiety over the situation in Palestine,

Continued on page 478

At play on the green grass—there are no "keep off" signs—at the Christian Herald Children's Home

As Mont-Lawn Opens Its Doors

And They Are Wide Open Now for the Children of the City's Slums

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

AS MONT-LAWN, the Children's Paradise, opens its doors for the busy summer season there is much more involved than just the drawing of a latch—just the throwing wide of a gate. As Mont-Lawn opens its doors it means that hearts are opening too—that the way has been paved for the sunshine and happiness and love that every child should know.

I wish that each one of you, who read this article, could see Mont-Lawn as it is today. Because I think that the sheer, breath-taking beauty of it would surprise you. I have seen Mont-Lawn many times a year—and for a number of years. And each glimpse of it gives me a new and wonderful inspiration. Each corner of it holds fresh possibilities. Sometimes I find it hard, almost, to put the thoughts that come to me into coherent words. For words, after all, are weak and impotent and Mont-Lawn is a vital, pulsing reality.

And yet—despite the obvious beauty of the Children's Paradise—it isn't that beauty that makes the greatest impression. It isn't the dainty little dormitories, resting so peacefully upon the velvet lawns; it isn't the cool splash of the swimming pool or the welcoming width of Fort Plenty. It isn't even the dim quiet of the Children's Temple—where even a very tiny kiddie can feel the reverence and wonder of prayer. It's something more important than the physical aspect of the place that makes Mont-Lawn so different from other Homes. It's something more intangible, more indefinite. It's something harder to grasp, to phrase.

PERHAPS the word "atmosphere" comes near to expressing what I try to say when I speak of indefinite somethings. Perhaps it's the word "charm" that I mean. And perhaps it's some uncoined word, some spirit word, that's a combination of both. Because there is a quality to Mont-Lawn that is unique and exceedingly beautiful. One feels instinctively that the little visitors at the Children's Paradise will know every sort of kindness, every sort of consideration. One feels that they will be treated, not as "charity kids," but as loved guests. One feels that they will be accorded every courtesy.

I like to think that this atmosphere of Mont-Lawn is a far-reaching one. I like to think that it isn't only the result of the training of the sweet young women who take care of the children—the result of the bounty and friendship that are so readily bestowed. I like to think that the warm *inside* beauty of the place is a reflection from the loving hearts of the friends of Mont-Lawn whose gifts, year after year, have made the Home a glorious possibility.

I like to feel, somehow, that Mont-Lawn understands—that it knows the sort of material that it is built upon. I like to feel that the good wishes and prayers of the thousands of men and women who have remembered the little forgotten folk, are hovering over the peaceful vista of houses and green grass and trees. And I like to feel that the love of the One who blessed the children, so many centuries ago, is thrown—like a warm, encircling arm—around the whole of it!

Mont-Lawn—I wonder what the name stands for to you people who have never been privileged to see the home in all of its radiance? I wonder if the sound of the word, alone, can bring the sweetness of a dream to you? I, who have so often seen the Home, can draw all sorts of mental pictures from just saying the name over and over, and quite softly, to myself. I can see the majestic mountains in the distance and the cloudless summer skies, and the tall, green trees. And—best of all—I can see the little slum children playing in the sun. I can see them with their cheeks and lips and eyes aglow, learning what real happiness may be.

Mountains in the distance,
Overlook the scene—
Not a cloud to mar the sky,
Trees of vivid green.

Little children playing
All, with youth, aglow,
Were they really in the slums
Not so long ago?

AS MONT-LAWN, the Children's Paradise, opens its doors for the summer season there is another door—an unseen door—that opens, too. It is the door of opportunity and, through it, the shy youngsters of the city can gaze into the future that is on its way. For Mont-Lawn gives something—a very important something—besides food and clothing and fresh air. Mont-Lawn gives faith and ideals. It gives a model of American home life to pattern after. And it gives a set of standards to build upon—real standards that are practical and worth-while.

The children who come so eagerly from the city to Mont-Lawn, are the future citizens of our country. From many dark homes they come—from many hopeless places. Oftentimes they are the little victims of environment, oftentimes they have no desire to struggle against circumstance. The only homes that they have ever seen have been dirty homes—the only people that they have ever known have been the hopeless people of the slums. They have never dreamed of white beds, and clean clothes and baths—many baths! They have never been brought up to the knowledge of fresh air and proper sanitation.

In this condition of pitiful ignorance they are transported to Mont-Lawn. And there they live in spotless houses and sleep in delightfully fresh beds—there they eat food that has been prepared neatly and daintily, and learn to keep themselves clean. *There they realize the right way to live.* And there they find the ideal upon which future American homes will be built—the ideal of health and strength and cleanliness.

Oftentimes going through the slums, I

Continued on page 480

Everybody is ready to eat when the time comes to march into Fort Plenty. In the distance one sees a stretch of the broad Hudson

What Can Our Women Do?

A Sermon by REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXT—John 19 : 25. "There were standing by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene."

THERE is surely no more significant grouping in the Sacred Word. Darkness is over Jerusalem. The Lord is stretched upon the Cross. The end is near. In all the noisy laughing hostile crowd which throngs the place of crucifixion, His friends are very few. His disciples are scattered like sheep that are chased by wolves. One has betrayed Him. Another has denied Him. All are in flight. A numb ecclesiasticism has done its worst. Brutality has triumphed. Jesus of Nazareth is dying on the tree.

And yet here is a little company clinging together at the very heart of the tragedy. They have followed the Master through the streets and lanes of Galilee and they have accompanied Him on the longer road to Jerusalem. Some of them have been healed by Him; they are the captives of gratitude. They have all been blessed by Him; they are the captives of love. No public hostility has weakened their friendship. No fear of the night, no fear of the darkness has turned them back. They have gone right into the thick gloom and they are the Lord's companions at the Cross. And they are women. "There were standing by the Cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene."

I have not been able to get away from this brave little company. And I am linking them with the tragedy of our own time. Who is standing by the Cross of Jesus in the new crucifixion? Many things are breaking up. One venerable thing after another is being thrown away. Our vision is confused. The new roads can scarcely be seen, and traveling is perilous and uncertain. Many of the old guides seem to be out of action. The familiar voices are speaking in unfamiliar tones and accents. Old party-cries sound like thin ghostly echoes from the chambers of a dead and buried world. Everything is in movement. But as yet movement has no definite trend; it is like the confused restlessness of a tideless sea.

AND that group of women by the Cross recurs to my mind, and they come again and again. And I am wondering what they can do for us in our own tumultuous days. Where is woman going to be found and what is to be her incomparable ministry? Will she be the trustful guardian of sacred causes? Will she be the fearless friend of the Lord? Will she be the steadfast custodian of His holy mission? Will she be the valiant soldier of His sovereign will? Will she take her place with the little company who gathered at the Cross, not afraid of the darkness, not daunted by the vested power of mighty adversaries, but standing faithful at the very heart of things, even when the adversary seems to have triumphed?

And if they valorously abide by the Cross of Jesus, what will they bring to the common lot? First of all, they will stand in our national affairs for the *maintenance of the spiritual ideal.* We are entering upon a period of reconstructive ministry. Everywhere there is being kindled a wonderful enthusiasm for social reform. The beneficent fires are burning in the camp of every political party. Every party program glows with the passion to remedy abuses and to make the crooked straight. Everybody is intent on moral adjustments. Turn where you will, these genial fires are burning.

And therefore the moral fervor which is to reconstruct the life of a nation must be defended and preserved by spiritual ideal and inspiration. For it is the spiritual which feeds the moral. The reforming fire needs to be fanned by the breath of Heaven.

And it is surely here that the women can exercise a ministry which will be priceless in its issues. A woman's power of spiritual vision is her supreme endowment. Her religion is an exquisite intuition. Her sense of God is an extra sense, a kind of added sensitiveness which crowns her with a spiritual appreciation of a superlative order. She reaches spiritual realities, not so much by a train of reasoning, as by an immediate discernment; not by stages of inference, but by an insight swift and direct as light. To use our familiar phrase, a woman is naturally religious, which means that all religious avenues in her life are more free and open and receptive to the mystic messengers and the mystic commerce which comes to us from the unseen world.

And have we any greater need than this—such a sense of the values of unseen things as will prevent the things that are seen from putting us into iron bondage? For who does not know that things may be our prison, and that the more you multiply the things the sterner may be our imprisonment. Things may constitute a terminus, or they may constitute a thoroughfare. Things may be a blind alley leading nowhere, or they may be an avenue opening into the fresh, sweet spaces of the open country. Things may just be a means of existence, or they may become a means of grace. Things may be a starting-point, or they may be a goal.

AND so we need the spiritual ideal, the spiritual vision, the spiritual inspiration. By all means let us busy ourselves in making the crooked straight. Wherever in our social and national relationships we see anything twisted out of rectitude—like crushed and twisted nerves and arteries through which the common blood cannot flow in healthy currents—let the deformity be a challenge to us, and let us set about to make the crooked straight. And wherever there is a rough place, roughened and coarsened by injustice, tearing the feet of weary pilgrims, let us smooth it out by just and kindly dealings, and make the rough place plain. But when wrong things have been put right, we shall need the wonderful spiritual power which transforms things into sacraments, and makes them the servants of a larger freedom and the helpmeets of our souls.

Well, who like woman can give us this sense of God, and the sense of the divine values of things? Who like her can keep the nation's soul alive? Who like her can be our leader through a reconstructive social life into the risen life in Christ? It was a woman who was the herald of the Resurrection. It may be that in a richer and fuller sense she is to be the herald of another resurrection. If she stands by the Lord in the dark hour, she may again be chosen to be the Lord's messenger on the resurrection morn. Our women can save our country. "There were standing by the Cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." "Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord."

NOW, what may woman do for us in these phenomenal days? *She can exercise the ministry of wise and disciplined affection.* There, you say, you are dropping into the realm of sentiment! Well, and from what day and date has noble sentiment come to be tabooed? I know there is a silly sort of emotion which can no more express itself in strong and royal service than a pretty table fountain can turn the miller's wheel. But I am not now speaking of daintily colored table fountains, but of rivers, brimming the meadows, flowing majestically to the open sea. I speak of noble sentiment, of strong chivalrous emotion, of large and enlightened affections, moving with unceasing fulness by the river of water of life. Have we come to a day when this mighty ministry is to be belittled or despised? Is the power of affection to be counted inferior to intellectual strength? Or is it to take a subordinate rank behind legislative or political power?

The biggest thing, next to the sense of God, which God's women-folk can give to us, is a cleansing ennobling ministry of affection, an affection refined, passionate, skilful, ingenious, emancipating. More than ever are we going to need this mighty ministry, and the women who abide near the Cross of Christ are going to be the mighty servants of the Lord in the coming days of untraceable changes and transition.

What we need now, and what we shall need tomorrow, is some noble, pervasive, sacrificial energy which will stand as a sentinel at the moral frontiers and add itself as an army to the fighting forces of another's life. And what but love can supply this vigilance and courage? What but love can offer this mighty fighting power? Let me repeat it—love can add itself to another man's forces and thereby change an uncertain struggle into overwhelming victory. "Thou hast loved my soul out of the pit."

I know nothing more glorious in all the campaigns of moral and spiritual warfare than to see love calling out its reserves, and marching to another life, which is clouded by an almost forlorn hope, and kindling in those fields of despondency a spirit of courage which turns a rout into a brilliant triumph. Untold millions of men, ay, and women, too, have thus been shielded and saved by the heroic love of women: and it is because her love makes her the intimate kinsman of the Saviour of the world that we must ever regard it as the supreme jewel in her diadem, and the most powerful armor in all the shining panoply of her soul.

LET me name one other ministry in conclusion. It shall be the wealthy mission of woman, in the great days that are coming, *to infuse into the mind and temper of the nation the spirit and conception of the family.* All governmental matters are apt to be institutional and not inspirational. Reform is apt to be rigid and frigid, rather than free and natural. Our schemes of reformation can be more correct than human. A government may do a sort of carpentering work in joining together separated pieces of our dislocated society; but what we need is some strong, unifying spirit which can lead us into vital fellowship. We need more than national organization; we want a national organism. We shall not get very far if we only construct a finer machine. What we want is a nobler fraternal fellowship. We want more than an institution; we want a family. We want more than justice; we want humanity.

It is here that woman can play a tremendous part in the reconstruction of the next few years. She can help to vitalize cold statutes. She can spiritualize legal conventions. She can transform righteousness into goodness. She can make the blood of honest human feeling course and tingle through every nerve of our corporate life. More than any other, woman can convert nationality into fraternity, and make the city of Jerusalem the dwelling-place of the Lord.

These then, I think, are some of the primary ministries which can be rendered by woman in these momentous days? She can preserve among us the sensitive sense of God. She can keep alive the nation's soul. She can move among our complicated affairs in wise and disciplined affection. And she can infuse into the mind and temper of the nation the spirit and conception of the family. And all this she can be, and she will be; and all this she can do, if she abide by the Cross of Jesus. It is by the Cross of Jesus Christ that her own sacrificial love will be born and fed; and it is by the same Cross that she will enter into the solemn and wonderful inheritance of contagious joy and peace.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour dear," or "Just as I Am Without One Plea."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Acts, 9 : 32-42. "The Raising of Dorcas."

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 474, first column).

Sermon—"WHAT CAN OUR WOMEN DO?"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Blest Be the Tie That Binds," or "From Every Stormy Wind That Blows."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Into the retirement of service, and not of slothful and idle contentment, may we go from this service of the hour's worship, strengthened to do and to be in the name of Him who went about doing good, and found his resting-place in communion with the Father, even as we ourselves may find ours. We ask it in the assurance of faith and the happiness of friendship with Him. AMEN.

THE Near-East Relief is continuing indefinitely through the summer its campaign for contributions of warm clothing to be worn next winter by the destitute in Palestine, Syria, Armenia and other Near-Eastern countries in which the organization is conducting its widespread work of relief. With the stocks of clothing in those territories very low and with many thousands unable to make purchases, there will be widespread suffering when winter comes unless the people of America give their help. Discarded garments which are clean, warm and serviceable will be gladly received, and among the articles especially desired are shoes in which there still is sturdy wear, warm stockings and shawls. Flimsy clothing such as evening dresses obviously would be of little use. If there is no collecting station in your vicinity, your donation should be sent by parcel post or prepaid express direct to the Near-East Relief, 549 West 39th Street, New York City.

*Dr. Jowett's sermons, specially prepared for the Christian Herald, are published in the first issue of every month.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., R. Braunstein, D. J. Burrell, D.D., H. P. Hoskins, E. W. Caswell, D.D., and W. D. Stranahan

The Host of the Redeemed

SUNDAY. Rev. 7 : 9. "*I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.*" There are multitudinous national elements fused into a living brotherhood. Here are racial differences losing themselves in a vital union, as ten thousand separate streams lose themselves in the communion of the great deep. The first essential to national brotherhood is the "white robe." That necessity is fundamental. If the "white robe" be missing, brotherhood will always be counterfeit and a phantom. "White robes" are holy habits.

The cleansed heart is the primary necessity to a true union of hearts. Impurities can never be brought into permanent union. We fight against the law of God when we seek to establish cohesion between the unclean. This is true in the life of the home, as well as in the life of the nation. True family union can only be realized when every member of the family wears the white robe.

All the members of the great company carried "palms in their hands." The palm was a favorite symbol of the Hebrew people. Perhaps its gracefulness, its queenliness, its faithful endurance throughout the changing seasons, had made the people regard it as a beautiful and persistent friend. It was used as a symbol of conquest and sovereignty, and as such it has come down to our own day. We speak of a man as "taking the palm," by which we indicate that, after making a comparison, we decide that among many men this man is the victor, the best. So the palm is the emblem of conquest.

This multitude "whom no man could number," comprising every nation and every tongue, bear palms in their hands. What have they conquered? Self. Each has dethroned himself that he may crown his brother. By love they serve one another. Family life is impossible when each member is self-assertive, and constitutes a force of personal aggression. Family life is possible and beautiful when every member carries a palm, a symbol that self is merged and lost in the welfare of the whole.

There is yet a third characteristic. The multitude whom no man can number have their family life consolidated by a common praise. They unite in the glorious song: "Salvation unto our God who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." There is no unifying influence like worship and praise. J. H. J.

Simplicity of God's Revelation

MONDAY. John 3 : 16. "*For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.*" Religion is the revelation of God through Jesus Christ to the heart of man. Theology is what other men have said concerning that revelation. We are not Christians because we are theologians. We are theologians because we are Christians. Before we had the science of botany we had flowers. Before we had the science of astronomy we had stars. Before we had the science of theology we had God.

All sciences are complex. The rose of Christ is easier to understand than the botany of Christ. The Star of Bethlehem shines brighter than all other stars. Christianity as taught by the Master is simpler than theology of the school-masters. God's revelations can be stated in the simplest terms, in words of one syllable. The sun shines, the flower blooms, the rain falls, the brook sings, the bee hums, the tree grows—*God is Love.* God so loved that He gave His Son.

Spurgeon tells of a book of three pages. The pages are black, red and white. The black is for man's sin, the red is for the atoning blood, and the white is for man's soul cleansed from all unrighteousness. This is a simple description of the work of grace. We find no difficulty in understanding it. Vast systems of philosophy attempt to explain it. The heart of man needs no logic to grasp it. God's love is so great that it includes the last, the lost and the least. Jesus Christ died for all men everywhere. We can sing with Isaac Watts:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

R. B.

Amazing Love

TUESDAY. Eph. 3 : 19. "*The Love that passeth knowledge.*" It is related that a native helper in India, while engaged in assisting the missionary in translating the Scriptures into his native tongue, paused at this passage and said brokenly, "I cannot write it! O master, let me rather write, 'What manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be permitted to kiss His feet!'" But the Father will not have it so.

By faith in Christ we are restored to every privilege of sonship—the ring, the best robe and the forfeited inheritance.

Behold, what manner of love is this! What shall we render unto the Lord for His loving kindness? The utmost we can do is to take the cup of His salvation and pay unto Him our solemn vows.

"It passeth knowledge, that dear love of thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner such as me,
Right home to God!" D. J. B.

Going In and Going Out

WEDNESDAY. John, 10 : 9. "*I am the door: by me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture.*" Long before the ministry of Jesus, the imagery of the shepherd and the sheep had enriched the sacred writings. David, a shepherd himself, made frequent and eloquent use of it. Isaiah and Ezekiel and Micah all saw the coming Messiah as the Shepherd of Israel, and following the ministry of Jesus, Peter and the writer to the Hebrews used the analogy with touching effect. It was most natural, then, for Jesus to say, "I am the good shepherd."

Contrary to the thought of many, the Christian life is not a narrow life. It is the life of expansion. "They shall go *in and out* and find pasture." That means that the horizon of the Christian is ever widening. Like the chambered nautilus, he has left his outgrown shell by life's unresting sea. "He shall be saved" first of all from a self-centered existence; saved from investing his treasure on this earth; saved from a life of cowardly compromise; saved from smug, well-fed self-righteousness.

The epitome of the Gospel is expressed in those two words "come" and "go." When we come to Jesus we are going in. When we go to men, we are going out. We are not only saved to feed, but saved to serve. We are not saved from wasteful idleness alone, but saved for effective activity. The "going in" must stand for the inward experience of the Christian life; the "going out" for its outward expression. The disciples understood this when He first said, "Come: follow me!" And they understood it better when He told them to begin at Jerusalem and girdle the world with the message of life. Christianity is not fulfilled in rapt contemplation, but in active participation. The ideal Christian is one whose life is hid in Christ, while every faculty he possesses is expanded in retrieving a lost world.

"Pasture" is spiritual sustenance. We are fed, both when we pray and when we praise. We "go in" to hear and "go out" to tell. So the getting is counterbalanced by the giving, the instruction by the teaching, the courage by the fighting, the resting by the working. H. P. H.

Sharers in His Glory

THURSDAY. John 12 : 23. "*The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified.*" Only a few of His disciples had caught glimpses of this glory; the multitude did not begin to realize Christ's true greatness. The hour had not yet come for its revealment until the Greeks cried, "Sir, we would see Jesus!" Like the corn or wheat in the ground, His death was to be His glory. Calvary was to loom greater than creation's morning, or Bethlehem's manger. It was eternal love dying for the creature. No summit in eternity will rise loftier than the Cross. The crescent pales and perishes before the "name above every name," the crown above every crown. His humiliation is exaltation; after His death, the glory He had with the Father before the world was discontinued.

His glory becomes ours through faith in Him and His heaven our home.

He Who had the keys of the gates of death opened them on the heavenward side; yea, Samson-like, carried the gates away upon His shoulders! His triumph over death, hell and the grave, is His mightiest achievement.

It is love laying down its life not for friends, but for enemies, washing out their stains into purity, their hate into love, their debt and penalty into freedom and friendship forever. The joy arising from His glory was in beholding the millions of the redeemed returning to the heavenly Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, when sorrow and sighing hath fled away. E. W. C.

The Grandest Oratorio

FRIDAY. II Pet. 1 : 21. "*As moved by the spirit.*" The Bible is a volume made up of sixty-six books, on a large variety of themes under the general head of religion; the work of more than forty writers of various nationalities, speaking divers tongues, and writing at intervals along a period of sixteen hundred years. And the volume thus composed is such a homogeneous unit that it has furnished the world with a universally accepted system of ethics and a system of doctrine which, whether rejected or accepted, is conceded to be consistent and harmonious from beginning to end.

Shall this be called a mere coincidence? I say it is more difficult to accept that view than it is to believe in inspiration. If forty persons of different tongues, temperaments and degrees of musical culture were to pass through the organ loft of a Church at long intervals and strike sixty-six notes on the keyboard, which, when combined, should yield the theme of the grandest oratorio that ever was heard, would not the man who regarded that as a mere fortuitous happening be regarded, by universal consent, as a foolish man? The only possible explanation would be that one Tonemaster was in control. Thus did holy men write as they were moved by the Spirit of God. D. J. B.

False Hope

SATURDAY. Job 8 : 14. "*Whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be as a spider's web.*" The world is full of hope of various kinds. Alike in the dreams of childhood, the resolves of youth, the purposes of manhood, and the more chastened anticipations of old age, we may see its powers displayed. The faculty of hope is a great motive force of human action. False hope, Job declares, is as a spider's web. Such webs are often beautiful as we behold them sparkling in the sunlight. Fair in external appearance are the hopes which even the impenitent cherish. The power of hope will often enable a man who is entirely destitute of the grace of God, to paint the future in roseate hues; to dream dreams of possible excellence, and to call up visions of the glory of heaven, which, though unsubstantial as the gossamer of a spider's web, are not without their attractive features. It is well known that spiders produce from their own bodies the glutinous fluid with which they form their web. Even so the hopes in which the sinful indulge are self-produced. They rest upon no solid basis of God's word for support. They have no divine origin.

How slight and strengthless is the spider's web! The fall of a leaf will destroy it, a gust of wind will sweep it away. So the man who rests his hopes in the efficacy of sacraments or the virtue of mere formalism, or outward morality, as furnishing in themselves sufficient grounds for the divine approval, shall surely be, according to the Master's teaching, and as Job declared, among those "Whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be as a spider's web." W. S. S.

Among Christian Workers

EVANGELIST John Goode, of the Bowery Mission, New York, has just returned from a successful preaching tour in the Western States. He spoke to large audiences in the churches and everywhere met a cordial welcome. His eventful career, his ultimate conversion and the experiences of his subsequent years of activity in the Gospel harvest field made a deep impression upon thousands of those who heard him tell his story. Churches and allied organizations desiring to be included in Mr. Goode's next itinerary should address him care of the Christian Herald, New York City.

Evangelist A. Sheldrick, well-known as a successful Gospel worker in Great Britain and the United States, is returning to England after more than fifteen years' sojourn here. In 1905 the late Dr. Klopsch invited Mr. Sheldrick to this country, where he has since been actively associated with many prominent evangelists. After he had spent seven years here, he returned to England for a brief vacation with Gipsy Smith, with whom he traveled twenty thousand miles in two years. Mr. Sheldrick is the author of several books on prophecy.

John H. Wyburn, for several years Superintendent of the Bowery Mission and since 1906 head of the McAuley Water Street Mission, recently passed away after a short illness. Mr. Wyburn was converted in the Water Street Mission in 1888, during the superintendency of the well-known rescue worker, Samuel H. Hadley. He was greatly beloved and was known as one of the most devoted and successful workers among fallen men.

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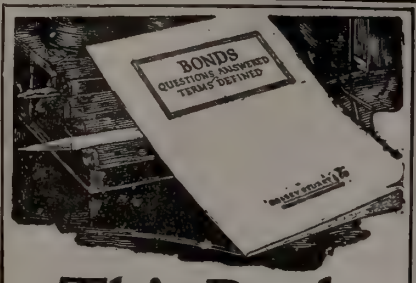

This Book
answers these questions authoritatively

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Why Speculate?

When Safe Investments Give Such Remarkably High Yields

By C. R. LEAKE

THE above heading was used for an article which appeared in the Christian Herald, November 6, 1920. It is just as pertinent today and when you consider that during 1920 nearly half a billion dollars was thrown away in "wild cat" stocks and it is figured that half of this sum at least was taken not from big city people but from those in small community centers, you will get some idea of the tremendous need of careful study and the best advice obtainable before investing a dollar.

It is conceded that those of us who live in small cities and towns have very few chances compared with our big city brother to make money quickly. It is done, of course, but it is the exception, and where a family is found with funds to invest it represents in most cases years of faithful work and, greater still, years of self-denial.

The turn of the half year is a reinvestment period for many. Mortgages fall due. Interest is due, perhaps on stocks or bonds purchased in the past, and again comes the question of how best to put these funds to work. It is unlikely that this generation will again see such bond investment bargains as are now available. How long they will be available is a question, as we are fast swinging back to normal, so the wise investor will put his money to work in long-time bonds at the unusually high rate of interest obtainable today just as quickly as *he has made sure* that he has chosen a sound investment.

There are bonds selling at a price today to yield 8 per cent. and when one stops to think a thousand-dollar bond bought today at 8 per cent. will in ten years double itself. Example: A First Mortgage Real Estate Bond may be bought which pays 8 per cent. or $40.00 each six months. If you invest this $40.00 at 6 per cent. as you collect it every six months it will amount to another $1,000 at the end of ten years. This is true of many bonds today and in most cases the same bonds on which investors a few years ago thought four per cent. interest a fair return.

A FEW questions come to mind that may quite naturally come to yours as you read this. From whom could I buy good bonds at this time? How could I be sure that the financial house is a safe one with which to deal? How could I get delivery of purchases without parting with funds in advance? If I haven't $1,000 at this time, how can I invest smaller amounts? I have interest of $40.00 that I would rather invest than run the chance of spending on unessentials; how is it to be done?

It is not so long ago that the large investment houses disregarded the existence of the small investor entirely. Most of them were catering to the demand for large blocks of securities by trust companies, banks and insurance companies and a selected list of individuals who were known to buy in large amounts. Conditions have changed. The leading investment houses report average sales of $1,000 where in prewar days they reported their averages at twenty to thirty thousand. The small investor was compelled to depend on the small and little-known investment house and did not enjoy the sense of security that his wealthy brother had in dealing with the well-known investment firm. The financial houses advertising in the Christian Herald are recognized as ones of high standing, and it's a good time to state that inquiries to our free booklet column are sent by us to firms who have stated their willingness to correspond direct with the subscriber, and in all cases you may be sure they are well known and conservative investment brokers.

How often one is requested to send money in advance for all sorts of articles that one buys and just as often one feels the injustice of paying before examining the article. You may invest, however, by instructing your investment broker to send securities direct to your local banker, draft attached, and you need not pay for them until you completely satisfy yourself that the transaction is to your entire liking. For many years the small-town banker was looked upon as an insurmountable barrier, but in most cases he was right in advising local investment where his friends and neighbors could actually see just what they invested in. He knew that the better class of investment house had little time for the development of this market and it was left wide open for the men who sold "gold bricks." Conditions for him have changed, too. He realizes his opportunity to help in the development of our tremendous resources for the benefit of all rather than the few.

It is perfectly natural for us to have broader views and take a more active part in American life if we have funds invested in an enterprise of national scope. The Liberty Loans more than any other thing, I think, made for unity and made possible the greatest army the world ever saw trained and on foreign soil in a little more than a year. It is just as great a duty today to save and invest as our national progress absolutely depends on it.

THERE are many good houses that we can recommend through which you can buy any bond you may decide upon on the partial-payment plan. In most cases you receive six per cent. on all monies paid in and receive your bond when fully paid for. You do not lose funds paid in, in case of your being unable to continue payments. We are glad at all times to advise with you, both as regards your selection of a financial house and your selection of investment. For many years a man or woman's investments, for some unknown reason, were considered a big secret. It was a "break" to ask one where his funds were at work. I suppose the real reason for this came into being originally because people made such horrible investments and in a great many cases used such terrible judgment they were ashamed of themselves. This is all changed now—it's a subject of interest to the entire family, and most people now talk it over frankly with their friends and their banker, as one cannot learn too much in regard to proper safeguards of his principal. Nothing so saps our national life as the losing in unfortunate investments, that which usually represents toil and thrift and sometimes the work of a lifetime, not only the work of the bread winner but that of the family. Thrift as practised in the American Home today actually is the backbone of this country.

If you want to invest for a few years rather than for a long period short-term notes are ideal investments. Many persons have improvements to make but are putting them it off until prices are within the amounts they wish to spend, and these funds can be put to work at good interest in the meantime to yield as high as nine per cent., and you may select notes that are payable in one, two, or three years from now.

Consider first of all in making selections of notes or bonds *safety*, and you of course will select those investments that are best suited to your personal needs. Don't be afraid to seek advice from those who have sound business judgment and are in a position to know, then when you have decided again, go back to your first consideration of safety. Don't take a chance when safe investments are selling at bargain prices and will give you an interest return that is considerably higher than we shall see again in this generation. Money rates are bound to be reduced within a comparatively short time and our opportunities for safety and six to eight per cent. will be over.

We again ask "Why Speculate?"

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Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To Invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6% First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for circular 38.

Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving hign average yield of 12¼%—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 48.

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Details of the First Mortgage 5 per cent. ten-year gold bonds of Libby McNeill & Libby to yield about 7.6% are contained in Circular 45.

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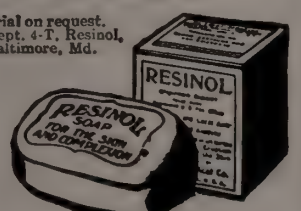

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Saul, the Pharisee

International Sunday-School Lesson for July 10
Acts 7:54-8:3; 22:3, 4; 26:5, 9, 10

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

WHEN the small boy ran into a saloon and told the bartender that his sign had fallen down, he was a real philosopher. The dispenser of alcoholic poison came to the door and discovered that a drunken man lay on the sidewalk. That man, however, was the product of the saloon and in the truest sense its sign. "What is the product of your school of thinking?" is always a fair test of any sect, philosophy or religion. Saul boasted in his early days that he was a Pharisee. In his later years he freely admitted his early pharisaism, but not with the same pride. Pharisaism produced the death of Stephen. Martyrdom was the outcome of such vicious thinking.

Turn to your Bible dictionary for a general statement concerning "Pharisees." Every Bible student needs some books for continuous reference. "A Dictionary of the Bible," by John D. Davis, is one of the best in a single volume. Buy a book a year for Bible study if you cannot purchase one each month.

In Christ's days there were three Jewish sects: Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes. Many beliefs of the Pharisees were right, such as immortality of the soul, resurrection of the dead, existence of spirits, rewards and punishments in the next world. Then the Pharisee said that religion consisted in an exact conformity to the law. They made religion an external matter, rather than of the heart. In addition to the law as given in the Old Testament there were many interpretations made by the Pharisees, and these were also binding on the sect. Self-righteousness, hypocrisy, over attention to minutia and neglect of essentials were outcomes of this school of reasoning. They were ready to use harsh force to make others conform. Men of high standing, such as Gamaliel, the teacher of Paul, are numbered among the Pharisees.

"The Church owes Paul to the prayer of Stephen," said Augustine. In this respect Stephen is like Andrew, who hunted up his own brother, Peter, and brought him to Jesus Christ, who became his Saviour. The fact of Saul's complicity in the death of Stephen is awful, and Saul could never unrelate himself to that martyrdom. The look of Stephen could never be forgotten. Saul may not have been active in actually casting the death-dealing stones upon Stephen, the man with the heavenly-radiant face, but he was ready to care for the garments of the murderers. His zeal to make conformists caused him to give the vote of death with a clear conscience. He soon became so expert as a heresy hunter and so brutal in his methods of arrest, that he was made one of the chief detectives of so-called unbelief, going even to Damascus for his prey. He became so unconscionable, or conscientious, according to the viewpoint, that even women were arrested by his orders when he found them "in the way." Unknown to himself, this Pharisee was so enshackling his life that there could be no power of release except by a miracle, which could be performed only by the Lord Jesus Christ.

SAUL was very conscientious, but absolutely wrong. Many are still declaring that their acts are right if their conscience does not condemn them. Conscience within us sits as a judge, but judgment can be partial. Absolute truth must be the standard by which *right* decisions are made. Pilate asked Jesus: "What is truth?" but he did not tarry for the answer from the only One who could always give the positive and final answer.

Henry Clay Trumbull said: "Conscience tells us that we ought to do right, but it does not tell us what right is—that we are taught in God's Word." Edwards declared: "As the sun dial cannot make known the hour when the sun does not shine on it, so conscience is not a plain or safe guide to duty unless it is enlightened by God's Word." Conscience can be so seared, as by a hot iron, that it ceases to act and to react under the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit. Ships with good compasses and careful captains have been wrecked because the needle was deflected by unknown deposits of metal.

Saul's pharisaism was leading him into continuous sins. Nothing less than the infinite power of God could set him free. His conscience could not be trusted. Saul was doing more harm to himself than he did to Stephen. Stephen could see the opened Heaven "and the Son of man standing at the right hand of God," but Saul was not able to even see the gates of hell toward which he was hastening.

While Paul is our central character for study during the coming months, we will have numerous opportunities of making character studies of others also. Special attention should be given to the first Christian martyr—Stephen. He is soon following in the footsteps of his Master, as he goes to death at the hands of those who would destroy Christianity by killing believers and leaders. Multitudes of others have joined that great army of martyrs, and still others are to be numbered among those who will have kept the faith *regardless*. Read, with careful meditation, the concluding verses of Acts 7. The world needs more Christians with the shining face which comes from beholding the Triune God. Moses is the typical one in the Old Testament and Stephen in the New. Who is the teacher, the man or woman, boy or girl, whose face is just glorious from knowing and seeing God? Is yours thus radiant?

PERSECUTIONS have come upon the Church in every age. At times the barbarity has been more severe, as was the condition following the death of Stephen. The members were scattered and they went forth, not in silence, but as preachers of the soul-saving Gospel. These persecutions helped them to obey more fully the Great Commission. The Church grew.

Korean Christians have had their sad but glorious experiences in recent months, but the Korean Church is more a praying church today than ever before. The world should watch intently for the news about that church, during this second year in their special series of three years of concerted and directed activity.

The products of pharisaism and Christianity can be contrasted in the barbarity of Saul and the loving-kindness of Stephen, who, as he was in the midst of his great suffering, kneeled down and prayed like unto his Master at Golgotha, "Lay not this sin to their charge." This also was the prayer of Miss Edith Cavell, when about to give up her life in Belgium. In our Lord's Prayer we ask for pardon just in proportion as we forgive others who have wronged us—"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

Saul was forgiven by the grace of God, but his acts were forever written on the pages of his life. Years after, when in Cæsarea, and addressing King Agrippa II, he must needs tell the story of those earlier years. Young people often say, when they wish license, liberty and undue freedom, "This will not count." But it always does and wild oats persist in bearing fruit, often with heart-breaking surprises.

Two books are suggested for special study in addition to those named last week: "The Christian According to Paul," John T. Faris, and "Paul in Everyday Life," John Douglas Adam. Both books give a section each day for thirteen weeks. The two books will therefore be valuable in covering the time of the six months studies in the life of Paul.

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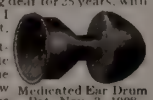

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Young People's Topics for July 10

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Living Close to Christ

E. L., I John 3 : 18-24; John 15 : 7-10

THE complexities and bewilderments of life make it necessary to live close to Jesus Christ. In the midst of the puzzlements and distractions of the times He is the Way, the Truth and the Light. There are many ways that are false. The innumerable religions are a witness to that fact. The only safe way is the religion of Jesus Christ. It is impossible to go astray, become lost in the far country, get turned round in the fog of materialism if one stays close to Jesus. There are so many teachings today that one is prone to become more and more confused [the further they are investigated. But Jesus Christ is the teacher of the truth of God and nothing but the truth of God. There are all sorts and conditions of lights burning, but they are all will-o'-the-wisps that lead to miry bogs and pitfalls. Jesus Christ is the true Light, the light of the world, the only light the world needs for mental guidance. The great questions of the day concerning individuals and nations are solved when He speaks and His teaching is obeyed to the letter. These facts are as old as Christianity itself.

Others need that we live close to Jesus Christ. For multitudes whom no man can number there is much mystery in life. Life itself is a mystery to all who know not God and His love as revealed in His Son. There is the mystery of sorrow, of temptation, the mystery of failure. Unless they learn how to interpret these in the light of the teaching of Jesus they are helpless and baffled. Have we, as Christians any message for those who are the victims of the Christless life? Are we living close to the Master of Life? If not then are we and the world great losers. If we are not living close to Jesus Christ because we do not know how to live close to Him, let us listen to the author of our references. John lived close to Jesus Christ. He will tell us how to do it.

What Is Our Reasonable Service

B. Y. P. U. and C. E. Rom. 12 : 1-8

OUR reasonable service is to present our bodies a living sacrifice, says Paul. Paul was not a seeker for death. He was willing to die whenever God said so. Sometimes death may come in the expression of duty and the path of service, but it is not right to die until God is willing. Some years ago General Nogi of Japan took his life to show his devotion to the emperor. But our Emperor does not wish us to do that.

Certain devotees of religion used to think the way to serve God was by fasting, by the infliction of wounds, by giving up to death. That is not a reasonable service. On the contrary it is exceedingly unreasonable. The real Christian is not a mutilated or amputated person. The real Christian is a dedicated person. Think of the false religions of the world. Think of men and women bowing down to reptiles, idols of stone, crocodiles and frogs, offering themselves to fire and water to be burned and drowned—the whole thing is unreasonable. It is not necessary to suffer in order to be a martyr. If a follower of the Master is not a martyr before he dies he is not likely to be a martyr after death. A martyr is one who is willing to die if that is necessary, if God so wills, if in bearing witness to the truth, his life is taken. But the reasonable service that God asks is that that plunges into the work of the kingdom, not with the thought of dying but with the thought of doing good. Lyman Abbott said, "Christian sacrifice is a consecration, not a destruction." Mrs. Browning said, "Free men freely work, whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease."

Our living bodies, used in the service of God, that is the ideal. Every muscle that is used and tightened by the use in service to God, spells spiritual service rendered to our fellow men. God wants us to use our animal strength, not in the halls of pleasure and vanity fair, but in the arena of ministry and kindly deeds.

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 471

owing to the activity of the Jews, and urged the governments of the Christian nations to appeal to the League of Nations for a definition of the British mandate in Palestine. He accused the Jews of "taking advantage of the sufferings of the inhabitants due to the war" and deplored "the privileged position enjoyed by the Jews in Palestine, which is dangerous for Christians."

REV. DR. J. B. GAMBRELL DIES. Rev. Dr. James Bruton Gambrell, famous educator, editor and for four years President of the Southern Baptist Convention, died in Texas at the age of 79. Funeral services were held in the First Baptist Church of Dallas. After serving in the Confederate army with the rank of Captain, he was ordained in 1867 and rapidly achieved prominence in religious work. He retained his strength and energy to the end and only a year ago, while still president of the Southern Convention, made a journey through Europe strengthening and encouraging Baptist activities.

LABOR FEDERATION IN SESSION. The American Federation of Labor is holding its annual convention in Denver, with resolutions by Irish sympathizers calling for a boycott on British goods and for American recognition of Ireland, promising to cause bitter discussion. Samuel Gompers, in his opening address, called for closer alliance and co-operations between organized labor and the farmers "in order that we shall not be crushed by the reaction of industrial captains or princes of finance."

ARMS HIDDEN ON SHIP ARE SEIZED. Several hundred machine guns believed to have been destined for the Sinn Fein in Ireland were found hidden in the coal bunkers of a steamship at Hoboken and were taken in charge by Federal officials.

NEW AMERICAN LEGION HEAD CHOSEN. The National Executive Committee of the American Legion has elected John G. Emery, of Grand Rapids, Mich., to succeed the late Colonel Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., as the Legion's national commander. Major Emery, who had been vice-commander, went to France in the fall of 1917 and participated in several battles.

C. E. WOODS TO BE AMBASSADOR TO SLAIN. President Harding has decided on Cyrus E. Woods, secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for the post of Ambassador to Spain. Mr. Woods was Minister to Portugal from 1910 to 1913.

ADMIRAL SIMS RETURNING HOME. Rear Admiral William S. Sims has cabled to Secretary Denby an acknowledgment of an order cutting short his leave of absence and directing him to report to the Secretary immediately upon his arrival in Washington and has left London to take ship at Southampton. He has made nothing approaching a retraction of his London speech attacking Sinn Fein propagandists in America, which caused such a wave of discussion, favorable and unfavorable, in this country.

RIOTING AT GOMEZ FUNERAL. Three persons were killed and ten seriously injured in Havana when a stampede of many thousands followed a clash between the police and rioters at the funeral of General Jose Miguel Gomez, former president of Cuba and for years a storm center in the island's politics.

SENATE PASSES HOUSE PACKER BILL. The House bill for the regulation of the meat packing industry was passed by the Senate by a vote of 34 to 31, following the rejection of the Senate's measure on the subject.

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

NO. F., St. Croix Falls, Wis., writes a most interesting letter on conditions that exist in many modern churches. She says: "What we need is union. People are heartsick for Christianity, not sectarianism in antagonistic camps. The temples of God have been guarded by self-appointed gatekeepers. They cull out those they consider undesirable associates for their children, thus making for the church a social standard. If a poorer church is nearby, their leaders hold out the invitation, 'All can come; nobody is too poor or low; all are welcome.' Result: hardly any one comes. People who find themselves barred out of church seldom go back. They have really slipped farther down the ladder, and instead of humbly coming back, they blame those who put the stumbling-block in their way. Oh! if Christians could only realize what is depending on them today, and throw away their pride and come together in the name of Christ, for service, the whitening fields would yield a wonderful harvest. People are hungry for a crumb of real Christian fellowship. Asking bread, shall we give them a stone? A smile can change the whole atmosphere of a day. How and where do we give them?"

"Patty," Oldwick, N. J. The old campaign verses are not in our collection. For the words of the hymn, "O Sing to Me of Heaven," write to Biglow & Main, New York, who may have it in some of their hymn books.

E. W., Madison, Fla. Home and Foreign Missions are both important. The Home call must never be neglected in our enthusiasm for Gospel work in distant lands. With over 100,000,000 population, less than half of them members of churches, it must be clear to any mind that there is a vast missionary work calling us right at our own doors. What the denominations are doing in both fields can be learned from their latest annual reports which you can procure by writing to the secretaries.

E. W., Shawnee, Wyo., writes telling of a Sunday-school class of boys whose members left, not waiting for dismissal, and played a match game of baseball on vacant lots near the Sunday-school building. The writer suggests that employers should give the boys the Saturday half-holiday, which might be the means of stopping Sunday desecration.

Among the many letters we have received, discussing the question of "Age in the Ministry," the following from Rev. E. R. Carswell of Greencastle, Ind., has specially interested us, as it will doubtless interest Mail-Bag readers: "The writer is now founding out his fifty years in the ministry. Your question of 'Age in the Ministry' recalls a heated discussion, when I was in my first and second pastorates—in the early twenties. A prominent minister of Alabama lost his temper over the discussion. As a boy preacher, I wrote an article defending our ministers of maturer years, and part of my reward was a personal letter from my beloved preceptor in the seminary, Dr. John A. Broadus, thanking me and expressing the judgment that the article would do good. The gist of the thought was that years are not to be considered, except favorably; that ripe apples are the kind to eat; that the churches and younger preachers can not afford to forfeit the wisdom and helpfulness of our fathers who have grown old in the harness, but retained their vigor and freshness and pliability in service; and that it surely will be the preacher's own fault, if he is laid aside, just because his locks are silvered and the years pile up on him. At least, that it should be so—that the churches should rather seek out men of matured knowledge and richness of experience, and that the churches needed to dread far more the clerical novice than the inefficiency of mature ministerial character. These sentiments, penned when a boy, are endorsed by the man of fifty years in the ministry. At 71, the boys and girls, young brethren and sisters are still my pals. There are others. When I was a boy preacher, I honored and valued and learned from the brethren of age and ripeness in knowledge and experience. Now that my years class me with the fathers, I love and pet and encourage the boys in the ministry And, sad to say, it has come to be a real issue these last decadent years. There is a craze for inexperienced fledglings, and a tendency to shelve the men of years. More than the old preachers, the churches and the cause will be the losers by this suicidal exchange. Allow the young men time to grow naturally and safely into wisdom, while we utilize to the last days of life, the precious men of God who have kept to their tasks through long years, and proven God's faithfulness through experiences that have ranged the whole scale and played the entire gamut. The writer, when 24, rode forty miles in a buggy to have a dying minister of 80, who could not read for years after he began preaching—old Bobby King of South Carolina—lay his hands on his head and ask God's blessing."

Reader, Tarrytown, N. Y. According to the statistics of the World's Sunday School Association, there are in the whole world 27,709,700 Sunday-school pupils with 2,586,825 teachers. North America has 17,065,061 pupils and 1,697,820 teachers, Europe 7,943,440 pupils and 680,189 teachers.

J. M. B., Cincinnati, O. The bond of loving friendship in Gospel work which existed between Dr. Chapman and Charles M. Alexander, the singing evangelist, was an unusually strong one. When Alexander lay dying, he desired that the chorus of the hymn, "One Day," written by Dr. Chapman, and which he had so often led choirs in singing, should be engraved on his own tombstone. The verse he chose was:

"Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me;
Buried, He carried my sins far away;
Rising, He justified freely forever;
One day He's coming—O glorious day!"

Mrs. K. E. J., Navasota, Tex. There is no organization on earth that has done so much for suffering humanity as the Church. It has been at the front of every great work of charity and helpfulness throughout the centuries and has done incalculable good.

P. B., Auburn, Wash. This journal was the first to send relief to the people of the suffering European nations. It had relief work conducted by committees in France, Belgium, Austria, Germany, Poland, Turkey, Serbia, the Near East, and several others (including aid for war refugees in England and Holland), and continued the work until war conditions made further efforts impossible in Serbia, Germany, Poland and Austria. These operations included help to both friends and foes, recognizing that it is a Christian duty to make no distinction where the need of noncombatants—men, women, and children—was evident. America draws no line in its spirit of helpfulness.

E. L., Rockville, Ind., writes: "Rev. Benjamin Cox said in his sermon in the Christian Herald that the great need of America is, as far as possible, to take the 'sin' out of 'business.' The letter 'i' also occurs in the middle of 'business,' and how much better would it be to exalt the 'i'. 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life . . . I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me.' I suggest we uplift the great '*I Am*' and 'sin' will not be so prominent."

J. K., Pueblo, Colo., writes: "If the United States would announce to the world that our policy from henceforth will be to reduce our army and navy to the minimum, building no more battleships, and that our efforts and our money would be used to further commerce and the establishment of friendly relations among the nations of the world, within ten years all the other nations would do likewise. Right always will triumph, and the only way to avoid future wars is to speedily bring all nations to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. I believe a united effort on the part of the professed followers of Jesus, directed toward our Congressmen, would speedily bring this about."

Reader, Indianapolis, Ind. It is wrong to attribute to the Almighty afflictions that are due to violation or neglect of those physical laws which God has established, and which are everywhere operative and unescapable, the consequences falling sometimes on the innocent as well as the guilty.

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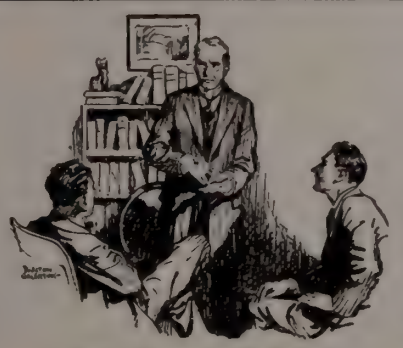

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Discussing Age in the Pulpit

Many Letters Show That the Minister With Years of Experience Is Appreciated

A VERY wide response has been received commenting on the article which appeared in the Christian Herald of May 14, entitled "Age in the Pulpit," and propounding the question, "At what year does the minister's value to his parish begin to decline?"

The writer, who was well grounded in his subject, discussed the cases of several aged pastors who "had been laid aside," as too old for service. His vivid presentation of the whole question has awakened sympathetic interest, and many of the letters that have been received relate instances of faithful preachers who have labored successfully up to a certain age, when they have been dropped, owing apparently to the desire of the controlling interests in the church, to secure the services of a younger and "up-to-date" pastor. Some of these cases are peculiarly pathetic. Ministers with records of splendid service and who excelled as soul-winners and up-builders of Christian life and character, find themselves, with advancing years, churchless and unemployed, while young and inexperienced men, fresh from college and unequipped to take up the spiritual work they have laid down, are in their places.

Yet there are churches that appreciate the value of experience in the pulpit, and to whose members their pastor's gray hairs are not a signal for his dismissal. They have learned to love the man who has been the means of doing so much good and who has baptized them, and officiated at their marriages, and is now preaching, it may be, to the third generation. They do not find any weakening in Gospel presentation on account of accumulated years, but look upon the old minister, with his saintly kindliness, his fatherly ways and his clear faith on the truths of the Gospel, as a reliable leader, a safe counselor and wise guide.

IT IS impossible to quote all of the letters, but we have made excerpts from a few which show the different viewpoints on the problem.

C. W. Q., East San Diego, Calif., writes: "I was deeply interested in the article on 'Age in the Pulpit.' I have been much surprised at the unreasonable (it seems to me) position that business men, as well as the Church authorities, have taken regarding the ability and usefulness of men past 40 and 50 years.

Our President usually is a man near to or past the sixtieth milestone, and his Chief Counselors 40 to 75; our Judges of the Supreme Court have always been 50 to 75; our Congressmen up to 80; our Bishops and the District Superintendents of our Churches are more of them above 60 than under—considering all these facts, what congruity, or I might say common sense, is there in concluding that the men in the lower positions, both in business, and religious followings, should be considered "down and out" if they are fortunate enough to live beyond 40 or 50? A large percentage of our successful business men achieved their success after they were 40.

"I have been a church attendant all my life, and my business has taken me to all the cities in the Union. Not being tied to any church, I have always made it a point to hear those who were considered the best. I do not consider myself egotistic in claiming to have an average judgment in such matters, and I can most conscientiously say that for efficiency and capacity in any direction his profession requires the average of the man over 50 outranks by a large percentage the average of those under that age.

"I am 80, and I know I am not yet in my dotage. On the contrary, I know my judgment on any business matters with which I am familiar was never so reliable as it is today. The modest means I have were accumulated since I was 60. I have made enough to have been wealthy, had I been less eager to 'get rich quick,' but did not 'get my eye teeth cut' until I was 60, when I began to see the folly of risky speculation. And I am not alone. I know many whose business judgment did not develop until they had passed 50. I also know many ministers of the Gospel who did not develop their best—intellectually, spiritually, and mentally—until they were past 50. I most sincerely hope that the Church authorities will soon realize that they are discarding the most useful religious teachers by putting so many men on the retired list who have just arrived at their stage of greatest usefulness in the cause of Christ."

H. K. E., of Beresford, Fla., sends this comment:

"I want to go on record as opposed to the great injustice that is being done the elderly ministers of our land. Youth can not make up for experience and devotion, and the churches suffer from the gross mistreatment that many old ministers receive because they are misunderstood. Their consecrated lives are not appreciated by people who, if they pray at all, say "*My* will first, O Lord," and object to the presence of a consecrated, aged man, who will fearlessly but tactfully tell them of their shortcomings and boldly pray for their reform.

"This turning out of aged pastors is not for the lack of ability, for in pastoral work, added years of experience cannot but add to efficiency, and to faith in God and love for God's creatures. The fault, I believe, is in the pride of self-willed people. The thoughtful, considerate people of the churches ought to make their convictions on the subject known, instead of letting the 'hustlers' get in a 'showy' preacher, in the hope of attracting people to church. The Gospel message is in the Bible, and the preacher's message ought to come from his heart; and anybody knows that a heart that has lived through much, will and can present that message better than one who is new at the business."

O. A. M., of Miltonsburg, gives the viewpoint of the young minister in the following letter:

"The Christian Herald's article under the caption 'Age in the Pulpit' brought to mind a question of great import. I am a young minister, and it would seem reasonable if I would take the view that a young minister would be preferred to an old one. That, however, is not the case. While it is true that many old ministers are dead branches on the tree, we must recognize that just as great a number still have fire and energy. I believe that the aptness of ministers should be gauged, not by age, but by efficiency. A minister who has kept in touch with the times is more able to teach and console, with the experience of years and the knowledge of life that he has gained in energetic work as pastor of a flock. We must have young ministers to replace the ministers who are yearly called from their work here on earth. We need young ministers also in proportion to the growth of the Church; but if I were a layman, I believe I would prefer an older minister to a young minister when I wanted spiritual advice and comfort.

"I believe that a minister's usefulness does not end until he is physically and mentally incapable of performing the duties of a pastor. That time usually does not come until death. And the usefulness of many ministers does not end even at death. If this were not so, we would hardly expect theological students to study and follow the teachings of old ministers, as we find them in text books. When seeking for inspiration and advice in books written by men who were high up in age, and perhaps lived long ago under different environments than we do today, we always recognize the value of experience in old age."

ONE result of the Christian Herald's publication of the article in question has been the discovery of a number of places where pulpits and congregations are ready to welcome the old minister. One who has been recalled to active service writes us that he has recently become the pastor of a fine country church in Virginia, "with the prospect of having one or more contiguous churches to unite in forming a compact field of labor." Another, little more than middle-aged, found the church doors closed to him, but ultimately succeeded in obtaining a pastorate (he was then 57) into which he was welcomed by those who had the true spirit of Christ. He is now doing excellent work in his new field. Some of the letters disclose the fact that there are vacancies in different states, in localities where a minister of ripe experience and still fairly vigorous would be welcomed.

Several of the letters from unemployed pastors, at the request of the writers themselves, have been sent to the Christian Herald Prayer League and made subjects of special supplication. To this fact, as well as to the awakening consciousness of congregations without regular ministerial appointees, the old ministers attribute in great measure the success which has attended their appeals for recognition. The League will welcome every opportunity to help those who are still physically fit for service, to obtain a hearing, and if possible to open to them new opportunities for spiritual usefulness.

As Mont-Lawn Opens Its Doors

Continued from page 472

have stumbled upon traces of The Children's Paradise. Oftentimes there are only wee traces—but they are traces just the same. A snatch of hymn music here, a tablecloth there, a swept-up room and a neatly darned stocking reflect the subtle—but none the less potent—teachings of Mont-Lawn.

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"I'm showin' my folks at home how t' make our room look nicer. Where'd I learn—*where d' ye s'pose?* When I was to th' country it was so pretty that I jus' got t' love pretty things!"

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Founder and President of United Societies of Christian Endeavor

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JULY 9, 1921

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS

SOME 15,000 delegates to the convention of the World's Christian Endeavor are meeting in New York this week—15,000 representatives of the best of the world's young manhood and young womanhood consecrated to a Christian service of truth and justice, and good citizenship.

The Christian Herald bids them welcome to the city, and wishes for them a most profitable and inspiring meeting. Its home is open to them with all the facilities of its office freely placed at their disposal, and it calls attention in the periods of sight-seeing, to two distinctly Christian Herald enterprises that will well repay a visit.

The first of these, and the most easily reached, is the famous Bowery Mission at No. 227 the Bowery. This mission is the center of the Christian Herald Prayer League. It is the home also of the Brotherhood with its 30,000 members drawn from the ranks of the "down-and-outers" who have passed through the mission into a Christian life, and have become self-supporting, self-respecting and God-fearing men as a result of its influence. It is an institution unique in American religious and welfare history, and an inspection of it will prove a real source of inspiration.

Mont-Lawn, the Christian Herald Children's Home, on the other hand, makes its special appeal to the child-lover. A large estate on the Palisades of the Hudson at Nyack, an hour's ride from New York City, Mont-Lawn looks far up and down the great river and across it to the gorgeous Westchester hills. Supported almost entirely by Christian Herald readers, it welcomes and rebuilds from the crowded tenements of the city more than 3,000 children every summer. Dotting its wide rolling lawns are the chapel, library, swimming-pool, wading-pool, play ground, dining-hall, hospital and half a dozen light, breezy dormitories. The Home is literally the "Children's Paradise." It is open now, and if time will permit there is no more enjoyable excursion from the city than a trip up the Hudson to view its beauties and absorb some of the children's delight over their vacation in such surroundings. Mont-Lawn makes all its friends welcome!

These are but two of the Christian Herald's many interests and all the others are equally fascinating, equally constructive, and equally as important in our program for advancing the cause of the Kingdom through service. Our activities are developed through the same visions that have builded the Christian Endeavor; our goals are identical. We want youth and its enthusiasm in the Church; we want to harness its will to do things for Christ and Humanity; we want to encourage it and cheer it and support it in its fight for a militant church, for civic purity and for national righteousness.

And so, may Christian Endeavor, with God's help, increase vastly in strength and power.

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AN · ILLUSTRATED · NEWS · WEEKLY · FOR · THE · HOME ·
· GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER ·

A group of Christian Endeavorers of years ago who have not lost their interest in the work—the Christian Endeavor Alumni Association of the District of Columbia—at the White House. Standing in the rear row near the center of the portico are President Harding, Dr. Clark and Mrs. Harding

Young People, Forty Years Ago and Now

An Optimistic Discussion of the Changes Christian Endeavor Has Seen

By
FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

WHERE are the young people of forty years ago? Of one thing we are very sure—they are no longer young people. Whatever their geographical location, whatever their business, whatever their success or lack of it, it is certain that they are all middle-aged or beyond, some verging on elderliness.

One of the hardest things for us "oldsters" to realize is, not only that we *are* oldsters, but that the young people of today are very much such youngsters as we were forty years ago. Almost every week in the year, and frequently many times a week, I meet companies of young people, and, as I look over an audience of hundreds or thousands, I have to pinch myself to realize that I am almost seventy years old and that scarcely one in that audience was born when the first Christian Endeavor society was formed forty years ago; that I am speaking to a generation then unborn and unthought of.

Not many months ago, as I happened to be in Portland, Maine, two boys in that original society, who were thirteen or fourteen years old when they joined it, came to me and said they would like to have me come to their houses and consecrate to God's service their little *grandchildren*. It was a distinct shock to me to realize that so many years had passed since I knew these grandfathers as boys, and I could scarcely keep from saying, "Why, you are only boys, how can you have grandchildren?"

So gently and quietly does old Father Time steal away our years, and whiten our locks, and wrinkle our brows, before he grasps his sharp scythe and mows us down! Other people are growing old and having children and grandchildren, while we think we, in spite of the fact that we see our own children and grandchildren around us, have stood still, for we feel as young in mind and spirit, if not in our joints, as we did half a century ago.

Is not this an intimation of immortality? Something about us is growing old; there is no doubt about it. But there is also something that does not grow old. We are aging, and we are not aging. No one has put this better than St. Paul, "We know that if our *earthly* house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

BUT how about the young people of forty years ago and now? At the center of their being they are very much the same now as then, but their surroundings are different. In some respects this environment is better, in other respects worse.

It is better now in that forty years ago little official attention was paid to the young people of our churches. I do not mean to say that the pastors of the 70's and the 80's were not interested in their young people. Indeed they were. They prayed for them, longed for their conversion, held meetings and classes for them, yet many had not discovered them. They did not believe in the seriousness of purpose, the depth of devotion, the capacity for organization and service of all kinds, which lay dormant in the hearts of the young. The old heresy that "young people should be seen and not heard" still prevailed. Everything was to be done *for* them, little could be done *by* them, was the prevalent opinion. They were preached to, lectured, taught, but were not set at work. Everything was done for *impression*, little for *expression*.

But the real concern of pastors and churches for the young folks was evident from the fact that within a very few years after the Christian Endeavor movement demonstrated its ability to set young people at some worth-while tasks for the church, to open their mouths in the prayer meeting, to organize them for multitudinous activities, tens of thousands of pastors said: "This is just what we want. We, too, will adopt this plan." They had been thinking and praying along these lines with the burden of the young people on their hearts, for years. They had been experimenting, very likely along the same lines; hence their eagerness to adopt the plans called Christian Endeavor in most denominations, and by some purely denominational name in a few others.

Dr. Clark at the Christian Endeavor tree he helped to plant during the great convention in Washington in 1896

I have always felt that my part in the spread of the Christian Endeavor movement has been a comparatively small and a much over-estimated one, and that the credit for it is due to the thousands and thousands of pastors who were alert, broad-minded, not wedded too much to a desire for originality, who at once adopted and adapted to the needs of their own churches the Christian Endeavor idea.

IN THE matter of interdenominational fellowship, these days are a great improvement over those of forty years ago. I do not think that such a movement as Christian Endeavor could have arisen seventy-five years ago. I doubt if it could have come fifty years ago. But in the early 80's the churches, slowly and reluctantly at first, but with increasing intensity, began to feel the need of a larger, freer fellowship. The scandals of over-zealous sectarianism; the overchurched and underchurched communities, resulting from it; the waste of men and money in building the kingdom of God, more and more began to be realized.

A movement that promised at first to bring together the young people of all evangelical denominations in one organization for fellowship and inspiration, with a common pledge and common methods, while maintaining supreme allegiance to their own churches and denominations, was welcomed by multitudes. By some of course it was not welcomed, and the promise of those earliest days was not entirely fulfilled. Yet a wonderful fellowship among young Christians of a hundred denominations has resulted, and now great meetings of like-minded Christian youth, numbering from hundreds to tens of thousands, are so common that we think nothing of them, and take them as a matter of course.

It is true that many other organizations and influences have contributed to the present era of Christian fellowship, and for them all we thank God.

I was amused by the frank confession of an old minister whom I once heard in a public meeting describe his experience in his early ministry more than fifty years ago. Said he:

"When I was a young preacher, and I saw the fathers in Israel at the end of the pews growing sleepy and beginning to nod, I knew how to wake them up. I would give it to the Presbyterians, or I would pitch

into the Campbellites. Then the old men would sit up and take notice, and when they went out, one would say to the other, 'Ain't our young minister smart?'"

Thank God, I know of no church where today such a travesty of religion would be tolerated.

But though, in some respects, the conditions that surround our young people today are better than those of forty years ago, in other respects they are worse. At least it is harder now than then to maintain an earnest Christian life and constant activity in the Master's service. The public schools, especially the High Schools, have contributed their share to these difficulties. Secular education demands more and more the time and strength of the young people. The pupils are worked harder. The home study required is more onerous. Social activities in the schools are multiplied. Balls and smaller dances leading to late hours, weariness and distaste for religious duties are common.

The first society of Christian Endeavor held its meetings on a week-night for years, and the members of almost all the early societies gave one week-night to their prayer meeting and to planning for their committee service. Gradually the pressure of the schools and of social engagements became so heavy that one after another the societies yielded to it, and moved the meetings and many of the activities to a Sunday already crowded with other duties.

This seems inevitable, so long as our public schools seek first a secular and social education, and after that—a long way after—if there is any time left, the kingdom of God. The colleges set the pace and demand so much cramming for entrance that secondary and even primary schools, all the way down the line, have to speed up their curricula, often to the detriment of higher things.

BUT more than this, the lax social customs which have lately come in like a flood have put many young souls in peril, and reduced the temperature of their religious zeal. The many recent columns in the Literary Digest, devoted to extracts from hundreds of religious and secular papers all over the country, regarding the hideous evils of the modern sensual dance and many suggestive movie shows, should awaken all Christian people to this menace to the youth of this and future generations.

Forty years ago, though the Civil War, with its aftermath of laxness, was not very long past, even high society was comparatively modest, while ordinary social life was scarcely tainted by the glaring, sensuous evils of today. Then young people enjoyed homely, wholesome, health-giving, mind-quickening games, such as the sister of Theodore Roosevelt describes as played in their family circle. Now many young folks (I was tempted to write "most" instead of "many," but I hope that is not true) enjoy only the indecent dance in indecent clothes, to the most reckless and sensuous of jazz music, and in the fetid atmosphere of a public ball-room.

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FREDERICK A. WALLIS

who as chairman of the Convention Committee is working hard to insure the success of the great Christian Endeavor gathering. He is the Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York

The decline of the mid-week prayer meeting is another deterrent to an earnest religious life among the young people of the churches. When a church gives it up, and the parents, and perhaps even the minister, show no concern for it, how can the young people be expected to think their own weekly meeting so important, or the service and the influences that flow from it, so vital to their growth in grace? Forty years ago an evangelical church was as much expected to maintain and sustain a weekly prayer meeting, as a preaching service.

THIS may be thought a dismal catalog of influences that today surround the young, to offset the brighter picture with which I began. But I would not end on the pessimistic key. Obstacles are things to be overcome. Difficulties conquered, strengthen character. While many have yielded to the seductive evils of the day which, in a measure, inevitably follow such a war as we have witnessed, many have stood stronger, purer, for the test.

The Endeavor societies the country over, and the world over, are just closing at the time of the world's convention in New York, the best decade and the best year in the forty of their history. Never have I seen such conventions, local, county and state, as I have attended during the last twelve months. Never have the many letters from abroad been so full of good cheer or filled with stories of greater growth.

Religion in the young heart is ineradicable. Its expression is inevitable if it is given a chance. The Christian Endeavor movement is simply a channel to give it expression. All those who attend the meetings in New York on the memorable July days, the 6th to the 11th, or read about them, will admit that I have not exaggerated the hopeful side of the present day or the stalwart religious strength of a multitude of the present generation. Their songs, their prayers, their plans, their enthusiasms, their joy in their work and their organizations, even if sometimes hilarious, will show that religion is no past issue with the present generation, that the church at large today is teeming with young life, and that better things await the church of tomorrow.

"For Christ and the Church"

The Motto of a Great Organization—and of Many Splendid Lives

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"FOR Christ and the Church!" It has a thrilling ring, that motto. It suggests old-world things—it makes one think of crusaders in shining armor going to do battle for the right. It makes one see a mental picture of knights, with burnished shields upraised; and of fair women with gentle, white hands. It makes one dream the greatest dream of all—the dream of sublime faith, and of the courage to stand for an ideal, and of the ability to fight for truth and righteousness. It is a splendid motto—a triumphant slogan. And the society that it stands for is a splendid and triumphant organization.

"For Christ and the Church!" Yes, it *does* suggest old-world things. It suggests old-world things like chivalry, and loyalty, and vanquished dragons—things that the modernists say are out of fashion. And yet I have no need to tell you what a thoroughly up-to-date society the Christian Endeavor is—it is not necessary to say here that it stands for the best things of this age and generation.

The Christian Endeavorers don't go charging across a broad plain, waving a cross-marked banner, and shouting their motto (That's the way the knights of yesterday would have done it!) They don't dash into the fray with their lances in readiness—not at all. They don't wear their brave slogan on a burnished shield. *It isn't necessary.* For every true Christian Endeavorer carries the watchword emblazoned upon his heart, and the reflection of it shines from his earnest eyes. Every true member of the society has come to a lasting realization of the meaning of chivalry and loyalty—every true member has slain the dragons of selfishness, and thoughtlessness, and conceit, and pettiness. It has proved—this band of sincere people—that certain world-old qualities are not out of fashion; and that those qualities can be strong and beautiful without the slightest touch of self-seeking, or of flamboyance.

"FOR Christ and the Church" is a mighty good rule to live by. It's easy to understand—there are no elaborate words or phrases to contend with—and its meaning stands out as brightly as though it were written (as it is) in letters of undying flame. "For Christ and the Church" is a motto that points a right path to every worth-while young man or woman—be they members of the organized Christian Endeavor Society or not. It's a motto that couldn't lead any clear thinking person astray.

In this age of complex things—of strange theories and strange practices—it is rather wonderful to find a creed as simple as the creed of the Christian Endeavor. In this day of Freud and Einstein and Nietzsche it is as refreshing as a cool spring in a desert place. As our civilization marches on it sometimes seems that we are getting away a trifle from the simple things—that we are going in, with more and more intensity, for the involved processes and the intricate ways of thought. For that reason alone the motto of the Christian Endeavor is decidedly worth-while. For that reason the motto stands out, as violets and field daisies do, in the forced, too-warm window of a city florist's shop. It's like hearing the little prayer that you learned at your mother's knee rising from the hurry and bustle of a crowded street!

To be able to live for Christ—that is the aim and ambition of every Christian man and woman. Since the day when martyrs were burned at the stake—since the generation when men and women walked, with sure, unfaltering step, into the arena filled with hungry lions—the ideal of a life for Christ has been the paramount ideal of the world. And now that the day of arenas is past, now that martyrs are very seldom burned at the stake to appease the blood-hunger of a heathen monarch, the same ideal is still the biggest thing in life. To live for Christ—and for the Church, which is his mouthpiece—is still the crowning glory!

It seems a simple thing to openly confess Christ, now, than it did in the days of the Cæsars. Now that there is no death penalty involved it seems tremendously easy to "Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King." For the ideal of Christ is not a hard one to follow—the laws set down by the Church are as simple as the motto of the Christian Endeavor Society. Just good fellowship, true friendship, kindness and tenderness; just the Golden Rule—that's all you need remember. Just the vision of the One Who was born in a manger, and who died on Calvary's hill.

"FOR Christ and the Church!" It has a thrilling ring—that motto. And it may well have. For it gives, very briefly, the foundation that every strong house of life should be built upon. It's a foundation that will never crumble away, that will never get shaky with age—that will never show crack, or strain, or unpleasantly jagged break. It's a foundation that will last as long as the house itself lasts—and longer!

Chivalry, and loyalty, and vanquished dragons—they're *all* in back of the five words that go to make the Christian Endeavor motto. The best of the old-world and the best of the new are brought together in it.

The Christian Endeavorers don't go charging across a broad plain, waving a cross-marked banner and shouting their glorious motto. They don't wear vivid armor, and they don't go upon crusades (as the knights of old would have done). Instead, they go quietly and simply upon their way helping others along the road of life, being friendly, and upright, and good comrades. And, because they are so unassuming, and withal so unaffected in the beauty of their faith, they fulfil the deepest meaning of their motto and, in so doing, make better the church and the community of which they are a part.

The World Convention—1921

By Margaret E. Sangster

MARCHING *together, by hundreds they come,*
Bound by the strength of a wonderful love;
Under the banner of Church and of right,
Led by the Father who smiles from above.
Christian Endeavor, no legions could sever,
All of the ties of the heart and the soul—
Marching and singing, their faith they are bringing,
Up to the throne, which is ever their goal!

Nations are sending their brightest and best,
Far lands are praying as onward they pass;
Under the watchword "For Christ and the Church"
Thousands together, a soul-stirring mass!
Christian Endeavor, both now, and forever,
May they win through—as a part, and the whole,
Marching and singing, their voices go winging,
Up to God's Throne, which is ever their goal!

Christian Endeavor—An Open Door

A Glance at the Opportunities Confronting the New York Convention

By DANIEL A. POLING

WHAT will "New York 1921"—the Sixth World's Convention of the Christian Endeavor Movement—sound as the rallying call for the young people of the Church?

At the Atlantic City International Christian Endeavor Convention in 1911, ten thousand Christian Endeavorers accepted the challenge of their leaders and went back to their communities with the fighting slogan: "A Saloonless Nation by 1920." It was little more than a dream, then. Indeed, it was greeted not only by the laughter of the secular press, but by the warnings of many religious journals who felt that youthful enthusiasm had been led astray. But the slogan quickly captured the imagination of the temperance forces of the country and very soon it was supported by far-reaching and comprehensive programs of activity. The young people themselves were in the forefront of the fight. In every state in the Union, they accepted tasks of responsibility.

"A Saloonless Nation by 1920" is now an incident of history and a fact of government, but the spirit of the battle-cry continues to be the spirit of the organization that gave it to the world. Certainly the possibilities of these four million young people of more than eighty thousand Christian Endeavor Societies may not be measured in an article, but in their own churches and in their own communities, they may be counted upon to play their part in every campaign for Christ and the Church.

As to Prohibition—the law enforcement campaigns are receiving the full support of Christian Endeavorers, and for the immediate future, citizenship conferences are being planned in which a carefully directed study of the whole program of Christian Citizenship will be revealed. Incidentally, it is of great interest to us all to discover that the young people of the churches are better equipped temperamentally than any others to direct some details of our plans for the Christian Americanization of those who come to us from other lands.

But in the Providence of God, New York will have a louder voice, a more compelling call than Atlantic City. Important as are the citizenship activities of Christian Endeavor, they represent but one department of the whole program of the Movement. The development of the work in the United States under the leadership of the United Society has assumed in recent years the proportions of a great Home Missionary advance. The South and the Southwest have been organized into departments in which states unable to care for themselves have been successfully related to the better established unions in their sister states. The larger unions of the East, Middle West, and Pacific Coast have strengthened their programs at all points. The various departments of the work—Intermediate, Junior, Quiet Hour, "Tenth Legion," etc.—have been developed in harmony with the total plan.

All of the work at home has been promoted in full realization of the fact that for the next decade, at least, Christian Endeavor progress overseas will very largely depend upon Christian Endeavor in the United States. While the United Society will be able to make only modest investments in other lands, the returns, already inspiring, promise to be increasingly large. The opportunities that "New York 1921" faces, are great and compelling.

The Greek Church in Russia is ready to receive Christian Endeavor. In more than ten thousand centers of this mighty communion the door is opened to our movement, and one of the leading ministers of New England is willing to give his life to the development of this unprecedented opportunity.

Europe, particularly in the region of the new-made republics, has seen a rebirth of Christian Endeavor. Finnish Endeavorers, upon receipt of a total contribution of $200, recently led a great revival in Esthonia and organized Latvia.

More societies were organized in Germany during and since the war than in twenty-five years preceding it.

China has doubled her societies in two years, and with only $3,000 additional financial support could enter every unoccupied province.

Mexico has petitioned the United Society of Christian Endeavor to finance a young people's leader for all the evangelical churches, and Dr. Clark has just visited the field and reported it "white for the harvest."

SOUTH AMERICA has been waiting for five years for us to supply Christian Endeavor leadership, and Mr. Guy Inman, Secretary of the Association for Co-operation in Latin America, states that Christian Endeavor, of all religious organizations, has a unqiue opportunity in the continent of opportunity.

The Christian Endeavor Movement in this country is heartily supporting the effort to organize an All-Canadian Christian Endeavor Union, and as the result of the assistance of the general organization eastern Canada is alive with new enthusiasm, and a field worker has been employed in Ontario; a special trip to Manitoba, financed by the United Society, has resulted in placing a full-time secretary in that exceedingly important territory.

The Christian Endeavor Movement in the United States is making possible the maintenance of the India Christian Endeavor Union with its more than 60,000 Endeavorers, twenty native secretaries, and an English general secretary who represents all the Protestant evangelical churches; the budget for this whole program is less than $3,000 annually.

During the past year, Christian Endeavor has extended its program into all unoccupied territory through the organization of federations which group together the states and districts not strong enough to maintain themselves.

The leadership of the Junior and Intermediate societies, the call to systematic giving through the Tenth Legion, the enrollment of Comrades of the Quiet Hour, the challenge to Christian citizenship, and a score of other vital programs all center in the United Society of Christian Endeavor, which is an inspirational dynamo for more than three million young Christians in the United States.

SOME denominational leaders have said that money invested in the United Society of Christian Endeavor goes farther than money contributed to any other similar project. Today, ten dollars paid into this treasury for world work means ten dollars sent to the field, for Christian Endeavor overhead is the lowest among all interdenominational societies and Christian Endeavor "volunteer help" is an outstanding feature of the movement.

No international movement has fewer employed secretaries, but the young people who are giving their time and money to make possible the carrying out of its plans, number thousands. There are in the United States alone more than sixteen hundred Christian Endeavor unions officered by unpaid workers.

The Alumni Department of the United Society, which was organized only five years ago, promises to make possible the carrying out of some plans that have been thus far neglected as the result of inadequate financial support. There are now more than two hundred local Alumni fellowships enrolling more than twelve thousand "old grads" of Christian Endeavor. These fellowships are bringing the former active Endeavorers into vital fellowship with the organization, and enabling them to pass on to young people throughout the world the blessings they themselves have received.

John R. Mott has expressed the spirit of the Christian Endeavor Movement in the following splendid sentences:

"The young people's society is no longer an experiment in the church. Experience has justified its existence. It is a vital part of church life and organization.

"It was inevitable twenty-five odd years ago that the young people's society movement should have been broken from an interdenominational basis into denominational groups. You could no more resist the tide of denominationalism than you could the onrushing tide of the sea.

"But it would seem to me, in these days when the spirit of Christian unity and interdenominational fellowship is coming to be so large among us, that the young people's movement generally ought to be the first to return to an interdenominational basis. I know of no movement, because of its spirit and history, more capable of being the basis of such a unity than the Christian Endeavor Movement."

AS THE servant of the churches, and with absolutely no governing functions, the United Society of Christian Endeavor seeks first to promote in each denomination that honor it with its confidence, the denominational ideals and plans for young men and young women, and then in the spirit of the prayer of the Master: "That they all may be won," it calls the Christian youth of the world to fellowship and united service in the tasks that are the common heritage and responsibility of all who follow Jesus Christ.

Convened in such a spirit, with opportunities so vast confronting it, shall it not be that the Sixth World's Christian Endeavor Convention with its fifteen or twenty thousand Christian Endeavor leaders gathered together from all lands—the largest interdenominational religious gathering of the decade, will radiate to all quarters of the globe streams of Christian fellowship and inspiration. Shall it not be that out of this mighty heart of Christian youth will come a veritable Christian Brotherhood of Nations?

Dr. Sheldon Discusses

Spiritual Power

1. It is like electricity; an exhaustless store, always on hand, waiting to be used.
2. It is not dependent on man-made theology or elaborate religious rituals.
3. Its sources are a clean, physical life, a love of prayer, a study of God's truth, a longing for the salvation of men, a hatred of injustice, a meditative and quiet mind, a faith in the Holy Ghost, and personal love of Jesus.
4. It is possible for every member of the church to draw from these sources.
5. But Spiritual Power cannot be found in an atmosphere of supreme love of money and pleasure.
6. What can Spiritual Power do? It can change wrong definitions of life and give the soul its supreme satisfaction.
7. It can quench doubt, revive faith, and restore the soul's confidence in the love of God.
8. It can make a church a place of reverent devotion, and fill its program with a passion to redeem.
9. If Spiritual Power is so great a thing, why does not the church have more of it?
10. Because it does not seek it where it may be found, and prefers earthly to heavenly power.
11. But we need this power in order to earn the right to be called the Master's disciples.
12. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." The world will never be saved until the church is spiritualized for the task.

DANIEL A. POLING, LL.D.
Associate President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor

"Both the fine view and the fresh air may be better enjoyed in pleasant company," I answered

Désiree

A Romantic Story of France in the Time of Richelieu

By LEWIS RANSDEN

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

FROM the very day of my leaving Avignon I found his Eminence had not warned me needlessly when he had told me that my journey would be beset by dangers of no uncommon sort. Twice had I, and the six trusty fellows I had chosen so carefully from my command, been attacked on the highway, once at night and once in the daytime. Then we had, by vigilance, escaped an ambush, and lastly there had been the affair of the supposed rich merchant of Ghent who, after a failure to corrupt my men with gold, had offered me, for a sight of the document I carried, a sum of money which would have gone far to restoring the fortunes of my house. Perhaps I was over merciful in letting this man go, on account of his pleading and his gray hairs, without the sound drubbing, or worse, which my fellows would have awarded him.

Had I not considered it no part of a soldier's duty to inquire into the why or wherefore when obeying a clear command, I should have wondered how it came to pass that so many knew I was bearing the despatch, and seemingly aware of its purport, which I was not. But I contented myself with the knowledge that I, one of the youngest officers of the Cardinal-Duke's guard, should have been chosen in a matter so important.

Then came my meeting with the Countess du Bartas at Nevers. At first I refused, with due courtesy, her request that I should escort her to Paris, whither we were bound. True his Eminence had told me, at starting, that speed on my errand was not so much a consideration as safe delivery of the despatch into the hands of his Majesty, yet I was naturally anxious to accomplish my mission without delay. But when the Countess produced a letter, signed by the King himself, giving her the right to demand the escort of any troop she might meet on her way, I had no choice but to obey.

Madame, however, who was a lady of mature age and haughty manner, did not appear to take my first refusal in good part, and I saw no more of her until, resuming our journey the next morning, I assisted her into the coach.

It was then I first properly beheld her maid, a slender, graceful creature who modestly hung her head. To her, in turn, I proffered assistance, whereupon she looked up, and I saw a face marvelously pretty, which I had a fancy I had seen somewhere before. There was a frightened look in her eyes, yet she gave me a smile which strangely thrilled me, and which haunted me as I rode with my men. I tried to think where I could possibly have seen this charming waiting-maid before, and could only conclude my impression was mistaken.

WE CAME to the halting place for our mid-day meal, a fair spot overlooking some portion of the Valley of the Loire. Here madame elected to remain in her coach and I, presently withdrawing from my men, heard the voices of mistress and maid, though not able to or wishing to catch the words. It sounded, however, as though the girl was being persuaded and commanded to something in which she was not willing. Then the carriage door opened, and the maid looked to where I was standing, hesitated, and finally came toward me.

"Madame would sleep for awhile, and has given me permission to enjoy the view and the air," said the maid with a smile, which was bewitching because of her beauty, yet speaking as though such forwardness was not natural to her.

"Both the fine view and the fresh air may be better enjoyed in pleasant company," I answered.

"So I was thinking, monsieur," she replied with more self-confidence.

"Well, you will find my men pleasant, agreeable fellows, mademoiselle."

"Your men?" she questioned, the red flushing her delicate complexion.

"Yes: you can hear how merry they are," and as I spoke Jean's lusty voice sounded in a verse of a well-known song.

No smile of hers answered my laugh, and I continued—

"But though they are merry you will find them polite, as brave soldiers should be, and they will be delighted with your company."

"Thank you, monsieur; I do not desire such friends," she replied disdainfully, the red still glowing on her cheeks as she turned away.

"What is your name, my girl?"

Though my question was abrupt, she seemed to put a check upon the annoyance she had shown, and turned to answer with a curtsey.

"Désirée, if you please, monsieur."

"The name is very suitable, and pleases me well enough, so does the owner—save that she is too pretty for her station. And how long, Désirée, since waiting-maids have disdained the company of soldiers?"

SHE gave a startled look, but seemed reassured when she saw my bantering smile.

"Am I disdaining such company?" she retorted saucily.

"Ah, but——"

"You are not a common soldier, of course, monsieur. I am sensible of the honour you do me in speaking to me; you of the noblesse, and I of 'Ces canailles de domestiques,'" she said mockingly.

"If a noble sought conversation with a maid of your station, would you deem it for her good?"

"Ta, ta, ta," she exclaimed, flushing and angry. "If you have been at Court, monsieur, you have not yet fallen in with its manners."

"Have you been to Court yourself, Désirée?"

"No. I—that is—why do you ask?" she inquired as if in alarm.

"Because, although of the South, you speak without a trace of its patois."

"I—I have been a long while with madame," she murmured.

"Ah! that explains it, and there is no need for you to appear so confused over my simple questions. Still, your blushes make you look even more charming, Désirée, and if you will walk with me under the shade of the trees, I promise to make love to you as well as any gallant of the Court could do it."

"I do not wish you to make love to me," she said indignantly, the red glowing even more brightly than before.

"Pardon the mistake," I laughed. "But do not let it prevent us from walking together, for I will promise not to make love to you."

It was evident that it was her inclination to refuse; but as she looked towards the coach she changed her mind, and turned to accompany me. I related an amusing incident of adventure, not connected with my mission, with which I had met the day before.

"So I was thinking, Monsieur," she replied with more self-confidence

Her constraint quickly passed away, and she became as charming in manner as she was in appearance. Yet, though admitting her attraction, I was not so blinded by it as to fail to observe how, after a while, she carefully turned the conversation to the matter of my journey to Paris.

"You speak as though you were well acquainted with the object of my journey," I presently said.

"That is no wonder, since it was openly talked about at Nevers," she answered readily.

"What was said about it there?"

"It was said that the Cardinal-Duke had selected you, from all his officers, to bear a despatch of great importance to the King."

SOMEONE had certainly been indiscreet and, as I have already said, this had caused me some inconvenience; yet I did not now regret it, since the knowledge must give me consequence in Désirée's eyes. But she must have been quick to read what passed through my mind, for into those lovely eyes entered a gleam of mischief.

"And further some persons said——"

"What?"

"That they could not understand why his Eminence employed, upon a matter of such moment, one so youthful and inexperienced as M. Arnaud de Beaujolais."

"There are older and more experienced men who may have failed where I have so far succeeded," I replied a little nettled.

"The good luck of the novice, perhaps," she laughed.

"Others may credit me with some little skill and forethought, as well as good luck."

She laughed again, and I was foolish enough to feel annoyed.

"Have you spent much skill and forethought in concealing your precious despatch?" she asked teasingly.

"Those who have sought it have not yet found it," I said grimly.

"I wonder if I could guess where you carry it?"

"I cannot prevent you from trying."

"Will you tell me when I guess rightly?"

"I do not promise to do that," and at this she looked so disappointed that I further said, "Would it please you very much if I could tell you?"

"I have a woman's curiosity, of course; but I also wondered whether you would dare to tell me—whether you would be afraid."

"Afraid? Why, what could you do if you knew? I have a great mind— But I can trust you?"

"*Tiens!* I said you would be afraid."

SHE spoke in a tone of playful banter; but I saw signs of nervousness—the changing colour, unrest of the white, shapely hands.

"But can I trust you, Désirée?" and I sought to meet her eyes, but she would not.

"Why should you fear to do so?" she murmured.

"True. I have known you but a very short while, Désirée; yet I am sure that you are no Delilah. A maid like you would not cozen and coax a man to his ruin, therefore I will tell you, if you wish, where I keep the letter which bears the seal of the Cardinal-Duke."

"To your ruin, Monsieur?"

"Yes. I am now high in my master's favour; but he is without mercy to those who fail him. Still, since you have dared me——"

She shrank for a moment; then she forced herself to make a laughing reply.

"Yes; I dare you."

"Well, then, it is sewn in the lining of this cloak I am wearing."

I could not see her eyes, for she turned quickly away with a seeming carelessness.

"Ah! that is one of the hiding places I should have guessed, so your hiding place is not so clever after all," she laughed, with a merriment which appeared somewhat forced. Then she commenced talking about matters of another kind, keeping up a gaiety which I once or twice fancied was slightly hysterical.

As she thus chatted, she suddenly exclaimed upon the beauty of some wild flowers growing on a bank beset by brambles, and I climbed a few steps to secure the blossoms for her. As I descended I felt my cloak tearing. Désirée was so close to me that, for a moment, suspicion crossed my mind she had actually placed the briar on the place where I had indicated the letter was concealed. But I was quick to prevent the rent from being more than a very slight one, and I made concern over the pricking of one of her own dainty fingers, which she had tried to conceal.

At another halting-place on our day's journey, I had another conversation with Désirée, though she had then lost her high spirits.

ARRIVED at the inn where we were to lodge for the night, the Countess who now appeared in a better humour, invited me to sup with her. Désirée was with us being, Madame explained, more a companion than an ordinary maid, which might have accounted for her good speech and manners.

Soon after supper the Countess and her attendant retired. I did the same with little delay, leaving my cloak on the back of the chair, where I had thrown it when entering.

In my room, however, I sat, after putting out the light. Later, when all was quiet, I heard without surprise a light footstep pass my door, and in a little while I quietly descended to the room where we had supped. A light was burning, and I opened the door.

"Désirée!" I exclaimed in pretended astonishment.

She had risen to her feet, pale and agitated. On the table were needle and thread, also my cloak, which she had not time to replace.

"I—I have been mending your cloak, monsieur."

"So I see. It is very good of you; but why lose your beauty sleep when the morning would have done as well? Had I been of a suspicious nature, now, I might have thought that, taking advantage of my carelessness, you had designs upon my concealed papers. But no; here they are in the lining, and my faith in you is justified."

She shrank from me, her lovely face pale in the candle light as I laughingly rustled the papers, and she made no reply.

"Well, your industry must not go unrewarded," and I offered a piece of silver.

"No, no, monsieur."

"Ah, then your service, if not for money must be for love, and should be more suitably rewarded."

Before she could be aware, I took her in my arms, and implanted a kiss upon her cheek.

"How dare you, monsieur—how dare you?" she cried, her face flaming, her beautiful eyes darting indignant fires.

"Is it so very daring an act for a gentleman to kiss a pretty waiting-maid?" I laughed.

"Let me go instantly, monsieur, or I will raise the household upon you," she cried in a fierce whisper.

"I think not, my pretty one—truly named Désirée. A pretty maid must be taught not to play with edged tools."

"What—what do you mean?" she gasped, fear growing in her wide-opened eyes as they watched my mocking face.

I released her then, and she sprang from me, to turn with a face blazing with shame. She strove for words, and when they did come it was in a bewildered cry of reproach.

"Why did you do that? Why?"

I looked at her full of a strange elation, yet in some degree ashamed.

"When we meet again, Désirée, I will tell you, and will seek your pardon."

She dashed indignant tears from her eyes.

"I hope I shall never see you again. I hope I shall forget that I ever saw you."

She turned and fled, and though I arose fairly early next morning, it was to find that she and her mistress had gone. The Countess had left a formal message, thanking me for my escort, and saying there was no further need for it, as a matter had arisen which demanded her immediate return home. I was not much surprised at this, though I had not expected they would have taken their departure so early.

AFTER this I made quick progress to Paris, and arrived at Court without further adventure. I had the honour to be immediately received by the King, and alone in his Cabinet. He glanced through the despatch I delivered to him, and adding some notes, handed them to an officer he summoned. Then his Majesty graciously expressed a desire to hear a full account of my journey, and I related the perils which had beset me—all excepting that arising from my meeting with Désirée, though I mentioned how I had given the Countess the escort she had demanded.

"A modest account of a very excellent performance," graciously remarked his Majesty. "But I asked you for the full story, M. de Beaujolais, and you have omitted the incident connected with that very charming waiting-maid of Madame du Bartas."

To say I was utterly confounded is no more than the truth, and the King laughed aloud at my evident confusion.

"Sire, how is it possible that you can know——?"

"Kings should have eyes everywhere, M. de Beaujolais, and if I have any lack it is well supplied by your master the Cardinal-Duke. But how did you contrive to cheat the fair siren into believing her wiles had succeeded? That, to my mind, is the most surprising of your escapes."

"It was simple enough, your Majesty. A false despatch had been prepared, and sealed with the seal of his Eminence. It was that which I carried in the lining of my cloak."

"*Ventrebleu!*" laughed the King. "And did you pretend not to miss the packet from the lining?"

"It was easy to do that, Sire. She had replaced it with another."

"*Ma foi!* A pretty pair you two would make. But did you know the maid was other than she appeared to be?"

"I suspected, sire. Indeed it crossed my mind, and I am more sure of it now, that she and I had met before, though I cannot remember where."

"No wonder, for the circumstances of your former meeting must have been very different."

"Perhaps your Majesty can tell me who she is?" I asked eagerly.

"No; you must find that out for yourself; but I can tell you that she is the heiress of a rich and noble house. And now, M. de Beaujolais, of my own pleasure, as well as by the request of the Cardinal-Duke, who seems to take a fatherly interest in you, I give you the privilege of naming your own reward for your service."

"I am deeply grateful, sire; but the knowledge that what I have done meets with your Majesty's approval, is in itself a sufficient reward."

"It seems that the Cardinal's service is a good school for courtiers, as well as for brave men," said the King with a smile. "Have you any knowledge of the contents of the despatch you carried?"

"None whatever, sire."

"It contains proof, and a list of names, relating to a plot for the downfall of your master, and for a curtailment of my own powers. I have now issued instructions for the arrest of the conspirators. There-

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The Hen, One Minister's First Aid

A Connecticut Pastor's Flock Leads the State in the Home Egg-Laying Contest

By WALTER STEMMONS

WHEN the records of the Connecticut Home Egg-Laying Contest were tabulated recently in an effort to determine what poultryman of the State had been most successful in getting hens to lay eggs during 1920, lo, a preacher's name led all the rest.

Eight white Wyandotte pullets belonging to Rev Marshall Dawson of Storrs laid an average of 220.4 eggs from November, 1919, to November, 1920 That was 11.9 eggs a hen more than the next highest flock of the 153 that finished the contest. It was very near to the highest averages made in the various international contests instituted to establish world records.

However, it was not for fame but for money that Mr. Dawson embarked in the poultry business, and it wasn't money for the sake of money, but for the sake of proving that a rural minister can fight out his economic problems right in the rural community and, winning, can hold his head high and walk steadfast in his faith. Mr. Dawson never preaches from the text that says something to the effect that "the meek shall inherit the earth." Too many rural pastors interpret that phrase literally. It doesn't mean what so many of us think it means.

"One cannot live," says Mr. Dawson, "in the consciousness of failure without deteriorating."

HE DRAWS a lesson from his poultry flock:

"In the fall I select the very best and most enterprising cockerels of the flock, those I should like to use as breeders, and put them together for their 'try-outs'. The weakest are defeated and they cannot get away from that knowledge. The defeated cockerel breaks down with surprising rapidity. A fine cockerel, weighing nearly eight pounds at the age of six months, may weigh not more than five or six pounds a month later. If we may say it, not irreverently, 'he has lost his soul.' He skulks in the dark corners and takes his food furtively. When he gets the axe, cutting off his head is an act of charity.

"Now the trouble with the rural ministry is that it has lost enterprise and flavor through defeat. Instead of facing toward the world as conquerors for Christ, great numbers are living apologies for their existence. Sunday after Sunday they face awful defeat in the form of empty pews; and month after month they face awful defeat in the form of empty pocketbooks."

That is the philosophy that induced Rev. Marshall Dawson to turn from the Yale School of Religion to a rural pastorate when he might have taken an easier path by way of a city church. He took up the study of poultry because he wanted to prove that the rural minister could obtain economic independence, and in doing so strengthen himself in the esteem of his congregation—esteem that a material world bestows upon the successful.

Mr. Dawson believes that bees, pigs, potatoes, sheep, small fruits, or any other agricultural "side-line" can be followed with success by the rural minister. He selected poultry chiefly because so many amateurs have failed with poultry. He wanted to prove that close study, hard work and faith will win through.

At present, Mr. Dawson feels that his experiment is not completed. He wants one more year to test out his theories. He would have preferred to have delayed publicity on what he is doing, but the "story" of a preacher who beats the State in making hens lay eggs when eggs are worth around $1 a dozen, was too good for the newspapers to overlook.

THIS year Mr. Dawson expects to clear from $1,000 to $1,500 from his flock. He thinks this much is needed to eke out the pastor's salary to a point where he and his family will be free from the soul-trying economies that only the minister with a small congregation can know. He hasn't quite reached that point, but the past few months his net profits from the flock have been $90 a month or more. His total flock now numbers 138 birds, of which the eight entered in the contest were the best of his foundation stock. Next year he hopes to have 200 pullets, all white Wyandottes and all bred and selected on the basis of his belief in the principles of heredity and individuality.

Mr. Dawson regrets that he never went to an agricultural college. He thinks this should be a part of the training of the rural ministry. To offset this handicap he has taken as much time as they could grant of the specialists in poultry husbandry at the Connecticut Agricultural College, which is but a mile from his small ranch. He has studied bulletins, books and farm papers. More especially, he has studied the hen.

He believes firmly in "hen psychology." Laying hens, he says, must be kept interested. They respond to clean litter, ventilated houses, balanced rations, fresh water, shade and every attention to their physical wants. During the winter artificial lights are turned on at 5 a.m. but are not used in the evening. The hen can work so hard and no harder and if advanced too rapidly may go into moult at a time when she should be laying at her best.

So far, Mr. Dawson's theories seem to be working out. He is very close to his goal of at least $100 a month in egg profits and he has gained standing in the community. Mr. Dawson's congregation is made up of college professors and their families and of small farmers and their families. Neither the professors nor the farmers are notoriously wealthy and the poultry income is needed in the Dawson home. Both the professors and the farmers are proud of the preacher who beat the State with a flock of hens. There seems, too, to be a new "pep" to the sermons—at least the college students think so. Mr. Dawson's theories may not work on other ministers and other rural communities, but they have worked on Dawson and they have worked on Storrs.

The Editorial Forum

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"First in World Service"

SHALL this nation go, as some short-sighted advisers would have it go, along "the line of least resistance;" or, as we believe the spirit of our people sincerely desires, shall it rather prepare to render real world service, by accepting those responsibilities which we are called to assume in fulfilling our mission as a leader in the great movement for world peace?

This is the one overshadowing problem of our time—and it is one that can not be evaded. Upon our interpretation of it and the courage with which we grasp it, not only our own future but in greater measure that of the whole world depends.

It is a time for plain speaking and clear thinking—a time when small policies are out of place and broad-mindedness should have the right of way. And it is fortunate that able leaders are not lacking. Such men as Presidents Lowell of Harvard and Hibben of Princeton, Bishop Luther B. Wilson, of New York, and a good-sized group of others, in recent addresses have sounded the call. They have given to the slogan of "America First," the larger and nobler meaning, namely that our mission is to be "First in World Service."

That the troubles of Europe do not concern Europe alone but ourselves as well, becomes more evident as the months bring new developments. While the whole world waits hoping that we mean to give practical form to our plans for international arms reduction, it comes to light that Danzig is selling arms to Mexico and that American manufacturers are secretly shipping quick-firers to Ireland. While we go on wrangling over domestic affairs, shaving and paring our taxes and tariffs, the far greater task of bringing peace to the world to accomplish which we entered the war, still lies unfinished. Nations are left to drift and the uncertainty of America's course has already helped to produce a group of new wars, which might have been avoided had we assumed the post to which we were entitled and which the nations would have been prompt to recognize and respect.

There are calls for the United States to aid in mediating in international disputes where peace or war hangs by a thread and there are also calls for American judges in a World Court representing thirty-nine nations, to assist by their counsel in settling differences which at any time may assume international importance. These people want the great western Republic and none else to be the peace-bringer. They have confidence in our sense of international justice, they believe us to be unbiased and they feel that they can trust us fully. In all of these lands, America is the world's hope. Dare we assume the responsibility of refusing to act as peacemakers?

All the talk of becoming involved in Europe's entanglements is now seen to have been the flamboyant oratory of political partisans. There never has been a time when we could not avoid, honorably and effectively, any such danger if it ever really existed.

Is it not our duty as a civilized nation to help save the world from itself? And how can this be done, if we continue to stand aloof in pharisaical attitude until the great opportunity for service is past forever?

Smoke Houses

A LARGE-SIZED complaint comes from many sources in prohibition towns where the saloon has been outlawed for many years, asking what can be done to correct the evils of what are known as "smoke houses."

These places have sprung up all over the Middle West, and in the state of Kansas, for example, where prohibition has been accepted as the law for over forty years, they are, or seem to be in one sense, an attempt to substitute something for the saloon, as a gathering-place for boys and young men where pool tables and billiards and general loafing of the "gang" are features.

Fathers and mothers of boys of high school age complain bitterly in many cases of these "smoke houses" and in several instances have gone to the owners of these places of amusement and asked the proprietors to refuse to allow the boys entrance for the purpose of spending money and time in them. But it is the avowed purpose, of course, of such resorts to make all the money they can from their patrons, and it is not surprising that the owners refuse to yield to the request of the parents to keep their boys out.

It may be said that the parents should have enough authority over their young folks to keep them at home at night, or become good chums with them so that they will not want to go away. But as a matter of fact, there are thousands of parents who either do not have any influence over their own children, or are afraid to thwart them in their search for amusement. And the "smoke houses" have taken thousands of these boys and are getting out of them a vast amount of money, and what is more vital, consuming precious time, and putting the lads into vulgar and harmful company.

As one indignant father recently said, commenting on this particular form of amusement in a small town out West: "I went in one night to observe, and I was appalled at the vulgarity of the talk that went around among these boys and young men, who ought to have been either at home or in some good place of instruction or amusement. The most serious thing about it all, to my mind, as the evening went on, up to midnight, was the awful waste of time and money on the part of these young lives in a place that had nothing to offer except a game of pool, often played with secret understanding that amounted to betting on the results, and in an atmosphere that reeked with profanity, vile stories and sordid comments on the young women who walked past windows, from behind which boys and men sat and leered at life, sodden in vulgarity and lost to all the finer decencies."

This is a pretty strong indictment of an institution that exists in hundreds of towns out of which the saloon has gone. And it is not surprising that many parents look upon the "smoke house" in the town as almost as bad in its influence as the saloon used to be.

Has the church in the saloonless town nothing to offer the boys and young men that is a better substitute than the smoke house? So far, in a good many such towns, the smoke house is beating the church, the home and the school.

A Gigantic Libation

TO SPILL into the Atlantic $50,000,000 worth of liquor, seized by the dry authorities and the New York police in recent raids, is announced as a spectacular feature of the vigorous prohibition campaign, to be expected at an early date.

How the ancients, who were given to pouring out libations to their heathen gods, would turn in their graves if they could hear of such a spectacle! The wets will no doubt shudder at the very thought of the waste of so much liquor; but the sacrifice will have the moral value at least of averting drunkenness, crime and demoralization and of upholding the majesty of the law.

The plan as announced is to tow the stuff down in garbage boats from New York to Sandy Hook, where it will be dumped overboard. It will do no harm to the ocean, although bathers and passing vessels may possibly get a whiff of the biggest cocktail ever known on this planet as the stuff goes down. Nobody will be the worse off for the sacrifice and many will be the gainers. Doubtless the "movies" will improve the opportunity to set forth the new lesson in temperance warfare to good advantage, as showing the wets overwhelmed by wetness immeasurable.

New Views on Christian Unity

THERE are evidences that Christian Unity, although perhaps less widely discussed than during the active period of the great war, is by no means a forgotten problem. Some of the ablest minds in denominational leadership are giving it mature consideration. Bishop McDowell, in a recent article, held that lack of a clear understanding on the subject is the principal obstacle to progress. Now Prof. W. A. Brown of Union Theological Seminary, New York, comes to the front to enlighten the average man with a timely and helpful contribution in the June issue of the Constructive Quarterly. He begins by pointing out that Christian Unity may mean different things to different people. He tells of a recent gathering of ecclesiastics who, though familiar with the question in its different aspects, were yet so dissimilar with respect to the end sought, that they found it difficult if not impossible to reach any basis of agreement. With right good-will, therefore, the Professor has taken up the task of making things clear, both to the pulpit and the pew.

At the outset, he draws the distinction between church union and Christian Unity. The first he explains is external, the second spiritual. "Christians possess Unity in the measure that they are one with Christ in spirit, and as such are members of His invisible Church—the company of all the regenerate, who share His divine and redeeming life. Union, on the other hand is a matter of external organization. It concerns churches rather than the individuals who compose them."

To most people this would seem to be a distinction sufficiently comprehensive and easily understood; but we are next reminded by the Professor that a still closer analysis is necessary. Christian Unity is "a matter of the inner spiritual life" . . . "Co-operation is a matter of the will" . . . "Church Union is a matter of official relationships." . . . "It may or may not involve uniformity, depending upon the degree to which this is carried. As a matter of fact, few proposals for union do advocate uniformity. They recognize that the union to be sought must make room for variety, and are prepared to take over in greater or less degree the machinery, as well as the ideals and convictions, of the uniting bodies."

Now, the Church Unity proposition, as far as our observation goes, has not necessarily involved organic unity, but simply spiritual unity and whole-hearted co-operation in the largest sense. Advocates of Christian Unity, it is true, would welcome closer organic relations in those large denominations which at the present time are divided into different groups. But even that is a matter for the future, and may safely be left to the development of the spirit of Unity. Every Christian entertains the hope that the time will come when the reunion of Christendom will be realized in the coming together in closer, harmonious spiritual and administrative relations, of all the various bodies that now compose the Church of Christ; but it is not a matter to be forced through the agencies available at the present time. When the reunion does come, it will be the work of the Holy Spirit moving upon the churches.

One point which Professor Brown emphasizes should not be overlooked. Speaking of organic union he says: "It is such a complete surrender and absorption of the existing denominational bodies in their own church which is contemplated by many High Churchmen of every denomination. When they speak of organic union, they mean the inclusion of all persons who desire to be recognized as Christians in a single authoritative Church. It is fear of such absorption and surrender which explains the strong opposition of powerful groups of Christians to organic union in any form." This is a dream hardly to be realized in an age the spirit of which calls for the utmost freedom in religion and its forms of expression. But even conceding that a serious obstacle in the way of Christian Unity is that many fear lest its coming would affect the corporate and official church organizations now existing, the fear is groundless. There is not and never has been any proposition which would involve the effacement of a single denomination. When they come together, they will do so spontaneously and the movement will be irresistible. Just what is to be gained, after all, by projecting so large a field of discussion on the screen will be difficult for many to understand. What a multitude of earnest souls in all the churches have been hoping and praying for; what the great spiritual leaders both here and abroad, are working for diligently, is the movement for Christian Unity in the form of closer relationships, the merging of great spiritual interests and Gospel enterprises, and the fullest co-operation.

Christian Unity, in the true sense of the term, does not mean one great dominating Church, which has the right to dictate to the Christian world. The Unity which is the hope of the Church and toward which all earnest Christians are striving, is that spiritual unity for which Jesus prayed: "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou has sent me." This type of Unity of the hearts, souls and consciences of men would bring the Church in all its branches closely together in all that related to the advancement of the Kingdom, no matter under what names or leaderships they might be arranged.

Saved Tens of Thousands

REV. Z. CHARLES BEALS, *treasurer of the Christian Herald famine relief committee in China says in a letter just received in the office:*

"Rev. G. Harding writes me: 'Praise God for the Christian Herald gift. We did need it so for our starving Christians here. What a glorious thing to have such a fund at such a time as this.' Others have written saying: 'If this Christian Herald money had not been sent out tens of thousands of men, women and children would have perished. Funds from other sources came later. How these gifts have saved the situation! Praise the Lord!'"

Christian Endeavor on the Side

Some Unusual Channels Into Which the Great Work Has Spread

By MARC EDMUND JONES

(Executive Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Convention Committee)

"MABEL, get some weeds! They'll start the fire grand!"

"Weeds? What's weeds?"

"Oh, you know! Leaves!"

The heights above Clove Lake, Staten Island, were dotted with groups of fresh-air seekers upon as balmy a Saturday afternoon as New York City had known for a while. The speakers were Brooklyn Intermediates; the occasion a Brooklyn Intermediate Christian Endeavor Union picnic. Although the corporate limits of New York City include seven hundred and fifty honest-to-goodness farms by actual statistics, yet of the city's millions there are the innumerable ones to whom all foliage and growing things are strange and lovely luxuries.

The Brooklyn City Union ranks as the first of the Christian Endeavor organizations to go into Fresh-Air work. The story is related of a general secretary of the United Society who entered a hotel in a convention city to engage accommodations for delegates. The manager seemed puzzled at the name "Christian Endeavor"; then brightened:

"Oh! That's the organization of young people in the church where they stand up in meeting and cling to chairs and try to read a clipping or—or something—isn't it?"

Twenty-nine years ago such a conception of Christian Endeavor may have lingered in the mind of the average layman. Today the spread of the movement, its world work, is familiar to the general membership of the church, but many Christians fail utterly to realize the various channels into which the young people have spread their activities. Christian Endeavor as an institution in the church has won its spurs. But Christian Endeavor on the side—?

Fresh-Air work is the most generally established of the side activities. In the year of the second great New York Convention it is a pretty self-contained union that does not have some particular pet work which it sustains entirely through its own effort, and few things are as popular as the summer relief for the kiddies of the slums.

Brooklyn has maintained its camp for years. So that the union might own and manage property, it has been incorporated under the laws of the state. Its camp at Huntington, Long Island, comprises several acres of choice ground, mostly wooded. Every year more than two thousand children of the poorer sections are given vacations. More than five thousand dollars annually are contributed to the work.

Philadelphia has a well established Fresh-Air camp at Green Lane. Here more than a thousand youngsters are each given a two-weeks' vacation. Newark, through the Essex County organization of New Jersey, maintains a camp, "New Fernwood," at Roseland, N. J., Hudson County, embracing Jersey City, maintains a camp. Even the Staten Island Union, an organization of less than twenty-five societies, has contributed five hundred dollars to Fresh-Air work for the year 1921.

THE Pennsylvania State Union has given prominence to an unusual sort of Christian Endeavor activity, the floating work in Philadelphia Harbor. This contact with the sailors upon the ships has been so successful that the business men's organizations among the Philadelphia shipping interests have given official recognition to the Endeavorers. In the years of the work no ship and no dock has been barred to the groups of young people. The exhibit of the floating work at the New York Convention has been financed entirely by Philadelphia shippers.

Perhaps the principal feature of the floating work is the sailor's comfort kit given free of charge to the men each Christmas. Each bag is made of durable material, ten by thirteen inches square when flat. In each is placed a Testament or Bible, a pin-cushion filled, a book of needles, two spools of thread, a small bag of buttons, a pair of scissors, a bottle of vaseline, a roll of rags for bandages, and a personal letter. At Christmas in 1920 exactly 1240 of these kits were given away in the course of personal visits to the ships.

Christian Endeavor within prison walls, the Society at the Reformatory, Frankfort, Ky., gathered around the C. E. flower-bed

Part of the starboard watch and the Wilmington, S. C., Floating C. E. Society after a service aboard a warship

Floating work, of course, is not confined to Philadelphia. The Floating Society of Wilmington, N. C., has been one of the most active in this country. Chicago has performed a splendid service. Floating work is particularly a feature of Christian Endeavor in Great Britain. In ten years the British Endeavorers have distributed at Christmas more than one million individual comfort kits.

A husky lot this—an army Christian Endeavor Society at Camp Travis, Texas

The appeal of the floating work is the appeal of men shut away from home influence and the softening surroundings of a home life for the principal part of their working time. To Christian Endeavor the "shut-in" has been a subject of particular interest always. And so there has grown the work in institutions, of which the hospital work in particular should be mentioned.

THE New York City unions have taken an enthusiastic interest in hospital work. On one special Sunday virtually every hospital of any prominence in Manhattan was Island covered by the West Side District, a local union of some twenty societies. The Staten Island Union has a regular schedule throughout the year for prison visitation.

Of the work among "shut-ins" the prison work deserves high rank. This first was started in the reformatory at Frankfort, Kentucky, by Commissioner Frederick A. Wallis, now chairman of the New York 1921 convention committee. At the present time, the society in the institution has about 1700 members. Governor McCreery said upon one occasion:

"Christian Endeavor is worth more to the State of Kentucky in its work for men and women behind prison bars than all other religious agencies in Kentucky combined."

Recently at a Kentucky State Convention, two of the convention sessions were held behind the prison bars. "Dan" Poling gives testimony to the fact that he has never failed to gain a riotous demonstration of approval from his audience whenever he makes his favorite statement:

"There are more Christian Endeavorers behind prison bars today than at any period since the foundation of the movement."

Similar in some degree to the prison work is the Americanization program of Christian Endeavor. The City Union of Lorain, Ohio, for more than ten years has conducted classes in English among the foreigners. The text book has been the Gospel of John, serving to tie religious to secular instruction.

THE service of Christian Endeavor to good citizenship in general has been marked by a number of striking individual achievements. The Atlantic City Convention in 1911 gave the county the prophetic phrase "A Saloonless Nation by 1920." The Chicago Union conceived and carried through to successful conclusion a campaign to give the letter-carriers a rest day of one out of every seven, a service which resulted in formal testimony from the letter-carriers' organization, together with a substantial money contribution to the union for its regular work.

Among the odd civic services of Christian Endeavor unions was the action of the Cleveland organization in agreeing to ice during each summer any number of drinking fountains which the city might be willing to install; a contract faithfully executed by the young people.

In the recent war Christian Endeavor did not fail to meet the challenge. More than 200,000 Endeavorers served in the Allied Armies, but more than that, the unions through the country hurried to render service as individual organizations, and the record is a fine one and a clean one.

Army Christian Endeavor did not start with the war, however, nor has it ended with the close of hostilities. The high achievements during the dark years of the recent conflict include the action of the Oregon and Washington organizations, which furnished all the huts for the Y. M. C. A. workers in camps in those states. The Christian Endeavorers of the Island of Jamaica took over the basement of a ruined chateau in Belgium and held services every morning just before

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The World News of the Week

Two Steps Toward Lighter Tax Burdens

TWO important steps have been taken by the administration which are designed to lighten the burden on the more or less impatient taxpayer. The first is a constructive reform for which public spirited men have been laboring for several years and which was made possible during the last session of Congress by the passage of the National Budget bill. Under the provisions of the bill, which provides for the appointment under the President of a Director of the Budget, General Charles G. Dawes as director has assumed the unenviable task of removing several thousand employes from the Federal payroll, consolidating bureaus and department divisions, eliminating overlapping services and otherwise outlining a program putting the Government on a real business basis.

General Dawes's first act was to announce that he will call for a group of able business men not heretofore associated with governmental affairs and draft them for the budget bureau until the opening of the next regular Congress in December. He plans to turn them loose in the department headquarters with instructions to recommend department reorganizations on the most efficient possible business lines. An appreciation on the part of these men of the financial crisis that confronts the Government is depended on to ensure their response to the call on the "dollar a year" basis made so familiar during the war. No estimate has been made with accuracy of the money to be saved by a proper co-ordination of Government branches but the sum is expected to reach the tens of millions.

The second step in the effort to reduce the general economic load takes the form of a bill introduced in the Senate and House at the request of President Harding giving authority to Secretary of the Treasury Mellon to arrange for the refunding of loans made to allied governments during the war, as well as other foreign obligations growing out of the war and post-war period. This action was taken after a survey of the situation abroad convinced the treasury officials that payment of principal or interest by the foreign governments would be almost impossible for the present. Tables accompanying a report by Mr. Mellon to the President show that debts of foreign governments to the United States now aggregate $10,141,267,585. Of this amount, $9,435,225,329 represents advances made under the Liberty Bond acts and the remainder grants of surplus war materials, and supplies from the United States Grain Corporation and the American Relief Administration.

The question of arriving at a settlement of the problem growing out of our foreign loans has been a particularly serious one for the treasury officials since the end of the war. No interest has been paid on the loans, against which there has been regular disbursement of interest to the American people in whose hands are the bonds out of which these loans were made.

It apparently is Mr. Mellon's proposal, after conferences with large numbers of bankers, to arrange with our foreign debtors to take up their notes with bonds which shall be turned over to the United States and marketed here, these bonds being so devised that they will care not only for the principal of the debt and the current interest, but for interest past due in some instances as much as three and a half years. Such an arrangement would enable the government to either retire a certain proportion of Liberty Bonds or eliminate a good part of an interest charge aggregating about $400,000,000 annually.

Hearings have been opened on the bill suggested by the President and there is every probability that it will be passed. Virtually the only argument advanced against it is on the ground that it confers too much authority on the Secretary of the Treasury.

International

THE WORLD-FAMOUS SKYSCRAPERS OF LOWER NEW YORK AS THE AVIATOR SEES THEM

In the foreground are the East River docks, while the Hudson extends across the upper part of the picture. It is now possible to take an "air bus" for a jaunt over the city—fare, one dollar a minute

The Question of Beer

SENATOR WILLIS of Ohio and Representative Campbell of Kansas, both strong advocates of Prohibition, have undertaken to bring about a settlement in Congress of the fight over beer for medicinal purposes. They have introduced in their respective houses a bill which in effect is a segregation from the supplemental Volstead enforcement bill of provision preventing physicians from prescribing beer for their patients. An effort is being made to obtain action on the bills before the new rules of the Internal Revenue Bureau regarding medical uses for beer become operative. Under these rules, based on a decision by ex-Attorney General Palmer, no limit is placed on the amount of the beverage a physician can prescribe. The result of the Palmer decision has been preparation by large brewing interests to open their plants and run full steam to supply the anticipated demand. The Willis-Campbell bill would allow one pint for one patient every ten days. As to the new Volstead bill, it has run on rocks rolled in its path by chemical and industrial interests who say not enough consideration has been given to their raw alcohol requirements.

BISHOP TUTTLE RECALLS HIS TRAVELS OF STAGE COACH DAYS

In celebrating the centennial of the Episcopal Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, the presiding bishop of the church (seen in the rear seat of the stage coach) traversed part of the route he had covered just 54 years before immediately after his consecration as missionary bishop of Montana, Utah and Idaho

Lord Curzon Assails the League

LORD CURZON, British Foreign Secretary, has taken occasion in the House of Lords in replying to questions on mandates, to attack the League of Nations covenant and declare that the Allies took an entirely wrong turning in the making of peace. "If," he said, "instead of drawing up regulations for the better government of the world in the future, they had endeavored to secure peace, we should have been much further advanced on the path of peace than is the case at pressnt.

"Much of our difficulties in every sphere of international affairs arise from the wrong turn which was taken when the delegates first assembled in Paris. The more we get America to resume in peace the co-operation which she gave us in time of war the better it will be for the recovery of the peace of the world."

Thus it will be seen that the Foreign Secretary and Mr. Lansing are pretty much in accord as to the proceedings of the Paris conference.

The attack on the League came as a great surprise to the English public. On the subject of mandates Lord Curzon said he expected the League Council to defer discussion of mandates in deference to the wishes of the United States and that in taking this action the Council would find Britain in entire agreement with it.

Agree on Naval Bill

THE House and Senate conferees, after considerable discussion during which the House group once declined to continue the meetings, have come to an agreement on the naval appropriations bill. The conference report fixes $417,000,000 as a total. The original Senate bill carried $496,000,000 and the House bill $398,000,000. The new measure retains the Borah proposal for initiating disarmament through a meeting of Great Britain, Japan and the United States at the invitation of President Harding. The bill makes provision for a personnel of 106,000 men as compared with 120,000 provided for by the Senate and 100,000 by the House.

In this connection it may be noted that the preponderant strength of the navy, by orders just issued by the Secretary of the Navy, will be transferred from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The new Pacific fleet will be approximately 25 per cent. stronger in tonnage and gun power than the fleet based in the Atlantic.

Open Fight on Bonus Bill

SENATOR BORAH has opened a fight in the Senate on the soldier bonus bill on the ground that it will add a burden of from $1,500,000,000 to $5,000,000,000 to the taxpayers of the country. Sentiment on the bill seems to be pretty well divided regardless of political lines. It is being attacked largely on the ground that it is

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Living for Eternity

A Sermon by REV. D. J. BURRELL, D.D.*

TEXT—John 14 : 4. "We know not whither thou goest."

THE other day one of our distinguished men, anticipating death under the scalpel, wrote a farewell note to his friends, in which he said, "I don't know where I am going, but I am going to find out."

Is that the best that can be said? Let us see.

Can it be proven that there is anything beyond the border line? Certainly not, if by "proof" is meant mathematical demonstration. No spiritual problem can be solved that way. One might as well insist on seeing with his ears or hearing with his eyes as to expect to verify any spiritual fact by the evidence of the physical senses; for "spiritual things are spiritually discerned." The man who refuses to exercise faith—the sixth sense, with which he has been divinely equipped for this very purpose, and by which he is distinguished from all the lower orders of life—is self-doomed to perpetual ignorance with respect to every thing that lies beyond the horizon of his finger-tips.

But why should we insist on such a demonstration of immortality. It is enough to say "I am." This throws the burden of proof on the other man; since the presumption is always in favor of the *status quo*. I am; therefore I shall continue to be; unless it can be shown that something will occur to make an end of me. So far as anybody knows or can know, death is simply a moving out and moving on. To say that because I must presently vacate this tabernacle of flesh I shall no longer exist is as transparently illogical as it would be to infer from the sign "To Let" on an empty house that the former tenants had lapsed into nothingness.

If our interest in the problem of immortality has its roots in anything deeper than mere curiosity we would do well to inquire within. Let us ask ourselves, "If I die, shall I live again?" and note the immediate and indignant response, "I shall live and not die!" (Job 14 : 4 cf. PSALM 118 : 17.)

AND after that it would be well to listen to the consensus of all ages and generations of the children of men. Why did the Greeks place an obolus on the tongues of their beloved dead? To pay their ferriage over the Styx into a future life. Why did the Romans write *Emigravit* on their tombstones? Because they thought of death as a mere moving on. Why did the Egyptians mummy their dead? Because they believed in a future reunion of body and soul. Why do the American Indians bury with their chieftain his favorite horse and his bow and arrows? Because they think he will need them in the happy hunting grounds further on. Why is a Zulu in mid-Africa afraid of the crooked stick which he worships as a fetich in the midst of his kraal? Because he believes the spirits of the dead have taken possession of it. Where in all the world or along the centuries will you find a nation without a belief in immortality? Nowhere.

Is it likely that the God who guides the homing swallows through the trackless skies would have abandoned the whole human race to a delusive dream? Not even the infidel Ingersoll was prepared to go so far. Here is what he said at his brother's grave: "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death *hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.*"

BUT if immortality is a fact, how does it happen that the word "immortality" does not occur in the Bible from Genesis to Malachi? For the best of reasons, to-wit, because immortality is the postulate on which the inspired Book rests and without which it would be as meaningless as so much empty air. As well ask why the word "people" is not to be found in our City Directory; the fact being that the Directory is all people and without people there would be no Directory. The Bible is intended for men and women who feel the need of direction as to a future life. If any one is persuaded that he is no better than a sheep and is content to live and die accordingly, he will find nothing to attract him in these Oracles of God.

But after all, the question is really not "Does death end all?" but, assuming that we are to live forever, what shall we do about it? In other words, *What is the working value of a belief in immortality?*

To begin with, it furnishes a satisfactory explanation of Life:

It is a matter of supreme importance that we should know what life is: otherwise we are no better than shipwrecked mariners on a rotten raft, drifting, without a compass, on an unknown and uncharted sea.

It is a line beginning at the cradle and ending at the grave? Is it an O. Henry story running through threescore and ten pages to a Finis? Then our proper place is with the Epicureans who said, "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die." The Great White Way for us!

Or is it the Preface of a serial that is to be "continued in our next" forever? If so, let us live so.

It makes a vast difference to me whether I am meditating a week-end in Atlantic City or a journey around the world. In the one case a hand-bag will answer my purpose; but the other requires an elaborate course of preparation, in which prudence will probably suggest a life-insurance policy and certainly a letter of credit. The next thing in order is to lay the foundation; and "other foundation can no man lay than Christ Jesus," He being the Rock of Ages. Then comes the Superstructure; which is nothing less or more than the imitation of Christ. So emerges our life work: "More like Jesus would I be."

BUT Character-building is not all. If it were, life would be a very selfish thing. We are called to Usefulness.

I am sorry for a man who, nowadays, can pursue the comfortable tenor of his way without hearing the bitter cry of those who perish of cold and hunger. A few weeks ago several millions in China were in danger of starving before the rice harvest came in. Who were they? Hath not a coolie "hands, organs, dimensions, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food and hurt with the same weapons" as other men?

But have you heard the deeper cry of the imperishable souls of those millions for the Bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger and never die? To answer that pleading voice and those beckoning hands a small army of consecrated men and women have set forth with the Gospel of grace. What have you to say to that? Are you calling "Come back! Charity begins at home"? Then God pity you for a mannikin. If Augustine had not gone to Britain as the pursuivant of Foreign Missions you would still be out with a club after provender and a wife, as your ancestors were. Who are we to call "Come back" when the Lord says "Go?" But if death ends all for a coolie or for any other man, then Missions at home or abroad are simply a fool's errand, and Christ was a mere dreamer of dreams.

ON THE other hand, if the Captain of our Salvation was right, then our business is marked out for us. We are sent not as dying men on a forlorn hope, but as living men to the rescue of men who live forever. And if we fail we shall fall short of a title clear to the full possibilities of eternal life.

For what we call "life" is not really life, but only the vestibule of life further on. We are apprentices, learning how to do things for God, so that we may be entitled to a place among those "ministering spirits" who perpetually "do serve Him." The loneliest man over yonder will be the man who, when he was down here, learned how to make money, how to enjoy himself, how to win the favor of his fellows, how to do everything but serve the Lord. O poor millionaire; fit for nothing but to be a novice among the expert workmen of God!

If, therefore, it is true that we live forever, let us be living that way. I do not like "the pale realms of shade," nor do I care to think of lying down to "pleasant dreams." Oh, no! Rather to an instant awakening, to a glorious surprise, to a revelation of things that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor have ever entered into the heart of man!

The life that we are now living is the bud of eternity. A foolish husbandman is he who plucks the blossoms of his fruit-trees for a nosegay: but not more foolish than the sybarite who uses up his precious hours and moments for a fleeting joy or passing gain. He who lives truly for the day, lives for eternity, by fertilizing the roots of his orchard and spraying the stirring promise of its boughs that the ingathering may not fail him.

An old preacher named Marshall, who lived three hundred years ago, left among his papers this quaint parable: "A certain man, being come to market with a considerable sum of money about him, whilst walking in the throng and considering with himself how he should invest to the best advantage, some sly fellow cut his purse or at unawares dove into his pocket; and there was an end of all his marketing. So it is with those who, whilst they are in the midst of secular employments and, as it were, crowded in the throng of worldly contrivances—how to secure such a ship, advantage or trade (things in themselves with necessary cautions not unlawful)—in steps death, cuts the thread of their life, spoils all their trade and lays their glory in the dust."

WHEREFORE, make haste, O man, to live. The flight of a projectile is determined by the direction of a gun at the moment of its discharge. What we are doing today is what we are likely to be doing forever. What we need is the far-away look—the look of a man who takes immortality into the reckoning. To line up with Christ here and now in the service of God and our fellowmen is the best preparation for usefulness in the interminable aeons of the life further on.

And what of death? Death is the gateway of the beyond. *Mors janua vitae!* O brightest angel of all who throng the shining seats of heaven, roll back the gates! We have climbed the stairway of the years with weary feet and, fearing, have maligned thee as "the King of Terrors." Count it not against us; but smiling at our fears, roll back the gates! Too long have we played at living, even when we thought of doing our best. The lights are shining yonder within the gates, and hands—familiar hands—are beckoning—and songs come floating this way. O benignant angel of the apocalypse, roll back the gates and bid us enter into life!

*Pastor Marble Collegiate Church (Reformed), New York.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow," or "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—God's Goodness and Mercy. Psalm 145; Verses 10 to 21.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation. (See page 490, first column.)

Sermon—"LIVING FOR ETERNITY"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Beulah Land," or "Whosoever Will."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

May we part after this service, gracious and tender-hearted God and Father, with the assurance that Thou art mightier than all the forces of the world, stronger than all evil, wiser than all mankind, more merciful than the best of human parents, and filled with Thy peace make us strong to meet all our tasks this coming week. In Jesus' Name we ask it. AMEN.

The Summer at Northfield

THE 1921 program of the Northfield Conferences and Summer Schools, founded by D. L. Moody, at East Northfield, Mass., is of unusual interest to Christian workers all over the country. From July 5 to 11, the Interdenominational Women's Home Mission Summer School is in session, with the general theme of its meetings "Facing Our Unfinished Task in America." It will be followed by the Summer School for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies, lasting until July 19, at which a careful study will be made of the serious conditions of social unrest throughout the world. Next will come the eighteenth annual session of the Summer School of Religious Education, July 21-28, with a strong faculty under the leadership of Dr. Norman E. Richardson, of the Department of Religious Education of Northwestern University. The Mount Hermon School commencement will be on July 26, and July 30 to August 1 will be devoted to the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the institution. The thirty-ninth annual session of the General Conference of Christian Workers, July 30 to August 14, will lay special stress upon the problems confronting the ministry, not only in the large centers but also in the rural districts, and several notable speakers already have promised to attend. The Massachusetts Christian Endeavor Institute will meet at Northfield, August 15-21.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., W. L. Goldsmith, W. S. Stranahan and R. Braunstein

Sorrowful Yet Always Rejoicing

SUNDAY. I Peter 1 : 6. "*Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now ye have been put to grief.*" A present rejoicing set in the midst of an environing grief! A profound and refreshing satisfaction, even when the surface of the life is possessed by drought! I never expected to find a fountain in so unpromising a waste. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice!"

Who ever expected to find a well in that Sahara? As I trod the hot burning sands of "reviling" and "persecuting" and false accusing, little did I anticipate encountering a fountain of spiritual delight. Let us once again contemplate the strange conjunction. "Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Capernaum!" This on the one hand. And on the other hand, "A certain lawyer stood up, and tempted Him." And between the two, "Jesus rejoiced in the Spirit."

Again, I say, I am amazed at the setting. If life were a prolonged marriage-feast, one might anticipate hearing the happy bells at every corner of the way; but to hear the joyous peal in the hour of grievous midnight and eclipse arrests the heart in keen and strained surprise. "These things have I said unto you, that My joy may be in you." "My joy!" And yet Calvary loomed only a hand's-breadth off, just twenty-four hours away! I thought the joy bells might have been heard away back in Nazareth, in the beauty and serenity of a secluded village life, or on some quiet evening, with His friends on the Galilean lake; but I never anticipated hearing them at Calvary's base, in full view of shame and crucifixion.

"My joy!" "One of you shall betray Me." It is a marvelous conjunction, but one which is almost a commonplace in the Christian Scriptures. "They received the word in much affliction, with joy in the Holy Ghost." It is a mysterious, yet glorious wedlock. "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now . . . ye have been put to grief." What is the suggestion of this apparently forced and incongruous union? The suggestion is this, that the spiritual joy of the redeemed life is continuous, and is not conditioned by the changing moods of the transient day. Spiritual delights are not dried up when I pass into seasons of material drought.

When the shadows settle down upon my life, and my experiences darken into night, the night is not to be without its cheery and illuminating presence. The place of the midnight is to be as "the land of the midnight sun." There shall be light enough to enable me to read the promises, to see my way, and to perceive the gracious presence of my Lord. "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Therefore the shadow need not annihilate my joy. My temporary grief need not expunge my spiritual delights. The funeral knell of bereavement may be tolling in the outer rooms of the life, while in the most secret places may be heard the joy bells of trustful communion with God. "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now . . . ye have been put to grief." J. H. J.

The Surprising Love of God

MONDAY. I John 3 : 1. "*What manner of love.*" A young man is sitting at table in his father's house. He is scarred with the marks of a misspent life; the wrinkles that never come off. What right has he there? He had been happy in his boyhood under the old roof-tree; but the wanderlust seized him. He said to his father, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," and thereupon took his journey into a far country, where he wasted his substance in riotous living.

Then came the famine, the famine that inevitably comes in every wayward life; and he began to be in want. Out in the swine-field, friendless and famishing, he came to himself and said, "I will arise and go to to my father."

And his father received him. Behold what manner of love! His father saw him while he was yet a great way off and ran, and fell upon his neck and kissed him. So here he sits, the profligate, clothed in the best robe and wearing the signet ring. What right has he here? That is the point. By all the standards of human judgment he should be reaping the harvest of his vices. But the father welcomed him with open arms. In this complete restoration of the prodigal, we have a wonderful exposition of the love of God.

D. J. B.

The Test of True Discipleship

TUESDAY. Matt. 14 : 28. "*Lord, bid me to come to Thee on the water.*" Peter walked safely on the waves while he looked unto Jesus, but when he gazed at the boisterous sea, he began to sink. "Come unto Me," and "Look unto Me" are the blessed words of Christ's invitation, but when our purpose is only self-gratification, for the display of our powers, or to satisfy unholy ambition, we sink and cry, "Lord, save or I perish!" Jesus had a high motive in walking on the waves—to save the disciples from shipwreck. Peter had no particular mission in mind and therefore failed.

At another time, Peter's curiosity led him to exclaim: "Lord, whither goest Thou?" but he did not wish to follow Jesus as much as he thought he did, for in the midst of danger and persecution, he denied Him thrice. But after Pentecost, he was a new Peter, following everywhere, even to the Cross, like unto his Lord.

When we are looking to perpetuate our own selfish desires, we sink into the depths of doubt. When the glory of Christ and the salvation of men is our aim, we walk safely everywhere as witnesses for Him. Willingness to go with Jesus into the garden, all the way to Calvary, down through the gates of death, is the test of true discipleship. Are we willing to be baptized with His baptism of suffering, or only to run well for a season of pleasure? E. W. C.

When Jesus Leads

WEDNESDAY. Mark 10 : 32. "*They were on their way—and Jesus was going before them.*" On the way to Jerusalem, the Master was setting the pace and blazing the trail. The others were only followers, and we are informed that they had misgivings and fears as they watched their leader, striding on ahead. They were amazed and somehow they were frightened by the sight of Him, as with firm tread and resolute face He led them onward. They must quicken their steps; they dare not loiter, because He keeps right on! He seems strangely bent on getting there, and they wonder "why"? They begin to be afraid of this forward-looking Guide with the quick step. He has a goal in view—but is it safe to follow? What if He is leading them into trouble—can He be trusted to choose the pleasant road? Falteringly, fearfully, they trailed along behind the great Path-Finder and Pace-Maker.

Jesus is still leading troubled hearts onward. Still are His followers amazed and anxious as they fix their eyes upon His advancing figure. His course seems dangerous, and, according to this world's standards, unwise. He is not afraid of "Jerusalem"—but we are! We would prefer "climbing up some other way." The "straight and narrow" way looks unnecessarily difficult, and we follow very reluctantly and fall steadily to the rear. The distance between us and the Master is the measure of our distrust.

Alas! how many are afraid to follow Jesus at all? He is an undoubted radical; but they are naturally conservative! He is bent on finding His life by losing it; they timidly think that if they lose their lives, they would never find them again. "O ye of little faith, how long must I bear with you?" Where He leads, let us follow without fear—"Forward with Jesus."

W. L. G.

Learning of the Master

THURSDAY. Matt. 11 : 29. "*Learn of me.*" Are we not to follow Christ's example as well as His precepts? Pictorial truth is the passion of the age, rather than abstract statement. Truth incarnated in persons is object-teaching of the most powerful kind. Like electricity, it is wireless, noiseless, unseen, everywhere present, the moral force of the soul. It is Peter's shadow healing the sick, unconscious power going out from a holy life. It is like little seeds scattered by the winds for an eternal harvest.

Moses and Stephen wist not that their faces shone, but the shining sermon of a look is preaching on forever. So the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is illuminating the world. Let us look and learn of Him the secret of his shining.

The life of Christ is as precious as His Word; His purity is its power, His character its crown, His death its glory. Without these, His teachings would be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

Should we not reflect the glory of God shining upon the winter of this world? Then we will live again after the stars fall, in the many minds that are made better by our presence through all the millennials of eternity. E. W. C.

Little Deeds

By Arthur Wallace Peach

A LITTLE kindly deed in some life cast
Is never vain; its ripples running free
May widen with the years and touch at last
The shining beaches of eternity!

The Sure Anchorage

FRIDAY. Heb. 6 : 19. "*Which hope we have, as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast.*" True hope is as the anchor of the soul, because it connects its possessor with an unseen world. When an anchor is cast overboard from a vessel, it drops out of sight, beneath the blue waves, which act as a kind of veil to hide it from view. The sailor does not see it, though he knows and feels that it is there. He perceives that his ship is anchored, though the secrets of the anchorage ground are concealed from his gaze.

Even so the apostle describes the Christian's hope, "as entered into that within the veil." Just as the veil of the temple concealed the "Holy of Holies," so there is a veil which hides from us the future; but the far-reaching hope of the believer passes beyond it, connects its possessor with the invisible world and seeks to appropriate the glory which is yet to be revealed.

Again, the anchor possesses enduring strength. When once the anchor is embedded in the ocean's bottom, with what a firm grasp does it hold fast the largest vessel! An emblem this, of the strength of true hope! It is both "sure and steadfast," for it rests not upon the broken promises of man, but the unchanging promises of God.

Other hopes may disappear and disappoint, but this anchor, never! It gives the soul absolute calmness and security amid the storms and stress of life.

W. S. S.

The Great Commission

SATURDAY. Mark 16 : 15. "*Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.*" This is the Great Commission, the great command from the Captain of our faith, ranging in importance with the Ten Commandments of personal conduct and that other dictum called "the new commandment" that we love one another even as He loved us. Jesus was Himself the Divine missionary, and the Disciple band learned world-needs at His feet and went forth to missionize all humanity.

It is not possible to separate the missionary idea from the Christian idea. The missionary enterprise and the Christian life are synonymous. To separate the two is as impossible. They are the fruit from one tree, the flowers from the same seed, the growth from the same seed. When we succeed in changing the logic of the seasons, turn time back in its flight, influence the sea to ignore the pull of the moon in the matter of its tides, and convert the streams from their flow to the ocean, then, and not until then shall we divorce the missionary crusade from the Christian consecration that goes to the fringes of the world in search of the last man, woman and child in the name of Jesus Christ.

The Great Commission does not mean Home Missions. Neither does it mean Foreign Missions. It means Missions, here, there, everywhere—home, foreign, fashionable avenue, city slum, western frontier, jungle wild, desert isolation, wilderness waste-places and metropolitan center, Orient and Occident, near and far, going from sea to sea, island to island, continent to continent, for the Gospel is not racial, peninsular, provincial, sectarian or limited in any way whatsoever. To the contrary, it is inclusive of all people everywhere, irrespective of race, color, tongue or clime.

The missionary enterprise is love in action, love incarnate in men and women of the heroic breed and mien, and it expresses itself in the deeds of a Livingstone, who said "Every land is my Fatherland"; it makes itself felt in the evangel of a John Wesley, who said "The world is my parish." It awaits the plowing and planting and cultivation of the representatives of God and the exponents of His righteousness and the pathfinders of His Kingdom. "No man, having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of God." This love in action expresses itself in the annals of missionary biography and the chronicles of missionary autobiography. And the reason we are so glad and so willing to go into all the world is because the Master of all the world has promised to go with us. Well might we all sing with Watts and make our song a prayer:

"O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!"

R. B.

Young People's Topic for July 17

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Judging Kindly

C. E., B. Y. P. U. and E. L. Matt. 7 : 1-15

THE word "judging" here does not mean forming an opinion, for we must of necessity form some kind of an opinion concerning the persons we meet and the things we see. No mind is like an uncultivated field. Some kinds of growths are sure to be found therein. No mind is utterly blank. It registers some kind of an impression, good or bad, constructive or destructive. The word "judging" in this particular is used in a censorious sense of judging, condemning, imputing wrong motives.

It is one of the easiest things in the world to judge another unkindly. Better to give everyone the benefit of the doubt than make them the victims of a hasty conclusion. We may make mistakes even with this method, but better to make a mistake on the side of some other's gain rather than loss.

If we were in full possession of all the circumstances that lead to the actions of those of whom we do not approve perhaps our opinion would be justified. We, however, even under those circumstances would not be justified in voicing that opinion. Many a person has been pushed further down the scale of being by the unkind judgment of friends and companions. The better method is to help those who have made a mistake and assist them in every way possible from repeating the error.

"Just stand aside and watch yourself
go by,
Think of yourself as 'he' instead of 'I.'
Note closely, as in other men you note
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy
coat.
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man
is you,
And try to make your estimate ring
true.
Confront yourself and look you in the
eye,
Just stand aside and watch yourself
go by.

"Interpret your motives just as though,
You looked on one whose aims you did
not know,
Let undisguised contempt surge through
you when,
You see you shrink, O commonest of
men.
Despise your cowardice, condemn what-
e'er
You note of falseness anywhere.
Defend not one defect that shames your
eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself
go by."

"I sat where they sat," said Ezekiel. He came to find fault. He remained to feel sorrow. Sit where others sit. Take a look at the other side. Think of those poor censorious Pharisees sitting in judgment of the poor woman. Contrast their attitude with the attitude of Jesus. "Let him who is without fault among you cast the first stone." "Woman where are thine accusers?" "All gone? Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

Gladstone once forgave a man who had done him an injury. His friends showed surprise. "What are Christians for?" asked the great man. Of course. What are Christians for? "Pray for them that despitefully use you." "Take it to the Lord in prayer." "God turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends." Praying instead of judging is the Christian's attitude. Let us pray. Let God judge.

The original boomerang was a weapon used by the inhabitants of Australia. It consisted of a piece of curved hard wood, which, when thrown by the hand in a certain manner, would come back to the thrower. The world is a boomerang. If you want a friend you must be a friend. Do you want good neighbors? Then be a good neighbor. You do not wish to be judged unkindly? Then do not judge unkindly—for your own sake, but more for the sake of those whom you might wrong.

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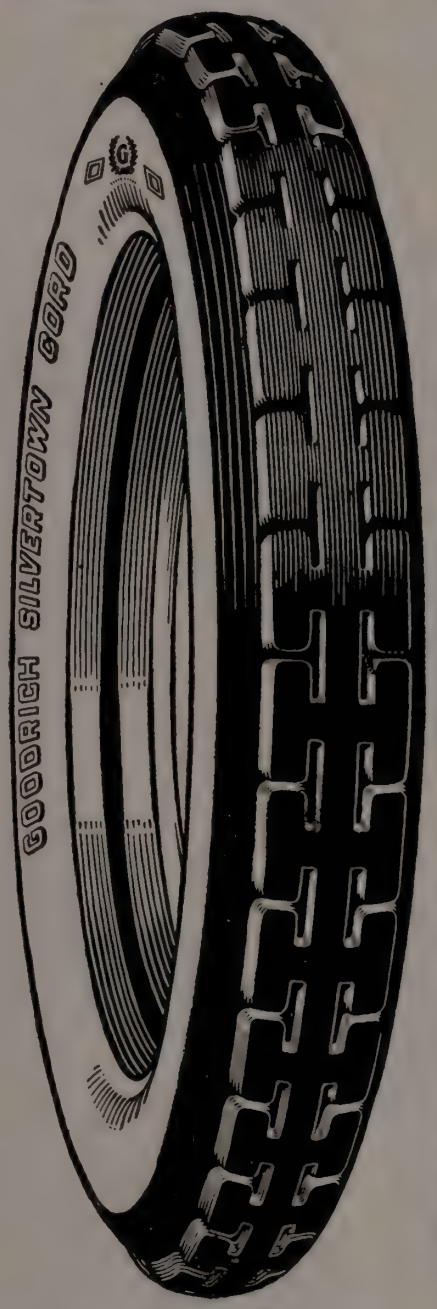

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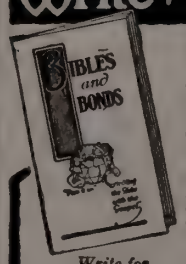

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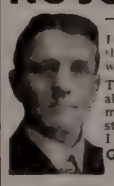

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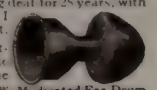

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The Conversion of Saul

International Sunday-School Lesson for July 17
Acts 9 : 1-19 a

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

DECISION DAY is best observed when Christ calls. For Saul of Tarsus, that day was when he was en route from Jerusalem to Damascus and had almost reached his destination. That day the proud pharisee learned that there is a higher law than that which is thought out by men. Even as the manifestation of Christ in His glory was greater than the created sun, so the revelation of our Lord is superior to all human philosophy of life. No paraphrasing of the lesson text can compare with those nineteen verses which are the basis of the lesson study. Commit them to memory, unless you are too old. Go over each portion of the wonderful scene. Visualize that which took place as clearly as you can. Wait, look, think, pray that you, too, may have the Vision Glorious of the Christ within the opened heavens.

Conversion is the great fact of this lesson. Saul began that wonderful day in his life as an enemy of Jesus Christ. Before the sun declined in the heavens, he had seen his Lord and acknowledged Him. In an instant the letters of authority from the Jerusalem Sanhedrin were scraps of paper and the man with a new heart was ready to receive new orders for a new manner of life. He had turned around, which is the literal meaning of "conversion." He had turned from defiance of God to obedience to God. In the light of Saul's experience listen again to the message that Jesus gave to Nicodemus: "Except one be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

While the fullest respect is paid to the differences in individual experiences, it must be noted that when Paul describes the Christian, he says, "Christ in you, the hope of Glory." There is a veritable incarnation of the divine in our heart when we become children of God. Personal salvation is so eternally important that one must not make any mistake. Jesus declared, John 3 : 18, "he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God."

Teachers in beginning the preparation of this lesson should consider the individual members of the class who have not made their decision to be Christians. This is your unusually clear opportunity to win these, under the power of the Holy Spirit, to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. Not only teach the individuals in the class and make your appeal there, but follow up the general seed-sowing by personal and direct interviews. Your pupils are looking for you to do this very thing, and possibly they are wondering why you have waited so long. The business of a salesman is not merely to show goods, but particularly to book orders.

IS YOUR way of life the best way, or even the right way? Many have had time to face such questions when they have been placed in the dark, as Saul was for those three days. We can often think much better in the dark, in times when we are laid aside for a season. Freedom of action can prevent weighing of values. You, dear reader, may right now be a shut-in or be held back from a most cherished desire. Such days can be for you school days with Christ as the Master Teacher. Paul knew that in times of personal weakness he was strongest spiritually. Though he had the thorn in the flesh, he discovered the sufficiency of God's grace.

When Saul was arrested by God outside the walls of Damascus there was great rejoicing by the praying group of Christians within that city. Saul must have been happy even in his blindness to know that never again would his hands be stained with the blood of the "saints." This is a summer-time lesson study and many are journeying in these days. It is fair to ask ourselves these questions: "Will the knowledge of our coming or visit bring joy to others? Are we planning for their good or their discomfort?" The outcome of a journey can be gloriously different from what was expected. Saul took about six days to go from Jerusalem to Damascus. By airship the distance is nearly 140 miles. He failed to make the usual report to the Sanhedrin, but he established the friendship with Jesus Christ which has been growing ever since. His destructive days were over and the constructive ones had begun. He entered Damascus a victor, though blind and led by the hand.

There is nothing to fear from a man who prays right. Saul of the Sanhedrin was doubtless a man of prayer. He was a Jew and worshipped Jehovah. If his prayers were in harmony with his pharisaism they were formal and vicious, for he surely asked help in accord with his letters of earthly authority. How differently he must have praised and petitioned his God after he saw and accepted the Christ as his personal Saviour! He was no longer righteous but a penitent sinner: he would ask Christ to be with and comfort those who were then in the Jerusalem prison because of previous arrests, and then there was the family of Stephen who loved the one whom he had helped to kill. He had time to pray and he *prayed*. In respect to prayer the statement is true—what one does from love he does differently.

MESSENGERS of Christ may not always be eager to obey, but they must go at the Master's command. When there was work for Ananias, Christ knew where to find him. He could tell this messenger about Saul and name the street where he was abiding. The omniscience of God is stupendously wonderful. Some are silly enough to try and circumvent our heavenly Father, Who knows even our thoughts. Ananias answered, "Behold, I Lord," and soon went forth on a blessed mission to open blind eyes. One young man found his call to the ministry in Isaiah 42 : 6-7, "I Jehovah have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thy hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; *to open the blind eyes*, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house." It was worth any struggle or cost to witness the falling of the scales from Saul's eyes.

If the biblical order of statement is the chronological one, this one who had obtained saving faith was baptized before he even took food. The Bible clearly teaches an outward acknowledgment of the inward working of divine grace. If you are a man, full grown as was Saul, be manly and make your public confession at once of the miracle which has been wrought in you.

Though Saul was converted at about the age of forty, no license must be taken from this fact. The average age of conversion is at sixteen. Less than three-tenths of one per cent. are converted at forty and the percentage is still less beyond that age. And even if one does accept Christ at forty, a quarter of century of opportunity for blessed service has been lost since the age of fifteen. If you have delayed your decision, delay no longer.

Saul had the habit of being an extreme man. He enjoyed going to the limit. This he did in the former days and now he will still be characteristic, though his will is yielded to the control of his Heavenly Father. Ananias told him of the possibility of being filled with the Holy Spirit, and Saul was ready to receive Him. Saul gave all of his talents to the Triune God. As the great apostle to the Gentiles he became the Moses of the New Testament and led the church from her narrow limits to a world position.

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The Christian Herald

Book Department

Bible House, New York

Désirée

Continued from page 485

will be sorrow in many a noble house, and the Bastile will receive some distinguished guests. I will tell you the names of those principally implicated: The Duke de Marsan, the Duke de Chaumont, the Count de Rodez, the Count d'Auch, the Viscount de Beauvais, and the Marquis de la Vars. What do you think of that list, M. de Beaujolais?"

"Sire!" I cried excitedly.

"What is it, M. de Beaujolais?"

"The very mention of that last name has restored the memory which had eluded me. I remember years ago visiting, in company with my late father, the château of the Marquis, and being charmed, boy though I was, with his little daughter. Is your Majesty's gracious offer of a reward still open to me?"

"It is still open, M. de Beaujolais."

"Then, sire, I would beg your royal clemency for M. de la Vars—a full pardon, if possible; though on condition, of course, that he pledges himself to engage no more in such plots."

The King laughed softly.

"I consent to your request, M. de Beaujolais. The more willingly because I have reason to believe that M. de la Vars is less culpable than the others. A free pardon is granted—with conditions. This shall be immediately set forth in a letter. Probably you would wish to be yourself the bearer of this letter?"

"With your Majesty's gracious permission," I answered, and it was plain that the King possessed the truly royal gift of reading a man's very thoughts.

"Then I give you leave to depart at once, for my officers are already well on their way to make the arrest."

WITHIN an hour I had left Paris well behind me and riding hard, reached the Château de le Vars towards the close of the second day, arriving hard upon the heels of the King's officers. The great house was in confusion, and I learned that the Marquis had already bidden farewell to his wife and daughter, and was now in the custody of Captain de la Motte, being by his courtesy allowed to make some final arrangements. The two were together when I was announced.

"This is an unexpected honour, M. de Beaujolais," said the Marquis. "I fear I must add, as you will see for yourself, that your visit is untimely."

"Pardon, M. le Marquis, but I venture to think you will find to the contrary," and I handed him the King's sealed letter.

The Marquis read with amazement; then, to my surprise, he looked at me coldly and haughtily, and passed the letter without a word to Captain de la Motte.

He also looked astonished, then laughed.

"You will accept the conditions, I trust, M. le Marquis?" said the Captain.

"I must at least consider them," replied M. de la Vars.

"Then I will withdraw for a while," De la Motte said, adding in an undertone, as he passed me—"You must have been born under a lucky star, De Beaujolais."

Somewhat mystified, I waited for the Marquis to speak.

"I understand, M. de Beaujolais, that it is to your influence I am indebted for this conditional pardon."

"I had the good fortune to gain the ear of his Majesty."

"Also that conditions were attached in accordance with your suggestion."

"Certainly, M. le Marquis," I answered, my own demeanor stiffening in response to the haughty manner he saw fit to maintain.

"*Mondieu!* I am amazed at your presumption, M. de Beaujolais."

"I fail to see the presumption, M. le Marquis. When a sovereign is gracious enough to pardon an offense, it is only fair to expect the offense will not be repeated."

"You must very well know I am not referring to that, but to the further condition."

"The further condition?" I questioned blankly.

"Read that, M. de Beaujolais," said the Marquis, his tone changing at the sight of my evident astonishment, and handing me the King's letter.

UNDERNEATH the formal order for pardon and release I read the following: "This pardon has been granted through the personal intercession of M. de Beaujolais, who attached the wise condition that you should engage to enter into no further plot against me or the Cardinal-Duke. There is also the further condition that you shall forthwith bestow upon M. de Beaujolais the hand of your daughter in marriage. I may point out that there is some advantage to you in this alliance, as although the young man's fortune is small, his advancement is certain owing to the esteem in which he is held both by myself and the Cardinal-Duke."

The reading of this message, though it was so gracious in tone, covered me with confusion.

"I assure you, M. le Marquis, that—that——"

"I see, now, that you had no full knowledge of the conditions," said M. de la Vars, breaking in upon my halting speech with a smile which emboldened me to take advantage of the royal message.

"Yet it is true that his Majesty must have read, by some rare insight, a hope that was in my heart."

"But how can that be, M. de Beaujolais? You have not seen my daughter since you and she were children."

"Pardon, M. le Marquis; but Mademoiselle de la Vars has been lately away from home."

"Yes, on a visit to her aunt."

"It was in the company of the Countess du Bartas I lately met mademoiselle, and was charmed by her beauty."

This was clearly a matter of surprise to the Marquis; but he did not then question me.

"To come to the point, Arnaud," he said, now calling me by my name. "I can have no objection to marrying my daughter to the son of my old friend, and I certainly have no wish to become an inmate of the Bastile; still——"

"I honour your scruples, M. le Marquis," I interrupted eagerly, "but I only beg your permission to at once urge my suit in person. If Mademoiselle de la Vars does not willingly consent, I pledge my honour to return to his Majesty and to do my best to induce him to withdraw the condition."

"Like your late father, you are the very model of chivalry," said the Marquis with a smile. "After my daughter was permitted to take leave of me she retired to the pavilion. Do you remember the way?"

"Perfectly, monsieur," I answered, and was soon hastening through the beautiful gardens to the rose-covered pavilion which I recollected had been her favorite retreat.

"MADEMOISELLE DE LA VARS —Désirée!" I called, and the slender, graceful figure, though not now clad in the garb of a waiting-maid, sprang up, startled, from an attitude of grief.

"You," she cried. "You!"

"Did I not say we should meet again?"

"And you knew—all the time?"

"I knew you were no serving maid, but not who you were until my memory was stirred by the sight of your father's name—in that list."

"So I was doubly fooled, and you have come to triumph in the result of your work," she said resentfully.

"My work?"

"Yes; for had not the Countess been deceived by the false despatch my father would have been warned, and would have fled."

"Do you blame me for doing my duty, Désirée?"

"I cannot blame you for that. Yet—oh! is it generous of you to come and triumph over a girl who was humiliated in doing her best for her father's safety?" And though pride would have restrained her tears they overflowed her beautiful eyes.

"Désirée, I am not so base as you

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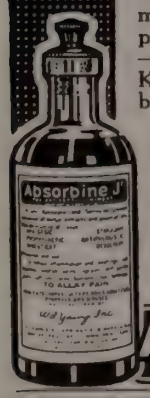

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think. I have come to bring you good news. His Majesty graciously permitted me to name a reward for my service, and I asked that your father should be pardoned."

"You asked that, monsieur—and was it granted?"

"On conditions. But before we enter into that I must speak to you upon another matter. That night at the inn—I said I would ask you to pardon my offence when we again met. I sue for your forgiveness now. Désirée, will you grant it?"

"I—I brought it upon myself," she answered with drooping eyes, her face flushed with the tints of the rose. "Besides, you have procured my father's pardon."

"Upon a certain condition."

"A condition?" she questioned with a quick look of alarm.

"Yes, but you must not blame me. His Majesty, by some means guessing what has, since I met you, become the dearest wish of my heart, attached it without my knowledge."

"What can it be?" she murmured, though the look in her eyes as she gave one quick glance, and her tell-tale blushes seemed to show that she already guessed.

"Désirée, do you not know? Did not that kiss tell you? I am here with your father's consent. If you cannot willingly grant my ardent desire——"

"Yes?" she questioned breathlessly.

"I have pledged my word that I will return to the King and beg him to forego the condition."

"Is it so little to your liking?" she asked with feminine perversity.

"No; but I love you so dearly that I could not force myself upon you."

"It is a long journey back to Paris," she said without looking at me.

"And I should bear with me a heavy heart."

"Would you conceal it so well as you did the despatch?" she laughed.

"Désirée, do not jest with me, though I may deserve it."

"My father's release would be delayed, and I, ungrateful, would be left with a memory which you have assured me I shall never forget. What a miserable creature I should be!"

Again she laughed; but now with such a look that I snatched her to my arms. This time the kiss was returned to me.

AT THE outset of this narrative I said it was not for a soldier to inquire into the why and wherefore of a duty given him to perform. Though keeping to this rule, I am not without suspicion that the carrying of the despatch with which I had been entrusted, was of less importance than the settling of a wager between his Majesty the King and his Eminence the Cardinal-Duke. I have now reason to believe that the subject of this wager was whether or no an officer so young and inexperienced as myself would be able to withstand certain dangers and temptations.

"From whom did you learn the nature of the despatch I carried?" I once asked Désirée.

"From my aunt, the Countess du Bartas."

"Did you of your own wish play the part of waiting-maid?"

"No, my aunt persuaded me to it, to save my father's liberty, perhaps his life."

Now I have since seen, in the cabinet of the Cardinal-Duke, the names of those employed in his secret service. Some were ladies of high rank, and amongst them the Countess du Bartas.

It has been declared that his Eminence, the greatest master of intrigue, loved it for its own sake, and would often confer his favors by its means. Even if that be so, it is certain that I have no cause to complain.

The Prayer League

ALL *Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.*

THE ruling desire in the letters received for the Prayer League this week is for a genuine, far-reaching religious revival. These letters are for the most part intensely earnest, and express confidence that the Lord will grant the prayers of His children for an outpouring of the Spirit.

"I wish to send in a request for prayers for a revival of religion in the Woodlawn Baptist Church of Virginia," writes M. W. H. "The church was once prospering."

"I humbly ask that each member of the league may pray for our church, which is one of the leading Baptist churches of Ohio," writes Mrs. A. B. "There has been a faction come up which has caused a division in the church, and the members are at sword's points with one another and the dear old pastor's heart is bowed down with sorrow. Pray that those who are in any way responsible for this catastrophe may see the error of their way, and that we may all be united again. And will you pray for me, that I may be given courage that in some way or somehow, I too might be able to bring souls to God."

Reader, N. H., writes: "Please pray that the M. E. Church in Stark, may be revived and that the young man who is supplying the pulpit may be able to overcome adverse circumstances. Also pray for me that I may have more faith in the midst of trial and anxiety."

A. N. P., Pittsfield, N. H., writes: "Pray for a genuine old-fashioned revival in a country neighborhood, that many souls may be born again. Also pray that sight may be restored to an eye from which a cataract has been removed; that one who is seeking the Light may receive Jesus Christ and be made free; that the right worker may be sent to a country meeting, and pray for a lady in a nervous condition which prevents her from filling a useful position."

M. McK., Red Mountain, Canada, writes: "Pray for a mighty revival in our congregation and neighborhood; that our pastor may be filled with the Spirit, and the members brought to a mighty conviction. Pray for my husband to make full surrender, and also for healing and financial aid for a number of friends."

Mrs. C. C., Millwood, Ky., writes: "Pray that the revival to be held here in September may be the greatest this little place has ever known, and that salvation may come to my household."

M. F. L., Albin, Wyo., writes: "Pray that the honest in heart among professed Christians in the whole world may be shown the true Church of Jesus Christ in order that believers may all come to the unity of the faith and believe and speak the same doctrine."

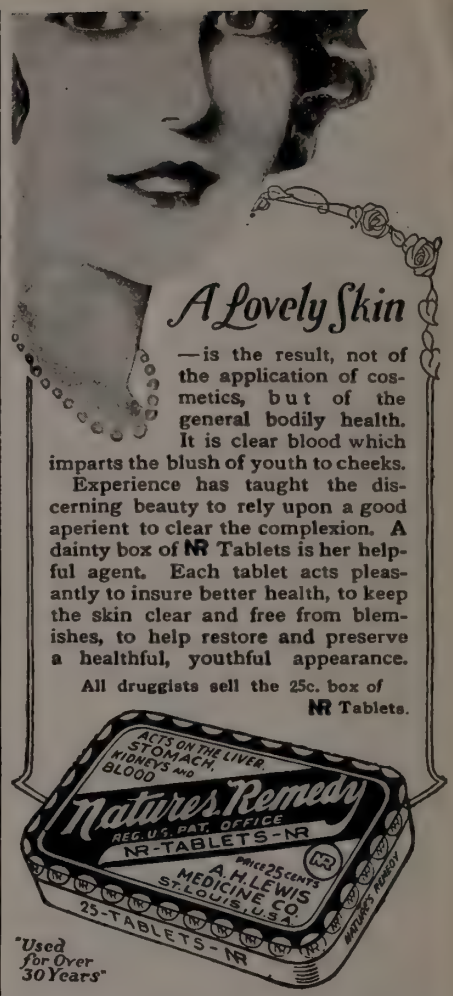
"Please enter me on your prayer list," writes Mrs. P. W. U., "that God will give me strength and knowledge to have a part in establishing His Kingdom on earth."

H. P., Silver Point, Tenn., writes: "A few years ago I asked you to pray for a boy who in a drunken state killed his father. He was then in prison. They have now pardoned him and he is coming home. While he was in there these many years he made a model prisoner. Pray earnestly that he may not enter into temptation but become a good Christian boy. I know it is through prayer that this has been brought about. I can not express my gratitude to you and God. He can do wonderful things for us when we ask Him. And I would also ask you to pray for a big revival here in the next weeks."

A. M. T., N. Y., writes: "Pray for my only son, that he may forsake his evil ways; also pray that I may be cured of cancer."

E. F. W., Willimantic, Conn., asks prayers that her little adopted son, who has been stolen, may be located and returned.

A Mother and Wife request the prayers of the league for a beloved son and for a husband who has been addicted to the drug habit. They write: "He is free from it now, and we request the earnest prayers of the League that he may never return to it."



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Dr. Sandison says:

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We form the acquaintance of such characters as Andrew Stoddard, in the "Good Fight," who became a benefactor to his fellowmen after his own career had apparently been wrecked by an accident; Robert Arnold in "As Heaven Views It," whose routine, selfish nature was illumined by a vision in which he listened to the Recording Angel's record of one day of his own life; the sudden change of mind that caused the Pastor of the Church of Milton to withdraw his letter of resignation, and how it all came about is delightfully told in "Why the Minister Remained"; the story of Rosy Calvaire, the little factory box-maker, is stirringly told in "Of Such Is the Kingdom" and is a terrible arraignment of child labor; "Sunrise on the Mesa" is a story of the Arizona desert and the Navajo and Hopi Indians; "His Christmas Gift" is a Christmas story of New York life and experience, and what happened at the most remarkable Christmas dinner Sidney Allen had ever attended; the whole concluding with a coal mine story entitled "Guests of Honor," in which a winter storm brought unexpected guests to the mine manager's family circle, who treated them as guests of honor—but the stories the reader must read for himself. The whole, delightfully and romantically told, is well adapted to reading in the family group when its members meet by the cozy fire on winter evenings. All admirers of Dr. Sheldon's world-famous book, "In His Steps," should read this new book.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
Book Department
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 488

not a logical or a satisfactory adjustment of soldier compensation claims and that the whole question has not been sufficiently considered.

Greece Less Aggressive

APPARENTLY Greece is ready to think again before undertaking her proposed offensive against the Turkish Nationalists in Anatolia. According to the latest dispatches from Athens the government is willing to accept in principle at least, the offers of mediation by Great Britain, France and Italy. the cabinet is not inclined to commit itself formally to the proposal until it learns the conditions on which the peace pourparlers would be based. In London and Paris there is no longer a feeling of uneasiness over the Near East, however, because of the certainty that Greece could not ignore any reasonable basis for negotiations presented by the three dominant powers. A final refusal to meet the Turks at the council table would, in the circumstances, mean the withdrawal of all Allied support from her.

King Opens Ulster Parliament

KING GEORGE'S decision to go to Belfast for the formal opening of the new Parliament of North Ireland had caused many misgivings, but the visit of the King and Queen to the Ulster capital was marred by no disorders. On the contrary, there was sincere enthusiasm in the greeting which they received in their three-mile procession through the Belfast streets between lines of sprapnel-helmeted pickets; and while Sinn Fein quarters hung out no flags the cheers for the royal visitors were not confined to the Unionists.

The King's speech from the throne was designed to reach a broader audience than the constituents of the Ulster parliament and contained an appeal that the grant of self-government to these six counties should be the stepping-stone to an Irish settlement. He spoke of the earnest desire throughout the English-speaking world for a satisfactory solution of the age-old Irish problems, and voiced a wish that in Southern Ireland a Parliament might soon be established. "The future lies in the hands of the Irish people themselves," he said in conclusion. "May this historic gathering be the prelude of the day on which the Irish people of the North and South, under one parliament or two as those parliaments may themselves decide, shall work together in common love for Ireland upon the sure foundation of mutual respect and justice."

20,000 Sign Church Peace Union Petition

MORE than 20,000 clergymen had signed a monster petition appealing for steps toward an international conference on reductions of armaments "at the earliest possible date" which was presented to President Harding by a delegation from the Church Peace Union. The petition bore the endorsement of the Federal Council, of the Churches of Christ in America, the National Catholic Welfare Council, the United Synagogue of America and the Central Conference of American Rabbis, and among the signers were representatives of almost all denominations.

Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, of New York, who was chairman of the delegation, told the President in presenting the petition that no other document of the same representative value in the disarmament movement ever had been presented. President Harding was quoted as replying that he hoped eventually to carry out the request, although the process could not be carried forward as rapidly as many people would like to see it. He added that the United States must have a general agreement regarding armaments before it could afford to permit its own to be reduced to too low a point.

NAVAL TUG CARRYING 43 GIVEN UP AS LOST. The Navy Department, after weeks of searching, has given up as lost the naval tug Conestoga, which left Mare Island, Calif., on March 23 for Samoa. Her crew consisted of 39 enlisted men, three warrant officers and one officer.

NOTED BOSTON EDITOR DIES. General Charles H. Taylor, for forty-eight years editor and publisher of the Boston Globe, died at his home in Boston at the age of 74 after a brief illness.

Christian Endeavor on the Side

Continued from page 487

dawn for the men about to press forward into the front line. In the Canadian and British armies there were numberless prayer groups held by the Endeavorers in the trenches and even at the front itself for their mutual help and encouragement, and for the men who had not yet consecrated their lives.

Since the Northwest has been mentioned, notice might be taken of a Christian Endeavor oddity in the work among the logging camps. The State of Oregon furnishes and maintains libraries in these out-of-the-way sections. Similarly there is a definite work carried on by the Endeavor movement in the logging centers in Maine and in the Adirondacks.

OF COURSE all work and no play is as unhealthy for an organization as an individual. Gradually there has grown a recognition of the value in fellowship in recreation among Christian people, and in Endeavor activities there is a growing tendency to provide wholesome recreation for the union workers and leaders, at once cementing their associations in the work, refreshing and rekindling their enthusiasm, and at the same time recruiting and enthusing new officers and newly drafted workers for the various activities.

Perhaps the lead in this direction has been taken in the holiday home scheme of the British Endeavorers. To provide for a holiday home, stock is issued and sold to the individuals. The homes are operated at a slight profit, so there is actually a tiny dividend to shareholders. Here members of the societies may spend their vacations, and in England a definite effort is made to promote international fellowship through carefully arranged invitations to leading figures in the Endeavor work from the continent.

In America an arrangement for week-end parties has grown up in connection with the Fresh Air Camps. The Philadelphia Union divides the week-end before and after the Fresh-Air work season among the eight branch unions, which in turn give the opportunity for the outing to the branch officers. From early spring until late fall, weather permitting, the camp is the scene of many joyous and happy times for the young people.

The Brooklyn camp at Huntington, L. I., is similarly used by the union officers of that city. The six Brooklyn districts have each an opportunity for a week-end, and at other times parties are made up of other groups of Endeavorers. The Brooklyn organization always makes a point of including some few individuals who may be expected to become contributors to the work, and at the Brooklyn camp the parties are always largely groups of workers—the boys chopping trees and cutting up firewood, repainting the buildings in and out—the girls helping in a way that hardly stamps them as the inferior sex.

Christian Endeavor is an organization of youth. Youth, healthy, is irrepressible. The movement itself, directing the bubbling spirits of its members, yet loses none of that quality of irrepressibility. It is a forty-years-young infant, lusty indeed.

One of the Keds sport shoes. Excellent for tennis, canoeing, sailing. High or low.

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Keds will give you a new idea of canvas rubber-soled shoes. You will notice the difference right away. There is a shapeliness in the last, a fineness in the quality of the canvas and the rubber, a sturdiness of construction that makes them hold their shape.

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Paul von Boeckmann

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Publisher's Note: Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psycho-physic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats; a problem that baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in the March and April issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

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DR. THOMAS LAWTON

Dept. 224 120 West 70th St., New York

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

IN a recent short editorial, the prophet Joel was mentioned when Micah should have been quoted instead. A number of our readers have good-naturedly called attention to the mistake, an indication that the Christian Herald readers know their Bibles pretty thoroughly. We thank them for writing and gladly take this opportunity to make the correction.

Regular Subscriber. There are sins which you need not confess except to God alone, and this we take to be applicable to the case mentioned in your letter. The world is only too quick to take away the reputation of anyone. Do your whole duty as you understand it, and look to God for His help and blessing.

H. L. B., Allensville, Ky. The passage in Luke 8 : 18, "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have," carries in reference Bibles this variant in the margin: "shall be taken even that which he thinketh that he hath." In the verses immediately preceding, Jesus had been impressing His hearers with the need of being diligent and active in spiritual things, lest their opportunities be given to others who would make better use of them, and lest they, through indifference and neglect, forfeit all contact with the work of advancing the Kingdom. This would be a judicial retribution visited upon carelessness and incompetency.

M. S. F., Poplar Ridge, N. Y. Jesus warned His followers that in the latter days false guides would arise, whose teachings would be so subtle and alluring that they would if possible "deceive even the very elect." The world is full of such false guides today. It is a wise plan to let them alone. If any doctrine is of God, it will stand the test of opposition and investigation. If not of God, it will pass away and nothing can make it endure.

E. M. S., Pasadena Calif., writes: "In the Mail Bag of April 16, were two letters that interested me very much. One assured us we could not have world-wide peace until Christ, the Prince of Peace, returned and made peace. The other suggested we might have peace and good-will, if we only remembered Christ and his teachings in all our relationships. Much has been made of the fact that when Christ came the first time, there was peace, but it was an armed peace and many, many people were slaves, and the peace could not last. When He comes again there will be peace, and it will not be an armed peace, and there will be no slavery of any kind; but there will be the spirit of self-sacrifice in large measure and the peace will last. It would not have been best for the early disciples of Jesus to have been told that it would be centuries before the return of their loved Teacher, but now to a 'grown-up race,' after nineteen hundred years of Christian teaching—teaching that has gone far beyond the membership of the church—God can encourage them to finish carrying out the commission of Jesus, taking the Gospel and His teaching to every one."

Arthur Meachen of Norwalk, England, writes: "A little leaflet touched the heart of John Bunyan and as a result (by God's grace) we have 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which has been translated into 115 languages, and read the world over. Dr. Marsham of India said that portions of scripture and tracts had something to do with the conversion of almost every individual who joined the Christian communion in India. Mr. D. L. Moody had half a million tracts distributed at the World's Fair in Chicago. Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, when a boy, was constrained to come to Jesus, by a tract left on the table by his mother. Tract and Gospel literature distributors, take courage and continue to go forward."

A. P., Quebec, Can., writes: "May I say a few words to corroborate C. B. Day's statements in regard to the thought: 'God's in His heaven; all's right with the world.' No Christian has the right to use that statement to lull any one to sleep. We have no right to use God's omnipotence as a cloak for our own indifference to world conditions and for our neglect of duty. If I thought, as some people do, that God willed children to be born under the terrible conditions of our large cities (I say it reverently) I could not worship Him; but some Christians seem to be able to do so, though how they can is a mystery to me. Short-sighted Christians are very numerous, and it is soothing to think that they do not have to accept too much responsibility, and that they can just jog along in the old rut, because 'God's in his heaven,' and therefore conditions, as they are, must be what He wills. So they accept the inevitable, take things as they are and cling to the traditions of their own particular denomination. Hence we still have Methodists, Baptists, etc., instead of having one Protestant church teaching the world the fundamental truths of the Bible. We should use our God-given reason to give ourselves a vision of possible reforms and then do them—not rest on the Lord all the time. One word as to disarmament. Why cut off the branch and not pull up the tree of discord by the roots? Disarmament is the proper thing, but wars will never cease until the old root, covetousness, is removed from the heart of every nation on the globe. Solve the problem of how that is to be done, and you will have peace on earth."

Our friend's judgment, though sound, is possibly just a little too severe. Browning's line, to which he refers, is used, as far as our observation goes, rather to stimulate courage and faith in the Divine wisdom and overruling direction, than to belittle the real evils we have to face, and to make God responsible for bad world conditions. We quite agree with the spirit of his remarks, however, and especially his suggestions on Christian Unity and World peace.

E. D. P., Washington, D. C., writes: "In a recent issue a writer seems to question the Bible statement that the mustard seed is not the smallest of all seeds. Many of your readers who have lived in the country will know the wild mustard, which is without doubt the smallest seed in use. I remember in childhood days seeing my mother preparing this seed (which was then a product of our kitchen garden) for the table. It not only was tiny but very dark in color, quite unlike the mustard seed used in pickles and other cookery."

"Troubled Soul," Santa Rosa, Calif. There is none without sin. Yet although through over-confidence in our own strength we may slip, He will not allow us to utterly fall, if we put our trust in Him. Sincere repentance and confession will bring forgiveness, for He is faithful who has promised.

U. J., McDougal, Ark. The passage in Revelation 5 : 6, which refers to "The seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth," is interpreted to symbolize the intensified or seven-fold energy of the Holy Spirit in labors that will go on unceasingly to the end. "Send forth" is akin to the commissioning of the apostles.

Subscriber, Saranac Lake, N. Y., writes: "Your daily lesson on 'The Struggle for the Heights,' gave me a desire to sketch an incident in my own experience which has never left me. I was privileged to climb one of our highest mountains and see the sunrise. This day we had our supper mid-way, beside a lovely stream, and made a quiet shelter for the night. We were awakened about three o'clock a. m. for our climb. Dull and sleepy, we were none too anxious for a climb in the dark; but we started, and as we ascended, a faint, rosy hue was touching the tops of trees and rocks. We had to scramble then, to be in time—but such a reward. Every rock and tree, the stream and the whole valley were aglow with the ruby splendor of the morning. I stood awed and speechless with the wonder! It strengthened my faith in God, made me feel it was worth-while coming out of the Valley of Doubt, into His promises of the glory which await those who do try to struggle for the heights."

A. K., Turlock, Calif. The development of Palestine and its progress under the mandate is thus far in the experimental stage. Even the leaders have not reached an agreement on a definite program. Many complicated questions are involved and we are watching developments closely.

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EVERY CHRISTIAN HOME SHOULD HAVE A BIBLE

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Until July 31, 1921, we will accept orders for a copy of regular $3.50 divinity circuit leather Bible as described below, without illustrations, for only $2.75 a copy postpaid.

Our Red Letter Bible with 48 full-page Mastroianni illustrations, now selling for $5.00 a copy, will be sent postpaid for all orders received before July 31, 1921, for only $3.75 a copy.

To make these savings, orders should be received at once.

The following editorial appeared in the Christian Herald, June 4:

The Value of Bible Study

IT IS a fact well attested that among the greatest minds this nation has produced, there are comparatively few who have not drawn their principal inspiration from the Bible. Lincoln had studied it from boyhood and its influence was reflected in many ways in his later career. It gave to his addresses a forceful eloquence which caused them to be remembered. McKinley and Roosevelt also owed much of their best qualities in public life to the fact that they studied the Word. And now President Harding, in a recent letter approving the work of a Chicago Bible distributing organization, wrote of the value of Bible study in these unqualified words:

"I have always believed in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, whereby they have become the expression to men of the word and will of God. I believe that from every point of view the study of the Bible is one of the most worthy to which men may devote themselves, and that in proportion as they know and understand it, their lives and actions will be better."

It would be interesting to know to what extent the members of our present Congress have studied the Bible, and in what measure it has been a spur to their eloquence with both voice and pen, and a counselor in times of emergency. The public man who has never studied the Bible has missed much that would have contributed to the real success of his career, while he who has drunk deep at its springs of wisdom, finds it applicable to every emergency, and is not ashamed to tell the world how much he is debtor to it for the greatest triumphs that have come to him in the battle of life.

That Bible study is much more popular today than formerly, we think can not be questioned. There are great multitudes, even outside of Bible schools and classes, who find God's Word a source of comfort and blessing, a safe Guide through all the vicissitudes of life, a revelation of Divine love and forgiveness, with assurance of the life to come.

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16 Maps in colors

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The text is set in Bold-Face Minion, especially designed for this work. This gem of a Bible, small in bulk, light in weight, very legible and very durable, weighs only 20 ounces. It is bound in American Bible Leather, overlapping edges, red-under-gold, with silk ribbon marker, and makes altogether the handiest and most satisfactory Bible now on the market.

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Inform Yourself About These New Uses for Argo Corn Starch

Important Kitchen Hints—Very Interesting to Every Housewife in America

creased so that home prepared flour will make a lighter and finer grained cake.

If your recipe calls for 4 eggs to 1 quart of milk, use 3 eggs, and for the egg omitted use ½ tablespoonful of Argo Corn Starch. For lighter, flakier biscuits, pie crusts and muffins, make your pastry flour with ¼ cup of Argo and one cup of wheat flour. A little Argo Corn Starch dusted on top of cakes before icing prevents the frosting from running off.

A quarter teaspoonful of Argo put into each of your salt-shakers will keep the salt from caking.

Argo Cookies

½ cup Flour
2 tablespoonfuls Argo Corn Starch
1 tablespoonful Sugar
1 tablespoonful Karo
2 Yolks of Eggs
¼ teaspoonful Baking Powder
¼ Lemon Rind (grated)
½ teaspoonful Salt
1 tablespoonful Mazola

Sift flour, cornstarch, salt, and baking powder in a bowl, add Karo, sugar, Mazola, and yolks with the lemon, mix all with hand to a round ball and smooth. Roll out very thin, cut in shapes, brush over with the white of egg, and sprinkle chopped nuts and granulated sugar over top; bake in medium hot oven till done.

Cream Puffs and Eclairs

½ cup Boiling Water
4 tablespoons Mazola
2 Eggs
1 cup Flour, which includes 1½ tablespoons of Argo Corn Starch

Put Mazola and boiling water in saucepan, add the flour and cornstarch well mixed, all at once, and cook till it leaves the side of the pan. Remove from the fire, cool by beating, and when cold, beat in, one at a time, the unbeaten eggs. Line a baking sheet with oiled paper. Drop the batter in rounds on it and bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes. When cold split and fill with whipped cream or the cream filling.

Cream Filling

2 tablespoons Argo Corn Starch
1 pinch of Salt
1 cup Milk
1 Egg—Yolk only
1 teaspoon Vanilla
1 tablespoon Karo

Mix the cornstarch and the salt, and mix to a smooth paste with one-fourth of a cup of the milk. Scald the rest of the milk, and add to the cornstarch. Cook in a double boiler twenty minutes. Add the beaten yolk of the egg, and cook long enough to set. Remove from the fire and add the vanilla and Karo. If the mixture has been carefully stirred while thickening it will be smooth. If lumpy, strain; cool and fill the cold puffs

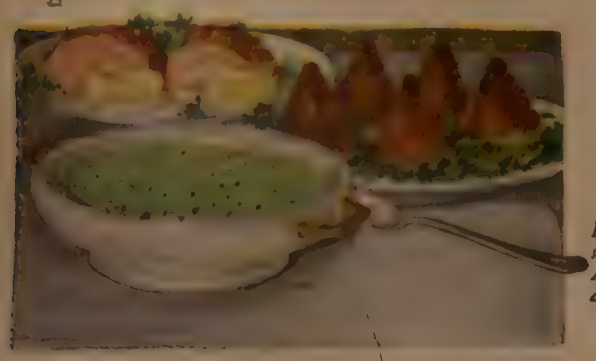
EVERY little while, at some banquet or function, a new use for Argo Corn Starch is discovered, that never before was known. There doesn't seem to be any end to the number of combinations you can make with this delectable energy food.

Everybody, from the oldest to the youngest, likes good things made with Argo Corn Starch. One reason, undoubtedly, is because Argo supplies a natural craving of the human system. Every bit of Argo Corn Starch is transformed into *Dextrose*, and is taken right up into the blood—to give you strength and increase your energy.

It's no wonder that boys and girls that get plenty of Argo puddings, cookies, ice cream and custards are so full of life and vigor!

Important Kitchen Hints

IT is not necessary to purchase both a bread and a pastry flour. By using ¼ cup of Argo Corn Starch to each cup of bread flour the percentage of gluten is decreased and the starch content in-



For smoother gravies and sauces use a dessert spoonful of Argo Corn Starch, instead of a tablespoonful of wheat flour

Strawberry Ice Cream

2 cupfuls of evaporated Milk, undiluted
1¾ tablespoonfuls of Argo Corn Starch
1 box Strawberries, thoroughly ripe
½ cupful of evaporated Milk, diluted with ¼ cupful of Water

Mash strawberries, add sugar, let stand an hour, mash again and sift. Scald the diluted milk and thicken with Argo Corn Starch, mixed with an additional ¼ cup cold water, cooking ten minutes and stirring often. Cool, add the undiluted milk and freeze until mushy, in 3 parts ice to one of salt. Add berries; freeze thoroughly.

Argo Cornstarch Pudding

3 cups Scalded Milk
6 level tablespoons Argo Corn Starch
⅓ cup Sugar
¼ teaspoon Salt
1 teaspoon Vanilla
2 Eggs

Mix the cornstarch with a little cold milk. Stir the hot milk slowly into the cornstarch, and stir over water till it thickens. Cook eight minutes. Beat the eggs slightly, add the sugar and salt. Add the cornstarch mixture to the eggs, and cook, stirring constantly, one minute longer. Remove from fire, add the vanilla. Serve cold with cream and sugar. Top with cherries. (Serve six persons).

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JULY 16, 1921

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Two Masterpieces of Russian Art

LOVERS of religious art are keenly concerned over the fate of some of the best works of celebrated masters which formerly hung in the famous Russian galleries.

Besides the wonderful gallery of the Hermitage in Petrograd, where were housed many of the best works of the most celebrated painters of all the world, there is the Alexander III Museum of Modern Art, which housed only Russian pictures. Here hung the picture, "Martha and Mary," by H. Semiradsky, shown above. The "Christ in the Temple," by V. D. Polyenov, is among the collection left to the city of Moscow by the brothers Tretiakov, wealthy linen merchants. In the Tretiakov Gallery were over two thousand paintings, among them the most characteristic of all Russian art. The subjects were largely from peasant life and, as one would expect in Russia, largely religious.

What has happened to these wonderful pictures since 1917 is purely conjecture. Some of the old art galleries are being maintained by the Communists, but many of them have been completely dismantled.

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AN · ILLUSTRATED · NEWS · WEEKLY · FOR · THE · HOME ·
· GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER ·

The Monastery of Mar-Saba, twelve desert miles from Jerusalem in the historic valley of the Brook Kidron, founded in the fifth century after Christ and maintained despite many Moslem massacres

Mar-Saba, the Ancient

A Visit to a Monastery Near Jerusalem, Which Has Sheltered Many Christian Heroes

By DR. THOMAS E. GREEN

IN ALL the Orient, near or far, there is no one place possessed of more weird interest than is the Monastery of Mar-Saba, which is about twelve long desert miles below Jerusalem, in the valley of the Brook Kidron.

In the days when Syria was making, and natural forces were moulding the face of the earth, vast and surging torrents must have flung themselves down from every direction into the yawning sink that in time became the mysterious Dead Sea. At any rate these towering limestone hills, forming an almost mountainous chain from north to south through the wilderness of Judea, are cut and gashed with deep and rugged chasms. Most of them are dry save during the period of the great rains on which Palestine depends for what she retains of her ancient verdure. Two only have steady streams, small and trickling though they are.

The one is the Brook Cherith, in whose wild and titanic fastness the Prophet Elijah hid from his pursuing enemies. The other is the Kidron, whose deep gorge lying between Mt. Zion and the Mount of Olives was the theater of much of Bible story, the valley growing wilder and deeper as it cuts the hills to the south, until it opens at last, twenty miles or more from the city, into the level of the Dead Sea, 1292 feet below the Mediterranean. Twelve miles from Jerusalem in the midst of scenery as grand and wild as it is barren and desolate, is the Monastery—one of the most marvelous places that human ingenuity ever contrived for a dwelling-place.

Full of interest as it is, it is not included in the ordinary program of tourist sightseeing, alike because of the extreme difficulty of the journey, and from the fact that admission can only be obtained from the office of the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem. This is not always easy to obtain, for the Monastery is an ecclesiastical penitentiary where recalcitrant monks and clergy are sent, either to do penance for some fault or to develop in its enforced solitude, the necessary strength for some duty. At times the Monastery is closed for weeks at a time to all visitors. We were fortunate in obtaining the required permission, during a visit to the Patriarch, his Beatitude Damianos, at the great convent on the Mount of Olives.

IN ORDER that no possible circumstance might interfere with our visit, we prepared to start at once. Early the next morning, in order to escape as much as possible the extreme heat of the day, we mounted our sure-footed donkeys, and leaving by the Joppa Gate, picked our way down the steep path that leads to the bottom of the great ravine.

It was a glorious morning, the blue Palestinian sky without a fleck. A gentle breeze stirred the palm leaves and olive branches, in the old gardens, surrounded by ruined walls, where wells and fountains made life and growth a possibility. Our trail, for one could not call the narrow, stony path a road, wound down into the valley of Hinnon, that formed in ancient days the boundary between Judah and Benjamin, and was as a sort of No-Man's land, the scene of the periodic lapses into heathenism to which the people were addicted.

DR. GREEN is a clergyman, author, lecturer and world-traveler who for the last few years has been director of the speakers' bureau of the American Red Cross and one of the most forceful of its executives. Among his books are: "The City of Peace," "The Truth About Japan," and "Benares, the Holy." He is especially well acquainted with the Holy Land and the Far East, and he promises us other articles for publication in the autumn.

For this reason it has always been and is still considered a place accursed, and it was here that the thirty pieces of silver that Judas cast back at the feet of the Chief Priests were expended in purchasing what is still called "The Field of Blood."

Turning here into the broader Kidron valley, we found for several miles a smooth and easy way. The sun had not yet risen over the towering hills to the eastward. Along the level shelves at the bottom of the gorge the watered gardens were green and beautiful, their foliage sparkling with the dew, that now as in the days of the poet-king "falls soft upon the hill of Zion."

All about us were scenes each of which might be a pictured chapter of the storied past. Here were two women grinding at a mill, singing in rhythm with the revolving stone, as they made ready a "measure of meal" for the day's food. Here a shepherd, leading his sheep from the fold where they had been guarded for the night, playing on his shrill-toned pipe the shepherd's song, that the sheep know and will follow. Here an oil press, into which two swarthy Syrians were pouring baskets of the diminutive fruit of the silver-leaved trees. Here two early travelers, on foot, their robes gathered up and girt about their waists, with scrip and staff in hand as they might have trod the highway three thousand years ago.

OUR donkeys cantered briskly and comfortably along, the "boys" stick in hand running beside them with the easy stride of unencumbered vigor. It was all so much in harmony with traditional ideals—all so exactly in time with its environment, that the natural impulse was to improvise a melody and sing one of David's Psalms—as they had doubtless been sung myriads of times, along this same highway "that leadeth from the city."

Soon, however, our way turned, and we began to climb the steep-rugged bank, out of the verdure and the morning cool, up into the desolate wilderness and the withering heat of the day. Nothing can be more barren, more hopelessly dry and dead, than these vast empty hills about Jerusalem. And yet when the early and the later rains come, with their life-giving show-

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty

JAPAN has consented, according to advices from London where the British Imperial Conference is in progress, to delay the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance from July until October. The delay ostensibly is for the purpose of learning the attitude of the American Government toward the terms and condition of the treaty. This postponement is in line with suggestions made frequently by both British and American publicists, who insist that the interests of the United States in the Pacific are of such importance that no agreement on matters affecting that basin should be completed without our approval.

To this suggestion, in which Japan apparently has acquiesced, it might be well to add that no treaty affecting the Pacific should be signed without first giving to both the United States and China the opportunity to present their views. No nation in the world is more vitally interested in any new re-approachment in the Pacific than China. It is conceivable that the whole future of the new Republic will be decided by the terms of the treaty to be negotiated between Japan and England—if it is completed without consultation with the Washington and Peking governments. Great Britain has one paramount interest in Asia, and that is India. Japan has one paramount policy to which her ruling group is committed—the Japanization of all the Eastern Asian mainland. With the diplomatists of the two powers—let alone—there would be an understanding for the protection of British interests in India, and a declaration for the status quo in China, where the notorious "twenty-one demands" and the Shantung award have given tremendous leverage to Japan. This at any rate has been the history of the Anglo-Japanese alliance; it has in its original text and its two renewals recognized the status quo at the date of signature, as witness Korea. The first treaty (June 30, 1902) contains this clause! "The High Contracting parties, having mutually recognized the independence of China and Korea, declare themselves to be entirely uninfluenced by any aggressive tendencies in either country."

In 1904 Korea and Japan signed a treaty of alliance in which Japan guaranteed the integrity of the former.

In 1905 Japan took over virtual contract of the Korean government under a "protectorate" recognized by Great Britain in the second treaty. Annexation was completed in 1910 when Korea became a Japanese colony as "Chosen" and in the renewal of 1911 all reference to the fate of the little kingdom was omitted, the treaty thereby tacitly approving its annexation.

China naturally wants to guard against a repetition of the Korean "infiltration" which ended in saturation and ultimate absorption by Japan. They feel they can effectively guard themselves against this fate if they, with the United States, are permitted to have a voice in the discussion of the new alliance. Minister Sze, in an address at Atlantic City, forcefully emphasizes this demand, and in it he is supported by a large body of American opinion.

Christian Unity in Canada

AN EVENT that comes with the suddenness of a great surprise is the decision of the Presbyterian church in Canada to unite with the Methodist and Congregational churches in the Dominion. This step, which was not taken until the whole question had been thoroughly canvassed, is regarded as one of the most important, both in the historic and the religious sense, in the memory of the oldest Canadians now living. The Montreal Witness says:

"It has given Protestantism an electric shock, and set it guessing with itself as to whether it is not obstructing the way of the Lord by perpetrating unwarranted divisions, and by hanging fire when the summons has come to high endeavor. The order is to 'lay aside every weight,' and the tug-of-war between denominations has surely been a leading disability. This antagonism or rivalry has been the worst condemnation of Christianity in the world." The same journal adds that the great Anglican communion, which has always made Christian Unity a prominent doctrine, feels left out and will not willingly remain outside the new movement.

Among the three great bodies which are now preparing to unite, it has been found that there are no fundamental differences of belief. Such other differences as exist are non-vital, and it is believed they can be harmonized for fellowship's sake.

Canada, we are told, shared the opinion widely held in the United States that the great Church Forward Movement of a year ago had been a setback to Christian Unity, and would probably postpone it for many years. We know that here also many good people regretfully held the same opinion. It is now apparent, however, that the great problem of unity, far from being weakened to silence, has really been gathering strength. It is neither dying nor decadent. We can not direct the ways nor set limits to the power of the Holy Spirit, and the miracle that is now taking place among our northern neighbors may soon appear in our own churches. Christians must get together, if the Church is ever to carry out its high mission in the true spirit of Christian fellowship and co-operation.

Beer as Medicine?

CONGRESS has been getting posted lately on the medicinal properties of beer. It has "seen a light" which has effectively informed the legislative mind on two points: the first, that beer has no qualifications whatsoever as a health-builder, and the second, that its manufacture and sale is a game so lucrative for the brewer and the retailer as to have none of the aspects of a fair business proposition. Some would even call it a colossal humbug.

On June 3, a letter containing the following information was sent to Mr. Volstead by a friend of prohibition in New York City:

> "Some years ago, a German chemist was brought to New York by a certain brewing company. Said chemist was brought to make beer without malt or hops. A five-year contract, at a salary of $10,000 a year, was arranged. When said chemist had been two years here, the brewery company had found out his formula for the making of beer without malt or hops, so they discharged him. The chemist then brought suit in the Supreme Court in New York City for the sum of $30,000, being the balance of the contract. He stated, under oath, that the beer was manufactured at a cost of less than 1c. per gallon! He also told how many hundreds of thousands of gallons he had made during the two years while he was in the employ of the company. He made samples in court of the said beer. He won his suit and the brewing company paid him $30,000, and the costs of the suit. This is the stuff brewers and quack doctors want Congress to legalize. Ninety per cent. of the best physicians in the United States do not prescribe beer as medicine—because it isn't!"

This illuminating statement, our informant adds, was forwarded to Mr. Volstead, accompanied by the request that he give the facts to the Judiciary Committee and to Congress, which he evidently has done without loss of time.

Two Letters from Pueblo

Mr. Graham Patterson,
Bible House, New York City.

Dear Mr. Patterson:

Your telegrams and letter received few days ago. We sincerely thank you for your kind offer of assistance in this time of suffering and great need.

Words cannot describe the awful destruction the recent flood carried with it.

I have conferred with the Mayor, and have also gone carefully over the list of Christian Herald subscribers. I know of none of the Herald subscribers that are in special need. Our work here of caring for the flood sufferers is in the hands of the Red Cross, and is being well done.

We shall hold your offer in reserve and if we find that we specially need it or a part of it, we shall let you know.

Thanking you again for your kindness and sympathy, I am Most sincerely,

(*signed*) C. M. BENIGHT.

Pueblo, Colo., June 17, 1921.

Dear Christian Herald:

I've just been taking a breathing space and picked up your issue of June 25, noting your message to Pueblo.

The ninety-first psalm sang itself to me on the never-to-be-forgotten night of June 3 and my faith in God is immeasurably strengthened. Now the personal touch in your message to your subscribers adds to my increasing faith in my fellow men, and I just wanted to thank you.

My family was spared and our loss nothing. The awful havoc wrought by the waters cannot be exaggerated. Opportunity and privilege to help lift another's load is on every hand. Again I thank you for turning from a publication I prized into friends I love.

MRS. E. M. VINING.

Pueblo, Colo., June 25, 1921.

The President's Spur

RESPONDING to an appeal from President Harding, who, in a letter to the Republican leader in the House, Mr. Mondell, had expressed his desire for favorable action on disarmament, that body on June 29 adopted by an almost unanimous vote the Borah amendment to the Naval Appropriation Bill, calling upon the President to invite the governments of Great Britain and Japan to unite with our government in a conference to consider a reduction of naval expenditures and building programs for a period of five years. This will probably be followed by the passage of the bill.

One of the latest and most conclusive arguments for the reduction of armaments to a peace basis is that advanced by General Smuts, in a recent speech in London. He pointed out that Germany, notwithstanding the burden of indemnity, now that her military strength has been reduced to 100,000 men on a straight peace basis, has the lightest handicap of any European nation, while her former enemies, still loaded down with their costly incumbrance of armaments, are so handicapped that in the long run their post-war policy will be practically lost altogether. Therefore, in an economic sense, he declared, Germany though beaten in the field, will have won the fruits of victory.

More than any other nation, the United States has the power to avert such a disastrous ending to the whole matter. Our waste of precious time in interminable discussion on armaments and on the peace resolution in Congress, has been justly rebuked by the President who wrote in his letter to Mr. Mondell: "I am vastly more concerned with the favorable attitude of Congress on this question than with the form of expressing that attitude." He, as well as others with far-sight on big international questions, saw that our indifference and delays were inviting serious danger. Not only Europe's waiting attitude, but the expectations of our own people that the oppressive burden of unnecessary taxation may be lightened, should urge us to the adoption of a policy fully suited to the emergency. Where we lead Europe will follow, in any step that may be taken in the right direction.

We are making progress toward world peace and disarmament, but it remains yet to be demonstrated whether it is the kind of progress that makes for history, or the sort that gets nowhere and is soon forgotten.

A Hide and a Shoe

IT HAS been said that the entire industrial problem is wrapped up in a cowhide and a pair of shoes made out of it. Let us see about that.

A farmer takes a good-sized cowhide to market and gets $1 for it. He then steps across the street and buys himself a pair of shoes made out of a cowhide, just like the one he has sold, and he pays $8 for the shoes.

What has happened to make such a difference between the price paid for a cowhide out of which at least six pairs of shoes could be made, and the price which the farmer must pay for one pair, or one-sixth of the cowhide? Several things have happened.

The cowhide must be tanned and put in shape to make into shoes. The leather then passes through certain hands in trade before it reaches the shoe manufacturer. The shoe man has in his employ, we will say, several hundred men, each group of which does a certain fixed amount of work each day and on a certain part of the shoe. Add also to the leather what are known as "findings," cloth, the metal hooks around which the shoestrings are wound, and the polish which finally makes the shoe marketable.

But the matter of the wages paid to the different workmen in these different factories and then to the actual makers of the shoes, together with the hours of labor spent in the making added to the overhead expense of the shoe manufacturer, added to the profit he and all the other manufacturers demand for carrying on the business of making shoes do not explain to the political scientist the great difference between the price paid the farmer for the cowhide and the price he had to pay for one pair of shoes made out of it. Eight times as much is too much. Especially when we remember that the farmer is not paying eight times as much for a cowhide that makes one pair of shoes, but for a hide that makes six pairs of shoes.

How proud old Brindle must be to think that although her hide is worth only $1 in the market, yet when she has been made into shoes for the farmer her hide is worth forty-eight times as much! So! Bossy! Stand still while the political economists figure out the cause. For it is beyond the intellect of Old Man Ultimate Consumer!

The World News of the Week

House Adopts Disarmament Proposal After President Asks Action

AN APPEAL by President Harding to Congress for an expression of opinion favorable to the limitation of armaments through international agreement was followed quickly in the House by the adoption of the Borah amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill. The vote was almost unanimous, 330 to 4, and the chief criticisms of the proposal were due to the fact that the conference which it suggests is limited to the United States, Great Britain and Japan instead of embracing all nations and that it concerns only naval armaments.

In his appeal to Congress, which was addressed to Mr. Mondell, the House Republican leader, President Harding said he was vastly more concerned with the favorable attitude of Congress regarding disarmament than with the form of expressing that attitude. "I think it has been pretty well understood," the President wrote, "that the administrative branch of the government has already been seeking information with regard to the attitude of foreign nations on the general subject of disarmament. These inquiries and negotiations will be continued and the time and manner in which the matter may be formally presented to foreign governments can only be determined after the fuller development of inquiries already initiated."

The victory for the Borah amendment paved the way in the House for the prompt passage of the Naval bill, which in its final form carries a total of $403,000,000. Further delay on the bill would have embarrassed the Navy Department, as it would have found itself without funds after July 1.

Congress Adopts Peace Resolution

SENATE and House conferees on the peace resolution have reached at last an agreement on a measure which embodies parts of both the original Knox and Porter drafts, and their report was adopted promptly by both Houses.

In the House the vote was 263 to 59, forty Democrats supporting it. In the Senate the vote was 38 to 19. President Harding was absent from the capital when the resolution was adopted, but there was little doubt regarding his approval.

The resolution as agreed to does not contain a repeal of the declarations of war against the Central Powers as did the Knox resolution, but merely declares the state of war at an end. It expressly reserves to the United States and its nationals any and all rights gained under the armistice or by participation in the war or stipulated for its benefit under the Versailles Treaty. All German and Austro-Hungarian property seized by the United States is to be retained, and no disposition shall be made of it except by specific legislation until those governments shall have made a satisfactory settlement of all American claims.

New Tariff Bill Introduced

THE Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee at last have finished their preparation of the tariff revision bill and the result of their labors—it was no small task, for the bill comprises 346 printed pages—has been introduced in the House.

The measure provides a general average of tariff duties estimated at 56 per cent., as against a general average of about 40 per cent. in the present law. The average of the Payne-Aldrich act of 1909, the last Republican tariff law, was 66 per cent., and in the main the new bill is built along the lines of that act, having regard to changed conditions of industries growing out of the war, as for example offering protection to dye and chrome making and certain metal activities.

The free list is much shorter than in the present law, and though some commodities have been added to it they are considerably fewer than the number transferred to the dutiable list. The authors of the bill paid heed, however, to the breakfast-table and the necessities of life, providing that coffee shall pay no duty and leaving coal on the free list.

One of the important sections of the new bill is that for the valuation of imported goods, made necessary by the uncertainty of exchange rates. The cost price of the imported article in foreign money will be compared at the customs house in this country with the value in American dollars, and the value will be determined on that basis.

Throughout the bill run provisions giving to the President the right to impose retaliatory duties on a country which imposes higher duties than the United States imposes on like products. There also are provisions for "bartering tariffs" which will enable the President to adjust tariff rates in many instances with countries which give trade advantages to the United States.

Unofficial estimates by the authors of the bill were that it would yield as high as $700,000,000 a year, whereas the Payne-Aldrich act in normal pre-war years produced a little more than $300,000,000 a year.

THE NEW SHIPPING BOARD READY TO TACKLE THE BIG TASK CONFRONTING IT
Left to right are: Meyer Lissner, Admiral Benson, T. V. O'Connor, A. D. Lasker, chairman, George E. Chamberlain, Frederick I. Thompson, and E. C. Plummer

House Passes Anti-Beer Bill

THE Willis-Campbell anti-beer bill, which prevents physicians from prescribing beer for their patients and limits to one pint the amount of alcoholic liquor which may be prescribed for internal use in any ten-day period, has been passed by the House by a vote of 250 to 93. There never was any doubt during the four hours of debate as to what the result would be, but foes of the measure—who numbered 64 Republicans, 28 Democrats and 1 Socialist—took the chance to indulge in bitter attacks on prohibition legislation and drew heated replies from the drys.

The bill as passed embodies part of the supplemental Volstead bill, sections having been lifted out bodily after the House Rules Committee refused to sanction the Volstead bill as it stood. Chairman Campbell of the Rules Committee explained that the supplemental Volstead bill had been held up because it involved several controversial questions, such as the use of industrial alcohol, "over which the Congress has no control under the Eighteenth Amendment." The House felt the need for prompt action on the section banning beer as medicine because of the ruling by A. Mitchell Palmer, when he was Attorney General, that beer might be prescribed in unlimited quantities, a ruling which the drys feared would flood the country with beer.

There probably will be little difficulty in getting the Willis-Campbell bill through the Senate, but even if there should be delay there the prescribing of beer will be held up, as the new Federal Prohibition Commissioner is deferring the issuance of regulations until Congress has expressed its wishes in the matter.

Underwood & Underwood

His Excellency Chu Chi Chen, third from left, is a special envoy from the President of China to President Harding and heads a special economic mission from China to the United States. The mission has just arrived in Washington where it is being much feted. Dr. Robert Yo, with the Panama hat and cane is a graduate of Western Reserve University. Mr. Chang I. Wu, at the extreme right, is a graduate of Yale

Irish Peace Efforts Renewed

A DIRECT invitation from Premier Lloyd George to Eamonn de Valera, who is known as the president of the Irish Republic, to come to London with any colleague he might select to attend a conference with the British Government and Sir James Craig, the Ulster Premier, "to explore to the utmost the possibility of a settlement" has initiated a new effort to bring peace in Ireland. Mr. de Valera indicated his rejection of the invitation, but negotiations were continued and there was hope that progress would be made toward an agreement.

Mr. de Valera's preliminary reply expressed a desire to bring about a lasting peace between the peoples of the two islands, but declared he could "see no avenue by which it can be reached if you deny Ireland's essential unity and set aside the principle of national self-determination." Before making a definite reply he sought a conference with representatives of the opposing faction and asked Sir James Craig and four other Ulster leaders to meet him at Mansion House, Dublin. The Ulster Premier declined to go to Dublin on the ground that he already had accepted Premier Lloyd George's invitation to the London conference, but others of the Ulster leaders accepted Mr. de Valera's invitation, and it was expected the conference would take place.

In answering the Ulster Premier's telegram, Mr. de Valera indicated his rejection of Premier Lloyd George's invitation. "Mr. Lloyd George's proposal, because of its implications, is impossible of acceptance in its present form," he said. "Irish political differences should be adjusted and can, I believe, on Irish soil. But it is obvious that in negotiating peace with Great Britain the Irish delegation ought not to be divided, but should act as a unit on some common principle."

There was a strong sentiment in southern Ireland in favor of accepting the Lloyd George invitation without attaching impossible conditions, but neither in England nor Ireland was there undue optimism regarding the outcome of the parleys.

Greece Rejects Allied Offer

THE government of Greece has declined the offer of Breat Britain, France and Italy to mediate between Greece and the Turkish Nationalists, and the Greeks continued their preparations for a big offensive effort. Fear of the political effect in Greece of the calling off of the drive, which has been widely advertised, and a belief that an unconditional acceptance would be tantamount to abandonment of the Treaty of Sèvres, by which Greece profits greatly, caused the rejection of the offer.

The Greeks tried their fighting abilities at Ismid, on the Sea of Marmora, recapturing the town with the aid of their warships. Three days later, however, they evacuated the town, leaving the Turkish Nationalists a clear road to Constantinople. Occupation of Constantinople as his capital is one of Mustapha Kemal's ambitions, and it was suggested that the Greek evacuation might be calculated to involve the Allies in open hostilities with the Kemalists, as the burden of the defense of the city would fall on Allied troops. The Turkish Nationalist Envoy in Paris declared the capture of Constantinople was not one of his chief's immediate military aims, and it was considered unlikely Kemal would fall into such a trap.

Reports that Turks and Bolshevists had planned a vast uprising in Constantinople caused much uneasiness, and British forces conducted raids in the city in which they seized quantities of arms and several scores of prisoners.

Taft Named Chief Justice

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT is to be the next Chief Justice of the United States, succeeding the late Edward Doug-

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The Younger Boy Problem Again

One Home Difficulty Out of the Way, Another Walks in to Be Entertained

By A MERE MAN

IN TALKING over these rather intimate problems of my family life, I hope no one who may happen to be reading the account will think that I am reciting the egotistic settling of difficult questions in the home once and for all. I am not trying so much to boast of how a Mere Man "solved" problems, as to tell you how he met them. It is one thing to meet or entertain a problem and another to actually solve it.

Take, for example, the trouble the older Boy is having over the evidence for and against the different propositions made to him by his professor and his minister. That problem is in the process of being solved. I think I really helped the Boy along the right track. But he is still wrestling over his philosophy and his theology, and he will have to work it out himself if the answer is going to become a part of his own convictions.

In the same way, the younger boy, John, is wrestling with his temptations over the movies, and having some struggle to keep the promise he made his mother not to go without asking her consent, or telling her that he was going. The habit of deception, we hoped, had disappeared, for which we were very thankful. But we can see that he is still restless when night comes and he wants to go somewhere. Two or three times my wife and I have gone to a picture show with him, when it looked from the advertisements that the film was fairly decent. But two out of the three films were so silly and even vulgar that we could hardly sit through the hour and a half. The boy confessed, himself, after we reached home that the pictures were "no account," and perhaps that statement reconciled his mother to the suffering she endured in looking at them.

But the spring days were coming on and John was getting more and more interested in outdoor sports, as I think I told you he was athletically inclined and was a tennis player and a member of the High School basket-ball team. His mother used to express some fear of his getting hurt at basket ball, but I remembered what she said to me about going out with the boy to his tennis, and one afternoon I closed down my desk early and went out to the High School ball-ground to see the boy in a match tennis game with some players from the Freshman class in the older boy's college.

THE game was a close one and as I watched it I grew more and more interested as I recalled my own college days and the fact that I used to be a pretty good player myself, and in fact I had carried off the university championship one year. But I had had a horror of the man who was always harking back to his achievements in college, and so I had seldom mentioned my athletic feats, and indeed I doubt if either my wife or the children had ever heard me mention the old university triumphs except perhaps when I may have somewhat incidentally spoken of some big event like an intercollegiate track meet and compared my own college ways with the modern ones.

But as I sat there that afternoon watching the young fellows make their strokes, an idea came to me that may seem to you somewhat fantastic, and perhaps impossible, but I will leave it to you to say what you like, after I relate how the thing came out.

John was playing a good game, but his opponent was too strong for him, and the games ended 6-2, 5-7, 6-4 in favor of the other boy. The two players came up to the net and shook hands in the regular fashion, but as I walked home with John I could not help noticing that he took his defeat rather hard, and he seemed specially anxious over a series of games in which he was listed to play during the school commencement week where the honor of winning was considered very great, and I could see that he was afraid he might disappoint the school, which was reckoning on his playing as the best player out of a larger number who had tried out for position.

I did not say much to him, only to compliment him on the fine rally he had made in the deuce set, as I was thinking over the plan I had in mind, but I noticed all through the evening meal that the boy felt sore over the defeat of the afternoon, and he was not at all sociable and chatty as his general habit is.

NOW I do not call myself an old man, even if I am married and the father of three pretty well grown up children. I am only fifty-two, and if I do say it, I have taken very good care of my body, going on the principle that it is the only one I have and needs to be well looked after. I am a member of a golf club, and also of the volley ball team of business men at the Y. M. C. A. gym, and I have kept up my practice of vigorous exercises regularly, and don't feel at all like taking a back seat, not even to the so-called young crowd.

The weather was getting fine for golf, so I planned every afternoon when the business would permit, to go to the grounds. But the day after the boy met his defeat at tennis, instead of playing golf out at the club, I went on the tennis courts. We have a number of courts at the club, and they are kept in fine condition. A few of the club members are tennis fans, and play that game mostly instead of golf. So I had no difficulty in getting up a match with one of the best players among the older young men. The first day he beat me in a close contest. But I challenged him to another, and beat him.

Gradually as the days went by and I grew accustomed to the stroke, I managed to get back some of my old-time form, and one after another I beat the club players. Sometimes we would have quite an audience to see the play. And for two weeks I kept up the practice, training for wind and certainty and using the old strokes that I had found effective, although I had to confess that some of the younger men had a knack of twisting the ball over in an awkward back spin that I could not return, until near the end of the second week I learned to take them on the volley close up to the net, instead of playing back, as my habit had been.

IT WAS one day after I had been playing continuously for over two weeks that I said to John just as he was starting off to school: "By the way, son, how are you coming on with the tennis? The commencement match comes off before long, doesn't it?"

He colored up and said somewhat doubtfully:

"I don't get the practice I need. The courts are filled every evening when I come out, and I have to wait my turn. My classes are not at the right time."

"How would you like to practice out at the golf club courts?"

He looked surprised.

"I'm not a member."

"No, but I am, and I can take you over as a guest."

He brightened up at that, because he knew from report what fine grounds we had.

"But who will play with me?"

"I will."

He laughed. "What practice will I get with you? I need to play with a better player than I am in order to get any good out of it."

I didn't say anything, much, only to tell him that I would give him as good a game as I knew how. He seemed pleased at the opportunity to go out, and the next day we went together and found one of the best courts unoccupied.

I thought it only fair to say to him after we had tossed up for position and service, that I used to play a pretty good game in college. I noticed the rather skeptical grin on the boy's face as I said it, and I went back to the base line to serve, as I had won the toss and chosen service, leaving him the advantage of the sun and the wind.

I THOUGHT I might as well begin on him at my best, so I served him a twister that hit the ground in the extreme right-hand corner of his court, and went off at a sharp angle with almost no bound at all. It was so baffling to him that I won the game, 40-love.

I shall never forget the look on the boy's face as he picked up the balls and went back to his corner to serve to me. It was such a mingling of respect and astonishment that I wanted to laugh, but was afraid it would hurt his feelings, so I looked very grave as I returned his first ball with a Lawford spin that just grazed the top of the net and hit the ground almost on the back line.

I won't try to describe the set we played, but it is enough to say that the score was 6-3 in my favor. As we changed sides of the net, John said, "I didn't know I was playing with a professional." He looked very queer and I could see that a new feeling towards his father had come to him inside of the time it took to play that first set.

He beat me the second set, 6-4. But the next was a deuce set. I thought it might almost break his heart to lose it, but on the other hand I had an end in view, and I finished up the game by calling into use a stroke of back-handed downward volley that I had learned from Larned. He could not possibly return it, and the game and set went to me, 7-5.

On the way home John said very little. But at the supper table he let himself out to the family in praise of his Dad. If I had been elected President I doubt if the lad could have had more respect for me. He was a hero worshipper, and the idea that I had beat him on his own boasted ground of athletics appealed to his boyish imagination. I found that I had a place in his respect that he had never paid me before, and it gave me an influence with him that I found I needed as other events came on.

IT WAS a few Sundays after that game that my wife came home from church with a troubled look that made me ask her what caused it. I had not been to church that Sunday for some reason, too tired, or too much Sunday paper, I think. But the minute my wife came in I saw that she was very much disturbed.

"Mrs. Thompson" (she is our next-door neighbor) "came to me after church and said her boy and our John spent the Sunday-school hour in the drug-store this morning. He is in the down-stairs room, you know, and my class meets in the church, so I did not know John was not in his class. Oh, I feel so bad about it! He is deceiving us again!"

The drug-store in our neighborhood is the common meeting place of the "gang," and I knew at once what my wife felt as she thought of the boy spending the Sunday-school hour there.

"Was he at church?" I asked, my anger rising.

"Oh, yes. He sat with me as always. That is why I supposed he had been in his Sunday-school class."

"Where is he now?"

"He is coming along. He came out of church with some of the boys and was behind me."

"He can't go on this way!" I said, sternly. "He promised not to deceive us in the matter of the movies, and now he is doing it in the matter of his Sunday school. It must be stopped!"

"You have great influence with him. Oh, use it wisely, won't you? I am praying for him. But you can use your influence with him at a critical time. Be wise, won't you!"

I promised my wife that I would, but I confess I felt a good deal upset by the boy's conduct. The "gang" at the drug-store is made up of the neighborhood boys, some of whom have had rather doubtful reputations, and it hurt me to think that one of our boys was associating with them, especially on Sunday when he was supposed to be in his Sunday school.

In a few minutes the boy came in. His mother had gone out into the kitchen to get dinner.

"Come up to the den," I said shortly.

He knew in a minute what the trouble was. But there was a look of sullen opposition on his face that I did not like, as he sat there in the den facing me. It was a very important conference which we held and it had very important bearing on several lives. It was so important that I shall have to ask you to wait until the next chapter to tell you how it came out. Meanwhile, I hope you will not forget the boy's mother is praying.

How to Enjoy the Worship

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

1. Please do not stand in the aisles and visit while the ushers are seating the people.
2. Enter the church reverently, praying for a blessing as you come in.
3. Have a part in the service of giving. If the church is worth a dollar to you, don't express it with a nickel in the basket.
4. Sing with heart and voice. And don't look as if you had lost your best friend as you say "Amen."
5. Please do not talk or whisper during the service. Remember others.
6. Mothers who bring little children to church ought to be able to find some good place for them provided by the church committee.
7. Pray that the result of the service today may be the salvation of sinners.
8. Make it a joyful service. We are not burying any one.
9. Help the preacher by thinking, if he says anything worth while.
10. Carry the spirit of the service home with you and discuss the good of it across the table for the help of yourselves and your family.

Right and Wrong Living

A Sermon by REV. E. B. DAVIDSON *

TEXT—I Sam. 25:1. "And Samuel died, and all Israelites were gathered together and lamented him." II Chron. 21:20. "He (Jehoram) departed to Jerusalem, but not to the sepulchres of the kings, and departed without being desired. Howbeit they buried him in the city of David, but not in the sepulchres of the kings."

WITH a very lofty disdain, the most of us are wont to say that we do not care what folks remark concerning us after we are dead. "A living dog is better than a dead lion," seems to be our creed. "Give us the flowers now," we cry. Amen! but is there anything wrong about having them both in life and in death? If we are only to have them once, then let us have them while we can see and smell. When we are told that "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," I presume we are supposed to interpret it as meaning that it is better for us who go. Yet, our very presence there may be complimentary to the corpse.

More people have journeyed to the tombs of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Roosevelt than ever visited them in life. Standing before the memorial erected to the memory of Sam Davis of Tennessee in the grounds of the State House at Nashville, I took off my hat, not in tribute to his rebellion, but to his courage and his loyal friendship. He died rather than betray a friend. But not many pilgrimages are made to the tomb of Aaron Burr or Benedict Arnold. On another occasion I stood by the tomb of Burr, but not uncovered. To neither Sam Davis nor Aaron Burr could I give the flowers while they lived. At their tombs I had the opportunity to pay a silent tribute. To the one I did, to the other I did not.

It seems to be a part of our human nature to think and speak more kindly about people after they are dead, than we did while they were alive. We "give them the benefit of the doubt" then. We speak softly, we tread lightly in the house of mourning. If men have no kind word for us, no charitable thought when they stand by our "remains," wicked, indeed, must have been our life. If what is said about a man after his demise is a correct statement of his influence upon his fellows, it makes a great difference what they say, because their words will be an indication of the value or worthlessness of his life.

SAMUEL and Jehoram both seem to have had the advantages of good ancestry. The former was the son of Elkanah and Hannah. The Bible does not tell us a great deal about those parents. It is unique in that it does not say much about the most of its characters, but what it says is sufficient to give us an insight into their real personality. "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." Rather a brief biography yet it is large enough to tell us what kind of a man he was. Many centuries afterward, with full confidence, and with nothing other to guide him save this simple statement, the writer of a New Testament epistle could say that Enoch "before his death had this testimony, that he pleased God." The biographer or the novelist would have used many pages, and then not have stated it so well.

So, while we do not have a protracted inlook upon the lives of Samuel's parents, we can see enough to wish that every boy had such parentage as he. What better mother than Hannah has any boy had? What a model for all women, especially mothers, to follow! And the father was one of those men who did not send his boy to church—he took him. It isn't strange that God could find a tremendous task for a boy from such a home. Nor that he could easily be brought to say, "Speak, for thy servant heareth."

Jehoram likewise sprang from a good ancestry. His father was Jehoshaphat, his grandfather, on the paternal side, Asa. Asa reigned for forty-one years, greatly loved and honored by his people. He was zealous in the overthrow of heathenism, sparing not even his own grandmother Maachah, burning the symbol of her idolatrous religion and throwing its ashes into the Kidron. So upright was his life that the chronicler has written into the imperishable record "the heart of Asa was perfect all his days." Jehoshaphat followed in the footsteps of his father. During his reign of twenty-five years he was always an eager follower of the commandments of the Lord. He tried, but not always with success, to destroy the high places and groves in which the people of Judah burnt incense to idols. Of him the chronicler has written: "His heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord."

There was another particular in which these men stood upon a basis of equality. Both had been entrusted with positions of honor and responsibility. To have such is to be challenged to greatness, both in material and spiritual attainment. It mattered little that Samuel was a prophet and a judge, and Jehoram was the fifth king of Judah. A man has just as big a chance to serve God and his fellows on the throne as in the pulpit or on the bench. Holiness is not the exclusive property of the priesthood. There is no respect of persons shown by God. I think it is equally true that there is no respect of place shown by Him.

So I do not find any material difference in the outside environment of those men. The difference was *on the inside*. That is where all real differences are found. Outer circumstances may change us, but the change is registered in our characters. Living in the slums may give one hardened features, but it is because the heart has first been hardened. Sin is the personification of ugliness. It is not merely accidental that the devil is represented as being like a serpent or a dragon, while the Christ is pictured as "the One altogether lovely."

It is not difficult to see that Samuel and Jehoram assumed different attitudes toward life and its responsibilities. Samuel took life seriously; Jehoram flippantly. It makes a vast difference whether or not we think that "Life is real; life is earnest." We have been so cautioned against "wearing a long face" that we think it is a mark of moral superiority to "wear a broad one." I am not pleading for a return to the former, but I am pleading that we should consider life as being something other than a joke, and death something other than "the great adventure." It is the grace of God, Paul said, that teaches us that, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." Mind you, it is the "graciousness" of God that so teaches us.

THERE was a difference in the affections of these men. Samuel "hitched his wagon to a star"; Jehoram hitched his to the dunghill. We speak of "ideals" as though the holding to such made us kingly. We must remember that one's "ideals" may make him a fool. There was a vast difference between the Paul who gave his life in defense of the Christ and the Paul who persecuted those of "the way" unto the death. Yet in both cases he had the same end in view—the glorification of God.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp," said Robert Browning. I think it usually does. But some of the things for which men reach are not worthy of being grasped. I like John Ruskin's statement: "He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only." And Jehoram was not one of them, even though he sat upon a throne!

Samuel used his life to glorify God; Jehoram used his in a vain effort to glorify himself. When the people forgot God, when they cried out for a king "who should go before them," the heart of Samuel was heavy. He might have rejoiced instead, and begun to "pull the wires" to have himself elevated to that position. And when the chosen king made shipwreck of his life and his kingship, in place of rejoicing, Samuel "cried unto the Lord all night." But Jehoram, departing from the worship of the true God, instituted the worship of Baal. Nor was any good effect produced upon him by a prophetic message sent to him from the prophet Isaiah. It makes all the difference in the world as to whom a man seeks to glorify. The promises of God are to him who abases himself.

Again, Samuel sought to serve his generation and his people well; Jehoram sought to rule by murder and oppression. Indeed it seems that Samuel was always thinking of the welfare of his fellows. He warned them of the probable results that would follow the coronation of a king, but he did not forsake them when those results began to be realized. And even after he "came no more to see Saul . . . nevertheless Samuel mourned for Saul." On the other hand, no sooner had Jehoram ascended his throne than "he strengthened himself, and slew all his brethren with the sword, and divers also of the princes of Israel." In the slaying of his six brothers he was able to seize the silver and gold, the precious things, and the fenced cities in Judah, which they had inherited from their father. He "caused the inhabitants of Jerusalem to commit fornication, and compelled Judah thereto." It is not strange, therefore, that in the day of death, the opinions of men should be widely different as between Samuel and Jehoram.

WE HAVE seen no noticeable difference in the sunrise of these men's lives; but how different the sunset of each! "Full of days," Samuel passed peacefully into eternity. Harsh experiences, weary days, troublous nights, perhaps even bitter tears, if such as he could be capable of shedding them, but they were self-inflicted. The Edomites revolted from under the hand of Judah in his day, and made themselves a king; Libnah also revolted; the Lord stirred up against him the spirit of the Philistines and the Arabians, who, coming up into Judah, entered the king's house and took away all his substance, his wives, and all his sons, save one. Then the Lord smote him with an incurable disease, and after two years of horrible suffering he died. No peace in life; none in death!

I am not seeking to teach what would not be true, that every good man is guaranteed a painless death and every bad man a painful one. But I am firmly convinced that the man who has lived as Samuel lived will meet his earthly end in a far different manner than the man who has lived as Jehoram lived.

There are men who depart "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Wives are happier, children more blithesome, when they are gone. There are children who so live that when they go, if we could really understand their parents' tears, we should know they were shed not so much in sorrow at their going, as in sorrow over the wicked, wasted lives they lived. There is a world of significant meaning in the wet eye or the dry eye when one is no more. It really matters how men will act when we are gone.

With deepest reverence, Samuel was buried in his own house at Ramah, in dishonor Jehoram was buried "in the city of David, *but not in the sepulchers of the kings*." "And his people made no burning for him, like the burning of his fathers." What advantage in being a king in life if one cannot be a king in death? "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world, if he lose himself?"

Oh, the tragedy of living in such a way that men will be glad when we are gone! Oh, the heaven of so living that when we go "those that look out of the windows shall be darkened . . . and the mourners shall go about the streets!" What flowers may be brought, what monuments erected, what epitaphs written thereon, we shall not know; but God help us all to so live, that, being dead, we shall yet speak; and when men come to carry us to our "long house," they shall be "devout men," who shall not think us unworthy to rest beside the holiest and who shall feel it a sacred duty to keep ever green our memories!

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken," or "My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 103, read verses 1 to 13. *God's Love and Providence.*

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 504, first column).

Sermon—"RIGHT AND WRONG LIVING!"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Just as I am, Without One Plea" or "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Infinite but tender-hearted, powerful but forgiving, eternal but close to us who live in time, gracious in mercy, compassionate in the contemplation of our need, we ask as children from a great Father to make our meeting full of comfort to our hearts and nourishment to our souls, in the name of our Redeemer who walked and talked and worked with men on earth. In His Name we ask forgiveness, acceptance and blessing. AMEN.

*Pastor M. E. Church, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., and R. Braunstein

The Great Resting-Place of Faith

SUNDAY. I Peter 1 : 8. "*On whom . . . believing.*"—The figure is suggestive of a leaning posture, an attitude of dependence, a confident resting of one's weight upon the Christ we love. It is the acceptance of His reasonings as sound. It is the assumption that His judgments are dependable. It is the usage of His weapons as adequate for our strife. It is the assurance that His promises are the expression of spiritual laws, and that there is no more caprice in their ministry than there is in the operation of laws in the physical world. "On Him believing."

But it is more than assent to a conclusion, more than a confidence in His word. It is repose upon a person, a resting upon a presence, a trusting in a companionship. If the Christian evangel is worth anything at all, it means this—that the Christ of God, the "Lover of the soul," is by the loved one's side in inseparable and all-sufficient fellowship. In the moment of extraordinary crisis and strain, "on" Him I can depend for immediate equipment. In the long-drawn-out day of wearying and monotonous commonplace, "on" Him I can lean for unfailing supplies. In the dark and cloudy day, and amid the gathering terrors of the advancing night, "on" Him I can depend for inspiring light and life.

That is the very music of the Christian evangel. The words which indicate the Master's presence suggest the all-significant closeness of His spirit. "Companion"! "Comforter!" "Fellowship"! "Partaker!" The phraseology varies; the significance is one. The Lord is imminent and immediate: "Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet"; upon Him we may trustfully rest our weight in all the changing circumstances of our ever-changing way.

"On whom . . . believing, ye rejoice." Is there anything surprising in the issue? Won by His love, wedded to the Lord, confident in His fellowship—is it any wonder that out of such wealthy conditions there should arise a fountain of joy? Surely we have the very ingredients of spiritual delight. If we take spiritual affection—"whom, not having seen, ye love" and combine it with spiritual confidence—"on whom . . . believing"—I do not see how we can escape the crown of rejoicing. If either of the elements be annihilated, our joy is destroyed.

All the bird-music that rings through the countryside at the dawn can be hushed by the appearance of the hawk. Let your little child come into a presence in whom she has not gained confidence, and the light of joy departs, and her face becomes like a blown-out lamp.

It is the co-operative ministry of love and confidence which awakes the genius joy. It is the love and confidence of wedded life which make the clear, calm joy of the hurrying years. The thought of the loved one is a baptism of light. A letter from the loved one redeems any day from commonplace. The presence of the loved one is a full and perpetual feast.

It is not otherwise in the highest relationships. If the soul and the Lord are lovers, and there is a mutual confidence, the soul will drink at the river for rare and exquisite delights. J. H. J.

The Far-Reaching Love of God

MONDAY. Luke 15 : 20. "*When He was yet a great way off.*"—No man can wander away so far as to lose his place in the Father's heart. However fallen he may be, nevertheless God loves him. A woman may so defile the garments of her womanhood that other and more respectable sinners look askance at her; but God still loves her. His love is the most persistent, never-failing, indestructible thing in the universe.

You may keep on sinning as long as you live, die impenitent and go into outer darkness; but even there His love will follow you. I do not say that it will save you; for in the covenant of salvation there is a "party of the second part," without whose consent all overtures of mercy are ineffectual: but I do say that there never yet was a man created in God's likeness who sinned so far or so utterly expatriated himself that the love of the Father shall not forever and forever follow him.

Alas, if it prove to be an unavailing love!

D. J. B.

Making a Radiant World

TUESDAY. John 8 : 12. "*I am the Light of the world.*"—Looking unto Jesus, we become radiant with His glory. As radium gives out light, heat and healing without diminution of its powers, so we may shine for Christ. The hearts of all believers may become radioactive, giving out infinite energy. Nations, like individuals, should reflect the light of Liberty enlightening the world. Is not the cry, "America for Americans," unlike the Gospel idea of service for all mankind?

He that saveth his life shall lose it, for there is that which withholdeth and it tendeth to poverty. Accumulation for benevolence is Godlike.

Radium shines without being consumed or replenished, except as God's energy causes it to flame like the burning bush. If we let our light shine, the supply will be undiminished, but when hidden under the bushel of self, it becomes extinguished.

No scientist can explain radium or electricity any more than he can explain God. If we accept radium, the telegraph and telephone, why not accept the Author? His higher spiritual energy waits to charge your being with all power, so you may shine as the stars forever.

Radium churches are making a radiant world; they obey the divine command, "Go ye into all the world; shine for Me, do My will," while an increasing halo of spiritual light will encircle you.

The nation that seeks to light the pathway of darkened peoples, endeavoring to illuminate all mankind with the light of life, will never cease its shining, as did Babylon, Nineveh, Tyre and Rome. Such a republic will become the central light of all nations when Jesus comes to possess the kingdom of this world.

Radium rays prolong or destroy life, according to our attitude towards them. Is it not so with the diviner light? It may become a consuming fire or an effulgent glory, according to our reception or rejection of His power. He is able to make all things work together for our good. The choice is ours. E. W. C.

The Divine Type of Manhood

WEDNESDAY. John 19 : 5. "*And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!*" It requires no deep knowledge of what lies beneath the surface of current history to perceive that the quality of Christ's manhood is one of the things the world stands most in need of in our day. What are the characteristics of this age? Are they not: loss of faith in humanity; loss of faith in idealism; loss of faith in God; a passion for self-seeking? Did ever the world more need high-toned, high-minded, high-motived souls?

We have enough politicians who build "high places" for the worship of mere policy. We have enough captains of industry who have built us a huge Babel which threatens to topple with its own weight. We have enough preachers of peace when there is no peace.

Now we need more prophets, men who see that "the highest of all politics is the politics of the soul"; more statesmen who will guide their course and help to guide the nation's course by the stars; more students of large maps, who see beyond the level of the fields they occupy.

The model? "Behold the Man." He was not afraid to build His kingdom on love; to appeal to the conscience as His inward ally; to sacrifice present ease for future empire. And there is room for us in His school.

The simplest definition of a Christian is a disciple. We must study His words. We must seek to possess His spirit. We must imitate His methods. We must invoke and secure His presence in blessing, and His gifts in courage and truth. C. C. A.

The Value of Convictions

THURSDAY. II Timothy. 1 : 12. "*I know Him whom I have believed.*" At a recent meeting of a Boy Scout Troop, the following conversation was heard:

Tenderfoot Scout—"May I take my second-class test?"

Scoutmaster—"Are you ready to take your test?"

Tenderfoot Scout—"I guess so."

Scoutmaster—"I am not at all interested in your guesses or what you only think you know. If you cannot give a clear-cut statement without a guess or a perhaps or an 'I think so,' I do not care to listen. When you enter the business or professional world and face the issues and crises of your daily work, only unqualified convictions will serve you; but if you intend to guess your way along you will be a failure. Are you ready for your test?"

The test was not taken that night.

Convictions are needed. Especially is this true in the realm of the religious. There is nothing so heartening to a hungry and searching individual as to listen to a person who is absolutely sure of whatever promises he may make in the nature of spiritual enlightenment or religious instruction. Paul speaks the language of certainty. Every sentence strikes twelve. Every word is pure gold, with the true ring and without the slightest trace of alloy. "I know whom I have believed" rings like a trumpet note through all his preaching.

There are some questions concerning which we cannot afford to be otherwise than confident and assured. Truth wrought out on the anvil of experience is something that we need, and which we embrace gladly in these times of uncertain trumpets and divers gospels ringing on every hand.

The Bible is full of clear-cut statements and clarion-like declarations and crystal-clear dictums. "We know that we are of God." "We know that we are of the truth." "We know that we dwell in Him." "I know whom I have chosen." "We are confident." "We are always confident."

As an interesting study and profitable experiment let the reader examine the pages of the Bible with the theme in mind. On almost every page he will find the positive note. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" is the heart of the Gospel, the keynote of Christian progress, the epitome of righteous endeavor, the logic of missionary conquest, and the motive-power for an intelligent and consistent civilization. It makes for an out-and-out Christian, while "I think that my Redeemer liveth" and "I hope this is true," makes for an in-and-out sort of a Christian life that, in the last analysis, spells little by way of genuine accomplishment and worth-while achievement. Hesitation, groping, vacillation, wavering, make no conquest and capture no territory in any realm of human thought and endeavor. R. B.

Soul Beauty

FRIDAY. II Chron. 20 : 21. *The beauty of holiness.*"—In one of our daily papers there is a Department called "The Art of Beauty," where women are advised how to beautify themselves with rouges, cosmetics and the like. This opens up a sidelight into one sort of self-culture, but not such as makes for Character or the adorning of the soul.

One of the most beautiful women I know lives in a cramped apartment up in Harlem where she takes care of an invalid husband and three children. Time was when she shone brilliantly in social life. One of her former friends said to me recently, "How she has gone off!" "What do you mean?" "Lost her looks!" She has, indeed. The manicure and milliner are nothing to her nowadays. But the time is coming when her children will rise up and call her blessed, and when the crowsfeet and wrinkles and other curves of mother-love that have spoiled her "looks" will seem to them as curves of perfect beauty.

This is that favor which is not deceitful, and this is that beauty which is not vain. "Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her works praise her in the gates!"

D. J. B.

The Fadeless Crown

SATURDAY. Rev. 2 : 10. "*Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life.*" A crown of flowers is flowers, a crown of laurel, laurel, a crown of gold is gold. The crown of life is life at its best. It is the flower, the laurel and the gold of life. And the flower does not fade, the laurel is everlasting, the gold imperishable. Of course, there are other crowns. There are crowns of fading flowers, of lifeless laurel, of fool's gold. There are crowns of the day and hour that are not to be despised if they have been honestly won. For instance, there are athletic crowns, literary crowns, commercial crowns, political crowns and innumerable other crowns; but they are comparatively of trifling concern. There is nothing of the lastingness of life about them. They are characterized as "corruptible," and they do not last forever.

The gift of life is the outstanding and all-inclusive characteristic of the Christian Gospel. It is the life that is rooted and grounded in the eternities of the Almighty and the everlastingness of the Lord. Conversion, which is the glad surrender of the soul to God for development and training, that we may be "perfect and wanting nothing," brings another world into view, making the intuitions and intimations of immortality certain. Intellectual ideas and ideals, are intensified and heightened; manhood and womanhood are mightily invigorated, the conscience is vivified, the will strengthened, the soul is enriched and sustained by something better than ambrosia, feeding upon the living bread and waters of eternal life. In other words, the soul is wedded to Jesus Christ and shares by faith the adventure of his destiny. That is character's crown. It is for that we were born and for that we live.

And the capacity for this conversion and expansion and enrichment and completion belongs to us all. "Let no man take thy crown." Strive for it. Pray for it. Guard it earnestly. Here and everywhere, it is the only thing worth striving for, because it is the only thing that lasts in a universe of change and decay. R. B.

A Call on Madame Curie

Small, Timid, Infinitely Tired, Seems the World's Greatest Woman Scientist

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SO SMALL, and slim, and colorless, she seemed—so unassuming, and timid, and above all, so infinitely tired—that I had to remind myself, over and over, that she was a personage of international importance. As I heard her voice, answering questions with an almost monotonous lack of expression, I had to say—more than once—in my mind:

"This woman is Madame Curie—MADAME MARIE CURIE! This woman is the co-discoverer of radium. She is one of the greatest scientists of our day, she has been honored by universities, and presidents, and kings. She has done much to benefit mankind—she is working, now, on a marvelous cure for cancer. This woman is a wonderful woman—she is Madame Curie!"

Mme. Curie—the name carries with it a real thrill! It suggests sheer romance—the romance of discovery, of earth problems, of hidden treasure. And it suggests even more—it stands for extreme bravery and abounding patience!

THE world knows the story of Mme. Curie—knows it so well that I need only give a brief outline here of the barest facts. The world knows how she came, a pretty little Polish girl, to study science in a French college. And the world knows how the young Professor Curie fell in love with her and married her.

Few marriages are so successful—and so happy—as was their union. They had a great love, you see, and they had also a common passion for the same sort of work. Side by side they toiled, in complete understanding and sympathy, until they made the discovery that has revolutionized certain chemical and medical ideas.

Yes, they lived, and loved, and worked together until their companionship—their *partnership*—was brought to an untimely end by the death of the Professor—under the wheels of a cart, carelessly driven through the crowded streets of Paris. And Mme. Curie was left with two young daughters to bring up—and a great work, all unfinished, to accomplish!

Many women would have faltered under the magnitude of such a task. But Mme. Curie did not allow her broken heart to interfere with the problem that she and her husband had been so eager to solve. By great privation and struggle—knowing poverty and illness and, recently, lack of the very material to work with—she forged ahead. One can scarcely wonder that her shoulders are stooped, now—that her eyes are tired, and that her step is slow!

A few months ago Mme. Curie was summoned to America. She had never before been in our country and she came gladly. She did not know, then, that she had been invited to visit us that she might receive—as the gift of the women of America—a gram of radium (that extremely rare mineral) and a small amount of mesalthorium (another costly metal closely allied to radium.) The gift is valued at $165,000!

I SAW Mme. Curie the day before she sailed back to France. Patiently, her worn hands folded in her lap, she sat before a group of representatives of the press, and gave her thoughts on the subject of America. Slowly, with a hesitation that was more from fatigue than unfamiliarity with the English language, she spoke:

"When I get back—to France—" she said, "I will first of all . . . *rest!*" She sighed, and then—"But do not think that I have not appreciate the honor—and the pleasure—that you of America give to me! And the great gift of your women—it will enable me to go on with my research . . . " her voice shook slightly—it was the only trace of emotion that she displayed during the whole of the interview!

Somebody asked her what had most impressed her during her visit to America. Her answer, when it came, was surprising.

"Your Grand Canyon——" she said unhesitatingly. "Your Grand Canyon, and the public playgrounds that you have placed in all of your cities!" She paused, for a moment, and then:

"I have go so rapidly through your great country," she said, "that I am bewilder'. And of course those things that stand out most clearly in my mind are the ones that I have seen most thoroughly. Your colleges, your scientific laboratories, your hospitals have deeply impress me. Never have I been privileged to see such large and well-equipped seats of learning—such clinics! Never have I seen so many people in a hurry, so much real eagerness to learn. No—" (in answer to a question) "I do not think that the people of the United States are too—how can you say it?—commercial. They are so glad to listen—and to *give!*"

"Your ceeties? Who can say which is the most beautiful—and the most wonderful! Your West is amazing—and so is New York. Washington, D. C.—it is a fitting place for your center of government to be situate'. And Philadelphia—that is like a bit of the old world. And—of course—" a faint smile played at the corners of her wan mouth, curiously softening the whole of her face, "of course Pittsburgh—for Pittsburgh has produce' more Radium than any other ceety in the world!"

THERE was a slight stir in the next room—a rustle of skirts. Glancing through the portières I caught a glimpse of a slim girl in a rose-pink jersey—a girl who fairly flamed with youth! She was pretty, that girl—so pretty! And yet as I looked swiftly from her glowing face to the face of the colorless little woman in the chair I was able, dimly, to see their kinship. It was quite evidently one of the two daughters. I could not help wondering if Mme. Curie had been so vivid, once—so untouched by the tragedy and toil of life!

The representatives of the press were leaving. And Mme. Curie rose, just a shade wearily, from her chair to acknowledge their good wishes and goodbyes. Her hand felt fragile as it touched mine—fragile but not femininely soft. It was the hand of a worker.

"In the autumn," she said, wearily, "I shall go back to my laboratory—Yes? And then—who knows?"

SO SLIM, she seemed, and small and tired that it was hard to believe that she had received sixty-five honorary degrees from as many colleges—that during her stay in America ten of the degrees, as well as six money and medal awards, were given to her. It seemed hard to believe that she was the woman who has often sifted through a ton of raw material to find one grain of her precious discovery.

Indeed, as I felt her hand touch mine, as I looked fleetingly into her tired eyes, I had to say over and over—quite to myself:

"This is Mme. Curie—Mme. Marie Curie. This woman is the co-discoverer of radium!"

WHEN the leather-workers of Larpura, India, became Christians, they were not satisfied that the news should go out among the people slowly. They wanted everybody to know it at once. So they had the public drums beaten, and crier went through the streets shouting, "We, the Chamars of Larpura, are all become servants of the Lord."

"If a graduate of a medical school goes into practise in the United States, he will have to work for years to gain even a local reputation," says Dr. Arthur Kelly, one of the great American surgeons, "but if he goes into mission work, he will gain a reputation bounded only by the horizon, and will be a statesman as well as a doctor."

The playground of thousands of New York children

MONT-LAWN

OVER 60,000 little children of the tenements have passed through the gates of Mont-Lawn since that first summer morning, twenty-eight years ago, when the initial group arrived.

What a summer that was! There was a little wooden chapel, every beam in which had been drilled through and through by carpenter bees until the sawdust ran out at the slightest touch. Then there was an old farmhouse, clean and comfortable; a little entrance lodge so frail that it was blown down by the wind next winter; a stable, through the roof of which one could see the stars at night; a long antiquated Dutch house, whose panelled doors and shutters were made by some skilled workman before the days of woodworking by machinery. And there was a big tent, large enough to accommodate several hundred of the little folks at meals, and a brook, good, deep wells of wholesome water, wide-sweeping playgrounds with swings and merry-go-rounds, and hand-organ music for the children. Then there were acres upon acres of glorious woodlands, with flowers and birds and fruit in abundance.

Today Mont-Lawn is of a truth "The Children's Paradise" and by that name it is known everywhere, as it deserves to be. It has six large substantial dormitories; "The Homestead" or Superintendent's offices and headquarters. The only "Children's Temple" in the world is there, and in that beautiful building children of many nationalities and many creeds sing the same hymns and say the same simple, trustful prayers. The tent has long since been displaced by the big dining-hall, "Fort Plenty," in which 400 wee lads and lassies sit at meals. The dormitories are a group of the prettiest buildings imaginable, hygienic in the last degree. There are playgrounds for the little ones and also for the bigger boys and girls where they are taught by trained instructors, a swimming-pool, a wading-pool, ball-fields, etc., so that all ages may have the benefit of physical instruction. The bathing-house is an attractive feature and a daily delight.

Musical training always has been one of the charms of Mont-Lawn and the rendering of the hymns and patriotic songs by the fresh young voices is inexpressibly sweet.

Every child, and there are more than 3,000 there every summer, sleeps in a spotless cot in a cool, well-ventilated dormitory. The food is abundant and nourishing, and pale cheeks are soon transformed with the hue of health. Mont-Lawn has its own physician and nurses, its teachers, houseworkers and lawn-tenders. It is a place where health glows in every face and happiness fills every heart. The keynote is love and the children know and appreciate this. They are eager to come and loath to go when their ten days' visit is over. And often in the winter down in the city tenements may be heard the songs of Mont-Lawn sung by little ones who keep alive the memories of the happy days spent in the "Children's Paradise."

It is a fact worth noting here that not one child has ever died at Mont-Lawn in all the years since it was first opened, nor has anyone contracted serious sickness. God has prospered and blessed the place, and caused it to blossom like the rose for the children and in recognition of the thousands of Christian Herald readers who have built it up and developed it by their gifts and their prayers.

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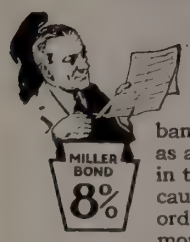

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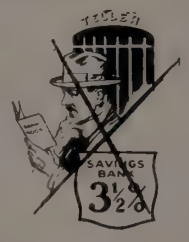

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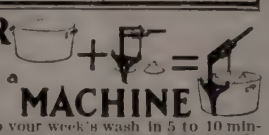

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Saul Proclaims Jesus as the Christ

International Sunday School Lesson for July 24
Acts 9 : 19 b-30

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

A CHRISTIAN is safer when he is proclaiming his Christianity and living up to his profession than when seeking to be a secret believer. Dr. Charles R. Erdman in his very helpful commentary on Acts says "A secret believer is a hypocrite." Luke, in verse 20, states that Saul "straightway in the synagogue proclaimed Jesus, that he is the Son of God." Just as soon as the eunuch believed, when Philip preached to him by the wayside, he desired to be baptized and the sacrament was administered forthwith. Saul began at once, and in the synagogue of the Jews, to declare his new birth and the fact that the Messiah, God's Son, had come.

Both at Damascus and three years later, at Jerusalem, we note the new convert had to prove the reality of his conversion as he sought fellowship with other Christians. Though the past is forgiven by God it is not forgotten by men. Right where the wrong was committed one can re-establish himself. It required real courage for Saul to be a preacher in the two cities just named. The Damascus audiences might question, but they soon became convinced that a new man with a new manner of life was in their midst. They beheld the new wine in a new wineskin.

In our studies concerning Saul, we must use the map constantly. Turn to your map and make a general study of it. There are numerous maps which have the journeys of this preacher to the Gentiles clearly marked. He made three great trips and then went to Rome. Do not depend on any map that you have. Begin by drawing an outline map of good size. Make it three feet by two. Use a sheet of cardboard or heavy paper. Fill in places as they are named in the lesson study each week. Use different colored pencils to trace the four journeys. If you prefer a map already made use colored worsteds to outline the journeys or place a large-headed pin where your hero is in each lesson. Move the pin as you travel with Saul. We will insert in the margin of our Bibles just where, in the Acts narrative, each epistle was written. Begin now by writing, in the margin of your Bible, at Acts 9 : 21, Gal. 1 : 16-17, for it was from Damascus that Paul went to Arabia and then returned to Damascus for further preaching, as is seen in Acts 9 : 22.

THE Intermediate and Senior topic is "Getting Ready for a New Career," and the passage in Galatians is particularly mentioned. Three years are spent by this new convert in finding himself, in preparation through study and in prayer (Gal. 1 : 18). Saul as a Jew knew the Old Testament from youth. Now he is restudying those books and finding Christ therein. The scales had fallen from his eyes in more respects than one. Saul was now permitting, and even seeking to have the Holy Spirit perform His office work and take of the things of Christ and reveal them unto him. The Desert College in Arabia has an apt pupil. He is studying not only for himself but that he may preach truth to multitudes and write epistles to great churches which he would establish. These epistles have become the text books for unnumbered millions as they have sought to know the Triune God.

It will be profitable to note others who also had personal schooling by God in actual Arabia, or in some desert place which became an "Arabia" for them. Moses, Elijah, John the Baptist, Christ and Paul had desert days prior to or in connection with their great life work. Time and seclusion are needed in which to think things through. We are told, Matthew 6 : 6, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, *and having shut thy door*, pray to thy Father." Some times we must find some "Arabia" that we may be sufficiently removed from man and his doings to accomplish the real task of shutting the door and of being shut in with God, so we can really talk with Him and then remain long enough in His presence to obtain His reply. Have you a prayer place where you especially go for your communion with God? The fact is fully recognized that God is everywhere and we can talk to him in any place and at any time and still each one of us must have our SHUT-IN place.

The great theologian of the New Testament, having completed his three years of study into the deep things of God, comes forth with a statement of truth which has become of incalculable value to the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is far more difficult to think out a creedal statement than to accept the same when it commends itself to us. Saul, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, thought out the position which lesser theologians have been declaring ever since. Look up the proof texts for most of the doctrines and you will find that Paul is quoted more frequently than any other writer.

It is this great preacher, scholar and defender of the faith who goes back to Damascus and in his spiritual strength confounds the Jews dwelling in Damascus as he proves that the Christ is the one who was killed on the cross. While preaching to those he once went to arrest the tables become turned and others plot against his life. Let the watchers guard the gates day and night! The disciples are equally keen and they lower Saul from a window in the wall. That night the counter-plot is effective and a great leader is saved to accomplish a mighty work in Kingdom-building. Doubtless as he turned his back on the city, that place was sought out where the Lord had appeared to him and called him by name, "Saul, Saul." Coming to that sacred place he would kneel in prayer and consecration. From thence his marching orders must have been "Jerusalem," the very place where the powerful Sanhedrin sat. It requires faith to be a Christian and always go forward at the command of the Great Captain of our salvation.

THE situation is very interesting at Jerusalem. The disciples do not believe that an actual conversion has taken place. Saul's past still clung to him. Doors were closed against him. Many men and women at such a time have been so disheartened they have gone back to their old and base life.

Barnabas evidently knows the facts of those three years in Saul's life and brings this distrusted man to the apostles and declares his good works as proofs of his announced change of heart. That Saul had preached Christ at Damascus was a convincing argument. At first Saul is accepted for Barnabas' sake. Turn to your Bible dictionary and concordance and find out all you can about Barnabas. He, too, is a man to be reckoned with.

If there was any place on earth where Saul, under the conditions that then existed, might have been expected to remain silent, that city was Jerusalem. Here, however, he preaches boldly in his Lord's name. He goes still further and finds certain Grecian Jews with whom he enters into argumentative debate. He lives the great truths which later he writes in letters and may have said first in a Jerusalem sermon, "I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." (Romans 1 : 6.)

There is still the home town, Tarsus, and when there is a Jerusalem plot to kill him, the Jerusalem brethren conduct this fiery preacher to Caesarea, whence he sails to the city of his birth. The words of Christ in that binding commission were Paul's strength in his Journey: "and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Jerry of Justamere Cabin

Continued from page 499

There were four of them: The Major; Mrs. Major, who was just what I'd always dreamed a mother ought to be; Kent, a big chap, nearly sixteen, and very strong; and Kate. She was a youngster of thirteen or fourteen, but she was about as tall as I and quite an odd girl in many ways.

I think father had taken the Lake Club cottage in a trade. He had owned it for several years, but he had never spent more than a day or two there, and this was my very first visit. Lake Club had about a hundred members. Most of them had summer homes grouped around the lake. It was not a large lake but it was very pretty, and the property was well laid out. There were some very fine homes upon which the owners had spent thousands of dollars. But the one that we owned was a very humble affair that would probably have ranked about 99 in a possible 100. It was called Justamere Cabin, and the name was a fit.

I was ashamed of the place as soon as I set eyes on it. I hoped people would think it belonged to the Bassels. I didn't want any such a freak tacked on to my family tree, so to speak.

First off, I think, it had been built for a large three-roomed shack. Then someone had built a kitchen on the back. Then a sun-parlor had been stuck on the south. Then an extra sleeping room had been put on the east, and, later, another one on the west. Some sleeping-porches had been added to all that; and, off by the kitchen, opening outdoors, a little bathroom had been built.

Talk about your House of Seven Gables! This Justamere Cabin was a solid mass of garbled gables.

Once it had been painted green. The green had faded. I suppose nothing on earth looks worse than faded green. It had faded more on the sides than the front so that the old shack at least put its best face forward.

BUT in spite of everything the Bassels just went into ecstasies over that old shack. Kate said it was just the dearest thing she had seen in years.

I said, "Don't think you have to say nice things about this shack to save my feelings. I think it is about as good as an old soap box with the painted label almost scratched off. That's about how good I think it is."

But she was most indignant.

"Why, you foolish boy," she said. "Do you think I'd say anything just to please you? Where have you lived all your life not to see how darling this romantic little cabin is? So informal and unconventional. Everything odd. Not a single thing as you'd expect it. It's just too darling for words."

She rather prides herself on her grown-up talk, does this Kate.

"You wait till it rains," I said. "Wait until you spend a romantic but rainy night under the many-gabled roof trying to find a dry spot. Then you'll know."

Of course I didn't really know that the roof was leaky, for I never had seen the place before. As a matter of fact it turned out to be a very good roof. But I didn't propose to have a girl like Kate telling me what was the proper thing. So I shot my bolt and went to look around the club grounds all by myself. I would have taken Kent with me, but he had gone in to the city on the Interurban.

The more I rambled over the mile or so of woods that formed the club grounds the more dissatisfied and ashamed I became of Justamere Cabin. It was like a picture of the kind they call a pastoral scenario or words to that effect. You would be shut in by beautiful, green trees in full foliage. Suddenly as you step past a clump of elms you see a beautiful cottage with white frame and green roof completely surrounded by a network of screened porches, with stuccoed columns, and you know that you are looking upon a home of romance. Probably a fair young maiden will step from that front door and will mount a beautiful chestnut steed and ride gracefully away. Some romance about that. But you'd be sure not to get anything of the kind at Justamere.

Well, I saw a lot of places of this description around the lake and finally I reached the substantial club-house. It is quite a good structure, though built more for use than beauty. But it is big and provides plenty of room for parties and meetings and dinners, and the wide porch is a great place to sit on a lazy day.

A BOY was fishing from a dock in front of the club-house.

"Catch anything?" I asked.

He reached down and pulled out of the lake a string of ten fish of various kinds and sizes.

"Want to buy?" he asked.

I hadn't supposed club boys would be so mercenary, but I did want the fish. I found I had only $2.70, but he let me have them for the two dollars. The fact is I never had caught fish, but I just wanted to surprise that boy Kent who would be coming in on the Interurban in a few minutes.

There is a little station near the club-house with a couple of park seats standing outside, just where passengers alight.

As I saw the train coming I stood idly leaning over the back of one of the seats with my string of fish carelessly exposed in front of me on the seat where they showed to very good advantage. It would be a surprise to Kent.

But Kent did not come. I waited until all the passengers alighted. The most conspicuous was a tall, stooped man who had evidently been on a journey. He had two heavy satchels which he deposited right in front of the seat where I had my exhibit.

"Did you say that your boy Jack was coming down to the landing with your boat?" he asked of his companion.

"Yes. He'll be here soon. We can give you a lift with these heavy bags. Row you over as far as the Justamere Cabin dock anyway. By the way, you knew Ned Bassel—he's Major Bassel now. He's at the place this summer."

"Bassel!" exclaimed the tall, stooped man, "Bassel! Why he's dead!"

"No. He was a prisoner. He's home now and here at the lake."

The tall man looked queer. He acted like a man who is rattled and doesn't know what to do next. Then suddenly he flopped down on the seat behind him—right on my string of fish.

I don't know much about fish. I never caught any before and I never did sit down on a mess. I know the boy warned me to be careful they didn't "fin" me, and perhaps that is what they did to him. Anyway he jumped up quicker than he sat down and shouted, "Oh! What's cutting me? Who did that?"

Then as he turned and saw me he started after me in a wild chase. But I had a fair start and even Kate Bassel would have to admit that I can run, so he soon was left behind.

CHAPTER II

WILD beasts were after me. Mingled with them were still wilder men. There were some women, too, and they were worst of all because of the hate in their faces.

They were crowding close up to me. They had long, clutchy claws, had the beasts, and the men and women had fingers that were like talons. They were grossly distorted in form and shape at first, but gradually they took on the looks of a gang of desperadoes.

I knew who I was now that I recognized the crowd that was chasing me. I was Two Gun Jerry, of course. If I turned on this gang they would soon be running the other way. But suppose that one of their bullets should penetrate my heart or lungs before I could turn? Even now I could feel the blood gushing over my chest and soaking my clothing.

I woke up, just then, sweating all over, and shaking so that my teeth chattered.

My! That was a nasty dream. I had been so sleepy and tired when I turned in that I had gone to bed without the least dread, for once. And here I was, in the middle of a black night, wide awake, wringing wet, and shivering in the cool night breeze that came off the

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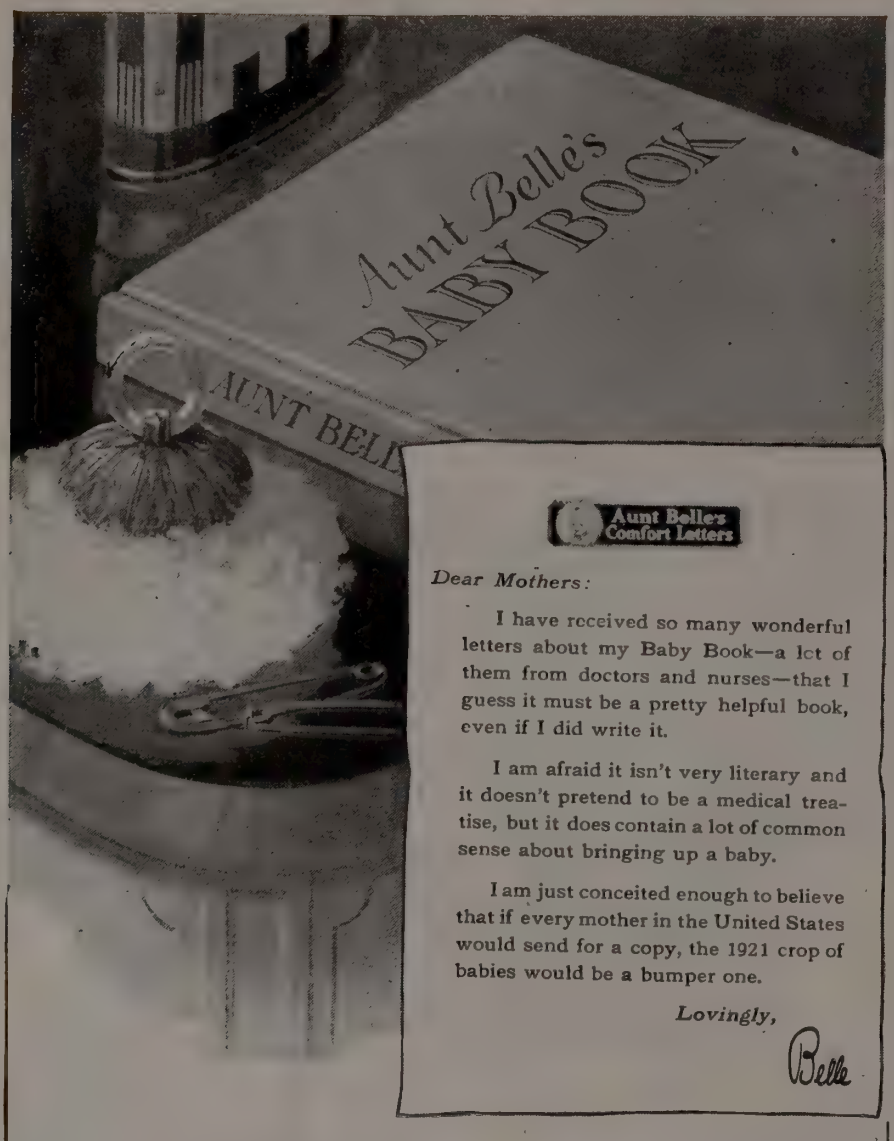

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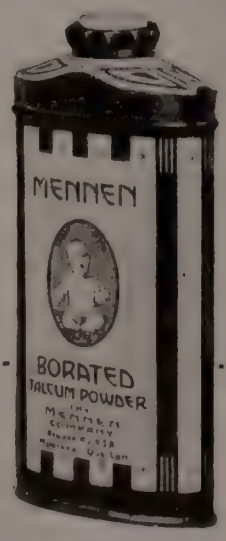

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lake and wandered at will through the unglazed windows of our open house.

How I wished that I might drop back to sleep. But not a sign of sleep could I feel. The mysterious night noises of the woods made my blood creep. There was dread in every sound. What strange shapes might come stealing out of that dense gloom into which I peered. What was the mysterious object that seemed to approach and recede and approach? Gradually it was drawing nearer. A moment's recoil and it came again, nearer than ever. Now it was so near that I could almost feel it groping for me.

I gave one yell, and lay back on my cot with shut eyes and quivering body.

THEN I heard the quiet, steady voice of the Major.

"Hullo, Jerry. Did you call me?"

"N-n-n-no, Major; not exactly that. I woke and I thought I saw something and I just hollered. It seemed to be coming right at me. See, there it is now!"

"Yes, I see. It's a sheet that mother threw over a wire line to screen your bed. The wind sends it toward you. It begins to look like a sheet now, doesn't it? Think you can go back to sleep?"

"Yes, Major," I said. But I doubted it very much, and I was awfully glad that he didn't take my word for it, but came over and tucked an extra blanket around me, and sat down by my bed.

"Your teeth are chattering, Jerry; and you are all wet."

"Had an awful dream, Major. I was being chased by something terrible. You can't guess how bad it feels."

"I guess I can, Jerry. Remember you are talking to an A. E. F. veteran who has had "shell-shock" marked on his medical field record."

"That's pretty bad, I reckon, Major."

"It is for the fellows who don't get over it. I'm pretty well over mine."

"Did it just get well?"

"Not altogether. It was pretty stubborn. My shrapnel wounds had healed and my broken shoulder was good as ever, and yet that shell-shock kept me in such a fix that I'd have spells when I was just about paralyzed. I couldn't talk, couldn't move, couldn't swallow, couldn't breathe more than just enough to keep going."

"My, but that was terrible. How did you get over it?"

"I found an odd remedy. There was a Y. M. C. A. man in the same ward, getting over some burns from a gas shell. When he saw me in a bad way, he would come to me, look me square in the eyes and smile into my face.

"'You're at it again, Major,' he'd say. 'Now look at me. Look close at me, Major. Look at this face of mine. All scarred up, isn't it? A pretty poor face for what used to be a good-looking man. Don't you dare think of yourself, now. Think of me. See me smile. See me laugh. I'm laughing in spite of this face, Major. I'm laughing because if I did get all this, I got it for you and fellows like you. I got it so I might make you forget about the terrible times you've had; so I might help make a man of you again. Now, don't you dare think of yourself. Look at my face and laugh. Come on, now, laugh!"

"And after a while I'd laugh. And I'd breathe easier, and I'd begin to swallow again, and I'd relax just the way you're doing, and I'd go to sleep the way you are going to do."

I lay there holding on to the Major's hand. It was a good, warm hand, and so steady you'd never think its owner had been shell-shocked. I was comfortable again. Instead of wild beasts and wilder men I saw the kind face of the Major, and I began to try to imagine the beautiful smile that must have been on the face of that Y. M. C. A. man who could be glad he was disfigured so that he might help men like the Major.

I CAN'T tell much that followed because I fell asleep, but when I awoke in the morning I felt rested and strong in spite of my distress of the early night. Kent was out of bed already and getting into his bathing-suit.

"I hope you brought a swimming-suit," he shouted.

"Sure thing," said I. "I got a nice, new one—crimson and white."

"Fine!" he declared. "Let's go swim!"

"Not as early as this," I objected. "It's cold."

"You mean cool," replied Kent. "Nicest time of day to swim."

He made me mad, standing there so superior and telling me things as if I didn't know anything. I jumped into my suit.

"Where's a good place to dive?" he asked.

"I don't know," I told him. "This place is as new to me as to you."

"You're right," he agreed. "There's a diving-board near our dock."

Now Kent and I had talked about swimming before, and I reckon I'd given him every reason to believe that I was one of these natural water babies, midway between a duck and a fresh-water fish. But strip my romance down to its bare fact and I couldn't so much as dog paddle.

The nearer we came to that deep place where the diving-board was, the more clearly did I realize that any jump that I made from that board would be sure to bring on a lot of excitement, and that subsequent events might call for the use of grappling hooks, the pulmotor and all manner of costly apparatus. Little wonder that my footsteps dragged a trifle.

"Come on," urged Kent. "Hurry. But don't go diving off without testing the depth. It might be shallow, so don't be rash."

"I won't be rash," I agreed. "You go ahead and do anything you like. I think I'll just watch, this morning."

"Not go in?" exclaimed Kent. "Why this is a dandy morning for a swim. Bet you're afraid to get that pretty suit wet."

IT WAS a welcome suggestion, for any way out seemed like a good way. "So I am," I admitted. "I think I'll send it back to the store. Don't like this crimson, so maybe I'll have the suit changed for a different color. What color would you think might suit me?"

"How'd yellow do?" said Kent, quick as a flash.

Furious! I never was so mad in my life. I would punch his big face. I would murder him. I never would speak to him again in my life. I would——

What I really did do was to run out on the end of that diving-board and jump splash into that lake, in what I thought was a dive, but really was a kind of a backward flip with the spring all out of it.

There was an interminable period of being under the water and then a few seconds of thrashing about on top, churning the water like a dozen side-wheelers. Down I went again and this time I seemed to stay for hours. I came up, gasping but conscious, and turned again to fight such portions of the lake as I had not swallowed.

Then I felt something pushing and hauling at my crimson and white bathing suit. I grabbed without catching anything. I grabbed wildly again. My hand struck a rock projecting from the bank and I clutched desperately. There was Kent pushing me up, his eyes big, his face white as chalk, and water running from him everywhere so that I couldn't see whether he was crying or not. He didn't say a word until he had managed to push me up so that I scrambled out and lay panting on the bank. In two seconds he was bending over me.

"Are y'all right?" he cried in a hoarse whisper. "Are y'all right? I never suspected you couldn't swim. Thought you just hated the cold water. Are y'all right?"

"I reckon I will be if I ever get my breath back," I said. "I did hate the cold water, but I ain't afraid of it. Want me to do that double flip again?"

"No, you little idiot," he said, almost affectionately, "I want you to get up and get warm and then we'll go to breakfast and never breathe a word about this to anyone. But now it's all over, I'm glad it happened. I know for sure that there isn't any yellow streak in you. We'll be good buddies from now on, won't we?"

I TOLD my dad about this, a long time after. He said Kent's point wasn't logical. What I did was rash, not

brave, and didn't prove the point at all. But, however that may be, we went back to the cottage, a while later, after I had got my breath and a little warmth into my body, with a different feeling between us, and one that would last.

I was quite equal to a good breakfast, and I think both the Major and Mrs. Bassel were quite surprised at my performance. I had just put away the last of Mrs. Bassel's delicious cakes that I dared engage, when I saw coming towards the cottage the tall, stooped man who had sat on my fish.

Major Bassel saw him at the same moment.

"Look who's coming," he exclaimed. "It's George Persmann; I declare!"

"So it is!" said Mrs. Bassel. "Oh, I do hope that he has come to tell you that he knows all about those securities."

I had just a faint idea that his errand might have something to do with the mess of fish upon which he made such an impression, so, asking to be excused from the table, I left the room and slipped into the little bathroom which is just off the dining-room and allows you to hear everything.

He certainly came in like a breath of balmy spring or as good an imitation of it as he could produce.

"Why, Bassel," he shouted, "you don't know how glad I am to see you. I just heard last night that you were still in the land of the living. You see I've lost no time coming to see you for myself."

"It's mighty good of you, old man," said the Major. "I'm tremendously glad to see you. I'm in hopes that you are going to lift a great load from my shoulders."

"Anything that mortal man can do," Persmann assured him. "What is it?"

"It goes back to my last day in the office. I took in a package of securities from Mr. Wright, the treasurer of the Home for Disabled Ministers. I was too much excited to know exactly what I was doing. But don't you remember me giving you that package and asking you to take care of it?"

"Why, Bassel, old man, I'd like to say I remember, but I'm afraid it would hurry my imagination a little too much. You know there were a good many of us. Perhaps you gave the stuff to Meadows. He worked next to you."

THAT was enough. I saw a blank look come into the Major's kind face, as if all the joy in the world had been ready for him and then had done a fade-out. I wondered if the old shell-shock would get him again.

Mrs. Bassel said something to fill the gap, and after a bit the Major spoke again in a dull, lifeless kind of a way, and pretty soon the chap went away and I came out and found Kent.

"That man Persmann is a fraud," I said to Kent. I told him of last night's incident. "I hope this won't bring on the Major's old shell-shock."

"No, father is all over that," Kent was quite positive. "But it's a great blow. There remains only one person who was in the office at that time, who has not been asked about the securities. That is a boy of about fifteen who was doing work as office boy. He was a nephew or something of Persmann's. Not much hope from him. But don't think that you will find father shell-shocked or even down in the mouth about it. He'll be all right."

Sure enough I found the Major quite calm and cheerful when I went back. He was down at our dock examining an old boat that Kent and I had pulled out of the mud of a little sluice that emptied into the lake. A club member who was fishing near it had told us that it had been there at least two years without anyone to claim it. As a matter of fact it had been so submerged as to be almost lost to sight.

"Better clean it up a little more, Jerry," the Major suggested. "You can't tell where the leaks are for the mud and rust."

The old boat was a galvanized iron affair. Kent and I turned it on its side and scrubbed and scraped it inside and out.

When we got through she was so clean that we could see every little leak. There were plenty of them but no big ones. I knew how to fix leaks of that kind. It was one of the things my work at Manual High had taught me. In the basement of the club-house were some solder and a soldering iron and Major Bassel had a gasoline torch, so I was easily equipped.

IN TWO hours every leak in that boat was soldered and she floated high and dry. Kent said I was a wonder. I felt as proud of that boat as Noah did when he had the ark all finished.

"Let's paint her," I suggested.

"After a while," said the Major. "First we must make sure it is unclaimed."

"Oh, that's all right, father," said Kent. "It's been lying waste for two years."

"That proves nothing," insisted the Major. "It was out of use and out of sight. Someone may remember it now that you've raised it."

Nevertheless I did at least paint a name: "The Invincible."

Kent shook his head when he saw it.

"I'm afraid that name will just make father feel bad," he said.

"No it won't," I objected. "I believe it will do him good."

We all went out in the boat that afternoon and there the proud name remained: "The Invincible."

That night I was so tired that I went to bed as soon as it was dark. But I slept sound until early morning. Then I jumped into my swimming-suit and ran down to our dock to get an early look at the boat of which I was so proud.

But someone had done the meanest thing in the world.

"The Invincible" no longer floated at our dock. She had been stolen.

To be continued

The Story of Five Little Orphans

By MARY W. BACHELER

(Of the American Baptist Mission, Balasore, Orissa, India)

SOME years ago when there was a sore famine in India and many children were orphaned, your excellent paper The Christian Herald, raised a fund, collected the orphans, distributed them among the different Missions, and supported them for years. About a dozen little girls came to us. They were not very robust and some of them died. Five are still with us.

Bochora passed through our Girls' School, took Teacher Training, taught a Mission school for several years till her health broke down, and we brought her home. When she was sufficiently recovered, we sent her to Bible Training School, and she has just completed the two years', course. We are sending her back for a six months' course.

Jobo was in the Orphanage and school till she grew up, then she married and had an interesting family. Last winter she lost her husband and two children, and now she is left alone with one little boy. She is a Zenana teacher.

Nirpote proved to have leprosy and we sent her away to a Leper Asylum in a neighboring Mission.

Bhani went to study nursing in a neighboring Mission Hospital, and did well. The missionaries sent her to a Bible School and she is now back with us for the holidays. She is a good girl, steady and reliable.

Josmoni was the "baby of the bunch." She was in our Girls' School, and then went to the English Baptist Mission Training School, and is now in the Balasore Zenana work. She may soon be leaving us to join a sister Mission.

These are but five of the many children rescued by the Christian Herald from death or worse and given a chance in the world. Four Christian workers by God's grace raised up out of nothing! I wish you could see their bright and intelligent faces, full of possibilities of future service. Surely it was a blessed work the Christian Herald did years ago, when it rescued these little ones. God bless you and make you more and more a blessing to others!

Insurance medical examiners find greatest significance attached to under weight

Are you under weight?

Forty-three life insurance companies teach new facts of vast importance to under weight persons

MOST of us have no idea of our physical unsoundness; most of all the under weight person, who has been allowed to think that there is security in his condition. Millions of examinations prove that under weight persons are more subject to disease, particularly tuberculosis, and are shorter lived.

Many people are below normal but do not know it

"What showed us where we stand physically," said a recent writer, "was, of course, revealed by the draft. That one-third of the young men of the country had some serious defect, showed the enormous amount of disease and disability that so many people bear unconsciously.

"And if the percentage of physical unfitness ran this high in our young men, it must be far greater among the rest of our people."

Does your body tear down more in a day than it builds up in a night?

Apparently millions expend more in energy than they replace by nourishment, with the result that bodily vigor and resistance to disease attack is lessened. Many people finding themselves in this condition, and seeking to upbuild themselves without the use of medicine, are turning to Yeast Foam. Science has found that yeast is the richest source of the appetite-giving, body-building element called vitamin. Most foods do not supply sufficient quantity to assure normal health.

Yeast Foam will build you up

It is many times more plentiful even than milk in the indispensable vitamin that causes growth and health. If you need upbuilding, you may have the experience of thousands of others in finding that this familiar food, added to your regular diet, will increase your appetite so that more food will be desired and additional food actually eaten.

Eat a third, half or whole cake three times a day before meals

Many eat the yeast cake plain, washing it down with a little water or milk. You'll soon like the taste. Some prefer to take a bite of yeast cake and a bite of cracker. Others carry a package of Yeast Foam around with them and eat a cake at convenient times. Use coupon for more information.

Insurance tables show the relation between under weight and shorter life

Table of average weight for men*

HEIGHT	AGE 20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55 or over
5-ft. 2-in.	122	126	130	132	135	137	138	139
5-ft. 4-in.	128	133	136	138	141	143	144	145
5-ft. 6-in.	136	141	144	146	149	151	152	153
5-ft. 8-in.	144	149	152	155	158	160	161	163
5-ft. 10-in.	152	157	161	165	168	170	171	173
6-ft. 0-in.	161	167	172	176	180	182	183	184

*Women are three to four pounds less.

After middle life, a moderate degree of under weight is not undesirable. Those under 35, however, who are under weight should bring their weight up to normal.

Extra mortality due to under weight

	Percentages of Under Weight		
	10%	20%	30%
AGES	Extra Mortality		
20	10%	25%	40%
25	5%	15%	30%
30	0%	10%	20%
35	0%	5%	15%

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1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free instructive booklet, *"Dry Yeast as an Aid to Health,"* telling the interesting story of the wonderful new use of Yeast Foam.

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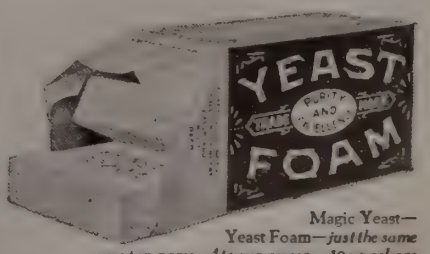

Magic Yeast—
Yeast Foam—*just the same except in name. At your grocer—10c package*

WHO can account for the whims of Fashion? Women don't attempt to. They simply accept them. And how quickly are those whims sensed and felt to be inevitable?

So the vogue of Florient Talc comes very naturally as an outcome of the present mode. The art of the Orient enriches every phase of Fashion's fancies. Oriental colorings and designs in costume call for "Flowers of the Orient" in the boudoir.

Florient Talc best carries out the feeling of this art. Its perfume seems a very part of these costly fabrics.

The color too, is different, a warm Oriental tone, just off the white.

And again one senses another vogue —a new use of Florient Talc. For while it is fulfilling the duty of an after-the-bath powder, Florient Talc imparts a delicate fragrance which lingers exquisitely about the woman who uses it—as a *powdered perfume.*

For trial box of Florient Talc send 4c to
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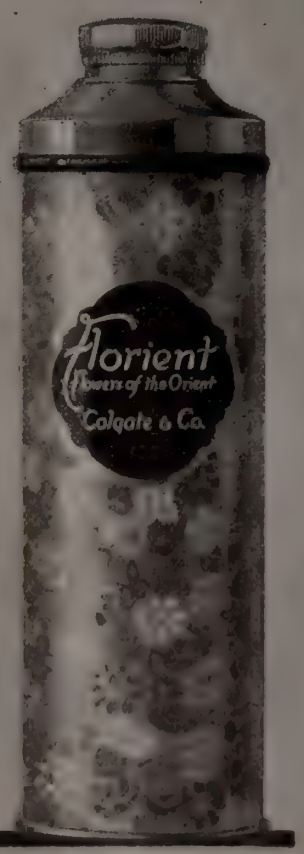

Florient Talc
Flowers of the Orient

Sold at your favorite store Florient Talc, Face Powder, Extract, Toilet Water, and Soap

Young People's Topics for July 24

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Reading for Recreation

E. L., Ecc., 12 : 10, 11

THE author of this reference was a wise man. His book will furnish not only recreation but wisdom. Reading for recreation only is not the reading that is profitable. It is possible to read for recreation and learn at the same time. No doubt he was a reader and his book is evidently the net result of his digging and delving in the lore of his age. It will be remembered that the author of the book of Ecclesiastes also said, "Of making many books there is no end and much study is a weariness of the flesh." What would he say in this day when the mails and stands and homes and libraries are crowded with all kinds of books and magazines? Truly much of the reading matter of this age can be characterized as the stuff that makes the flesh weary and the mind a storehouse for rubbish. On the other hand there are innumerable books both in prose and poetry that no one can afford not to read. Likewise are they within the reach and purse of all who care to peruse them.

For the understanding and enjoyment of good reading we recommend the reading of "What Can Literature Do for Me?" by C. Alphonso Smith. Here are the chapter headings: It Can Give You an Outlet; It Can Keep Before You the Vision of the Ideal; It Can Give You a Better Knowledge of Human Nature; It Can Restore the Past to You; It Can Show You the Glory of the Commonplace; It Can Give You the Mastery of Your Own Language.

This meeting can be made very interesting if every member would discuss a recent book, telling the reason for its helpfulness. Make this a "Literary Evening" and while you are at it do not forget the fountain head of all good literature and splendid inspiration, the Bible. Many of the great classic stories and not a little of the modern fiction is based on the story of the gospel.

Good literature is "medicine for the mind." To be a reader is the same as being a world citizen not only of this age but ages past.

The Perils of Materialism

C. E., and B. Y. P. U., I John 2: 15-17

WHAT is materialism? If we get a good definition we shall have a good exposition. Theoretically materialism is the doctrine that all the facts of experience are to be explained by purely material processes and causes. It denies the reality of the soul as spiritual and it denies a spiritual God. In other words the theory eliminates the soul and God from the scheme of things. The theory of materialism takes many forms but it resolves itself into an attempt to explain this universe and all life by purely material terms.

Practical materialism is the tendency to have undue regard for material and present interests and comforts. It stresses devotion to things seen and felt, to bodily and material necessities or desires. The Apostle John warns against this sort of materialism in the reference of our topic in the words, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." We are not to ignore the factors that assist us to make a living, but we must stress the factors that assist us in the making of a life more than anything else. In short, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

It is a truism for all time that "man does not live by bread only." The crumb-and-crust, wheat-and-yeast doctrine robs the soul of its highest claims. A boy just starting in a business career said, "I am going to make it the business of my life to make $20,000 a year." That was a worthy ambition provided he could make that sum without injury to his ideals or without detriment to somebody else. There must be room in the life for God and the values of his Kingdom, for service and fellowship, friendships and inspirations and all good things.

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By WILL IRWIN

Dr. FRANK CRANE calls it "the greatest book of these times."

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It is the surest weapon you can use to fight the possibility of another war with its inevitable waste and moral loss.

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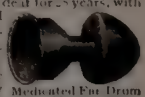
—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



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GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
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Would you love to have your own Native Trained Missionary? and support him for $1.00 a week? Pray for him by Name? Have his report? Would you love to support one for some loved one? for a memorial? for the Lord Jesus? Write SAMUEL R. BOGGS, President, 473 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., for free literature.

You can be quickly relieved, if you
STAMMER

Send 10 cents in stamps for 288-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I relieved myself after stammering for 20 years.
Benjamin N. Bogue, 6271, Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

Mar-Saba, the Ancient

Continued from page 498

scatter for them about the stone-paved courtyards.

We stooped low to enter the cave around which the Monastery is erected, where in his earlier years, St. Sabas, so the legends say, lived in the daily companionship of a lion. In the library we saw some really priceless manuscripts, though most of the treasures have been transferred for safer keeping to the Patriarchal Library in Jerusalem.

Our time was swiftly passing, and we remembered the long twelve miles that lay between us, and our really comfortable hotel in Jerusalem. So our guide led us to the guest-room, a spacious chamber high up in air, from whose windows stretched a view long to be remembered for its wild and solitary grandeur. We wrote our names in the visitors' book. The last signature was that of a Russian nobleman some four months previous. Then while we waited for the coming of the inevitable cup of coffee, we looked about us. In an alcove over a white spread bed, hung an icon, but on the walls of the room two rudely framed blotches of color invited examination. They were two cheap prints, the one representing Dewey's victory at Manila on a certain first of May, and the other a riotous charge up San Juan Hill, led by a stalwart figure in khaki, whose firmly clinched teeth made his personality unmistakable. Could anything be more utterly incongruous—here at Mar Saba, hard by the Dead Sea? Dewey at Manila and Roosevelt at San Juan! The dragoman was mildly interested, but to us it was an indescribable climax.

Now came the coffee, thick and sweet, but wonderfully comfortable. And we left the guest-room, our eyes lingering upon the wonderful pictures. As we passed along the stone-cut balconies, shady now, as the sun had swung behind the western edge of the gorge, a tall, black-robed, bearded monk started suddenly from one of the numerous cell-like holes in the wall, and grasping our arm, as he fell into step, whispered with feverish earnestness "How's business now in Chicago?"

Shades of the Occident! furtive breezes of Lake Michigan! beloved odors of our rippling river—what do you here on the other side of the world? "Chicago!" we gasped, "what do you know about Chicago?" "Three years ago," said this pale-faced, black-bearded phantom of the rocks of Mar Saba, "I was in business on Clybourne Ave.!"

The Monastery bell set up a tuneful clamor, and into the shadow of the rocks the surprising phantom faded away. What he had done—what fault or crime had sent him half around the world from Clybourne Avenue, we shall never know, but as, the donkeys saddled, we rode to the crest of the desert ridge, that looks down upon the domes and walls of Mar-Saba, we saw a solitary figure standing on the topmost tower. The desert breeze made his black gown flutter as he stood there a single living thing, in a vast symphony of silence. We unslung our glasses and trained them on the tower. Yes, it was he, the merchant of Clybourne Avenue, and as we looked, we seemed to hear his insistent, all-absorbing whisper, "How's business now in Chicago?"

The donkey boys shouted "hei! hei!" and Mar Saba vanished from our sight, as hoofs clattering, and stones flying, we scurried down the rocky hill.

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 501

lass White. His nomination, which had been expected, was confirmed by the Senate on the same day it was announced, with only four Senators opposing it. Senator Borah led the brief fight against approval of the appointment, on the grounds that the former President had been engaged in politics instead of law for many years and that he lacked only seven years of the age for retirement. Only one Senator on the Democratic side opposed the appointment; and Senator Underwood, the Democratic floor leader, spoke urging prompt confirmation.

President Harding explained that he had made the appointment at this time because of the congestion in the Federal Courts and in order that the new Chief Justice might devote himself to the judicial reorganization now in progress. The Supreme Court will not reassemble until October. The nomination was sent to the Senate, Mr. Harding said, without consultation with Mr. Taft. Mr. Taft in Montreal, where he was engaged in an arbitration case, said: "It has been the ambition of my life to be Chief Justice, but now that it is gratified I tremble to think whether I can worthily fill the position and be useful to the country."

President Signs Army Bill. President Harding has signed the Army Appropriation bill, under which the regular army must be reduced to 150,000 men by October 1, but at the same time he sent a message to Congress suggesting it might be necessary to ask for modifications to provide for the 50,000 who will be dropped.

Dr. Farrand to Head Cornell. Dr. Livingston Farrand, chairman of the Central Committee of the American Red Cross, has been elected president of Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y., succeeding Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, recently confirmed as Minister to China. Dr. Farrand formerly was professor of Anthropology at Columbia University and later was president of the University of Colorado.

British Coal Strike Settled. The strike of British coal miners has been settled after lasting nearly three months by the miners' abandonment of their demand for a national wages pool and by Parliamentary sanction of the renewal of the government's grant of $50,000,000 to the mining industry. The minimum wage standard was set at 20 per cent. above the pre-war level, and the mine owners are to take $17 as profits for every $100 paid in standard wages. If further proceeds are to be divided, 83 per cent. is to go to the workmen and 17 per cent. to the owners.

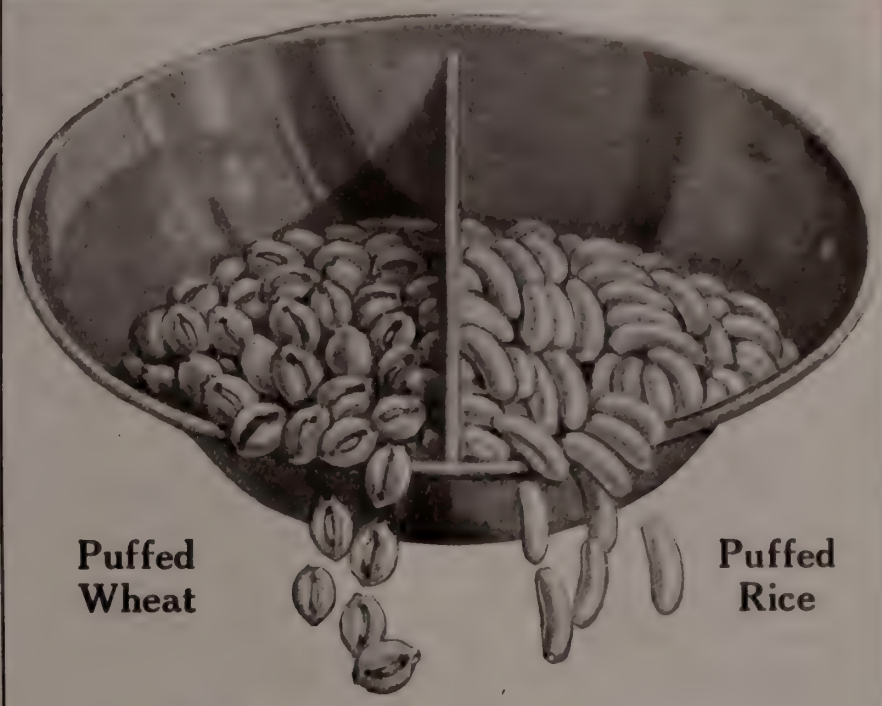
Italian Ministry Resigns. The Giolitti Cabinet in Italy has resigned following its defeat by a vote of 234 to 200 in the Chamber of Deputies on a question of foreign policy. Since no party has anywhere near a majority in the Chamber and it was difficult to effect a combination which could command a majority, there was delay in the selection of a new premier.

On Mission Fields

FORTY Chinese Y. M. C. A. boys have formed a Social Improvement Club and have undertaken the task of cleaning up their section of Shanghai. Part of their work consists of introducing the garbage pail and warning people of the danger of flies. Last summer they reached at least 150,000 people.

Boy scout training is the best thing in the world for the future citizens of Armenia, according to relief workers there. Discipline in the orphanages is almost impossible unless the children can be organized into some form of self-government, but one American scout master can put no end of pep into hundreds of destitute Armenian boys.

Thirteen years ago, missionary Zahn of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Iowa, went to New Guinea and began work among the natives, who were then largely heathen. There were many cannibals in the territory. A letter recently received from Morobe, shows wonderful spiritual progress. A large proportion of the islanders have renounced heathenism and given up their instruments of witchcraft. It is estimated that eight thousand of them have been received into the Christian Church.



Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Bubble Grains

Flimsy as snowflakes—flavory, toasted
The food delights of summer

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains steam exploded. They are airy, flaky, thin and crisp, with a taste like toasted nuts.

They are the most delicious cereals in existence, also the most hygienic. No other way of cooking so fits cereals to digest.

Float in every bowl of milk

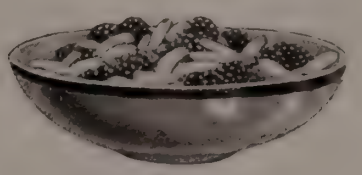
Shot from guns

They are made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from guns. Over 100 million explosions are caused in every kernel.

Every food cell is thus blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.

Premier delights

Puffed Wheat in milk, at any hour, forms the utmost in a food. Puffed Rice with cream and sugar is a morning food confection.



Mix with your berries

Scatter on ice cream to give a nutty flavor. Use as toasted wafers in your soups. Mix with your berries to give the blend that crust gives to a shortcake.

Use them to make whole grains tempting, so that children will get whole-grain food enough.

Puffed Wheat

Wheat grains exploded

Douse with butter

Crisp Puffed Rice and douse with melted butter. Let hungry children eat like peanuts when at play. Or serve at breakfast in this way, with or without the cream.

Puffed Rice

8 times normal size

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

Serve Dainty Mapleine Desserts

—at your next dinner, club luncheon, or party serve a dainty dessert flavored with Mapleine. There are scores to choose from and guests will be delighted with the rich, delicious taste of this delightful flavoring.

Mapleine also makes Instant Syrup for hot cakes, waffles, etc. *Add ½ teaspoon Mapleine to 2 cups of sugar dissolved in 1 cup hot water.* This makes one pint syrup.

Grocers sell Mapleine.
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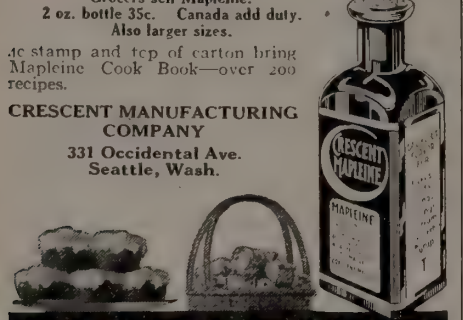

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THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MRS. L. M. G., Greensburg, Ind. If, as your letter states, you prayed that your desire might be granted if in accordance with God's will, then you have not prayed amiss. Our Heavenly Father knows what is best and He will always give comfort and consolation if we ask for it. Your letter has been sent to the Prayer League.

Mrs. M. T. S., Washington, D. C. We sympathize with you deeply in your serious trouble and have sent your letter to the Prayer League, where it will be made the subject of special imploration at several meetings. Join your own prayers with those of the League, and pray for faith and courage.

C. O. M., Trenton, N. J., sends this note of encouragement, which no doubt represents the experience of many other readers: "In your paper on the editorial page, the article 'Passing It On' quite interested me, and I am glad to see that others have tried to get the good out of it as I do. When my copy comes, my wife generally tries to read it before I take it with me where I work at the P. R. R. from 3 P.M. until 11 P.M. every day. I have some time to myself when I can read, and I get a deal of good out of the Christian Herald. For me, it is next to the Bible. When I have read it, I lend it to an old lady who is confined to the house most of the time. She is one of the kind that is full of the grace of God, and it would do you good to talk to her. She cannot get out to Church and the Herald does her lots of good. Then she returns it to me, and sometimes I lend it to the Vineland Soldiers' Home, to a friend, or I mail it to others who I know do not take it. During the war I would have it sent to the soldiers."

D. D. Blauch, Johnstown, Pa., writes: "In a recent issue W. E. L., La Mesa, Cal., asks 'Is it inconsistent to think there was on earth in early times intelligent animal life in the form of man?' etc. I believe he will find the key to his question in the second book of Esdras. From the evidence given in the Books of Ezra, Esdras and in Chronicles, Esdras was the Ezra of the Old Testament record, he was the last of the high priests of the direct line of Aaron, and hence qualified to write just such a work. Esdras divides time into hours, minutes and seconds. There are 12 hours of day for each hemisphere, which equal 720 minutes, and 43,200 seconds, which he gives as equal to the time in years of the six days of the creative period, and the seventh day of rest (7,200 years) making a cycle of 50,400 years. Adam, was not created till the closing period of the sixth day; this would leave 14,400 between the ordination of Enoch (as given by Esdras 6 : 49) and the creation of Adam. This interval gives ample time for the development of the pre-Adamic race, of which mere mention is made in the 6th chapter of Genesis as 'Nephilim.' In the fifth chapter of 2 Esdras the angel Uriel said to Esdras, 'Consider thou therefore also, how that ye are less of stature than those that were before you.' The 6th chapter of Genesis indicates that it was the intermixture of this pre-Adamic race with the Adamites that produced an ungodly race of giants, or Gibborim. Cain was probably the first to get married among the mixed race, and opened the door for its further development, which became so corrupt that this mixed giant race took the daughters of the Adamite race by force, because they were fair (white). This was displeasing to God, and he shortened the lives of this mixed race to 120 years: but even this did not stop its progress, until all were destroyed by flood."

Professor H. W. Frueauff, Allentown, Pa., writes: "Some time ago I stated in the Christian Herald that Mr. R. Dan Wolterbeck, New York City, had died. Your many readers will remember how devoted he was to the work of the Interdenominational Leper Home, Bethesda, at Groot Chatillon, Surinam. I have just learned from Dr. Paul de Schweinitz that he has been successful in securing the services of Messrs. William Schall & Co., Foreign Trade Department, Export Division, 45 William Street, New York City, in accepting and forwarding packages of clothing, old linen and bandages from your charitable readers. When sending any contributions, please state the contents and value of the package, as this information is to be handed to the Custom House."

G. R., Newark, N. J. The passage in Jere. 8 : 21, "I am black," etc., is interpreted as meaning that their faces were sad and gloomy, dark in visage with grief, as though one should say "the whole world looketh black." See a similar passage in Joel 2 : 6: "All faces shall gather blackness."

J. C. F., Glen Spey, N. Y. There has been wide discussion of Matt. 27 : 52, 53. The "sleeping saints" are held to be Old Testament believers who, having served the Lord faithfully according to their lights, and who looked forward to the promise of the Messiah's coming, were quickened at the moment of Jesus' death, although they did not come out of their graves until his resurrection. The opening of the graves was symbolic proclamation that death was "swallowed up in victory"; and the rising of the saints *after* Jesus' resurrection fittingly showed that the Saviour of the world was to be the "first" that should rise from the dead. (See Acts 26 : 23; Col. 1 : 18; Rev. 1 : 5). There is no further record from which your final question can be answered.

W. E. S., Grenada, Miss. The Marys spoken of in the New Testament are: Mary the mother of Christ, Mary Magdalene, Mary the sister of Lazarus, Mary the wife of Cleophas (John 19 : 25) and Mary the mother of John (Acts 12 : 12).

C. F., Brunswick, Ga., writes: "I am a reader of your Christian Herald and have been for the past eighteen months or more. It comes as a blessing into my home. It is one of the greatest of its kind, and the Bible and the Christian Herald are my daily companions. Rev. J. H. Jowett's Meditation of Jan. 1, 1921, from Psa. 4-1, 'Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress,' came to me during an adverse condition of life, but through the power of the Holy Spirit, I have been made stronger. A sermon by Dr. Jowett of March, 1921, on 'Power for Witnessing,' from Acts 1 : 8 and another in April, 1921, on 'The Ministry of Individuality' (I Cor. 9 : 1 and 15 : 7) have wonderfully helped me in my daily work for Christ and His Kingdom. I pray God's blessing upon the editor and every individual connected with this great paper. It will make a better Christian of any one who follows its advice."

We are gratified to learn from many letters similar to the above that the Sermons and Meditations in the Christian Herald are being used as a means of grace in many homes. While we cannot answer all the writers, we assure them that their kind words are a great spiritual encouragement to the editors and publishers.

Mrs. C. J. J., Hullsville, O. The passage in Psalm 90 : 3 is held by commentators to refer to the body reverting to the earth (see Gen. 3 : 19), returning to the dust from which it came. The entire Psalm supports this construction. It is in marked contrast with Psalm 91, which pictures the final triumph of the righteous, with the foregleams of salvation through God's mercy and loving kindness.

D. M., Corinth, N. Y. 1. The verses you mention (Mark 14 : 50-52) are held by commentators to describe an incident relating to Mark personally, and that he was the young man referred to. One authority writes: "We can only say that if the name of Mark is supplied, the narrative receives its most probable explanation. Arisen from sleep, or just preparing for it, he comes out to see the seizure of the betrayed Teacher, known to him and in some degree beloved already. His demeanor is such that some of the crowd are about to arrest him; then, fear overcoming shame, he leaves his garment in their hands and flees." 2. As far as can be ascertained, the Rosicrucians were unknown before the 17th Century, although the supposed founder, Christian Rosenkreuz, is said to have lived and written in the 14th century. The sect or cult was said to be devoted to the study of magic, and claimed to have discovered the secret of freedom from sickness and pain though not from death. They were bitterly denounced as heretics and sorcerers.

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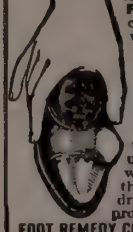

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Scrapping the Human Scrap Heap

How One State Is Rehabilitating the Victims of Industrial Accidents

By LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

WHEN, in the course of a single five-year period the industrial workers in a single commonwealth suffer the loss of 328 arms, 434 legs, 564 feet, and 1,083 hands, while scores are killed outright, and practically all of those so injured are either thrown on the human scrap heap or very seriously impaired in earning ability, it is time to do something. That is what the legislature thought in Pennsylvania, where these industrial accidents occurred during the years 1916 to 1920 inclusive. The result was the creation of the Bureau of Rehabilitation, which is a constituent part of the Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry. Its business is to salvage the wrecks in the state's human scrap heap and to mend broken workers so they can labor again.

The creation of this Bureau is humane legislation of an advanced kind. It is also mighty good business. As compensation for disability claims during this five-year period the state's industries paid to injured workers the huge sum of $17,078,312. Compensation paid for fatalities during the same period amounted to an additional $26,966,382. These sums totalling more than $44,000,000, are really a huge tax paid by industry and passed along to the public through increased prices.

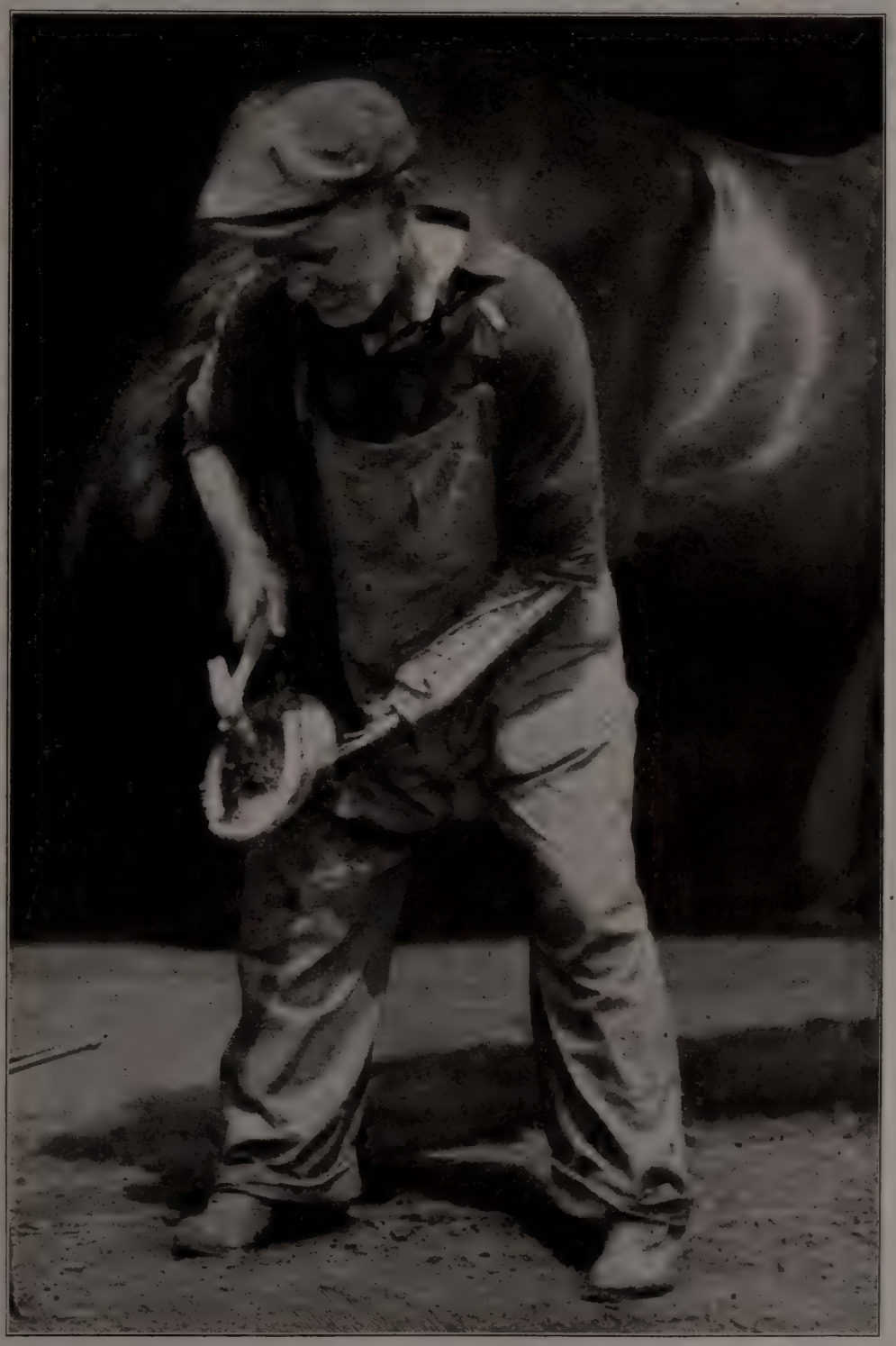
This tax represents the direct cost of accidents in the industries of the state. But what about the indirect tax—the loss of the labor of these injured persons through long periods of years and the burden of supporting them, either privately or in public institutions? That tax will be greatly lessened in future through the work of the Bureau of Rehabilitation. That is why its creation is good business.

Industrial surveys have been so few and statistics are so meagre that heretofore we have hardly realized what an industrial accident means to the public at large, or what a tax it indirectly lays upon the public. During the year 1919 the industrial products of Pennsylvania were worth $8,850,000,000, while the state's agricultural products brought the total of all products for the year up to approximately $9,250,000,000, which sum is almost double the huge appropriation made that year by Congress.

If that sum be divided by the number of workers whose labor created that amount of wealth, we learn that the average production of each worker for the year was approximately $5,000. This means that for every 200 workers incapacitated for labor, the state lost, at that rate, $1,000,000 worth of products. In addition, the state, directly or indirectly, has to support those so incapacitated. If one hundred of the two hundred injured can be rehabilitated, can be restored to their full earning capacity, the loss in production and the burden for support is cut in half.

DURING its first fiscal year, ending early in 1921, the newly created Bureau of Rehabilitation has been of genuine constructive benefit to at least 750 injured workers. Some have been entirely rehabilitated. Some have been partly restored. Some are undergoing a course of training that will refit them for industrial service. The Bureau figures that each of these 750 persons will produce for the commonwealth $1,000 more of wealth in future than each could have produced without the help of the Bureau. If that estimate is correct, the service of this new Bureau in its first year has created in Pennsylvania $750,000 of future potential wealth.

S. S. Riddle, who is Chief of this new Bureau, calls his work "human engineering." That is an apt term. And Chief Riddle and his associates may as aptly be called consulting human engineers. Their problem is threefold: first, to get into touch with those who are injured and win their confidence; second, to find out what can best be done with the human wrecks under their care; and third, to train them for the appropriate tasks and get them safely back in the state's industries as self-supporting units of society.



This man, despite the loss of an arm, conducts a thriving blacksmith business—a striking example of what industrial rehabilitation can accomplish

To get into touch with these injured people and win their confidence is not such an easy matter as may appear. To begin with, the Bureau is small, with only twelve field adjusters to cover the entire state, and it has to feel its way along; for this is a venture in a new direction. How is the Bureau, with its headquarters in a little office in Harrisburg, to know when John Doe loses his leg in a mine accident two hundred miles away? How is it to know when Susan Roe, working in a silk mill equally distant, gets her hand mashed in a cog-wheel? And when it has found out about them, how is it to win their confidence and get their co-operation—particularly when thousands of the state's workers can neither read nor write English and are naturally suspicious of strangers? These are some of the problems that have had to be solved by Chief Riddle in building up his human salvage corps.

TO ESTABLISH contacts with those injured, the Bureau of Rehabilitation has enlisted the co-operation of the Bureau of Workmen's Compensation, another branch of the Department of Labor and Industry. This latter Bureau receives daily reports concerning industrial injuries, and these reports have been available for the new Bureau of Rehabilitation. Through newspaper publicity, public addresses, circular letters, and other channels, the Bureau also seeks to establish contact with the injured. The Grange has been enlisted to put the Bureau in touch with injured farm workers.

Perhaps a very carefully prepared circular letter, which is sent with a questionnaire or registration blank to the injured, does more than almost any other agency to pave the way for the Bureau's work. This letter, bearing conspicuously the seal of the state, asks for preliminary information regarding the name, age, race, occupation, etc., of the person injured. The seal of the state carries great weight with the foreign-born, accustomed as they are to governmental restrictions; so that the circular letter seldom goes unheeded. If the recipient can not read English, he makes haste to put the letter in the hands of a friend who can. Such friend usually is scrupulous about filling out the blank and returning it to the Bureau of Rehabilitation. This letter gives the field adjuster preliminary information that is of great advantage to him. When he calls to see the injured person, he is fully prepared to meet the situation.

This is not always a simple problem. The physiological difficulties are often the least of the obstacles that stand in the way of the adjuster. Psychological,

racial, and geographical problems are also encountered. Often the person injured is so discouraged that he is unwilling to try to get a fresh start. Often he is too old to be taught anything new. Often he is too illiterate to learn. Sometimes he is unwilling to leave his friends or move from the locality where he lives.

Any one of several lines of help may be necessary. The immediate need may be medical assistance. Or a new member may be necessary, with training in the use of that member. It may be advisable to teach the injured person to perform his old tasks with his new members or to learn to do work of an entirely different nature. The underlying idea is to fit the person by medical treatment and training so that, if possible, his earning capacity is not diminished, or at least diminished as little as possible. This may necessitate an entire change in the injured person's occupation, or his removal to another place of employment. Such violent changes come hard to those not young.

If an injured person needs a new member and is not financially able to buy it, the Bureau will assist in its purchase. It will provide training in a new occupation. If the injured person, because of limitation of finances, is not able to take a training course, the Bureau will assist him financially.

Made almost "as good as new" since he has received an artificial leg, this young man faces life hopefully and without bitterness

During the first ten months of its existence, the Bureau of Rehabilitation offered its services to 1,306 persons. Of these, 843 persons registered for assistance. Of these 843, more than 160, or nearly one in every five, could neither read nor write English. It is interesting to note that nearly 500 of these applicants were more than 30 years old. More than 10 per cent. of all applicants had never attended school.

Training courses opened for these injured persons include work in telegraphy, wireless telegraphy, motor mechanics, preparatory work in mechanical engineering, traffic management, salesmanship, armature winding, commercial courses, accounting, Braille reading and writing, piano tuning, carpet weaving, watch making, brazing and welding, baking and other occupations.

Sometimes it happens that the training for rehabilitation actually improves a man financially, so that he is better off after the accident than he was before. This is almost necessarily true where an unskilled workman can learn a skilled trade. For instance one man, who lost a leg while employed as a wood chopper, was taught armature winding. Another man, who lost his sight and the use of his left shoulder and had his hearing impaired by an explosion in a clay mine, was sent to a school for the blind, where he was taught to weave carpets. Then the Bureau assisted him to secure a loom of his own.

Not always is it necessary to switch an injured man from one occupation to another. Wherever it is possible, such a change is avoided. A blacksmith of 57 years lost his left hand. No one would ever have believed that he could again shoe a horse. Yet the Bureau of Rehabilitation secured for him an artificial hand especially made for blacksmithing; and with this assistance he is again successfully operating a blacksmith shop.

Quite as striking, though perhaps less vital, was the restoration of a young ball-player. This was a young chap of 19 years, who lost his right leg above the knee. The Bureau helped him get a new leg, not, of course, with any idea of helping him to play any more baseball, but as a first step in fitting him for any task. The lad soon found, however, that his new leg enabled him to throw a ball almost as well as ever. Last summer he pitched twelve games on his artificial prop and won ten of them. The eleventh resulted in a nineteen inning tie.

This man lost both legs and his left hand was crippled, but he has been supplied with new limbs and is learning to be a telegrapher

IN ONE sense, assisting a boy to continue in athletic sport may not be vital to his rehabilitation. In another sense it is extremely vital. One great obstacle in the way of rehabilitation is the belief of so many injured persons that their usefulness is wholly ended and that they can never again perform worth-while services. Any one who knows he can hold his own with other men in a strenuous game like baseball is not likely to lose his nerve when he goes up against the game of life.

An individual is not different from an army. And an army, as Marshal Foch said, is never beaten until it admits it is beaten. A lost leg is an insuperable obstacle or merely an incident, depending upon the mental attitude of the one injured. The psychological problem is always more important than the physiological.

It has been questioned by many whether it is proper to spend the state's money for the maintenance, including living costs and training expenses, of a disabled person in training, or for the purchase of artificial members necessary for the physically handicapped before they can again work or be trained for work.

Continued on page 526

The World's Christian Endeavor Convention

Nearly 20,000 Delegates Attend Enthusiastic Gathering in New York City

THE legions of young people—and they were legion, for the number of registered delegates ran well up toward the 20,000 mark, exceeding any previous record—who gathered for the Sixth World's and the Twenty-Eighth International Christian Endeavor Convention presented to New York City something far out of the ordinary in convention assemblages. For here were gathered the representatives of 4,000,000 Christian Endeavorers all over the world, with delegates in attendance from almost every land, all impelled not by motives of personal profit or pleasure, but by the ideal of service.

And the work of the convention was not confined to the huge Armory in which the main sessions were held nor to the churches and other places which housed group gatherings. The spirit of the delegates was evangelistic and daily out-door services were held by scores of teams in various parts of the city, so that every resident had an opportunity to hear the Gospel message presented with youthful enthusiasm. On Saturday there was a singing parade of 12,000 Endeavorers up Fifth Avenue, a good citizenship demonstration, which was a revelation to the many thousands of spectators in picturesqueness, color and interest.

But, after all, these were merely the more spectacular features of the convention, which was termed the world's greatest religious gathering, and it is from the inspiration and enthusiasm which the delegates will carry to all quarters of the globe as the result of the addresses at the main sessions, the devotions of the quiet hour services and the teachings of the leadership training courses that the success of the convention must be judged. And no man can attempt to judge how deep that influence will reach.

THE convention proper opened Wednesday evening, July 6, with a song and praise service led by Homer Rodeheaver. Christian Endeavorers can sing and the music at this, and at all succeeding sessions, was an inspirational feature second to none. Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of Christian Endeavor and president of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, a position to which he was re-elected, was of course the center of interest, and his message, "Christian Endeavor Four-Square," was a strong plea for the best Christian citizenship in every land.

"Forty years of Christian Endeavor history are behind us," Dr. Clark said in part.

"Our four great spheres of action are the Church, the home, the community, the world. Our four great methods are expression by prayer and testimony, service through our committees, fellowship through our unions, personal stewardship of our money, time, strength and ability. "Our outside efforts are conditioned upon our relation to the Church, and derive their strength from that.

"But there are other relations which we cannot and would not forget. The home is also our sphere of action. We are all children or parents or brothers and sisters. We belong to homes. Why should not family. Christian endeavor be a vital part of our program for the years to come? Many of us may establish or help sustain family prayers, at least breakfast-table prayers, even in these busy days.

"The community and the State are our sphere of influence. We cannot escape our relation to the community and the nation. Christian Endeavor must be patriotic, but not partisan. It must take its place against the desecration of the Sabbath and of every high and holy thing.

"I should like to see a League of Endeavorers set themselves against indecent dress, sensuous, promiscuous dancing, sensual and suggestive moving pictures, all of which are destroying the modesty and eating out the souls of millions of young people. Let not Christian Endeavor be tainted by practices that lead to conformity with the world, the flesh and the devil."

The report of Edward P. Gates, general secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, told of remarkable progress, in the last two years. "Nine thousand two hundred and thirty-eight new Christian Endeavor societies have been organized in the past two years," he said. "Losses in societies and membership due to war conditions have been more than made up. There are more Christian Endeavor societies today throughout the world than ever before in the history of the movement."

THURSDAY and Friday were given over to a wide range of convention activities, with an array of notable speakers discussing topics of vital interest to the churches. More than a score of denominations also held separate conferences at which the work most important to each denomination was discussed. Social features were not overlooked; and banquets, for various groups, and sightseeing tours kept the convention visitors well occupied at hours when there were no formal sessions.

On Saturday, the main feature was the parade of 12,000 Christian Endeavorers up Fifth Avenue to Central Park, where they were joined by other thousands to listen to an address by William Jennings Bryan in which he pleaded for world disarmament and lauded President Harding's efforts to bring about an international conference. Mr. Bryan also spoke that night at the convention hall, urging opposition to the growing ravages of atheism and agnosticism in the schools. Sunday was largely devoted to worship in various churches and in the convention sessions; and the work of the convention wound up on Monday after another busy day in which "A Warless World in 1923" was selected as a slogan.

The one big disappointment of the convention was the absence of Dr. Daniel A. Poling, associate president of Christian Endeavor, who had been counted on to take an important part. Dr. Poling was injured in an automobile accident near Northampton, Mass., on the eve of the convention and spent the week in a hospital. Mrs. Poling and their three children also were injured, but all are expected to recover.

Des Moines won the 1923 convention.

Jerry of Justamere Cabin

A Five-Part Story for the Young Folks

Instalment Two

By C. H. LERRIGO

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

CHAPTER III

EVERYONE was sorry about the lost boat, but it didn't affect them the way it did me. I had practically picked it up a hopeless wreck and put new life into it. I loved the "Invincible."

Kate supplied the only clue.

"I rowed over to the club-house for the milk last night," said she. "The Interurban came in just as I was coming back, and a man who got off called to know where I got his boat. I told him it was a boat that had been lying in the mud for two years and since we had salvaged it we considered it ours until someone proved a better right to it. I suppose the man watched when I went and then came and got it."

"He's a thief; that's what he is!" I declared hotly. Then, struck by a sudden idea: "Was it Persmann?"

"I don't know him," said Kate. 'I wasn't here when he came to call."

"Was the man tall and stooped?"

"He was tall. I'm not sure about being stooped."

"It was Persmann, all right," I insisted. "Let's go to his place and get it back."

Kent laughed at me.

"You're just prejudiced against Persmann," he said. "After all, we had no settled claim to the boat."

"No," I burst out. "And we haven't any settled claim to anything. The boat's gone. And the canoe that really does belong, and was under the cottage, has a big hole in it. And the cottage is just a mere shack that a white person is ashamed to use for a bathhouse. And I'm tired of the whole performance. I'm going to send a telegram to my dad to send me money for the very best kind of a boat and a canoe, and to send carpenters to make this old shack over so it will look half-way respectable, and to do it mighty sudden, too."

"But, Jerry," objected Kate, "you wouldn't send such a telegram without speaking to father about it."

"Yes, I would," I insisted, 'but I reckon I've got to see him first because all the money I have is seventy cents, and it won't pay for the telegram."

I FOUND the Major sitting in the sunshine in an easy-chair. He loved the light of the sun and unless it was very hot he would sit directly in its rays.

"And why do you wish to telegraph your father?" he asked.

"A lot of things, sir," I said. "Chiefly it's this place. I don't like it. The thing it needs most badly is to be pulled down and built over again from the bottom up, with new material, on an entirely different plan. It's really pretty rotten."

"That's odd!" replied the Major. "I was just thinking how well I slept last night, what a good breakfast I had this morning, and how nice and quiet it is here."

"But it's shabby, sir," I protested. "It's positively dinky. There isn't the least bit of style to it."

"I'm afraid you don't understand," said the Major. "It's Justamere Cabin."

"Oh, that's all right. I don't mind the name, but I don't want the place to look the part so much. I'm ashamed of it. Aren't you, sir?"

"No," said the Major, slowly, "I'm rather proud of it. The place just suits me. It's small, so it won't wear Mother out with housework. It's perfectly weather-tight. The paint has faded somewhat but it still gives good protection. The screens fit perfectly, so that flies and mosquitoes are excluded. It is giving splended service to a shipwrecked family. I'm rather proud of it."

It didn't look so bad if you looked at it that way, I was bound to admit.

"It's just as you say, sir," I agreed. "I suppose I'm only a visitor, anyway. But at least I'd like to wire for money for a boat and canoe. There's no fun at a lake unless you can be in it or on it most of the time."

"Yes, Jerry, that's true enough. But, as you say yourself, you really are a visitor. Your father kindly loaned this place to me and you came as my very welcome guest. I'd be very sorry to have appeals for financial help sent to your father. It would be like a criticism of his gift, don't you see."

"Dad would not mind, from me," I urged.

"Perhaps not," said the Major, "but I would. While you are my guest I hope that you won't have to trouble your father for a single thing. I'm not a wealthy man, but I trust that I can make you happy. Now, as to the canoe. We can buy one; but how much better it will be to develop our ingenuity in making the old one fit to use."

"It has a hole in it as big as my hand," I protested.

"But that doesn't mean that you and I can't repair it. I'll boss the job and you shall do the actual work and between us we'll make that old canoe as good as new. Maybe we'll let Kent and Kate help, sometimes, if they are very good."

WELL, there's something about the Major and the way he looks at you and laughs at you that is too much for an ordinary fellow. While he talked I really began to think it would be great fun fixing up that old canoe. The Major offered to give me some pocket money, but I told him I had plenty. Plenty! It had been a long time since I had considered seventy cents plenty.

The door opened suddenly and there stood the girl. "Take the dog away with you," she requested. "He's a good dog, but my uncle doesn't like h'm"

Manual work was one of the things I had enjoyed most at school, so I had no objection to tackling the canoe, although I never had worked on one before. Kent helped me put in my patch, and Kate stood around and teased.

It seemed like that canoe leaked every place. We put it in the water after my patch was in place. It leaked only the least bit around the patch, but there were a score of other places.

"I'm afraid you'll have to go over the whole job, Jerry," said the Major. "You'll have to scrape off all the old paint and find out where the canvas is bad. Then you'll have to patch the canvas. Then you will have to apply something to make it water-tight. Then you'll have to paint it. I can see a lot of fun ahead before this old canoe becomes a new one."

Someway I did not seem to care so very much even if it did need a lot of work. I had enjoyed my day, and I felt as if I could sleep all night. But before going to bed I had a little plan to put into effect. It was to meet Mr. Persmann at the Interurban, follow him to his home and see if he revealed any guilty traces of my boat.

Persmann was late coming from the city that evening. It was growing dark. This helped me in one way, for I could follow him without notice. But it was doubtful whether I would be able to see much. Another thing, I'd have to come back through the dark woods all alone. I don't want you to think that I'm afraid of the dark. I'm not, really. But if it hadn't been for the Major having said that very morning that conquering fear and fancies was a real sign of manhood I might have quit right there.

I FOLLOWED Persmann over the hill without any trouble. But when we got near the cottage that I supposed was his, I found that I had made my trip for nothing, because he might have had a dozen boats hidden around there and I could not see them in that dim light. I would have to wait until the canoe was repaired and then paddle up the creek to his boat-landing.

I noticed that the cottage was already lighted. He must have a housekeeper. It would be well for me to identify her so I could make my visit while she was away. I crept as close to the cottage as I dared. I could see no one, but I could clearly hear someone talking to Mr. Persmann. And it was not the voice of a dried-up old person, such as I had imagined would be the housekeeper. It was a young voice, young and strong and clear.

The savage bark of a dog disturbed me and I cleared out very hastily. In fact, I ran home so quickly that I had no time to see any queer shapes in the woods. But I kept a grip upon my thought and as soon as I reached Justamere Cabin I looked for Kent.

"You said something about a boy who was in the office when your father left and might know something about the missing securities," I said. "He was a relative of Mr. Persmann's, you said. Tell me what he was like."

"What's got into you?" asked Kent. "This boy is away down South somewhere. He's a kind of a nephew of Persmann's, I think. He'd be well past sixteen now, but he was slim and undersized for his age, so probably not very big now. He wasn't a bad chap, considering."

"He'd be a lot more liable to tell the truth than his uncle would, I reckon."

"Perhaps so," Kent agreed. "Perhaps that's why Mr. Persmann left him down South."

"How d'ye know he left him down South?"

"How do you know he didn't?" replied Kent. "I've never thought much about it, but I know he went there and I haven't seen him back. Don't you let things get on your nerves. What you got into your head, anyway?"

"Maybe nothing more than usual," I said, quite mysteriously. "I'll tell you later on if it amounts to anything."

I really was a little excited about it, but I had been so active that day what with work and play that I went right off to sleep as soon as I curled up in bed and never even dreamed about it. So you can see Kent had no reason to talk about things getting on my nerves.

I GOT busy on the canoe early next day. Getting the old paint off was the first thing. Perhaps you think it was easy. I managed to improvise a scraper from an old chisel that was quite helpful, but at that it was hard work. Kent worked right along with me and he said it was hard work even for his tough muscles. Kate said it was easy, but most of her work was directing. We didn't do all the work in one day, but I was very glad when it was done.

When the old paint was scraped off we could see defects in a great many places.

"Canvas patches and pitch are what you need now," said the Major. "We have some canvas. How about pitch?"

"I can get it. There's plenty at the club-house in the basement," I replied.

I had discovered that the work-room in the basement of the club-house held a little of about everything.

Putting the pitch on was a lot more of a job than getting it, I discovered. To apply pitch to the canvas of a canoe in proper fashion you must first make it hot. Hot! It must be boiling! It must be a liquid that will brush easily and freely on the surface. This sounds simple enough until you try it.

Mrs. Bassel supplied a big iron skillet and Kent built a fire down near the dock where we were doing our work. He showed me how to build up a small, concentrated fire that would give out a lot of heat. It was not very long until we have a fire hot enough to cook hippopotamus steaks.

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The Editorial Forum

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The Prize-Fight

THE Minister, the Ultimate Consumer, the Young Man Around Town, the Old Timer, and the Business Man were having a little talk together over current news, and finally the Young Man around Town said.

"That was a great fight, wasn't it?"

"Wonder why so many people are so much interested in a prize-fight?" said the Minister.

"I don't mind saying I got up early Sunday morning on purpose to get my paper to read the whole account before I went to church," said the Business Man.

"I spent the whole time the fight was going on, down in front of the newspaper bulletin board, getting the returns blow by blow," said the Old Timer.

"I wanted to go on and see the fight, but I couldn't afford the price," said the Ultimate Consumer sadly. "It must have been a great sight."

"Still, I don't see why such a great fuss was made for weeks in the daily papers over a prize-fight. More space was given to it than to events of international importance, and for days we read personal contributions made by each fighter in which he said he was sure of beating his opponent," said the Minister.

"You must have been interested enough in the fight to read the newspaper accounts of it," said the Young Man Around Town. "I shouldn't wonder if you read the Sunday morning paper account of it, same as the Business Man did, before you went to church."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the Minister frankly. "At the same time I don't know just why so much importance was attached to a prize-fight as the papers and the public gave it. It raises the question, 'Are we civilized after all?'"

"Of course we are civilized," said the Business Man, "but we are all of us more or less interested in the primitive passions. That is shown by the long time we have been at war. The best of us is only a short ways from the old savage. We still like to see two strong men fight."

"And thousands of people in all ranks of life, including governors of states, are willing to pay big money to see two men pound each other," said the Ultimate Consumer.

"The secret of it all," said the Old Timer, "lies in the enjoyment of seeing scientific sport."

"Same as the old Romans enjoyed when they sat down in the arena to watch men fight to kill one another in the gladiatorial shows," said the Minister.

"Yes, if those shows were revived, and allowed like this prize-fight, half the population of the United States would pay twenty dollars apiece to see them," said the Young Man Around Town. "I would for one."

"I wonder how far we are civilized?" murmured the Minister.

"I can't see much difference myself between the brutality and savagery of a prize-fight and the voting of $500,000,000 of the people's money to get ready to fight other nations," said Ultimate Consumer. "If we are going to compare the prize-fight with the war spirit of what we call civilized peoples, I say let's give the prize for civilization to the prize-fighters, because even if they are killed, there are only two men gone, whereas a $500,000,000 making of deadly warships means the possible killing of thousands of precious lives.

"It *is* a question how far we are civilized, isn't it?" said the Minister. "We still enjoy prize-fights and war."

"But they come high," said Ultimate Consumer with a sigh. "I couldn't raise the price to see the fight."

"But you *have* to pay the price to keep up war," said the Minister.

"Whether I want to or not," said Ultimate Consumer with a sigh. "I don't believe we are very civilized after all." C. M. S.

The Wet Parade

IT IS just as well to get a partisan view of the much-advertised "Personal Liberty" parade in New York City on July 4th, when the promoters assured the country that 200,000 people would march up Fifth Avenue and demand their beer. The New York World, foremost among "wet" newspapers, said on July 5th:

"It was not any 'early morning till late night' affair, such as had been promised. Of the 202,670 men and women who signed pledges that they would march, not one-tenth appeared. (The official count showed less than 15,000 in line, including police and nearly 1,000 musicians.) And of those who did take part, eight out of every ten—so far as the World's observer could judge—were foreign born And looking at it in yet another way, eight of every ten were middle-aged. . .

"New Yorkers lost their liquor without any particularly determined fight, and they haven't shown many signs of fighting to get it back."

The World, admitting thus frankly a lack of support, still struggles on in its efforts to restore what obviously New Yorkers do not want restored.

"The world, the flesh and the devil do a lot of advertising in these days. It seems to pay this iniquitous combination pretty well. Should the Church be less anxious to speak strongly and winsomely to the community?"—Bishop Joseph F. Berry, Chairman Committee on Conservation and Advance, M. E. Church.

After Peace—What?

THE glorious "Fourth" of 1921 deserves to be enshrined in history. Our country, two days before, by Congressional resolution and Presidential signature, had been declared once again on a peace basis. The long-continued state of war against Germany was ended. Little wonder that in the celebration of the Fourth there was a new note of thankfulness and an added element of jubilation. Orators gave vivid expression to the fact, and pulpit and platform hailed it as the harbinger of future friendly international relationships, renewed commercial intercourse and better times all around.

But peace, if we are to reap its benefits, must be followed by measures giving a basis for the establishment of a better understanding. The peace resolution is simply the forerunner, not the thing itself. Our Allies know this; the President knows it, and so also does Secretary Hughes. There are treaties of commerce and good-will to be made, before even the first-fruits of peace can be harvested.

Here the inevitable question arises: What of the Treaty of Versailles? Will it be accepted and ratified, possibly with modifications? This, if we may judge of the former propositions for its ratification, is clearly debatable ground. Are we to witness another interminable wrangle on this point, or will calmer judgments prevail and the Senate fall in line with President Harding's desire "to engage under the existing treaty?"

Let us hope that the best interests of the whole people will not be sacrificed, and that wisdom and tolerance will guide the coming discussions. The country has become impatient of partisanship that should have no place in the great task that lies before Congress, now that the way is open for the solution of so many questions affecting national and international well-being.

Some 91,000 people paid $1,631,380 to see two pugilists fight in Jersey City for ten minutes and sixteen seconds. Just as a matter of comparison, this sum would pay an average salary to more than 2,000 ministers of the Gospel for a whole year.

By Their Fruits

MR. BRYAN'S article, "Tampering with the Mainspring," was criticized by several readers, but one of the main points he made ought to make people generally do some serious thinking.

It is always a fair inference to make when a certain kind of philosophical teaching results in creating a spirit of doubt concerning religious verities, or the Gospel of the Heart as Jesus taught it. A teaching in the college which first undermines the student's faith and then leaves him nothing in the place of the doubt created, is a teaching which deserves to be condemned.

The following confession on the part of one student in a large college, at the close of his college course does not admit of discussion except the discussion on the part of the college trustees or authorities as to the quickest way to secure another teacher in the department of philosophy. The student says in brief:

"Here I am a graduate after four years' study. I majored in philosophy and sociology. I find that my faith in the Bible teaching has been removed. I do not know what I believe about Jesus Christ. I am not sure that He ever did any miracles. I am not at all sure that there is any such thing as immortality. My teachers both in philosophy and sociology bore down heavy on scientific facts. Everything must be proved in order to be believed—that is, proved scientifically. Miracles, they taught me, were a part of the superstition of the times. In short, I am left without any definite belief in Christ, and in doubt as to what are the essential things in religion. And my condition is that of all my classmates, with a few exceptions. We are out of college, and we are also out of our father's and mother's old Gospel faith. We do not have theirs and we have none of our own."

This is a startling confession from a young man representing, as he believes, hundreds of others.

There is something wrong, fatally wrong, with any teaching which leaves a young mind in such a state of doubt concerning religion.

Is this one reason why so few young men are choosing the ministry? Is this the reason why a college like Amherst, out of a large class, had only one candidate for the Church? Is not Mr. Bryan right in one of his points at least, that there is somewhere a tampering with the mainspring? If the teaching of a certain type of philosophy is not to blame for the apathy and religious indifference of young college men, what is the matter? If the Mainspring is being tampered with, who is doing the tampering?

Saving the Children

ONE of the largest problems which the Church has yet to solve is the winning of the children. While a pastor may be able and eloquent, and "a power in the pulpit," yet if, when occasion offers, he can not win the attention and the confidence of the little folks, he will soon find that his usefulness in the Gospel vineyard is strictly limited. The late Dr. Spurgeon sedulously cultivated the art of both speaking and writing on such simple lines that the young folks were readily won. Bishop William Taylor used to say that if he could win the little children of Africa, he could foresee the whole of the Dark Continent won for Christ.

The Rev. James McNeill Farrar, who passed away a short time ago, was an intense lover of children. He probably did more in his lifetime, and especially during his twenty-six years' ministry in the First Reformed Church of Brooklyn, towards spreading the Gospel among young hearts of that city, than any other clergyman in the state. Like the late Dr. Klopsch, the founder of Mont-Lawn and formerly owner of the Christian Herald, Dr. Farrar regarded the special training of the little ones as of supreme importance. He seemed to have adopted as the motto of his ministry, "Come, let us live for the Children," and to emphasize the language of Jesus when He said of them: "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Nearly thirty years have passed since Dr. Farrar laid the foundations of the Junior Congregation Movement. It was a success from the outset, because it was conducted by loving lips and an earnest heart that understood childhood. In his church program he planned a branch composed exclusively of children, not merely members of his Sunday school, but others who might be attracted; and to this youthful audience he preached a Children's Sermon regularly every Sunday morning before the usual service. These Child Sermons were simplicity itself and drew ever-increasing audiences. So simple and effective were they that they attracted even the grown-up folks.

Dr. Farrar was 68 years old when he went to his reward, but the work accomplished by his ministry was enormous and far-reaching. It seemed as though all the love of his heart was poured out in the sermons he prepared with such care and diligence for the young. For several years these sermons appeared regularly in the columns of the Christian Herald, and we know that they were widely read. On many occasions the pastor was a welcome visitor at Mont-Lawn, and the child audience as well as the bigger folks crowded the Temple and listened with delight to the man whose wonderful gift of reaching the child heart and consciousness had made him so widely loved. Great is the world's need of more such men—men who can kindle the spiritual fire in the hearts of the young, and win them to Christ before they begin the real struggle of life, with all its temptations and its perils.

A pastor who can win the children is a power for the in-bringing of the Kingdom. Not every one can do this for it is a rare gift and one to be sacredly cherished and developed. Often have we heard ministers lament the difficulty of dealing with child audiences. Why should this field be neglected? The preacher who wins the children will in most cases find that these young natures are wonderful allies, who in their own sweet, simple way, can bring in the parents.

The World News of the Week

Harding Proposes Conference of Five Nations on Disarmament

THAT President Harding has approached Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan with informal but definite inquiries to ascertain whether they favor the holding of a disarmament conference has been announced by the American State Department. If the proposal is found to be acceptable, formal invitations for such a conference in Washington will be issued. It is notable that the proposed conference will not be limited to naval disarmament, as was suggested in the measure so long considered by Congress, but also may take up the question of reducing armaments on land and other problems.

China also has been invited to take part in the discussion relating to Far Eastern problems, it was announced, giving to the gathering a scope broader than that of mere disarmament. Of this, the State Department statement said: "It is manifest that the question of limitation of armament has a close relation to the Pacific and Far Eastern problems, and the President has suggested that the Powers especially interested in these problems should undertake in connection with this conference the consideration of all matters bearing upon their solution with a view to reaching a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East."

The American statement was greeted enthusiastically in Great Britain, and it was predicted both in America and abroad that the Powers would return replies which would permit President Harding to issue the call for the conference. The wide range of subjects to be considered would make it in essence a world conference and it was suggested that out of it there is bound to grow a discussion of the formation of an international association to prevent future wars, into which the United States would feel free to enter.

Truce in Ireland Declared

THE declaration of truce between the Crown and the Irish Republican forces followed speedily the announcement of Eamonn de Valera's decision to meet Premier Lloyd George in London to discuss the basis on which a peace conference might be held. Terms of the truce were agreed upon by the British military commander in Ireland and representatives of the Irish Republican army, and became effective at noon on Monday, July 11. On the eve of its going into effect there was a serious outbreak of rioting in Belfast in which fifteen persons were killed and nearly a hundred injured, but it was hoped the leaders of the opposing forces would be able to hold their men in line and that Ireland would enjoy an interval of quiet while the peace parleys are in progress.

Mr. de Valera's decision was preceded by conferences in Dublin between Republican and Unionist leaders of Southern Ireland in which it was announced "certain agreements were come to," a statement which brought great demonstrations of rejoicing despite its indefinite character. An important factor in the parleys was General Jan Christian Smuts, Premier of the Union of South Africa, who went to Dublin on his own initiative, but undoubtedly with the approval of Lloyd George, for conversations with de Valera and other Irish leaders.

The road to permanent peace in Ireland still is long and difficult, but a good start has been made and hopes for an Irish settlement are brighter than at any time in recent history.

Fight Made on Bonus Bill

THE Soldiers' Bonus bill, which would add anywhere from $1,500,000,000 to $5,000,000,000 to the public debt, has encountered strong opposition in the Senate because of the state of the nation's finances and the campaign to reduce federal expenditures. Advocates of the bonus were predicting its speedy passage after the Senate had voted, 46 to 4, to take up the measure, but their confidence vanished as it became apparent that the vote did not reflect the views of the Senators on bonus legislation, and as President Harding and Secretary Mellon counselled delay.

The President, in a call at the Capitol, made it plain that while he was committed to legislation to compensate the veterans of the World War, he believed it advisable to defer action. It was expected he would send a special message to Congress setting forth his views on the problem, and Senatorial leaders predicted his wishes would be followed.

Secretary Mellon, in a letter to Senator Frelinghuysen, urged that action of the bonus be deferred since its passage would "greatly swell the cost of government and virtually defeat the Administration's program of economy and retrenchment."

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THE GREAT WORLD'S CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION IN SESSION

The main gatherings, of which this is one, were held in the Seventy-First Regiment Armory, New York City, but many group meetings were held in near-by churches and all were enthusiastic and inspirational

The Fordney general tariff bill has been engrossing all the attention of the House, but the stage has been set for rushing it through and the House Republicans have fixed July 21 as the date for a final vote, which means only two weeks of general consideration. The rules adopted put a five-minute limit on speeches after July 14 and permitted the offering of amendments only on the hides, dyes, cotton, oil and asphalt sections, all other schedules to be subject only to amendment only by the Ways and Means Committee.

The seven Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee, which framed the bill, presented a minority report bitterly attacking its provisions.

It was anticipated that the bill would not be ready for the President's signature for several weeks, as the Senate will seek to make many changes in the measure. It was proposed that the Senate should adjourn for three or four weeks, while the House was working on tariff and tax revision bills, but this proposal, which was supported by the floor leaders of both parties, was defeated by an agricultural bloc which demanded that action be hastened on measures to afford relief to the farmers.

By Ding in the Chicago Post

AND STILL A SICK WORLD KEEPS ITSELF "BROKE" BUYING HIS PRESCRIPTIONS

The deadlock on the Naval Appropriation bill continued, each chamber rejecting amendments desired by the other, and another weary round of conferences was necessary, while the Navy Department remained technically without funds.

"Wet" Parade a Failure

OPPONENTS of national prohibition made great plans for their parade up Fifth Avenue in New York City on July 4 in protest against the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment. It was to be a tremendous demonstration of anti-prohibition sentiment which would frighten the nation's lawmakers into "liberal" modifications of the statutes, and officers of the American Liberties League, which sponsored it, predicted in advance that the marchers would number hundreds of thousands.

Even the New York newspapers most hostile to prohibition admitted that the parade was a failure and ridiculed the claims of the promoters that 50,000 to 75,000 were in line. The Anti-Saloon League engaged an audit company to make an exact count and its figure was 14,922, including 922 musicians and 24 policemen.

The police inspector in charge of the policing arrangements, with years of experience in parades, estimated that only 8,000 took part.

Some of the banners carried by the marchers elicited manifestations of disapproval from spectators along the route. Particularly was this the case with regard to a copy of da Vinci's famous painting "The Last Supper" which bore the legend "Wine was served," and hisses greeted such a use of a picture which many consider sacred. Many also objected to the display of Bible texts to bolster up such a cause.

All in all, the wets made a poor showing and their much-heralded effort proved to be a boomerang.

France Recalls Leipsic Mission

CHARGING that the German trials of Germans accused of war crimes are a mockery, the French Government has recalled its mission to the Leipsic court. It notified the Allies of its action, and was expected to follow this with a request that the Allies return to the Treaty plan and demand that Germany hand over at least a few of the accused men for trial by an Allied tribunal.

The case which most stirred French indignation was that of Lieutenant General Karl Stenger, accused of having given orders to his troops that no prisoners should be taken and that the wounded should be killed. The general was acquitted. Major Bruno Cresius, his subordinate, received a sentence of two years in prison after being convicted on similar charges and having testified that the general gave such orders. Trials on charges by the British and Belgian Governments have resulted in acquittals or light sentences.

TWO WARSHIPS ORDERED TO TAMPICO. United States cruiser Cleveland and the gunboat Sacramento have been sent to Tampico, the most important oil-shipping port on Mexico's eastern coast, to protect American interests because of threatened labor troubles. President Obregon denied the Tampico situation was serious and attributed the unrest to the efforts of the oil companies to force the Mexican Government to lower the oil tax.

RAILROAD MEN TO VOTE ON WAGE CUT. Acceptance or rejection of the 12 per cent. wage cut made effective on July 1 by order of the United States Railroad Labor Board will be determined by a referendum vote of the members of the five train service brotherhoods not later than September 1. Other railroad unions probably will take similar ballots.

NEW ITALIAN CABINET FORMED. Ivanoe Bonomi has organized a new cabinet in Italy to succeed the Giolitti ministry, distributing the portfolios among the parties of the Center to the exclusion of the Extreme Lefts and Rights.

GENERAL DU PONT NAMED SENATOR. General T. Coleman du Pont has been appointed United States Senator from Delaware to succeed Josiah O. Wolcott, who resigned to become Chancellor of Delaware.

The Younger Boy Problem Again

Continuing the Discussion of the Question of Sunday-School Attendance

By A MERE MAN

IF THERE is anything I have always despised in a business man it has been deceit of any kind, misrepresentation of goods or exaggeration in advertising so as to throw a would-be buyer off his guard, or little tricks of evasion that skim the edges of the exact truth.

So it came to me with a good deal of keenness of feeling that my own boy had been guilty of deception in the matter of his Sunday-school attendance, especially as he had recently had one lesson in the matter of the movies. And I confess to a real rising of anger as the boy confronted me in my "den," and I did not feel kindly towards him. He shrank back as I put the question to him bluntly: "How long have you been deceiving your mother and me about this Sunday-school business?"

"Not very long."

"You have been deceiving us, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"This isn't the first time?"

"No."

"Have you any excuse?"

"Not any you would accept."

"Don't you know that one of the worst habits a boy can acquire is to lie to his father and mother?"

The boy did not answer this, only looked sullenly down at the floor, and shuffled his feet uneasily.

"Don't you?" I said with a rising inflection.

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you know that a habit like that is likely to fasten itself on you until no one will put any confidence in you, and it will ruin your chances for success?"

HE DID not reply to that, and I paused a moment. The boy looked very miserable and unhappy, and I began to wonder if I had really found out the reason for his deception.

"You said you had no reason for deception that I would accept. Give me any reason you may have for deceiving your mother and me."

He hesitated and I said, a little more gently: "Well, go on. It may be no reason, but I want to give you a chance to say what is on your mind."

"Well, my teacher is an old poke. He doesn't know how to make the lessons interesting. And there is so much confusion and cutting up that I don't get anything out of going to Sunday school."

"What kind of a superintendent have you got, if he can't keep order and get teachers who are interesting?"

"I don't know anything about that," the boy said sullenly, lapsing into his semi-defiant attitude. "All I know is that I hate going to Sunday school."

"But you know you ought to go, don't you?"

"I don't know why," he said, suddenly looking up.

"Why! Everyone ought to go. Where can you ever get a knowledge of the Bible, if you don't go!"

And the minute I said it, I knew I had made an opening for the boy. Sure enough he came back at me as quick as a flash with the retort, "Why don't *you* go, then!"

NOW you may remember, if you read the first of these confessions of A Mere Man, that I stated as one of the facts about our family that we all belonged to the church and Sunday school. That statement should have been modified a little. I ought to have gone on to say that while we all did belong to the church and Sunday school it did not mean, on my part, at least, the loyalty and devotion that church members ought to show to the institution that the Master loved and for which He gave Himself up. And after belonging to a men's Bible Class in our church for several years I had dropped out because of some small annoyance from a chronic talker who irritated me, and for some time I had established a custom of staying at home Sunday mornings while my wife and children represented the family at Sunday school.

My wife did not approve of my habit, but one of her characteristics has been what I myself think at times is a too strong habit of deference to her husband. She can be as positive as any one could desire when it comes to obeying convictions of her own, but she has always hesitated to enforce them on me, and there have been times when I have wished she had. It came over me with a feeling of self-reproach right at this moment that if she had insisted on my keeping my church vows as I had promised, it would have saved me from a most embarrassing situation with the boy.

He was looking at me closely, and watching the effect of his question, and the best thing I could think of saying was:

"That has nothing to do with your deception. You have been lying—that is the real word to use—to us, and the excuse you give, is, as you said, not any that I can accept. I want to talk this over with your mother. And I want you to think over the whole matter seriously. It is too bad that the Sunday school is not more interesting. But that has nothing to do with your deception. You should have come to your mother or to me and told us about your dislike for your teacher and all the rest. Those things can be changed. But a habit of lying is so serious that it cannot be treated lightly. You can go now. But——"

To tell the truth the question the boy had put to me about my own absence from Sunday school had rather upset me, and made difficult any discipline I might have wished to give him in a dignified and self-respecting manner.

HE WENT away without any sign of repentance on his sullen face, and I talked the matter over later in the day while the children were out of the house.

"Of course, John," my wife said when I related the facts of my interview with the boy, "we did take a vow when we joined the church that we would support all the church services and the Sunday school was mentioned particularly. And I have wished many times that you had kept on with your Bible Class. The teachers are not perfect, but the Sunday school as a whole is a wonderful help, and if you had only——"

That was as near as she usually came to a reproach for any of my shortcomings, and I felt the attack made by the boy so keenly that I blurted out, "If I had only kept my word, perhaps the boy would not have deceived us."

"Kept your word!" my wife said, as if shocked.

"But I did not mean——"

"No, I know you didn't. But don't you remember when we joined the church, as you say, we made a vow to support it by attending its services. Strictly speaking I have not kept my word made to the minister and the church when I joined. And as I think it over, the boy has a pretty good case against his father, so far as deceit is concerned. For I begin to think I have deceived my minister and the church and have not very much to boast about to the boy."

"But I don't know a man anywhere who has a higher standard for truth and honesty in business. Why, John——"

"It may be I have in business. But do you know, it seems a little queer, but I begin to think that a man's word given to his minister and his church does not mean the same as his word given to a business acquaintance. At any rate, I can not stand it to let the boy get ahead of me in this matter and I think I had better keep my word made to attend the services of the church, and get back to Sunday school."

You should have seen the look on my wife's face when I came out strong on that decision. It is a wonder to me that I don't oftener do things that please her, just to get the benefit of a look that is just glorified happiness. We talked the matter of the boy's deception over at length but did not arrive at any definite decision as to the right way to punish him for it, only I made clear to my wife that I felt as guilty as he in a certain sense and the first thing for me to do was to set myself right with my own convictions.

SO WHEN next Sunday came, I said at the breakfast table so that all could hear, "We will all get ready for Sunday school this morning, and go down together."

No one said anything, but the boy looked rather queer. He made no objection and we all walked down. We live out in the college district, and the church is a down-town church, about a quarter of a mile from our house.

When we went in, the Superintendent was at the door welcoming people and he seemed unusually glad to see me. I went and sat down by one of my business friends who had gone in just ahead of me, and the rest of the family went to their different department rooms.

Pretty soon the Superintendent came to me and said, with some hesitation: "I feel awfully glad to see you here. Do you think you could take a class this morning? One of my teachers is not able to be here. It's a class of boys and they need just such a man as you to hold them."

I was all taken back and all I could say was, "Oh, no. I am not prepared to teach. I don't know the lesson."

"Well, we have a graded school, you know, and you can take the general theme that is being discussed in that department, which comes right in your line of business. It deals with the question of socializing business, and you are just the person to tell those boys what you are doing. And by the way, your own boy is in that class. He hasn't been here for the last two Sundays. Glad to see him come in today. Oh, I wish you would take that class! It has caused me great trouble. The boys are not bad, but they are alive and ought to have the best teacher in the church."

I DON'T know to this day what made me decide as I did. I think it was partly because I have always hated a coward. And also I think it was because I was still feeling keenly the self-reproach of breaking my word.

At any rate I made up my mind I would try to get hold of that class of boys, and it was partly curiosity to see what the problem was, together with all the rest, that made me say "yes" to the Superintendent.

I haven't time to tell you all my experience that Sunday morning. My firm in the city for which I have worked several years was right in the midst of some very interesting experiments in trying to help the employees to better ideals of home life. I was really interested in the plan and knew enough about it to hold those boys' attention while I told them some of the ways the thing worked out. Perhaps it was partly because they had a new voice, and partly because I do have some good quality for teaching that they behaved all through the school hour so well that after the session the Superintendent came over and said: "Say, I wish you could take that class right along. Can't you?"

I did not promise him at the time, but it would take another account to tell the story of how I finally did take the class and have it yet, and I have become deeply interested in the Sunday school and its plans. But before that time came along, I must say that when we came home and after we were seated at the dinner table, the Girl said, "Father, I wish you would teach our class. I heard great things about your teaching this morning."

I actually blushed. Some of it for pleasure, some for remorse. My wife looked her best. The older boy never said anything, and the younger one said, speaking very low, "I wouldn't mind going to Sunday school if father would teach."

He did not say it to me, but to his mother. She seemed to choke over something, although we were not having fish or chicken for dinner.

BUT only last Sunday as I sat teaching that class in our Sunday school, I caught myself holding my breath as I met that look in my younger son's eye, fixed on his father. It seemed to me that in that look he asked forgiveness for his deceit, which was by this time several weeks old. And when I went home, that afternoon as my wife and I were alone in the "den" a few minutes I said to her, "We have never punished the lad for his deception in not attending Sunday school."

"I have been praying we might have wisdom to do what was wise," she said.

"And I am inclined to think, my dear," I said "that your prayers have been answered."

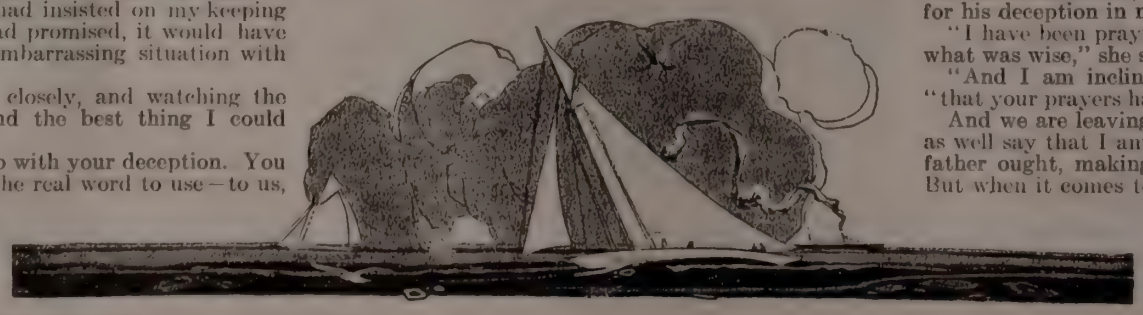
And we are leaving the matter right there. I may as well say that I am trying to do my part as a good father ought, making many mistakes as I go along. But when it comes to the prayers of my wife for the children, I cannot help thinking, after all, that the wisdom which is from above is far above our wisdom and our foolishness.

Summer Afternoon

By Margaret E. Sangster

LEAF shadows fall across the grass,
Like happy little wraiths at play—
There is no past, no yesterday.
And no tomorrow; hours pass
Like dim forms in a looking-glass,
Near sounds seems strangely far away;
A smoke-like haze hangs, thin and gray,
Where mountains make a purple mass.

The sun is flaming in the sky,
A drowsy ball of molten fire—
The wind sings, like a fairy lyre,
But softly as a lullaby,
Life drifts—and does not question why—
With deep content, and no desire!



Building Up the Kingdom

A Sermon by Dr. CHARLES M. SHELDON

TEXT—Matt. 28 : 19. "Go ye into all the world and make disciples of the nations."

THE program of the Kingdom of God is exceedingly clear and definite. It is in keeping with the fact that its great Leader is the Light of the World. There was no vagueness or uncertainty in His own thought of the needs of humanity, and He made His own teaching so plain and simple, so well founded upon eternal principles that are true of all sorts and conditions of men, that His disciples need not for one moment have any hesitation concerning what the business of Christianity is.

The splendid dogmatism of Christ is the glad heritage of His disciples. It is a fine thing to belong to an institution like the Kingdom of God, which knows what it is doing and why, which does not start with question marks of doubt, but with exclamation points of conviction. The glory of the Christian life has always been the presence of that conscious power which takes for granted a large number of hard questions definitely answered, a great many battles fought and won, and a vast amount of philosophy simplified into the most workable precepts. So all the missionary enterprises of Christendom, wherever they have been truly great and forceful, have taken their beginning from the fact of positive certainty that Christ was the answer, not only to the individual need, but to the social structure of life and to the world as a whole.

Racial differences are not by any means an insurmountable obstacle to the Christian brotherhood. There is no barrier which genuine Christian love of man for men cannot overcome. Race prejudice certainly is not such a tremendous thing that it need of necessity separate the people of a nation into two hostile camps or even in two separate and critical collections of people belonging nominally to the same community, but really existing apart. If all the Negroes in the South were Booker Washingtons, and all the white men in the South were John Greenleaf Whittiers there would be no race question any more.

We simply come back at the last analysis to the place where Christ wishes us to begin. Perfect love casteth out fear. All of us are brothers. If a man is a real Christian, not a nominal one, he cannot create trouble for his brother. And all the races of the universe could subsist in a happy family, within the compass of a republic far smaller geographically than ours, if once their hearts were right in the sight of God and towards one another.

THE word "missions" covers the entire activity of one man's soul for the good of another, whether it is in China or in Wall Street. But our churches are many of them dead to this great fact, and the missionary enthusiasm has no divine impulse at the heart. The thing is lacking sometimes because of lack of information, oftener because of lack of genuine Christian life. But there is always hope in the young. The finest thing that any pastor of any church can do is to gather his young people about him, beginning with the children in his Sunday school, and tell them the story of missionary effort around the world, making a beginning of a class, even though it is only a small number, and teaching the absolute necessity for the church life to center about the missionary spirit.

Out of a great many of our churches has gone the presence of the ideal. We are so afraid of looking into the future for the greatest possibilities that we fail to do the plain and practical things of the present. When Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star," he might have added, "and then get into the wagon." A good many of us hitch our wagons to stars and then stand off and look at them, and in the life of the church in the world the absence of a spiritual imagination which sees the possibility of great things actually done in the earth is keeping many a pastor and his people back in the place of the dull routine of habit, of custom and of commonplace.

One reason we are here, I take it, is to attempt the ideal in our earthly existence. The very statement of the program of the Kingdom of God includes of necessity this ideal rule of life. Certainly no man ever faced more discouraging conditions than did Jesus Christ, yet He wanted to hasten the millennium to such an extent that He did not hesitate to tell His disciples to be as perfect as God. There is more in that phrase, "Make disciples of the nations," than the church has so far grasped in its large and inclusive meaning

Making disciples of the nations that belong to the United States means more than making Republicans or Democrats, or Socialists, or Prohibitionists out of them. It means more than making good farmers, carpenters, mechanics out of them. It means even more than making out of them men who respect the United States Government and obey to a large extent its laws. It means even more than making out of these different races loyal citizens who even go so far as to love the country, and if need be, die for it. Making disciples of the nations means transforming the life out of this world character into the other world. It means putting the stamp of Christ's inward personality into His motive and purpose in living upon everyone of these races

THE Kingdom of God is gigantic in the unfolding of its purpose, and it is well for us who belong to the church of Christ at the present time to consider whether it is in all particulars fit to bear the message of the Master, to these alien people unless its own life is more richly filled with the spirit of real discipleship. I was talking with a refined and cultured foreigner, whom some people in America would call heathen, and he said frankly: "Why should I change my religion, into which I was born, for yours? When I look at the fruits of it in your churches, I do not see enough difference to make me willing to exchange many things which are dear to me in the religion of my father for what you call Christian. I find," he said, "very many of your church members are men who seem to be engrossed in the things of the world. They talk, 'money, money, money' all the time. They live extravagantly." He cited particular instances.

I was in a Methodist church in Northern Michigan a few years ago, where the membership was made up almost entirely of Cornishmen, miners in the iron mines. The young Methodist preacher had just been called to the place from another locality where, evidently from his remarks, the people were not in the habit of going to church. As we sat behind the pulpit waiting for the service, and my young brother noted the streams of men coming into the building, he leaned over and whispered to me, saying, "It beats everything how these people up here go to church. They go to church in spite of everything I can do." Learning afterward something concerning this brother's pulpit ministrations, it added force to his remark, for the people were in the habit of attending church for public worship, and the preaching was not the greatest thing which drew them there.

Some of the rank and file of our church membership is composed of real Christian disciples, and in spite of everything the pastor can do or not do, they will find out something about the work of the Kingdom of God. As a rule, however, the old adage, "Like priest, like people," holds, and it is the great privilege of the minister to lead his people.

We of the pulpit are very often tempted to prepare too many great sermons, where as three-fourths of our pulpit ministrations should be in the nature of teaching our people about the Kingdom in a quiet and unobtrusive, and I would like to say unoratorical, way. I would like to predict that the most successful future ministry of the near future will consist in that kind of service, where a man is willing to sink his ambitions for the reputation of being a great preacher and enter upon the less renowned but more fundamental work of teaching the people the great things which are fundamental to the building up of the Kingdom of God in a parish. Not one minister in a thousand has any oratorical gifts to start with Every one of the thousand, if he is at all fit to be in the ministry, could, however, be a teacher of the Word, and our pulpits in America are suffering today from lack of real teachers more than from any other one thing.

THE task before us seems gigantic! It is no less than the attempt to take an unformed, ignorant, sinful, in some cases, debauched and degraded, humanity of different tongues and races, ancestry and training, and shape it all over into refined, enthusiastic, useful, pure, enlightened Christian discipleship, to make strong the welfare of the republic, to love God and man with eagerness, in other words, to become through and through Christlike. Compared with the attempt to make artisans, or farmers, or musicians or politicians out of the material which comes to us from every climate, the work is simply superhuman, and it would be impossible if it were not for this constant fact of the authority and power of Him who bids us do it. "All authority," He says "has been given unto Me." But in another place we have the assurance that this authority belongs to us: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," and it is in the divine assurance that this same power which the Master claimed for Himself is also ours with Him, that we undertake the glorious work of changing men's lives, for the good of the republic and the greater good of the world.

The Kingdom of God is not a vague thing. It is the most real of all things because it is something within us. We are not certain of the outward and the physical things. They are constantly changing. The old textbooks that once told me that air was a viewless gas are not printed any more, not since the professor began to throw liquid air around like snowballs; but the things of the inner life all remain the same. They are the reality of existence, and the Kingdom of God is within us. It is that kingdom within men which we are to establish here on the earth.

It is more than statecraft of men to build up this Kingdom. Strange as it may seem, the republic of the United States cannot endure without the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. But give us the Kingdom within the hearts of these people and we may be sure of the endurance of the republic. Let us go, therefore, with knowledge of what it means to all the different races within our great land and make disciples of them, realizing that it means more than surface emotion stirred through some religious excitement, that it means complete transformation and renewal and rebirth of the entire nature, including purposes, motives, passions, conduct, at the heart of all of which there is found resident the regnant and loving Christ of God. And let us pray also that our churches may receive such a baptism from the Spirit of God that they may realize what has been done even with imperfect and weak hands of men, where it has been done out of love for Him, and with added knowledge and with growing enthusiasm may it carry on the work which shall eventually, we believe, transform the things which make for wrongs and prejudices and race hatred into a harmony of living hearts of men that have but one real passion and one real love, summed up in the great desire that the Kingdom of God might come and His will be done on earth even as it is in Heaven. "And lo," He says, "*I* am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"The Shining Shore" or "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Philippians 3: 13-21. "Confidence in Christ."

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 522, first column).

Sermon—"BUILDING UP THE KINGDOM"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Crown Him Lord of All" or "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Dismiss us now, we ask of Thee, into a wider service, a happier day's work, a more trustful heart, a deeper hunger for the right and a faith that rises above small and great losses. We ask it in the Name of Him who never lost his belief in man, our Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

GREAT BRITAIN'S drink bill now amounts to 430,000,000 pounds a year, or at the normal rate of exchange, about $2,150,000,000. While liquor is costing Great Britain more than two billion dollars a year, prohibition is saving the United States practically the same amount; an economic advantage to this country of more than $4,000,000,000 every twelve months. How long can the British people compete in the world's market while laboring under such a staggering handicap? A few strong men in England are awake to the dangers of the situation. They are finding that drink affects the earning power of nations as it affects the earning power of mon, and they foresee the effect on international commerce of the $2,000,000,000 the United States now can put into legitimate business that formerly passed to brewers and distillers. They are for British prohibition for selfish, if for no other reasons, and they are making a good fight for it.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D. and R. Braunstein

Running the Straight Race

SUNDAY. Heb. 12 : 1, 2. "*Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.*" That is the counsel of an expert runner, a man who has been on the Christian course for many years. What he has to say about the character of the going, and the secret of progress, is worth our most eager attention. The counsels are not the creation of a secluded theorist, they are the findings of long and hard experience.

Well, then I will note, first of all, the intensity of his figure of speech. It is a race. The Christian life is a running. It is, therefore, the very opposite to loitering. It has nothing in common with sauntering, or with dilly-dallying, or with a careless, aimless walking about the streets, which permits us to stop and look into every shop window. On the way of life we are to run. We are to put some speed into it. We are to put some steam into it. Our safety is to be found in pace.

The psalmist was getting near the secret when he purposed to "run in the way of God's commandment." To walk loiteringly in the way of the commandments is, in a certain manner, not to be in the way at all. Life, which moves to obedience with reluctance, and is continually standing still to look back, is inviting all sorts of enemies, and it is exposed to successful attacks on every side. To run is to be secure. "Ye did run well!" That was the day of athletic spiritual health, and their defences were complete.

There is another thing to be said about running. It is less tiring than loitering. Is there anything more exhausting than just hanging about? And this is as true in the ways of religion as in the streets of the city. People who hang about in the ways of Zion can never excel in strength. On these roads the lackadaisical are the degenerates. It is the folk with "go" in their religion who go from strength to strength. They run and are not weary. So I must put speed into the King's business, and I shall find security in my enthusiasm.

But now the expert counseller adds a qualifying, or shall we say, an enriching word. We are to run the race "with patience." That is a very fine and superior sort of running. There are some folk who run by fits and starts. Their religious life moves in spurts and spasms. The consistent speed is broken by lapses, by irritations, by impatience. The secret of progress is an even pace, a patient keeping at it all along the road. And I am perfectly sure that in the word "patience" we are to find something of restfulness. Yes, however contradictory it may seem, we are to be restful runners. That is to be one of our supreme distinctions. It is just the difference between fervor and fever. It is the difference between faithfulness and fussiness. It is the difference between thoughtfulness and anxiety. It is the difference between thinking and fretting, It is the element of restfulness in running. It is a certain cool patience even when we are running with all our might. "He that believeth shall not get into a fuss." Patient running means a consistent and distributed intensity all along the road.

And the secret of all this is to be found in a certain detachment of vision—"Looking unto Jesus. In the original word there is quite a suggestion of a deliberate turning of the eyes from one thing to another. We are to look away from something in order that we may look towards something. We are to direct our eyes from other things to Christ. "Looking unto Jesus." Then, the great matter is this—that look relates us to the object of the look, it incorporates us with the Lord. We begin to draw strength from the resources of an infinite Ally. We breathe heavenly air. We imbibe the water of life. We feed upon hidden manna. The Lord Jehovah is our strength. J. H. J.

The Great Sympathy of God

MONDAY. I Pet. 3 : 18. "*The just for the unjust.*" "*The innocent cannot suffer for the guilty.*" Some say, but if that be so, the universe is out of gear. For the innocent are suffering for the guilty all around us. Do not parents agonize for their wayward children? Is there no such thing as heredity? The physical ills which we endure are most largely an inheritance from those who have gone before us.

Why, then, should it be thought unnatural that God should suffer in our behalf? Is He not our Father? Is not sympathy the noblest, as well as the commonest thing is our experience?

It is at this point that humanity reaches its highest level. Blessed is the man who voluntarily bears the burdens of others! Should we not, then, expect something of the same sort in God? He made us in His likeness. It would be monstrous if He, as a Father, did not sympathize with His children who have fallen into trouble.

The cross, which is the historic symbol of vicarious pain, is the sublimest expression of sympathy in the universe. The cross is precisely what ought to be expected in the nature of things. It is just like God!

D. J. B.

What Grieved Jesus

TUESDAY. Mark 3 : 5. "*Being grieved for the hardness of their hearts.*" The idea of God coming to earth is not an unfamiliar thought in theology. The doctrine of incarnation is a common thing in religion. On the very face of it, if there be a God, He should come to earth. But earth has pictured Him a happy God. Yet behold Jesus, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

The nearest picture to this outside of Christianity is the Greek myth of Prometheus, in whom some scholars have seen an unconscious prophecy of Christ. The unique thing about the grief of Jesus is what occasioned it. He might have grieved over His homelessness or His unpopularity or the apparent failure of His ministry, but He did not. The things that grieved Him were hard hearts of men, spiritual blindness, the prospect of the ruin of the city of His love, and the thought of the world's deep need and sin. His heart was as a sensitive plate on which were recorded all the world's weakness and woe.

What a light this sheds on His attitude to the world! We see evidences of people's stupidity, and despise them. We see evidences of their hard hearts, and condemn them. Jesus saw all this, and was grieved. He is grieved still. Most of all is He grieved at our spiritual poverty and our hardness of heart.

What are the symptoms of a hard heart? The chief symptom is lack of sensibility to spiritual impressions. Only one thing can keep our hearts tender, and that is the constant thought of the suffering Christ. The Holy Spirit keeps us in remembrance of Him. Thus we grieve over the things that grieved Him, and show ourselves possessed of the mind that was in Christ. C. C. A.

How Christians Live

WEDNESDAY. I Phil. 1-24. "*For me to live is Christ.*" Some years ago students were very much interested in Glover's book "The Jesus of History," in which the author told how the early Christians lived. The standard set by those early Christians is as good for the twentieth century as it was in the first century. In the first place, those early Christians "out-thought" the world in which they were placed. The mind of Christ was the model for their minds. Unless the Church makes it the business of its life to direct the thought of the world, we shall soon have a pagan, rather than a Christian world.

In the second place those early Christians "outlived" the world in which they were placed. "This does not mean that they live longer than those who were not Christians," says Bishop McDowell, "but that they lived better." They lived more sanely, more consistently, more nobly, more kindly, more soberly, more godly. This of course was the result of their better thinking, because mind is the master of conduct, and conduct the master of character. Great is the power of example! The worldly will listen to the council of an ungodly man, but it never follows that man. The street-corner orator, hurling his invectives against the Christian church, always has an audience, but never leads a righteous crusade. Good men inspire to godliness. Consistency is its own eloquence.

Then those early Christians "out-died" the world in which they were placed. John Wesley said, "Our people die well." The pagan dies without hope, the Christian knows no despair. The gospel uproots weeping willows and plants evergreens on the pilgrim path of life. Those who die in Christ because they have lived in Christ do not pass on like a defeated army coming home with banners dragging in the dust, but rather as victorious army marching under its triumphal arch, with banners flying. Life without the immortal hope is like a problem without an answer, an earth without a sun, a sky without a star. Death is not an end but a beginning. It is the end of Time, but it is also the beginning of Eternity and therein lies the difference between despair and hope.

R. B.

Walking with Jesus

THURSDAY. I John 2 : 6. "*He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also to walk even as He walked.*" What were Christ's first methods in seeking to save a lost world? Behold Him working miracles to appease hunger, unstopping deaf ears, touching blind eyes into vision, calling the dead to life. Was He not reaching the soul through the body, helping the mortal to behold the immortal? John the Baptist was a desert recluse, but Jesus came, eating and drinking with publicans and sinners. He accepted invitations to social festivities, reaching the people in a friendly way that He might unfold to them the fellowships of the higher and holier life. Every action, every step of our Lord's three years among men had a spiritual significance. The secular and religious were one with Him; serving men was serving God.

After His wonderful discourses previous to the Last Supper and immediately following that memorable Passover that was to be reproduced in all coming ages, Jesus, knowing that He came from God and was returning to God, that He was the King of kings, laid aside His outer garments and took a towel and basin, washing the feet of His disciples, as an example of the ministry of service. Are we following in His footsteps, observing lowly, menial duties with a view to the promotion of the highest ideals? Are not many missionaries catching this spirit, when building hospitals and homes, institutions of learning, in connection with church building, teaching farming and the use of the inventions of civilization before cultivating the garden of the soul?

Kindly service breaks down the middle wall of partition between races, classes, labor and capital; the human heart responds to generous aid given by the followers of Christ.

Behold the great Master, after washing the feet of the disciples, climbing the hill of Calvary, stretching out His arms to a dying world, bursting open the gates of the tomb on the heavenward side, making a pathway of light for men through the valley, upward to the skies! Is it not a high honor to walk with Him Who was so great in His humanities, so infinite in His divinities, so glorious in His kingly triumphs? Shall we not go with Him all the way? E. W. C.

No Real Faith Without Works

FRIDAY. James 1 : 17. "*Faith without Works.*" Had the prodigal on his return appeared at the doorway of his father's house with an evil companion beside him, one with whom he had consorted in the "far country," is it supposable that the hospitality of the old home would have been extended to him? Sin is the seducer of the world. He who courts the hospitality of Heaven must abjure it.

Not a word is said of the subsequent life of the prodigal; but it goes without saying that his former habits were given up. No more wasting of his substance in riotous living; no more habitual indulgence in sin.

This is what is expected of those who enjoy and appreciate the privileges involved in a filial relation with God. Character is the visible test of a Christian profession. "By their fruits ye shall know them." We are saved by faith in Christ; but "faith without works is dead." There is no life, no reality, no truth, nothing in it. D. J. B.

Sanctity and Sanity

SATURDAY. II Tim. 1 : 7. "*For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.*" The idea prevails among people who are not well informed that Christianity commends itself to people who are not of a critical turn of mind. It is amazing, however, to what extent Christianity has controlled men and women of the most acute and comprehensive intellects. It is needless to speak of Paul, one of the really great constructive intellects of the world. Three hundred years later there was Augustine, a mind worthy the respect of the keenest philosopher, who did not accept Christianity until he had thoroughly examined every competing faith.

Among our contemporaries were two men of very different types. One was a soldier, who fought in China and in the Soudan, and who went unarmed into the presence of the bloodthirsty King John of Abyssinia. He was Gordon, who kept a daily half-hour for conversation, not about Christ, but, as he believed, with Christ. The other is an explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, who in his book called "South," in which he relates his search for the South Pole, tells this experience:

"When I look back at those days, I have no doubt Providence guided us, not only across those snowfields, but across the storm-white sea that separates Elephant Island from our landing-place on South Georgia. I know that during that long and racking march of thirty-six hours over unnamed mountains and glaciers, it seemed to me that often we were four, not three. I said nothing to my companions on the point, but afterwards Worsley said to me, 'I had a curious feeling on the march that there was another person with us.' Crean confessed to the same idea. One feels 'the dearth of human words, the roughness of mortal speech' in trying to describe things intangible; but a record of our journeys would be incomplete without a reference to a subject very near to our hearts." C. C. A.

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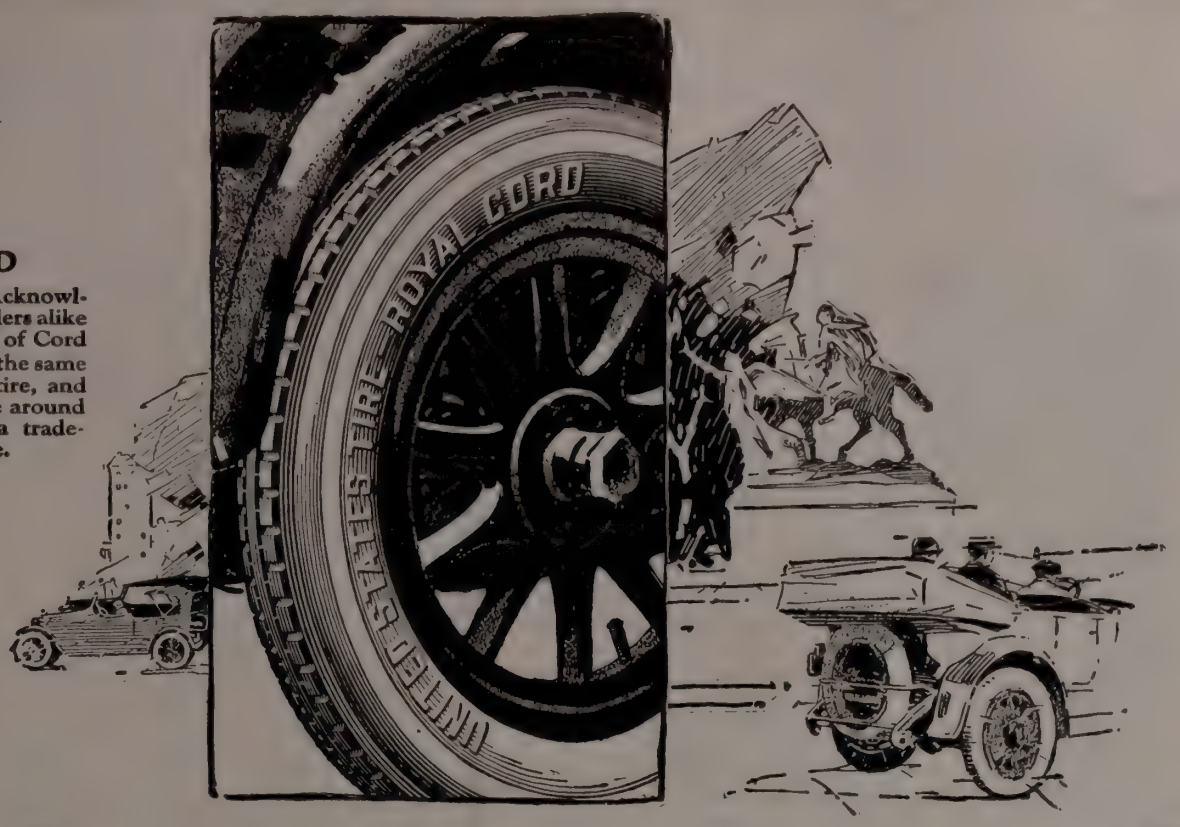

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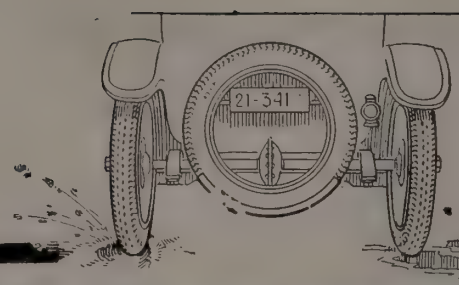

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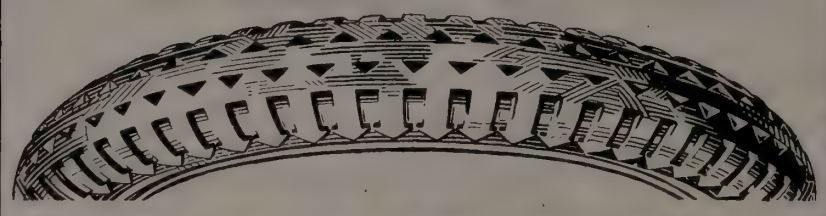

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ALL readers of the Christian Herald are requested to read carefully the special bargain offers now appearing in the Christian Herald.

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Saul Teaching at Antioch

International Sunday-School Lesson for July 31
Acts 11 : 19-30; 12 : 25

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

EXTENSION of the Kingdom of God, rather than of entrance into it, is the work of the individual. We share in the work of Christ, which is to be heralds of the great Evangel. The apostles, by their very name, are those who were called that they might be sent forth to become witnesses in order that souls might be won through Christ unto God. Saul and Barnabas are now found well established in the King's Business. The same is true of others, such as Peter, many disciples and the apostles. Study the record of some of the events as you read from Acts 9 : 31 to the beginning of this lesson. The places named in the opening verse of our lesson indicate how far-reaching was their work.

Antioch will soon become another great center of influence. It need not be called a rival of Jerusalem, for the type of work is quite different. Both Jerusalem and Antioch could rejoice together as the life of Jesus Christ is seen in the lives of men and women. Men from Cyprus and Cyrene are effective preachers to the Greeks. In Antioch and under the blessing of God a great number that believed declared their faith openly in that Godless city on the Orontes. If any city of that day needed the gospel it was Antioch. In "Ben Hur" you will find most picturesque descriptions. At that time the city had a population of 500,000, but today the number is about 28,000. Had Antioch lived up to Saul's teaching the figures would be different. There is a judgment of places as well as of people.

Barnabas was commissioned by the Church at Jerusalem to visit Antioch and help there if possible. God was precious unto Barnabas and He rejoiced to see that Gentiles, too, were believers in Christ, the Son of God. Peter had previously discovered, by revelation, that God was no respecter of persons, and now Barnabas meets the Antiochan situation with a message of exhortation to continue in the faith. This new leadership from Jerusalem became an inspiration: the numbers of believers so increased that additional teachers must be found.

THE Acts of the Apostles, whether in the first century or in the twentieth, brings men and women into prominence. The study of history is always the study of biography. While Paul soon becomes the central figure the companions of this leader should be noted one by one. A very helpful book, now out of print, may be found in some second-hand book stores and is "The Metaphors of St. Paul" and "The Companions of St. Paul," in one volume, by John S. Howson. The chapter on Barnabas is fine. Learn all you can about this "Son of Consolation" by using your concordance, Bible dictionary, etc. Ask some one in the class to prepare a paper concerning this companion of Paul. Both the favorable and unfavorable will be presented in such a character study. It will be remembered that when Saul came to Jerusalem he was not trusted until Barnabas vouched for him. It may have been that Barnabas of Cyprus, and Saul of Tarsus, had known each other or even studied together at Tarsus, the city of the mainland which was only a short sail from Cyprus.

"Great-heart" is a good name for Barnabas. He, too, must decrease as the new teacher becomes known. But when there is need at Antioch for a worthy leader Barnabas goes to Tarsus to hunt up Saul. Three years have probably elapsed since Saul left Jerusalem for his home town. The closest scrutiny of these years does not change the purpose of Barnabas, but rather intensifies him in his purpose to bring Saul to Antioch. If, meanwhile, Saul had wondered if God had forgotten him, or if the Damascus call was unrelated to a mission, the answer is now very clear. Those three years could be classed with the Arabia experience which was studied last week. In fact, Tarsus became his laboratory before the larger work of Kingdom-building began. It is great to be a discoverer. You can also be a Barnabas in that you find those who can be given place of opportunity. A Sunday-school teacher is always a prospector, and often wonderful ability is discovered. Who in your class or Sunday school today can be developed into a world leader for tomorrow? John Mark was another worthy who was discovered by Barnabas, even though he was his nephew. It may be that the world has the Gospel according to Mark just because this young man was not left at Jerusalem when Barnabas and Saul went back to Antioch.

At times people decline to enter into church activity when their sojourn in a certain place is to be limited. They make the excuse: "I am going to be here only a year." Now observe by way of contrast the golden text: "For a *whole year* they were gathered together with the church, and taught much people." A year can be looked at positively as well as negatively. A "whole year" for service! A village can be turned upside down for Jesus Christ in that time. This is a lesson that will be studied when many are on their vacations. Often vacationists have given help and inspiration that have stirred up things in a wonderful way to the glory of God. Religion and its practice covers 365 days in every year and sometimes 366. Those with ability for social leadership are quickly discovered even on a trip across the ocean or in a week or a month at a summer resort, and how hard they work and work others also.

YOU have a name to live and that is the name that was first given to a certain class of people at Antioch—CHRISTIANS. It may not have been in derision. It was certainly a characterizing name, a worthy name. People took knowledge of those in that congregation of believers in Antioch and observed that they were like unto the One of whom they taught. The name was announced and has been given to the same kind of people ever since. Today on the foreign mission field missionaries, because of their lives, are called Jesus-men. This typifying name—Christian—has, during all these centuries, had an enlarging meaning as well as an ever-increasing following. There were only a few of them in Antioch, but now there are about 600,000,000 in the world.

Discuss in your class or think out for yourself what sort of person one should be who is a Christian. Then face the question—"To what extent do I live up to the name by which I call myself?" Do we merely wear the uniform or are we soldiers on actual service?

The prophecy of Jesus is evidenced in continuous experience when He said: "Ye have the poor always with you." Antioch, and in fact all the Gentile-Christian world was ready to respond when they learned through Agabus, Paul, or others that the poor saints at Jerusalem needed help. The newly established churches did not resort to communism but they did recognize the continuing obligation of Christian stewardship. During recent months the three great famine appeals have had a large response. The Christian Herald China Famine Fund has saved many thousands of lives, and the givers are richer rather than poorer by reason of their sharing. Right in this summer time, when you may be on vacation, remember the kiddies in our big cities. The Christian Herald is again ready to be your partner, if you will permit, and use your gift in giving cheer, health and Christian atmosphere to some who are in great need. Your dollars will give blessed outings at the fresh-air home at Mont-Lawn.

Jerry of Justamere Cabin

Continued from page 517

Then I chopped off a lump of my pitch (you know cold pitch is hard and black but breaks quite easily) and threw it into the skillet. I put it on my fire and soon my pitch began to melt and bubble, bubble and melt.

A difficulty came with the application of the pitch to the canoe. You know pitch cools and stiffens so quickly that you scarcely dare take it off the fire to use it.

"The way to do," I explained to Kent, "is to brush a coat of pitch wherever there is a weak spot. Have a strip of canvas cut to the proper size to cover the place. Lay the canvas on the pitch and press it down while still hot. Then brush another layer of pitch over the strip of canvas."

"Fine!" said Kent. "Let's see you do it."

THE first attempt I made the pitch stiffened right out on my brush.

"That's because I forgot to heat the brush," I explained. When I had heated my brush in the pitch I tried again and this time I did manage to spread the pitch on the canoe. But the canvas patch did not stick very well and when I took another brushful of pitch from the skillet to daub on top, I found the stuff was already congealing, though it had been off the fire only a couple of minutes.

"This stuff's worse'n pancakes the way it cools off," I said.

"It surely is," agreed Kent. "Why not use the gasoline torch? I can keep the flame playing on your skillet all the time that you are using the pitch, no matter where you carry it."

That settled it. You know what a gasoline torch is for heat? If a patch cooled before we were ready we let the torch blow on it a couple of seconds and melted the pitch so that it could be set exactly right. We certainly used some pitch on that canoe. It was pretty black.

Of course Kate had to come up just at that anxious moment when we were ready to test our work.

"You run away," I said. "I'd rather you didn't see it until it's all done."

"Don't be so selfish about your old canoe," she said. "I'm just anxious to know if it will float."

I had no doubt that it would float, but Kent thought it would be well to let it stand over night before putting it in the water, so Kate's interest was not rewarded.

It was nearly supper time, but just then I saw Mr. Persmann going to his cottage. I dodged quietly away from the others and followed him to the cottage. It was daylight now and I must take a look at that boy who lived with him.

But I met a great disappointment. The person in the house ran out to meet him. The last rays of the sun lit up the porch. I could see everything beyond any deception.

Smash went my theories. The boy at Persmann's was a girl!

CHAPTER IV

RIGHT after breakfast we were ready to test the canoe. I felt so good about the prospect that I was willing to forgive Kate for being so superior, and allow her to come with us.

We watched the canoe anxiously as it touched the water. It slid gently in at a light push and gradually it lay upon the lake in its full, graceful length. And not a drop of water came through—not a single drop!

I got in to see if my weight would open up any leaks. Not one.

Then Kent got in. Still not a leak. Then, to be really generous, I invited Kate to get in. Would you believe it, that girl wouldn't come. She stood on the dock and spouted a defiant refusal in verse.

"Come on, Kate," I urged. "I'm sorry I hurt your feelings."

"Being sorry isn't enough. I know, from what you said, how you really feel. I know that you dislike to have me as much as look at your old canoe. So I won't come."

"You needn't be so sore, Kate," I said in desperation. "I'm willing you should do anything you like with the canoe. Come along and I'll just give you my share."

"Will you, too, Kent?" she asked.

Kent never can refuse her anything.

"I reckon so," he said. "But I'll have to use it sometimes."

So then she came as nice as anything and got in the middle of the canoe. And even then, carrying three of us, it was tight as a drum.

"It's just grand," said Kate "and I heard father and mother agree last night that since you boys have done all the work it should be your canoe. And now you've each given me your shares, so it is all mine. Isn't that lovely?"

I could very nearly have hollered, but I held in and said never a word. Afterwards I was most awfully glad of it. This is what happened. At dinner there was a note under my plate. It was from Kate:

"Jerry, the canoe is all yours. I have teased you a lot, but you're a real sport. Run down and see it now.—KATE."

I ran down to the dock. There it was. On the bow was painted "Invincible II" in large letters, and underneath, "Jerry King." No one could paint letters as nicely as Kate. It had not occurred to her that the canoe still had to be painted.

THE first thing I did with that canoe was to attempt a service for Major Bassel. I paddled up the little creek to the boat-landing that served Persmann for his cottage. I wanted to discover the fate of the original Invincible, and I wanted to find more about that girl.

The little creek wound around in and out so that it was a much longer journey by boat than by the road, but finally I reached the landing. There was no sign of a boat of any kind. A few feet from the landing stood a large barn. It had two windows, but they were high up and the doors were closed.

I was just starting to see if the doors were locked when the bark of a dog caused me to run back to the safety of my canoe. I am a great respecter of dogs, although, of course, I'm not afraid of them. My inclination was to paddle back, but I had not seen a thing of the girl yet, and I remembered how the Major said that the reason that he made good in the war was because when he feared anything he just had to go forward to prove to himself that he wasn't afraid, so I took a paddle along for company and started to the house.

I saw the dog in a minute. He was standing beneath the porch barking and wagging his tail simultaneously. That didn't look very vicious, so I laid my paddle aside and began to get acquainted. It was an easy job, for the dog came right up and began to lick my face as soon as I gave him any encouragement.

The door opened suddenly and there stood the girl.

"Take the dog away with you," she requested. "He's a good dog, but my uncle doesn't like him. He says he'll kill him if he stays around here."

"Kill a nice, young collie like that!" I exclaimed.

"That's what he says and I'm afraid he'll do it. You take him."

"I'll be glad of the chance," said I. "And I'll take good care of him, too."

THE dog followed me into the canoe without any trouble and I had almost reached our dock before I remembered that I had asked no questions about the boat, nor about the girl's supposed brother. I would have gone back but I was anxious to show my dog to Kent and Kate.

Kate was so ecstatic over the collie that I began to be afraid I might have to give him to her. Kent was more critical.

"Nice enough pup," he agreed. "But a collie's no good unless he is properly trained."

"I'll train him," I said.

"What do you know about training a collie?" asked Kent.

I made no answer. I knew what I meant but I could not have told it even to the Major. I had never known a mother. I had never had a sister. I

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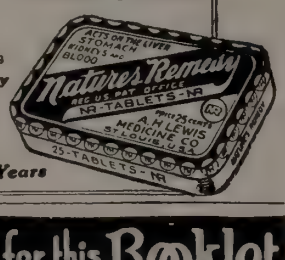

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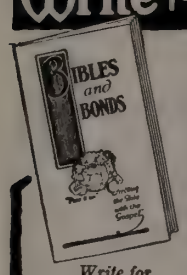

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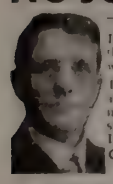

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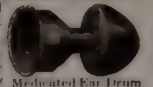

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had never had a brother. I had never even had a dog in all my life. The training that collie would get from me would do just one thing. It would make him follow me through everything. That was all that I wanted him to learn. He began it that night, and I slept the sounder for the knowledge that there slept on the floor beneath my cot, my own faithful dog.

Kent and I always began the morning with a swim. We had done it every day since that first exciting morning and I had reached the place where it was real swimming now. But this morning I was thinking all the time of a chance to break away and get back to the Persmann cottage. That place seemed to have a tremendous attraction for me.

I was going right after breakfast, but Kent held me again. He wanted to play "burn-up." Playing burn-up with Kent is no joke. You know you take a ball and shoot it back and forth just as hot as you can and as swift as you can and see which fellow holds out best. My hands were all red and stingy in a short time, so when Kent was called away for a minute I slipped the ball in my pocket and off I went into the woods.

I had been reading an old copy of "Huckleberry Finn" and it had given me an idea about that girl which I was very keen to try out.

WHEN I got close to the cottage I whistled, and after the girl had looked through the window to see who was there, she came out.

"Hullo!" I hollered. "Catch this!"

I took the baseball out of my pocket and threw it at her the way I had been throwing at Kent. She caught it and threw it back to me.

"Want to play 'burn-up'?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

Then she thought a minute, and said, "No. Girls don't play that kind of game. I wish I had a good book to read."

I guess she saw the book sticking out of my pocket. I handed it to her and once more I went off without making inquiries about the lost boat. I wanted to think. She wouldn't play "burn-up" because it wasn't a girl's game. But when she caught that ball and threw it back she had said plenty. Girls don't throw that way. I had thought something was wrong all the time. Now I was nearly sure that girl was really a boy!

I found Kent and Kate at an old place that lay back in the woods some distance from everywhere, which we called the deserted cabin. It had been built by a club member who wanted to be a hermit. But he had not found hermiting just what he had anticipated and so the little old place had been deserted for years Kate had taken possession. I had helped fix the roof and tinker up the door hinges, so had declared it to be part mine.

Kate was so excited by my story that she actually forgot to make a rhyme, but she was not convinced in a minute

"Throw your ball to me, Jerry. Come outside and throw it real hard."

I threw as hard as I could, and when I caught the return ball it stung my palms. She caught and threw exactly like a boy

"But there were other things," I insisted. "It wasn't only the ball. The first thing I noticed was that he walked and ran so funny for a girl. Then there was his voice, and he wanted to read boy's books, and everything."

"I guess it's all true," said Kent. "But what I'm trying to show you is that it wouldn't be enough proof for father to act on. He might ask Persmann about the boy. All the good that would do would be to put him on his guard."

"But what shall we do?"

"Take things into our own hands," said Kate, savagely "We'll have to get hold of that boy-girl or girl-boy in some way. Why not kidnap him and bring him up here to the deserted cottage?"

"And what good would that do us?" asked Kent, who always wants to know what is to follow before he does anything.

"What good? We can make him own up to the truth."

"Well?"

"Well! What more do we want? If he tells the truth, won't that clear up the mystery of the missing bonds and papers?"

"Perhaps it will," Kent admitted.

"Of course it will," I insisted. "For a fellow supposed to have something under his hat, you often make me wonder."

I WAS not so very keen on this kidnapping job. It wouldn't be a bit easy. There were two of us, three if you counted Kate, but the thing had to be done in broad daylight, while Persmann was away from home, and without any disturbance.

Perhaps you have tried to be a kidnapper at some time, tried to take a fellow some place he didn't want to go by main force. If he tries to resist, the advantage is all with the resiter. He can wrap himself around things so that he seems like an advertisement for liquid glue. He can get under beds or tables. He can make it almost impossible to get him through a door. He can shout and quite likely he can bite.

"We'll have to steal up on that boy when he's taking a nap, put a gag in his mouth and tie his hands and feet, or he'll rouse everybody on the club grounds," I said, thinking things over.

"He'll be a good weight to carry up here, at that," said Kent.

"Who said we could carry him?" objected Kate. "I just wonder sometimes if those pompadours you boys are raising sap your brain-power. We will get that boy up here walking on his own feet and coming very quietly, if not stealthily. We will use strategy."

"Oh! That's different," said Kent. "If Kate's going to apply some of her strategy, I quit. I'm entirely out of it. I remember—"

"That'll do, Kent Bassel." Kate's voice was almost at the breaking point. "I want you to remember that this is serious and sacred. It's for father. It's an effort to clear away the cloud in his life that is making him so solemn and old and serious."

Old folks may smile and think we were being very tragic over nothing, but to us this was just as serious as Kate's breaking voice indicated.

AFTER all Kate's strategy was simple enough. Collie had a thorn in his paw. I was to urge his ex-master to come to the cottage to look at him. The boy needed no great urging, for he was wild to get away from the desolation and confinement of the Persmann cottage. It was not until he had crossed the threshold of the deserted cottage and begun his examination of Collie's paw that Kent showed himself. The boy knew him at once.

"You are Mr. Bassel's son," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"I might better ask what you are doing, dressed up in girl's clothes," said Kent "I know you Your name is Harold Persmann When my father was in the same office with Mr Persmann, you were there doing some kind of office-boy work."

The boy hesitated a moment.

"Well, I didn't tell you who I was, did I? You just found out."

"That's it. We just found out."

"I'm glad you did. I promised Mr Persmann I wouldn't tell, and I didn't. But I'm mighty glad to get the thing found out by somebody, so I can quit playing girl and be natural again."

"But why should you be playing girl?"

"Just to oblige Mr. Persmann. He asked me to do it. He explained that I was supposed to be down South, and that he would get into trouble if it were known that he had brought me up here. At first I thought it a kind of a lark, but I've been tired of it for a long time."

"Do you like your uncle, Mr. Persmann, very much," I asked.

"Mr. Persmann isn't really my uncle. He is a step-brother of my father. And I don't see what difference it makes to you if I like him or not."

"It does make a difference. The question is how much we dare tell you."

"If it will do any good to say so, I don't like him at all. I never did like him. But I'm an orphan. My sister and I would be paupers only he took enough care of us to keep us from starving. And he did it because he is my father's step-brother—no real relation at all. So I ought to like him."

"I'm glad Mr. Persmann's been nice to you," said Kate. "I'm afraid we haven't given him credit for being kind to anyone."

"But he hasn't been nice and he isn't nice," demurred Harold. "Most of the time he is downright mean."

"Well, Harold Persmann, you remember my father?"

"Mr. Bassel? Oh, yes, very well. He was one who really was good to me. I liked him fine."

"And do you remember when he went away to war?"

"Yes, I was in the office then. He got a telegram and went right off."

"And do you remember his getting a package of valuable papers that morning, and what he did with them?"

We waited breathlessly for the reply that would mean so much, for no one could doubt that Harold Persmann was telling the truth.

"No!" he said, and a great cloud settled down upon us. "No, I don't remember anything special that he did that morning. I feel very sure that he didn't give anything of the kind to me to deliver to anyone, or if he did, he said nothing about their value. He might have given them to some other person right before my eyes and I not remember it."

I glanced at Kent and Kate. Funeral mutes could not have looked gloomier.

"We were so hopeful that you would remember something about those papers," said Kate. "It would mean so much to my father. Won't you try hard to remember? Please try."

To be continued

Scrapping the Human Scrap Heap

Continued from page 516

The matter will doubtless long be a moot question. The fact remains, however, that the expenditure of a relatively small sum results in a tremendous gain, financially and otherwise, to the state.

To create and maintain this new Bureau of Rehabilitation, the Pennsylvania legislature appropriated $100,000 to cover all expenses for two years. That means $50,000 a year. With the initial $50,000, the machinery of the Bureau has been created, and 750 persons so benefited that it is believed they will create, on the average, $1,000 more value apiece than they could have created without the help so rendered. In other words, the expenditure of this initial $50,000 has resulted in an increased industrial production valued at $750,000. With the Bureau now actually created, with the results of its first year of experiments to build on, it is wholly reasonable to suppose that subsequent years will see a relatively greater return from each dollar appropriated.

Every step upward, in whatever field of life, has always been taken in the face of obstacles and objectors. From a purely theoretical point of view, perhaps, one may question the right to spend public money for private benefits. From the point of view of making a better state and a better citizenry, the expenditure is wholly justified. Ultimately that becomes the norm by which we judge all legislation. And that is a proper standard. For, just as a proper government derives its powers from the consent of the governed, so the object of government should always be to minister to the welfare of the governed.

The human scrap heap has long been one of the reproaches to civilization. By scrapping the scrap heap, government will take another long step upward.

AMERICAN manufacturers who are planning to establish trade in agricultural instruments with China should paint their plows red and letter them with a Chinese name, according to Dr. Reisner, of Nanking University. Many of the plows now sent over are blue, but the Chinese has his own ideas regarding color schemes, and will deal only with manufacturers who meet his specifications.

Young People's Topics for July 31

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

The Sacredness of Music and Song

E. L. Psa. 100 : 1-5; I Chron. 15 : 16, Ex. 15 : 1-9

MUSIC had the sanction of holy men in Bible times and music has had the sanction of the Church since. The subject is one that will need much history reading to do it justice, but to the student of music as well as the student in general such a study will lead into many a pleasant path. More than half a million hymns have been written in the more than two hundred languages and dialects in which Christianity is preached. Hymns are the Christian's marching songs which make for the martial spirit in the fight of faith and put courage into faint hearts. Hymns also contain a body of theology and of doctrine that teaches as much as the written prose and spoken word of the press and pulpit.

Scarcely a hymn that has not been based on the religious experience of its composer. Fortunately these great stories of our famous hymns are finding their way into print. A very good book on the subject is "Modern Messages from Great Hymns" by Robert Elmer Smith, published by the Abingdon Press. Our young men and women should read that book and others, for a knowledge of the meaning of the hymns they sing and for the spiritual truths they contain. The hymn book is neglected. The Epworth League can do much toward a revival of interest in the songs of the faith. Make this evening a hymn night. Invite your pastor to explain the hymns. Have everybody sing. It will be an evening of great inspiration and profit.

The Influence of the Bible on Literature, Art, Music and Law

B. Y. P. U. Psa. 19 : 1-14

NOTHING worth-while has ever been written, painted, sung, or thought that is not based on the Bible. The Bible is the maker of progress and civilization, the inspiration of all that is noble, the creator of all that is good. Destroy, if that were possible, every copy of the Bible in existence and you would be reminded on every hand of the existence of that Bible in literature, art, music law and every boon and blessing of the age.

"Wherever it (the Bible) comes it ennobles and enriches human life, opens common sources of consolation and cheer, helps men to understand and respect one another, gives a loftier tone to philosophy, a deeper meaning to history and a purer light to poetry."—*Henry Van Dyke.*

"Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ,
I might despair."—*Tennyson.*

"My only hope for the world is bringing the human mind into contact with Divine Revelation."—*Gladstone.*

Enrich this meeting by having the members recount some instance wherein the Bible has been an influence. Illustrations are not difficult to find, but the gold needs mining. This is a challenge to the young people as to their reading and knowledge in general. An excellent book in connection with this topic is "The Fascination of the Book" by Edgar Whittaker Work. Every verse of the Scripture reference is helpful in studying this topic, for it is a running commentary on the theme.

Christian Progress Among the Indians

C. E. Isa. 61 : 1-9
(Home Missionary Meeting)

THERE are 336,000 Indians in America. Only 75,000 of them can read and write and less than 100,000 even speak English, we are told. For some reason or another, which we may as well call indifference, the church has neglected the "first families" of our country. We may make our boast of ancestry coming over in the Mayflower but let us not forget that the Indian was on the reception committee.

Although neglected, he is not any more neglected than other groups in the home mission field. But like these other groups the Indian is not wholly neglected. We are thankful that pioneer work has been done. All of the denominations are doing something, but not all the denominations are doing all they can do. If the young men and women of today are looking for a life of thrills and adventures let them read the life of David Brained, who began as far back as 1744 to blaze a trail to the heart of the Indian and follow in his footsteps. Much good work is being accomplished on the Blackfeet Reservation where there are schools and industrial classes for old and young. The value of the church property is about $100,000.

But there are star-distances between what has been accomplished and that which needs to be done. The Indian is responsive and the government is ready to assist. Both depend on our determination to enter into this very important and picturesque field of ministry and service.

Our Mail-Bag

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

SEVERAL Readers. We receive many letters calling for explanations of Bible questions dealing with life, death, conversion and a very large number of problems which have been discussed at different times in the Mail-Bag in recent years. For the convenience of our readers generally, we have prepared two handy volumes of "Difficult Bible Questions Answered," in which 1,000 subjects are dealt with, and the whole range of leading commentators and distinguished Bible authorities is drawn upon to furnish the latest and most conclusive information on practically all of the "hard knots" and difficult passages that are encountered by Bible readers. We would counsel all who are interested in having accurate information, readily available, on the widest range of religious questions, to procure these two volumes. They can be obtained through the Book Department, Christian Herald, New York.

Subscriber. Machphelah, the plot of ground which Abraham bought from Ephron the Hittite, is located at Hebron. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with their wives, Sarah, Rebekah and Leah, are mentioned in Gen. 23 : 19; 25 : 9 and 49 : 30. This was the earliest sepulchre of the patriarchs. It has been visited and described by many travelers of note. Former United States Ambassador Henry Morgenthau, in a recent article, writes of it: "In 1914 I visited the famous caves of Machpelah, twenty miles from Jerusalem and there saw the authentic tombs of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob."

H. J. R., Ossining, N. Y. The passage in Col. 1 : 15 is interpreted to mean that while the first Adam was made in the image of God, as to his dispositions, temperaments and desires, the second Adam (Jesus Christ) much more perfectly reflected visibly the "invisible God," whose glories the first Adam represented only in part, while Jesus was God incarnate.

F. R., Bay City, Mich., writes: "Can you tell me who it was that wrote: 'If the war broke all the china in our fine houses and nothing else, it would not last a week?"

It is from Ruskin's address on War, written over fifty years ago and incorporated in his book, "The Crown of Wild Olive." The passage runs: "Now, I tell you women just this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasant's houses, and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries could last a week. I tell you more, that at whatever moment you choose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner.'

I. R. P., Wallace, Mo. and F. M. B., Caldwell, Ida. The passages in Rom. 9 chapter to which you refer, are part of Paul's argument showing that God, in his righteous sovereignty, has the power to carry out his purposes according to His divine will, and yet absolutely without injustice, as with Him there can be no unrighteousness, but all His purposes work in the line of love and mercy.

W. M. C., Wilmington, N. C. writes: "Apropos to your editorial, 'Young Souls Neglected,' let me tell you that there is at least one of the States (perhaps several) that forbids the Bible in the public schools, but requires it in the penitentiary. Starting at the wrong end and at the wrong time!"

E. M. B., Alesia, Md., writes: "Some time ago I read in your paper that someone had objected to your page 'Our Sunday Service at Home.' Now, I want to say, please keep it up, for there are those, myself included, who if they could not read a sermon, would never enjoy one. I have not been able to hear for years. People who would let the paper keep them home from church would not go anyway."

N. F. B., Chicago. Pray for stronger faith, always remembering that according to your faith so shall ye receive. We have sent your letter to the Prayer League.

M. H., Lake Forest, Ill. The discussion of immortality is "the great quest" of the human race. It was the gift of God to man, conditioned upon obedience, and was forfeited when he transgressed. With the coming of Christ, Who "brought life and immortality to light," the way to regain it was opened to all who accept Him as Redeemer and Saviour. "Whosoever believeth in Him" we are assured, shall not perish, but have eternal life.

R. S., Louisville, Ky. President Harding has set a very good example in declining to play golf on the Lord's Day, greatly as he loves the game. It ought to cheer us, as we see Sabbath desecration so prevalent all around us, to know that the "first gentleman in the land" has the moral courage to set his foot down against the golf club as a Sunday familiar. We may hope that his attitude will influence many others to honor the day of rest.

E. F. C., Vineland, N. J. The passage relative to the "times of restitution" referred to in Acts 3 . 31, has been greatly discussed by Bible authorities. Some hold that it implies a time of restoration to pristine spiritual and social conditions, or a general change to a better state, others believe that Peter had in mind the time when all the prophetical announcements whould be accomplished, including the inbringing of the Kingdom, and the world-wide spread of the Gospel.

J. J. B., Jersey City, writes: "We passed through an exciting time in this burg of ours during the prize-fight week. Although I didn't care to go there myself, I know several who did, and who sat in the big stadium till the greatest show on earth was through. And what does it all amount to now that it's over? Just this: that some 90,000, including several thousand women, passed in their money to see a 30-minute fist fight. One of my acquaintances who saw the whole show says that he was strongly reminded of the old lines:

"Wherever God sets up a house of prayer,
The devil s sure to have a chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the larger congregation!

"Can you please tell me who wrote that verse?"

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Turning Jungle Giants into Church Pillars

African Missionaries and Their Converts Often Must Be Their Own Architects and Builders

The villagers sawing the big tree into timbers by arm power.

After felling the jungle giant.

Here you see the completed church structure.

All the men of the village help in the erection of the building, and while it may not be up to the standard of American church architecture it serves its purpose well and is all their own.

Men on one side, women on the other, this African congregation worships in the church it has constructed with a devotion which repays all the missionary's efforts.

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(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
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·GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER·

The Galilee Maru, the evangelistic launch on Lake Biwa, one of the numerous missionary activities of Mr. Vories' remarkable organization

A "Won't Work" Company

But This Missionary Enterprise in Japan Really Does Work

The Company

By WILLIAM MERRELL VORIES

"BUSINESS is business" affirm our good friends whose consciences are trained to one set of rules for home and church and another for the office and the shop. That the utopian theories of dreamers "*won't work*" in the business and professional world is the excuse for sweat shop, slum, and the labor-capital unrest.

Ten years ago in rural Japan an experiment was begun in the demonstration of Christian principles in business. The need for architectural services in connection with the many building operations of all mission bodies in the Empire became apparent. The beginnings of an interior mission demanded support, and the founder's having architectural training pointed to that means as meeting the two needs.

But the canons of precedent and the dictates of conservatives proclaimed the impossibility of achieving success in a country town. At least the earning department of the mission, the professional company, must be located in the Capital!

However, in the face of the cold water of "*won't work*" prophecies, the company opened an office in the extreme "*inaka*" (backwoods), and while it was at it, made its whole program "impossible." For instance, with pressing needs to earn financial support for its Mission and with the early clients clamoring for quick service, the drafting-room was provided with no artificial lighting facilities. Night work for the employees was thus made not only against the rules but an impossibility. The eyes of the men were put above the no-es of the clients! A tennis court was provided and working hours adjusted to permit daily exercise. Exercise became a *required* subject. Health and happiness are not only an important part of life, but are good for business. Besides Sunday rest, Saturday afternoons were made holidays.

In Japan Sunday is free only to schools and government offices. Local companies predicted speedy failure to a business so desultory as to lie idle a whole day each week. We replied that the men who do the work of the world are even more entitled to rest periods than those who ornament the cushioned chairs of officialdom. So it became part of the company's specifications that no Sunday work be permitted upon the premises of any of the buildings it has planned and is superintending—even by contractors and workmen without conviction or practice regarding Sunday-rest.

It has been impressive to observe the effects of this "un-workable" attempt to "hurry the East." Some contractors have been won to the practice, even on jobs not under our control, and several prominent clients who had no scruples on the point, but were in great haste about their buildings, have yielded rather than lose our services; and some of these have become advocates of this and other considerations for workmen through this experience.

Another "won't-work" principle was part of

Continued on page 532

Japanese typewriter in the company's offices. It writes 3,200 characters!

In the drafting-room, where the entire force assembles each morning to start the day's work with prayer

The Man

By C. E. WRIGHT

WILLIAM MERRELL VORIES, "the missionary architect of Lake Biwa," is looked upon as one of the wonder-workers of Japan, and his work in establishing an independent and undenominational mission at Hachiman, Province of Omi, on the shores of Lake Biwa, as one of the most remarkable accomplishments of missionary history.

Almost single-handed he fought the opposition of Buddhism and Shintoism. He supported his mission, first as a teacher of English in the Hachiman Government school, and when that position was taken from him, by working as an architect for the Japan Y. M. C. A. and the missions of Protestant churches. Thus he became known as "the missionary architect of Lake Biwa."

This is Vories' story:

A number of years ago he was a student in Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo. To help pay his way through school he served during his spare hours as assistant secretary of the Colorado Springs Y. M. C. A.

As a student he showed marked interest and unusual aptitude for architecture, and he later became assistant to the president of the college in supervising the construction work on several college buildings.

Before he had finished his college course, Vories enlisted as a student volunteer for foreign missions. He had expressed certain ideas as to the type of work he preferred. He wished to be sent to some neglected portion of the globe to begin a pioneer mission, and, if possible, to earn his own living rather than to be paid a salary for his services.

His opportunity came in 1905 when he set sail for Japan under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. to become a teacher of English in the Government commercial schools of Hachiman, knowing little of the area to which he went.

When he arrived in Tokyo he went to the National headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. to find out something about his future field of labor. They told him that the province of Omi was an inland division, cut off by a girdle of mountains and isolated from foreign contact, that it was conservative to an extreme degree, and in the belt of the last stronghold of the once all-powerful Buddhists.

"The common people," he was told, "you will find priest-ridden almost beyond approach; the students and teachers of your school, being educated out of the superstitious forms of Buddhism, will be either indifferently agnostic or openly opposed to all religion. You will find nothing prepared for you, but everything against you. You will have three-quarters of a million people all to yourself. Do not be discouraged if, inside of two years, you can see no results in the missionary part of your work."

Vories was almost overcome when he reached Hachiman by the acute realization of the tremendous odds against him. "I

felt that I literally faced 800,000 hostile beings without even the means of communicating with them," he writes. "Fortunately I had spent my last dollar and had even borrowed money to take me there, so there was no means of escape."

Vories had a two-year contract as an English teacher, with the understanding that he would be permitted to teach Bible classes in his leisure time, so long as he refrained from mentioning religion in the class-rooms.

He first attracted the Japanese students to him by teaching them American games. Dominoes, flinch and ping-pong became so popular that when Vories asked a number of his students if they would join a Bible class they replied that if that was another kind of American game they would surely be there.

In two years, Vories had converted a class of boys to Christianity and had built, out of his own earnings as a teacher, supplemented by a few donations, a hostel which housed sixteen boys, removing them from the immoral environment of the Japanese boarding-house.

The priests of Buddhism must have watched with amazement the strides which Vories made in planting the seeds of Christianity in Omi. They exerted their powerful influence against him, and when his contract as a teacher had expired, he was informed that it would not be renewed.

With real American spirit, Vories replied that although he had not a dollar to his name, he could not be driven out of Hachiman and would stay to complete the work he had started.

His record since then has been one of unceasing activity. He first mobilized the Japanese students into an organization which is conducting social service work on a broad scale. With no income of his own to keep the mission work going he set out to find something that he could do to bring in money.

His natural talent for architecture led him to seek work of that character and he obtained several temporary jobs supervising the construction of Y. M. C. A. buildings in the different cities of Japan. Later he drew the plans himself for Y. M. C. A. buildings and the publicity which this work won for him brought other jobs, such as planning and building mission structures, colleges, schools and homes for missionaries and teachers.

A tennis court is part of the equipment, and working hours are adjusted so as to permit of daily exercise

FROM the architectural work grew an organization with several branches. Vories wanted to do something to help the farmers of Omi, who constitute the majority of the population. So he established an experimental farm, where the latest methods in agriculture are taught.

He wanted to reach the people on the opposite side of Lake Biwa with the Gospel. There were no railroad connections, so he built a motor cruiser and named it the "Galilee Maru." The boat now makes regular trips to carry the teachings of Christ up and down the 40-mile lake.

Vories saw many of the best of the Japanese teachers being carried away by tuberculosis. The Government was doing little or nothing to combat the plague. With the help of philanthropic friends he established a tuberculosis sanitarium, where the latest methods for fighting tuberculosis are being adopted.

Some of the missionary results which Vories and his faithful band of followers have accomplished are remarkable. He has revolutionized life in the village of Noda, which was formerly notorious for having produced more law-breakers than any other village in the province; he established the first Y. M. C. A. in the province in the village of Adzuchi, a stronghold of Buddhism; he built a rest-house by the side of a main road, where farmers while resting could read of Christian teachings; and he has started two Y. M. C. A. organizations for railroad men.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Vories is the way in which he has attracted the services of young Japanese, some of whom have given up good positions. There are seventeen Japanese and five Americans assisting Vories in his work. They all serve practically without pay.

They have all enlisted for a well defined four-fold purpose—first, the evangelization and reformation of the 700,000 people of Omi; second, the testing of new methods of mission endeavor with the object of contributing to the efficiency of all mission work in Japan; third, the demonstration of the possibility of rural evangelization and its importance in securing the type of convert fitted for leadership, in contrast to the former mission policy of concentrating upon mission work; and, fourth, the demonstration of the efficiency of non-sectarian united effort.

The Company

Continued from page 531

the foundation of our company—that it be a non-profit concern. However much or little be earned by our work the members of the partnership are not to be enriched. They as well as the youngest draftsmen are provided but modest allowances for actual living expenses, and all profits go to the support of a mission to an interior district unoccupied by other missions. General evangelistic work, medical work (including a Sanitarium), social work (including Y.M.C.A.'s), and industrial work are supported by this "won't work" company. So it becomes evident that the title does not refer to *idleness* on the part of the institution!

Here we find a company which assembles all its force each morning for prayer, before beginning the day's work. This unbusinesslike proceeding is, however, not so strange in view of the other peculiarities already mentioned.

Finally, this company caps the climax by employing a good many unfit workers. From years ago it has taken on men without previous training or experience; men who did not want to work; men who had failed in other occupations, or—worse—in character! Here is the height of won't-work-ableness. Yet, strange to say, from these wrecks and prodigals have come industrious, capable, clean, efficient workmen—outclassing technical school graduates taken in on trial! In fact, the company's drafting-room has become a sort of training school, and in it have developed not only draftsmen but even evangelistic workers for the Mission!

Why?—Because the fundamental basis has been demonstration vs. preachment. Because the leaders have ventured to experiment in Christian principles applied without limit of human "possible."

How?—First of all, by the help of God. Nothing else can account for the positive success in the face of "unworkable" practices. Second, by Christian Democracy. Partners and employees, Japanese and Americans, old and young, catch the *esprit de corps* and the freedom from race prejudice which make for unity and push. It has been known to happen that an officer of the company and a beginning youth engaged in friendly "rough-house" within the sacred precints of the office building. Alas for discipline! Yes; but discipline is not needed among brothers engaged in a common task—I mean, the ancient idea of discipline in which one must be master and the rest slaves or all will loaf on the job! Third, by a compelling purpose; a common aim, toward which all strive with devotion. Each man comes to feel that his work is a trust, a Divine "call," as much as more "direct" mission work.

So it has come about that the "won't work" company works rather phenomenally well. The personnel of the workers, the objective of their efforts, their professional experience and careful service, and the confidence built up by years of achievement serve to draw increasing patronage, from all quarters of the Empire, to the impossible country town; so that the company frequently has fifty different buildings under its charge at one time. And why not?

A prominent nobleman of the Capital recently put the matter very well. He was asking the "won't work" company to undertake the planning of an important building for him, and in the course of the interview asked the usual question: "Why didn't you locate your headquarters in Tokyo?" Upon being informed of our reason, he replied, "Well, it is better to be summoned to the Capital than to push in, anyway!"

Somewhere Around the Corner

There's Usually a Bit of Inspiration and Good Cheer to Be Found

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I'M SITTING here at my desk wondering what I'll write about. For it's a very warm day—so warm that my pen feels sticky between my fingers—and I'm just a bit tired from walking on hard pavements under the glare of the summer sun. I'm sitting here—quite alone—and it's ever so hard to think of the words that I want to write.

From somewhere, around the corner, comes the music of a hand organ—a hurdy-gurdy. It's grinding out a tune, a rather light little tune that isn't too much out of key to be suggestive of falling water, and the wind in the tree-tops, and softly floating clouds. I can't see the man who is playing the hurdy-gurdy, but my imagination paints him as a thin, stooped figure with a quick, wistful smile and a lean, dark face. I wonder if the music that he makes—music that is tuneful, though crude—is helping him to see the same pleasant visions that I am seeing? I wonder if he, too, can hear the falling water and the wind in the tree-tops? I wonder if he can pretend that the gray sky of the city is wreathed with clouds?

Perhaps the music that the hurdy-gurdy man makes is just a matter of business—a wearisome matter of business—to him. Perhaps he says, as he grinds away at his machine:

"When I've turned my hand around, four more times, this tune will stop. And then I'll press a button and begin to grind out another one. And after that there'll be another one and another. And then I'll be back at the place that I started from!"

Perhaps the hurdy-gurdy man thinks tired thoughts, like these. And perhaps he doesn't think anything at all; perhaps he just grinds away, in a detached, vacant manner. But I like to think that there is something absorbing—something interesting—about every sort of work. And I hope that the hurdy-gurdy man gets his share of interest—and even fun—out of his hand organ.

FUN? But, of course. You, who have lived in cities have seen the little children come out of doorways and alleys and side-streets to frolic to the music that the hurdy-gurdy man makes. They come with bare legs dancing, and whispy skirts a-flutter—they come eagerly, as moths dart to the candle flame! Only the candle flame is very apt to hurt the moths and I don't think that music—even when it's a bit out of tune—can harm little children.

It's when the children come and group themselves around his hand organ that the hurdy-gurdy man (if he's a nice man) enjoys himself. For it's then that he's being appreciated—it's then that he's giving pleasure. Grown-ups may laugh at the music of a hurdy-gurdy—some, who have forgotten their childhood, may even sneer at it. But children don't laugh (except in the very kindest way) and they have never learned to sneer. They just have the best sort of a time, accepting whole-heartedly the gift that the hurdy-gurdy man so willingly gives.

The tune has changed now . . . and the hurdy-gurdy is still somewhere around the corner. It's an almost forgotten song that I'm hearing, a song that will make tears come to old eyes, perhaps—a song that will make young hands clasp the tighter.

An almost forgotten song—so ancient that few foreign-born hurdy-gurdy men would know the words of it. And yet almost any hurdy-gurdy man—if he had an understanding soul—could catch its spirit.

The song has stopped now. And, though I wait ever so patiently, no new song is starting. The organ man has left his place, somewhere around the corner—he and his music have gone abruptly out of my life. I hope he didn't go away because somebody told him that his music was a trifle out of tune—I hope that he didn't go away because no one smiled at him, or gave him a coin. I hope he went away because he wanted to give his songs to as many folk as possible!

I started to write without an idea—I even admitted the fact to you all! I was warm and a bit tired. And then, quite unseen, a hurdy-gurdy man began to play—and, by playing, taught me a lesson. This is the lesson that he taught me:

It doesn't matter how tired we are, or how warm, or how really empty our minds may be. It doesn't matter whether we're country people or city folk. It doesn't matter whether we're blasé—ultra-sophisticated—or whether we're all eager with life and the sheer romance of living. Nothing matters, in this lesson that the hurdy-gurdy man taught me, except just this—*that there's usually a bit of inspiration and good cheer somewhere around the corner.* All we've got to do is to look for it—and sometimes all we have to do is to listen to it, as I did! And sometimes—most marvelous fact of all—it will come to us, quite of its own volition, from out of an unexpected hiding-place!

"Come-Unity" Church Work in Action

How It Is Made Effective in a "Four-in-One" Congregation

By W. O. BENTHIN

(In charge of the United Church, Upper Hood River Valley, Parkdale, Ore.)

WHILE ecclesiastical councils are trying to devise means by which Church Union may be effected on a large scale, there are many places in which it already is in effect—and successfully—on a small scale. We believe our church at Parkdale, Ore., is one of those which is showing what may be accomplished by church union and community work even in difficult circumstances.

We have a "four-in-one" proposition, that is, our church is one undivided body, but is housed at four different places, miles from each other. We operate on the community plan in that we seek to serve all and minister to the people of all denominations in the settlement.

Our Sunday-school enrollment exceeds the enrollment in our day schools. A year ago we reported 164 pupils in Bible study; this year we report 310. Last year we had two Sunday-school branches; this year we have four, each in connection with preaching services. The Sunday-school missionary was invited in to help the minister work up these remote but needy districts adjoining the established work, and by team-work in visiting, organizing and preaching in six months each of these outlying districts had not only a busy Sunday school but encouraging church services. In one of the centers the people meet in a schoolhouse; in the other, at a private house.

Besides Sunday meetings these two Sunday schools have provided the people with wholesome social life. Through the long winter months when the time hung heavily each of these places had Friday evening gatherings for the entire vicinity, and the oldest timers said they had never seen such cordial gatherings. You have to live in the lonely mountain woods in winter to fully appreciate what this meant. It is no wonder that these two places were chief objects of comment at a recent county Sunday-school convention.

SEVERAL unusual features mark our Sunday-school work at the better-established schools. Transportation is a great problem for children in this land of magnificent distances, and as buses carry the pupils to the public schools, several enthusiastic men provided a bus to deliver the children to Sunday school. This was done at absolute cost, the driver donating his service and the use of the truck. Thus the handicap of distance was conquered.

Another difficulty was that many mothers had no one with whom to leave their babies while attending church services. A few of our energetic women tackled this problem and it did not take them long to obtain a vacant room in a public-school building and turn it into a nursery. Some volunteered their services as caretakers and others loaned equipment so the tired mothers may enjoy a little spiritual food while the Lord's little "lambs" are safely cared for.

The children always receive an object story-sermon at the close of their lessons, on those Sundays when their minister is present. In this way the little folks are taught the habit of going to church before they think of other things on Sunday. It may well be added that the grown folks who occupy the back seats at these little sermons seem to be quite as interested as the little fellows. Who knows but they get more out of this little service than the one that follows?

Picnics and parties are frequently given for the pupils in Sunday school in order to keep up their interest and give their teachers an opportunity to get close to their lives. These recreational gatherings also fill a vital place in inculcating a desire for sane social life that is so much needed in backwoods neighbors. At both the Sunday and the week-day activities promoted by the Sunday school, many come from non-church homes. All are welcomed and quite generally attend. This, of course, acts as a leavening influence in the homes. Thus our Sunday school is a "Come-Unity" factor.

OUR Men's Forum touches and affects the adult life of the entire vicinity. The Forum fundamentally is the Men's Bible Class in the largest Church branch. Besides functioning on Sunday, this organization on week-days takes the place in our community that the Chamber of Commerce or Y. M. C. A. takes in cities. For instance, this class decided our lonely community needed clean amusement. Mass meetings were called by the Forum, and the result was the installation of a high-class moving-picture equipment in which the people are shareholders. For over a year weekly shows have been held successfully under the direction of a committee of friends of the Church of which the minister is chairman. Quality is put first, charges kept down to costs, and the entertainments are held on a week day in a public hall. Besides entertainment much popular education is carried on by the Church's controlling the screen through its Forum.

A little over a year ago the people felt they needed better roads, but because they lived far from the county seat the County Court economized on appropriations for roads in this district. Through the Forum the public was aroused and educated to meet the need. Subscriptions of over $1,500 were obtained and offered to the County on condition that a similar amount be put into our roads. The challenge was accepted by the County's granting $2,600 to cover the money of those who helped themselves. This year this district has a special tax for good roads. The result is that we have good roads where some other places have none. Our Forum did it.

It was found that young blood needed exercise in winter and again the Forum stepped forward. This time a large warehouse was obtained and turned into a big free-for-all gymnasium. All winter long people from all classes mingled here in play and sport. The enterprise was directed by a useful Forum man.

Many of the Forum ideas are born at the Sunday discussions. The subjects taken up at the Sunday-school hour range from a Gospel Study to the discussion of such subjects as "Strikes," "Socialism," "Better Education." Men attend these discussions and take part who could not be persuaded to visit an ordinary Bible class. The discussions usually begin on some great public issue in which men are interested and end by considering Christian solutions to those problems. Our Forum Movement is a very conspicuous "Come-Unity" agency.

A new type of circuit rider—Rev. W. O. Benthin, with the car which enables him to serve efficiently the four branches of his united church

OUR young people's work is an influence that takes the youthful life in our neighborhood and brings it to a worthy level. Here again, a considerable proportion of the membership and attendance comes from non-church homes. Besides the religious training, our work lays much emphasis on the social side of young life, and evening gatherings are promoted on many a Friday night because of this. It is not an uncommon thing to see seventy-five per cent of the entire population of a given vicinity at an Endeavor Social.

Several other organizations lend themselves to practical community work. Through the State Agriculture College a number of boys' and girls' clubs were organized with church people as leaders. Two of our strong Christian women have sewing clubs and thus have contact with some thirty or more homes. The minister has a Garden and a Potato Club with 27 members, the work running through the growing season and giving him practical access to certain families which could otherwise be touched only with the greatest difficulty. Here the youngsters are mediums between pastor and people.

A worthy young woman has a troop of Girl Reserves that functions in and about the local Church. The members of this body come from homes of various types, and have made themselves useful in work such as renovating the public library and planting shrubbery on a new school campus. It needs no prophet to perceive that a Christian leader working with teen age girls has an enviable opportunity to make the Christ impress upon the women of the morrow. These girls are wisely initiated into public usefulness and Christian living.

The Boy Scout troop does for the boys what the Reserves does for the girls. It is the joy of the minister as Scoutmaster to see certain lads develop from backwoods boys to manly men. This organization, while not strictly of religious character, is a God-sent agency to influence boyhood in the better way and blend the community together in wholesome public interests. Through these various Clubs we spell "Come-Unity."

You ask what manner of church works on this community plan? We are all farmers. The church is united, formed of many denominations. We have an active and an associate membership. The active members are received in the usual evangelical way; they associate from any evangelical Church whether they are able to receive dismissals from their former churches or no.

The Church was started here as a Presbyterian mission and for the sake of having responsibilities at large it is still tied up with the Presbyterian U. S. A. General Assembly. Ours is the only regularly operating church for the entire vicinity and the people are educated to want but one. In sympathy and support this territory has little "No man's land," and it is the exception to find a resident who does not in some way contribute to the work of the church. The result of this unity is that our church is the strongest financially in the entire Presbytery, with one exception, and that church is in a town of 10,000 people, while our little buildings are in the country. A neighboring banker recently spoke of our church as "the strongest ecclesiastical organization in its business end that I have seen anywhere." People with a vision and a will to work have made this work what it is. The same practical sense and energy is used in our church work that people put into business.

BECAUSE the minister preaches at four different places it is necessary to print a calender of services, which is mailed to every family in the neighborhood. The average month finds the preacher conducting eleven Sunday services and one of some kind on a week-day. The work is a good deal on the old circuit-riding type only the preacher uses a small automobile to wiggle his way through the woods. The result is that the little car is kept hot on the job.

As there is no other clergyman in the large vicinity the minister is spoken of as "Our Sky Pilot" or "The Bishop of Mt. Hood," the parish being located in the beautiful Upper Hood River Valley at the very base of the snow-crowned mountain.

And in mentioning the scenic setting of our work, it is worth saying that our people are doing their share to make the beauties of this region more accessible to lovers of nature all over the country. Our county only recently has voted in favor of a $300,000 issue of bonds for the purpose of constructing a trunk road through the Hood River valley. This road will connect our vicinity with the famous Columbia Highway, which it will join at the town of Hood River, and thus bring our community into closer touch with the outer world. Our new highway, known as the Loop Road, is to encircle Mt. Hood, and in coming years many motorists doubtless will find delight in making this tour. In the waging and winning of this bond campaign, the Forum of our church took an active part, helping to insure a majority for the improvement in our community, and thus an organization of the community church was one of the primary forces in a civic movement of great importance to the entire section.

The preacher here is very much of "all things to all men." The people think in big terms. Instead of squabbling about some point of orthodoxy our people dream and do practical Christian service in the community, of which the foregoing illustrations are but samples.

Readers must not assume that everything always goes harmoniously, for even here in the heart of nature folks are human. In general all goes well. However, as is always the case, a few can see neither good nor progress to have work done in away "different than it used to be" in those good old days! Happily, however, progress goes on in spite of this well-meaning, short-visioned few.

Instead of waiting for ecclesiastical councils to devise some road to Church Unity we are bringing it about in our midst. Instead of preaching "Let there be community work and Church Unity" we practice it. Who knows but from experiments such as ours will come unity at large?

The Editorial Forum

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The New Peace Conference

IN MANY respects the disarmament conference, called by President Harding to meet in Washington probably on Armistice Day, is more important even than the Conference of Versailles. In the last analysis it will endeavor to do what the great peace congress failed to do; find a basis for world peace that gives some signs of permanency, and it will do this not only by a limitation of armament on land and sea, but by the removal of causes for war so far as these causes can be controlled by the five dominant powers.

No act of the new administration has been met with such unanimity of approval as the President's long-considered and carefully worked out approach to the Powers. Those portions of the press that have been bitterly hostile to the Government have joined in warm commendations of what is accepted as evidence of skillful diplomacy and the wisest of statesmanship.

Going far beyond the demand in Congress, as voiced in the Borah amendment to the naval bill for a meeting of the United States, England and Japan to discuss naval disarmament, Mr. Harding has initiated what virtually is a new peace conference for the consideration of three main problems: the limitation of land and naval armament, and the future of the world that touches the Pacific.

Continental Europe and the Near East have their political and ethnic problems that provide fuel for war, but it is generally agreed that the *casus belli* in any future world conflict would be found in the basin of the Pacific. In that vast territory where the interests of Great Britain, Japan and the United States conceivably could be in perpetual rivalry there is a menace that can be eliminated only by some such process as Mr. Harding and Secretary Hughes have devised. For before any question of disarming can be decided, the main causes for arming must be removed. When *ententé* is substituted for suspicion and distrust, none of the three powers concerned will feel the need of bristling battleships and frowning fortresses on the highways of the Pacific.

Mr. Harding has done a graceful and logical thing in including China in the deliberations over the questions of the Far East, and one that will immeasurably increase the affection for, and trust in us, that already is strong in the Chinese heart. Since most of the problems that must be solved revolve around the entity of China it is only fair, as the Christian Herald pointed out a few weeks ago, that she be consulted in any arrangements, treaty or otherwise, that involve her future.

France and Italy are included in the conference because they are the outstanding European militaristic and imperialistic states. France especially has strong interest in the Orient and both are seriously concerned with any proposal looking to a reduction of land armament.

In his announcement of the conference, the President has brought the United States to a new position of world leadership. Already there are assurances by the five governments approached, of acceptance of his invitation, although Japan, in her note, makes a somewhat delicate situation by accepting only for a discussion of armaments.

That great results may be expected from the meeting of the diplomatists is almost a certainty, because the very conference itself, and the alacrity with which representation is assured comes directly from pressure applied by the common people of the world. The people are through with great navies and great armies with their demoralization of civic life and their terrible burdens of taxation. They are demanding now that this Second World Congress do what the first Congress failed to do, and their voice will be heard.

Yes, We Agree!

"YES," said Old Man Ultimate Consumer, "I have just come back from my vacation. Had a good time. But I suppose one can't have a good time all the time. We have to be civilized."

"That's what I have been thinking over," said the Business Man. "Why do we have to be civilized? I never realized before how little one needs, to be really happy."

"Same here," said the Prosperous Citizen. "But do you know I spent six of the happiest weeks of my life way up in the woods by the side of a little lake. My wife was born in that part of the country and she persuaded me to go up there instead of to Palm Beach or Atlantic City or our big place in the Adirondacks. And we had the time of our lives."

"Just how?" asked the Man Around Town.

"Well, I built a three-room shack, with the help of a logger. It had a fireplace in the middle, a porch clear across looking out over the lake, and it cost two hundred and seventeen dollars all furnished. I made the tables and seats out of hemlock lumber. We did all our cooking over a two-burner oil-stove, and went in bathing every afternoon. I never wore a stiff collar except on Sunday, and we did our own washing, because we couldn't get any one else. Oh, it was great!"

"But didn't you miss the comforts of—of—well, town life?" asked the Average Citizen.

"Miss them! Let me tell you, the comforts of civilization are a bother. We were not able to take our auto up there. No roads. So we left it at home. We had no piano, no victrola, no telephone, no newspaper, no furnace, no ice-man, no gas-man, no door-bell, no servants, and no fashions. Now that I am back home again, my wife has a fourteen-room house to take care of, the servant problem to face, constant calls at the phone, or the front and back door, the racket of a noisy street to hear all day, expensive entertainment for social affairs, constant dressing up and going somewhere, and I whiz down to my business in an expensive auto, shut myself into a close room seven hours a day, wear stiff collars, eat indigestible lunches at the Chamber of Commerce, and go home dead tired at night, to sleep in an atmosphere loaded with city smoke which has drifted out to what we call our country home which cost me twenty-five thousand to build and ten thousand to keep up."

"Your vacation does not seem to have done you much good," observed the Business Man.

"Back to the Simple Life!" said the Ultimate Consumer, ironically.

"Yes, back to the comforts of civilization," sighed the Prosperous Citizen. "And in the words of Patrick Henry, 'Give me Civilization, AND give me death!'"

Secret of Moody's Power

THERE are personalities brilliant and notable in life, yet soon forgotten, and there are others whose greatness grows with the years long after they themselves have passed away. Rev. Lyman Abbott in his "Snap-Shots of My Contemporaries," now running in the Outlook, gives a chapter of personal reminiscences of Dwight L. Moody, which will doubtless have a wide reading. Moody was a vigorous figure in the religious life of his time. His mission was to proclaim the Gospel of repentance, and forgiveness and salvation through Jesus Christ. What impressions of the results of his life-work, ended twenty-two years ago, now remain, are thus summed up by Dr. Abbott:

"This was Mr. Moody's twofold message—forgiveness for the past, strength for the future. . . . Mr. Moody had none of the arts of the orator. But whenever I heard him, and I heard him frequently, he depended entirely on the spiritual power of his message and his own intense conviction of its truth. I once studied with care a published volume of his sermons to endeavor to get the secret of his power. The examination confirmed his own summary of his preaching: 'I used to think,' he says in one of his sermons, 'of God as a stern judge on the throne, from whose wrath Jesus Christ had saved me. It seems to me now, I could not have a falser idea of God than that. Since I have become a father, I have made this discovery: It takes more love and sacrifice for the father to give up the son than it does for the son to die.'

"Mr. Moody did not have that broad intellectual outlook which scholarship sometimes, but not always, gives to the scholar. But he had that broad *human* outlook, which almost invariably characterizes the man who possesses both a living spiritual faith and catholic human sympathies, who estimates men not by the accidents of their creed, their race, or their social culture, but by their character, and can therefore recognize real spiritual worth in men of differing theological opinions. This catholicity of spirit led him to welcome the co-operation in his evangelistic labors of men whose intellectual outlook was very different from his own, and made him indifferent to theological theories which men of less catholic temper regarded of vital importance. . . . The work of an evangelist he always regarded as the greatest of all forms of service; the work of the ministry as a cramping and confining occupation."

Dr. Abbott, an admitted liberal in religion, closes his sketch with these words: "I am sure that if we of the so-called liberal faith hope to retain in these more liberal days the attractive power of the Church we can do it only by holding fast to the great spiritual fact that in God there is abundant forgiveness for all the past, and an abundant life for all the future; and we must declare this, not as a theological opinion, to be defended by philosophical arguments as a rational hypothesis, but as an assured fact, historically certified by the life and death of Jesus Christ and confirmed out of the mouth of many witnesses by the experience of Christ's followers in all churches and in every age."

Surely here is evidence that the writer has caught something of the spirit of Moody and applied it to present religious conditions.

New York's Summer

NEW YORK CITY has been sweltering in the hottest summer it has experienced for years. The public parks, piers and beaches have been thrown open at nights, under police protection, and suffering flat-dwellers in tens of thousands have been sleeping on grass, stone and sand. The city has provided, in streets before the fire-engine stations hundreds of portable shower-baths that are turned on for an hour or two three times a day for the comfort of children and adults who may want to take advantage of the cooling spray. The goodnatured police turn a blind eye toward the park fountains when overheated tots scramble over the railings and turn the basin into a swimming-pool.

Yet out at Mont-Lawn, in the hills high above the Hudson and thirty miles from the heat of the city, 350 children from the buring pavements are constantly being made over as a result of the generosity of the great Christian Herald family. Each one of these youngsters from the poorest homes in the city, has ten days of unalloyed delight, and all it costs his unknown benefactor is a five-dollar bill. Mont-Lawn needs a lot more of these five-dollar bills to take care of the throng of little ones whose only breath of fresh air comes in this "Children's Paradise." If you want to get one of them away from the torments of a city in summer send along your bill. Some child will face New York again with a firmer grip on life if you do.

And apropos of Mont-Lawn, one of the best features of the great Christian Endeavor convention period, the delegates said, was an excursion to the Children's Home. The Christian Herald had extended an invitation to the visitors to go by motor to Mont-Lawn on the day after the convention closed. A large party accepted and spent the afternoon wandering around the grounds and joining with the kiddies in their games. Tea was served before the party returned to New York.

What the World Needs

"OLD-TIME conflicts, old-time affiliations, much that impelled Governments and more that impelled wars, was founded on revenge, while today all of us are thinking out the things we can do to bring peoples together to create a better feeling in the world.

"I have said a great many times that I do not know what there is in the revolutions of fate. There was no particular reason why I should be President. I claim no outstanding ability. I did not even want the Presidency. But somehow I have believed with all my heart that by temperament and practice maybe I fitted into this peculiar situation in the world.

"The tolerance, the patience, the good-will, the kindly feeling and desire to help form the greatest need in the world today. And if, while I am an occupant of this chair, I can add to the good feeling of our Republic and then make our Republic the exemplar of good feeling throughout the world, my services will not have been in vain."—*President Harding in an address to a group of editors who presented to him a cabinet chair made from the timbers of the old schooner Revenge.*

Off for Mont-Lawn on the Hudson—a group of children from the city's slums leaving the Bible House for ten days of play and health-building at the Christian Herald Children's Home

The World News of the Week

Powers Approve Harding Proposal for Disarmament Conference

FORMAL notifications of their approval of President Harding's proposal that an international conference on disarmament and on Pacific and Far Eastern problems should be held in Washington were received from the British, French and Italian governments almost as rapidly as the cables could bear the messages.

Japan sent a reply accepting the proposal for a conference to discuss limitation of armaments, but containing no acceptance of the request for a discussion of Pacific and Far Eastern questions, an important omission. The text of the Japanese reply was not made public, and officials of the State Department declined to comment on it. The Japanese government, it was explained in Tokio despatches, had expected the conference to be limited to the subject of naval disarmament, as was suggested in the Borah resolution, and had decided in advance on acceptance. When the President's proposal was found to involve a great widening of the scope of the conference, Japanese statesmen felt it necessary to consider all angles of the matter, since it is possible the conference may lay the foundation for the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, the renewal of which now is being debated.

Japan also was concerned over the inclusion of China in the Far Eastern parleys. China sent an unqualified acceptance of the invitation.

President Harding and Secretary Hughes decided that the replies made it possible to go ahead with arrangements for the conference, and were preparing to issue the formal invitations. It was suggested the conference should open on Armistice Day, November 11.

Smaller nations which were not invited to take part were so heartily in accord with President Harding's action that through their newspapers they expressed a desire for invitations and it was evident there would be no difficulty in assembling a conference, in which virtually every nation would be represented, if it was deemed advisable. Holland, in particular, desired to participate in the Far Eastern discussion because of her extensive colonies in that part of the world, for the defense of which she now is considering costly additions to her navy. The newspapers of Belgium hoped that Belgium would be invited and that agreements would be reached which would permit the nation to turn military expenditures into more beneficial channels.

In Great Britain there was no discussion as to wisdom of joining in the conference, but there was much concern as to the personnel of the delegation, which it was agreed should be the strongest Britain could send. It was believed Premier Lloyd George would like to go to Washington at the head of the delegation, but there were many objections to this and the Northcliffe papers declared neither the Premier nor Lord Curzon would be satisfactory representatives.

De Valera and Lloyd George Confer

DIRECT conferences between Premier Lloyd George and Eamonn de Valera, who claims the title President of the Republic of Ireland, have been started in London with a display of good feeling and a conciliatory attitude which increased the hopes for a settlement. Their first conversation lasted almost three hours and at its end a joint communication was issued, stating that there had been a free exchange of views, in which the relative positions were defined, and that the discussions were to be continued. Both men were optimistic after their meeting and Mr. de Valera declared, "The outlook is brighter than it ever was in history."

Naturally the proposals to be offered by each side were not made public and the British press generally was anxious to avoid any comment which might embarrass the negotiations. Irish circles did not expect the Premier to grant their demand for a republic, but believed his offer of the most the government could concede would be one they could accept, and that the plan of settlement would be submitted to a vote of the Irish people.

Except in Belfast, the truce was observed, but in the Ulster capital there was a continuation of fighting in which the casualties were numerous.

Action on Bonus Bill Deferred

IN COMPLIANCE with a request by President Harding, delivered in person, the Senate has deferred action on the bill to grant a bonus to veterans of the World War and has returned the measure to the Finance Committee by a vote of 47 to 29. Several Senators strongly opposed the plan to recommit the bill but at no time was there any doubt as to the result, and the real fight was over an effort to instruct the Committee to report the bill again not later than January 1.

The President, in his address to the Senate, declared himself to be "fully persuaded that three things are essential to the very beginning of the restored order of things. These are the revision, including reduction, of our internal taxation, the refunding of our war debt, and the adjustment of our war loans. . . . It is unthinkable to expect a business revival and the resumption of the normal ways of peace while maintaining the excessive taxes of war. It is quite as unthinkable to reduce our tax burdens while committing our Treasury to an additional obligation which ranges from three to five billions of dollars." He called attention to the fact that $7,500,000,000 of definite obligations are to mature in the next two years, and warned that "the overburdening of the Treasury now means positive disaster in the years immediately before us," suggesting that bonus proposals should await the settlement of foreign loans.

Mr. Harding urged adequate appropriations for disabled veterans and cited figures to show that the Federal Government had been neither negligent nor ungrateful in its handling of such cases.

The House was devoting all of its time to the Fordney Tariff bill; and, having ended general debate on the measure, was considering amendments, with a five-minute limitation on speeches.

Greeks Begin Drive on Turkey

THE Greek offensive against the Turkish Nationalists, which the Allies sought in vain to prevent by an offer of mediation has been launched at last, and the initial successes have aroused a wave of patriotic enthusiasm in Greece, in which all factions have joined with equal zest.

The Greek forces were advancing at the rate of twenty miles a day, and the troops of Mustapha Kemal were retiring on strong positions to the northwest of Eski-Shehr, where the Greeks met such a disastrous defeat in their last offensive, and to the southwest of Kutaia, on the main line of the Bagdad Railway about eighty miles southeast of Brusa. The important town of Afium-Karahissar was again in the hands of the Greeks, and in the main they had reached the line which marked the high-water mark of their preceding drive.

The Turks were using the same tactics as before, retreating until a favorable moment for counter-attack presented itself when the Greek lines of communication were far extended, and until the Kemalists have made their big effort no estimate of the results of the campaign can be made. Europe was watching developments with anxiety, for a considerable Greek victory would change the entire alignment in the Near East.

BRITAIN SOUGHT DEBT CANCELLATION. That Great Britain sought more than a year ago to induce the United States to agree to a cancellation of the inter-Allied war debts was revealed by documents submitted to the Senate Committee on Finance by the Treasury Department. One such suggestion came from Austen Chamberlain, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the other was made by Premier Lloyd George in a personal letter to President Wilson.

AMERICAN WARSHIPS LEAVE TAMPICO. The two American warships which were sent to Tampico because of threatened labor troubles in the Mexican oil fields have left that port. President Obregon was considering modifications of the decree imposing heavier taxes on oil exports, to which foreign interests had objected.

HARRY HAWKER DIES IN AIRPLANE ACCIDENT. Harry Hawker, the famous aviator who was rescued in mid-ocean after failing in a transatlantic airplane flight in 1919, was killed when the airplane which he was testing for the aerial derby crashed to the ground near London.

FAMINE THREATENS RUSSIA. Reports from Russia have told of conditions more appalling than ever before, with millions of persons—the estimates range as high as 20,000,000—threatened with starvation as the result of crop failures due to prolonged drouth. At the same time, the Soviet government was said to be conducting a huge mobilization of armed forces which alarmed her neighbors.

SPLIT ON DANIELS-SIMS DISPUTE. The Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, which investigated the Daniels-Sims controversy, has filed two reports on its inquiry, the three Republican members condemning the former Secretary and upholding the Admiral, while the two Democrats commended the Daniels administration and assailed the Admiral.

A section of the Christian Endeavor parade marching past the Public Library in New York City as a colorful feature of the great convention

Jerry of Justamere Cabin

A Five-Part Story for the Young Folks

Instalment Three

CHAPTER V

By C. H. LERRIGO

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

"I'D DO anything on earth to accommodate Mr. Bassel," Harold Persmann assured us, "but as to remembering what he did with certain papers, I simply can't do it. You see I was just an office boy. All the papers in the office were mysterious and valuable to me. I couldn't tell one from another."

"This was a package of negotiable bonds," said Kent. "The total value was more than $23,000. Among them were ten bonds of one thousand dollars each, of the Albemarle Elevator Company. Does that stir any recollection in your mind?"

"Not a thing," said Harold, "not a thing."

So our kidnapping had failed. We were a downcast set.

"Thank you for coming so nicely, anyway," said Kent. "Now if you want to slip quietly back to Persmann's, I'll show you the way."

"But I don't," objected Harold. "I've been trying for days to get up nerve enough to leave Persmann. It's miserable business, dressing up and pretending to be a girl. I wouldn't do it only he took all my other clothes away to make sure. What I want to do is to go down South and get my sister. I want to take her away from the people he put her with, before they work all the life out of her. Hide me for a few days. Get me some boy's clothes, and as soon as a good chance comes I'll get clear out of this country."

"Stay right in this deserted cabin," said Kate. "It is a hard place to find."

"I have some old clothes that ought to fit you," said Kent. "They aren't very stylish but they are real boy's togs anyway."

SO WHEN Persmann reached his cottage that night he found it empty.

He came marching around to our place right off, but he spoiled his own case by not telling the truth.

"Have you seen a girl around here?" he hollered at me.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"How long ago?" he shouted. "Where is she now?"

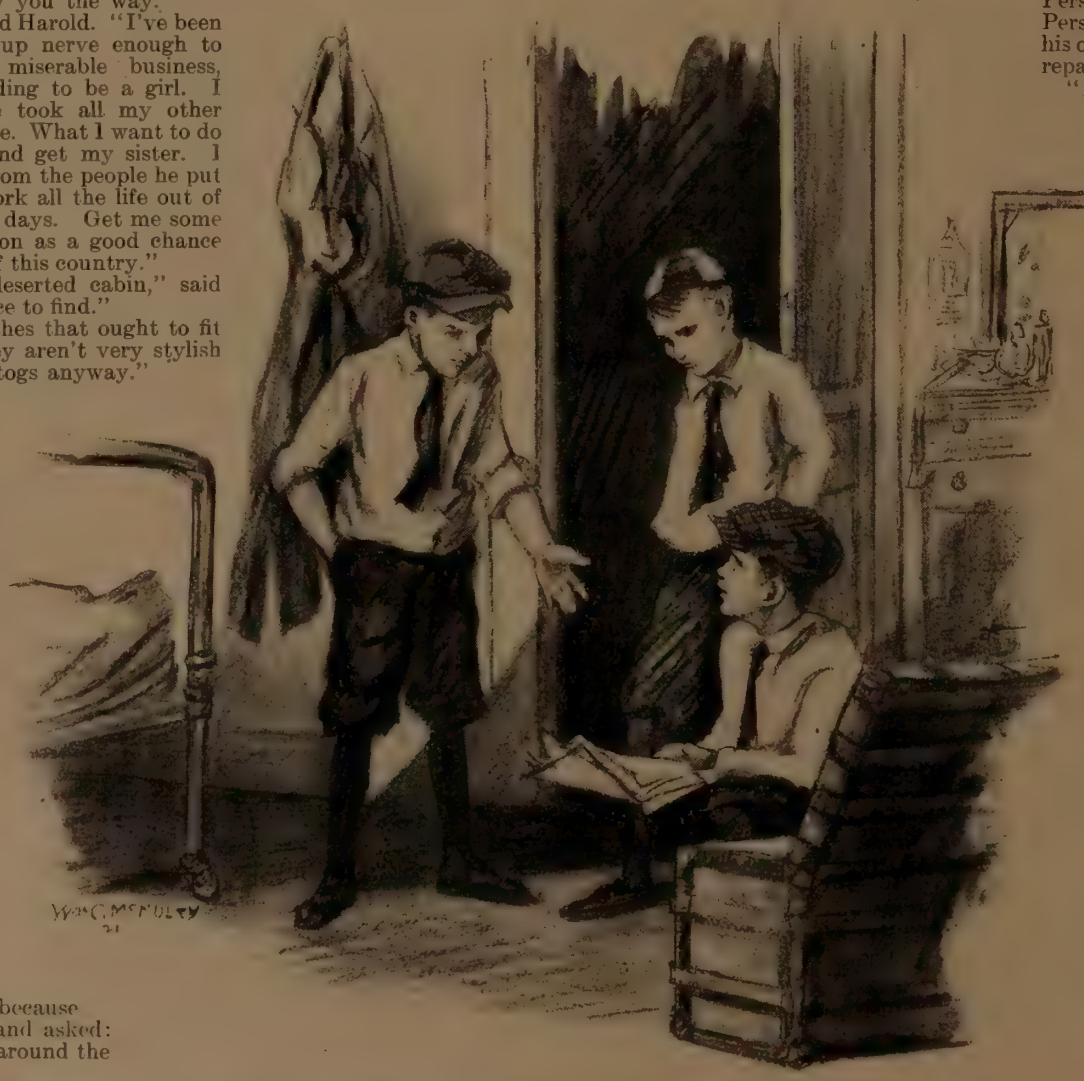
"Right there!" I said, pointing to Kate.

"Oh, I don't mean her at all," he shouted in disgust.

"She's the only girl I've seen," I insisted.

He went all around the club grounds with his questions, and a lot of folks must have told him they had seen Kate, because at last he came back and asked: "Have you another girl around the place besides this one?"

"No, sir," I replied. "She's the only girl we have. And she's plenty."



We searched the cabin with great caution, so as not to disturb anything. I found a bunch of newspaper clippings that seemed likely to interest Harold

He moved on then, and he didn't go anywhere near the deserted cottage.

I had counted so much on this Harold Persmann being able to tell us something that would clear up this mystery that clouded the good name of Major Bassel that I was terribly down in the mouth when I had to accept the conclusion that he had nothing to tell. I could hardly believe it. Why was Persmann hiding him if he had nothing to tell? It seemed to me this would be very depressing to the Major, though he did not know the boy was in our neighborhood.

As a matter of fact the Major did not know any depression; he seemed to be struggling out every day from the weight that had crushed him. I liked him immensely. There was a bond between us that I could hardly define. Perhaps it was because he had said that my condition and his were very much alike.

ONE day I asked him: "What did you mean by saying that you guessed I was shell-shocked like you, Major. I never saw or heard a big shell fired."

"No, son," he replied. "And there were many soldiers shell-shocked before ever they heard a shell explode. Being shell-shocked is largely a matter of disposition. When the doctors try to explain it they say that it's a defense reaction.

"You know there is a real man that lies back of every one of us. This Mister Personality may be a very different creature from the one we show to everyday society. But under special stress, this hidden self may take command of us with surprising results. He'll stand just about so much, but he won't go all the way through. You have to be a real man to keep him from breaking before the end of the race. This 'defense reaction' is part of the scheme. This Mister Personality is clever enough to know that if you simply can't walk, can't swallow, can't breathe, there isn't much question about your staying pretty still. So if he wants to fix it up so that you'll keep still enough to be out of further danger of shot and shell he may peremptorily order the suspension of those body industries that allow you to function. It looks and feels like the real thing. You can't walk, can't talk, can scarcely breathe. And, worst of all, you don't seem to care much to break it up. You have to summon all the manhood you have or hope for to insist on Mr. Inner Personality letting go of you. It was in that respect that the Y. M. C. A. man always helped me so much."

"But I haven't felt that kind of thing."

"No, and I hope that you never will. The Mr. Inner Personality that you have has never tried on you any of the defense reactions that put your body out of business—such as my paralysis for instance, or the blindness or deafness that some others had. If he ever makes the least attempt, call him down at once. Those bad dreams and night scares are an indication of what he could do. They show that he's one of those touchy fellows, the very kind that make trouble in the army, the kind that caused some fellows to be shell-shocked before ever they set foot on the outbound vessel at the embarkation port."

"You think mine is touchy, do you?"

"Yes, some boys could stand all that has come to you without the least notice. But you can't. So you have to be rather particular not to go up against stuff that is unwholesome or unhealthy or unclean. Otherwise your Mr. Personality might play some shell-shock tricks with you. But, of course, your doctor wouldn't speak of them as shell-shock. He would say, 'St. Vitus Dance,' or some kind of a 'tic,' or a nervous breakdown."

"Tell me how you got along when the Y. M. C. A. man left you, and you didn't have him to look at any more. You kept on getting well?"

"Yes, I kept on getting well. Because he managed to make me understand the real principle of the thing before he left me. He gave me a grand, secret recipe. Some day, if I think you are ready for it, I'll tell you just what it is."

THE Major really did seem so right and sane that I was sorely tempted to tell him all about Harold and take his advice what to do, but Harold begged us to keep his secret. We managed to rig the boy up in real clothes and he seemed a very likable fellow. He was willing to tell us all that he could about Persmann. For one thing he told us that Persmann had taken our boat. It had been his originally, but he had discarded it until we repaired it.

"I don't really owe him anything," he said. "Persmann makes a lot of the way he rescued my sister and me from being paupers, but he treats us as if we really were. The trouble with him is that he is just one of those natural born misers. He has a bag that he keeps in his bed and if he is ever to be away overnight he takes the bag with him. If he has those valuable securities in his possession they are in that bag."

"Couldn't we get a look at that bag?" I suggested.

"Unless he has taken it away. I have the back-door key so we can easily get into the cottage," replied Harold.

We did go to Persmann's cottage and Harold showed us the very place in the bed where the bag usually lay, but it was gone.

"He has it with him," said Harold. "He will carry it everywhere he goes, now, even when he goes fishing.'

We searched the cottage with great caution so as not to disturb anything. I found a bunch of newspaper clippings that seemed likely to interest Harold because one of them was about a sale of the farm that had been owned by his father. It seemed that the farm had been bid in by Mr. Persmann at a very little above the mortgage.

"That's old stuff to me," said Harold. "My father sank a lot of money there developing a coal shaft. But it wasn't profitable to work, I guess. Anyway it brought little more than the mortgage. I'm more interested in the item on the back of the clipping."

"What is that?"

"It's about an old friend who really did make good with a coal mine, right on the next section to ours. John Lott is his name. He was always good to us. I just think I'll go down to see him and get him to help me with my sister."

BUT Harold was not yet ready to go, and something happened the next morning that made him decide to wait at least one more day.

Persmann came to Justamere Cabin, quite unexpectedly, on his way to the Interurban.

"I need a favor from a club resident, Bassel," he said to the Major. "I wonder if I might trouble you."

"Anything that I can do," said the Major.

"Well, I go South again tomorrow. I'm rather crazy about fishing, perhaps you know. I'd like to have one more chance at the big channel cat that seem to favor the south end of the island. But I'm not a member of the club so I always have to trouble someone for a pass. Klemp, who usually accommodates me, is away."

"Certainly, I'll write you a pass," said the Major. "Do you want it now?"

"Yes, I do my fishing in the evening, you know. Night fishing is just the thing for those big fellows."

"Well, good luck to you," said the Major, handing over the pass.

I rushed up to the deserted cabin to tell Harold, and

Continued on page 540

The Divine Guardianship

A Sermon by REV. JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER, D.D.*

TEXT—Dan. 4 : 17. "The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will."

A FRENCH astronomer wrote: "I have swept the heavens with my telescope and found no God." This is as logical as if one said: "I have taken apart a piano, and searched the parts with my microscope, and found no music." God is a Spirit, and is undiscoverable to scientific tests, but is to be found and seen by our souls, by our spiritual vision. And i one thinks, focuses his mind upon the subject, looks within himself and upon the world about him, he will say, "There is a God. God is the surest of all realities, ten thousand proofs overwhelmingly declare Him."

But a question of first import is: "Does God intervene upon the earth? Is He interested in human affairs? Does He rule supremely here, as He does in heaven? Will He suffer wrong to prevail here, and tolerate injustice and misery, and not smite and correct it?"

There are two reasons why we might not expect God to intervene. The first is that He rules this world by *law*. Our minds and bodies, life in plants and animals, the ocean with its tides and salt to preserve its purity, the seasons in their rotation, the stellar orbs in their mighty sweep and revolutions, the air we breathe in its finely mixed constituents, the eye in its exquisite frame for sight, all are under the domain of law, and these laws, scientists tell us, are fixed, inviolable, ever the same. If we fall in its way, fire will burn, whether it be the hardened criminal, or the innocent, tender babe. This universal rule of law seems to leave no place for a personal God. Nature is under its wise and beneficent sway and that would seem to relieve its Maker of constant care.

THE second reason that is urged to show why God might not be expected to intervene is that He has endowed man with reason, heart and conscience. He has framed the earth to meet all his needs, and then has given him dominion over it. He has the means to protect himself from danger, to advance in knowledge, to increase his range of enjoyment, to grow like to the angels. He can avoid wrong, be just to his neighbors, and make this earth a Paradise of virtue, of love, of peace and happiness. Men and nations are the architects of their own fortunes, the authors of their own weal or woe. If, then, man suffers, it is his own fault; his evils and miseries come from breaking natural and moral laws, from rebellion against that Supreme Ruler to whom he owes all his blessings; and why then shall God be expected to come to his help? If men declare war, shall they blame the Supreme Ruler for not stopping the fight, the killing and all the horrors?

But there are answers to both these reasons. First, God is not prevented from intervening by the iron rigidity of law. He who made laws can unmake them. His laws do not cage Him as a prisoner in His universe. He is bound by no law, and can do His will, can come to man's help, can cast down or set up at any time, by what is to us a miracle, but to Him is a free act of infinite ease. Second, as to man's miseries being his own fault, this is by no means wholly true. The innocent often must suffer for the sins of the guilty. If a burglar sets fire to my house, I must suffer. The hundreds of thousands of children and babies who perish of starvation during a great war are wholly innocent. And so as to many of the burdens and wrongs and diseases and miseries borne by the race, the sufferers paying the penalty fastened upon them by others. Hence they demand sympathy, *not* punishment.

FURTHER, it seems altogether natural that God would be disposed to intervene. When a scientist invents a machine, designed for a certain purpose does he not take a deep, and constant interest in it? So, when God made the world, and inhabited it with men and women of such vast possibilities, is it thinkable that He would retire from the scene, and just let men go, no matter how badly they wrecked the machinery, no matter how much they thwarted His will, and no matter how they transmitted good into evil, and made His beautiful and happy creation a chaos of fiendish passions, misery and despair?

Reason and Nature teach that God must be supremely interested in the glory of His creation, and that He will not abandon and give it over to the mere caprices and mad misdoings of men. Such being the natural inference and rational argument, let us look for positive testimony.

The Bible teaches a thousand times over that God is interested in mankind, that He regards the actions of His creatures, that He means His will to be supreme on the earth, and that in epochal times He will and does intervene. It teaches in a remarkable passage in Chronicles: "For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro *throughout the earth*, to show Himself strong in the behalf of those whose heart is perfect toward Him." And in Zechariah, four great angels called "the spirits of the heavens," report to the Heavenly King: "We have walked to and fro through the earth, and behold all the earth sitteth still and is at rest." While this is figuratively set forth, could any figure more tellingly show how God keeps watch on the earth from one end to the other, as to what is going on, and as to what men are doing, that He may exercise His will and supremacy?

AGAIN His rule is declared over the *nations*. We read: "The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will." He is not an indifferent spectator of war. He not only looks on, but casts the die of battle, as is shown by His great words, overlooked by statesmen and warriors: "Woe unto them that trust in chariots because they are many, and stay in horsemen because they are very strong, and look not unto the Holy One of Israel."

But most conclusively is this intervention shown in what we call Providence. The Old Testament teaches this by many beautiful figures. God is the Shepherd who leads our uncertain steps, the Rock of Refuge to which we can fly when the heart is overwhelmed by the deluge of calamity; the One under the shadow of whose wings we can find safety and peace.

Jesus Christ is our chief teacher as to this gracious Providential care. He tells us that God notes even the sparrow's fall, that the very hairs of our head are numbered, that He hears our prayers and cries, and that we should place our whole faith and trust in His fatherly watch, guidance and help. And as to how this intervention is effected—for we know that God acts through means—a glimpse of the divine method is given us through the mediation of angels. Thus it is written: "The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." The 104th Psalm, which the eminent naturalist, Humboldt, calls a "concise and complete description of the whole cosmos, a Psalm of the world," has fitly been called a poem of Providence, in its minute detail of God's care of the needs of His creatures, as mirrored in the verse: "These wait all upon Thee; that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season."

THAT God intervenes and rules in human destinies is shown again in the events of history. It is indeed true that it is just here that we are often puzzled. As we look on the world's stage, we see gigantic wrongs, ambition and selfishness triumphant, the right trampled, and the cries of the oppressed going up in vain for long years, and we say: "Where is God? Can He look upon these pitiable scenes unmoved? If there is a God, why does He allow all this?" So the great thinker, Walker, in his "Christian Theism," says: "If one looks back on the past history of mankind, or looks out on the world of the present, and contemplates the backward condition of many peoples, the different forms of religion, many of them full of superstition and cruelty, the way in which human lives are sacrificed in needless warfare, the miserable struggle for life in many places under most trying conditions, even in our highest civilization, and then considers the silence, or even apparent absence of a living God Who cares for His children, groping in darkness, and crying out for Him, our faith in divine overrule is often sorely tried." Yet, he concludes, "we cannot but believe that a divine Reason and Love are guarding the universe." I think our mistaken judgment arises from two causes, the first, that God only intervenes at critical epochs. Were He to do so on every little occasion, there would be no scope for man's free action. We are making history; God only overrules at fateful periods. The second is, we only look at little patches, and present events; God sees history in age-long periods, and shapes it as a whole.

BEARING these two thoughts in mind, as we take the retrospect of man in past stages, how markedly must we behold the hand of the Almighty in human history. The most notable instance is that of the little Hebrew nation, planted in Palestine, just where the opposing forces of Grecian, Roman and Asiatic civilizations came in contact. What is the secret of the preservation of this race, even down to the present day, when all these mighty and ruling races have utterly disappeared? It was none other than that God had chosen and guarded them that they might give the sacred oracles of truth, and the religion of the one true Jehovah to mankind. Not only Moses, but Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander and Julius Cæsar, were Providential men, specially purposed to execute the Almighty's designs in the drama of human events. No historian can explain why the all-conquering hero, Hannibal, after his overwhelming victory of Cannæ, stopped without destroying the Eternal City, Rome. It was the finger of God. Christ was to come, and just at this pivotal epoch in history, there must be one univeral power, the Roman, and one universal language, the Greek, in which the Gospels were written, to disseminate Christianity all over the earth.

So again in the Reformation. To effect such a world-wide revolution, there must be a leader, such as time produces but once in a thousand years, centering in himself the masterful qualities of many minds, a personality who could originate and command—a Luther. And so in all momentous periods. Bancroft relates how, when the American Revolution, the most creative of modern movements, seemed to be lost, Franklin called the Congress to spend a season in prayer to the Almighty Ruler of Nations, and from that moment the tide of battle turned to the goal of Independence. Surely no one can thoughtfully survey the tableaux of great national struggles and outcomes, and say: "This is mere accident, chance, the game of fallible men." But reverently he must cry: "Truly, this is none other than the finger of God."

THAT God does not let men run to mad and destructive extremes, but that all events are under His holy and righteous will, and that He will let the nations know that His will must at last be done on earth, as it is in heaven, is then, one of the most certain and blessed of truths.

God has a wise, vast and blessed purpose in the history of the human race. And He does not intend that His holy and righteous will shall be thwarted. For this sublime end, the stars in their courses fight, the angels are leaders, the invisible forces of right and truth are ever at work, and you and I are personal instruments. And over them all watches the All-Seeing Eye. Nature, reason, the Bible, history and our personal life experiences unite to declare that God does intervene as to the ongoings on this earth, and that neither numbers, nor gold, nor the sword, nor diplomacy, nor powerful nations, nor brilliant leaders, but that GOD REIGNS. The Church and Christians and every righteous soul should never grow faint-hearted at any dark outlook of the times, but in faith, patience, holy courage and joy, help the inward and upward course of Providence until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," or "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—The Divine Refuge, Psalm 91, verses 1 to 11.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 538, first column).

Sermon—"THE DIVINE GUARDIANSHIP"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," or "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Reveal to us, O Holy Spirit, the things of Jesus which we here today have had spoken to our hearts, and may that revelation be to us light on the path we tread, joy to the day's work wherever we toil, and peace in the midst of the world's jarring noises. In the gracious Master's name. AMEN.

*Pastor, St. James Lutheran Church, New York City.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., R. Braunstein, D. J. Burrell, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., and W. L. Goldsmith

The Fiery Trial

SUNDAY. I Peter 4 : 12. "*The fiery trial which cometh upon you to prove you.*" What is the purpose of "the fiery trial"? What is the meaning of this permitted ministry of suffering? Well, in the first place, it *tests* character. It discharges the purpose of an examination. An examination, rightly regarded, is a vital part of our schooling. It is a minister of revelation. It unfolds our strengths and our weaknesses. And so it is in the larger examination afforded by the discipline of life. Our crises are productive of self-disclosures. They reveal us to ourselves, and I think the revelations are usually creative of grateful surprise. In the midst of the fiery trial we are filled with amazement at the fulness and strength of our resources. When the trial is looming we shrink from it in fear. We say one to another, "I don't know how I shall bear it!" And then the crisis comes, and in the midst of the fire we are calm and strong; and when it is past, how frequently we are heard to say, "I never thought I could have gone through it!" And so "probation worketh hope"; the heavy discipline is creative of assurance; the terror becomes the nutriment of our confidence.

But the fiery trial not only tests by revealing character, *it also strengthens and confirms it.* Hard trial makes hard and much-enduring muscle. The water that is too soft makes flabby limbs; it is not creative of bone. And circumstances which are too soft make no bone; they are productive of character without backbone. Luxuriousness is rarely the cradle of giants. It is not unsuggestive that the soft and bountiful tropics are not the home of the strong, indomitable, and progressive peoples. The pioneering and progressive races have dwelt in sterner and harder climes.

The lap of luxury does not afford the elementary iron for the upbringing of strong and enduring life. Hardness hardens; antagonism solidifies; trials inure and confirm. How commonly it has happened that men who, in soft circumstances, have been weak and irresolute, were hardened into fruitful decision by the ministry of antagonism and pain. "Thou art *Simon*"—a hearer, a man of loose hearsays and happenings; "Thou shalt be called Peter"—a rock, a man of hard, compact, and resolute convictions. But "Simon" became "Peter" through the ministry of the fiery trial. The man of "soft-clothing" is in the luxury of kings' houses; the hard man with the camels' hair and the leathern girdle is away out in the hardships of the desert. "We must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God."

But the fiery trial not only reveals and hardens the character, it also *develops it* by bringing out its hidden beauties. I am using the word "develop" as the photographer uses it. You know how he brings out the lines of his pictures. The picture is laid in the vessel, and the liquid is moved and moved across it; it passes over the face of the picture, and little by little the hidden graces are disclosed.

"All Thy billows are gone over me." That is the Lord's developer; it brings out the soft lines in the character. Under its ministry we pass "from strength to strength," "from grace to grace," "from glory to glory." J. H. J.

The Friendship of Jesus

MONDAY. John 15 : 15. "*I have called you friends.*" The last discourse of Jesus contained in the 14th, 15th and 16th chapters of John is full of the atmosphere of friendship. There is friendship in that comfortable passage, "I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am there ye may be also." There is friendship in the promise, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."

There is friendship in the prayer with which the discourse ends: "I will that they whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am." Indeed, the whole prayer is full of it. Nowhere else do the desire for friendship and the habit and spirit of friendship on the part of Jesus find such full expression. He not only called them His friends but He made them His friends. They so understood it.

Presently begins to appear what, when we look at it calmly, is one of the superlative and incontestable miracles of all time. The spread of the Gospel, the scattering of the seed of the Kingdom, the literal honeycombing of the world with the doctrines of Christ, was all the work of friendship. This little handful of men whom He had called His friends regarded it as an act of simple loyalty to their now invisible Friend to tell all He had done for them and meant to them. When the generation that had seen Him and heard His words, passed away, a new generation arose that believed He was still alive and that He had called them His friends.

Sixty generations have come and gone since He spoke these words, and the impression is still fresh and forceful that He lives and calls us His friends. Talk about miracles! Compared with this fact, the miracle of multiplying loaves and fishes, or turning water into wine, or giving sight to the blind, or recovering the leper, or even raising the dead, is a common trivial thing. Here is a miracle which utterly suspends and transcends all known laws of human influence. The generation which succeeded Moses did not speak of Moses as their friend. A hundred years after Julius Cæsar's death, or Napoleon's, or Washington's, or Lincoln's, their admirers never dreamed of thinking of themselves as friends of these great men. The friendship of Jesus is not a mere doctrine. It is so much a part of the experience of Christians that it is not too much to say there could be no Christian biography without it. C. C. A.

"It Must Not Be Again"

TUESDAY. II Cor. 5 : 10. "*For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.*" Standing before the flag-draped coffins of the soldier dead from France, which lined the steamship pier at Hoboken, N. J., on May 23, President Harding said, "It must not be again!" The sentiment finds an echoing response in the heart of every true Christian man and woman. When this phrase was given to the air and took its place as one of the great utterances, a sound must have come from heaven like the sound of a great "Amen." Certainly, a war-weary and conflict-torn humanity is heartily in accord with this Lincoln-like declaration. The very thought of war, nay the mere rumor of war, causes the cheek to pale and the heart to go weak. Of course, we must put down autocracy and defend our rights, but what a pity if we so fail to live that noble and consistent Christian life that will make it possible for all war to cease forever!

Only the teachings and example of Jesus Christ can prevent a repetition of military blood-lust, pagan thinking and selfish desire from making inroads detrimental to our civilization and causing devastation to our progress. The Golden Rule, the doctrine of the square deal, the parable of the Good Samaritan, the law of co-operation, the logic of reciprocity, the Commandment of love are not pious platitudes but practical potencies that shall work effectually to cause "the long quarrel to cease." Our message to the world is "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

It has been said, "Christianity has failed." Christianity has not failed. When Christianity begins to be lived as an everyday attraction, rather than played with as a Sunday abstraction, and when it puts on everyday clothes and goes to work six days in the week, the Kingdom of God will come by leaps and by bounds.

"It must not be again!" War must not be again. The liquor traffic must not be again. The conflict between capital and labor must not be again. Strife, national, international, industrial, public and private, must not be again. Indifference to the highest and best must end. Selfishness and profiteering must be no more. Every thing that puts the crimson tooth and claw and fang into life must be prevented. The things that make human life unblessed and existence a shambles, because they are contrary to the will of God and the very opposite to the teachings of the Christ, must not be again. So long as they remain to hurt and hinder, the Son of God is crucified afresh and the Saviour of the World experiences another Calvary. R. B.

We Live Forever

WEDNESDAY. Psa. 118 : 17. "*I shall not die but live!*" If there is one fact which has been established beyond all peradventure by the researches of modern science, it is that which is familiarly known as the conservation of energy. It is well to remember this, in view of what a distinguished scientist and inventor has been saying against the truth of Immortality.

What is the rationale of the Edison electric light? If a current of electricity pass along a wire to a point where the wire is so contracted that it will not transmit the whole current, a portion moves on and what becomes of the remainder? Is it reduced to *nil?* Not at all. Force cannot be annihilated. The force called electricity is simply changed into the equivalent of another force called light. Yet the inventor of the electric light, who insists so strenuously upon the conservation of energy in every other quarter, does not hesitate to deny its application in the sole province of spiritual things. He professes to believe that, while his own biceps muscle is indestructible, his soul —the mightiest bundle of energies within the entire purview of reason—can be so utterly quenched that it shall forever cease to be! D. J. B.

Resting for Better Work

THURSDAY. Mark 6 : 31. "*Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile.*" Relaxation and rest are as essential as work. Change of scenery, locality, climate and occupation is healthful to body, mind and spirit. Therefore we should heed the call of God's great "out-of-doors," to come and rest awhile. The glory of the Transfiguration and of the apocalyptic vision of John on Patmos appeared during hours of solitude and rest. Jesus often found Mount Olivet convenient for prayer and communion with the Father.

But it is not the seclusion of the recluse who withdraws himself from the activities of life lest he become contaminated with the world. We are to live as Jesus did, with mankind, working together for each other after periods of retirement.

Thoughts do not grow stale when refreshed by the great speakers at camp meetings, Chautauquas, summer schools and conventions, at seaside or mountain. Elijah was better fitted for the work before him, after he had obeyed the command to hide himself by the brook Cherith awhile. The quiet of the brook and the woods was for body and mind what the covert of His wings and the secret place of the Most High are for the soul. After the excitement of toil and triumph, we let the crowds go by, while we listen to the still small voice and become prepared for the next conflict.

It is good advice to go where the air is pure, the water health-giving, the food wholesome, where knowledge may be increased, mind and heart made stronger, and where you may be strengthened to continue to do good to others. E. W. C.

The Eternal Now

FRIDAY. Heb. 12 : 1. "*Let us also lay aside every weight.*" The preceding chapter is history and the record makes a glowing page. It ends, however, in a rapid transition of thought from past to present, the eternal Now, in which we find ourselves. It matters not that centuries have come and gone; the Voice speaks to us, as we read and ponder. Our generation must hear what the Holy Spirit is saying: "The past is secure"; "There were giants in the former times."

A Westerner visiting Plymouth, Mass., recently, upon being shown the chair in which William Bradford used to sit, is reported to have asked: "Who sits there now?" In Christ's time, the Jews were wont to say: "We have Abraham to our father," but Jesus told them plainly and in all soberness, "Ye are of your father the devil." Traditions are an asset only when put to work in making history of a similar stamp.

When a good earthly life comes to an end, the last words spoken to mourning friends should always be: "Let us also." Every address in commemoration of historic achievements must come to a close with the same significant refrain. Lincoln at Gettysburg speaks: "It is for us the living—" Lowell concludes his great poem; "We must launch our Mayflower." Our heritage is an uncompleted task, wherefore "Carry On!" W. L. G.

Wise Memories That Fortify the Soul

SATURDAY. Psa. 111 : 4. "*He hath made his wondrous works to be remembered: the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.*" What is memory? A mental reiteration of some experience. It is the repetition of all that takes place in the consciousness that makes an impression along the lines of the nerves. But whether this is the light track of a passing foot, or the rut of a grinding wheel of bewilderment and distraction, it is, in the last analysis, a matter of our own choosing. Character is crystallized choice. Undesired memories will knock at our doors. That is something we cannot help. There is no need, however, to invoke them, to invite them into the guest chamber and bid them occupy the chair of state. One memory like a nail, drives another out. We may fill our minds with the rich content and kind thoughts that will successfully combat the undesirable.

Wordsworth could people an idle hour with dancing daffodils. The whole galaxy of poetic stars occupied their minds with that which Paul characterized as things true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of a good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, they thought on those things. To drown the strife of bitter memory let us have great speech ready. Let us learn noble words. There is nothing like the sayings of Jesus, the twenty-third psalm, or the suggestiveness of some great hymn for comfort of spirit.

The thought of God, the values and inspirations of the Kingdom are medicine for the mind troubled and anxious with the burdens and incumbrances of the world. R. B.

Sunday-School Lesson for August 7

Paul in Cyprus and in Antioch of Pisidia

Acts 13 : 1-52

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

WHEN the "Empress of Asia" sailed from Vancouver last August for the Orient, there were sixty Presbyterian missionaries, forty Methodist missionaries and twenty-seven Y. W. C. A. workers on board. Most of these were going to the foreign field for their first term of service. What a joy it was to be sailing with such a company! The captain of the ship said it was the soberest lot of passengers he had ever taken across. Though one could see by the faces of these specially enlisted Christians that they had work ahead that was worth while, it could also be seen that it was a very happy group. The days of preparation were over. They would soon be in the midst of their soul-winning, world-winning work.

Barnabas and Paul began their first missionary journey when they started from Antioch, going down the Orontes river to Selucia, whence they sailed to Salamis on the island of Cyprus. The student of missions is a great user of his geography. Follow Paul closely as he makes his three journeys and then that wonderful trip to Rome. As urged in a previous study, trace its itinerary on your map; or, better still, make your own map as you travel with Paul. Write a diary just as if you were one of that company with Paul, Barnabas and Mark. Think yourself through the trip with this apostle to the Gentiles; become acquainted with the places visited; read all Paul wrote to the various churches, the thirteen letters he prepared en route. If you are a teacher, make the lessons so realistic and worth while that some in your class will be eager to devote themselves to a life service as a missionary, whether at home or abroad. The Macedonian call for workers was never louder since Paul heeded the vision at Troas.

Back of every missionary is a praying church. It was that way with Paul and his companions. Though Antioch was vile in places, there was a company of believers in righteousness whose lives were so true that they were called Christians. They lived up to that wonderful name. In the early part of our chapter we find them working, praying and fasting. They have grasped the fact that if they possess salvation, it becomes an obligation to give the good news (evangel) to others. They must have been praying for instruction as to their next duty in the matter. Now, as then, the Holy Spirit makes His will known. They clearly understand that two—Barnabas and Paul—are to be set apart for a special mission. The church continues its prayer and fasting: devout hands are laid upon the heads of their representatives before they are sent forth.

THE direct activity of the Holy Spirit offers another opportunity for special teaching about the Trinity. Many have vague ideas of Him, the Holy Spirit, a person as definitely as is God the Father and Christ the Son. He, the Holy Spirit, has His special office work to perform, even as the other two Persons. The Shorter Catechism, question six, states: "There are three persons in the Godhead; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory." Read, with prayerful meditation, the question of Paul when at Ephesus, "Did ye receive the Holy Spirit when ye believed?" (Acts 19 : 2) and note the growing experience of Apollos and certain disciples with enlarged knowledge of the Trinity. Think very carefully about the meaning of the formula of the sacrament of Baptism: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen." [redacted] as an adult, what did your baptism mean to you?

These two men were commissioned for service which they began to render at Salamis and continued as they went from place to place through Cyprus until they came to Paphos. It is always true that Satan seeks to turn away from the faith those who are ready to believe. An aroused devil can be considered very often as a sign of increasing victory. When Sergius Paulus was beginning to see the truth of salvation as it is found in the life and work of Jesus Christ, Elymas the sorcerer sought to throw dust into his eyes. Then it was that Paul, under the direct power of the Holy Spirit who called him for this special missionary journey, was enabled to declare the wickedness of Elymas and to work the miracle which produced blindness in the one who sought to save himself though God be dethroned. In spite of Elymas and of Satan, whose tool Elymas was, Sergius Paulus believed when he understood the teaching, and Paul had won another soul to the glory of God. Soul-winning is your chief business as a Christian.

While on the island of Cyprus, there is only one recorded work of Paul, but he must have been constantly engaged in the great business for which he was commissioned by the Holy Spirit and the Antioch Christians. This is very true to life. Very few deeds for the Master are written down in earth's books while they are all recorded in heaven.

ALL of Acts 13 is covered in our lesson study. We are not concerned merely with a few incidents in the life of Paul, but with all that is recorded about him in the Bible. Leaving Paphos, our trio—Paul, Barnabas and John Mark—came to the mainland at Perga in Pamphilia. Here Mark leaves the two leading workers and goes back to Jerusalem. Why he did this has never been fully answered. We know that when Paul was ready to start on his next journey Barnabas wanted to take his nephew Mark along. Paul objected because of this departure of Mark from the company at Perga. This caused what appears to be a friendly solution in that Paul takes Silas with him on the second journey, while Barnabas and Mark become yoke-fellows for another gospel tour in Cyprus.

Paul went from Perga, on the sea coast to Antioch of Pisidia, about 90 miles away, and the journey was dangerous on account of natural difficulties and robbers. Some think Mark withdrew because he became over timid; others that he left the party since he joined only for a sea-coasting trip. Here we are confronted with the theory advanced by Sir William Ramsey concerning Paul's thorn in the flesh, which is mentioned in 2 Cor. 12 : 7-8. Prof. Ramsey suggests that the trouble was a "species of chronic malarial fever" and that Paul, experiencing a worse attack than usual, sought the high ground of Pisidian Antioch as a place for recuperation. Without question he is the greatest living authority on the life, the time and the geography of Paul. This great scientist and explorer will be in America this summer and you may have the privilege of hearing his lectures. Many think that the "thorn in the flesh" was weak eyes, due to the blinding experience at the time of Paul's conversion. With this theory in mind, read Gal. 4 : 13-15 and Gal. 6 : 11 in the revised version. Paul had to write with "large letters" because of his eye difficulty!

At least two Sabbath days were spent in Antioch of Pisidia. Read every sermon of Paul very carefully. Begin with this first recorded one—Acts 13 : 16-42. The usual custom of going first to the synagogue of the Jews was followed. It was a powerful message and the preacher was invited to preach again the next sabbath. The "word of God" was then proclaimed to "almost the whole city." The Gentiles accepted what the stirred-up Jews rejected. Believers repeated the message in the surrounding country. Persecution arose and the preachers had to flee; but they had sown the good seed," and the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Spirit."

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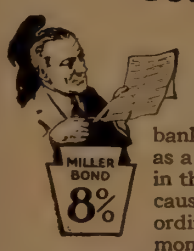

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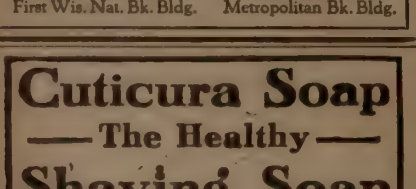

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The Christian Herald **New York**

Jerry of Justamere Cabin

Continued from page 536

there I found Kent and Kate. I told the news of Persmann's early departure.

"Oh, goody," cried Kate. "I think I'm very glad. This Mr. Persmann was beginning to spoil everything."

"Yes," Kent interrupted, "but this isn't a joke. If he goes away tomorrow there ends our chance of seeing if those lost securities are concealed in his bag."

"Unless we can get it tonight," said Harold.

"And why tonight? You think he may leave it at his cottage when he goes fishing?"

"There's just a chance. Not a very good one."

But I had an idea of my own.

"Can Persmann swim?" I asked Harold.

"Yes, he's a good swimmer."

"Do you think he will use the boat he stole from us?"

"Very likely. It's still in his barn."

"Well, here's my plan. We will be waiting around his cottage. If he starts out without the bag we shall have to try to get it out of the cottage."

"He won't," interrupted Harold. "He'll take it with him in the boat."

"All right. Here comes number two plan. I know the boat pretty well. I soldered up all the holes, but I know where they are. One of 'em was pretty big. If all of them were in just the shape we found 'em they would let in enough water to sink the boat before it got over to the island."

"What about it?"

"Well, we will play Justice. Yesterday I climbed into that barn to take a look at Invincible I. I have a strong affection for that boat. I discovered something. He stole the boat the very day I had been working on it. The solder was still green. He dragged it several feet on the ground into his barn. In doing so he opened up most of the old leaks. He is not very likely to notice them at first. Probably he will get along all right going down the creek and will only discover that his boat is filling when out on the lake. Then we will happen along in our canoe and offer to take him in. Right there will be our chance to get the bag."

"Don't see how," said Kent.

"At a certain spot about ten feet from our dock the canoe will upset. It will be your business to grab for that bag. I'll have all I can do saving myself. You will swim to our dock and hang the bag underneath it."

"I'm game to try anything for the good of the cause," said Kent. "But it doesn't sound to me as if it would work very smoothly."

I DON'T think any of them believed very much in my plan, even when they saw the way in which the rough handling had opened up the old punctures in the hide of that boat, but none of them had anything better to offer.

When evening came even Kate was bound to go over to the cottage to watch what Persmann did. Fortunately he was late getting home so it was dark by the time he had eaten his supper.

"It's so late, perhaps he won't go," said Kate.

"Don't you believe he won't," said Harold. "Fishing is the only other thing besides money that he's crazy about. I'll bet there never was such a combination in all the world before—a fisherman and a miser."

"Is he good at fishing?"

"Yes. He has taken more big fish out of the lake than anyone here, though he isn't a member. He caught one channel cat that weighed thirty-five pounds."

"Whee! No wonder he hates to give it up."

It was quite dark by the time Persmann got down to the barn and began to drag out the boat. He had a lantern that was so constructed that it could be attached to the bow of the boat and throw its rays into the water, but it did not serve to show him the defects in the bottom of the boat.

He had no particular trouble getting it into the water. Then we all ran around to our dock by land, knowing that we should not be far behind him. Kent and I stepped into our canoe and out we shot as soon as his boat came by our dock. Of course we were obliged to keep a little distance back, not to attract his attention. Every moment I expected to hear him sing out about the water coming into his boat, but he didn't give out a sound.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Is he going to let that old boat sink without saying a word? I can't see it, but it ought to be getting lower in the water every minute.

"You've said the very thing," replied Kent. "He's so occupied with his fishing that he doesn't notice. He's used to some old, crazy, leaky thing, and he wears boots anyway, and he just doesn't notice. Look! He's got a bite, I'll bet."

Evidently he had. It was a big fellow by the way it was tugging at the line. We could see enough to see how he was trying to play the fish, but about all he could do was to let his line reel out. He had a good, stout line evidently, but it would take a clothesline to hold the monster that he had hooked. It was actually towing the boat.

Persmann was evidently excited. His line was all out. He stood up in the boat and pulled. Suddenly there was a sharp twang. The line parted. Over went Persmann into the water, and the old boat, easily unbalanced, instead of sinking steadily to the bottom as it might have done, thereby holding the satchel in comparative safety, upset and floated bottom up, upsetting also all of my carefully laid plans.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN that boat overturned in that horribly abrupt fashion and I saw its occupant pitched headlong into the water, my first impulse was to paddle furiously to the rescue. But what was the use? Persmann could swim well. Kent didn't seem alarmed about the situation. So I waited and in just a second I saw the man come to the surface.

In the same second I had another idea. I must locate the spot where that boat was overturned. It is very easy to become confused as to location on a body of water. There are two electric lights on the island. Looking backward and forward I could see that the spot was almost exactly on a line between our dock and the south electric light. And it was probably ten canoe lengths from the island.

We were not the only people on the lake. Two young men raced their canoe up and reached the overturned boat before we did. Persmann had not tried to swim to the island. His boat was a very precious thing to him and he clung to the bow with no idea of leaving it.

"I'm safe enough," I heard him say to the young men. "But please help me to turn the boat right side up. I'm awfully anxious about the contents of this boat."

"What was it, fish?"

"No, more important than fish. I had a valuable satchel in here."

"Thought you were fishing."

"So I was. I had a big fellow hooked. He was dragging the boat when the line snapped. I lost my balance and fell back. That's what turned the boat over. That and the fact that it had a lot of water in it. No, I'm not cold. Help me get the boat turned up, please."

IT ISN'T such a hard job to right a boat when a good swimmer who is in the water is helping. They had the boat turned right side up just as we got to them. Of course the satchel was gone. I don't think Persmann had any but the faintest hope that it might have gotten wedged in at the bow or under a thwart or something. We steadied one end of the boat while Persmann crawled back in.

"Can any of you dive?" he asked.

You know how much of a diver I am, but Kent is a first-class diver; and it seemed that the two young men who got there first rather fancied themselves at it.

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gets that satchel from the bottom," said Persmann.

If I hadn't known he was a miser, I should have wondered at the price he put on it.

One of the young men laughed.

"I'm not tempted by your dollar," said he, "but just as a matter of sport I'll step into your boat and try a dive. Our canoe is too light to dive from."

He made a very graceful dive, but came back up clawing nothing more valuable than a fistful of mud.

Then Kent tried, but he had about the same luck.

The second young man tied his canoe to the boat and started in to show them how a real diver should go at it. But he didn't get anything better.

They were warmed up to it by this time and kept on going off the stern of the boat and climbing in at the other end in 1-2-3 order, for some time. There in the faint moonlight it was a weird sight; made me think of smugglers hiding their run in a subterranean cache.

But the young men got tired soon and said they were through.

"Oh, don't quit," Persmann begged. "You'll get it in a minute. I'll give you five dollars if you bring it up in good shape."

"It doesn't tempt us," laughed the first one. "I've done more than five dollars' worth of diving already."

"I'll give you ten!" said Persmann. "I'll give you twenty!" Then seeing the young man pick up his paddle to start away, "Say, if you'll get that satchel for me, I'll give you fifty dollars!"

"Oh, if it's as valuable as that you can get a professional diver to go after it," said the young man. "I'm not a professional. I was just trying it for sport, and the sport is all through for me."

KENT and I had paddled a little distance away. He did not seem to think it worth-while to bother with Kent after the young men had disappeared. But his oars were gone. He couldn't row home, and his boat was taking in quite a little water again.

"Shall we tow you ashore?" asked Kent.

"I suppose so," he replied, ungraciously. "If I was any good at diving I could get that satchel myself. Tomorrow I'll have a diver down from the city who will pick it up as easily as if it had just been dropped on the sidewalk."

When we reached our dock Mr. Persmann stepped out. I had been expecting him to explain how that boat upon which we had spent so much labor came to be in his possession, but not a word did he say about it.

"I'll leave my boat here tonight," said he. "When it is daylight the oars can be found easily. I'll give you a quarter if you get them."

Neither Kent nor I said a word in response to this splendid offer. We were getting rather chilly, for a cool breeze had come up and our wet bathing suits were poor protection.

Harold and Kate came up as soon as Mr. Persmann disappeared.

"We shall have to tell father all about this," said Kent. "And I think it will be best to tell him about Harold, too, since he is mixed up in it so much."

"I'm willing," agreed Harold, "but I hope he isn't going to want me to go back to Mr. Persmann. One thing sure, there'll be no more girl's clothes."

To be continue!

Young People's Topic for August 7

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Thy Will Be Done—With My Pleasures

C. E., B. Y. P. U. and E. L. Matt. 6:7 15

CHRISTIANITY has no quarrel with the social life. One need only to read the New Testament to learn that Jesus, Who is our guide in this sphere as in other departments of life, entered into the social life of His day. Let the reader search for those beautiful scenes wherein the Master is depicted as one who mingled freely with His fellow-beings. Examine His teachings and you will discover that the word "joy" was often on His lips. Likewise the word "blessed."

Jesus wanted everybody to be happy. Blessedness means happiness. Because a person is long of countenance and short of smiles is no sign that he is pious. Christianity is not a restraint but an inspiration. It does not push in all the stops of being but pulls out all the stops. Jesus found pleasure in helping others, doing His duty daily, living in harmony with the will of God. He expressed Himself and found great pleasure in so doing by healthful pursuits, but He never broke the sanctity of the Sabbath Day. Athletics are good but when pushed too far they hinder rather than help. Holidays usually are tonic and medicinal, but are rank poison if they interfere with the highest claims of the soul and mind and body.

Jesus found pleasure in friendship. He was a wonderful Friend Himself. We find Him at a wedding feast and at a dinner-party and presiding at a picnic. Even here He did a good turn for God. The personal pleasure derived from these pursuits was secondary to the good turns He could do the people with whom He came in contact. In an analysis of His life we find that He never substituted a dinner-party for an immediate duty. He put first things first. It is not possible to live a first-rate life by putting one's emphasis on second-rate things.

Jesus loved nature. He was an outdoor enthusiast and constantly found reminders of God in nature. But nowhere will you find an incident that led Him to neglect worship by saying, as so many do today who are supposed to be His followers, "I can worship God out in nature and do not have to go to church." Any pleasure that interferes with God's will, comes between the ideal of what we should do and the idea of what we think we would rather do, is not in harmony with God's will. Pleasure is only sinful when it robs manhood and womanhood of the idea of duty and obedience to the fundamentals that are the foundation for the only real manhood and womanhood worth considering. Vacations are necessary, but life is not all vacation. Holidays are needed for recreation, but not every day is needed for Re-creation, building up the whole person. Vacations and recreations that do not fit us for the business of living more nobly, more intelligently, more consistently, more sanely are worse than no vacations and no recreations.

Jesus went everywhere but he always went as Jesus.

Fun—real fun—is gotten out of life by way of duty not by dodging duty.

The more Christian our play-time the more Christian our work-time.

The man in jest is the key to the man in earnest.

The man at play is an index to the man at work.

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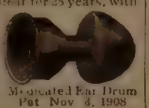

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By Willard Osborne

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In fact the pages of business history are dotted thickly with examples of ambitious people who, starting without capital or experience, have turned their spare time to such good account that they soon built up profitable, independent businesses, and are now living on the sunny side of Easy street.

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You, too, can turn your spare time to profitable account. Time is money. And we all have an equal share of it. What are you doing with your share? Are you wasting several precious hours a day that you could use in starting and developing a money-making business of your own?

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Send no money now. Just fill in and mail the coupon (or write a letter or a post card) and we will send you a set of the *Independence Spare-Time Business Plans*, complete in eight pocket-size booklets. Upon arrival, simply deposit $2, plus the few cents postage, with the mail man; then examine the Plans carefully for 30 days. If you are not more than pleased in *every way*, simply return the Plans to us and your money will be refunded to you *at once* without question, quibble or delay. The present edition is limited, so act promptly. The mailing of this coupon may be the very thing that will start you on the right road to financial betterment. American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 841 1133 Broadway, New York.

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You may send me a complete set of the *Independence Spare-Time Business Plans* in 8 pocket-size booklets. I will pay the postman $2, plus postage, but if I am not satisfied I will mail the Plans back at your expense within 30 days and you are to refund my money at once. It is distinctly understood that there are no further payments.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

THAT the Family Altar still continues to be a leading topic in many sections of the country is evident from the letters that continue to reach us. Here is one of a number received during the week:

"We, as members of a Sunday School Class representing ten families of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, desire to express our appreciation of your efforts in regard to the Family Altar in the home. We regularly observe the Family Altar, both morning and evening and consider it very essential to Christian living. Also we believe that a smaller percentage of children go wrong in homes where we find the Family Altar. We thank you for the good work you are doing.

"Signed on behalf of the class,
W. G. MILLIGAN."

Olathe, Kans.

W. E. L., Willington, S. C., writes: "Yes, I have a Family Altar. In my wife's lifetime we would sing a hymn and read a chapter in the Bible. I would offer a prayer. Now I am living with my grandchildren. We have prayer at table twice daily, as it suits best to get all together at that time, and I read a few practical Bible verses and pray practically, to the point. I don't try to tell the Lord the news of the day. I tell Him to help us by His grace and loving kindness to enable us to live right today. And I thank Him for all blessings, and ask Him to bless our friends wherever they are, and our neighbors, and all in authority. This is my fifty-fourth year for the Family Altar in my home. It is possible in every home. No excuse will stand at the bar of God. We live in a land of Bible, and the Gospel. No learning is necessary. The one thing required is the heart, excellence of speech without the heart won't reach to heaven. And the Altar is necessary in every home because it is the only way to keep the Evil One out of the home. Jesus knocks and begs to come in. The Family Altar is the rock of Godliness."

Adolph F. B., Chicago, writes: "My parents were thorough Christians and held family prayer every day before we went to bed. This rule I have held all my life. After marriage we always said prayer aloud. This went on until our boys went to high school. Then the trouble came. The boys were out once in a while. We talked matters over and asked the boys to be home when night came. They were willing to promise but still sometimes they stayed out. About twenty-five years ago the Christian Herald asked how the fires on the Family Altars were burning. One man suggested that the best time for the whole family was at the supper table when all were home. We adopted that rule and have all the time since kept it and I will not part with it as long as I live. My children, who are now married, have the same rule. How much blessing we have received no one can tell—it is too much to tell. What a privilege to know that we can talk to God and know that He hears us and gives us what we need."

Florence G. C., Culpeper, Va., writes: "We have a Family Altar in our home. We began six years ago when we were just married. At breakfast, when the family is together, mother reads the Bible and father offers prayer. At night before we retire, we read and have prayer. On Thursday night we have song, Bible reading and prayers and sometimes testimonies. It is possible and necessary in every home to have a Family Altar."

Mrs. J. C. Shipe, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "I am the reader who wrote asking you to give us an editorial on The Family Altar. I am trying to create a greater interest along this line in my church work. There surely can be and must be, more Altars erected in the homes. How can families be properly reared without them? We have the Altar in our home. Every morning at the breakfast table, we read a chapter and pray before partaking of the meal. I do believe every Christian home can have an Altar if they desire it. 'If there is a will to do this, the way will surely open.'"

Reader, Hollywood, Calif., writes: "The Family Altar should be in every home. First, it is a duty we owe to God; then it is a duty we owe our children. To be raised in a Christian home where the family are all gathered at least once a day around the Family Altar is a blessing that will go with us through life and help us when we have homes of our own. As I look back over my own life I cannot remember the time when my Father did not call the family morning and evening for worship with the help from the fields and kitchen. I think it possible and necessary in every home. Children go out from such a home feeling a hallowed and refining influence that goes with them into the business world or wherever they are called to go."

Don't let your children be poisoned

A constipated child is slowly being poisoned.

All the waste matter and poison slowly seeps into the system until it upsets the entire operation of the vital organs.

The whole system is weakened and made a fertile field for disease germs of all kind.

Constipation is the cause of most ills, especially children. A body cleaned of waste matter resists most diseases.

WARNING

When you give a child some violent physic in the shape of a pill, oil or mineral water you are doing it more harm than good. Don't do it!

These cathartics give only temporary relief, leaving the bowels more sluggish and inert than ever.

They tend to bring on a condition of constipation even though they help a little at the time.

The intestines and bowels of children are particularly sensitive and the harsh action of a physic is apt to leave a permanent condition.

NATURE'S OWN CORRECTIVE

CALIFORNIA FIG-NUTS AGAR is Nature's own corrective for chronic constipation. It is purely and simply a **FOOD**—not a medicine or drug.

It is a scientifically perfect food composed of a blended combination of figs, nuts and whole wheat, dextrinized for digestibility—plus agar-agar which carries off the water and waste matter from the system.

A dish of California Fig-Nuts Agar added to your daily diet will produce results that are almost beyond belief. Any physician will tell you that whole wheat cereals, fruits and nuts are highly anti-toxic (germ destroying) and California Fig-Nuts Agar is a combination of all three of these great natural germ destroying foods, and in addition, agar-agar—the most perfect natural eliminant known to science.

WHAT IS AGAR-AGAR?

Agar-agar is a marine algae—sea gelatine—tasteless, colorless—**and in no sense a drug.** It is non-irritant.

While passing through the stomach and bowels it will absorb twenty times its weight and five times its bulk in water drawn from the fluids of the stomach. While passing through the entire intestinal tract in the form of semi-solid gelatinous granules, it gives great aid to sluggish muscles, lubricates the walls of the intestines, increases the peristaltic action, and carries the moisture to the lower bowel, thereby softening the stool and furnishing a very easy, thorough cleansing.

Imagine, if you can, a number of small, clean sponges going through the bowels and intestines, softly and gently—but thoroughly—cleansing the walls, carrying all waste matter before it into the colon where it is easily evacuated because of the moisture added to the fecund.

That's the way **FIG-NUTS AGAR** operates.

Unlike purgatives, cathartics or other artificial means, they have no tendency to weaken or irritate and the results are soothing and permanent.

Invalids, convalescents, chronic dyspeptics, children and even babies can be fed Fig-Nuts Agar with equally satisfactory results.

HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE

By correcting constipation in your children you go a long way toward preventing disease.

Give them a dish of Fig-Nuts Agar every day. They will like this delicious blend of figs, nuts and whole wheat. This perfect food not only is a marvelous eliminant, but also contains blood-producing, health-giving elements which build the little bodies, making their systems doubly able to resist cold and other minor and major ills.

THEY SAY.

"FIG-NUTS AGAR helps me very much, when I use it with any regularity. I seem to get a smooth, soft action without any griping. I do think it is the best thing ever for anyone who is chronically constipated."
Dr. W. H. B.

"My daughter came from the East and remained in California six months. She fed her babies on FIG-NUTS AGAR while here; they certainly did like them and thrived splendidly on them."

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Use the coupon below. Get only two cans of this wonderful health-food, and see how quickly you will note its benefits. Use is the most convincing proof we can offer. After you have used one can, if you are not more than pleased with Fig-Nuts Agar your money will be refunded without question. Simply return the full can and your money will be sent to you at once.

We are willing to make this offer because we know that Fig-Nuts Agar will do all and more than we claim for it. Used and recommended by leading physicians and dietitians. We have on file letters from thousands of satisfied users all over America. Take advantage of our liberal trial offer today and let Fig-Nuts Agar help you dispel the cause of your disorders.

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We will reward you for doing this good work

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A New World Atlas with over fifty maps of the world, beautifully printed in colors on fine paper and showing the new changes in boundary lines caused by the Great War. Or, you may select instead a beautiful booklet of superb views, in colors, of scenes in the Holy Land, together with descriptions of the same.

Given for Two Coupons

A bound copy of Dr. Sheldon's latest story entitled "The Richest Man in Kansas." Dr. Sheldon, who is now in the Michigan woods spending a well-earned summer vacation with his family, is intensely desirous that this new book should go into the hands of every reader of the Christian Herald.

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A clothbound copy of "Jerusalem, Its Redemption, and Its Future" told by seven eye witnesses, with 16 reproductions of photographs taken in the Holy Land. This book has already enjoyed a very large sale to readers of the Christian Herald. If you already have a copy of "Jerusalem" you may order a clothbound copy of "Dawn," by Eleanor H. Porter. This is one of her most recent and famous books.

Will every member of the Christian Herald family strive to send in at least the trial subscription of one friend not now taking the magazine? The special price enables almost anyone to take advantage of this offer. It enables all who have the interest of the Christian Herald at heart and who desire to extend the work of evangelization to make a present of a seven months' subscription at a cost of only one dollar to a friend who will be reminded of the kindness every week and who will probably become a permanent member of the great Christian Herald family as hundreds of thousands have already done.

Please act at once and be the means of having at least one new home receive the Christian Herald's weekly visits. You will be doing a great service for your friends, the Christian Herald, and yourself.

Please return the coupons properly filled out, together with one dollar each as soon as possible. Do not wait until August 31st to send them in.

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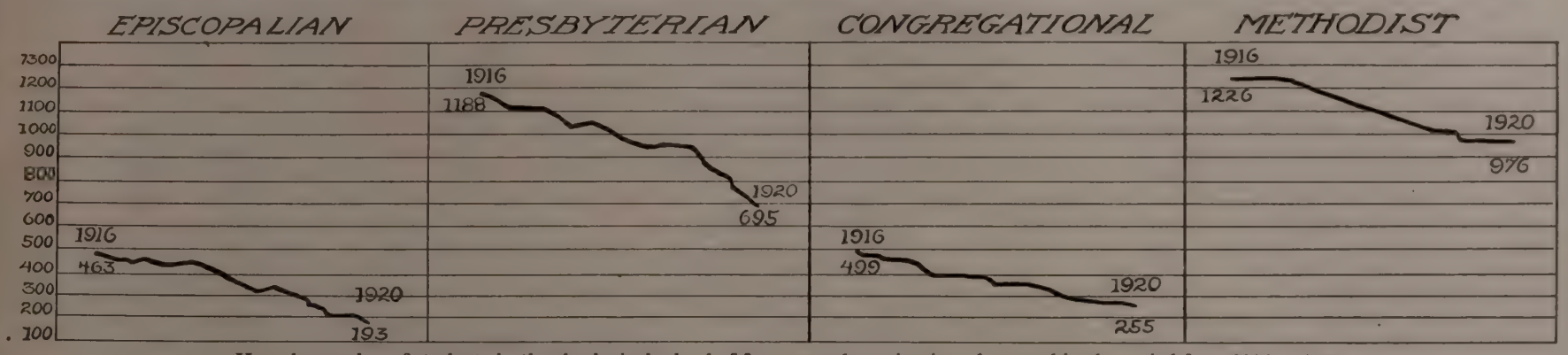


How the number of students in the theological school of four great denominations decreased in the period from 1916 to 1920

Help Wanted—Clergymen

Decrease in the Number of Students Preparing for the Ministry Presents an Alarming Problem for the Church

By MARY GILPIN ARMSTRONG

EXACTLY who or what is to blame for the fact that five thousand Protestant pulpits are now vacant in the United States and that fewer than half that number of newly ordained ministers are available to serve these pastorless congregations?

Is the ministry losing out as a life-work for young men? Are young men less concerned nowadays in heeding the call for whole-hearted Christian service than in previous years, or is it merely the character of their work for mankind that is changing?

These questions crop up quite naturally when one has in hand the enrolment returns in Protestant seminaries for a period of years. Indeed, the figures of declines seem in themselves to demand that thinking Americans face the facts frankly to discover where the real difficulty lies. And so let us tackle the problem honestly and with an interest seasoned with an optimism regarding the quality of the nation's manhood which hesitates to censure rashly.

Because the survey was made in June the contrast between the thriving secular colleges and universities, crowded as never before, and the waning condition of the theological seminaries was the more striking. It was soon apparent, moreover, that not only had the graduation figures fallen below their pre-war level—a condition from which all professional schools are only now recovering—but that the undergraduate registration has also diminished seriously.

In the Episcopalian institutions, particularly, the decline was noticeable, with a decrease in students from 463 in 1916 to 193 in 1920. The Presbyterian and Congregational seminaries ran a close second, with the Presbyterians showing an enrolment of 1,188 in 1916 as compared to 695 in 1920; and the Congregationalists falling from 499 to 255 in the same period. In Methodist seminaries the decrease was from 1,226 to 976 in the four years. Roman Catholic institutions, on the other hand, show a steadily mounting enrolment which was unimpaired even under the strain of the war demands.

ACCORDING to the figures furnished by the States Bureau of Education through 1918, which give the total enrolment for all seminaries—Roman Catholic, Protestant and Jewish *in toto*—the attendance upon theological seminaries increased very gradually from 1870 to 1915, beginning with 3,354 and mounting to 10,558. Just before the United States entered the war the enrolment accelerated its previous pace, reaching 12,051 in 1916; but this was followed by an immediate slump to 9,354 when the nation entered the conflict. No further figures have been furnished by the Bureau, but later returns from the institutions listed in the Bureau's reports show that Protestant churches have failed to recover their pre-war status and the results for 1921—although not yet complete—indicate a slight decrease over last year.

Dr. Robert L. Kelley, secretary of the Council of Church Boards of Education in the United States, who keeps his finger on the pulse of the situation constantly, estimates that there are in all no more than 1,600 seminary graduates this year, as compared with 1,800 last June, when the number was subnormal. And not all of this number will be available for the ministry, he points out, since some are going to foreign fields and others will continue studying. It is he who matches the total with 5,000 empty pulpits in all parts of the country awaiting earnest, capable young leaders. In addition to the seminarians he estimates that there will be about the same number of Bible student graduates, men and women who in most cases have received a short training in addition to the high-school course, and are therefore less well prepared to meet the more complicated problems of the modern church than the theological students with their college training.

"Few people actually appreciate the seriousness of the situation," said Dr. Kelley. "Fully five thousand pulpits are now vacant throughout the United States and another five thousand will need ministers next year. Even were every graduate minister available this year the total, 3,200, would only half fill the need. There are scarcely 5,500 students in all the Protestant seminaries: this should represent the mere graduation total, while *four times* that number should now be enrolled if the supply would equal the demand."

IN THE February, 1921, issue of Church's Ministry, an Episcopalian publication, the decrease in enrolment in Protestant seminaries is estimated at 4.75 per cent. The percentages are distributed as follows:

Seminaries		*Per cent.*
Baptist	Decrease	3.44
Presbyterian	"	20.95
Protestant Episcopalian	"	32.33
Congregational	"	37.63
Methodist	Increase	4.39
Lutheran	"	.83

At this time the decreases in the Baptist and Congregational seminaries are less serious, however, although they are far below normal, and the Presbyterian and Episcopalian institutions still make a poor showing.

Notable exceptions to the general rule, however, are to be found in such large institutions as Union Theological Seminary, New York, the University of Chicago Divinity School and the Yale Divinity School, where the attendance is larger than usual. Union, for example, has just completed its record year with 317 students as compared with 164 in 1910 and 273 in 1916, despite the fact that its tuition fees are higher than ever before and its requirements are exceptionally rigid. All statistics of denominational students tend to be somewhat flexible, however, since many students are attending seminaries of other denominations and some of the churches have no accurate record of the number of students attending other institutions.

Added to the report of the Episcopalian committee the Inter-church World Movement Survey of theological students of North America of 1919, reporting upon 63 institutions, showed the attendance to have been but 71 per cent. of what it was before the war, or an average drop of from 61 to 45 students. While this was to have been expected at that time the almost static condition which has been the rule since then is causing considerable anxiety among Protestant churches.

THE Episcopalian Church is also disturbed over the fact that the number of its postulants—those who indicate their intentions of entering the ministry while in school or college—has decreased. In 1916 there were 693 postulants as compared with 393 in 1920; in 1916 there were 256 students and only 179 in 1920, while the total number of candidates was reduced from 466 to 306 in that time. The church admits through its organ, Church's Ministry, that it now draws more than fifty per cent. of its recruits from non-church families and that the total number of ordinations was reduced before the war from 2,655 in 1901 to 2,463 in 1916 despite the increases in population.

At the seventh annual education congress at Park-Hill-on-Hudson last January, Rev. O. D. Foster, university secretary of the Council of Church Boards of Education said: "The seriousness of the situation cannot be easily exaggerated. If the Church is to hold her place in the future, to say nothing of taking advance ground, she must in some way lead more strong men into the better class of seminaries. These schools are equipped to take care of many more men and they are making noble efforts to get the men to fill up their classes, but they cannot do it single-handed. They need the co-operation of the pastors, college professors, Christian parents and all.

"One of the most 'successful' pastors in one of the greatest churches recently stated that during his pastorate of ten years in that place not a single boy of his congregation had entered the ministry. Since this is not an unusual case, the task of the seminary in recruiting for itself is a great one. Until the pastors and parents can be interested more in the ministry as a calling the seminaries will continue to face the same difficulty. The situation is so serious that every agency of the Church, whose business and interest it is to recruit the right

SOME group of people—parents primarily—must interest themselves actively in filling the theological schools if the churches of the land are to be ministered to. There has been much discussion in the last year or two of the decreasing enrollment of students for the ministry, and many reasons advanced to explain it. Miss Armstrong in this article has obtained the opinions of a group of men who are directly interested, and at the same time presents the first comprehensive survey of the situation that has come to our attention.

sort of man for the ministry, should have every possible influence for helpfulness put at their disposal without delay."

HALF a dozen important reasons are promptly offered for the decline in the number of theological students, but the suggestion that it is due to religious doubt, fostered by the war and the disillusionment of the world disorder which followed it, is most often offered. The economic disadvantages of the ministerial service, made more real because of the high cost contingent with the war, are often referred to; and there are many who insist that the young men are more eager than ever to serve in the world regeneration process, but are convinced that they can do it through other avenues than the ministry.

The June faculty letter of the Harvard Divinity School, which deplores the falling attendance there as well as at the Andover Theological Seminary (Congregational) and the Episcopal Theological Seminary and at many other schools throughout the country, says:

"The phenomenon is a very disturbing one to all who are interested in the welfare of the Protestant churches of our country, which are certain in the next decade to be seriously affected by the shortage of ministers. The problem is a very complex one, which calls for careful and detailed analysis. The decline in the economic status of the minister and the corresponding decline in his social influence are most important contributory causes, as are the changes of religious emphasis during the last half century, the decline in the religious life in the home and the greatly increased attractions of many other professional opportunities which offer invitations to young men of the type who formerly went into the ministry.

"It is essential that ministers today who are concerned for the future of their profession should set the facts squarely before their parishioners and should point out to them that unless fathers and mothers think it worth while to encourage their ablest sons to enter the ministry the Christian Church is certain to suffer a grave decline in influence through the lack of devout and well-trained ministers."

BEGINNING the "careful and detailed analysis" suggested by the Harvard Divinity School, we find Rev. Dr. E. W. Fosbroke, dean of the General Theological Seminary in New York City, attributing the falling attendance to the effects of the war. A tendency to more progressive thinking on the part of certain churches he considers another cause.

"It seems that those churches which have tried most deliberately to meet the demands of progressive thinkers for a modern interpretation of religion have been the hardest hit by the war," he said. "The Episcopalian, Congregational and Presbyterian churches have felt the strain most, chiefly because their young men have been thinking independently since the war and struggling to choose the right course. These churches appeal to a thoughtful constituency, which refuses to accept doctrine without question.

"Naturally so tremendous an event as the great conflict has given rise to much questioning. Many of the men have returned frankly baffled. They admit that they are not sure that the Church offers the solution for all human problems. It takes a certain amount of assurance to enter the ministry. One must be confident that it shows the way, and we do not want men who do not take the intellectual side of the profession into first consideration. Mere willingness to espouse the cause because it is a great thing to do—the motive that actuates social workers—is not enough for us today. This field demands great thoughtfulness and sets a high standard for admission."

Much of the optimism generated overseas regarding the increase in recruits for the ministry after the World War has been scattered to the winds by this time. When battles raged at white heat religious fervor was at its height. "Y" secretaries wrote home encouragingly of the devotion which the men were showing and their confidence in the increased enrolment in the ministry. But when the great danger was passed many of the men became less consecrated, and by the time they reached the United States the number of recruits had dwindled pitifully. The churches fought bravely to keep their machinery running smoothly, but against fearful odds. Not only were there fewer men entering seminaries but some of the ministers wanted to leave their fields for a "broader" work.

AS FOR the type of men now in the work the opinions, on the whole, are most encouraging. Dr. Ezra H. Tipple, president of the Drew Theological Seminary, of Madison, N. J., believes that the war not only stimulated enrolment in Methodist institutions but improved the character of the men. "The war has had a good effect on all our seminaries," he said, "arousing in the men a desire to serve."

Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, general secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, though a member of the organization's committee on the war and religious outlook, frankly states that the war has had little effect on the present situation. "I was not surprised that there was no great spiritual impetus after the war," he said. "How could there have been after so much strife and sordidness? But it must be remembered that many of the men who would formerly have entered the ministry now have broader fields from which to choose. The 'Y' secretaryships, social welfare work and a number of semi-religious opportunities for service draw the men away from the ministry. But that work is also of great value to the community."

Dr. Kelley, who was likewise certain that having handled pitch it was to be expected that the men would have become black to some degree and have become more worldly minded, has found that those who kept their faith and returned disillusioned have come back finer than ever.

Dr. Ralph B. Pomeroy, professor of Ecclesiastical Polity and Canon Law at the General Theological Seminary, is positive that the quality of the men there has been considerably improved this year.

"The war has had precisely the same effect upon theological seminaries as upon many other branches of work," Dr. Pomeroy said. "It made the best men far finer and left the poor ones weaker. Those who learned self-discipline through general discipline are better than before, while those who failed to learn it slumped when discipline was removed.

"There are unquestionably more men in the A-1 class than ever before, as well as a few who are far below average ability. The good students of today seem far better than those of my generation, while the mediocre men are far worse than those of thirty years ago. The only way in which the seminaries can eventually recover is by raising admission standards. The shortage of recent years is undoubtedly due to the laxity in entrance requirements for some time previous.

"For a long time the seminaries have been open to practically anyone who applied, because there has always been a real need for ministers. But as an inevitable result the institutions maintaining such low standards have made but slight appeal to the type of men most desired in the profession and only those so imbued with the importance of the work as to overlook this condition entered. The salvation of the churches actually depends upon stiffening the standards in the seminaries."

THE Very Rev. E. W. Fosbroke, dean of the General Theological Seminary, is also desirous of seeing standards elevated and equally sure of the improved quality of the men now coming to that institution. He considers that the greatest deterrent in the way of entering the ministry is the feeling on the part of young men that the clergy is a class out of the main stream of life, admission to which would somehow keep them beyond the things of everyday interest. "If the laity want a larger ministry—which means that they want the Christian religion—they must make possible a franker understanding between themselves and the clergy," he said.

Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, pastor of the Church of the Ascension, New York City, is confident that there are thousands of red-blooded young men eager to serve mankind in all kinds of Christian service and many who would enter the ministry if they could go on applying the modern training they have received in college. "Make the seminaries the 'continuation-school' of the colleges and universities, teach modern philosophy and permit liberal thinking and the seminaries will be filled to overflowing," he prophesied. "The men are all right but the methods are, in many cases, antiquated. At Union Theological Seminary, for example, where the students are taught liberally, there is no difficulty in finding students."

It takes but little research to discover that the majority of the more liberal institutions and those having a university connection are flourishing while the smaller seminaries in little towns are becoming deserted. The enrolment at Union this year is 317 as compared with 251 in 1914, 164 in 1910, and 128 in 1901 despite the fact, as Dean Charles Ripley Gillett of that institution pointed out, "that the seminary was debarred from the Presbyterian General Assembly for being too liberal and the tuition fee of $150 is the largest anywhere. In addition the entrance requirements are exceptionally high, students having to qualify for entrance to the graduate school of Columbia University to be admitted. And this year twenty-two sects were represented at Union by 122 students."

IN TALKING with a score of other leaders of Protestant churches one of the reasons most frequently mentioned in connection with the low enrolment in the seminaries was the greater interest young men are showing in Y. M. C. A. work and other forms of social service. But upon investigation at the International "Y" headquarters it developed that the ministers are laboring under a misconception in this matter. David R. Porter, executive secretary of the Student Department, International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., for example, said that in general the Association was not getting many men who would have been ministers, and proved it by showing that in the past ten years the number of college men entering the work had remained practically static. "Every now and then we get an outstanding man and people begin to think that everybody is coming to us," Mr. Porter explained, with a smile. "I wish they were."

This eliminates one of the places which the men with a desire to serve have found worth-while. It does not, however, take into consideration the small army who have thrown themselves into work of a semi-social character where their technical college training can be put to immediate and effective use.

It takes a harsh judge to condemn the young men of this country for their failure to embrace the ministry, because they have so recently shown themselves ready to enter whole-heartedly into any service, at the risk of death, to advance the nation's welfare and the help in the salvation of the world. Many forces set in motion co-operatively are needed now to meet the situation—one of the most critical in the history of the country.

The ministers themselves should be the first to make their profession attractive, as no inducement is stronger than that of a powerful example. The laity and parents will follow and then the young men—who has ever known them to fail in a real crisis?

Dr. Sheldon Discusses

Your Own Epitaph

IF YOU had to write your own epitaph, and the tombstone were big enough, could you truthfully put all this on it:

1. Here lies the body of one whose daily life was a sermon, and whose conversation left no bitterness.
2. This was a soul that had many faults, but he was always trying to correct them.
3. His friends outnumbered his enemies, and all his enemies were caused by his honest convictions.
4. Little children came to him without asking, and old people asked him to come again.
5. He lost money, but never lost his faith; and having once found the pearl of great price, he never sold it for something more showy.
6. He shared generously of everything except his troubles, and smiled just before he turned a corner.
7. The men who worked for him cried when he died, and those he worked for, closed up the office, and walked the team back from the grave.
8. He was kind without being condescending, and poor people never thought of his income.
9. He knew how to pray, and loved religion, and was not afraid nor ashamed to talk about God to the boy in the office elevator.
10. People loved to see him coming along the street, and when he was absent from church, they knew he was sick, or out of town.
11. Those in need were not afraid to borrow money of him, and the rich often sent him money to give to others.
12. He enjoyed life so much, and lived it so well, that no one thinks of him as dead, and he lives in very many other people who imitate his virtues and follow his example.

The Children

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

WHEN two gray-haired old parents meet
In quiet home or busy street,
The talk will run in formal style
On formal things a little while.
Then, following a silent spell:
"The children, are they doing well?"

Then faded eyes grow quickly bright.
Worn features take a sudden light,
As they recount with pride and joy
The story of each girl and boy.
How these old parents love to tell
That every child is doing well!

The great All-Father up above,
I often think, in words of love
Recounts each victory and success,
Joys in His children's happiness.
I think He, too, delights to tell
That all His own are doing well.

Why a Korean Church Split in Two

It Might Have Been Due to a Fight, but It Wasn't

By REV. W. B. NORTON, Ph. D.

THE deacons and elders had a fight. Somebody felt miffed and because of it Mrs. Dong and Mrs. Cynn wouldn't speak to each other; the rest of the congregation took sides and the quarrel spread in extent and in intensity until the Christians of the church couldn't stay and worship in the same building, and so they divided.

As you read the title of this article perhaps the above were some of the surmises which arose in your mind. Church splits sometimes occur that way. But I have a different story to tell about Syen Chun, a Presbyterian stronghold in Korea, so alive that while all the members of the two churches of the village are Presbyterians, some of them don't even know it and call themselves just Christians

My introduction to Syen Chun was on a certain Wednesday evening when on the arrival of the train my wife and I were taken directly to the regular weekly prayer meetings which were already in progress at the two churches. At both places we found great congregations, from 800 to 1000 being present at each church.

At one of the churches I inquired who was leading the prayer meeting.

"He is one of our elders," said my informant.

"Where is the pastor?" I continued.

"Oh, he is in jail. He was one of the signers of the Korean declaration of independence," came the answer.

Notwithstanding the absence of the pastor and the reason why he was absent the prayer meeting was of the jubilant type. The singing was enthusiastic even though of the somewhat see-saw variety. The prayers were spontaneous, fervent and came without urging by the leader. It was in fact the kind of prayer meeting the strongest churches in America might well be glad to see.

I made a briefer stay at the other prayer meeting, but the same spirit seemed to be prevailing in both churches.

The royal embroiderer, who prepared an unusual protest

A class in embroidery

WHY the original church split was apparent without any explanation, and I was ready to believe the story that was told me that the first church building became too small to hold the people and so the congregation divided and erected the second building in another part of the town. The parish boundaries are clearly held to and attendance at the two churches is not regulated by personal preference for one pastor or the other, or by the choice in the social status of the first families in one church as compared with those in the other church, but purely by the question of family residence. If a member is tired of one pastor or congregation the way for him to change is to move his domicile to the other side of town and no questions are asked. He automatically goes to the other church.

As an illustration of the lack of sectarianism in Syen Chun, one of the residents was brought into court in connection with the revolution.

"What church do you belong to?" was asked him.

"I am a Christian, I belong to the church in Syen Chun," he replied.

"But every Christian belongs to some denomination. What denomination do you belong to?" the magistrate again urged.

"I don't know what denomination the church is, but I am a Christian and belong to the church in Syen Chun."

It is not to be implied that the church in Syen Chun is derelict in teaching the fundamentals of Presbyterianism as handed down by the fathers, or that church membership is a matter of indifference ecclesiastically, but I do mention that one of the fruits of the comity of the churches in Korea, dividing up the territory in such a way as to banish denominational rivalry, is the absence of sectarian emphasis and the laying of the entire stress on things essentially Christian. As there are only Presbyterian Christians in Syen Chun and the church membership scarcely knows there are such folks as Baptists, Congregationalists or Methodists, not to mention the several varieties in each of the several denominations, why burden their minds or hearts with discussing the differences. These are some of the points made by Dr. G. S. McCune, whose true-blue Presbyterianism cannot be questioned, as he showed us about the mission.

A Korean youth who is learning better farming at the Syen Chun mission's model farm

A STORY about praying for deliverance from rain and for the coming of rain in connection with the building of the two churches, called respectively the North and South Churches, is of interest. When the first church was built the Christians prayed it might not rain until the roof was on, and the prayer was answered. When the second church was in course of erection the country needed rain very much. Some of the non-Christians said: "These Christians will pray for dry weather until the roof of the church is on, and it won't rain, so we had better turn in and help and get the roof on as quickly as possible." The story is that they did as they promised and the rain was withheld until the roof was on, and then it rained. Whether a mere coincidence or a direct answer to prayer, the facts are as recited.

A remarkable feature of the two large churches is that the village of Syen Chun has less than 6,000 population. It would seem that a very large percentage of the people are members of the church or at least attend its services.

One of the remarkable men living in Syen Chun is an old man who was a royal embroiderer in the days when the Korean government was in power. He teaches embroidery to a class of young women, some of them widows. In order to bring to the attention of the American government the extent and reality of the atrocities committed by the Japanese in killing people and in burning churches he made a map of Korea and embroidered in silk the places where massacres and church burnings had taken place. The map was sent to President Woodrow Wilson.

The mission at Syen Chun has 200 acres of land and all but 40 acres are utilized in a model farm on which the boys not only are learning improved methods of farming but are obtaining their education through self-help.

It is conceded that of all occupations nothing is more difficult to learn from mere text-books than agriculture, and so we can appreciate the statement of Dr. McCune: "You can talk to the Koreans about the need of better farming till you are gray-headed and they will not change one iota, but if you show them by actual demonstrations how better farming produces larger and better-paying crops, they will learn the lesson." Perhaps this is true everywhere but it is especially true in Oriental countries where century-long customs have been followed and where there is no background for illustrating methods by appeals to other lines of endeavor where improvements have been made by similar instruction. On the Syen Chun farm and in the workshops we saw Korean boys engaged in blacksmithing, furniture-making, brick-making, in caring for cows, pigs, and grain which was ready for winnowing.

THE evening we left Syen Chun over 40 of the boys who had just come out of jail where they had been confined two weeks—as the Japanese admitted, not because there was any charge against them but because they were safer in jail than on the outside—gave us a serenade and a rousing farewell. One of their number stepped forward and delivered a personal address of good wishes. Then their yell leader called for the college yell. It was given with commendable zest but it didn't satisfy the leader. "Put a little more pep into it, boys," he shouted. "Now lift it, everyone." No American college cheer leader ever put more punch into his doubled-up fists, swaying body and facial contortions than did this young Korean as he led his fellows in a rousing series of 'rahs. If it had not been so dangerous I am sure they would have all shouted "Manzei, Long Live Korea," for you could see and hear the very tingle of independence and patriotism in their enthusiasm, but they kept within the bounds of the law.

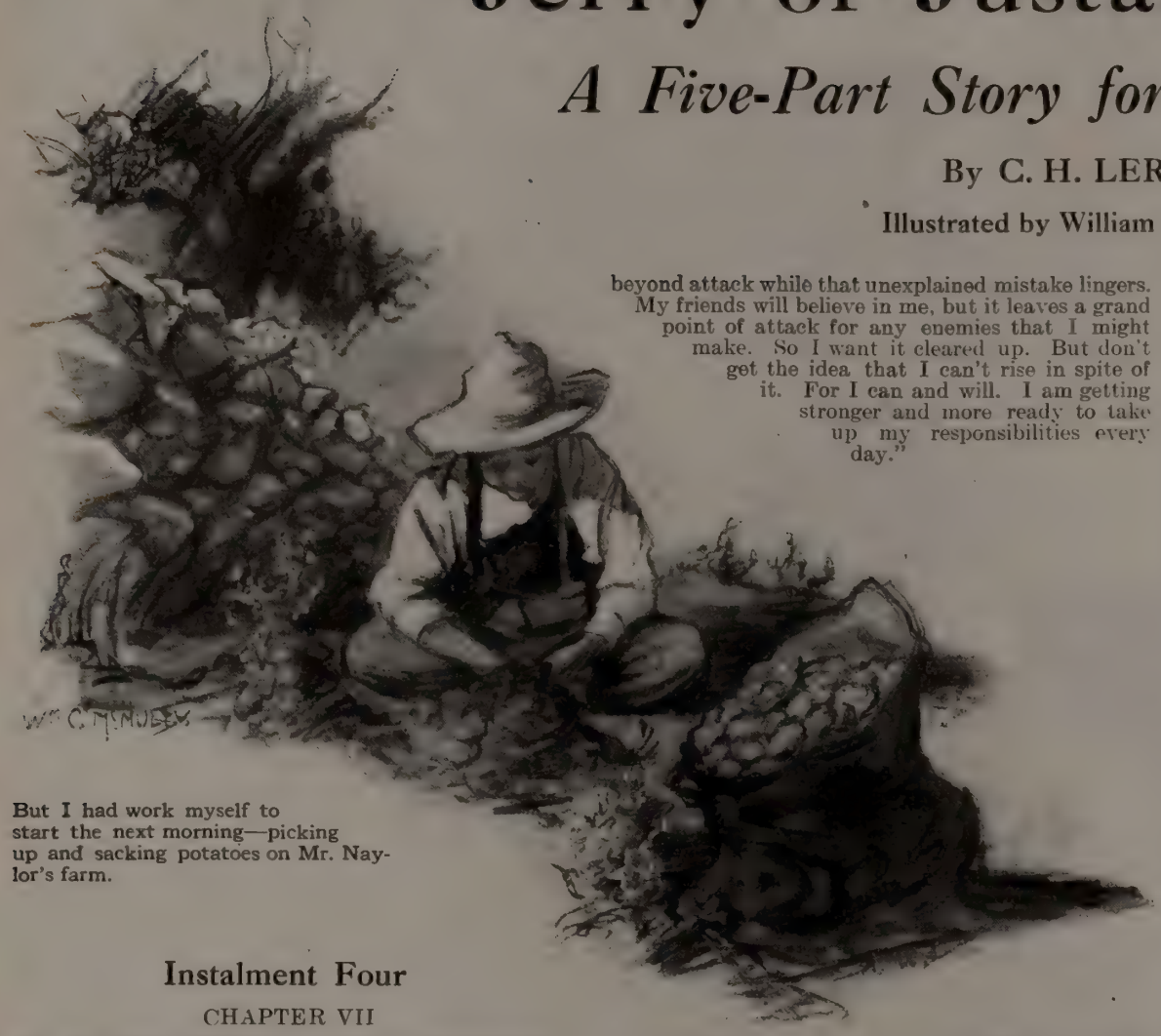
It is well to remember that all this optimism, earnestness in religion and industry in school training is in a land where exists injustice, persecution and repressive measures of the most galling character.

Jerry of Justamere Cabin

A Five-Part Story for the Young Folks

By C. H. LERRIGO

Illustrated by William C. McNulty



But I had work myself to start the next morning—picking up and sacking potatoes on Mr. Naylor's farm.

Instalment Four

CHAPTER VII

MAJOR BASSEL had a fire in the big grate, and everything looked very cozy and cheerful in Justamere Cabin. The Major looked with cordial recognition at our companion.

"Why, it's Harold Persmann!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, father. It's Harold Persmann," said Kent, "and I have a long story to tell you that is partly about him and partly about us and partly about those missing securities."

Then Kent began, and Kate helped, and Harold explained certain things, and I added a word now and then, and after a while we had the story all told.

"So you think the missing valuables are now at the bottom of the lake?"

"That's our opinion," said Kent.

"And none of you fine divers could drag up an object as large as a satchel in ten feet of calm water?"

"Well, we didn't," admitted Kent. "He's going to bring a professional tomorrow."

"You could have got it, dad, in those days before the war," said Kate. "I remember how you used to dive. Nobody could dive like you. And you used to stay under so long that I nearly would burst, because I held my breath every second that you were under."

"But I wasn't a professional," laughed the Major.

"He'll get no professionals that could have equaled you in those days," insisted Kate.

"I think I know why Kent and the two young men who dived had no better luck," said I. "It was because they made no allowance for the fact that the boat had drifted."

"How did you know it had drifted?" asked Kent.

"I had my eye on it when it went under. It was in a direct line between our dock and the south electric light on the island, and perhaps ten canoe lengths from the island. When you were diving I looked at my landmarks and concluded that you were at least twenty feet out."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"Nobody asked me. And then I'm not sure that I wanted those men to earn that dollar. You can try all by yourself in the morning, Kent."

"I surely will," said Kent. "Why it is the most important thing in all the world to father, isn't it, dad?"

THE Major smiled meditatively. "Well, it is important," said he, "but let's not exaggerate it. I think you children have conceived the idea that I can't get on my feet physically or any other way until this trouble of the missing package is cleared away from me. That isn't all true. When my Y. M. C. A. friend got me started toward getting well he gave me a prescription that is even strong enough to overcome a handicap as severe as that. The loss does make a difference, of course. For one thing I am over $23,000 out of pocket unless that package is found, and that not only takes all I have, but leaves me in debt. Another thing is that my record will never be quite beyond attack while that unexplained mistake lingers. My friends will believe in me, but it leaves a grand point of attack for any enemies that I might make. So I want it cleared up. But don't get the idea that I can't rise in spite of it. For I can and will. I am getting stronger and more ready to take up my responsibilities every day."

"If Persmann or anyone else recovers that satchel, we'll make 'em show what's in it," I said, savagely; for it hurt me to think that this fine man should suffer so unjustly.

"I'm not so sure that we can," said the Major. "You youngsters have been quite high-handed in your measures. I can't approve at all of the things you have done, such as searching Mr. Persmann's cottage. Your plan for upsetting the canoe was very wrong. Even if you were quite sure that the satchel held the missing bonds, you would not be justified legally in such actions, and you scarcely seem to have any real reason for fastening suspicion on to Mr. Persmann or supposing that, had he taken the package, he would be so unwise as to carry it around with him in such a rash manner."

"Why, I don't think that would be rash, father. It seems to me it would be natural. Just like if I had a lot of money I would carry it in my inside vest pocket. This package was too bulky for that, but he kept it as near to himself as he could."

"Now, please don't go and throw cold water on our theories, daddie," begged Kate.

"I scarcely need do that," laughed the Major. "They seem to have the entire lake over them at this moment. But I just want to warn you not to entertain false ideas that won't stand the cold light of reason. Now I want all of you to go to bed, and mother will see that this Harold boy gets a good, comfortable bed for one night at least."

BUT after they were all gone I stole back into the living-room where the Major still sat before the open fire.

"Major," I said, "when you spoke about that prescription the Y. M. C. A. man had given you, and how much it was doing for you, I thought I would ask you to tell me more about it. You know you said that you and I were a lot alike, and some day when I was ready for it you were going to tell me the secret of it."

"And you think you are ready now?"

"I don't know, Major. I sleep all right every night now, and I've got over being afraid of dogs, and I don't hide when the lightning comes, and I can make a trip in the dark without seeing so many things, but I have to fight that Mr. Personality awfully hard to keep from running away."

"The Y. M. C. A. man's secret is one of the very best ways to help when a fellow gets to the fighting stage," said the Major. "He didn't tell me the secret the first day, nor the second day. I think he wanted me to get to the place where I had tried to put up my own fight for quite a while and could see how much I needed help. Just like you see now that you need help."

"I surely do, Major," I said.

"Well, one day, after I'd had a bad spell and was feeling mighty miserable and ashamed, because I had been rather proud of how I was winning out, and supposed I never would go down again, I said to him: 'I'm ashamed to the very soul to have needed you again. I don't know how you can help me so much, nor why you do it for me, nor how I happen to be so supremely fortunate as to have you here to help.'

"'It's all answered in one, Major,' he said. 'How do I help you? Why do I help you? Why am I here to help you? I came into the service for that particular reason, Major. Of course I didn't come into the army to help Major Bassel, because I didn't know there was such a man. But I came in because a Friend of yours who is also a Friend of mine and means more to me than all else in the world, said, 'Wilson, there'll be lots of poor fellows needing help in that big army. I want you to be one of the men who will go to them and give them my love and strength.'

"'I know, Wilson,' I said, 'I guess I've asked as if I had forgotten Him, but you mean the Lord Jesus.'

"'Yes, He's the Friend I mean, Major,' said Wilson. 'But I don't want you to speak of Him in that casual way, Major. He isn't a casual kind of a friend. He's something special or you are missing Him altogether. There's a force that flows from Him through me to you and to every man needing help. It is enough of a power to turn the balance when a man is almost down. It is spoken of in the New Testament as rivers of living water that shall flow from the man who believes. Some of that living water goes out from me to you and buoys you up.'

"'It's fine to hear you, Wilson,' I said. 'I hate to think that you'll be gone in a few days. I don't know what I'll do without you.'

"And then he gave me his secret recipe.

"'Why, you won't need me at all,' he said. 'You'll have HIM. You won't need to look up at this face of mine that has nothing more than the fresh scars of mustard gas. You can look into His face. You won't need to feel the grip of my hands. You can grip His. You are going to be one of those who know Him for yourself and the chances are that He'll be using you, and that forth from you shall flow rivers of living water.'

"Well, that was his secret, Jerry. I've been trying to tell you something about it in the readings that we've had together in the mornings. And I knew that some day soon you would want the whole story. You see the great thing about the Lord Jesus is that He doesn't deal with any superficial personality. He takes right hold of the inner man, the one who works the shellshock on the soldier, and the nerve wreck on the civilian. That's why I don't have to depend on my hopetul young people setting to work with such vigor and clearing up all my difficulties. I can get well and strong anyway, because after all, if it is all right with Him, the rest doesn't matter so very much. And it will make you bolder and more confident, less timorous and more steady when you learn that He is the King."

WELL, I didn't say anything. Collie was waiting for me to go to bed. He always crept under my cot th e minute I was safely in. After I lay down that night he came and shoved his nose into my face as much as to say that he understood all about it and was very glad. I was asleep in a minute, and just a few minutes later there was Kent pulling and hauling at the bedclothes, and it was morning.

"Hurry up," urged Kent. "It's daylight, and I want to make a try for that satchel before Persmann or anyone else gets around."

I slipped into my bathing-suit and we went down to the dock.

"I believe Persmann came back last night and borrowed our canoe," said Kent. "I'm sure I didn't leave it this side of the dock. I'll bet he got uneasy in the night and came out to try some scheme. But I'll bet he didn't get the satchel."

But neither did we. We paddled out in the canoe and found the oars of the boat. Then we rowed out to a spot that seemed exactly in line with my landmark. Kent dived repeatedly and I myself made a few awkward attempts, but we failed to do anything more than stir the mud and scare the fish. In an hour Kent decided to quit.

"But I'm coming back to try again later on," he announced. "That thing is bound to be there, and I'm bound to get it. I'm going to get it for dad's sake."

CHAPTER VIII

"I SHA'N'T take any steps to send Harold back to Mr. Persmann," Major Bassel announced. "Mr. Persmann may or may not be his legal guardian, but I believe Harold's story and I feel that the man has forfeited any moral right that he might once have possessed. On the other hand, I sha'n't give Harold

money to go away, one reason being that I haven't any to spare."

But that very morning there came a registered letter for me from my father.

I opened it and found a hundred dollars in ten dollar bills. Right away I decided that I'd give Harold half of it. Then I reflected that he would need more than that if he were going to get his sister away from the place where she was nothing much more than a slave. So I thought maybe I'd give him seventy. But I had a feeling that seventy wasn't enough and eighty would be none too much, and so at last I went to the Major to ask him about it.

"Do you care what I do with that money?" I asked.

"Your father sent it for you to use," said he, "but I reckon he expects me to keep one eye open about anything that you do. How do you want to squander it? Spend it on gum?"

He asked this as solemn as a judge, but of course I could see the joke.

"No, sir, I want to give it away," I said.

"How much of it?" he asked.

"One hundred dollars," said I.

"Every penny of it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every penny," I replied.

The Major put his hands on my shoulder and looked me square in the face until he had me all blushing.

"Boy," he said, "I'm proud of you. You're a son of your father, you are. Don't tell me another word. Go and do it. After all, what do we want of money, living here at this place? You've got along without money for nearly two months, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir, and I can get along a while longer if I have to."

I WENT off to find Harold and turn ten good ten-dollar bills over to him, but I didn't propose to be without money, either. Mr. Naylor has a farm right across from the club-house. Kent and I had done several jobs for him and this week he was plowing his potatoes and offered us thirty cents an hour each for picking them up and sacking them. Two months ago it would have killed me to do it, but I didn't mind telling anybody now that I was getting as strong as any farmer boy who ever lived in the country.

Harold didn't make so very much fuss about taking that money.

"I need it awfully bad, and that's a fact," he said. "I'm going to be able to pay you back some day. And if you never do another good thing in your life, you've done one that can't fade away. I'll be away from here in half an hour."

What Has Gone Before

JERRY KING, who tells the story, goes to spend the summer with Major Bassel's family at Justamere Cabin, where his father hopes the motherless boy will become strong and healthy. Major Bassel is recovering from severe wounds and several months in a German prison camp, but his progress is retarded by worry over the disappearance of securities worth $23,000 which were in his custody before he entered the army. He had made good the loss by giving up all his property, but is unable to remember what he did with the package. The suspicions of Jerry and of Kent and Kate Bassel, the Major's children, are turned toward George Persmann, an employee of the trust company in which the Major had worked, and they determine to watch him closely after discovering Harold Persmann, a nephew, in his home disguised as a girl. They find a refuge for the boy and supply him with boy's clothes and he tells them of a small bag which Persmann carries with him all the time. This bag, which they think contains the securities, sinks to the bottom of the lake when Persmann's boat overturns while he is fishing, and amateur efforts to bring it up by diving fail.

And he was, for he left on the next Interurban. Kent went with him as far as the city to see that he got safely started. There was no danger of Persmann's seeing him, for Persmann was not leaving the lake that day. He had telephoned for a diver and he proposed to watch that lake every minute until the diver came and fished out his satchel.

About eleven o'clock a big heavy-set fellow came, a man who had been a life-guard at one of the city beaches.

"Where's your outfit?" asked Persmann.

"It's in this bag," said the man, pointing to a little bag he carried in his hand.

"But your diver's outfit," said Persmann.

"What d'ye mean?" asked the man. "My diver's outfit is a bathing-suit and a towel. What more would ye want for diving in a pond like this?"

I suppose Persmann had expected him to bring a regular diver's apparatus so that he could go under and walk around all over the bottom of the lake, but he had to be content with what the man brought.

The old boat came into service again. Persmann actually came to me and asked if he might "borrow" it. I had put some fresh solder over the leaks and fished the oars out of the lake already, so it was in pretty fair shape.

I told Persmann I would "lend" it to him, and all the time I was trying hard not to laugh because Kate was spouting into my ear, in a whisper, some of her nonsense.

THE diver didn't seem very particular as to where he worked. I learned afterwards that Persmann had engaged him by the hour at ten dollars an hour or fraction thereof. Divers, it seems, are high-priced. Persmann tried to locate the place as well as he remembered, but he had been too busy and too much excited that night to locate it by any fixed landmarks, and I saw at once that his recollection was just about a hundred feet off.

"I'll go around in a gradually narrowing circle," said the diver. "Then I'll be sure to hit it."

But, although he described a pretty liberal circle, its outer edge was only just inside of the actual spot. He would earn a good many hours pay before he struck the satchel, at that rate.

I was not in the boat. The Major, with his awakened cheerfulness had expressed enough interest to want to go out in the canoe with me.

I said to him, "He's away off in his location."

"Why not show him?" said the Major.

This was a surprise to me, for I really had conceived the idea that for some reason the Major's cheerful spirits were due to the loss of the satchel and that he would prefer that it remain lost.

However it made no difference. Mr. Persmann was so sure that he was right that he would listen to no suggestions from a mere boy, and so far as the diver was concerned it was evident that he was willing to cover the whole lake in his diving if need be.

After we had watched for about half an hour the Major grew tired of it.

"It's getting monotonous," said he. "We might as well fish while we wait. Let's go back and get the fishing tackle."

This was the first time he had shown any interest in fishing since we had been at the lake. And it wasn't from ignorance of the art, either. Major Bassel soon showed me that he knew what fishing was. By one o'clock we had a nice mess of fish, some of them weighing as much as three pounds.

"I think I'd like a fish dinner," said the Major. "Let's clean up these fellows and get mother to give us a good fry of fish. I guess that professional diver can follow his profession with about as much success if we don't watch him as if we do."

And that was about the way of it. We had just the best dinner you ever ate. It was about three o'clock

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How Does Your Garden Grow?

IT WAS a very warm day; so warm that the rest of us were quite content to sit quietly upon the broad, shady veranda, and talk. We had no desire to exert ourselves unduly, no impulse to undertake any task that was not absolutely necessary. Palm-leaf fans made the only breeze and, despite frequent hopeful glances, the placid blue sky held no hint of a welcome storm.

"It's just a-blistering," said the grandmother-lady, in a small discouraged voice. "It seems to me that it's never been so hot—and for such a long time—before!"

We all agreed with her, a trifle listlessly. Only the grandfather-man did not agree. In fact he seemed almost anxious to get away from the veranda; he seemed strangely restless and eager.

"I don't think that the heat is so frightful," he said slowly, "in fact I think that I'll go out and take a turn in the garden!"

The grandmother-lady dropped her fan with a little, almost impatient, exclamation.

"That means," she said, and there was the finality of one-who-knows in her voice, "that means that you want to go out, in this broiling sun, and pull weeds! It means that you're not contented to sit in the shade and do nothing. It means that you must want to get a sunstroke!"

The grandfather-man smiled his gentle, curiously disarming smile.

"Yes," he said, "it means just that. I do want to go into my garden and pull weeds. My onion bed will be getting quite beyond me, if I don't!"

Some one of us spoke, suddenly. I don't remember which one.

"But," that some one said, "why do you bother with weeds so late in the season? The garden's almost finished, now. Why not let the weeds grow up, if they want to. They won't be able to do very much harm!"

I think that I will never forget the way that the grandfather-man drew himself up. It was almost as if he were standing at attention.

"Weeds in a garden always do harm," he said. "If they do nothing else, they make the garden seem careless and untidy. I think that a garden should look just as well, when the frost comes, as it looks in the springtime. I think that a man should take pride in the way that his garden grows. I don't think that the little inconveniences—like heat—should make him forget his plans and his purposes."

The grandmother-lady was smiling, a small tender little smile.

Is It as Free of Weeds Now as It Was in Life's Springtime?

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"That's you!" she said. "That's *you!* Well, if you feel that way, I suppose there's no keeping you here in the shade!" And——

"You're quite right," the grandfather-man answered, as he walked away in the direction of his onion patch. "*You're quite right!*"

KEEPING a garden neat and tidy—whether it's a vegetable garden, or a flower garden, or a mind garden, or a life garden—is not always the easiest thing in the world to do. It's sometimes hard for the average person to go out in the sun and weed a plot of ground; it's often so much simpler to sit in the shade and wave a palm-leaf fan, and talk about the weather. It's very easy to say:

"I gave my garden a good start in the springtime—I tended it with care, and watered it, and hoed it. If the weeds come now it isn't really my fault—I did all that was required of me when I gave it the start. Weeds will come and, when the garden is growing old, they don't matter much!"

It's very easy to talk that way. It's very easy to convince oneself with suave arguments. But there's something not very sound in such arguments even though there is something convincing about them! There's seldom anything very permanent in arguments that are too smooth and easy to give!

JOHN CROWELL made friends easily. Everybody who did business with him admitted that. He had such a winning personality, such a cheery, hail-fellow-well-met, way with him. Folk—when they first knew him—could not say enough in praise of his methods, his prospects, his clean, boyish good looks.

John Crowell was a salesman. His work took him through a large prosperous area, crowded with prominent business men who were good buyers. It was not strange that his personality, coupled with the people that he met, should bring in many orders—it was only natural that his little black record book should be crowded with words that meant very real money.

Yes, when people first met John Crowell, they were very pleasantly impressed with him. They gave him the names of their friends, they gave him valuable business hints. And, best of all, they gave him their confidence. But that was when they first knew him.

For, months after their first meeting with him, people were prone to admit that John Crowell did not wear well. He took their orders, he made promises, he accepted their hints, and then he went away—still jovial and charming. But when the goods that had been ordered made an appearance they were often faulty, and not according to contract. And when wrathy business men communicated with John Crowell in regard to the faultiness, they received pleasantly non-committal answers and promises—but no *service*. And it was the same after they had made their second protest, and their third, and their fourth. It was always the same. The faulty goods had come to stay, and John Crowell was too busy going out after new business to take care of the old business.

"He thinks," one man who had been a victim of John Crowell's charm said to me, "He thinks that his responsibility ends when he started something. He thinks that he can be nice and pleasant and sell us on promises; and then get away with goods that don't come up to specifications! But—" the man's fist banged down, hard, upon his desk—"but just wait until he comes around for another order! I'll show him just how far a good start—and nothing else—can carry him. And I know a couple of other chaps that will be glad to show him the same thing!"

JOHN CROWELL was the wrong sort of a gardener. He was the sort of a gardener who gave his garden a fair start—who did an adequate amount of watering and hoeing and weeding in the springtime—when the garden was so new that it had borne neither flowers nor fruit. And he was the sort of a gardener who was content to sit back, in the shade, after the garden had produced and let it take care of itself. That was why the weeds of discontent grew so rapidly and spread with such speed among his customers.

Don't be John Crowell's sort of a gardener. Be the sort of a gardener that the grandfather-man is. Take as much pride in the completion of your work and play and achievement—whether it be an onion patch, or a stroke of business, or something fine in the way of mental or moral development—as you do in the starting of it. For weeds can never come to a garden in a harmless way—if they do nothing else they make the garden seem untidy and careless. And a garden, if it's the sort of a garden that a real workman can take pride in, should look as well—and should be as well—as it looks, and is, in the springtime!

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

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Editor Emeritus

What the Church Can Do

IT is time for the leaders of the Church to do some clear thinking. It can not be that, with the peace of the world hanging in the balance, the great denominations can afford to be silent and inactive. Never was there such an opportunity as now for the Christian Church in America—and that means every denomination—to throw the weight of its influence and its utterance on the scale, and let the world see where it stands on this greatest question of all time. So pregnant is the situation with big possibilities dependent upon the failure or success of the great efforts now being put forth for world peace, that we find conflicting convictions even among the best observers.

Will Irwin in his latest book, "The Next War," foreshadows a world-wrecking conflict. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, in a notable pulpit address, boldly declares that the hour has come when the Christian Church must either give up war or else give up civilization. He reminds us that "the Church, all too feebly recognizing the irreconcilable conflict between war and the spirit of Jesus," has nevertheless been striving to restrain war, to limit its area, abolish its barbarities and "to bring where it could the truce of God."

The plain fact, which writers and speakers have come suddenly to recognize, is that war has been rudely stripped of its traditional glory. It has become wholly and unqualifiedly revolting. And the next war, should it come, we are warned in advance, will be an unspeakable horror. Modern science has ways of exterminating life in masses, the very mention of which makes men shudder. Besides, to finance the next war—which let us trust may never come—will hopelessly bankrupt all the nations, and civilization would cease to exist.

Do our ministers like the picture? Can any Church claiming to be Christian, reconcile Christianity and war any more?

The question which Dr. Fosdick suggests is one that should find a ready answer from every pulpit in America. The old order militant is past; let our churches act promptly and vigorously in ushering it out, and the best way of doing this is for the churches, one and all, of every denomination, to endorse heartily the movement for international peace and reduction of armaments. The united voice of the Churches of America will aid materially in forwarding the great work in which this nation has taken the leading step.

There can be no abiding peace unless we first seek the divine approval. The Church must lead in this emergency by admonition from the pulpit and formal resolution by the pews, for the people, too, must have a voice. The result will be a demonstration of strength of the Christian faith of our churches. It would win to them the support of the millions of toilers who, in the last analysis, are the worst sufferers by war.

Our churches may never have, in a whole generation, so favorable an opportunity for high Christian service as that which now lies open.

War Cost

OLD Man Ultimate Consumer, the Taxpayer, the Business Man, the Old-Timer, the Young-Man-Around-Town, the Editor, the Average Citizen and the Minister were talking about the cost of living, and, like Mark Twain's remark about the weather, there was a good deal of talk about it but nothing ever done. Finally the Taxpayer spoke up:

"I don't want to seem to be repeating myself, but I can't help wondering how long it will take to get down or up to a reasonable basis of living as long as the world conditions remain like this. May I read a statement I cut out of the morning paper?" The rest of the company nodded wearily, and Taxpayer read:

(Associated Press.)

"Washington, July 14.—More than ten billion dollars a year now is being spent for war purposes by nations invited to the disarmament conference called by President Harding, it was shown today in official budget statements filed with the federal revenue board here.

"England, France, Italy, the United States and Japan now are spending each year for past wars and preparation for future wars more money than is disbursed for any other single purpose.

"England's war charge is approximately 60 per cent of her total revenues, while France is plunging at the rate of 90 per cent; 75 cents out of each dollar collected by the United States government goes for the maintenance of the army, navy, interest on the war debt, and to support railroads and ships under obligations acquired as a result of the great war. Italy is spending approximately 50 per cent for war purposes and Japan more than 60 per cent."

"This means TEN BILLIONS A YEAR for the chief Powers of the world. And we wonder at the troubles of living! At the Industrial unrest, and the small salaries paid school teachers and ministers, and the unemployment and the embarrassments of the railroads and the housing problem. And all the rest. But TEN BILLIONS paid out on NON-PRODUCTIVE business like WAR, looks like a tidy sum to me."

"You're a taxpayer. You are helping pay your share of the TEN BILLION." said the Minister. "Why do you keep paying it?"

"I wonder why," said Taxpayer.

"Yes, we all wonder why?" said the chorus of the Ultimate Consumer, the Business Man, the Old-Timer, the Young-Man-Around-Town, the Editor, the Average Citizen, the Minister, and the Taxpayer, who added, as a mournful refrain, "I wonder why!"

Reforming the Masses

THERE is no such thing. And yet we keep talking and writing about reforming "society." Society is never reformed in the mass. Governments are never reconstructed wholesale. Business is never redeemed by a mass movement.

There are no mass movements in the history of progress. All human progress has come about by industrial conversion to truth. And it may as well be accepted as a well-established fact that the Christian method which wins by personal addition to the program of Life is the only method which pays.

It is a waste of time and energy for the preacher to address his message to the masses. It will never reach them. Consider the Master's plan and study his way.

"And seeing the *multitudes* (or masses), he went up into a mountain. And when he was seated, his disciples came to him. And he taught *them*."

The fact that Jesus spent his teaching time with a very few men reveals His wisdom and His knowledge of the right way. One Peter truly converted, one John truly consecrated, one Paul set on fire to say, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," are worth working for.

The history of the world is written around personalities and made by individuals. The fact of Luther and Wycliff and Huss and John Knox and Cromwell, and Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt, is a greater fact than what is called "class consciousness." We are talking much nowadays of "social" reform and "community" spirit and "co-operative" measures. But none of them is possible unless some individual spirit dwells in the mass like leaven to leaven the lump.

When God in the fulness of time was ready to make Himself known to the world, He did not send an army of angels into the world. He sent one Person, Jesus Christ. That one personality was enough. An army of angels would have defeated the Divine purpose.

There is too much diffusive preaching, directed at "things in general." Make it particular, Brother. Aim at one person and get him. You can't bring down the masses with your sermon or newspaper reform article. But you may hit one man if you aim straight at him.

George Washington's Prayer

THE following prayer by the first President of this Republic has today a historic interest and a singular appropriateness in view of present conditions. It was sent by the President's order to all the State Governors. For a hundred years, we learn, all trace of it was lost. A copy of the prayer was found not long ago, and is to be placed in the new George Washington Memorial at Valley Forge, Pa.

> "Almighty God! We make our earnest prayer that thou wilt keep the United States in thy holy protection; that thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; and entertain a brotherly affection for one another and for their fellow-citizens at large; and finally that thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to justice, to love mercy, and to bemean ourselves with that charity, humiliation and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the divine Author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy Nation.
>
> "Grant our supplication, we beseech thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

A noble, beautiful and reverent prayer, which has lost none of its spiritual force and power of appeal in the long years that have passed since it was first offered. It might well serve as a model for us in these troubled days.

UNITED SOCIETY OF
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
MOUNT VERNON AND JOY STREETS

Dear Christian Herald:

Allow me to express my gratification that The Christian Herald for July 9th gave such splendid space to the Christian Endeavor movement. I am sure that the Endeavorers will appreciate your enterprise and generosity in this matter. We wish you had had a better subject to put upon the front page for I am sure he does not do justice to the rest of the paper.

Faithfully yours,
(*signed*) FRANCIS E. CLARK

Boston, July 13, 1921.

(The cover page, you will recall, was a portrait of Dr. Clark)

The South and the Sabbath

IT IS not a new experience for New York to be called to account for its disregard of the Lord's Day. Yet the vast metropolis, with its mixed population of many nationalities, customs and religions, is by no means the wicked city some have pronounced it. If we may accept the estimate of the speakers at the big Christian Endeavor Convention, recently held here, it is a rather comfortable and safe place to live in. Dr. Clark and his associates have so declared, and they know how to judge of the moral and spiritual shortcomings of the average American city as well as of those of Europe.

However, as Dr. Talmage used to say, "The largest room in the world is room for improvement." We are conscious of the fact that, even without the infliction of blue laws, there is need of better Sabbath observance here and not here only, but throughout the whole country.

So when the representatives of the Southern Missouri Conference Committee, which includes nineteen conferences, notified us that they were about to visit New York and desired to lay before the metropolitan press their plans for a national campaign in behalf of better Sabbath keeping, in accordance with our long-established custom whenever a question of wide public interest is involved, we gladly acceded to their request that they might meet the newspaper men in the Christian Herald offices.

On Friday, July 15, the two delegates from Nashville met the representatives of the leading metropolitan dailies. Mr. Noah Webster Cooper, a Southern lawyer and lay preacher, explained that while he and his associate, the Rev. M. P. Woods, a Nashville pastor, represented the Central Committee of the Southern Methodist Conference, they were not affiliated with any of the existing movements for Sabbath Observance.

Their plan was to urge upon Congress the passage of a National Sunday Law bill, which would eliminate for one day in seven those features of our national life that dishonor God and destroy the sacred character of the Lord's Day. This he explained would exclude all interstate railway traffic on that day, Sunday mail delivery, Sunday newspapers, and the like. He would not advocate blue laws, for he "believed in being happy seven days a week." In a word, he would stop all Sunday labor, except such as could be reasonably regarded as work of necessity and mercy. Nor would he oppose innocent amusement, and recreation, when no work was performed.

Mr. Cooper, in conclusion, invited the newspapers to a frank discussion of the whole subject of Sunday Observance, which the Methodists of the South, he declared, regarded as vital to the nation at this time. He believed that if this nation continues to neglect the Lord's Day, it will inevitably share "the fate of the perished states of antiquity, which went to the wall after they had ignored God and his teachings."

Such was the message of these two earnest advocates of a Christian Sabbath in a Christian land. They came a long way to deliver it, and when they did, they spoke with the sincerity of conviction. Will the message from the South be heeded? Or will it pass and quickly be forgotten?

The Church and the Savings Bank

How One Minister Contributed to the World's Financial Structure

By B. J. O'DONNELL

IN THESE days of immense fortunes, gigantic corporations and globe-encircling business enterprises, when the dollar-mark seems to occupy a foremost position in the councils of the various nations, few men pause to consider the important part the Church has played in building the financial structure upon which rest the safety and weal of more than half the world.

In the one hundred and eleven years which have passed since the foundation of the first savings bank, the increased benefits accruing to the world from the savings institution have been tempered by the support of the Church. No great or vital movement in the history of the world's progress ever reached the peak of success without the approval of the Church. On the other hand, the Church, or inspiration gained from it, has guided those who have reached the highest pinnacles of success in literature, art and the sciences. The Bible stands as the greatest, the most enduring literature. Michael Angelo's "Moses" has never been surpassed as an example of what man may chisel out of a piece of marble. The life of Sir Isaac Newton, whose contribution to science effected the passing of a milestone in that field of endeavor, was greatly influenced by religion.

It is not surprising therefore, that a churchman—Rev. Henry Duncan, D.D., of Ruthwell, Dumfrieshire, Scotland—founded the first modern savings bank, the real cornerstone of the financial structure of the world.

Like all pioneers in movements affecting the masses, Dr. Duncan had to overcome prejudice, ridicule and fierce opposing forces before his plan was popularly received. That it never attained, in his lifetime at least, the measure of popularity he knew it deserved, is attested by the fact that four years before he died, in a letter to a friend, he wrote:

"It is sad to have been laboring for nearly half a century in the vineyard, and to have produced so little fruit."

Could this humble minister look down on the United States today he would find, as a great and abiding monument to his industry, 635 mutual savings banks with more than 10,000,000 small savers who, following his teachings of thrift and economy, have, according to the Savings Bank Association of the State of New York, deposited in these banks more than $6,000,000,000.

THE history of finance contains no more interesting chapter than that dealing with Dr. Duncan's struggle to establish the savings bank on Scottish soil.

Born at the Manse at Lochrutton, Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1774, Dr. Duncan was descended on both sides of his house from clerical ancestry, and during his lifetime could boast that he was connected with a hundred and fifty ministers of the Church of Scotland.

Early in life he became a firm believer and proponent of the evangelical school of thought. At sixteen he entered upon a business career, accepting a place in a mercantile house in Liverpool. Here he learned those fundamentals of finance which were of such great assistance to him in placing on a practical basis his future scheme for savings banks.

He was licensed as a preacher by the Presbytery of Dumfries, and accepted the living of Ruthwell parish in 1799. Immediately he became interested in the welfare and progress of the industrial classes. He found the conditions of his parishioners very distressing. Bad harvests, a scarcity of labor and high living costs contributed to the impoverished conditions in Ruthwell parish. After trying many plans to ameliorate these conditions Dr. Duncan's active philanthropic mind conceived the idea of employing many men in ditching and draining, going on the theory that the devil finds work for idle hands and that idleness engenders a dislike for useful employment. He brought Indian corn from Liverpool and sold it to the people, purchased flax to be spun by the women of the village and did many other things to inculcate thrift and industry in the hearts and minds of his people.

In 1810, while studying the problem of the poor laws, in which he took the greatest interest, he came across a paper called "Tranquillity." While reading this pamphlet, which contained much that was unpractical and visionary, he conceived an idea for enabling the prudent poor to provide for themselves, and set to work at once to develop the thought. Although discouraged on every hand, he had a deep and abiding faith in the system itself, and, despite opposition, persisted until, to his lasting honor, he achieved his object. In May, 1810, the first parochial Bank for Savings, as it was then called, was opened by Dr. Duncan. The project did not meet with immediate popularity. His parishioners were timid at first to entrust their savings to his keeping, but one by one he won their confidence and at the end of the first year he had received for deposits about $750. This was reckoned as a fair beginning in the circumstances.

OTHER sections of Scotland, hearing of the success of Dr. Duncan's new experiment, began to emulate the Ruthwell prototype. Within a few years similar institutions became so numerous and successful throughout the United Kingdom that they drew the attention of the Government.

In response to an avalanche of correspondence from all parts of the world Dr. Duncan published a pamphlet in 1814 with a view to making his savings bank plan more widely known among the nations, as he believed it suitable for the world at large as well as for the parish of Ruthwell.

He next turned his attention to placing the savings bank under government protection. In this move he was met with violent opposition by parliamentarians and even by important savings establishments which sprang up in the wake of the humble little bank at Ruthwell, and which were opposed to State interference. There were technical reasons in favor of government interference in England which did not apply to Scotland, so the Ruthwell minister was asked to draft a bill suitable for conditions in Scotland. When this bill was drawn Dr. Duncan, at the invitation of Mr. Douglas, M.P., went to London to engineer the passage of what later became known as the Bill of 1819. In recounting his experiences in London he wrote to a friend, "After a tough and one-time doubtful battle, I have at last carried the day triumphantly."

Under government protection savings banks increased in number in spite of the active opposition of the powerful London Times and the vitriolic Cobbett, who in a bitter article wrote what today would be considered a ludicrous statement—"The parsons appear to be main tools in this coaxing scheme."

A STUDY of Dr. Duncan's bank will show that the great modern savings banks of the world have followed closely the plan of organization first put in operation by the Scottish minister. None knew better than he that the savings bank should first be thoroughly organized and that while philanthropic in its management should be far from being a charity in its benefit. He reasoned that "the only way by which the higher ranks can give aid to the lower in their temporal concerns, without aiding them to their ruin, is by affording every possible encouragement to industry and virtue, and by judiciously rewarding extraordinary efforts of economy."

While studying the question of poor laws he had come to the conclusion that in poor families there are scraps of income which are likely to be thoughtlessly spent in little extravagances. Because of this weakness in human beings he planned to induce people to awaken to the value of savings; "to reward them from the interest from investments and not from charitable contributions; to run a bank upon the earning power of money at work rather than from the generosity of friends."

His banks had three classes of members—ordinary, composed of the poor parishioners who deposited; extraordinary, composed of those who paid into an auxiliary fund a certain amount; and honorary, composed of those who paid a larger sum in to the auxiliary fund. A Court of Directors consisting of the Governor, the Treasurer, five directors and one or more trustees, chosen from the honorary and extraordinary members, managed the bank. The court, in turn, was supervised by a standing committee of fifteen men chosen from the members. The "General Meeting" composed of all members of the last two classes, and all ordinary members of six months' standing formed a sort of "guiding" committee. It will readily be seen that Duncan's bank was over-organized and had more elaborate machinery than a modern hundred million dollar-bank.

DR. DUNCAN'S plan spread to other countries and eventually found its way to the United States. According to Emerson W. Keyes, in "A History of Savings Banks in the United States," the first public announcement of the purpose to establish a savings bank appeared in the "Christian Disciple" for December, 1816, a small religious monthly published in Boston. It was in the following words:

"SAVINGS BANKS

"Under this novel title, it is proposed to form an institution in Boston, for the security and improvements of the savings of persons in humble life, until required by their wants and desires. A meeting of gentlemen has been called, and a large and respectable committee appointed to apply to the legislature (now in session) for an act of incorporation, and to digest suitable rules and by-laws, to be proposed to an adjourned meeting. Similar institutions exist in England and Scotland; in the former place under the appellation of 'Provident Institutions for Savings,' and in the latter of 'Savings Banks.' The Edinburgh Review, No. 49, and the Pamphleteer, No. 14, contain essays on the subject, explaining their objects and principles, and narrating their beneficial effects.

"In Philadelphia it is proposed to establish one of the societies. We agree in the following sentiment, and wish every success to the laudable schemes contemplated: 'It is not by the alms of the wealthy, that the good of the lower class can be generally promoted. By such donations, encouragement is far oftener given to idleness and hypocrisy, than aid to suffering worth. He is the most effective benefactor to the poor, who encourages them in habits of industry, sobriety and frugality.'"

Subsequently, on December 13, 1816, the "Provident Institution for Savings in the Town of Boston," was chartered, and as Keyes says, "This was the first public act of legislation in the world which recognized the beneficent character of savings banks and invested them with the sanction and protection of the law."

So, it will be seen that if, as Emerson says, "Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a man," the savings banks of the world, with their billions of dollars in deposits, must therefore be the lengthened shadow of Rev. Henry Duncan, "Father of the modern savings bank."

A Helpful War Memorial

The Robert T. Fletcher Memorial School

A WAR memorial which will bring knowledge and joy to generations now is nearing completion eight miles from Bennetsville, S. C, the county seat of Marlboro County, in one of the most progressive rural sections of the South. It is a magnificent High School building and commemorates the heroic service of Robert T. Fletcher, a graduate of Wofford College and a soldier of the Rainbow Division, who died in France October 7, 1918, after being gassed at the battle front.

The building, which cost $200,000, is the gift of the hero's father, W. B. Fletcher, and uncle, J. A. Fletcher. It is an architectural gem, the front section being 172 x 40 feet and the rear section, which contains a spacious auditorium, 100 x 60 feet. The structure is three stories high and contains twelve class rooms, library and offices. In the basement is a kitchen, well equipped, for the teaching of domestic science. As the Robert T. Fletcher Memorial School is located in the famous Pee Dee section, in the county which holds the world's championship yield of corn with 254¾ bushels to an acre, agriculture will have an important part in its curriculum. Just across the campus, the patrons are erecting a handsome teacherage.

Eyes and Wheels

A Sermon by REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXT—Ezek. 1 : 10. "They four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; and they four also had the face of an eagle." Ezek. 10 : 12. "And the wheels, were full of eyes round about."

THIS is very unlike any symbolism which we should use today. It seems primitive, childish, grotesque. And it surely is grotesque, if we attempt to make a composed picture of it and try to present it in sketchy outline to the eye of the imagination. We cannot discover the prophet's mind if we proceed in that sort of patient and laborious completeness.

That is not how the quick symbolizing wits of the Oriental go about their work. The Oriental is swift in running discernment, and he gives the detached discernments names, and the names are borrowed from material things. The swift descriptions are not intended to figure forth a character, as a lightning artist gives you a face in a moment; they rather give us characteristics, and many of the characteristics may seem inconsistent with one another. The Oriental mind does not stay to resolve the apparent inconsistencies into unity and symmetrical character. It just goes on naming the characteristics, and allows the character to take care of itself.

It is even so in the Book of Revelation. Things are swiftly touched and named, and the characterization is done by bold analogy. For instance, a creature is seen with uprearing might and passion, and the witness gives the carnal strength the name of dragon. But he watches more closely, and he catches sight of a sort of seemingly innocent playfulness about the dragon, and he names the harmless friskiness "lamb's horns"; and you get the strange combination of a dragon which is also part of a lamb.

Is it not even so with John's description of our Lord in the Book of Revelation? He looks upon his Lord's eyes, and they are pure, and lucent, and piercing; and he describes them as "a flame of fire." He listens to His voice, and it is full, and deep, and musical, and he describes it "as the sound of many waters." He listens to His words of truth, smiting all falsehood, and hypocrisy, and pretence; and he sees as it were "a sharp two-edged sword" "going out of His mouth." All this is typical of an Oriental habit of mind. It gives us a swift characterization of qualities. The Oriental lays hold of essential elements and names them. And the work of the interpreter, who reads their words, is to follow the lines of direction suggested by the symbols until we find the apparently contradictory qualities nestling together in the secret place of the soul.

WELL, here are strange creatures which the prophet Ezekiel sees living and moving in the immediate Presence of God, and going forth on great errands of mercy and judgment. And my interest in them is just this: What they are ought to be my ideal, and what they reflect in a royal and superlative degree ought to indicate the line of my progress in the path of aspiration and growth.

Now, let us mark how this great prophet, with his symbolizing mind, portrays the characteristics of these strange presences. He first of all mentions their wealth of nature. He sees their souls characterized by a certain constancy of adoration. They are ever posed in humility before the holiness of God. And the prophet lays hold of this element in their character, and he suggests it by saying that they have "the face of a cherub."

And then he notices a certain humanness about them, a tender element of pity and service, and he signifies it by saying that they have "the face of a man." He watches them again and he observes a certain mystic strength and regality. They have a power of will which cannot be turned aside; and the prophet names it "the face of a lion." And yet again he marks a certain loftiness of deportment. They have a swift power of soaring into high places, and the prophet suggests this quality in saying that they have "the face of an eagle." Such are the manifold characteristics of their spiritual wealth.

But even now the prophet's observation is not ended. He marks their swift discernments, powers of intuition, powers of sight and insight and foresight, powers of apprehension and appreciation. And how would he suggest these strong faculties of observation? He does it by saying that they were "full of eyes round about." And yet once again he observes the swiftness of their movements—he notes that discernment is followed by action. And as he marks the speed of their mission he can think of nothing but wheels. I suppose it was suggested by chariot wheels, such as he could see any day racing along the roads of Babylon.

Well, I suggest that these characteristics of the mystical spirits that minister in the immediate presence of God are characteristics of all ideal character. These are qualities which should be found in men and women who, even on earth, are seeking communion with their Lord, and are ambitious for service in the ministries of His kingdom. We, too, ought to possess a deep and varied wealth of nature; we, too, should be endowed with swiftness of execution; we, too, ought to aspire after an all-round capacity of vision. These ought to be our characteristics—depth of spirit, clarity of eye, speed of wheel.

LET us survey them again and see how we stand in the judgment. I say then that these beings were distinguished by great wealth of nature. They were four-faced, having the mysticism of the cherub, and the humanness of a man, and the strength of a lion, and the loftiness of an eagle. All these are qualities suggesting large powers of fellowship, powers which will realize and feel the life about them in full and interpreting apprehension.

Walter Bagehot has a very illuminating word on Shakespeare; he says that Shakespeare's cardinal distinction was "an experiencing nature." Shakespeare had power to get into the lives of other people, and to look from their eyes and survey their world. He could do it with people who were very unlike one another. He could do it with Brutus and Iago. He could get into the lives of Miranda and Caliban. He could appreciate the mighty differences between Portia and Falstaff. His experiencing nature enabled him to apprehend and appreciate the experimental life of others.

But when I want to find an experiencing nature of a truly imperial order, I turn to the apostle Paul. His experiencing nature enabled him to enter into the lives of men and women who were strangely different in inner gift and outward conditions. He was able to feel the life of Jerusalem; he was able to enter into the life of Corinth. He was able to appreciate the very different life of Athens. "And unto the Jews I became as a Jew that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law, that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak. I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." What a wealth of spirit this man had! What a wealth of experiencing nature! One moment he had the face of a cherub, another moment he had the face of a man. Another moment he had the face of a lion. Another moment he had the face of an eagle.

Now, have we much of this experiencing nature today? Are we great in fellow-feeling? My own conviction is that we have been greatly enlarged by the happenings of the last few years. Our range of experiencing has been increased. Our discernments have crossed class lines, and sect lines, and the lines of vocation, and sex lines, and racial lines. We have been pulled about in every direction. We have been stretched by the harsh ripping of imperious circumstances, and I think we are experiencing life more widely than perhaps men have ever experienced it before in the history of the world.

And with the larger capacity of experiencing life there is a consequent enrichment of vision. We have more eyes than we have ever had before. We have keener powers of discernment. We are seeing realities which have been hid. Dead statistics have come to life and are seen walking about as men and women. Dead information has been vitalized by the imagination. We are getting the cubical contents of things. Once opaque facts are becoming like glass houses. I think this is one of the outstanding distinctions of our day, the opening of the eyes and the powers of vision.

AND with deeper nature, and with more expert eyes, there has come a swifter power of wheel. What a mighty pace has been given to human movements by the war! The contrast between the pre-war days and the present day is the difference between the farmer's cart, pulled by an old horse, ambling along the country road, and an Assyrian chariot, racing across the plains. What power of wheel! What things Congress has done at a single sitting! What things the British House of Commons has passed in a single night! Impossibilities have just raced into being. Things which in old times would have dragged along through years of debate have found body and breath in a day.

And so I think we have had great developments in our experiencing nature and great growth in the keenness and amplitude of our vision, and great increase in the swiftness of our actions. I think we may say that we have grown in power of spirit, and in power of eye, and in power of wheel. Or to drop the figure we may surely say that the life of our time is distinguished by a larger personal consciousness, by a finer social conscience, and by a swifter moral venture.

AND while I think we have grown in our power to apprehend social and national wrongs, and while we have been swift in movements toward their removal, our growth has not been so distinguished in our appreciation of the deepest things of men. There are still whole nations without the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. Is our experiencing nature sufficiently refined and vigilant to realize their terrible deprivation? Have we any feeling for the people of Thibet, or for the unnumbered multitudes in Mongolia, or for the myriads of unenlightened men and women in Africa? When we think of them, is our heart moved in painful wonder, and are we quickened in chivalrous desire to help them? I am afraid that we must confess that in these realms of human necessity our powers of appreciation are still dull and faint.

And then there are the spiritual needs of our own land, and especially, I think, the spiritual needs of the well-to-do. How many of us are stirred into grief and holy ministry when we think of the multitudes of rich people who are living without Christ? They have everything but the one thing: they have all that heart can wish except the very thing for which the heart most craves. They have the world, but they are without the Lord. Who thinks about them? Who pities them? Who has a sufficiently deep wealth of nature which thrills to their necessity? Who has eyes that are keen enough to discern their desolation? Who has powers of service that are swift as chariot wheels? The answers to these questions will disclose the comparative dullness of our fellowship in the cardinal purpose for which our Saviour came and died.

But here is the wonderful thing—we can obtain this deeper experiencing nature, and this keener sight, and this swifter movement by seeking a more intimate communion with the Lord Himself. It is in fellowship that we share His life. What He is we become. We become partakers of His nature; we become sharers of His vision; we become expert in keeping pace with Him along the road of service. All our springs are in Him.

PROVERBS from the Arabic: He who has committed a sin twice no longer considers it a sin. . . . . It is better to be the companion of a lion than the leader of foxes. . . . . Ask an old man and a young man for advice, and then follow your own.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"My Faith Looks Up to Thee" or "In the Cross of Christ, I Glory."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Ephesians 6 Chap. first 12 verses. *The Christian's Armor.*

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 553, first column).

Sermon—"EYES AND WHEELS"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Nearer, My God, to Thee," or "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Father of mercy, have mercy on all who need Thee, and we all do. Father of justice, make us to be content with Thy goodness, which will not do wrong to any soul of man. Father of eternal light and life, lift our souls above the mist into the sunshine of immortality as we part from one another to find ourselves in Thy presence forever. In Jesus' name we ask it. AMEN.

*Dr. Jowett's sermons, prepared especially for the Christian Herald, appear in the first issue of every month

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., R. Braunstein, E. W. Caswell, D.D., and C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Feeding His Flock

SUNDAY. Ezekiel 34 : 15. "*I will feed my flock.*" The Lord's feeding of His children is tenderly discriminating, and to bring us to maturity He uses very varied breads. Let us glance at two or three of the breads which are mentioned in the Sacred Work.

"I will feed thee in a good pasture," saith the Lord. Yes, sometimes that is the seasonable feeding-place for the soul. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures," and there we should always like to remain. There are sweet and beautiful seasons, when life ceases to be a noisy, tumultuous river, when it settles down into "still waters," and we are blessed with quiet visions which come as Heaven's bread. The good Lord permits us at times to just lie down and dream. "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." Beautiful are these seasons of holy communion, when life becomes a river of stillness, and we contemplate the things which are divine. The Lord is feeding us in a "fat pasture," giving us meat in due season.

"I will feed thee with the bread of tears." That is another of the means by which I am to pass out of babyhood into manhood, out of initial straits into "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Tears as bread! I do not think it means the tears we shed because of our own griefs, but tears we shed because of the grief of others. These tears constitute bread, and enlarge our souls. Sympathy is feeding. It has sometimes happened that a whole family has been fed by the presence of an invalid child. Tender tones have stolen into the voice; a strange gentleness has come into the hand; the loud, thoughtless tramp has gone out of the footfall; jangling has given place to a subdued harmony which has been "like snatches from the songs above." The affections have been made more and more sensitive, responsive and vibrant to another's grief. "When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled." Our Saviour was being fed with "the bread of tears!"

"I will feed My flock." The good Lord has many breads. "Give us this day our daily bread."

J. H. J.

The Power of the Word

MONDAY, Psa. 119 : 105. "*The Word is a Light.*" Take a map of the world and draw a line separating the nations that receive the Scriptures from those that reject them, and you have divided between civilization and barbarism, between poverty and prosperity, between selfishness and philanthropy, between freedom and oppression, between darkness and light.

Progress is a fact; and, for some reason, the Bible has gone hand in hand with progress all along the ages. It has come down through history waving a torch, like Milton's angel of the morning; so that institutions of charity and enlightenment have sprung up everywhere along its way.

It would appear that this singular fact can be accounted for only by conceding a divine power to the Scriptures as the Veritable Word of God.

The Bible is the best seller in the book markets of the world. It is conceded that its popularity does not establish its truth; but let it be remembered that this general acceptation is co-extensive with the history of civilized man.

Let it be remembered that the grip of the Bible has been strengthened from century to century, on an ever increasing multitude.

Let it be remembered that those who accept it are foremost among the enlightened nations of the earth.

And let it be remembered that in this company are and always have been many of the wisest minds.

Were John Locke and Sir Isaac Newton and Lord Bacon incapable of sound reasoning? Are the thousands on thousands of scholars and thinkers, scientists and philosophers, who accept the Scriptures as their infallible rule of faith and practice, all victims of a singular delusion? Are there so many stupid and credulous dupes among the deep thinkers of this world of ours?

D. J. B.

Striving Toward Perfection

TUESDAY. I Cor. 14 : 12. "*Seek that ye might excel.*" There is no termination without determination. Backbone is stronger than wishbone. A minister of whom we have heard owns a book of which he is very proud. It was given to him as a prize by his teacher, and on the fly-leaf are these words. "Given to A. because he tried." Better to try and fail than not make the attempt. Impossibilities are the failures of lazy people. Goals are won and heights reached by persevering, while the highway of life is strewn with the wrecks of those who ask, "What is the use? "It can't be done!" All worthy achievements are the rewards of those who said, "Nevertheless, we will try to do it." But for barriers, the spirit of adventure and desire for conquest would long have perished out of the world.

Obstacles do not come between us and our work because obstacles are a part of our work. Set stone upon stone forbiddingly, and before the mortar is dry, some daring soul will have plotted to overleap the barrier or batter down the structure. "Who built the first wall raised the first rebel." "The glory to be revealed" is the lure that puts the iron in the blood, the morale in the will and the high purpose in the heart.

We may never reach perfection, but we shall not get anywhere without a striving after perfection. He who does not desire to do more than he can will always do less than he ought. Unless we aim higher than we hope to hit, we shall hit so low as to be ashamed of our aim. So long as the attempt is made so much of success is attained. "She hath done what she could" was the tribute the Master paid to sincerity of purpose. Angels can do no more. "Thou didst well in that it was in thine heart" was the verdict in behalf of David.

Individual effort makes for collective beauty. The world is beautiful in its vastness because it is, first of all, beautiful in its atoms. My best may not be your best, and my failure may be your success; but whether we succeed or fail is not the question so much as whether we have striven earnestly, labored consistently and sought diligently.

R. B.

The Power of Pain

WEDNESDAY. II Cor. 12 : 9—"*Most gladly, therefore will I glory in my weakness.*" Human suffering will no doubt increase the luster of Jerusalem the Golden. It gilds the gloom of sorrow with rainbows of hope. It is glorious to realize, while in pain, that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, that the whole earth shall be filled with His glory, that He watches above His own, ruling with love and almighty strength. He Who clothes the grass, decks the flowers, feeds the birds, will not forget the children of His bosom, who can love Him in return for His blessing.

In this life Paul may be in a prison and Nero in a palace, but, like the rich man and Lazarus, they will change places in final rewards. Clouds may veil God's love, yet He is always true. The laws of nature are in harmony with the idea of suffering; the atmosphere is composed of four parts of nitrogen, a poison, and one part of oxygen, the living principle. Too much oxygen would destroy the body as surely as too much prosperity destroys the soul. In nature we find night as well as day, storm succeeding sunshine and winter following summer. Suffering therefore seems as essential to the soul as medicine for the ills of the body.

Joseph went from a pit of pain to a throne of power; Jacob never walked straight till he limped. Job would have been unknown but for his trials. David sang sweetest in the darkened chambers of sorrow, as birds sing best in cages. Paul's ills of the flesh, which were not healed in answer to prayer, led him to take Luke with him as a physician in all his travels. Thus Paul's affliction in body indirectly caused the writing of the book of the Acts and the Gospel of Luke. The Puritans, the Huguenots and the Covenanters, like the apostles and the martyrs, came up through "great tribulation," having their robes washed in the blood of the Lamb.

E. W. C.

The Acts of the Modern Apostles

THURSDAY. Acts 1: "*The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and to teach.*" Thus Luke began the Acts of the Apostles. The "former treatise" was the gospel of Luke, and it was a summary "of all that Jesus began to do and to teach." Now Luke is writing another book called "The Acts of the Apostles," a kind of a sequel to the Gospel, a record of all that Jesus continued to do and to teach. There is room and material for still another book, which might be titled "The Acts of Jesus through the modern Apostles."

The revelation of God is a daily occurrence. His manifestations through men and women, in institutions and organizations, like His mercies, are new every morning. The canon of Scripture can never be closed. As Pilgrim Pastor Robinson declared "God has yet more light to shed from His Word," so may we look for the footprints of the Almighty on the sands of today, the hand of Omnipotence on the events of the hour, and the thought of the Divine Fashioner guiding the intricate pattern of His eternal plan and purpose on the loom of existence. Foreign mission field, city slum and distant home frontier are vibrant with Kingdom ideals and electric with the heroism of the Christ intent and redemptive theme. Never have men and women, in public and private, striven so efficiently and wrought so heroically for the new and better day of peace on earth and good will among nations. The nations are coming together, even though slowly, nevertheless surely, in a beautiful blendhood and brotherhood of co-operative endeavor and mutual accord for the highest and best aims for all concerned.

"And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." Thus does John close his gospel. Reluctantly he lays down his pen. The acts of grace and love, the theme of redemption and reclamation may never be told in such a way that we shall do them justice. That, however, is no reason why we should not at least try to do our best, and, in the economy of God, "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost," going forth like Ruth of old, gleaning in the fields, picking up this and that of the ripened grain and using it to appease the world's hunger for the bread that gives strength and blessing.

R. B.

Christ and the Spirit of Youth

FRIDAY. Matt. 19 : 22. "*But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.*" If this rich young ruler had taken a long view of life he would have followed Christ. He was attracted to Christ, even as Christ was attracted to him. There is no doubt this youth saw in Christ what conservative and time-blinded age failed to see. Most of Christ's disciples were young men.

There is a remarkable group of young men in the New Testament, friends of Paul—Timothy, Titus and John Mark. Augustine was a young man when he fell a captive to the truth and grace of Christ. So were the other three greatest fathers of the early Church: Jerome, Ambrose and Gregory. Of the martyrs of ancient and modern times, many were young men and women. Of the great reformers, not a few were scarcely older than Jesus when He began His ministry. Luther was only thirty-four when he sounded the trumpet note of the Reformation.

There is a native sympathy, a spiritual kinship, between Christ and the spirit of youth. The spirit of youth is idealistic, adventurous, militant. So is the spirit of Christ. To the true Christian, difficulties do not exist, or if they do, they exist only to be overcome.

What adventure is the Christian life! It challenges the strong and the daring. It is a venture into the realms of truth, love and heroism. Moreover, the Christian life is a warfare, a crusade. It requires courage. Sir Philip Sidney said, "If there is a good war I will go to it." What better war is there for a young man to go to than that which is being waged under the banner of the Cross? "Ye that are men now serve Him."

C. C. A.

God Our Refuge and Helper

SATURDAY. Psalm 42, 11. "*Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him Who is the health of my countenance and my God.*" David's songs in sorrow have awakened every chord of feeling in the human heart. They express his own spiritual biography in their outflow of emotion and melody. It is not better conditions or circumstances that we pray for; environment is always subject to change. But it is the everlasting God our arms would clasp when the soul whispers, "My Father, My Saviour, My Lord!" I must know that my Reedeemer liveth and dwelleth in me, speaking peace to the troubled waves of sorrow in order to complete tranquillity of spirit.

Is it not a help to remember the deliverances of past years, when He was the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, knowing that hitherto He hath helped His followers in all their trials? I will therefore praise Him who hath been the help of my countenance all my life; my hope shall ever be in my Creator and Guide! He fills the aching void in my disquieted, disappointed spirit. He is nearer than breathing, closer than hands and feet. When all the waves flow over me, He walks upon the waters by my side. His "Peace, be still!" quiets every billow. It is then I know my Father's house is my home; His heart my hiding-place. It is only love that will satisfy love. Out of His fullness I received grace and peace. O that all who are a-thirst may come and take of the water of life freely, drinking from a pure river, flowing from the throne of God and the Lamb. Fountains of wealth and pleasure will never satisfy!

The forty-second Psalm is the Psalm of a troubled world, the cry of prisoners for liberty, freedom from the slavery of the passions, from bereavement, misrepresentation, persecution, poverty and famine. Hope thou in God! He will not tarry—He will surely come!

E. W. C.

The World News of the Week

International

THE BISHOP OF SPARTA

Head of the Greek Orthodox Church in America, in the gorgeous and costly vestments which he wears for special church ceremonies

Japan Seeks to Limit Far Eastern Discussion

THE Japanese Cabinet has decided, according to Tokio newspapers, to approve President Harding's proposal for a discussion of Pacific and Far Eastern questions in connection with the international conference on limitation of armaments, but will decline to take up several of the most important problems over which there are differences between the United States and Japan. Japan will decline, it was said, to discuss questions affecting sovereign rights of participants and also the Shantung and Yap questions, which it holds were settled by the Paris peace conference. The United States does not admit that the Shantung and Yap problems have been settled, and there was a suggestion that these and other points of difference might be adjusted through conferences between Japan and America in advance of the opening of the main conference.

Tokio's program for the conference was reported to be insistence on a world-wide policy of the "open door" and equal opportunity for all. In line with this she would propose a thorough opening up of China, abolition of extra-territoriality, spheres of influence and the withdrawal of all foreign powers from control of China government services, while demanding recognition of racial equality and the principle of dropping the bars to Japanese immigration. These demands, it should be frankly understood, would not be put forward with any real hope of an agreement on them. On the other hand they would be good trading arguments for use against the United States and the British dominions with interests in the Pacific.

In British circles, there were suggestions that the conference should be held next spring instead of this autumn, in order that the Premiers of the British dominions might be able to attend and in order to give Premier Lloyd George a chance to carry through the Irish negotiations. The idea of holding a preliminary conference in London was losing favor and it was believed any and all conferences in relation to the main conference would be held in Washington. American officials did not take kindly to the suggestions for delay, believing the problems to be considered are so important and so pressing that an attempt should be made to solve them as soon as possible.

De Valera Gets British Terms

CARRYING a typewritten document setting forth the definite proposals of the British government for a settlement of the Irish problem, Eamonn de Valera has returned from London to Dublin to confer with his colleagues of the Irish Republican party. The British terms offer to Ireland self-government such as now is enjoyed by Canada and the Union of South Africa, with reservations of military and naval character deemed advisable because of the island's nearness to the center of the British Empire. While the Irish leaders are considering them, the truce will continue in effect.

Announcement was made in London, at the close of the series of long conversations between Premier Lloyd George and Mr. de Valera, that no basis for a formal conference had been found as yet but that Mr. de Valera would communicate with the Premier again after the discussions in Dublin. This statement, over which the conferees labored for some time before reaching a draft acceptable to both sides, was less encouraging than the public had hoped for, but the optimism manifested by the participants in the conference and the continuation of the parleys indicated greater progress than the statement itself conveyed.

On the night preceding the final conference of the series, Premier Lloyd George presided over a cabinet council at which the Irish proposals of the government were discussed at length. The financial arrangements to be offered to the Irish Republican leaders caused considerable trouble, but at last all the various provisions were agreed to by the ministers almost unanimously. The Premier then went to Buckingham Palace and laid the proposals before the King, who has been keeping in close touch with the Irish situation.

Ulster's attitude put somewhat of a damper on optimism regarding the final outcome. Sir James Craig, the Ulster Premier, was in London part of the time the conference was in progress, but did not meet Mr. de Valera. Before returning to Belfast, he issued a statement which indicated a determination to maintain Ulster's present status, thus opposing the Sinn Fein contention that the province is in the minority and must yield to the majority in Ireland. "It now merely remains for Mr. de Valera and the British people to come to terms regarding the area outside of that of which I am Prime Minister," the Craig statement said. "When this is accomplished I can promise cordial co-operation on equal terms with Southern Ireland in any matter affecting our common interests." The Ulster Premier is to return to London for further discussions and his attitude was not allowed to block the parleys.

House Passes Tariff Bill

THE Fordney Tariff bill has been passed by the House by a vote of 289 to 127, seven Republicans voting against the measure and seven Democrats for it on the final roll call. On three of the five most hotly contested schedules, the Democrats, aided by dissatisfied members of the majority, were able to carry amendments. As a result hides, long staple cotton, asphalt and oil were placed on the free list and the Longworth dye embargo was eliminated. An attempt to strike out the American valuation and reciprocal duties provisions was defeated, 289 to 127.

In the Senate, the program was to refer the measure to the Finance Committee, which expected to devote a month to hearings on the bill and to make many changes in the measure. Meanwhile it was believed that the House would have been able to complete the tax revision bill, prompt action on which is desired by President Harding, and that the Senate would take up the tax bill ahead of the tariff measure, which thus might be delayed until the December session of Congress. It was proposed in administration circles that Congress should take a recess for two months after the House had passed the tax revision bill.

Greeks Capture Eski-Shehr

THE Greek drive against the Turkish Nationalists has been proceeding successfully and the forces of King Constantine have captured Eski-Shehr, near which they met a big defeat in their previous offensive. The occupation of Eski-Shehr was preceded by the capture of Kutaia, about thirty miles to the southwest, after a battle lasting four days, in which both sides suffered heavy losses. Four Greek columns converged on Kutaia, one of their principal objectives, and drove the Kemalists from their fortified positions before the town. The Greeks reported as the spoils of this victory more than 15,000 prisoners, 168 guns and 2,000 camels—a disastrous loss for Mustapha Kemal, whose number of effectives has been placed at 100,000 men and whose supply of artillery has been limited.

Beyond Eski-Shehr the Turks took up strong positions prepared in advance. Hellenic leaders believed that the Kemalists had lost their principal defensive line and termed Eski-Shehr the key to Angora, Mustapha Kemal's capital. It is the junction of railroads running from Constantinople and Smyrna to Angora, from which it is 125 miles distant.

An attempt by the Turks to take the offensive and recapture Eski-Shehr was defeated and the Greeks, enveloping their positions, drove them back with heavy losses, capturing an entire Turkish division.

France Sending Troops to Silesia

GREAT BRITAIN and France again have been at odds over the Upper Silesian controversy, with the British urging that an Allied conference to effect a settlement be called at once and France seeking further delay.

The British government sent to Paris a note warning that there was danger in postponing a decision and suggesting that the project of expert examination of the project should be given up. Paris replied to this with an announcement that she was despatching more troops to Silesia, as she believed the Allied forces in the disputed territory should be strengthened greatly before judgment is rendered. The French wished Britain to send reinforcements, arguing that it would be time for the Premiers to meet to make the final decision on boundaries after the Allied troops are in readiness to put down any revolt and after the experts have reached an agreement. It was feared both Germany and Poland might try to seize by force the districts they claim unless there are enough Allied troops in the province to enforce obedience to the Allied decree.

Later the British and the French officials reached a compromise under which it was expected France would agree to a meeting of the Supreme Council early in August and would withdraw her demand for a meeting of experts, while Britain would join with France in asking free passage through Germany for reinforcements. A compromise on the question of boundaries also was forecast.

Suggestions of American mediation were renewed unofficially, but careful observers expected Washington to maintain its aloof attitude unless it appeared there was no other way of averting a new outbreak of hostilities in Eastern Europe.

Illinois Governor Indicted

GOVERNOR LEN SMALL of Illinois, Lieutenant Governor Fred E. Sterling and Vernon Curtis of Grant Park have been indicted by the Sagamon County Grand Jury on charges of embezzling public funds, conspiracy to defraud the state and operation of a "confidence game" in connection with interest earnings of the State Treasurer's office during the terms of Small and Sterling. The three were charged with conspiracy to defraud the state of $2,000,000 and with the embezzlement of $700,000; Governor Small was accused of embezzling $500,000; and Lieutenant Governor Sterling, $500,000.

The Grand Jury's report, which called for an exhaustive legislative inquiry, alleged that several million dollars of state funds had been kept on deposit

Underwood & Underwood

A CITY SUBSTITUTE FOR THE "OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE"

During hot summer days Boston officials have attached open air shower-pipes to the fire hydrants in order to cool off the youngsters. Street showers also have been used in New York and other cities

in the Grant Park State Bank, which is said to have had no other depositor, and that this money was used to buy at discount short-term securities on which large profits were realized while the state received not more than 2 per cent. interest.

Governor Small issued a statement in which he declared his absolute innocence and asserted the Grand Jury had conducted a "one-sided hearing, in which personal and political enemies were heard, and I had no voice." He attributed the charges to a desire to accomplish his "political assassination" and to personal fury aroused by his attempts to hold appropriations down to the minimum. There has been intense bitterness between the Republican factions in Illinois, and earlier disclosures in the political warfare had prepared the public for the returning of indictments.

$4,500,000 Given for Chicago Charities. One of the largest individual gifts for charity ever made in Chicago has been completed in the transfer to the Chicago Charitable Corporation of fourteen pieces of real estate which go to make up a $4,500,000 fund. The corporation was created to administer the fund for the benefit of various philanthropies.

Aerial Bombs Sink Dreadnought. Army airplanes dropping TNT bombs weighing 2,000 pounds sent to the bottom the former German dreadnought Ostfriesland in tests conducted sixty miles outside the Virginia Capes, six such bombs being dropped before the warship sank. A day's attacks with smaller bombs had failed to put the vessel out of commission.

Eight Drown in Texas. Eight persons, most of them delegates to a Baptist Young People's Union convention, were drowned after being caught in the undertow of the Gulf of Mexico, while bathing near Palacios, Texas.

Dr. Poling Recovering. The friends of Dr. Daniel A. Poling, associate president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident on July 4, will be delighted to know that his complete recovery is promised. Dr. Poling suffered a fracture of the lumbar vertebrae. He will remain in a hospital in Northampton, Mass., to which he was taken, until August 20th, and will be confined to his bed for probably two months longer. By that time the surgeons assure his family he will be his old virile self.

Terms for Russian Relief Outlined. Herbert Hoover, as head of the American Relief Administration, has replied to the appeal of Maxim Gorky, noted Russian author, for aid for the starving in Soviet Russia with an outline of the terms upon which relief can be offered. In addition to the same conditions laid down in twenty-three other foreign countries in which the administration is working, Mr. Hoover stated that "to the whole American people the absolute *sine qua non* of any assistance must be the immediate release of the Americans now held prisoners in Russia."

Rev. Dr. Scofield Dies. Rev. Dr. Cyrus Ingerson Scofield, a prominent Southern Presbyterian clergyman, editor of the Scofield Reference Bible and for several years in charge of the Moody Church at Northfield, Mass., died at his home at Douglaston, L. I., at the age of seventy-eight.

Huge Fire Loss in Mexican Oil Field. Property losses estimated at several million dollars were caused in the Amatlan oil fields near Tampico, Mexico, by a fire which was attributed to lightning. Four thousand men working in relays finally checked the conflagration.

Spanish Defeated in Morocco. Following a severe reverse for Spanish troops at the hands of rebel tribesmen in Morocco, the general in command and the members of his staff committed suicide on the field of battle after having made sure of the retreat of their forces, according to Madrid despatches.

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Have you a feeling for him that makes you interested in his interests, sympathetic with his sorrows, concerned for his success, rejoicing in his joys? If not you are not much of a friend to boast of, are you?

It is pretty difficult sometimes to prove up to these requirements, but after all, there are a surprising number of people in this world who have shown their capacity for friendship of the most unselfish kind, and the world is infinitely better for them having lived in it.

You can't be a friend and a "taker." You have to be a "giver" too, and usually the more you give in terms of loyalty, and affection, and personal interest, and understanding, the more you receive from the relationship.

It is not enough, either, to give of those things that are pleasing alone to the heart and the body. One of the greatest pleasures of genuine friendship is the mutual stimulation of the mind and the development of the soul. And this can be accomplished in two ways: by intellectual companionship or by placing at the hand of your friend reading matter that will express to him the ideals that govern your life. There is force to the latter method because a book or a magazine is a companion whose influence is often strongest at those moments when human company is impossible and probably undesirable.

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Paul in Iconium and Lystra

International Sunday-School Lesson for August 14
Acts 14 : 1-28

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

"ONE more day's work for Jesus" has been often sung at an evening prayer service when the events of the day have hardly warranted such a statement. As Paul and Barnabas wrought at Antioch, Iconium, Lystra and Derbe, they could have rendered this hymn with a rich meaning as they sought rest after the last inquirer had departed. Paul, at least, was bearing in his body the marks of suffering for Christ's sake. He was filling full his ministry, for which he had been commissioned with Barnabas at Antioch on the Orontes. Paul's conversion meant everything to him and his religion was costing him much.

Good work in the past, as at Antioch in Pisidia, does not cause Paul to say, as do some modern church members, "It is enough." He and his companions journey the eighty miles to Iconium where they again begin work in the synagogue of the Jews. Here the Lord confirms their faithful witnessing by "granting signs and wonders." Jews and Gentiles soon form an alliance and treat the preachers shamefully and are even purposing to use stones. God always has other sheep which need shepherding, and our true soldiers hasten on to Lystra, which is eighteen miles distant, "and there they preached the gospel." In no respect had they failed at Antioch or Iconium. They were sent forth to witness through life and message and this has been accomplished. Personal victory consists in perfect obedience. It is possible for the Christian to obey his Captain with the same obedience as does the soldier his superior officer. Paul was not a coward in departing from Iconium. The renewed attacks against sin and error in the other cities prove this.

Follow Paul on your map. Move that large-headed pin each week as you journey with him. Commit to memory the names of all the places visited and learn much about each city and the customs of those days.

At Lystra Paul wrought a miracle, though it was not done to draw attention to himself as was the result. Luke, the physician, is the writer of Acts and the Greek shows exactness of description such as a doctor would give in making the record. Orthopedic surgery was unknown in that day, but more wonderful results could be accomplished by the immediate work of the Great Physician. At the command "Stand upright on thy feet," the man who had never walked was able to *leap up*. It is inspiring to note the wonderful way in which God works.

IT SURELY was not Paul's fault that he was misunderstood by the Jupiter-Mercury worshipping people of Lystra as they cried out with wonder, in their local speech, and talked about gods when the only true God was manifesting His omnipotence. In their ignorance, the people of Lystra lost their supreme opportunity. Not so with Paul. His head was not turned by the applause. He had a mission and he held to "this one thing I do."

However much he might offend his hosts, or even endanger his own life, he forbade the priests to slay the oxen which were brought as a sacrifice to the two preachers. Then the one who was likened to Mercury made another address as he continued to turn them "from these vain things unto a living God." He directed their attention to the known in natural theology, as he told them about "the heaven, the earth and the sea and all that in them is." Then he sought to direct their attention to the Unknown as he proclaimed revealed theology—even the Creator who would enter into personal, helpful relationship with each one of them.

Stones became the applause and reward of such witnessing. Those who opposed Paul in Antioch were so mad that they were ready to journey 100 miles in order to wreak further vengeance on this man who had told them they were sinners. They also came from Iconium and stirred up the already aroused people of Lystra. And now they could go to their respective homes in peace, for Paul was stoned to death, as they thought. It is God's thought and not man's that counts. This journey, with its witness-bearing, is not completed and there are three other great trips for this evangelist to the Gentiles.

The faithful followers do not desert their fallen friend. As they stand tearfully and prayerfully around the fallen body; they smile through their tears as they are permitted to help him arise and they go with him into the city. There must have been a wonderful thanksgiving prayer meeting that night in old Lystra. Now that Paul had this awful experience, he could meditate on the stoning of Stephen with a new vividness.

Timothy, that beloved spiritual son of Paul, had his home in Lystra, and was doubtless won by Paul on this first missionary journey. Do your own research work and build up your history of Timothy. Turn to the frequently mentioned Bible dictionary, the concordance and marginal references, and look up all you can find about one who joined Paul on his second journey (Acts 16 : 1-3). Finding others and placing them in service is always the work of pastors, teachers and Christian workers. Timothy was not appalled by the prospect of hardship in connection with his stewardship as a witness.

THIS is a mid-summer lesson. The vacation season and the heat may be a real testing. Some have been known to omit kneeling in prayer before roommates, to leave their Bible in the suitcase, to omit church-going, etc. in the summertime. Others make their vacation a real missionary journey and add to their pleasure immensely while so doing. Souls can be won in August as well as during the week of prayer in January. The safety of your own soul may depend on the spiritual service you will undertake. Just make that minister or Sunday-school superintendent in the country, or at the seashore, glad that you are summering there.

The longest way 'round was Paul's way home. He might have made a short, quick journey overland from Derbe, where he went after leaving Lystra, to Antioch in Syria. Instead of "playing safe" after his rough experiences of the recent weeks, he went back to Lystra, Iconium and Antioch in Pisidia, whence he had been forced to flee and had even been stoned almost to death. Paul did more than start things. He knew that young converts need the most attention. To the limit of his time he would be a faithful pastor, so he returns to instruct further those who had found Christ through his preaching.

What attention is being paid to that splendid group of young people who made public profession of their faith a few months ago? The pastor held a communicants' class before they united with the church. What instructions are they regularly receiving now? Are you sure that each one is placed in the life of the church, where the best service can be rendered? It is the business of some one to know whether they are taking root downward and bearing fruit upward?

This first missionary journey concluded with a report to the church in Antioch, where they were sent forth by the Holy Spirit. We thank God that the missionaries have their furloughs and can report to the home church the work in which all are participants. History keeps repeating itself as the modern Acts of the Apostles is continuously being written by you and others.

Jerry of Justamere Cabin

Continued from page 549

when I went back to the lake and there was Mr. Diver still working around his big circle. I don't know whether he had stopped to eat or not.

KENT came home from the city on the five o'clock Interurban just in time to see the diver quit work for the day.

"Shall I come back tomorrow?" we heard him ask Mr. Persmann.

"Not unless you can do a lot better than you did today," said Persmann.

"I could bring the thing up in two minutes if you could show me just where you sank it," said the diver, "but it takes time to comb all over this lake."

"Yes and at ten dollars an hour it's mighty expensive time, too," said Persmann. "I don't believe you need come back. I'm going to try a drag."

"You'll need a drag like a fine-tooth comb to pick up a satchel from this muddy bottom," said the diver. "But it ain't my satchel."

"So they haven't found a thing?" said Kent. "I was awfully curious to know how they'd come out."

"Not a thing," I told him. "How about Harold?"

"I saw him safely started and he's an awfully grateful boy about that money. You know I used to think he was kind of a sissy, but the way he acts about his sister and everything, I like him."

"So do I," said I. "Next to you I like him better than any fellow I know."

"I had something else happen while I was in town today. I met Mr. Blair, the president of the company where Persmann works, and dad used to, too."

"Did he know you?" asked Kate.

"Oh, yes; spoke to me first. You know he offered me a job in the office for the summer a month or two ago."

"Yes, I know. And father wouldn't let you take it."

"Well, he offered me the same job again today."

"Did you tell him father wouldn't agree?"

"No. I just said, 'Mr. Blair, how can I go to work for a company that believes my father to be a thief?'"

"Was he mad?"

"No. He seemed a little inclined to laugh. He said, 'How did you get that idea? Nobody in our house believes your father to be a thief. We think it unfortunate that he can't prove his disposition of that package, but we don't have the faintest idea that he was dishonest. So if that's all your objection you'd better come to work tomorrow!'"

"Do you want to go?"

"I'd like to. We all need the money. But if father wouldn't let me take the job before, probably he won't now. I'm going to ask him though."

Strangely enough Mr. Bassel now made no objection.

"You'll need the money to buy clothes, Kent," said he. "I expect you to start school again in September. A few weeks' pay will be very helpful."

BUT I had work to start myself the next morning — picking up and sacking potatoes on Mr. Naylor's farm, and, believe me, it was work. When I quit that first night Mr. Naylor paid me three dollars. There are two hundred bones in the human body. Every one of mine ached. I reckoned it amounted to about a cent and a half an ache for each one of them.

Persmann had been poking around the lake all day with a drag, but he found no trace of his satchel. The officers of the club had stopped him from using a big dragnet, as he had planned to do. They said it would spoil the fishing, and intimated that they were by no means sure that Mr. Persmann had lost anything in that lake.

I was almost too tired and sleepy to be interested. Even Kent's adventures at the office could hardly keep me awake. But next morning I got up as fresh as ever and ready for another day chasing the elusive potato.

I kept that potato job until the work was all done and earned fifteen dollars, my very own money.

The search of the lake for the lost satchel had not been dropped by any means. Kent got me out of bed early every morning so that he might try half an hour's diving before he went to the city. Each day he was disappointed, but he always went at it the next.

Our diving was done so early in the morning that very few saw us or guessed what we were doing, but Mr. Persmann haunted the lake in the vicinity of the south end of the island all day long, day after day. He came down at earliest daylight and did not leave until dark, eating nothing but a few crackers that he bought at the club-house. He acted very strangely and did some very strange things. His own efforts were all failures, yet he was very jealous of anyone who attempted the slightest enterprise of any kind in that part of the lake.

Mr. Persmann looked queer and ill. Always thin and stooped, he was now becoming positively gaunt. He muttered to himself and made strange gestures that might have been meant for incantations. So strangely did he carry on that some of the club people began to question his sanity, and talked of having a lunacy commission to examine him.

THE evening that my potato job was finished, just a week after the loss of the satchel, I was coming home with my pay in my pocket, feeling quite important, just as he was leaving the lake after another day of failure. He acted so strangely that I followed to see where he would go, for instead of taking the road to his own cottage he went off towards the woods.

As he walked he muttered to himself, and instead of picking his way he seemed quite regardless of any path, trampling through underbrush and frequently knocking against trees.

At last he walked into a heavy, overhanging branch with such force that it not only knocked off his hat but cut his forehead enough to make it bleed.

"That's right," he shouted out aloud. "Even the trees are down on me. What do I care? All the world is down on me! What do I care?"

Instead of wiping the blood from his face he savagely knocked his head against the tree, not once only, but several times, as if there were a real satisfaction in the cruel contact.

I was really afraid of him, and perhaps that is the reason that I climbed a tree before I said a word. My two months in the woods had made me a good climber and I was up among the branches in a few seconds. Looking down I could see him beneath me, still acting wildly.

Did you ever think that you hated, despised and loathed a person more than anyone else in the world and just long for an opportunity to get even with him? And did you ever reach the place where you saw that person weak and pitiable and getting the worst end of everything, and suddenly find your hate melted to pity?

That's the way I was with Persmann. What I ought to have shouted down to Persmann from my shelter in the trees was, "This serves you right, Persmann; you are getting what you deserve."

And what I really did say as I looked down at that broken wreck of a man with his blood-stained, tear-stained face was, "Don't do that, Mr. Persmann. All you need's a friend. I can tell you of one."

He looked around on every side and then up into the branches.

"Did some one speak to me of a friend?" he asked. "Or am I hearing voices as well as seeing things?"

"I'm up here," I explained. "In these branches. Almost over you."

He glared up into the tree.

"Oh, it's you!" he said. "You're the boy who's always interfering in my business, the boy who stays at Bassel's. Do you think Major Bassel would be my friend?"

"He would if you wanted him, and were square with him," I asserted. "He doesn't hold grudges, even though he has a right."

"Come down here and let me tell you a few things," said Persmann. "I've got to tell 'em to some one. Come and sit down on this log."

To be concluded

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Now we have ways to combat it. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Modern dentists urge their daily use.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And other factors are used with them to bring five desired effects.

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Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Watch all the effects, then read the reasons for them in the book we send. It will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

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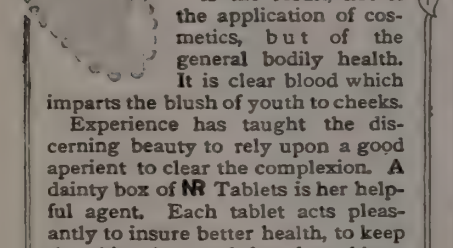

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The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

APPEALS from souls in deep distress and desirous of Christian sympathy, and of being remembered in the prayers of the League are numerous this week.

Mother, Vermont, writes: "I am asking your prayers for myself. I am hedged in all about by terrible doubts and fear of having sinned beyond God's pardoning love. Will you pray that God will give me the faith to claim His promises and believe in Christ with my whole heart?"

M. C. C., writes: "Pray that I may be healed and sanctified and made ready for the service of our God. Also that my husband and my brother and his family may all be brought nearer to God."

"Pray that I may find the help I so greatly need," writes Mrs. H. E. H. "Ask the members to remember me before I suffer want and neglect, with which I am threatened."

Reader, S. C., writes: "Pray for me and my home, that I may be delivered from a cross that is sapping and destroying the love and happiness of my home."

A Mother, Beech, N. C., writes: "We are sheep without a shepherd. Pray very earnestly for the little flock at Beech, that a pastor who has the good of souls at heart will build us up."

Rev. Zed H. Copp, 1003 Duncannon Ave., Philadelphia, writes: "While I am not an old minister, I am at present without a pastorate, having recently resigned as chaplain of the Eastern Penitentiary, and would be glad to serve my Master and His people anywhere He may want me. Of course, I would prefer a down-town church in a large city, doing institutional work, or a country church near a large city. The Lord's will be done. I await His orders."

"Anxious Mother" writes: "Join with me in prayer for the moral and spiritual welfare of two wilful boys, not interested in anything religious, and who seem in danger of falling into bad ways."

F. P. D., University, Va., writes: "Will you ask the united prayer of God's people for the early deliverance of the Armenians from the terrible persecutions to which they have so long been exposed? May God so control the rulers of our country that they shall make effectual remonstrance to the Turkish misrule."

E. de L., Ceylon, writes: "Having read in the Christian Herald that all Christians are urged to unite with the members of the League in daily prayer at the noon hour, also that any one is at liberty to send requests, I would ask the members to pray that our Almighty Father grant me my heart's desire and give back my brother's full memory, which he lost through a severe attack of fever."

Mrs. H., N. J., writes: "I request prayer that my daughter may be reconciled and come home."

Mother, Arnold, Nebr., writes: "Pray that I may be able to raise my children up in purity of speech and actions."

A. M., Commerce, Ga., writes: "Please pray for a great revival in our church during the coming meetings. Oh, how our people need to have sin and selfishness driven out of their lives. And also pray that I may find the kind of work I am so anxious to do."

"Please pray that, if it is God's will, we may have rain before the crops dry up," writes H. G. T. "Twice has God answered prayers submitted to the Prayer League."

Among the general requests are the following: for healing, 100; guidance, 16; financial aid, 16; reconciliation, 7; conversion of relatives and friends, 53; blessing, 18; peace, 5; position, 2; forgiveness, 6; heart's desire, 38; happiness, 8; courage, 5; reunion, 5; wisdom 2; success, 8; faith, 10; spiritual advancement, 5.

And we have received acknowledgments of answered prayers from Mrs. C. G., Mrs. J. J. P., A. B. R., H. C. E., A. J. H., Friend, Mrs. J. L. J., E. S. F., Mrs. C. J. E.

Young People's Topics for August 14

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

True Temperance in Heart and Life

C. E. and B. Y. P. U. I Thess. 5 : 4-11

PAUL is writing to the brethren of the church at Thessalonica and he says, "Therefore let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." In Crabb's Synonyms we read that the word "sober" means "grave" and the word "grave" expresses a weight in the intellectual operations which makes them proceed slowly. Sobriety is therefore a more natural and ordinary state for the human mind than "gravity."

It behooves every person to be "sober" in all situations, but those who fill the most important stations of life must be "grave." Even in our pleasures we may observe "sobriety" which keeps us from any excessive ebullition of mirth but on particular occasions where the importance of the subject ought to weigh on the mind it becomes us to be "grave." At a feast we have need of "sobriety." At a funeral we have need of "gravity." "Sobriety" extends to many more objects than "gravity." We must be "sober" in our judgments, thoughts, opinions, as well as our outward conduct and behavior, but we can be "grave," properly speaking, only in our looks and our outward deportment.

For other interesting studies see the meaning of the words "temperance," "modesty" and "humble." They are all related and the Christian life is related to them all. Unless we have these words in our vocabulary and their definitions in our minds, the values and ideals for which they are but the symbols, will not be manifested by the prompting of the heart and the action of the life.

My Favorite Saying of Christ and Why

E. L. John 6 : 63-68; Matt. 7 : 24, 25

WE REMEMBER the words of David Livingstone concerning the promise of Jesus: "'I am with you always.' They are the words of a gentleman. He will not go back on them. That's all there is to it." To the great African explorer and missionary the words of Jesus were final. They are final to those who believe them and obey them, and make them a personal possession. Note the topic speaks in terms of personal possession by beginning with the personal pronoun "MY."

How many words of Jesus are yours? The more we appropriate of them the richer we shall be. All of the sayings of Jesus we may well make our favorites. They are the words of life.

In the philosophy of the Son of God there is a teaching for every purpose of life. There is a guidance for every issue and crisis. There is a solution for every puzzle and an answer to every question. By way of illustration:

Once there was a soldier who started out on a journey for his king. His king was a very wise and good man and gave his soldier a box which contained a great many pairs of wings. Each pair of wings had a label. One said "When attacked by robbers." When attacked by robbers all the soldier had to do was to attach the wings on his shoes and away he flew and escaped his enemies. Another was labeled "For the darkness." When it was too dark to see how to go, he put the wings on and they led him to the light. The sayings of Jesus are our "wings" and they help us along the pilgrim path of life.

Free Circulars for Investors.

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address, on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department. The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To Invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6% First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for circular 38.

Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving high average yield of 12% —Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 48.

Bonds—questions answered, terms defined. A very valuable non-technical booklet that every prospective bond buyer should have. No. 42.

Selecting Your Investments, Strong Box Investments, Creating Good Investments, are three booklets describing the service and safe, high yield investments of a nationally known investment house. No. 43.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. first Mortgage 20-year 8 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold Bonds are described in detail in Circular 44.

Details of the First Mortgage 5 per cent. ten-year gold bonds of Libby McNeill & Libby to yield about 7.6% are contained in Circular 45.

Long Term Railroad Bonds—Valuable Information on the better class of Railroad bonds to yield 6 % to 8%. No. 46.

Real Estate First Mortgage Bond on improved New York City property that pays 8%. No. 47.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
Book Department
Bible House, New York

Federal Farm Loan Bonds

They Furnish a Safe Investment of the Most Desirable Type

By H. H. CHARLES

IT IS easier to earn money than it is to save money. Certainly it requires strength of character as well as sound judgment to invest money wisely. There are so many temptations to spend "just this once," and so many lures to invest in speculative ventures.

Yet the process of saving and investing is simple, and the result certain, if the family goes about it in the right way. An expense and saving budget with a definite system of investing are all that are necessary.

Your budget need not be complex. Classification of expenses and savings may be made along the following lines with such amplifications as may meet the needs of the particular family. Except in extreme misfortune, the budget should be strictly adhered to—therein lies the secret of successful accumulation.

A big income is not essential to systematic saving. One couple, who started life with nothing but sound character and a willingness to work and save, raised and educated four children, built and paid for a substantial home, and provided amply for their sunset years—all out of a moderate salary, because they followed religiously their budget system throughout their fifty odd years of married life, and put each year's savings in proven investments.

They purchased farm mortgages and life insurance. They were frequently tempted to speculate in real estate and just once bought several residence lots in an attractive location. But it was found when the lots were finally sold and the expenses deducted that larger returns would have been received by sticking entirely to farm mortgages.

This couple have passed from earthly scenes, but if these people were here, they would doubtless be systematic investors in Federal Farm Loan Bonds. Federal Farm Loan Bonds are the direct descendants of the old-fashioned farm mortgage which has for generations been the favorite security of careful investors.

A FEDERAL Farm Loan Bond is an engraved certificate representing a little piece of hundreds of massed first mortgages on approved farms scattered over the States comprising one of the twelve Federal Land Bank Districts. It is guaranteed not only by the issuing Land Bank but also jointly by all the twelve Federal Land Banks with combined capital exceeding $24,000,000.

The value of the mortgages represented by Federal Farm Loan Bonds never exceed 50 per cent. of the appraised value of the farms against which they are issued. And in the case of farms with buildings, the value of the mortgages must not exceed 50 per cent. of the value of the bare land plus 20 per cent. of the value of the improvements. Further, these farms must be cultivated by their owners. The appraisals are made by experts employed by the Federal Farm Loan Board, a division of the United States Treasury Department.

Federal Farm Loan Mortgages are of the "disappearing" or amortized type. A fixed sum is paid at each interest date so that the principal is steadily reduced, disappearing entirely with the last interest payment at the end of 35 years, or sooner, at the option of the borrower. For this reason the security behind a Federal Farm Loan Bond is constantly growing stronger.

Then, too, a single farmer might through misfortune—fire, drought, flood or insect devastation—be unable to meet his interest when due. But the interest payments on Federal Farm Loan Bonds are guaranteed by the pledge of the capital stock of all the Federal Land Banks.

Federal Farm Loan Bonds are tax-exempt. This is an important point, for in many states mortgages and other securities are taxed. The income from Federal Farm Loan Bonds is also exempt from income tax, whether Federal or State.

Federal Farm Loan Bonds yield 5 per cent. interest. This rate, while moderate, is considerably higher than that paid by savings institutions in most parts of the country. Besides these Bonds begin earning interest from the day you buy them. And remember that this rate is absolutely *net*—there are no deductions or fees whatever. You will receive your check promptly on due date, if you select registered bonds, or you may cash your coupon at your local bank, if you prefer the coupon form.

BECAUSE Federal Farm Loan Bonds are nationally known as a gilt-edge security, they are accepted by all bankers as desirable collateral security.

The use of collateral is becoming more and more common, even in small towns. Suppose you have five hundred dollars on hand which you will need only a short time during the entire year. You do not need to keep this money idle the year round so as to have the use of it when needed. A better plan is to invest it in a safe security. Then when money is needed, your banker will loan you about 80 per cent. of the value of the bonds, holding the bonds as security until the loan is paid. The interest you will pay the bank for 60 or 90 days will amount to far less than the interest you will receive from your bonds for the year.

Again, in selecting an investment, it should be kept in mind that circumstances may arise which make it necessary to turn the investment into cash. Here again, Federal Farm Loan Bonds have a distinct advantage over many types of safe investment. They are dealt in on all the great stock exchanges of the country, and can be quickly sold. Even during the recent financial depression 5 per cent Federal Farm Loan Bonds have sold close to their par value.

But there are other purely business reasons why Christian Herald readers should be interested in Federal Farm Loan Bonds. Money invested in these securities is used to upbuild rural communities, to help over-burdened farmers to get out of debt and to help ambitious tenant farmers to realize their life dream of actual farm ownership.

The Federal Farm Loan System was established by Act of Congress in 1916 and the Act has been fully upheld by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. This system is a great co-operative institution doing for country people what the building and loan associations are doing for city people—promoting thrift, prosperity and good citizenship.

Federal Farm Loan Bonds can be obtained from any Federal Land Bank in denominations ranging all the way from $40 up to $5,000. There are twelve of these banks, each serving a group of States. You can locate on the map the Federal Land Bank serving your State.

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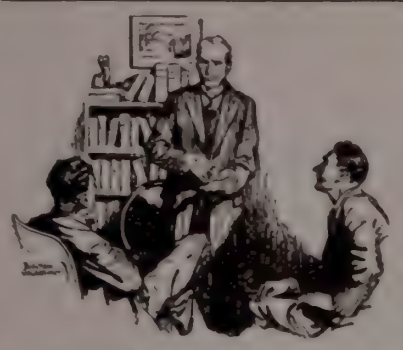
THE Prisoners' Relief Society started its work only seven years ago, but during that time it has helped, directly and indirectly, to a better life, 56,870 men and women, who have served prison sentences. The Society has received from all sources $70,000 and the money has been spent in these proportions: For clerks and attendants, 25 per cent.; executive salaries, 10 per cent.; feeding, lodging and clothing, 23 per cent.; postage, 27 per cent.; equipment, 5 per cent.; stationery, 6 per cent.; publicity, 4 per cent.

Since ninety per cent. of these 56,870 convicts, taken at random, have stood the test in seven years, what more is to be said, but that the experiment has been worth trying and that the business men who have taken the risk have done a good deed? The Prisoners' Relief Society was founded by E. E. Dudding, himself an ex-convict. Its headquarters are at 509 E. Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.



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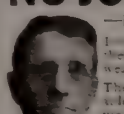

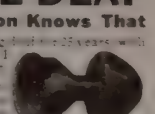

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

R. M. S., Portland, Ore. The conscience of the world must be touched and touched strongly before war can be made to appear in its true character as a resort to savagery—to brute force, plus all the destructive aids which misdirected science can devise for multiplying slaughter and destruction. During these last seven years the inventive genius of man has been almost wholly diverted from legitimate tasks of helpfulness and given over to spreading death and desolation. When the world conscience is aroused, war and all the preparatory steps that lead to it, will stand revealed as utterly abhorrent.

W. H. H., Versailles, Mo. The best rejoinder to your letter is the official announcement of the invitation to a conference on reducing armaments, which the President has issued and which promises to be acceptable to the great nations. There can be no world readjustment while high pressure keeps on making armies and navies bigger and bigger, and also keeps adding to the burden of taxation. The situation is more hopeful than it has been in many months, and shows that our confidence that the United States would yet do its full share in world readjustment was fully justified. We repeat the advice that it would be well to await developments. If you have read the Christian Herald editorials, you must be familiar with the attitude of the paper on this whole question.

W. M., Gwinner, N. D. 1. Some translators make the commandment read: "Thou shall do no murder," obviously referring to the wanton taking of human life. 2. There are sports and amusements that are clean and wholesome, and some that are mixed up with gambling and other objectionable features. When conscience interposes a doubt as to their advisability, the wisest plan is to let them alone.

Mrs. J. G. C., San Francisco, Calif. This much-discussed passage (Matt. 16 : 19) has been strained in the interpretation to uphold the claim of Peter's supreme spiritual primacy; but in all the New Testament there is nowhere the slightest trace of any authority being given to Peter which was not given to and exercised by all the disciples alike. For confirmation of this see Matt. 18 : 18 to 23.

Mrs. E. R. T., Ossining, N. Y. The passage in Collossians 1 : 15 (see also Heb. 1 : 6) implies priority and superlative dignity. The phrase has also been translated: "begotten before every creature," or "the first-born of all creation." Even before the incarnation, He was the image of the invisible God as the Word by whom God created the worlds, and by whom also God manifested Himself to the patriarchs.

A. M. P., Elko, N. Y. 1. We have the assurance that God will honor those who honor Him. How, then, can we expect to receive this blessing, if we dishonor His holy day and give it over to worldliness and pleasure? 2. We must expect that those who follow the Christian life will meet with opposition from worldly people. 3. With regard to your other question, you should endeavor to reach a mutual understanding. If he be a true Christian, he will not put any stumbling block in your way. Every one of us has faults, and even in Christian work, there are methods that it might be well to amend, for the work's sake.

C. H. W., Batesville, Ind., writes: "I am only one of thousands who are raising their voices in protest against such exhibitions of the 'boxing art' as that which recently took place in New Jersey. What right have we as a Christian nation to allow such exhibitions in these United States? 'In God We Trust' is engraved on the very coin that was exchanged for admittance, and on the vast sums spent on the betting. And not only that, but these feats of brutality will from now on be shown in all of the movies in the land. What a lesson for our youth! What good will all of our talking and the preachers' preaching do, when the news press devotes page upon page to such events."

L. B. J., El Paso, Tex., has a kindly word to say in behalf of the aged minister. He writes: "Although not myself a minister, but a member of the Church and a believer, I want to say in relation to the aged ministers: I was converted when about 17 years old and started upon life's battlefield; and I thank God for the blessed opportunities I have had to listen to preachers who have been on the field many years before I knew them. They have been a help to me such as words can not express. Their experience has put me on the lookout for the enemy in ambush and helped me to overcome. We should pray also that God may bless the young pastors, but do not let us put the aged saint in the background. The story of Jesus is thousands of years old; yet it is ever new, and is most sweetly told by those who have lived a long Christian life, with Jesus by their side on the battlefield. The presence of the aged ministers is a blessing from God to us, and we should care for them and love them until He takes them home."

Mrs. H. A. L., Orange, Calif. There is a strong and we believe a growing desire to restore the use of the Bible in our public schools. The opposition is powerful, and there are many elements in our population that bitterly oppose it. Meanwhile, our churches and Sunday schools must do all in their power to popularize Bible study among the young. More important than all other means is the restoration of the Family Altar in American homes, where the children will be brought into daily contact with the Word. Such an influence lasts through life. We are apt to seek for remedies at a distance when they lie near at hand. If every family had Bible reading and worship daily, the true remedy would be attained, and there would be no danger of the next generation growing up in ignorance of the Divine message as a guide to the life that now is and that which is to come.

J. L., Chicago, Ill., sends this interesting note: "Dr. Burrell in his truly excellent sermon, 'Living for Eternity,' published in the Christian Herald for July 8, 1921, states: 'If Augustine had not gone to Britain as the pursuivant of Foreign Missions, you would still be out with a club after provender and a wife, as your ancestors were.' The first Roman missionaries arrived in Britain under the leadership of Augustine in 597. But ages before this brave toiler for Christ saw the light of day, the labors of men who had a consuming passion for Foreign Missions, resulted in the early British Church. Green, in the opening chapter of his 'Short History of the English People,' tells us that the Roman Church in Kent shrunk into inactivity before the heathen reaction; that its place in the conversion of England was taken by missionaries from Ireland; that Patrick, the first missionary of the island, had not been half a century dead when Irish Christianity flung itself with a fiery zeal into battle with the mass of heathenism which was rolling in upon the Christian world; that for a time it seemed as if the course of the world's history was to be changed, as if Celtic and not Latin Christianity was to mould the destinies of the Churches of the West."

J. M. S., Mount Joy, Pa. The whole "Irish question" is now under discussion with a view to an amicable adjustment, if such can be reached.

D. F. W., Osceola, Neb. Secret organizations such as those we know today are not discussed in the Bible, for they were apparently unknown in Bible times. It is quite probable however, that there were, even before the New Testament was written, organizations of various kinds, patriotic, professional and otherwise, but we of today have no definite knowledge of their general character or purpose, so we can not even compare them with modern secret bodies. The latter should not be judged offhand on hearsay. There may be good and bad among them, especially in the Masonic orders, the Odd Fellows, Foresters, etc. We are distinctly told in the Scripture that God, the Searcher of hearts, is the only Judge. See Matt. 7 : 1-5, Rom. 14 : 4, and other passages.

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Helping with Farm Home Problems

How the Department of Agriculture Is Lightening the Tasks of the American Housewife

By DIXON MERRITT

IN MINNESOTA last fall the county home demonstration agent, working under the Department of Agriculture and the Minnesota State College of Agriculture, was busily engaged in assisting the county project leader to check up results of the recent clothing school when a fresh, handsome, and much-tanned young woman with six children came breezily into the room. The purpose of her visit was to ask for instructions for preparing veal pot-pie in the new pressure cooker recently added to her kitchen equipment at the suggestion of the home demonstration agent, to save labor and time in preparing meals for her large family.

"I will have to hurry," she explained smilingly, "you see we have threshers, twenty-eight of them, today and they certainly have fine appetites this busy season."

The group of children, dressed plainly but neatly, all barefooted and bareheaded, would have attracted attention anywhere. It was evident that soap, water, and sunshine were in constant use in that family, but it was the splendid health, beauty, and poise of the mother which held the eye.

In a corner of the office the children spied the scales used in the recent health campaign in which the home demonstration agent had a part. They demanded to be weighed and measured and vehemently reported that they were following the nutrition specialist's advice and were drinking three glasses of milk every day. They all weighed up to standard, and their physical condition was recorded as "prime." The mother said three older children at home were doing the dinner dishes and starting supper. She was only 33 years old and looked about 25.

"Being the happiest of women, the harder I work the happier I am," she said. "Each child makes me feel I must fill a bigger place in the world. This year, because of the shortage of help, I have had to work in the fields, as the grain seemed to ripen all at once, but I enjoyed it, for the work went well in the house. My girls are clippers to work."

Stepping lightly as a girl, she gathered her brood together and loaded them into the car. The big machine swung down the road under her capable hands toward the country home where that American family is growing up with the best of food, the purest of air, and ideal surroundings.

IF EVERY farm home held a mother like this amazing Minnesota woman, with nine children, and if economic and educational conditions were satisfactory in every State in the union, there would be little need for attention to the farm family problems on the part of the United States Department of Agriculture. Unfortunately, factors that are quite outside of the control of individuals affect rural conditions, and many of them make life and work on the farm far more difficult and discouraging than it need be.

It has been realized for some years that before agriculture and rural life can reach its highest development, the farm home and the rural community must be made as efficient, as attractive, and as satisfying to the whole family as the farm is to the farmer. This calls for better rural schools, better roads, better health facilities, more modern conveniences in the home, more attention to home beautification, and more time for play, for social life, and hospitality among rural people.

Help in the farm home is rare and exceedingly difficult to obtain. If the farm woman is to take her part in the social and civic life of her family and the community in which she lives, her work and the conditions surrounding the home must be so adjusted as to make this possible.

It would be difficult to select any single project, and say, "This is something entirely new that is going to be done by the United States Department of Agriculture for the farm home." Work which appears to be new today may be only a small part of a large general improvement project. For example, the making of gummed paper dress-forms in communities where groups of women are interested in garment-making has attracted wide attention, both because of interest in the article itself, and because of a certain amount of questioning, largely traceable to masculine sources, as to the connection between dress forms and agriculture proper. But this particular activity is merely a detail in clothing conservation work, which in turn is a detail in general home efficiency. It has been found that because sewing consumed so much time, especially when the home dressmaker was unskilled, other home needs were pushed to one side. The effort of the department is to round out the entire family life into a harmonious whole.

ONE need reveals another; often the results accomplished by one bureau open up the way for another to step in and provide some helpful plan. The canning clubs which were developed from very small beginnings, by the club workers in the States Relations Service, indicated the necessity for absolute cleanliness, for screens, the great need of running water, and more conveniently arranged kitchens; so the Office of Rural Engineering concentrated on house plans and ways of installing a water supply. It made many contributions toward the improvement of sanitary conditions in and about the rural home. Under preparation are new bulletins on the best methods of sewage disposal, and on the construction of chimneys.

What seems urgently wanted one season may be gradually superseded by an entirely different set of conditions. Different sections of the country have different needs.

Thus, at the present time, those who carry on extension work in the fifteen Southern States report everywhere an acute demand for instruction and help which will enable farm women to increase the cash income of the home. The club work in the South, therefore, among women and girls, is directed toward the development of home industries and the utilization of local materials to make salable articles. There

is a good sale for these products, especially in States frequented by tourists.

In the Northern, and particularly the large, sparsely settled Western States, there are comfortable farms, sufficiently self-supporting individually, but there is no market within access of the individual home where anything offered for sale would be bought. There is a money shortage due to general agricultural conditions, and the farmers' wives are far more concerned with the possibility of utilizing what they have, so that little money need be spent, than with their chances of bringing in cash. The greatest present demand in the North and West is to learn how to make old clothes do, in view of the prevailing high prices for women's garments.

The home demonstration agent watches the local leader in an egg circle lesson

THE aim of the United States Department of Agriculture has been to consider the farmer's wife as a partner in the business of farming, and to further the interests of the home in every way possible as a part of its general agricultural assistance. Viewed in this way, there is hardly a bureau or an office in the department where the work does not affect the problems of rural women and children directly or indirectly. Take the work of the Bureau of Public Roads, which administers the Federal-Aid Road Act. The more good roads, the less isolation; the better trip to market, to schools, to community gatherings; the gradual increase in contact with inspiring people and activities—while the independence of the farm home life remains undisturbed.

The Bureau of Chemistry touches every pantry in the land, through the administration of the Federal Food and Drugs Act. Protection from misbranded or adulterated foods is as valuable to the rural as to the city housewife. And since the diversified stocks of the city grocer are not possible to the country storekeeper, it is doubly necessary for the rural housewife to be protected, in connection with Food and Drugs control, from food packages which are misleading in appearance or fraudulently packed.

Most of the meat should be raised on the farms, but a certain amount is often bought. The farm family, like all other consumers, needs protection from diseased animals or meat that is otherwise unfit for consumption. Meat inspection is done by the Bureau of Animal Industry, which maintains a large staff of inspectors in every establishment shipping meat in interstate commerce. This control affects not only fresh meats, but also cured products and such articles as sausages or canned mixtures made from meat.

The Dairy Division in the Bureau of Animal Industry disseminates information on the best and most sanitary methods for making butter, cheese, and ice-cream, and is concerned particularly with the increased consumption of milk on the farm. It is astonishing to learn that in spite of the facilities for obtaining good food on most farms, there are many under-nourished rural children. One reason for this is a lack of knowledge among farm people of the real value of milk and milk products in the diet of their own families.

A project for the coming year in the Dairy Division is a series of educational milk campaigns in the country districts to meet this need. Several states co-operating with the Dairy Division have done splendid work in encouraging the use of milk in cities.

EXPERIMENTAL work in the digestibility of various foods is carried on by the Office of Home Economics, States Relations Service, from which the results are disseminated either through printed matter or extension workers. It would be difficult to point out any single new project, for scientific studies of this kind are going on all the time.

The average farm family, it has been learned by the investigations of nutrition specialists, enjoys an abundant and wholesome diet, but the general tendency is to eat fewer green vegetables and fruits, less milk and fewer eggs than the best knowledge of nutrition indicates to be needed. Particular emphasis has been placed on the proper food for growing children. The hot school lunch has been established by the home demonstration agents as widely as possible, to demonstrate many dietary lessons through the children, as well as to improve the health of the children in a specific way by making sure they receive nourishing food at noon.

Children who learn to select and prepare a suitable lunch in school have gained a knowledge of balanced diet as well as of cookery; old prejudices are abandoned, new and useful foods are tried, and more healthful methods of cooking are suggested. It is one thing to hand little Johnny or Mary a bulletin on "School Lunches" to take home to mother, but quite another to introduce Johnny and Mary to a new and

Good roads bring mail delivery, help marketing and shorten the way to school

delightful way of serving potatoes or apples, as the case may be, so that subsequent reading of literature on the subject is connected with pleasant personal experience.

The home demonstration agents, through whom the department co-operates with the various State colleges, carry information in home economics directly to the rural communities. Wherever it has been in operation home demonstration has proved to be the most helpful system of dealing with the problems of the farm home.

The hot school lunch is a great benefit to the children

THE principles of extension teaching today are quite different from those in vogue a decade or more ago. The original plan was for a lecturer to talk on a subject, selected by himself, to such audiences as could be induced to go to the place of the lecture. A limited number of people might thus be interested in what the lecturer had to say if his topic happened to suit their needs. The present method is for the extension worker to endeavor to learn, through the farm bureau or other county organizations, what the people of the various communities really want in the way of assistance and instruction.

A great deal has been said in the past to give the impression that while the farm woman's husband is ready to adopt labor-saving machinery and equipment for field and barn, he has been unwilling to see the need of conveniences for his wife's use. Home demonstration agents, who have spoken before mixed meetings, report that the contrary is often true; that the men are the ones to appreciate the practical value of labor-saving devices for the kitchen, to look into their cost, and to urge their conservative better halves to give the conveniences a trial. There is little cash in circulation on many farms, and the men usually handle it, so that the wives often show a curious diffidence about asking for money.

Extension help, however, would not get much farther than under the former system, if it had to be administered only by lectures, because the number of persons who can actually hear such instruction is necessarily limited. A further departure from the old way has, therefore, been in an application of the endless chain principle. The home demonstration agent teaches, but she gives her instruction to individuals and to groups of leaders in various selected communities. These leaders are usually chosen because of their successful work. When they have mastered the idea, the leaders gather groups in their own communities and discuss with them the information they have received. The home demonstration agent is assisted in subject matter and methods by extension specialists who have headquarters at the various colleges. It is then her business to guide and advise the local leaders as far as possible, and to conduct special demonstrations whenever she can. She forms the connecting channel through which the State agricultural college and the United States Department of Agriculture can deal directly with rural home makers.

THERE was so much food work done during the war that many other needs of the farm home were overshadowed. Over 75 per cent. of rural home-makers, it has been found, do a large part of their own sewing. The demand for any instruction that helps to shorten the time the farm woman spends on the family sewing, and for ways of reducing the clothing expenditures has been very widespread. Volunteer leaders in making and remodeling garments have been trained. There is a steady demand for millinery classes, and information about renovating clothes, particularly by dry cleaning.

The business side of housekeeping is receiving greater attention. Help in rearranging the entire house, or the kitchen, for greater efficiency, is frequently asked. The fact that the rural people of the United States are derived from many nationalities must be constantly kept in mind. Work in establishing the best American dietary habits can be considered real Americanization. Home nursing, preparation of food for the sick and convalescent, preventive hygiene, child feeding and care, are all parts of home-health projects directly affecting the welfare of the farm family.

In the thirty-three Northern and Western States, the boys' and girls' club work is conducted by especially trained men or women known as county club agents. These club agents are co-ordinate with the county agricultural agent and home demonstration agent in a county.

The organization of agricultural or home-making clubs is based on community problems. When the community decides on its major agricultural or home problems then the boys and girls are asked to assist in solving them. Some of the advanced clubs are working on nutrition, health and clothing demonstrations.

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Glorious Mountains I Have Seen

A Delightful Travel Article

By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.,LL.D.

MOUNTAINS figure largely in Biblical imagery. In the eyes of the Scripture writers, whether the mountains are large or small, they seem always to be "glorious." They are spoken of as "the everlasting hills," as "holy hills," as the "hill of the Lord," and the "strength of the hills" is declared to be His also.

In the so-called Traveller's Psalm, the writer would first of all lift his eyes unto the hills. Indeed, all through the Scriptures there is a literary and spiritual emphasis upon the mountains, which neither lakes nor rivers nor the ocean itself shares.

It makes one think of the sunrise glow from Rigi, or the afterglow on the Jungfrau; as though the sacred writers always obtained inspiration and uplift from the very thought of them. Strength, beauty, majesty, the glory of the morning, and the peaceful light of evening seems to rest upon their brows. Every devout soul, from Bible times to the present day, they point, as they did Coleridge, to God.

I do not wonder that the Brazilians call one of the great hills that hem in the magnificent harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and stretches its lone peak far up toward the clouds, "The Finger of God."

I find as much difficulty in deciding upon the *most* glorious mountains I have seen, as in settling upon the most beautiful cities, or most remarkable lakes.

Probably the majority of people who have seen it would say that Fujiyama in Japan stands at the head of its class; and who has not seen it—at least its picture? It is the best advertised mountain in the world. On ten million fans and ten times ten million advertisements, on tea-boxes and Japanese lanterns, on paper and canvas, on silk and lacquer, in oils and water colors, and black and white, one can seldom get far away from lovely, symmetrical Fuji.

It deserves all the advertising it gets. It is supremely beautiful, with its bare brown head surmounting its lovely green body in summer time, and it is equally glorious when it seems to have grown suddenly old, and white locks cover its hoary head in winter.

I have seen Fujiyama many times and from many angles, but never did it look so charming to me as it did on my first visit to Japan. While journeying thither after a week of sullen, threatening weather, a typhoon overtook us in the China Sea. All one night our staunch ship, the Peru, rolled and pitched, as though every wallow in the waves would be her last. Except for an hour, this awful heaving and tossing and straining kept up. During that one hour the Peru was in the comparatively calm center of the hurricane. During that hour, too, many seabirds, borne along by the typhoon, unable to get out on either side of the terrific storm, dropped down exhausted on the ship's deck.

After about sixty minutes the ship struck the outer edge of the circular storm. Then confusion was worse confounded. Passengers could not lie in their bunks but stretched out on the cabin floor, holding on as best they could.

At length the awful night was over, and with the night the worst of the hurricane. The sun broke through the murky clouds, and there, in the distance stretched the shores of Japan, and lovely Fuji, snow-crowned, loomed on the horizon, a sight good for sore eyes, if there ever was such a sight. No wonder pilgrims by the thousand climb Fujiyama's steep slopes every year, or that it is hallowed by religious sentiment, however far these sentiments may be from the worship of the true God.

BUT Japan has not the only wonderfully imposing and symmetrical mountain in the world. Singularly enough, on the opposite side of the Pacific, on our own shores, are mountains of the same general type and of about the same height, vast, solitary, towering cones, snow-crowned, and eternal. I refer to Hood and Rainier (forgive me, Tacomaites) and St. Helens. There are no more glorious hills to which we may lift up our eyes than this splendid trio.

Five thousand miles apart from their brother on the Japanese shore, they stand as though guarding America's strand, while Fujiyama guards Nippon.

These towering sentinels on either coast make one wonder if they do not belong to the same family and if many brother mountains are not submerged under the Pacific's waves? Perhaps as we cross the great channel between America and Asia, we sail over peaks as high and symmetrical as Mt. Hood or Mt. Fuji, without suspecting it. Only the fish see them and climb, with their fins instead of their legs, the steep cones.

May these guardians of our coasts always be peacemakers and not warriors — policemen if you will, but not soldiers.

Mt. Shasta, too, on our own Pacific Coast, is a mountain of another type than Hood and Rainier and St. Helens, and yet no less glorious in its way. It is more like the Swiss mountains than the others. With its vast bulk it seems to blot out the whole horizon beyond. As one travels north, from Sacramento to Oregon, up the rich Sacramento Valley, it begins to look upon our sight, like some majestic animal, stretched out at full length. It takes hours on an express train to get by its vast bulk, and, before it fades on one's vision, as the train rushes north, we have learned to love it, not as a menacing, but as a friendly, animal, like some huge shaggy watch-dog.

Near by, too, is Mt. Lassen, the great volcano, so furious at times that it sends out volumes of smoke and fire that would seem to be enough to smother the universe. It would be as famous as Vesuvius if it were not in an almost inaccessible wilderness.

Mt. Rainier, 14,363 feet high, reflected in Mirror Lake

Looking up the slope of the Mount of Olives from the Valley of the Tombs of Jehoshaphat. In the distance is seen the Russian Church of Mary the Magdalene

The Coast Range, the Olympics, the Sierras, are all glorious in their way, and so are the Rocky Mountains, though, from the eastern side, as we cross the continent their majesty is somewhat minified by the gradual ascent that leads up to them. We ascend a mile or more over an apparently level plain, without knowing it, and in our Pullman section we are a third of the way to the summit of Pike's Peak before we realize that we have climbed at all.

Lovers of the Canadian Rockies will tell us that there are no such glorious white hills in all the world as those jagged towering peaks among which and through which the Canadian Pacific Railway pushes its way from the prairies of Manitoba to the lesser mountains of British Columbia. I cannot disagree with them.

THE White Hills of New Hampshire will have their partisans too, who will contend that if you really wish to enjoy mountain scenery which isn't so tremendous as to be overwhelming and yet grand enough to be inspiring, you must go to Bethlehem or Crawford Notch. Evidently the proprietors of the hotel resorts in the White Mountains who charge from ten to thirty dollars a day believe this, and they also believe that for topnotch prices a six-thousand-foot hill is as good as a Mt. Everest with twenty-six thousand feet to its credit.

By way of contrast with such prices I am reminded of an outing trip which I took when a college boy fifty years ago, through these same White Mountains of New Hampshire. Half a dozen of us hired an old horse and a covered wagon which we loaded with certain staple provisions, an A tent, and an axe. One of the party drove the horse, while the rest walked, all taking their turns on the wagon-seat, at what was considered an unpleasant "chore" as compared with walking. Every night we set up our tent, chopped our own firewood from the dead logs, caught our own trout, fried our own bacon and lived like kings for two weeks, at a total cost of fifteen dollars, about one-half of what many nabobs spend among those same hills in a single day.

Yet the mountains are just as grand, the pines and spruces as entrancing, the purling brooks as lovely, and the resulting health ten times as great, as when these same delights of nature are viewed through the plate-glass windows of a thirty-dollar-a-day-suite.

We must not forget the glories of the Swiss mountains, while dilating upon our own. What would Switzerland be without her hills? In a sense they have made her the sturdy, rugged, little republic that she is. She is a peaceful island in the midst of the seething, crashing billows of Europe. In many respects she is the model republic of the world. I believe that the granite of her hills has somehow gotten into the sinews and the blood of her people, and has made a nation

Continued on page 575

The Crescent Wanes in the Philippines

Christianity Rapidly Is Spreading Now in the Southern Islands, which Have Been Moslem for Centuries

By O. GARFIELD JONES, Ph.D.

UNCLE SAM is a wonder-worker. He makes a population of starved, oppressed white men and black into a prosperous little Cuban republic. He takes a scattered archipelago of many tongues and races, of Christians, Mohammedans and pagans, to form a unified Filipino nationality with a Christian culture and an efficient, up-to-date democratic government.

He has formulated and demonstrated the basic principle upon which any permanent peace in this world must be founded. Through twenty years of administration in the Philippines he has proven that democratic self-government can be taught to tropical, oriental peoples with skins that are not white. In fact, he has done more than this with the Christian Filipinos who, fortunately, had the advantage of three hundred years of contact with European government and Christian civilization. He has given to them the American's tremendous faith in democracy and a missionary zeal for Christian culture. Today, Filipino teachers, doctors, preachers, engineers and administrators are carrying the torch of enlightenment and the blessings of peace to the pagan tribes of the mountains and to the once fanatical Mohammedans of Mindanao and Sulu.

History does repeat itself. The Protestant revolt caused by the decay of medieval Catholicism in the sixteenth century, was in turn a cause of the Catholic revival which spread the teachings and organization of the Roman Church into the two Americas, the Philippines, much of the East Indies and even into China and Japan by the end of the seventeenth century.

In like manner but on a very small scale, the Filipino revolution of 1896, which was a revolt against the Spanish friars rather than against the Spanish government, precipitated a schism in the Philippine Catholic Church and induced a rise of Protestantism in the archipelago which, though remarkable in itself, is doubly so because of its beneficial effect upon Philippine Catholicism. The rapid spread of Protestantism in the Philippines made it easier for the American bishops to insist on higher spiritual and moral standards among the Filipino clergy and to eliminate those priests who did not measure up to the intellectual, moral and spiritual standards set by American prelates.

ONE effect of this spiritual reform, both Protestant and Catholic, among the Filipinos has very great significance because of its relation to the problem of Filipinizing the Moros of Mindanao and Sulu. In fact it marks an epoch in the conflict between Mohammedanism and Christianity. When Magellan reached the Philippine Islands in 1521 he found the old enemies of Christianity, the Mohammedans, ahead of him.

The Crescent of Mahomet spreading westward from Mecca was checked first at Tours by the Franks under Karl Martel in 732, and finally at Vienna by the Poles under John Sobieski in 1683. The rise of the Spanish nation up to 1492 was largely a story of the fight between the Cross and the Crescent for the body and soul of the Spanish peninsula. And strange it is that the Conquest of Granada, which broke the last hold of Mohammedanism on Western Europe, occurred in the same year as the discovery of America.

The discovery of America began that second advance of Christianity toward the west which was destined to block the way of Mohamet in the east just as the Conquest of Granada had blocked it in the west. It was only twenty-nine years after the fall of the Kingdom of Granada and only twenty years after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain that the Spanish friars sailing to the Philippines with the Great Navigator found themselves again face to face with their old enemies, the Moslems. Naturally, they gave these oriental Moslems the same name, Moros, which they applied to the hated Moors back in Spain.

Mohammedanism spreading *eastward* crossed India and Malaysia, then turned northward through Borneo and established itself firmly in the southern islands of the Philippine archipelago. It was already stretching out long arms to the north in 1570 when the Spanish colonizer, Legaspi, captured the native city at Manila from Lacondola, a Mohammedan sultan, who had established the Moslem Crescent in this northern island only a few years before. The aggressiveness of the Spanish conquerors and the fiery zeal of the Spanish priests stemmed this advancing tide of Mohammedanism and made Christians of all the lowland Filipinos except those in the southern islands where the followers of the Koran had already developed that deadly spirit of fanaticism which has been the chief defense of Mohammedanism against the missionaries of every other faith.

BUT the vigorous Spanish clergy who so effectively rid the Spanish peninsula of Moslems either by conversion or expulsion in 1500, found themselves unable to rid the Philippines of Mohammedanism either by conversion or expulsion. Moroland in the Philippines was practicaly as free from Spanish control and Spanish missionaries in 1896 as it was two centuries or even three centuries earlier. The bravery of the Spanish soldiers and the burning zeal of the Spanish priests were both defied by this unified population of fanatical Moslems in the southern islands.

These Moros were more than unconquerable—they were aggressively insolent. Year after year they sailed north in their tiny "vintas" to ravage the coast towns of the Christian Filipinos, kill the men and carry off the women and children for slaves. The old stone forts to be seen along the coast of Luzon and the Visayans are grim reminders of the day when these fearless Moro pirates sailed up from the south like so many wasps and within sight of Manila Bay itself terrorized the Christian inhabitants in open defiance of the Spanish government. Not till the coming of steamboats were the Spaniards able to stop this piracy, but even steamboats and modern guns did not suffice to conquer the Moros in their homeland.

Such was the deadlock between Mohammedanism and Christianity when the Americans took over the Philippines in 1899. The fact that this deadlock was of three hundred years' standing gave us caution in trying to solve it. We established civil government among the Christian Filipinos almost immediately. Schools were opened, courts were established, roads were built and the process of making the Christian Filipinos a self-governing people was well begun by 1902. But in Moroland it was quite different.

In 1899 Brigadier General John C. Bates negotiated a treaty with the Sultan of Sulu in an attempt to solve, at least temporarily, this Moro problem. In 1903 a sort of civil government under military control was provided for Moroland and Major General Leonard Wood was placed in charge to make it work. He did. In 1904 he found the treaty with the Sultan of Sulu unsatisfactory for all concerned and abrogated it. General Tasker H. Bliss relieved him in 1906, and General John J. Pershing had charge from 1909 to 1914, at which time military control gave way to genuine civil government and a civilian governor.

During the eleven years of aggressive military administration, 1903 to 1914, the Moros were disarmed as to firearms. They were punished without fail for rebellion, piracy and fanatical violence. They received justice through the courts such as they had never known before, and they learned to appreciate it very much. A number of public schools were opened, many roads and trails were built, and the people in general were made familiar with modern institutions and accustomed to having their affairs administered by people of a different race and religion.

THUS it came about that while the rise of Protestantism and the revival of Catholicism were combining with the public schools, the courts, the newspapers and a thousand other agencies to give the Christian Filipinos a new birth of spiritual, moral and intellectual life, the military administration in Mindanao and Sulu was eliminating that deadly fanaticism which had served as an impassable barrier to the entrance of Christianity into Moroland for more than three hundred years. Consequently, when real civil government was established in Moroland in 1914, the Christian Filipinos were ready to send and did send hundreds of their best teachers into Mindanao and Sulu to educate the Moros just as the American people sent eight hundred of their best teachers to the Philippines in 1901 to educate the Christian Filipinos.

The present policy in Moroland is to Filipinize the Moros. Just as we in America are striving to Americanize the mass of foreigners in our cities, just so are the Christian Filipinos attempting to Filipinize the Mohammedans in Mindanao and Sulu. The methods employed are many. The public schools are the chief agency and more than seven hundred Christian Filipinos, a few Americans and many native Moros were teaching among the Mohammedans and pagans of the southern islands last year. In an issue of the Philippine Free Press not so many months ago the superintendent of schools in Moroland advertised for three hundred more teachers from the Christian provinces.

Another method of Filipinization has been colonization. Moroland includes the most fertile part of the archipelago, but it is sparsely populated. In 1913, when General Pershing was still in command, a colony of Christian Filipinos from the over-populated province of Cebu were given homesteads of forty acres each in the Cotabato valley adjoining the land of resident Moros. These colonists were given financial aid by the government. The chief purpose in this case was to increase the rice production of the Philippines, but the introduction of a Christian population as permanent settlers in the heart of this long-established Mohammedan community has great spiritual significance. During the seven years since the establishment of this colony the Christians and Mohammedans in this fertile valley have prospered and have become good friends and neighbors. This project started a flow of migration from the over-populated Christian provinces of the north to these under-populated,

A Moro datto, or petty chief, with his bodyguard, hardly a formidable military display. The influence of such Moslem chiefs is passing as their districts become Filipinized

fertile provinces of the south which is bringing from twelve to fifteen thousand Christian Filipinos into the pagan and Mohammedan regions of Mindanao and Sulu every year.

OF COURSE, the Philippine government is not carrying on any proselyting campaign. The government officials and the public schools are non-religious. But modern science, western institutions, and an increasing contact with Christian personalities are sure to have a profound effect upon the future of Mohammedanism in the Philippine Islands. It has been said repeatedly by Christian missionaries that Mohammedanism can not survive the critical atmosphere of modern science and western civilization. If this be true, the faith of Mohamet is doomed in the Philippine archipelago, because certain it is that public schools, newspapers and democratic government are opening up every corner of the archipelago to modern science and western civilization.

However, the Christians in the Philippines are not content to remain silent when the way is open to teach their faith to a people who have never heard it. Missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic, American, Spanish and Filipino, have gone into this virgin field to spread their gospel, and the presence of an increasing number of Christian immigrants greatly facilitates the establishment of Christian churches. Relieved of the responsibility for public schools and hospitals, since the government provides these, the Christian missions in Mindanao and Sulu should make great progress during the next twenty years when the first public school generation of Moros will be coming into full citizenship and when these richest valleys of the archipelago are being settled so rapidly by Christian Filipinos from the north.

Just one cloud hangs on the horizon and that one is menacing. The spirit of fanaticism is quiescent just now, and the education of all Moro children through the public schools will insure its quiescence in the future. But the lack of adequate funds to provide the necessary schools, a decline in the fairness and efficiency of the government administration, too great a weakening of the military force back of the civil government will pave the way for the spread of some local conflict between Mohammedans and Christians until it becomes a religious war throughout Moroland, reviving fanaticism and Moro solidarity in its ancient form. Such a happening would set back progress in Moroland at least a generation. It would destroy the present bright hopes of a unified Filipino nationality as a possibility of the near future. The avoidance of such a happening depends upon retaining sufficient troops in the southern islands to discourage the few recalcitrant Moros from attempting insurrection, keeping the government in Mindanao and Sulu scrupulously free from partisan influence and impractical theories, and providing ample government funds from the insular legislature until economic development and increasing prosperity make the revenues of these Moro provinces somewhat commensurate to their needs.

Moro huts of the aquatic type, from which the pirates formerly sallied forth to ravage the more civilized islands.

It was strange indeed that in one famous year one and the same nation should drive the Moors out of Western Europe and also enter upon an enterprise of discovery which was destined to block the advance of Mohammedanism in the East. It is equally strange that the same generation of Americans who, breaking all precedents, went to the Far East there to meet and defeat Mohammedanism on its eastern frontier, should also, against all precedents, go to Europe to help in a war which meant the break-up of the Turkish Empire on Mohammedanism's western frontier.

STILL another remarkable coincidence is Poland's double relationship to Austria and the Turks. It was a Polish army under John Sobieski that defeated the Turks besieging Vienna in 1683, thus saving Austria and Europe from Mohammedan dominion. Yet it was Austrian greed and Christian Europe's indifference that parceled out the Polish state to her ruthless Christian neighbors within less than a century after 1683.

But it was an *aroused* Christian conscience in America that crossed the sea in 1917 to assist in breaking the alliance between Turk and Christian, in defeating the despoilers of historic Poland, and in winning the victory that left to the Moslem Turks only a shadow of their former great empire, thus nearly completing their elimination from Europe which was so nobly begun by the Poles in 1683, and in restoring the Polish state to its rightful place among the nations of the world.

When People Are Sunshiny

They Make the Whole World Brighter by Their Presence

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE two women sitting opposite me in the crowded restaurant were pleasant-looking women, with pleasantly modulated voices. Their luncheons, of sandwiches and milk, were sensibly moderate for the warm day; their neat frocks of linen were cool and practical. I liked them at sight—found myself wishing that I knew them. And, because I felt that way and, incidentally, because they did not, in any manner, try to keep their conversation from me, I found myself listening, off and on, to the words that passed between them.

They were talking about some other woman—a friend, of whom both were quite evidently very fond. Of her looks they spoke, and of her mental qualities. They discussed, in extremely complimentary terms, her talents as a housekeeper and as a home-maker. And then they came, last of all, to the analysis of that elusive quality called charm, which was evidently the outstanding feature of her unusual personality.

"Sometimes," one of the women said, "I can scarcely understand—despite our love for her—why May has so many friends. Everybody has a good word to say of her. No social gathering seems complete without her; no plan, that doesn't include her, seems at all worth while. Of course we know that she's pretty and attractive and sweet and good company—but so are ever so many other women who aren't nearly so popular. I wonder what there is about her that makes people care, so sincerely, to have her with them?"

The other woman looked thoughtfully off into space for a moment before she answered.

"I don't quite know how to explain it, myself," she said at last, "that something about her personality that makes her so wonderful! Only—" she hesitated, "only—well, I've often thought that when she enters a room it's as if somebody had pulled back a curtain and let in the sunlight! I can't explain why it is, but it's so."

And—

"Yes, you're right!" agreed the other woman. And they paid their check and went out together and left me wishing that I, too, might be a friend of this May—who was like sunlight!

IN THIS world—that has seemed even a bit more chaotic than usual in the last few years—a sunshiny person is like a pearl of great price. The universe seems crowded to overflowing with people who have troubles that need airing—with other folk who feel that they must complain about prevailing conditions, that they must register a protest against hard times, and our form of government, and taxes, and dress fashions and the motion pictures. It's seldom, now-a-days, that a group of people can spend a comfortable hour or two together without becoming wrathy over some real or fancied evil. It's seldom that an afternoon or an evening can be passed amicably without an argument arising over some great, or trivial, point of difference. Folk are too prone, in this age and generation, to protest against nearly every innovation; and they are quite as likely to turn, at a moment's notice, against the old order by which we have all lived so long—and so comfortably.

That's why people who are sunshiny—who can enter a room with smiles and can be a part of a group without contributing anything either unpleasant or upsetting to that group—are so well loved. That's why they're such a blessed relief, such an untold joy, to their friends and acquaintances. That's why we wish—all of us—that there were more of them!

Perhaps one of the best known jingles in the world is the little verse that was written, some years ago, by one of our American poets. It's been quoted so often that I'm sure most all of you know it. And yet it's the sort of a verse that will always bear quoting again. For it says:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth has need of your mirth,
It has sorrow enough of its own!"

It's a happy sort of a little rhyme, isn't it? And it's true, so true! For it gives the secret of being liked, and a sure recipe for popularity. If every one of us would follow the sage advice of the four short lines we'd each be the sort of a person that May—who was so pleasantly under discussion at the luncheon table—is. We'd each be the sort of a person whose entrance into a room is like the drawing back of a curtain—the letting in of sunlight.

Sunshiny people—there aren't too many of them, unfortunately! That's why they stand out, with such cameo distinctness, wherever they may be. That's why they're a topic of conversation, why their "rare charm" is a matter of comment. That's why their friends wonder about them—because they are all too few!

TO BE a sunshiny person, a real sunshiny person, one doesn't have to go laughing through life—chuckling in the face of grief, and shouting with mirth in homes where sorrow is a guest. That isn't necessary. Sunshine is never unsympathetic or callous, and real sunshiny people are never that way, either. The little verse doesn't mean, when it says "laugh and the world laughs with you," that you must go about forcing humorous situations—that you must play the clown continually. Folk don't enjoy an insincerely happy person—a person who laughs at everything—any more than tthey enjoy the complainers and the knockers and the arguers!

No, indeed! Sunshiny people, of the sort who make the world better just because they're a part of it, are the kind who are happy because of something inside of their souls and hearts—something invisible that radiates, halo-like, about them. They're happy, but happiness isn't the only thing that they have to give to their friends, and even to the chance folk who happen to cross their paths. For they have keen sympathy to give, and another quality—a quality that might be called sympathetic understanding.

The sunlight gives warmth to our lives, and color, and beauty. It makes the plants and fruits and flowers grow—it makes a dull landscape take on untold glory, it fills the blue sky with a promise of Heaven. A world upon which the sun never shone would be a dreary place in which to live.

And a world with the sunshiny people all taken from it would be just as hopeless and unhappy as a world with no sunshine. For they're almost as necessary to our lives and to our peace of mind. They give us faith to carry on—they give us hope in our dark moments, and encouragement in our hours of conflict. Just knowing that a sunshiny person is near is almost enough to drive the shadows of doubt away.

Try—friends of mine—to be people of the sunshine! Don't dwell in the shadows—don't be ever on the lookout for storm clouds and tempests. Make the world brighter—just as the sunshine does—so that flowers of pure gladness will bloom in the hearts of those who know you!

The Editorial Forum

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The President's Outing

PUTTING aside the cares of state for a time, President Harding has been camping out in the open on a Maryland hillside, in the romantic Blue Ridge. With him were his friends, Thomas Alva Edison, Henry Ford and Mr. Firestone, and they have had a real good time. One familiar face which has graced such outings in the past—that of John Burroughs, nature-lover and wise man of the woods—was missing, but not forgotten. These four laid big business and all of its worries on the shelf and went back to the simple life, to draw from close contact with nature a fresh supply of strength and inspiration for the strenuous days to come.

It has been wisely said that the heart of a boy is hidden away somewhere in every good man's breast. Camping in the woods brings out the latent love of adventure. Nothing sets the forces of rejuvenation astir like good appetite, sound sleep, free exercise, and that physical attunement which usually attend a spell in the woods, near to good fishing by lake or stream. Sounder body means clearer brain, and we may venture the guess that many a hard problem has been discussed by the camp-fire, and many a way out of a difficult situation found in these enjoyable hours, while swapping views under the cool greenwood shade.

What streams of sapient suggestion may have flowed from the campers when, after enjoying their evening meal, they took up the graver topics of the time. We can imagine the talk mellowing down into genial warmth when the President, in stentorian tones, which even the awe-struck villagers nearby could hear, undertook to instruct Mr. Edison on the best way to hook and land a tarpon, or to show Henry Ford how wood ought to be chopped, while Mr. Firestone's six shining steeds stood chaffing, awaiting their distinguished riders. A merry mounting it was when, with the coatless President in the lead, they cantered up hill and down, finally fording the creek so that the camera men might get a good picture.

Socrates and his friends had their favorite outing by the wooded banks of a river, where their discussions ran the entire gamut from pure philanthropy to practical politics and patriotism; but it is not recorded that those wise old fellows ever reached such a height of enjoyment as these, under the shadows of the Blue Ridge. No one could imagine Socrates in his shirt sleeves. Thoreau tells how, in his Walden camp, he used to walk around coatless and liked it. It is a good, levelling custom, and brings a man down from the clouds. But Thoreau loved to be alone in his solitude. Far more uplifting is it to have the companionship of congenial minds.

There were moments in the Presidential camp when the proprieties had full sway. Bishop Anderson preached, and the whole countryside population was welcomed to swell the audience. The good Bishop, evidently deeming the opportunity providential, told his hearers and especially the President, who sat on the little platform near him, that peace, brotherhood, and good-will—the beginning of the Kingdom of Christ on earth—can come only as the Christ spirit enters the hearts of men; and that any movement in which God has no recognition can not bring enduring results, a proposition sound both in theology and logic, and one which our statesmen and even the churches seem too often to overlook.

But all things have an end and the holiday of our distinguished campers sped all too soon. In the days to come, when the President tackles big problems, he may derive a certain sense of satisfaction from remembering those joyous hours he passed with his companions in the Blue Ridge, and the wonderfully restful nights which brought counsel and refreshment when he slept under a tent "with his ear close to the ground."

Human Nature

"HUMAN Nature being what it is, we may expect war to continue indefinitely," said at least five fervid Commencement speakers at different colleges this summer.

With these college orators, that much abused phrase seems to settle the question for the need of military preparation, of the existence indefinitely of war and race prejudice and everything else that is difficult for "human nature" to accomplish. And if human nature were the inflexible thing that these speakers think it is, war and race hate and wickedness and injustice and selfishness generally would continue, without any hope of better conditions.

But human nature is not an inflexible thing. It is capable of vast changes. The fact that human nature is a thing of immeasured possibilities for development is the most cheerful and hopeful fact of history.

"Ye must be born anew," said Jesus, announcing for the first time in earthly religious history the fact of flexibility in human nature.

"If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature," said Paul, getting his statement from the teaching of his Lord. "Old things have passed away. All things have become new," he says, and then, with great significance strikes out with this daring phrase, "put off the old man, and put on the new."

The fact of the matter is that the commencement orators who talk about "human nature being what it is," have never read their Bibles, or if they have, they have either missed the teaching about the new birth, or they don't believe it.

Men who hate can become men who love. Men who think war is necessary can be made to have a conviction that it is not. Men who are unjust can become just. Men who steal can become honest. Men who drink can become total abstainers. Men who are lustful can become pure. Men who for years have denied God and disobeyed his laws, can become obedient and loving children.

There are no limits to the flexibility and change capable in Human Nature. It is time the pessimistic militarists waked up to this great fact. It is the one fact on which all human progress and happiness depends.

Conquering the Desert

RECENT archeological finds by Professor Flinders Petrie and his expert helpers during two winters' work in the great Western desert, seventy miles south of Cairo, have brought to light further evidence that the ancient Egyptians believed in continued existence after death, which would be substantially a replica of the present life. Digging in a cemetery discovered among the sand dunes, the excavators found in the tombs many little groups of sculptured figures, representing domestic scenes from the ordinary daily round of household life and custom. Carved and painted articles, including stone cups and vases or jars of copper and alabaster, were among the discoveries, which in the opinion of the experts show that we must now go back more than 8,000 years to learn the beginnings of civilization and art as it then flourished in the land of the Nile. The carvings and paintings were surprisingly good, in the opinion of the experts, and the whole collection together made it possible to reconstruct many details of that long-forgotten civilization of 8,000 years ago.

In the passing of the ages the desert has widened its borders. Who can tell what secrets it may hold which will yet be brought to light; what eras of history may lie buried under those silent sands? Modern science, in its rapid progress, may transform the "waste places," and the change may bring out many revelations.

As far as existing records show, the great desert between Bagdad and Jerusalem has been almost impassable from time immemorial. Caravans have struggled across it by a tortuous road and many have perished. Now its terrors have been conquered by the airplane, which has discovered a practicable road that cuts the distance in half. The day may yet come when all the difficulties of the desert will be solved by railroad transportation.

Dear Christian Herald:

I want to avail myself of the privilege to thank you for that splendid article you printed in the last issue of the Christian Herald by the "Mere Man" in his story of his experience with his boy in the Sunday school. I wish it could be printed in tract form and sent broadcast. It certainly hit the nail on the head. Let me say that I enjoy the paper very much and thank God for a man who still loves the Bible and holds to its truths. May God bless you in your work.

Fraternally,

REV. C. H. SMITH.

Granby, Mass.

The Creed of Jesus

IN A recent review of five books on "Christianity in the Modern World," Professor Harry F. Ward, of the Department of Ethics in Union Theological Seminary, New York, says:

> "The facts of modern life, as well as our inmost longings, require that we find some unifying purpose for our economic life and for our now separate governments. It is a matter of dynamics; Where is the power coming from? It is a matter of mechanics: How is the power to be applied to the necessary task? Concerning this central problem of social organization, Christianity has yet to find its message."

But after all, is it a matter of dynamics or mechanics? Is it not rather a matter of acceptance of the creed of Jesus, and the application of that creed to all our economic life, and to all government?

The plain fact is that Jesus was not a philosopher as we commonly use the term. He saw one thing as necessary for human happiness and power, and He emphasized that one thing all the time. The one thing that was fundamental was the supreme love of God and one's neighbor. On that basis all human happiness and progress would go forward.

And right here is where the human race up to the present moment in history has failed. There is plenty of nominal Christianity. It has expressed itself in rituals, ceremonies, rites, elaborate organization, sectarianism, long theological creeds, narrow dogmas, insistence on certain kinds of clothing for religious teachers and priests, and forms of worship. But when the one thing that Jesus said was the most important of all has been taught, the nominal Christian has repudiated it and failed to practise it.

There was plenty of so-called Christianity in the world before the war. Europe was covered over with beautiful and expensive cathedrals, but in them there had not been learned and practised the creed of Jesus, of love to God and one's neighbor. There was nothing in the nominal Christianity of the nations of the world, even those that called themselves Christian, to prevent them from hating their neighbors and trying to kill them.

In every instance where there has been an honest attempt to obey even a part of the teaching of Jesus, the world has been tremendously helped forward. But the failure to accept and practise in practical ways the creed of Jesus is still the greatest failure of the race. It is not a question of theology or philosophy. It is a question of willingness on the part of humanity to love God and one's neighbor. That is the sticking-point. Capital knows that if it practised this way of life, and labor knows that if it joined with capital in obedience to it, there would be an end to all hatred and injustice and wrong. There is no other way.

But the world repudiates this way. Can it find any other?

Love never faileth. But humanity is failing to accept the way of the Master. It will continue to suffer and agonize and struggle and lose the joy of living, until it falls at Jesus' feet an says, "My Lord and my God!" And then rises to practise His creed of love to God and neighbor.

A Great Bible Student Gone

IN THE death of Rev. Cyrus I. Scofield, at the age of 78, the world loses one of its ablest Bible scholars and foremost Christian expositors. Dr. Scofield was a man of varied talents and wide experience. Trained to the law, he had served with honor and distinction in the army, at the bar, and in the Kansas legislature. While acting as United States Attorney in Kansas, he became a convert to Christianity. He afterwards served in several pastorates, including one in Dallas, Texas, and later, in the Moody Church at Northfield.

But while he loved pastoral work, his great passion was for Bible study. Never was there a more diligent student of the Word. And his intense application bore fruit, for few men in this generation have won a more deserved popularity among Bible lovers. As editor of the Scofield Reference Bible, he became known on two continents, and the value of his research and exposition work is recognized through the Christian world. During his forty years of activity and tireless investigation, he was a helper to countless multitudes seeking light on the Word. Altogether, a noble life, well-rounded out, and one the influence of which will long be felt wherever the Bible is read and studied.

The World News of the Week

Japan Agrees to Participate in Far Eastern Discussions

ASSURED by Secretary Hughes that the United States was willing to enter discussions, prior to the assembling of the international conference proposed by President Harding, concerning the nature and scope of the Pacific and Far Eastern questions to be considered, the Japanese government has agreed formally to full participation. Japan's acceptance was conveyed in a note cordial in tone and caused much gratification among the members of the Harding administration, completing as it did the acceptances of those Powers invited to participate.

The State Department's announcement of Japan's action revealed that when she accepted that part of the President's proposal which suggested a conference for the limitation of armaments she had inquired as to the nature and scope of the other questions to be discussed. A memorandum then was sent to Tokio asking that Japan refrain from delaying arrangements for the conference by pressing her inquiries on this point, "in view of the fact that it is desirable that the full acceptance of the invitation of the American government leave this matter open for adjustment in the precise agenda to be arrived at later."

Japan accepted this view and expressed an intention "gladly to accept an invitation," recognizing that the discussion of Pacific and Far Eastern problems is based on the close bearing they have on the question of the limitation of armaments. "Desiring, as they do, to contribute to the establishment of an enduring peace and to the advancement of human welfare, the Japanese Government earnestly hope that the proposed conference may attain the expected results, and their ideals may thereby be brought nearer to realization," the reply stated.

There was, however, a qualification in the final paragraph of Japan's note, which read: "In order to insure the success of the conference, the Japanese government deem it advisable that the agenda thereof should be arranged in accordance with the main object of the discussion as above defined, and that introduction therein of problems such as are of sole concern to certain particular Powers or such matters that may be regarded accomplished facts should be scrupulously avoided." That sentence might be interpreted—so as to exclude some of the most important points of difference between the United States and Japan.

Before the formal invitations are issued by President Harding, there must be other exchanges with the Powers regarding the time and place of holding the conference. The State Department announced that in addition to Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan other nations having interests in the Far East might be invited to take part in the discussion.

International

PRESIDENT HARDING GOES CAMPING OUT WITH DISTINGUISHED HOSTS

Left to right are George Christian, Mrs. Thomas Edison, Mr. Edison, the President, and at the head of the table Henry Ford. H. S. Firestone was the third of Mr. Harding's hosts in this week-end camping party in the Blue Ridge Mountains near Hagerstown, Md.

President Asks Aid for Railroads

PRESIDENT HARDING, in a special message to the Senate and House, has proposed a plan for the funding of the debts which the railways owe to the government on account of capital expenditures for their benefit under war-time control and for the payment of the cash which the government owes to the companies. His proposal was that the War Finance Corporation be empowered to take over railroad funding securities now held by the Director General of Railways in an amount up to $500,000,000. With these securities as a basis, the Corporation would advance to the Director General cash sums to be paid to the roads to settle the claims they hold against the Government.

Mr. Harding explained that "No added expense, no added investment, is required on the part of the government; there is no added liability, no added tax burden. It is merely the grant of the authority necessary to enable a most useful and efficient government agency to use its available funds to purchase securities for which Congress has already authorized the issue, and turn them into channels of finance ready to float them." "The railroads," he added, "need only this financial aid which the fulfillment of our obligations will bestow to inaugurate their far-reaching revival. Its effects will be felt in varied industries and will banish to a large degree the depression which, though inevitable in war's aftermath, we are all so anxious to see ended."

The Interstate Commerce Committees of both Houses at once prepared to draft legislation to revive the War Finance Corporation to carry out the President's recommendations.

Mr. Harding's message also suggested that the Corporation be authorized to take care of agricultural needs and to increase credit for financing agricultural exports. Senator Kellogg introduced in the Senate a bill along those lines and increasing the Corporation's revolving credit fund from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000, as a substitute for the Norris measure to create a government export finance corporation with $100,000,000 capital.

Silesian Differences Continue

THE differences between the British and French governments over Upper Silesia, regarding which it appeared a compromise had been reached, again have flared up and have caused an exchange of notes much sharper in tone than is customary among the Allies.

The trouble was due to French insistence on sending reinforcements to Silesia and to British and Italian unwillingness to decide this question in advance of the meeting of the Supreme Council on August 4, to which France had given her assent. A French note of London termed the attitude of the British "unfriendly," and gave warning that France would not be prepared to attend the Supreme Council meeting if her allies refused to support her demand on Germany for permission to transport troops to Silesia, a demand which Germany has refused to grant when made by France alone.

The British reply to the French note pointed out that France's charge produced a very grave situation and that persistence in such a policy might endanger the entente. The Allied statesmen were making every effort to compose the differences, and a free and frank discussion of the problems was being continued, with the leaders optimistic that a basis would be found for preserving the allied solidarity so vital to the peace of Europe.

International

HONORING A PIONEER OF AMERICAN METHODISM

This statue of Francis Asbury, the first American bishop of the Methodist church, is to be placed on a prominent corner in the nation's capital. It is the work of Henry Augustus Lukeman, who is standing beside it.

Irish Acceptance Predicted

CONFIDENT predictions that Eamonn de Valera and the members of his Irish Republican cabinet have found in the proposals of Premier Lloyd George the basis for a peace conference were carried in Dublin despatches. It was said a unanimous decision had been reached on the matters under discussion and the cheerfulness manifested by the participants made it unthinkable that that decision had been for a rupture of the negotiations. It was considered unlikely the Dail Eireann, would meet until summoned to appoint plenipotentiaries to a London conference.

One of the big obstacles has been the question of finances and it was stated that an acceptable solution had been reached on this in the shape of Irish acceptance of a portion of the British war debt instead of an annual contribution to the British Exchequer, which the Irish opposed as being in the nature of a tribute.

Arrangements were being made for a meeting between Mr. de Valera and Sir James Craig, the Ulster Premier, at which they will attempt to work out the relationship between northern and southern Ireland, another difficult question.

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BILL FOR FUNDING ALLIED DEBT ADVANCED. The Senate Finance Committee, by a vote of 9 to 5, has ordered a favorable report on the bill urged by President Harding to authorize the funding of the Allied debt to the United States and giving the Secretary of the Treasury unlimited authority, subject to the President's approval, to conduct the necessary negotiations to that end.

FIGHTING LAGS IN ASIA MINOR. The Greek forces in Asia Minor having defeated the efforts of the Turkish Nationalists to assume the offensive, fighting on a large scale has ceased while each side reorganizes its forces and improves lines of communications. The Greeks claimed the Turkish resistance was broken with the Kemalists having lost 60,000 men, but neutral sources did not confirm this.

BOGUS LIQUOR STAMPS SEIZED. The gigantic scope on which rum-runners are endeavoring to do business was revealed by the seizure by Secret Service agents in New York City of counterfeit revenue stamps having a face value of $2,000,000. Many thousands of forged liquor labels and much collateral paraphernalia of the bootleggers also were taken in the raids.

HUGHES SENDS DEMAND TO RUSSIA. Secretary Hughes has sent to the Russian Soviet government a demand that the Americans now being held as prisoners be released as soon as possible. The communication was informal, since the American government refuses to deal with the Soviet officials and was transmitted through the American consul at Reval.

MEXICAN CONGRESS REFUSES OBREGON REQUEST. The Mexican Chamber of Deputies has defeated a request by President Obregon that extraordinary powers be granted to him to revise Article XXVII of the Constitution nationalizing oil deposits, to which American objections have been made. The Senate granted the request.

Jerry of Justamere Cabin

A Five-Part Story for the Young Folks

Instalment Five

By C. H. LERRIGO

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

CHAPTER IX

THERE was an old tree-trunk lying beneath the branches of the tree into which I had climbed to observe Persmann's strange behavior, and he sank down on it as if quite exhausted. In response to his invitation to come down so he could tell me a few things, I placed myself gingerly on the extreme end ready to run at the first sign of an insane outbreak.

"I suppose you think I'm both crazy and a villain," he said, noticing my attitude. "Maybe I am. You think I've done a lot of harm to Major Bassel. Maybe I have."

"I think you are responsible for Major Bassel being obliged to consider going to work at a poor job instead of taking a responsible place. That's what he has to face now. When he is a little stronger he is going to work as a clerk, because he cannot step into a responsible position while his business reputation is under a cloud. And not only that, but he has lost a comfortable home and had to take on a big load of debt."

"Yes, and you all blame it all on me. You would be surprised to know that he himself is responsible for it. When he receipted for that package it was carelessly wrapped in manila paper. He checked its contents, gave a receipt, wrapped it in the same paper and allowed it to lie on his desk by the side of a very similar package which he had brought to the office that morning. Later in the day he asked Harold, the office boy, to put that package in the vault. Harold did his best. Whether he knew the value of the package, I can't say. When Mr. Bassel went out he picked up the other package and left it at a shoemaker's, telling him that it contained a pair of gymnasium shoes that needed some stitching. Then he went to war and forgot all about it."

"AND the package he left at the shoemaker's contained the bonds?"

"It did. The shoemaker was very busy and the package lay unopened for several days. Then the surprised shoemaker telephoned to ask Mr. Bassel or someone from the Trust Company to call. I went, on my way home. I took the package home with me. It was Saturday evening and I had all day Sunday to think of what I could do with these securities which had just simply dropped into my hands."

"And you just kept them?"

"I didn't steal them. I just simply put off taking them back. It ran on for days and weeks and months and no questions were ever asked. Then Major Bassel was reported killed and I still held the package."

"I'd think you might have given it up then, anyway," I said, bitterly.

"What difference did that make? It was no loss to his people. Then suddenly came the demand for the securities. Acting on my first impulse I denied having any knowledge of them, and then it was too late to make good. But so long as he did not return, I knew that the Trust Company would not charge it against his family. The loss would be borne by a rich company that would never feel it."

"But it is not. It is borne by Major Bassel."

"Yes. That was after he came back. It worried me as soon as I learned of it, and it's been worrying me ever since. I used to like Bassel, and I admired the way he had gone overseas to do work that I hadn't the nerve to do. But although I was worried for him, I was worried a lot more for myself, fearing that he would track the papers down."

"That's why you tried to pass your nephew off as a girl, is it?" I asked.

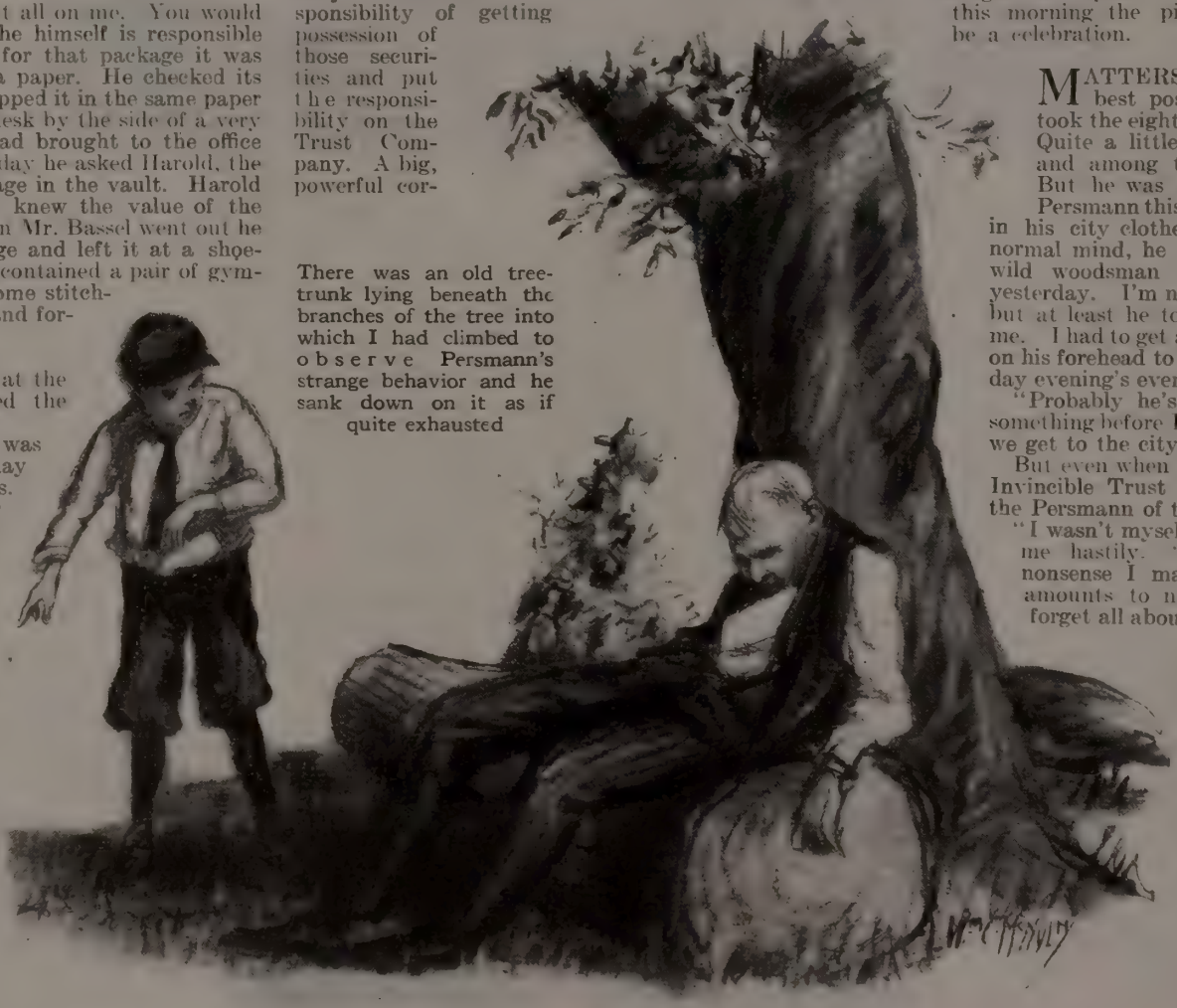
"Oh, you know that, too? Yes. It was a crazy thing to do. So were a lot of other things. But I seem to have been about half crazy and getting worse. One night I felt so badly I got up and took the package to Justamere Cabin, thinking I would just throw it in and let Bassel guess where it came from. But just as I was opening the screen you let out a terrible scream and it was all I could do to get away without notice."

"WHY didn't you try it again?"

"I felt differently the next day. I wanted to keep it. I've been that way for years, ever since I decided to be a rich man. Sometimes I'll brave anything to get my hands on what I want. At other times I want to be straight, and I'm willing to sacrifice everything in the effort. Tomorrow I'll be sorry I told you all this, and I'll probably say you dreamed it. Talk about being crazy! I don't know which of these times I'm crazy and which sane."

"Oh, you're sane enough now," I said. "Can't you see that there isn't any money that could pay you for losing your manhood. It isn't too late, even yet. Let's go tell Major Bassel now."

"No, that wouldn't do much good," said Persmann, who was now quiet and self-possessed. "If I'm going to do anything, I'll do it right. I'm obliged to report at the office tomorrow. They've been sending for me. I'll go in and tell the president. Then it will relieve Major Bassel of the responsibility of getting possession of those securities and put the responsibility on the Trust Company. A big, powerful corporation will find means to do it. You must come with me in the morning to make sure that I don't back out. I tell you I'm so uncertain, I have such wild fancies, there's no telling what I'll do."



There was an old tree-trunk lying beneath the branches of the tree into which I had climbed to observe Persmann's strange behavior and he sank down on it as if quite exhausted

"Oh, that's splendid," I cried. "I'll go with you sure. And soon we'll have everything right."

"Not so very right, boy," he said gloomily. "That satchel has been in the lake a week now. It may be beyond recovery. It may be that all those thousands of dollars of good, valuable securities will stay forever at the bottom of that lake. It may be that if they are recovered they will be found to be soaked into unrecognizable pulp. Not all right. Not by any means."

CHAPTER X

I THINK I shall never forget that August 31. I was up early and out with Kent for the morning dive. As usual, we found nothing in it but exercise. If the satchel was in the lake it refused to yield to our amateur search.

"I'm going in with you to the city, Kent," I announced. "I have some important business."

"Want to put that fifteen dollars into some good investment?" asked Kent.

"Don't you worry about that fifteen dollars. It was earned by hard work," I assured him.

"You haven't any objection to my going to the city on some business, have you, Major?" I asked.

"Do you have to go today, Jerry?" asked the Major. "There's a chance of our having some company you would like to see."

"I don't care about company," said I. "This is very important business."

"But you ought to stay here with father today, Jerry," objected Kate. "Don't you know that this is his last day at home? Tomorrow he begins that horrid job."

"That job at the plow works?" I asked. "You never are going to take that miserable clerkship, Major."

"I'm going to do some kind of honest work, Jerry. And I've got to begin right soon. That clerkship is honorable work."

I came pretty near giving away my secret, right then, by telling them that I had some information that would just clear up everything and put the Major back where he belonged, but I held myself in time.

"I'll come home just as early as I can, Major, and we'll go for a picnic lunch," I promised. And I thought to myself that if things went well this morning the picnic lunch would indeed be a celebration.

MATTERS did not start in the very best possible way. Kent and I took the eight-thirty o'clock Interurban. Quite a little crowd was waiting to go, and among them was Mr. Persmann. But he was an entirely different Mr. Persmann this morning. Shaved, dressed in his city clothes, and apparently in his normal mind, he looked very little like the wild woodsman who had been so frantic yesterday. I'm not sure he saw me at all, but at least he took pains not to recognize me. I had to get a glimpse of the fresh scar on his forehead to assure myself that yesterday evening's event had really happened.

"Probably he's afraid that I shall say something before Kent," I thought. "When we get to the city he will be different."

But even when I reached the offices of the Invincible Trust Company I failed to find the Persmann of the evening before.

"I wasn't myself last evening," he said to me hastily. "I don't know just what nonsense I may have told you, but it amounts to nothing. You would best forget all about our meeting."

But I did not propose to do anything of the kind. On the contrary I inquired for Mr. Blair, the president. It seemed that he would not be visible until eleven o'clock, so I went away for an hour or so. But at eleven Mr. Blair had just been called away and would not return until two in the afternoon.

I began to feel rather stubborn and told myself that I would be back at two o'clock with a determination to be both seen and heard. If Mr. Persmann had suffered a lapse of memory and forgotten the things that he had told to me, it should not interfere with my telling all I knew, and neither would it interfere with making some inquiries of that shoe repair man, and a few others. The very fact that someone had seen the package since Major Bassel left the Trust Company would go far toward clearing his record.

Then I remembered that Persmann had given no name to the shoemaker, and I thought what a terrible thing it would be if the whole story he told me had been some wild invention of the mind of a man half crazy with worry; and my spirits took a tremendous drop. I began to doubt if I had any right to take up the time of so important a man as the president of the Invincible Trust Company.

BUT I went back to the office at two o'clock and just as I came in sight of the door, whom should I see going in but my own father.

I shouted at the top of my lungs: "Oh, dad! Wait a minute! Wait for me!"

He turned and stood there until I came up. Then I saw that Major Bassel and a stranger were with him.

"Who is this strange boy, Bassel?" father asked,

Continued on page 573

Backsliders and Burden-Bearers

A Sermon by REV. S. EDWARD YOUNG, D.D.*

TEXT—Zech. 7 : 11. "They gave a backsliding shoulder."—(Literal translation).

UNTIL the present time in certain ports of Western Asia when you step ashore burden-bearers—some four or five or half dozen of them—strap your baggage to a pole. They shoulder the pole, the tallest man ahead, the next tallest at the rear, those in between building up their shoulders by cushions, so the load will be distributed equally. Then away they go, with a swing and a song!

If one of the burden-bearers is lazy enough and mean enough, he slyly drops his shoulder as they march along and thus carries no weight. May we not believe this is the figure, rather than that of the ox rebelling against the yoke, which Zechariah has in mind and Nehemiah also in a similar connection, when using the expression, "They gave a backsliding shoulder?" In either case, the thing signified is shirking one's share of the common task.

Jehovah is laying burdens on His people. Here is the burden of giving everybody justice—in Zechariah's phrase, "Execute true judgment." Nothing is deeper in human nature than the sense of justice. A few summers ago it was my privilege to have charge of two boys at our cottage in the woods of Canada. If truth must be told, there were occasionally sharp differences of opinion. But I learned that summer that the way to manage boys is to be absolutely just. Whenever the point of discord was patiently talked through, and the everlasting principles of right and wrong were applied, a perfectly amicable agreement was reached in which both concurred completely.

The sense of justice in our breasts is a mirroring of the Eternal's throne. Today's unrest will not go out of the world till there is justice to all by all. This, in the last analysis, means till the law of God is obeyed by everybody. Here is the Old Testament promise concerning Christ, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment in the earth." The burden of the establishment of that judgment you and I are to bear with Him. Is it right that you and I should have the wealth and comforts and freedom and gospel light and Armenia starve and be ground under the cruel heel of tyranny? Is it just that our children be reared in refinement and religious culture, and those of the tenements—all created by the same God—in coarseness and vice?

DO YOU ever suspect a backsliding shoulder in the home? Each should carry a just share of home's cares. Does one give the backsliding shoulder?

Have you noticed some backsliding shoulders in the community? Neighbors who desired your section to remain socially what it was, though well able to do their part, gave the backsliding shoulder and the neighborhood improvement association left the load to others, till all dropped out and did whatever shirking could do to make your neighborhood like a tenement district. There is a proposal now to protect by some new movement your whole section: but how many are going to share the load?

New burdens of defending the Lord's Day are being imposed in legislative halls. "Oh, but," you say, "that tall man at the front will attend to that. And that dear old soul who is always anxious about some good work, she will carry the back end of the pole." By and by the load is too heavy and they fall. Yonder are the commercialized professional game-fields and the play-houses, packed Sunday afternoon and evening when those youth and others ought to be in Sunday school and church. Somebody has shirked and allowed the forces of wrong to triumph!

Would anything cause you to suspect backsliding shoulders in the church? The night before last at an important conference of officers and others one of our most faithful officers, noticing the many absent, exclaimed in righteous indignation, "I had other pressing work to do; but I put it aside, and most of those who are staying away could have done the same." Let us concede that this church is probably no worse than the average; yet it is lamentable that whatever we have to do, the same steady few are expected to bear the brunt. *That* man who is always there—leave it to him. He is willing. *That* woman, who has as many good reasons as anybody else to be absent and beg off from work—shove it off on to her.

These people who are in church Sunday morning and Sunday evening and Wednesday evening and other evenings are here because they are tremendously interested. Those who scan religious papers and pamphlets to find out how Christ's work is going on the world around do so because they are interested in His work.

The Lord lays upon us the burden of sympathy with human needs. In Zechariah's phrase: "Show mercy and compassion, every man to his brother"—brother-man near or far—"and oppress not the widow nor the fatherless, the stranger nor the poor." In short, be Christlike: for His mission, as He read it from Isaiah in the Nazareth synagogue, is: "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of prison to them that are bound."

"So let our lips and lives express
The Holy Gospel we profess.
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine."

COME, now, let us line up under the burden-pole. What shall the standard be? That man of stature there at the front, we do not propose to come up to him! Make him droop his shoulder and crouch a little. The rear fellow, have him bend over a bit. Bring these to our level. Is that the way? Would we be willing to do that? Just because we are pigmies, dwarf them? Stand straight there, you six feet three inches, while we cushion up! We will lay on our diminutive stature our recognition of the high standard and our desire to reach it. There will be a sort of spiritual working up. Remember, "not failure; but low aim in sin."

Great reforms above us? Yes, but it is a good beginning to say that they ought to be supported and that we will try our best to reach them. We will not let others carry the whole load of Prohibition, for instance, just because we do not like the methods of certain persons who helped put it through. The Christianization of your neighborhood, and then the next, and the next, and of America, and the world, you may say are beyond us. Yes, yet we must do your share and make a start by endorsing it and endeavoring to build toward it.

We line up under the pole. But who is that at the front so tall and strong and glorious? Is it not He who took up this task first, He who instituted the reformation of the entire world. He who has the white man's and the black man's and the yellow man's and the red man's and every man's burden on His shoulders? He took the cross first, took it as His own cross and bare it. I speak of Him whose spiritual stature rises above that of all others—Jesus, the Nazarene. Would anybody try to lower His standard? Nay, rather, though we fail and flounder and crawl along, let us never want our ideals to be less than His. When we stumble, we must struggle up again and go on. Stand on one of His promises. That promise will go to the end unbroken. If you stay on it, though you fall, you will fall on the promise and will still keep going.

THIS is the only hope of the land we live in: that there will be enough people everlastingly at it who will not lower their standards to suit the times or the people round about them, who will not trade off their faith or trample on it, or try to get away from it, but who will stick to it, even if they stick alone. God bless them! They are the salt of the earth. They are the disturbers of conscience and many a man's conscience needs to be disturbed. They are not angular, or cross-grained, or spoiling for a fight, but if fight they must to keep God's ideals clearly before their fellow mortals, then fight they will.

They are like an old Long Island Quaker who was known to believe that he must carry out the Master's expression that when he was smitten on the one cheek he should turn the other. A pugnacious individual knowing this, came up and gave him a resounding blow on the right side of his face. The gentle old Quaker turned the left, and the bully gave him a blow on that. Then the Quaker calmly said, "Friend, I have done with thee as the Lord hath said, and now I am going to knock the devil out of thee." And he thrashed him soundly. Each one has his cross to bear. When, by the by, it is entirely plain that somebody is not opposing you but opposing the Lord Himself, it may then be time for you to adopt the latter portion of the old Quaker's program.

It may possibly be that the reader of this sermon will feel himself impelled, like Simon of Cyrene, to help to bear Christ's cross after Him. Shun it not. Take it up! Go on, whatever it is you have to do in His name. Your cross may be to have to endure that person who gets you nettled and fidgety; but what is the use in my trying to specify it? You will not have to hunt around long to find your cross. What usually takes some hunting is to find the grace to bear it.

ARE we ready at last to line up under the burden-pole? Have you dismissed unfaith and selfishness and fault-finding sufficiently just to take hold and do your whole duty uncomplainingly and uncriticizingly? What an error it is to think that you have done something admirable, when you have merely pointed out somebody else's fault.

One of the finest things in the way of always getting people forward is by approving their good points rather than by denouncing their weaknesses. In that respect your successful dealing with men will be parallel to Paul's and the whole New Testament idea—that of winning men to better work by commendation instead of condemnation. Our Master wants us to be singing, and to go gladly under our load. When we "carry on" with fine spirits that are like-minded, we discover how much easier the once crushing weight becomes.

You translate into obedience the words of Jesus: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me . . . for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." With Him you draw life's heavy cargo. With Him you plow life's long furrow. In company with Him there is high glee in the doing of it. Each takes his or her place under the burden-pole, knowing that the front end of it is upon the Great Master's shoulder.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"O Day of Rest and Gladness" or "From Every Stormy Wind that Blows."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—"The Parable of the Great Supper." Luke 14 : 7-15.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 570, first column).

Sermon—"BACKSLIDERS AND BURDEN-BEARERS"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," or "Blessed Assurance."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Trusting in the power which brought us together in the bonds of common Brotherhood, we commit our souls to His keeping who brought us hither. And in His name who blesses all sorts and conditions of men, may we go from this worship resolved to spread His truth and live His life as best we may with the help we know He will bestow upon our asking. For the Master's sake. AMEN.

The New Commandment

PROF. WALTER LINGLE of Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, related in a recent issue of the Biblical Review this story of Rev. Dr. Samuel Rutherford, who was a member of the Westminster Assembly which framed the Shorter Catechism and the Confession of Faith:

His home was noted for the Christian atmosphere which pervaded it. One Saturday night, while he was conducting worship, a stranger with an unusually intelligent face asked for the privilege of spending the Sabbath in the home. Dr. Rutherford was in the midst of catechising his children and when it came the stranger's turn, asked him this question: "How many commandments are there?" The stranger promptly responded: "Eleven."

With some severity, Dr. Rutherford replied: "What do you mean, sir? I did not suppose that any man of your intelligence in all this realm would have made such an answer." Nothing disquieted the stranger replied: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another: even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

The stranger turned out to be Archbishop James Ussher of Ireland, the great scholar who worked out the chronology in the margin of our Bibles, who had planned to spend a Sabbath in the home incognito. Such a distinguished guest could not remain incognito long, and next morning he preached a notable sermon on "The New Commandment."

*Pastor Bedford Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., and R. Braunstein

The High Calling

SUNDAY. I Pet. 1 : 15. "*But like as He which called you is holy, be ye yourselves also holy in all manner of living.*" The holy God is to be the formative force in our life, and to Him are we to be devoted in close and intimate conformity. "As He which called you." The call is a Divine pledge. The acceptance of the call implies a human obligation. There is the pledge on the side of God, and the obligation on the side of man.

The call, given and received, creates an intimate fellowship. The One who calls is holy, and by the mighty ministry of the Spirit, he who shares the fellowship is transformed into the same holiness. All fellowship with God is productive of spiritual likeness. If we gaze into His face, we shall be illumined with the light of His countenance. "Beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, we are transformed into the same image." We absorb the glory of the Lord. We become transfigured by it.

Let us mark the breadth of the transformation process. We are to be holy "in all manner of living." The pervasive power of the Spirit is to influence every walk of life and every part of the walk. The transfiguring energy is to inhabit even trifles, and the commonplaces of life are to be illumined by the indwelling of the eternal light. We shall grow in grace, putting on more and more of the beauty of Him in whose fellowship we dwell.

"Because it is written, Ye shall be holy; for I am holy." That is more than an imperative; it is an evangel. It is a command which enshrines a promise. Because God is holy we have the promise of holiness. Therefore we may sing with the Psalmist, in words which at the first hearing may appear strange, "We give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness."

Wherefore, with this glorious provision for our life, with resources more than adequate for our tasks, with power that even surpasses the grandeur of our calling, let us "gird up the loins" of our mind, be sober, and set our hope perfectly on the grace that is being brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

J. H. J.

The Chest by the Altar

MONDAY. II Kings 12 : 9. "*The priest took a chest and bored a hole in the lid of it and set it beside the altar.*" There is a vital relationship between the alms box and the altar. The offering is not a break in worship but a part of the proceeding. The "collection for the saints" is not an interruption but an inspiration. Wealth is a stewardship. Possessions are a trusteeship. Accumulations are a challenge. Blessings are an obligation.

In Old Testament times the Jew needed no reminder to pay his tithe by press-agenting and pleading propaganda as we do in these New Testament times. To the member of the synagogue, the tenth of his income given to the work of the Lord was part and parcel of his religion. It was an unwritten covenant. He who has nothing to give is poor; but he who has, and refuses to bestow, is poor indeed. The first may still be in grace, but the second is in disgrace. The measure of our appreciation to God for blessings received is not how much we give but the amount we have left. The reason why so many have so little is because too many have too much.

Mrs. A. had a beautiful garden of nasturtiums. But she refused to cut her flowers. They were a riot of color for a few weeks, but in late summer, her blooms began to fade and the garden lost its beauty. There was nothing but stems, for the garden had bloomed itself to death. Her neighbor, however, who also had a beautiful garden of the same kind of flowers, cut lavish quantities and distributed them to the sick and shut-ins and those who had little to cheer them. She never thought of saving her plants. But the more she cut the more she had; the more she gave the more she received.

The Dead Sea is dead because it has no outlet. That life too is dead that has no overflow. The best life is not mercenary but missionary. We are not to corner our blessings, but bless our corners. "He that giveth, let him do it with liberality."

R. B.

The Measure of God

TUESDAY. Isa. 55 : 8. "*My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways.*" In all the satirical literature of the world you will find nothing finer than Isaiah's picture of the idol-maker in his shop. (Isaiah 44 : 10-19.) He has brought a cedar log from the forest, of straight grain, knotless and of sound heart, "a log that will not rot." He stretches out his rule, and marks it with a line and makes it "according to the beauty of a man." He surveys it with speculation in his eyes; for this god must not be over-tall to pass under the lintel nor over-broad to be carried between the side-posts. He projects the figure with compass and chalk-line; and, finding the beam too long, cuts it in two. Then he hews it with an adze and fashions it with a chisel

But, anon, the pangs of hunger are upon him; whereupon he gathers up the chips, kindles them and therewith bakes his food. Now he stands before the fire, rubbing his hands and saying, "Aha! I am warm." And, having satisfied his hunger, he turns toward the half-graven image, the residue of the cedar log, and cries, "Deliver me, for thou art my god!"

If we are ever to find God we must get altogether out of the workshop. Its walls are too close, its air too stifling. Out into the illimitable open, therefore, let us go; out under the lofty canopy where we may measure him in vast dimensions. For our God is a great God above all gods! No golden band can compass His brow: no girdle bind His loins: no measuring line be laid upon Him. The faintest silhouette of Him is "high as heaven, what canst thou do; deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea!"

D. J. B.

Diety Robed as Humanity

WEDNESDAY. John 16 : 28. "*I came forth from the Father and am come into the world; again I leave the world and go to the Father.*" This wonderful verse expresses the deity and eternity of Christ so strongly that the disciples replied, "Now speakest thou plainly and in no proverb."

Jesus did not begin His existence when He came into this world, born of the Virgin Mary; neither did He leave this world at death, as we do. He came forth from the glory He had with the Father before the world was. He came into this world robed in the form of humanity made flesh, that He might dwell among us, show us the Father and die for our salvation. He left this world to return to the Father, not at death, but after His resurrection and ascension, that He might continue His everlasting existence at Creator, Redeemer and King of all kingdoms. He no doubt referred to His diety so that the disciples would not be overwhelmed with sorrow at His departure. He was going away to make fuller preparation for their coming. The disciples understood that Jesus is the second person in the Godhead and that the Third Person was coming, to comfort and clothe them with power, that they might be witnesses of Him till His second coming. Death that had meant desolation now meant a fuller life. Truly they had beheld the glory of the only begotten of the Father. E. W. C.

Not by Bread Alone

THURSDAY. Matt. 4 : 4. "*Man shall not live by bread alone.*" There is a so-called economic theory of history. It holds that the rise and decay of nations, the organization of great movements, race migrations, the discovery and colonization of new countries, wars and treaties of peace, are dictated by materialistic forces. Satan seems to affirm the economic theory of conduct. "You are hungry? Then eat." Christ answers by quoting Moses. "Man shall not live by bread alone." The economic theory of history is really a part of a greater philosophy, the mechanistic theory of life—the doctrine that we act only as we are acted upon by material forces. This excludes God from life.

Jesus came to combat this theory of life and to set up a spiritual theory—the doctrine that life is bounded on every side by spiritual forces. In the long run Christ's philosophy wins. History vindicates it. In the end the stars fight against everything that is ideally wrong. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

The economic theory of history breaks down in three great periods: during the Crusades, at the settlement of Plymouth, and in the great World War. The Crusades were purely idealistic. The settlement at Plymouth was the triumph of a great religious enthusiasm. The great World War, whatever may have been its causes, came to an end as it did because the heart of the world protested against "embattled wickedness." God forbid that we should forget so soon the spirit that animated our soldiers—the spirit that won the war. This is the statement of it: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"—by liberty and justice, by faith and honor, by truth and conscience, which are God's words for the saving of men.

C. C. A.

Petition

By Margaret E. Sangster

THIS is my prayer, O God, that I
May fully live my life!
That I may face, without a cry,
The bitterness and strife,
And that, in sweet humility,
Each small success I'll meet—
And that, at last, my heart may be
Bowed down before Thy feet.

Grant that I may enjoy each day
The sunshine and the shower—
Grant that I go, gallant and gay,
To meet my darkest hour.
Grant that I know my share of love,
Of mingled pain and peace,
And—when my soul has gone above—
The blessing of release!

The Key of the Street

FRIDAY. Mark 12 : 37. "*And the common people heard him gladly.*" Gilbert Chesterton said of Charles Dickens, that he, beyond any other in English letters, had the "key of the street." It is true that the master of wit and pathos knew the common people, and was their interpreter and champion.

Jesus Christ was the first to see the glory in the commonplace and discern the halo on the ordinary. The Son of God possessed the "key of the street" and handed it down to leaders and seers through the centuries. Emerson made good use of this open sesame to the heart throbs and pulse beats of the rank and file when he sang:

"'Tis not in the high stars alone
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

The Pharisees called the multitude "Mob." The Christ called them "Harvest." Even the disciples, thinking themselves members of the "privileged class," requested the Master to send them away. Jesus, the "man of the people," invited them to come. Main Street has always been more interesting than Fifth Avenue. While the Four Hundred are not to be overlooked, the Four Million must not be forgotten. Jesus trusted the common man uncommonly, and saw the lily in the muck, the jewel in the mire, the angel in the rough stone. With humble fishermen and wayside tax-gatherers He put in motion the energetics of the Kingdom, and gave emphasis to the values of the Church with its service and ministry.

From the "stream of life" and the "crowded ways" have come our great men and women, our leaders and thinkers. This is a matter of record, and the pages of history and biography are eloquent of the fact. Put the New Testament in the hands of Mary Jones or Johnny Smith, so that the grace of God may find lodgment in their hearts, and the problems of the future shall be solved. All great movements are from the ground up and all progress is tidal—a ground swell. Like our Lord let us become the discoverers of the individual and, in wavering Peters and uncertain Thomases, find rock-like qualities and sterling convictions. The gold is there, and when we dig and delve we shall find it.

R. B.

Children of God

SATURDAY. I John 3 : 1. "*That we should be called the sons of God.*" Who calls us so? As for ourselves, we would scarcely dare. As for the world, typified by the brother of the prodigal looking in at the window upon the festivities at the father's house, it refuses to characterize us in any such way. It is only the Father who calls us sons.

And we humbly and gratefully assent, because "we have received the Spirit of adoption whereby we cry, 'Abba, Father!'" For so it is written, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

Here is the secret of "assurance." There is no assurance but the assurance of faith, a loving faith that lays hold on God as our Father and on Christ as "the first-born among many brethren," by whom we are brought home from the far country and restored to the birthright which we had forfeited through sin. Only so can we join with Wesley in singing for joy,

"The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells us we are born of God."

D. J. B.

The Automobile Problem Arrives

And How One Family's Solution of the Ensuing Perplexities Is Worked Out

By A MERE MAN

I DON'T pretend to be any better financial manager than other mere men of my size in this town, but I do think I have managed pretty well to bring up a family of five, send one to college, keep all of them decently well clothed and more than fairly well fed and housed, and save a little money, all on an income of about $3,500 a year, a good slice of which has been paid out for old debts and one unfortunate oil investment. I will not say just how much I have in the bank at present, but it will be enough for this narrative to say that I have a little money laid by, carry a reasonable amount of insurance, and as a family we have of late years lived quite comfortably within our means, owing to the fact that we are not extravagant, and have been brought up to pretty plain living.

But a little over a year ago the younger boy began to raise the question, quite often, of getting an automobile. He said a good many of the boys in the High School had cars, and he did not see why we couldn't have one.

Now, I don't mind saying that the matter of buying a car had been in my own mind for some time. Most of my business friends had cars. There were still a few like myself, who had not cared to own one, and who preferred to walk down to business for the sake of the exercise. But the great majority preferred to ride, and it was a small number of men in our town who were able to buy cars (or acted as if they were) who did not have one.

THERE was one other thing that made me listen to the boy as he kept up the talk about a car, and that was the fact that I had joined a golf club, and found the distance to the grounds by the street cars was almost a bar to my playing, as it took so long to make the trip. Once in a while a member would invite me out in his car and take me home; but it made me feel uneasy to accept such a courtesy too often, and several times I had debated with myself the problem of owning a car of my own.

"I don't see why we can't be like other folks," the boy would say. "Everyone has a car nowadays. We are not keeping up with the times not to have one."

"What times are you talking about?" I would say, speaking with some knowledge of the subject. "Do you mean hard times? Those are the times some of the car owners are having with their cars, I gather from occasional remarks I hear from the owners."

"Well, father," the boy would go on, using an argument that really carried weight with me, coming as it did right after his mother's break-down, "if we had a car, say a five passenger" (and here the young fellow named over a catalogue list of cars that showed he had been going into the matter pretty deeply), "we could all go out, and summer is coming on and mother would enjoy it, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I—" she said almost before she thought, as it seemed to me. "That is, I don't know that your father can afford it. They are very expensive things, cars are."

"But hospitals and doctors cost more. And you need the outdoors, and all that," he went on.

I may as well say right here that the older boy had not expressed himself on this subject, very much to my surprise. I don't know to this day why he had never wanted a car. I think it was because he really had an unusually large amount of plain common sense and had figured out carefully that I was not able to own and operate a car on my income, without too much expense, and he had an unusual gift for a certain kind of shrewd financiering. As for the Girl, it may seem strange to you that she had not been asking for a car long before this. But she had never asked me to buy one, and I knew her reason, one that will surprise you some when I come to mention the Girl Problem.

IT WAS the argument (if it was an argument) of the mother's needing the outdoor life that finally decided the car matter. We had a family council, and talked the thing over from every angle. So we finally agreed on a car (I will not mention the make), which according to the agent combined all the advantages and none of the defects of all the other makes, and after going through the usual experimenting and of learning to drive the thing and learning the names of some of the more easy parts of the mechanism, we entered into possession of an automobile, and as the ancient language of a certain legal document has it, "into all the perquisites and appurtenances thereof." And let me say right here that as time went on the "appurtenances thereof" took on many shapes such as "gas," "repairs," "blow-outs," "punctures," "tires," "engine trouble," "radiator leaks," "broken-down batteries," "short circuits," "carbon cylinders," and "carburetor-needs-regulating."

But all that became prominent at a later period. At first, I am sure it is a fact that the family enjoyed the new car and we all had many happy rides together in it. I noted particularly during that period how much pleasure my wife seemed to get out of the drives we took around town and out into the country. She was too timid to try to drive the thing alone, but the Girl learned, and the two had more than one long drive together, once to visit an old school friend in a neighboring town.

BUT gradually, I can't just exactly say how the whole thing came about, some serious matters came up in connection with the car which I have learned since are quite common with many other families in town.

I don't refer specially to the expense of keeping the machine going, although as the thing got older it seemed to me it grew wonderfully liable to run up bills of expense for a dozen different necessities. If it was not tires it was tubes. If the engine went all right, the magneto was out of order. If the spark plugs did not miss, the gas seemed to be always missing. However, I will say that the younger boy was willing to tinker at the different parts, and on the whole I an inclined to think he mended almost as much as he spoiled in trying.

But it was concerning his part in the automobile incident in our family that the really serious troubles arose. The cost of feeding the animal and keeping him from falling to pieces was of small account by the side of what happened in other ways.

You will remember the Boy had mentioned the fact that a number of the High School boys had cars. After getting our car I drove down-town to my business with it quite regularly, and often passed by the High School grounds on the way. One morning I counted 47 cars parked around the High School block. That seemed a pretty good number, considering the fact that our town has less than 40,000 population. I mentioned the number to the family one evening at meal time. But it did not seem to make any special impression. The younger boy grinned, and said, "Well, the cars are not used during business hours down-town. The fellows might as well have them up around the school."

I did not know all he meant, but had occasion to, as time went on.

Gradually I began to lose some of my first enthusiasm for the car, and the boy seemed to want it oftener. I have always had a horror of getting too stout and fat. I found that I was missing my old walk down-town in the morning, and when my wife hinted that I showed signs of a double chin, that was the beginning of the end of my use of the car for riding to business. When the boy had to hurry to make school, owing to a late breakfast, it seemed natural for him to jump into the car with his sister and whirl down to the High School building. In time, the car became one of the 47 that regularly parked around the school during school hours. The only thing that I insisted on was that my wife should have her rides when she wanted them. But I have found out since that many an afternoon when she should have been enjoying the use of the car, the boy was off with it riding around with his schoolmates.

THIS sort of thing grows up by degrees. Any number of fathers and mothers could tell similar tales of automobiles in the family. And to make this story one of the tabloid variety, one evening quite late, the Boy's mother came into my den with a real look of anxiety on her face.

"John has not come in yet."

I looked at my watch. It was half-past eleven.

"He is out with the car," my wife said, and the way she said it made me realize that there was more serious matter coming.

"I'm afraid," she faltered. "that he is out with that"— (she named one of the most reckless automobile drivers in the High School) and."— She waited a moment and then broke down.

I waited, for it had only just begun to dawn on me what she was trying to say. But my wife is a woman of courage and I was not so very much surprised when she calmed down and said, at last, "They went by the house this afternoon and there were two girls with the boys. I couldn't tell who they were. But they are not back."

My first feeling was one of deep anger. Of course I knew, as do most American fathers whose sons drive their cars to school and college, that the young folks of this generation live lives of great freedom nowadays. But—

"I'll wait up for him," I said grimly. "He knows that the one rule I have made for him is that the car must be in by ten at the latest."

I never think back to that night without a feeling of dread. It was after half-past two o'clock in the morning when I heard the noise of the car as it came up the drive by the side of the house to go to the little garage I had built at the end of the lot. I waited until I heard the door shut, and the boy came slowly along to the front of the house. Then I went downstairs and opened the door.

HIS face was very white and I shall never forget the look of misery on it. He was crying as he came in, and his clothes were covered with grime and oil.

"We broke down way out by the river bend, father," he said, leaning up against the door. "We had a bad blow-out, and there wasn't a house for miles from which we could telephone. Warren and I have been working over the tires all this time to get back."

"Where are those girls!" I said, and I am frank to say I was angry all over, after waiting up all that time.

"We told them to walk back to the last house we passed, and telephone while we worked over the car. They got frightened and didn't go but part way. We took them up on our way in. They are at home."

Well, I felt some relieved over that, and yet I was so stirred up that I don't know just what I might have said if at that moment the Boy's mother hadn't come down-stairs. She had not been asleep, of course, and when she came down, the Boy, who was still leaning up against the door which he had left open, looked up for a moment, and then he did what changed my feeling toward him, and I think it had a good deal to do with what followed the next morning at our family council. He went, with a cry of real relief and as if he needed his mother's arms about him, right into them, and she held him close, as your mother has held you when you had done something you ought not, and were truly sorry for it.

I don't need to tell much of anything more about what came on next, but in the morning, at the breakfast-table, according to a common custom in our family we held a council over the whole automobile business.

THE Boy was pretty serious, and for that matter we all were. I stated the case for and against the car, and we finally agreed to adopt these rules and regulations to govern its use:

The mother to have the benefit of rides whenever the boys or the girl could take her out without interfering with their regular school duties.

Dad to use the car to get to the golf grounds, or go fishing, or take visiting friends out when it was necessary to do the friendly act.

No automobile riding with the girls at night, unless the sister or mother or some of the teachers were along. This rule seemed a little hard to the younger boy. He said it was a rule not observed by any other family, but after his experience he was not inclined to object seriously. And besides this is not the account of some other family's way of dealing with the automobile problem, but it is ours.

The whole family to use the car as a thing of real pleasure. And as far as possible also use it to take out friends who were not able to buy cars.

I don't remember that there were any other special rules agreed on by the council, but as time has gone on, I think it is quite safe to say that the car has proved to be a real blessing to us, and from what some of the old ladies in the Old Ladies' Home say, when the Girl has run down there to take three or four of them out for an hour or two Saturday afternoons, I am sure we feel quite justified in keeping it, especially after lending its use. I hope I am not too strict in my regulations, and events as they are coming on, seem to prove to me and to my wife that the regulations are quite sensible.

And I want to say as I close, that my wife is getting so much good out of the rides she gets, that I am very glad I did not do what I had made up my mind to do just before she came down-stairs that night at half-past two. I was just about to tell the Boy that the car would be advertised for sale before another night. But there was another way of settling the problem, and I am inclined to think that the sight of the boy, who was truly sorry, as his mother's arms went around him, kept me from turning the garage into a chicken house. My wife can't run the car, but she surely does know how to make the wheels of this family, including the Mere Man, run straight.

A Very Good Habit

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, on one occasion, was talking to a group of young men on the joys of good literature.

"Now my young friends," he said, "with reference to this habit of reading, I make bold to tell you that it is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His creatures."

He said a lot more in illustration of his point, and nothing to which any of us can take exception. For can you think of any habit that gives you more comfort and pleasure than a good book or a good magazine, a cozy chair and a mellow light flooding over your shoulder?

> As Lady Montagu once remarked: "No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."

Agreeing heartily with this sentiment, isn't it surprising that more persons do not acquire the habit? We know one busy business man who makes it an invariable rule to read for one hour before he turns out his light at night, no matter the time he reaches his home. He calls it the best hour of the twenty-four because he stores enough inspiration from it to last him through all his problems and perplexities of another day.

Of course not every one is able to devote even one hour a day to entire forgetfulness of external things, but once the habit of reading is acquired, as you can testify from experience, what time you can devote to it is not to be bought lightly. And then, the less time one has for reading the more necessary it becomes to make a choice of material that offers the widest latitude of information, entertainment and inspiration in the most compact form. All three of these elements are necessary if the mind is to be well rounded, and they are all found in the Christian Herald.

> You know the Christian Herald and some of its many accomplishments. Don't you, also, know some one who would find joy in reading it? If so, why not call their attention to this suggestion, and the price, $2.00 for a year's fifty-two issues? It will be the best investment they ever made.

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Paul Preparing for World Conquest

International Sunday-School Lesson for August 21
Acts 15 : 1 to 16 : 5

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

EIGHTEEN hundred years elapsed before the Church began really to comprehend the scope of the Great Commission as given by Jesus Christ when He commanded that the Gospel should be taken into all the world. Meanwhile there was a growing meaning to those never-revoked marching orders. Peter soon went to the home of Cornelius, the centurian, in Cæsarea and to the despised in Samaria. Philip ministered unto the eunuch of Ethiopia. Barnabas and Saul had made the first extended missionary journey. From now until October 2, the second great journey of Paul will be studied, in which he, with Silas, Luke and others, goes on a still longer tour in Asia and then crosses into Europe. Since then tens of thousands have responded to the call of their Lord and have gone literally everywhere in this great world.

Christian statesmen is a name that can be well applied to men and women who direct the work of the churches. The demands made upon them are far greater than the average person appreciates. The history of Church councils fills libraries. Leaders with marvellous ability have faced and settled most vexatious questions. It is a simple matter to recite the Apostles' Creed, for example, and while doing so few think of the study, discussion and even controversy required to produce that statement. The first great Church Council was the one held at Jerusalem in the year 50 A.D., as recorded in Acts 15. Those early Church fathers could take their places with later leaders such as Arius, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Luther, Calvin, Knox and the Wesleys. (If any of these men are unfamiliar, turn to your encyclopedia and get at least some of the facts of the history they had part in making.)

That Council at Jerusalem began because some Jews wanted to establish a mould through which must be passed the life of each person who would be a follower of Jesus Christ. Circumcision was demanded before one could claim to be saved. Over against this, Peter, Paul and others had seen salvation wrought by the Holy Spirit in those who were uncircumcised Gentiles. Some at Jerusalem were so zealous as formalists that they were down to Antioch and insisted that their creed was the divine one. Paul and Barnabas could not change these apostles of circumcision by declaring the gracious fruits from their first journey; so the Church at Antioch advised that the whole question be studied with other leaders at Jerusalem. This suited Paul, for he could have the joy of witnessing to his Lord as he journeyed through Phoenicia and Samaria. It was an opportunity for a sermon 300 miles long.

THE value of arbitration is clearly seen as the incidents of that Council at Jerusalem are studied. Read also Galatians 2 : 1-10. Ponder on the facts presented by the preachers who had been witnesses of the saving work of the Holy Spirit. They won by their irrefutable proofs. Note that the four points in the final action come from a compromise, both sides yielding in non-essentials in the matter of foods. Considering the times and the ancient customs of the Jews, each point in the agreement was a major one. Factions became friends and all went forward with their world-winning program.

As for Paul, wherever he went, offerings were taken up for the poor Jews who were related to the mother church in Jerusalem. James, the brother of Jesus, John, Peter, and Titus are named as members of that Council. Both Peter and James made convincing addresses, after Paul had told his story of spiritual victories. Judas and Silas were sent back with those who came from Antioch, that a formal reply might be rendered. The work of the Kingdom, which is always the supreme thing, was helped and not hindered. The Holy Spirit surely presided at that ecumenical congress.

When a person prays "Thy kingdom come" with a world-wide meaning, he is always eager to help in answering his own prayers. While Paul and Barnabas could and did preach and teach in Antioch, it was not long before Paul conferred with the companion of his former long journey about another extended gospel preaching tour. Barnabas was equally ready and desired to give to his nephew, Mark, another opportunity. To this Paul objected. He, too, wanted to see Mark "come back," but not necessarily in his former position. These Christian brethren just argued the matter right out, then and there, and agreed to separate. When Barnabas insisted that he would not go without Mark, Paul told him that this great world was so big and the need for workers so great, that he should take Mark and go to Cyprus, while Silas would be his own companion in visiting those cities in the highlands to which Mark declined to go on the former journey.

There is no value in trying to settle the right in that "sharp contention." It is enough to observe that Mark made good in his later work, and that Paul writes most kindly about him and says to Timothy in the after years, "Bring Mark with thee." An oft-used definition of "Grow" is worth considering when there is a tendency to stop by reason of some interruption or difficulty—Go Right On Working!

After another consecration prayer meeting in the church at Antioch, Paul and Silas start for the Cilician Gates that they may encourage the churches and converts in Derbe, Lystra and Iconium. The reported hardships experienced by Paul and Barnabas do not disturb Silas. There are souls to be helped and God will go with him. He expected hardships and the results were well worth all that they might cost.

TRAINING for leadership is the constant work of the Sunday school. The officers and teachers of today are not building satisfactorily unless they are working so that there may always be others at hand, sufficiently equipped, to take their places. At Lystra, Paul is greeted by young Timothy, who was doubtless converted when Paul was there before. Timothy had been preparing himself for service. The men in Lystra spoke well of Timothy, as did those in Iconium. He was establishing a good reputation as well as a fine character. Paul wants another companion and helper and invites Timothy to go with him wherever the call of the Holy Spirit may summon, and Timothy accepts with eagerness. The life of a person is shown in part by the kind of letters that are written to him. Test Timothy by this and read the two epistles Paul sent to him.

Thousands are now waiting for colleges to open, that they may take up or continue their collegiate course. Many of these (and one may be *you*, dear reader) have not chosen their life-work. Many Timothies are needed right now for Christian work both at home and abroad. God is calling you, not only to give your life to Him, but also your life-service.

There was a mighty appeal in the address by Rev. S. M. Zwemer, D. D., at the Christian Endeavor convention as he sounded out the challenge of the need of the Moslem World, with more than 200,000,000 who deny the fact of Jesus Christ. Dr. Zwemer closed with an impassioned appeal, naming each denomination, urging the young people to enlist for service in making their Lord known. Paul, Silas, Timothy, Barnabas and Mark blazed the way of the missionary trail which is becoming now a great highway everywhere. Will you take the ever-blessed Gospel to those who do not know Him?

Jerry of Justamere Cabin

Continued from page 568

as I came up. "What have you done with the little boy I gave you to look after two or three months ago? Who is this you are trying to palm off on me?"

I hugged him around the neck and he pretended to have all the wind squeezed out of him.

"Jerry, I'm so glad to see you looking so fine I hardly know how to hold it," he continued. "We'll celebrate after a little while, but first I have some business with the president of this Invincible Trust Company."

"Let me go with you," I asked. "I came down early this morning to see him and I've been waiting for a chance ever since."

So when my father and Major Bassel entered the private office of the president, I was admitted with them. The strange man, who carried an enormous traveling bag, stayed outside.

There were no introductions, because Mr. Blair, the president, knew both father and Major Bassel quite well, and I suppose I was taken for granted. My father, who, you will remember, is a lawyer by profession, opened the conversation.

"We've come to clear up this mysterious disappearance of the valuables entrusted to my client, Mr. Bassel, on the morning of June 22, 1917, Mr. Blair," said father.

"I sincerely hope that you can clear it up," said Mr. Blair.

"Before we say anything, I believe you ought to call Mr. Persmann in and give him a chance to make a full statement," said father. "I may as well say frankly that the accusations we shall make will implicate him very seriously."

"Are you sure that you have something more than suspicion," asked Mr. Blair. "This matter has already been gone into quite thoroughly with Mr. Persmann, and I do not like to subject an employee of so long standing to an inquisition that is not based on something better than suspicion."

I THOUGHT then that it was time for me to speak. I did not know what father and Major Bassel might think. Surely they could not have heard Persmann talking to me yesterday. But perhaps he had talked to others while under similar spells. Anyway it was my duty to do what I could to show his good intentions.

"Please let me say something," I interrupted. "I came down here today by agreement with Mr. Persmann. He told me some very important things yesterday. I won't say what they were, because it was his intention to tell them to Mr. Blair today, and he is the one to speak. But before anyone says anything more please give him a chance to speak."

"I will send for him," said Mr. Blair.

And now, thought I, we shall see what we shall see, and these grown folks will agree, after Persmann has repeated the tale he told me yesterday, that Jerry has had a great deal to do with clearing up this problem, and bringing it to a happy ending.

But my complacency received a great shock the minute Persmann stepped into the room. He did not come in meek and repentant. Not a bit of it. He came in raving.

"I saw you come in with that boy," he shouted. "I know what you are up to. You have been putting together foolish things that he has told you and have come here with a pack of lies to Mr. Blair. But it won't do. I deny everything. I——"

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!"

The voice that interrupted came from the stranger with the enormous traveling bag, who had followed Persmann into the room. He now rested this bag on the floor in the middle of the room, and stood looking squarely at Mr. Persmann.

"Name is Wells, gentlemen," said he. "Before Mr. Persmann gets to denying so very much, let me ask a question or two. You have been off the job for a week, isn't it, Mr. Persmann? Yes, I thought so. What you been doing all that week?"

"Attending to my own business," snapped Persmann.

But Mr. Blair added: "I see no harm in saying that in an accident at the lake, near his cottage, Mr. Persmann lost a satchel containing some valuable papers. He has been making an effort to recover the satchel."

"That's right, is it, Persmann?" asked Mr. Wells.

Persmann nodded a surly assent.

"Very well!" said Mr. Wells.

HE LIFTED his big traveling bag from the floor to a table, released the clasps with a couple of sharp clicks and threw open the bag to its widest. Then with a dramatic gesture he suddenly pulled forth the satchel that we all supposed to be at the bottom of the lake!

"Exhibit A!" said Mr. Wells. "Can you identify that satchel, Mr. Persmann?"

"It's mine!" exclaimed Persmann. "It's the satchel I lost in the lake. It is my personal property and I claim possession of it."

He reached forward to grab the satchel, but the big hand of Mr. Wells interposed.

"Not so fast," said Mr. Wells. "Not so fast. You are quite sure it is your satchel?"

"Yes, and neither you nor any other man has the right to keep it from me."

I could see that Persmann was getting worked up to a terrible pitch of temper. The maniacal look that he had worn the day before, in the woods, was returning.

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Wells. "But the law, now, the law might keep it from you. And you see, Mr. Persmann, I'm the law. I'm deputy sheriff of this county."

"Do you know the contents of that satchel, Mr. Persmann?" asked Major Bassel.

"No. I don't know what's in it *now*," he replied, in a great rage. "If it's been in your hands you may have put in anything that you had a mind."

I felt a chill at hearing this. It looked like a weak place for the Major. If the satchel had been in his possession how could he prove that he had not prepared its contents.

BUT Mr. Wells interrupted again. "Don't be hasty, now; don't be hasty," he said. "I reckon I told you I was deputy sheriff. I'm the law; that's what I am. The Major, he respects the law. He called me on the phone, one night, a week ago, and he says, 'Wells, I wish you'd come up to my place tonight.' When I came there he tells me how you've had an accident and lost your satchel. 'I'd like to get hold of that satchel, Wells,' says he. 'I'm a pretty fair diver and I think I can get it, but there's legal reasons why I want you to see me try it, and why I want you to open the satchel and see what's in it!'"

"Why, Major Bassel," I shouted. "Bully for you! You went and got that yourself that very night."

"Yes, boy," continued Wells. "He said some real smart boy who saw the upset had developed brains enough to pick up some landmarks, and he knew about where to go. He's some diver, the Major is, believe me. Third time up he comes with the bag. Not more than five minutes, altogether."

"You've had my property a week!" raged Persmann. "And you talk about law. I'll show you some law!"

"And if you try it you'll find everything perfectly legal," replied Mr. Wells. "The deputy sheriff of this county examined the contents of this bag in the presence of another county official, sealed it up, and placed it in the safe in the sheriff's office that very night. It's just been waiting a few days while Major Bassel could get in touch with his legal adviser, the gentleman on my right. Don't you make any mistake about everything being done perfectly legal."

PERSMANN started to reply, made a dash for the bag, and fell forward on the table in a wild convulsion. The four men rushed to his aid, and I heard my father say, "Get a doctor!"

I rushed across the street to a big building in which some doctors had offices and came back in a few minutes

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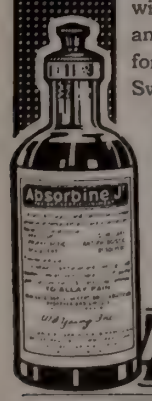

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with a young man who was the first doctor to be found.

Persmann, now stretched on the floor, was apparently conscious yet seemed bereft of the power of speech and unable to make an intelligent response to any inquiries.

"I'll admit that I don't understand this kind of case," said the young doctor. "He's had a severe mental and nervous shock, you say, and the reaction of shocks of such a kind is shown in many different ways. Rest is his most urgent need. And I'd say that you'd better put him under the treatment of a specialist."

When he had gone I made my second contribution to the consultation by telling all about how Persmann had acted and what he had said the day before.

"You see he really was worried almost insane about this thing and he really did want to square it up. Major Bassel knows what's the matter with him, don't you, Major. It's like shell-shock, isn't it? And if you need a specialist, why not let Major Bassel be the one. He knows all about it."

They all laughed a little except the Major. He looked quite serious. "If he'd take my suggestions as kindly as you have, Jerry, I'd like to take care of him," said the Major.

"That Friend of yours could help him, Major," I said.

"He surely could," said the Major. "And now that I'm so happy myself, I don't know of a more practical thing that I could do than to try to help this poor fellow. The treatment that can cure the shell-shock produced by the deviltries of war can cure the shell-shock that comes from other deviltries, too."

IT SEEMS scarcely possible that all those things happened a whole year ago. But this is another August 31, so it is a full year.

I have been at Justamere Cabin most of the summer. When father saw how much it had done for me he was so pleased that he declared we would live at the lake as much of the time as possible. He proposed to build a fine, new house at once. But I objected. I told him Justamere Cabin seemed to suit me just about right, and I had some ideas for a few improvements that I would like to work on, all by myself, a little later on.

Major and Mrs. Bassel built a new house, though. They built on the site of the deserted cabin and put up a gem of a little place. You see, getting that $23,000 back made them feel rich enough to have a home once more. And being given such a responsible position in the Invincible Trust Company right next to Mr. Blair, the president, the Major was able to maintain a nice home, too.

I have a new canoe, the most beautiful craft that ever floated on the waters of the lake. It was given by Major Bassel to "the boy who helped him recover his place." I gave Invincible II to Harold, who also has the boat.

Yes, Harold and his sister both came when we sent for them. They lived in the cottage and took care of Mr. Persmann during the long fight back to health and sanity which he made under Major Bassel's supervision.

It was hard for us to believe that Persmann ever would be a real good fellow that one could actually be glad to have around, but he proved it by the way he treated Harold and his sister, and when he got well and volunteered to teach me how to catch big channel cat, like the one that ran away with the boat, I discovered that we had much in common. We count him one of the colony now, and he is younger and fatter and less inclined to stoop and to scowl.

Kent was away at school all winter, but he has been at home for a jolly good season this summer. Tomorrow he starts back to school and I am going with him.

And Kate is still Kate. She is a year older, but so am I, and I have made such a big jump in height and breadth that I pretend to treat her as a little girl. Now that I am big and strong she makes great sport of my "shell-shock" experiences.

She still enjoys spouting little rhymes. We have just had a club dinner in honor of the day and she prepared place cards for each of us. This is mine:

"Shell-shocked Jerry, bright and merry;
Bless his sweet young face.
He'll sit here, the little dear,
This shall be his place.
Soon our joy will turn to sorrow,
Jerry goes away tomorrow;
But today, from shell-shock free,
We'll be happy as can be."

THE END

Helping with Farm Home Problems

Continued from page 562

The canning club work has always attracted great attention in the Southern States, so that people have come to look upon it as the only field where the home demonstration agent functioned. She has, however, touched the homes in the South far more intimately and helpfully than casual examination reveals. From canning one vegetable, the tomato, the girls—and women, too, because gradually the mothers became interested—have gone through the garden, orchard, poultry yard, barnyard, kitchen house and household to the front lawn.

The introduction of new plants suitable for growing in special localities, has been part of the home demonstration agent's program. The Spanish sweet pepper, or pimiento, has come into the diet in many sections far more rapidly than the tomato did at first. Relishes, pickles, and chutneys containing both peppers and tomatoes have proved easy to sell, and have brought a good income to club girls. At the present time the encouragement of the broom-corn industry in North Carolina is a typical instance of supplying a real market with something actually needed. Broom corn is not grown to the extent needed to meet the requirements of the grade.

THE curing and canning of meat has been stressed lately. It was found that farm families were obliged to buy much of the meat they needed or go without, because they did not know how to preserve what they had. On the selling side, attention has been given to perfecting, in canned form, a few combination dishes popular in different localities. "Pine bark fish stew" is native to South Carolina, but its use is being taught all along the Gulf and Atlantic Coasts, wherever suitable firm-meated fish abound, and corn, celery, onions, peppers, and tomatoes may be had. In the near future "burgoo," that dish of mystery peculiar to big Kentucky gatherings, will be captured in cans and marketed by clubs of Southern women and girls conducted by the home demonstration agents. Emphasis has been placed on the production of a standardized product.

In all the projects there is constant need for side work on other home problems. Equipment in the kitchen is improved. New interest is aroused in every branch of home making. Electricity is gradually coming to be recognized as the best servant for the home. Poultry work is in great demand. The program for the immediate future includes everything which has to do with the house itself, such as remodeling, building, equipping with labor-saving conveniences, and suitable furnishings. It also deals with the improvement and beautification of the exterior surroundings of the farm home. The idea is steadily to be cultivated that investment in the comfort, beauty, health, and efficiency of the farm home and the rural community is a wise and legitimate expenditure, and perhaps the only means of stopping the drift of young people to the city.

Farm women for the most part love the country and do not want to give up its freedom for city life. What they do want is normal living and working conditions in the farm home. As one woman said when a survey was made to ascertain the real needs of rural families, "The country offers greater opportunity for satisfying life than the city, and country women have as great capacity as city women for the enjoyment of life, but are more handicapped with routine which absorbs their time and strength."

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BOOK DEPARTMENT
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Glorious Mountains I Have Seen

Continued from page 563

small territorially, great in spirit and accomplishment.

William Tell is a man of the mountains. Whether a mythical character or not he is certainly typical of the most democratic, liberty-loving people of Europe. If you do not believe this, go to Switzerland and live among these people for weeks at a time as I have, get the spirit of the glorious Jungfrau or the Dent du Midi into your blood, and you will acknowledge that the "strength of the hills" and the majesty of cloud-capped ranges have something to do with the making of a man and a nation. Reverence, democracy, love of liberty, these people breathe in with every inspiration.

"But," I hear someone say, "you have not said a word for the little hills some of us love so well."

That would be a sad omission. They may not be "glorious" but they are often the most winsome and charming of all. My mind often goes back to one of them, beautiful Ascutney, on the Vermont side of the Connecticut. Ascutney is only three thousand feet high, a little Benjamin among his brethren farther to the north. But he dominates a rich valley and a lovely, winding river. Almost as symmetrical as Fuji himself, he spreads out his ample foothill robes over a section of the valley in a charming way that always gives one a sense of peace, tranquillity and protection.

I suppose boyhood memories glorify this little mountain in my eyes. How often have I climbed its rugged trail! How delicious the scent of its balsams! How sturdy its rock maples and yellow birches! How sweet the water that gushed out of that wonderful spring two-thirds of the way up!

YOU have some such small mountain of your childhood in mind, dear reader, I doubt not, and, though you may since have gazed on Mt. Blanc or the Himalayas, they have not obscured the beauty of your childhood's friend. Ever since, too, you have loved that Bible verse, "the *little* hills rejoice on every side."

The little hills of history often stir the deepest memories. The Lion Hill of Belgium which helped to win the Battle of Waterloo; Bunker Hill of Massachusetts, where the spirit of the American Revolution found its altar; Malvern Hill where fraternal blood was shed in the Civil War, and where, in part, freedom for the slaves was achieved, are among the little hills of history. One cannot look upon the great artificial hill near Cracow, reared by the strenuous toil of thousands of patriotic Poles, in honor of their great hero, Koszkiuzko, without feeling that it is a noble monument to the love of freedom in a long-oppressed race. Famous Capri, in the Bay of Naples, is simply one lovely hill with splendid roads winding over it.

Then think for a moment of the little hills of the Bible. How large a place they hold in the hearts of Christians! Tabor, Hermon, Horeb, Pisgah, Carmel, even Sinai itself—none of them are vast, towering mountains like the Taurus range of Turkey, but the world can never forget them.

Best loved of all is little Olivet: dwarfed in size though it is, by millions of its brethren throughout the world, it can never be dwarfed in the affections of the followers of Jesus Christ for His blessed feet climbed those rocky slopes. Doubtless He sat under those gnarled olive-trees while the soft breeze fanned His brow heated by the climb. From its summit He looked off to the Dead Sea on one side, and to the temple-crowned city of the other, and, as He came down that hill, on one occasion, and turning a corner of the path, the doomed city broke upon His vision, He cried out in anguish, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

With that little hill will forever be associated that pathetic wail over a wilful city, as well as the midnight prayer of the Son of God, while directly at its foot lies Gethsemane, the garden of agony and of betrayal, the beginning of the way to Calvary. No other mountain in this wide world, however majestic it may be, can ever rival the one made glorious by the footsteps and the prayers of the Master—the Mount of Olives.

Young People's Topic for August 21

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Power of a Lovable Personality

E. L., C. E., and B. Y. P. U. Ruth 1 : 14-22 (Lessons from the Book of Ruth)

READ the Book of Ruth carefully. Prepare to tell the story in your own words. It is the story of consistent home religion, the power of example and the romance of devotion.

Naomi lived so fine a life that she made a deep impression on two girls, her daughters-in-law, Ruth and Orpah. When a person lives such a noble life in the home that people of a different nationality and religion come to love her and even want her religion, then that person is worth earnest study. Some people's religion makes them hard to live with. Naomi's religion made her easy to live with. She did not have one set of rules for her church-life and another set of rules for home-life.

If we are to win others to our religion we must not, dare not, ignore the power of example. We have in this a duty toward all with whom we come in contact. Especially is this an obligation laid upon the shoulders of American Christians in their attitude and conduct toward the foreigners who come to our shores. No nation rises above the level of its religion. Henry M. Stanley was convinced after spending some time in Africa that Christianity was truly worth-while, because he judged Christianity by the life of David Livingstone. "The best evidence for Christianity is a Christian."

In his "Holy War" John Bunyan has given us a description of a Mr. Anything. No one could ever tell to which side he belonged. Sometimes he was fighting on one side and sometimes on the other side, and when his leg was broken in the fight, the author says that "he who did it wished that it had been his neck." Paul said a very good thing: "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." Ruth made a correct choice. She knew "a good thing" when she saw it. She saw the fruits of the religion of Naomi. True she would have had a better choice for a husband back in her own country among the Moabites, but she was under the impression that a good religion like Naomi's was worth more than a husband. She was not that type of a girl who was willing to give up her convictions for a man. The ideal for this age sometimes seems to be a marriage with a maximum of money and a minimum of man.

"There was Orpah, another type of young people," says a writer in Young People's Service. "Orpah loved Naomi with a kissing love, but that does not amount to very much. Sentimental mushiness in religion that kisses and cries and forsakes, that was Orpah. But Ruth's love was the sturdy, true-blue, stalwart kind that sticks and does not give up the real thing for a bauble. That was Ruth, she who gave up personal ends for the sake of religion. Orpah went home. Ruth stayed. The result was, as we have read, Ruth became the mother of a king, but we do not know what became of her sister. Ruth became the ancestress of David and Jesus. This story of Ruth makes us think of the words of the Master, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' Orpah threw religion to the winds. Ruth stayed by Naomi and accepted the religion of the true God when she said, 'Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.'"

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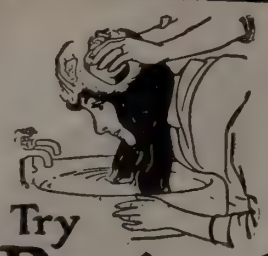

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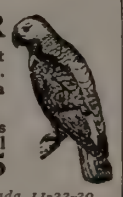

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MRS. F. G., Wabash, Ind., writes: "Do our own loved ones, who have preceded us to heaven, know what we are doing here on earth?"

It is a great question and a perfectly natural one. Paul recorded his belief in the observation of those who have "passed over" in the famous passage in Heb. 12 : 1: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses"—If these spectators include some of our own dear ones who died in the faith, it follows logically that they are watchers with a purpose, viz., to observe our progress in the struggle heavenward here on earth, and to send us spiritual encouragement. Paul's expression implies that departed and glorified saints are interested observers of the trials and victories of the Christian on earth. Jesus in his teaching gave assurance of the preservation of identity; and if the angels in heaven rejoice over the redemption of one sinner, should we not be justified in concluding that our loved ones, who are now "as the angels," are at least equally interested in us here, and would not be denied the privilege of testifying their joy at our progress toward the heavenly Fatherland?

A. C. M., Boulder, Colo. In recent years the Gospel of healing has received renewed attention in some of the evangelical churches. Leading theologians, while holding that "the prayer of faith can save the sick," and that the Divine power is unchanged, are nevertheless indisposed to discuss seriously many of the claims made by certain preachers and healers. Their view is that man should use the best available means at hand and ask God to bless the effort. We have never heard of the Denver case mentioned in your letter.

O. R. S., Valley Cottage, N. Y. The question is purely controversial and can not be solved by discussion. Each of the parties has a right to choose according to his own conscience, and violates no law in so doing.

F., Montrose, Colo. 1. The passage in II Cor. 1 : 5 is not very clearly expressed in the translation, which seems to make Paul's logic rather confusing. It must be read in connection with both the verse that precedes and that which follows. Commentators hold that the meaning is that, as Jesus shared in the afflictions of humanity, He was therefore qualified to be man's Comforter in all his distresses. Again, in proportion as we suffer with Christ, or for His sake, or for the Gospel He gave to the world, so is the consolation we receive from Him through His sacrifice and His love for us. He calls His people's sufferings his own sufferings. Thus, as Paul shows, (v. 6) whether we be distressed or comforted, we are gainers since both work for our consolation and salvation. 2. A furlong was a Greek measure of distance equal to about 606 feet 9 inches. In your other questions you fail to state whether I or II Cor. is meant.

H. B., Follett, Tex., writes: "In our Bible Class in the M. E. Church here, in discussing the lesson for last week, the question was asked: 'What is the reason for a dearth of ministers to fill the pulpits of our country?' One member of the class said one reason was the lack of remuneration; another that it was caused by lack of religious family training. One man suggested that even the ministers' families were not turning out many ministers these days, and added that it had been the history of the ministerial supply all along in the past, that the minister's family had never supplied ministers of the Gospel, as should have been done."

It is true that the proportion of graduates in our colleges who embrace the ministerial profession has been growing smaller and smaller in recent years. This is due to two causes: First, to the unsound theology taught in many colleges at the present time, and for nearly ten years past. Many a student who enters the classes with the purpose of being trained for pastoral or missionary work, finds his faith gradually undermined by teaching which leaves him in the wilderness of doubt at the close, and wholly unfitted to proclaim the Gospel. The second cause is that in these days when the high cost of living affects all classes and professions, graduates find the material problems of life so pressing that the average income of a young minister is quite insufficient, and the outlook such that if he should choose the pulpit as his vocation, he is sure to have an uphill struggle, with marriage practically out of the question. We think your friend was wrong in asserting that ministers' families nowadays turn out few candidates for the ministry and missions. We know a good many such families and the supply of capable and earnest men and women which they have been giving to the Lord's work is not diminished in any appreciable degree. Theirs is the faith that trusts in God implicitly to open the way and furnish the means. And even in the prevailing "hard times," they see nothing to daunt them and no sacrifices to be made such as were endured by their parents and grandparents in the past. They have been carefully guarded from false theology and they are strong and equal to any struggle. With God leading, they can overcome all obstacles. Further, your friend has not looked very deeply into the matter of ministerial families, else he would have found that there is a very large number of them who have produced worthy and even distinguished workers in the Gospel at home and abroad. In such families, the torch of Truth is passed down from parents to children, and the results have been almost beyond computation.

E. W. M., East Lebanon, Me., writes: "This is the day of triumph for the wicked. Over $1,000,000 is involved in one of the lowest and most degrading exhibits of the so-called manly art. If there is anything that indicates the fallen condition of humanity, it is such an exhibition of the fighting instincts and the triumph of degrading tendencies over all the power and influence of better people. This kind of business has been fighting its way up for many years, against the better aims, desires and efforts of those who try to do the works of salvation. In such a place as New York, where everything is concentrated, the restraining power of good over evil ought to be mighty. Jersey City is a short way from New York. At such a time as this, so soon after the world war, it is not meet to have such business carried to the enormous financial success indicated. Why has there been no effective protest? Where has the power of Christendom been in hiding, that no one has stood with the congressman who tried to protest against such a sinful use of money, while the returned soldiers needed so much?"

E. W. M. is one of many readers who have written us letters in strong condemnation of the prize-fight. While we agree with their view in the main, we see no other way out of present conditions than by a more energetic proclamation of the Gospel, which is needed before we can hope to have better laws for the protection of public morals from the degradation that comes of such spectacles.

Mrs. L. C., Tioga, N. D. In the passage in Luke 24 : 25, Jesus was emphasizing the reverence due to Old Testament Scripture, and enlightening His hearers as to the prophecies concerning Himself. They had not studied them understandingly and had been slow to accept or apply them. His language was that of kindly reproach, rather than severe condemnation.

J. S., Drums, Pa., says: "I read in the Christian Herald of May 28 in the Editorial Forum about the Christian Herald and the Movies, which interested me very much. Now, I would like to see another editorial to tally with that: The Christian Herald and Sunday Base Ball. It is all the rage around here. They are desecrating the Sabbath by wholesale, every Sunday afternoon. Thousands congregate to witness the games. Where are our Christian lawmakers? Why are not laws passed to prohibit this Sunday nuisance? Why do the press and the pulpit allow it? Why not quit working at twelve o'clock on Saturday, and take the afternoon for ball-playing?"

There are many localities in which Sunday baseball is prohibited by local ordinance. It does not need a state or national law to effect a reform, if a county, borough, or township is resolved to have Sunday observed. It lies within the power of the people themselves to accomplish it.

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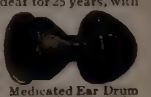

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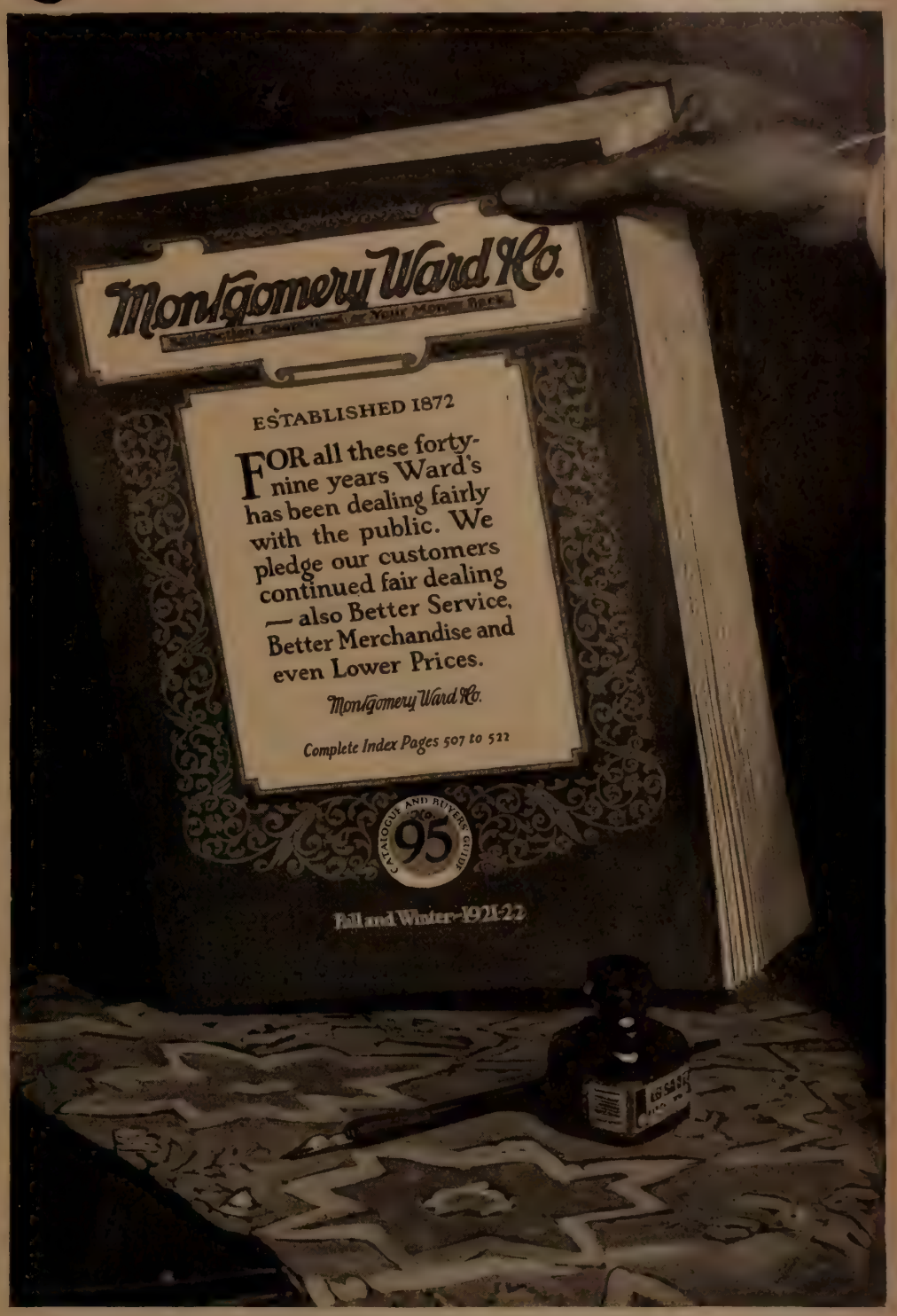

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By Mrs. A. Louise Andrea

Mrs. Andrea was awarded the gold medal as lecturer on food and culinary topics at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, in 1915; appointed official lecturer upon food and canning for the New York International Exposition in 1918.

THE system craves sweets and fruit juices. You absolutely need these important foods to keep you in good health. The best sweets are those you put up in your home—canned fruits, jams, jellies and marmalades. They give the ideal combination of purity, food value, economy and convenience.

One of the most important things in your preserving and canning is Karo Crystal White (Red Label), as it blends and harmonizes delightfully with all fruits. Karo helps bring out the delicate, natural flavor, and produces a clearer jelly without danger of sugar crystals forming later. Jams and marmalades will be of fine, smooth texture. And they will not have a cloying sweetness when prepared with part Karo.

To make the perfect syrup

Perfect results in home preserving are no longer a matter of "luck." Most preserving difficulties have come from using too much sugar.

Here is a method by which you can always have the finest, most delicious jams, clear jellies and rich preserves:

To make your syrup, which will keep perfectly without crystallizing, use 3 pints of Karo, Crystal White (Red Label) and 3 pints of granulated sugar to 2 quarts of water, and boil until sugar is completely dissolved. Skim if necessary; pour into hot jar, and use when canning fruits.

Karo (Red Label) is a fine, crystal-white syrup, with a natural affinity for the fruit juices.

It blends the fruit with the sugar, doing away with one of the great difficulties of putting up fruit at home. Karo Crystal White (Red Label) aids in emphasizing the natural flavor of the fruit.

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When ready to can the fruit have hot sterilized jars packed *full* of cleaned and prepared fruits, then fill jars to over-flowing with boiling hot syrup, adjust rubbers and covers to "partially seal", and sterilize *under* boiling water in wash boiler outfit according to time table given.

"Stretching" Fruits

Some fruits are so neutral in flavor that they may be used to advantage with other fruits, without detracting from either flavor or color. For example, apple juice will "stretch" the more expensive fruit juices for jellies. Its solid portion may act as a filler for other fruit jams. Again, rhubarb will help produce nearly twice as much strawberry marmalade, without lessening its delicate strawberry flavor or color. Thus you may use both rhubarb and apple in various combinations, so your more expensive fruits will go much further.

Valuable hints for making Jelly, Jam and Marmalade

All these products should be boiled rapidly to retain the best color. Large fruits used in marmalades should be thinly sliced. For jams, press berries through a sieve sufficiently fine to retain all seeds. Jams and marmalades should be made from both ripe and slightly under-ripe fruits, equal quantities of each, so that the finished product will have a jelly-like appearance.

All marmalades and jams should be allowed to cool before being placed in jars or glasses. This keeps the larger pieces in suspension, thereby giving a higher grade finished product.

All marmalades and jams should be allowed to cool before placing in jars or glasses. Fill glasses full. When cold, pour a thin layer of paraffin over the top.

KARO CANNING TIME TABLE

Kind of fruit	Size of Jars	Scald or blanch in boiling water	Jars standing 2 inches *under* boiling water
Apples, (cut)	Quarts	1½ minutes	12 minutes
Apricots	Quarts	1 to 2 minutes	16 minutes
Blackberries	Pints		12 minutes.
Blackcaps	Pints		12 minutes
Crab-apples	Quarts	1½ minutes	20 minutes
Cherries	Quarts		16 minutes
Gooseberries	Pints	1 minute	12 minutes
Grapes	Quarts		16 minutes
Huckleberries	Quarts		16 minutes
Peaches	Quarts	1 to 2 minutes	16 minutes
Pears	Quarts	1½ minutes	20 minutes
Pineapples	Pints	3 minutes	25 minutes
Plums	Pints		16 minutes
Quinces	Quarts	2 minutes	20 minutes
Raspberries	Pints		12 minutes
Strawberries	Pints		16 minutes

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AN·ILLUSTRATED·NEWS·WEEKLY·FOR·THE·HOME·
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Beneath the houses of modern Bagdad is an embankment of bricks, and each brick bears the name and titles of Nebuchadnezzar

Delving into Babylonian Ruins

New American School of Archeology Will Help to Increase Our Knowledge of the Bible by Uncovering Ancient Records

By EDGAR J. BANKS

THE first American to head an exploring expedition to Babylonia was the late William Hayes Ward, formerly the editor of the Independent. Dr. Ward did no excavating work in the mounds of the buried Babylonian cities, but he explored among them and paved the way for the expedition to Nippur from the University of Pennsylvania, of which Dr. John P. Peters was the first head. The only other American expedition to Babylonia went from the University of Chicago to Bismya; the present writer was the field director.

The expeditions to Nippur and Bismya were rich in results, but it now seems that the Ward expedition may be of the greatest permanent value. When Dr. Ward died in 1916 it was found that he had made a bequest providing for an archeological school in Mesopotamia, should the school be established within ten years of his death. His wish is about to be realized.

During the early months of 1920 Professor Albert T. Clay, the foremost of American Assyriologists, and one of the committee appointed to organize the archeological school in Mesopotamia, visited the ruins of Babylonia and Assyria, and arranged with the British Government and with the local authorities for the establishment of the school. Funds are now being solicited to add to the bequest of Dr. Ward. We may expect that soon American students will be studying in the old city of Bagdad, exploring among the unknown ruins, and recovering from them the ancient records which will give us a better knowledge of the Bible and Bible times.

THE average Bible student does not fully realize the immense importance of Babylonian excavation work. Recently I met a preacher who was a graduate of a college and theological seminary who had never seen or even heard of the cuneiform writing of the Babylonians. The Assyriologist is essentially a Bible student, and he is doing more than all others to give the world the true meaning of the Bible and a real picture of Bible times. The scenes of the greater part of Bible history were laid in Mesopotamia. It was of that land that the Genesis stories relate. There was the early home of the Hebrews. It was in the South Babylonian city of Ur of the Chaldees where Abram received the call to migrate to Canaan. At Harran, a city of North Mesopotamia, he and the colony with him lived for many years. When the Hebrews came to Canaan it was to Mesopotamia that the patriarchs sent their sons to find wives.

The early Hebrew literature, the early written language, the religious forms and customs and the mode of living were taken from Mesopotamia. After the Hebrew kingdom was established there was always intercourse with the mother country. Sometimes there was peace; more frequently there was war. It was Sargon, King of Assyria, who transported the people of North Israel to Mesopotamia and settled them in the Babylonian cities. It was Nebuchadnezzar, the great king of Babylon, who captured Jerusalem, and later destroyed the city, and carried the Jews into exile in Babylonia. Again for several generations the Hebrews lived in the Babylonian mother country. When they returned to Canaan they took back with them much of the late Babylonian culture.

So great was the Babylonian influence on the Hebrews that traces of the Babylonian temple worship may be seen in the ritual of the Jewish synagogue and even of the Christian Church to this day. The priesthood, the altar, the perpetually burning light, the responsive readings, the chants, all were borrowed from the Babylonian temple service. Therefore for the right understanding of the history of the Church, the Jewish synagogue, the Hebrew temple, and, above all, of the Bible itself, the work which the American School in Mesopotamia hopes to accomplish, is of extreme importance.

IT IS frequently asked if the work of excavation among the ruins of the buried cities of Assyria and Babylonia is not about completed. Already two expeditions have gone from America, two from France, three from Germany and several from England. Several cities have been partially excavated—Nineveh, Khorsabad, Nimrud and Assur in Assyria; Babylon, Nippur, Bismya, Tello, Sippar and others in Babylonia.

Are there still other mounds to be excavated? Stand on the summit of any mound in Central Babylonia, and look in any direction over the level plain, and you may count the ancient ruins by the score. They are so many that they are not marked on any map. There are literally thousands of them still unexplored. Many of them bear no names even among the Arabs who rove about them. Some of the mounds are so low that they are scarcely perceptible above the level of the plain, and yet the lowest of them may conceal treasures from the time of Abraham. Other mounds rise to the height of more than one hundred and fifty feet, and look like mountains rising from the plain. Centuries will pass and scores and scores of expeditions will be sent there before one-half of the buried treasures in the Mesopotamian mounds are recovered.

But is it certain that all of these mounds contain buried treasures? The answer to that question is an emphatic "Yes." Dig wherever you will in any Assyrian or Babylonian mound and you will find objects of interest and frequently of inestimable value. There are the walls of the houses and palaces and temples, the statues of the gods and kings, the innumerable votive vases and cones. There are bricks, many of which are inscribed. There are the graves with the treasures of silver and gold and copper buried with the dead. There are the sculptured slabs from the palace walls. In the ruins of the private houses are the household utensils, the farmers' implements, and even the toys of the children.

More numerous than all else are the clay tablets inscribed with the wedge-shaped writing of Babylonia. Perhaps writing was not then so common among the masses of the people as it is now in America, but the public and business and temple scribes were numerous, and the material on which they wrote was practically indestructible. The little inscribed clay tablets abound in practically all of the ruins.

Assyrian mounds near the Tigris

AN EXPERIENCE of my own illustrates the great numbers which exist where they are the least expected. While standing on the summit of the Bismya mounds, which I was excavating for the University of Chicago, my attention was frequently attracted to a mound about three hours, or ten miles, away to the northwest. By the refraction of the air the mound seemed much larger than it was, almost like a a mountain. One day I took some workmen and

visited it. It was called Drehem by the Arabs of the vicinity. The nearer we came to the mound the smaller it grew. When we reached it we found that it covered scarcely more than an acre, and that it was

A city gate at Assur

about forty feet in height. At the base of the mound we found a well laid up with bricks which were peculiar to the time just before Abraham. The ground was strewn with pottery fragments. Near by was the dry bed of an ancient canal. A couple of hours spent studying the place convinced me that the mound was nothing but the ruin of a watch tower from whose summit the ancient guards protected the traffic along the canal. It seemed to me that time spent in the excavation of this old fallen watch tower would be wasted.

Some years later I was in Bagdad at dinner with a native friend. The friend took me to a chamber which was crowded with reed baskets filled with small clay tablets. Never before, even in the great European museums, had I seen such hosts of tablets.

"They just came from Drehem, a little mound near Bismya," I was told.

It seemd incredible. Some of my own workmen had gone to Drehem to dig out the ancient bricks which were projecting from the surface. There were bricks in abundance, and when the outer wall was dug away, there were inscribed clay tablets in such quantities that it was difficult to guess their number. It is estimated that there were about 400,000 of them. Many of them were taken to the Louvre and the British Museum, and to Yale. Nearly 20,000 of them have passed through my hands and are now scattered among hundreds of museums and libraries and schools in America to serve as object lessons of the life and times of Abraham. Several thousands of them are still with me to remind me of the discovery I did not make, and of a ruin which I believed could yield nothing of value. A similar discovery was made at Jokha and at Tello farther south, and at Abu Habba in the north, and scores of similar discoveries will yet be made.

HOW did it happen that inscribed tablets and other objects were buried in such numbers in the ruins? To answer that question one must study the country, the architecture and the building materials of Mesopotamia. In old Babylonia there were few trees other than the date palm, the wood of which was almost worthless for building purposes. The country is a level alluvial plain, entirely without stones excepting along the edge of the Arabian plateau to the west.

But Babylonia abounds with clay of an exceedingly fine texture. Dig wherever you will and you will find an abundance of it. This is why the Babylonians made not only their houses of clay bricks, but they shaped the clay into drain-pipes, water-pipes, pots, sling-balls, statues, game-boards, dolls, toy animals, babies' rattles, household gods, clay coffins, bread ovens, beads, and into tablets on which they wrote their letters and kept their records. The houses were always of bricks, seldom burned, but generally sun-dried. The private house was a single story high, and across the top of its walls were laid the trunks of date trees to form the roof. Upon the date trunks was a thick layer of clay to stop up the cracks, or sometimes the clay was heaped up like a low dome that the rain water might flow from the roof.

The people who lived in these clay houses threw their discarded letters and business records into a pile in the corner of the room, for they could not burn them. The more treasured records were buried in pots beneath the clay floor. In the large merchantile houses and temples the records were piled up in heaps. Frequently war or pestilence or famine or drought compelled the people to migrate. Then they abandoned their clay houses. The piles of clay letters and business documents, with the other unnecessary objects, were left behind. Soon the date palm trunks of the roof decayed and broke. The clay of the roof then fell into the chamber and buried whatever had been left there. During the rains of winter the walls melted and flowed down, and the ruins of the house became a low mound of clay.

At a later time other people came and built their home on its ruins. The new house in its turn was abandoned, and it fell to make place for a third one. It was in this way that the Babylonian cities and the treasures in them were buried in their own ruins. They were not destroyed by earthquakes, or covered by drifting sands. The mounds are made up almost entirely of decomposed sun-dried bricks.

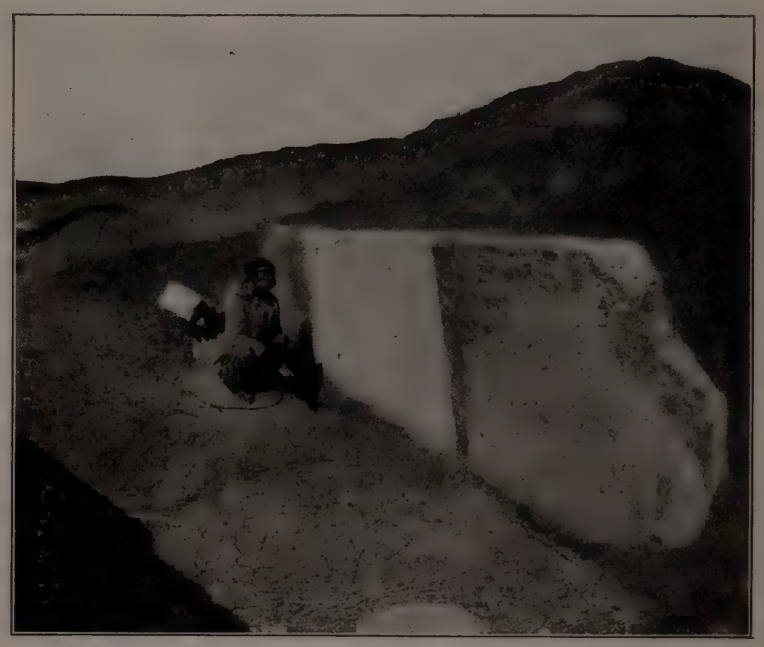
In some of the mounds which are but a few feet high most ancient objects are found on the surface; that is because the place was abandoned in very early times and has not been occupied since then. Other mounds rise to the height of more than a hundred feet. That is because the place has been occupied by many different houses, and the ruins of each house have added to its height as generation succeeded generation.

A SHAFT dug from the summit of the tallest mound down to its bottom reveals traces of the various peoples who have lived there. At the top near the surface you will find the pottery fragments and the glass beads of the modern Arabs. Beneath them are the coins of the more civilized Arabs of the time of the Arabian Nights. Still lower are the Hebrew bowls and other objects from the exiles who preferred to remain in Babylonia; then the coins of the Parthians, next the Persian, then the tablets and inscribed bricks of Nebuchadnezzar's time, then layer after layer from the various Babylonian dynasties back to the time of Abraham. Still lower are the records of the Sumerians, and then down at the bottom are the pottery fragments and stone implements of some prehistoric people whose names have been forgotten, and whose age can not be fixed.

Under the old Turkish rule it was next to impossible to obtain permission to excavate in Babylonia. It was the hardest thing that the excavator had to do. But now the British control Mesopotamia and the excavator will be welcomed as he has long been in Egypt. Though something like a million inscribed objects have been discovered in Mesopotamia, it may truly be said that the real work there is just about to begin, and what has been discovered is but little in comparison with what will be.

Of what practical value are the excavations in these buried cities, or why should we seek to find the records of the long-forgotten past? The question may be answered by any of several others. Of what value is the study of any ancient history? What is the use of studying astronomy or any other science? Of what value is any knowledge? Why study the Bible, or seek information to help understand it?

Once when I was about to give a series of lectures at a Southern assembly, Dr. George Stewart, the noted Birmingham preacher, in announcing the lectures to his audience of young people, said: "If you are not interested in the archeology of the Bible, don't tell any one, for it would be a sad reflection on the gray matter which is supposed to be in your heads."



Inscribed marble slabs on the walls of a chamber at Nimrod

Indian Folk Lore: The Wise Vizier

By EDNA A. COLLAMORE

AN EMPEROR, at practise with his sword,
Wounded himself with careless thrust or turn.
The courtiers, who feasted at his board,
Professed their great regret and deep concern.
The vizier only grieved not with the rest,
"Your majesty, all happens for the best."

The Emperor, enraged by this remark,
A-hunting next day with the vizier went.
In a dry well, deep in the forest dark,
He thrust the vizier that he might repent.
"Remember, Vizier," was his cruel jest,
"All things that happen, happen for the best."

But as the Emperor rode on alone,
Two mighty warriors before him stood.
They led him, prisoner, to the altar stone
Of an old temple in the ancient wood.
"Prepare to die upon the new moon's rise.
Kali demands a human sacrifice."

THE Emperor stood speechless, pale with fright,
While priests about his neck the garland bound;
But as the High Priest would perform his rite
His keen eyes rested on the recent wound.
"Will Mother Kali look on blemished dead!
Away—and find another in his stead."

Back through the forest rode the Emperor then,
And from the deep, dank well the vizier drew,
And begged his pardon, once and once again,
"Oh, Vizier, you were wiser than I knew.
But for the wound, I now were Kali's guest,
And all that happens, happens for the best."

"Your majesty," the smiling vizier said,
"I own you as the savior of my life,
For I, unblemished, would be lying dead,
Slain by the shining sacrificial knife,
Had not I found, within this well, safe rest.
All things that happen, happen for the best."

An Old-Fashioned Woman in Congress

She Considers Her Election an Answer to Prayer and Settles Public Questions on Her Knees

By ANNABEL LEE

THAT the new day of woman is at hand is emphasized in the matter-of-fact way in which Miss Alice Robertson, Oklahoma's Congresswoman, has been received in Washington.

Thinking directly to the heart of her problems and free from all fads, it is not surprising to find people saying that Miss Robertson, an anti-suffragist, has done more for the cause of woman in politics than all of the advocates of militancy put together. She is daily proving that women in politics are not necessarily emotional and impractically visionary.

All her life Miss Robertson has been accustomed to doing things and getting things. She comes from a line of sturdy pioneer missionary stock, fearless and with proper control of the emotions.

Small wonder then that the cause upon which she had set her heart and to which she had devoted so much of her energies—the welfare of the Indian—should be the thing she was best qualified to do in Congress and that she should be placed upon the Committee of Indian Affairs.

Miss Robertson believes in the power of prayer in politics and that "right will prevail."

"My election came in direct answer to prayer," she asserts, "and, God helping me and giving me strength, I will try to make good.

"My platform contained and announced my politics and creed. It read: 'I am a Christian. I am an American. I am a Republican.'" And on these simple declarations of faith, she believes, "hang all the law and the prophets.

"WOMAN'S only excuse for being in politics," she says, "is to work for a better and cleaner government, to tell the truth, to do justice to all and to refrain from bitterness, following the Great Exampler who, 'when He was reviled, reviled not again.'"

"My advice to women is to learn politics. You have got to learn your new responsibility of citizenship. Go to your precinct and your ward meetings; learn what is going on there, for if you do not interest yourselves in what is going on there, you have no right to complain of what your government is or is not doing.

"Your precinct is the place to begin reforms rather than in the halls of Congress. I don't believe that much for the home can be done by national legislation. I made up my mind before I came to Washington that I was going to sit back for awhile and listen and see how things are run here before I resorted to political speeches—and vote on the side of right when the time came. I hope to be fearless to do the right always. When God didn't give me big things to do, I tried to do the little ones well.

"I started out in Oklahoma to interest women in Government activities even while I opposed suffrage. I founded a string of Woman Must Know societies for studying government, and I am still of the opinion that if women spent in studying government the time they spend in playing bridge they could clean up the old parties when they get into them. The greatest need of America today is an awakened personal conscience, and no government can rise beyond its source in the ward or the precinct.

"While I will not undertake to say that it is wrong for a woman to play bridge, I will say that it is the very height of injustice for the courts to fine boys for 'shooting craps' in the alleys and at the same time to ignore drawing-room gambling, for gambling is as bad in one form as in another. It is indeed the public conscience that must be aroused and now that we have suffrage we shall be worse or better for it, just as we are willing or unwilling to be guided by the pure instincts that God puts in a woman and are not controlled by selfishness and over emotionalism.

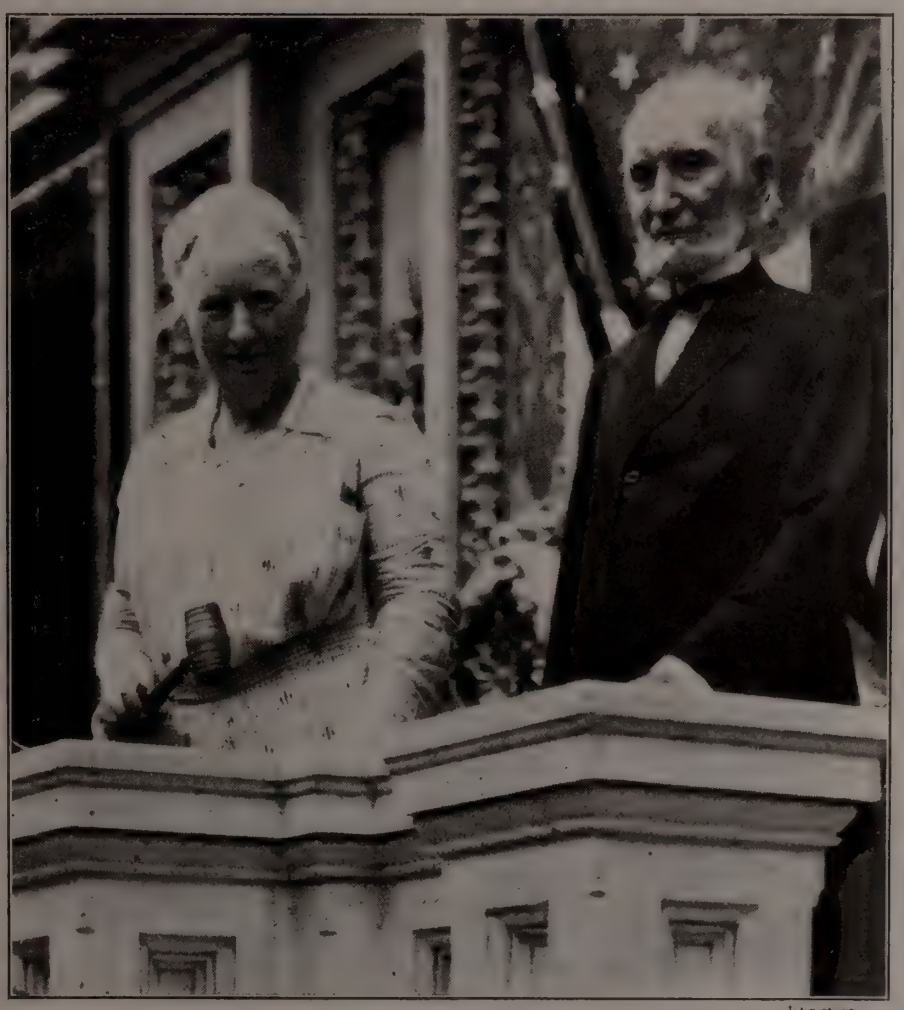
"I don't know whether I am going to like my new job or not, but I was always a plucky coward. I did things because I was afraid not to, and I shall try to do what I can to bring about simple living and honesty in law-making. As I have neither a political past nor political ambitions, I may be able to get away with the job.

"When the men in my district urged me to run for Congress on the ground that I was the only one who could beat the Democratic candidate, I fought the problem out with myself on my knees. That is precisely the way I am doing with problems in Congress, and I don't think I am the only one who settles public questions on his or her knees. There is more of that in America today than most people admit."

ONE cannot spend an hour with Miss Robertson without being impressed with her idealistic character, but with it there is a practical common sense and judgment that augur well for her new career. She frankly credits her success to recognition of the culmination of the work of twenty-five ancestors among the Indians in the past ninety-five years.

Miss Robertson is unlike the traditional politician in appearance and describes herself as a "plain, old-fashioned woman who has always done a man's work."

Her hair is silvered with the passing of her sixty-seven years, but you would never think of her as anything but middle-aged, with a keen sense of humor and the enthusiasm of youth itself. Her voice is low and well modulated, and so clearly does she enunciate that she has no difficulty in making her sound ideas heard. Her eyes are blue and she looks at you with a reserve until satisfied that you are in earnest, then all of the straightforwardness of her goes into her conversation. She is modestly gowned in black or blue and has the manner of one who dresses carefully and straightway forgets her clothes.



Miss Alice Robertson presiding over a session of the House of Representatives with "Uncle Joe" Cannon as her mentor

Her simple unostentatious religious fervor has already influenced politics in her own state, for men always bow reverently before a religion that is practiced in perfect faith, and around the national Capitol there is real veneration and admiration for her. The members of Congress know her big heart and brain and hold her as a sister or mother in their regard.

IN POLITICAL heredity she is a typical Roosevelt product. Many years ago she came East to the Lake Mohonk conferences to speak about the needs of the Oklahoma Indians. She was conscious at first of only a blur of faces, but finally a face separated itself from the others and Miss Robertson found herself addressing that one understanding face. Her address finished, the attentive listener made his way to her side.

"I could not wait for a formal introduction," he said. "I just had to tell you how fine I thought your talk was. Your views on Indian education are mine also."

It was Theodore Roosevelt, then United States Civil Service Commissioner, and twelve years later he named Miss Robertson as Postmistress of Muskogee, a position she held for more than eight years. She was the first woman in the United States to be put in charge of a first-class post office and was the highest salaried woman in the Government service at the time.

"Back in the old days," said Miss Robertson, "when things were not going as nicely as now, President Roosevelt helped me greatly. My mother was an invalid and I had to be with her much of the time. He made me postmistress of Muskogee, so I could attend to mother and keep the postoffice too. It was one of the best jobs in Indian Territory, and others wanted it, but he told me I should hold it as long as he was President, and he kept his word."

While her presentation of the Indian problems first attracted Colonel Roosevelt's admiration, her efficient service in helping to fit out and recruit the Rough Rider regiment in the conflict with Spain increased his esteem. He once paid this tribute to her: "Wherever Alice Robertson is, whatever her surroundings, she is one of the great women of America."

Miss Robertson's patriotic services during the World War quite equalled those during the Spanish-American war. When mobilization began, trainload after trainload of soldiers passed through Muskogee on their way to the many training-camps in Texas. She did not wait for Red Cross funds or assistance, but loaded her automobile with sandwiches made from her own home-baked ham and met every troop train. She would not permit a man in uniform to pay for a meal in her restaurant, and more than 5,000 of them accepted her hospitality.

PERHAPS the story of her future may be found in her past. To begin with she is a Daughter of the American Revolution, entitled to wear a barred badge denoting five fighting ancestors. Miss Robertson was born in 1854 at the old Tullahassee Mission, within ten miles of Muskogee. She is the granddaughter of the Rev. Mr. Worcester, who was a pioneer missionary to the Indians in Georgia before they were driven to the Indian Territory. Her grandfather's efforts to enlighten the Indians stirred powerful enmities against him, and he was sentenced to a four-year term in the Georgia penitentiary, scorning an offer of pardon if he would abandon his efforts for the Indians. After serving one year and a half of his term, he was freed by a decision of the United States Supreme Court and soon thereafter moved his family to the new home of the Cherokees in Indian Territory. He set up a printing press at Park Hill, where he published a paper for the Indians and printed religious books in their tongue. Here his daughter married Rev. William S. Robertson, also a missionary, who devoted his entire life to missionary work for the Creek tribes.

Miss Robertson's mother was well-educated and ambitious, and translated the Bible into the language of the Cherokees and Creeks while Alice was a child. The girl grew up in an atmosphere of service to humanity and was sent to Elmira College, New York, where she was graduated with a Master's degree. After this she worked for a time as a clerk in the Indian Bureau at Washington and then returned to her home to take up the work of her ancestors by founding the Henry Kendall College at Tulsa, an outgrowth of her Boarding School for Girls. In the early eighties, she raised funds among her eastern friends to build Nuyaka Mission in the Creek Nation and supervised its erection, and was for years Government Supervisor of the Creek Indian Schools. In 1885 she was called to Muskogee by the Mission Board to take charge of a boarding school for girls of the Five Indian Tribes and raised funds for the buildings and for scholarships for girls without money. These girls were taught the arts of cooking, sewing and general housework in addition to their other studies so that as wives and homemakers or as teachers they now exert their influence through the farms of the Five Tribes.

Then the scope of the school was widened to include the Indian boys who wanted an education in a Christian school, and in the fall of 1894 the Presbyterian School for Girls was raised to college standard under the name of the Henry Kendall College and opened

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The Symbol of Sacrifice

A Romance of Missionary Service

By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

IT SEEMED to Claire Grantham that her heart stopped beating for a matter of seconds when Stephen's familiar triple ring sounded at the door that night. She had known he would come—known and feared it.

His name "Dr. Stephen Patterson" had stared at her all week from the notice board outside the church, advertising the farewell missionary service to be held in his honor. He had arrived here in his home town only at noon from missionary headquarters in the city. He came to tea, just as he always used to of old, but now it seemed less grudgingly welcomed by the family, as though the thing they had feared had passed away.

It was after the meal that the past obtruded, when he asked her to attend the service, and she refused.

He took it in silence, to say at last: "You really won't come then, Claire?"

Was it the appeal of his voice, or that dumb misery in his eyes that touched her? It was a momentary impulse though. She told herself, half angrily, that it was not fair of him to expect her to attend this service which represented the thing that had come between.

"No, Stephen. I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry too, Claire," he said gravely. "It's our—our last Sunday night together, Claire. I was hoping, maybe——"

He turned, squared his shoulders with seeming effort, and she saw him pass through the door. That peculiar athletic springiness had gone from his step, as though the mental burden had rea ted leadenly upon his physical being. It reminded her, this silent retreat of his, of that time she had let him go from her on another Sunday evening, two long years ago, when he had asked, with a sudden fierce impulsiveness, the question she had hesitated to face, and when he was half way down the steps she had thrown aside all hesitation and called to him in a little low cry wrung from her heart, and he had come slowly back, with the light of hope dawning in his eyes . . .

How much better, she told herself now, how much better if she had let him go that time . . .

THE sound of the closing of the front door was followed by his familiar footsteps on the gravel walk, to be merged at last with those of the crowds from all parts of the town heading churchward for the evening service. He had delayed his going until the last moment, hopefully.

Claire tried to interest herself in a book, and failing, rose impatiently. On an escritoire near at hand her eye caught sight of a familiar letterhead—Stephen had inadvertently left it there. She knew in that moment that the sacred symbol which was worked into the lithographed design had become almost—hateful to her. A cross; a cross of sacrifice! Underneath was a scroll-like motto; it stared up, challengingly, at her. She read the letter again. It ended:

> "Your passage has been arranged by S-S Cormorant sailing from New York on the 20th direct for South African ports. Please report to this office, in readiness to leave for New York, on the 18th at the latest."

Two days only now; then Stephen would go, and she would be left behind. Better—far better that she should have sent him away that night two years ago; better and easier for them both. Had she not known then that this was his life purpose—that his medical course was preparatory to the mission field? And she had thought her influence, her persuasion, her love would surely hold him back.

That motto worried her: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

That might be all right for others—but not for Stephen—for Stephen who had such rosy prospects if he stayed at home—home comforts; social position; and the lucrative practice that would come to one of his ability.

He had no right to go.

The voice of the bells calling worshippers to the evening service ceased. Somewhere in the house a clock struck the hour of seven. Over in the church he and she had attended for years they would be holding a farewell service for Stephen—her Stephen. And she was not there.

"It's our last Sunday together, Claire——" that was what he had said.

SHE went to the window and threw open the shutter. Shades of evening were bringing coolness. Touched by the sunset the church steeple was tipped with gold, and every window a thing of burnished copper. Just ten minutes' walk. She could still make it. The vision of foliage and buildings and the church was dimmed; some hidden spring had been touched. She almost ran to put on her hat.

It took longer to get ready and to the church than she had thought, her fingers refusing to act nimbly, as though all suppleness had departed. Stephen was speaking when she got there; his voice, rich, melodious, quiet, with none of the tricks of the orator, yet held a simple eloquence that thrilled his auditors. Claire slipped unnoticed into a seat where a pillar shaded her.

"The Path of the Cross"—that was his subject. He did not speak of his own sacrificial spirit, but represented earnestly, compellingly, the challenge of a spiritually hungry world—pressing upon his hearers the challenge of the Cross.

Afterwards they sang. It seemed to Claire she had never heard such singing there before; for, after all, the power of mere volume is subordinate to that of heart power.

They did not talk. It was a moment rather for silence; a time when the shadow of decision—or parting—lay over them.

She did not sing; her eyes were on Stephen up there on the platform beside the benevolent figure of old Doctor Grayson, the minister. Stephen did not sing either; it seemed to the girl that into the fervor of spiritual exaltation had come that dumb misery that had smitten her before; that even now Stephen was enduring the cross. She stepped, unthinkingly, from the shadow of the pillar the better to see him, some urge of sympathy upon her; his eyes met hers. He went white, and then it seemed that his lips were unstopped. She knew he was singing to her. It was the last verse they were singing then, the words of which could never again be banished from her memory.

> "God be with you till we meet again,
> Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
> Smite death's threatening wave before you:
> God be with you till we meet again."

TILL they met again! Where—when? She knew now she had not faced that question fully; that some hope had still been in her heart that her stubborn resistance would save him for her—save him for himself, his career at home. She had never accepted a ring nor allowed a definite engagement to be announced, some fear holding her. Her mind ran to that time when she had felt at last her own impotence, and in anger that none the less held determination, she had told him:

"If you will go, you'll go alone. You must choose between me—and this!"

He had chosen. Friendship remained; indeed his love for her had not failed—of that she was inwardly sure. And yet there was this barrier of her own raising, and now, as she watched the people crowding around him, and his brave smiles of farewell, she felt how far apart from him she had been. Had been, because now the memory of that last verse as he sang it facing her made her heart a-throb with the same wild, genuine passion of emotion she had felt that time when she had recalled him to the steps two years ago.

"My dear, what a wonderful man he is!" It seemed that on every hand folk were saying that to each other. She had not thought of Stephen as a hero so much as a fanatic in this affair.

Stephen—quiet, steady-going Stephen—a hero! She knew tonight that he was. No flaunting of banners, no martial music, just the simple farewell of those who had known him and loved him and now rejoiced, even while they sorrowed at their own loss, that the crown of his manhood was to be the crown of sacrifice.

HE SEEMED to know she would be waiting for him. After the last farewells of the people were over, he found her just outside the church porch, standing in the shadow of an ancient elm. He slipped an arm into hers and they walked the familiar homeward way as they had done so many times. It was as though the estrangement had never come.

They did not talk. It was a moment rather for silence; a time when the shadow of decision—or parting—lay over them. And so at last to the creeper-covered porch, whose white colonial pillars seemed like familiar friends, speaking of the old days.

"Claire!"

"Yes, Stephen."

Her voice trembled; some passionate thing was urging her towards what her reason still tried to term indiscretion. If he should ask again, what should she say? All her life had been lived in familiar surroundings, without lack of any creature comfort, with indulgent parents upon whom one might lean. She trembled lest he should speak; and again lest he shouldn't speak.

"Claire!" came a call.

Not Stephen's voice this time; her mother's, with Mrs. Grantham herself framed in a suddenly lighted doorway.

"Yes, mother?"

"It's too cool to stay out there."

"We'll be in in just a minute, mother."

"I want you to come in now." Decision shaped itself on Mrs. Grantham's mouth. She made no offer to go until she had their company. Tradition and habit held; Claire capitulated, Stephen followed quietly behind.

MRS. GRANTHAM had played a safe game. The moment of crisis was past. Inside, the familiar room, with its people, and its conversation and its commonplaces, brought Claire back to a realization of the things she had nearly done. And yet Stephen was going—tonight. To hear the family speak of it he might have been taking a month's trip to Europe. Mrs. Grantham knew what she was about.

She had never believed in foreign missions—still less since Stephen's advent had threatened to take her daughter from her.

In the end, though, Stephen had his moment when they went to the gate together and watched the folk coming in four cars to escort Stephen to the station. But the dampening influence of the last hour had told. No question trembled on his lip.

"Some day perhaps things will—change—Claire. If they do, if ever you should feel differently—I want you to know there'll never be anybody else for me—never!"

He misinterpreted her silence.

"I wouldn't want, though, Claire to spoil your life

If—if the right one should come, I want you to know, too, that you will always have my—friendship—and best wishes. Perhaps you'll write now and then?"

They were coming down the street now—the folk to take him away; only a moment—and the thing that struggled within her could find no expression.

"Good-bye, Claire."

She felt his hand grip hers, and knew he was gone, and yet she could not speak, or act, or see . . .

She found her way in past the old familiar pillars that seemed to stand in stiff reproach.

MORNING brought sane reflection; and reflection brought a thrill of hope.

"There will never be anyone else for me—never!" That was what he had said. She knew he meant it—or it would not have been Stephen.

"He'll be back again. Just a few years while I can have my fling of life here, and then if he wants me still to go, I'll know better where I stand. That's just what mother thinks, too. It's very romantic and all, his going, but it wouldn't make life out there any less monotonous and—terrible." She told this to her mirror, and the delightful reflection there smiled back. In the morning it is easy to be optimistic. The statement was rather a businesslike one for such an affair, but then in the morning, too, one may more easily be businesslike.

Claire tripped downstairs to breakfast, whistling. Mrs. Grantham hearing, smiled her approval, and nodded satisfaction to Mr. Grantham, who was much too busy with his bacon and eggs, and the financial page propped up before him, to notice.

Many things may be charged against Claire's disposition; against her mode of thinking at this time. Opposite these must be reckoned the influence of a home in which religion ceased to be taken seriously the moment its boundaries of comfort were overstepped; against these, too, a life of sheltered ease and luxury, and a philosophy both inherited and nurtured by conditions, that said, if not in so many words: "Don't do anything that isn't normal, and everything will come out very well in the end. Meanwhile be happy!"

Stephen was hers—though temporarily separated; there was a sense of security in this that was lulling. She came more and more to accept that as the hour went by. And the town, ringing with the praises of this native son, extolling his ability and his heroism threw about her a certain romance, a sense of reflected glory. Whenever she heard folks speaking of him, she wanted to say: "Yes, Stephen and I are to all intents engaged; we haven't decided just *when*—because he feels it his duty to try out life in Africa before he sends for me." That would have sounded very well. She adopted however, merely an attitude in keeping . . .

And then his wire came.

> "Not sailing by Cormorant as expected. Africa cancelled. Anxious discuss new plans with you. Arriving home Saturday morning."

MINGLED with the sudden warm emotion that swept her, was a singular, cold chill. Stephen not going after all! Stephen, of whom the town had made a hero, for whom the farewell had been held, coming back!

What would people say?

Claire felt that she should have rejoiced that he had done this for her; she saw through it well enough, knew that her pleading, her love, her influence had not been in vain. And yet, there was this keen sense of disappointment in him. In the escritoire still lay that letter, with its symbol of sacrifice, with its message of the Cross. It made her uncomfortable—and Claire disliked discomfort in any form.

What would people say? How should she walk down the street with him, and watch their faces, and penetrate, by intuition, their thoughts of him—and of her?

She could wire him not to come!

Besides there was a good excuse. Daphne Rodden's house-party was this week-end. She had promised to go. Daphne's house parties were always gay occasions. Claire felt the need of just such relaxation now. Daphne would motor over for her Saturday morning early, to take her to the great house just fringing the suburbs of the city.

Impulsively she wired him: "Don't come. Will write you beginning of week. Meanwhile advise new plans by mail."

She summoned Estelle, the maid.

"Estelle, you pass the telegraph office on the way to the 'Starland,' don't you? I wish you'd send this wire for me."

Estelle always went on Friday nights to the movies at the "Starland." She was dressed now awaiting her usual escort. She took the message and the money, and thrust them into her handbag. Barry Briggs, the postman, who formed her usual escort, spoke his long-waited-for words that night in the cool dusk, on the way to the 'Starland.' For Estelle telegrams and responsibilities ceased to exist. The message lay snugly in her bag.

THE house-party was a huge success, if Saturday evening's dance was to be taken as any criterion. The infectious gaiety into which Claire plunged wholeheartedly, wilfully, took her mind off those things which troubled her. And Claire's nature was to postpone the evil day.

In the whirl of pleasure Claire was scarcely conscious of a fact patent to everyone else.

Someone remarked to Daphne Rodden: "Look at Claire, my dear, and Oris Holter. I should think her friend Stephen Patterson's going would have meant something more to her?"

Daphne's eyebrows raised.

"Friend?" she echoed.

"Well, she's not engaged to him anyway, is she?"

"If she's not," said Daphne, "she ought to be. They've been going together all these years. I can't get anything out of her—she won't talk about it at all. It's my own opinion Claire is coming to realize that she's not cut out for a missionary's wife. Fancy the interior of Africa—ugh! Heat, and niggers, and snakes and what not! Anyway Oris does seem to be making a hit."

Stephen, indeed, had never used such wiles as Oris now. Stephen was too direct, too ingenuous, too serious perhaps, for wiles. But Oris was fascinating.

Continued on page 592

Christianity in a Business Office

"CAN a successful business man be a successful Christian?" seems pretty conclusively answered in this remarkable self-analysis by Joseph A. Richards. Mr. Richards is the head of one of the most important advertising agencies in the country, and is one of its well-known laymen. The article is one in a series by business men telling what their religion means to them.

By JOSEPH A. RICHARDS

"SIMON PETER, servant" says the first verse of the first chapter of II Peter—"Simon Peter, servant of Jesus Christ," and that is the way I desire to have it stand concerning me—Joseph A. Richards, servant—servant of Jesus Christ, at the age of 62, and looking back on the infinite mercy of God displayed constantly through every one of those years.

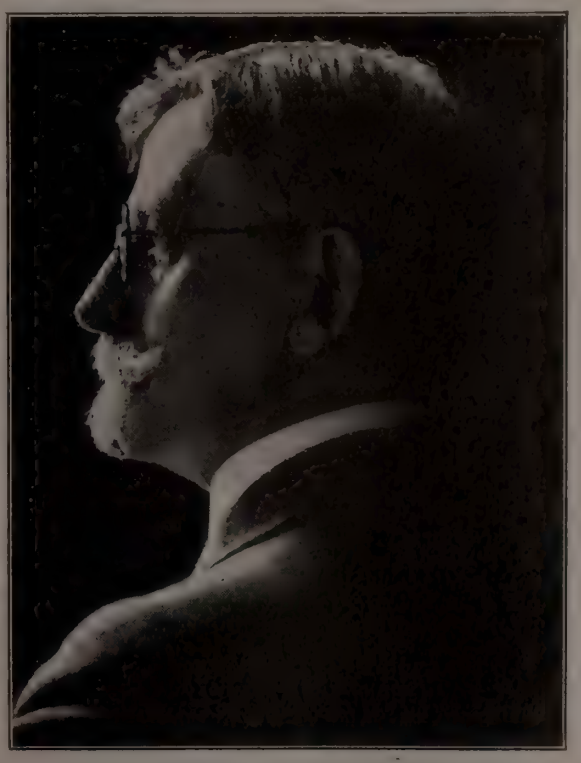
Indeed I have been accustomed for some time to say to my seat-mate on the New York subway, no matter who he may be, when he lifts his eye a moment from his newspaper: "Pardon me, sir, but would you permit me to pass along a little bit of good news which we don't get in the newspaper." After he has looked me up and down and given me consent to say on, I say: "It is just this, sir: 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' I have believed that ever since I was eleven years old and it has made life for me and I like to pass it on."

Sometimes he is glad, sometimes he is almost mad and sometimes he is dumb with ignorance or with indifference. But I feel that in so doing I am a servant, a servant of Jesus Christ, for believing on Him has made life for me. Yes, I do like to pass it on. No, not that I like to break through the proper reserve which a man rightly feels in the presence of strangers, but there is a man who may be lost and Jesus Christ died for lost men—so I say it, and thus I like to, and many happy experiences I have had doing so.

But, here am I launched on a statement the like of which I never made before and which I hesitated to make at all until the other day I read with special illumination that verse in Matthew, "Let your light *so* shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." At the request of the editor and in obedience to Scripture I am letting this my light shine *so* that it may, yes it will—I never before realized that it was possible for a man to hold up a light to glorify the face of Jesus Christ. But that is what the Word says, isn't it? "Glorify your Father which is in Heaven" and my Father which is in Heaven can be glorified by me only by my throwing light on the thorn-scarred, compassionate face of His Beloved Son.

ARE there any good works of mine that can cause a reader of this paper to see the love of God in that wondrous face? If so, remember that He Himself is the only worker of good works in any of us. "For it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of His good pleasure."

I have always believed in being an out-and-outer. "I know whom I have believed" and in my young manhood I was given lessons in adding to my faith, virtue, or manly courage. My father and mother and two or three of my pastors started me in the study of the Word, and the Bible is bread and milk and good strong meat, and I like it. Fishing has been my spiritual exercise—a fisher of men—but I'm not proud of my catch, but I do rejoice over some trophies of the hook and line method of fishing. The president of an advertising agency, I have not hesitated to cast my line over my own desk at the business man who sat at the other side, and prayer in my office has been a great refreshment to me.



JOSEPH A. RICHARDS

As a director in the National Bible Institute, years ago, I was glad to stand in Madison Square and proclaim the riches of God's grace to the crowds who would stop to listen. Oh, what a luxury that was (I cannot do it now, for I ruined my throat at it), but I well remember the test of courage that came to me when they wanted me to speak right opposite my own office door in the Tribune Building in City Hall Park. Pride said, "Your business associates will discount your good judgment" and Christ said, "Confess me before men" and Christ got the victory.

I generally have two Bible classes a week through most of the year and if my classes get half as much joy from the weekly exercise as I do, as a steward of the manifold grace of God, why, I am additionally rejoiced.

BUT the editor asked some definite questions that he thought a man of my age and business experience might be able to answer. One of the questions was, "Has religion any influence in the business office?"

Well, I am sure that our office has been a pleasanter place to do business because many of us have recognized the power of Christ in one another. The very lady who is taking these notes at this moment received the Lord Jesus as the result of a straight appeal in the office sometime ago and our fellowship has been blessed all the years since. Almost every one who has been associated with our business has had Christ presented to him as the Giver of life and the Saviour of the soul, and time and time again I have had men and women say to me that our office was a pleasant place in which to work.

The editor has asked: "Can a man make a success in business and still be a Christian?" I have never attributed to myself any great capability for the advertising business which has so happily absorbed a good deal of my attention, but of one thing I am very sure, that whereas I have daily asked God to help me in my tasks, I have found His help always present. We have had our ups and downs in this business, which my godly father founded in 1874, and we have made our share of mistakes, quite likely, but we have come through with the respect of our neighbors and the satisfaction of having always tried to do a good job, as though the Lord were looking on. Indeed, as the Word says, "As unto God and not unto man."

And now, as I said before, this is an entirely unusual statement and I pray that I may have been so letting my light shine, that those who read this testimony may glorify my Father which is in Heaven.

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

Helping Russia

EVERY reader of the Christian Herald will rejoice in the news that a way has been found to help stricken Russia. In her extremity she has appealed to the United States to save her from the appalling disaster that seems to be impending. Famine, cholera and fever are steadily increasing the number of their victims. To avert the "hunger death" before it reaches tidal-wave proportions, it will be imperative to act quickly. The American Relief Administration which has never failed to respond to the call of human suffering, is now preparing to enter on one of the greatest campaigns it ever has undertaken, and with Secretary Hoover in charge of the work we have the best guarantee that it will be managed skilfully, expeditiously, and—let us hope—with triumphant success.

Many years ago, while famine was raging in sixteen Russian provinces, the United States proffered help which was sorely needed by that afflicted country. The steamship Leo, chartered by the Christian Herald, loaded with flour to make bread for the starving population and with medical supplies and delicacies for the sick, landed at Riga. The cargo was wholly the gift of Christian Herald readers. It was distributed by committees and the result, as the official records show, was the saving of thousands of lives. The present famine, however, is a far greater problem, being as extensive, if not even more so, in its area and in the multitudes of sufferers, as that in China, which has just been relieved through America's splendid generosity.

China has always been our friend. Russia, too, though for the last three years she has been at war with organized government throughout the world. In her madness she has lost sight of the means of subsistence. Industry's wheels have ceased to revolve, and agriculture has been almost wholly neglected. Now, as an inevitable result, the forces of terrorism with which she had hoped to conquer have met a greater force with an invincible leader, General Hunger, whose armies, millions strong, are now sweeping resistlessly through the land. There is no power on earth that can check the frenzy of those starving hordes. Even the soldiers sent to halt them, softened by the spectacle of suffering, seemed to have made common cause with them and refused to add to their misery. And the famishing masses sweep onward, plundering towns and even devouring raw horseflesh, and stripping the country as bare of food as the locust swarms strip it of grass and leaf.

With abundant funds at his disposal and with wide experience in dealing with the relief of suffering, Mr. Hoover has an opportunity to add to his laurels by the Russian Relief Campaign. He will have the prayers and best wishes of our people for success, but the task is so huge that no other nation than America, the world's Almoner, is capable of undertaking a work, the very magnitude of which appalls. Yet we believe that it will be carried through successfully. And should the need arise, the Christian Herald, which has never failed to respond to the call to duty, will gladly give all the aid at its command.

Teaching Through Events

THAT God sometimes teaches men great truths through events themselves, rather than through the lens of the statesman or the publicist, is a fact which is seldom sufficiently emphasized. It is, therefore, all the more encouraging to find that this aspect of the case is being seriously considered, especially with reference to the lessons we may draw from the late war, and the conditions that now prevail throughout the world.

In a recent gathering in Williamstown, Mass., of international leaders in public thought and education, Chief Justice Taft spoke of the "good the war has done." It has changed the international mind and the psychology of the people, he declared, and has impressed all the world with the inevitable interdependence of people and countries, and the necessity for recognizing and acting upon it, if the world is to progress at all.

This is nothing more than the old, simple truth that the human race is one great family, and that to act according to the will of the beneficent Creator we must live at peace with each other, in relations of friendship and mutual good-will. This is the lesson taught by the Scriptures and by the prophets, who foreshadowed the coming day when such relationship would be fully realized.

If, then, we rightly grasp the lessons of the war, we must see that the first to be taught is that selfish, destructive ambition for world conquest fails, as it always fails, and those who cast their fortunes with it go down in the crash. As to our future status, if we read the next lesson aright, it must be the cultivation by every available means, of friendly relations with all nations. This is the path of brotherhood and good-will and it has been clearly indicated by events, rather than by any other modern political or sociological teaching.

President Lowell of Harvard, speaking in a similar vein, held that one of our national tasks is the enlightenment of other nations concerning the duty of moral responsibility, of honest, conscientious, even magnanimous treatment in their dealings with each other. No true American will ever regret our generous course in Cuba and in China; in the first, the surrender of Cuba to its people after we had established good conditions politically and physically; and in the second the return of the Boxer indemnity in China, thereby notifying the world in both instances that we had set our faces in opposition to power without responsibility. This sense of responsibility, national and international, should find emphasis in the coming Conference for Disarmament, as it is based upon the idea of peaceful, orderly conduct among nations, with a due regard to justice and consideration for each other's rights.

President Garfield of Williams College, who also took the forward-looking attitude in his address, pointed out still another outcome of the war which held a practical lesson. While in the past isolation had been necessary to our growth and development, he held that now we see a new conception of our relations to the world. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The great war made this clear, and we must share the burden of the new responsibility.

Unquestionably the new angle of vision of which these thinkers spoke will be communicated to countless other minds. It is not a scientific or philosophic discovery. It is simply a result of the great object lessons God is giving to the world through events, the significance of which lies within the comprehension of the average man or woman. Wars, discrownings, revolutions, pestilences stand out in contrast with noble deeds of helpfulness and sympathy. And the lessons cannot be fully learned, save by those who have qualified through struggle and suffering.

A Free Tie

A PRESS notice from Kansas, mentioning a certain town, says:

"The school patrons have grown tired of the great display that is being made of fashionable attire at school; a display so great that many poor girls have, through humiliation in many classes, quit school in the towns and cities throughout the state. A meeting has been called and a uniform style of dress adopted for the girls beginning the first of next October. The uniform will be on display in the store windows. A committee of seven ladies has designed it as follows: regulation white middy with detachable blue collar and cuffs; plaited navy blue wool skirt twelve inches from the floor. Stockings cotton, lisle or wool; shoes with Cuban or military heel in brown or black. Tie any color preferred."

Which leads to the following comment, supposing that the press notice records a historical fact:

As happened before with Prohibition, Bone-Dry, Sky-Blue Laws, Industrial Courts and other reforms, Kansas steps into the film light with a new style of reform dress. Other communities, jealous of Kansas and her place on the front page next to reading matter, have discussed, and some of them have actually adopted for High School and other commencements, some form of attractive but inexpensive garb for young ladies about to go out into the world to dress just as they like. But Kansas is the first state, so far as we know, to prescribe a uniform school dress where a "tie any color preferred" is a part of the regulation of the school board.

This saving clause still leaves Kansas in the list of free communities. The members of the school may all look alike "twelve inches from the floor." But what a rainbow of possible color and taste above the "white middy!" Helen can wear a tie of mauve; Jennie can choose heather blue; Alice is free to wear rose red; Sarah a modest gray; Mary can flame out in royal purple; Genevieve can get her father to send to New York for heliotrope dashed with lavender; Lucile can be patriotic and wear red, white and blue; Olive may appear with pure white, or a delicate shade of sea green; Agnes may try to eclipse all the others with a tie of Japanese gold; Hortense can relieve her uniform with flamingo stripes or peacock feather effects; Gwendolyn will be able to appear adorned under her chin with Minerva heliotrope or Cleopatra Nile green.

Three cheers for the Kansas School board, which leaves the "tie any color preferred" optional to the school girls. It is to be hoped, however, that this privilege will not result in a great increase in tardiness, as Helen and Alice and Hortense may be tempted to linger longer than is safe before the looking-glass, giving the last finishing touches to the "tie, any color preferred." We earnestly commend to the committee of seven ladies who designed the uniform that they take this possibility under grave consideration. It deserves careful thought.

The Children and Ourselves

WHEN Froebel wrote his famous motto, "Come, let us live for the children," he builded better than he knew. As we look upon the face of childhood and realize that the responsibility of character-forming in that little being rests largely with ourselves; that its endowments will be either good or evil according as we stamp upon the tender minds our own imprint—when we are thus conscious of the power of example, we can then begin to understand our own need of readjustment and spiritual cleansing before we essay such a task.

Nothing that lives is so pure as the heart of a child. It is unconscious of evil; its love is wholly unselfish; its friendships are artless and genuine; its pleasures are unalloyed; its trustfulness dreads no deceit. Those early years are the best for the beginnings of soul training, first at the mother's knee and, later, at the Family Altar. Those who have knelt with age and youth together, and have heard the simple, confident petition lisped by the youngest capable of worship, can never forget that prayer.

"Suffer the little ones to come unto Me," said Jesus, when the disciples were about to restrain the mothers who had set them before Him. We seem to see Him gathering that little group closer to His breast and gazing thoughtfully into their earnest, wondering faces, before looking up to the disciples and saying those memorable words which are the divine charter of childhood: "Forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Have your children with you when you meet around the Family Altar. Tell them of God, of the Babe of Bethlehem, of Heaven and the angels. Tell them why Christ came to the world, and that He has promised to be with them as Friend and Comforter. Take them to church with you as soon as they can understand. Plant the foundation firm and strong in these young minds, and He Who has promised will not fail to keep them during all the years.

Table Suicide

WHILE over 3,000,000 human beings have been hungry in Central Europe since the war, and over 15,000,000 in China, and millions more in other parts of the world have been living on the smallest quantity of food necessary to maintain life, the people of the United States since the war have been "digging their graves with their teeth," and shortening life while adding to the hours spent at the table.

Gout and diabetes are almost unknown in Germany and Belgium, because the people in those countries had to practice a very simple diet during the war and are still living on plain and scanty food. In America, even during the war, there was little real self-denial in the matter of food, and since all restriction was taken off, gluttony has become the national sin of the physical life, just as greed in the market-place has become the sin of the nation in its commercial activity.

Gout, diabetes, kidney troubles, and arterial diseases are increasing with great rapidity, according to medical authorities, and the cause is over indulgence at the table. People are eating vast quantities of sugar in candy, and in sweetmeats. Enormous quantities of rich pastry and puddings are consumed in the big hotels. Fat and pursy citizens line the walls of the hotel lobbies, and the expensive restaurants are crowded at night with the swarms of theater-goers who have the habit of gorging heavy dinners at midnight. All over the nation there is an excess of eating.

If the figures were available, which is doubtful, it might be shown that the deaths annually from table suicide are in excess of all the deaths on the battlefield of the recent war. It is doubtful if even liquor has caused more real disease than over-eating. But in the nature of the case, it might be difficult to pass a prohibitory law covering the habits of gluttony. It is one of those human failings that can be corrected only by self-control.

The World News of the Week

Mel Estimates Federal Expenditures for Year at $4,550,000,000

AESTIMATE that the expenditures of the federal government would reach $4,550,000,000 in the next fiscal year and that it would be necessary to raise by internal taxes the a of $3,830,000,000 or $250,000,000 more than is yed at present, was presented by Secretary Mel in appearing before the Ways and Means Conttee of the House to urge prompt revision of the r revenue law. This estimate was so large thatembers of the committee were incli to challenge it and to believe thatdical savings in the conduct of the ipping Board and in other fede services would make it unnecary to raise such a total.

Se of the new taxes proposed by the retary of the Treasury met with littlavor in the committee because of certainty that they would be unpular through the country. Particurly was this the case with a proposto raise the letter postage rate to threcents, to impose a two-cent tax on nk checks and to place a flat tax $10 on all automobiles, regardless cost or horsepower. An increin tobacco taxes also was urged, to eld $25,000,000, as well as increon the normal income tax of corporions from the present 10 to 15 perent. Transportation taxes would be it in half, the excess profits tax repled, and the income surtax brets above 40 per cent. eliminatd, with the surtax rates on incomes rarng from $6,000 to $50,000 increed, if the Secretary's recommendans were followed.

he task of revising the revenue law is enormous one and as the new lavis expected to stand for several yes, the committee proposes to go carully into all phases of the subject, so that the bilwill not be ready for the House for some time.

International

A LITTLE SHIP THAT MAY CAUSE LOTS OF TROUBLE

She is the schooner Henry L. Marshall and was seized by a coast-guard cutter outside the three-mile limit while flying the British flag, suspected of being one of a fleet which has been carrying intoxicants to American shores. International complications are feared

Britain to Build Four Warships

THE British Admiralty's program for the building of four capital warships by 1925 has been apprved by the House of Commons, the Admiralty haing emphasized that its policy was not one of copetition or challenge, but simply the replacement of bsolete ships. The four new ships are to be battle crsers, carrying sixteen-inch guns and of the type of thHood, the nation's only post-Jutland battleship.

olonel Amery, Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty, declared the Grand Fleet had become in arge measure obsolete, not only through the wear anctear of the war but as a result of the war's lessor, and called attention to the fact that Japan alrady has under construction eight ships of a type incomparably more powerful than anything afloat at he battle of Jutland and is voting money for eight mo, while the United States by 1925 is to have twelve such vessels. He cited a resolution adopted by the recent conference of Premiers setting equality wit the naval strength of any other Power as the minmum standard for the Empire, but declaring for delay in the working out of a policy of co-operation amog the Dominions until after the holding of the Washington disarmament conference.

The debate showed a strong sentiment in favor of limiing naval armaments and a sincere desire that the confrence proposed by President Harding should be successful, but the speakers felt that further delay on nava building might leave Great Britain in a position of definite inferiority on the seas, particularly since it was considered unlikely any other nation would consnt to scrap war vessels already under construction.

Britain has notified the United States that any date favord by this government for the convening of the international conference on disarmament and Far Eastern questions will be acceptable to it, and Washington officials believed it would be possible to issue the call for Armistice Day, November 11, the date informally suggested by President Harding.

British Ship Seized as Rum-Runner

THE seizure just outside the three-limit off Atlantic City of the schooner Henry L. Marshall, flying the British flag and carrying a cargo of more than a thousand cases of whiskey valued at $140,000, has brought up some important questions in the enforcement of the Volstead Act and raised fears of international complications. The schooner was captured by the Coast Guard cutter Seneca, after her captain and mate had escaped to shore in a launch, leaving four members of the crew on board, and was taken to New York. Department of Justice officials feared the seizure was illegal if the schooner's transfer to British registry—she formerly was a Gloucester fishing vessel—should prove to be valid, and were at a loss as to how to deal with foreign vessels in such cases.

Federal officials declared that a fleet of at least eight vessels had been engaged in smuggling intoxicants from the West Indies in a gigantic conspiracy involving prominent men at various ports along the Atlantic seaboard. The vessels would anchor or cruise about near the coast while disposing of their cargoes to customers who went out to the rendezvous in small boats, and reports of such activities have been heard for several months. Naturally it will be difficult to prevent the smuggling of liquors if foreign ships can engage in such traffic with impunity, and officials were seeking an effective method of dealing with such tactics.

The Henry L. Marshall was the fourth vessel seized on charges of rum-running, but none of the cases has been settled as yet. In her case, action was deferred pending conferences with the British Embassy in Washington and an investigation by customs officials. A representative of the British Government attended the preliminary hearing in New York, but the British officials have given no indication of their attitude in the matter.

Steps Taken to Aid Russia

TEN Russian provinces, with a population of 18,000,000, are suffering from famine, according to a statement by M. Tchitcherin, the Soviet Foreign Minister, announcing that the Bolshevist government "will welcome all aid from every source and will disregard all existing political relations" in relief work. The disaster was attributed to a prolonged drought and it was declared the harvest would yield only 10 or 15 per cent. of normal with no reserves of food in the stricken district and with other provinces able to give only limited supplies.

The statement admitted that a great migration of the people to more fortunate districts was in progress, but asserted that it was under government direction and denied the reports which have been current that mobs numbering hundreds of thousands were marching on the cities. Such reports have predicted the speedy fall of the Soviet régime and have represented it as utterly disorganized, with the Red armies sent to check the migration turning against their leaders.

Following the receipt of a cablegram from Maxim Gorky transmitting the Soviet Government's acceptance of the terms laid down by Herbert Hoover on which relief would be sent, Walter Lyman Brown, European Director of the American Relief Administration, was instructed to proceed from London to Riga to deal with the Soviet authorities. Advices were received that the American prisoners in Russia had been released, in accordance with the first condition imposed by Mr. Hoover, and were proceeding to the border.

The French Government notified the United States that it stood ready to give every aid in its power to the project for feeding the starving, and asked for further details of the Hoover relief plan. Other nations also were considering how they could afford relief, but the breakdown of transportation facilities and the efforts of the Soviet officials to maintain their power at all costs make the problem one of tremendous difficulties. The question of inter-Allied relief measures will be one of the chief topics of discussion at the next meeting of the Supreme Council, called particularly to consider the Silesian controversy.

By Cassel, in the New York World

THE INVITATION

Dail Eireann Summoned

THE Dail Eireann, the Irish Republican Parliament, has been summoned by Eamonn de Valera and his colleagues to meet in Dublin to consider the British Government's Irish peace proposals, a step which marks a crisis in the negotiations. Earlier it has been said the Dail Eireann would not be convened until time for it to name plenipotentiaries to a London conference or until Ulster's attitude had been learned

Statements regarding Ulster's position were conflicting, but if efforts had been made to bring about a meeting between Mr. de Valera and Sir James Craig, the Ulster Premier, they had yielded no results. In Dublin it was said that Ulster had been sounded and had returned an answer unfavorable to the Sinn Fein overtures, while in Belfast the officials declared the Ulster ministry had received no communication from Mr. de Valera. It might be that both statements were correct, any exchanges having been conducted through a third party, and informally.

Twenty-five members of the Dail Eireann have been held in prison because of their political activities, but the British Government decided on the release of all except John J. McKeown, under conviction of murder, in order that the peace negotiations might be continued under the best possible auspices. Extremist leaders bitterly resented his continued detention and threatened to break off the parleys.

Supreme Council in Session

THE meeting of the Allied Supreme Council which is beginning in Paris as this is written finds British and French opinion still far apart regarding the disposition of Upper Silesia, the chief problem to be considered. The experts who have studied the situation have agreed that the industrial district, for which Germany and Poland are bitter rivals, should not be divided, because to give the factory section to Germany and the coal mines to Poland would lessen seriously the productivity of the district. British opinion favored giving the district to Germany, while France was insistent on strengthening Poland, and each government feared to weaken its position at home by yielding ground.

Britain and Italy joined with France in presenting to Germany a formal request that the government take steps to facilitate the transport of Allied troops across Germany and the German Foreign Minister expressed a willingness to consent. France had threatened to take no part in the Supreme Council meeting unless her allies joined in such action, but the question of actually sending more troops to Silesia to enforce whatever boundary decision may be reached will be threshed out at the Council's sessions.

One suggestion for a compromise was that an autonomous district should be formed out of the disputed territory, a proposal unwelcome to each claimant but one which probably would be accepted in preference to seeing a hated rival win an outright award.

Colonel George Harvey, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, was attending the session and all concerned were watching his attitude with the greatest

Continued on page 589

Missionary Progress in Porto Rico

Snapshots of Protestant Achievements in the Island

By EDITH MARY IRVINE-RIVERA

PORTO RICO has been greatly blessed with good schools, good roads, and a great many other advantages ever since the Americans took possession of the island over twenty years ago.

Under the four hundred years of Spanish rule, Porto Ricans had few liberties of thought and speech, and the most meagre economic advantages—sanitary regulations were very lax, public instruction most inadequate, and commercial interests away behind the times.

But within ten years after the American flag was hoisted over the island, marvelous changes were noticeable in all phases of life. Among the many enterprises for good, the missions have done much to change the vision of things and establish better principles. Very soon after the Stars and Stripes was spread to the breeze, the Banner of the Cross followed and missionaries from all the leading denominations of the Protestant faith came to till the soil that had been lying barren for so many years.

The work of evangelization was outlined in a very practical way, and the island was divided off into sections. The Methodists took one part of the island, the Presbyterians another, and so on until the five or six leading denominations each had a territory, and took pride in witnessing larger and larger harvests year after year.

At the same time a beautiful spirit of unity and co-operation existed among the missionaries of all denominations, and as the years have passed a strong bond of brotherly fellowship has developed among the representatives of the mission boards, each one being solicitous for the progress and welfare of the others, and all combining their forces to make "Porto Rico for Christ" a reality.

The Rider Memorial Hospital, in the clinic of which as many as 3,000 have been treated in a month

EVERY denomination in the island has had a most interesting history, and all have brought about lasting good among the people. The Presbyterians, choosing the western point of the island, with San Juan as their headquarters, have spared no pains to tell the Gospel story, and do practical uplift work from center to circumference of their area. The theological seminary established for the benefit of aspirant preachers did a great work in preparing a force of well-equipped ministers to spread the Gospel story among their own people. It was started in Mayaguez some twenty years ago, but has since been merged into a union Evangelistic Seminary, situated at Rio Piedras, just opposite the campus of the University of Porto Rico, and its sole purpose is to prepare young men of all denominations for the ministry. At present its evangelistic team, composed of four students and two members of the faculty, is carrying on an enthusiastic campaign throughout the island. They travel from town to town in automobiles, and hold services in the churches to which they have been invited. Before many years these students will be filling the gaps in the Christian vineyard of their country, just as the graduates of that first Presbyterian Theological seminary are filling important posts in the mission work of Porto Rico today, and are proving what preparation will do.

The Presbyterian mission alone has 135 preaching places, with 34 preachers to look after them. It has 2,400 Sunday-school pupils, and twenty young people's societies, with a total enrolment of four hundred members.

Some of these mission posts are intensely interesting. There is the San German church with its beautiful church building and manse, its promising congregation, and live native pastor, Rev. Enrique Rivera. This town had been known as the mecca of Romanism in Porto Rico, but the work of the Presbyterian missionaries has changed the entire atmosphere; and the staunchest Romanists, who formerly classed all Protestants as nonbelievers, have been forced to confess that there is something in the practical Christianity the missionaries present, and so the Gospel message is touching the hearts of many. On the outskirts of this town is the Polytechnic Institute, founded by the Rev. J. Will Harris, who is gradually transforming one hundred odd acres of barren land into a great institution of learning for the youth of Latin-America. The institute started with twelve students some years ago, and today has 266 students, and a waiting-list.

A Porto Rican lace-maker, an industry the mission schools foster

The work of the more remote mission centers is also full of interest. Byron G. Sager is missionary at Lares, a mountain town. His circuit comprises nine mission posts, but he does not confine himself to these, as he finds that giving illustrated lectures from the Bible in the private homes brings good results. At present there are about one hundred of these splendid country homes that look forward to these instructive gatherings. Mr. Sager can tell the story better than anyone else.

"My field covers Maricao, Las Marias, San Sebastian and Lares," he says. "The special feature of our Lares work differs from the economical use of horseflesh is the magic lantern. It attracts larger attendance and holds the attention a long time, so that the preacher has opportunity to teach simply and in a conversational tone a lot of things that would never find their way into a formal sermon. We seldom preach less than an hour and a half, and usually two hours, and have a conference afterwards for an hour or longer. We try never to get in a hurry nor to leave any person without his having asked the question he wanted to ask, nor to leave them without having awakened questions in his mind to ponder over as occasion offers. This week I have been riding with Rev. Pagan through the barrio of San Sebastian, and we have spent at least 64 hrs among the people."

THE American Missionary Alliance is doing another great work here under the Congregational church. The Blanche Kellogg Institute of San Juan furnishes a good interdenominational Christian school for young women who can pay only a moderate tuition fee. Under Dr. and Mrs. Harry C. York this institution has progressed remarkably, and a number of well-equipped and fully consecrated young women have been graduated from the school and have taken up trained-nursing, missionary work and teaching.

The Fairbanks Settlement, which is a department of this institution, is doing a great work among the poorer classes. Miss L. E. Fairbanks has given some ten years of untiring service to this work. Sewing and cooking classes and mothers' clubs have been established, and out of the work of the settlement has grown the Child Welfare Society, an organization started to help diminish the high rate of child mortality in the island, by providing milk and medical care for the poor children. This is the first organization of the kind in Porto Rico, and already has become an insurance enterprise, backed up by the leading people of the country. Perhaps no one has given more self-sacrificing service in Porto Rico than Miss Fairbanks, who has steadily won her way into the hearts of the people, and is constantly being encouraged by good results from her daily visits.

The missionaries under the Congregational Mission board are accomplishing great things over on the southeastern side of the island. There is a neat, white building adorning a hill just out of Humacao. It is the Rider Memorial Hospital. In this little center of first-aid to the sufferer there is more to see in a minute than one could see all day further on in the town. Dr. and Mrs. Maximilian Schurter are the founders of this work. She, the mother of five husky children, kept the home together, and served as matron in the hospital, often having to sit up all night and watch patients, while the nurse slept.

The hospital is the outgrowth of a medical missionary work started by Dr. Schurter when he opened clinics in Humacao, Fajardo and other towns in that part of the island. He realized, as many have, that the great need in Porto Rico was proper medical treatment for the hundreds who suffer and die simply because they are unable to pay for an operation or for medicine, and so he finally saw his task consummated in the establishing of this beautiful little place through which the breezes blow continually, and to which those bereft of hope and spent with pain may come and be healed. There have been as many as three thousand patients in the clinic of this hospital in one month. All this has meant untold sacrifice, but some unaccountable something has given to Mrs. Schurter strength to keep the night watch, thus being not only the light and impetus of their home but the pillar in time of need in the hospital. And something not born of

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The girls of the George O. Robinson Orphanage in a San Juan suburb

The Virtue of Simplicity

A Sermon by REV. STEPHEN SEWELL ESTEY, D.D.*

TEXT—Matt. 6 : 28, 29. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

SOLOMON'S glory! The story of that kingly splendor has thrilled the imagination of men. Recall that great throne of ivory overlaid with gold, with its six steps mounting up, guarded by twelve lions, two on each step. "There was not the like made in any kingdom," comments the ancient historian in breathless ecstasy of admiration. And who can adequately describe those royal robes made of purple and fine linen from Egypt, and gold from Ophir? The garments of the famous Queen of Sheba paled before the splendor of Solomon's raiment, to which Arabia and Tarshish and the isles of the sea contributed their riches.

But look away now to another gorgeous pageantry. Out on the Galilean hills and meadows another splendor glows—the splendor of the wild flowers, of the scarlet lily, the brilliant tulip, the glowing narcissus, Luxuriantly, riotously, they grow, as though God had opened heaven's windows and showered down to earth unmeasured loads of heaven's glinting beauty.

Notice one of those lilies, and mark "how the three inner petals of the lily meet above and form a gorgeous canopy, such as art never approached, and king never sat under even in his utmost glory." No doubt it was the sight of this matchless canopy in a wayside lily that flashed into the mind of Jesus the thought of Solomon on his canopied throne. And the Man who was more sensitive to beauty than any other man who ever lived, gives judgment thus: The lily is more beautiful than the king's glory.

And, of course, it is. Put the lily under the microscope and mark the delicate texture of its petals. Beside it man's fairest weaves of silk or linen look coarse and rough and uneven. The looms of men produce no such beauty as do God's looms. When an old Scotchman was asked to look at a bit of heather under the microscope, he stood for a few moments in awed amazement at the beauty and delicacy of the flower which were suddenly revealed. Then he said, choking with emotion, "I wish I had not looked at it. It makes me feel bad to think of all those beautiful things I have been tramping over and crushing heedlessly all these years. I did not know before that a bit of heather was so wonderfully made."

SOLOMON'S glory! Consider it for a moment. Kings labored to produce it. Ships ploughed the sea toilsomely to bring it from afar. Slaves delved, and women spun to create it. A labored, artificial thing, woven out of men's toils and tears and suffering, was Solomon's glory. But the lily's beauty comes with the toilless ease of all God's created beauties. It is the silent gift of light and air and moist earth—and God! It is simple and natural. Solomon's glory has faded like a dream. Moth and rust have turned his robes to dust. But the matchless lilies still bloom on the Galilean hills, and their splendor still gladdens the meadows.

I wish to speak of the beauty of the simple life as contrasted with the extravagant, ornate, artificial life. I want to talk about "Lilies and Solomon's Glory," and I hope that I may persuade some to say with the Christ, "Lilies are more beautiful than Solomon's glory."

Two men on opposite sides of the world, standing in conspicuous places, have given utterance to strong words concerning the simple life. Listen to the first, Frederick Gillett, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who says: "The way to make America is to turn back; to retrace our steps carefully till we come to that juncture in the development of our national point of view where a man and a woman found life good without the frills deemed so necessary today. The citizens of the land must discard the abnormal for the normal. And the old ideas, the ideas that we of New England are proud to call our own, the ideas of soberness and thrift, are the ones that will see the nation through the crisis of the present to a secure and prosperous future."

Listen next to King George of England, and mark the conviction that has come to one who views present-day conditions from a throne: "The foundations of national glory are set in the homes of the people. They will only remain unshaken while the family life of our nation is strong and *simple* and pure."

From America's legislative halls and from England's throne comes endorsement of Christ's dictum: "Lilies are more beautiful than Solomon's glory." Not in the extravagant display of citizens of a democracy, nor in the royal trappings of a throne, do the happiness and security of a nation rest, but in the simple, wholesome, honest lives of the people. If ever there was a time when this truth needed to be thundered forth, it is today. We are in a perfect whirlpool of extravagance.

WE MUST return to the simple life to restore *poise and dignity to life and character.* Somehow we must get it through to our minds that extravagance never yet made a soul happy. Women are no happier today in twenty-five-dollar shoes and fifty-dollar hats than they used to be in four-dollar shoes and five-dollar hats. Solomon's glory never yet ensured happiness. It was Solomon himself who proclaimed the tastelessness of such glory, and uttered that cynical chant which has voiced the disillusionment of worshippers of material things ever since his day: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

When Satan wishes to blind men's eyes so that they shall fail to see that the road to happiness bears the sign-board, "The Simple Life," it is usually gold dust that he throws in their eyes. Words of homely wisdom are those of old Daniel Quorm: "I do see it often, my friends! I've watched it for years. Here's a young fellow doing good in the Sunday school and other ways, promising to be a useful man when we old folks are gone home. But somebody sends down word that he can make half a crown a week more in London. That's enough. No prayer about it, no asking the Lord what He do see. No thinking about the Lord's work. 'I must get on,' he says, and he says it so pious as if it was one of the ten commandments—but tisn't, friends, tisn't, though you hear it so often!"

We cheapen and vulgarize our lives by thinking that money value necessarily makes things beautiful or worth while. That a thing has cost much, does not prevent its being ugly. If we could but see with eyes unprejudiced by custom, the dainty cotton dress might often appear more beautiful than the showy silk one, the strong simple chair of beautiful wood more attractive than the ostentatious one of plush. For sheer artistic beauty, I dare to match the big, clean, quiet, sunlit kitchen and living room of our grandfathers' farms, with its wooden floor scoured white, its cheerful, open fireplace, its polished pans upon which the sunlight glints, its blooming plants and its easychair in the sunlit, dimity-curtained window, against the city parlor, stuffy with expensive draperies and heavy furniture and cluttering bric-a-brac.

THE vulgarity of American wealth is the subject of frequent jest abroad. Perhaps we shall see ourselves as others see us some day, and learn that our ostentation makes ridiculous, that beauty lies in simplicity, not in ornateness. Perhaps some day we shall realize that our little school-girl daughters are ridiculous, not beautiful, in their French heels and silk stockings and showy dresses and rouged cheeks and elaborately dressed hair. Perhaps some day we shall see that girlish simplicity in dress and life and manner is more beautiful than cheap, unhygienic imitation of adult life and finery.

When I see the long rows of automobiles in front of our high schools these days, I say to myself, "Some one is robbing these lads and lassies of the long brisk walk under trees turning to golden glory under Autumn's magic wand, robbing them of the thump and pound of rushing blood with which the exhilarating walk or run feeds the brain cells, robbing them of lithe limbs and health-tinted cheeks." I grant grudgingly that automobiles may help us adults to rush a little faster in the performance of our tasks, but I can't help but question whether they are not the enemies of children, veritable robbers of childhood. The simple life of the old New England home, as I recall it, with its run to school through the stinging cold, its homely "chores" in the home, its evenings at the fireside with the family and great books, was better far for the child, in my judgment, than all the Solomon's glory with which we are loading him today.

What an accumulation of *useless things* and *useless work* we have too often allowed to dominate our homes and weigh our lives into drudgery. The war taught us how to simplify our meals; it would be a pity to forget that knowledge. A dinner served in six or ten courses, at cost of nerves and muscle and pocketbook and wasted food—why is it any better than a simple dinner, apart from the fact that we have shackled our lives with the burdensome custom of serving it so? Why, pray, should we allow ourselves to be whipped into the expense and the worry of changing styles of dress so frequently at the dictate of manufacturers whose sole aim in the matter is to transfer money from our pockets to theirs?

WE SHALL be helped in our efforts to restore simple living in America if we can realize that there is something essentially cheap in the effort to outshine others in extravagant display. That was a sharp but well-merited thrust which the Philosopher, Solon, gave the rich Crœsus, King of Lydia, when the monarch called him in to admire his splendor as he sat in royal apparel on his golden throne. "Have you ever beheld a spectacle more magnificent?" asked the king, greedy of admiration. "Yes," answered the man of great mind, "there is neither a pheasant in our fields nor a peacock in our courtyard that does not surpass you in glory." Man, made in the image of God, should seek his superiority and empire in the realm of spirit, not of things. We belittle ourselves when we allow ourselves to become the slaves of *things.* Our spirits ought to scorn such slavery.

An English lady went to the noted physician, Sir Deryck Brand, for treatment. The worry incident to the care of her big establishment and her social duties had fretted nerves and mind until she was a nervous wreck. "Here is a prescription for you," he said. "See a few *big* things. Go to America and see Niagara Falls. You will like to remember when you are worrying about pouring water in and out of tea-cups that Niagara is flowing still!"

In the matter of amusements America must return to simplicity, too. We are told that Americans are amusement mad, and sometimes it seems as though the charge were true. Long ago Xerxes, the Persian monarch, living among the luxuries and extravagances of a royal court, offered a reward to the inventor of a new amusement. The incident mirrors the restless, discontented heart of seekers after artificial pleasures in all ages. We must have something new, a new thrill! And so we go from extravagance to extravagance, from absurdity to absurdity.

What we need to re-learn is that natural, simple pleasures are the most satisfying, and that they best re-create exhausted bodies and minds. Some one has remarked that every time he reads Carlton's "One Way Out," he learns a new way to be happy without its costing anything, and it helps him to save at least five or ten dollars every month. Ways to be happy without its costing anything—thank God they are all about us!

Solomon's glory costs so much! It costs dear in labor and worry and tears and nerves and muscles. Is it worth the heavy price many pay for it? Simpler dress, simpler food, simpler amusements—how they would wipe out at one stroke most of the worries that harrass our bodies, minds and souls! But lilies—they may be had just for the plucking. Lowell wrote,

> "Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
> 'Tis heaven alone that is given away."

Poor, deluded mortals that we are! Who will open our eyes to see that lilies are more beautiful than all Solomon's glory?

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"In the Cross of Christ I glory," or "How Firm a Foundation."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—The Benefits of Wisdom. Proverbs 3 : 1 to 13.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (See page 586, first column.)

Sermon—"THE VIRTUE OF SIMPLICITY"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"What a Friend We Have in Jesus," or "Abide with Me."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Now may the grace of our Lord, which is given to all who seek His favor, the Mercy of His compassion, which is boundless in comparison with our shortcomings, and the Peace which passeth understanding, but is felt in our hearts, keep us all in that safe-keeping which the turmoil of the world cannot disturb. Through the Redeemer's Name. AMEN.

*Pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Topeka, Kansas.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., R. Braunstein, D. J. Burrell, D.D., W. S. Stranahan and E. W. Caswell, D.D.

Songless Birds

SUNDAY. Psalm, 51 : 12. "*Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.*" There is a most arresting difference between a singing bird and a bird which has no song. Even fine feathers offer no adequate compensation for the absence of song. I have sat in a wood which was thronged with semi-tropical birds in gayest attire, and it seemed like Westminster Abbey at other times than the hours of worship, when it is crowded with moving visitors, but the organ and choir are silent, and there is no sound of praise. A wood with a singing thrush in it, or a robin, or a nightingale, is transformed. The gloomy twilight becomes a dim religious light, and the wood becomes a temple. A bird with very plain feathers is a very fascinating creature if it is endowed with exquisite song. Yes, song is very captivating. I have known a country road thronged with people after darkness had fallen, and they had gathered to hear a nightingale sing.

And all this leads me up to a very challenging word about religion. Does not the religious life become fascinating only when it has found a song? Does not piety become arresting only as it breaks into praise? Does not spiritual devotion become alluring only when duty is changed into love, and harsh obedience ripens into joy? If religion has no joy, it has no vital contagion. If it has no joy, it has no glow in its own heart, and it lacks the power to kindle fire in others. A joyless religion is like a dripping wood, with a drenched bird or two on its branches, but with no quickening song at the heart of it.

And such was the plight of this Psalmist. He had lost his song! He had lost the joy of the divine communion. The fire of devotion had somehow smouldered, and everything was dull and gloomy. When he sought the Lord, there was nothing of the lover's thrill in his going, but rather the mood of a slave turning again to his monotonous task. He went moodily. There was no eager sprightliness in his steps, because there was no joy in his heart. His prayers were devoid of praise. His petition did not rise like a lark to the accompaniment of "melody divine." Somehow, he had lost his song, and all his ways were heavy.

It had not been always so. In other days, his joy in God had set his steps to music. "I will sing of mercy and of judgment!" "I will sing aloud of Thy righteousness!" "I will sing praises unto the Lord!" "O come, let us sing unto the Lord a new song!" He had known what it was to crowd God's gates with thankful praise. He would begin the day with singing. "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord!" And snatches of song mingled with all the labor and interests of the day. Ay, even God's statutes had become his songs in the house of his pilgrimage.

How had he lost his song? Who knows how songs are lost? Perhaps by sheer thoughtlessness. Perhaps by neglect. More likely by sin. Joy and sin can never be in concord. When we are in ways of sin we may manufacture something which looks like joy, but it is not the real thing; it is only galvanized, it is not vital. It is not the joy of the Lord. We cannot keep the bird-note when our purity is lost. Joy flees away in fear when a loathsome thing comes into the soul.

And so this man turns to the Lord for the purity he had lost, that in recovered purity he might find the lost joy. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." That is the first step to the restoration of joy. First, the lost health, and then the lost song. The chords will vibrate again when they have been cleansed and refined by God's holy grace. And where else can we turn for cleansing, but to the Fountain of holiness? And we do not turn in vain. The way to the Fountain is cheery with words of promise. "They shall return, and come with singing!" "They shall rejoice even with joy and singing; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." When the Lord has taken from our souls everything that defileth, we are a new creation. "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come!"

J. H. J.

The Purpose of Life

MONDAY. John 18 : 37. "*To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.*" Within the last few years two books have been written, one by a distinguished American, the other by an equally great Englishman. They are autobiographical, but depressing. Neither of these men seems to know whether he has lived in vain. The deep meaning of life seems to have escaped both.

Nineteen hundred years ago, there was on earth One who was conscious of a distinct message and ministry. He was never in doubt as to the purpose of His life. As early as twelve years of age He became conscious of His mission and thereafter never got out of sight of it. Before Pilate, He put that conception into memorable words, "That I should bear witness unto the truth."

It is well for us to know what truth is, and what it is to bear witness. Truth is a thing of relationship. Physical truth is a matter of physical relations, moral truth a matter of moral relations. God's Fatherhood, human brotherhood, the possibility of forgiveness, these are moral truth. How much of the Christian Gospel relates to these three truths! What is it to bear witness? It is to give testimony, to tell what one knows as to the case or cause at issue. That is exactly what Christ did. His whole ministry is a testimony to God's fatherliness, and of ideal brotherliness. Even if He had said no word about God, men would have known He came from God for He was Godlike. So there was one man who knew the purpose of life, gave Himself to its achievement, and at the end could say, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do."

What has all this to do with us? Just this: He said, "Ye are my witnesses." What He did, therefore, we are to do—to know the truth and to bear witness to it. Moral truth is manifold, but there are two great truths the world deeply needs today. They are the same it needed when Christ was on earth. We need to know and proclaim the fatherliness of God and the kinship of men. There is no better way to discover the purpose of our presence in the world than to recognize the stewardship of life. No one of us is his own. We belong to one another and to Another. C. C. A.

Crises Reveal Character

TUESDAY. Matt. 27 : 32. "*And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear his cross.*" It is the glory of history and to the credit of humanity that when a man is needed, he can be found. Simon took up the cross of Christ because he had to; but later on, he must have taken it up because he loved to. Whereas at first he walked in the way of the Master unwillingly, he afterward walked that way most willingly. Do we not read that his two sons, Alexander and Rufus, became known throughout all the Church as the followers of Jesus?

Studying the beacon lights of progress and the epochal days of a forming civilization, we learn that always when the hour struck and the moment came, "they found a man." China needed a man and she found Morrison; Africa, and she found Livingstone; America and lo, there was Lincoln! And so the record runs all through the ages, in realms of the religious and secular, eloquent of the fact that a man, a woman, a leader, a pioneer, a pathfinder was found.

It is true in the sphere of the everyday walk and commonplace of daily existence. People passing along a dimly lighted street at night are scarcely more than moving shadows in our sight. But out from some brilliantly lighted window, a pouring stream of illumination reveals them as individuals. Thus do the supreme moments of life discover for us our neighbors, and we learn that the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker are really angels unawares. The tramp in a moment becomes a hero, as he risks his life to save a little child. The man next door, whom we thought indifferent, becomes a friend in the time of need. The autocratic woman across the street becomes democratic in the crisis of epidemic. When a cross-bearer is needed, rest assured the place is not vacant over-long. If we look long and earnestly, we shall find a supply for the insistent need, and a candidate for the challenging office. R. B.

Two Triumphs Contrasted

WEDNESDAY. Matt. 21 : 19. "*Hosanna to the Son of David!*" No earthly triumph was ever celebrated with greater pomp and circumstance than that of Aurelian when he returned from his victorious campaign to assume the Roman crown. The procession was led by twenty elephants, followed by sixteen hundred gladiators devoted to the cruel sports of the amphitheatre. Then came the arms and ensigns of the conquered nations, which were followed by their ambassadors bearing the crowns of their respective sovereigns, to be laid at the Emperor's feet; after that a long train of captives in chains, chiefest among whom was Zenobia, the beautiful Queen of Palmyra, in fetters of gold; and finally Aurelian in his magnificent chariot, attended by the Senate and a long detachment of the Roman Guard. So came the Emperor to his throne!

Compare with that the so-called "triumphal entry" of Jesus into Jerusalem. Was ever greater contrast? Yet the glory of Aurelian is an empty name today; while the Man in homespun has been the outstanding figure in the history of the intervening centuries. And the time is coming when kings and potentates shall with one consent, cast their crowns before His feet and crown Him Lord of all! D. J. B.

Testing-Time

THURSDAY. I Pet. 1 : 7. "*That the trial of your faith . . . might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.*" Testing times are sure to come in every Christian experience. Often, as in the case of the two chosen disciples, Peter and John, they are so sudden, and so intense, that we go down before them. All their boasted constancy, loyalty and courage, were as nothing, and tumbled in ruins. But their failures were before they had clearly apprehended the Christly point of view, or gained a true conception of His mission. When they had learned this, and had given His spirit full control of their lives, they were able to stand the severest tests without wavering in faith and loyalty to their Master.

Every one of us will have our testing-time. It may come to us with an all-too-sharp suddenness and from an unexpected source. There will be safety for us only in a steadfast loyalty to and intimate fellowship with Him, whom we profess to love and serve. It will be our close connection with Him that will give us of His strength to meet every test that comes.

Ambition, the struggle for wealth, position, preferment—we do not have to look far today in the leadership of the church, or in our own natures to discover these weaknesses, and their consequences. Who of us has not known defeat in this soul-struggle? Jesus' remedy for these shortcomings, and failures of the spirit, is to give our whole lives, as did the twelve, to a complete devotion, and utter unselfishness, and even to a sacrifice of life itself, to the redemption of a lost and sinful world. No discipline, no system of methods in Churchism, can take the place of the Christly examples, "Ye went about doing good!" W. S. S.

Finding Triumph Even in Defeat

FRIDAY. Matthew 26 : 74. "*Then began he to curse and swear, saying, 'I know not the man.'*" Peter, in his self-confident, boastful manner, had said: "Though I should die with Thee, yet I will not deny Thee." It was his habit to contradict the Master, saying often, "Not so, Lord." He had done this when Jesus was speaking of His coming death, and of washing the disciples' feet. How much better is trust than unbelief. We are always in danger of falling away when we follow afar off and get out of touch with Christ, or when we sit down in the seat of the scornful, and visit with the enemies of Jesus, virtually becoming one of them.

Peter evidently had given up the new kingdom of the Messiah as hopelessly lost. At such a time one is saved only by hope and faith. No one will stand for a religion which he believes is falling down into the grave.

Philosophy, reason, science and prejudice have buried our Lord many times, but He arose again and attended the funeral of all the theories of unbelief. Voltaire boasted: "It required twelve men to found a religion which it will take only one man to destroy." According to his doubt, so it was unto him. As sure as Christ is God's, Christianity will triumph, for every past apparent defeat has proved but a new beginning.

E. W. C.

The Reinforcements of Omnipotence

SATURDAY. Hebrews 12 : 1. "*Wherefore seeing we are also compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.*" How heartening these words! We are not alone. No soul is solitary. The globe is girdled with co-workers. The preacher in the rural hamlet, the missionary in the foreign field, the teacher on the frontier—miles separate them, but ideals unite them.

Many people are strangers to each other. The people of God are one family. God is everywhere and everywhere is His abode. When moral purpose becomes only a trickle, let us remember that somewhere, men and women of the army of the holy endeavor and righteous purpose are fighting the same battles, facing the same conditions, confronting the same problems.

Heaven, too, is ready to encourage and send the strength of its reinforcements. The reserves of God are unlimited. The storehouse of the Almighty can never be emptied. In the time when Israel was in the dark, when the people were under the yoke, when all seemed to be lost, we read: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host." Shepherds were not startled in the midst of their midnight vigil by one angel, but by a multitude of the heavenly host. It has always been like that and will always be like that. When the night is darkest the gleam shines brightest. Jesus lives and reigns. "Who were at church this morning?" asked a shut-in of the pastor. His answer might have been one of losing faith and pessimism. He might have enumerated the little group who had attended service. Instead, his answer was, "All the shining ones!" When men seem farthest, God is always nearest. R. B.

From Asia to Europe

International Sunday-School Lesson for August 28
Acts 15 : 36 to 16 : 18

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

WHEN continents are compared with reference to the progress of Christianity it must be remembered that Europe had about 1900 years start over Africa. This evangelistic journey of Paul to Macedonia and beyond is of fascinating interest to those who live in America, for had the "call" been to India or China we might be in need today of those who would tell us of Jesus Christ. Our thankfulness for the obedience of Paul carries an obligation for us to go and do likewise.

Divine leadership is clearly shown as the Holy Spirit shut doors of apparent opportunity in Asia, particularly in Mysia, Bithynia, and even in Troas. There were people with great needs in all these places and Paul had the same wonderful message that is recorded in the Golden Text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved." Paul was eager to speak in any of the provinces en route or to remain in them for a blessed ministry, but God was ready in His abounding love to open up a continent to him. This preacher to the gentiles does not appear to be restless meanwhile. Rather he is obedient even to silence until the great door, and effectual, Europe, is opened by the hand and power of his heavenly Father.

Meanwhile valuable work had been accomplished in the region of Phrygia and Galatia. For special study as to the location you can have the class historian and class geographer report. Learn the opinion of Sir William Ramsay in his great books concerning that part of the country. Later the epistle to the Galatians was written, and a very large section territorially was doubtless included. Then Paul and those with him were learning to journey as did the children of Israel when they obeyed the Pillar of Cloud. When this habit has been once acquired one knows that he can be accomplishing the will of God equally as well when waiting as when going. "Anxious thought for the morrow" has no place in the life of the Christian whose duty it is to cast his every "anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you." Read what Rev. F. B. Meyer, D.D., says, and he will be in the United States when this lesson is studied, "Whenever you are doubtful as to your course, submit your judgment absolutely to the Son of God, and ask Him to shut every door but the right one." If your problem is to come to a climax on Saturday do not be overconcerned about it on Wednesday, or even on Friday. Remember that those who wait for Jehovah have the wonderful experiences (Isaiah 40 : 31 R. V.).

WHILE Christ prayed the fashion of His countenance was changed and the Transfiguration took place. Paul must have been in prayer that night in Troas. Luke, Silas, Timothy and even others may have been with him asking he further will of God. Then came the man of Macedonia in the vision and delivered the message of appeal. One never need feel lonesome when wakeful at night. Prayer can always be enjoyed and the divine fellowship will be realized. God is ever ready to speak to His children. Too often in the busy daytime we do not take time to listen to His messages. The wireless operator gets his receiving instrument in tune with the sending one and then just *listens*. Without having them indicated here look up all the recorded instances when Paul had a blessed vision of comfort or instruction. Few facts are more significant in the life of Paul than the occasions for these talks from Heaven.

Doctor Luke, who wrote the Acts, joins Paul's party at Troas. Observe the words "we" and "us." Other "we" sections, as they are called by the Bible exegete, are Acts 16 : 10-17; 20 : 5 to 21 : 18; 27 : 1 to 28 : 16. If Paul especially needed a physician at this time he shows a quick recovery as he leaps into the work in Philippi, Berea, Athens and Corinth. The companions of the preacher seem also ready for the summons to the new fields for service. "Straightway" all start for Macedonia to preach the gospel. Consequences evidently are not considered. To obey immediately the call of God is their only concern. Paul was always equally the servant of the Most High. Sometimes he experienced "contrary winds." This time he could go forward with a "straight course."

The praying place for the Jews in Philippi is not in a synagogue, for they seem not to have any there, but by the side of the river. This blessed spot is quickly located by the newly arrived preacher and he joins with those who gather to praise and petition Almighty God. New truths are eagerly listened to as the breadth of the Trinity is taught by this one who knows from his rich experience. Some people listen to criticize and others listen to learn. The man of Macedonia had turned out to be a group of women and among them was Lydia, whose heart was touched. This first convert in Europe was a forerunner of the marvellous work being done for womanhood today throughout this wide world. There can be no real civilization without a christianized motherhood.

Lydia does two things promptly: (1) She makes public confession of her faith through the sacrament of baptism. She will not be a secret believer in Him who was publicly crucified for her. Hers shall be a Christian household and every member is sought as a trophy for Jesus, her Saviour. (2) The grace of hospitality is expressed as not only Paul but the whole evangelistic company is constrained to abide under her roof. How different life is in these last days in this respect. This is a vacation month for many ministers, and churches have been having supplies. Now there are few prophet's chambers, such as the Shunamite prepared for Elisha. "Send the preacher to the hotel, if it is my turn to entertain, and I will pay the bill," is quite often the way the visiting messenger of God is provided for.

CHRISTIAN fellowship in the home did not make unnecessary the place of prayer. Thither the group continually resorted, and as often as they went the evil spirit in the unfortunate soothsaying girl cried out the great fact, "These men are servants of the Most High God, who proclaim unto you the way of salvation." The evil spirits know the truth for ages past and then some twentieth-century scoffer makes bolt to deny the Sonship of our Lord. How the devils must laugh at such modern propagandists! It is always unfortunate when people *know* so many things that are not true. While the devils have power the Son has greater power. Paul merely utters a command in the name of Jesus Christ and that evil spirit who knew, feared and trembled obeyed and came out of the maiden. All evil spirits do not cry out and make themselves known. They do, however, make slaves of those whom they possess. Christ can today make anyone a freeman in Him. Satan is cast out as Christ enters the human heart to fellowship and command.

To hear and heed your personal, individual Macedonian Call is the supreme application of this lesson. Calls differ, for God has a whole world that needs helping. It may be that your "call" is to remain at home and bear the heat and burden of the day locally and even within the confines of your own home. Home missions is equally as great for you as foreign missions, provided God has called you to the nearby field. It may be that you are the very one who is wanted at Point Barrow, Alaska, on the border of Thibet, in that far-away mission station in West China or in that place indicated in the letter which you just received. Samuel said, "Speak, for thy servant heareth."

Why The Mennen Company Published My Baby Book

DEAR ANNE:

I wish I could tell you how glorious I feel about my Baby Book, which The Mennen Company published for me last Spring. It's simply wonderful the way doctors and nurses and mothers are using it and praising it—*thousands* of them!

You know, all my life I have been using Mennen Borated Talcum in my baby work—on my own skin, too, for that matter. It has always seemed just the least bit safer than anything else. It's what I call a perfectly *balanced* talcum—the proper ingredients and the right amounts, so as to be antiseptic and soothing. I believe that is the real secret of its great success on baby's petal-like skin.

And then, when The Mennen Company introduced Kora-Konia I found something I had wanted for years. It really does give "quick relief" to an irritated skin—*wonderful* for chafing and prickly heat and similar afflictions. But what pleased me most is the way it soothes a poor little infant's skin suffering from diaper rash or scalding caused by involuntary habit.

I suppose it was because of wide experience with babies in my clinical work that The Mennen Company asked me to write my Baby Book. I may have been flattered a bit, but I did see a big chance to help the greatest number of mothers in times of distress.

I hope you will tell all your mother friends to write for their copies. It's the kind of book they would ordinarily pay a dollar for. But because I have mentioned Mennen Talcum a few times, The Mennen Company is mailing it for twenty-five cents as long as the edition lasts. It comes in a plain wrapper.

Lovingly,

BELLE

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An important part of Aunt Belle's Book is her Alphabetical First Aid Section—1-minute paragraphs on such troubles as the following:

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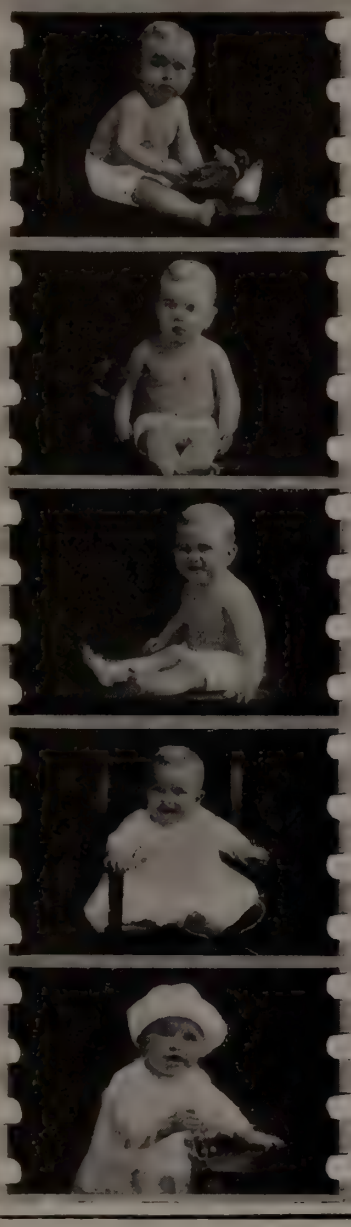

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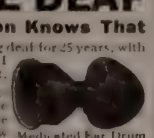

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Children of the Shadow

Their Lives Need to Be Brightened by Contact with Nature

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN summer comes I find myself drifting, almost invariably, toward those streets that lie, like a grim shadow, in the midst of the city's darkness. I find myself driven, by the irresistible force of human sympathy, toward the breathless, heat-stricken area where the unfortunates of New York are forced—by poverty and the weight of circumstances—to dwell. And, as I wander through alley and by-way, I see many heart-breaking pictures and come in contact with a vast number of pathetic personalities.

Some of the pictures that I see I have, from time to time, given to you. Some have been exaggerated—as stories often are—but some have run woefully true to fact. It has been the same with the personalities. I have drawn them, often, for your benefit—and with more or less accuracy. Some of them, however, I have never told about. Some of them I never will tell about!

The names that I use (this in answer to many a question)—are seldom real. But sometimes they are. The folk that I tell about are hardly ever people that I could locate for you—sometimes, in fact, they are composite portraits of more than one person. But often they are the clear and accurate descriptions of people who drift, ghostlike, across my path—people who are strays of the underworld.

It is to the children of the slums that my heart goes out at this time of year—and it is of these children that I most often write. For, at this season of the year, Mont-Lawn is open to them—at this season of the year I am able, by writing of them, to point a way for the lovers of all little children to help raise them above the shadows.

I am going to tell you today, and very briefly, about Rosie and Ted, about Conchetta and Benny the Rat, and Terrance. And you must remember, while I am telling you about them, that there are hundreds—yes, and thousands—of each one of them. And that there are thousands more that will go unclassified, and unnoticed.

I. Rosie

ONE wonders, on seeing her, how she ever came by the name. For her face is pinched and unhealthily yellow, and her lank hair hangs in a discouraged way about her ears.

Surely no child was ever less like a flower. But—well, flowers need clean sunlight. And fresh air. And love. And Rosie has never known any of the three.

She lives in a tenement room with her father and her grandfather and three men lodgers. Her mother is dead. She sleeps with her clothes on, and when the morning light filters through the one narrow window of the room, she gets up wearily and eats a bit of dry bread (and a bit of sausage, too, if there's any left) and goes to the shop where she sews, until night-time, on blue denim overalls. And then she creeps wearily back to the room, and goes to sleep. Unless, maybe, she sits for an hour or two on the steps of the tenement house.

Rosie has never seen the country. But once, so she told me, she saw a basket of flowers. A man was selling them on the crowded corner where Essex Street meets Rivington. And they were made of red crêpe paper.

II. Ted

ONE wonders why Ted is so happy. He has little to make him happy, it would seem. For, despite prohibition, his father is a drunkard. And his mother is very glad, when there's trouble in the air, to leave Ted alone with his father. "Y' can't hurt a *kid!*" she says.

There are usually black and blue spots on the child's arms and back. And often one of his eyes is discolored. But he doesn't tell how he came by the bruises. One gathers only a hint, here and there, from his playmates.

I heard him singing, once, in a cheerfully shrill little voice, as I passed him on the street. I paused, for a moment, to catch the words of his song. It was something about "Mont-Lawn bells!"

III. Benny the Rat

HIS father is "serving time." His father is a "dip," which, in the vernacular, means a pickpocket. His mother is—well, no one knows what has happened to his mother.

Furtive his face is. And pinched—giving him his nick-name. His eyes are sharp and more than a trifle shifty. Perhaps it's because he is always on the lookout for "cops" and the rest of a—to him—hated brotherhood.

He lives precariously. Some nights he sleeps in a "pal's" room; sometimes in a barrel or a doorway. Once he was almost arrested for stealing an orange, but the pushcart man wouldn't prefer charges against him—he was so small. And once the truant officer almost took him to the Children's Court.

His brief life has been eventful. But he has missed the big adventure. People laugh when they tell how he once tried to leave the city with a bundle of ragged clothing under his arm. He was going to find the country, but he didn't know how. So he came back again to the slums. People say that there were tear smudges on his furtive little face.

IV. Conchetta

SHE is Italian, and she is four years old. But she is so small and so thin that she would pass, quite easily, for two years.

Her family are very poor. There are many of them, and there is never enough food to go around. But the rest seem to manage, somehow. The rest are stronger than Conchetta—more able to fight for existence.

A gentleman, seeing Conchetta on the street one day, gave her a dollar. He went away, talking to himself.

"It's not right," he was heard to say, "for a child to look like that. *It's not right!*"

And a visiting nurse once tried to explain Conchetta's condition to her bewildered Italian mother.

"Fresh air and plenty of food, *at once!*" the nurse said, "may save her. Nothing else will."

V. Terrance

TERRANCE is as Irish as Conchetta is Italian. Circumstance flung him and his widowed mother into the slum and circumstance is keeping them there—but even circumstances cannot make them forget their heritage of laughter and romance. Often, after dark, they sit on the roof of their tenement—they live eight flights up, nearest to the roof—and watch the dim stars. And his mother tells him about the "auld country" and the green fields and the trees and the smell o' peat on the air.

Terrance has often wondered whether all of the green fields and trees are in the "auld country." His heart is loyal to America, his adopted land—for he came to it as a wee baby—but he sometimes thinks that he would like to see the green field and trees, so he would! His mother makes them so very beautiful when she tells of them.

Perhaps, some day, a Settlement worker will climb the eight flights to their room under the roof. And then—if she does—I'm sure that she'll tell Terrance about The Children's Paradise. And, maybe, if it's possible—if there aren't more children than there's money to care for—Terrance will be shown that this land has, also, its quota of beauty.

Some day, perhaps, a Settlement worker will climb the eight flights. But so far none of them have gotten past the fourth.

(Note: If you want to help some other Rosie or Terrance or Ted or Benny or Conchetta to have ten days at Mont-Lawn and get a real breath of the country put your contribution in an envelop and mail it to Christian Herald marked for Mont-Lawn.)

An Old-Fashioned Woman in Congress

Continued from page 579

its doors to both sexes. The enrollment now is nearly five hundred.

IF MISS ROBERTSON has a fad at all, it is in helping boys and girls. She and her mother took into their home sixteen girls whom they raised to useful womanhood and for whom they bought trousseaus when they were to be married.

In 1900, Miss Alice was made United States School Supervisor for Creek schools. She visited schools, audited accounts, looked after the appointment of teachers, prepared statistics, made quarterly and annual reports, and each summer handled two normal schools. Her work required her to travel in all kinds of weather over the Creek country, an area as large as the State of Connecticut and sparsely settled, but she was unafraid and gladly accepted the rude hospitality of Indian friends.

No other woman has left such an impress upon the great territory as has Miss Robertson. But her energies have not been limited to philanthropic channels and her success as a farmer has been marked. Her home "Sawokla" is a model of thrift. Here she is experimenting with the raising of Jersey cows, Duroc-Jersey pigs and Leghorn chickens. And another and still more remarkable venture of the new Congresswoman was Sawokla Cafeteria, which became her campaign headquarters. She combined business with politics and advertised and cooked her way into Congress, talking the campaign over with every man and woman who came into her cafeteria.

Like President Harding she conducted her campaign from her own premises. The votes came to her and she fed them well. As there was no Republican newspaper in the town she was denied newspaper support, except that which she paid for in advertising her restaurant. The citizens of Muskogee were urged to try her cooking at the cafeteria and at the same time they were asked to send her to Washington to legislate for them. She declared that she was not capable of making campaign speeches, but when a voter came into her restaurant she would sit down and eat a bowl of soup with him and talk politics. In the advertisements of her restaurant she mixed Bible quotations and political arguments and interspersed with the daily menu were "heart to heart" paragraphs on the political situation which rivaled the news columns in interest. Her advertising copy was so varied, piquant and interesting that it was widely read and won her many votes.

The advertisements were mostly one column wide and from five to ten inches long, with a paragraph of philosophy, a flash of humor or a bit of pathos, then a scriptural quotation, to add interest.

Womanhood has been the keynote of the whole life of our only Congresswoman. She belongs to a species in public life almost unknown—for she believes every man and woman in the United States should mind his or her own business. She would not travel on Sunday, but she thinks reforms should come from within out, and will not lend her influence to punish those whose opinions happen to be at variance with hers.

"Religion does not mean the taking of all the joy out of life," she says; "it does not mean the fixing of a legal code of morals and when you attempt to legislate religion into a man you drive him from the church. If we follow the injunctions "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," we will not get into trouble. When we love our neighbors as ourselves we shall not offend them."

Missionary Progress in Porto Rico

Continued from page 584

this world has fired Dr. Schurter with an unflinching faith and indomitable courage which has made possible the great work of healing for the body and for the soul which is being carried on in the little hospital on the hill.

NOW come the Lutherans with their beautiful church and kindergarten school in Puerta de Tierra, an outlying district of San Juan. Rev. and Mrs. A. E. Ostrom are doing a great work in this region where sin and degradation of every kind prevail. The missionaries, Miss Probst and Miss Emma Schmid, with their kindergarten school and special clubs and classes, find satisfaction in seeing whole families transformed from a life of nothingness to a life of service.

Miss Schmid also works among the girls in Bayamon, a town across the bay from San Juan. Here she has started a lace-making school for the girls who have aptitude in that direction. She goes three times a week to this town. First she must take the ferry across the bay, which compared with our ferries of the northland looks like a toy boat. This ferry lands her at Cataño, a low-lying village on the opposite shore of the bay. Here she takes a queer little train with a very screechy engine which carries her to Bayamon in a few minutes, and after a little walk through dusty streets, she reaches the church where the girls meet in the Sunday-school room to learn to make lace.

It is interesting to watch the girls first learning to stick the pins around which the thread is woven in the design already stamped on the cardboard. Each step is taken with great care, and when they have become proficient in the rudimentary steps then they are promoted to something else. The lace is sent to the mainland, and sold, after which each girl is given the money for the lace she made. Miss Schmid has started a savings system in her lace school, and each girl has a tiny pass book. When she turns over her dainty pieces of lace to Miss Schmid, and is paid for it she puts so much of what she has made aside for her savings account, and before she knows it she has quite a sum laid away for the rainy day.

JUST a few blocks away from the Lutheran church and manse is the new Baptist church, on Ponce de Leon Avenue, which has just been dedicated. This beautiful property is the result of years of unswerving toil on the part of the missionaries in charge of the work. The pastor, Rev. Gerardo Davila, is a man with a message, and is carrying on a most needed work of evangelization in this district where sin of every kind is so rife. The new building is a combination of church auditorium and Sunday-school rooms, a manual-training school, rooms for a day school for the lower grades, and missionary's quarters. It means untold good for Puertà de Tierra, and for the people of San Juan in general.

And now let us imagine ourselves in the Condado, San Juan's aristocratic suburb, where we find a fine building and attractive grounds, the George O. Robinson orphanage for girls. This institution was started with two little orphan girls in 1906, and has been carried on by the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church ever since. It has now fifty girls and a constant and increasing waiting list, and under the skillful management of Mrs. Murray, widow of the late Dr. J. C. Murray, who gave the last years of his life to this work, it is producing capable Christian girls, who otherwise would have been brought up in vice and misery.

A book could be written about the work of all these mission fields throughout the entire island. These are only snapshots of a great crusade that is being launched against sin by God's ambassadors, who often seem to stand alone, and whose constant aim is to win Porto Rico for Christ.

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 583

interest, but it has been declared repeatedly that America would take no part in settling the Silesian controversy. Other important questions to be considered were the Turkish situation and relief for the famine victims in Russia.

STEAMSHIP LOST ON PACIFIC COAST. The coastwise steamship Alaska went down off the northern coast of California after striking a rock during a fog and it was believed forty-eight persons had perished. Twelve bodies were recovered and the number of missing was placed at thirty-six.

SPANISH DEFEATS IN MOROCCO GROW. The disasters to Spanish troops in Morocco at the hands of rebel tribesmen have increased in magnitude and several detachments were reported to have been virtually annihilated. The defeats caused a parliamentary crisis in Spanish and efforts for a reorganization of the ministry were in progress.

FEDERAL COUNCIL UPHOLDS DISARMAMENT MOVE. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has sent to President Harding a letter pledging its support to his efforts for an international disarmament conference, and at the same time issued an appeal to church federations and ministerial associations in 175 cities urging them to carry on a vigorous educational campaign on disarmament.

TO HELP CHURCHES IN ADVERTISING. The executive committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World has indorsed a suggestion from its Church Advertising Department that each local advertising club immediately appoint a strong committee on church advertising. These committees will call conferences of ministers and laymen interested in the better application of advertising to the needs of the Church, with the purpose of forming permanent councils on the subject, and it is hoped the combination of ministerial talent and advertising experience will bring great progress.

ENRICO CARUSO DIES. Enrico Caruso, world-famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, died in Naples, Italy, at the age of forty-eight, following an operation. A severe illness had kept him from singing for many months, but it had been believed he was recovering rapidly, and when he returned to his native land in the spring it was with the expectation of being able to resume his accustomed rôles this autumn.

ANTI-TAMMANY TICKET NAMED IN NEW YORK. Representatives of various organizations in New York City hostile to the Tammany administration have agreed on a fusion ticket for the municipal elections this fall, with Henry C. Curran, a Republican, now Borough president of Manhattan, as their candidate for Mayor. State Senator Charles C. Lockwood, a Republican, will run for Controller, and Vincent Gilroy, a Democrat, for President of the Board of Aldermen.

PRESIDENT HARDING TAKES A REST. President Harding has been away from Washington for a few days of rest at the summer home of Secretary Weeks on Prospect Mountain, near Lancaster, N. H. En route to New Hampshire, he halted at Plymouth, Mass., to deliver an address to 30,000 persons at the Pilgrim Tercentenary celebration; and at Lancaster he made a s ort speech predicting that the moral leadership of the United States would bring about disarmament.

AIRSHIP TO FLY ACROSS ATLANTIC. The American navy's great new rigid airship, the ZR-2, just completed in England will start for the United States on August 25 carrying a crew of more than forty, according to a Navy Department statement. The craft is 695 feet long and has a lifting power under normal conditions of eighty-six tons.

The old swimming hole, with its captivating call to youth and vigor, may be only a memory—yet joyous vigor through advancing years can be aided by right food and drink.

If tea or coffee drinking disturbs your health, as it does with many, change to

INSTANT POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

"Beauty Is Only Skin Deep"

A GOLD BRICK always looks good. It has to. Its promising appearance is its sole virtue. Looks alone will not sell goods today. Merchandise with a name—the name of its maker—has the call. For only the maker of worthy goods can long afford to advertise. At the High Court of Public Opinion any other sort is soon condemned.

Wise manufacturers seek the good publications to tell the story of their wares. The publishers seek the reputable advertising for the readers' guidance. The well-informed buyer seeks news of good merchandise through the columns of the best publications.

This proves the value of advertising. Neither advertiser nor publisher can prosper without *your* patronage. Therefore, it is to their advantage to cater to you. They do it, too.

And it is distinctly to your advantage to be guided by the message they lay before you—the advertisements.

Read them regularly!

Free Circulars for Investors.

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address, on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To Invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Circular 35 describes Pacific Gas & Electric 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, yielding 7.1 per cent. annual return.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6% First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for circular 38.

Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving hign average yield of 12¼%—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 48.

Bonds—questions answered, terms defined. A very valuable non-technical booklet that every prospective bond buyer should have. No. 42.

Selecting Your Investments, Strong Box Investments, Creating Good Investments, are three booklets describing the service and safe, high yield investments of a nationally known investment house. No. 43.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. first Mortgage 20-year 8 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold Bonds are described in detail in Circular 44.

Details of the First Mortgage 5 per cent. ten-year gold bonds of Libby McNeill & Libby to yield about 7.6% are contained in Circular 45.

Long Term Railroad Bonds—Valuable Information on the better class of Railroad bonds to yield 6 % to 8%. No. 46.

Real Estate First Mortgage Bond on improved New York City property that pays 8%. No. 47.

This Is A Rich Man!

Whoever by dint of hard work and wise investments, builds up a reserve whose yield is enough to maintain him during retirement in the same station of life that marked his period of activity, may be accounted a rich man, for any man is rich who has enough to live on without working for it.

Lay the Cornerstone of your ease in Guaranteed Prudence-Bonds.

Send for Booklet No. C-H-150

Realty Associates Investment Corporation

31 Nassau St. New York — 162 Remsen St. Brooklyn

6% Six Per Cent and Safety

For 26 years we have paid 6% on TIME CERTIFICATES which are fully protected by first mortgage, always worth 100 cents on the dollar and readily cashed.

Anyone who has saved $25 or more will be interested in knowing all about this old, reliable institution.

Write for our booklet "6% AND SAFETY"

The Calvert Mortgage Co.
863 Calvert Bldg. Baltimore, Md.

Young People's Topics for August 28

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Conscience—Teaching It, Quickening It, Obeying It

E. L. Prov. 20 : 20–27

IN ACTS 4 : 13–20 we have an interesting story, which is likewise our second reference, concerning the man who was healed by Peter and John and how, when his benefactors were brought to trial, he stood by them. It was a beautiful manifestation of loyalty, appreciation and practical thanksgiving. Certainly the man's conscience could not prompt him to do otherwise. That is one side of the story. Here are Peter and John before their accusers defending themselves with the words, "For we can not but speak the things which we have seen and heard." That is the other side of our reference story. Both sides are an evidence of a taught, quickened and obeyed conscience.

Missionary annals and the chronicles of beneficial movements all through the ages are the narratives of the kind of conscience we are discussing. "Conscience" does not mean anything by itself. Everybody has a conscience. The word means "moral judgment," but the judgment depends on the "morality" of the person who does the judging. We would not depend for light and leading on a person who is unchristian in belief and therefore unchristian in action. But the person trained in Christian ethics may be depended upon for a sane viewpoint and judgment in the interpretation of the fundamental questions of life. There is such a thing as a trained as well as an untrained conscience.

The Ten Commandments in the Life of Today

C. E. Ex. 20 : 1–17

IN THE Epworth League topic we discussed "Conscience" and found that it needs training. The Ten Commandments are splendid teachings for this purpose. Let the Ten Commandment Habit be acquired in youth and we shall have no fear concerning the moral caliber of our business as well as social leaders, or of those who make up the rank and file of our nation. We can not find anything in the Ten Commandments that is not fundamental to the life of today among individuals and nations. The whole question of man's error may be based on the fact that the Ten Commandments play such a small part in the philosophy of the life of individuals.

Breaking the "Ten Words" involves more than the act, for there are by-products of consequences that are far-reaching. A commandment broken effects not only the breaker now but extends in a chain of influence that touches generations to follow. Try to imagine a world without the Ten Commandments. Imagine what a wonderful world this would be if every person consistently kept the commandments. What would happen in the next fifty years if every person obeyed the "new" commandment, which in the last analysis is the sum and substance of all the commandments. Suppose every person loved, had consideration for, manifested a deep regard for every other person, by loving everybody, even as Jesus Christ loved us all!

Life Sketches of Great Adventurers

B. Y. P. U. Luke 8 : 1–15

READ the book "Comrades in Service," by Margaret E. Burton. The lesson story is that of Chundra Lela, a child widow of India. The death of her husband made her an outcast according to the custom of the Brahmin religion. Was not his death a visitation of the gods? Contrast this way of thinking with the thought of Christian thinking. For years Chundra Lela wandered over India seeking peace of heart, subject to all manner of cruelty and the victim of all manner of hardship. Her story of adventure surpasses that of any story by a Stevenson or Balzac in their wildest flights of fancy. It is another one of those remarkable stories of the romance of missions and the gracious leadings of the good God. It was Julia Philips, a Baptist missionary who at last led Chundra Lela into the true way of peace and made it possible for her to spend her last days as a preacher of the "good news" of the Gospel, a work that gladdened many a sad heart and made the way plain to many a bewildered soul in that land of darkness and superstition.

Such stories inspire us, toughen our moral fibers, make us more determined to our part and consecrate us to save others who have as yet not found the clearing beyond the deep woods of pagan thought and the poisonous swamps of heathen practice. We can not read the story of Chundra Lela and other Great Adventurers without becoming the staunch supporters and loyal champions for the missionary cause.

The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

MR. GEORGE T. B. DAVIS, the long-time associate of the late evangelist, Charles M. Alexander, and the founder of the Pocket Testament League, writes requesting prayers in behalf of the League in the new effort which it is preparing to put forth for a wider reading of the Word and for a world-wide Bible revival. Mr. Davis writes: "I have recently received a cablegram from Mr. W. Winn of Sydney asking us to come to Australia for Pocket Testament League campaigns. I feel this is the Lord's call, and the open door for a world tour for Bible Revival. The Bible Revival Party will include Dr. George C. Cossar; Miss Bertha Beebe; my mother, Mrs. E. A. R. Davis; and myself. We desire not only your prayers but those of your friends as well. If Australia and mission fields are to be mightily moved for God there must be a mighty volume of believing prayer back of the work and workers."

Mrs. N. E. H. writes: "I am a firm believer in prayer and I earnestly unite my prayers with the League. Please pray that my husband, who mysteriously left me some months ago, may return, or that I may hear from him. I can not account for his strange actions, as we had no trouble of any kind. Also pray that God will continue to give me faith and patience."

M. A. L., Conn. "I have a most trying affliction and at times am in despair as it causes such depression, unfitting me for my daily tasks. Now, may I ask for prayers to be offered for my poor mind? My physicians have failed to help me."

Mrs. C. C. writes: "An aged mother wishes to acknowledge that God does hear and answer prayer. My only son has been enabled to give up tobacco for three months. Please pray with me that he may also be entirely freed from the desire for it, and that if it is God's will, I may have the assurance while living, of his conversion and of meeting him in heaven."

Mrs. W. R. S. acknowledges answered prayer on behalf of her son, and asks that we may continue to pray for him, that he may hold to the faith and become a worker for the Master.

Among the general requests are the following: For health, 51; guidance, 6; happiness, 4; financial aid, 4; courage, 1; conversion, 24; wisdom, 3; prosperity, 2; reconciliation, 2; heart's desire, 8; blessing, 4; success, 4; bad habits, 10; position, 4; peace, 3; faith, 6; and spiritual advancement, 1.

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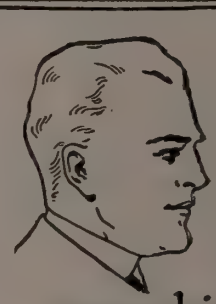

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

H. McA., Brooklyn, N. Y. Pray for greater faith in God as the hearer and answerer of prayer. In all your petitions, ask that you may be led to pray in accordance with His will. Here is a little incident from the life of the great missionary, Adoniram Judson, which shows that no earnest prayer, offered in the right spirit, ever goes amiss. Dr. Judson was sitting by the side of his wife, in their missionary home in Burma, and he expressed deep sorrow because, although the Lord had marvelously blessed his ministry among the heathen, yet all his efforts to bring blessing to the Jews had gone for naught. His wife had in her hand a missionary magazine, and she turned to read the next article in it, which told that the life of Dr. Judson, translated into German, had fallen into the hands of some Jews living near the Black Sea. So impressed with it were they, that they came to believe in Jesus Christ, and were sending an earnest plea that a missionary be sent to tell them more of the Gospel. Dr. Judson, overcome with emotion, said to his wife: "What you read frightens me. I find there has never been a prayer, there has never been a service that has not brought some answering result."

J. M., Danbury, Conn. Worldly pleasures, even the most attractive of them, are not enduring and can not give lasting satisfaction. At this time, when so many in every land are given over to indulgence, it can be said without exaggeration that about half the world is pleasure-mad. But it should not be forgotten that such pleasures have their reaction. They are empty, fleeting, and too often degrading. "Like the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the mirth of the wicked," says the wise moralist in Ecclesiastes. On the other hand, there are pleasures that are lasting, whose influence will stay with us even to the end of life. It is well to weigh your pleasures and to reject those that savor of indulgence or dissipation, or that lead into doubtful associations. There are plenty of opportunities for enjoyment of the kind that leaves no regretful memories afterward.

Mrs. D. C., Cleveland, O. The Jews were God's chosen people, and Paul says (Rom. 11 : 1) that He has not cast them off. Their ultimate return to the Holy Land is foreshadowed by the prophets. See Isa. 2 : 2-4; Jere. 3 : 18; 16 : 14-15; Ezek. 36 : 24; 37 : 21, 25; and 39 : 28. They may return in unbelief, but the assurance is given that they will be converted later and will ultimately accept Jesus as Messiah.

Mrs. G. E. G., Delavan, N. Y. Little is known of Paul's early youth and education, beyond what is stated in the Epistles, and that is fragmentary. It is made clear in Acts 27 that he was a native of Tarsus and a descendant of an honorable Jewish family of the tribe of Benjamin. Tarsus was the metropolis of Cilicia, a populous and wealthy city, 300 miles from Jerusalem. It had a synagogue at which Saul doubtless was a pupil. Later he studied, in Jerusalem under the famous teacher, Gamaliel. He was rigidly trained in all that related to the Jewish laws and ordinances, and in early manhood joined himself with the sect of the Pharisees, the strictest of all the Jewish religionists and the strongest opponents of Christianity. In accordance with the Jewish custom, he was taught a trade—that of tentmaker. In time he became an ardent religious zealot, and united with the forces that were persecuting Christianity. He was with those who opposed Stephen and held the garments of the men who made the fatal attack and brought about the first Christian martyrdom. The New Testament record tells how Saul took a leading part in the plots of the zealots to blot out the new religion, and how he was commissioned by the Sanhedrin (of which some authorities hold he was a member) to lead the movement against the new religion in the district between Jerusalem and Damascus. It was while he was on one of his persecuting expeditions that he saw the miraculous vision which resulted in his conversion. There are many volumes dealing with the life of Paul, which you will find listed in the religious encyclopedias.

This cheering letter comes from a reader in Bloomington, Illinois: "I do not want to be guilty of ingratitude by silence. Hence, permit me to express appreciation of the spiritual help afforded by the Daily Meditations and by the excellent selections of Sermons in your paper. Also I find the Mail-Bag helpful in solving perplexities. I do not know from what source I could receive more help of this nature."

M. S. T., Albion, Pa. The use of the ring in marriage is very ancient. It was the ceremonial custom among the Romans before the introduction of Christianity, and also to some extent among the Jews, to give the bethrothed maiden a ring at the time of espousal. The Greek Church made it a special ceremony. The use of the wedding ring was adopted by the early Christian Church, and has been observed ever since, with varied ceremonial forms, by all the bodies of the Church. The ring, according to some authorities, is the symbol of eternity and constancy.

B. N. F., Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "I was interested in reading what Arthur Meachen of Norwalk, England, writes about a little leaflet touching the heart of John Bunyan. I want to say that no one can tell the great good that can and has come from the distribution of tracts and leaflets. I know they had a large place in making me what I am. I was brought up in a different religion than that of which I am now a member. I did not read the Bible, in fact, I did not know much of it, except that it was a book with pictures. My father had a very fine one in two volumes but I only used to study the pictures. That was when I was sixteen. What brought me to the reading of the Bible when I was quite young was seeing children's story books displayed in bookstore windows with a large picture of Joseph being sold by his brethren on one leaf, and the reading on the other side. I would stand in front of the window and read those books every time I saw the leaves had been turned. After a while I found out they were taken from the Bible. Speaking of tracts, I used to read every one I could get hold of and I liked them and they did me a lot of good. I have since given out hundreds and I know some did a lot of good, too. All my folks, except one brother, are now Protestants and have been for many years. In fact, we all held offices in a Methodist Mission Church before I was twenty. When about twenty-one, I went to England and in about a year, was one of the leaders of the Williams Street Wesleyan Mission band of Woolwich in Kent."

Our friend who writes the above is one of many who can testify to the value of Bible tracts and leaflets in soul-winning. A good example and worth following.

M. H., Coffeeville, Miss. 1. The passage in Rom. 11 : 29: "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance," is held by the best authorities to mean that the act by which He "called" Abraham to be the father of a "peculiar people," and the "gifts," with which He endowed the patriarch through the articles of the Covenant made with Abraham were and are irrevocable and not subject to change or "repentance." The meaning is that Israel, although it had been an enemy to the Gospel, is beloved of God "for the fathers' sake," and hence there can be no regret or withdrawal of the divine power. The passage quoted is a free expression of Paul's confidence in the ultimate inbringing of the Jews. 2. In the passage in Hebrews 8 : 10, 11, we find the same gracious attitude of divine favor toward the Jews emphasized. Far from withdrawing His love from them, he will increase it by granting a new and better covenant with the same ultimate end in view. And He would write it on their hearts, so that they would not have to teach it for all would understand. 3. The passage in I Peter 3 : 19, 20 is one that has been greatly discussed. It is generally interpreted as meaning that the preaching to the spirits "in prison" implies not the preaching of the Gospel, but the announcement of Christ's finished work. Nor does it imply a second day of grace. The spirits were clearly those of the Antediluvians. The passage, however, is mysterious and has puzzled Bible students. Peter is the only Bible writer who mentions the occurrence, whatever it may have been, so that there are no other passages to shed light upon it.

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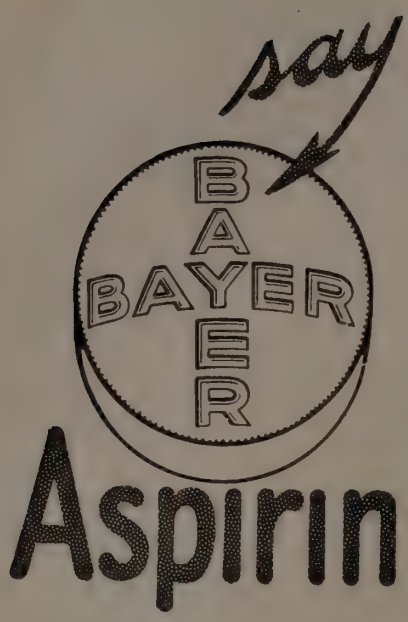

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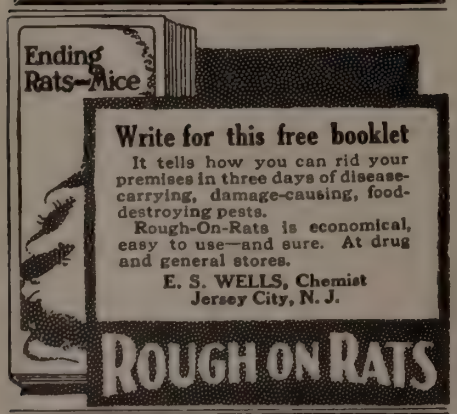

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The Symbol of Sacrifice

Continued from page 581

They sat in an alcove in the hallway. The sound of successive encores came to their ears. Oris was young and impressionable.

"You must let me come and see you," he urged gravely.

CLAIRE turned rather nervously away, fingering some letters lying unopened on a small side table nearby. She gave a little start.

"Why, here's a letter addressed to me," she told him. "It must have come while I was out this afternoon. It's not stamped either. Will you excuse me?"

She ripped it open, puzzled by the unfamiliar handwriting.

"Miss Claire," she read, "I'm so sorry about the telegram. Please, Miss Claire, I forgot it, ma'am, and he came, Mr. Stephen I mean, and I showed him the wire you wrote, and he said 'oh' and went away after he found where you was, and I was frightened by his look, and the way he says: 'Give this to Miss Claire when she comes back from her party!' So, I send it on, ma'am, by Briggs, this afternoon to be sure you get it."

Claire did not stop to read the abject apologies that brought Estelle's letter to a conclusion. She was tearing open the note from Stephen; somehow she could not control her hands. The paper seemed to dance before her eyes.

She read, in his stiff, characteristic writing:

"Claire dear—

"I am sorry you should have taken this way to indicate your lack of interest in my plans. Perhaps that is not fair to say, but just now I feel hardly myself. A great decision was facing me, and I wished that you might help me make it. Now I feel that your answer has been given, the choice must be mine alone. Had you felt otherwise I should have considered my duty done in answering the first call; now with this special opportunity facing me, and myself to decide it, I shall say 'Yes.'

"You see, Claire, the Mission to Lepers have just issued an urgent appeal for a medical man for a Leper Colony in India. The last one has been one of themselves for some time—he was smitten some twelve months after he went with them. His condition is such he cannot handle the work longer. My own Board, hearing of the urgent need, have stood aside, that I might volunteer.

"Good-bye, Claire. I wish I might have seen you again, but perhaps it is better otherwise. May I add that you will always have the friendship, and best wishes and prayers of

"STEPHEN PATTERSON."

CLAIRE rose unsteadily, putting her hand on the table for support.

"I say—is it bad news?" Oris Holter was quite solicitous.

"Yes," replied Claire dully. "It's bad news. Will you help me find Daphne, please?"

Daphne was laughingly protesting to a group about the piano. A score of young people were uproariously applauding, demanding still another encore. The pianist swung in to the familiar air of "Good-night, Ladies."

"Say," drawled Daphne, "do you want to have my mother-in-law appearing to register protest? She's very strict on Sabbath observance, and it's past midnight."

"Sorry," laughed the pianist. "I'll fix that for you." He swung, still simulating dance time, into another familiar strain.

To Claire, standing mute and miserable, waiting for a word with her hostess, it seemed that the room with its laughing crowds was suddenly gone; as though she herself were back again at the farewell service to Stephen Patterson, that his eyes were on hers, that the words he sang were a prayer!

"God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you:
God be with you till we meet again."

THE vision passed as quickly as it had come. Some of the crowd about the piano were laughing.

"Don't—play—that! Stop them! Daphne—stop—them—playing—that!"

The music ended in a discord. Everyone was staring at the interrupter.

"Claire, dear! What's the matter? You're white as a sheet."

"Daphne, I'll have to go."

"Go?"

"To the city. At once!"

Daphne had taken the girl aside now, beyond the reach of curious ears.

"Claire, is it—Stephen?"

"How—how did you know?"

"I saw it in your eyes, dear. Is Stephen ill?"

"No—no. But I must see him——"

Daphne led Claire to a chair and forced her down into it; poured her a glass of water.

"It's after midnight. There's no train now. I'll run you up in the car in the morning, if you must go. There, I must skip, my guests are growing impatient."

Dimly into her consciousness floated the sounds of laughter, of someone still strumming on the piano. It all seemed so far removed from her now; too far removed to be even irritating. A clock on the mantlepiece struck the half hour. Six hours and half at least before she could act. Daphne would certainly not be ready before seven. Would she be in time?—in time to stop him?

SLEEP came at last, a sleep peopled with dream-figures to whom a fevered imagination lent a vesture of reality.

She was in a compound in India; on every hand poor leprous wretches lay in every stage of the disease. Finally a bell was ringing for service. And now it was the interior of some sort of building: as though possessing the power granted to old Scrooge she watched the service, herself disassociated from it. Stephen was speaking The murmurings of the sufferers died away, hushed into silence. What a strange text for such a place, this one on which he spoke: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly!" Life!—life more abundant, in this place where death crept slowly, painfully, inevitably upon its work. But as she listened with them, it seemed as though a spirit of life radiated amongst them, as though the leprous marks were healed and the dim eyes lightened, until one old man from some far-off village, rising to his feet cried aloud: "O God, I am glad that I am a leper, or I had never known of Christ!"

A leper! At the word a sudden chant broke out: a hundred voices cried in her ears: "Unclean! Unclean!" A hundred pair of hands reached out to her, for now it seemed she was right among them, and she shrank away in terror, and they, looking upon her, turned away as those to whom hope is denied. Then it was that a figure whose grave and tender presence filled the simple meeting-house, came amongst them, and put out his hand and touched them, and turning looked upon her, so that she could not meet the glance, and clearly, distinctly came the words: "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me," and somehow into the figure there came a more earthly semblance, and the eyes that looked at her so gravely, so tenderly, so lovingly were Stephen's . . .

She woke then, shivering with the coolness of the coming dawn. She threw some things about her, and sat at the window, watching the morning light break over the city, that lay dimly veiled, in the distance . . .

THE Superintendent of the Mission to Lepers was late for service in the city church he attended that Sunday morning. An importunate young person swathed in motoring impedimentia descended upon him about the time he was contemplating the choice of a flower for his buttonhole.

"A very extraordinary request," he told Rev. Mr. Wade in relating the matter after the service. "I told her, of course, that Stephen Patterson had been rushed off to New York to take a first boat. There was no chance at all of stopping him now. The thing had gone too far.

"She looked away a moment, then she said gently:

"'You misunderstand me, I think. I don't want to stop him. I want to go with him.'

"I told her, of course, it couldn't be done. We have no funds for it if the Board sanctioned another helper. She said: 'I have money. I've been saving up for a new runabout, and there's my allowance besides.' I asked how her parents would feel about it, hinting too that the allowance might cease. She looked me in the eyes, Wade, and said: 'Mr. Parker, everyone who has accomplished anything worth while in the world has had to have something of faith. Is it any less so in your work?' That sort of got me, Wade; I may be a bit of a fool, but I've wired Patterson and am going down with her this afternoon to see her folks and arrange things.

"What's that? Her motives? Ah, I asked her that. I said: 'Tell me, Miss Grantham, is it just on account of—Stephen—you are doing this? You must love him very much.'

"She met the issue squarely: 'I did not know until last night how much, Mr. Parker. I never quite understood or appreciated him until last night. I seemed to catch his spirit—his spirit of sacrifice and service.' She was looking out the window of my study, Wade, as she said it, and it seemed to me that suddenly her face lighted up, as that of one who sees a vision. She added, forgetful, I am sure, of me: 'It came in a flash when He looked at me that way.'

"She fell silent, and something bade me ask: 'Stephen?—Stephen looked at you?'

"'No,' she said slowly. 'Stephen's Christ—through Stephen.'"

Why They Like the Christian Herald

A CHRISTIAN HERALD man has just returned from an interesting trip. A well-known doctor in a New York State town, speaking to him, said emphatically: "There are two things I can not do without, and from which I would not part for any price—my Bible and the Christian Herald. God's Word has indeed been a lamp to my feet, and the Christian Herald through all these years, by its editorials, its sermons and its articles, especially those with accompanying photographs illustrating Oriental scenery and customs, have all served to make that Bible clearer of meaning and therefore more helpful. And now the articles on the problems of our own country, discursive and constructive, the editorials, the descriptions of conditions and needs in other lands: the sweet, clean stories are all stimulating and satisfactory. Mrs. B. and I prize, especially now, the Home Church section. On Sunday nights I read to her the Meditations, all of them, and the wonderfully spiritual sermons of Dr. Jowett or some other good preacher, and you should hear us trying to sing the hymns that are selected to go with the service! But we have an hour of blessed fellowship with Him, whom the years with their experiences have taught us to know and love so well!"

Numerous were the testimonies of readers to the value of the paper to them. One little boy about ten, after reading Miss Sangster's poem on "The Boy and the Dog," said: "Mother, there is some one at the Christian Herald office who understands boys." That lad, his mother says, reads about everything in the magazine and looks eagerly for its coming each week. She has renewed her subscription, but in the name of that boy, and he feels that it is *his* paper now.

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It has been our experience that a very large percentage of new readers taking a trial subscription renew and become regular and continuous readers of the Christian Herald.

In years past we have made announcements similar to this and with great success. Many splendid features have been planned for the Christian Herald this summer and fall and a very little time given now by a host of our readers will add 100,000 new names to the Christian Herald family.

Will each reader who sees this announcement make a special effort to get at least one new subscriber to take the Christian Herald for the next

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Given for Two Coupons

A bound copy of Dr. Sheldon's latest story entitled "The Richest Man in Kansas." Dr. Sheldon, who is now in the Michigan woods spending a well-earned summer vacation with his family, is intensely desirous that this new book should go into the hands of every reader of the Christian Herald.

Given for Three Coupons

A clothbound copy of "Jerusalem, Its Redemption, and Its Future" told by seven eye witnesses, with 16 reproductions of photographs taken in the Holy Land. This book has already enjoyed a very large sale to readers of the Christian Herald. If you already have a copy of "Jerusalem" you may order a clothbound copy of "Dawn," by Eleanor H. Porter. This is one of her most recent and famous books.

Will every member of the Christian Herald family strive to send in at least the trial subscription of one friend not now taking the magazine? The special price enables almost anyone to take advantage of this offer. It enables all who have the interest of the Christian Herald at heart and who desire to extend the work of evangelization to make a present of a seven months' subscription at a cost of only one dollar to a friend who will be reminded of the kindness every week and who will probably become a permanent member of the great Christian Herald family as hundreds of thousands have already done.

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Just to Be Alive

What a Wonderful Gift from God It Is!

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT WAS early evening and everything was misty, and purple-gray, and still. Even the sea had a subdued note to it; the very waves seemed to be whispering softly to each other. And the stars—seen vaguely through the mist—were gentle and grave and smiling.

We don't get to the beach often. It was the end of a splendid holiday. And so we sat very quietly together, with a tender little breeze blowing through our hair, and our fingers just touching. And as we sat there it seemed, curiously, as if we were a part of the evening—of the whispering water, and the tinted mist, and the vivid star-shine, and the breeze. It seemed as if Nature were holding us close—as if the whole world were friendly toward us.

It was, somehow, almost profane to break the silence. It seemed as if words were out of place. And yet the whole scene was so beautiful that it was almost impossible not to speak.

"Isn't it marvelous," I murmured at last—in a tone that was ever so low, for I didn't want to disturb the waves, to interrupt the voice of the breeze, "Isn't it marvelous just to be alive, on a night like this?" And—"Yes," came the answer, "it is! Just to be alive on a night like this . . ."

SOMETIMES it's hard to find things to be glad about. We can't—unfortunately—all be Pollyanna people. Sometimes the way is pretty hard to travel, and things happen that don't seem fair, and the wrong person wins out and the right person is declared the loser. Sometimes it's difficult to follow the workings of an all-wise Providence—sometimes it's more than hard to bow meekly in the face of adversity. Sometimes even nature isn't appealing and beautiful. And yet there's always one thing to be glad about. It's a privilege, a challenge, and a trust just to be alive—*just to be alive!*

There was a little woman that I once knew—gone she is, now, to her Great Reward—who was so crippled by a particularly violent brand of rheumatism that she could not move from a chair, that she could not, in any way, use her fingers. Denied the joys of walking, of getting about, of doing even fancy work or plain knitting, she was forced to be content with sitting quietly in a chair and watching the wee section of the world—that lived on her street—pass by. And yet she was the jolliest, gayest, and apparently the happiest woman that it has almost ever been my privilege to know. She could even—though she suffered keenly for long periods of time—jest about her condition!

"I'm like the Lady of Shalott," she would say, laughingly, "the Lady of Shalott who never left her mirror. Like her I watch the shadows of the world appear. And such pretty shadows they are, too!" And then she would quote softly from Tennyson's poem:

> "'And, moving thro' a mirror clear
> That hangs before her all the year,
> Shadows of the world appear.'

"Only," she would add in her cheery voice, "I'm more fortunate than the Lady of Shalott. For she had to be content with the mirror! She couldn't look down directly, as I can, upon the busy world. I never feel called to say, as she did, 'I am half sick of shadows!'"

I HAVE a friend—a well-meaning girl—who has a regrettable and unconscious habit of saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. Once I took her to call upon the little crippled woman. And while we were calling she made one of the unfortunate remarks which she cannot seem able to suppress.

"Often," she said, kindly, "I wonder how you can be so gay—just as if you are well, like we are. You have so little to live for and yet you're so contented!"

I listened aghast—there was no way of stopping her, and she had not meant to emphasize an unpleasant subject. But I need not have worried, for the little woman's optimism rose, triumphant, above even acute tactlessness.

"But, my dear," she protested, "how could I be anything but gay? How could I be discontented with the lot that has been given me? Just being alive—just having friends and acquaintances, just having lips to speak with and ears to hear with and eyes to see with is enough; more than enough! I don't miss the hands and feet very much. *Just being alive is enough!*"

JUST being alive is enough. Even when being alive isn't as glorious as it was that night when we sat on the beach—lost in the sheer beauty of God's universe—and listened to the breeze and the murmuring waves. Just being alive, just having the privilege of existing in this world, is payment for many a discomfort, and trouble, and sorrow. Just feeling the throb of red blood running through our veins, just being conscious of the emotions and even the fears of life is worth while.

JUST to be alive, to feel
The very thrill of living!
Just to know the surge of life
Like sunshine, ever giving,
Happiness to budding plants,
And rainbows to the sky—
Just to be alive, to watch
The busy world pass by!

Just to be alive, to own
A heart that does some singing——
Just to have a brain, a soul,
And brave thoughts that go winging
Out across the waiting earth,
Like birds that leave the nest . . .
Just to have the joy, each morn,
Of waking, after rest.

Just to be alive, to face
The future without sighing;
Just to be alive, and yet
To have no fear of dying.
Just to smile in Trouble's face
When storm clouds are unfurled——
Just to be a little part,
Of God's own wonder world!

We can't — unfortunately — all be Pollyanna people. We can't all—though we have more reason to be happy, most of us, than she had—be like my little crippled friend. But we can, when we're inclined to feel out of sorts and baffled and weary, thank the Lord for one thing—for the greatest gift of all. We can thank Him for giving life to us—sheer, vital glowing existence. We can thank Him for making us one with the beautiful things that He, in His vast power, has created! We can thank Him for allowing us to be a part of an age of almost stupendous happenings—we can thank Him for that!

LOOK around you and see the things that you're most glad about. Perhaps—if you're city bred—they're the dignity of marble columns or the width of great Avenues, or the shops, with their Arabian Nights allure, or the stately quiet and peace of great churches. Perhaps, if you live in the West, it's the sweep of the prairies that gives you the most intense satisfaction and happiness. Perhaps the wind in the golden wheat and the far blue horizon line are the joys that make you really glad to be alive. Perhaps, if you live in a small town or on a farm, it's the simple scenes, the kindly friends, that give you the most pleasure—perhaps it's the ruddy sputter of a fire upon a hearth or the moist lips of a little child upon your cheek. Perhaps it's the clasp of a loved one's fingers settling down over your hand that makes you smile and say, in the center of your soul: "It's good to be alive!"

But maybe—though you live in a city—your lot is a crowded room and a narrow dingy street. Maybe, though you live in the vital West, your existence is such a struggle that you've little time or opportunity ever to see the beauties of nature. Maybe you live quite alone with few friends and few neighbors, and loneliness as your hearthstone guest. Maybe, for you, there is no child to fondle or to dream about—maybe there is no loved one to touch you with warm hands. Maybe your life seems in a rut that will never change!

And yet—despite ruts and loneliness and hard work—you've the same reason to be glad that the more happily situated folk have. For you're alive—you're a breathing, growing, vital part of the world. You're alive!

Even though you're in some dark tenement room, or a lonely farmhouse, or a small unambitious town, or a overcrowded, heedless city, you can thank Him. Being alive is everybody's miracle.

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THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD
(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
AN · ILLUSTRATED · NEWS · WEEKLY · FOR · THE · HOME ·
· GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER ·

With the workmen of India receiving wages so low that hunger always is their portion, even the sturdiest of Indian boys is old at an age when he should be barely entering his prime, and never can develop into the willing and efficient worker America knows

New Enterprise in an Ancient Land

Industrial Westernization Is Beginning to Transform India from an Agricultural into a Manufacturing Country

By W. McK. WRIGHT

INDIA is on the threshold of a great industrial awakening. Many Indians, however, object to the use of the word "awakening," and claim that India always has been awake industrially. To prove this they point to the industries that have been carried on for centuries in the artisan homes of the villages, often with the help of the entire family, as family trades are carried on in Switzerland today.

If we admit this contention we must change the phrase and say: India is now on the verge of an *industrial Westernization*. And this is exactly what not a few Indian economists fear, because of its attendant unions, strikes, closed shops, etc.

At the present time fully 96 per cent. of the population of India is dependent on agriculture and certain industries closely allied to it. Out of a population of nearly 350 millions only about two millions are employed regularly in factories, mills and workshops. The tendency, however, is toward the conversion of India from an almost wholly agricultural to a largely manufacturing country.

The air is full of new schemes and the country of new enterprises, which are being rapidly developed. Even during the four years of the war some 700 new companies were registered, with a combined capital of about $200,000,000. Public opinion is veering around from its former indifference, or satisfaction with things as they have been, to a discontent that is gradually insisting upon the India of the future being self-supporting, and its trade, commerce, and industries being no longer helplessly dependent on external supplies.

THE cotton industry is stretching out to an hitherto unbelieved extent. In 1919 India exported raw cotton to a value of about $138,000,000 and manufactured cotton to about $43,000,000 and made its highest record of combined cotton exportation. Cotton production has risen nearly 50 per cent. above the pre-war production, while imports from overseas have fallen by about 40 per cent. The industry now employs nearly 350,000 laborers.

The "Swadeshi" movement is actively engaged in increasing the sale of Indian-made products in India, especially cotton fabrics. I went down into the bazaars of Delhi not long ago and tried to get a certain quality of white duck. Before I found just what wanted I had visited ten or twelve shops, and in every one of them, whether owned by Hindus or Mohammedans, I was first shown Indian-made material and had to insist before English goods were brought out for my inspection. The present trouble with the finer grades of Indian cotton fabrics is that the finish is not up to that of the English material; its wearing quality is about the same, but the secret of fine finish has not yet been attained. When this is found, as without doubt it will be, the local product may be expected to dominate the market.

A recent report of the United States Department of Commerce says, "India's most valuable possession, both from a military and a commercial point of view, is its constant supply of raw hides and skins." Until very recently practically all Indian hides were exported to be tanned abroad, it being thought that proper tanning materials could not be found in India. The War brought this condition home very forcibly and the British Government set experts to work. The result has been that barks well fitted for tanning have been found in India, and from now on fewer Indian hides will be sent abroad and more will be prepared at home. This opens up an immense new field in leather.

The iron and steel industry is assuming large proportions, and a product of excellent quality is available. The plant of the Indian Iron and Steel Company covers six and one-half square miles, while the rolling mills of the Tata Iron and Steel Company have a capacity of over 100,000 tons of steel plates per annum.

The cultivation and production of tea employs more coolie labor than any other one industry, 700,000 laborers being engaged in this work.

India practically monopolizes the jute trade, and in the great mills of Bengal there are upward of 300,000 laborers.

AND yet can India successfully take on these new industries and the rejuvenated old ones, and carry them to the point where they will be made to pay, in competition with similar industries in the West?

Under existing conditions there is one thing that militates strongly against such a result, and that is the inefficiency of the Indian workman, as judged by maximum output. Under *existing* conditions India can not successfully compete. Under conditions as they should exist it could. To see why the Indian workman is inefficient it is necessary to look at some present industrial conditions.

There are four things that most affect the output

of the workman—hours of work, housing conditions, factory sanitation, and wages.

Let us take wages first. The average Indian laborer, working in factories and mills in Bombay, Calcutta and other large cities, receives so low a wage that he is *forced* to keep himself in debt to the "bania," or money-lender, in order that he and his family may live. The Indian lives cheaply and his standard is low, but even so the average laborer can not maintain his family and keep out of debt. Also, his standard can never rise while his wage scale stays where it now is.

Borrowing money from the "bania" is like entering on a geometrical progression of debt. The rate of interest is usurious and the "bania" is absolutely without scruple or compassion. An amount of any size once borrowed, the debt is seldom cleared off. On each pay day the patient Indian takes his pay to the "bania," and the latter gives him back a small amount in cash and credits his account with the balance. From this credit he is then given enough rice or wheat for his family to subsist on until next pay day, while the "bania" not only charges interest on the original loan but on the value of the food given, as well. Is there any incentive for a man to do an honest day's work when he knows that all he makes will have to go to the "bania"; that he will never get out of debt; and that more than likely his son will have to saddle the same debt for the most, if not all, of his life?

If, as is sometimes claimed, the Indian workman is paid low wages because of his inefficiency, can it not also be said that his inefficiency springs from the constant state of malnutrition for which his low wages are responsible? For the "bania" never gives enough food to keep the family as it should be kept, and what is given is of the poorest quality. It is no exaggeration to say that the average Indian laborer is always underfed, and often does not know what it is not to be hungry.

THEN the hours of work. Until a factory investigation in 1908 found that many factories were compelling their men to work from fourteen to eighteen hours a day, the number of hours that the Indian workman had to put in depended entirely on the tender-heartedness of his employer. After the investigation, the government changed the Factories Act so as to make it a violation for any textile factory to employ a person more than twelve hours a day, and also inserted a clause to the effect that each person so employed must be granted a recess of not less than one-half hour during this twelve-hour day. This was called alleviation.

The Indian workman, therefore, is at his work for a possible twelve hours a day and seven days a week, for only rarely does he get a holiday and there is no weekly recurring Sunday, with only one break of one-half hour in each day, when he eats his mid-day food—unappetizing and scant as it is sure to be.

Hours such as these do not make efficient workmen.

The proper housing of workmen is being considered more and more important in the West. How are the Indian workmen housed? In Bombay there are nearly 800,000 workmen who live in quarters consisting of one room about 8 x 10 feet. The whole family owns this one room as its place of abode and sleeps in it during the rains or cold weather. At other times, and fortunately these constitute the greater part of the year, the family sleeps on the ground or iron stairways outside. All the cooking is done in this hovel. Surrounding conditions are indescribable, and it is not to be wondered at that the death rate in such places is something like fifty-five per thousand.

And the fourth: factory sanitation or the conditions under which the laborers work. With a few exceptions these are about as bad as they could well be. The majority of the factories are neither properly ventilated nor sufficiently lighted. The Indian workman has to contend not only against the other handicaps, but against improper sanitation in the factory as well. The investigation referred to above stated that the ventilation in some of the factories was so bad that for a man simply to sit in them for a few hours, without doing any work, was exhausting. Working close to each other, in a climate that causes profuse perspiration, and with a people who are fearfully prone to tuberculosis—if factory sanitation is anywhere needed, it is here.

TAKING these conditions of long hours, low wages, bad housing, and improper sanitation into consideration, is it to be wondered at that the standard of efficiency of the Indian workman is low? Do not these conditions largely explain the reason for the very general complaint against him that he is forever loafing. The Indian rarely does a full day's work in any one day; how can he? Also, such conditions pave the way to premature inability for any strenuous work.

Yet this same workman is not without initiative and ambition, as witness the fact that recently, and contrary to all expectation, he has shown an ability to organize. In Bombay, recently, some 70,000 laborers went on strike for several days, without any union organization being in existence. Since that time there have been other small strikes both in mills and factories and on the railways. Almost all of these occurred where there were no regular organizations among the men. In Calcutta there was a strike of postal employees. With the exception of four or five recently formed unions in Madras, the laborer in India is unorganized.

There is no doubt that the Indian laborer is exploited by capital. This does not mean European capital only; the Indian capitalist is quite as bad, and as a rule has less regard for the laborer than the European has. Government does so little to alleviate the condition of labor that what is done only serves to throw into bold relief the crying need for proper and full legislation.

IF INDIAN industries are to be Westernized, the work will have to be done by Westerners, for there are few Indians of large business ideas or organizing capacity. If the Westerner plans to do it, it will pay him well to first try the experiment of bettering the conditions under which his workmen are to live and labor. It is true that generations of improper and insufficient nourishment have made the Indian coolie constitutionally weak; it may be that the desired results would not be had in this generation; but it would undoubtedly show and pay in the next. The American, however, is seldom willing to do anything for the results of which he has to wait a generation.

The case of the coolie on the great tea estates is somewhat different from that of his fellow in the cities. Because of his outdoor life and the fact that he is often largely paid "in kind," so that his food supply does not suffer by the rises in the price of food-stuffs, his working conditions are a little better. Yet his housing is as bad and the treatment meted out to him by his superiors is generally worse. Manhandling is a frequent occurrence on these estates, where the European in charge is often the only authority for miles around, and where the coolies are little better than slaves.

It is only fair to say, however, that the condition of the laborer as we have been discussing it here is true only in the large cities. As a rule his condition is better in the "moffussil" or districts away from the larger cities. In some of the outlying towns the laborer has better pay and shorter hours and works under better conditions than he would be able to find in the large centers. But the number of workmen employed in the "moffussil" is comparatively small.

THE author of this article is one of the three foreigners in the service of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the most powerful of the native princes of India and, so far as his personal fortune is concerned, the richest sovereign in the world. Mr. Wright is the guardian of the young princes and performs diplomatic missions for the Nizam. He has been on leave of absence in this country.

An Indian girl student of chemistry, who despite age-long restrictions on woman's activities may be of service in improving the industries of her land

THERE is much present lack of understanding between the Indian and the Englishman. This is the cause of a large amount of the business friction and lack of confidence that exists between them. Such a state of affairs is due principally to the absence of the close personal contact that existed between them in the early days. Then the Englishman went out to India with the expectation of making it his home for as long as he was in active life (and frequently he remained there after he had retired from business) and of getting back to England only at long intervals. Consequently he set out to know the people of the country and to make close friends of the better ones among them. In most cases this led to understandings that were both pleasant and helpful.

Today, however, the average Englishman who goes out to India does not expect to stay there for any great length of time; he has come out on a three-year contract; he has little or no use for the Indian; and he is continually looking forward to the time when he can go home again. Naturally the relations between him and the Indian are none too happy.

What will be the result of an industrial Westernization of India? If it comes it will come not because India desires it but because it is thrust upon her. The spirit of India is communistic and therefore against concentrated industrialism. One Indian writer recently said that the Indian system of industry had always demanded that "artisans should work on their own account, and not at the bidding of masters or employers or machines." If an intensified industrialism is forced upon India, and it can be done, without the condition of the laborer being cared for, it is not at all unlikely that social revolution will be the result. It is no answer to point out the condition of the village artisan and say that when he is moved to the city he is not much worse off. Men will bear hardships patiently when they are working alone and are "on their own," which they will not put up with in the mass.

The communistic ideas and desires of India will be overruled, Western industrialism will be forced upon her, but unless it is done gently, unless it is accompanied by thought for the welfare of the laborer, the result will be disastrous.

Sixty-Three Years in One Pastorate

SIXTY-THREE years as the pastor of one congregation and still in active service—that is the record of Rev. W. N. Norment, the minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Whiteville, Tenn., who is perhaps the oldest pastor in the world in point of service. He is nearing the century mark, and while of course his steps are becoming feeble and his eyes somewhat dim he is still able to care for himself and to think for himself and gets about in as active a manner as do many men of sixty. He may be spared to preach for several years yet. Only a year ago he was a commissioner to the Cumberland General Assembly at McKenzie, Tenn., and delivered a stirring address to that body.

Rev. Norment was educated at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., and few of the comrades of his college days survive. The members of the board of elders who called him to the Whiteville church long ago passed into the Great Beyond, but their children and their children's children have continued to renew the call. When he took charge of the congregation the district was scantily settled, with only a house here and there, the howl of the wolf was almost as common as is the bark of the dog today, and wild sheep fed in reasonable safety where herds of sheep now graze. Men whom he baptized as infants now are bent in years, and he has performed the marriage ceremony for the children and grandchildren of couples whom he married in youth.

As a young man Rev. Norment was a caller at the home of Andrew Jackson near Nashville, and he still can give a most interesting picture of the personal appearance and home life of the one-time president and hero of New Orleans. He recalls with pleasure the words of General Jackson, then a devoted Christian, to him: "Yours is a great calling, young man; yes, a great calling, indeed."

A few days ago William Jennings Bryan came to Whiteville and, after meeting Rev. Norment, said of him in his address: "I have talked with Brother Norment and find him to the most remarkable old man I have ever met. Why, the scenes of three-score-and-ten years ago are told by him today with just as fresh a memory as had they occurred but yesterday."

Rev. Norment would not exchange his record for that of any king, and he explains the devotion of his people in these simple words: "The reason that I have been able to hold my same work through these many years is because I have tried to preach Christ to the people."

REV. GEORGE W. GEAN.

The Flight of the Golden Eagles

A Minister's Wife Story You'll Chuckle Over

By

PRUDENCE TASKER OLSEN

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

IT WAS a hot summer afternoon. The green and white of the lawn and house, the shade of the trees and deep porch, looked cool and inviting.

"Don't get up for a chair for me, Aunt Lucy," I said. "I'd rather sit here on the top step. Then I can see both you and the flowers."

Aunt Lucy, little and plump and white-aproned, sat in her rocker above me, making "Ladies' Aid buttonholes." To the uninitiated there was a stern set to her features, but we who knew her saw only the twinkle in her eyes. She looked over her spectacles at me.

"Suit yourself. I'm not one to deny the pleasure if a porch step'll make you happy. 'Melia scrubbed here this morning. And I've got some more flowers in the house to show you before you go."

"Oh, Aunt Lucy, don't hurry me away like this," I said. For the old lady dearly loved friendly banter.

"Humph! I guess there's no danger of hurrying you while you can look right through the hall and dining-room and see 'Melia in the kitchen making lemonade."

"Oh, I do see her, and I can hear her cracking ice for it. I am glued to this step for the next hour. I wish I could make buttonholes like you. I followed your directions and tried and tried on the preacherman's pajamas. But those buttonholes look like—like——"

"Pig's eyes, likely," said Aunt Lucy calmly, holding her needle high to thread.

"I never really noticed a pig's eye, but it sounds most bad enough. Someone told me once, by way of cheering me up, that a preacher's wife was always a poor housekeeper. Maybe it's in the blood, too, to make poor buttonholes."

AUNT LUCY carefully cut a new hole.

"One of the best buttonhole-makers and housekeepers I ever knew was a preacher's wife. Did you ever hear of Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. John Wesley Leslie? If you'd ever come within ten miles of any town where they ever lived and the wind was blowing your way, you'd of heard. She was the best-loved preacher's wife I think I ever knew."

"Oh, Aunt Lucy, do tell me about her. She shall be my model!" I cried, half in fun, half in earnest. I was the very young bride of a very young preacher. I wanted to be liked, to be loved, and I was so very ignorant of all that a preacher's wife should be and do.

"Just sit back and keep calm. The lemonade is 'most here," said Aunt Lucy. "You go to taking some other woman as your model and you'll just spoil yourself. The Lord doesn't want any two preacher-wives alike any more than He does two trees, or two leaves. And more than that, I shouldn't want you exactly like Mrs. Leslie myself. Sometimes—I remember—some things——"

Aunt Lucy was holding her glass untouched, while a dream of the olden days came into her mind and eyes.

"Tell me about her, anyway," I begged.

"Well," my hostess took an appreciative taste of her lemonade. "If you won't interrupt me, I'll tell you about her eagles——"

"Eagles!" I cried. "Why, Aunt Lucy! I've heard of preacher-folks having chickens and canaries and even parrots. But eagles!"

"There, you've interrupted already. Do you want I should tell you about it?"

Reproved I subsided with mock meekness.

"Yes, eagles, five of them, gold ones."

"Oh, not money! Not fifty dollars all at once—and a preacher's wife!"

THE look I received was of one who has suffered long and despaired. She set her glass on the porch railing and took up her buttonholes.

"Oh, I'll be good and not say another word. It was only that I was so surprised and—and—thrilled."

"If you *can* keep still," said Aunt Lucy sternly—and how I loved that twinkle in her eye! Dear Aunt Lucy! For more than ten years she has been living in her heavenly mansion. And I doubt not she has been helping the sewing circle up there cut and make the angels' robes. I know she has not been idle all these years, nor do I think she would want to sing in the choir. I am sure that through long sunny hours she and her dearest friend, who went home even before Aunt Lucy did, sit on the wide front porch where they can hear the music, and finish up the garments that have been started in the "circle."

"My sister-in-law came to visit me that summer. I was pretty proud of her, for she was rich and good-looking—and she was good. I showed her off quite a lot. And I was proud of the Leslies, especially Mrs. Leslie, so I showed them off to her, too.

"So it jarred me some that last afternoon Janie was with me to have her ask,

"'Is that Mrs. Leslie's only outfit?'

"I guess maybe I looked kind of surprised, for she said:

"'Oh you know I don't think clothes are everything. But most women like more than one shabby

"Well, next Sunday we all craned our necks and waited and watched, and lo and behold! if she didn't come walking calmly down the aisle in that same old black suit and homely four-year-old hat"

black suit and two white blouses, and a hat that looks home-made and made-over.'

"Maybe I blushed. I hope so.

"'Well, of course,' I said, 'We don't pay a very big salary—there was talk last year of a raise—but things have gone up and folks don't feel they can give more than they have been doing. The Leslies seem to get along pretty well. They have two girls away at school.'

"THAT was a bluff and I knew it. It sounds like a luxury to send your children away to school. I knew how they were sacrificing to do it, and how the girls were sacrificing and working to be able to go.

"'Next Thursday we kind of planned to do something for her, it being her birthday. It's Aid meeting anyway,' I said. I didn't tell her that what we had planned to do was to go there for our meeting and take our lunch—and eat it. Think of that for a generous present!

"Well, Janie fished around in her crochet bag and brought out a ten-dollar gold piece.

"'Here, take this,' she says, 'and get her four more like it. Have her spend 'em on herself. I only wish I could stay for your Aid meeting.'

"Well, we had no trouble at all raising the other forty dollars. There's lots of folks I find just teetering on the edge of generosity and all it needs is for some one to give them a good push. Everyone we asked was willing to give, though I must say that the amounts given didn't vary according to the means of them giving.

"And surprised! She was the most surprised woman you ever saw. She could hardly find words to thank us, and she's a good talker ordinarily, too. Of course we couldn't come right out and say to her, 'Now do go buy you some clothes—you need 'em!' But we hinted plain enough, dear knows. Mrs. Wells, the Aid president, presented the five gold eagles all done up in a jeweller's box, and she made a real neat speech we all thought, about how Mrs. Leslie had always done for others and we wanted to show our appreciation and do for her a little and how it was for her own personal pocketbook, and so on. And we all discussed the sale at Bean's and whether navy blue or black would be prettiest for a silk dress. And Mrs. Leslie just beamed and wiped her eyes and said it was an answer to prayer, that she had been longing for a little money she could spend as she wanted. Then we felt meaner than ever, to think she had been realizing how shabby she was.

"Well, next Sunday we all craned our necks and waited and watched, and lo and behold! if she didn't come walking calmly down the aisle in that same old black suit and homely four-year-old hat.

"'Well,' I says to myself, 'she's probably making things and hasn't had time to finish and wants everything new at once.'

"THAT afternoon Mrs. Neil called me up on the 'phone. Mrs. Neil was treasurer of our Missionary Society.

"'What *do* you think?' she says. 'Mrs. Leslie gave me an envelope this morning with an offering in it to apply on that scholarship in Chiney we thought we'd have to give up. And when I opened it, what *do* you think? There was one of them gold pieces!'

"I admit I was just plain flabbergasted. But it was so like her. And Mrs. Neil says:

"'And what do you think? Mrs. Jeffrie was in here. You know what she thinks of foreign missions and all the remarks she's made about 'em and about us who are ijits enough to give to 'em. But she does like Mrs. Leslie. And what *do* you think? (Mrs. Neil always asked that every other breath.) She says: "You spirit that back to Mrs. Leslie. I'll give them ten dollars to your old scholarship."'

"I've always heard the Lord didn't bless giving of that kind, but I tell you I blessed it right then and there.

"But that isn't the end. It's just the beginning. Next morning I was down-town and going by Bangor's Men's Furnishing Store. I see Mr. Bangor and he motioned me in.

"'Mrs. Johns," he says, 'look at this!'

"He opens his cash drawer and takes out a gold eagle.

"'My wife told me about you women giving Mrs. Leslie five gold pieces to buy herself some things, so I was some surprised when she came in Sat'day night and bought two shirts and some collars for her husband and paid for 'em with this. Course I couldn't refuse it, but I felt pesky mean. And Sunday I went to church. You know I ain't much of a church-goer. That was an awful good sermon Mr. Leslie preached. He looks neat, 'specially far off, but I could see he did need clothes, bad. And she—land, I'd call her most shabby. The more I thought of her sneaking those things into her absent-minded husband's bureau drawer and going without things herself, the more I couldn't stand it. I ain't give much toward church work lately, so you just take this gold piece and somehow get it back to that little woman.'

"No, don't get in a hurry. That isn't the end, either.

"THAT very afternoon I met Mrs. Coaly on the street. She was a poor soul with three children to support; took in washing. She come up to me with tears in her eyes and she says:

"'Oh, Mrs. Johns, what a wonderful woman Mrs. Leslie is! She's an angel! I was sick all last week and so was short on the rent, and Mr. Jaynes, who owns

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The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

An Open Letter to Lloyd George

DEAR SIR:

You are the Premier of Great Britain and we understand that you are coming over to the United States as Great Britain's representative, to attend the great disarmament conference called by President Harding to confer, with other representatives of other countries, on the mighty question of reducing military expenses and ultimately laying down warlike arms to such an extent that the world may be free from the awful burden of war upkeep, and in doing away with offensive weapons and military programs, put an end to the possibility of any two nations fighting, when they have nothing with which to fight.

You are a man of high ideals, a descendant of preachers and church members. It is true, of course, that your political enemies call you an opportunist and an expert straddler in politics, and they say that on that account you have been able to maintain your place of leadership, while all the other national leaders of the great powers have been defeated or set aside or found wanting. But all that has nothing to do with the main thing just now, which is the fact that we believe you are honestly in favor of disarmament and of world-wide peace, making war forever impossible. It is because we firmly believe you hold to this one great principle, no matter what your political enemies call you, that we venture to address this open letter to you.

Are you coming to this disarmament conference with the one great purpose in your heart which the common people of your country and of ours hold? You surely know what that purpose is. We are not authorized to tell you what your duty is, but we are competent to tell you that the overwhelming number of the citizens of the United States want war to cease, so that the arts and sciences and education and industry and religion may have a chance to grow out of a soil that has not been sown with bayonets and battleships and gas and bombs and guns. We are authorized to say to you that if Great Britain comes over here to this conference with an honest desire to end war, your country will find the people of our country of one heart and mind.

We are not speaking of the military men or the diplomats, but of the people. We are sick of wars, past, present and possible future. We want armament limited and we want it now. Why should the nations wait? They have been waiting ever since Cain killed Abel.

We believe that you are stronger than the politicians and militarists of Great Britain, and at the conference will act as your own conscience and convictions direct you. We do not believe that you will come to the conference as a diplomat, but as a Christian statesman. You will not insist that Great Britain be superior to every other nation on the seas. You will not plead the necessity of large standing armies in India or Egypt on account of your situation there. You will not obstruct the real purpose of the conference, which is to discuss not national rights and privileges, but the rights and privileges of mankind, which are above all selfish national claims.

Therefore we anticipate your coming as Great Britain's representative to take a part in this most important gathering. And as a believer in the Prince of Peace, as you are, by your own membership in one of the Master's communions, we pray with you that the result of the conference may be DISARMAMENT and the glory of the Lord revealed in Peace to the world, and goodwill towards men. Respectfully, THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

C. M. S.

Reforming the Hymnal

EVERY decade or so, we hear of some movement looking to reforming the hymnology of the churches. Nobody knows just how or where it begins, and its results usually amount to little or nothing. It has been discovered long ago ago that, as spiritual experience is infinite in variety, and as the individual temperament chooses its own form of expression, so there has been and probably always will be in the hymnology of the churches a range wide enough, if not to suit all tastes, at least to reasonably satisfy the majority.

We recall how, in the early stages of the world-war, we heard in almost all the religious gatherings the triumphant hymns of the church sung with a fervor and enthusiasm that showed popular appreciation. Now that peace and international good-will are in the ascendant, it is proposed that the old hymns of the church militant should be suppressed or modified; that they must be soft-pedalled or omitted. To effect the reform which the projectors of the plan have in view, they would undertake a systematic tinkering and recasting of many hymns, including especially those with the aggressive or triumphant note. These advocates of an upholstered hymn-book, with all the aggressiveness taken out of it, overlook the fact that the Christian life is a battle against sin from start to finish. Today, as in the times of the prophets, the apostles, and all down through the centuries, the victory in the battle is to the strong soul, the fearless heart, the hand that wields the sword of the Spirit.

We wish some of those well-meaning hymn reformers might read a timely and instructive article on the "Relation of our Hymns to the Bible," by Rev. Louis F. Benson, in the current number of "The Biblical Review." Hymn-books were rare before the Reformation. That era virtually saw the introduction of congregational singing, and there was no lack of aggressive or triumphant note.

While many popular productions of the modern hymn writers may be open to criticism as to literary or musical expression, it should not be forgotten that some of the simplest hymns have been remarkable aids in driving the Gospel message home to human hearts.

Dr. Isaac Watts, the first open advocate of evangelical hymns, held that in the choice of themes the Gospel should always predominate. He claimed absolute freedom to compose spiritual songs that were suited to all classes of worshippers, adapted to all occasions of Christian praise, and expressive of various phases of Christian experience. In other words, he claimed that the Gospel hymns of the Church should have a range as wide as its sermons and its prayers.

If the hymn-book is to be revised, let it be done by retaining all the really great Christian hymns and by dropping out those that have fallen into disuse. Never should it be forgotten that the great revival hymns, which have won multitudes of souls in the past, should be preserved. The world needs a revival, our own land as much as any. And the day will come when the Hymns of Refreshing and Christian triumph will be a more valued part of church music than they have been of late years.

Peace and Diplomacy

IT MIGHT better be worded Diplomacy and Peace. Because every time in the history of nations when world-wide peace has been under even casual discussion, the intrigue and diplomacy of what are known as "The Powers" of Europe have been barriers in the way of any practical advance along the line of a real disarmament.

Suppose, at the coming Conference on Disarmament Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, China and the United States, and any other nations that may share in that meeting, come to Washington for a real conference to discuss in real honest fashion the main thing, which is to step towards the putting to an end of war and the establishment of permanent peace around the world. In that case diplomacy will take a second place to peace.

But suppose each one of the countries making up the personnel of the Conference comes to Washington secretly determined to secure for its own country's advantage some point along the line of the old-world diplomacy, then peace will be overshadowed by the miserable intrigue and scheming which made the meetings of the old Hague Conferences such a farce, so far as any real advance towards peace is concerned. For it will be remembered that at several of The Hague meetings the delegates gravely discussed the right or wrong use of dum-dum bullets in war! That was about as far as The Hague Conference.

Up to the present moment in spite of all the terrible lessons the war is supposed to have taught mankind, diplomacy has played a mighty part in the debates and discussions even around the table of the League of Nations, and in all the international politics of Europe. In spite of all appeals for the Armenians and in spite of all Christian ethics, the Turk is still allowed to practise his atrocities, and the nations are at this moment watching one another selfishly to see that no advantage is taken in the matter of partition of territory or the increase of armament.

The coming Conference at Washington ought to be a real DISARMAMENT conference. Disarmament is what the world needs, and it is what the common people want. If the coming conference takes time to discuss policies that belong to the field of diplomacy and the selfish rights of the individual nations, it will be in vain. The common people are tired of diplomacy. They want an end of war. The diplomatist will say that the matter is very complicated, and that embarrassing conditions exist which make disarmament almost impossible. But the average citizen who never had any training in the diplomacy which has kept the bloody Turk on the throne for centuries cannot see why the nations cannot all agree to stop making battleships, and also agree to reduce together their war material and their military programs.

And they will do it if the main thing is kept in view and diplomacy told to take a back seat, or, better still, not allowed to come in to the conference at all.

Let every one who loves his country and wants to live to see disarmament a practical reality, offer a mighty prayer that at the coming momentous Conference for disarmament, Peace will sit at the head of the table, and Diplomacy be told to wait outside the door; and when the representatives come out after reaching a real disarmament agreement, they can tell Diplomacy to go forever to its own place, wherever that is.

Railroad Values

THE Interstate Commerce Commission proceeding under the valuation act of 1913 is completing and announcing its appraisal of the physical properties of a number of the less important railroads. Its findings make interesting reading to the general public, which as a rule does not get copies of the Commission's investigations.

For example, showing how some of these roads are over-capitalized, the New Orleans, Texas and Mexico Railroad claims to have invested in road and equipment $35,171,019. But the Commission reports that this property can be reproduced new for $8,594,019, with the necessary depreciation allowance. The actual value of the road is therefore less than one-third of the claimed value.

The Chesapeake Beach Railway, running into Washington, claims on the books of the carriers, an investment in road and equipment of $2,567,231. But the Commission believes it could be reproduced new for $724,510.

The Central of Arkansas Railroad claims an investment of $260,000, while the Commission says that it could be reproduced new for $3,172. This small road has practically disintegrated, yet it is included in the $19,800,000,000 valuation placed upon American railroads as a basis for rate-making.

Is any comment necessary on the above, except to say that until true valuations are placed upon the railroads, the public may expect to pay exorbitant rates for freight and general passenger traffic. If dividends must be made for stockholders on such a basis of fictitious values, no one but the traveling and business public can pay for them. The railroad business will not be established on a right basis until the real values are made to correspond with the figures on the carriers' books.

THE badge of youth admits young people at every door. They will crowd in where you consider the social life you propose to offer. They will blister you with scorn if your action is only negative, if you pride yourselves only on what you forbid. They can go into near-by villages and buy themselves the victuals of social life. You can send them away, or can give them to eat. You can lay your emphasis upon what you forbid, and the youth of the world will pass the church by.

To the thousands of churches who are facing the problem of keeping youth in the church these words from the Episcopal Address of the Board of Bishops to the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church should be of more than passing interest.

The World News of the Week

Formal Invitations Issued for Disarmament Conference, November 11

FORMAL invitations have been sent by Secretary Hughes, on behalf of President Harding, to Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan to participate in a conference on disarmament and Pacific and Far Eastern questions to open in Washington on Armistice Day, November 11. At the same time, China was invited to take part in the Pacific and Far Eastern discussion. Since all the nations named have approved the conference proposal, it was expected that formal acceptances would be received at once and rapid progress made in arranging for the meeting.

Secretary Hughes's note specifically declared that it was not the purpose of this government to attempt to define the scope of the discussion in relation to the Pacific and Far East—a point regarding which Japan has manifested great anxiety—"but rather to leave this to be the subject of suggestions to be exchanged before the meeting of the conference, in the expectation that the spirit of friendship and a cordial appreciation of the importance of the elimination of sources of controversy will govern the final decision."

In outlining the reasons which render imperative such a conference, Secretary Hughes stressed the fact that the present armaments constitute an economic burden too great to be borne, and that they are a constant menace to the peace of the world rather than an assurance of its preservation. He placed the question of limiting naval armaments first, but prepared the way for a discussion of the reduction of land forces, and suggested that it might be advisable to formulate proposals for the suitable control of new agencies of warfare.

It was announced at the White House that Secretary Hughes would head the American delegation.

Senate Passes Anti-Beer Bill

THE supplementary prohibition enforcement bill, banning the use of beer as medicine and limiting the quantity of other alcoholic liquors which a physician may prescribe, has been passed by the Senate by a vote of 39 to 20 and sent to conference with the House. Several important changes were made in the measure, and it was feared there might be a prolonged deadlock between the two bodies.

One Senate amendment would make it a misdemeanor for any official or agent of the United States to search the property or premises of any person without previously having obtained a search warrant and would make it a felony for any person not an authorized government official, agent or employee to cause, "under color of claim to be acting as such," any person to be deprived of any of the rights or immunities guaranteed by the Constitution. Just what this latter provision was designed to accomplish remained in question, but that it might be used to embarrass organizations such as the Anti-Saloon League which seek to assist in the enforcement of the law was obvious.

Other amendments adopted would permit the reimportation of large quantities of American liquors now held in foreign countries, provided they are returned in the original packages and stored in bonded warehouses; and would authorize the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to compel changes in the formula of any patent medicine used largely as a beverage.

Silesian Dispute Referred to League

PREMIERS LLOYD GEORGE and Briand, unable to agree on a division of Upper Silesia between Germany and Poland, have dodged the entire issue, for a time at least, by having the Allied Supreme Council refer the question to the League of Nations. They decided on this course, which means an indefinite delay in effecting a settlement, after they had spent several days in Paris trying to reach a compromise. Early in the Council's session it appeared that a compromise had been agreed on and that only the details of the boundary line remained to be worked out, but with each of the five experts urging a different line it was finally decided to defer attempts at a settlement.

One of the big factors in the failure of their efforts was a petition calling for the immediate reassembling of the French Parliament which was circulated by Republican leaders in the Chamber of Deputies who thought Briand was conceding too much to Lloyd George. They had obtained 200 of the 250 signatures necessary, and it was manifest that if Briand yielded his ministry would be overthrown speedily, so he was compelled to stand firm. Meanwhile an important message from Eamonn de Valera regarding the Irish peace negotiations had been received in London, and the plea that Lloyd George was needed imperatively at home gave the occasion for cutting short the Council meeting, with every appearance of good-will on each side. The Silesian problem then was referred to the League and Lloyd George left Paris, with the crisis between Britain and France regarded as solved, the action having been taken under the covenant and treaty provisions for referring to the League any circumstances which threaten to disturb international peace or good understanding.

On the Greco-Turkish war, the Allies adopted resolutions declaring their strict neutrality and their belief that the time was not ripe for mediation and giving their nationals the right to sell arms to either belligerent. The effect of this is to destroy the Treaty of Sevres.

International

A STEAMSHIP LEFT HIGH ON THE ROCKS

The steamship Athlon crashed on to the rocks at Port Ludlow, Puget Sound, Washington, but all of her passengers were rescued. For the vessel no means of salvage has been devised, and she has been given up as a total loss

Big Cut Made in Tax Bill

FEDERAL expenditures for the next fiscal year are to be held down to $4,034,000,000, it was decided at a White House conference participated in by President Harding, Secretary Mellon, the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee, and Representatives Mondell, Madden and Campbell, so that the new revenue bill will be designed to raise $3,075,000,000 instead of $3,570,000,000 as under the present law. To effect this saving, heavy cuts were made in the estimates furnished by Secretary Mellon, the $200,000,000 for the Shipping Board being slashed in half, $100,000,000 taken from the War Department, $50,000,000 each from the Navy Department and the Railroad Administration, and $25,000,000 each from the Department of Agriculture and general expenditures, in addition to a scaling down of $170,000,000 in the public debt payments.

In accordance with the conference decision, the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee changed the revenue bill so as to reduce the expected revenue by $555,000,000. Taxes which had been estimated to yield $891,000,000 were to be repealed, and increases to produce $336,000,000 were inserted. The chief alterations were the repeal of the excess profits tax, retroactive to January 1, 1921, the elimination of surtax brackets above 32 per cent., the increase from 10 to 15 per cent. of the tax on net incomes of corporations, and the abolition of taxes on freight, passenger and Pullman traffic after January 1, 1922.

By Hammond, in the Wichita Eagle

GETTING WALKED ON

The program called for the passage of the measure within a week after it is completed by the committee, and it will then go into the hands of the Senate Finance Committee, giving Congress an opportunity to adjourn for a month.

De Valera Rejects British Offer

PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE'S offer of Dominion self-government to Ireland has been rejected by Eamonn de Valera and, with the British government standing firmly against his demand for complete independence, the peace negotiations have reached a critical stage.

The text of the Premier's offer, which was made public, showed that his proposal of Dominion government included Irish autonomy in taxation and finance, with her own courts of law and judges, army for home defense, constabulary and police, postal service and control of all matters concerning education, agriculture, mines, forestry, labor, transport, trade, public health, health insurance and liquor trade. The Premier had stipulated that the Royal Navy should control the seas around Ireland, that recruiting for the British forces should be permitted, that no protective duties should be adopted and that Ireland should assume her share of the British debt.

Mr. de Valera's reply, after consultation with his colleagues, was that such conditions reduced Ireland to "a position of helpless dependence," and that her demand was for "political detachment free from imperialistic entanglements." He refused to permit the exclusion of Ulster from the settlement, Lloyd George having declared the Ulster government could not be abrogated except with its own consent, and proposed that the question should be submitted to external arbitration. He also proposed arbitration of the debt question.

Premier Lloyd George replied at once that there could be no compromise on the right of Ireland to secede from her allegiance to the King and that he could not consent to foreign arbitration of Irish questions.

There the matter rested pending the meeting of the Dail Eireann, the Irish Republican Parliament. Each side had left the way open for further exchanges, despite the firm tone of the letters, and it was hoped a basis might be found for continuing the negotiations.

COLONEL SAMUEL P. COLT DIES. Colonel Samuel P. Colt, long prominent in politics and chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Rubber Company, died at his home at Bristol, Conn., after a paralytic stroke, at the age of sixty-nine.

ALLIES TO FORM RUSSIAN RELIEF COMMISSION. The Allied Supreme Council, at its Paris meeting, decided to form an international commission for Russian relief work which is to embrace all efforts, governmental and private, for that purpose. Details of the organization and of the means of sending help were referred to committees. Herbert Hoover was going ahead with his relief measures, and negotiations with Soviet representatives were in progress in Riga. The six Americans released from Moscow prisons had arrived at Reval, Esthonia, and orders for the freeing of other Americans were issued.

POST IN PHILIPPINES OFFERED TO GENERAL WOOD. Major-General Leonard Wood will be named Governor General of the Philippines if the University of Pennsylvania, the trustees of which have elected him to be its head, will consent to his release, it was announced by Secretary Weeks. The general has indicated his willingness to accept the post, which carries a salary of $24,000 with a residence at government expense. A preliminary report by the Wood-Forbes Commission was said to have held that conditions in the islands do not warrant the immediate grant of independence.

PRESIDENT'S FATHER WEDS AGAIN. Dr. George T. Harding, father of the President, and Miss Alice Severns, who has been associated with him for several years in his practice at Marion, were married at Monroe, Mich., an event which caused surprise at the White House. Dr. Harding is seventy-six years old and his bride fifty-two. The President's mother died eleven years ago.

SPANISH CABINET RESIGNS. The cabinet of Premier Allendesalazar in Spain has resigned as a result of the Spanish defeats in Morocco and the formation of a new ministry has been entrusted to former Premier Maura. Reinforcements have been hurried to Morocco, but have not been able as yet to check the tide of rebel successes.

With the Hardings in the White House

Glimpses of Their Daily Life Which Reveal Them to Be "Just Folks"

By ABBY GUNN BAKER

SUCH busy days as these are at the White House and such busy days as they have been since on March 4 the President and Mrs. Harding came down from the Capitol, where he had been inducted into office, and took up their residence in the historic old mansion.

They have not only been tremendously busy days, but intensely interesting days also, and as one takes a quick mental review of the six months since the new administration came into power it is easy to understand the great wave of popularity that has swept the President and Mrs. Harding into the affections of the American people. The secret lies in the simple fact that they are so intensely human that they have a bona fide interest in people, and this interest has brought the White House into a more intimate touch with all of those who come into it than has been experienced in recent years. Some of the causes of this popularity can be illustrated by many little incidents that are of daily occurrence.

On the day that Mrs. Harding received the three thousand Daughters of the American Revolution who were attending their annual congress in Washington, she had several out-of-town friends with her for luncheon and as they left the handsome state dining-room she invited them to remain to help her in receiving her expected guests. One of the ladies said regretfully that she could not stay as the young daughter of a friend from the West who was attending an Eastern boarding-school had stopped over in Washington to spend the day with her and she would have to go back to the hotel to meet her. Mrs. Harding has a gift for finding ways out of difficulties and she suggested at once that the girl should join them at the White House.

"You know how it will delight a young girl to have an afternoon at the White House," she said. "Indeed, it is an opportunity which must not be missed, for it is a part of her education. The child will never forget it as long as she lives."

Without further delay a White House aide was despatched across Lafayette Park to the hotel and of course brought back a highly delighted and excited young girl. For three blissful hours she watched her gracious hostess, or at her suggestion wandered through the fascinating rooms.

"It was like a dream," exclaimed the happy little maiden when she related the incident, "just like a lovely dream to stand so near the President and Mrs. Harding that I could hear what they said to their guests. Afterwards Mrs. Harding herself walked through the state parlors telling me some of the events that had happened in the rooms. Why, I never will forget that afternoon. I know I shall remember it the longest day I live and when I am old and gray-headed, I will tell it to my grandchildren!"

Photographs by National Photo Co.

President and Mrs. Harding greeting the wounded men at Walter Reed Hospital

ONE rainy day an entertainment was under way out at Walter Reed Hospital for the wounded men. The rain poured in torrents and several of those who were to have helped give the program failed to come. The women in charge were just beginning to fear that the afternoon was to be a failure when, quite unannounced and entirely unexpected, the President and Mrs. Harding walked in. Such a red-letter day as it then proved to be for the wounded men. The distinguished guests waived all ceremony and walked from chair to chair chatting with the occupants or talked with them in little groups in the various parts of the room and veranda. For more than an hour they remained with "my boys," as Mrs. Harding delights to call the men who were wounded overseas, and before they left the President assured them that he would do everything in his power to aid the maimed soldiers in getting a new start in life.

The men who were blinded in the service have a peculiar tie with both the President and Mrs. Harding. They have visited the blind in the Red Cross Institute near Baltimore as well as those in the hospitals nearer Washington. One day a number of the men came to the White House to present to Mrs. Harding an exquisite woven basket they had made for her. Mrs. Harding was more than pleased with their work, and as she talked with them she allowed them to pass their deft fingers over her dress, her necklace, and even her face that they might "see" her as only the blind can see. One of the men said to her impulsively: "Oh, Mrs. Harding, you are so good, so good." Her reply was characteristic.

"Good," she repeated with spirit; "not at all, I only feel the obligation which every other right-minded American woman feels toward you brave boys who have given your sight, and who offered your lives for your country. It is not a matter of goodness, it is a matter of gratitude."

She is so democratic—is this wonderful First Lady who now presides at the White House. One day soon after the change in administration she and the wife of the Vice-President—who, by the way, is quite as democratic as is Mrs. Harding—were attending some Washington function together. All at once to her intense dismay Mrs. Coolidge found she was in the position that gave her precedence. "Oh, I am on the wrong side," she breathed in a tragic stage whisper in Mrs. Harding's ear. Mrs. Harding half stopped and the two looked at each other in consternation. Then for half a second both women suppressed a laugh as Mrs. Harding cheerfully whispered back, "Never mind—what difference does it make to us come on."

THESE, and many other incidents like them, have reminded me many times of a story one of Mrs. Harding's cousins told me a few days after the election last fall. She said that Mrs. Harding had had a wretched cold for a week and on election day was ill enough to have been in bed. But through all the exciting hours of the day she went about her Marion home as usual, greeting the many callers who came, scanning with Senator Harding the constantly arriving telegrams, and always ready with a joke for the newspaper men who brought the wires. But when in the late evening it became evident that the expected landslide to the Republican Party really had taken place, she stopped only long enough to congratulate the jubilant group of men surrounding her husband before slipping off to bed to nurse her torturing cold. Next morning the cousin who told the story went up to her room to see Mrs. Harding.

"Well, Florence," she said, "with all my heart I congratulate you. The victory grows more wonderful every hour."

The cold had settled in Mrs. Harding's head. She was horribly uncomfortable. She looked at her congratulator solemnly.

"Well—I don't know," she answered slowly, "whether we are to be congratulated or to be commiserated. Look at the condition of the world and think of the responsibility of the Presidency," and she hunted among the pillows for her handkerchief and sighed lugubriously. But in another moment she pushed the pillows up under her head with a vigorous punch and began laughing hilariously.

"Isn't it a joke for me to say such a thing as that when you and I both know if Warren had been defeated I would have been the most miserable woman in the world this morning instead of being the happiest? I am a regular fraud," she went on laughing as she applied the handkerchief to her demanding nose, "to say that I am scared out of my happiness by the responsibility, even as great as the responsibility is, for I am not. I am simply jubilantly happy over the election, and there is no use for me to try to pretend that I am not. I am no good pretending at anything anyway. I don't know how to do it."

That last sentence epitomizes Mrs. Harding in a word. She is "no good" at pretending, for she is thoroughly genuine.

ANOTHER reason for the popularity of the President and Mrs. Harding is that they have made themselves accessible to those who have legitimate business reasons for wanting to see

Continued on page 606

Daughters of American Revolution going in at the east entrance of the White House for Mrs. Harding's reception

God Measuring the Churches

A Sermon by REV. EDGAR DE WITT JONES, D.D.*

TEXT: Rev. 11 : 1—"And there was given me a reed like unto a rod: and the angel stood, saying, Rise, and measure the temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein."

THE heroic company for whom this book of Revelation was written understood its cryptic allusions. Through a period of dark and turbulent years, the first century Church conducted its meetings in secret; and by the aid of symbols, signs and passwords, continued its mission in the face of bitter and deadly persecution. The visions, figures, and cryptograms of Revelation, which have been the source of almost endless controversy brought warning and comfort to our brethren of the apostolic age. Assuming that this book was written primarily for the generation to which it was addressed, it does not follow that it contains no message for these latter days. The book is freighted with much that is profitable for every generation.

Interpreters of various schools of theology agree that the allusion in Rev. 11 : 1 is to the Church, its worship and conduct. God is represented as appraising His people and their worship. The apostle is bidden to discern the spiritual dimensions of the House of God.

First, he measures the area of the temple—not merely the physical area, for that were the least important. Some of the most spiritual congregations have worshipped in small and unimpressive edifices. Measure not the spaciousness or seating capacity, but observe how much of the whole life of the worshipper is to be found in the House of God. Do the worshippers bring their all to church? What of the vision range of the minister and the office bearers? Is the world objective of Jesus Christ kept constantly before the people, or are the ideals of the Temple provincial, narrow and mean?

It has sometimes been urged—and with good intention—not to bring workaday memories or thoughts of vocation into the House of God. There is a sense in which such advice is good; but unless it be qualified or explained, it may be misleading. Let men bring thoughts of shop, store, office and farm to the House of God; let women come with recollections of household duties, the training of children, the never-ending round of domestic cares. Thus worshipping, it may be that both men and women will come to perceive the intimate relation between daily toil and the Spirit Divine, and be strengthened accordingly.

GOD is everywhere measuring the churches today. Are they big enough spiritually to serve and save this generation? Are they sufficiently maintained to minister to every need of the community? Are they feeding the emotions and starving the intellect? Are they providing for the adult life of the congregation and ignoring the children? Are the churches measuring up to this need of the whole of life and supplying richly those great aids to faith that are necessary for the life abundant or, are they exclusive, snobbish and class-bound?

"Rise and measure the altar." The altar is the soul of the temple. The idea of sacrifice is as old as religion. When the artist paints primitive man at worship, he shows him kneeling before an altar on which a smoking sacrifice is laid. It is the altar that has given Christianity its supreme place among the world's religion. The communion of the Lord's Supper is more than a memorial; it is also a symbol. The broken bread and the fruit of the vine speak to us of His altar experience; but do they mirror in any way the altar in the lives of the worshippers? The very word "altar" is impressive; there is in it the idea of sacrificial service and gifts, the ministry of renunciation. A church is great in proportion to the measure of its altar life. An individual Christian is a power with God and man only as the altar bulks largely in his thought and deed.

First-century Christianity had no architecture worthy of name, no edifice even of the humbler kind. Its members met in upper rooms, caves of the earth, private homes—wherever they were able to come together and for the time be safe from the persecutors. The churches of that day boasted no "coffers" or material securities of any kind; they knew no organized life save of the slenderest; but they did possess the altar in a wondrous way. They shared their all with the humblest of earth, and gave themselves without reserve for a redeemed society.

How prominently the altar was in Paul's life. How noble are his flaming words; when replying to the critics who questioned his apostolic credentials, he cried: "Henceforth let no man trouble me; for I bear branded in my body the marks of Jesus." It was through the altar marks made by the lion which crunched his arm that the body of David Livingstone was identified before it was buried with impressive honors in Westminster Abbey.

"RISE and measure the altar," is a solemn injunction to modern Christians. What is the altar life of the average congregation? What is the local church doing for the community? What service, what sacrifice, what ministry to the unfortunate, the despondent, the outcast, the poor? What of the altar in the lives of the members? Is it strong or faint? Is pride still dominating the rank and file of the Christian commonwealth? Is prejudice still swaying the multitude of believers? Are avarice and greed corroding the hearts of those who acknowledge the Lordship of Jesus?

Have we learned nothing new concerning sacrifice since the great war? Eighty thousand of America's youth gave their lives to make the world safe for women and little children. What of us who possess vigor, influence and talent—what are we giving? What of the altar experience on our part to make Christianity vital and fruitful the world over. Is the Cross only a symbol, a mere emblem to adorn a necklace, or ornament for a watch-fob? Yes, measure the altar and let us known the truth, even if it be an exposure of our meagre accomplishments in the realm of the spiritual.

"And Them That Worship Therein." The measuring passes now from the temple and the altar to the individual. True the individual has been included in both the measurement of the temple and the altar, but a more personal and individual appraisal must now be submitted to. God is about to take our measure in soul wealth. What have we for endurance? How much patience do we possess? Is the forgiving spirit large with us? How long will we harbor a grudge? To what distance and inconvenience are we willing to go in order to right a wrong? Can we see the weak wronged without indignation? Can we exult in the downfall of an enemy? Do we try to be just to those whom we do not like? Can we bear this measuring rod of Almighty God without a sense of littleness? Are we growing in the great graces of the spirit? The questions are personal, searching, persistent, inescapable. "Lord is it I? Is it I? Is it I?"

BY WHAT standard does God measure the churches, the area of the temple, the altar and them that worship therein? A popular custom is to measure ourselves by others, and observe with pride wherein our accomplishments are larger and our growth more considerable than those of our neighbors, friends, fellow church-members. A man looks about him, for instance, and after the manner of a certain infamous Pharisee, soliloquizes: "As compared with other folks I'm a pretty good kind of a Christian; I attend church more regularly than my neighbors next door; I can offer a better prayer in public than any men of the official board; I thank God I am a more efficient churchman than any one else in the congregation." That standard of measurement is an abomination; it is mean, niggardly, contemptible!

There are those, also, who, while they scorn to measure themselves by others, are quite ready to measure themselves by themselves. These well-meaning folk look back over the years and see wherein they can trace a growth in spiritual things and thus contrasting present attainments with past, believe themselves to find ground for self-congratulation. This method of measuring is not so objectionable as the other, yet it is faulty and inadequate. In II Corinthians 10 : 12, the apostle alludes to Christians of that day who measured themselves by themselves, and he charged them with folly. The difficulty is that such measuring keeps one self-centered; it feeds pride, tickles vanity, chills enthusiasm, smothers the noblest impulses. Behold a more excellent way I show you:

GOD'S manner of measuring us is found in Jesus Christ, His son. Peter refers to Jesus as our example, and bids us follow in His steps. Paul in a memorable passage enjoins the followers of Christ at Ephesus to strive toward high ideals: "Till we all come in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." The night of His betrayal, Jesus gave to His disciples the new commandment, and bade them love one another even as He loved them. God, therefore, is measuring the temple, and the altar, and them that worship therein, by and through His Son. Consider how fully His measurements fill the requirement of the text.

How wonderfully His spirit fills the temple, ministering to the whole life. Lo, His abundant provisions for the old, the middle-aged, the young and the little children! No one is forgotten or overlooked; the outcast, the poor, the notorious sinner, the toiler, the housewife, the scholar, the peasant—all are objects of His love and consideration. The sympathies of Jesus, like the waters of some great ocean whose waves lap the shores of many Continents, reach every experience of human life. He is everybody's Christ. He is the same yesterday, today and forever. If lifted up in the thoughts and deeds of His followers, He will draw all men unto Himself.

In Jesus' life the altar was supreme. He came not to be ministered unto. The spirit of sacrifice in His life permeates the pages of the Gospels, as Mary's ointment filled the home of Simon the leper with its sweet fragrance. He was among the people as one who serveth. He set His face toward Jerusalem and offered Himself upon the high altar of the Cross for all mankind. Thus, he has become, as the author of the Hebrew Epistle has aptly phrased it—"our altar."

WITH what vastness of mind and affection does Jesus meet the yearnings of the soul that seeks Him. What amplitude in the spirit of Jesus. No petty prejudices, no sordid ambition, no greed for place or possession, warped or dwarfed His character. The words that fell from His lips were words of ocean-like breadth: "all," "whosoever," "everyone"—these were the phrases oftenest upon His lips. How His abundant love, His wholehearted forgiveness, His gracious dealings with publicans and sinners rebuke the ofttimes bigotry of some who claim Him as Lord and Master. Measured by this high standard, how small are even the most spiritual of men and women; compared with His sacrificial acts, how insignificant the most generous of the churches appear!

In the deepest sense, the spirit and the principles of Jesus are measureless. The religion of His day was that of the stated feast, the stipulated tithe, the arbitrary service, the formal and stereotyped Pharisaism. Jesus came with His large outlook upon life, His deep and penetrating insight into human nature. He taught the giving of good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over.

It is not possible to weigh or measure infinite love. No canvas is large enough for Jesus Christ. Men have been trying for centuries to summarize the character of Christ in sermon, lecture, essay, and biography. I recall the title of one of these multifarious books with Jesus as theme—a title of becoming modesty and singular good taste: "Jesus, an Unfinished Portrait." Unfinished is here rightly used. What artist, orator, preacher, essayist, philosopher, has appraised wholly that great Divine Soul, whether on canvas, in marble, or printed page. God be praised for so lofty an ideal, so perfect a standard, so sinless a life as He hath given unto the world in His beloved Son, Jesus.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," or "O Day of Rest and Gladness."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 40: first 8 verses; *Reliance upon God.*

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 602, first column).

Sermon—"GOD MEASURING THE CHURCHES"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Rock of Ages," or "Now the Day is Over."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Gracious Lord: If the truth of thy Word as it has been read today has touched our hearts, may we use it to help others as it has helped us. And as we go back to our work, may its burdens be changed into songs, and its cares be translated into joys, and its fears into faith, and its drudgery into the divine blessing of working with Him who made furniture in the Carpenter's shop. In Jesus' name we ask it. AMEN.

* Pastor Central Church of Disciples, Detroit, Mich.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., R. Braunstein, E. W. Caswell, D.D. and W. S. Stranahan

The Overflowing Cup

SUNDAY. Psa. 23-5. "*My cup runneth over.*" It is the suggestion of abundance which is conveyed in these most familiar words. The guest is in the tent of his host, and there is no hint of stinginess in the hospitality. It is not as in Cana of Galilee, when the good man of the feast had the horrible surprise of discovering that they were running short of wine almost before the feast had well begun. One can dimly imagine the thoughts and feelings of the guests at the wedding. There would be many a side-long glance as the mean measures were handed round. There would be much significant lifting of the brows. There would be many a whispered interpretation of the shortage, and the interpretations would never err on the generous side. But the irritation of the guests was nothing compared with the discomfort of the host. He was horrified until all his trouble was ended by the gracious courtesy and power of the Lord.

But this psalmist's Host has made no mean provision. Nor are His supplies just level with the demand. The grace of the Lord does not just balance the necessity and leave nothing over. There is always a surplus at the feast. The want is met with abundance. Satisfaction culminates in wonder. This man's cup runneth over! And that is everywhere the Scripture teaching concerning the boundless hospitality of the Divine Host. We are cheered by the promise that whatever necessity we bring to the door of our Father's house is welcomed with overflowing goodness, and the need is absolutely buried in the multitude of God's mercies.

Here, then, is a familiar sentence which reveals the overflowing bounty—"Where sin aboundeth grace doth much more abound." That is an almost surprising encounter. I did not imagine that anything could be bigger than my sin. It was the biggest thing I knew. If I take time, and let my mind and memory run across the years, my sin seems to pile up to mountain heights! This is true even of the sins I can remember. But there are countless others which memory cannot recall. And there are all those which an evil nature never recognizes as sin—the sophistries which moved about as decent presences: the things which I labelled "smartness," "cleverness," and then persuaded myself that the labels made them so: the sins of aggression: the sins of neglect: the sins of indolence and indifference! Mountains of them!

And when I bring these mountainous things to the Lord, what then? Where sin abounds, what then? "Grace doth much more abound." There is a bigger thing than my sin. Sin is out-topped by grace. Out-topped? Aye, as Mount Everest out-tops the hills that reveal themselves from my chamber window. Out-topped? Ay, as a child's sand-heap is overwhelmed by the incoming weight and glory of God's amazing sea. "There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the Sea." Yes, and a depth, too. And all this is true, true in the experience of all humble, believing souls who lay their dark necessity before the Lord. It is met and countered by God's grace, and the grace of God in Christ Jesus buries our guilt and sin as in an unfathomable sea. Grace does not just meet our sin in uncertain balancings; it buries it all together. The forgiveness is not stingy. Our cup runneth over.

Here is another sentence revealing the fulness of the divine hospitality. "They gathered of the fragments that remained, twelve basketfulls." No wonder that the prodigal son, thinking of such a Host, said: "In my Father's house there is bread enough and to spare." Recall some of the deep and varied hungers of the soul. Think of the hunger for divine union. Think of the hunger for the perfecting of all our powers. Think of the hunger for the peace which is spiritual harmony, and for the joy which is spiritual health. And bread is needed for all these hungers. And blessed be God, all our cravings are the pledges of their fulfilment. The very variety of our hungers is an index to the manifold grace of the Lord. Our hungers are our schoolmasters to bring us to Christ. And when we come to Him, there is bread enough and to spare. "The half hath not been told." God's hospitality buries our necessity. His bounty overwhelms our needs.

And so, on God's side, the gifts are always abounding. His measure is good measure, passed down, shaken together, running over. J. H. J.

"Safety First"

MONDAY. Acts 16 : 28. "*Do thyself no harm.*" "Safety first" is not a Christian motto as applied to personal conduct. Our motto must be "Duty first." In ordinary affairs, however where there is no principle at stake, "Safety first" is a good motto, wise and eminently Christian. Here was a restraining voice, a hand laid upon a man about to do a rash and foolish thing. Suppose the prisoners in the Philippian jail had escaped? Would the suicide of the jailer have helped matters? It seems to have been a sort of Oriental impulse to escape trouble by escaping life. This is not the Christian way of escaping trouble. We know that death is no effective escape from self.

The only real way of escaping self is by getting into another Self. The Philippian jailer soon learned it. He was added to the number of those who were being saved. He found his better self in Christ. The words of Paul to the jailer are a suggestive exhortation on the plane of practical affairs. Each of us is his worst enemy, in fact his only enemy. We may do ourselves harm. Many do, some blindly, some with full knowledge of the peril they incur.

Religion has its admonitory voices. The Bible is a compendium of wisdom and warning. Over the Ten Commandments might well be written the motto, "Safety first." What harm do we inflict upon ourselves most commonly? Dr. Glover of Cambridge says, "The curse of the world is failure to develop." It is a tragedy that so many of us let whole areas of our minds lie waste.

The author of "The Journal of a Disappointed Man" confesses: "During the last twelve months I have undertaken a complete upheaval. The whole bias of my life has gone over from the intellectual to the ethical. I now know that goodness is the chief thing." After all, our great sin is neglect. We neglect to avail ourselves of God's grace. We bear burdens we need not bear. We fight battles alone when we might have an omnipotent Ally. C. C. A.

"None Other Name"

TUESDAY. Acts 4 : 12. "*None other name under heaven that is given among men, wherein we must be saved.*" In all the false religions and philosophies of the world there is no intimation of any way by which a sinner can escape from his mislived past. Such a way is provided alone in the expiatory sacrifice of Christ. If you close that door, you say, in fact, not only that man is in a desperate case, but that the God who created him is without love in leaving him there.

People who abjure the Christian religion are, as a rule, fond of vociferating that God is love; but the God whom they prefer sits in his high heaven with eyes as pitiless as those of the Sphinx, unmoved by generations of his children who in caravans pass on to dusty death.

This, O unbeliever, is where your way of thinking brings you! D. J. B.

Our Alliances

WEDNESDAY. I Sam. 30 : 13. "*To whom belongest thou?*" David put this question to a stranger whom he met on the road and the stranger told David the name of the master he was serving. The question in these days is as direct and the answer is expected from us all. The world demands how and where we stand. Neutrality is an impossibility. We reveal our viewpoint as much by our silence as by our speech. God wants to know where we stand; Jesus Christ wants to know; the Church wants to know. The Kingdom individually and collectively demands that we put ourselves on record for or against. If we believe in the Church, that belief is our creed. If we do not believe in the Church, that too is our creed.

The unorganized indifference of the Christian Church does more harm than the organized unrighteousness of the powers of sin. Sin trades on indifference and prospers on silence. Therefore there are three questions it behooves us to answer. Where in the world of self are we?—Our thoughts and attitude. Where in the world's world are we?—Great secular matters and civic affairs. Where in God's world are we?—Christian ideals and righteous standards. A long time ago, in the twilight of history God asked, "Adam, where are thou?" Today in the noontide glare of the twentieth century He is asking all the sons and daughters of Adam the same question. The years to come shall determine how we have answered that question, not so much by what we have said but by the alliances we have formed, the ideals we have cultivated and the interests we have given impetus with our consent. R. B.

The New Discovery

THURSDAY. John 6 : 68. "*We believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God.*" The Christian life, like the natural life, is one of growth and development. The beginnings may be small and usually are, but the possibilities are beyond our conception.

That was a great and momentous day, in the life of Peter and John when they made the acquaintance of Jesus, and resolved to unite themselves to Him. How they must have looked back to that day as the birthday of their Christian life, the beginning of their real growth in heart and character!

The gracious words spoken by the Master, the miraculous and healing touch of His hand, the manner in which He managed always to enter into man's need; His divine sympathy, His passion to minister to all, His absolute unselfishness, His preparedness for all the emergencies of their discipleship—all these combined to show the disciples that He whom they followed had riches unsearchable, and that their life with Him meant an ever increasing growth and development in heart and character. This is one of the most beautiful truths of the Christian life, that we shall always be making new discoveries, entering upon inspiring experiences, and exploring fresh and untried pathways. The best, the richest, is always ahead, and true service to the Christ will be as the dawning light, that shines more and more unto the perfect day.

Patiently and lovingly Christ sought, both by precept and example, to make them see that unselfishness is the chief virtue, and self-forgetting service, the standard of all true greatness. There is nothing we need more in the Christian life of today than to discover this wondrous teaching, and to give it absolute right-of-way. W. S. S.

Christ's Contribution to Life

FRIDAY. I Tim. 4 : 8. "*Having promise of the life that now is.*" There is a tendency in our day to emphasize what may be called the utilitarian view of the Christian religion. But why condemn it by calling it utilitarian? What William James calls pragmatism and what Bergson calls activism are the same. The idea is to test a philosophy by its actual working. "By their fruit ye shall know them." It was an advance agent of this philosophy who said, thirty years ago: "You say Christianity is false. But you admit Christianity produces results in the individual life and in society which what you call Truth can not accomplish. Thereby you prove your truth false and your falsehood true." This is a short and easy way to deal with unbelief.

Christ has a program for the individual life. What is it? There is no doubt He enables us to face the facts of life undaunted. There are the facts of pain and death. In the face of pain, Christ still believed in the Father's goodness. In the face of death, He still clung to His belief in life. This is the fruit of faith. Then Christ enables us to meet life's crisis with calmness and strength. The parable of the wise and foolish virgins is Christ's doctrine of crisis. Crisis must be met by always living at our best.

Moreover, Christ enables us to walk with superior dignity and hope along the dim and dusty way of common things. There is a prayer which runs, "Give me, dear Lord, Thy magic common things." It is thoroughly Christian. This is the way to God—"o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone." The moor is beautiful if we are in good company. The fen is beautiful if our hearts are hopeful. Beyond these hedgerows lieth the land of far distances. Death is but an opening through the hedge. C. C. A.

The Sense of His Presence

SATURDAY. Ex. 33 : 15. "*If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence.*" If a universe of worlds and laws is all for the children of God, we know that the heavenly Father will not desert us during the brief journey across the isthmus of time.

Think of fishes trying to find the sea and birds searching for the air, when they are swimming and flying in the element of their lives all the while. So humanity reaches out after God, not always realizing that He is here, now and everywhere continually. While ocean and air, flowers and sunlight whisper of His Presence, He comes nearer when the soul of the Infinite touches that of His child with healing, saving and keeping power. We are a part of His breath and being, living by Him and the words of His power. In the face of nature and in the faces of our loved ones, we can behold pictures of the face of God till we see Him as He is, face to face.

John Bunyan's blind child never saw her father's face nor read his writings; but she knew her father's heart of love better than those who only read the dreamer's pages. She could respond to his tender touch and feel his arms of endearment. Are we not God's blind children, feeling after Him in our darkness till, under the shadow of His wings, we abide and hear the music of His voice? With love's far-seeing eyes we bring Him near and are sensible of His intimate Presence. The eyes of faith and hope are not blind, when we are willing to gaze upon His beauty. In the garden of the soul, His presence is visible as He comes to meet us and love us; He who is never weary giveth power to the faint; He increaseth strength and becomes to us the all and in all. E. W. C.

From Philippi to Athens

International Sunday-School Lesson for September 4
Acts 16 : 19 to 17 : 15

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

LABOR Day Sunday shows in the Sunday-school lesson study that Paul, the tent maker, works hard with hands, head and heart. Union hours are undreamed of by this itinerant evangelist, and no labor for Jesus Christ and his fellow man is beneath his dignity. At midnight or at noon he is ready to help his fellows. He is a master workman in saving a life, saving a soul or teaching the Word effectively.

When reform through religious activity closes the pocketbook many still are eager to stop the reform and to still the reformer. That was the way it worked at Philippi when the syndicate of big men who owned the little girl could no longer fool the public through her soothsaying. Paul and Silas were dragged from the home of Lydia or arrested en route to the riverside place of prayer and beaten after a semblance of a trial before the rulers in the market-place. If Paul asserted his Roman citizenship the call was not heard in the uproar, or it did not avail this time as it did at Jerusalem on a later occasion. Paul may have been silent as to his rights, believing that God would bring deliverance in another way. The Christian is not always saved from experiencing suffering, but he is always made strong in the Lord to endure his sufferings.

These yoke-fellows in the Gospel were foot-bound in the inner prison, and the hour was midnight. Did they conclude that they had mistaken the message in the Macedonian call? The answer is their prayer-meeting with numerous hymns interspersed. Silas has been called the singer like Sankey with Moody, Alexander with Torrey, or Rodeheaver with Sunday. Bound feet are no indication of a bound heart. At just such times the Christian has an outreach that effectively lays hold on God. It was good for Paul and Silas that each had the companionship of the other, but best of all for both was the fact of the conscious presence of Jesus Christ.

A PRAYER-MEETING of the right sort has a social effect. It was that way on this occasion. Others were in the same prison and their consciences were giving them pain because of real guilt. The night is fearfully long when one cannot sleep by reason of thinking of sins which have been committed. Lewd songs had often been sung by vicious men in that prison, but this night sweet messages declaring faith in God, the assurance of His presence and the peace that passeth all understanding were heard coming from that inner dungeon. While the prisoners were listening intently the earthquake came and shook the doorposts from their sockets, stocks fell apart, and all hurried toward freedom. It only requires a moment to stain your soul forever by a sin, or to find salvation in Jesus Christ through conversion.

The jailer also is awakened. He leaps to a conclusion without reckoning upon God's part in the upheaval and draws the sword of cowardice to avoid the trial at Rome. Though Paul is still suffering from the flagellation of yesterday he is ready to do good to those who have persecuted and despitefully used him and Silas. The hand of the would-be suicide is stayed as Paul calls out the facts, and then there is a blessed miracle of grace in that early morning hour. That dialogue has been used of God in soul-saving almost as much as were the words of Jesus to Nicodemus in John 3 : 16.

"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"
"Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house."

The activity of penitence follows conversion from sin. At once the self-expression of the jailer begins: he is baptized, together with "all his," just as soon as he, himself, has washed the stripes of these men of God. There are some duties that we cannot delegate to others. That night the jailer must have surprised the other keepers and the released prisoners as they beheld the loving servant perform the work of the tender physician. The man-beater proved that he had found the Christ by doing Christ-like service.

These lessons must be always related to our every-day world. The subject of progress in prison reform during the past century is one for profitable discussion. Can the unfortunates be reformed while in prison or is it just a place of punishment for them? There are many Christian workers who count it a great joy to go regularly to jails, penitentiaries and reform schools that they may minister in things pertaining to the Kingdom.

A practical outcome of the study of this lesson would be for every Sunday school or class to make certain that there is some worth-while gospel ministry in each public institution in its vicinity. Do not guess about it. Find out, and if nothing is being done, do not rest until this Christian ministry is started. This is a real piece of work for organized adult classes.

A CHRISTIAN has dignity and can assert his rights. This Paul does when he is invited to leave town quietly. He requests the magistrates to come and get the beaten, though uncondemned Roman. This is done with all due form, and Paul and Silas go to the house of Lydia for another meeting of prayer and thanksgiving. Then they go forward to places where other sheep need shepherding, though they may not be aware of their needs. Amphipolis, Appolonia and Thessalonica are reached in turn. You will find rich opportunities for informational study as you become acquainted with the history connected with all the places mentioned in Paul's travels. For example, study about Thessalonica, modern Salonika, from the time of Alexander the Great. In Acts 17 : 1-9 you will learn what Paul experienced there before he left with Silas, by night, for Berea.

Careful Bible study was the habit of at least some in Berea. They "examined the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so." The study of God's Word was the work of Jesus. Whatever else one may know he is genuinely ignorant if he is not acquainted with the facts in the Scriptures. Then he should understand what the Bible says to HIM about relationships in society here and also about the eternal Hereafter. This exhortation to Bible study should be related to the statement about the jailer and his family being baptized. One of the greatest needs in the life of the individual, the home and the church is the establishment of the Family Altar. The Christian Herald in carrying on its propaganda in this matter is rendering an incalculable good.

As you journey with Paul have in mind the letters which he wrote later to the various churches. Read those epistles as you study about each community. There is the message to the Philippians and the two letters to the Thessalonians. These letters will be mentioned in turn as we come to the city from which they were written.

There are three valuable inexpensive books about Paul and his work which have been written by David James Burrell, D.D. They are "Paul's Campaigns," "Paul's Companions," and "Paul's Letters." Such books make profitable reading in connection with the lesson studies on Paul which we will follow during the remainder of this year. These and other books which are recommended from time to time can be purchased through the Book Department of the Christian Herald. The books are named, however, solely in the interest of the readers of these lesson studies. We are always seeking to know Paul better, and through him to know his Christ.

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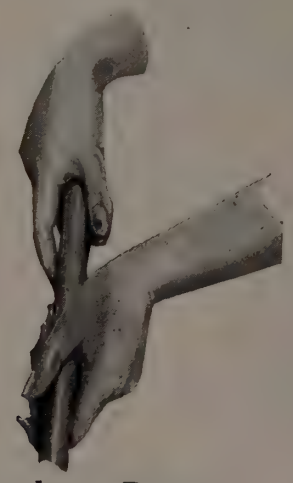

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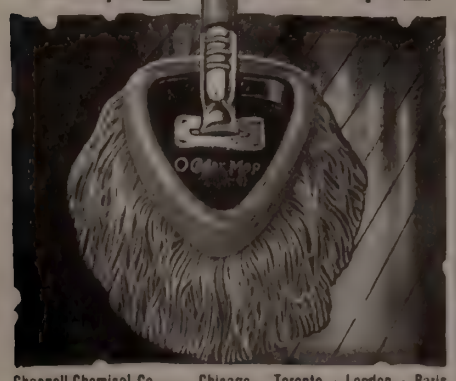

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The Flight of the Golden Eagles

Continued from page 597

the house, said I'd just have to move out, he was tired of me being always so behind. I was just heart-broke. We lived in that same little house when Mr. Coaly died, and anyway I couldn't afford to move and didn't know where to turn.

"'And then Saturday along come Mrs. Leslie to call on me. Of course I just poured out all my troubles to her, as we all do, I guess. "Why," says she, "don't worry for a minute. I've got ten dollars here I can spare just as well as not—it's my own, for my own pleasure, and I want to give it to you. That gives me more pleasure than anything else I could do with it."

"'And,' says Mrs. Coaly, 'I just come from Mr. Jaynes' office, where I been to pay him his rent.'

"Well, here was a pretty how-to-do. The other two were made right up, and I thought Providence was in it. But this looked more like the workings of someone else. And they were made up by those who could afford to do it and only needed something to spur 'em to the giving. But this——

"When I come to think it over I was mad, just downright mad. Mr. Jaynes belongs to our church and is worth land knows how much, and threatening to turn a poor woman out o' house and home! I was pretty near his office right then, but I believe I could have walked a mile, the frame o' mind I was in.

"Soon as I could get away from Mrs. Coaly, who was still calling Mrs. Leslie an angel and saying she was going to go over whenever she had any 'absent time' and help with the parsonage work, I rushed right up to that office, and I gave that man a good piece of my mind. He was too amazed to sass back at first and then when he tried to explain I just wouldn't listen to any explanations. I was too busy telling him what I thought of him.

"At last he just threw up his hands and yelled,

"'Land sakes, woman! Hush up! I'll give you your ten-dollar gold piece back, and Mrs. Coaly can live in that house till the crack o' doom and pay when she pleases. Only stop this little flow o' speech o' yours before you scare off some of my clients and make me too much ashamed to walk the streets in daylight.'

"SO THAT gold eagle came back to roost. But neither is that the end. I don't wonder you're amazed. So was I.

"Next day I was going past the Hawley place, and who should I see but their little cripple girl walking on crutches.

"'Why Jean Hawley,' I says, 'I didn't know you could get about on crutches.'

"'No more did I,' she says, 'But when I tried I could. And you can't guess where I got these nice shiny crutches. See the rubber at that end, and the nice soft plush up here!'

"'Yes, I can guess in one guess,' I told her. 'It was Mrs. Leslie.'

"'Yessir,' she says. 'How did you know?'

"'Humph!' I says, kind of wearily by this time, I'm afraid. You know I told you I didn't want you to be exactly like Mrs. Leslie. 'That's easy. I know Mrs. Leslie. Where do you suppose she bought 'em?'

"'At Mr. Dwight's Drug Store. She said so.'

"I was 'most too tired to move, but I was afraid there was no time to be lost, so I hustled right down to Dwight's and told him all about it.

"'Don't let that gold piece get away,' I told him, 'till I've had a chance to redeem it.'

"'I won't,' he promised, 'and I'll give two dollars toward the fund.'

"'So'll I,' says his clerk. 'Mrs. Leslie's been mighty good to my wife.'

"I don't know the lady,' says a traveling man who was there, 'but the case sounds interesting. Here are my two dollars.'

"'Oh, pshaw,' says Dwight. 'Let's make it three-thirty apiece. Here's your gold piece, Mrs. Johns. Better put it in a cage this time.'

"Yes, there was one last gold piece, and I was hoping she might have got a new hat or a new waist or something for herself, though I couldn't see any sign of it when I met her.

"ALONG toward the end of the week a registered letter came for me. I couldn't think who could be sending it. I was quite excited when I opened it and found—yes, actually, that last gold eagle, and a letter from the Leslie girls. They were in the city going to college and boarding themselves. Their mother had written them about her birthday and the five gold eagles, and she had sent them one to buy them some little extras to eat. She was worried for fear they might economize too much for the good of their health.

"'But we know mother,' wrote Ruth. 'She has likely parted with more of those gold pieces that you folks so kindly gave her for her own use. She can never seem to see her own needs, others' needs loom so big. And she does need so much—has needed things for years. We want her to have them. We can never be grateful enough to you women for making it possible We are all right. Simple living is good for the complexion and may help us reduce!'

"Reduce! And they about as fat as knitting needles.

"I called up Mrs. Wells and some of the others that very day.

"'We've got our eagles all home again,' I says, 'but how in tunket are we going to make them do their proper duty by Mrs. Leslie? And as for those girls of hers, how about a box, say on Saturday afternoon? We can pack it here and plan about getting those eagles to Mrs. Leslie at the same time.'

"I wish you could have seen that box—roast chicken and cakes and cookies and doughnuts and jelly and canned fruit, and vegetables and butter and a tin pail of fresh eggs, and ham and bacon and honey and candy and nuts and fruit, and goodness knows what all. We tried to put in some things that would keep and not have to be eaten all at once and kill the poor girls with our kindness. It was a good deal more than any ten dollars' worth. Ruth made a good bargain that time. And it was only what we could have done long before if we had only thought of it. We didn't miss those things a bit, and the letter we got from those girls! Land!

"BUT how to get that money back. 'There's only one thing to do,' Mrs. Wells says. "It's to buy the things and see that she wears 'em. Give me that money and I'll attend to it.'

"Mrs. Wells was a master hand and I knew she would put it through if mortal could.

"I never got full particulars, but I know Mrs. Wells somehow explained in her jolly way to Mrs. Leslie that we were not satisfied with the amount of clothes she got for that amount of money, and that we had corralled some of the eagles that had tried to get away, and now Mrs. Wells was there to sort of guide their next flight.

"So she took our little preacher's—no, our preacher's little wife—down to Mr. Bean's store, and what she got for that fifty dollars would amaze anyone who didn't know Mr. Bean and how generous he was.

"So the next Sunday morning we had the joy of seeing our preacher's wife dressed as a preacher's wife ought to be—not so fine as to shame the poor, nor so poor as to shame the rich, but so nice we were all proud of her. And what's more, all this commotion and excitement stirred up the board and they added five hundred dollars to Mr. Leslie's salary, and, more astonishing yet, the salary, like any other salary in the world except a preacher's, was to be paid every month.

"I wrote to Janie and told her that if she ever before invested ten dollars that grew to six hundred in two weeks, I was some surprised.

"Now come and see those plants I was telling you about. The six o'clock whistle will blow any minute, and your preacherman will be home for supper, and probably think you've gone back to mother!"

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A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

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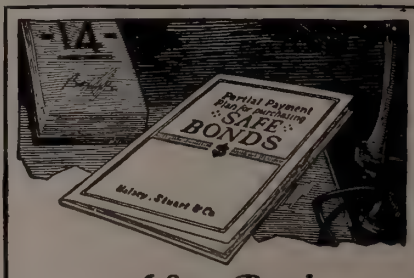

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Making the Farm Attractive

By T. A. McNEAL

Editor of the Farmers' Mail and Breeze

THAT the farmer, speaking collectively, is essential to the well-being of the nation and the world is a proposition so self-evident that it needs no argument. And yet the trend of population is steadily away from the farm and toward the cities and towns. All writers on economics and students of sociology agree that the congestion of great cities is morally unhealthful; a menace to our national life and proper development.

What is the matter? Why do the most capable and most ambitious young men and young women leave the farms and go to the cities?

The reason is evident. They go because they believe the city offers better business opportunities and a more desirable social environment. You may say that they are mistaken and that they will be disillusioned by experience. Perhaps so, but the fact remains that this desire for a fuller life and for enlarged opportunities is the impelling force which drives them from the land on which they were born.

What is the remedy? Make farm life so attractive, both from a business and social standpoint that it will overcome the lure of the city. How is that to be done? That, of course, is easier asked than answered, and yet I think it can be answered.

Man naturally loves the soil. It is natural for him to love to plant and till, He loves to watch the development of plant life, and especially if he has sown the seed from which it sprang. The city man, born in the country, never forgets the scenes of his youth and in the hour of his greatest triumph, longs for the green fields and woodlands of his childhood.

BUT for the most part farm life is a life of drudgery and isolation. No other class works such long hours or enjoys so little of social recreation. The financial rewards are not proportioned to the amount of toil, exposure and hardship incurred. In no other business is there so much of risk and uncertainty. The farmer's crops are always subject to the vicissitudes of the weather and his flocks and herds are always liable to be decimated by disease. In the market, he is subject to the dictation of the buyer of his product and the seller of those things he needs in the conduct of his business.

The farmer is the only producer of commodities who buys at retail and sells at wholesale. The packer, the manufacturer, the money-lender, the wholesale and retail merchants manage to shift their share of taxation on to the shoulders of their customers, but the farmer can not shift his, and he is compelled to pay taxes not only on what he owns but on what he does not own.

The cities and town build magnificent schools; the farmer pays for them and sends his own children to inferior schools, poorly equipped, poorly taught and for the most part, with as dreary and uninviting environment as can be imagined.

The remedy for farm conditions is co-operation. The farmers must get together and control the markets, instead of dancing always to the other fellow's music. The old, unlovely country school must give way to the consolidated rural grade and high-school, with modern, beautiful buildings and ample campus, laid out under the direction of the best landscape artists.

The science of agriculture must be studied to vastly increase production, and the science of distribution learned, so that there will no longer be the wide gap between the producer and consumer. The ideal country social life must be developed, so that it will offer greater attractions than the life in the cities.

In short, the causes which drain the country and crowd the cities must be removed.

Young People's Topic for September 4

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Thy Will Be Done—With My Mind

E.L., C.E., and B.Y.P.U. Matt. 6:7-15

BEFORE we can efficiently use our hands or feet for Jesus Christ we must use our minds. Head, heart and hand are an effective triology for kingdom building. Head religion alone makes for cold intellectualism. Heart religion alone makes for an overplus of ardor minus sane and practical conduct. In the seventeenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of John's gospel are these words: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." This saying of Jesus contains the whole philosophy of the Christian life.

The demand for the day is a religion that works. The time was when a man was revered for what he knew, but mere knowledge is discounted at the bank of reality. Then there was a time when the heart was elevated above the head and a man was honored for what he felt. In this practical age the hand takes precedence of both head and heart. We are approaching that day not so far away when neither head nor heart nor hand will be stressed in particular, but all three in general with emphasis on the head. Thinkers are needed in the pews as well as in the pulpits. Planners for kingdom extension are as necessary among the people as they are among the pastors.

We are familiar with the story of the boy and the tea kettle. Long he watched the steam as it poured out of the kettle, seeing the steam push the lid up, and he thought, "That steam has some power; I wonder if that power could not be made to do some work?" So he used his mind, thought the matter through, made some experiments and there came to commerce and industry the steam engine. There is a great deal of steam going to waste in the shape of man- and woman-power and we are in need of a James Watts in every young people's organization to harness that power and hitch its strength to the wheels of the kingdom. God gave us a mind to use and dedicate and consecrate so that we might be able to see beneath the surface of things and honor Him by using our minds to do his will.

Peter saw in the "mind's eye" the new heavens and the new earth. First the vision, then the task; first the diagram, then the doing; first the blueprint, then the business. Pope said, "Strength of mind is exercise, not rest." Robert Browning said, "Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts." Milton said, "The mind is its own place and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." Suppose all clever men and women, intellectual leaders and brainy persons, were to dedicate their minds for the plans and programs of the Kingdom? What a wonderful world we would then have in a very short time. Well has it been said,

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts."

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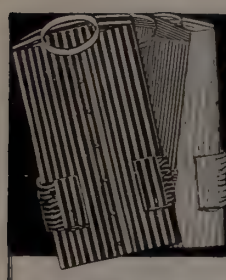

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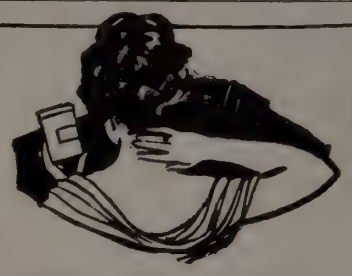

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With the Hardings in the White House

Continued from page 600

them, as well as to those who wish simply to make a call of respect and who come properly introduced. And so many people want to see them! It seems as though Washington has been crowded with strangers almost continuously since the inauguration, and apparently every stranger has had an errand either at the White House or at the executive offices. The President's business day begins early, he is often at the desk in his office before nine o'clock. Not infrequently his appointments for the day begin at that hour. Tuesday and Friday his schedule is kept clear for the cabinet meetings, but on other days the hours until noon are filled with appointments with the members of Congress or with other men of note. During the noon hour, and often running into his luncheon hour, he receives delegations—and seemingly almost all the patriotic, civic, educational, scientific, religious, political, and innumerable other organizations throughout the country have sent their representatives to see him. He receives them all with marvelous patience and a grace that wins every heart. In addition to them there are always many private individuals who come with letters of introduction or accompanied by their sponsors.

The luncheon hour at the White House is from one to two o'clock and by two-thirty, almost every day, the appointments for the White House commence. Sometimes a new diplomatic envoy is to be received and when he arrives with his retinue he is received with great formality by the President in the blue state parlor. More often it is a delegation representing some society and then Mrs. Harding receives with the President, and if it is a large body the east room is used.

Almost every afternoon Mrs. Harding receives some of her friends with perhaps some distinguished out-of-town guests, at a charming little tea in the red room. Miss Harlan, her gifted secretary, assists her at a handsomely equipped tea-table. Mrs. Harding is more than fortunate in her secretary. Miss Harlan comes from one of Washington's notable families, is the daughter of the late Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court, and has always moved in the exclusive social circles of the National Capital. She knows official life and all of the intricate problems of precedence, and she has a wide acquaintance in all official circles. This is of infinite service in her trying position, but better than that Miss Harlan is a broad-minded, rarely gifted young woman with most excellent judgment. Like her scholarly father she is a member of the Presbyterian Church and she has also his genial, sunny nature and his faculty for making friends. She is Mrs. Harding's right-hand aide and a material asset in the present popularity of the White House.

THE President and Mrs. Harding are constantly doing unexpected kindly things. One day recently, the Salvation Army was having a sale of flowers and in mid-afternoon they ran out of flowers. One of the ladies in charge had an appointment at the White House and while there she told Mrs. Harding of the flower shortage. Instantly the chatelaine of the White House went to the telephone, called the head gardener and in a remarkably short time that functionary appeared at the Salvation Army headquarters with a huge basket of blossoms from the White House gardens, and presented them with the good wishes of the mistress of the mansion.

There are so many stories of this kind which could be told of our new Chief Executive and his lovely wife, but I know the readers of the Christian Herald will be especially interested in the following:

One afternoon a few weeks ago Mrs. Harding was receiving the board members of the Washington College Women's Club, and as one of the ladies expressed their appreciation she added that she feared Mrs. Harding was taxing herself too greatly in meeting so many. The reply was the unconscious revelation of Mrs. Harding's keen feeling of the responsibility of her position.

"Perhaps I am trying to do too much," she said, "but I am particularly anxious to meet the representatives of the women's clubs because we women have so recently attained suffrage. I want to help the women of the country to understand their government and their duty to the government. For that reason I want representative women to meet their Chief Executive and to understand the policies of the present administration. If," she added quietly, "the dear Lord will give me the strength, I want to help in this in every way I can."

THAT Mr. Harding has the same ideals of the high office of the Presidency was shown in an unexpected little incident on Easter Monday. In mid-afternoon the south lawn of the grounds were crowded with frolicking children from every rank of life, and Mrs. Harding with a party of friends watched the fun from the south porch, where the President joined them at intervals. He was busy in his office, however, when two young girls called to present to him a great chocolate Easter egg. As he glanced over his desk at the two smiling girls he invited them to bring the egg back to the White House toward evening when he would be free and when they could see the fun from the south porch.

Of course the girls were delighted and before going back to the White House one of the girls—in the wild hope of a happy opportunity—slipped her birthday book into her pocket. The happy opportunity came! The President was more than kind in his polite attention to his young guests, and was careful to see that they met Mrs. Harding and the others on the porch. As they were leaving the girl with the birthday book said to him, "Mr. President, you have been so awfully good to us—I wonder if I dare to ask you if you will write your name in my birthday book?"

"You bet I will!" answered the President laughingly as he reached for the book. He took the little volume in his hands and turned the pages rapidly to the one for November 2. As he glanced down at it his face suddenly sobered and for a long instant his eyes were fastened on the Bible verse at the top of the page. Then without a word he quietly wrote his name and closed the book as he handed it back.

As soon as the girls had left the White House grounds they scanned the book eagerly to find his name and to see what the verse could be which had so sobered their genial host. Here are the words from the Ninety-first Psalm which headed the page for November 2 and underneath which President Harding had written his name: "I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.'

A Church Built in Spare Hours

By
MARSHALL DON BEUICK

THE form of church structures nowadays ordinarily is conceived in a bustling office amid the rustling of tracing cloth and the rattling of blueprints. Elders, deacons or trustees, suspicious of architects who prate about Norman styles or places of worship with a Byzantine touch, sit in the office and look over black and white plan drawings and decide what the new church shall look like, and later inform the congregation, which accepts the verdict and awaits the completion of its spiritual home.

The Rev. P. J. O. Cornell of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Emanuel Church of South Manchester, Conn., ignored the usual procedure of erecting a church. He took the congregation into his confidence and organized it into units for labor. Those who were handy with pick and shovel had their work alloted them and others who understood masonry, plastering or carpentry were assigned to the building of the foundation and the construction of the walls and wood work of the church, which the practical minister has designed.

The Swedish section of this Connecticut mill town is a medieval community in its religious life. The church compares, in the idea at its foundation, with the cathedrals built by the hands of artisans of the Middle Ages. The members of the congregation gave a certain number of spare hours for work on the structure under the direction of their spiritual shepherd. When the building is finished it will be theirs in reality—a masterpiece of modern community activity.

This is not Dr. Cornell's first experience in church construction. He came, not as a novice, to South Manchester to perform an experiment, but as a tried church architect. In Braddock, Pennsylvania, he organized his Swedish Lutheran community and built a church after the medieval practice.

"The first year," Dr. Cornell said in his practical way, "we excavated and laid the foundation. The next year, 1915, we finished the basement work. There were every Saturday from twenty-five to thirty-six men working, and we hired a concrete mixer and a young man to run it. We had the sand and gravel on the property, and we got about one hundred loads of stones to put in the concrete walls.

"The pastor has been the architect. In the building has been used for face brick eighty-two thousand manganese bricks, and one hundred and seventy inside red brick. As we did not know the size of the brick, the drawing was made so that the bricklayers did not have to cut the brick.

"As most of our people are working in a silk factory and are not used to such hard work as concrete, they are worthy, we think, of our praise for the many days of hard work. If the members had not been willing to work so hard, we could not be able to build such a substantial church. All unnecessary ornaments have been left out as it costs too much money, and yet we have tried to keep the Gothic idea both in the exterior and in the interior. It has been a costly work, but we have kept expenses down."

THE work on the church began in May, 1914. It took the congregation a year to excavate the cellar and lay the foundation, by Saturday afternoon work. The women lent their aid at cook stoves where they made coffee and prepared substantial foods for the manual workers. By 1916 the upper part of the church was completed, but the war interrupted the work, compelling the members to use the church basement for services. Money was obtained with difficulty at this time. Mothers and fathers were sending their sons to war, and supporting them with contributions for war service organizations. Dr. Cornell bade farewell to his two sons and never saw them again in the merry group who toiled at church building each Saturday. They lie in France near other churches built by the members of the old town guilds.

It was at the annual meeting of the congregation in 1913 that Dr. Cornell introduced his plan for the erection of a church by the manual efforts of the congregation. The members met the proposition by electing a committee of seven persons to organize the work and prepare suggestions for architectural styles. The committee has a medieval, craft-guild character. The pastor-architect is the chairman, two others are carpenters, a concrete worker, a bricklayer, a painter, and a business man are the other members.

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

E. S. B., Los Angeles, Calif. 1. "Grace" is subject to various interpretations. In the spiritual sense, it is divine favor or condescension to mankind, individually or collectively. In the concrete Gospel sense, it is the unmerited love and favor of God in Christ, as shown in the salvation freely provided for mankind (Eph. 2 : 9). It is also described as the Divine influence acting within the heart, regenerating, sanctifying and keeping it. Grace brings us the peace and joy of assurance. It has been described as "the life of the soul, as the soul is the life of the body." It has been also defined as the nobility and purity of character which come from holy living, nearness to God, constant submission of our will to His will, and putting our whole life into His keeping. 2. In the parable of the "pearl of great price," (Matthew 13 : 45, 46) it is to be noted that the pearl, instead of being found by accident, is discovered by one who made it his business to seek for such treasures, and whose best efforts were put forth to find greater and still more precious treasures than he had done in the past. No expenditure of time, means and effort was spared, no hardship or self-denial avoided. He searched, confident that the best of his discoveries was yet to come, the way ready, if need be, to sacrifice his all that he might possess it. So in the spiritual application of the parable, the searcher who has already learned to love and appreciate the blessings of the Kingdom, is stirred in his soul to strive toward the attainment of still higher and greater blessing. He devotes all of his energies and his means, and consecrates his life to this single task. Unlike others, who make the search for the highest a side issue, he makes it his whole business. And his faith is rewarded, for he finds something that exceeded all his expectations, and which he values beyond all computation.

H. W. W., East Bernard, Texas. There are many writers who have discussed the "Lost Tribes," but none have had sufficient data to deal with the subject authoritatively. All that has been printed on the subject, while interesting, is still little more than mere speculation. No reliable information is available.

Reader. The fundamental religion of Japan is Shintoism ("the way of the gods") and it is affiliated with ancestor worship, as in China. The throne is venerated and the royal ancestors are worshipped. In late years, this ancient religion is reported as declining, due doubtless to national progress in education and the spread of Christianity. Shintoism has few public services and these are usually quite simple. There are many famous shrines to which frequent pilgrimages are made. It is estimated that there are 25,000,000 Shintoists in Asia (chiefly in Japan), 2,000 in Africas 6,000 in Central and South America and 6,000 in Australia.

W. F. Bryant, for over fifteen years a faithful mountain missionary in Tennessee, writes to the Mail-Bag: "I was holding a revival meeting 125 miles from my home. The meeting had been going on two weeks. On Monday, July 18, I received a telegram that my home was burned down from the explosion of an oil stove. I came in on the next train, and found that it was so." He found even the bed covering burned up. He carried only a small insurance, and is now in a very trying position. Some of his family saved nothing from the fire but a pair of overalls and a shirt. We would ask our readers to help this brave worker to re-establish himself in his home. A few hundred dollars would do it. Send your gift, whatever you feel you can afford, to the Christian Herald for the "Homeless Missionary," and the money will be forwarded and duly acknowledged. And don't forget that "who so gives quickly gives twice."

Arthur Tooley, Brockport, N. Y., writes: "Between thirty and forty years ago, a poem was recited as part of the rhetorical exercises of our Normal School, entitled 'The Dandy Fifth.' In brief and very crudely stated, the incident covered by the poem was as follows: A grizzled veteran of the Civil War was observed to lift his hat in salute of a much younger man, dressed in the height of fashion. The marked deference of the salute excited the curiosity of a bystander and he inquired the reason. The veteran replied that in his division there was a regiment composed of young 'swells,' whose chief aim in life seemed to be dress and manners. So marked was this characteristic that they were called disdainfully 'the Dandy Fifth.' A great battle ensued. 'The Dandy Fifth' occupied an important part of the line. They fought like demons, and such were their exploits that while they were still called 'The Dandy Fifth,' the note of contempt in the designation had changed to one of respect and admiration. As he concluded his story, the veteran said he always took off his hat when he met a member of 'The Dandy Fifth.' I would like to know the name of the author of the poem and if possible to get a copy of it."

Reader, Lodi, Wis., writes: "My heart aches when I glance over the newspapers of today and I ask: How can the mothers raise true, honest boys whose minds are fed on the details of the murders, divorces, robberies and all that is evil, printed with enticing headline, but not one word about any good that is being done? 2. Again, as to the Armenian question, would it not be better to bring them to America or Canada, than to leave them to the mercy of the awful Turks?'

1. There are, fortunately, newspapers that do not gloat over the repulsive details of crime, and which are not a menace to youth. Careful parents should see that these are selected and the sensational publications excluded from the home. 2. Under our new law regulating immigration, each nationality is allowed to send its due proportion and Armenia's would be comparatively small. There are brighter days in store for that unhappy country, however, if one may judge from the waning power of Turkey in the near East.

F. B., Salem, O., writes: "The enclosed verses were given me by an old man, who said he learned them so long ago he doesn't know now where he got them. Are they not worth printing in the Christian Herald? It seems to me the children should be better acquainted with the Bible than they are in these days."

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With the sweet *Songs of Solomon;*
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With *Lamentations* takes the pen;
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyre
Next *Joel, Amos, Obadiah,*
Jonah, Micah, Nahum then
Habakkuk takes prophetic pen.
Zephaniah and *Haggai* call,
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Ephesians called to unity.
Philippians then *Colossians;*
Two to *Thessalonians;*
Two to *Timothy* so mild,
Who knew the Scriptures from a child.
Next *Titus* and then *Philemon,*
To the converted *Hebrews* one.
The next that our attention claims
Is from the great Apostle *James*
Two by *Peter* then we see,
And by *John* were written three.
Then from *Jude*, an exhortation,
The Bible ends with *Revelation.*

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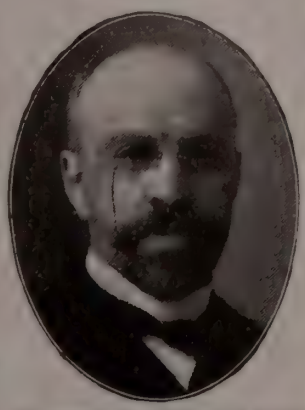

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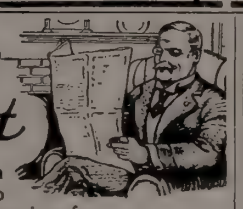

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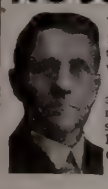

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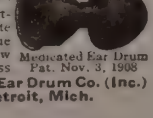

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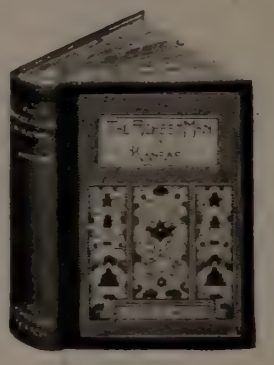

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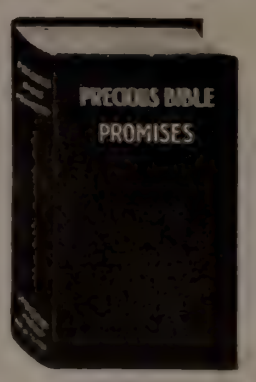

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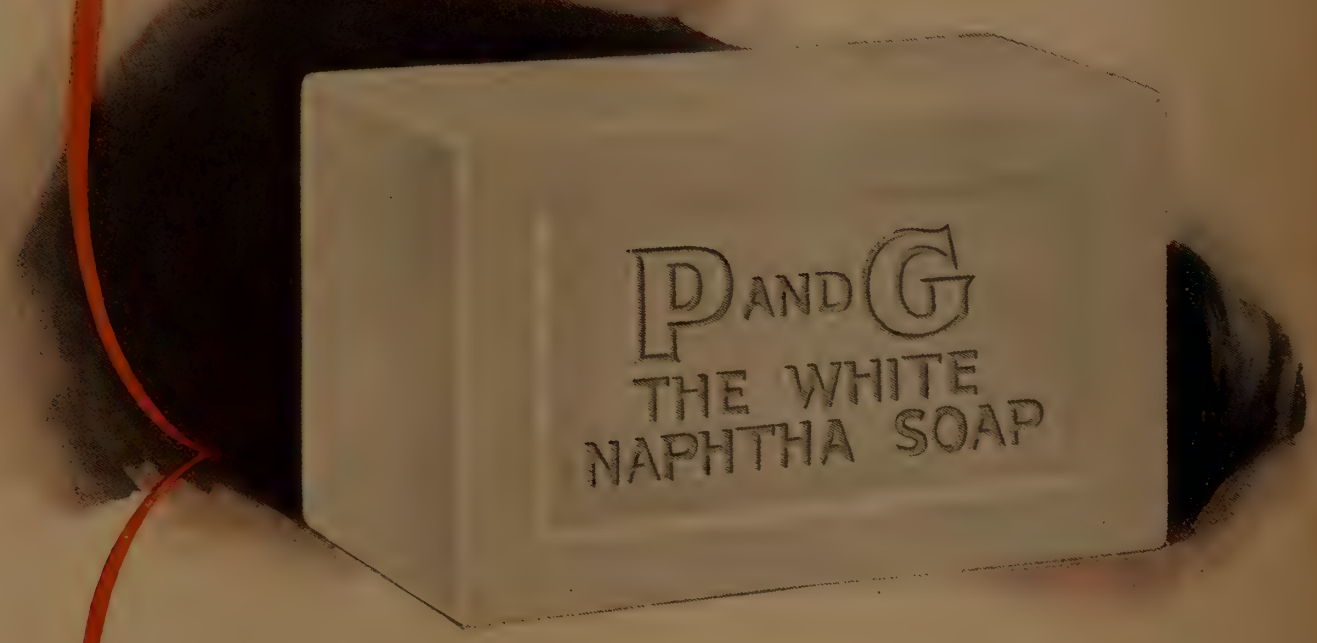

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The Christian Herald, Sept. 3, 1921. Vol. 44, No. 36. Entered as Second Class Matter, January 25, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Published weekly at New York, N. Y., by the Christian Herald. Price 5 cents a copy, $2 a year.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER

© Harris & Ewing

The Pan-American Building, one of the most beautiful structures in Washington, where the conference probably will be held

A Declaration for Peace

Clergymen and Laymen Join with Christian Herald in Bringing Problem of Armament Before the Churches of the United States

THE approach of the Disarmament Conference now called officially by President Harding to meet in Washington on November 11th, emphasizes the necessity of the Christian Church recording itself unmistakably on the question of world Peace. As we said in our editorial columns recently, "Never was there such an opportunity as now for the Church—and that means every denomination—to throw the weight of its influence and its utterance on the scales and let the world see where it stands on this greatest question of all times. The united voice of the churches of America will aid materially in forwarding the great work in which this nation has taken the leading stand."

The Christian Herald, feeling keenly that some way should be found by which this voice could be adequately heard, has asked a large group of prominent clergymen and laymen to comprise a committee which shall present to all the churches a resolution (to be found elsewhere on this page) for the signature of the pastor and church officials as representatives of the membership. In taking this step there is no thought of duplicating efforts already under way for obtaining an expression of religious opinion through the medium of other agencies, but we believe such a movement will very strongly supplement and reinforce whatever else is done along these lines. And in so doing the judgment of the Christian people of the country will be made doubly felt in the councils of the Powers as they meet in conference.

For the last seven years, the Church has been very severely criticized. Criticized in the first place for its failure to prevent the great war, and in the second place for its failure to stop it once the armies were set in motion. Much of this criticism is unjustified, but there will be far less justification if the Church does not take a determined stand now to limit the possibilities of future wars by every means in its power. One of the first means at hand is to express in unmistakable terms its intention that wars shall cease from now on, and that as a first step to this world status, that the Powers shall agree to a limitation of armament, and to an actual settlement of questions in dispute and find a method by which future problems shall be solved amicably through discussion or arbitration.

THERE are nearly 200,000 Protestant churches in the United States representing a membership of approximately 25,000,000 people. The voice of this great body of Americans can be heard with tremendous force not only by the representatives of the American Government named to sit in the conference of the Powers, but it can be heard, and in such volume that it cannot be disregarded, by the representatives of England, France, Italy, Japan and China. Conceivably, the energy with which this body speaks might control the results of the deliberations. No body of diplomats would feel able to resist a unanimous command from such a group representing the most solid, substantial and influential type of American citizenry.

The peoples of other nations are speaking now to their governments and to the men who will represent them in Washington. The voices of peace and good-will are heard in ever-increasing volume from the Far East to the English Channel. Americans will want to join their demands to those from the rest of the world and emphasize in every possible way the sentiment that controls the United States.

It is in this firm belief that the Christian Herald undertakes to bring before the churches of the country the necessity of immediate action on the question of disarmament, and urges on them two courses: First, that the pastor and church board sign as representing their congregation the resolution presented herewith. Second, that Sunday, November 6th, be set aside as a day on which disarmament and World Peace shall have first place in all the services.

The resolutions, on their receipt at the Bible House, will be carefully tabulated and filed for presentation at Washington before the first session of the Disarmament Conference. The larger the endorsements in number of churches, the more weight the presentation will have on the personnel of the conference, both American and foreign. May we suggest that steps be taken immediately to obtain the action, formally, or informally, of your congregation so that your pastor and church board may be authorized to sign the resolution and promptly return it to us. The names and locations of churches subscribing to the resolution will be published in the columns of the Christian Herald.

Continued on page 618

WHEREAS President Harding has called a Conference on Disarmament to be composed of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers and China, to be held in Washington, D. C., on November 11th, 1921, and

WHEREAS the Christian people of the United States of America of all denominations are by their profession of belief in the teaching and Spirit of Jesus Christ committed to the policy of World Peace and to Disarmament as a means to the accomplishment of that goal; Therefore

BE IT RESOLVED That we, the pastor, officers and members of..... Church, do hereby express our hearty approval of the action of President Harding and pledge to him our support in every effort to bring about World Peace.

Date.....

.....

.....

(Use this blank or copy in typewritten form, sign, and return to "Peace Endorsement Committee, Room 94, Bible House, New York City," at the earliest possible moment.)

One Family's Girl Problem

It Seems Unusual, but Perhaps It's the Problem of Your Home, Too

By A MERE MAN

THIS problem is not going to be what you think. In all probability, if you have been interested so far in the various problems which have been stated as part of an average American family, you will perhaps think of the Girl Problem in some such way as this:

Average Girl as to looks, behavior, intelligence, and conversation. Gives her family considerable concern on account of her demands for expensive dress, her abnormal love of amusements, or her slangy familiarity with young men. If not those things, what are the problems of American girls? Some of the girls, you who are reading this article, do present such problems to their parents, don't they? Or, if the problems are not any of these, perhaps they are even more serious, and involve falling in love with the wrong young man, or wasting precious time in frivolous pursuits, or failing in a proper knowledge of a young woman's place in the home, or letting mother do the heavy housework in the kitchen while the piano plays jazz music in the parlor.

I remember a few nights ago my wife and I were talking with our next-door neighbors about their children, and the neighbor's wife was much concerned about their girl, who was losing her interest in all religious things, didn't want to go to Sunday school or church, and was very critical of the sermons she heard. They were troubled, both father and mother, over some remarks that had come to them from some church people, who had observed that their girl was irreverent during church service and annoyed other people by giggling and whispering, so much so that she had to be spoken to by the people who were sitting near by.

IT WILL give you some hint, perhaps, of the kind of Girl ours is when I say that after coming home from this neighbor's I said to my wife: "We think sometimes we have troubles over our children, but just suppose we faced the things our neighbors face! After all, the Girl——"

"Yes," said my wife, "the Girl——"

We call her "the Girl," because there is only one, but you may want to know her real name, and it is just Mary. I don't know a better name, and all girls who have it, will, I hope, agree with me.

Well, we are not getting on very fast with the Girl Problem, and one reason is that I am a little reluctant to tell about it. When I am through, you will perhaps understand better, why.

If I could illustrate this article I would put in a photograph of the Girl, so that you could get some sort of a notion as to how she looks. You might not call her pretty, but you would have to call her good-looking—and wide-awake, and healthy, and happy. I think I never knew a happier person. And the more I think of it, the more I am compelled to believe that real happiness does not depend on amusements. Because, the Girl is not dependent on—well, let the following incident which occurred the other morning at the breakfast table, give you some idea of the Girl Problem in our home.

It was nearing the close of the High School term and the younger boy was hinting at some extra expenses in connection with a function known as the Hyperion Prom. The Hyperion Prom. is an annual affair, and means flowers and dances and refreshments for the High School literary and scientific societies.

I handed over the money the boy suggested he needed, and then looked at the Girl.

She laughed. "I have paid for my share of the refreshments, father," she said, and she looked so provokingly happy over it that I said, "Mary, I wish you would lend me some money. You always seem to have some."

"She helps Miss Thompson in the cafeteria," said the younger boy. It was the first I had known of it, and at first I felt a little annoyed. Because although I often orated before the assembled family on the nobility of physical labor, somehow it didn't seem just the thing to have one of my own children doing hard, dirty, hot work in a kitchen to earn spending money.

BUT the Girl looked so happy and contented that all I had the heart to say was, "How much have you earned that way?"

"Thirty-five dollars this term," she said. "And let me tell you, father, I am learning to make the best pie. Why don't you come in to the cafeteria some day, and try our menu? You know the general public can come in after twelve-thirty, after the students are served."

"Well, I will. I generally go to the Chamber of Commerce and have to get there at noon in order to get a seat. But save me a slice of your best pie and I'll come over some day. I don't like the idea of your working in that hot kitchen this weather. You know you don't need to."

"But I like it. And I like to wait on the tables. It's fun. And if you want to borrow some money, father, I can lend you ten or even twenty dollars if that will help you out."

"Thank you," I said. "Put it into a new dress to wear at the Prom."

"Much obliged," she said. "But I have other plans for the money if you don't want it."

She came around to my chair and with a laugh rumpled up my hair, what I have left, and kissed me good-bye as she and her brother started off to school. And then she ran around to her mother and kissed her, and hugged the older Boy and ran out.

AS THE door closed, the college Boy said, "Father, did you know that Mary is going to spend that money she has earned working in that hot cafeteria to help provide a rest room for the colored girls in the High School?"

"No!" I exclaimed. "Who put that into her head!"

"She did. She says that these girls are neglected by all the other girls, and that they have no place where they feel welcome at the recess periods. Mary is starting a lot of trouble."

"But," says my wife, "her motive is simply a real honest desire to help those girls. We can't discourage that sort of thing. There is too much of the other sort of action going on already."

"She is a queer girl," I said scratching my head, that part of it where the hair is not in the way. "She does not care for dances or movies or expensive dresses or any thing else that most girls are crazy for nowadays."

"But it's awful funny, Dad," said the Boy. "She goes to the dances and never dances herself and she is the most popular girl in the room. And when it comes to scholarship, she has them all going. Did you see Mary's last report, Mother?"

Mother nodded, with something very much like a smile smothered in tears, proud and at the same time puzzled, as, I am frank to say, I was.

"Well, I don't see how she does it. Do you?" I said to my wife. "How can a girl nowadays keep so happy and contented and overflowing with spirits as our Mary, when she does not do what most girls do? It looks kind of spooky to me."

"But she told me the other day that she is not the only girl who does not care to dance or spend her money foolishly. She said that there were more than fifty girls in our High School who do not dance. So she is not so peculiar, after all. She has plenty of good company."

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, astounded, "that there are fifty girls in this town who do not care for dancing!"

"That is what Mary says. But she wouldn't care for it even if she was entirely alone. And she would be just as popular. But I know that her example has had a wonderful influence over very many girls in the school. She belongs to the class of girls that make women like Jane Addams and Mary Antin."

"Or Joan of Arc," I whispered. "Just think of having a girl like Joan in this family! If she is going to fight the battles of the world for the oppressed as she is doing for these High School girls——"

I didn't finish the sentence, for I did not know how. My wife's eyes were shining. "Mary is very human. She is not a Joan of Arc. She is an American girl, blessed with great good health, common sense, love of hard work, joy in doing for others and so much vitality that she does not miss the ordinary forms of common amusement current among most young people. And the fact that she retains the respect and good-will of all her schoolmates is due to the fact that they recognize honest convictions when they are free from hypocrisy. We ought to be proud of our Mary."

AFTER the college Boy had gone out I said to my wife: "Do you know, I wonder sometimes what will happen when Mary falls in love with someone. I can't think of a single young man in this town who is good enough for her. Where do you think we can find such a man? What will she do? There isn't a young fellow out at the college who can compare with her. It seems too bad to think she will probably have to grow up an old maid."

My wife laughed. She often smiles, but her laugh is comparatively rare. Mary has the same, rollicking, infectious, lilting rhythm

"Do you know," she said. "That is one of the things that never worries me. I have the most perfect faith that some time Mary will have a happy home of her own. I am absolutely without any anxiety about it. And as for no young men being good enough for the Girl, I wonder how all the good girls like ours do manage somehow to get such good young men for husbands. The world does contain some fine young men, even fit for such fine young women as ours."

I looked across the table at my wife, and something in her eyes made me wonder if possibly she was suggesting that even a mere man like the one across the table from her, with all his faults, did have some real values. I wafted her a kiss, and when I had gone on down to my store I couldn't get rid of the thought that the different problems of my home at different times have given me. And as I went over the fact of the Girl in her happy, healthy, and normal development, and of the great prospect she has of a wonderful and useful life which did not depend for its power on the superficial things, I came more and more to the conclusion that all along the one greatest influence in the Girl's life, and in the lives of all our children, could be traced to the wonderful example of their mother.

For that very night as I came quietly down out of my den in the upper story of the house, I saw my wife, as I looked through the half-open door of our room, kneeling at her accustomed favorite place by her writing-table, and I knew that as her custom was, she was praying for her children and the blessing of the Master on our home. And in all humility, I trust, I joined my prayers with hers, in thanksgiving for our Home, and in an earnest petition that I might be a worthier father and husband, in solving all family problems, which I began to understand in my slow man fashion were being already solved, by the prayers of a good mother, prayers said out of the heart long before the children were born.

Where Back Yards Are Quaint

OF ALL quaint places, the tight little island of Nantucket, lying off the mainland of Massachusetts, certainly takes the palm. The streets, houses, natives and customs are delightfully odd. Even the back yards are unusual and different from those you see elsewhere, having a charm all their own. Here is a picture of one of these back yards. The Nantucketers are a seafaring people, for if they were not they could never get away from their island home, and years ago they were prominent in the whaling industry. The traditions of the sea, therefore, are the birthright of Nantucketers and are strongly in evidence everywhere. Consequently it is not surprising that in this particular back yard there should be a boat or two, and a discarded ship's capstan, in the center, and an old carriage thrown in for good measure. And the odd thing about some of these back yards is that they never change from year to year, but you may see the same conglomeration of traps in them, one summer after another.

Christian Team-Work in a University

How the Religious Needs of the Students Are Met at Cornell

By EVANS A. WORTHLEY

THE United Christian Work at Cornell University involves the co-ordination of five denominations in their approach to the life of the student body. This united work is known as the Cornell University Christian Association, so far as the work is related to the men of the University. Barnes Hall, a building that had its beginning in the active Christian life of John R. Mott when he was a student at Cornell, is the headquarters of the work.

The first floor of this building, which until last year was little used, has been converted into a very popular Coffee House and Lounge. By reason of its strategic location upon the Campus and the open-door policy of the Association, whose home it is, it is rapidly becoming the democratic center of University life. More than forty-five organizations now hold their meetings there. The following list reveals the widely varying character of the activities which center there:

The Adirondack Club
Americanization Class
Baltimore Polytechnic Club
Bible Class on Hebrew Prophets
Boy Scout Leaders
Chess Club
Chemistry Association
Chinese Bible Class
Chinese Club
Christian Science Society
Class Meetings—Freshmen, Sophomores, etc.
Country Problems Group
Current Events Forum
Culver Club
Debate Club
Eighty-six Memorial
English Instructors' Get-Together
Era Board
Ethics Club
Foreign Student Groups
Friends' Society
Glee Club
Graduate Students' Club
History Instructors
Independent Association
Inter-fraternity Association
Jewish Congregation
Masonic Club
Masque
Mathematics Instructors Get-Together
Menorah Society
Ninety-four Memorial
New Testament Course
New Thought Group
Officers' Club
R. O. T. C. Companies
Fundamentals of Religion Group
Senior Societies' Joint Meetings
Senator's Club
Student Council
Southerners' Club
Student Volunteers
Women's Student Government Association
Women's Health Department
Zionist Club

Many of these groups unite both faculty and students for discussion around the tables in the Cornell Coffee House. This—the Coffee House—is the most distinctive new thing at Barnes Hall—not a cafeteria, not a restaurant, not a boarding-house, but a brand new feature in Cornell life; a "hang-out" for men, where they can sit around and talk things over, and where hot "ham slams," toasted hot ham rolls, doughnuts, coffee, etc., are sold at reasonable prices. The Coffee House is operated as an open club for students, faculty and alumni entirely without membership fees. Funds to complete the transformation of the building into a fine student center are being sought.

"Getting together at Cornell"

THE inauguration of this Christian enterprise and its development are largely due to the vision of the "correlating executive," as he frequently calls himself, R. H. Edwards, Yale '01. He began his career as Christian Association Secretary at Yale and later was Congregational University pastor at the University of Wisconsin. Later he spent several years with the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. as Social Service Secretary. He brought to the task the constructive vision which had been developed by prolonged observation and first-hand acquaintance with the great University centers.

The one condition of his coming involved securing the co-operation of various churches through approval and support of the National Secretaries of the Boards of Education of the leading denominations. After several conferences, the Secretaries of the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopalian, Methodist and Presbyterian Boards united in joint approval of the plan. Then, as rapidly as they could be secured, these five denominations appointed University Pastors, each of whom was also to be responsible for one special phase of the United Work. The following are at present upon the Staff, aside from Mr. Edwards: John D. W. Fetter, Baptist University pastor, director of Church Relations; Cyril Harris, Episcopalian University pastor, director of Devotional Service; James A. G. Moore, Congregational University pastor, director of Extension Service; Hugh A. Moran, Presbyterian University pastor, director of Religious Education; Evans A. Worthley, Methodist Episcopal University pastor, director of Vocational Counsel.

The above departments are conducted through undergraduate committees. The Committee on Church Relations endeavors to get in touch with the students when they arrive in the fall. The welcome of campus and city is united into one emphasis through the open-house parties at Barnes Hall and the receptions in the city churches. In the same manner the opportunities for religious education are presented to the students. The courses that are offered by the churches are given first consideration. When these classes are well under way, other courses are started in Barnes Hall and various fraternities. The department of Extension Service, under the direction of Mr. Moore, arranged for the entertainment of two thousand New York State boys at the Older Boys' Conference last November. Men are helped in their life-work problems and are directed into various channels of service by the Department of Vocational Counsel. The Devotional Service renders an especially valuable contribution by correlating the programs and activities of various church Young People's Societies and other devotional meetings.

An interesting departure was made by securing a hostess for Barnes Hall. Miss May Peabody, who had been in charge of Washington Inn in London during the war, was persuaded to come to Cornell. Here, among the boys of a great University, she has much the same opportunity to wield the magnetic influence which she so wonderfully manifested in the American "Y" center for officers in London. At Cornell she is in charge of the Coffee House and also represents the University in charge of the Employment Bureau, where she comes into touch with the boys who are working their way through the University.

The pastors and laymen in the city churches are completely and cordially supporting the plan. They appreciate the limited time which students have at their disposal, and realize that registration in Bible classes and church attendance represents but a partial measurement of the value of this work. The personal contacts which are established, in and out of season, upon the campus and off of it, are the continuing and cumulating contribution which largely determines the point of view a student has when he leaves the University.

The churches are confident that the men in this work begin and end their program in the Christian Church. By uniting into one common emphasis the work of the campus and of the city churches, a feeling of unity is created which is wholesome in every way. The students cease to put one over against the other, as heretofore. They quickly come to realize that it is all one program. The significance of having such an illustration of unity and co-operation manifested upon the campus of a great university is obvious.

THIS United Work at Cornell is now two years old, and there is no longer any question as to its permanence at Cornell. Residences are being obtained for the staff, an undertaking which involves an expenditure of $72,000 for the purchase and upkeep of the six houses. Such residences make possible informal social gatherings and supply the intimate personal touch with home life so highly appreciated in a community of five thousand young people away from their own homes. In addition, this ownership of property serves to stabilize and make permanent the work. Each residence for a church representative will become the property of his church organization, that for the C. U. C. A. executive the property of the Board of Directors.

Plans are gradually maturing for a School of Religion where, in due time, it is hoped credit courses can be offered to students. Beyond doubt the future will reveal that a Christian student enterprise is developing at Cornell which will have great significance to the student life of the nation.

In a recent communication, Dr. Albert W. Smith, Acting President of the University, expressed his appreciation of the work in the following manner:

"I wish to express my appreciation and approval of the new plan for carrying forward the work of the Cornell University Christian Association. There is evidence of clear thinking about the life problems of students.

"It is often said that the chief function of a University is the training of the intellect. This is true; but it is also true that mental development is not the greatest thing for which young men and women go to the Universities. They go to prepare for life work; and in this, character building is more important than mental discipline. With the present organization the Association should become a very important aid to the University in character building."

To this may well be added the words of a distinguished Christian leader, recently returned from Japan, after reviewing the Cornell work: "This is the most hopeful thing I have seen in America. This is the sort of thing that is needed in all the large Universities and the method of organization is most suggestive for Christian Associations everywhere."

IN view of widespread discussion regarding the effects of the student's religious life of his years in college or university, this presentation of the work done at Cornell University in keeping the student in touch with church activities is of unusual interest. Cornell's achievements along this line may not be exactly typical, but what has been done there furnishes an excellent "sample" of the way in which American educators and religious workers are meeting the needs of the students in our institutions of higher learning. Mr. Worthley, as Methodist Episcopal University pastor and director of Vocational Counsel, is an active participant in this service at Cornell.

At the Sign of

A Story of a City Church

The hush that followed was ended by a voice, clarion-clear and strong, sweetly solemn in intonation

CHAPTER I

"A MAN like that is wasted upon a country town!"

The speaker was one of a group collected upon a vine-draped veranda in the early afternoon of a perfect September Sunday. A band of green velvet lawn lay between the house and a spacious kitchen garden. Beyond the garden was a thrifty orchard stretching down a gentle slope to a back-street and an irregular outline of factory buildings. Peace and plenty were the features of the scene and hour.

The early Sunday dinner was over, and Robert Lawson, the proprietor of home and factory, had "nothing upon his mind," as he would have phrased it, for the remaining hours of the one rest-day of the week. His comely wife and her aged mother and the visitor for the day made up the quartet.

Silas Ford, the senior member of the well-known firm of Ford and Talbot, New York City, had run up from the city on Saturday, having a business engagement with the mill-owner, and for the first time in an acquaintanceship of ten years had accepted an invitation to spend Sunday under the hospitable roof. He was rising fifty years in age, well set-up in figure, as became his residence and profession, and his hostess, who had a lively sense of humor, had confided to her most intimate friend, her pastor's wife, that she had dubbed him "John Gilpin" to herself.

"I am always reminded of the 'citizen of credit and renown,'" she declared. "He looks the part to perfection. In his most genial moods he positively exudes prosperity!"

He was more than genial today. He was benignly patronizing in commenting upon the religious service he had attended that morning.

"I was not surprised at the size of the congregation after hearing the sermon. It was a treat from first to last. And I don't mind saying here among friends that it was all the more delightful because I am not fed with that kind of spiritual food as a rule. I make it a point of conscience to attend church regularly when I am at home. It wouldn't cost me an effort if I heard such preaching as that every Sunday. A man like that is wasted upon a country town."

Robert Lawson demurred politely: "Don't disparage the country audience, please! Mr. Haile hasn't preached here for ten years without attracting people who can appreciate intellect and education——"

"Don't fail to add 'and such practical Christianity as was inculcated today!'" interrupted the hostess. "Mr. Haile is very eloquent at times and some of his sermons prove him to be a fine scholar. I think I like him best when he deals with the everyday life of the Christian. I feel then that I bring away a lesson for every-day living."

"You are right, my daughter!" assented the mother. "I am very sorry I was not well enough to hear him today. You see, Mr. Ford, he is preaching a series of sermons upon the Lord's Prayer. It is too bad that it was necessary for me to miss one."

MRS. LAWSON laid her hand upon the thin fingers resting upon the arm of her mother's chair. "If I had known, dear, that you would not be able to get downstairs to your telephone this forenoon, I would have taken my pencil and pad to church with me and brought you something worth hearing."

She gave a pleasant little laugh: "One thing Mr. Haile said I have laid to heart with the firm persuasion that it was a special message to me. He said that we have a way of complaining of the monotony of daily tasks. We keep up the treadmill round, crying out all the time against the 'everlasting grind,' that hinders us from doing better things. Our preacher compared this sort of work to marking time in the army. We watch a company of well-drilled and well-equipped soldiers standing in line for minutes at a time, ready and eager, as it were, to spring into action, yet idle but for the regular, apparently meaningless play of the lower limbs. The veteran marks time as if it were the most important business of the day. And, all the while he is on the alert for the 'Forward March!' that must surely come at the right moment."

She arose hastily as the hall-clock struck the half-hour. "There is *my* call to the field! It is time the children and I were off to Sunday school."

Mr. Ford turned to Mrs. Wells as Mrs. Lawson disappeared into the house. "Excuse me, Madam! but your daughter alluded to your telephone. Have you direct connection with the church?"

"Thanks to this dear boy here!" The old lady nodded gratefully toward her son-in-law. "A year ago, when my rheumatism took fast hold of me, he had a private wire attached to the pulpit and connected with a telephone instrument in the sitting-room so that I could sit at my ease on stormy Sundays and enjoy church services. I can't tell you what a blessed privilege it is—I think all the time of a little sanctuary."

The visitor was interested.

"It really works well?"

"Perfectly! I wish you could try it. And—" with a little laugh—"as my daughter and I are sometimes detailed at home by weather or illness the blessed old fellow had another receiver put in. It reminds one of the promise 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name.'"

There was a diffident cadence in the voice that sank lower with the last words, as is the way with many pious souls when personal religion is the topic.

Mr. Ford was in full sympathy with her. He put out his hand to touch hers: "I understand! Thank you!"

After a long minute he spoke and he, too, was diffident: "Would it be a great imposition upon you if I asked permission to stay at home with you this evening and have a part in the little service? The experience will be a novelty."

After receiving the delighted assurance that his presence would be welcome, he had another story to hear:

"There is a poor woman belonging to our church who has not walked a step for twenty years," narrated Robert Lawson. "After we had made the successful experiment of bringing Mother into communication with the church, Mrs. Haile brought before the Ladies' Aid Association the notion of doing the same for poor Mrs. Bates. I wish you could know the happiness it has carried to that afflicted creature! That was like Mrs. Haile. She was cut out for a pastor's helpmeet if ever there was one made for the office."

A facetious fellow-official in the large and flourishing Banner Church of New York had said of Silas Ford that he was "incorrigibly addicted to church-going." He had been a commercial traveler in early life and still made extensive tours of his many fields of operation, but he never failed to attend divine worship on Sunday. By the time of which we write he would have called himself "a connoisseur in pulpit oratory," if he had known the meaning of the French word.

THUS it came about that he had that Sabbath evening what he was wont to allude to in after years as a unique experience he could never forget.

The moon was at the full and the air so still that the shadows of the streamers of the giant weeping willow in front of the house might have been drawn with a black pencil upon the smooth turf, so sharp and straight were they. The sitting-room was in a wing of the Lawson dwelling, separated from the street by a broad lawn. Long parallelograms of moonlight lay upon the matted floor below and beyond two unshuttered windows. The only artificial light in the room fell from a shaded burner upon the stand set in the middle of the room. Above this depended the telephone wires terminating in two telephone receivers. A Bible and a hymn-book were at each end of the stand, which was draped with white.

FOREWORD

FORTY years ago I resolved that should life and health be spared, I would, in the fulness of time, write this book. Obedience to the self-imposed task has been a painful and arduous duty.

If, as I had reason to believe, a malignant growth is sapping the strength of certain branches of the Church Universal, the scalpel in my unskilled hand cannot remove the foul thing. Yet is not knowledge of the existence and nature of the evil a preliminary curative step? And have not long training and circumstance indicated me as an agent in the work?

Fifty years' experience as a pastor's wife, and sixty years as a Bible-class leader (than which no more blessed task was ever laid to my hand!), to say nothing of active labor in various charitable and religious organizations, must have qualified me to some extent for the formidable undertaking. At least all this should protect me from suspicions of disloyalty to the Mother whose welfare is as dear to me as my own life.

One point I would guard with jealous care. While events, incidents and even language reported in the course of my story are absolutely authentic, the actors I have employed are mere puppets made and used for the occasion and the time. In homely phrase, there are no "take-offs" or "snap-shots" from life in these pages. I am neither lampoonist nor caricaturist. From the beginning to the end of what has been, if a sorrowful task, yet a labor of love, I have had but one object in view: That is the desire and the hope that I may be in some measure the humble instrument of awakening "those who are at ease in Zion" to a just and devout perception of the standard set as "a mark of their high calling" by the inspired writer who was the kinsman as well as the disciple of the Master: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction *and to keep himself unspotted from the world.*" MARION HARLAND.

the Golden Calf

By MARION HARLAND

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

"Altogether," as Silas told his wife next day, "the place was more like a private chapel than an ordinary parlor. The very atmosphere seemed consecrated."

The sacred awe was upon him by the time he took the chair designated as his by a silent wave of his companion's hand. She took that at the other end of the stand and by a mutual impulse they bowed their heads upon their hands in silent prayer before adjusting the instruments to their ears, as the last chime of the church-bell died away.

The organ-prelude came to Ford's ear so clearly that he was almost startled into an exclamation. The church was a quarter of a mile off. The organ might have been in the next room. Then a dreamy, tenderly sweet musical movement arose and flowered as it were, into the immortal Old Hundred Doxology. Again by silent consent, the two worshippers joined in the singing.

The thin, sweet soprano of the old woman was upborne by a bass that would have been strident had not a courteous impulse subdued it measurably. The conduct of the wires was so perfect that the rustle of the congregation in rising and in resuming seats was plainly heard by the distant participants in the service.

The hush that followed was ended by a voice clarion-clear and strong, sweetly solemn in intonation:

"Let us invoke the presence and blessing of our Almighty and All-merciful Father in Heaven!"

THE Lawsons had told their guest that the second sermon of the day was rather a lecture than a discourse," and the general character of the service more social and informal than those of the forenoon. It seemed, then, but natural that the voice, which brought the persuasion to the unimaginative man of a Real Presence close beside him, should use a gentle, colloquial, yet dignified tone, in reading the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus.

Then—"The subject of our talk this evening is contained in one word of the narrative we have just read 'Remember!' You recall the context? '*And Abraham said unto him—"Son! Remember!*'"

"We have no reason to believe that this rich man whom tradition—not Scripture—has taught us to call 'Dives,' was wicked above the rank and file of his generation. He was probably a respected citizen. We hear nothing of cruelty to the weak, or dishonesty or oppression. He probably kept open house for other rich and fashionable folk, paid his servants high wages and comported himself courteously in public and in private life. It is likely that in the death-hour, he had no misgivings as to what was to come next. Abraham opened his eyes to the awful truth that he had sinned against God and man by living for himself without regard to the wants of his fellow-creatures. The patriarch did not go into particulars. In a few strong words he reminded him that while he fared sumptuously every day, he had never a thought for the diseased beggar starving at his gates without kindred or friend, or any pity except from the stray street curs who licked his sores. Dives must have passed the begger once and again. Indeed we have reason to think that he knew of his condition.

"I once heard an illiterate man say that Dives 'fared presumptuously' every day. People laughed at the blunder. I wondered within myself if he might not put the case more properly than the common translation. Dives presumed upon the justice of his Maker in taking all the goods of life to himself and shutting the doors of his house and heart against the woes of others. He was presumptuous in assuming that he had a born right to sit down to a table spread with rich food while Lazarus had not so much as a crust. All these things the rich man was to remember in the light of Eternity, and see them blacken by comparison with what he remembered of Lazarus. The admonition implies plainly that Dives knew of Lazarus' needs and had never troubled himself to supply them.

"In short, the accusation brought against him at the bar of Eternal Justice was of Sins of Omission rather than of open and flagrant violations of the divine law. In other words he was charged to remember what he had *not* done although his duty was known to him—or should have been. Ignorance of what the Catechism defines as 'what duty God requires of man,' is a sin that cannot be excused in a Christian land.

"The mysterious organism we name the brain loses nothing once committed to it. The memory of each of us may be reckoned a day-book from which records are never blotted out. We read with awe not to be expressed in words of the prophetic vision, 'I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. And the books were opened.' Your Book of Remembrance, dear friend, and mine, filled in, day by day and hour by hour and minute by minute. And to each will be spoken the same solemn injunction—'Remember!'

"Out of our own memories shall we be condemned or acquitted at that dread Bar. No need of other witnesses. Elsewhere in God's Word we read that we shall give account of every idle word. At the thought we ask ourselves if the lightest word uttered in the most unguarded minute can be rightly esteemed as 'idle.'

"'The words we speak, the look we wear
A heart may heal or break.'

"Do we think of this when we wound a loving heart or break the spirit of a faithful friend by a sharp reprimand or unkind retort? We might have stooped to lift the fallen, and we stepped around him and went on our selfish way. We might have said a word for Christ to a seeking soul, and deferred it to a more convenient season. We might have given of our abundance to the poverty-ridden widow and fatherless, but our bank account is the fatter for this sin of omission. Why swell the list of opportunities neglected and needless pain inflicted? As I speak, memory is busy with us all. Conscience has been aptly called, 'The voice of God speaking in the soul of man.'"

THE voice ceased suddenly. Silas Ford had listened with his ear glued to the receiver, his elbow resting upon the stand separating him from his co-auditor, whose very presence he had forgotten under the strange spell that bound him. Not an imaginative or a sentimental man, he always maintained in speaking of that evening's experience that he was under some weird indefinable influence from the moment he caught the opening sentence of the service. Every word seemed to be addressed to him, Silas Ford, personally and pointedly.

Mrs. Wells had been an attentive auditor, but the position was not new to her, and she smiled as Ford stooped for the receiver that had fallen to the table.

"Never mind!" she whispered. "Put it on again. There is no harm done!"

Ford wiped the perspiration from his forehead in obeying.

"But I have lost something," he muttered, when the shaking hand presently restored the clamps to his ears.

For the voice was telling the story familiar to the readers of Sunday-school literature three-score-and-ten years ago of "Charlotte Elizabeth's" protégé, deaf-and-dumb "Jack," and his marvelous illustration of the cleansing Blood of Christ.

"He, too, had the figure of the 'Book of Remembrance' in his mind," went on the voice. "For he sketched a long catalogue of sins upon a sheet of paper. A dark and formidable list with the repentant sinner's signature below. The Hand pierced in the palm from which blood was still dropping was passed over the sheet and nothing was left but the stain of the blood that cleanseth from all sin.

"A homely but a just figure! The pardoned sinner no more is made to possess the sins of his youth. And who of us does not appreciate the haunting horrors of such a possession? The work is gloriously complete.

"'As far as the east is from the west so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.' Say it over to yourself, examine it as a botanist analyzes and classifies a flower. From the eastern to the western horizon it opens the world. So far hath the Father removed from His sight the transgressions of him who has cast the burden of his inquities, past and present, upon the Saviour of sinners. 'He will remember them no more.' Nor need you except so far as the thought will deepen your sense of what you owe to that unspeakable mercy and compassion. And there is still another use for the shameful memory. 'Remember' past sins and shortcomings when you are inclined to judge your brother harshly for having fallen into the same snares that beset and overcame you. Remember the horrible pit and the miry clay from which you were rescued; take a lesson from the infinite pity and kindness of your Master."

It was past Mrs. Wells' early bed-time when the Lawsons returned from church. A solitary figure, head bent and hands crossed at his back showed large and black upon the gravel whitened by the moonlight. It wheeled about at Mr. Lawson's hail from the gateway, and hurried to meet the pair.

"You needn't tell me a word about it!" he broke forth before they could speak. "I have had the time of my life! Never before has a message been brought straight to me—and to me alone by a voice that had no owner. And it soaked into my soul!"

CHAPTER II

MRS. HAILE never forgot the strange look upon her husband's face as she joined him in the vestibule at the conclusion of the service.

"It was not merely that he was weary and silent," she told her sister a year later. "I cannot express what startled me except by saying that he looked as if virtue had gone out of him. Not that he had preached with more energy than usual. But it came to me several times while he was speaking that he seemed to be addressing somebody beyond his congregation, so to speak. It may be a superstitious fancy, yet I have it still, recalling what happened afterward."

Like the model pastor's wife Mr. Lawson had pronounced her to be, she took her husband's arm at the church-door and they walked homeward without the exchange of a word. It was her habit established early in their married life not to converse with him on the way to or from the sanctuary. Observers of the two during the walk commented, for a while, upon their behavior, then learned to commend her tactful considerateness of her husband's moods.

His habit was to fast or at best to eat very lightly before preaching. He had had a slice of bread and a

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The conduct of the wires was so perfect that the rustle of the congregation in rising and in resuming seats was plainly heard by the distant participants in the service

Turning Again!

A Sermon by REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXT—Acts 3 : 19. "Repent ye therefore, and turn again, that so your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come seasons of refreshing."

WHO is the speaker of these most helpful and heartening words? It is well to know the speaker, for the knowledge of the speaker frequently adds emphasis to his speech. There are some words which I would rather hear from the lips of a reclaimed drunkard than from the unpolluted lips of the archangel Gabriel. There are some evangels which, if they were proclaimed by those who "have never, never known a fallen world like this, might almost mock us with the height and serenity of their ideal; but to hear them from one who has walked through the valley of the shadow, and triumphed even in the night, is to receive both solace and inspiration.

It is unspeakably helpful to know that the herald of my text is a man who has been bitterly familiar with "a fallen world like this," one who has stumbled again and again in the mire, and who now from the heights of a reclaimed and regenerate life, makes known his evangel to all men. "That your sins may be blotted out!" Does it not add wealth to the abundant hope to know that the speaker is one who, in an earlier day, "began to curse and swear, saying, I know not this man of whom you speak"? "That so there may come seasons of refreshing!" Again I say, does it not bring the inspiration immediately near to us to know that he, who has experienced these seasons, is one who on a dark denial day "went out and wept bitterly"? Yes, let us remember the background of the speaker's experience as we listen to his speech.

AND who are the hearers? We may gather something of the emphasis of an utterance from the kind of people, for whom it is spoken. And is it not a wonderful thing that on this particular occasion, the hearers were just those who had crucified the Lord? Now, it is certainly not an easy thing to offer a loving and encouraging word of this kind to men who have just murdered your dearest friend. I say it is not easy. To the unregenerate it is impossible. But then we must remember that these Pentecostal men and women have been spending long seasons in intercessory prayer, and they would undoubtedly pray for the violent antagonists of the Lord and for those who had played any part in His crucifixion. Their prayers had softened them and prepared them for a friendly approach to the Lord's foes. And, therefore, when the apostle came face to face with them, it was a natural and an easy thing to offer them the hope and consolation of redeeming grace.

They were, indeed, beginning "at Jerusalem!" The hardest work came first, but made easy by the indwelling power of the Spirit. We could almost have pardoned them, if they had been bitter, resentful, and hard. When Peter looked round about the crowd, he could see many a one who had been proud and ostentatious in brutal ill-treatment of the Lord. There in the crowd stood a man who had been one to spit in the Lord's face! And there, too, was another who had derided Him with loud mockings and jeers! And yet it was to these notorious people that this bold apostle offered the "unsearchable riches" of the Lord Whom they had crucified. "Repent ye, therefore, and turn again, that so your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

"REPENT *ye.*" Now, in this word there is not the slightest suggestion of tumultuous feeling. It is a perfectly dry word, in which there is no deep, hidden pool of emotion. Repentance has little or nothing to do with the upheaval of the feelings; it is concerned with the movement of a more vital part. It is well, in our time, to remember that repentance may be a perfectly dry act. I do not say that the penitent life will always remain unmoved. I rather think the time will come when the deeps will be broken up, and tears of loving regret will often fill the eyes and mingle with the light of the immortal hope.

But the initial act of repentance has nothing to do with the swell of the emotions. It is purely an act of the mind, a refurnishing of the mind, a redirection of the mind. To repent is to change one's manner of thought. And what is the main essential of the change? It is to put in the thought of God. In the unrepentant man, "God is not in all his thoughts." To give God the supreme place is to live the penitent life. It seems to me to be a practical thing, and therefore a thing that may be practised. We are to bring God into all our purposes and ambitions and into all the little directions of our day's affairs. In my thought for my children, I must put my God into it. In my thought about my business, I must put my God into it. In my thought about my pleasure, I must put my God into it. There must be no purposed walking alone, bereft of the companionship of God.

If this is not penitence, I know not what is. When the "unrighteous man forsakes his *thoughts*," and accepts the sovereignty of God, and allows that thought to dominate everything else, he has not begun the life of the saint. Such enthronement of God would give us new thoughts about everything else. Our dominant thought colors everything. If our dominant thought is God, then this will tend to shape and color all our conceptions of sin, temptation, duty and service. In everything we should have the mind of Christ.

"*And turn again.*" Repentance implies a new mind; this "turning again" implies new ways. The second will come spontaneously, if we attempt the first. Let a man re-furnish his mind and he will re-shape his destiny. New mental habits will be succeeded by the restoration of everything. When our mind is filled with God we shall "turn from idols," and we shall "turn from vanities," from all mere shows and appearances, as well as from the finer and viler forms of sin. He who thinks with God will most naturally walk with Him. When the "unrighteous man" has "forsaken his thoughts," the "wicked man" will "forsake his ways." When we have repented we shall "turn again."

"THAT *your sins may be blotted out.*" Yes, this is a consolation we need. For when we have "repented" and "turned again," it does not alter the waste and ruin of our past. We are still beset by the impediment of guilt and the perilous remembrance of our own misdeeds. How we should like to live it all over again that we may live it better! Yes, and that wish will never leave us. I think that on throughout eternity, the wish may remain, and it will intensify the services of our love.

But our past need no longer follow us as a threat. It need no longer obtrude between us and God. So far as my past sin has stood between me and the Lord it shall be "blotted out," and between Him and me there shall be nothing but a cleared and radiant space. It shall be blotted out as we blot out the handwriting from a slate. It shall be blotted out, as we wipe away a tear!

Is not this a glorious inspiration made possible by grace, that all the heinous and rebel life of my past days need no longer throw its black shadow between me and my Lord? Nothing between me and Him! And let us remember again, it is Peter who says it, and certainly he had something to look back upon with regret and tears. That day of denial and of bitter weeping no longer stood between him and his Lord. The fellowship was close, immediate, love-begotten, and past sin was no longer permitted to intrude its baneful alienation. The memory of his denial kept him humble and prudent; but the denial no longer smote him like a threat, or removed his Lord to the far-away. "Your sins are blotted out."

"THAT *so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.*" This word telling of "seasons of refreshing" is a most gracious one. It suggests a cool breath, allaying the feverishness of a life, the unhealthful heat of mind and soul. Peter here tells us that in the sultry vales of life, when otherwise the heart might turn faint, wonderful airs breathe upon the spirit and create "seasons of refreshing." We never quite know when the breeze will stir and begin its renewing ministry. It comes in most unexpected ways. But the point to remember is that God knows the best time, and the cool breath will come when there is danger of perilous heat. It will blow from the hills of God!

This promise of my text is for everybody, for the humblest and poorest of my hearers, as well as for those to whom the Lord has given providence and wealth. If anyone is hearing these words who is tired of life and tired in it, let him turn his weary mind to the Lord. Let him repent! And in the name of the Saviour, I can quietly promise that his threatening past shall be transfigured, and there shall blow upon his wasted and withered soul the quickening influence of the breath of God.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Abide with Me," or "Jesus, I my Cross Have Taken."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Luke 12 Chap., Verses 15 to 28. *Worldly Cares Forbidden.*

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 615, first column.)

Sermon—"TURNING AGAIN!"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Sun of My Soul," or "How Firm a Foundation."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

To Him who watches over his disciples while they rest, and walks with them when they toil over the dusty road, let us commit ourselves, in the confidence which cannot be disturbed by the world's noises nor frightened by its sin, nor put to death by its unbelief. And may He who knows our need better than we cry out for our wants, keep us in His tender care, now and evermore AMEN.

*Dr. Jowett's sermons, prepared especially for the Christian Herald, appear in the first issue of every month.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., J. A. McAfee, E. W. Caswell, R. Braunstein, D. J. Burrell, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., and H. Hepburn, D.D.

Water from the Rock

SUNDAY. Psa. 114:8. "*The God of Jacob, which turned the rock into a pool of water, the flint into a fountain of waters.*" This is a strange and most unexpected fellowship of things. It would occasion me no surprise if I came upon a well in the garden of Eden. It would not awaken any wonder if I discovered a spring in the heart of a lovely valley, or rising on some sheltered upland, or in some nook on an open moor. But who anticipates rocks and springs? Who marries flints and fountains? Who would go wandering in a bare, gray valley of rocks looking for still waters? Who would search among the flints expecting to find the home of the gentle rain? And yet, this is the combination which this word of God presents to us. Rocks are wedded to springs, and flints to fountains. And these are symbols of similar wonders which are wrought in the realm of grace. And these are the experiences of brave, believing men and women who walk in the way of the Lord.

The saints of God find a plenteous supply of soft water in hard, rocky places. Fountains of grace spring up on the driest and flintiest roads. "Waters in the desert rise." God meets them in the ministry of beneficent surprise. Let us look at one of these saints and listen to his song as he journeys through the wilderness. For this is his song:—"In my distress Thou hast enlarged me." This man has been through hard experiences. He has been walking over a sharp and flinty road. Rocks have frowned upon him. No oasis of sheltering trees has relieved the heavy days. He has wakened in the morning to face a dry waste of trial, and he has lain down at night with the same sterile monotony before him. And what can you expect, in withering circumstances of this sort, except an impoverishment of his nature, a lessening of his capacity, and a drying up of all the genial currents of his soul?

But wonderful things began to happen. To his amazement, he found that the hard time was a growing time and that, in some strange way, the tree of his life was sucking nutriment out of the desert. There were magic pools somewhere; vital fountains were hiding somewhere. His spiritual capacity was increased. He began to add a cubit to his stature. Hardship unveiled his treasure. He was like a fern which has been removed from the sunlight and placed in the gloom. And in the gloom new fronds begin to uncoil, and vital things happen in the shade which could never have happened in the light. He began to have larger views of things—larger views of God, and man, and human life. The hard things brought enlightenment. The rock proved to be the dwelling-place of springs, and the flint the home of the fountain. The desert was a fine growing place. "In my distress Thou hast enlarged me."

Here is another of the saints of God. He is in captivity in Rome. Paul is shut in, walled in. His freedom has been changed into servitude. Hard? Yes, hard as a rock. A sharp experience? Yes, sharp as a flint. But now listen—"The things which happened unto me have turned out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel." Who ever expected it? One might expect "rivers in high places," but to have fountains in these dry places is one of the miracles of God's amazing grace. God's vitalizing river of life is found in hard prison circumstances in Rome, nourishing the apostle's life, and directing it, and multiplying its influence, even when it seemed hemmed in by imperious restraints.

And so it is. Experiences, which are hard as rock, do not separate us from the love of God. Disappointments which are sharp as flint, do not sever our communion with His grace. God's wonderful waters can break through anything and everything. J. H. J.

Glad About God

MONDAY. Psa. 100:2. "*Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing.*" The beautiful words of the One Hundredth Psalm have always held a high place in both the Jewish and the Christian Churches. To this day the psalm is used in the synagogue every day except Sabbath and feast days. Our fathers used the metrical version in the Scotch church. The tune which so many of us use each Sunday morning as we sing the Doxology was written for this psalm. Hence the name "Old Hundred."

Though Jesus Christ requires from His followers the very best there is in them, yet, to serve Him should be the joy of our lives. It should fill our hearts with joy unspeakable that by Him we can come into the presence of the Father.

In his "Spiritual Autobiography" Lyman Abbott tells of his troubles and perplexities as a young man. As a youth he feared God, but was greatly disturbed by the interpretation of the Heavenly Father given in the pulpits of the land. His Christianity was a burden rather than a joy. While still distressed, he came under the influence of that wonderful preacher and wise counselor, Henry Ward Beecher. In the words of one of the reviewers of the book, the pastor of Plymouth Church made the lad "glad about God." It is a striking phrase, "glad about God." We have not yet discovered the message of Christ to our hearts until He had made us rejoice that we can serve God, jubilant that we can come into His presence.

It is not a message of words or logic alone that the Christ brings to us, for the language of the heart is better than the words of the dictionary and stronger than the syllogism of the logician. We are robbing ourselves unless from our religion we are receiving real joy. How can we fail to be glad when we have known the love of God revealed in Jesus?

May we learn the lesson which those stern old Westminster Fathers—men whom we are so inclined to ridicule for their severity—learned that "Man's chief end is to glorify God and *enjoy* him forever!" May we be "Glad about God"! J. A. M.

What Christ Means to the Christian

TUESDAY. Col. 3:11. "*Christ is all and in all.*" Before creation's morning, all the universe was in the mind of the Son of God, who was before all things and by whom all things were made. All the conceptions of the Infinite Architect, the Father, were given to the Son, that He might be the active agent of the works of creation. Therefore, Christ is appointed Heir of all things, upholding all things, filling all in all.

Stars may fall, planets burn, worlds perish, but Thou, O Christ, remainest! Thou art the same yesterday, today and forever. O marvelous truth, He who was given all power, offered Himself on Calvary for the redemption of the world. The hands that moulded the world bled for men; the crown of glory became a crown of thorns, while the King lay down in the grave and, Samson-like, carried away the gates of the city of the dead, that we might follow Him to the skies.

Is it any wonder that poor, perishing, sinful mortals will lay down their lives for Him who rescued the gem of the soul from the robber, making it lustrous with His beauty? Christ fulfilled all our fondest ideals, supplying all our needs, filling hearts with all the fullness of God. Should we not exclaim with joy, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee and there is none on earth I desire beside Thee?"

The divine image is wrought in human character that the race may be reborn into the original creation, the perfect manhood of men in Christ Jesus. Christ, therefore, is all and in all that we know of God the Father; in Him is found the consummate meaning of life, Sonship with the Father.

Think of a human soul barring Christ out of his life. Will not such be lamenting at last: O that I had known that Jesus created me, loved me, died for me, and is now preparing mansions in glory for my residence? If I had known, I would not have passed Him by!

E. W. C.

Our Duty to Find Others

WEDNESDAY. Matt. 5:21. "*Ye have heard that it was said by them of old times . . . but I say unto you.*" Jesus Christ was a pioneer. His was a profound reverence for things of the past, but He also brought a new emphasis upon the things of the present and stressed a policy for future conduct. That which He said has been the cause of social progress and human uplift through the centuries. He lifted humanity out of the bog of Pharisaical hypocrisy and the lowlands of an erroneous conception of God, to the freer heights and purer air of an aggressive missionary propaganda that makes Christianity inclusive of all the spiritual, mental and physical needs of the world. Conversion begins with the individual, but it does not end there. An individual is truly converted when he passes his conversion on to others.

The first chapter of John's gospel has been called the "finder's chapter." John found Jesus, Jesus found Philip, Philip found Nathanael, and Andrew found Peter. As soon as one man found Jesus, he went and found his brother for Jesus. This is how the Christian Church began. This is the method of its continuance. Two men, and each finding his brother. Two and two are four. The work of Jesus was not primarily preaching and teaching and working wonders, but finding men, fitting men, calling men, one by one.

To the Pharisees, religion was a thing of self. The old-time Gospel is not a Sunday sermon, but a week-day practice. The divine service held on the Sabbath is the preparation for the divine service that should be rendered every day. It addresses itself to civic righteousness, pleads for better conditions, insists on cleaner politics. It is a leaven for the daily walk. A gospel that is not all-inclusive and all-embracing of all the needs of humanity is something new and strange, but it is not a gospel that reveals the will of God and manifests the program of Jesus Christ. R. B.

A Rock for the Feet

THURSDAY. Rom. 8:38. "*I am persuaded.*" If we are going to uplift the world, we must, like Archemedes, have a place for our fulcrum. Guesses will not answer; dreams, speculations, perhapses will not do.

A rising inflection cuts the sinews of truth. I want a rock for my feet and two strong pillars for my hands.

The rock is the Divine Word; the two pillars, like Jachin and Boaz, are Faith and Reason. Thus grounded and buttressed I shall never be moved. I am now in a position to dogmatize.

I cannot do otherwise, since my postulates are beyond an "if." I carnot say "peradventure"; I can only say "verily, verily." This is dogmatism, certainly; but it is the dogmatism of an honest man.

D. J. B.

When Jesus Was a Lad

FRIDAY. Acts 4:27. "*Thy holy child Jesus.*" We have only three pictures of Jesus as a child. They are word-pictures. The first two represent Him as a baby lying in His mother's arms, first in the manger of the inn at Bethlehem, and later in the temple. The third picture is twelve years later, and Jesus is a boy.

We know nothing else that happened to Jesus until He was a grown man and was baptized by John at the Jordan. And yet we know what His childhood must have been. Inasmuch as it is probable His foster-father died while Jesus was a lad, it is also probable that He became the breadwinner of the household, succeeding to Joseph's business as a carpenter, and working from early morning until late at night.

That was a lovely thing for Him to do, but Jesus was not the only child who has had to go to work before he was fully grown in order to provide food and shelter for a family. There are thousands of boys and girls who are doing just what Jesus did.

From what we know of Jesus as a man, we know He must have been a truthful child. It requires courage to make truth the rule of our lives. Akin to truth is justice, and Jesus must have been a just child. This means that in play He was fair. He would not take undue advantage. He would not cheat. He would scorn a victory secured by fraud. And Jesus must have been a generous child. No ungenerous child ever grew up to be a generous man or woman, and Jesus was the most generous man that ever lived. He was the kindliest. How like the word "king" is the word "kind." They must come from the same root. One who observes the law of kindness is kingly. We may be certain Jesus possessed another quality—He was a reverent child. At the beginning of His ministry at Nazareth He went into the synagogue "as His custom was." Then He read from the Scriptures, "as His custom was." The habit of prayer, the habit of worship, the habit of Bible reading—these create reverence. And the habit of courage makes us strong, even as He was strong. C. C. A.

All for Christ

SATURDAY. Mal. 3:10. "*Prove me now herewith if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall be not room enough to receive it.*" Today we are thinking of the stewardship of life. As we look out across the world, we see the tragedy of chaotic conditions brought on by selfish living, the peril of riches, the sadness of want and the despair of men who lack the knowledge of Christ. The Gospel brings tidings of a life that can be lived above the despair of human things, and he who finds the secret of the Christ is bound by that very knowledge to make known the precious knowledge to others.

A world filled with anxiety, chaotic conditions, hearts of men failing them for fear, sadness, sorrow, gloom, terror, and death can be changed, but only through the power of the risen Christ. He who knows what it is to find the Christ of Calvary and of the third day, should so rejoice over the gladness that has come, that his heart will have no hesitancy about any sacrifice that shall give this boon to others.

As good soldiers of Christ, in view of a cross and a tomb which could not hold the Lord of Life, the Church is on its way to victory far greater than that of the Marne or Chateau-Thierry, but there is no more crucial test of our loyalty and of our love, than of stewardship and the stewardship is of service, of money, of prayer and of life.

The imperial command of Jesus Christ that His followers pray to be thrust out into the harvest field, offering life and putting at His disposal all their possessions, has been heard by millions and many a Moffatt, a Grenfel or Carey, by business men and faithful-hearted women all over the world, and loyal hearts and true have put all of the time, money, and love into the hand of Christ Jesus for service. H. H.

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
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An Open Letter to the Churches

LITTLE more than two months from today, the International Disarmament Conference will assemble in Washington. If it accomplishes the purpose for which it is called, it will mark the beginning of a new era in human history.

We have seen, since the close of the great war, instead of a world at peace, a continuance of warfare in three continents and a reckless spendthrift race for armed superiority between the leading nations, who ought to be setting the world a better example. While the populations, sick of strife, are hungering and praying for lasting peace, preparations for "the war of the future" have gone on, while almost all the treasuries are exhausted and national bankruptcy looms up ahead as the inevitable outcome to both victor and vanquished.

To banish that possibility and put an end to the wicked extravagance and want and suffering which it involves—to say nothing of the appalling waste of human life—is the prime purpose of the Conference which will meet at the Nation's Capital on November 11. Its object is to bring the five leading powers into line on a practical platform, which will assure a general reduction of armaments to the lowest point compatible with reasonable national needs, thus opening the way to world peace.

In this struggle toward a peaceful and harmonious world, our own government, to its everlasting credit be it said, has courageously taken the initiative. Our challenge to armament reduction and world friendship has been taken up promptly by Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, while a long line of nations that were neutral during the war stand ready to support the Conference at the proper moment. Never was the outlook for fraternal international relations over the whole globe so full of promise.

Our statesmen, our publicists, the foremost educators and the leaders of the press are all earnestly championing the movement looking to a reduction of armaments, and a broader and friendlier international politic. Our ablest economists applaud the program as indispensable to world progress. Labor sees in it the harbinger of peace and prosperity.

And the Church—where does she stand? Silent, uncertain, in the background, at a time when every church and pastor and congregation in America should be at the very forefront, aiding with prayers and every spiritual encouragement those who are striving for the greatest prize of the centuries. Here and there some broad-minded ministers have lifted their voices and spoken out on the Church's duty to support the President and the Conference; but with these few courageous exceptions, the pulpit, which should lead the advance for every movement that is in line with God's purposes, has been irresolute, hesitant, dumb.

The Christian Herald believes in the Church, and has always stood staunchly by it in repelling the assaults of its enemies. We feel that it is facing today, in this supreme issue, its greatest opportunity. So to the thirty thousand or more ministers who will read this open letter, we would say that it is an issue so great as to involve not alone the well-being and righteous action of this nation, but of all nations. Further, it is one that makes direct appeal to every pastor, whatever his denomination, and it is one which must be faced conscientiously and courageously NOW. The Church must lift up its voice in vigorous approval of the effort to limit the possibilities of war. This it owes to its great record in humane reform, to its high spiritual position, and to the people of our own land, who are beginning to regard its attitude of silence or indifference with undisguised amazement.

We therefore invite *you*, and every pastor who reads this letter, to turn to our proposition of the Christian Churches of America on page 609 of this issue, and after a thorough reading, arrange to present the matter to your officers and congregation so that *your* church and people may go on record as giving cordial support to this great world movement for peace and disarmament. Thus through your example and that of others who are like-minded, the undertaking will enjoy the full co-operation of the churches, lifting it up from the domain of diplomacy to the higher sphere of international righteousness and ultimately, under God's blessing, the Church may thus be the means of enabling the movement to realize its great objective.

China's Gratitude

IT IS a gracious message which the government of China has sent to those governments and organizations that came to the rescue of her perishing people, in the greatest famine she has ever fought. The special mandate received by Secretary Hughes speaks for the entire Chinese people in terms of the highest admiration and sincerest thankfulness:

"The governments of friendly nations have strengthened the bonds of international friendship by the manifestation of their zeal in collecting huge sums for relief and in saving enormous numbers of our famine-stricken people. Meditating on their acts of benevolence and their works of compassion, we see their complete response to the claims of righteousness for the relief of distress, and the manifestation of pity for a neighbor nation. The entire body of our fellow-citizens is moved by a spirit of profound gratitude and respect."

The readers of the Christian Herald were the first to respond in China's time of need. It was through their influence and activity that our government and people came into the relief movement on a scale of splendid, nation-wide generosity that has never been equalled in any land. We look back with thankfulness over the work accomplished. America did its duty as it always does. The outcome, as the Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs has expressly declared, has been the restoration of "a million victims of famine to life and happiness."

A million lives saved! This is a record beyond price.

A Timely Warning

UNITED STATES Senator William E. Borah, who introduced the resolution in Congress providing for an International Conference on general armament reduction, has done another splendid piece of work in an article contributed to "The Nation's Business," in which he points out that "our people are at the present time expending as much for our army and navy as the entire reparation claims against Germany." It is the most convincing material argument thus far advanced, and deserves to be read everywhere. He regards it as imperative to our national progress and well-being to put an end, not only to the armed rivalry in land forces, but to the frenzied naval competition between the United States, Japan and Great Britain, as the only means of lessening the terrific economic strain.

He touches the real heart of the matter when he says the main obstacle to be overcome is "the reliance we have come to have in force as the only power left on earth with which to govern men"—a reliance which he rightly denounces as barbaric and altogether unworthy to be tolerated by a professedly Christian nation. He points out that Germany's annual reparation payment is $500,000,000, plus 26 per cent. of her export values ($260,000,000) making a total of $760,000,000. Our expenditures for military and naval purposes during the last fiscal year up to June 21 were $825,837,939. The army and navy bills passed recently by Congress total $830,000,000. Unless the terrible tension which this imposes upon our people be greatly relaxed, it will have cost us in forty years more than Germany's total indemnity. With France, England and Japan running the same mad race, their showing on the same basis would probably be equally surprising.

The lesson to be drawn from such a condition is obvious. Germany in the end would come out, financially and economically, the substantial victor, while the great powers would have saddled themselves with a burden that would result in the impoverishment of all the nations involved, the consequences of which can hardly be over-estimated.

Church and College

AT THE meeting of the National Council of Congregational Churches of America, recently held at Los Angeles, the subject most emphasized and discussed was the subject of religious education, and especially the relation of the colleges, once under the close supervision of the churches, to the churches from which for one reason or another have become separated the religious teaching and impression which once marked them.

It is not a boast of the Congregational body, but rather a statement of historical fact that some thirty-two prominent colleges in America were founded directly by churches of that order, including Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Williams, Oberlin, Grinnell, and Beloit. But it is now considered vital to the future recruiting of educated men for the ministry that college institutions of every type have a closer relation to the church or to the religious influence than they have at present. The action of the Council in forming what amounts to a new society, to take steps to bring about a college co-operation with church support, is significant, following the alarming falling off of educated men from the theological student body.

It is hardly necessary to emphasize the need of an educated ministry for the churches. It is impossible to think of an ignorant or uncultured Christ. The early church would have made no progress without an educated Paul. The Middle Ages or the Dark Ages illustrate what happened to the religious life of mankind when an educated ministry died out. Nothing but the Renaissance made possible the Reformation. The Puritans were many of them Cambridge College graduates. An ignorant immigrant colony coming over in the Mayflower could never have planted the Church and the public school together.

If the Church is to conquer the world for Christ, it must have trained leaders. And if the colleges are going to fulfill the purpose their early founders had, they must at least furnish a good percentage of their graduates for religious leadership. It is not a fair proportion when, as is true of one large college of over two thousand students, out of a graduating class of one hundred and thirty, eighty-seven become engineers, thirty-two go into mercantile life, and one enters the ministry. And this is true of a college that is not organized to turn out secular pursuits, but to give a general education for service of a general character.

It is a duty and a task for all the religious bodies in America to work out the problem of bringing religion and education together into the closest bond. Religion without education is weak. But education without religion is wicked.

By Proxy

THE Minister was in his study answering his correspondence. His stenographer had already opened the morning mail.

"The Board of Deaconesses call your attention to a case of real need in the S— family. The mother is sick and the father is out of work."

"Refer the case to the Social Service Committee."

"There is a young man waiting in the Janitor's room to see you about something important."

"Ask the President of the Brotherhood to look his case up."

"There are several letters asking for advice on the question of unemployment."

"Drop them a line suggesting the State Employment Bureau."

"Mr. G. writes to know if you can do something to keep his boy away from the Smoke Houses in town."

"Refer him to the Anti-Cigarette League."

"A number of letters here asking for personal advice in cases of ill-health."

"Suggest they consult the Hygiene Society. It has been organized for that purpose."

"That is all this morning."

Minister heaves a sigh of relief.

"Now I can get at my sermon."

Business Man in his office, same morning. In comes Philanthropist.

"We need help in several very desperate cases of real need among families who cannot pay rent, owing to the man being out of work."

Business Man pulls check book towards him and makes out a liberal amount. Philanthropist thanks Business Man and goes out.

An hour later Business Man is called up on phone by Minister. "What! You want me to take a class in the Bible School! Impossible. I need Sunday for rest. Ask Mr. D. He is a man of leisure and will fill in nicely." Hangs up receiver.

Later in the day Philanthropist is in his office going over the calls of the humanity that are his business. In about this order he disposes of "cases."

"Refer the man to the Co-operative Society."

"Send the family to the Poor Commissioner."

"Belongs to the Orphan Asylum."

"Write to the City Relief Agency."

"Get the Church to assume the burden."

"Tell the man to call again after his case has been considered by the Committee."

"Have not time to give to this case. Refer it to the State Labor Commissioner."

And when night comes, the Minister, the Business Man and the Philanthropist lie down to a well-earned rest, after serving humanity "by proxy." They have seen very little of the human need at first hand. The "Society" or the "League" or the "Committee" or the "Organization" has done it. And they in turn have not come in contact, except officially, with the human "cases."

How much of our very charity is done for us by some one else? How much philanthropy is there in some of the official kind? Jesus found time to take the little children in his own arms. Modern philanthropy says "Let the Asylum do it. We are too busy."

The World News of the Week

Lloyd George Urges American-British-Japanese Entente on Pacific

AN EARNEST desire that the Anglo-Japanese alliance should emerge into a greater understanding of the United States, Great Britain and Japan on all problems of the Pacific—"a great event which would be a guarantee for the peace of the world" was expressed by Premier Lloyd George in an address to the House of Commons reporting on the work of the Imperial Conference of Premiers recently held in London. Such an agreement, the Premier declared, would be the surest way of making a success of the International Disarmament Conference which is to open in Washington on November 11.

Reviewing the loyalty with which the Japanese carried out their obligations under the alliance during the World War, the Premier suggested that it would be unfair to break off the alliance now that Britain's hour of need had passed. "That does not mean we are to continue an alliance of this kind on any point against any one else," he added. "Certainly not against the United States. It is the cardinal point of British policy, and must be, that she would act in as complete accord with the United States as any two countries can, but I do not see why it is impossible to remember our obligations to Japan, to preserve our friendship with that great country and at the same time to preserve the spirit of fraternity with the United States, and that is one of the questions I hope it will be possible to have discussions upon."

Stressing again the importance of America's friendship, Premier Lloyd George declared: "We were all agreed in the Imperial Conference in the desire to have complete friendship with the United States of America and to make arrangements which would remove every conceivable prospective obstacle to such friendship. Nothing would please the British Dominions, as well as the mother country, more than a settlement which would make them feel that the British Empire and the United States could work side by side in common partnership for the preservation of peace and for guaranteeing the peace of the world. I do not know any guarantees that would be equal to that—the United States of America and the British Empire in common agreement on the principle on which a world peace ought to be based. I am still hopeful that such an understanding as would make us feel that this partnership could be established will ensue as a result of the coming conference in Washington."

Briand Coming to Conference

HOPES that the premiers will head the delegations of the various Powers to the Disarmament Conference were strengthened when Premier Briand of France informed the American Government that he would be in personal attendance. This announcement was regarded as making it virtually certain that Premier Lloyd George would come as the chief of the British delegates, a course that has been widely discussed in the British press, and it was believed Japan would wish to send a representative of equal rank. Thus the Washington assemblage promises to fall little short of the Paris peace conference itself in the array of distinguished men present.

President Harding has been proceeding deliberately in choosing the American delegation so it may be the strongest possible. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, was his next selection after Secretary Hughes had been designated to head the American group. Others mentioned most prominently for places on the delegation, which is expected to number six or seven, were Elihu Root, Senators Knox and Underwood, and James W. Davis, former Ambassador to Britain. Women's organizations were appealing to the President to name one woman delegate, but without centering their efforts on any particular candidate.

A preliminary appropriation of $200,000 for the expenses of the American delegation was sought, the grant being tacked on to the Deficiency bill. It afforded a chance for a demand in the Senate that the American delegates to work for open sessions of the conference.

Irish Debate British Offer

THE Dail Eireann, its 130 members sworn to defend the Irish Republic and to yield no voluntary support "to any pretended government authority or power within Ireland hostile and inimical thereto," has been proceeding leisurely in its consideration of the peace offer of the British Government.

The first day's session, which was open, was devoted to the formalities of organization, including the election of Professor John MacNeill as Speaker, and to an address by Eamon de Valera in which he declared his cabinet had rejected Premier Lloyd George's proposals because they were unjust and in which he reiterated his demand for the complete independence of Ireland from the British Empire. The second day was spent in hearing the reports of the Irish cabinet members on the conduct of their departments and a second speech by Mr. de Valera in which he referred to attempts to win the allegiance of Ulster and declared a willingness to make sacrifices on its behalf which he would never think of making to Great Britain. Succeeding sessions of the Dail Eireann were secret.

Despite the firmness with which the Sinn Fein leaders declared for rejection of the British terms, there was optimism both in Irish and British quarters that a breaking off of the negotiations might be avoided. Mr. de Valera's utterances were attributed in large part to a desire to force further concessions, especially in regard to Ulster, where, however, it appeared that sentiment in favor of retaining the present status was hardening. Reference of the issue to a vote of the Irish people in case the Dail Eireann itself decides against outright acceptance was the hope of the moderates on each side. It was expected, however, that the reply would be a refusal which would permit further negotiations.

DR. HARDING AND HIS BRIDE

She was Miss Alice Severns and had assisted the President's father in his practice for several years before their marriage. Marion reports state that she will continue to help in his office

40,000 MILES IN A BIBLE CAR TOUR

That is the record of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert P. Cooke, of Washington, D. C., who have visited nearly every county in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia in their Gospel work. They distributed 89,000 Testaments and 678,000 tracts and leaflets

House Passes Tax Bill

WITH adjournment for the period from August 24 to September 21 voted by the Senate, members of Congress have been trying to dispose of the more important bills pending, but have failed to make notable progress.

The House, however, managed to pass the tax revision bill by a vote of 274 to 125, after several days of partisan debate, and the Senate Finance Committee will be able to work on the measure during the recess. The Democratic caucus decided unanimously to fight the bill and adopted a resolution denouncing it as taking the financial load off the shoulders of the rich and shifting it to those of the poor, a charge which Republican orators vigorously controverted.

Much oratory was expended in each house on the Willis-Campbell anti-beer bill, over which the conferees remained deadlocked, despite the insistence of dry advocates that it should be passed before the recess. The main features of the measure—preventing the prescribing of beer as medicine and limiting the quantity of beer a physician may prescribe for a patient—were in no danger, but there were determined efforts to insert amendments which it was feared would impede officials in enforcing national prohibition. One of these amendments was assailed as legalizing home brewing, by forbidding the issuance of warrants for the searching of private residences unless there is reason to believe that therein liquor is manufactured for sale or is sold. The drys were divided on these debatable provisions, and any conference decision was sure to be attacked.

RUSSIA ACCEPTS HOOVER RELIEF TERMS. The Bolshevist envoy at Riga after prolonged negotiations has conceded all the demands made by the American Relief Administration regarding the conduct of relief operations for famine victims in Soviet Russia, and Herbert Hoover at once issued orders for the prompt despatch of food stuffs. In approving the Hoover plans, President Harding urged that all American efforts should be conducted through one organization and announced that passports for relief work in Russia would be issued only to those in the service of the American Relief Administration.

LEAGUE COUNCIL CONVENED. Viscount Ishii, Japanese Ambassador to Paris and President of the League of Nations Council, has called a meeting of the Council in Geneva on August 29 to consider the Silesian question.

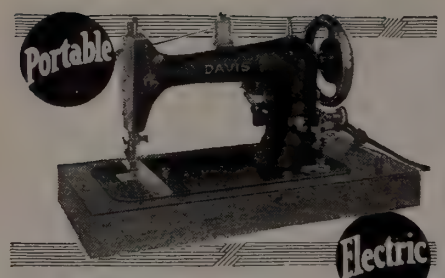
UNIVERSITY RELEASES GENERAL WOOD. The University of Pennsylvania Board of Trustees has granted to Major General Leonard Wood a leave of absence until September 1, 1922, in order to enable him to become Governor General of the Philippines.

GREEKS RENEW DRIVE IN TURKEY. The Greek army has made rapid progress in a renewal of its offensive against the Turkish Nationalists and has reached the Sakaria River, sixty miles west of Angora and the last strong defensive position before Mustapha Kemal's capital. Athens despatches declared the Turks were evacuating Angora, toward which four Greek columns are striking, and also Ismid, where Turkish activities had aroused fears of an attempt against Constantinople, fifty-six miles to the northwest.

KING OF SERBIA DIES. King Peter of Serbia, who ascended the throne after the assassination of King Alexander I and Queen Draga in 1903, died at Belgrade at the age of 77. On the eve of the World War Crown Prince Alexander, who succeeds to the throne, was made regent because of the King's age and failing health, and since has been the active head of the state.

SOVIET RUSSIA NO LONGER DRY. The Bolshevist régime in Russia has abolished prohibition, according to despatches apparently authentic, and a decree has been issued permitting the manufacture and sale of beverages containing up to 14 per cent. of alcohol, which must pay high taxes.

$1,785,000 FOR HEALTH SCHOOL. The Rockefeller Foundation has donated $1,785,000 for the establishment of a School of Public Health in Harvard University to train public health officers and offer special courses in preventive medicine, tropical medicine and industrial hygiene. The Rockefellers also pledged $1,000,000 toward the Y. M. C. A. Retirement Fund plan.



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Senator Borah Sends Best Wishes

IT WAS Senator William E. Borah of Idaho who, with his disarmament conference amendment to the naval appropriation bill, brought to a head the demand for a meeting of the powers, and we advised Senator Borah of our plan to enlist the support of the churches of the country in the success of the conference. In reply we have this telegram:

"Your idea is a splendid one. It has my heartiest sympathy and best wishes for success.

(Signed) William E. Borah."

Continued from page 609

What Clergymen and Laymen Say

Dr. Peter Ainslee

I am in hearty sympathy with the nation-wide peace endorsement. I shall be glad to serve on your committee and to do all that you have asked in your letter. The whole church ought to respond to this appeal. I believe you will find such a response as will secure the co-operation of all forward-looking ministers in every denomination as well as the forward-looking laymen; for to be burdened with great armaments and to share in the practice of war is an uncivilized condition which we ought to abandon as we have abandoned the saloon, slavery, polygamy, etc.

I am heartily with you in this movement and am pleased that a paper so strong and influential as the Christian Herald has espoused such a worthy cause.

(*Signed*) PETER AINSLIE.

Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent

(*Bishop of Western New York*)

I am in fullest accord with all that you say. I can sign con amore the resolution you enclose. It would be out of the question for me to take part on any committee. I have no time left to give. I am constantly speaking, preaching and teaching the principles which you would like to promote. (*Signed*) C. H. BRENT.

Dr. W. W. Pinson

(*Secretary Board of Missions, Methodist Episcopal Church, South*)

I am taking my first opportunity to reply to your letter of August 2d in re: the International Peace Conference soon to meet in Washington.

I am in thorough accord with all that you say in your letter and am sure that the only way to reach any satisfactory results in this matter is by rallying the Christian conscience of the nations involved and securing the application of Christian principles to international relationships.

I shall be very glad to act as a member of such a committee as you suggest and co-operate in any possible way with the purpose indicated. (*Signed*) W. W. PINSON.

Robert H. Gardiner

(*Secretary Commission of Protestant Episcopal Church on World Conference on Faith and Order*)

I shall be glad to serve as a member of the Committee on the National Peace Endorsement. Inasmuch as there was a Disarmament Sunday early in June, I would suggest that the appropriate thing now would be to ask all the churches to unite in prayer on the Sunday nearest to November 11, the date of Armistice Day. Meanwhile I think it would be quite important to forward to President Harding a Resolution expressing warm commendation of the wise course he is pursuing and with it send our hopes for the best results from the Conference.

(*Signed*) ROBERT H. GARDINER.

Dr. Arthur J. Brown

(*Secretary Board of Foreign Missions, Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.*)

I am strongly sympathetic with the proposed National Peace Endorsement and gladly accept membership on the Committee. (*Signed*) ARTHUR J. BROWN.

William J. Bryan

I am in hearty sympathy with your suggestion. The churches should act unitedly, separately and at once. . . . Please count me in on any place that brings support to the President's effort to bring about universal disarmament as a means of hastening universal peace. Allow me to add a word of caution confidentially. Some, in advocating disarmament by agreement say that we cannot do anything without agreement. Now that the conference is called we can support disarmament by agreement without discussing what should be done if agreement fails. We must make disarmament by agreement a success if possible.

(*Signed*) W. J. BRYAN.

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D.

(*President United Society of Christian Endeavor*)

I think nothing is so important as such a plan as you propose just at this juncture. I have been hammering on this general subject week after week in the Christian Endeavor World and shall not cease to do so.

I think the points that you make are most important in this fight for a warless world. Perhaps you have noticed that one of the slogans of the great Christian Endeavor convention was "A Warless World by 1923." It is not impossible if we all work for it.

(*Signed*) FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Dr. Don O. Shelton

(*President, The National Bible Institute*)

It will give me pleasure to serve on the Peace Endorsement Committee in accordance. As there can be no assurance of world-wide peace apart from the reign of Christ in the hearts of men, it is important that the transcendent worth of His Gospel shall be illustrated and confirmed by the evangelistic fervor of the Christian Church in behalf of all nationalities.

(*Signed*) DON O. SHELTON.

John Wanamaker

Thanking you for your letter, I am pleased to have my name attached to the Peace Endorsement proposed in your letter of August 2nd. Therefore, I enclose the signed letter.

(*Signed*) JOHN WANAMAKER.

Bishop William F. Anderson

Gladly accept appointment Committee.

(*Signed*) BISHOP WILLIAM F. ANDERSON.

Mrs. Helen B. Montgomery

(*President Woman's American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society*)

Delighted to allow use of my name on Peace Committee.

(*Signed*) HELEN B. MONTGOMERY.

Rev. Carter Helm Jones

(*Pastor First Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.*)

I find myself in hearty accord with your program for International Peace and Righteousness and shall be glad to serve on the proposed committee.

(*Signed*) CARTER HELM JONES.

Dr. E. Y. Mullins

(*Southern Baptist Theological Seminary*)

I understand from your letter that the committee which you are seeking to organize is purely informal, not connected with any general organization, and that its sole purpose is to promote sentiment for disarmament among the religious forces of America. If I am correct in my general understanding, you may use my name on the committee.

(*Signed*) E. Y. MULLINS.

Rev. Earnest M. Stires

(*Rector St. Thomas Church, New York*)

You may depend upon the co-operation of Saint Thomas's Church and its Rector.

It is not possible to get the official action of our vestry at present, as the members are widely scattered, but action will be taken as soon as it is practicable to hold a meeting.

(*Signed*) ERNEST M. STIRES.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan

The suggestion has my complete sympathy, and in my judgment it will be of enormous advantage if the Church of Christ in America places itself on record at a time like this.

So far as I am concerned I very much doubt the wisdom of my name being associated with such a movement, and that for the following reasons:

1. I am not an American citizen, nor do I intend to become one. In my judgment it would be better for a movement of this kind to be wholly within the borders of the Church as constituted within the national life.

2. It would be impossible for me to serve on such a Committee. The only measure in which I could take part would be by the fact of my name appearing in connection with it. That to me is always an unsatisfactory thing.

3. I have no church over which I am in oversight as minister. Of course opportunities might come to me to speak in support of such a movement in meetings I conduct in different parts of the country.

Having said so much, I add that if, in spite of what I have written, those responsible for the movement feel that the addition of my name would be of any real value, my objections may be over-ruled; for as I have said at the beginning, I am absolutely in sympathy with the suggestion.

(*Signed*) G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Continued from page 613

cup of tea brought to his study at supper-time and had not appeared at the meal to which she sat down with their two children, aged respectively ten and eight.

Arrived at home the pastor sought his study to dispose of manuscript and lesser official papers consigned to him in the vestry. Then he washed hands and face and presented himself in the dining-room, a normal hungry man and husband ready for supper and talk. The wife had both ready.

"Mrs. Abbott sent it over this afternoon," she informed her spouse, designating by a wave of the hand the repast she had set in dainty array at the foot of the table. "Oyster salad, cold chicken and Charlotte Russe. Could anything be more tempting? The dear soul recollects your weakness for all three."

"It is anything but a weakness tonight!" ejaculated the minister, drawing up his chair and attacking the chicken with zest. "I have a canine hunger upon me,' as somebody makes her hero confess under similar circumstances. And our charming neighbor is as discriminating as she is bountiful."

"Do you know"—resumed the wife thoughtfully when the edge of the canine hunger was partially dulled, "that I have been reckoning up the leading events of the years that have rolled by since we 'pitched our moving tent' in this corner of Paradise, and wondering if another parsonage had been as full of happiness. If we are to believe the 'Sunnyside' and 'Shadyside' books written by ex-pastors' wives, our lot is a brilliant exception. We are encompassed by an atmosphere of affectionate appreciation."

"Truly the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places!" quoted Stuart.

WHEN supper was over and they were seated upon the porch in the moonlight, silence fell between them for some minutes. The beauty of the night possessed them both like a spell. Stillness that might be felt by sensitive spirits had settled upon the town. The fragrance of roses and honeysuckle filled the breezeless air. The shadow of shrubbery and trees lay motionless upon the lawn. Yet there was no sultriness in the September calm. The bay and beyond that the great and wide sea kept the air fresh and bracing.

The wife spoke softly presently:

"I am glad—" she began—the phrase was so often upon her tongue that it slipped from it easily—"I am glad that the Parsonage is a cottage and not a commonplace modern 'genteel residence.' All that it lacks to make it 'my lowly thatched cottage' is real straw upon the roof. And do you know"—animatedly—"that since we have had so much rain this summer, there is really a delicate tracery (doesn't that sound well?) of moss between the shingles on the northern side of the roof? If one makes believe very hard and the moon is not quite full, it is absolutely thatchey. It helps out the figure of poetic speech."

"I had not noticed it," he said, with a laugh. "I suppose it ought to be scraped off, but if it pleases your poetic fancy, it shall not be touched. I agree with you that our home could not be more lovely. As I looked over the congregation today, and recollected that it was comparatively small when I entered upon the work here, I said to myself for the hundredth time, 'My cup runneth over! God make me worthy of the benefits He has showered upon me!' There was not a vacant seat in the house, and I have already the names of ten who will present themselves for admission to the church at our next Communion service, two weeks from today. I called yesterday upon the three girls of your Bible class who had spoken to you of their wish to come forward at that time, and was much gratified by their testimony to your faithful teachings and the effect of these upon themselves. Yours is a blessed ministry, my love, to others as well as to your unworthy husband."

The answer was emphasized by a sob; her hand sought his impulsively.

"Thank you a thousand times, my darling! But I cannot have you couple 'unworthy' with your name even in thought. You are noble and good in everything, I am thankful—oh, so thankful to be able to hold up your hands in any way. I know how Phineas and Hur felt when Moses let them hold up his while the fight was going on below. That reminds me"—the irrepressible gayety breaking through the softened mood—"of a story my father used to tell of a minister who had a very active wife. She bossed all manner of church societies, and it was more than hinted, took a hand with him once in a while. So people tried hard not to look too much amused when at a meeting of Presbytery, the Home Mission work done by the church of Reverend Moses Carr was highly commended, and one witty brother laid much stress upon the co-operation of Phineas and *Her*."

THE minister recalled the anecdote next morning with a smile that was more loving than amused as he made the first pastoral call of the week upon the cripple of whom Mr. Lawson had spoken to his guest. For the poor soul owed more of the comparative comfort of her present condition to Mrs. Haile than to the whole parish combined. She it was who by the time she had been three months in the Parsonage brought before the charitable women of the church the state of the widow Catherine Bates, who had been paralyzed after a severe illness and was unable to lift herself from her bed.

Mrs. Bates met the visitor with a bright smile that illumined her rugged, homely face like the shining of a hidden lamp.

"I was sure you would be here today, or that something else pleasant was coming to me—I felt so sort of uplifted! Not that something nice isn't coming to me every day. It's wonderful—or it would be if what some folks call 'happenings' weren't so common that we get used to them. Don't take that chair—please! That one over there is ever so much easier. Mrs. Wells gave it to me last Christmas."

She had talked herself out of breath in her happiness at seeing him. He sank back with a contented sigh, into the recesses of the cushioned chair and now laid a parcel on her lap.

"Mrs. Haile told me to give that to you with her love. She hopes you are enjoying this beautiful September weather. She has not forgotten that tomorrow is your birthday. You are not to open the parcel until then, and not to forget that our best wishes go with the little gift."

Mrs. Bates laid the parcel wrapped in tissue-paper and tied with pink ribbon tenderly down upon a table at her side. The moisture glittered upon her eyelids. She swallowed hard before trying to speak.

"Does she ever forget anything that could make anybody else happy or help them in any way? I often think she must have gone to school to the angels before she was born into this world. She surely is a ministering spirit."

He drew a small book from an inner pocket. "Now may I read a Psalm and pray with you? I should like to stay longer, but Monday is my busy day, you know. What Psalm would you like to have?"

The answer was prompt: "The One Hundred and Third, if you please, sir. It's been saying itself over and over in my mind all day."

The look that went with him to the door when the brief prayer that followed the psalm was said, and the parting salutation was over, relined the homely face almost into comeliness. Years seemed to have rolled from her body and soul.

"Yet she has done me more good than I have brought to her," he mused. "The reflex blessing is the more durable. May it not be reckoned among the 'Uncovenanted Mercies.'"

ALL that came to him on this golden September day were so many variations of the same *opus*.

And to this field—this vineyard which the Lord had planted he had been called! What more could man wish than to live and labor here while mortal life endured? He drew in deep breaths of the bracing sea-air, and looking before him saw the graceful spire of his church drawn sharply against the September heavens. The street leading up to it was lined with homes that had been occupied by the same families for generations past—for the most part spacious and all well kept in the midst of embowering trees and backed by flourishing gardens. It was a neighborly community. He knew the name and something of the personality of the occupants of each dwelling. A majority of them belonged to his parish. He "shepherded" them. The provincial phrase was sweet to his ears.

He had an important committee meeting in his church study at eleven o'clock. He had still fifteen minutes to spare when he arrived. The study was clean and cool; the seats arranged about the table in the middle of the room. The sexton, having made all ready, had gone off to other duties. The pastor opened a Bible and made an entry in his note-book of a text for a future sermon:

"One thing have I desired of the Lord: that I will seek after—That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in His temple."

CHAPTER III

THE better of the two hotels in Marlinton, spacious and well-kept, bore upon the register on a Saturday in September this entry:

Silas Ford James MacArthur Thomas White Oscar G. Evans	New York City

They were, as one of the quartet made occasion to remark to the hotel clerk—business acquaintances of Mr. Ford and had agreed "to run off for a week-end to some pleasant place not too far from the city to make the trip a trouble instead of a vacation."

The New Yorkers breakfasted late Sunday morning, and after loitering upon the veranda, sallied forth churchward, but in a desultory fashion implying to porch loungers uncertainty of intention as to the terminus of their ramble through the shady streets. Arrived at the church-yard gate at last strokes of the bell, the four sauntered into the enclosure, eying the building carelessly, and entered the vestibule.

"Would you like to sit together?" whispered the usher in waiting.

"It is of no consequence how you seat us," was his warrant for settling Mr. Ford and Mr. Evans on one side of the middle aisle and the other two in seats nearer the pulpit and across the way. All four had a fine view of the man who arose in the pulpit with the congregation below at the first notes of the Old Hundred Doxology. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age, six feet in height, and with a soldierly rather than a priestly bearing. The head was nobly formed, the face intellectual, refined, and in speaking, rarely expressive. Not one of the three strangers glanced toward Silas Ford. If their eyes had met his the verdict would have been unanimous and he would have accepted it as approval of his judgment thus far. Stuart Haile's presence when in the sacred desk was commandingly gracious. So far so good.

I need not waste time in informing the intelligent church-going reader that the quartet of metropolitan citizens constituted a committee delegated to "select a pastor." The clergyman who had served them in this capacity for twelve years was—according to the chronology of the modern Vineyard of the Lord—so nearly superannuated as to make his discharge imperatively expedient. James MacArthur, Scotch by birth and shrewd as became his inheritance from ancestors who had heard John Knox in his prime, had perpetrated a witticism in a private meeting of elders and deacons that had become the rallying cry of the disaffected.

"What reason shall we cite in urging

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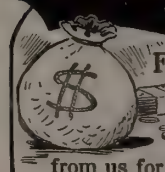

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upon the people the need of a change of pastors?" an honest, but, as it appeared, thick-headed deacon had asked.

Elder MacArthur's brogue was unusually pronounced in the ready rejoinder.

"Say there are saxty-three reasons, and that in twelve months more there 'ull be saxty-four."

The roar that jarred the big Bible upon the table in the session room, made further argument superfluous.

YET up to the date of that meeting in which the elders and deacons of the church decided the present pastor had outlived his "period of usefulness" and that the best interests of the church demanded a change of shepherds not one in ten of the congregation that filled the pews Sabbath after Sabbath surmised that the man who had baptized their babies, tended their sick and been as a brother in the hour of affliction, was no longer fit to abide with and serve them. It was true, they had to admit tearfully, that he would be sixty-four years old in another year, and that the consensus of the modern church draws the dead-line at fifty-five.

But the stubborn fact must be faced and dealt with that the interests of the Banner Church and parish demanded a change of generals. Omitting the tiresome (and sickening) details of the manner in which the truth was impressed diplomatically upon the minds of the "people," we come to the evening when Elder Silas Ford called a special conference of the session and ten leading members to be held in his library, and told with unction and fervor of what he styled a "find" in the vicinity of the city. No need, according to him, to send overseas or across the Continent for the right man. It was settled from the outset of the undertaking that the incumbent of the highly desirable pulpit, who had been absent in England for his vacation, should be removed with the least imaginable trouble to all parties concerned, and without a suspicion of discredit.

The army retired officers upon half-pay at a certain age. The Church would act wisely in doing the like. At the right time the incumbent of the Banner Church pulpit should be kindly and quietly advised that the congregation had unwillingly arrived at the conclusion that a change of leadership was a spiritual and material necessity. Therefore, knowing that he rated the good of the Church above personal convenience and liking, they suggested that he should resign the office and leave the field open for a younger man.

It was the unanimous verdict of the listeners to Mr. Ford's address that night, that he had surpassed himself in the breadth of his views and left nothing to be desired in the line of pecuniary provision for the prospective retired clergyman and his household. The moment could not have been more auspicious for launching upon the company there collected the story of the "find" Silas had (again we borrow his own expression) "up his sleeve."

Before the meeting adjourned, it was resolved that a paper be drawn up by two lawyers present to be given to Rev. Samuel Stenson, D.D., incorporating the sense of the conference just held, and informing him in the most affectionate and regretful terms that as one facetious member of the Committee remarked, "the Church had sent in his resignation."

THUS cocked and primed, our Committee, after skillfully avoiding the observation that would have followed upon the discovery of their errand, and with especial regard to the awkwardness of arousing in the preacher's mind a suspicion of their character and purpose —were demurely respectful while the preliminary exercises of the sanctuary went on. The church was spacious for a country town and packed to the doors with a well-dressed, well-mannered congregation. This spoke favorably for the "drawing" qualities of one who had held the position of spiritual leader in a thriving community for ten years. A gratifying percentage of the audience was composed of young men and women. Another encouraging symptom for the success of the present confidential expedition was jotted down in mental note-books. By the time the text was announced four "unprejudiced" minds and willing hearts were ready to receive the Word as interpreted by the man they had come "to see."

He read the text from the great open Bible upon the cushion before him instead of from the written sheets he had laid beside it, and kept an index finger upon one point in the page throughout the introduction to the body of his discourse.

The tone in which the preface was spoken was rather conversational than oratorical, but the voice that had hypnotized Mr. Ford carried every syllable to the remotest corner of the building.

It was an eloquent sermon on what the Rev. Mr. Haile preferred to call "The Emphasized Petition"—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us"—to which they listened with an intentness equalling that of Mr. Ford, and they were silent as they left the building after the minister's final sentences:

"The unforgiven affront, the wrong done to the mind, body or estate of neighbor or friend, to stranger or to those of your own blood—is a SIN in the sight of God that lies like a curse upon the unforgiving soul. I do not wonder that the man who nursed his grudges and watched hopefully for the moment of revenge, dared not utter the prayer for forgiveness. It would be denied before the words left his lips. The Judge has already spoken the sentence: "'Neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.' There is no bill of exceptions to that decree."

"O my brothers who glory in nursing your wrath, let not another sun go down upon the unholy thing!"

A LITTLE incident marked the afternoon for two of the Committee and was reported with animation to their companions upon their return from a ramble through the residential districts of the town.

James MacArthur and Oscar Evans were upon the hotel veranda when two men coming from opposite directions chanced to meet within easy hearing of the New Yorkers. "Meet" would hardly have been the word to use, had not one of the pair been looking at something upon the other side of the street. For he shied abruptly as his eyes fell upon the man who halted in the middle of the sidewalk to confront the absent-minded pedestrian. The rubicund visage of the latter purpled and his hand grasped his cane with an upward motion that may or may not have been significant.

The other man laughed low and kindly: "Hello, Tom! I was just wishing I could meet you! May I walk back a little way with you?"

Without waiting for the reply, which would not have been an affirmative had it matched the flash of the eye and the compressed lips, the speaker thrust his arm through the stiff elbow that yielded not an inch to receive it and the two fell into step in the direction indicated. The last words overheard by the eavesdroppers were, "that sermon this morning——." With a chuckle that would have been a guffaw if the pedestrians had been out of hearing, the invariable hotel-porch lounger slid up to the two spectators.

"Gee! If that ain't something I never thought to see again! Them two hain't spoke to one another for nigh upon a year. Used to be great pals before that. Had a quarrel over a horse-trade, they say. And if Dick Long—that's the one who spoke first just now—hadn't been a church member, I guess there would have been a knock-down-and-drag-out fight. Both of 'em good fellows, too! I'm glad they've made it up!"

He slid into the bar as stealthily as he had come out. The New Yorkers exchanged glances. Then MacArthur winked knowingly and leaned over the porch-rail to gaze after the men who were moving slowly up the shaded street. The hand had not left the arm it had sought at the meeting of the estranged couple, but it rested easily there now, and Johnson was looking into his companion's face while he talked.

"Humph!" sighed the Scotchman. "Fair profits and quick returns. Eh?"

To be continued

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The Open Road

There's Always Romance and a Challenge in the Call of It

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THERE'S a certain woman editor—rather famous as editors go—who invariably hangs the picture of a bit of open road leading to anywhere, or perhaps nowhere, over the desk at which she does her work. It isn't always the same picture—no, indeed—not any more than it's always the same desk. For she has a way of appearing—as famous editors sometimes do—first at one magazine office and then at another. You see, she is very much in demand!

Sometimes the picture is a sepia print—a photograph. Sometimes it's a little wash drawing or a pastel. Sometimes it's a fine etching, and sometimes it's the crudest sort of a pencil sketch. But always—though the angles from which they're taken are different—the soul of each picture is one and the same. Always the road meets your gaze in the picture's foreground and starts immediately to wind away until it is quite lost in the duskiness of the picture's background. Always there's a question in the call of it—a question as to where it's going, and where it will stop. One can't help wondering whether it will end vaguely, as many open roads do, or whether it will lead into a town or a city. One wonders if it will come, wearily, to rest at the door of a home, or whether its gallant way will be barred by a dancing river. One wonders if it will get lost in some forest, or if it will broaden in time, until it becomes a great highway.

IT WAS only after I had upon several occasions noticed the type of picture hanging over her desk, that I spoke about it to the famous woman editor.

"Why," I questioned, "do you always have the same sort of picture hanging over your desk? Doesn't the subject ever get—monotonous?" But even as I asked the question I knew what she was going to say.

The famous woman editor laughed softly, happily.

"Don't be a silly," she told me. "Of course it doesn't get monotonous. Why, maybe it's just a strange idea of mine, but I can't help feeling that my work would somehow lack its quota of inspiration if I didn't have such a picture to look at every once in so often. It seems to give me the desire to go on—just glancing at the picture of a road that's eternally *going on!* It gives me the thrill of adventure and the spur of imagination! There's always romance, and a challenge, in the call of it—always!"

I ventured another question—several questions.

"Feeling the way you do," I said slowly, "how can you bear to stay, year after year, at a desk? Knowing the call of romance and adventure, how can you possibly content yourself with the everyday routine of life? I should think that you'd want to throw your work to the four winds and go a-gypsying! I should think that you'd resent every moment spent in a definite place—sitting in an office, for instance, and doing editorial work! I should think that the lure of the open road would make you discontented!"

IT WAS then that the famous woman editor gave me her answer. It was an answer that I shall always remember.

"Some of us," she said slowly, "are born to sit at desks. Some of us are filling our destinies by doing office work. Some of us can't go a-gypsying, no matter how often the road calls, nor how insistent that call may be. Some of us, with the throb of adventure in our hearts, must be content with make-believes.

"I am one of the people who must be content with a make-believe. And my make-believe takes the form of a picture—the picture of a road that hasn't any end, so far as the picture is concerned. And by glancing at it once in a while, I can make myself see many beautiful things. And, because I can see them, I am sometimes able, through the magazines that I edit, to make others see them!" She paused for a moment, and then——

"For there are many others," she said, "who are chained, as I am, to work that they must do, and *are glad to do*—don't forget that! I don't resent my office and my desk, not a bit! It is to those others that I want to give the message of the open road—just as my picture gives it to me! It is to them—the ones who long for the far-off adventure—that I want to pass on the romance and the eternal challenge!"

THE famous woman editor is right. There are many folk who are chained to work that keeps them in cities and offices and at desks when all of the time they are hearing the call of the open road—are listening to the lure of adventure and romance.

Some of them, like the famous woman editor, have found their avenue of escape. Sometimes, as in her case, it's by way of a picture. Sometimes it's to story-book land that they go. Sometimes it's the view from a window or a flower bed in some park. It may be in any of a hundred—or a thousand—ways, but the result is often the same. For if they've work to do, that work will be made finer and better by the inspiration that they get—and are able to transplant into the hearts of other folk.

Inspiration—it's the rhythm that the poetry of a world is written to! It's the background of history, the reason for the greatest books that are written, the spur that can make a life worth while. It's the oil that helps the wheels of commerce and industry and discovery and creation to turn smoothly. It's the silver lining to the darkest of clouds.

We all need our bit of inspiration—every one of us. It's the thing that keeps us going on—and that enables us to give of our strength and help and assurance to the ones who really require it. We all need our bit of inspiration, and yet some of us who are doing commonplace work, who are living our lives day by day, feel that we're missing it. And when we feel that way it's best to invent an avenue of escape—to plan brave, gallant adventures in the innermost depths of the soul.

Friends of mine, always—unless you belong to the fortunates who can go a-gypsying at will—have your avenue of escape! Don't allow yourselves to become dull from sitting at a desk, don't let your minds and imaginations grow dingy with the dust of an office or the smoke of a kitchen fire. Have your picture—or something else that will fully take the place of a picture—to go to for inspiration!

SONG

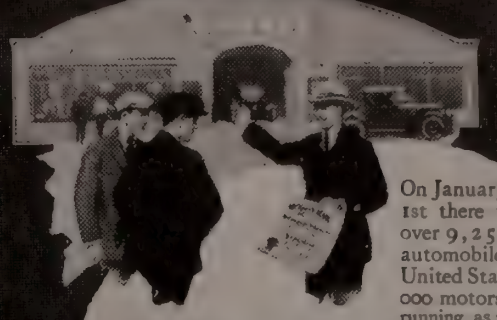
THE road is still as my heart is still,
It steals through the hollow and over the hill—
Steals o'er the hill and over the hollow,
Murmuring ever, "Come follow—follow!"

The road is narrow—it is not straight,
Shadows creep over it early and late;
Early and late do the shadows, creeping,
Ease my soul to a peaceful sleeping!

The sumac flames with a scarlet flame,
The soft wind whispers a well-loved name;
The woodbine quivers with crimson fire,
And wakes my eyes to a brave desire!

Youth may die . . . But the road still calls,
To the place where the last pale sunlight falls—
Murmuring ever, with turn and bend,
"Follow me on to the end—the end!"

HAVE A BUSINESS of YOUR OWN



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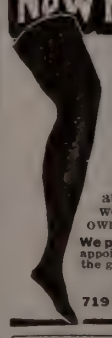

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Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4–6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7–9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

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Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving high average yield of 12¼ per cent.—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 48.

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THE real estate mortgage is the oldest form of investment. It is, in fact, nothing more or less than the written promise to pay by the owner of property. And this promise is made secure by a first mortgage on the property in question. The time in which payment is to be made is definite. The interest is at a fixed and specific rate.

First mortgage real estate bonds are simply units of a first mortgage. The reason for converting a real estate first mortgage into a number of units such as first mortgage real estate bonds is that this gives the investor with small sums to invest the opportunity to enjoy the same security advantages as the investor who has money enough to take over an entire first mortgage.

For the sake of clarity, let us assume that a man owns a building site worth $50,000 at conservative and experienced appraisal. He plans to erect a store building that will cost $100,000, making a total of $150,000. He has some money of his own, but not enough, so he goes to a first mortgage real estate bond company and arranges to give a first mortgage upon the land and building, in return for which the company agrees to advance him, say, $70,000. It is a good mortgage from an investment standpoint, because the $70,000 is secured by property which has a value of $150,000.

How can the ordinary investor be enabled to share in such safe investment? There is only one way, and that is by converting the first mortgage into $70,000 worth of first mortgage real estate bonds.

The usual plan is to issue bonds in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000. If you buy a $50 bond your money will earn at the same rate and enjoy the same safety as the man who buys $50,000 worth of bonds.

REAL estate first mortgage bond companies of recognized standing do not recommend bond issues about which they are not completely satisfied. The present and future of their business rests solely upon their ability to provide issues of such safety that their customers will always be protected.

The greatest protection to the investor is in selecting a house of standing, and dealing with it. At the same time, as a matter of personal information, you ought to know this type of investment thoroughly. Any of the reputable companies will be glad to talk over with you your financial affairs and give you all the specific information you may desire, whether you wish to invest or not.

Another feature of these first mortgage bond issues is the serial reduction, which means that at certain specified dates the borrower will pay a specified amount toward the reduction of the obligation against his property. He is not allowed, however, to reduce his security.

Thus as time goes on the safety of the remaining bonds increases. The fact that the bonds are arranged to mature on successive dates is an added convenience to the investor, as it gives him a wide choice as to the length of time he wants to invest his money.

No charge is made to the holder of first mortgage real estate bonds for service rendered by the issuing company. As a matter of fact the issuing company regards the purchaser of its bonds as its client and represents his interest.

If at any time a holder of a first mortgage real estate bond issued by a reputable house desires to borrow money on it, he can do so by taking the bond to the company. Furthermore, all the houses of recognized standing undertake to maintain a market for all bonds they underwrite, thus giving their customers reasonable assurance of readily converting their bonds into cash.

Interest on the bonds is procured, in case the bonds are in coupon form, by sending the coupons to the issuing company or depositing them with the investor's bank.

So, far from being a technical transaction, the purchase of first mortgage real estate bonds is, in reality, a very simple transaction, and presents a very safe and secure field for the investor lacking wide experience.

Young People's Topics for Sept. 11

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

How to Make the Most of Our Bibles

C. E. and B. Y. P. U. Psa. 19 : 7–14

KNOW rhetoric. The Bible is rich in figurative speech and Oriental imagery. Know geography. The country wherein an incident has taken place should be known, as well as the customs of the people, the modes of life peculiar to them and the epoch of the world's history with which the incident is connected. Know history. Trace the hand of God in the turning points of human progress. Own a copy of a good dictionary of the Bible for the proper interpretation of words. Consult a commentary for its light on difficult passages. Read the Bible reverently, humbly, attentively, honestly and prayerfully and read all the books about the Bible you can get your hands on.

Bible study is not only for the professional teacher or the man in the pulpit but for all occupants of the pews. The Bible is a very old book, nevertheless it is a very new book. Exploration and research, language study and, in fact, all worthy art and literature throw new light on the Bible. There are, of course, mysteries in the Bible, but there are mysteries everywhere. Not a phase of life is without its mystery. The world has not reached the limit of its progress. The last word of revelation has not been written and the final word of truth has not been spoken. "We know in part and we prophesy in part." There are many things in the Bible and out of the Bible that are perfectly plain. The Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, our duty to God and neighbor, they are perfectly plain. He who lives in harmony with these ideals has a busy time of it and gets the most out of the Bible because he hitches the teaching with the task.

Student Echoes

E. L.

THIS topic is designed for use by those who have attended an Epworth League Institute. Make this a report night. As the writer cannot discuss the topic for the reader because he does not know what the reader who has attended an Institute has heard or gained, he will tell a short but true story to point a moral.

Once there lived a very bright young woman in the place called "Epworthia." She was a graduate of the high school and of a select college for young women. Everybody predicted wonderful things for her future. She was sent as a delegate to an E. L. Institute and when she returned from this place of "Light and Leading" she made a brilliant report of all she had heard and seen. The young people were delighted. The next Sunday evening the E. L. met as usual. Ditto the next Sunday evening, and so on into the years. In the meantime, while the faithful worked hard to make the League a success the bright young woman was not among those present. Query: Why is an E. L. Institute? Answer: To train for leadership. If the moral of this paragraph has not been caught the reader is directed to go over it again.

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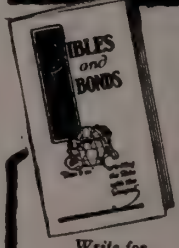

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Paul in Athens

International Sunday-School Lesson for September 11
Acts 17 : 16-34

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

CITY people need the blessed Gospel as well as those who are at a distance from some metropolitan center. Athens was no exception in spite of the fact that she boasted of her culture. It is always very important to know the things which will have a permanent value. Many will turn to the dictionary when they must have an extended definition of "Epicurean" and "Stoic" whereas "Jesus," whom Paul preached is becoming better known every day. People do not go to Athens today even for "culture," except as they wish to study ruins which are ages old.

Paul left Silas and Timothy with the scripture-searching Bereans, and soon arrived at Piraeus, the port of Athens. The two places were joined for the 4½ miles with double walls 550 feet apart and 60 feet wide. Even this approach contained many idol-statues, and when the city was reached Paul was appalled at the number of idols that were found everywhere. Then there was the great statue of Athena, the Acropolis with the wonderful Parthenon, and all else that has made Athens the place of study for the artist and the classical student.

Lonesomeness may have been one of the reasons why Paul asked his escort from Berea to Athens to speed Silas and Timothy on their way to him. While waiting he was busy for his Master, for he held a commission for ceaseless service and *now* was always the opportune time for him regardless of where he might be. The more Paul goes about the city of many philosophies the more is he "provoked." It is interesting to note what stirs people to indignation and action. Lincoln saw a girl sold as a slave on that old block in New Orleans and he was so "provoked" that eventually he was able to write an effective Emancipation Proclamation. Some boys will laugh when they tie a tin can to a dog's tail. Others are "provoked" to befriend the dog and even teach the boys by the wayside.

The Jehovah worshippers were first sought out by Paul. They, too, had much to learn, for they knew not the Son of God as a personal Saviour. Whatever he did must be attended to quickly, for he had not planned for any extended sojourn in this city of pagan intellectuals. Their own method of address is accepted by Paul, and he seems to reason and discuss matters with them, rather than preach to them in a more formal manner. We soon find him daily in the market-place. If the church in the homeland was only more eager to reach those who need the gospel message its members would follow Paul in the matter of market-place preaching. Much the same people come to church each Sunday, and many of these have not practised last Sunday's sermon sufficiently. Parks and street corners offer unlimited opportunities for sowing the gospel seed. Here, again, is a most-fruitful field of activity for any organized adult class. The singing, or even playing, of a familiar hymn will help to gather an audience quickly. The spoken message must, of course, be a real one, and it is a great test for any public speaker to observe the way in which he can hold attention for a few moments. These fall days are golden with opportunities for this type of work.

IN THESE modern days of moving-picture censorship we can understand how Paul passed his censors' examination in Athens. He was finally invited by the Areopagus, meeting on Mars Hill, to give a more formal statement concerning Jesus and the Resurrection. Some think that the Athenians so confused the resurrection as to think that Paul was declaring another person. This formal summons does not disturb the man with a message. It gives him the best occasion he has had since coming to Athens. As Paul speaks he is surrounded by intellect, art and history.

It will be very profitable to study this address as it is expounded in the various lesson helps and commentaries to which you have access. Paul follows the well-known rule in pedagogy of going from the known to the unknown. His point of contact is the familiar inscription on one of their local altars. He uses this to present God the Father to the members of the Areopagus. The great truth is not shaded to harmonize with the mental attitude of his audience. Paul might be a barbarian in the eyes of that select group, but he would teach to win them to his God. Today, as then, non-Christian philosophies have no place for the elimination of the penalty for sin. They laughed at the Resurrection and said "No," but the fact remains that it IS. "Isms" of the day please many who still have itching ears for some novelty, and meanwhile sin holds the sinner slave-bound. Those who deny the Atonement accomplished by Jesus Christ cannot obtain salvation.

When a modern preacher calls his audience ignorant, it is incumbent on him immediately to become their teacher and present worth-while facts. This is the very thing that Paul did. He declared for one God in a city where there were more gods than any could recount. This great God was the only Creator and is a spirit to be worshipped directly and without graven device. They had been wrong in their premise and practise and yet this God was so loving that He would overlook what had been done if now they would repent and seek Him, with all the attendant blessings. Paul announced the facts of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man: he then "drew the net." Every Sunday-school teacher must make the personal appeal in teaching the lesson. Remember another familiar rule in pedagogy: Impression must lead to ex-pression.

SOME ridiculed and others procrastinated, but there were a few converts. The named converts show again that the Gospel is equally for everyone; a member of the Areopagus and a woman. Paul surely gained his two D's that day. It was well worth being mocked by the august censors if he could win Dionysius and Damaris. Would that every sermon preached on this blessed Sunday could, under the power of the Spirit, obtain like results—two converts! As listeners to sermons each one of us has a right to ask ourselves, at least, the question: "Why was that sermon preached?"

There is no record of any persecutions while in Athens, neither is there any Epistle to the Athenians. The city is soon left to her idols as Paul goes to Corinth, where he is rejoined by Timothy, who was sent back from Athens to Thessalonica. There are some who think that Paul regretted his sermonic method before the Areopagus as being an intellectual effort in view of the mental reputation of his hearers. There is no record that he ever repeated that particular sermon. Then there is a most emphatic declaration in his first letter to the church at Corinth, to which place he went immediately after leaving Athens. He wrote, I Corinthians 2 : 1-2, "And I, brethren, when I came unto you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, proclaiming unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Students will soon enter upon their college courses for another year of intensive study. This fact should not be overlooked by superintendents and teachers. Special mention, personally and in prayer, should be made. If their life-work has not been chosen, this lesson offers an unusually good opportunity to set before them the blessedness of missionary service. Had Paul been the chief tent merchant of his day he would not have accomplished as much as he did by becoming the apostle to the Gentiles.

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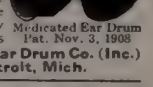

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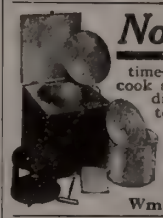

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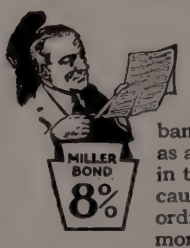

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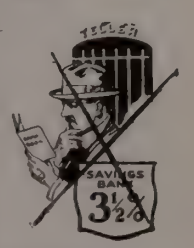

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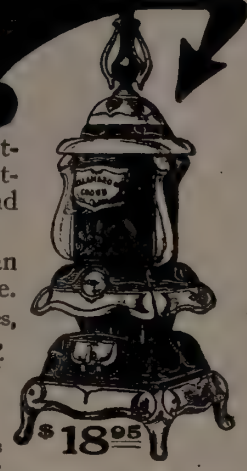

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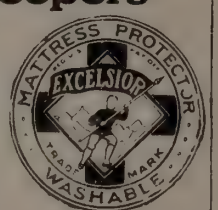

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MRS. S. M., Enola. The passage in James 2 : 19 must be read in connection with the preceding and following verses to get the right interpretation. The apostle, in verses 17 and 18, drew the distinction between a living and active faith which is followed by works, and a faith which, being without works, is dead. Then he gives an extreme illustration, saying that even the evil spirits believed, but theirs was a belief which, though it made them fear and tremble, produced no other results; for while they shudder at the thought of God, their hearts remain full of wickedness and sin and rebellion against Him. "Their belief or faith," writes one commentator, "only adds to their torment at the thought of ultimately meeting justice at His hands." So with the faith in a man's heart that does not seek to prove itself in works. It is not the faith of love, but of fear, distrust, indifference—a faith which his own perverse unwillingness does not permit to bear fruit in the works of repentance that prove the genuineness of his conviction, and which should flow from it. (See Philippians 2:12.) Faith, to justify us, must from the first include obedience. If it be a real, justifying faith, it will bear fruit; if not, it ceases to live.

Mrs. M. C. R., Douglas, Wyo. The matter should be submitted to a reputable lawyer. No one else can advise you or safeguard your interests.

H. P. M., Olney, Pa., writes: "As a subscriber and reader of the Christian Herald, let me tell thee how our family enjoys its helpful presentation of Christianity and its evangelical teaching. I enclose a leaflet by a converted Jew, who has joined our Orthodox Friends (Quakers), and is himself a preacher of rare power. He has recently returned from Germany, where he was born, and where he felt a call to proclaim peace principles. He found many hearts responsive in Berlin and the provinces."

M. R., Providence, R. I. The only estimate of the amount of relief needed to deal effectively with the Russian famine is that published in Populaire, a Paris newspaper which states that approximately 2,880,000,000 pounds of wheat will be required. This, to be distributed in the ten provinces affected, would call for transportation in 400 ships or 150,000 freight cars, the cost of delivery and distribution being approximately 1,300,000,000 francs. These figures are estimates said to be based on official information.

W., Chicago, writes: "At the Bible Class (where I am a member) when the seats are all occupied, some of the members place their Bibles on the floor, and seem offended when I tell them it shows disrespect for the Word of God. Such a thing would not be seen in a heathen land, where the native converts treasure their Bible as their most valuable thing, and carefully wrap it in a cloth and carry it in their bosom. Do you not think our Christianity is lacking in proper respect for the Bible, the House of God and the Sabbath?"

Such a custom as you describe certainly does show disrespect for God's Word. The Bible Class should have either book rests or desks, or at least some place on which to lay their Bibles. Why not bring the matter up, in a tactful way, and see whether proper accommodation can not be furnished?

Missionary A. Pearson of 108 Plein Street, Johannesburg, the Transvaal, South Africa, writes: "I am exceedingly grateful to the numerous donors throughout the States who have responded to my appeal for Christian literature which you so kindly inserted in your valuable journal. I would esteem it a great favor should you embody this in the Christian Herald, as it will not be possible for me to reply to them all individually, although I regret it. These gifts of religious literature are very much appreciated by our people, and will certainly be most helpful. I need hardly say that more of this kind would prove quite acceptable, and I can assure you in advance of a diligent and widespread use of it. I recommend the special features of the books, so as to awaken their sympathies and excite their interest, to the end that they may study them carefully and ask questions concerning them. By such means a way may be opened for holding evangelistic services where they are most needed. I go everywhere by turns, to all nationalities, to whites, colored and black folks."

Mrs. E. C. Cort of Chieng Mai, Siam, desires to express to the readers of the Christian Herald her sincere thanks for the hearty response to her request a few months since for pictures, etc., to be used in the work at Chieng Mai. Because of the large expenditure necessary for inland postage on these pictures, Mrs. Cort now requests that any friends desiring to contribute further will kindly send their gifts to her at North Canton, Ohio, whence they will be forwarded to the field by freight.

Observer, St. Petersburg, Fla., writes: "Some time ago I suggested to a country minister that if he could not get his people out on Sundays, he might mail them each a sermonette on a postal card. Now, can you tell me if such postal cards are produced anywhere? Sermonettes fit for special occasions and also regular weekly occasions might be put on sale with room for the pastor's signature. By doing this, Uncle Sam could be made useful in spreading the Gospel."

Rev. E. F. M., Amber, Pa., writes: "In your issue of July 16 C. O. M., Trenton, N. J., rates the Christian Herald very high. If this good friend wants a small book of which it is safe to say that it is 'next to the Bible,' let him procure from the Sunday School Union, Hodge's 'Way of Life.' It was written by Prof. Charles Hodge, at the special request of the union that he would write a book which might lead intelligent young persons to the Saviour."

Mrs. H. T., Harpersfield, N. Y. The song you desire is not in our collection.

Mrs. H. A. S., Lynnville, Iowa. The oldest manuscripts make the passage in I Cor. 7 : 38 read "his own virgin daughter," the point at issue being as to whether she should or should not marry, and what the parental attitude should be in the case. As Paul explains in verse 25 of the same chapter, this special advice which he gives to the church in Corinth is not laid down as by law or inspiration, but as the apostle's best judgment or opinion—a recommendation and not a command.

Any reader of the Christian Herald knowing the address of Wesley DeWitt (about 63 years of age and formerly of Ohio,) will confer a great favor by communicating with Mrs. James Miller, Russell, Kansas.

Mrs. A. B., Alsen, N. Dak. The Kingdom of God, as Jesus told us, cometh not with observation. Its coming is sure, and has already begun in the hearts of millions who today worship and serve in that Kingdom. As to the growth of the Kingdom, there can be no doubt, nor is there any in the hearts of those, who "walk in the Light." From the first little gathering of true believers (Acts 1 : 15) the 120 souls have steadily increased, in the face of all obstacles and persecutions, until today they form the greatest army ever known, including (nominally at least) nearly one-third of the human race now living. We are mailing you some statistics from the latest religious census of the world, the figures being of course approximate, as none but the One who "seeth the hearts of men" can judge in such a matter.

A. W. G., Vevay, Ind. 1. The question as to Paul's membership of the Sanhedrin can not be definitely settled. According to Maimonides, and the Jerusalem "Gemara," it was required of all who became members of that Council that they should be married. There is no evidence in the New Testament to show that Paul was married, and his frequent advocacy of celibacy would seem to show that he had remained single by preference, in order that he might be free to follow his apostolic career. Acts 26 : 10 has been interpreted by some authorities as implying membership, and by others as meaning that he simply was commissioned by the Council to carry on the program of persecution against the Christians. 2. Your second question will receive attention later.

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Do you imagine that it can serve the very life of the country in this manner and not find a response? Is it possible on a large scale to give full measure, shaken down and pressed together and running over without some of it pouring back into your bosom?

—Rev. Silas E. Persons, Cazenovia, N. Y.

SAINT BENEDICT, destined to become one of the greatest figures of Christian history, one day heard a voice from Heaven, saying, "The true servant of God is he who serves man best." Thereupon, he laid aside his hair shirt and other means of self-mortification, and going down from the mountain fastnesses where he had led a life of constant prayer, he began his ceaseless efforts to raise the social moral, mental, political, and spiritual ideals of his time. Before many years, he was head of twelve monasteries. The most promising of the land's youth was brought to him to be educated. Great kings sought his council. Women prisoners of war for the first time in the history of the world were, at his behest, accorded humane treatment. A general sense of social justice began to prevail.

The mission of the modern church is not unlike that of Saint Benedict. It also has accepted the challenge to serve. It has accepted the truth that weakness, not godliness, prompts withdrawal from active participation in the affairs of a world struggling against injustices and inequalities. Consequently more and more we hear of churches the country over embarking upon every-day programs for better citizenship; engaging themselves in social activities; presenting public lectures, motion pictures and drama; and conducting playgrounds and gymnasium. To the question of what the church can possibly have to do with things as widely removed from the spiritual life as movies and swimming meets—and the question is asked pointedly every day—the leaders truly alive to the spirit of the times reply with another question:

"Can we not thus best counteract the results of the immoral, degrading, or at best time-wasting commercial amusements which are too often the only means of recreation offered the youth of our city streets?" Or again, "Can we afford not to arouse and stimulate the unused facilities of the boys and girls of our rural communities, and develop in them the social potentialities through which eventually must be solved the problem of keeping them down on the farm, to quote the words of the popular song?"

DURING the war we gained many lessons in human nature, not the least of them being that formerly our regular army soldiers were "hard boiled" because they had been forced into a hard-boiled environment. Organized recreation for the Army taught us that "Fight hard and play hard, and come through clean!" was a much more apt truism than the old "Fight hard, drink hard and go to the Devil!" had been.

If a more recent example were needed of the impulse of young people when given the choice in recreation, to choose the cleaner, there is an outstanding example in New York City, "where the true social spirit grows slowest." Three nights each week during the entire season an inspiring band concert has been given on the campus at Columbia University. Even through the lull before summer school began, the crowds averaged 15,000 a night, the population of a good-sized town! Men, women, and children, particularly young people, from all the boroughs flocked there. And they did more than passively enjoy. In every case, they had compiled with the preliminaries of getting a season ticket. They voluntarily joined in supporting and prolonging the season!

SUCH a thing would have seemed impossible a few years ago. "The youth of New York wants his selfish pleasure!" people would always say. "He wants his cabaret, his dance-hall, his billiard-room of questionable repute." And yet, a free concert outrivals in attendance a summer amusement park of the sort that only New York could produce!

It goes to show that something definite has been happening in New York as well as in Walla Walla, Wash. We have embarked upon an era of communal life, communal recreation, communal business enterprises, and even communal spiritual endeavor. Everywhere there is an intense urge to participate, to mingle, to enter into the pursuits in which the group rather than the individual profits. The country life movement, now of a number of years growth, is a part of it. The school social center is another. Many of the new state university extension courses in leadership of all sorts have been inspired by it. Gradually it has brought about the widest possible use of all public facilities in the interest of the community as a whole.

It is a great, almost an unparalleled opportunity recognized alike by the Federal Government and by the great national social agencies—for the church to step forward and assume leadership alike in this movement in the rural community and in the great city. By reason of the strength of its organization, its breadth of appeal, and the undisputed place it holds in the intimate confidence of the people, the average church has here an opportunity, a *responsibility*, which it can ill afford to overlook.

So ripe is the time for the community ministry, that the church which turns understandingly to the task cannot fail. "We have tried all along the way," writes

AN INCREASING proportion of the letters from our readers ask questions or advice about enlarging the community activities of the local church. The problem is one that is pressing heavily on most cities and towns, especially as it related to the young people. Deeply appreciating its importance, we asked Martha Candler, associated with Community Service, Inc., and one of the outstanding authorities on social and welfare activities, to prepare a series of articles, of which this is the first, under the general title "The Everyday Mission of the Church."

one minister, responsible for one of the country's oldest and most admirable rural church-community programs—and his utterances might be set down as the cardinal principle of all such organization—"we have tried all along the way to develop a fine spirit of co-operation. We have studiedly avoided giving the impression that we are doing something for somebody. We have cultivated the feeling that we are all working together for the common good. Every committee we have is on its mettle, made to feel that the success of the entire enterprise depends upon its particular efforts.

"Let me say," he adds, "that we never planned to do the work we are doing, or even a tenth part of it. We started in to serve, and made no stipulation, and offered no hint about recompense or reward. For a year or two, not very hearty appreciation seemed to be shown by the communities we served. But keep pouring in human kindness, and by and by the heart will be touched and respond. Isn't our religion one of faith? And a part of that faith in the human nature that the Almighty has made?

"I have found out what a lot of good 'bad folks' there are in the world; generosity where you least looked for it, friendliness and appreciation and response and co-operation where you never dreamed of finding them, doors that were literally closed to you opening up with warm hospitality, indifference changing to interest, and the whole country, once uncommunicative, distant, suspicious, taking on a smile of glad recognition and friendliness. It is a winning of the country back to its church and its God!" Is not that a worthy aid for the church to set for itself?

The minister, if you give him a chance, makes a pretty good umpire for the wholesome play activities which the church may offer to the children

REV. J. W. F. DAVIES of the Congregational Church of Winnetka, Ill., has for a number of years been the executive head of one of the most successful community Houses in the country, in addition to his regular pastoral work, having "felt his way out toward larger and larger activities."

At the outset, he made inquiry into how the Sunday-school boys and girls spent their leisure hours. He found that their time free from day school was occupied in ways derogatory to their best development. He knew that the most ideal Sunday-school hour his institution could evolve would be far short of counteracting the languid influences which he found running through the too abundant hours of unoccupied leisure. His answer was a recreational program which would turn his pupils' recess from study into a physical, mental, and spiritual asset.

Once started, the work "just grew." The programs worked out by Mr. Davies and his various committees were based on the mass and group plans. Gymnasium classes formed for boys and girls soon expanded to take in men and women. Tennis, baseball, volley ball, and other athletics for men and boys, with clubs for girls, followed. Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, hikers' clubs, study groups, debating societies, crowded on each others' heels. During the war, through its sound social organization in the Community House, Winnetka made a splendid showing. A club of the housemaids of the town came together almost spontaneously to spend their leisure hours in patriotic causes, and have stayed together since, for dramatics, musical and varied other activities.

A regular motion-picture entertainment two evenings a week is self-supporting, and permits of the free showing of especially selected films in connection with the Pleasant Sunday Evenings which, from the beginning, have been a part of the programs. The church activities developed almost automatically into a community-wide social organization. Its work is now carried on by a board, of which Mr. Davies is director, with representatives from every church, educational and public welfare organization, and with full use of all recreational facilities at the town's disposal. Leadership for the more and more complex phases of the organization is almost entirely volunteer now, having been trained as the work has gone on. This is the ideal everywhere, for every community has within itself potential leadership for a full outfit of activities—leadership such as only organization will bring out.

IN RUTLAND, Vt., there is a more recent but almost equally successful example of a community-wide program conducted by a parish. The Congregational Church, under Rev. Arthur H. Bradford, has for a number of years conducted clubs and classes, which, by the breadth of their appeal, have drawn enormous followings. It was, therefore, natural when former Governor Mead decided it was time to establish a community center for all the people that he should have chosen that church and that minister to take charge of it. His gift of a large three-story brick clubhouse and a separate gymnasium was made over to the church, with the minister as executive director.

"There are no Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A. organizations in this city," Mr. Bradford says. "Moreover our schools have no gymnasium facilities. Hence, our opportunity is very great. Our members come from practically all the churches of the city, both Catholic and Protestant—the social activities of the young people of the community are centering here to a large degree."

It was the Woman's Guild of the First Presbyterian Church of Bloomfield, N. J., which, through its wise and unselfish use of an extraordinarily well-equipped parish hall, was responsible for community organization in that locality. It was they, chiefly, who sponsored the movement which resulted in the purchase of a $300,000 community building there to be dedicated as a soldiers' memorial. They had the conviction about the possibilities for social service through a physical center, and they had imbued the other citizens of the city with the same conviction.

It is not possible to recount the instances or even mention the names of the hundreds and thousands of church groups all over the country that have been phenomenally successful in the administration of their social programs. Conspicuous among them, however, is the Union Methodist Church in the heart of New York's brightest lighted theatrical section. It maintains an expert psychologist, who in the course of a year hears the story of many thousand heartaches and heartbreaks, disappointed ambitions, lost faith, and mental and spiritual agony. A sympathetic counselor, a "guide, philosopher and friend" in the great city, has saved more than one soul from despera tion in the past trying year. But that is only one o its services. It maintains clubs and classes for youn men and young women. It has its amateur dramatic groups, its cafeteria, its housing project.

THE Calvary Presbyterian Church of Buffalo i one body which has discovered that only b laying down its life it has found it. Calvary was clos ing her doors after a fifteen-year struggle agains changing condition which had carried it congregation to far dis tant parts of the city. I had been left in the mids of a section which coul not support a Presby terian church, and whic did not seem to need one But the minister had that faith which dies hard, and with it the conviction that he had still a work to do through this large and splendidly equipped church plant, even if it were in the midst of a population made up of Catholics and of Jewish people and of Protestants whose church-going impulses were below par.

"I asked myself the old question, 'who is my neighbor?'" the minister relates. "I decided that the ministry of Christ was largely a community ministry, and that there could be no higher calling for Calvary than in the enriching of the lives of those around it through providing for their leisure hours those things which in the neighborhood were unheard of."

With the co-operation of the Community Service director and the Buffalo Presbytery, therefore, the church embarked upon its community work. It opened a noon-time cafeteria and social hour. It started six o'clock suppers followed by another social hour. Club activities were organized for young men and women of all ages and tastes. Supervised play and games were introduced daily during the after-school hours. Afternoon and evening gymnasium classes were formed, and a men's athletic league developed. In response to repeated demands, and encouraged by the financial returns on the cafeteria (which is operated on a so-called "non-profit," or a 6 per-cent. basis, the minister is taking steps to transform the palatial old manse into a home-club for the working girls of the district.

The Sunday services, which formerly averaged fifteen in attendance, now attract large crowds. The Sunday evening services alone would seem to justify the whole project. Popular religious songs, appropriate moving pictures, and short talks (to all of which admission is free) pack the assembly hall to the doors. Calvary church has become self-supporting, self-respecting, and full of the red blood of life. Its ministry is making life more worth living for the hundreds and thousands of people of its neighborhood. And this when it would otherwise have been sold, and turned to some anti-social end.

A church playground where clean sportsmanship is taught. In this case, the expense is next to nothing

THE one important factor in all of these examples of the community ministry is that real, and not fancied needs are being met, and that they do not duplicate work already being adequately done. In his book on "Recreation and the Church," Herbert Wright Gates has a chapter on "Studying the Needs of the Community" which is worthy of serious study by all interested in church social organization. The Playground and Recreation Association of America, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, also furnishes information on the study of the community, and the making of surveys. Community Service, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, has a definite policy of church co-operation, and wherever it has a local staff, will lend its services not only in the matter of the preliminary survey, but in the actual organization of activities. The Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and school officials can also lend valuable assistance in this field in which they often had especial training.

Financial campaigns, paid personnel, even elaborate equipment will seldom be necessary for initiating the average program. In communities from coast to coast, people by the hundreds and the thousands are in all reverence flocking to movie shows, concerts,

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Choosing Tools for India

Sometimes the Most Modern Implements Are Not the Most Effective

By
Rev. W. B. NORTON, Ph.D.

The toes do their share in the manipulation of this Indian turning lathe

SAHARANPUR—a woman in America pronounced it "Sarah-Ann-poor"—is a city in northern India with a population of 62,850, an important railroad center, and the seat of one of the famous botanical gardens of India. The city was founded in 1340, and the shrine of Shah Haran Shishti, from whom its name is derived, is still visited by tourists. One of the famous mosques of India, patterned after the great mosque of Delhi, is located here.

American Protestant missionary work in Saharanpur is committed to the Presbyterians, and the missionary compound is the second largest compound I have thus far seen in India. My escorts were not able to give me the exact figures. One said forty, one said fifty and another eighty acres. Even if the smallest figure is taken 40 acres within the city limits of such a city is a majestic figure, and was alone made possible by reason of the early date, 1835, at which the mission was established.

Here is located the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Church, Training School for Wives of Seminary Students, Industrial School and Orphanage, City Girls' School, and Leper Asylum, and from it as a center is carried on city and district evangelism.

Saharanpur is noted for its annual convention of Christian workers held primarily for spiritual uplift and attended by representatives of all evangelical denominations. One year ago 1,000 were present, and the chief speakers were Sherwood Eddy, Congregationalist, and E. Stanley Jones, Methodist. The management is Presbyterian and the Presbyterian church has from year to year furnished speakers of the first rank.

As an illustration of the development of native leadership, we may point to the Rev. B. B. Roy, a convert from Hinduism who once sought peace at Hardwar, one of the famous Hindu sacred places on the Ganges, only to be disgusted. He served as the acting principal of the Theological Seminary while Dr. H. C. Velte, the principal was in the United States. Mr. Roy is the author of a Commentary on Acts and of a book on Christian work for village workers. Mrs. Roy is in charge of the Training School for the Wives of Seminary Students, numbering 21, mothers of 45 children, who must also be cared for while the fathers are studying for the ministry. The Seminary had 33 students during the year 1919-1920.

The plain box held by Superintendent Borup yields the profits, but the other shows the beautiful work the pupils can do

THE use of both Indian and American tools might be applied in a spiritual sense to all the methods of the station, for there is a constant effort to relate Western ideals and methods to the thought and life of India. We, however, had in mind the practice in the Industrial School, one of the most significant departments at the mission station, and one that stands side by side with the Theological Seminary in working for the redemption of India, for the physical salvation of the people must keep pace with their spiritual and literary culture. At the time of my visit the Seminary students had just left for their vacation period, but the industrial students, who are to help in creating a new India, were busy at work.

The first young men we came to were sawing boards from a log. The saw was of Indian design, but a decided improvement over others I have seen in use in my travels. In the absence of a circular saw, such as is used in American planing mills, it did the work well but slowly. The spicy odor of the sawdust aroused my curiosity, and I found that the boys were working on a log of Cedar of Lebanon.

Sawing a log into boards, native style, at the Saharanpur Industrial School

A more curious device was the bit which a young man was driving through a log by means of a cord twisted around the bit in such a way that he could make it whirl.

But most curious of all was the Indian turning lathe. When I saw the simple tools I could not imagine how they could be made to do such a difficult feat as the turning of a carved table leg or a chair round. Here was a machine in which a man's arm, assisted by a strong cord twisted around the spindle, was the motor power and where a man's toes were utilized in holding the chisel which did the cutting.

The use of the adz displayed the skill resulting from long practice. It was marvelous with what nicety and accuracy the worker could "hew to the line and let the chips fall where they might." Timbers were squared, surfaces smoothed, and knots trimmed in a way I think would have astonished an American carpenter.

WHY do you spend time teaching these primitive methods?" I asked the superintendent, the Rev. C. Borup, who is a practical mechanician as well as a true minister of the gospel.

The question gave the sturdy Dane, for such he is, the chance he wanted to impress on his American visitors the fundamental principle on which his entire industrial program is built.

"Our reason is a practical, bread-and-butter one," he said. "Unless our boys learn Indian methods they cannot go out and teach others. A still more imperative reason is that American and European tools, being imported, are expensive, and our boys are poor. If we send them out of our school with a knowledge of only foreign tools and methods, they cannot set up shops of their own, for they cannot buy the tools. With Indian tools and methods they are ready on graduation to go to work at once and as they earn money they can add to their equipment the more modern tools, for with all the ingenuity of the tools and methods handed down from father to son through India's long history, they are far inferior to those produced by America and Europe."

Mr. Borup then conducted us to a room where he had patterns of the finest hand-carving in hard woods. He showed us the several stages from mathematical figures to intricate floral designs worthy to adorn the palace of a Maharaja. After we had expressed our liveliest admiration for these evidences of skill and artistic taste he led us to the open verandah.

"Now," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "I will show you the real thing." Whereupon he held aloft a plain wooden box made from boards cut by an American-style gig-saw made in the school, and put together with a common American hammer and nails.

"This is the only thing it really pays us to make," he continued. "These boxes we make for the government and are for the purpose of shipping plants from our famous botanical gardens." His face grew sad as he described the conditions which have made it necessary to abandon the carving of the beautiful art patterns and take up the pounding together of common wooden boxes or crates.

"Prices on wood carving have not kept pace with the high cost of living," he said. "The fathers of our boys could live on three annas, ten cents, a day. Our boys can't live on less than twelve annas a day and yet the public wants to buy carved woods at the same old price. It is this and this alone which has compelled the substitution of the utilitarian for the artistic."

Speaking again of the botanical gardens which make the demand for the wooden boxes, it is interesting to note that three years ago there was celebrated the cen-

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At the Sign of the Golden Calf

A Story of a City Church

Instalment Two

CHAPTER IV

By MARION HARLAND

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

"I DON'T know who called October the 'golden-mouthed St. John—the St. Chrysostom among the twelve apostles of the year,' but I am his grateful debtor for putting the beautiful conceit into words. I say it to myself every day like this."

Stuart Haile said it dreamily, gazing over the garden fence into the street now glorious with the double row of rock-maples, all a-glow with crimson and gold.

"Our world was never lovelier than now," responded the wife, holding up for his inspection a broad shallow basket of superb yellow chrysanthemums which she had just gathered.

There were no finer in the region, and she was justly proud of them.

"And you were never in better shape for enjoying it! I thought—as I saw you busy clipping them, in your white dress and looking absurdly youthful and pretty for a matron of twelve years standing—of Ruth—as 'she stood breast-high amid the corn.' It was a charming symphony of white-and-gold."

"And you are altogether charming in not thinking your poetic fancies wasted upon your everyday wife! You never said a prettier thing than that, my darling. The golden day must have inspired you."

"Combined with the appreciation of a hundred other blessings that crown my days. I would not exchange my lot for that of any other man alive. Don't weary of hearing me say it! I mean it more and more every day."

His arm was about the shapely waist. The gorgeous drapery of the woodbine which was the interpinning of the palings shut them out from the sight of chance passers-by. Not that they would have cared had the caress become village gossip. He was deeply in love with his own wife, and his people knew and liked it. She put up her lips for his good-bye kiss.

"Anna Smith is to call by for those on her way to Mrs. Bates's. It is her day for going to see her, you know. It does her good to have a few words with the blessed old saint. She is a living sermon to me."

HE CARRIED away with him a picture he was to recollect for many a day afterward. The spacious "cottage" embosomed in yellowing elms and canopied by running roses and eglantine, stood out clearly against the cloudless October sky. The deep eaves overhanging the second-story windows were streaked here and there between the long slender shingles with a "delicate tracery of moss." He laughed low to himself in recalling her phrase and that "if one made believe very hard it might be mistaken for thatch."

Bright-hearted, whole-souled creature that she was! Had she any just appreciation of what part she had in making his life "as round and perfect as a star"?

He met the postman at the first corner below the Parsonage.

"All the mail is for you, sir," the man said. "I might as well hand it to you now, without going on to the house."

Haile slipped the batch into his pocket without examination of the superscriptions. When he reached the church-study—a neat building jutting out from the back of the main edifice—he shook the mail loose upon the table. So slight was his concern respecting it that he let the letters lie untouched while he lifted a vase of wall-flowers from the middle of the table and inhaled the fragrance deliberately.

"Ah-h-h! I know from what garden they came! She is very kind to remember how fond I am of wall-flowers."

The sexton had a pass-key to the study and his wife was a skilful amateur florist. Several times each week he found here tokens of her thoughtful recollection of the pastor's tastes and a desire to gratify them. It was a way his "people" had, and one of many that proved the might of his hold upon their affections. "Just what I was saying!" he commented aloud after one last long inhalation of the favorite aroma. "My cup runneth over!"

Three of the four letters were advertising circulars. He opened the unsealed envelopes while standing, and tossed all into the waste-basket. The fourth was a square envelope and thick to the touch. A glance at the address drew forth an ejaculation of pleasure. He cut open the flap and sat down to read the contents.

"A coincidence!" He spent so many solitary hours in this sanctum that the habit of soliloquizing had grown upon him.

"Here's a coincidence! I was thinking this morning that I had not heard from him for an age! What's up now, I wonder?"

He reversed the letter and read it from top to bottom of each page, for the second and then the third time

The signature at the bottom of the third page of the closely written sheet was "Calvin Barrows." The top of the first page bore the printed letterhead of a city church, and beneath the address of the pastor—"Rev. Calvin Barrows, D.D."

There was pleasurable anticipation, but no misgiving in the reader's face as he began the perusal of the document. Haile used the word to himself in laying the paper flat upon the table and smoothing out the creases. Somehow Dr. Calvin Barrows of the Blank Avenue Church, New York City, imparted a documentary air to whatever he set his hand unto. The very creases in the sheet were superbly defined and evidently set hard by a metal folder held by a heavy hand.

"*My dear Haile:*

"Without preliminaries I come at once to the subject of this communication.

"I have just had a conference with four officials of the Banner Church, New York, with reference to a call to that pulpit, recently made vacant by the resignation of Rev. Samuel Stenson, D.D.

"By a unanimous vote of the session and the trustees and members of the church it was decided that a call be extended to you to become the pastor. Committees having the matter in hand have made it their business to hear you preach upon more than one occasion and to acquaint themselves with your qualifications. Before, however, putting the call into your hands, it was deemed expedient to consult me, whom they knew to be your warm personal friend, with regard to the probable effect of the call upon your views and inclinations.

"I told them frankly that while I was not in your confidence regarding such matters, I knew of nothing that would impede your action in the present case, and I did not disguise my hope that a connection that seemed eminently desirable for all parties concerned might be formed without unnecessary delay. I found that they had looked over your present field quite thoroughly and more diplomatically than I should have thought possible, judging from the anxiety manifested by the men who waited upon me. They were sure that none of your present parishioners suspected their object in occasional visits to Marlinton, and inquiries made to citizens in and out of your church membership.

"They were openly delighted at what they had picked up regarding your work in and out of the pulpit. As one of their elders, a Scotchman by birth, expressed it: 'He has cultivated the farm well. I don't believe there's a weed left in a fence-corner anywhere.'

"Am I presuming upon our friendship in venturing to advise you to give the matter long and mature deliberation before replying in the negative? You are especially happy in your present relations with the Marlinton church and community. I have watched your career there with lively, and even affectionate satisfaction. But, my dear boy, (you are more than a dozen years my junior, recollect!) your talents and now your experience and success qualify you for a wider sphere of activity. You have, as the canny Scot put it, tilled the farm admirably. Your successor will find the office far easier than you have found it. A younger man and a less skillful manager of men than you have proved yourself to be can take hold and run the business. To borrow a military term, all that you do now and for years to come in the respectable old town will be only marking time. To keep at the exercise is a waste of power and opportunities.

"You will receive marching orders and for the front almost as soon as you get this. You are too good a soldier not to obey the command. The Master needs you and is calling for you. I believe this devoutly. I pray that you will do the same. It was all very well for Reuben to abide among the sheepfolds in time of peace, but abiding was cowardly skulking when the trumpet sounded the charge to battle. And Sisera's onslaught was child's play compared with the hordes menacing the Zion of our time. The biggest city in the world was never more emphatically Satan's stronghold than it is now, and the fight grows more furious daily. You and men like you are needed at the front and to man the fortifications.

"One word as to the retiring officer whose place the Captain of Salvation orders you to fill. The church has behaved most handsomely throughout the whole unpleasant transaction. They have accepted regretfully the resignation his declining strength and advancing age compelled him to offer, they added to printed resolutions conveying their affectionate esteem and

gratitude for his long and faithful services in the church the premium upon his life insurance presented upon the twentieth anniversary of his pastorate. You need have no compassionate scruples in that quarter. Providence has made the way so clear for you that I am exultantly hopeful of having you as a fellow-citizen and companion-laborer in the Lord's Vineyard before long.

"If I have seemed officious in urging upon you the advantages to the church of our love and prayers and the career offered to yourself in the unexpected opening of this great and wide door, set it down to my sincere regard for your father's son and my lifelong friend, and to the intensity of my desire to see you doing valiantly in the forefront of what I agree with wiser seers than I in believing to be the 'Battle of Armageddon.'

"With affectionate regards to Mrs. Haile, believe me to be now and ever,

"Faithfully and fraternally yours,

"CALVIN BARROWS."

The First Instalment

SILAS FORD, the dominant figure in the fashionable Banner Church in New York City, is profoundly impressed while on a visit to the home of Robert Lawson in Marlinton, a few miles distant, by the preaching of Rev. Stuart Haile, whose ten-year pastorate there has been extraordinarily happy and successful. The leaders of the Banner Church have determined on the resignation of their pastor, Rev. Dr. Samuel Stetson, because they believe that at the age of sixty-three he is too old for the best interests of a modern city church conducted with strict regard for business-like efficiency, and a committee goes to Marlinton to hear and see the minister whom Mr. Ford had proclaimed to be a "find." Rev. Mr. Haile is unaware of their inspection and is looking forward with pleasure to many more years of service in the field which he, his devoted wife and their two children have found so congenial.

DR. BARROWS had written as he would have talked to his fellow-clergyman. As he read, Haile could have fancied that the well-known accents—harsh to grating in excited periods—sounded in his ears. He reversed the letter and read it from top to bottom of each page, for the second and then the third time. Then he folded it up and pushed it into the table-drawer, turning the key in the lock. Next, he strode to the door and locked it on the inside; pulled the linen window-shades down over the windows, front and back, and sat down in his arm-chair, his elbows upon his knees, the forehead clenched between his folded hands.

That the problem of his life had been suddenly thrust upon him he knew as well as if a voice from heaven had thus assured him. Not for one instant did he temporize with the truth that the revelation was unwelcome and, as he re-read it, harrowing. He loved his work above his chief joy. He believed as in his existence that the Master had called him to it as truly as when He bade the Galilean fisherman brothers: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

The labor of love grew upon his heart and soul and mind until it entwined itself about his very being. and, God help him! how he had grown to love his "people"! Could there be an echo of the Master's voice in the impending "call" to leave them—now and forever?

"Dear Lord!" broke sobbingly from him, by and by. "It would be tearing the tree I believed was of Thy planting up by the roots. And I have sat under its shadow with such delight! Can it be that there was sinful selfishness in the love I bear my—children? Have I led them astray when I thought I was guiding them nearer and nearer to Thee?"

He put out a hand presently and pushed the vase of flowers further away. All the year round he found flowers upon the study-table when he came in at nine o'clock for the morning's work. The scent now brought a reminiscent flood. For years afterward the odor of wallflowers revived the heart-nausea. The faces of the donors, who so constantly remembered how he loved flowers, swam before him in a bewildering haze. Old men and maidens, matrons, boys and girls—sometimes a toddling baby brought in the mother's arms to bring the pastor a "posy" and remind him that he had baptized the child.

BAPTISMS, marriages—perhaps, most of all, burials—had knit more closely the bonds that held the "people" to their spiritual father. He had told his wife that he intended they should call him that when he grew old and gray-headed. He liked the lovely custom of the "High Church" Episcopalians of thus accosting their clergyman. He had thought in saying it, that he would, as a matter of course, spend the rest of his life here. The Psalmist had the same thought in the confident prediction that goodness and mercy would follow him forever. Because he would dwell in the house of the Lord forever, close beside the green pastures and within hearing of the ripples of the waters of quietness.

He groaned again. Only last Sunday he had explained to his Bible class of ten young men and fifteen young girls that "waters of quietness" was a better translation of the text than "still waters." How eagerly the dear children always listened to such bits of information gathered during his Seminary course, but seldom gleaned except in such classes as his by the average Bible reader!

It was nearly one o'clock when he mounted the steps of his temporary "home." That was a needle-thrust, too. Doors were open all over the house, to allow the bland air free circulation upstairs and down. From the upper hall floated his wife's song. She had a passion for old ballads. This one had been a favorite with her mother in her girlhood. When the daughter did not recollect the exact words she improvised one or two that went with the tune. That she never lost. At another time the husband would have been amused and rallied her upon the interpolated line or two. Now he shuddered in laying aside his hat and cane.

"Happy hearts! Happy hearts
With mine have laughed in glee;
But, oh, the friends I loved in youth
Are dearer unto me.
Then give me but my thatch-roofed cot:
I ask no palace dome.
For I aye dwell content with those
Who make my humble home."

"She has got thatch on the brain!" muttered Stuart with a wry smile. He made up his mind that he would not speak to the singer of the impending blow until the "call" actually arrived.

CHAPTER V

"AS I have told you, I have a trick of recollecting rhymes, texts, or proverbs, as soon as my eyes are open in the morning. Sometimes they are utter nonsense—like Mother Goose's melodies: at others. indifferent in quality. These I forget as quickly as possible, throwing them into the mental waste-basket. Others are helpful all day long, even inspiring. This morning there came full-fledged into my head a line I heard you quote before we were married, in an address to a college faternity with a Greek name. They were new to me, then, but I scribbled them on the

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From a Second-Hand Store

There Are Many Very Real Things That Are Not Quite New

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THERE'S an old shop that I visit often, when I'm in a mood to be pleased or entertained or interested. It's a dingy old shop on a dingy old street—one that has stood for many years, and without change, on the same spot. The glass in the broad window of it is blurred, more by age than by the dust that clings so rigidly—the counters and show-cases are worn with the print of the hands, with the utter weariness of the elbows that have pressed down upon them. It even seems that the doorsill has responded, tiredly, to the sound of the feet that have crossed it.

The shop is a second-hand shop—it makes no pretence to anything better. All of the goods displayed in it are second-hand—all of its fixtures are second-hand. Even the old proprietor—a white-bearded man who wears a shiny black scull-cap—seems second-hand. And his one clerk—a shade younger, perhaps, but none the less ancient in appearance—seems second-hand, too!

It is mostly jewelry they sell in this shop, jewelry and quite a bit of old silver plate. The jewelry dates back, often, a good many generations—often it recalls the time of the Civil War. It makes one see, in a vision, the hooped skirts of the early sixties; it makes one think of violin music and the sweetness of honeysuckle, sometimes.

WHEN the old proprietor is in a friendly mood—and he usually *is* in a friendly mood—he can make an hour or two pass very charmingly. He has a way of delving into old cupboards, of pulling out dusty drawers full of the dull glitter of gold and the subdued shine of unpolished silver. He has a way of bringing out quaint rings and brooches, he has a way of telling a story about this locket, or that bracelet!

"This," he'll say, "was give to a young woman by her lover, long ago. She was a great belle, she was—almost a reigning beauty, you might say. Her lover give her this for a birthday gift and they say as she treasured it more than any of her other pretties. She wore it when she went to Lincoln's first reception in the White House. An', later, to her own weddin'. She'd have wore it to her grave, poor lady—" And then he has a way of sighing, and breaking off, very abruptly.

"But," I will remonstrate at a time like this, "but what happened to her? And how did you come by her jewelry? Did she die in great poverty? Or did she lose her most valued possessions? Or were they stolen? How did you get them?"

The old man sighs again, way down in his chest, when I ask my questions. And then, hastily, he reaches for a different trinket and begins to weave a different story about it. And, at the critical time, he breaks off again and leaves me burning with curiosity and wondering—incidentally—whether he has a secret to keep or an extremely vivid imagination. I'm inclined to believe it's imagination—but every once in a while I think that there's a strain of real fact back of the make-believe. All of his stories—every one of his incidents—*might* have happened!

YES, the proprietor of the shop may, at times, draw upon a secret fund of romance to explain the odd—and sometimes very beautiful—objects that he has for sale. But whether his stories are true or not, one thing is certain. And that is his keen appreciation of the loveliness of his wares, the real joy that he takes in handling his treasures! He is quite different from the men who work amid the glittering wealth of modern jewelry stores—his stock is not treated casually, and as a matter of dollars and cents. The second-hand finery that he disposes of seems to hold a very real personality for him. And a decided, extremely poignant, charm.

"I'd rather work among second-hand things," he told me once, "than with the costliest jewels on the market. I don't envy folks that own big places—they don't get the pleasure that I do out of their work! Second-hand things have *character!* There are stories back of 'em. Sometimes you can almost know what the folks was like that they belonged to. Sometimes it's like talking with those folks, just to hold the things they was fond of!

"There's lots of people in the world who don't take no stock in things that ain't *new*. I've seen folks turn up their nose at my shop, so I have! 'Don't you carry any new goods?' they'll ask. And, 'We don't want a lot of old junk!' they'll tell me. But they can't hurt my feelings. For I know that they're just the sort of folks that don't—that can't—understand!

"Now things are good—don't misunderstand me. But second-hand things aren't worthless just because they've been used. Sometimes they're better—more seasoned, sort of—on account of the using!"

SECOND-HAND things—yes, they're often as good, and many times they're far better, than new things. Just because they're second-hand they shouldn't be discarded. Just because they're second-hand they shouldn't be laid upon the shelf!

Mothers, for instance, and fathers, and grandparents. They don't belong to the younger generation, perhaps, but they have the joys of the younger generation at heart. They can understand and appreciate the happiness and the misery of youth all the more keenly because they have gone past youth. It always hurts to see them pushed aside—it's real physical pain to see them being ignored and left out. Remember that!

There was a time when fine old mahogany was piled away in the wood-shed, and imitation oak furniture was given the place of honor in the parlor—because it was new! But after the newness had worn off the oak, furniture folk would see that it wasn't worth much—and that the old mahogany in the wood-shed was still good and beautiful. All it needed was a little polishing—a wee bit of attention to bring out its loveliness. And yet—after all—it was second-hand!

Jewelry that has been worn is just as graceful—just as much of a decoration, as new jewelry. And often it has more distinction. . . . Old, lustrous furniture will outlast all your modern morris chairs and mission wood—don't, if you have any, part with a stick of it!

And the older people—bless them—the parents and the grandparents have the wearing qualities of the mahogany furniture and the fine second-hand jewelry. Don't because they're older, put them in the background! Every year that brings age also brings an added value!

The Editorial Forum

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Is the Church Decadent?

ONE of the easiest things in the world is to discredit an institution because it is not filling the ideal that its teachers or leaders set up.

The Church has for an ideal a perfect type of Christian disciple. But the actual ideal of discipleship is rarely reached.

The Church has a ministry that ideally should be characterized by the highest qualities of eloquence, administration, tact, refinement, courage, equanimity, and spiritual exaltation. But men of the highest type with all these qualities are exceedingly rare.

The Church has a program that is the greatest of all institutions, the saving of human life and the redemption of the world; but it does not measure up to the standard of its own program, owing to human limitations and weakness.

The Church has been charged with hypocrisy, aristocracy, lack of sympathy with the working masses, with narrowness of dogma, and with futility in forming public opinion, with the failure of exerting any influence to stop the war or to create any positive reconstruction policy after it.

Yes, it is easy to charge the Church with weakness and failure as an organization, and point out its faults and say it is losing ground, and that some other agency must be created to take its place. But while that organization is being formed by the critics, it will not be out of order to notice a few facts about the Church which seems to have a way of going on, in spite of the critics. This year, as the Saturday Evening Post recently said, the churches of America gave $3,000,000 to the starving Chinese. The Presbyterians increased their membership last year 150,000, making a total of 1,700,000 members. The United Brethren gained over 50,000 last year. The Methodist Church, South, asked for $33,000,000 for its forward work, and received $52,000,000 in subscriptions. It is now planning a campaign to obtain $33,000,000, for religious education. The United Presbyterians report last year's growth the largest in the history of the church. The Methodist Church, North, last year had more accessions to its membership than at any time in its history, and has dispensed almost entirely with professional evangelists, using its own ministry as the Presbyterians also have done, that church employing for a part of a year 1,700 of its own regular ministers.

With all the talk about a decadent church it is always a fact that if there is a "drive" for charity or for any human need the churches in the town always are appealed to and always respond. It is a question to raise and, if possible, to answer: How much money would have been collected during the war for the Red Cross or the starving in Europe and China and around the world, if all churches and church members in the United States had refused to give a dollar?

The "decadent church" as some critics would have us believe is at least showing some lively signs of being awake. It is not a perfect church. There are no perfect human organizations. There is no perfect business, no perfect or ideal politics, no perfect educational system, and let us say it kindly, no perfect critics. In short, there are no "super-men" in charge of the Church, either as ministers or members. But using the human material it has, and even in the midst of the failure to realize its ideals either for itself, or to satisfy the critics, the church of Jesus Christ in the world does go on, and it does do things of incalculable value for the making of a better world. The Church is not decadent. Neither is it the ideal that it should be. It is not fair to expect super-men to be present in the Church all the time to do the impossible. There are no such men. Only in Christ can the ministry and the members expect to do all things. And even Paul said he had not yet "attained."

First Endorsements Are Received

THE Baptist Temple, of which Dr. Russell H. Conwell is pastor, with a membership of 2,000, has forwarded signed resolutions to the Christian Herald endorsing the objects of the international disarmament conference. St. James' Lutheran Church of New York City, of which Dr Julius Remensynder is pastor, also has returned the resolutions, signed, as has the Bethany Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. These are the first responses to the suggestion of the Disarmament Endorsement Committee contained in last week's Christian Herald, and it is sincerely hoped they will be followed at once by thousands of other churches.

If you have not done so already, present these resolutions to your pastor and church board urging that action be taken immediately to place your church on record on the question of world peace and disarmament. Send the signed resolutions to the Christian Herald. Before the date for the conference the sentiment of the Christian people of the country will be made evident to the governments by the presentation of the resolutions at Washington properly authenticated. The text follows:

Whereas: President Harding has called a Conference on Disarmament to be composed of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers and China, to be held in Washington, D. C., on November 11th, 1921;

Whereas: the Christian people of the United States of America of all denominations are by their profession of belief in the teaching and Spirit of Jesus Christ committed to the policy of World Peace and to Disarmament as a means to the accomplishment of that goal; Therefore

Be It Resolved: That we, the pastor, officers and members of ———— Church, do hereby express our hearty approval of the action of President Harding and pledge to him our support in every effort to bring about World Peace.

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The Unemployed

WHILE other nations bear the heaviest burden of famine conditions and wide-spread suffering—the legacy of the World War—our own land has not wholly escaped. Unemployment continues to press our working people severely in many states. In the big cities there are more bread-winners idle than we have ever known. Over 5,000,000 workers are jobless, waiting and watching hopefully for the return tide of industrial activity. It is a dark situation with an ominous background.

A writer in the Brooklyn Standard-Union tells of the result of the recent investigation of unemployment conditions in the metropolis. It began with a visit to the Bowery Mission which, as the writer says, is recognized to be a "barometer of industrial conditions." There it was learned that, owing to increasing unemployment, the "bread line" had been revived automatically, and indications point to the problem for food and shelter assuming record proportions in the event of a severe winter and continued idleness.

Among the readers of the Christian Herald there are thousands of earnest men and women who have been deeply interested in the work of the Bowery Mission in the past. The old Mission is now preparing to face what seems likely to prove the hardest winter in its history. Ever since its foundation in 1879 it has fought to win men—old and young alike—from lives of idleness and crime, and to bring them under influences which would aid in transforming their lives. The Brotherhood of the Mission, organized fourteen years ago, is steadily growing from year to year, and now numbers over 35,000 enrolled members. This great body of redeemed men includes workers in almost every branch of industry, and not a few in the profession. No one looking in at a meeting of the Brotherhood, seeing the intelligent faces and hearing the instructive and helpful discussion, could ever imagine that any of these Christian business men were ever "down-and-out." Social castaways! Yet such is the fact, and there is no lack of similar transformations among the physical and moral derelicts in all of our big cities. The spiritual and social salvation of this class has been the task of the Bowery Mission ever since its beginning—a task that has gone on increasingly through all the years. Straightening crooked lives, planting the seeds of Christianity and good citizenship, and developing the capacity for self-support, constitute a work which, under God's blessing, becomes a benefit to the whole nation.

When you think of the coming winter and the condition of the poor, the homeless, the workless, don't forget to reach out a helping hand to the Bowery Mission.

Prayer for Disarmament

THE whole civilized world will watch the proceedings of the coming Conference of the nations called to consider the question of disarmament, with the greatest interest. No meeting, not even the one at Versailles after the armistice, has greater significance or the possibility of more far-reaching influence. The value of the gathering will depend on the motives and purpose of the men representing the nations around the table. If self-seeking and diplomacy and intrigue rule the conference it will be of no use to the people who are sick of war and hate and suspicion. If openness of mind, and good will prevail and an honest longing on the part of the nations to really disarm, then the Conference will mark one of the great advance steps of the human race towards happiness, and prosperity.

In the face of all that the Conference may mean to the world, what would be more fitting than a day of prayer called for all the people, irrespective of sects and denominational differences, to ask that the counsels of the Almighty may prevail at the Conference table? We would welcome a united call to prayer from the Worlds Evangelical Alliance, The Federal Council of Churches, The Great Prayer Commission, the Christian Herald's Prayer League, and all church bodies in all parts of the world, in a united petition that God's presence might be felt by all who have any part in the deliberation of the Conference. President Harding, Secretary of State, Hughes and Premier Lloyd George are church members and professing disciples. May we not take for granted that these men will pray themselves for divine wisdom? How much may the powerful united prayer of a united body of believers avail to shape the counsels of the men at this momentous gathering!

A call to Prayer! A united call! A prayer union that will make history! A nation praying for the nations! A prayer for universal peace and brotherhood!

Let the call go out!

Join with the Christian Herald in bringing it before every church in this land!

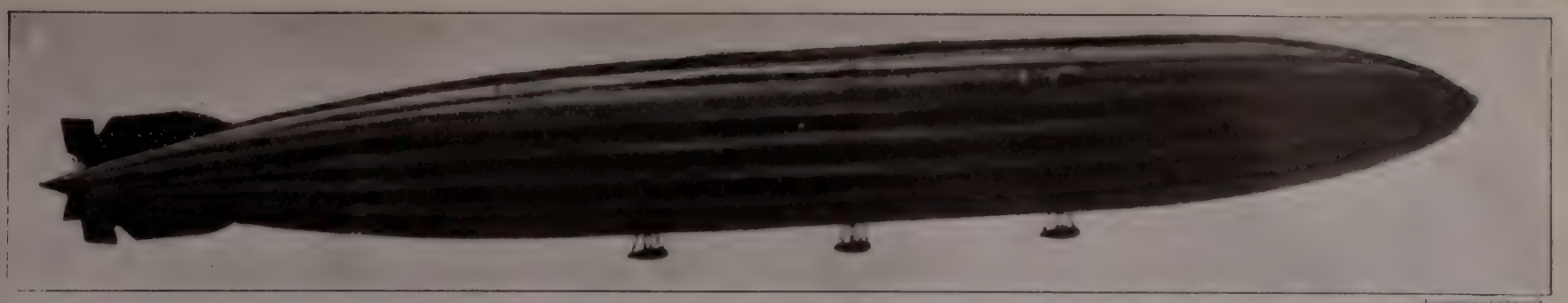
An Editor's Testimony

THAT there are editors who are not wholly engrossed in the discussion of sensational crime, politics and business, but who find opportunity to give more than a passing thought to great religious problems of our times, is evident from the thoughtful and spiritually helpful articles we occasionally find in the daily press.

A Christian Herald reader in Evanston, Illinois, sent us a copy of the News-Index which is published in that city daily, Sunday excepted, and which presents a practical illustration of journalism with a religious side. Its leading editorial on "Christian Progress in our Times" is a lucid presentation of facts which every reader should feel grateful to find so clearly and convincingly stated. The editor shows how Anti-Christianity, so rampant in Ingersoll's day, has almost died out and been well-nigh forgotten, while the religion of Jesus Christ continues to make steady progress throughout the whole world. "Jesus is becoming a larger factor in the life of the times," he writes and he calls attention to the remarkable fact—an example in book-making records—that in the past fifteen years, no fewer than 125 new books on the life of Jesus have been written and published.

Then he states his own impressions in these words: "So tender, penetrating, strong and helpful was that life, that it reaches hearts as does no other. As the years multiply since His passing from sight, the better He is known. More people are loving Him and obeying His word than in all the previous years. And it has come to pass, in our time, that He has the Name that is over every other name."

Such is the testimony of the busy editor of a daily newspaper, and we believe the overwhelming majority of his readers will honor him for it. What a power the press might become if other editors were equally outspoken!



As the ZR-2, wrecked over Hull, England, appeared far aloft. She was the largest dirigible ever constructed and had a cruising capacity of 9,000 miles at normal speed of fifty miles an hour. Her length of 695 feet was fifteen feet shorter than that of the L-71, the largest of the Zeppelins, but in every other way she was larger, having a disposal lift of fifty tons and a capacity of 2,700,000 cubic feet of gas

The World News of the Week

Peace Treaties with Germany and Austria Are Signed

THE United States at last is technically at peace with Germany and Austria through the signing of treaties which were negotiated with such secrecy that even the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee were in the dark as to what was being done. It was not until the day on which the Austrian treaty was signed and the day preceding the signing of the German treaty that President Harding summoned the Republican members of that Committee to the White House to take them into his confidence regarding the terms and character of the treaty. This was followed by a meeting of the entire Committee at the Capitol to hear a statement by Secretary Hughes relative to the negotiations.

The text of the German treaty was made public at the State Department after word had been received that it had been signed by Ellis Loring Dresel, the American Commissioner in Berlin, and Dr. Friedrich Rosen, the German Foreign Minister. The compact assures to the United States all the rights accruing to this country under the Treaty of Versailles, but provides specifically that the United States shall not be bound by the clauses of the Versailles treaty relating to the Covenant of the League of Nations, nor by any action by the League, Assembly or Council, unless it shall expressly give its assent to such action.

The text of the peace resolution, adopted by Congress and approved by President Harding on July 2, 1921, is embodied in the document, and Germany expressly assents to all of its conditions; while other articles of the treaty specify by number the articles of the Versailles pact covering American rights and those under which the United States assumes no obligations. Among the sections from which the United States disassociates itself are those relating to the boundaries of Germany; to the political clauses for Europe; to certain provisions with respect to China, Siam, Liberia, Morocco, Egypt, Turkey, Bulgaria and Shantung; and to the international organization of labor under the League. The United States reserves the right to participate in the Reparations Commission and in any other commission established under the Versailles Treaty, but is not bound to participate in any such commission unless it elects to do so.

Both treaties would have been signed on the same day, though not by design, had not the raising of an unexpected technical point which Mr. Dresel wished to refer to Washington caused a day's delay on the German treaty. The Berlin formalities were carried out quickly and without ceremony, and so little heed was paid to precedents that the American representatives appeared in business suits, probably the first time a treaty has been signed in such garb.

The Austrian negotiations were conducted by Arthur Hugh Frazier, the American Commissioner in Vienna, and the ceremony of signing also was lacking in formality. The event came as a welcome surprise to the people of Austria, but the terms of the treaty were not revealed at once, as the government wished to avoid public discussion until the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Parliament had approved the document. The text of the Austrian treaty was not made public in Washington, but it was assumed it followed the general lines of the German pact.

A treaty with Hungary was being negotiated.

Congress Begins Thirty-Day Recess

WITH final passage of the Campbell-Willis anti-beer bill blocked by a Senate filibuster, both Houses of Congress have dropped their work for a recess of thirty days. The House had adopted the conference report on the bill by a vote of 169 to 81. The Senate fight over the measure was so bitter that for a time it appeared the recess plans must be abandoned, but the dry leaders gave up their efforts to push the bill through after the House had voted for a recess at the time fixed by the Senate several days ago and after foes of the measure had made it apparent that they were prepared to talk indefinitely rather than allow it to come to a vote. Senator Reed conducted a bitter and prolonged attack on the conference report on the ground that it failed to protect the constitutional guarantees against unreasonable searches and seizures, and other leading opponents were Senators Lodge, Brandegee and Watson of Georgia.

The recess does not kill the bills on which no action was taken, as would have been the case with an adjournment, but so many other important measures are to be considered when Congress reassembles that it was doubted the anti-beer bill would be passed unless it was amended to meet the demands of its foes. In the meantime the Internal Revenue Bureau was expected to issue the regulations for the use of beer and wines as medicines, which had been held up for many weeks in anticipation of prompt passage of the anti-beer bill.

Forty-Four Perish in ZR-2 Wreck

THE dirigible ZR-2, the largest airship ever constructed, was flying over Hull, England, after a final trial flight of thirty-five hours, preliminary to her transfer to the United States Navy Department, when she suddenly was seen to break in two and fall in flames into the River Humber. Sixteen American and twenty-eight British officers and enlisted men perished in the wreck, only one of the Americans and four of the British on board surviving the disaster, the worst in the history of aviation.

The Navy Department was to have paid $2,000,000 for the ZR-2, formerly known as the R-38, and another million had been spent for wages, transportation, trials and other expenses preparatory to her flight across the Atlantic to the $3,000,000 hangar which has been constructed at Lakehurst, N. J. The start of the transatlantic flight had been set for the day following the disaster, but a postponement had been made necessary by the discovery of weaknesses in the framework of the craft. It was explained, however, that the framework had been strengthened with only a slight decrease in lifting capacity and that the dirigible was entirely airworthy.

Lieutenant A. H. Wann, the British officer who was navigating the airship at the time of the disaster, and one of the few survivors, attributed the wreck to the breaking of several of the girders amidships, made of an aluminum alloy. He heard the grinding and cracking of girders, followed by a pitching of the craft forward, nose down, and then by terrific explosions—all coming within a few seconds. There was general agreement that no explosions occurred until the airship had broken.

Among the Americans lost was Commander Louis H. Maxfield, who was to have had charge of the ZR-2 on the transatlantic flight. The most distinguished of the British victims was Brigadier-General F. M. Maitland, Air Marshal, one of the Empire's foremost aviation experts, and one of those who crossed the Atlantic aboard the R-34.

Panama Yields Disputed Territory

SECRETARY HUGHES' insistence on peaceful compliance with the White-Loubet award has resulted in Panama's yielding to Costa Rica the disputed territory of Coto, near the Pacific, over which the two republics engaged in a miniature war some months ago. With Costa Rica pressing for possession of the area, matters were drifting toward a renewal of hostilities if the United States stood aloof, when the despatch to Panama of a battalion of Marines coincident with the sending of a note by Secretary Hughes informing Panama in effect that the time had come for carrying out the award in Costa Rica's favor brought a change in attitude.

Panama had at first threatened to resist a Costa Rican advance, but a new note by Secretary Hughes declared the United States could not permit a resumption of hostilties, and she then yielded and issued orders for the evacuation of the Coto area, contenting herself with vigorous protests against the American policy and with a declaration that she reserved the right to act when opportunity offers.

The western end of the boundary thus settled, a commission is to mark the line near the Atlantic. On this commission Panama and Costa Rica have one member each, while two members have just been appointed by Chief Justice Taft. The doubtful territory there is wild and almost uninhabited, and has been held by Costa Rica.

International

AMERICAN LEGION DELEGATION PARADES IN CHERBOURG

Headed by Major John C. Emery, National Commander, an American Legion party is in France to dedicate a memorial to their comrades who fell on the French battlefields. The welcome accorded to them was a gratifying demonstration of the ties uniting the two countries

Irish Reply to British Offer

EAMONN DE VALERA, the president of the Irish Republican Parliament, has replied to Premier Lloyd George's letter refusing to compromise on secession or to consider external arbitration by sending a communication which in effect rejected the peace proposals of the British government but carefully left the way open for further negotiations. One significant and hopeful feature of the reply was that it avoided reference to a republic, although it enunciated the principle of independence, and another

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Duty, the Prime Question

A Sermon by REV. ERNEST BOURNER ALLEN, D.D.*

TEXT—Eccles. 12 : 13. "Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." Acts 5 : 29. "We must obey God rather than men."

DUTY is a good word for youth and for our times. It has held many a man to a hard task and stemmed the current of lawlessness and ease. This is the judgment of honored leaders of our day. Dr. Francis E. Clark says: "The longer I live, the more I feel like emphasizing the word and the more important I believe it to be for this particular day and generation." Dr. Cadman, writing on Matthew Arnold, says of Puritanism: "Its discipline has been invaluable; and the more I read history, the more I see of mankind, the more I recognize its value." The Puritan had an overmastering sense of his duty. Dr. Jefferson says: "To follow the line of least resistance is easy to us all. . . . It leads to flabbiness of mental fibre and brings about a fatty degeneration of conscience. On every hand is heard lamentation that the sense of personal responsibility is so feeble. Men and women otherwise highly respectable show an amazing insensibility to obligation. With them the idea of duty is slowly dying. One of the first words to be put on the lips of the child is 'duty.'"

The conception of duty is to be found early in the consciousness of Jesus. There are evidences of an awakened soul when He was a lad of twelve. He carried the thought of responsibility with Him through life. At one time He says: "I have a baptism to be baptised with and how I am straitened until it be accomplished." At another time He declares: "I do always the things which are pleasing unto Him." He did not hesitate to say to Himself: "I MUST."

In the great battle of Trafalgar the English fleet defeated the combined fleets of Spain and France and dashed Napoleon's imperialistic hopes in spite of his brilliant victories at Ulm and Austerlitz. "The big ditch," as he contemptuously called the English Channel, became the last obstacle which separated the autocratic, militaristic monarchy from democracy. That fact made it possible for England to become the source of the American Republic and to perpetuate the principles of freedom and faith which had been won by the Anglo-Saxon peoples. Admiral Nelson, who died just as the great battle closed, uttered these memorable words, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" It was the same spirit which Paul had when he said with honorable pride: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." There was another message which Nelson flung from the admiral's ship before the battle: "England expects every man to do his duty." History records how well they did it!

GOD does not expect men to do less than their duty! The fireman at any moment must answer the call of the clanging bell; the policeman must resist crime in the act or the corruption which seeks to conceal it; the motorman must stand with his hand on lever and bell; the cashier must hold with fidelity the securities of thousands; the father must uphold the honor of his home; the mother must attend to her myriad cares; the teacher must look after forty or fifty giggling irrepressibles; the preacher must face his problems and the President his perplexities; the business man must work out his complex problems; ALL—God expects every one of them to do his duty!

The Christian interpretation of duty is not to be neglected. What do we mean by the word? Some of us have had the humbling experience of using a word for years and then awakening to the fact that we cannot define it. Such a word is duty. We say, "You *ought* to do this or that." Men often declare: "If a man does his duty that is all that can be expected of him." Very well, what is duty? It is something due, something we owe. Why? To what? To whom?

Some say that duty means keeping the law, which may be found in customs, in our environing conditions or in our ideals. Duty in this conception is hard and inexorable. It lacks warmth and a certain appeal. Duty also consists in pleasing a person. It enables one to live in the sense of serving an approving and watching person. The Psalmist gave expression to it when he said: "Oh, how love I *Thy* law." He did not say *the* law, but *Thy* law." Paul faces his duty without flinching because he can say: "I count all things but loss that I may please *Him*." It was in the heart of that man who said to his pastor during the wife's serious illness: "I shall go to the dogs if that little woman dies!" Wouldn't the moral law be left to control and help him? Oh, yes! But not the same power which was expressed in her personality!

*Pastor Pilgrim Congregational Church, Oak Park, Ill.

True, then, it is that "If Christianity has put motive and enthusiasm and driving power into human goodness it is just because it has the thought of duty as the pleasing of persons." And when we consider the manner in which John Stuart Mill was brought up, with every idea of God excluded from his consciousness, it is the more significant that he should write in after years: "After all there is no better practical rule of life than so to live that Jesus Christ can approve your conduct."

CHRISTIANITY interprets obedience to duty as the key which opens the door to truth. That is a most profound utterance of Ruskin's which says: "Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known." That is the reason Jesus said: "He that doeth the will, shall know of the doctrine." Neglect of duty not only weakens our lives, but blinds them to the great truths which God has for us to understand. Instead of delaying and saying, "If I understood things better, I should be glad to do more," men must dare to do the things which God requires. Then they will discover that He has revealed the meaning and extent of truth to them while they were trying to obey Him.

There is great inspiration in a study of lives to duty wed. Consider the story of Ruth, which the French atheists and philosophers to whom Benjamin Franklin read it called the most beautiful pastoral in all literature. Her choice of worlds was not Moab but Bethlehem. Her loving heart felt the need in Naomi's life and constituted a duty which she did not desire to evade. Take that young woman who graduated some years ago from Smith College and asked where her life was most needed. She was trying to choose her world, so she went down to the East Side of New York into the tenement district to serve and save.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed.
Whose deeds both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells."

IT WAS so in the life of William Booth. At sixteen, the son of a Nottingham builder, he finds his life motive in a mission conducted by an American evangelist. He becomes the general of an organization with 15,000 subaltern officers. He gets his preachers from the slums. He dies poor. He builds no million-dollar temples where the élite marvel and murmur and pray. He spends his life in the spirit of the cablegram he sent around the world as a key-note for the Army: "OTHERS." He hired no special trains in spectacular fashion to take him from one city to another. His uniform was "no robe around a megaphone!" He felt it the "duty of the disciple to make the Gospel unavoidable." His was the Pauline life and spirit. He felt that "no soldier on service entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who enrolled him as a soldier." Like Jesus Christ he said: "I have a baptism to be baptized with and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." He accepted the axiom of Roswell D. Hitchcock to the graduating class: "At whatever cost, accept the service offered you, high or low, far or near. Then burn to the socket!"

Thank God for such men in the world today. More and more we feel that Phillips Brooks was right when he said: "This truth comes to us more and more the longer we live, that on what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure. Only to find our duty certainly, and somewhere, or somehow, to do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God." There are a few men left like Jonah, the man who failed to understand. He is a type of any man who has a duty to perform, seeks to avoid it and tries to go the easier way. He would rather be called to Tarshish than Nineveh. One looked easy, the other hard. Many duties are indeed pleasurable, but we must not put pleasure at the front of all our plans.

A distinguished Christian leader tells of a conversation with a friend who reported the story of a downtown church in a greaty city, maintained by the money and personal service of a group of laymen. He said it was a serious problem whether young men and young women were growing up in our churches who had been *trained to carry loads!* "It is appalling," he said, "the number of young people trained in Christian homes and reared in Christian churches who have no sense of responsibility which does not bring them personal pleasure." For that reason we need our Christian Endeavor Societies with their pledge and challenge. We need churches with their covenants and war cries. The church which does not require anything of its members is worth little. A man might as well join a club. Only last week I had a notice from a business man's organization to which I belong, stating that if I missed four meetings in succession, without excuse, I would be automatically dropped from membership! Such a rule in our churches would take out fifty per cent. of the members this year. What effect would it have upon *your* membership?

THE prime question for every Christian to face is this: In what spirit do I meet my duty? One thinks what might happen on the football field when the team is lined up for signals. The captain shouts them out and turns to pass the ball when some lad rushes up to him and says: "Oh, captain I'm tired! I'm all out of breath! I've been running hard! Remember how I carried the ball last year! Let somebody else do it this time. He can do it lots better than I can. Let somebody else kick off!" Right in the midst of the game when the goal is within striking distance, thousands of church members want to retire and let somebody else play the game! They make good rooters and that is about all.

Phillips Brooks used to go to other lands and study their religion, their customs and their life. One day he returned to Boston from India and a group of his parishioners had gathered at the dock to welcome him home. They stood around while his trunks were being examined by the customs house officer. One of the group said, "Well, Bishop Brooks, I suppose you have brought home a lot of new religions you have to pay duty on!" And the bishop looked up at him very soberly and said, "No, I would never make that mistake. I would never bring home to the American people any religions with duties attached!"

What would he say today?

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," or "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—The Blessings of the Gospel Age. Isaiah, Chapter 35.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (See page 633, first column.)

Sermon—"DUTY, THE PRIME QUESTION"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"From Every Stormy Wind that Blows," or "My Faith Looks up to Thee."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Refresh our souls with Heavenly bread,
Dear Master, here we pray,
And on our path Thy radiance shed,
To lighten all the way;
So shall our hearts rejoice in Thee.
Our Saviour and our Friend,
And with Thy presence we shall be
Protected to the end. AMEN.

THE total ministerial support of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1920 was $24,988,323, according to a survey made public by Dr. C. M. Barton of the Division of Appropriations of the Committee on Conservation and Advance. Of this amount, pastors' salaries, including house rent, were $21,944,613; the District Superintendents' salaries, $1,369,221; Bishops' salaries $314,080; and for Conference Claimants or for Preachers' Pensions $1,360,109. For building and improvements, the Church spent $10,655,179; and on all indebtedness, $4,626,796; and for all current expenses, $11,210,835; a total of $51,481,133. Centenary and other apportioned benevolences for the church were $16,089,675; Woman's missionary societies and Children's Day Funds, $3,073,672; a total of $19,163,344. Dr. Barton finds that this gives a total disbursement for the Methodist Episcopal Church for the above purposes in 1920, of $70,644,480.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., J. A. McAfee, C. C. Albertson, D.D., and R. Braunstein

The Level of Possibility

SUNDAY. Phil. 4 : 13. "*I can do all things in Christ who strengtheneth me.*" It is always a crucial question, how to free a man's personal equipment, and release it for the warfare of life. It is the question of all questions in education—how to liberate a man's powers, and develop them to the full measure of their appointed capacity. But the need becomes specially urgent when we enter the highest realm, and deal with the moral and spiritual faculties of the soul. How to awaken these supreme gifts, and bring them into triumphant exercise!

In one of Stevenson's letters, in which he describes some days that have been slightly touched with mopishness and depression, he says: "But I must get out my wings!" He suggests that he had been forgetting his wings, and had therefore toiled along in irritation, when he might have been borne along in joy. He had trudged along a heavy road when he might have been cleaving the air! And there are untold numbers of people who are just like Stevenson—only they don't get out their wings. They remain as depressed and wearied pedestrians, when in reality they are purposed to be the birds of God, countering the difficult circumstances with splendid power of wing. "With twain they did fly!" Yes, we are purposed to use the bird-equipment, but we don't get out our wings, and so we are overborne and overdone.

And thus it is that we live our lives, and we come far short of the level of our destined possibilities. We live mean lives which do not wear the distinction of splendid daily triumphs. We are small beings, using only a part of our personality. We are pigmies, although we are created on the scale of giants. There is nothing that is towering and impressive in our judgments. There is nothing that is large and buoyant in our feelings. We are not magnanimous in thought or life. We are lean and undersized. We are weaklings, mastered by circumstance. We are not stalwart athletes, taking five-barred gates at a leap.

Well, how is the bigger part of our being to be awakened and brought into use in our daily life? How are we to get out our wings? How are we to dominate our circumstances as an airman dominates all the changing features of a countryside? Here is the secret—"I can do all things in Christ who strengtheneth me." We find ourselves in finding Christ. Our powers are unfolded as we pass into His communion, just as a flower is unpacked by the liberating ministry of the sunshine. Watch a rosebud disclose its imprisoned glories at the touch and fellowship of the light! And so it is with the wonderful powers which are housed in the soul. They troop out at the call of Him Who is the Lord of life and the Light of the world. Union with Christ vitalizes our entire being. We drink His blood, and our weakness becomes strength. His blood both purifies and builds up our anemic nature. We add a cubit unto our stature. We become strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

And as Christ creates and awakes, so He nourishes and sustains. We are daily endowed with a competency which is stronger than any circumstance. We meet all our tasks in Christ, and one by one the tasks are fulfilled. And so our level of possibility is lifted to the height of the daily demand. Nay, it is lifted beyond and above it; for we are more than conquerors in Him that loved us. He is the great magician: in Christ all is made alive. J. H. J.

Looking to the Life Beyond

MONDAY. Gen. 42 : 36. "*Joseph is not and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me.*" Jacob thought two of his sons were dead, but they were living and Joseph was preparing to save his father's family from perishing by famine. A friend once visiting the White House said to President Lincoln: "Your son Willie is alive." "Oh, don't mock me," replied the stricken President. The friend continued, "But Christ said so Himself—'I go to prepare a place for you; I will receive you to Myself.'" Immediately Mr. Lincoln threw his arms around Rev. Dr. Vinton's neck and sobbed aloud on his breast, saying, "Alive! Alive!" The clergyman said, "Seek not your son among the dead; he is not there, he lives in Paradise. Our God is not of the dead, but of the living."

If we look upward by faith, we will behold beckoning hands and faces calling us to join them. As Joseph was alive in Egypt, preparing for the comfort of Jacob and his family, so Jesus is in glory preparing for our homecoming. When He calls, we surely will go to Him. Believest thou this? Then live in anticipation of reunion with the redeemed in the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns.

O that men might know Him Whom to know is life eternal! Who inspires in the soul the consciousness of life forever. We see through the telescope of faith a great cloud of witnesses in the gallery of the skies cheering on the multitudes in the race for the goal. To die is to live a thousand-fold larger life in the dwelling-place of God's wide universe. E. W. C.

The Law of the Harvest

TUESDAY. Matt. 7 : 16. "*Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?*" The law of the harvest, like all other laws of the universe, is fixed, immutable, eternal. "As a man sows, so shall he also reap." He who plants thorns reaps thorns; who plants grapes reaps grapes. William Hohenzollern, planting the seeds of oppression and materialism, has given the world a harvest of devastation and desolation. Jesus of Nazareth, planting the seeds of God's love in the heart of a disciple band, has given the world the promise of a harvest of universal good-will and peace among men.

The world is divided into two camps. Mighty armies on both sides contend for a harvest. Some are sowing good seed, some bad seed. Some are rendering unto God, some unto Cæsar. The Spirit of Christ with His doctrine of ministry is in combat with the spirit of Napoleon with his doctrine of remembering only self. The philosophy of Jesus with the altruistic aim of creating the God-man helping his brother is at sword's point against the philosophy of Nietzsche, with the selfish aim of creating the superman, claiming superiority over his fellowmen. It is the universal dualism inherent in every individual, the good in everyone striving for the mastery over the bad in everyone. It is God in every man and woman at grips with the devil in every man and woman. It is the wheat against the tares, heaven against hell, the Son of Man against the son of perdition. The final harvest will be according as humanity sows.

Who sows the best seed? The missionary with his Bible or the libertine with his bottle? Which is the prouder of his harvest? The saint or the sinner? The kind or the unkind? The unselfish or the selfish? Who are the real benefactors of the race? The Christian teachers or the pagan preachers? The workers in our churches or the workers in the realm of vice? Those who concentrate time and talents on the things that are lovely, pure, good and true, or those who concentrate on the things destructive and sinful?

Let the honest student and consistent investigator open the book of history and give answer. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him." R. B.

Religion and Experience

WEDNESDAY. John 20 : 31. "*That believing ye might have life through His name.*" "Belief" is one of the key-words of the New Testament. It is not so common in the Old Testament. "Trust" is the Old Testament word. A third word is common to both. That third word is "faith." These three words have a large common meaning, though each of them has a separate and distinctive meaning.

One disadvantage in the use of the word "faith" is its very commonness, its familiarity. We have two other words closely related to it—"belief" and "trust." Belief is of the intellect. Trust is of the heart. Faith is of the will. All three of these words reveal how intimately religion is related to life. The weakness of some people's religion is that it is thought of as apart from life. Jesus addressed Himself to the task of relating religion to life. How practical is the Sermon on the Mount! It is not a complete theological system, and it was not designed to be. The Master probably had in mind two classes of people whose fundamental religious errors He designed to correct. They were the intellectualists and the formalists. So He simplified religion, objectified it, practicalized it, personalized it, socialized it.

Look at the Beatitudes. See how many of them have to do with social relationships. In correcting the errors of the formalists, Jesus vitalized religion. There are two phrases which are much used, "the love of life" and "the joy of life." Has Jesus anything to say about these? Much, in every way. He points to the joy of spiritual health and moral victory. He leads us to the joy of entering largely into the life of the world. So he puts soul into life.

It is sometimes said religion is too unworldly. The Christian religion is unworldly, but it is also worldly in the best sense. It teaches us to make the most of life, and by so doing to make the most of the other life which God has in store for His children. C. C. A.

Life's Great Value

THURSDAY. Mark 8 : 36. "*For what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life?*" There is but one answer to the question, "Nothing!" To gain the whole world full of material things, and in the gaining to forfeit life, is not profit; it is loss. The robber who points a gun in your face and requires of you "Your money or your life!" knows full well what your answer will be if you take him seriously. Between things and life there are no values worthy of comparison.

Yet the Master implies that men are doing that very thing—that they are gaining the poorer things of life and thereby forfeiting the higher, that they are wealthy in goods, but not "rich toward God." The sad part is that we awaken too late to the havoc we have wrought. We have failed to find the real values in life. That encasement of the spirit, that body which is like unto the animal, we have saved, while the spirit, which is like unto the Eternal God, we have forfeited.

In one of his works, Coningsby Dawson has given to us the pathetic picture of the promulgation of a court-martial sentence: "The man was an officer; he had been sentenced to be shot, but the order had been changed to cashiering. There, in the sunlight, all his brother officers were drawn up at attention. The sentence and the crime for which he had been sentenced were read aloud to him in an unsteady voice. When that was ended, an officer stepped forward and stripped the buttons and badges of rank from his uniform. It was like a funeral at which his honor was buried. I see him standing there in the strong sunlight white-faced and dumb—better dead—despised. Here was one who had failed. The arithmetic of his spiritual values was at fault: he had chosen bitter life, when death would have been splendid." We are not often brought face to face with death, but we are forced constantly to choose values. Is the "arithmetic of our spiritual values" ever at fault?

Our choice of values is the determining factor in life; and it is the determining factor in eternity. All other things are dependent upon our estimate of the things supremely worth while, the things of such importance that we are willing to subordinate all things else to their attainment. What are you finding to be "Life's Great Value"? Are you trying to gain the whole world and forfeiting your life? J. A. M.

The Helpful Life

FRIDAY. Isa. 41 : 6. "*They helped every one his neighbor and every one said to his brother, be of good courage.*" The prophet has given us a picture of the ideal life—the program of the Christian life. The only ideal that is worth while is the ideal with a tendency toward realization. The fact that every one helped his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, "Be of good courage," has been proven practicable and worthy of our study.

It was proven beyond controversy by the attitude of Jesus in His day and it is being proven beyond dispute by the lives of genuine Christians in these days. It is the logic of the social settlement and the missionary field. Slowly but surely the doctrine of the Golden Rule, the ideal of reciprocity, the great idea of co-operation, is finding its way into industry, private life and among individuals, public and private.

There is one branch of the Christian ministry into which all may enter and render effective service. The one thing needful in many a life for mutual helpfulness and elevation to a higher plane and a fuller hope is that large encouragement and broader sympathy which each is able to give to the other.

One way to express ourselves to the world is by telling it how it fails. The Christian way is to tell it how it may do better. Reproof never goes so far as praise, and condemnation never yet won its point half so quickly as commendation. Tell a person how well he is doing, even if he gets no farther than the effort, and he will endeavor to "live up" to the kindness shown. The kingdom of business, of education, of any realm always comes by kindness, and all kingdoms are or should be part of the Kingdom of God, the very foundation of which is kindness, and love in action, manifested unto and by the least and the greatest. R. B.

Works Must Follow Faith

SATURDAY. James 2 : 22. "*By works is faith made perfect.*" Can a man be justified by faith without works? "Faith without works is dead," and obviously a dead faith is no faith at all. Works are the touchstone of faith: they are the very evidence of it.

The man who has really believed in Jesus can assure himself of the genuineness of his faith only by the fidelity with which he does his Master's will.

The real question, therefore, is not one of Works *versus* Faith, but of Faith *plus* Works. The logic of the apostle James is clear: "A man may say, Thou hath faith and I have works. Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." D. J. B.

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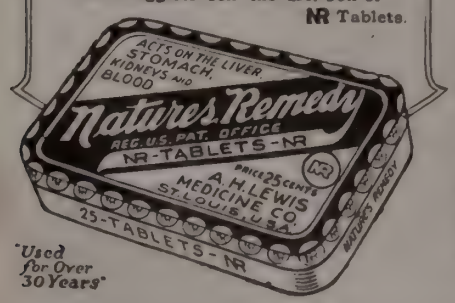


"Used for Over 30 Years"

A Model Home for Lepers

What One Chinese Refuge Is Doing to Brighten Their Lives

By MARY NINDE GAMEWELL

IT IS difficult to estimate, even roughly, the number of lepers in China, although Sir Patrick Manson, the greatest authority on tropical medicine, asserts that probably more are to be found here than in any other country in the world. Leprosy is most prevalent in the south.

The attitude of the Chinese in general toward lepers is that of mild tolerance or indifference, although by some they are regarded as wicked and immoral, and hence hated and shunned. A few years ago, during the reign of the Manchus, I was shocked to read in a Shanghai newspaper that forty-two lepers, men and women, had been driven into a pit and burned to death somewhere in the south. When the local official who ordered the holocaust was called to account by the Peking government, he excused the atrocious deed by calmly declaring that he considered he was rendering a service to his country by ridding it of these cumberers of the ground.

In certain districts, villages for housing the lepers have been built at public expense. Each leper is given a small monthly stipend which the able-bodied are allowed to supplement by going daily to the neighboring cities to beg. They mix freely with the crowds, there being no attempt at segregation.

It was the missionaries who first reached out a helping, brotherly hand to the despised Chinese lepers. With the aid of native assistants, they do periodic work at the leper villages, conducting religious services and dispensing salves and other simple palliatives. There are a few homes for lepers under Missionary Boards. One, at Pakhoi, on the extreme southern coast, opened many years ago by the Church Missionary Society, has accommodations for a hundred men and fifty women, who occupy buildings in separate compounds. A well-conducted school for the younger ones is held each morning, while in the afternoon all who are able engage in industrial work, which is carried on and financed by the lepers themselves. The majority of the inmates are Christians.

In Hanchow, the capital of Chekiang province, Central China, the Church Missionary Society has another leper home on the summit of a hill in the suburbs. Air, outlook and environment are all that could be desired. The thirty-five or forty lepers who find an asylum in this refuge are made as happy and comfortable as possible.

The story of the founding of the home at Siaokan, fifty miles northwest of Hankow, is most interesting. Twenty-five years ago, Rev. Griffith John of the London Missionary Society, while out on an evangelistic trip, sought lodging one night in the home of a strange Chinese family. He was kindly received and entertained, but what was his horror the next morning to find that his host was a leper and that he had slept in a leper's bed! At that time leprosy was thought to be infectious as well as contagious. The incident deeply affected Dr. John, and he took it as a call from God to do something in behalf of the lepers, so he opened a small refuge at Siaokan. Twenty years ago, the general hospital work of the London Missionary Society at this place was taken over by Dr. Henry Fowler and with it the leper home, which has been in his care ever since. This leper home became the model institution of the kind in China.

A few months ago I stood at the compound gate and looked with admiration at the green sward, the flowering plants, and the cluster of long, low buildings. The one hundred and twenty leper men wear a uniform of dark blue cotton cloth trimmed with a narrow border of red. They looked so neat, and were so quiet and orderly, that I found myself right in among them before I realized who and what manner of men they were.

The buildings of this Model Home are immaculate. The carefully screened dormitories, with their cot beds covered with blue-and-white counterpanes, and the walls tinted a restful pale buff and green, are a joy to behold. So are the kitchens, laundries, dispensary, and even the sheds in which the fuel is kept. All the work in the establishment, except the cooking, is done by lepers.

SOME of the men sat in groups in shady corners on the verandas, playing a simple form of chess, which is a favorite game with them. Each patient is given monthly a little pin-money with which he may buy and cook little dainties in a small kitchen set apart. The men forfeit the privileges of using the kitchen if they leave any dirt behind them. Close to the Home stands the leper chapel where Sunday and other services are held. The dining-room is the meeting place for morning and evening prayers. Three-fourths of the men are Christians.

"I wish you could be here for one of our Communion services," remarked Dr. Fowler. "The Chinese are not an emotional people, yet many a time I have seen a Chinese pastor, called in to officiate, moved to tears as he watched these poor lepers partake of the Lord's Supper."

For several years there has been a Y. M. C. A. in the Home, and quite recently a Christian Endeavor Society was organized with about forty members. The men are very proud of their Christian Endeavor pins. Not long ago the Christians contributed over twenty dollars to home missionary work in distant parts of China—money was raised by the utmost self-sacrifice.

Dr. Fowler, who has made a special study of leprosy, said to me, "After twenty years here, I am no nearer discovering a cure than when I first landed. Yet none of us are relaxing our efforts but are constantly experimenting with new serums. Although I cannot cure, I am able to relieve pain, and that is something."

Dr. Fowler believes that under proper government regulations, leprosy could easily be stamped out in China in two generations.

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 631

was that it expressed a reluctance to resume the old state of warfare.

Mr. de Valera's letter opened by announcing that the Dail Eireann by unanimous vote had rejected the British proposals. It then attacked the principles on which those proposals were based, declaring that: "In Ireland's case to speak of her seceding from a partnership she has not accepted or from an allegiance which she has not undertaken to render is fundamentally false, just as the claim to subordinate her independence to British strategy is fundamentally unjust. To neither can we, as representatives of the nation, lend countenance." If the British government is willing to accept this basis, it offered to appoint representatives with plenary powers to arrange a settlement.

Premier Lloyd George answered at once with a firm reiteration of his previous stand and a declaration that he and his colleagues had gone to the very limit of their powers in endeavoring to reconcile British and Irish interests. He expressed regret that the Irish reply marked no advance, and warned that a more exchange of notes could not be prolonged indefinitely, stressing the necessity for some immediate and definite progress toward a basis for negotiations.

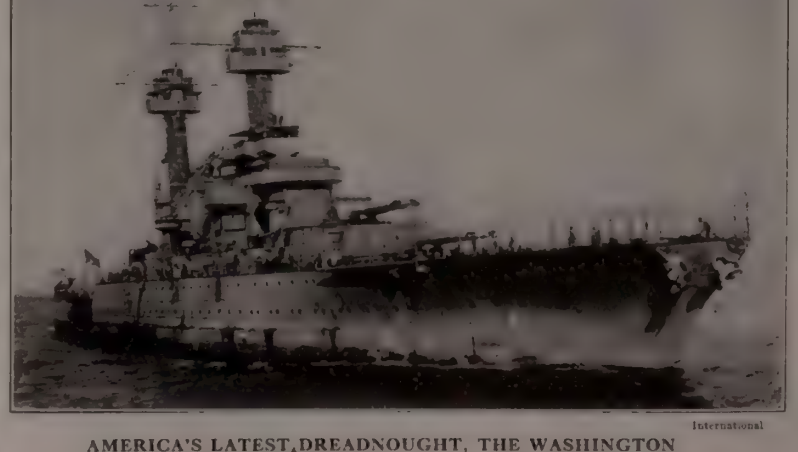
The parleys were thus at a deadlock, with the next move in doubt.

CHURCH ROOMS TO SERVE AS POLLS. The Boston Board of Election Commissioners has announced that the Sunday-school rooms of forty or more churches are to take the place of the old-fashioned voting places at the December city elections because of the advent of equal suffrage, a more agreeable atmosphere being desired for women voters.

BISHOP W. S. LEWIS DIES. Bishop Wilson S. Lewis, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in a hospital at Sioux City, Iowa, of diabetes, after a long illness. Since 1908 Bishop Lewis, who was sixty-four years old, had been stationed at Shanghai, China. He was intimately familiar with the work of the Christian Herald in China and one of the group who made possible the success of the Christian Herald Fukien Industrial Homes. His last illness became apparent while he was in Japan several months ago en route to the United States.

MATTHIAS ERZBERGER ASSASSINATED. Matthias Erzberger, former leader of the German Center party, an advocate of the fulfillment of the nation's reparation pledges and a strong supporter of the Wirth government, was assassinated while on a vacation in the Black Forest. He had planned to reenter politics actively, and his murder was attributed to political enmities, attempts on his life having been made earlier by reactionaries.

GREEKS DEFEATED IN ASIA MINOR. Greek forces which had crossed the Sakaria River in a drive against Angora have suffered a severe defeat at the hands of the Turkish Nationalists and their right wing has been placed in a position of extreme danger, separated from the main body. The Salt Desert has proved a formidable obstacle to the Greek advance and was largely responsible for the defeat.



International

AMERICA'S LATEST DREADNOUGHT, THE WASHINGTON

The photograph shows the monster warship as she will appear when ready for service, after being launched on September 1

Choosing Tools for India

Continued from page 627

tenary of the opening of the gardens to the public. They were established in 1817. The Saharanpur gardens are given credit in connection with the Botanical Gardens of Calcutta for originating the tea culture of the Himalayas and Assam and for contributing to the museums of Europe the finest assortment of tropical plants of any other existing gardens.

ONE of the recent industries taken up by Mr. Borup for the benefit of the school and the public alike, is the repair of automobiles, which are rapidly multiplying in India. He obtained an old automobile which he took apart in order to teach the mechanism. He already has two patrons, owners of fine automobiles, who will look to him for repairs when needed, and others will doubtless patronize the school when they learn of its efficiency in repair work.

A boy bridegroom, veiled, and his wedding party

My impressions of the value of the industrial school were greatly deepened by a walk through some of the streets of Saharanpur. In one mohulla I photographed some boys, the younger ones entirely naked and the older boys nearly so, standing beside a *than*, a kind of an earth mound used in idol worship. The boys of course had no money but what is more tragic they had no incentive for study or useful industry. A half-hour later we came across a group with a youthful bridegroom sitting in the center. He had a veil over his face made up of silken cords such as we have seen horses wear to keep off the flies in summertime in America. At a time when he ought to have been in an industrial or other school preparing to earn a living and make a useful citizen, he was marrying a still more ignorant and immature girl. The bridegroom and his companion had two hookahs from which they were smoking and I plainly smelled the presence of intoxicating liquors as well.

Going back to the mission from such scenes as these the industrial school seemed like a veritable paradise. Happy the boys who have found the path which leads to it. But here we must pause for a note of regret.

The school formerly had 150 boys in it, now it has only 60. The reason is simply an economic one and not any lessening of the popularity or efficiency of the teachers or the school. It is simply another industry crippled by the high cost of living without a corresponding increase in funds from the home churches. A few years ago the 150 boys cost the mission the same price the 60 cost now. While the government helps some the missionary appropriation has been cut instead of increased. Nevertheless with all of its limitations the Industrial School at Saharanpur is a monument of usefulness and success.

Every-Day Mission of the Church

Continued from page 626

lectures, social hours, citizens' mass meetings and mothers' meetings in the church proper, lacking a more fitting place. But many church houses, church basements, and parish halls are still waiting to be utilized.

The way to start social activities is to start them! Examination of large numbers of programs seems to indicate that organization falls into four broad and general heads: Social Recreation; Indoor and Outdoor Play; Constructive Citizenship Activities; and Biblical Dramatics and Pageantry. No elaborate preliminaries are necessary for inaugurating any of them. The most important thing is the selection of committees, the first committees necessary being those to provide for such initial equipment as is decided upon. A mass meeting should be called early to which representatives of all church groups, such as the Sunday-school classes, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Woman's Missionary Society, the Altar Guild, the Girls' Friendly, and the Mens' Bible Study Class, should be especially invited. This will insure the interest and co-operation of every group all along the line.

There follows a bibliography of books which contain much interesting and helpful information on the general subject of the everyday mission of the church. It is printed here so that the reader may continue his own search for the best way in which his church can more adequately meet the opportunity and responsibility, unique to its particular setting in its own community.

Christianity and Amusements. Richard Henry Edwards (Association Press, 347 Madison Ave., New York).

The Little Town, H. Paul Douglas (MacMillan & Co., 64 Fifth Avenue, New York).

The Community Center, L. J. Hanifer (Silver Burdett & Co., 126 Fifth Avenue, New York).

First Steps in Community Organization, C. A. Perry (Russell Sage Foundation, 130 E. 22d St., New York).

Sources of Information on Play and Recreation, Hanmer and Knight (Russell Sage Foundation).

The Rural Church Serving the Community, Edward L. Earp (Abingdon Press, New York).

Recreation and the Church, Herbert Wright Gates (University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.).

The Church and the People at Play, Henry E. Atkinson (Pilgrim Press, Boston, Mass.).

Recreation as a Church Function (Playground and Recreation Association of America, 1 Madison Avenue, New York).

Fear God in Your Own Community, Richard Morse (Henry Holt & Co.).

An Ornithological Miracle

A NATIVE minister was telling the missionary in charge of the district that a sparrow had built a nest on the roof of his house.

"Is there anything in the nest yet?" asked the missionary.

"Yes," replied his Indian brother, proud of his English, "the sparrow has pups."—*Harper's Magazine.*

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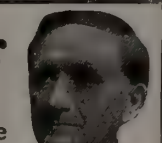
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At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Continued from page 629

back of an envelope then and there, lest I should forget them. I have kept fast hold of them ever since. You recollect Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The Nautilus?" You quoted but one verse:

"'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted Past.
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by Life's unresting sea.'

"And you added—'Every growing soul must sometimes have to *writhe* itself, as with birth-pangs, out of the shell in which it was once comfortable.'"

Stuart Haile held that "morning moods" were unkind, selfish, ill-bred and unchristian. But on this particular day, the lively little wife had to do most of the talking. The children had asked to be excused and left their emptied plates and mugs. Stuart sat, silent, stirring his second cup of coffee as diligently as if he hoped to read meaning in the circles of tiny bubbles cast to the surface by the dissolving sugar. As she recited his comment upon the lines he had quoted, he looked up with a startled gaze.

"Did I say *that?* I do not recall it."

She had brought him out of the mists of abstraction. Her laugh was pleased and loving.

"Say it? Of course you did! And let me remark that I thought then, and now I *know*, that it was as fine as anything in the poem itself. I could not have imagined it. I am neither poet nor philosopher and there are both poetry and wisdom in that little sentence. What is it, dear?"

For her husband continued to look at her with deepening and darkening eyes.

"Only that you 'have builded better than you knew.' Some day I may thank you for it. Just now, I have so much on my mind that I cannot speak of what held my eyes waking far into the small hours."

He drank his coffee at a gulp and set back his chair.

"No, my love!" in answer to her alarmed face. "You have done and said nothing amiss. We will talk it all over when the time comes. Your good angel was at your ear this morning. Thank you once more, and good morning! I have a full day ahead of me."

WITHIN twenty-four hours she had the whole story. The Call came by the afternoon mail. An early train brought Silas Ford on an important business visit to Marlinton—business that kept him in close confabulation with his friend, Mr. Lawson, behind the closed doors of the latter's private office. From him the amazed parishioner heard for the first time that the Marlinton church was in imminent danger of losing its beloved leader, and that Mr. Ford's errand to the town was prompted by impatience to learn authoritatively and officially if the Banner Church might push to a satisfactory conclusion certain movements meditated by the managers.

"I don't mind giving you a hint, Lawson, that we are planning a unique demonstration that will make the public sit up and open its eyes," he dropped his voice to say. "I am not at liberty to go into particulars at present. But I can give you a hint as to one feature of the affair. If, as we devoutly hope and pray your preacher will see the advantage to the Cause that his acceptance of our call will be—I am not talking now of the gain to himself in the reputation he is bound to make in the city—my idea (and I believe it to be original) is to have a mammoth meeting of the congregation and all the distinguished ministers we can get, at which the old pastor will be bowed out (so to speak) and the new bowed in. Can you imagine anything more taking? Such an exhibition of good feeling on both sides and of the attachment to the retiring pastor on the part of the people he has served for a quarter of a century! We are going to give another proof of this which will also be new and striking and must be a boom to church work everywhere. That feature is to be kept dark until the evening of the double reception. Then there will be a beautiful and I may say appropriate surprise to the outsiders and to the senior of the two ministers. Our women have caught on to the idea with enthusiasm and—believe it or not as you will!—are bound to hold their tongues up to the right minute.

"I telephoned to Mr. Haile—we'll have him a D.D. before long—as soon as I got to the hotel to ask when I could call on him at the church-study. Somehow, I felt it would be more business-like to have our talk there than in the Parsonage. I am instructed to sound him good and hard as to his intentions. If he is the level-headed, practical, commonsense fellow I've been led to think him—there's no doubt what answer I'll take back to town tonight. No, thank you, my dear fellow! I can't stay overnight. I say! come and dine with me at half-past six at the Marlinton Inn! I can tell you all you want to know by then. I am to be at the study at eleven sharp. Now that I have started upon this enterprise, I won't let the grass grow under my feet. That isn't the way with Ford and Talbot when once they are on the war-path."

"I am by no means sure that you will tell me all I want to know," responded the other, smiling ruefully. "It wouldn't be natural that our views upon the subject in hand should be identically the same. But, I hardly dare go home to tell my wife and family of what is in the air before I hear the report of your interview. City churches and their pastors hold different notions from ours with regard to changes in the relations. You see, Mr. Haile has grown into our very lives, as you might say, in the ten years he has been with us. As you have said yourself, he has a sort of magnetism about him that impresses even strangers. Rich and poor feel that he is their friend—almost their brother."

To Ford's surprise and embarrassment the mill-owner got up abruptly and walked to a distant window, drawing his handkerchief from his pocket as he walked. It was a full minute before he rejoined the visitor, and his voice was not quite natural then.

"I can't trust myself to say all I am thinking just now," putting his hand into that Ford held out apologetically. "Never mind it, old man! I am hoping things may turn out all right yet. A pulpit like yours won't go begging, if our shepherd sees best to stay with his sheep. Yes! I'll be with you at half-past six."

HIS spirits were not raised by the report of the momentous interview. Neither were they dashed to earth. Mr. Haile had been dignifiedly noncommittal. The matter was too important to be settled without longer and more serious meditation than he had had time to bestow upon it. The church should hear from him definitely within three days.

"He said that time and skill were required to tear up a tree by the roots without damaging its future usefulness," concluded the emissary. "It is easy to see that he dare not refuse at once to take a more responsible position in the church militant, and that he must acknowledge that men of his calibre are sadly needed in high places. But you people—he called you 'my people' half a dozen times!—have worked your way into his affections as truly as he has won you all to himself. I don't blame him for being disinclined to leave you, and if he were my pastor, I'd move all of heaven and earth that I could get at before I'd let him go."

"When all is said and done, the decision lies with him—and with the Master he serves," answered Lawson in a low voice.

Ford was hampered by no such scruples. His intonations did not vary a semi-tone:

"Right you are! We all acknowledge that. But some general principles prevail in all trades—and professions!

The case before us is as plain as print to my way of thinking. Marlinton is a nice snug, little town, that may double its population in thirty years or so. It may be called fairly prosperous at present. The probability is our minister could stay on here for the rest of his natural existence, keeping up the church at a respectable average and raising his family in comfort, even managing to educate his children well and, if he has a prudent manager in his wife, laying aside a little every year against the time when he will have to step down and out to make way for a younger man.

"Such pastorates were rather common a hundred or so years ago. They are obsolete now. A preacher must make hay while the sun shines. Twilight comes earlier to him than to other professions. Mr. Haile's harvest-time is in the next dozen years. After that the market value depreciates with him. He has brought his church up to the topmost notch. He may hold it there for a few years longer.

"Why, my dear friend, the case is so clear that I don't see how a sensible man, who has the best interests of the Church at heart, can hesitate. We don't expect him to be willing to go right out of hand. He isn't the sort of timber we counted upon if he doesn't feel that the separation from the people he has served so faithfully and long is a terrible wrench. I have enough faith in him and in the One Who I verily believe has ordered every step of this affair to hope that he will see his way clear to come to us. I was never so conscious before that I was 'led' along the whole way.

"I am not superstitious, but I shall always think there was something out of the ordinary run of human affairs in my being induced to stay here over that Sunday, and as to the two sermons that day and the experience of that evening —I can't speak of them even now without a sort of awe. My old mother was a firm believer in what she called 'special leadings.' If she was right, I had one that has stuck by me all through this business."

HE HAD dilated upon this conviction in the conference in the pastor's study that noon. The crude eloquence which the obsession lent to his speech was not without its effect upon his superior in intellect and education. Stuart Haile could not rid himself of the impression left by the two hours' talk. Was there not a substratum of truth in the argument of Dr. Barrows thus enforced by the story of the "leading"? If this were true, had he a right to hearken to the pleadings of personal inclination and personal loves?

The question haunted him persistently all the day long, strive though he might to rid his imagination of it.

It was a turbulent day. From the moment when, through the gossip of inn-loungers, Silas Ford's errand was whispered abroad and corroborated by the postman who had committed to memory the stamped inscription upon the official document from the Banner Church, Marlinton buzzed with what was direful news to nine out of ten of those who spread it. The parsonage was besieged all the afternoon and evening by visitors of all ranks and ages. When the front door closed upon the last, an hour before midnight, husband and wife faced one another with eyes that spoke the same language.

"You are tired to death, darling!" said Mrs. Haile, drawing her fellow-sufferer into the library with tender solicitude. "Don't try to say a word! I know all about it. Lie down upon the lounge and let me make a cup of coffee for you."

It might keep him awake for the rest of the night, as she reflected in suggesting it. What matter? He would not sleep as it was. His haggard visage frightened her. She would hardly have known it had she seen it elsewhere. As she left the room for the kitchen, she extinguished all the lights save one which she shaded from the wretched eyes she could not bear to look into.

When, as a young girl of twenty, Anita Sherwood had promised to marry Stuart Haile, she had volunteered a pledge which she had kept religiously:

"I shall never interfere by word or look with what you think is your duty in your profession. 'Whither thou goest, I will go. Where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people are already my people and thy God is my God.' We have no readjustment of duties to arrange. I shall never say a word to try to influence you in any important step you think it right to take. It would be rank and wicked presumption."

She had kept her word. She would not break it now, mused the worn and weary man while she was absent upon the little errand. But, oh, for a word of affectionate counsel! a flash of light upon the dark road along which he was stumbling!

When he had drunk the coffee he spoke of the longing:

"Precious wife! be my conscience in this as you have been in other trials! What ought I to do?"

SHE knelt beside him and gathered his head into her arms.

"My own beloved! I would give my heart's blood to help you. Ask me for anything else, and it shall be yours. But you know why I can say nothing now. It would be like taking hold of the Ark of the Lord to steady it. The question is between Him and your own soul. The poor fool who tried to steady the Ark had forgotten to Whom it belonged. I must keep that in mind if I never have done it before. Don't tempt me!"

He raised his face to meet her lips.

"I know! You are stronger than I. I will not ask again."

He closed his eyes for several minutes, then met hers appealingly.

"If only some of them did not take it for granted that I must go because it is a larger and more important church, and" —wincing as he brought it out—"that the salary is twice as large. That hurt me, for I hoped they knew me better by now."

"They are judging you after the manner of men. I have heard the same talk again and again when other ministers were called to more important churches. Don't think of that now. Our Father knows it all. And in His own good time He will lead you into the right way."

"Dear wife!" came again presently as he shielded his eyes from hers. "Is it very wicked and rebellious in me that *I do not want to go?* Don't despise me, love! but even if I could be assured that it is my duty, I feel that it would break my heart to leave all we have here. Home and the loving friends we have made and kept so long. And the host of blessed memories gathered while we have sat in heavenly places in Christ Jesus!"

He hid his face upon her arm and groaned in bitterness of spirit.

A minute elapsed before the reply came. It was low and fraught with meaning:

"Have you then made up your mind to go?"

"I wish I could say 'No!' I am like one hanging between heaven and earth. You, of all living creatures, know that it would be like a death-pang to accept that call. Yet—how much truth was there in Dr. Barrow's letter? And Mr. Ford harped upon the same string until I thought I should go mad. Dearest and wisest of advisers! Tell me what to do."

Her voice was steady and rang like a bell.

"You know why I cannot, and why I should not if I could. Every soul must 'writhe' out of the outgrown shell by itself and for itself. Otherwise—this I have read—it is mangled and dwarfed by the helping hand. I repeat that I dare not lift a finger to the task. Stuart, my love! Our Father is leading us in ways we have not known. We must cling as for life itself to the thought that they are 'His own' who are thus led. And that He never fails to grant us strength for the 'day that now is.' Have you forgotten that He 'nowhere promises grace for fagots'? This has been a hard day—a crucial day! We will say one little prayer now for the sleep that He gives His beloved, and believe that it will give us strength for what the morrow may bring to do or to bear.

"We have a right to do this"—with a murmur of merriment that felt to him like the spray of cooling waters—"for tomorrow is already today. It is a crumb of daily bread for which we ask."

To be continued

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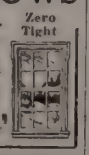

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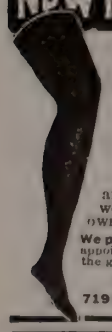

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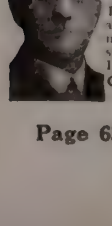

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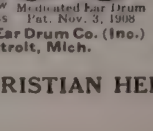

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Abstinence for the Sake of Others

International Sunday-School Lesson for September 18
I Cor. 10 : 23-33; 3 : 16, 17

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

THERE are a number of 3 : 16 verses which are most helpful. Some of these are in John, Malachi, II Timothy and in our lesson today, I Corinthians 3 : 16, "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" It will be both interesting and profitable to search for other precious 3 : 16 verses and then fix them in your memory. This would make good home work and then compare the findings on Sunday.

The verse in Corinthians can be accepted as one of the reasons for observing temperance in all things. The place must be clean where God dwells. Just ordinarily clean is not enough for the surgeon when he is about to perform an operation. He must be so clean that there are no bacteria which will, by any possibility, go from him to you and endanger your life. Jeremiah 2 : 22 tells how we cannot be made clean in heart: "For though thou wash thee with lye, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord Jehovah." The only way of becoming pure in heart is by the blood of Jesus Christ, and when we are cleansed by Him our bodies are fit places for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and then He will be in us, the hope of glory.

When Paul was at Ephesus, on his third missionary journey, he wrote this first letter to the church at Corinth, which had been founded on his second general journey. Write "I Cor." in the margin of your Bible opposite Acts 19 : 10 and at the end of I Corinthians, write, "From Ephesus, see Acts 19 : 10." Nelson's Cross Reference Bible was mentioned in an earlier study. Turn to it now, or to some book that gives similar information, and read the introduction to this epistle. There is a clear chapter on this epistle in "Paul's Letters," by Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D. Do similar research work as you come to each epistle, or as you read any other book in the Bible. Study to know the author and his purpose. A student in music follows this plan before endeavoring to interpret a really worth-while composition.

SUCH a study of I Corinthians and a careful reading of the lesson for the day has given you a background of information which enables you to observe the very helpful way in which Paul advises the new converts in that idolatrous and licentious city of Corinth. The flesh of animals which had been slain as a sacrifice in idol worship was good for food—in fact, very good, since a blemished animal would not be used for heathen worship. This would be the meat generally sold and Paul's word is to eat it without the slightest question, unless another objected to its use on conscientious grounds. In such a case refrain from eating. Hurting the feelings of another was of greater moment than refraining from eating meat on that particular occasion. Anything can be given up when the objective to be gained is great enough. Paul's supreme concern was to save souls. He would not permit any roast or stew to loom larger in his estimate of values than a life saved eternally in heaven.

The old question of rights and personal liberty comes up once more in connection with this study. There is no denial of these things. Generally when one insists on personal liberty, he is only seeking license to go to some extreme. George Macdonald has well said, "The best thing about our rights is that they are our own and we can give them up." It is like being generous with time, talents or money—"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." How helpful is Paul's trio of daily rules: "Give no occasion of stumbling; please all men in all things, that they may be saved; do all to the glory of God." These rules will work well in this twentieth century. Such actions enable a person to have a good conscience when it comes time to sleep or to appear before the judgment seat of God.

The quarterly temperance lesson was adopted by the International Sunday School Convention with the primary object of destroying the legalized liquor traffic. What faith Frances E. Willard, B. F. Jacobs and others had, and how gloriously has it been blessed! Like Paul, when approaching Rome, we will today thank God and take courage. The battle is still on and it is particularly against those who are traitors to the Flag in their open lawlessness. The day this lesson study is written the papers tell of the seizure just outside the three-mile limit of a vessel which had $144,000 in whisky on board. These are surely days for the insistence on practical loyalty, even as when this nation was recently in open war.

SCIENCE, economics and experience are all against alcohol. It is very interesting to observe how men in high positions are merely reasserting the statements concerning alcohol found in the school text books of today. President Heinisch of Austria, at a reception in Salzberg to a committee of a German temperance league, said, on July 25, "We would have won the war if the people in both Germany and Austria-Hungary could have been persuaded to practise total alcoholic abstinence." This is the kind of information that the average pupil in our public school knows. There are numerous sets of stereopticon slides which tell the story of temperance in a forceful way. These slides can be rented and they are fine for use on Temperance Sunday, October 30, or on any day when the quarterly temperance lesson is studied. Superintendents and teachers should prepare for this occasion which comes four times a year. They can have variety and effectiveness, but it does mean work.

Recently in an open trolley car four Boy Scouts in uniforms were on the front seat and two boys on the next seat. One of these boys on the second seat, a lad about twelve years old, was smoking a cigaret and it attracted considerable attention. When the conductor came along he told the boy he had no business to smoke at his age, and further he was too green not to know that smoking was allowed only on the three rear seats. That cigaret was thrown away with evident shame. Two ladies sitting on the third seat, had the following conversation: "Does a Boy Scout smoke?" "No, he must not." "But what if he does?" "At the first offence he is reprimanded, at the second he is suspended, and the third time he is dismissed from the organization.

Such an organization deserves the active help of the officers of every Sunday school. There are Scout troops in many of our Sunday schools, both in America and on the foreign mission field; there should be more. It is a matter of note that the Sunday-school superintendent or teacher who smokes has little if anything to say to the school or class on the subject of the cigaret, and a smoker is a very poor man for a Scout Master.

Smokers seem to have too little regard for the rights of others. The records of disastrous fires started by a lighted "smoke" are abundant. For example, the miner had been forbidden to smoke when in the mine, but he lighted up where there was an excess of gas, and 400 were killed by the explosion. It was just another case of a man insisting on using his "personal liberty."

A lesson must have a personal application, and there is no better person to begin with than yourself. Let each of us diagnose our acts according to the following question: What am I doing, needlessly or intentionally, which causes annoyance or actual harm to others? Now ponder again that trio of rules laid down by Paul, and make worthy decisions for immediate action.

Young People's Topics for Sept. 18

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Sins of the Tongue

C. E. and B. Y. P. U. James 3 : 1–5

THE author of our reference tells the people of his day not to envy the teachers, because they have a difficult task. Their business is to talk and talking right is a hard job. It is a question of early guidance and the practice of caution. "A fool speaks first and thinks afterwards but a wise man thinks before he speaks." A diplomat is a man who can keep silence in seven languages, but the greatest asset to civilization is the individual who can speak the truth in every language.

In thinking this theme through let us remember that there is a difference between talk and conversation. Ruth McEnery Stuart makes the mother of Rose Ann, speaking of her daughter's gifts and defects, say, "Rose Ann always could talk a-plenty, but she never could converse." Conversation at its best is a fine art. Emerson said, "There are three classes of people—those who discuss ideas, those who discuss things and those who discuss other people—and the last is the lowest." Doctor Hillis said: "Man is still the talking animal and as of old the issues of life and death are in the tongue. For the lips are fissures in the rock through which gush hidden waters—sometimes sweet, sometimes bitter. Oft the tongue is a goodly branch, laden with luscious fruit; oft also, it is a club that falls with crushing force. Now the tongue is a shield lifted up for sharp attack against the wrong; now it is a spear whose sharp point is turned against the right. The sword has slain its thousands but the tongue its ten thousands."

Jesus, greatest speech-maker that ever lived, said, "By thy tongue thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." "Sirs," said Samuel Johnson, noted for his conversational powers, "it becomes a gentleman to entertain his company with the finest thoughts on the finest themes." And Cowper said:

"Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought.
But all shall give account of every wrong
Who dare dishonor or defile the tongue."

And Shakespeare joins the chorus with "While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head."

Accomplishments and Opportunities

E. L. Rally Sunday. Phil. 3 : 7–14.

"NOT as though I had already attained." Paul was never satisfied with his achievements. No great person ever is. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp or what's a heaven for?" asks Browning. "He is a small man who can realize his ideals," says Chancellor Day. Every Epworthian knows that the past year was full of mistakes. What year is not? Every earnest effort made (and there were earnest efforts we know) will bring its own reward. He who does good is often only rewarded by the opportunity he has had to do good. We are not laboring for rewards, however, but results that shall bless posterity. This our best endeavors shall do. In the economy of God nothing is lost. The mistakes and the successes are with God. They are beyond our reach. The future challenges. The new fields call.

This is the time of year for strenuous planning and programing. The League that has a plan and program should not fail. The crispness and freshness of September days should enter the blood and awaken sluggish pulses to new activity and greater conquest. "Forgetting the things that are passed" not to dishonor them, but because they are passed. "I press toward the mark" because the future is mine to do with as I will.

Says a writer in Zion's Herald, "Keep believing in tomorrow, but never forget that yesterday made tomorrow possible. You may despise your baby-clothes today. Yesterday you could not have lived without them. Outworn methods, outworn truths—these are things treasured and honored, not despised. At the same time you cannot cramp the larger life of tomorrow in the baby-clothes of yesterday."

As Epworthians we will take off our hats to the past in reverence, but we will take off our coats to the future in work.

The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

REQUESTS for prayers for success in revival efforts and for spiritual awakening continue to predominate in the letters to the Prayer League. Reader, So. Dak., writes: "I again ask the prayers of the League for the conversion of a doctor, that something worth while may be given him to do, in place of the worldly pleasures he is trying to give up. Also pray that a religious awakening may take place among the people of Armour."

"Please pray that our annual revival meeting at the National Camp Meeting ground near Greenbuck, Tenn., may be one of the greatest spiritual uplifts the community has ever known," writes E. L. B. "Pray that the right worker may be sent, and that he may speak the things that will help our neighbors and relatives to know and seek Jesus Christ as a pardoning Saviour."

S. C. H. writes: "Pray for the Reformed Church at Mapletown, N. Y., that they may have a revival of religion and that many may be saved and the church greatly strengthened."

Mrs. W. C., Garnett, Kans., asks prayers in behalf of the church at Hyatt, that they may have an old-fashioned revival, and that those who now desecrate the Sabbath may be won to Christ. Also that the Sunday school may prosper.

Mrs. J. C. P. asks prayers in behalf of the church and community of Dayton, O., and B. M. asks prayers for a revival in La Crosse, Wis.

Among the general requests are the following: healing, 75; blessing 18; wisdom, 15; prosperity, 6; conversion of relatives and friends, 75; financial aid, 16; reconciliation, 2; heart's desire, 25; guidance, 10; success, 4; position, 10; faith, 19; happiness, 11; forgiveness, 5; and peace, 5.

We have also a number of wonderful answers to prayers. Mrs. Sarah E. Ober, 4346 Sixth Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash., writes: "I was nearly dead with a tumor and all alone, excepting my little girl, among the Indians. But God most wonderfully healed me on Thanksgiving night, so the next morning it was wholly gone. For over ten years we have trusted God for healing as well as for everything else, and He has never failed us. And God is using me here in a little Mission Sunday school, and bringing souls to Christ. I know He will use me for the Indians soon—then all my heart's desires will be satisfied."

Mrs. A. C. Andersen of Mahagi Center, Congo Belge, Africa, also acknowledges answered prayers and asks: "Please pray for our work here in Africa, that these natives may have a conviction of sin and a longing for the words of life. And that many may be brought into the fold."

And we also have acknowledgments from the following friends: A. C. H., Mrs. W. B. W., Mrs. J. H., Mrs. A., L. M., Mrs. C. P., Mother, L. M. B., M. H. J., Mrs. E. J. P., Mrs. S. F. Y., Mrs. L. P., Mrs. V. W., Mrs. L. F. E., and A. R.

A new discovery about skin beauty

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YOU probably think, like many others, that the skin eruptions that so often mar a clear, beautiful skin are merely external skin troubles. But they are not.

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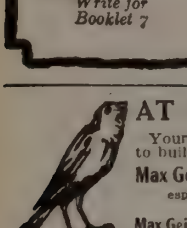

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

R. W. F., Kyle, Tex., asks: "Will you please give through the Mail-Bag some of the testimonies of great minds for Jesus Christ?"

As these testimonies may interest others as well as R. W. F., we give a few below: Theodore Parker wrote: "He unites in himself the sublimest precepts and divinest principles, thus more than realizing the dream of prophets and sages, rising free from all prejudices of his age, nation and sect, and pours out a doctrine beautiful as the light, sublime as heaven and true as God." Goethe called Him the divine Man, the type and model of all men. Renan declared Jesus, "The most beautiful incarnation of God, God in man. Great and beautiful, a thousand times more real than insipid earthly greatness or insipid earthly beauty." Strauss called Him the "highest object we can possibly imagine. . . . Never will it be possible to rise above Him or imagine any one who shall ever be equal with Him." Lecky, the great historian, declared: "The brief record of His short years has done more to soften and regenerate mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers or all the exhortations of materialists." Rabbi Kohler, a distinguished Jew, says, "Jesus, Keeper of the door, Friend of the sinner, Brother of the sufferer, Comfort of the sorrow-laden, Healer of the sick, Uplifter of the fallen, Lover of man, Redeemer of woman, we claim Him as our own." Napoleon declared, "Other conquerors founded their empires upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and millions would die for Him today. I understand men. Jesus Christ was more than a man. He was divine."

Mrs. A. W. G., Vevay, Ind.: "Please explain Rev. 12 : 7, 8, 9."

These verses have been much discussed by the ablest commentators. In Job 1 and 2, Satan appears in heaven as the accuser of the saints, and again in Zech. 3 : 1, 2. But at Christ's coming as our Redeemer, and His appearing before God as our Advocate, Satan, the accusing adversary, could no longer appear before God against us, but was cast out judicially (Rom. 8 : 33, 34). The casting out referred to in Revelations was the glorious result of Christ's triumph (see Luke 19 : 38 and Coloss. 1 : 20). This is a summary of the views of leading Bible expositors, as given in Jamieson, Fausett and Brown's Commentary, which adds: "It was fittingly ordered that, as the rebellion arose from unfaithful angels and their leader, so they should be overcome by faithful angels and their archangel in heaven. On earth, they are fittingly encountered and shall be overcome by the Son of Man and His armies of human saints." (Rev. 19 : 14-21.) The same authority further says: "From Christ down to the millennium, Satan is judicially cast out of heaven as the accuser of the elect, and shortly before the millennium, loses his power against Israel, and has sentence of expulsion fully executed on him and his by Michael. His rage on earth is consequently the greater, his power being concentrated on it, especially toward the end, when he 'knoweth that he hath but a short time.'"

Mary R., Rensselaer, Ind. Have sent your letter to the Prayer League.

Reader, Boone, Ia. You will find the whole field of prophecy and its latter-day application treated most exhaustively and satisfactorily in the new book by Dr. Patch, entitled "Prophecy Explained," now in press and for sale by the Christian Herald.

M. F., Sacramento, Calif. The passage in Matt. 16 : 24 is a searching test of character, which each may apply to himself. God's gifts, rightly used, become a blessing; abused and applied to selfish and evil purposes, they are the reverse.

Mrs. Charles Gibbs, Masonville N. J., writes: "As subscribers to your paper for the last thirty years we enjoy reading it very much. I am sending you a clipping which is self-explanatory. During our fifty years of married life the family altar has been the most prominent and successful factor. My husband for the past fifteen years has been pastor of the Christian Church at Bridgeboro, five miles from our home. During this time we have missed very few services. A few winters ago during our extra meetings which were held for five consecutive weeks we never missed a night, although we had to drive through all kinds of inclement weather. As our reward thirty-five converts were added to the great host who are traveling the narrow way. For nearly forty years, I was a teacher in the Sunday school, but for the past year and a half I have not been able to attend, owing to the fact that I have adopted two of my grandchildren."

Between 75 and 100 guests attended the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs. They have 14 children living 15 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren, besides a host of friends. The Christian Herald Family join with the others in cordial good wishes.

Reader, N. Y., writes: "Are not the commandments given by the Lord to Moses as binding now as when given to men? When I was young Sunday was a holy day, not a holiday as now. I never hear a minister preach on the Fourth Commandment."

The Christian is not under the law but under grace. This, however, does not free him from obligations; indeed, more is expected of him in the way of righteousness than if he were under the law. In some Christian churches the Decalogue is read at every forenoon service. The growing evil of desecrating the Lord's Day by making it a day of pleasure-seeking and amusement, and neglecting worship, is one that should be rebuked from every pulpit.

J. H. S. God does not tempt any one (see James 1 : 13). He may permit us to be placed in positions where, if left to our own resources, we would fall: but he does not tempt us to evil. A better rendering of the passage is "Leave us not in temptation," thus asking for strength to resist.

M. E. O., Ashland, Neb., writes: "Kindly explain what is meant in I Peter 3 : 19. Also, I Corinthians 15 : 29."

1. The passage in I Peter 3 : 19, 20 is one that has been much discussed. It is generally held that the preaching to the spirits "in prison" implies not the preaching of the Gospel, but the announcement of Christ's finished work. Nor does it imply a second day of grace. The spirits were clearly those of the Antediluvians. The passage, however, is mysterious and has puzzled Bible students in all time. Peter is the only Bible writer who mentions the occurrence, so that there are no other passages to shed light upon it. 2. Beuzel translated the familiar passage in I Cor. 15 : 29 thus: "Over the dead," or "immediately upon the dead," meaning those who will be gathered to the dead immediately after baptism. Many in the ancient church put off baptism till near death. The passage probably referred to some symbolical rite of baptism, or dedication of themselves to follow the dead even to death. Another view held by some expositors is that it was a custom to baptize certain persons with the names of the dead, in the hope that they might inherit their spirit and carry on their work.

Constant Reader, Lawrence, Kansas, writes: "I was reared in a home where my father never neglected the Family Altar. I am alone in the world but have always kept up the practice of silent grace at table, with the reading of a Christian Herald Meditation. When it is impossible for some members of the family to kneel, a very pleasant and informal way is to remain sitting at the table when one or more persons may contribute a verse from the Psalms, a verse from some hymn, some helpful thought for the day. It *is* possible and necessary in every home."

C. P. T., South Royalton, Vt., writes: "It is a pleasure to me to assure you that we have had a simple morning service of prayer and scripture reading for many years. We find it helpful, and greatly regret that the custom of maintaining family worship seems more and more to be omitted in Christian homes. This is the more to be regretted because there is such a crying need for more Christian education in the land."

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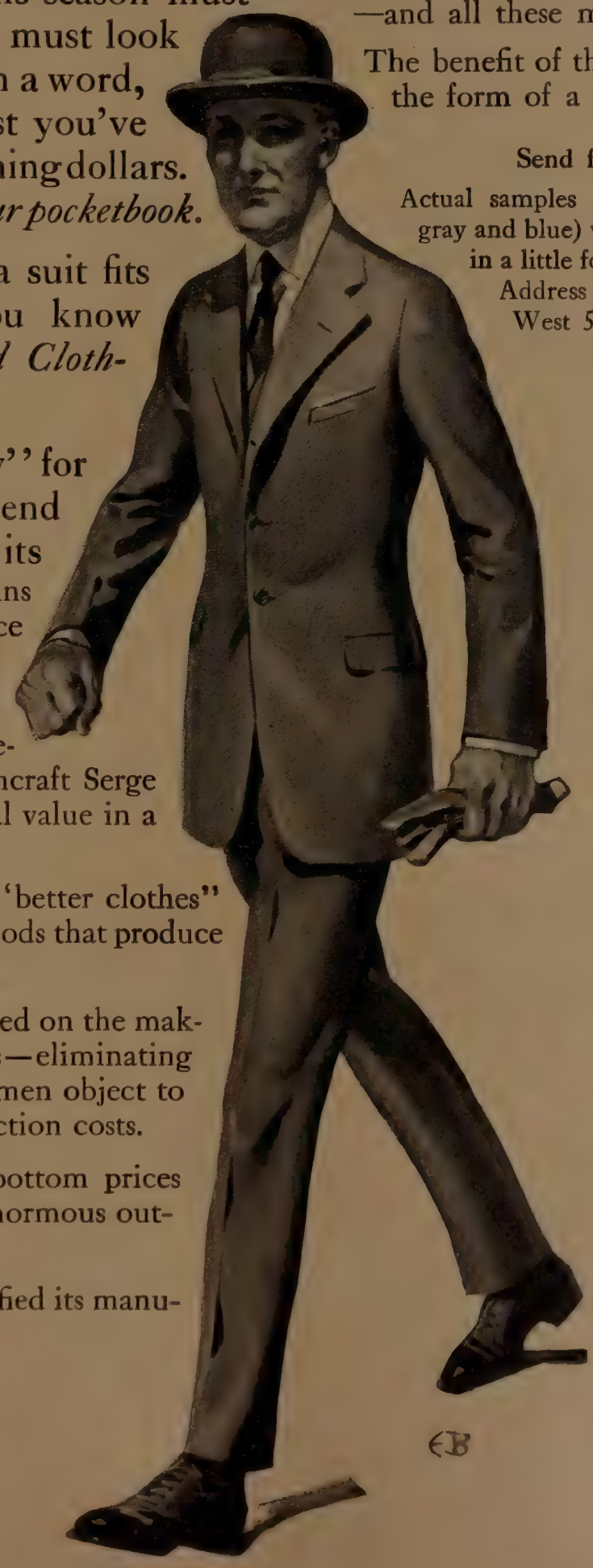

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A National Crisis in Unemployment

Conditions Are Serious, but Hopeful Aspects Are Present

By REV. WORTH M. TIPPY, D.D.

(Secretary of the Commission on the Church and Social Service)

THE announcement made by Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, on August 28, that President Harding will call a National conference on Unemployment at Washington in the near future, has caused universal approval and relief. As long ago as last March it was felt by social and church authorities that the time had come for convening such a conference, but the new Administration had not got its start. At last, however, the nation is aroused to the fact that America, too, is engulfed in the world's economic prostration. While this country is in the most fortunate position of any of the great powers, and is most able to come to the assistance of a starving people, such as the Russians, it has a colossal problem of need at home, which, together with imperative calls from overseas, will tax its resources to the utmost.

The unemployment situation in the United States September 1 is approximately as follows: Between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 men and women are out of work, and conditions over the country as a whole are not improving. The Industrial Employment Survey Bulletin, of the United States Employment Service, Department of Labor, for August, which is just off the press, announces a steady decline in employment. In a detailed study of 1,428 manufacturing concerns from every section of the country, employing over 501 men each, and representing a total of 1,628,134 employees on January 31, 1921, there was a decrease of 117,924 by July 31. This is indicative of what is taking place. One-sixth of the working population of the country is unemployed, and the curve of unemployment is as yet slowly descending.

THE report of the Department of Labor by territorial areas is instructive. New England reports widespread unemployment, part time in practically all lines, and retail sales falling off. In the Middle Atlantic States, including Pennsylvania, there is little change. The great steel industries of the Pittsburgh district are on an extremely low basis of production. The East North Central District (centering in Chicago) reports pessimism as to the immediate future, due to deferred industrial improvement and unsatisfactory retail trade. These districts cover the great manufacturing centers where the situation is worst.

The South Atlantic States, from Maryland to Florida, which include the great cotton mills of the South, report textiles and steel not improving, coal at a low ebb, but building active, railroad employment increasing, and an undertone of confidence.

The great agricultural states of the Northern Mississippi Valley, from Missouri and Kansas to North Dakota and Minnesota, report a bumper wheat crop, plenty of harvesters and much road-building. These favorable factors have relieved unemployment and stimulated other industries. Much the same conditions exist in Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana, although serious unemployment exists in most industrial and shipping centers of these states.

The Mountain District, extending from Canada to the Mexican border, reports mining depressed, but agriculture and other industries encouraging. The Pacific Division, including California, Oregon and Washington, reports widespread unemployment, farm help plentiful and a partial recovery in lumber.

The West is fortunate in that there is much road-building and public improvements. Wichita, for example, is building 1,000 residences, 2 theaters, several school buildings, commercial structures, a grain elevator and thirty miles of road. Winona, Minn., and Sacramento, are likewise saved by public works. Enormous road construction is under way throughout Oregon, Washington and the northern and central mountain states, which relieves the strain in those areas. The manufacturing cities of the East and Middle West, however, are almost solidly depressed.

The picture, while dark, is not without hopeful aspects. The one great fact is that out of an industrial population of 30,000,000 workers at least 24,000,000 are working, although many of them on part time, and are, therefore, in a position to help carry those who are out of work until industry revives. Of the five to six million out of work, it is to be remembered that between two and three million, or 10 per cent. of the total, are idle at any given time. This is due to many causes, the principal of which are, voluntary quitting of work, changes in employment, sickness, business failures, bad management, seasonal work, shiftlessness, approaching age.

The situation has improved in the agricultural states and in a few industrial centers. Public works, especially road-building, is taking up the slack in a few states, and some communities have found a way to finance building construction to relieve the shortage in housing, and this is operating to reduce unemployment. The reports indicate also a great amount of part-time work. Employers very generally are trying to hold their employees together, distributing work so as to make it possible for families to live.

The industrial depression began in June and July of 1920, now fourteen months ago. How has it been possible for so many men to be idle over so long a time without bread-lines and pronounced social unrest? No man knows enough about America as a whole to answer that question fully, but the following considerations answer it broadly:

The workers, especially the foreign-born workers, laid aside money during the war and for a year and a half following the armistice, and they have had this to draw upon. These reserves are now becoming exhausted. Applications for work and for financial assistance at the Charity Organization Society, New York, during this August increased greatly over August of 1920, indicating that savings are gone and the pinch is being felt.

In the second place the workers help each other. Those in a family who are employed carry along those who are out of work. Credits have also been extended all along the line by retail shops, but the possibilities of these credits are limited.

Employers as a rule have been anxious to care for their men and their families. They have learned that it pays to keep the working force together. They are strongly influenced also by human considerations. Mr. Gompers is wrong in expressing wholesale condemnation of employers, although there is truth in what he says. I have been in most large industrial centers and in many of the smaller ones during the year, and I have been impressed and heartened by the spirit of employers. Instead of taking advantage of the situation thousands of firms are jeopardizing their capital to keep men at work.

IN SPITE of all alleviating circumstances, however, the fact remains that between five and six million men and women are out of work, with the situation not improving. Their resources have been largely exhausted from months of idleness, and winter is approaching. Cheap lodging-houses are filled to capacity and in the cities thousands of men are sleeping in parks. The nation faces probably the gravest unemployment crisis in its history. The time has come for action on a large scale.

I have given these reassuring facts to make it clear that we are strong enough to do whatever needs to be done, but we shall need all our strength. Recovery will be slow, and it has not yet set in, for we have not yet hit bottom. It is a terrible thing for five million bread-winners to be out of work for many months. I wish every man who is employed or making money could sit in the office of an Associated Charities Association, and see with his own eyes these anxious, intelligent, dependable men and women seeking help.

The President's Conference on Unemployment will shortly give out recommendations to the nation, to which all good and patriotic people will give heed. Meanwhile, certain things which should be done are clear and admit of no delay.

Relative should help relative; neighbor, neighbor; friend, friend.

Employers should go the limit in keeping men at work, especially men with families or dependents.

Industrial communities which have not done so should at once study the problem of public works, with a view to giving employment on productive work.

The local Charity Organization and relief societies of most industrial centers will be able to care for necessitous cases, if they are given the funds. One of the first things to do, therefore, in every community is to provide this finance. It must be big-visioned and generous, or it will miserably fail of its opportunity.

THE present crisis offers a great opportunity to the Church of Christ to express the Christian spirit in quick and generous action. First of all it is a time for intensified pastoral visitation. Homes in which the bread-winners have been long out of work are sorely tried. The friendship of the Church is then a great comfort and strength. A Church is also strong enough to tide over any of its families known to be in actual need. If it does not do so its religion is but skin deep. Under ordinary circumstances enough work can be obtained to keep going those men whose families are in actual distress, if pastors will call up factories and stores for partial employment, or if they will organize to find odd jobs about homes. The men's club or brotherhood might assume the responsibility.

The church people, especially pastors, should not hesitate to take the lead in arousing and organizing their communities, first to discover by investigation just what the need may be, and second to set up measures to meet the need. The churches are recognized as disinterested, and they should not hesitate to act. If they do take the lead they should get all the forces of the community together, being careful to include labor.

The unfortunate people who depend on the missions and the Salvation Army should not be forgotten. These societies will need reinforcement during the winter. If necessary, church kitchens and social rooms should be opened, but as a rule this is neither necessary nor expedient. Sensational and critical methods should be avoided. To be out of work and forced to accept help is enough humiliation.

One can not refrain from a word as to the more distant future. Mr. Hoover is wise in proposing that the National Conference on Unemployment shall discuss methods by which employers and employees may establish better relations. That is enormously important; seven million men were idle on an average of thirty days each during 1920 because of strikes. Deep industrial evils underlie unemployment, many or all of which may be removed or greatly alleviated. This is a time to re-establish the Federal system of employment exchanges.

The British system of unemployment insurance, and the systematic organization of public works in relation to unemployment, should be studied by Federal, state and municipal officials. Corporations should prepare to set aside sinking funds to provide for their employees in periods of idleness as well as for dividends on idle capital. Underneath all lies the study of economic depressions and the better co-ordination of the industry of the country as a whole.

THE call by the President for a national conference on unemployment and the publication of surveys of unemployment made in all parts of the country have centered interest in this big problem. Probably no man is in closer touch with the whole situation than Dr. Tippy and we asked him to give us his impressions in this article. In the main, he seems to feel that things will be worse before they are better. Many signs of improvement in the great agricultural belt and an awakened sense of responsibility by employers in industrial centers, however, make us feel that Dr. Tippy may be unduly apprehensive as to the future. Reports that come to the office of the Christian Herald indicate, in fact, that the tide already has turned and that in most parts of the country the economic pressure is lightening in some small measure.

Iceland, an "Almost Perfect State"

A Glimpse at Life in the Picturesque Island Nation

By K. ARMADOTTIR

A REMOTE island nation where war is a distant rumor; where capitalists are few and the poor still fewer; where there is no such thing as illiteracy; where daylight-saving is not necessary, because there is daylight most of the time—this sounds like the "almost perfect state," but in reality it is Iceland.

Before the war this island country of 93,000 inhabitants belonged to Denmark. Like the other Scandinavian nations, Denmark very early in the war became like the lamb between a wolf and a bear. She could not move without fear of becoming a prey to one side or the other, could hardly help herself, much less her island possession lying remote from the world in the northern seas.

Iceland was left to manage her own affairs. On account of long winters and short, rather cold summers, the island must import grain from other countries, while it exports meat and fish. Now the people of Iceland, descendants of those ancient Vikings, each of whom was as free as a king, have a passionate love for freedom. They had long wished to take their foreign affairs as well as the rule of the homeland into their own hands. Here was an opportunity which fired the enthusiasm of the liberal party and the optimistic young people. Envoys were sent to New York and London to provide for protection of the trade from the Allies. Their requests were heeded no less than those from the big nations.

In the summer of 1918 a committee elected partly by the Danish and partly by the Icelandic Parliament met in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland. As a result of this convocation Iceland became, on December 1, 1918, an independent and sovereign state, in union with Denmark. Since 1915 the Icelanders have had their own flag, which is a blue field with a red cross in the center and white stripes between the blue and the red. On December 1, 1918, this became a marine as well as a home flag, and occasionally can be seen waving on Icelandic boats in New York harbor. The national emblem for the new state is to bear the images of four guardian spirits—a dragon, a bird, a bull, and a giant, which, according to an ancient legend, saved Iceland from the attack of the Danish king, Harold Gormsson.

THIS old story of how the guardian spirits of Iceland kept out the foreign invader might be said to typify the Icelander's love of independence and his reluctance to allow the entrance into his country of any foreign elements which might endanger his nationality and native tongue. For the modern Iceland is not. Immigration is discouraged, for fear the incoming foreigners would not submit to the Icelandic customs; the schools would have to use the foreign language; and the Icelandic tongue would become confused with foreign words.

To those who have been brought up in a country whither foreigners have been invited in, and where amalgamations of languages, races and nationalities are frequent, this may sound amazing. The Icelanders have never seen an Eskimo, an Indian or a colored man in their country. The Mongolian and Slavic people are also unknown there. The purest branch of the Germanic or Gothic race has struck root in this attractive though somewhat sterile island. There they have for centuries kept pure the tongue which generated the modern Scandinavian tongues, and which might also be called one parent to the English language.

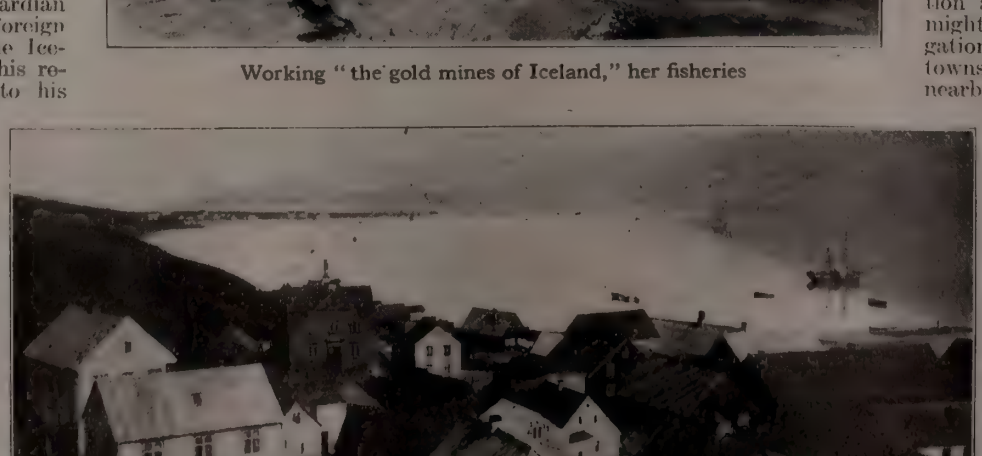
There they have written the history of the whole Teutonic or Gothic race and given it to the world. There they have preserved the myths and religious traditions of the race. There they have fought ice, fire, and disaster of various kinds, unaided by the world beyond their shores. There they have finally become a prosperous, self-governing people. The mere thought of risking their nationality for the development of manufacturing institutions makes every real Icelander sick.

This reluctance to admit foreign labor into the country of course increases the problems of industrial development. In the utilization of the natural water power of the island lies one of the greatest possibilities for its future prosperity. Glacier-fed rivers, flowing down from the white-capped mountains through rocky riverbeds, have resulted in great numbers of remarkable waterfalls. In former days these were not thought of as means of producing power; they were looked at only by the eyes of wanderers, visiting them occasionally as one of the great phenomena of creation. The devotee saw in them the image of God's power; the musician heard the voice of God in the most harmonious melodies; the poet felt their sympathy and spoke to them as friends and comrades; lovers told them of their happiness; the sorrowful and weary sat at their feet, forgetting themselves in admiration. But the practical man came and watched them, calculating how many horsepower each had, and how much money it would cost to "bridle" them for the use of the people. In many cases these practical men were travelers from other lands, who had eyes to see their value as sources of enormous wealth.

"How interesting," such a man would muse, "to know if they were to be bought! Even if one did not utilize them, it would at least be great fun to be the owner of a waterfall in Iceland!" A detour, to see the owner of the land lying near the waterfall, would be made. The innocent farmer could not resist the gold. The traveler would go triumphant on his way.

The sturdy Iceland ponies are an important factor in transportation in a land without railroads

Working "the gold mines of Iceland," her fisheries



A view of Reykjavik, Iceland's capital, where life is simple

WHEN the government woke up to the fact that a great many waterfalls were in the possession of foreign speculators, the Icelandic Parliament, the Althing, in 1917 appointed a committee to study the question and to plan how the country itself might make use of its waterfalls. Investigation showed that already a few small towns had for several years worked the nearby waterfalls to produce electric lights, while some farmers had also been so "extravagant" as to make use of the "white coal" for the illumination and heating of their farmhouses, and even for cooking. A few small factories were run by power produced in the same way. But the capital of the country, Reykjavik, is supplied only with gas. The mistake of using gas instead of utilizing the water power close at hand, was realized in 1917 when the price of coal, most of which is imported from Scotland, soared to $85 a ton.

A few corporations for the development of enterprises in connection with the waterfalls were formed in Denmark and Norway, in which a few Icelanders were partners. The government of Iceland could not be arbitrary to the point of refusing to sanction these transactions.

After having carried on in-

Continued on page 652

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

A Story of a City Church

Instalment Three

CHAPTER VI

By MARION HARLAND

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

"THE Stirred Nest" is a story—and a tragedy—as old as Eden, yet so common today as to be sickeningly true, except as to details. "I had hoped to die in my nest" is a moan wrung from the heart of the dispossessed home-lover today, as naturally as the like lament broke from the lips of the afflicted patriarch countless centuries ago.

Stuart Haile had breathed it in the ear of the all-pitying Father as he addressed and sealed the letter that conveyed his acceptance of the call to the Banner Church after a struggle as real and severe as the wrestle at the ford of Jabbok, and it as truly left a life-long trace upon the mortal man.

Like the good soldier he was, Haile carried himself right gallantly in the sight of the small world whose eyes were upon him. After one frank outpouring of his racked soul to his wife, he made no moan, and she seconded him bravely. To the protest and tearful petitions rained upon her, as she stood between her husband and the throng of parishioners and neighbors, she had but one reply in spirit and in substance:

"You can not love us more than we love you. The parting can not be a greater trial to you than it is to us. But we are persuaded that we are obeying the call of God to another field of labor for Him."

She said, and thought she spoke truly, that the heavier part of the burden fell upon her husband. His was the responsibility of the decision, and if he had misunderstood the Divine will, he would bear the penalty of it so long as he lived. Underlying the fierce energy with which she threw herself into the work of demolition and reconstruction of domestic plans was the fervent prayer "without ceasing" that strength and light might not be wanting in the dark and cloudy day. Even Stuart did not guess what it cost her to be her cheery, voluble self within sight of all. God knew! That should have been enough for the willing spirit, but the flesh suffered sore.

The removal to the city was to be in the middle of December. Two weeks before the day set for the flitting, she had a call from Mrs. Barrows, the wife of her husband's old friend. The two women had met several times in town, and twice Dr. and Mrs. Barrows had run out for a day at the Parsonage. This time the elder of the twain had a special errand. She broached the subject within five minutes after she had taken her seat in the library, which as yet bore no signs of the contemplated upheaval.

"This doesn't look much like moving day," she remarked, glancing approvingly around the well-appointed room. "I was almost afraid to come today for fear of interfering with the awful business of packing up and all that."

"We like to keep up the fiction of a home as long as possible," smiled the hostess. As was her wont she wore a white morning dress; her hair, neck-gear and all the accessories of the simple toilette were in perfect order. There were no signs of flurry or unrest in demeanor and speech.

"Not to do it would not be fair to Mr. Haile and the children," she added.

"You are altogether right, my dear, but it isn't every woman who has the common sense to understand that and the very uncommon sense to practice it. My husband has told me that you are a capital housewife and manager. I can readily believe it. I ought not to trespass upon your time and strength just now, but I came out to Marlinton expressly to beg that you and Mr. Haile will be our guests at the time of the Unique Demonstration—that is the name it goes by with Mr. Ford and his helpers—to come off in the church parlors next Tuesday week. Come to us on Monday, if you can, and bring the children if convenient. We have lots of room. Now, don't begin to remonstrate! As your old friends, we have a right to claim you, and will take no refusal."

Recovering from her surprise at the invitation and the warmth with which it was expressed, Mrs. Haile explained that, anticipating the expediency of passing one night at least in town, she had engaged an elderly and trustworthy woman, one of their parishioners who was very fond of the boy and girl, to care for them during the absence of the parents.

Mrs. Barrows nodded satisfiedly.

"That will dispose of the little folks, and leave you free for The Occasion. And you must come to us for a day and night at the least, and as much longer as you can. I am hoping that I may be of some service to you after we get to be neighbors. You see, I am an old stager and, maybe, can give you a few points with regard to—well, *things!* that crop out in the life of a pastor's wife—Heaven help them all! Mr. Barrows and I are both very fond of Mr. Haile and charmed at the idea of having him—and you—in New York. I don't mean to be officious, but you will let me play the older sister to you if you ever need me in any capacity. You comprehend my intentions?"

"I do—perfectly, and am more grateful to you than I can express. Of course Marlinton is, in a manner, a sort of suburb of New York. Every village within a hundred miles of great Gotham is that, you know. But we are quiet people with ideas upon some subjects handed down to us from ancestors—particularly where churchly usages are concerned. For example—you see how eagerly I catch at your sisterly offer—as to this—*twin* demonstration of Mr. Ford's, it is to be a full-dress affair, I suppose? Before we go into particulars, let me say how very gratefully we shall accept your most kind invitation. We had expected to spend that night at a hotel—"

MRS. BARROWS' gesture of horrified protest required no backing of words, but she supplied it. In strong terms so evidently sincere that the auditor received them in all good faith, she reiterated her invitation and the desire to be of service to the newcomers according to the best of her ability, passing without preamble to Mrs. Haile's last question.

"Full dress—*of* course! Not dancing costume, since the exhibition is to be in a church drawing-room. But dress coats for all the men who happen to own them, and evening gowns—not too décolleté!—for the women. Can I be of any service to you in the line of selecting a dressmaker, or in any other way?"

Mrs. Haile laughed good-humoredly.

"It happens that I have an evening-gown I have never worn which was made by a woman who served her apprenticeship with a New York *modiste*. Would you mind"—lured into intimacy by the unmistakable friendliness of her guest—"if I brought it down to show it to you? You may be willing to tell if it will be too—well!—youthful for a matron of my age." Receiving a cordial affirmative, she tripped out of the room, and presently returned with the garment in question over her arm.

Mrs. Barrows uttered an exclamation of delight as the gown was spread out upon the lounge at full length. It was a white Japanese fabric, exquisite in texture and softness, embroidered richly upon the waist and sleeves with white silk and silver. The owner explained briefly in displaying it that a navy officer, a friend of her husband, had brought the material home after a voyage. It was selected for him by an English woman resident in Japan.

"*Of* course!" commented Mrs. Barrows, touching the embroidered sleeve tenderly. "No *man* would know enough to select it. And you look so well in white. Mr. Haile likes to see you wear it, doesn't he?"

Anita blushed.

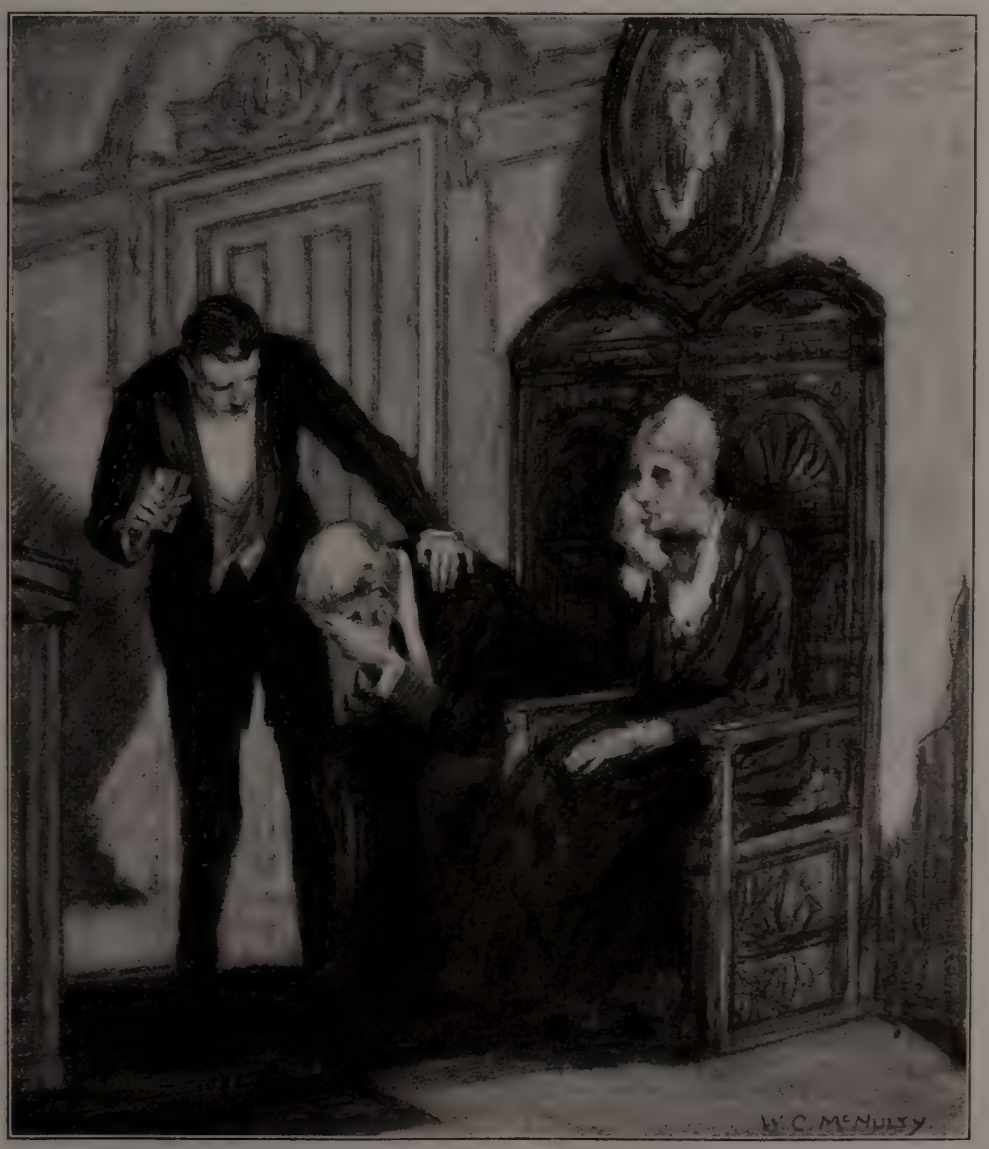
"How did you guess that?"

"Because I know him and I have heard him talk of you. Not that he ever alluded to your dress. My dear! You could not have chosen more wisely. How proud the Bannerites will be of you! A word in your ear, my child! Don't give them an opportunity to patronize you now or ever. I know some of the foremost of the workers in that church. Mr. Barrows shouted with laughter when I named one of them, whom you will know before long—'the Leading Lady of the Troupe.' That isn't for publication you know. She is a handsome widow millionairess in her own right and a born commander-in-chief. Not a bad sort, though. She is liberal and energetic and doesn't expect anybody else to work as she does. You'll like her—on the whole. By the way, perhaps Mr. Haile has professional scruples against wearing a dress-coat—'a claw-hammer tail,'

Continued on page 650

What Has Gone Before

SILAS FORD, the dominant figure in the fashionable Banner Church in New York City, is profoundly impressed while on a visit to the home of Robert Lawson in Marlinton, a few miles distant, by the preaching of Rev. Stuart Haile, whose ten-year pastorate there has been extraordinarily happy and successful. The leaders of the Banner Church have determined on the resignation of their pastor, Rev. Dr. Samuel Stetson, because they believe that at the age of sixty-three he is too old for the best interests of a modern city church conducted with strict regard for business-like efficiency, and a committee goes to Marlinton to hear and see the minister whom Mr. Ford had proclaimed to be a "find." Rev. Mr. Haile's first intimation of the call comes in a letter from Rev. Dr. Calvin Barrows, a New York pastor, who urges its acceptance because of the larger opportunities for Christian service. Mr. Ford follows it up with a personal call on the minister, who regretfully decides to accept.



While the room rang with resounding palms and exclamations, Dr. Stenson made an effort to rise, fell back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

A Personal Word

A LITTLE over a year and a half ago the Editor-in-Chief of the Christian Herald, as he took over the new task of an editor after thirty years in the pastorate, said a few words to the family of Herald readers and among other things asked his readers to remember that he would no doubt say some things the readers of the paper would not agree to, and also asked for honest criticism.

The readers of the Christian Herald are evidently men and women with very dedecided views of their own. In that respect they are somewhat like the editor. And during the eighteen months past, the letters that have come to him personally have expressed very frankly the feelings of the subscribers either for or against the views often held by the editorials. It is somewhat gratifying to the editor that letters of approval have outnumbered those of disapproval or condemnation. Editors are just human beings like farmers and carpenters and grocers and doctors, and they are just as much pleased to have their opinions and convictions praised as for example, you are.

This seems like a good time to say a few things that the readers of a paper like the Christian Herlad probably know already, but are willing good-naturedly to let the editor say again.

Editorials, like any other kind of public utterance, are not infallible or free from the possibility of mistake or error. As for example, the editorial a little while ago about the agitation in India led by Ghandi was severely criticized by a subscriber in India, as full of error in giving to Ghandi the influence that was accorded him. Yet the very next mail brought a letter from a friend in India corroborating all that the editorial had emphasized, and added even more to the statements. All of which goes to show how hard it is for the newspapers to get the exact facts always. For example, what is very true of the social and political conditions in one part of Russia is contradicted in another part. One of New York's greatest dailies has lately been taken to task for giving very false accounts of conditions relating to the Soviet government, and exactly diverse statements about Russia are being made by different writers in different magazines.

Mr. Bryan's article provoked considerable criticism, but several correspondents were specially pleased with it. Of course, the readers of the Herald are aware of the fact that the editor does not necessarily hold the same views that are held by the contributors, any more than the staff of editors on the paper are always agreed on matters of philosophy or politics or plans for social reform.

The editor is taking occasion to remind his readers that if he makes mistakes, or says things that cut across the grain with his readers, he is simply claiming his right to express his own convictions, and if they are wrong, to say so later on and keep after the truth as fast as it is made known to him. But he is not infallible, he is not an encyclopedia of knowledge that never makes mistakes, he is very human, and sometimes purposely exaggerates in order to make a mark, possibly leaning sometimes toward caricature in order to make people do their own questioning.

After all, the editor is thankful for the kindly letters, even those of protest, that have come to him. He can not recall many communications that were angry or hardly impolite. He has tried to answer all letters that were capable of answer. But he is taking occasion here to reply to the hundreds of letters that he has received during the last eighteen months, and which he has not been able to answer personally. Thank you, members of the Christian Herald Family, for your frank and open criticism and commendation. The editor hopes to profit by them both.

CHARLES M. SHELDON.

For Peace Endorsement

THE forces of the Church are rolling up a nearly unanimous demand that the Washington Conference, to convene on November 11, find a way to world peace through disarmament. The Peace Endorsement movement inaugurated under the auspices of the Christian Herald has extended into every section of the country and is contributing largely to a sudden awakening to the necessity of a public demonstration of the people's will. The men and women of the United States are convinced that it is unnecessary for them to exist under a burden of war expenditures that exceeds 75 per cent. of the total national outlay each year, and they are determined that some measures for relief be taken.

If you want to join in this movement, make a copy of the resolutions which have appeared in previous issues of the Christian Herald and have them signed by your pastor and church board as representative of the congregation. Then send the signed resolutions to "Peace Endorsement Committee," Christian Herald, Bible House, New York City. At the same time arrange with your pastor that a part of each service on November 6 be devoted to a consideration of disarmament and world peace.

The time before the Conference meets is short. Do not delay.

Why Not Try It?

ONE Saturday afternoon lately a remarkable meeting was held in Hyde Park, London. First there was a parade, led by a choir and a band of music. Then the marching thousands were grouped in front of seven stands and arranged in a great circle, and from the platforms forty-nine speakers delivered addresses on the social message of Christianity. At the close a very unusual series of resolutions was read simultaneously from all the platforms. These resolutions recognized "the collapse of the existing economic, industrial and social order," and "the blindness of statesmanship," and urged all to recognize the fact that the true solution of the situation could be found only by applying the principles of Christianity. They further declared expressly that "the persistent refusal to apply these principles of truth, justice and brotherly love is a denial of Jesus Christ, who lived and died for their establishment on earth." Therefore the meeting called upon all Christian people to find in the failure of the old system a supreme opportunity for the building up of the new order, brotherly co-operation.

This great gathering was made of all classes. There were the representatives of many religions, including most of the leading Protestant denominations, together with Catholics, Unitarians, and Quakers. On the platforms were many of the foremost Christian ministers in Great Britain, college presidents, professors, and others. There was no advocacy of violence. The whole demonstration took place in clear view of Kensington Palace and only a few minutes' walk from the Houses of Parliament. And the outstanding feature of the entire occasion was the proclamation of Christianity as the true solvent of all the troubles of the world.

In how many of our own public gatherings do we fail to recognize Jesus Christ and His teachings as the real solution of our difficulties? Can we not point to many tense situations, and to many a clash between capital and labor which, if the Master's teachings had been applied, might have been averted and pacific adjustment reached? Might not the whole trouble between miners and militia in the Mingo area of West Virginia have been averted, and the trouble healed without bloodshed if the spirit and teachings of Christ had been applied by both owners and men?

There are many who hold that a clearer understanding of the West Virginia situation would reveal that all that is needed to set matters right is the application of simple justice, which has not even been attempted. Instead of a free and impartial inquiry, the arm of force has been rigorously used with lamentable results, when the whole trouble might have been cleared and lawlessness and suffering avoided.

Brewers On Top

DURING the war, an English farmer was arrested for feeding his best grade of barley to his pigs, instead of selling it to the brewers. His case was tried before the board of magistrates in the farmer's town, and he, being a confirmed prohibitionist, pleaded his own case, and asked not to be judged strictly by the letter of the law, inasmuch as the army needed pork, as much as beer, and he was providing it with an essential article of food, and therefore he was a patriotic citizen of the Empire. The board of magistrates took his case under advisement for over two hours, but finally brought in a verdict of guilty, and fined the farmer twenty-five pounds, which he was obliged to pay.

At about the same time, a London restaurant keeper in the business of feeding thousands of dock laborers, who were very important to the carrying on of the war, received a consignment of sugar very much needed in the restaurant, and paid for in advance by the restaurant keeper. But the director of the port of London commandeered all the sugar at the request of the brewers and turned over the entire shipload to them.

All through the war, the brewers' goods had right of way on English railways, and merchants had the pleasure of seeing their goods sidetracked while the brewers' cars rolled quickly on their way through the merchants' towns and by their warehouses.

At the present moment the cable dispatches say that drunkenness in England has increased by 65 per cent. this last year. A letter to the editor from a prominent official in the government of Great Britain says that the brewers are apparently more powerful with the government than they have ever been, and he is pessimistic about anything short of a complete reversal of all public sentiment being great enough to bring about prohibition or anything near to it.

It is not easy for the average American citizen to realize the social, political and even religious power of the established brewer in England. It looks at present as if the liquor forces were very much on top in Great Britain. Perhaps nothing will bring him down except the economic loss which England will inevitably sustain if the drinking habits of the people rob the workers of their efficiency, and compel the business interests to take notice that other countries are beating England in the market. If that becomes an issue, as seems likely at the rate drunkenness is increasing, Great Britain will have to reverse her long-continued servility to the brewers, and they will have to come down from their bad eminence, or England herself will have to yield commercially to the nations that have adopted and are enforcing prohibition with increased efficiency for productiveness and economic wealth.

The Law of Kindness

BROTHERLY kindness, the solvent of the world's woes, the sovereign healer of antagonisms, is already having its way in Russia. It is the same spirit which was illustrated in the parable of the Good Samaritan and which recognizes every man in distress as our neighbor and worthy of a helping hand and a kindly word, regardless of all differences and distinctions and even of past conduct. In the case of Russia the fact of the application of this Christly principle is the outstanding thing. How little we hear today of the plans for overturning world civilization, which were so rife only a few months ago. All bitterness seems to have died out in the presence of the terrible affliction Russia is called to face. Hostility among nations has suddenly been transformed to hospitality, and following America's sympathetic leadership, they are now vying with each other in earnest efforts to save the perishing multitudes who were lately enemies.

We are glad that our own land is at the front of this greatest of benevolences, and all the more that Russia is the beneficiary. Our relief ships, flying the Stars and Stripes, which brought the first carloads of American flour and milk, cereal and sugar to Riga and Reval, were but the advance-guards of the squadrons now on the way. What a glorious thing to be assured that those first shipments of ours will feed approximately 30,000 and that the 6,000 cases of milk will save at least half that number of little children's lives! Our help has already reached Petrograd and we may hope soon to hear that it is in Moscow, where the starving multitudes from the surrounding country are sitting in the streets anxiously waiting for its coming.

We in America have faith that Russia can be saved, and that when the storm of suffering is past, it will be seen that the armies of helpfulness have not only kept her people alive, but that they have been given a new vision of the meaning of brotherly kindness. So may good for all come through Russia's suffering, and a brighter day dawn for her unfortunate people.

The World News of the Week

Federal Troops Restore Peace in West Virginia Coal-Fields

THE disorders in the Mingo coal-fields of West Virginia, where for months the United Mine Workers and the operators of non-union mines have been engaged in a bitter struggle which has been marked by numerous fatalities, have reached a stage of open warfare which has made necessary the despatch of Federal troops to the district.

With thousands of armed men lined up in battle array and fatal clashes between outposts a daily occurrence as the miners threatened to invade the non-union area, President Harding issued a proclamation commanding "all persons engaged in said unlawful and insurrectionary proceedings to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes" on or before noon of September 1. This action was the preliminary step required by the Constitution before sending Federal troops into a state to restore order, the West Virginia governor having appealed for aid because he lacked forces adequate to deal with the situation.

The time limit fixed by the President passed with the armed bands still in their positions; and Brigadier-General Harry H. Bandholtz, commander of the newly created military district of Washington, which includes the Mingo district, telegraphed from Charleston a request for Federal troops. Meanwhile a light bombing squadron, consisting of fifteen airplanes, had been sent from Langley Field to Charleston; and three infantry regiments awaited only the order to entrain, so that the Federal action was prompt when word was given for intervention.

No resistance was offered to the Federal troops as they reached the mining area, and several hundreds of those in the armed bands surrendered, while others scattered to their homes.

The number of casualties in the skirmishes preceding the despatch of Federal soldiers could only be guessed at, but rumors that forty or fifty miners had been killed were discounted and it was believed the loss of life had been twelve or fifteen. Only scouts had been engaged in the actual fighting along the fifteen-mile battle front, and in the wooded, mountainous country it was easy to find cover, so that losses were light. The defensive force of mine guards, deputy sheriffs, state troopers and volunteers was estimated at 1,400 and was armed with machine-guns, while the number of would-be invaders was placed at 5,000.

A Senate committee began an inquiry into the West Virginia troubles several months ago and is to resume its labors in a few days. So far it has not fixed the responsibility for a situation which is a disgrace to the nation, and it is to be expected that a considerable period will elapse before it reports. The inhabitants of the district are largely Americans of old stock and the avowed issue of the struggle has been recognition of the union, the mine-owners having resisted bitterly the attempts to unionize the district.

International

ONE OF THE TENT VILLAGES IN WHICH THE FAMILIES OF MINGO STRIKERS ARE LIVING

Many have known no other homes for months, as the labor troubles in this coal-field developed into what President Harding termed "unlawful and insurrectionary proceedings"

At Work on Silesian Issue

THE Council of the League of Nations to which the Silesian controversy was referred after the British and French Premiers had been unable to agree on a compromise, has in turn referred the dispute to a commission of four in which none of the nations most interested is represented. This commission—consisting of Paul Hymans, Belgium; Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo, China; Count Quinones de Leon, Spain; and Dr. Gaston de Cunha, Brazil—began its work immediately after the Council had adjourned, and was attempting to get away from all the controversies which previously have blocked a settlement. This commission will need to study the situation thoroughly and is authorized to hear all experts except those who already have been involved in the discussions, so that an early report is improbable regarding the situation which so seriously threatened the Franco-British entente.

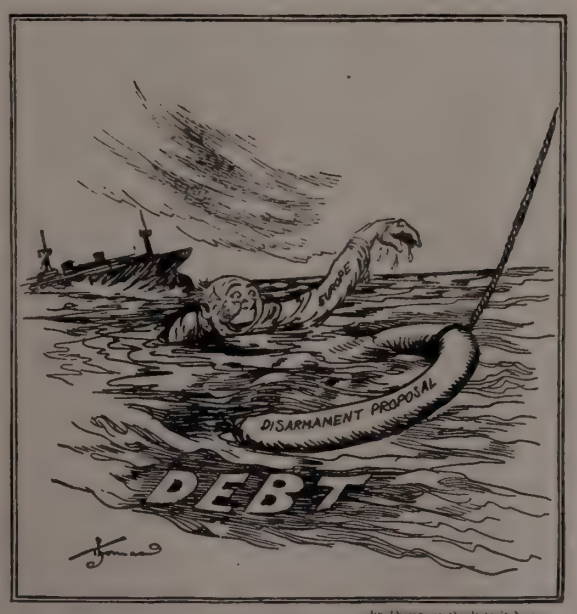
When the commission has decided on the basis of settlement which it considers fair, its recommendations will be submitted to the full Council of the League for final decision. On this Council, the representative of any one nation can block action, so to the casual observer the issue appears little nearer settlement than when Lloyd George and Briand disagreed.

The old Polish-Lithuanian dispute over Vilna, which the League has been attempting to settle for many months, cropped up again at the Council's session and there was elation over a belief that it has been adjusted by dividing the disputed territory into two Lithuanias, that of the district of Kovno to be independent and that of the district of Vilna to be under Polish supervision. This elation proved to be premature, however, as it had not been approved by both of the interested parties.

Obregon Again Rejects Treaty

THAT Mexico continues to refuse its assent to the conditions for recognition laid down by Secretary Hughes several weeks ago was shown by the message of President Obregon to the Mexican Congress. In it he reiterated that the signing of a treaty with the United States is "neither possible, convenient, nor necessary, and is contrary to Mexican constitutional precepts, in that it creates special privileges for Americans"—a declaration which brought prolonged applause from the members of Congress and spectators. He asserted that the terms to be imposed by the United States prior to recognition were unjustified and said Mexico asked for recognition only on the grounds of its legal and governmental ability to fulfill its international obligations, and cited the achievements of his régime in restoring order.

A recent decision by the Mexican Supreme Court that Article 27 of the Constitution is not to be interpreted retroactively offered hope of a settlement of one of the main points to be covered in a treaty, in the view of Washington, since it may afford a sufficiently comprehensive guarantee against confiscation of the property of Americans. But this decision does not cover many matters which were to be included in the treaty and it was held in State Department circles that a treaty would be the best means of assuring thorough understanding between the two countries.



by Thomas in the Detroit News

THE INVITATION IS CORDIALLY ACCEPTED

Harding on Disarmament

THERE was a note of optimism and yet of pessimism regarding the ultimate possibilities of disarmament in an address which President Harding delivered at the opening of the fall term of the Army War College.

"No matter where the best aspirations of the world may lead us," the President said, "no matter what tremendous and gratifying progress is made, there may never be a time without the necessity for armed forces in every government.

"I believe with all my heart we are coming to a time when we are going to diminish the burden of armament. I think there will be less of armies and less of navies. I wish it with all my heart, but there never can come a time when there is not a requisite agency for the maintenance of law and authority and for national defense. . .

"It has been a slow proceeding, and I believe we of America, without unseemly boasting, can say we have come the nearest to unselfish, conscientious warfare of any people of the world, and I pledge you now you will never be called to service during the present Administration for any war that you could not enter with all your heart."

Fighting Resumed in Belfast

IRELAND'S period of quiet under the truce arranged to permit peace negotiations has been rudely disturbed by a recurrence of street fighting in Belfast, where the factions never have observed the truce too loyally. Starting in streets in which the residents are of mixed political views and bickerings frequent, the clashes spread until a large portion of the city was involved and the opposing forces were firing at each other with rifles, pistols and all available weapons. The police failing to restore order, the Lord Mayor appealed to the military authorities and large numbers of soldiers in armored lorries were employed in separating the combatants. With the snipers well concealed, it was difficult to rout them out and sixteen persons were killed and scores wounded before a semblance of normal conditions was established.

The fighting in Belfast served to reawaken the bitterness throughout the island and to make more difficult the continuation of the peace negotiations. Eamonn de Valera's reply on behalf of the Sinn Fein cabinet to Premier Lloyd George's latest communication was less conciliatory in tone, reiterating the demand for independence, but it expressed a willingness to send plenipotentiaries to London for further conferences.

NEW YORK BONUS LAW OVERTHROWN. The New York Court of Appeals has declared unconstitutional the state law providing for the payment of a bonus to veterans of the world war, holding that it lends the credit of the state for the benefit of individuals. Five judges concurred in the decision and two dissented. Last fall the voters approved a $45,000,000 bonus bond issue by a large majority.

BIG NAVY DIRIGIBLE BURNED. The D-6, the American navy's newest and largest non-rigid dirigible, was destroyed by fire at the Rockaway Point Air Station on Long Island, together with the hangar and three smaller balloons. The D-6 was 200 feet long and cost $100,000. The fire, attributed to the ignition of gasoline fumes by a spark, started just twenty minutes before the D-6 was to have begun a flight to Lakehurst, N. J., to the hangar built for the ZR-2.

GREEKS DEFEAT TURKS. The Greek army has broken through the extreme left of the Turkish Nationalist army after seven days of desperate fighting and has crossed the Sakaria River in its drive toward Angora, the Nationalist capital. The Turks were compelled to retreat toward the northeast, with the Greeks in close pursuit.

LEAGUE ASSEMBLY IN SESSION. The second Assembly of the League of Nations has opened in Geneva, with thirty-nine countries represented. Jonkheer H. A. van Karnebeek, Holland's Foreign Minister, was chosen president.

The Touches of God

A Sermon by REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.*

TEXTS—Isa. 6 : 6-8; Ezek. 37 : 1; Hosea 14 : 5, and Mark 1 : 10 and 12.

STARTLING to His enemies and comforting to His friends is the fact that God is near enough to touch us at any moment; and in these Scriptures are revealed His five touches. (1) His Fire-Touch. (2) His Hand-Touch. (3) His Breath-Touch. (4) His Dew-Touch. (5) His Dove-Touch.

As a preparation for the fire-touch of God, the prophet is given a vision of the Lord "sitting upon a throne high and lifted up." The phrase "lifted up" takes us at once into the New Testament. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." "As Moses lifted up the Serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." Christ on the Cross is God at His best—"high and lifted up." As we see His wisdom and power in nature, He is enthroned high above all others; but on the Cross this enthroned God is still lifted up. His throne of grace is above all His other thrones. God has wisdom and power, but He is love, and in Christ on the Cross we see Him as He is.

The live coal is taken from the altar, and this brings us again to Calvary, the great altar upon which the Lamb of God was sacrificed. The merit of His atoning death is the only fire that can consume the guilt of sin.

A vision of God on His throne, "high and lifted up" convicts the prophet of sin. "Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." The index to genuine contrition is that he confesses his own sins first. Our temptation is to confess first the sins of others. While in New York, I heard many lamenting the wickedness of the city, and there was cause enough; but I heard no confession of personal sin. Beholding the sins of others may make us pharisaical in spirit. It is easy for us to feel that we are better than they. It was seeing "the king, the Lord of Hosts," which broke the prophet's heart for his own and then for the sins of his people. It is a vision of Christ on the Cross dying for our guilt which breaks our hearts for sin and turns us from it.

This fire-touch of God is a test of our sincerity. You can almost smell the odor of burning flesh, as the live coal is placed upon the prophet's lips. We are eager for the tongue of fire as at Pentecost. It is a great asset of power and insures success in our ministry. But we must secure the touch of fire if we would have the tongue of fire. God wants only clean vessels in which to carry to others the pure water of life. After the prophet had been cleansed by the fire-touch and not till then, God asked, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" While polluted by sin, you need not expect God to ask you to do anything for Him. Make full confession, receive the fire-touch of God from Calvary and then you are ready for service. The prophet could say then at once, "Here am I, send me."

AFTER the fire-touch of cleansing comes the hand-touch of power. "The hand of the Lord was upon me." It was a touch from above: what our Lord Jesus called "power from on high." There is power from behind. Happy the Christian or the church that has a good prestige! There is power from before in the thrill of hope. And there is a kind of power about us, made up of good influences, educational, social and financial. But all power from behind, from before and about us, is power on the level, and itself needs the touch of "power from on high," to be truly effective.

As I stood by Niagara Falls, listening to its roar and feeling the tremor of its rushing torrent, I thought of what a Yankee once said, "I cannot enjoy these Falls because there is such a waste of power." Well, if he will go there now, he can enjoy them, for on a level with the river in the gorge below the Falls is a power-house with wires radiating as far as Toronto. Buffalo is lighted and heated by Niagara Falls. The trolley cars get their motor power from Niagara Falls. The Sanatorium gets the tonic touch of health for its electric baths and the electric chair its thunderbolt of death from Niagara Falls. How is it done? The question is easily answered, if you will notice that the power-house in the gorge is 169 feet below the top of the Falls. It gets its power from on high. If you were to lift the power-house up to a level with the top of the Falls, there would be a dead level of weakness. Toronto and Buffalo would get no light and heat; the trolley, no power; the sanatorium, no tonic; and the electric chair, no thunderbolt.

*Baptist Minister-at-large, and Lecturer at Bible Institute, Los Angeles, Cal.

Does this not explain the weakness of many today? They have lifted humanity to a level with deity. There has been no little talk about "the deity of humanity." The age has become proud of human achievements, and the vision of God has been blurred, if not lost. Men have become vain in imagining that they have discovered so many kinds of power that they are no longer in need of "the power from on high." The result is a dead level of weakness in pulpit and pew.

Now, God has His Niagaras in history; the thunder and tremor of which we hear and feel through the centuries. Such were Pentecost and the Reformation. But God's greatest work, after all, is done in the quiet, the living Spirit lifting truth into character and deed, beautifying and nourishing the spiritual world. We can not make Niagaras. Let us not try. But we can by faith appropriate the living Word, that it may work in us and through us the will of God in the quiet, and, it may be, obscure places, where we live. God is often in the "still small voice," when He is not in the wind that sends the mountains and breaks the rocks.

The hand-touch of "power from on high" prepares the prophet to enter the valley of bones and bring them to life. Without this touch of God the spiritually dead cannot be made to live. Ezekiel has seen visions of God (1 : 1) in which the human, symbolized by the hand, is moved and controlled by the Divine, symbolized by the wing. Bones cannot be quickened into life by manipulation. Only the touch of God can give them life.

IMPELLED by the breath-touch of God from above, Ezekiel said, "Thus saith the Lord God: Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." "And the breath came into them and they lived, an exceeding great army." "The breath is the life" and it was the life of God which made the dead live. At Pentecost the Spirit came, "as a rushing, mighty breath, and it filled all the house where they were sitting." The result was three thousand dead souls made alive in one day. And this took place after ten days of prayer. But we do not have to wait ten days or ten minutes for the Holy Spirit, promised by Christ, for whose advent they were waiting, is with us today, ready to work if we will trust Him, and we need Him for the one as much as for the three thousand.

This breath-touch of God came upon the spiritually dead in answer to prayer. If we pray, God works; if we fail to pray God leaves us to ourselves. Andrew Murray in his book on "Intercessory Prayer" alleges that God in dealing with His people works only in answer to prayer. If we preach without prayer, the result will be just what the sermon can do. If we give without prayer, our money will have to work alone; and it may be useful. But if we pray, as we preach and give, we shall receive what God can do through sermon and money. The greatest need of the Church is not more preaching, or money, but more God. "When they had prayed, the place was shaken," because God became active in answer to their prayers. Luther's motto is true: "To have prayed well is to have studied well." Melancthon's calloused knees explain the power of Luther's testimony before counts and kings.

THE book of Hosea is the backslider's manual, in which God has given us a picture of man's weakness, wickedness and worthlessness. It is a dark picture. The backslider is "desolate," "oppressed," "broken in judgment," "God-forsaken," "living on wind." He deserves not only rebuke but chastisement. Yet, God rejoices over him with the tenderness and compassion of a broken-hearted mother for her wayward child. If backsliders will return to the Lord with confession of sin, He says: "I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." The dew does its work by contact, and its touch is very gentle. God will not forsake the penitent backslider, but will draw as close to Him as the dew to the plant, not for bitter reproaches and cruel strokes but for gentle graciousness. God comes into the darkness with him. He makes known to him His tender, gentle spirit of forgiveness. He pleads with him. He gives him the dew-touch of loving compassion. He suffers with him, as He rejoices with him when he has responded to the dew-touch unto repentance. "I will love him freely," and the word "*freely*" has in it not so much the thought of abundance as gratuitousness. God loves gratuitously. Backsliding makes us unlovely but even unto the unlovely God is as the dew.

AT THE baptism of Jesus, the Spirit descended like a dove upon Him. "And immediately the Spirit driveth him into the wilderness." Driven by a dove, the gentlest of all touches. In every fiber of His holy nature our Lord was in revolt against contact with the foul fiend, and yet He yields to the gentle dove-touch of the Spirit and permits Himself to be driven by it to a very disagreeable experience. The slightest touch of the Spirit, intimating the Father's will, is to Him compulsion.

Let us look for one secret of His ready response in the things which took place at His baptism. He saw the heaven opened and heard the Father's voice of approval. He is in the way of perfect obedience for He said: "Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness," and He is in perfect fellowship with the Father and the Spirit. When we are in the way of perfect obedience, and in perfect fellowship with God, the dove-touch of the Spirit will be our compulsion, sending us forth to the conflict with Satan.

Now, whatever else the baptism of Christ meant—and it meant more—it was the border-line between His private life and public ministry. On this border-line He saw the opened heavens and heard the Father's voice and experienced the dove-touch of the Spirit. The vision, voice, and touch were a preparation for His active ministry. And if each one of us will mask the border-line between the quiet of our homes with a season of worship in which we look up through the Word into the open heavens and listen to the Father's voice speaking in promise, prophecy and warning, we too will receive the dove-touch of the Spirit.

It is a sad fact that here in America the rush to business and school in the morning, with the confusion of late hours devoted to pleasure or duty in the evening, has led to the crumbling and downfall of the family altar in many a Christian home. The result is that the gentle dove-touch of the Spirit does not drive us, and God is often compelled to use the goad of judgment that He may keep us in the right way. Father! Mother! You cannot afford to let your children grow up in your home and go out into the world without the sacred memories of the family altar. To send the children out into the world without this dove-touch of God is to send them to defeat and shame.

That we may be vessels sanctified for the Master's use, let us receive the fire-touch of God for cleansing. That we may be endued for service, let us receive the hand-touch of God for "power from on high." That we may be effective in raising the spiritually dead to life, let us use daily the breath-touch of God by praying as God taught Ezekiel "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." If we have backslidden, may we respond to God's dew-touch in the dark and return to the Lord with full confession of our sins. And may the border line between the quiet of our homes and the activities of each day be a meeting-place with God, that we may see His glory and hear His voice through His word, thus securing the dove-touch of God for all the conflicts, duties and burdens of the day.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Near the Cross," or "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—The Wedding Garment. Matt. 22 : 1—14.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (See page 647, first column.)

Sermon—"THE TOUCHES OF GOD"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The request may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"O Day of Rest and Gladness," or "Old Hundred."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

O Master and Teacher and Friend, hold out thy hand in blessing on us as we depart, and fill our hearts with strength to do thy bidding, with power to withstand temptation, with joy in the bearing of daily burdens, and with faith in the final victory of good over evil. In Jesus' Name. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., J. A. McAfee, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D. and R. Braunstein

The Strait Gate

SUNDAY. Matt. 7 : 14. "*Strait is the gate, and narrow the way, which leadeth unto life.*" This is true of anything and everything which is truly vital and worthy. We enter its domain by a strait gate. Every lofty thing is reached by a narrow way. There is no broad highway to the heights. The only way is the narrow approach.

How is it with the life of the body? How do we reach the bracing realm of physical health? We reach it by the strait gate and the narrow way. The gourmand does not breathe its light and buoyant air. He takes a broad way which does not lead in its direction. It is imperative that I be something of an ascetic if I would enjoy the fine flavors of the feast. The glutton goes down the broad way and misses them. Even in eating there must be a certain restriction, if we would discover its delights. We must take the narrow way. The athlete must be "temperate in all things."

It is even so in higher realms of mastery and attainment. How does the scholar reach a vital mastery in his domain? How does he acquire mental power and efficiency? How does he come into possession of the treasures of gathered knowledge and wisdom? How does he enter that fine, wide-spreading country with its magnificent visions and panoramas? He enters it by the strait gate and the narrow way. The broad way winds about in the infertile land of shallowness and ignorance. The broad way has no limitations, but it has no discoveries. It boasts of its liberty, but it has no splendid "finds." Even in this realm there must be restriction, if we would reach the treasury, and enrich ourselves with its spoils. The scholar must "scorn delights and live laborious days." He must go by the strait gate and the narrow way.

And so it is with the esthetic realm of art, and music, and literature. What is the condition of entrance? The strait gate and the narrow way. If I would have liberty in these wonderful countries, I must first of all accept the necessary bonds. I recently took up sketching. I thought how recuperating it would be, how rejuvenating to have communion with the strength and loveliness of nature! Yes, I would go forth and sketch nature! "No, you won't!" said my art master; "you will begin by drawing straight lines of varied lengths and thickness! After a while you shall try a curve!" But what about the landscape? "Oh, we will get to the landscape some day! We shall get there through straight lines and winding curves." And so I began my journey to the lovely expressions of mountains, and woodlands, and seas, by the fearful limitations of pot-hooks and straight lines. It certainly is a very narrow and circumscribed way. But I am confidently told it leads to the heights. And as it is with art so it is with music. There are restrictions all along the road.

And when I inquire about still higher realms, I am directed to the narrow way. What about the moral domain? What about its franchise, its rights, its freedom? And for answer I am told there is no possible freedom without law. Without law freedom is only a wild vagrancy, and there is a whole world of a difference between liberty and license. It is very strange, and yet it is equally true that the absolutely "loose" life is in the most terrible of bonds. When we describe any one as living a "loose life," we are suggesting something which is the very opposite to freedom. A "loose life" is weighted with chains; there are bonds on every limb. That sort of broad way does not lead to freedom's heights. On the other hand there is a royal bondage which is the friend and companion of liberty. The restriction is the ally and servant of power. We take the narrow way and we reach our inheritance—"the glorious liberty of the children of God." In many a letter of Paul he describes himself as a bondslave, the bondslave of Christ, and yet in every one of his letters he glories in his marvelous freedom. It is the secret of mastery: it is the path to power. "If ye continue in my word"—that is the narrow way—"ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." That great sentence is like a climbing road which begins in a strait gate, and continues in a narrow way, but which leads to glorious uplands where life exults in perfect freedom. "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." J. H. J.

Studying Jesus

MONDAY. Matt. 11 : 29. "*Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me.*" Why do we insist upon turning to every one and every thing to learn rather than to the Master? We look into our own wisdom and our own imaginations and try to picture God, and then complain that the result is unsatisfactory. God and life both alike must remain meaningless until we have learned their meaning from Christ. We need, above all things else, to come and learn of Him.

A minister was in his study one day deeply engrossed in his work. His three-year-old child was enjoying the rather unusual privilege of sharing the study with her father. Across the table from him she sat and watched his every movement. The silence was broken by the voice of the child: "Daddy, are you studyin'."

"Yes, dear, I am studying," the father replied.

"I am studyin', too," the response came.

"Daddy, are you studyin' Jesus?"

When the reply was given in the affirmative, the baby said: "I am studyin' Jesus, too."

The man remembered that the Lord had quoted the words of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise." He knew that if he were not studying Jesus, he had better follow the suggestion of the little child and study Jesus. Only thus could he maintain his right to be a Christian minister and an interpreter of the God revealed in Jesus Christ.

It is the thing we all need to learn. Only by studying Jesus can the hungry heart and the yearning soul be satisfied. It is the only thing that can suffice. The inference of Peter's question, put to the Christ when the Master asked if he, too, would go away, we know to be very truth, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou alone hast the words of eternal life." There is none other to whom we can go. Our great lessons must be learned at the feet of Jesus. We must take His yoke upon us and learn of Him. J. A. M.

Followers of the Gleam

TUESDAY. John 12 : 26. "*If any man serve me, let him follow me . . . if any man serve me, him will my Father honor.*" Studying the history of the splendid achievements of wilderness schools and colleges, and jungle churches and hospitals, and waste-place transformations and regenerations, the evidence comes to us that God reigns. The spirit of the Christ is as much abroad today as in the days of His flesh, when He dwelt and walked and talked with men as the incarnate God. The Holy Spirit is as potent in this hour as it was in the hour of Pentecost. We likewise know that prayer does change things and earnest petition, plus holy endeavor, ushers in the Kingdom. In the face of what has been done at home and in the foreign field, there is no reason why anybody should become cynical or discouraged. The day of the miracle is not past. We can not help but be strong in our belief, when we think of the innumerable "followers of the gleam" on the fringes of civilization and the frontiers of the world, how they have turned one-third of the globe to God, whose face is never away from the needs and woes of humanity. And we can not help but believe, for the sake of the other two-thirds that are insistent for the Gospel. They are opening the closed windows of the centuries toward the light that shines from Bethlehem's morning star.

The followers of the gleam, pastors and people, Christian men and women everywhere, are ushering in the dawn of a better day. Every follower of Jesus is the herald of a new epoch. The human race is moving upward, Godward, Christward, kingdomward. God, according to promise, is honoring those who are serving Him. R. B.

Making the Most of Your Life

WEDNESDAY. James 4 : 14. "*For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, then vanisheth away.*" Life in its brevity is like the incident of the travelers who meet by night crossing the desert, look into each others' faces, exchange a few words of greeting and then go on their way. Our Lord had only three years in His active ministry. He left no writings, but commissioned loving disciples to repeat His words to others. How many feel the bitterness of the brevity of the years, when apparently we are just prepared for the work of life. Our life is like a weaver's shuttle, or a bird flying through the air, or a ship sailing through the sea, leaving no trace on the wave.

When Moses was ready to enjoy the fruits of his labor, he is permitted to take only one look at the promised land of his hopes. David accumulates the material for the temple, while Solomon becomes the builder. John Wesley's life of nearly ninety years seemed brief, but he left words of truth taking root in millions of hearts.

What seems death is only larger life, promotion to grander opportunities. What appears to be night is only the momentary sleep before the eternal morning. To die is gain in soul wealth. In one day we may do the work that will last a thousand years. Some heroes have accomplished in an hour results that have shaken the world, in science, discovery, and religion.

Some see only the mirage in the desert of their life—a stagnation, a mockery of manhood. Others so number their days that they apply their hearts unto wisdom. Their years are only moments out of the eternal now, but pregnant with power for future glory.

God's Book of Life records every act of the past; we may redeem the evil which is past by the power of Christ who will wash out all stains, making the pages of life shine with the beauty of His holiness. E. W. C.

The Will to Be Saved

THURSDAY. Luke 15 : 18. "*I will arise and go.*" The love of God is immeasurable; but were it a thousand times as infinite as it is, it could not save the sinner against his will. The hand of Christ that was pierced for our deliverance is extended in vain unless the sinner grasps it. The door of the Father's house is open; but the prodigal must arise and go.

And when he resolves to return to the Father's house, it is obvious that he must return by the way that leads to it. "I am the way," said Jesus; "no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Absolutely there is no other way. "I am the door," said Jesus; but so far as the salvation of the sinner is concerned the door might just as well have remained shut unless he wills to enter it. D. J. B.

Starting Home

FRIDAY. Luke 15 : 18. "*And go to my father.*" There is nothing finer in the New Testament than the parable of the Prodigal Son. Somebody has called it "The Parable of the Beautiful Father." There is nothing in any religion which more satisfactorily represents the relation of God to man and of man to God. Indeed the two questions which test the value of any religion are: What does it teach about God? What does it teach about man?

This parable meets both tests. It says that God is a father ready to receive and forgive His children. It says that man is fallen, yet free; fallen, yet yearning to go back home to God.

So the parable is really a picture. As a good lens will project upon the ground glass of a camera the magic of a whole landscape, mountain, valley, river, forest, sky, so this parable reveals to us the purpose of God, the drama of redemption and the destiny of the human soul. The father saw the prodigal while he was yet afar off. He has been looking for him. It means that God is looking for us. The prodigal is completely disillusioned. His egotism is gone; now there is hope for him. His dreams are gone; they were what misled him. In a strange land, ragged and remorseful, he vows a vow to start home.

These words represent any one of us in the utterance of a religious resolution. No one of us ever began to live the eternal life who did not first summon himself to the task. The first active co-operation in our own salvation is the mobilization of our moral forces at the behest of purpose. It is the divine in us which cries out to the divine above us. God draws us toward Him, and as we yield, we ascend. We put our feet on things which have hindered us; we scale the heights which have frowned upon us; we reach the summit which mocked us as unattainable. The stars are still beyond us, but we shall yet attain. C. C. A.

The Folly of Procrastination

SATURDAY. Ex. 8 : 10. "*And he said, Tomorrow.*" II Cor. 6 : 2. "*Now is the day of salvation.*" A recent writer has introduced the theme of "putting off" into a children's story, entitled: "Wait-a-Minute Willie." Pharaoh said "Tomorrow." Paul said "Today." The difference is that between a man who knew the value of time and a man who did not. Today is the only day of which we are sure; tomorrow may never dawn. Today is real; tomorrow is vision.

Tomorrow is the slogan of the idler, slacker, and indolent. Today is the rallying cry of the doer, toiler and crusader. If the future is going to be great, it will only be so because of the efforts in our present. It is the things to which we give impetus now that shall spell success then. Today we set in motion those processes that culminate in the achievement of tomorrow.

Character is an evolution. No one ever drifted toward the throne of God. Perfection is reached through Gethsemane. The cross precedes the crown. Calvary comes before resurrection. If we would reign with Jesus we must suffer with Jesus. Today we must fill our lamps and trim our wicks. Tomorrow we enter into privilege. Our tomorrows are built on our todays and our todays are built on our yesterdays.

"Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." The harvest is ready. The reapers are needed immediately. This applies in the realm of the religious as well as the secular, to kingdoms spiritual as well as material. R. B.

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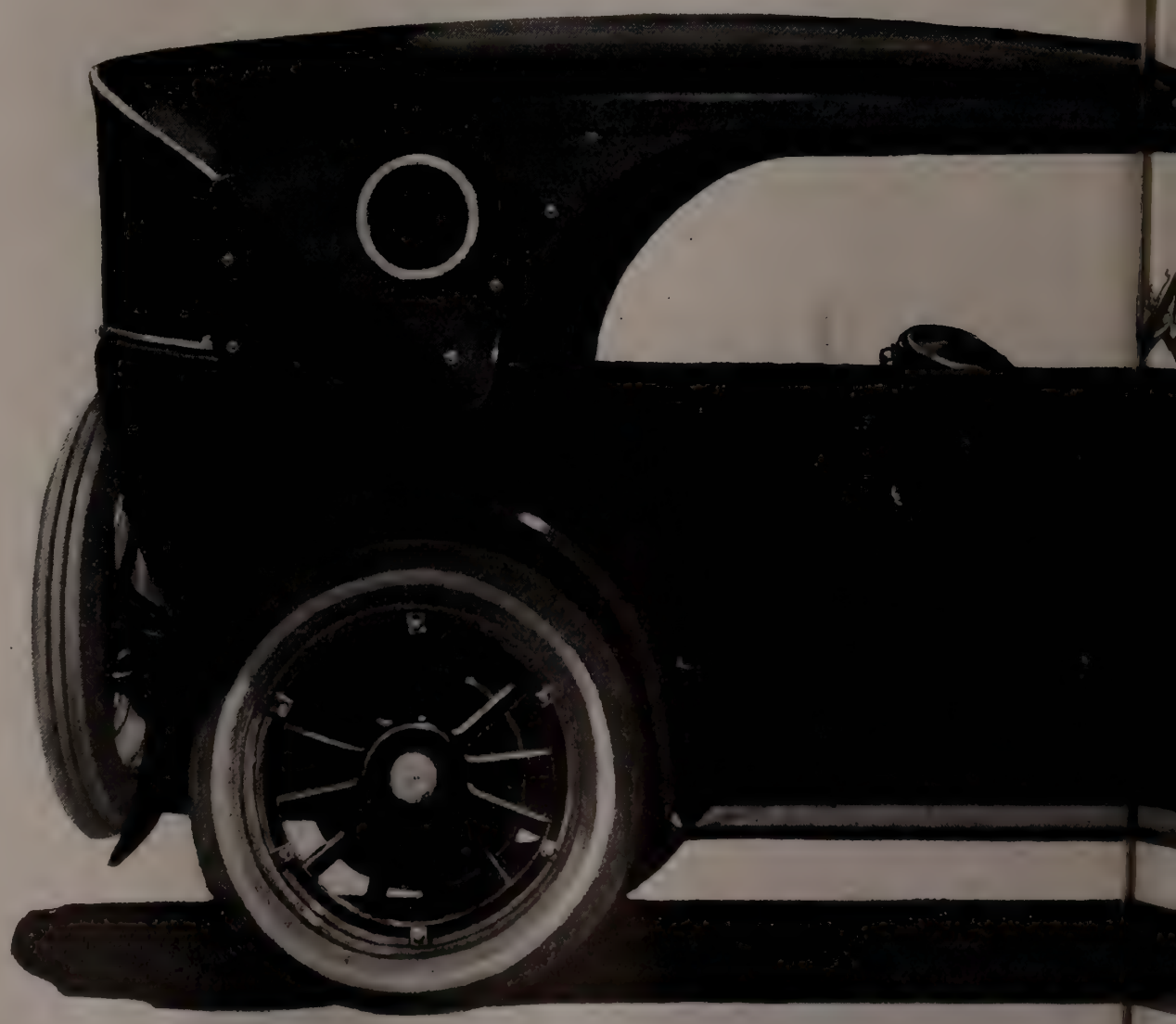

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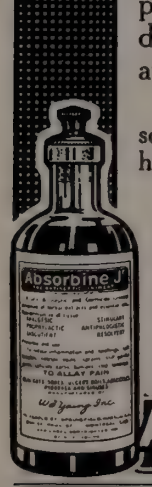

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At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Continued from page 643

as Mr. Barrows calls it. He fairly loathes it, but conforms to the convention—like the sensible man he is. Some clergymen won't. That gown is a love! And you will look lovely in it."

MRS. BARROWS, a buxom woman, somewhat above the medium height, was so pleasing in expression that she might be called handsome. She was nearer sixty than fifty, but looked ten years younger in animated conversation. Mrs. Haile decided in watching her turn the Japanese fabric in the sunshine that she had most of the elements of popularity with the average parishioners. Mrs. Barrows gave the gown an affectionate stroke in laying it back upon the lounge, talking all the time:

". . . And Mr. Haile will be the handsomest man there in his dress-coat. I was sure he had one"—as the other nodded assent. "Between ourselves, I don't fancy any dress that proclaims the wearer's profession from the housetop, as one might say."

"For myself I own to a liking for the clerical dress," ventured Mrs. Haile gently. "My brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. May of Poughkeepsie, is in the Reformed Dutch Church. I think his gown adds dignity to him in the pulpit. I wish I could make you know, Mrs. Barrows, what a kindness you have done to me in asking us to come to you for the recep—demonstration!" she corrected herself with a little laugh. "As you may have heard, Mr. and Mrs. Ford invited us to stay with them for the Installation and the following Sunday. I was kept at home by two days of such sick headache as I had never had before. For a while the doctor feared I was in for a serious illness. Yes"—responsive to the other's look of inquiry—"I am quite well again and it may be that the enforced rest was a benefit to me. I am usually very healthy. The strain of the change—and all that—broke me down, I suppose."

"See that you don't repeat the experiment of trying to see how much a woman can endure and yet live—and smile!" Mrs. Barrows warned. "Your non-appearance was the only balk in Mr. Ford's program. What a man of might he is, when he puts his hand to the plough! He has both hands upon the handles of the machine. We all are looking forward with intense curiosity to the Unique Demonstration. That is what everybody has learned from him to call it. The newspapers will be sure to catch up the title in reporting it."

Anita shrank and shuddered.

"Don't think me ungrateful, please, but I wish I could get away from the clank of machinery in all this!"

A LARGE, gloved hand stroked the bowed shoulders soothingly.

"There! my child! bear up and look at the bright side. I've been through it all twice. You can't give me points upon the subject of pastoral changes. We may as well adjust our ideas and our sensibilities to the tremendous fact that this is an age of machinery and that the Church must fall into line with it, or be left out in the cold. I may remark in this connection that the Banner Church has the reputation of being run according to the most admirable of business principles. Unless I am mistaken, there are six separate and distinct Societies, Associations, et cetera, run by women of that parish. Don't start at the idea! There are two Mission Auxiliaries—Foreign and Domestic—and the Charitable Sewing Band and the Helping Hand, and the Cheerful Workers—children under twelve. There is another, I am certain, but I can't recall the name. And such perfect organization! The charitable branches are under a salaried superintendent who controls the finances and appoints visitors and the like. The mission societies have each its own officer, and it is the same with the rest of the bunch. It is a rich church and contributes liberally to the Great Boards. You are familiar with the jargon, of course."

"I am afraid not." It was said so gravely that the large hand went up to the flushing face as one might quiet a terrified child. "I am afraid I have a great deal to learn in the new school to which we are going. And—excuse me! but what you tell me seems to put the pastor so far away from the flock that the words lose their meaning—and their sweetness. There are nearly four hundred members in our—I would say in the Marlinton church. And my husband knows them all by name and sight. Our Ladies' Aid Association looks after the poor and the sick, and those who are in trouble which the pastor might relieve—and so forth," beginning to stammer and reddening more deeply. "In fact, Mrs. Barrows, we are like one big family, as far as the interests of all are involved. It has been a blessed work for us all."

"There! there, dear girl!" reiterated the visitor, as the quavering accents sank into silence and Anita's handkerchief sought her streaming eyes. "It has been a splendid work. That is one reason why your husband is called to go up higher, and into a bigger field. He'll acquit himself well there, too. And so will his wife. A year from this time, I shall be congratulating you and the Banner Church."

CHAPTER VII

"THIS is probably the last letter I shall write to you from the 'thatch-roofed cot,'" wrote Mrs. Haile to her sister in Poughkeepsie, a week after Mrs. Barrows's visit. "We may be said to occupy it upon suffrance, for the pulpit has been supplied by students from the Theological Seminary for two Sundays, Stuart having to preach in New York. It seems already a year since I prattled that sweet nonsense about the 'thatched cot.' We leave it in another ten days. The Lawsons have opened their big house—built upon the same scale as their hearts—for our refuge until these transition calamities be overpast. Dr. Stenson's family have vacated the city personage, and it is undergoing such changes as are needful to prepare it for the new tenants. He has removed from New York to Montclair, N. J., where his married daughter is living. They say that he has a house of his own there, and that he will be entirely comfortable for the rest of his days.

"For ourselves, we have had no public farewell reception. It was our earnest desire that there should be none. It would only tear open the wounds we are trying to heal. But the dear people have been unremitting in testimonials of affection, in speech and in action. Stuart received 'with the love and lasting esteem of the church' a certificate of deposit in his name in the Savings Bank of One Thousand Dollars, accompanied by a note to the effect that he might find it useful in defraying our boy's college expenses if it were not needed before that time. From the women of our church I had, through the Ladies' Aid, a purse containing two hundred and fifty dollars in gold. I think though that I value yet more the scores of lesser gifts, most of them the work of the donors' fingers.

"There is to be a very handsome tribute to Dr. Stenson, the exact nature of which is kept as a pleasant surprise to all except the Committee that have the Unique Demonstration in charge. You know me well enough to comprehend what lies under the froth of this epistle. But for my incorrigible sense of the ridiculous and grotesque in what would otherwise break my heart, I should not be alive enough to sign myself,

"Lovingly and sadly yours,
"ANITA HAILE."

THE Bannerites, as irreverent street-urchins persisted in styling the parishioners of the large and fashionable church to which we must now remove the scene of action—prided themselves, and with reason, upon the superiority of their church-parlors—always spoken of in the plural—to those of any other organization in the metropolis. They had been newly "decorated" with paint and gilding, in season to allow the glaring effects of both to mellow before the evening of the Unique Demonstration. They filled rapidly after the wide doors were thrown open.

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The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Stenson were among the earlier arrivals and were at once inducted into a couple of handsome armchairs set upon a low daïs at the head of the inner parlor where they could be seen of all who entered. The retired pastor was slim and white-haired, of medium stature and slightly bowed at shoulders. He looked every day of his three-score years, as he stepped forward to salute the new incumbents, a fatherly smile lighting the pale eyes. Silence that could be and was felt by the least sensitive observer of the scene reached the uttermost corners of the great rooms.

As the four turned to face the crowd after the exchange of greetings, a more striking contrast could hardly have been imagined than they presented. The older man, almost weazened by the well-fitting dress-coat that left no angle unseen, seemed actually to shrink and shrivel beside the hale, handsome six-footer towering above so far that he bent his head instinctively in addressing him. Nor was the unflattering effect upon the beholders lessened by a glance that took in the respective consorts of the two. Mrs. Stenson was as tall as her husband, angular in outline, sharp-featured and what might be characterized as "professionally benign." The scantiness of her gray hair was partially masked by a head-dress of black and white lace, and she wore fine laces at throat and wrists.

She had evidently done the best that time and labors had allowed her to offer to the critical spectators. The truest of her friends—and she numbered them by the hundred—could not have denied that she might have been the grandmother of the lissome figure whose white draperies, floating about her, to fall into a train that lent her height and grace, would have made her girlish but for the gentle dignity with which she bore her part in the brief colloquy succeeding the introduction to her predecessors in office.

"AIN'T she a stunner?" chuckled a boy at Mrs. Barrows's back.

And "Hush! hush!" from a woman's voice drew Mrs. Barrows's face around to meet the eyes of an imposing matron of perhaps five and forty, superb in black lace and diamonds.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wingate!" on one side and "Ah, is it you, Mrs. Barrows?" upon the other betrayed mutual acquaintanceship.

"I am afraid you overheard my saucy nephew," the younger of the twain said with an apologetic laugh. "I confess to some degree of sympathy in his admiration of our new pastor's wife. She is, to say the least, more than passably pretty, and more distinguished than we had dared to expect from the semi-rural districts."

"I would not have believed I could have come so near to hating any mortal woman as I came at that minute!" Mrs. Barrows told her husband that night. "I foresee mischief for our dear little girl should the Leading Lady take it into her head to be jealous of her. I bit the tip of my tongue so sharply that it was sore for the rest of the evening, before I could reply decently."

The decent reply was that she had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Haile very well. In fact she was now her guest.

"And Marlinton is not even semi-rural, but a wide-awake town with strong probabilities of healthy and vigorous growth. The Banner Church was not likely to choose a pastor from an uncultured parish. I am glad of the opportunity to congratulate you upon the selection of both husband and wife."

"Thank you! Perhaps you would be so kind as to present your friend to me? That she is your friend makes me the more desirous to know her."

"Certainly I will." Mrs. Barrows was proof against flattery implied or downright.

MRS. LAWSON had told her pastor's wife that Silas Ford "exuded prosperity when he was at his most redundant best." Mrs. Haile recalled the *bon mot* as he took his stand upon the daïs at the right of the Stensons, facing the entrance, his manuscript in hand.

"Fellow-members and guests of the Banner Church!" he began, biting the syllables apart, and rolling each like unctuous morsels under his tongue. "We have come together tonight upon what I do not hesitate to say is one of the most agreeable occasions of my life and the life of our beloved church. As you who have ever contributed so generously to the high and holy cause of Foreign Missions know, we have lately completed a Mission House in Korea. The last payment of ten thousand dollars was made a month ago. The plans for the edifice were submitted to you a year ago. I have brought with me tonight a fine photograph of the House as it may be seen by admiring multitudes of pagans today. You can have the opportunity of seeing the picture when the present business is through.

"For I have the honor and happiness of announcing to you what the Committee in charge of this Unique Demonstration of love and loyalty and heart-felt appreciation of a great and a good man, have thought it wise to keep secret from the Church at large and especially from the man we delight to honor. The beautiful and commodious edifice, embodying chapel, school-rooms, library and dormitory for students, has been solemnly dedicated to the Author and Finisher of our Faith under the name and style of '*The Samuel Stenson Mission Home.*' It stands and will stand for ages to come as a monument to the true shepherd who has led us beside still waters and among green pastures for a quarter of a century, and who now retires to the shades of private life, full of years and honors, to see the labor of his hands in this and in foreign lands. Generations of converted heathen yet unborn shall arise and call his name blessed.

"I could dwell at length upon his zeal for Foreign Missions, but time will not allow me to linger upon the theme. I thank you for listening so patiently to my prolix remarks and will now grant you the opportunity to congratulate our venerable and venerated ex-pastor upon the monument commemorating his worthy deeds."

He concluded with a low bow to the subject of the eulogy, and stepped aside to make room for the next speaker.

WHILE the room rang with resounding palms and exclamations, Dr. Stenson made an effort to rise, fell back in his chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Stenson! Stenson! speech!" bawled a big man half-way down the hall, who was apparently more used to political than eccesiastical assemblies.

A protesting "hush" subdued him and the applause. For the bent figure did not stir from his chair and Stuart Haile was kneeling beside him holding a glass of water to his mouth. He bent his ear to catch what the white lips and the agonized eyes strove to convey to him. He passed the glass to a bystander and walked calmly to the front of the platform. "Thank them for me! please!" was all he had made out, but he interpreted the rest.

"Dear friends!" began the marvelous voice, clear as a bugle call, round and resonant, yet losing nothing of the sympathetic quality that Silas Ford averred had hypnotized him on the memorable night of the telephone sermon. "Dr. Stenson has asked me to express to you what an overwhelming sense of your great kindness has deprived him of the ability to say. The tribute your gift has added to the many evidences of your devotion and reverence for him might well hold him speechless. His emotion is the most precious return that could be made for what you have done. He feels all this and so much more that I can not attempt to voice it. You will all comprehend this, I am sure."

There was no effort to produce a rhetorical effect, but the solemn hush that fell upon the crowd proved his mastery over imagination and heart. Women wept freely and silently, and men wiped streaming eyes as the old man dragged himself to his feet and shambled forward. He held out a hand to his representative and wrung Haile's with a smile more pathetic than tears could have been; then, with something of the old-time grace that had distinguished him in the pulpit in his palmy days, kissed the tips of his fingers to the throng of spectators smilingly, and took the arm Ford offered to lead him across the platform to the vestry-door.

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A thunder of applause followed him, and the audience resumed its seats to await the second part of the "Demonstration."

DR. BARROWS was upon his feet by the time all were seated.

"I am your grateful debtor," he began brusquely, "inasmuch as you have selected me from so many who could have performed far better the honorable task of saying a few of the countless good things I could tell you of the man whom you have called to be your pastor.

"I have known Stuart Haile as boy and man. His father was my father's friend and this man comes of godly ancestry upon both sides of the house. He was brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and in the flush of vigorous manhood he has not departed from the old-fashioned faith. He would go to the stake for it. I'll warrant that. It was a way some of his forefathers had. He will preach sound doctrine, yet—and this, too, I guarantee—he will never be dull.

"But I feel constrained by conscience to admit to you that he has been criticized for talking too plainly in the pulpit when dealing with sin. Let me give you a homely illustration. Two of your own members heard Haile last summer preach upon the duty of forgiving one's enemies—and for that matter anybody that has trespassed against you, if you would hope for forgiveness of your own trespasses. He called the clause of the Lord's Prayer upon which he based the admonition, 'The Emphasized Petition.' Said one of your members in talking over the sermon afterward: 'That is mighty close preaching. I doubt if some people would stand it.'

"'Ye are mistaken there, my mon!' says the other. I needn't mention to what nation he once belonged and that the nation is famous for good preachers and orthodoxy. 'Almost everybody likes close preaching, when it's the other mon that's hit. And the other mon's pretty sure to be in the next pew!'"

He had to wait a full minute before the outburst of laughter subsided. Thomas MacArthur, who was one of the ushers, backed away into the open door of the vestry through which, as all knew, Dr. and Mrs. Stenson were listening to the harangue.

The orator was grave enough when he could be heard again.

"Never mind how I heard that anecdote. There is deep spiritual significance in it. We find other people's sins and shortcomings more interesting subjects of conversation than our own. As I have said, the man you have selected to lead you into the Way Everlasting will not be backward in declaring the whole counsel of God, whether men will bear or whether they will forbear. I am glad you have him and glad he has you. May the Great Shepherd bless you and give him many souls as the reward of his minstry among you!"

"ALL the same," said Dr. Barrows as the carriage containing the four was rolling through the almost deserted streets on the way home. "All the same—" deliberately and reflectively—"I could not help thinking that perhaps a second ten-thousand-dollar cheque bearing Stenson's name and payable to his order might have been as honorable tribute to him and as pleasing to the Lord as the dear man's name on the doorplate of the Mission House."

"These things ye ought to have done and not to have left the others undone!'" quoted his wife. "That is a very rich church. To make out the additional cheque would have meant no more to the men who wrote the first than a fifty-cent piece would to me if I dropped it into the collection-plate on Foreign Mission Sunday. And I chance to know that the Stensons have very scanty private means. They have lived upon their salary, and with their five children have saved very little."

"I incline to think well of Silas Ford's theory," Dr. Barrows said, "that the Church should imitate the Army in retiring veterans upon half-pay at a given age. Please note that I say 'theory,' Haile. It will not be put into practice in my time, nor in yours, my boy!"

(To be continued)

Iceland, an "Almost Perfect State"

Continued from page 642

vestigations for a year, the Waterfall Committee put its projects before the Althing in the summer of 1919. Out of this procedure rose a great controversy over the right of ownership in waterfalls. A hot debate in the Althing ended in the ratification of a proposal to summon the government to declare all water-power in uninhabited common land a property of the state, and to make arrangements for the cancellation of any contracts which individuals might have made with corporations, if such contracts interfered with the right of the public.

ONE project in which the development of Iceland's water-power will be very useful is the introduction of railroads. At present there is not a railway on the island. Trains run by steam would hardly pay their cost, unless the price of coal became greatly reduced, which is scarcely likely, considering the continuous upward trend of prices almost everywhere. It is therefore planned to introduce trains run by electricity, which in turn is to be generated by the waterfalls.

The existence in this age of a highly civilized nation without a single railway seems almost an impossibility. But while the island itself includes more than 40,000 square miles, only its outskirts are really habitable. Most of the people live near the shore, although there are inhabited districts lying as much as a hundred miles from it. Traveling up and down the coast is now done on coast-boats, and in the last few years the use of automobiles and motor trucks has become quite general.

But up until the last ten years, ponies were the only means of travel in the interior. All went by means of the Icelandic ponies, which are both spirited and sagacious. Their small hoofs are fitted for the rough trails; and if food is scant, they are contented with little.

In winter, when the rivers are frozen, they are used as highways for sledges, drawn by these same small ponies. Goods too heavy for a pony are often stored until they can be carried into the country by means of these river sledges.

BUT the chief wealth of the island is in its agriculture and its fishing. Sheep-raising is very profitable, one farmer sometimes keeping as many as several thousand at a time.

The waters around the island are often called the "gold mines of Iceland." From these waters every year, millions of dollars are taken in the form of cod, herring and halibut. For nine months of the year the bold fishermen face the dangers always connected with the seaman's life. Every year the sea claims its sacrifice of men and boats. Nevertheless they do not dread, but enjoy the toil and rough life on the fishing boats.

Around the island, making possible its animal and vegetable life, flows the Gulf Stream. Were it not for the warmth which it contributes, Iceland would be surrounded by polar-ice, impossible of habitation, and much more deserving of its name than it is at present.

Far from wars and rumors of wars, with few capitalists and as few poor people, the little nation of Iceland continues its thrifty, industrious life in sturdy independence. Illiteracy is unknown among its people. The intelligent children on the island are hardly able to walk before they are well informed about the whole constitution of their forefathers' famous republic, the first ever established in Europe. And in spite of their anxiety to prevent their nationality and language from being infected by foreign elements, the Icelanders build no "Chinese wall" around themselves or their country. Visitors from abroad are frequent there, and Icelanders themselves go to other countries for study and for pleasure. They wish to know what other nations are doing, but they are determined to remain true to their own traditions and ideals. And this, after all, is only reasonable; for never will all nations be cut out by the same pattern.

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You see, the combination of continuous activity and simple remedies were all that was needed.

But, when I arrived at manhood and entered business, there was a different story to tell.

Instead of getting sick quickly and over it the same way, I would be way below par for some time before I knew what was the matter with me.

And when the liver did assert itself and I was really incapacitated, I found that the old favorite remedies did not work as well as of old.

They would be partially successful for the moment, but headaches, constipation and biliousness with all their attendant ills became more and more frequent—

Until one day, praise be, I heard of the Internal Bath, tried it, and have been entirely free from those universal ills ever since.

On discussing this with a Physician friend, he told me that accumulated waste in the Large Intestine is by far the greatest foe to good health, fully ninety per cent of all illnesses being attributable to that cause—

That it is impossible for the vast majority of people to eliminate this naturally because of our present mode of living—

And the reason that a scientifically correct Internal Bath, used with proper regularity, is by far the best means of elimination, is because it thoroughly cleanses the Lower Intestine its entire length and keeps it as sweet and free from poisons as nature demands it to be for perfect health.

After I proved what it would do for me, I decided that my family would have a remedy in childhood that would be just as resultful in old age.

That's the reason my wife and children take Internal Baths and none of the children dread the ordeal as I did medicine when I was a boy, either.

The common-sense of this treatment is particularly interesting and all its details are contained in a little book called "The What, The Why, The Way of Internal Bathing," written by Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., who, I am informed, made this method his life study and practice.

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, 134 West 65th St., New York City, make it a practise to send this book, entirely free of cost, to any interested person who will mention having read this in Christian Herald.

Personally, I am so enthusiastic on the subject, that I think it a duty everyone owes himself, or herself, to at least be informed on this subject, especially when it costs nothing to do so.—(Advertisement.)

Young People's Topics for September 25

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Missionary Results in South America

C. E. Psa. 2 : 1-8

"ASK of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." In other words, pray for South America. There is not room enough within the brief space allotted to these topic discussions to tell one-third, in the shortest sentences, concerning the need of South America. Land of great cathedrals, magnificent architecture, luxurious homes, large cities with broad avenues, many millionaires, unlimited resources in forests, waterways, mines and agricultural possibilities due to richness of soil and elements of climate.

That is one side of the picture. The other side is godlessness and squalor and misery unspeakable among the Indians for whom the Protestant churches are striving to the utmost. The Indian is exploited and buffeted about, his rights disregarded, and he lives the life of an animal. Get a book on South America for fascinating reading and genuine thrills of adventure. The combined forces of Protestantism are working heroically among the 12,000,000 Indians with schools, religious and secular, but in the face of overwhelming odds, for the people are gripped by superstition and the forces of law refuse to defend the subjects of injustice and exploitation. It is pioneer work, but work that is being done and work that challenges the red blood of any Christian man or woman once the tragic facts are known concerning this race that has a status nothing less than slavery. Send to your denominational publishing house for details of the work. It will well repay you to study the conditions.

The New Program and What It Is

E. L. Mission Study Topics.

IT IS called the "Blue Folder" and contains in brief the Central Office plans for the fall and winter courses of study, restates the "Church-Wide Plan" and the "Spelling-School Plan" of carrying on the study. Other suggestions for the promotion of Stewardship and Tithing are given. The year from midsummer 1922 to midsummer 1923 is the year when mission study gets the emphasis in all departments and its promotion is supposed to be helped by everybody. Use this evening of September 25 for the discussion and formation of mission study classes, choice of text-book, material that will help and the leadership necessary.

Americans All

B. Y. P. U. Mark 6 : 34; Matt. 25 : 31-46; Gal. 3 : 23. Conquest Meeting.

THE best material for the preparation of this topic is found in "Old Trails and New" by Coe Hayne. Current events may be gleaned from the daily papers, missionary magazines, denominational papers and from personal observation. The topic is an easy one to discuss, for we are living in tense days of patriotism and loyalty. This may be made a patriotic meeting and all the members may give a brief talk on the theme "Why I Am Glad to Be an American." Or the meeting may be given over to the discussion of the immigration problem, members giving brief suggestions as to how best to Americanize those who come from foreign shores. Or some particular field in which Baptists are working may be surveyed, for instance, Indians, Mormons, Mexicans or Italians. Plan the work. Work the plan.

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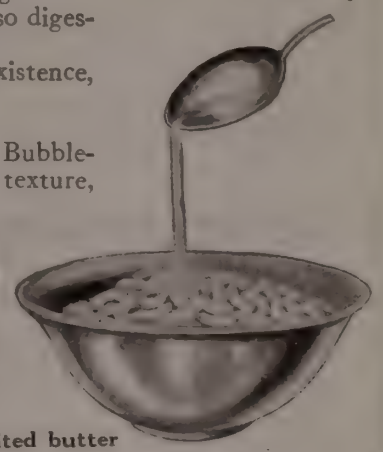
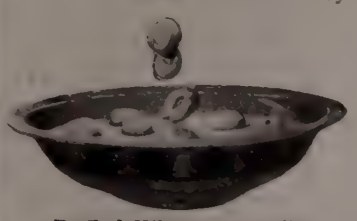


With melted butter



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Puffed Wheat
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As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address, on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department. The Christian Herald, 90 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4–6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7–9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To Invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

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Circular No. 50 gives complete information on Federal Farm Loan Bonds. They pay 5% and are tax exempt.

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Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving high average yield of 12¼ per cent.—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 48.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

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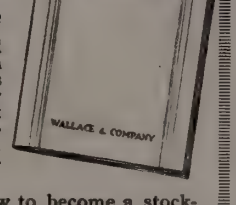

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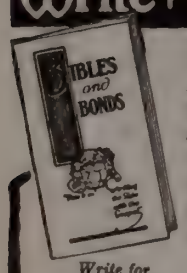

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Reviewing Paul's Ministry

International Sunday-School Lesson for September 25
Devotional Reading. Gal. 6 : 1-10

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

"THE whole is greater than its part" is an axiom in geometry. Careful study of each part is essential, and this we have been doing for the past twelve weeks. It is also valuable to observe the interrelated whole. Review Sunday is always worth while, but especially so when we have such a closely related series of lessons, as during the present quarter. From preparatory years to an established life-work Paul has been followed. He was about fifty-five years old when he preached in Athens and he wrought for at least fifteen years more before he entered upon his eternal reward. At this age his public ministry is less than half over and the more important work was still in the future. He had not written even the first of the thirteen letters which now form part of the canon of Scripture. At fifty-five he had learned how to work for the Master, and he kept active until his death came somewhere near 68 A.D., as a conclusion to the second imprisonment at Rome.

Teachers, pupils, home department members and individual students or readers are urged to study this lesson with unusual care, that the work of the quarter may be seen in its grand scope and fixed in the memory for continuous use. This lesson study is written while on a lecture trip to Schroon Lake and Silver Bay, Lake George, and an apt illustration is at hand. In the swift 30-foot launch of a friend, the shore of Schroon Lake was seen and the detail was thoroughly enjoyed. The more lasting impressions were made, however, as the broad view was studied from the porch of that delightful home, "Almanole." Today we have the view that enables us, as it were, to take in the extent of the shore-line with lofty mountain ranges behind the high peaks that are closer to the lake: floating clouds, birds and luxuriant flowers all become part of the study of God's handiwork.

From our review vantage point read at one sitting Acts 7 : 54 to 17 : 34. Then go through the narrative again with map in hand and locate every place that is named. As suggested during the quarter, draw an outline map and insert just the names of the places as you come to them in the narrative. Draw a continuous line with blue pencil, connecting all places named on the first journey: Antioch in Syria, Salamis, Paphos, Perga, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, retrace to Perga and thence to Antioch in Syria. Follow the same method for the second journey, using a red pencil. If the map is large enough, pins can be placed at the location of the various cities and the routes indicated by colored worsteds. Should you have a better method, follow it; but make sure that you really know the map which portrays Paul's life. This map knowledge will help you to relate the events in Paul's life and to remember them for practical use.

NOW take your lesson quarterly, or the twelve last numbers of the Christian Herald, and name each title in turn, thinking through all the facts and their relationships as you come to the individual subjects. If you have Peloubet's Select Notes, turn to page 279 and you will find a complete outline to guide your meditation as you name persons and places, following each title. A Central Teaching is also given; but after this careful study you are prepared to name a key fact in connection with each lesson. Do not become a mere copyist in your lesson study. Take the best from all sources and then think hard as you prepare your own material for teaching, drawing your own conclusions from all the facts.

Paul's companions should be reintroduced. Every evangelist must have co-workers. These contribute in no small degree to the success of the man who is most frequently named as the leader. Barnabas, Mark, Silas, Timothy and Luke are the more prominent, though Ananias must not be overlooked. We can never forget the one who first gave us direct information concerning Jesus and the Way of Life. It was Ananias who said "Brother Saul, receive thy sight!" Who gave you the unmistakable information concerning salvation? Was it some one in your home, your Sunday-school teacher, your pastor, or a blessed friend?

By comparison of Bible incidents, reading books and Bible dictionaries learn all you can about each of these companions of Paul. If you will read Acts and all the Pauline epistles you will be surprised to note that Paul mentions at least 144 different persons by name. He lived among people and always worked for their uplift. In no sense was he a recluse. This is splendidly shown in the Golden Text, where Paul says, in writing to the Galatians, "So then as we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of faith."

Every one is urged to read a most fascinating and instructive book entitled "Making Good in the Ministry," by A. T. Robinson, professor of New Testament Interpretation at the Southern Baptist Seminary, Louisville. This book is a sketch of John Marks and the subject matter covers Paul, Barnabas, and others you have been following this quarter. Mark did turn back at Perga, as we studied, and Paul declined to have him go on the second missionary journey; but he won out and finally gave the world that blessed second gospel. Another fine Pauline book by Dr. Robinson is "The Glory of the Ministry."

STEREOPTICON pictures will be unusually valuable in placing the life of Paul and the places which he visited before the school on review Sunday. Every church and Sunday school should own a stereopticon. Where the Sunday-school room can be quickly darkened, slides portraying the lesson can be shown on any Sunday, and always following the lesson. Then all the pictures relating to the quarter should be presented in connection with the review. If it is not convenient or practicable to use the lantern on Sunday, these pictures, with the accompanying address, can be given at the mid-week prayer meeting following review Sunday. They can also be shown to advantage in connection with the Sunday-school social. Members of the home department should always be invited since they too have been studying these same lessons. If you cannot have stereopticon pictures, you can purchase good prints of great paintings which illustrate the lessons of the quarter.

During the coming three months all of Paul's epistles will come into view. It will be valuable to have in mind where the author was as each letter was written. In the margin of your Bible mark the names of the letters after each verse indicated, and at the beginning of each epistle write the name of the place from which it was written and the verse in Acts which is named herewith. Acts 18 : 5—I Thessalonians (Corinth); Acts 18 : 11—2 Thessalonians (Corinth); Acts 19 : 21—I Corinthians (Ephesus); Acts 20 : 1—2 Corinthians (Macedonia); Acts 20 : 2 Galatians (Greece); Acts 20 : 3 Romans (Greece); Acts 28 : 30 Philippians, Philemon, Colossians, Ephesians (Rome). After the first imprisonment at Rome, Paul wrote I Timothy and Titus, and II Timothy was written during the second imprisonment at Rome. Dr. Robinson, whose books have been twice named in this lesson study, has prepared "The Student's Chronological New Testament" in which the books are printed, using the American Revised Version, in the order of their writing. A valuable introduction and synopsis is given in connection with each book.

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Human Grasshoppers

They Find It Hard to Realize that Summer Must Go

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

TODAY—as I was hurrying back after luncheon to my office desk—I realized that the summer was definitely over. It came upon me with almost a sense of shock, that realization, for I had not allowed myself to dream that the autumn time was near, that winter was looming upon the horizon. One likes to think, when the summer days are long and golden, that they will follow each other quite endlessly. One likes to think that winter will never come.

And yet, today, as I was hurrying back to my desk, the signs of autumn were quite unmistakable. Very surely I noticed the curious tint that autumn skies take on—the haze that hangs low over rolling country hills and even high city buildings. There was a tang to the air that made one think, suddenly, of frost and snow and, in the far distance, of icicles.

Yes, autumn was in the spirit of the day. Autumn was in the very atmosphere of it. The sunshine was fairly spicy with its veiled suggestion. And yet the splendor of the season was dimmed by the indisputable knowledge that summer was going.

AS I walked rapidly through the sunshine, spicy though it was, a sudden sadness came to me. I was thinking, you see, of the things that I had planned to do in the summer—and that I hadn't had time to accomplish. I was thinking of the camping trip that I hadn't taken, of the long hours that I had meant to spend in a canoe, of the garden that I hadn't planted, and the jam that I hadn't put up. Of all those things I was thinking. And my heart was just a wee bit unhappy.

"Winter is almost here," I said to myself, "and I've left undone ever so many things. Why—why did the summer hurry so? Why didn't I have plenty of time for everything? It seemed in the spring as if I'd have no difficulty in making my plans work out. And yet the months have just rushed away from me."

So I spoke, quite alone in my heart. And as I spoke I blamed myself for wasting so many moments—for letting slip so many opportunities. I had spent too much energy over this task; I had lingered too long over that pleasure. So many unexpected, wee things had come up—things that might well have been passed by. I blamed myself, and did not allow even one tiny excuse!

"You're a grasshopper," I scolded, quite silently. "You're a grasshopper—and you ought to have been an ant! Busy people shouldn't allow themselves to be grasshoppers!"

ALMOST everybody knows the fable of the ant and the grasshopper—the fable of the diligent ant who worked systematically and efficiently all through the summer and the frivolous grasshopper who was content to play in the sunshine. Almost everybody knows how the ant tried to influence the grasshopper to be more provident; to join the ranks of the toilers. And how the grasshopper laughed and refused even to think of work while the weather was so delightful.

The grasshopper is such a charming fellow, in the fable, that one can not help liking him. He has such grace, such an air of nonchalance, such a way with him that you hardly mind his lack of common sense. You rather hope that he will come out on top. And yet the plodding ant, with his wisdom, is so certain, so infallible, that you feel sure he will come out on top. And so the end of the fable is not a surprise.

Almost everybody knows the fable down to its distressing close. For the winter comes—as it always does—and the grasshopper is left stranded while the ant, prosperous with the fruit of his toil, is able to sit back and say: "I told you so!"

It's not very pleasant, this fable—it's almost too true to be pleasant. One feels that the ant is inclined to be snug and self-satisfied and that the grasshopper might be a good fellow, really, if he could only develop a sense of responsibility. One feels a shade of hopelessness in the inevitable climax; and one rather blames the ant for being so uncharitable, for not taking in the erstwhile care-free grasshopper. And yet, one can't help admiring the ant. Not only for his thrift, but for his infallible *system*.

When I compared myself to the grasshopper, I didn't mean that I had played all through the summer. On some of the hottest days (and this has been an exceedingly hot summer!) I have worked ever so hard. When I compared myself to the grasshopper, I meant that I had neglected to look ahead, to plan efficiently, to take time by the forelock. If the grasshopper in the fable had arranged his time better he might have done some work and some play. If I had arranged mine more skillfully I might have had more real achievement to my credit—such as the reading of worth-while books, and the making of clothes, and jars of preserves, and the like.

One can't advocate living the life of an ant—although it has its advantages in the end. For an ant's life is too grubbing—an ant never rises above his particular hill of dirt. One can't recommend the existence of a grasshopper, either—that would be encouraging lightness of mind. But, oh, if the human grasshoppers of this world could take on some of the ant's sturdy characteristics, some of the ant's amazing efficiency!

As I said before, it's the ant's system of working that's so wonderful. It's his way of fitting things in, of starting in another task, as soon as one is finished, that's marvelous.

DILIGENCE isn't the only thing, or thrift, or honest toil. Some thrift is misguided, and diligence has often been misplaced. It's steadiness and sureness of purpose, and the ability to make plans—and to carry them out, once they're made—that counts.

I dare say that a grasshopper makes some plans; vague, misty ones that go a-glimmering in the sunshine. I make plans, too, but many of them miscarry—many of them are never brought to a definite conclusion. And you, friends of mine, make plans, too—I'm sure of it—that don't work out. And so I'm something of a human grasshopper. And perhaps you are, too, just a tiny little bit!

Autumn is in the air today. The summer is back in the past with all of the other dear, vanished things, and the winter is stretching ahead. And I'm thinking, as the grasshopper must have thought, of the things that I might have done—of the dreams that didn't, after all, come true.

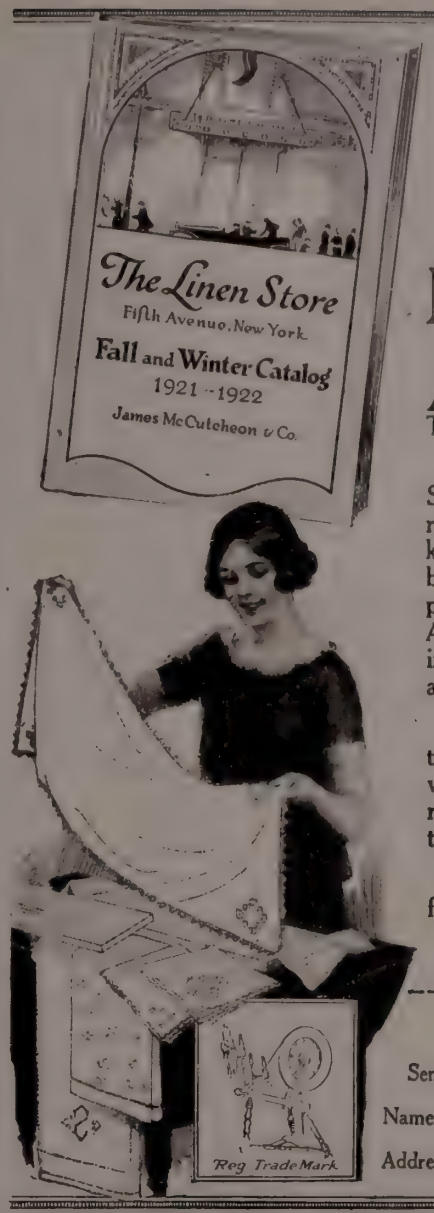
And I'm thinking that I'd like to go to the ant for advice. That I'd like to learn from the ant something about the system and efficiency that makes for real success in the carrying out of plans.

I'd like to go to the ant and learn what the word *work* really means. I'd like to learn how a number of tasks may be fitted into life like so many pieces of glass in a bit of mosaic.

The ant *knows*—and the grasshopper, for all of his charming and delightful characteristics, never will know! The grasshopper never will know anything but the pleasant things—and the final suffering and pain that comes when the pleasant things are done with!

Oh, friends of mine, I don't want to drain the carefree spirit of the grasshopper from my nature—I want to love the joyous freedom of being able to play, and to work at the things I enjoy.

But I want, too, to be able to see the summer go without a thousand vain regrets. And to watch the winter come in with a calm soul, and a welcoming smile!



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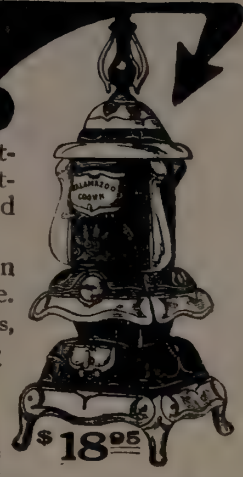

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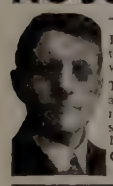

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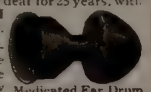

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Publisher's Note: Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psycho-physic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats; a problem that baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in the March and April issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

What Readers Say

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

O. M., SUMMIT, N. J., writes: "Will you kindly tell me if there is any place here or elsewhere, in any country, where the old Jewish sacrifices—such as burnt offerings or sin offerings—are maintained, or are they all out of existence?"

We have submitted this question to an authoritative source, whose scholarship entitles him to respect. He writes: "There is no such place on earth at the present time. According to the instructions given to the Jewish nation in Deuteronomy 12 : 5, 7, also the 11th and 12th verses of the same chapter, there is only one place where God will accept sacrifices, and that is at the temple in Jerusalem. Since the Jews have been deprived of Jerusalem and their temple was destroyed they have been unable to obey the law as to sacrifices for the past 1,900 years. They have tried to ease their conscience all these years by teaching that God gave to the Rabbis the power to make modifications of the laws governing sacrifices, while they are in dispersion. Thus they have substituted, once a year, on the most solemn day of the year, the Day of Atonement, a chicken which is offered up for each individual Jew, as a sacrifice in place of the goat commanded by God. The Samaritans, who claim to be Israelites, assert that they have continued the sacrifices, particularly the Passover sacrifice, but this is doubtful."

Mrs. G. W. D., South Prairie, Wash., writes: "In the commandment, 'Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image or any likeness of anything,' could this be construed to mean that we should have no likeness or portraits of friends or relatives or landscapes, etc.?"

The language of the commandment explains itself. The Israelites were forbidden to make any of these things and to bow down and worship them, or the likeness of anything whatsoever. Idolatry in many forms was the besetting sin of the nations, and Israel fell into that sin many times. They had come out of Egypt—a land of idols—and they were subjected to many temptations in their journeyings. The commandment has no application in the sense you mention.

K. S. R., Princeton, N. J., writes: "The verse which J. J. B.'s friend quoted was from Daniel Defoe's 'The True-Born Englishman,' Part I, the first four lines, and run thus:

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there."

The thought has been expressed in almost the same words by Drummond, George Herbert Burton, and others."

W. C. Bordman, Aberdeen, S. Dak., writes: "I send you an extract from an article sent out from Huron, S. D.: 'Farmers in ten states contributed 431 carloads of gift-corn for the relief of starving people in Europe and the Near East, according to a report from Carl Vrooman, general director of the gift-corn project for the American Farm Bureau Federation. South Dakota made one of the best showings in proportion to population and corn produced, with a gift of 31 carloads. The gifts of the other states were: Illinois, 147; Ohio, 67; Indiana, 44; Minnesota, 44; Iowa, 36; Missouri, 22; Nebraska, 20; Kansas, 16, and Colorado, 4.' Brown County, South Dakota, contributed one of these carloads of corn, and it is probably the farthest county north in the United States to make such a contribution. I am enclosing one of the big reasons why Brown County farmers responded so nobly. A farmer's heart is always large when it comes to helping a neighbor in distress. All he needs is to be properly informed of such distress. The Brown County Farm Bureau requested Mr. Alfred Wenz, one of its members, a real farmer, and a real writer, to write a short appeal to the farmers of the county for corn."

The Christian Herald has personal knowledge of the big-heartedness of the Dakota farmers. Mr. Wenz shows that he knows it also, for his article brought a record response from the Dakota farmers, going straight to the right spot—their hearts. All honor to the farmer, the first and foremost of industrians (see Gen. 2 : 8) who is indispensable to the people on this globe of ours, for "he feeds them all."

Myrtle C. Gibson, Lawrenceville, N. Y., writes: "A short time go I read in The Christian Herald, a most beautiful sermon. The topic was 'Divine Guardianship' by Rev. Junius Remensnyder. As I pondered after reading, it awakened in my mind many beautiful thoughts. How wonderful that God is able and does watch over me, even though I am often unconscious of His presence! He is always near and ever ready to help us if we only ask. If at times He seems far away, it is only because of our own sinfulness and pride. Then these words came to me and I write them down:

My Saviour guards; e'en though,
I oft times fail to see.
The loving touch, the helping hand
He reaches forth to me.

His watchful eye is over all,
His presence ever near.
To care or grief He brings relief,
And banishes my fear.

Give me the heart to understand
And do the Master's will,
In joy or strife, through all my life.
His bidding to fulfil.

I know if we only would stop to realize his loving-kindness. His unchangeable love, we would be more careful how we grieve Him. So many, many times we needlessly pain and grieve Him. If we do not control the unkind word, look and deed, they will grow and grow and finally become a fixed habit, which it is almost impossible to break."

Inquirer, Indianapolis. The question as to the contact of races is frequently a very disturbing one. Not knowing all the circumstances in the case you mention, we cannot assume to judge. As the matter is definitely settled, why not let it drop by avoiding further discussion?

Y. L. C. Fairfield, Neb., writes: "Who does the woman of the twelfth chapter of Revelation typify? Also, who does the Man-Child typify?"

There are many different interpretations of prophecy. Leading authorities in Jameson, Fausett & Brown's Commentary give the following which we reproduce, in substance: The woman (in Revelation, 12th chapter) clothed with the sun and with the moon under her feet, is the Church Universal. The sun typifies the spiritual or supernatural light, the moon the light which is connected with the world, and which of itself cannot dispel the darkness and change it into day; thus it represents the world-religion (heathenism) in relation to the supernatural world. The Man-Child represents the Son of God who is also the Son of man and the Spouse of the Church. You will find these and many other difficult points fully discussed in Dr. Patch's book on Prophecy now in press and shortly to be issued by The Christian Herald.

S. R. J., Harbor Springs, Mich., writes: "I must first say that I greatly enjoy reading The Christian Herald, especially the Editor's page, Sermon, and Daily Meditation. I am not an educated man, at least in a worldly sense, but am trying to answer the three questions you ask, as I see and understand them. 1. Yes, we have the Family Altar, morning and evening; have had it for nearly forty years. 2. We read a chapter, or Psalm, followed by prayer, and while reading, I also include foot-notes. 3. It should be *made* possible in every home. There is plenty of time for other things, why not for this? In what way could one spend the time more profitably, and surely it is necessary if we wish to grow in grace and in knowledge. A mere form is not enough. It is not only a duty but a great privilege. A gray-haired man, who has been a professed Christian for years, said to me, 'I know very little about the Bible; I can't understand it. My first thought was, what *have* you been studying all these years?' I knew a bachelor farmer who boarded with a neighbor. This man was anything but a Christian, but they had family worship. Some years later, he was converted and soundly, I think. He said afterwards that the Family Altar had much to do with his conversion."

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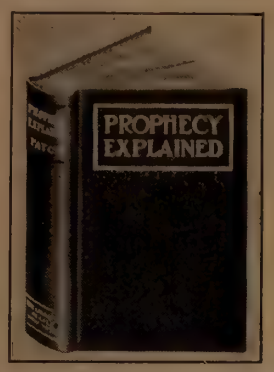

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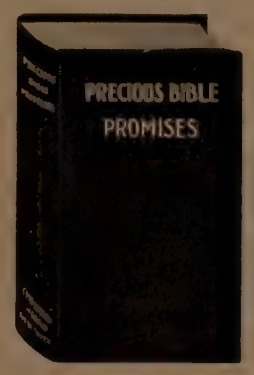

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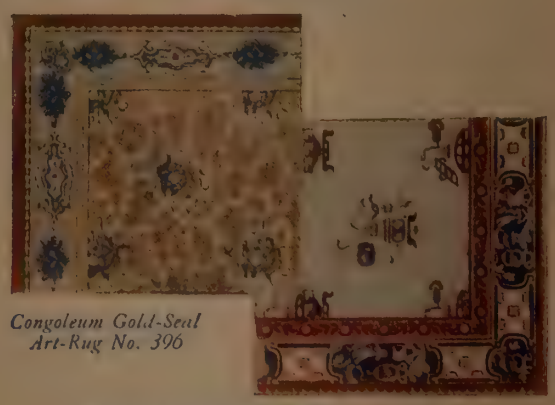

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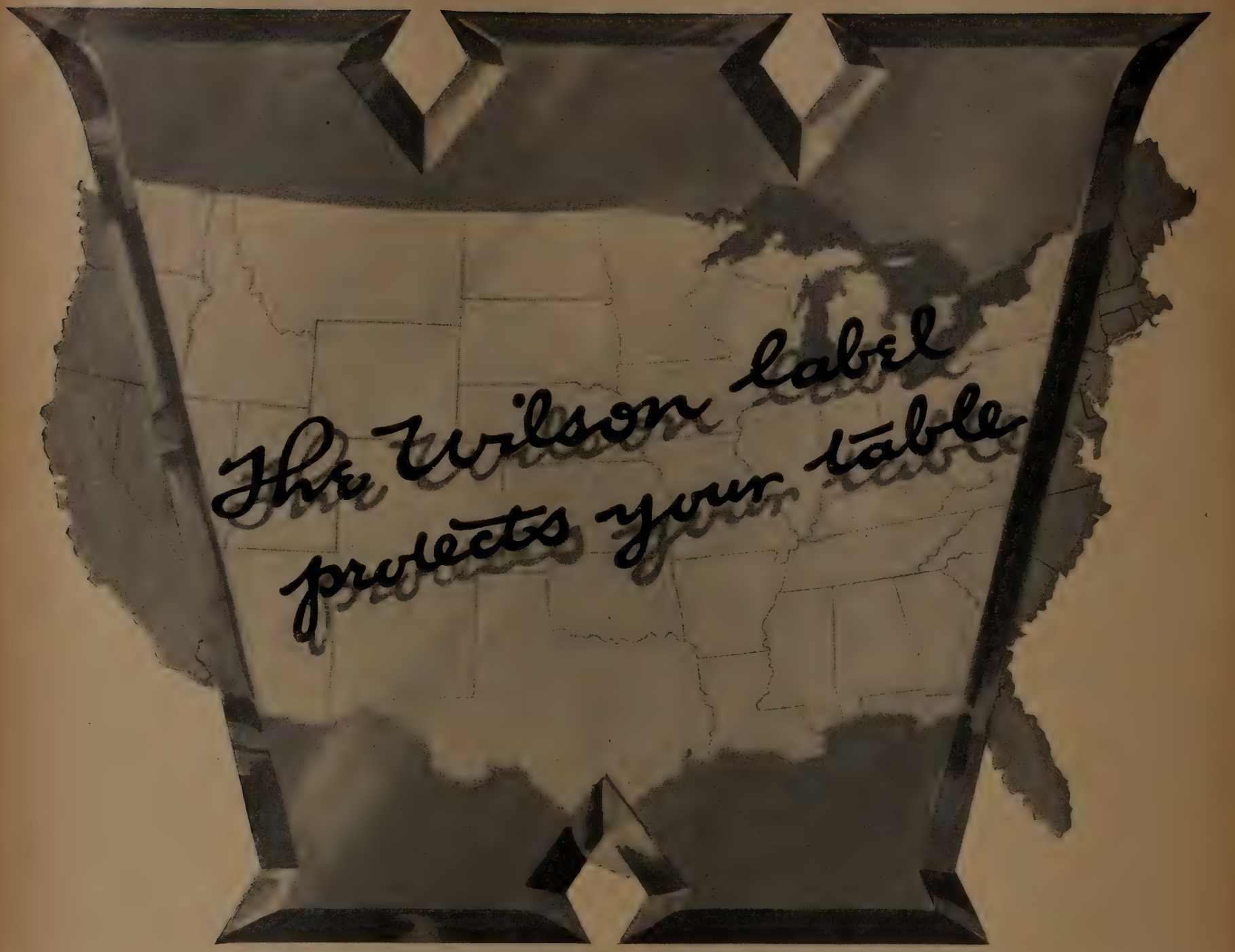

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Musical organizations help the church to hold the young and to win the older people

A children's chorus, with its own leader. What church would find it difficult to form one?

The Every-Day Mission of the Church

The Social Program

By MARTHA CANDLER

THE church of the new order offers the people an opportunity to serve each other as friends and as neighbors. If America is to realize that permanent social democracy which was the dream of its founders and which recently it realized for a swift moment when the great common cause of the war blotted out old lines of social demarcation, self-consciousness and class reserve, it seems that it must be largely through the church which is conscious of and responsible to the present-day challenge to wider service.

The social room offers a very happy center for the beginning of the church's wider service. Such a room, or such rooms—for modern church architecture provides for a series of them—should be thoroughly attractive, homelike and cheerful, with hostesses as concerned for the comfort and pleasure of the guests as if they were in their own homes. The opening of the rooms should be heralded by attractive posters, conspicuously displayed throughout the community, by signs, and by notices from the pulpit and in the local papers. The announcements should be original and attractive, calculated to arouse interest, even curiosity—and the people who come should not be disappointed! And the people of the community should be thus continually reminded of the open room.

The first essential of the room's social program is that it move along swiftly and spiritedly, leaving no one time to drift into a corner and wonder why he came. The secret of its success depends largely upon the quality of leadership available. Those in charge of group entertainment must have a spirit of contagious enthusiasm, and the ability not only to catch but to hold the enthusiasm of people of all ages. Those in charge of organization should have the knack of keeping workers busy and happy. Every group has its "born leaders" who will assert themselves as soon as given an opportunity, and with whose help, as in no other way, the program will grow broad and well-balanced. Sometimes these leaders do not know their own qualities of leadership, and experiment is necessary to prove along just what lines it lies, but all of this comes in time, once the work is started.

IN ORDER that outstanding talent may be immediately utilized and potential talent encouraged, the social recreation committee should send out a questionnaire addressed to every member of the congregation—and of the community, if possible—for narrowness of vision sometimes shuts out valuable workers. This questionnaire should be printed on cards of a size to be readily filed for future reference, and should contain the following questions, with dotted lines for answers:

Name?
Address?
Church Affiliation, if any?
What is your profession?
Vocation?
Avocation?
What Social Activities would you prefer seeing started in the church?
In which are you qualified to take leadership?
Will you serve whenever called upon?

In one community, a questionnaire, sent out in the form of a "Pool Your Talent Hobby Exchange," received a most hearty response. It read:

> "You are asked to fill out the enclosed card containing the following provisions. 'I could show club groups how to ———.' 'I would like to learn how to ——.' 'I would be glad to entertain by ——.' This may be a chance for you to make some other fellow's dream come true and the other fellow may give you an opportunity to learn just the thing you have been wanting to know how to do. It's your big chance to help wake up this old city of ours to some good old-fashioned neighborly times and give us the finest kind of a get-together spirit.
>
> "The following list is suggested, but need not limit you. If you are a man, woman, boy or girl, can you help in entertaining small or large social groups by piano-playing, singing, song-leading, song accompanying, instrumental music, reading, story-telling, folk dancing, stunts, games, leading, instantaneous cartoons, impersonations?
>
> "If you are a woman or a girl can you show club groups how to sew, cook, embroider, decorate lamp shades, or other craftsman work? Can you direct simple dramatics? Have you any other specialty? Would you like to learn any of these?
>
> "Men and boys, how about you?"

THIS is the second of a series of articles by Mrs. Candler, who is associated with Community Service, Inc., and an authority on social and welfare activities, treating of the enlargement of the community work of the local church. Dealing, as it does, with specific methods instead of generalities, and giving sources for further study, it will be found of unusual value.

All suggestions for activities should be met open-mindedly, and those who offer them should be assured that such as are feasible will be started as soon as enough interest is forthcoming. An attitude of superiority or disdain, even momentarily, on the part of the leaders is fatal to the future success of the project. If the people can not be made to feel that the activities are their acitivities and the center their center, they will have none of it.

A GOOD time to launch a social program is on a holiday, Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Washington's birthday, for all of which entertainment features are easy to play. (The handbook "Rural and Small Community Recreation," published by Community Service, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, which incidentally contains many admirable suggestions and programs and sources of material, contains a year of holiday celebrations prepared by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, any of which may be followed by amateurs.)

A special evening for the strangers of the community should be a great success. There are always recent comers who still feel outside. Nothing makes them feel more at home nor more friendly toward the church than a special introduction party, and incidentally nothing limbers up the regular members and obviates self-consciousness like working to put others at their ease. One church in a large middle Western city a few years ago decided to take such steps as would enable the many strangers within its reach to become acquainted with other people of similar tastes and interests. There had been many requests for some such medium. At a first meeting everybody was introduced. There was a short program of music and addresses, and then the meeting adjourned into small informal groups to give people the opportunity to talk about the things in which they were most interested, and to find others with the same interests.

Forty people came to the first meeting, 96 to the next. Then 110, then 195. And by that time the attendance at small clubs which had been organized for various activities and pursuits averaged 290 weekly! A strange thing had happened. The people in the church got acquainted with each other while introducing the strangers! Women who had lived on the same block for years learned that they had remarkably similar hobbies, and forthwith began to cultivate them together.

An evening for the old folks of the town can be made very enjoyable to every one. In his book, "The Community Center," Mr. L. J. Hanifer suggests a program, "Ye Old-Time School Days," which will accomplish that rather difficult task of enlisting the active participation of both the old and the young people while furnishing enter-

tainment for everybody. An evening of local history may also be planned to draw out the old residents, and will often result in the uncovering of picturesque and half-forgotten local traditions and legends. Such an evening in a Southern town led to a series of "historic walks," and later to the marking of old Civil War battle sites of the neighborhoods. Almost every section has some interesting and unrecorded local history. The old All Saints' Church in the heart of New York's lower East Side tenement section has established a museum into which many rare local relics have poured from members and former members, all closely associated with the growth of that once famous section where Lincoln quelled draft riots, and where later, for a little while, he lay in state after his assassination.

AN EVENING of music may consistently lead to widespread interest in musical organization and musical activities. It *should* lead directly to the appointment of a special Sunday afternoon committee to plan programs for that most troublesome time which has split more than one church-community project in twain. Organ recitals of good classical music always draw a wide and appreciative audience, especially when the numbers are interspersed with solos and quartets. The committee entrusted with the Sunday afternoon program has a wide opportunity for making friends. Local musicians are usually glad to give their services. The choirs of other churches respond cordially to invitations, and such a program oftener than not is the beginning of community-wide musical hours, with outdoor meetings in summer months, and with the winter programs held in various churches. San Diego, Calif., has enormous park signs which bring all churches together in this way.

Each Sunday-school class and group within the church should be trained into a chorus, and should, if possible, develop its own leader. This has happened in practically every church in Palatka, Fla., and in churches in the towns of Georgia and Indiana. The "Twice Fifty-Five" or some other good collection of secular songs and popular hymns should be used for preliminary singing, and all groups familiarized with the same songs so that when a big annual musical festival is planned, every one will sing the same songs. Oratorios, of course, require special practice.

In Logansport, Ind., recently, a novel song contest which might be put on by any church, with a little practice, was given by the public schools. A thousand children took part, each class having its own leader, and singing by rote. The group voted for by the most people received the prize, and widespread interest in the voting prevailing among parents and friends. The element of anticipated competition puts spirit into practice, and should not be lost sight of.

Quartets, string bands, glee clubs and orchestras result almost inevitably from the larger, looser organization for music. The musicians, with a headquarters for practice, come together almost spontaneously, and often stay together without leadership, to become a community social asset of no small importance. "The Community Orchestra," a handbook of practical suggestions for the new group will be found invaluable, and may be had direct from the author, Dr. Perry Dickie, 777 West End Avenue, New York City. An adult musical appreciation club has proved a great success in more than one community, operating as it usually does under the auspices of the general church-community musical organization. Such a club should be made up of people spontaneously drawn together by musical appreciation.

The orchestra under church auspices may become a community social asset of no small importance

NOTHING is more successful in bringing old and young together for a social good time than a good game, unless it is an evening of games. Shyness and diffidence vanish. Laughter prevails. In "Rural and Small Community Recreation," already mentioned, numerous programs are outlined, in which, in general, the "mixer" is followed by spirited games in which everybody participates, and in turn by team, or relay games. Musical games, mass and group "stunts," and magic are followed by refreshments, the special number, if any, of the program, and ten minutes of spirited song.

A musical story is always a popular addition to the program. It is immensely popular in England and France, but it is only now beginning to be played in America. It requires only a piano, a player, and cards and pencils enough for the assembly. The pianist states that he is going to tell a story, and when a break occurs in it, a few chords will supply the missing clue. Such a story, arranged by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, Community Service, begins: "There was once a young man named (Robin Adair). He was in love with a beautiful young girl whom he called (Katie, Beautiful Katie)." The ingenuity of the crowd might be tested by a prize contest offered for the cleverest original musical story written within a given length of time. "Tunes Dad Whistled" provided a successful evening recently in a long Island Baptist church. A few lines of some old-fashioned song were played, the leader avoiding using the opening bars, and a prize was given to the guesser of the most songs during the evening. The older people entered spiritedly into the fun, but a twelve-year-old boy bore off the prize.

Other sorts of programs will suggest themselves. Meanwhile, as a result of the questionnaire sent out, small social club groups will have been formed, which, after they have had time to get well under way, will contribute to the general programs in many ways. One such group of young men and women voluntarily assumed a portion of a church debt by planning and putting on an "International Exhibition" in the big assembly hall of the parish house. Eighteen booths ranged around the walls represented as many nationalities. A man and a woman in the native costume of the country chosen officiated over each booth, which housed not only arts and crafts work of that nation, but refreshments characteristic of it as well. During the evening, talent, representing many of the nationalities—much of it mobilized from an industrial suburb of the town—appeared on the big stage at the end of the room. Music, folk dancing, and a pageant were given. The entertainment was so successful it was given by request in a park of the town's industrial district.

Before the social recreation committees have gone far, it is the usual experience to find that their problem is, not "What shall we do?" but "How in the world shall we get everything in?" And this even in a town which has before had the reputation of being dull and dead. For when the right spirit has been created the work gathers momentum tremendously.

For those who wish to make a fuller study along these lines, the following bibliography is offered:

Ice Breakers, Edna Geister (Woman's Press, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York).

Folk Dancing and Singing Games, Elizabeth Burchenal (G. Schirmer & Co., New York).

Old English and American Games, F. W. Brown and N. L. Boyd (Soul Brothers, 625 Federal Street, Chicago).

Amateur Entertainments, Helen Ferris (Dutton & Co., New York).

Social Games and Group Dancing, J. C. Elson and Blanche Trilling (J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

Rural and Small Community Recreation (Community Service, 1 Madison Avenue, New York).

Community Music (Community Service).

Twice Fifty-Five Community Songs (C. C. Burchard & Co., Boston).

The School Band and Orchestra, Glen H. Woods (Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston).

Community Recreation, George Draper (Association Press, 347 Madison Avenue, New York).

The Worth of a Man

How Denver Rates Jim Goodheart, of "The Little House Where God Does So Much"

By ELIZABETH PALMER MILBANK

HAVE you ever wondered how much you were worth, how you were rated, not in Dun or Bradstreet, not in dollars or cents, but in the estimation of your fellow citizens?

Dun or Bradstreet may never have heard of Jim Goodheart, he may have a financial rating or he may not, but in his home town of Denver, Colorado, it is said that at the very lowest estimate he is worth $1,500,000 to the city and is equal to thirty policemen. Any time Jim Goodheart wants money to carry on his business all he has to do is to say so and Denver people put their hands in their pockets. They can afford to. It is the best investment they make. Jim Goodheart's business is saving souls, and $2.73 will save a soul.

There is a street in Denver where women do not go at night; where shoe shining "parlors" lodge in a hole in the wall; where pool halls catch the loiterers; where clothes that "have seen better days" are sold; where you can get a cup of coffee for a nickel served on the arm of your chair; where the sunshine is reflected from one set of golden balls—three in number—only to be caught by another set a few doors on, and on this street is a junk shop for wasted, broken, crushed and scrapped humanity. This is Jim's place of business. Its regular name is "The Sunshine Mission," but it is often spoken of as "the little house where God does so much"—God and His agent, Jim Goodheart.

Here they carry on the work of rebuilding, morally, men and women. Man may rebuild a city which has been destroyed, but only God can start with human wreckage and end with good. Here Jim Goodheart—tall, lanky Jim Goodheart with his winning smile and cheery, friendly voice—preaches the Gospel in the good, old-fashioned way. Here 5,000 drifters a year find their way and are fed and clothed first and then preached to and prayed with.

OUT of the depths of his own experience Jim Goodheart brings the understanding and the fellow-feeling that keeps him in touch with every down-and-outer. He once held a high position with a great future in sight, but was unable to stand prosperity and started downward. Position, home, reputation and self-respect were lost and he drifted with other derelicts. He came to Denver on a freight train, stumbled into the Sunshine Mission and found a helping hand and encouragement that shamed him and awoke dormant will power and a sense of right and wrong.

He got a position, paid his debts, took up the work of managing the Sunshine Mission, and in his turn held out a helping hand to others. He has been offered positions with big salaries, but he says he is fulfilling a part of a business contract. "I promised God if He would redeem me I would devote the rest of my life to Him. I have been on the job ever since." Once a year, on the anniversary of his re-birth, Jim tells the story of his spiritual death and regeneration, and every pastor in the city celebrates with him.

The doors of the Sunshine Mission are never closed, day or night. Every noon and every evening there is an hour of prayer. Outside, street cars rattle by, autos honk, teams clatter over the pavement, newsboys call "Extry!" but inside peace reigns. All is still except for a voice raised in prayer, a song, and occasionally a stifled sob.

Every Tuesday humanity's need draws fifty women there to make over old clothes. There is no distinction. Women from the most beautiful homes on Capitol Hill sit beside women with sunken cheeks, hollow-eyed sisters who have caught a glimpse of a better life and are anxious to aid those who still travel the broad and glimmering way.

A room back of the Mission is piled high with burglars' outfits, bottles that held nitro-glycerine, jimmies, blackjacks, tools of criminals which, but for Jim, might be in operation in the city. No wonder Denver people give gladly and generously to keep this Mission open. In five years 3,821 men and women whom this beachcomber has pulled out of the flotsam and jetsam, joined Denver churches alone. Jim receives hundreds of letters a day from converts telling of their progress, and he answers every one.

But he does not need these letters to give him confidence that those who are converted in the Sunshine Mission will make good and that they will hold fast in the Christian life. One sentence he is fond of repeating explains the reason for that confidence: "We teach our converts not to hold on to God but to let God hold on to them." And they do let God hold on to them and make them worth-while men and women.

Kindly, honest and earnest, Jim Goodheart wins souls because of his human sympathy. He meets a down-and-outer as man to man, and no questions are asked, no preaching is done until his physical needs have been attended to. Jim Goodheart feeds and clothes him and gives him the hand of fellowship, and Jim Goodheart wins out.

Many Answer Peace Endorsement Call

Flood of Replies Shows Churches Support President's Efforts

A NATION-WIDE response from churches of almost every Christian denomination and from many other organizations is now pouring in by every mail, addressed to the Peace Endorsement Committee, sponsored by the Christian Herald, showing how unanimously the churches of America support and approve President Harding in his efforts for World Peace and Disarmament. Although there has been only a short interval for answers, these responses come from almost every state in the Union, and there is a prospect that the number will be largely increased when those churches whose pastors are now on vacation, are heard from. In almost every instance the resolutions are signed by the pastor and the church-officers, or a committee representing the entire congregation.

Some of the letters are expressive of the highest enthusiasm for the cause of Peace and the greatest confidence in the ultimate outcome of the Conference. The writers see in the present situation an opportunity for the Church to place itself on record in one of the greatest efforts for world reform that has ever been attempted. At the same time, the writers are fully alive to the importance of the recognition by the Conference of the Divine Sovereignty and of the need of that wise direction which can only come from the Omnipotent Ruler.

Many of the endorsements received in response to our appeal come from churches and pastors who are well known to the whole American people and whose views can be considered with respect.

From Kansas City, Mo., comes a message of this character, representing the Bishop, Conference Superintendent, Ministers and lay delegates of Missouri Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, with a total membership of about 4,000 in its area, all of whom through their authorized officers, express hearty approval of the action of President Harding and pledge him every support in bringing about world peace. The resolutions are signed by Bishop Cyrus J. Kephart, and Roy E. James, Secretary of the United Brethren Conference.

FROM several churches belonging to the Friends, or Quakers, have come the same hearty approval and pledge of support which these ardent lovers of peace and righteousness commend with great goodwill.

Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, United Brethren, Lutherans, Moravians and Evangelical bodies all join in a fervent pledge of support for the task before the Conference, the success of which will mean so much to the peoples of the world.

The communication from the United Brethren Church Commission on Evangelism goes even further than the resolutions themselves and points out that "universal peace is impossible in the face of great armies and navies, which, in the nature of things stand in the way of a Christian settlement of international questions," and adds: "We believe it possible for the peoples of the earth to enter into an agreement in spite of designing politicians and professional militarists, to reduce war agencies to a minimum. Therefore, the ministers and lay delegates of the West Virginia Conference, Church of the United Brethren in Christ, assembled in the city of Elkins, and representing 23,000 members and twice that number of adherents, pledges its heartiest approval to the President and undivided support to his efforts for world peace." It is signed by Bishop W. M. Bell, Presiding Bishop, and Bishop W. M. Weekley, on behalf of the conference.

Doubtless during the coming week many more churches will be heard from until all the denominations have signified their approval of the object of the Conference and of President Harding's efforts. When the whole is complete, all will be submitted to the President, who, himself a sincere Christian and ardent churchman, will fully appreciate the widespread interest and the pledges given from those earnest people of all denominations who, as Aaron and Hur upheld the hands of Moses, are minded to give moral and physical support in every way possible to President Harding and the leaders in the coming struggle for world peace.

FOLLOWING are the churches which have taken action upon the resolutions up to September 8.

Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, Pa. Russell H. Conwell, for the 2,000 members.

St. James' Lutheran Church, New York City. Rev. Junius B. Remensnyder, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

Scotch Presbyterian Church of Chipman, N. Y. Rev. Geo. R. Harland, Pastor; Rev. J. Robertson, Pastor Emeritus; Elders J. P. Walker, R. A. Fither, Fred Short, Andrew Veitch, Th. F. Rutherford and Thos. R. Fife, Supt. of Sunday school; Mrs. Alex. Robson, President C. E.; Mrs. R. A. Rutherford, President of the Missionary Society.

Christian Church of Salamonia, Ind. Rev. E. D. Owen, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of Leesville, S. C. Rev. J. H. Brown, Pastor; J. H. Bodie and Ch. Bodie, Stewards.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Metropolis, Ill. Rev. J. G. M. Hursh, Pastor, and C. E. Hilgiman, E. C. Artman, J. F. Kotter and H. H. Meyer, Committee.

Methodist Episcopal Church of Beardsley, Minn. Rev. W. J. Barr, Pastor, for the congregation.

Bethel Congregational Church of Bronson, Mich. Mrs. Ola S. Harris, Clerk.

Grace Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis. Rev. S. W. Phelps, Pastor; Dr. A. J. Rowland for the official board.

Welsh Presbyterian Church, Wales, Wis. Rev. John Hammond, Pastor, for the congregation.

Grace Lutheran Church, Butler, Pa. E. Victor Roland, Pastor, for the congregation, and Edgar Hughes, Supt., for the Sunday-school.

Atkinson Presbyterian Church, Morgan City, La. Rev. S. C. Delaquean, Pastor, for the congregation.

United Presbyterian Church of Lewistown, Pa. Rev. W. A. Miller, Pastor, and W. T. Harbit and I. N. Schilling, officers, for the congregation.

Salem Evangelical Church, Blue Earth, Minn. Rev. E. F. Brand, Pastor; H. C. Schneider, Sunday-school Superintendent; Walter Willment, Assistant Sunday-school Superintendent; and H. Klucas, President of the Board of Trustees, in behalf of the congregation.

First Methodist Episcopal Church of Canton, S. D. Rev. S. E. Brown, Pastor; S. J. Erinagh, Secretary of Official Board for the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Northboro, Iowa. Rev. P. I. King, Pastor; A. S. Mawhinney for the trustees; W. O. Boylan, Superintendent of the Sunday school and Perna Henn, President of the Epworth League.

Congregational Church of Lake Linden, Mich. Rev. W. A. Hutchinson, Pastor; Thomas Williams, Deacon and Truman Guard, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Congregational Church of Chassell, Mich. Rev. W. A. Hutchinson, Pastor; Geo. F. Fesing, Deacon; E. J. Wilkinson, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Congregational Church of Hubbell, Mich. Rev. W. A. Hutchinson, Pastor; Samuel J. Williams, Deacon; Mrs. Andrew Nelson, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

(These three churches are all under the same pastorate.)

Goshen Baptist Church, West Goshen, Pa. Rev. Grover C. Walters, Pastor; and the following have signed for the congregation: Thos. T. Crosley, John H. Kirk, Jr., Jesse Jefferis, Jr., Ruth A Crosley, Ethel M. Davis, Sara E. Brittingham, John Armstrong, Lulu S. Armstrong, Lucy A. Walters, Mrs. Jesse Esbin, Jesse Esbin, Mary S. Brown, Fannie R. Dutton, Cora H. Jefferis, George Elwood Hetherington, G. Edwin Supplee, Florence S. Supplee, Edwin J. Harvey, L. Harry Davis, Howard P. Supplee, Jonathan H. Jefferis, Howard H. Guthrie, Anna M. L. Phipps, Caroline J. Baker, Anna E. Crosley, Sarah J. Smedley.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Berlin, N. H. Rev. T. Aug. Lillehli, Pastor, for the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Grundy Center, Iowa. Rev. Fred P. Fisher, Pastor, for the congregation.

Christian Service League, Washington, D. C. Wilbert P. Cooke, President, in behalf of the membership of the League.

First Congregational Church, Sioux City, Ia. Miss Myrtle Whitmer, Pastor's Assistant, in behalf of the congregation.

Fourth Baptist Church, Minneapolis, Minn. Enoch Broberg, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Shelby, O. H. B. DuBois, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Massena, Ia. Signed by Mrs. N. M. Whitney, Mr. W. S. Whitney, and other members in behalf of the congregation.

Reformed Church of America, Platte, S. D. Rev. Adrian Vandyke, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Ionia, N. Y. Rev. Leland W. Brignall, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Congregational Church, Charlotte, Mich. Rev. Frank Davis, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation. Major J. D. Parkhurst writes: "I am the oldest member of Rev. Mr. Davis's church, who signed the resolution gladly, and I am oldest in age, being nearly 90. We are thoroughly in harmony with the work."

Police Christian Association, New York City. Chaplain J. Lindley Spicer, official representative. Chaplain Spicer writes: "The New York Branch of the International Police Christian Association are in hearty accord with your commendable efforts. We are united in prayer and effort to hasten the coming of the day of 'Peace and Good-Will.'"

Calvary Church, Conemaugh, Pa. Rev. B. E. Coleman, Pastor, for the congregation.

Congregational Church, Cincinnatus, N. Y. Rev. Theo. W. Harris, Pastor, for the congregation.

Congregational Church, Pitcher, N. Y. The resolution was passed on the same day as the Cincinnatus church, Pastor Harris being authorized to sign for the congregation.

United Brethren Church, Williamstown, Pa. Rev. Chas. S. Miller, Pastor; John Lauker, Class Leader; John Kapp, Sunday-school Superintendent; Mrs. John Kapp, Secretary, Official Board and three aged members, veterans of the Civil War and Comrades of the G. A. R., viz., Robert Penwell, Nicholas Adams, Thos. B. McCord, all signed in behalf of the congregation.

Green Hill Presbyterian Church, Salunia, Pa. Geo. F. Metzlar and C. H. Mann, Ruling Elders, in behalf of the congregation.

Congregational Church, Eagleville, O. Signed by Mrs. F. G. Peck, Clerk, on behalf of the congregation.

Christian Reformed Church, Holland, Mich. Rev. A. Keizer, Pastor for the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Camp Walton, Fla. Rev. J. L. Garnett, Pastor, for the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Rupert, Vt. Rev. Edwin Genge, Pastor, for the congregation. Pastor Genge writes: "I am glad to be able to help in any way your efforts to secure peace. The enclosed was endorsed unanimously by our congregation."

Church of the Brethren, Timberville, Va. Rev. O. S. Miller, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Moravian Church, York, Pa. Rev. C. A. Weber, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Friends Church, Fountain City, Ind. Rev. Clinto O. Reynolds, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

St. Paul's M. E. Church, South Orangeburg, S. C. Rev. T. G. Hubert, Pastor, and D. H. Marchant, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation. The secretary's letter states: "This congregation has a membership of more than a thousand souls. May God speed you in this good work and soon bring the American people and the peoples of the world to realize the importance of this great and necessary movement."

Red Marble Baptist Church, Topton, N. C. Rev. W. B. Matheson, Pastor, and J. T. Postell, Church Clerk, for the congregation.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Baltimore, Md. Rev. P. A. Heilman, Pastor, and J. Norman Gibson, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Baptist Church, Saxton's River, Vt., Rev. W. E. Lombard, Pastor in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Seaford, L. I., Rev. Theodore Bennett, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Cortland, Ohio, Rev. W. B. Maughiman, Pastor, for the congregation.

Union Baptist Church, Parkinan, Me., signed by C. A. Kinney, E. H. Ayer, H. E. Wight, W. F. Conway, J. W. Patten, F. St. Greeley, R. W. Kimball, Jr., Seth Kimball, A. C. Kimball, Louise Kimball, Ebba Harrington, Hattie Weever, Elizabeth Ayer, Elizabeth Kinney.

Baptist Church, Frewsburg, N. Y., Rev. A. J. Stanton, Pastor, for the congregation.

First Friends Church, Pasadena, Calif., Rev. J. H. Peele, Pastor in behalf of the congregation of 400.

Grace Baptist Church, Camden, N. J., Rev. Wm. P. Haug, Pastor, for the congregation.

First Methodist Church, Grand Island, Nebr., signed by Rev. J. Henry Stitt, Pastor, and official board in behalf of the congregation.

First Baptist Church, Chanute Kans., Rev. Edgar Hays Cook, Pastor; Mr. J. A. Mason, Church Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

The Union Church, Valley Home, Calif., signed by Rev. G. G. Kessel, Pastor and Gideon Maxes, Sunday School Superintendent.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Tarpon Springs, Fla., Rev. Geo. H. Northrop, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Baptist Church, Whitehall, N. Y., signed by Rev. Frederick Nightingale, Pastor, and Alena V. Manville, Clerk.

Harris Avenue Presbyterian Church, San Angelo, Texas, Rev. F. O. Woestemeyer, Pastor in behalf of the congregation.

Eden Valley Church of The Brethern, St. John, Kans., signed by Rev. Paul K. Brandt, Pastor, and the official board.

IN ADDITION to the foregoing, a number of responses have been received from individual church members who are signing in the majority of cases, in the absence of the pastor, or for some similar reason. These come from Lakewood, N. J.; Wakeman, Ohio; Alva, Okla.; Bound Brook, N. J.; Eustis, Fla.; Heaton, N. C.; Columbus, Ind.; Riceville, Iowa; Caledonia, N. Y.; Long Prairie, Minn.; Dallas, Tex.; Garlington, Okla.; Douds, Fla.; Huntington, Ind.; Morris, Ill.; La Cygne, Kans.; Onida, S. D.; Shellrock, Ia.; Paterson, N. J.; Jamison, Nebr.; Dover, Ohio; Georgetown, Ky.; Muscatine, Ia.; Glens Falls, N. Y.; Fremont, Ia.; Kingston, N. Y.; Cassopolis, Mich.; Lowell, Mass.; Kingsville, Tex.; Delaware, Ohio; Derwood, Md.; Bannock, Ohio; Elsie, Mich.; Oxford, Wis., and Philadelphia.

The Orange Lodge, Knights of Pythias of Orangeburg, S. C., Ora. A. Hydrack, Chancellor, and L. K. Sturkie, Secretary, representing 245 members, also joins in the endorsement; as does the Rotary Club of the same city, with E. E. Atkinson, President, and Henry R. Sims, Secretary, signing the resolution.

We reprint the Peace Endorsement resolution in order that churches which have not acted already may do so at once. Prompt action is necessary if your church is to be represented.

WHEREAS President Harding has called a Conference on Disarmament, to be composed of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers and China, to be held in Washington, D. C., on November 11, 1921, and

WHEREAS the Christian people of the United States of America of all denominations are by their profession of belief in the teaching and Spirit of Jesus Christ committed to the policy of World Peace and to Disarmament as a means to the accomplishment of that goal; Therefore

BE IT RESOLVED That we, the pastor, officers and members of ..... Church, do hereby express our hearty approval of the action of President Harding and pledge to him our support in every effort to bring about World Peace.

Date .....

.....

.....

(Use this blank or copy in typewritten form, sign, and return to "Peace Endorsement Committee, Room 94, Bible House, New York City," at the earliest possible moment.)

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

An Open Letter to President Harding

MR. PRESIDENT:

The invitation to a Conference to discuss the question of disarmament by the nations of the world has been called by you, and therefore to you the people look for a very important place in the discussion and the direction of its purpose.

You will, of course, be given plenty of advice and grave counsel by the press and platform of this country, inasmuch as there is a multitude of persons who feel capable of deciding for you the course you or the representatives of the United States ought to take. But this letter does not venture to define the plan or program of the conference as it shall face the different questions of naval supremacy, territorial rights, or balances of so-called power.

All that we, the American people, want to say to you at this time has very little to do with diplomatic or national policies. There is a world right which is greater than any national right. Through all the centuries since men first began to fight and kill one another, it is the common people of the world who have been the sufferers from war. Because a few kings or emperors or militarists believed in war as the method of settling national disputes, millions of innocent men and women and little children have paid the supreme penalty. We believe they have suffered long enough for the selfish ambition or greed or wickedness of a few individuals. The time has come for some world rights to be considered. The individual nations have had their personal grievances or rights before the public long enough. It is time the common people had a hearing.

And it is because of that great cry of the common people to have their case considered that we believe this conference has been called. You are a member of a church, you call yourself a disciple of Jesus Christ your ancestors have been devout believers in Him, you read your Bible and believe in prayer. And we are taking for granted that so far as you, the President of the United States, are concerned, you have no other hope in your heart for this conference greater than the hope that the main thing will be accomplished.

And the main thing is DISARMAMENT. If the representatives of the countries that have accepted your invitation meet around the table to discuss selfishly their rights, regardless of the rights of mankind; if the arts and intrigues of diplomacy prevail over the needs of the common people, then the Conference will fail of the purpose which we believe rests in your own mind and heart.

But it is our hope and prayer, Mr. President, that the Conference will not fail. Is it not time that the welfare of mankind take precedence over the selfish claims of individuals? Are not the rights of the peoples of the earth greater than the so-called rights of any people? Is not the world need of peace greater than the national need of territory? Is not the cry of humanity greater than the cry of the militarist or the diplomat?

We anticipate that so far as you or those who shall represent the United States at the Conference can use their influence, this Conference will pass into human history as the beginning of the end of war. The prayers of millions of Christian men and women in America are being offered, during these days of hope, that Almighty God may grant to you the wisdom from above, and that you may live to see the time in human history which you yourself have helped to make, when nation shall make war against nation no more, and a real Brotherhood be born that shall create lasting peace and good-will among men.

Respectfully,
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.
C. M. S.

God in the Conference

SEVERAL readers have written to the Christian Herald expressing the hope that in its open sessions the approaching Disarmament Conference may feel led to give due recognition to Almighty God and to invoke the divine wisdom and blessing upon the efforts to be put forth for the peace and well-being of mankind.

We have the confident hope that this will be done and that one of the strongest advocates of the step will be President Harding himself. Preceding his inauguration, speaking before the Marion Presbytery on the same platform with Mr. Bryan, the President-elect as reported in the New York *Times*, and other publications, said:

"I know how you were aroused to a great ideal of world relations, and how unhappy many of you were that we all could not see it that way. But you did not stop to think that in the conception of Versailles there was no recognition of God Almighty. I could not hope for a very happy relationship among nations unless there was a common thought among them in recognition of a Supreme Being."

This is a declaration not to be put aside, and we do not believe it will be.

That God alone is able to give enduring peace to the world is the conviction of every true Christian. Man may propose, but He is the Disposer. Many of our churches, whose pastors and congregations are now so loyally upholding the President in his efforts to make the Conference a success, are emphasizing in their communications to the Christian Herald the vital importance of imploring the divine wisdom to direct the Conference throughout. The churches of all denominations should not fail to have a special day of prayer that the Conference itself may plead for spiritual direction in all of its deliberations.

"Will God bless the Conference if He is not asked to do so?" is the question put by some of those who write us on the subject. The answer should be a volume of prayer not only from the churches, but from the homes, the workshops, and all the places of business, that the Conference and its doings might be under the divine sovereignty and leadership. At such a time it would be appropriate also to humbly ask forgiveness for the sins and shortcomings of all the nations alike.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA
DEPARTMENT OF LABOR AND INDUSTRY
HARRISBURG

To the Christian Herald

The excellent article by Mr. Lewis E. Theiss in the Christian Herald of July 23, 1921, has come to the attention of this Bureau and principally through a number of commendatory letters which have come to this Bureau from persons who have read the article.

I desire to thank you for the co-operation of your publication in disseminating information on this important work.

Yours very truly,
S. S. RIDDLE,
Chief, Bureau of Rehabilitation.

Wicked Waste

THE average American citizen is a long-suffering creature. He is taxed to the limit locally and for national expenses. He bears the burden of high cost of necessities when strikes and industrial troubles raise the prices of commodities. And he is the innocent bystander who gets hit when politicians and interested parties tinker with the tariff or revise the tax laws.

But it does seem to him at times that he is the victim of misgovernment and blundering on the part of those who spend his money to an extent that is unbearable. As for example, when the shipping board takes 205 vessels which cost the people from $300,000 to $800,000 apiece by contract with a ship-building corporation and sells them to bidders at $2,100 apiece!

Yet that is just what was done the other day at Newark by the shipping board, providing the purchaser completes the required bond. The Commissioner, Edward C. Plummer, said that the board had devoted a great deal of time to the study of the bids, but considered that the best thing they could do under the circumstances would be to accept the offered price of $2 100 for a part of the fleet.

Of course every one knows that it is impossible to get the original value of any thing for any article, from an automobile to a typewriter, if it is what is known as second-hand. A man bought a new car and paid $2,500 for it, drove it home, met with a sudden reverse of fortune before night, drove the car over to the next house and sold it to a neighbor for $1,200. It was all he was offered and all he could get.

But when it comes to selling ships that cost $800,000 for $2,100, the proportion of original cost and the selling price is a little bit too much. At any rate it raises the question that the American people are asking with more and more emphasis, why is it that the business of the government is carried on at such a fearful loss and why is this waste permitted by the officials?

It is a curious fact that the average citizen looks upon what is called "the government" as something outside his own business, and almost a foreign body hired to do the business of keeping the country going.

But what is "the government"?

It is the people as a whole. WE are the government. It is our money that shipping boards spend so freely and carelessly.

And whose loss is it that several of these $800,000 ships are going to be sold for $2,100? YOUR loss. Do you see the point, Mr. Taxpayer? Does it take an operation to get that into your skull? And is the shipping board the party that alone is to blame for this wicked waste of YOUR money? You would not let a clerk in your employ use your money in your business like that, would you? If you did, you would not have any business in a short time.

Why should the United States, at a time when it is in debt and when the taxes and costs of running the government are making even the average citizen sit up and think, be allowed to waste money, YOUR money, Mr. Taxpayer? What are you going to do about it?

Educated Doubt

THE alumnus of a certain well-known college was calling on the president of the institution just after the graduation exercises of Commencement day. The president was congratulating the father on the high standing of his son, who had been one of the members of the graduating class.

The father listened in silence to the president's flattering statements about the student, and then he said, with deliberation and some bitterness:

"Four years ago I sent my son here for a college education because it is my own college, and because I believed that he would receive here a full and satisfactory training in the fundamentals of manhood. I put my son in the care of this college and committed him in a very large and true sense to you. On the day of his graduation, I find that the one greatest thing in an education, as I regard it, is wanting in my boy. I refer to an enthusiastic religious conviction of life. You say he is intellectually brilliant, that he has led his class in mathematics and science. But in a frank talk I had with him this morning, he said to me that he was leaving this college without any religious convictions. In fact, he confessed that the course in Philosophy here had so unsettled his mind that he no longer believed in the Bible as he used to and that he was in doubt as to what to believe when it came to the person of Christ, the reality of the future life and a large part of the teaching he had received at home about prayer.

"I am not complaining about the fact of new ideas about theology or inspiration or miracles. What I am saying is that I left my son here to acquire the truth about life; and so far as his religious part of him is concerned, your teachers have not only failed to give him any enthusiasm about God and Jesus and the fundamentals of conduct, but they have succeeded in taking away the faith he once had, and have not given him anything to take its place. Granted that the religious faith he had when he left home was crude and needed to be enlightened, I would not object to any such enlightenment, but I do object to his being left without any light at all."

The president was very much embarrassed by the plain talk of this alumnus, and especially disturbed on account of the man's wealth and his ability to make a large contribution to the college. But the alumnus made it clear before he left the president's house that he would never make a gift of money to the school until the teaching was changed. His last words gave the president several meals for thought:

"I left my boy in your care. I understood that this was a Christian college. You were responsible for its religious influence. I cannot answer for other students, but I know that my own son came in here with a faith that was nurtured in a Godly home, and with a simple faith in prayer as his mother taught him from a child. And he is going out of here with no religious convictions, and no spiritual enthusiasm. The teaching of this college has robbed him of the faith he had, and put nothing worth-while in its place."

Is it saying too much to assert that the presidents of colleges have a responsibility at this point that cannot be evaded? With all the demand for more endowment for buildings and material equipment for colleges, is it not about time some attention was being paid to the kind of teaching that goes on in the buildings? If the colleges can truthfully be charged with turning out non-religious product, of what use is all the material equipment?

The World News of the Week

Lloyd George Sets Date for the Irish Conference

IMPATIENT over the prolonged exchange of notes, Premier Lloyd George has sent to Eamon de Valera, head of the Sinn Fein cabinet, a demand for a "definite reply as to whether you are prepared to enter a conference to ascertain how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire can best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations," with a proposal that the conference should be held at Inverness, Scotland, on September 20.

The Premier declared again that it was impossible to enter a conference based on an interpretation of the "principle of government by the consent of the governed" which would commit him to the setting up of an Irish republic or repudiation of the Crown, arguing the application of the principle in that way would undermine the fabric of every democratic state. On the other hand he offered to discuss guarantees on any points in which Mr. de Valera may consider Irish freedom prejudiced by the British proposals.

It was regarded as certain, both in Dublin and London, that the Sinn Fein cabinet would accept the Premier's invitation and that the substitution of verbal parleys for the exchange of notes would bring results much more rapidly. The question of Ulster was not mentioned in the Premier's letter and even though the other obstacles are surmounted it will prove a serious difficulty to a final settlement, for there has been not the slightest sign of yielding in Belfast.

BOUND FOR THE MISSION FIELDS OF CHINA AND JAPAN

An imposing array of Gospel messengers, you will say, but it fails to include all of the more than 100 missionaries who sailed from Seattle recently on the Admiral liner Hawkeye State for service in the Orient. Most of them were going out for the first time, and for more than a score it was a honeymoon voyage. Several denominations were represented

League Is Criticized in Assembly

CRITICISMS of the League of Nations have been perhaps the most notable feature of the session of the League Assembly now in session at Geneva. From the small nations there have come new protests against the domination of the League Council by the great Powers, a condition which has been a source of great dissatisfaction from the beginning, and objections to the expensive scale on which the Secretariat is organized. A spokesman for such protests was Hjalmar Brantling, of Sweden, who declared the League was not accomplishing what the world expected of it.

From Lord Robert Cecil, representing South Africa, there came a strong criticism regarding the small progress made toward disarmament and an expression of gratification that on this question the American government and the League had the same general purpose. The League's delay in instituting the system of mandates—a delay declared to be working a hardship on the peoples of the mandated territories and to be spreading a belief that the mandates are only a camouflage for annexation—he declared to be the fault of the American government, which has protested against definition of mandates without its consent but has failed to reply to League communications on the subject. The Harding administration, however, has disclosed its views to the principal Powers and they thus have gone indirectly to the League.

A lessening of the League's influence outside Europe was threatened through controversies involving South American countries. Bolivia's demand that the League take up the Tacna-Arica dispute so as to give her an outlet to the sea was opposed bitterly by Chile, and the delegation of each country was threatening to withdraw if its demands were rejected. Chile was invoking the Monroe Doctrine, arguing that the question was purely an American one in which European nations should not become involved, and that the Monroe Doctrine was recognized by the League Covenant. Several South American countries were not represented at the early sessions, and with Argentina virtually out of the League because of delay on amendments demanded by her, the League's prestige in the Western hemisphere was suffering and further withdrawals were not probable.

Allies Perplexed Over Berlin Treaty

WHAT to do regarding the German-American peace treaty is causing no little concern in the foreign offices of the Allied governments. It presents an unprecedented diplomatic situation, and the responsible officials are going carefully into all phases of the matter before committing themselves. The Berlin pact is unlike any other in that it includes much of the Versailles treaty, and the fact that the United States has expressly dissociated itself from responsibility for many provisions of that treaty creates a situation fraught with considerable potential danger to some of the Allies—at least in the French view. The sections relating to European boundaries, for instance, are excluded from the Berlin treaty and the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France thus not included, so that there is a fear in Paris that Allied recognition of the German-American treaty might give to Germany a means of blocking observance of those Versailles provisions in which this government is not interested. It was suggested in Paris that a treaty between the United States and the Allies might be necessary to place the settlement of peace throughout the world on a proper legal basis. The main provisions of this treaty would be American recognition of the validity of the European frontiers and political conditions established at Versailles and of the disposition of German rights and interests outside Europe, while the Allies would recognize America's right to all she claims under the Berlin treaty.

That the Allies would refuse to approve the Berlin treaty was not expected for a moment. America's position is too strong for that. And in Washington high officials declared all information in their hands indicated that the Berlin treaty was satisfactory to the Allies. The text was communicated to the Allies as a matter of diplomatic courtesy, it was explained, but no formal replies are deemed necessary. American officials saw no impairment of Allied rights, and the only American-Allied treaty considered probable by them was one to cover the mandate question.

International

SEARCHING THE WRECKAGE OF THE HUGE DIRIGIBLE ZR-2

This photograph, taken soon after the wreckage of the huge craft had plunged into the River Humber, gives a graphic idea of the extent of the destruction caused by the explosions after the airship had broken in two, with a loss of more than two-score lives

Conference of Methodists

A RELIGIOUS assemblage of the first magnitude—the World's Conference of Methodists, representing upwards of 40,000,000 adherents—has been in session in London, with delegates from many lands and from the several branches of Methodism participating harmoniously and enthusiastically in its work. Naturally, Methodist union was one of the chief topics on the program and the addresses stressed the need of closer bonds between the various branches. Bishop Mouzon, of the Methodist Church South in the United States, said all branches were united solidly on all vital matters and divided only on the question of administration, and his declaration that the two great Episcopal Methodisms in America "must be one, or must answer before the judgment bar of God" brought forth loud applause. Sir Robert Perks expressed a belief that a union of all the Methodist churches was on the eve of accomplishment, and other speakers pleaded for reunion.

Of such wide international scope, the conference did not limit its discussions to religious matters. Messages of greetings were sent to President Harding and King George, voicing an earnest hope for world peace. That to Mr. Harding said Methodists everywhere would watch with prayerful attention the practical proposals made by the American Government to secure peace without resort to war. The coming international conference on limitation of armaments received much attention, and the deepest anxiety that it should be fully successful was expressed.

American Delegation Named

EACH main delegation to the Washington conference on limitation of armaments is to consist of four members, according to a White House announcement which revealed the complete list of American delegates. Secretary Hughes and Senator Lodge previously had been named. Sitting with them will be Elihu Root, former Secretary of State, former Secretary of War, former senator from New York and an American member of the Hague Tribunal; and Senator Oscar W. Underwood, long the Democratic leader in the Senate. This list generally was regarded by the newspapers, both Democratic and Republican, as perhaps the strongest Mr. Harding could have designated and as thoroughly competent to represent the nation in a gathering of such importance.

Continued on page 699

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Instalment Four

A Story of a City Church

By MARION HARLAND

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

CHAPTER VIII

THE Hailes were to take an afternoon train to Marlinton and soon after breakfast on the morning succeeding the "Demonstration," Mrs. Barrows accompanied her friend upon an important shopping expedition, leaving the two men in close confabulation in Dr. Barrows's study.

"I can't get the image of poor old Stenson out of my head, as he sat there in a crumpled heap looking ten years older than he did a month ago," Dr. Barrows was saying. "My wife—who I needn't tell you is one of the cleverest women alive—will have it that it was not the surprise that knocked him over, but the nature of it. As she said last night, she is behind the scenes so far as their private means are concerned, and she is positive that all that gammon about secrecy as to the nature of the surprise awoke in the Stensons' mind a fond hope that some provision would be made for their old age. It goes without saying that his professional life is ended. Nobody doubts that. He has crossed the dead-line and put up the bars after him. God help him!"

He brought it out with genuine feeling, striding up and down the floor and beating his palms together.

"This isn't a digression, although it may look like one. You and Stenson were made of like material, albeit not after the same pattern. You will make a brave fight before you collapse. So did he, but you saw the end of it. Take my advice and accept as inevitable the peculiar trials of our profession. One of them nearly floored Stenson thirty years ago. You are too young to have heard of it. He was a good-looking chap then and with the grace of manner which came back to him in a measure last night. There is game blood in him yet.

"A woman took a fancy to consult him with regard to her spiritual struggles—how I detest the phrase! She wrote letters to him by the quire and dogged him on the street and made occasions to call on him and to have him call upon her. He told me afterwards that he feared she would lose her reason in 'the' intensity of her fears that she had committed the unpardonable sin. At last the busybodies began to talk, and hints crept into the papers of a 'scandal in clerical life,' and the injured husband to the front. The tale is as old as the hills. Mrs. Stenson stood by her husband like the true, brave woman she is, and so, to their lasting honor be it said, did the Church. He proved of what mettle he is by demanding a thorough investigation and the cancer was laid open. There was not an atom of truth in the tale. The husband had to confess that, knowing his wife to be of unsound mind, he had let her weave the infernal web in the hope of freeing himself from the marriage tie. The poor woman died in a sanitarium a few years later.

"Don't be offended, Haile, if I call your attention to this one of divers pitfalls that may be laid for your feet. You have charms of person and manner, and the church at large is overstocked with sentimental sisters. Don't work the pastoral duty too hard. I am saying all this out of love for you such as your father might feel, were he in my place."

HE SAT down and laid his arm about his friend's shoulders. Haile turned his cheek to rest upon the speaker's shoulder as if he had been in truth his father.

"I thank you with all my soul. You have the right to be frank with me. Indeed, it is your duty. But for you I should probably have hesitated to exchange a charge that satisfied me entirely for one involving such responsibilities as that I now hold. My whole heart is a sobbing prayer that I may be convinced by future events that I have acted wisely."

The big hand patted his shoulder.

"I have no doubt of that! My apprehension is that the command to 'Come up higher!' could not be more clear if the call had been in an audible voice. I grant that the responsibility is great. So are the opportunities for doing the Lord's work. There are hardly three richer congregations of our denomination in this city, for one thing——"

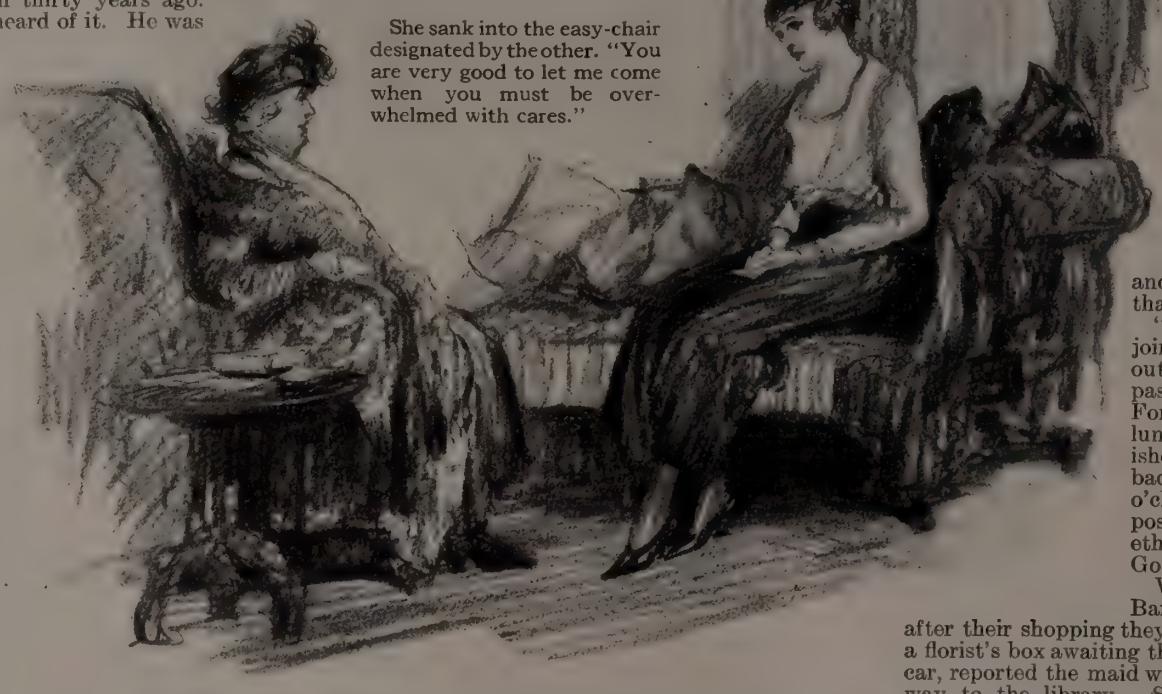
He paused, for Haile's impatient gesture had shaken the caressing hand from its resting-place.

"That is the least of the recommendations of the Banner Church to me! It is a sordid consideration and to my notion inconsistent with the spirit of the Master Who, I hope and pray, may show why I have relinquished home and the people of my first love for a new sphere of thought and action."

"See here, my son!" facing squarely about to look directly into Haile's eyes. "Don't be a fool! And an ungrateful fool at that! Money is as essentially the Master's gift to His church as the influence of the Spirit."

"St. James held a different opinion!" He was shocked and indignant and took no pains to conceal it.

"In the first century? I grant it. We are living and laboring in the twentieth. I am not an avaricious man. My detractors have not yet accused me of greed for filthy lucre. The man who made that phrase should have been a mind-reader and sat beside me behind the Communion table last Sunday. I computed—and the estimate fell short of the right sum—that my middle aisle represented between fifteen and sixteen millions of good money. Ah! I knew that would horrify you. Time was when I should have cried out against it as blasphemy and sacrilege. Sit down, man! I can't talk when you are striding about in such a fashion. Now, strike, but listen. As I counted those millions mentally and thanked God fervently for the thought, I seemed to see a heathen world lying in wickedness and sin and myriads of unregenerate souls in the dark places of our so-called Christian land, to whom the Gospel should be carried by men who are waiting and anxious to be sent upon the glorious errand, and who—you know this as well as I do—can not go for lack of the funds required for the undertaking.



She sank into the easy-chair designated by the other. "You are very good to let me come when you must be overwhelmed with cares."

"Do you wonder that with all this in mind I coveted with a godly longing those millions and thanked God that He had put it into my power to turn some of them into the right channel? We ministers of the Gospel are often accused of courting the rich, sometimes to the neglect of the poor. May there not be a partial justification of this in the motives I have just indicated?

"If not, then we are a sorry lot of failures, for we all bow in the House of Rimmon, under the pretence of making the dishonest methods of men to praise Him in the end. Look at the richest member of the Banner Church, your ardent admirer, Silas Ford. He is in the main a good enough sort as millionaires go—kind-hearted and ready to do his duty to God and man so far as he knows how to do this. If, as is currently believed, he is making money hand over fist, transmuting whatever he touches into gold—or, we will say gilt-edged stocks—he declares that he considers his wealth as a deposit held for charitable and religious purposes. He is underbred and half-educated, yet he was unanimously chosen as the orator and representative of your parish last night. If he magnifies his office who can blame him?"

"TO MY way of thinking, all this is rank sophistry," returned Haile steadily. "True, the Master asserts that the 'gold and silver are mine.' I can not think it honest to cozen Dives into lending to the Lord, and hugging himself complacently while doing it."

"Hear! hear!" laughed the imperturbable Barrows. "It is good for Midas to be relieved of the burden of his riches and, let me say seriously, oftener than not a means of grace."

"A roundabout means!" rejoined the other, lightly, pulling out his watch. "Can it be half-past eleven! I am to meet Mr. Ford at the Church House and lunch with him when we have finished our errand there. I shall be back in good season for the three o'clock train. Thank you for posting me with regard to twentieth century ecclesiastical ethics. Good morning!"

When Mrs. Haile and Mrs. Barrows returned to luncheon after their shopping they found a note, two cards and a florist's box awaiting them. A lady had called in her car, reported the maid who admitted them and led the way to the library. She had asked for both the ladies and left cards for them besides asking to be shown into the library where she could find paper and pen. She had wished to leave a note for Mrs. Haile.

The recipient read it aloud to her hosts, Dr. Barrows having just entered:

"DEAR MRS. HAILE:

"I am sadly disappointed at missing you. I am dying to tell you how delighted we all are at the triumphant success of our Reception of last night. Nothing could have been finer than the manner in which you and Mr. Haile played your parts in the program. We are all the more impatient to have you here as our very own and permanently. Please accept these flowers as a slight token of regard and appreciation from

"Yours faithfully,
"L. L. WINGATE."

"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley!" said Dr. Barrows between his teeth.

And his wife—"I never knew what her initials were before. Her card says 'Mrs. Robert Malcolm Wingate.' She clings to her husband's name. I wonder what 'L. L.' stands for. A sentimental mother may have had her christened 'Letitia Landon.' A frivolous mother may have dubbed her 'Lucy Locket.' In any case the initials are prophetic of the 'Leading Lady.'"

CHAPTER IX

ONE blustering morning in the second week of March, Mrs. Haile sat, expectant, curious and not without trepidation in her

Continued on page 700

What Has Gone Before

SILAS FORD, the dominant figure in the fashionable Banner Church in New York City, is profoundly impressed while on a visit to the home of Robert Lawson in Marlinton, a few miles distant, by the preaching of Rev. Stuart Haile, whose ten-year pastorate there has been extraordinarily happy and successful. The leaders of the Banner Church have determined on the resignation of their pastor, Rev. Dr. Samuel Stenson, because they believe that at the age of sixty-three he is too old for the best interests of a modern city church conducted with strict regard for businesslike efficiency, and a committee goes to Marlinton to hear and see the minister whom Mr. Ford had proclaimed to be a "find." Rev. Mr. Haile's first intimation of the call comes in a letter from Rev. Dr. Calvin Barrows, a New York pastor, who urges its acceptance because of the larger opportunities for Christian service. Mr. Ford follows it up with a personal call on the minister, who regretfully decides to accept. The Banner Church makes much of welcoming the Hailes and stages what its members call the "Unique Demonstration" for the retiring and incoming pastors. Dr. Stenson faints when he learns that the "great surprise" planned for him is the naming of a mission house in Korea for him.

Making the Nation Christian

A Sermon by REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.*

TEXT—Psa. 33 : 12. "Blessed is the nation whose God is Jehovah."

ST. PAUL lived in a corrupt and godless age. Rome was near the very peak of her national wickedness. The unspeakable Nero was Paul's emperor, for the apostle was a Roman citizen, and yet, in the strongest terms, in writing to the Roman Christians, he adjured them to obey the laws.

In words that would seem servile and mean-spirited to the modern anarchist and to many socialists, he writes: "Let every soul be in subjection to the higher powers. . . . The powers that be are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, withstandeth the ordinance of God. . . . For this cause ye pay tribute also; for they are ministers of God's service, attending continually upon this very thing. Render to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor."

In other words, honor your rulers, obey the laws, pay your taxes.

Was Paul, then, a mean-spirited opportunist, truckling to oppression and injustice and advising his followers to do the same that they might save their lives and property? At first blush it looks so, but there are several things to be remembered. On the whole, the Romans, though not seldom ruled by wicked or insane emperors, were given just and wholesome laws and these laws were enforced. Rome's great gift to the world was the Majesty of Law, and all orderly, civilized government must be based on this principle.

We fret at the slowness of our courts, at the seeming injustice of some decisions, at the taxes we are obliged to pay, and we are inclined to say at times, "The laws are frauds and government is a farce; let us get back to primitive times when every man was a law unto himself and did that which was right in his own eyes.

Many a drinking man, since prohibition has become the law of the land, has cursed the law, cried out for "personal liberty," and felt as one of them has declared, that he would "rather live in the heart of savage Africa than in a law-cursed country like America." But would he? Let him try it for a month, in the squalor, filth and bestiality of an African kraal, and a country which even takes away his "personal liberty" to drink a glass of beer at a bar would seem like paradise to him.

ADMITTING that our laws are imperfect, that our judges are faulty, that our taxes are excessive, Paul's exhortation still should be obeyed. "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers." The alternative of unlawful resistance is usually so much more terrible that it cannot be entertained. Anarchy and lawlessness are so much worse than obedience to imperfect laws, that only a madman or a fool can advocate them. Revolution is justified only by intolerable tyranny.

To realize this one has only to recall the events in Boston during the policemen's strike in 1919. I happened to reach Boston after a short journey, early in the morning of the day after the strike. Only twelve hours before the guardians of the law had turned in their badges and batons. Only one night had the city been without police protection. Yet the streets were strewn with splinters of glass; great show-windows costing hundreds of dollars were shattered, and their contents looted. Boston was full of evil-looking hoodlums. Many groups of men and boys, undisturbed, were "shooting craps," or intent on other gambling games, on the Common, or blocking some streets, so as to make traffic almost impossible, while many stores were locked and barred, to avoid further depredations.

All this was the result of a single night of lawlessness. Multiply this by the days and nights of a week, a month, or a year, and one can realize to what a state of helpless ruin a city or nation would soon be reduced, where none were "subject to the higher powers."

For the first time most of the people in Boston realized what a thin veneer of civilization covered the ugly realities of our civic life; how law, and that law enforced by authority and power, alone stood between the city that was the Pilgrim's pride, and utter anarchy.

The first requisite of a good citizen, then, is to respect and obey the laws. In other words, to make our nation Christian—for a Christian nation is a nation made up of good citizens—we must cultivate respect for and obedience to law.

Very likely there are inequalities and injustices in the law as administered in Boston and every other city, but that is no excuse for lawlessness. "Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also *for conscience' sake*," writes Paul. "For this cause pay ye tribute also," he continues. This and the following verses refer to the very obvious, but to the often unpleasant, and in these days difficult, duty of paying our taxes.

I AM not clear as to the wisdom or rightness of certain conscientious objectors, who live in democratic countries and who refuse to pay their taxes because of disbelief in the laws that impose them, like our oversea friends who refuse to pay taxes for certain church schools. I admire their heroism, which led them to see their property sold over their heads, or to endure weeks in prison, rather than pay taxes which they thought were unjust. They may have been right, but I think there was a better way to reform the law, in a country of universal suffrage.

However, with most of us, conscience does not enter into tax-paying. Our taxes are burdensome, but they are not unjust, and we should consider it as much a Christian duty to pay them as any other bill. Indeed it should be done joyfully, for by this payment we are helping to defend not only our own lives and property, but that of all our poorer neighbors, and to preserve the life of our nation, our commonwealth, and our community.

"Are these the arguments of the capitalist and the money-king?" does someone ask? At any rate they seem to be the arguments of the great apostle.

But let us balance this view by turning the shield around and looking at the other side. If we should strive to make our nation Christian by obeying and sustaining the laws, it is equally our business to use all our influence, by voice and pen and vote, to make our laws just and Christian. Christian laws go far to make a Christian people. Though it is true, as some people are so fond of telling us, that you cannot make a people moral by legislation, it is equally true that bad laws, and equally good laws unenforced, make a people immoral, sap the foundations of the state, and make lawbreakers, rebels and anarchists. Sooner or later such laws lead to revolution and chaos.

Then it should be the consciously accepted duty of every Christian man to interest himself in political and civil life, to go to the polls wherever he can cast a vote, to scrutinize the character of the man he votes for, and, in these days of the referendum, to make sure of the righteousness of the measures for which he casts his ballot.

It should also be his duty to contribute his part to the education of the public; to the creation of a righteous public sentiment that will go far to place good laws upon our statute-books, and to secure their enforcement when they are there.

NOTHING can better illustrate the mighty power of aroused and educated public sentiment than the passage of a nation-wide Prohibition law, and its embodiment in the fundamental Constitution of the United States. A miracle has come to pass under our very eyes. No more wonderful reversal of public opinion can be imagined than the passage and quiet acceptance of the 18th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America. Half a dozen years ago the possibility of such an amendment would have been scouted by three-quarters of our people as the "wild dream of beardless enthusiasts"; to half our people, addicted more or less to their cups, it would have seemed not only a dream, but a nightmare.

Here was a proposed reform against an evil entrenched in the social customs of the centuries; buttressed by the interests of a mighty business and high finance, defended not only in halls of legislature but in some pulpits, and by some whole denominations. Here was a cause whose advocates were derided and sometimes mobbed, and against which the most widely circulated dailies in the country constantly thundered.

Yet the miracle has occurred. The impossible has been accomplished, and January 16, 1920, was a new Independence Day, a day that deserves to be celebrated in the ages to come as the day of the Declaration of Independence of the greatest and most prosperous of nations from the shackles which had bound mankind during all the ages of the past.

How was this amazing change in the sentiment and social habits of a nation brought about? Not by violence or by revolution. Carrie Nation with her little hatchet, to be sure, broke the decanters and plate-glass windows in some lawless saloons in Kansas. But her hatchet, however well-intentioned, helped the cause but little. It was by the slow process of education through school text-books, through Sunday-school lessons, through young people's meetings and conventions, through sermons and addresses and books and tracts and personal persuasions, that the good work was done.

The marvelous result seemed to come suddenly, but really it was the culmination of long years of steady, persistent, untiring effort on the part of a multitude of Christian citizens that at last put this Christian law upon our statute books, and into the permanent law of the land.

To cultivate obedience to law, to see that there are laws to be obeyed, which are in accordance with Christ's teaching, are two of the ways to make our nation Christian.

THE most obvious method of making our nation Christian I will not dwell upon at length, simply because it is so obvious. That method is to become more earnest and faithful followers of Christ ourselves, and to lead as many as we can influence into the same fellowship.

A nation is not an abstract quantity like a sum in arithmetic. It is not chiefly a code of laws or a constitution. It is made up of individuals. What the units are, that is the nation, and the units are the men and women, the boys and girls, whose names are recorded in the census report. A nation cannot be better or more Christian than the people who compose it. A nation with perfect laws will be perfect or imperfect only as the people obey or flout them.

This conception, then, brings us, as we close, to a very practical thought. We are individually responsible for our part in making this a Christian nation. Every fresh and sincere consecration of ourselves to Christ's service makes this a more Christian nation. Every person whom we persuade to accept Jesus' principles of conduct and Jesus Himself as his personal Saviour is making this a more Christian nation. Every boy and girl whose feet we can turn into the way of life is helping to make this nation Christian.

Patriotism and religion, love of country and love of the Master, join hands in giving us a mighty motive for quiet personal evangelism. All exhort us by word and deed, by example and precept, to win the individual, that our country may be won for Christ.

Another word may be added to Harvard's ancient motto. "For Christ and the Church and our Country" should be the watchword of every disciple of the Nazarene. Only by a nation of godly men and women can we secure the Psalmist's beatitude: "Blessed is the nation whose God is Jehovah."

*Founder and head of Christian Endeavor, and a frequent contributor to the Christian Herald.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"My Faith Looks Up to Thee" or "We Would See Jesus, for the Shadows Lengthen."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 145. *A Song of Praise for God's Goodness and Mercy.* Read Verses 1 to 13.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 664, first column.)

Sermon—"MAKING THE NATION CHRISTIAN"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," or "Abide with Me."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Thou who makest the morning glad with the sunrise of Thy power, and the noontide bright with the sunlight of Thy love, and the evening gracious with the glow of Thy mercy, may the blessing of the daily power, love, and mercy of Thy benignant Presence go with us all the day long, until we meet again. In Jesus' name we ask it. AMEN.

THE summer-term graduation class of the Moody Bible Institute numbered eighty students, thirty-five men and forty-five women, who had completed the two years' course in the Bible, gospel music and practical methods of Christian work. These students came from twenty-five different states and four foreign countries. Twenty-four of the graduates plan to go to foreign mission fields; nine will take up home mission work; ten will enter the pastorate; and seven will do evangelistic work.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., J. A. McAfee, E. W. Caswell, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., W. L. Goldsmith and R. Braunstein

Cosmic Vengeance

SUNDAY. Judges 5 : 20. *"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."* Is that merely a poet's judgment, an attractive flight of poetic fancy? Have the stars anything to do with Sisera as he wages his mad campaign? Is there any vibratory influence between them, any secret commerce of communion or repulsion? Or do the stars just "blindly run," and have they no sort of connection with Sisera, whether he be found in ways of rebellion or ways of obedience? Have the stars anything whatever to do with Sisera? Is it just a fragment of a poet's dream? Or is it stern reality?

Let us say that it is the consistent teaching of the Word of God, that the connection is both real and constant. The scriptures of the Old and New Testaments declare that the material world is either friendly or unfriendly to our souls. The natural order of the world is not one thing, and the spiritual order another thing. Natural law and spiritual law are not aliens whose decrees run in two quite separate and independent worlds. If a man rebel against the Lord, he is antagonizing the purpose which runs through the material universe, and therefore the visible universe is against him. Not a stone on the road is for him, not a flower of the field is on his side. Not one of God's winds has his concerns in friendly custody. Neither summer nor winter fling any protecting guardianship over his soul. He has entered into an alliance with sir : and the scriptures affirm that when we sin there is a cosmic vengeance in the world. We are at warfare with the universal order. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

Let us appeal to our own experience. Who does not feel the rupture of our intimate fellowship with nature when the soul is traveling along ways of trespass and rebellion? What sort of vital intimacy have we with sweet and lovely things—with flowers or birds? What real kinship do we enjoy with mountains or seas? We are sternly shut out of their friendship. We are not allowed in the holy place of their temple: nay, we are excluded from their outer courts. Nature becomes a sealed book. The sunniest sky becomes as brass. All the ministries of the natural world are against us, and we know and feel the estrangement.

If we turn to the great tragedies of Shakespeare, we find that the teaching of scripture is repeated. The material world and the moral world have mutual currencies of vital kinship. Man and the universe are not moving in independent orbits, where one has no correspondence with the other. In Shakespeare's tragedies nature sides against the rebel. Nature takes up arms against him when he takes up arms against God. The material world is in wild resentment when man lifts his hand against the Lord. Such is the teaching of Shakespeare. There are some mystics in our own day who make the suggestion that our communion with nature is more intimate than we have dreamed and that our moods can woo or restrain it. They go so far as to teach that an evil disposition can affect a plant, like a bad gas, and that a gracious spirit inspires a plant, like a vitalizing air. That is a mystical suggestion, but there may be more in it than we suppose. But we are on the rock of scripture-teaching and personal experience when we hold that nature is not our friend when we are God's enemy. A willing ally is ranged against us—"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

There is a bright side to all this: nature is on our side when we are on the side of God. The universe is with us when we are with God. "I will make a covenant between thee and the stones of the field" It is the word of the Lord Nature puts on her bridal attire when the soul comes home to God. "The wilderness shall blossom as the rose." Every lovely thing is friendly. Every natural law is our ally. "The whole earth is fully of His glory!" And if we, too, glorify the Lord, the whole earth is on our side.

J. H. J.

An Age of Gospel Progress

MONDAY. Josh. 24 : 2. *"Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood."* The present unrest and confusion among all nations must not be taken as an unfavorable sign. The cataclysm that has followed the World War is like the freshets of the lower Mississippi that, while involving many incidental losses, make for the improvement of a thousand plantations. I have watched the rising backwaters of that great river rolling the wrong way, apparently, for endless miles: but in the distance boats could be seen following the deep channel toward the Gulf. Here is the logic of optimism: God's purposes never fail. His river, freighted with the argosies of the future, rolls ever onward toward the Golden Age.

Is life worth living, then? "In an age on ages telling, to be living is sublime." Let us be thankful that we dwell this side of the flood. We have also received from our fathers a goodly heritage of righteousness; that is, of truth expressed in terms of common life.

The standards of personal character were never so high as now. The Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount have found their way into the very nerve and sinew of most men. Sin is still here: but in forms of flagrant vice it is far less fashionable than it used to be. Gambling, duelling, drunkenness and marital infidelity are under the ban. The world expects more of any man, who would be counted respectable, than it did in former days.

It is glorious to be living now. The gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim is better than the whole vintage of Abiezer. Farewell to the past, to the darkness of vice and oppression; and welcome the light. D. J. B.

The Great Quest

TUESDAY. John 14 : 8. *"Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us."* Thus Philip gave utterance to the eternal cry of the human heart. Through the ages, men have given themselves to great quests. In fact and in fancy they have gone in search of new worlds, more money, greater fame. The Holy Grail and the Golden Fleece have lured them on. In their quests they have spent time and strength and life. All these lesser quests have paled into insignificance, and seemed unworthy indeed, with neither the power to control men's lives or command their interests, by the side of "The Great Quest"—man's quest after God. Whether it be Abraham with the knife drawn over the heart of his son, or the prophets of Baal causing their children to pass through the fire, or the sainted John alone on Patmos Isle, or the poor mother of Africa offering her only child, or the benighted son of India walking on his board of spikes, or the scholar in his study, or the monk in his cloistered cell, or the misguided woman going to the confessional, or you, in your seat on the Lord's day—it is The Great Quest that lures all.

It is not that man would know that God is. It is only the fool who hath said in his heart that there is no God. It is rather that men would know what God is like. If Christianity has any right in the world, she must answer the yearning of the heart, that men and women on the great quest shall not end in a mirage. There is but one safe road. If we would not end in disappointment the search to find out God, we must look to Christ. He still says to us today: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." J. A. M.

The Near and the Farther View

WEDNESDAY. John 12 : 21. *"Sir, we would see Jesus."* The point of view makes a vast difference in the scene. Standing near a copper plate in Washington, one may read in fine words, the Constitution of the United States. Stepping back a little, one beholds a polished portrait of the Father of his Country, who was the incarnation of the Constitution. Nearly two thousand years away from Jesus we read His divine words. Closing the Book, by faith we see the face of Christ and realize that He is the incarnation of Bible truth, the personality so much dearer than His written teachings.

Those who lived in Christ's time saw Him as the Babe of Bethlehem, the boy of the temple, the carpenter of Nazareth, the worker of miracles and, at last Christ the Crucified, the risen Redeemer. These were different viewpoints in the life of the wonderful One. So it will be in the life everlasting. There will be new visions, according to the attitude and need of the individual viewer.

Standing near some great paintings, they appear meaningless, while at a proper distance, the masterpiece thrills one with its indescribable beauty. Too near the Alps, one beholds only the little foothills. When we were near Washington and Lincoln, how little we knew them! Today, the lofty summits of their characters are leading all races towards the heights of freedom. So with the Christ. Near to Him, we study with a critical eye, seeking for defects in His teaching, His miracles and parables. Looking through the telescope of faith, we behold Him as the Son of God, and commune with Him as the Saviour of mankind, in whose glorious Presence we are assured we shall dwell forever. E. W. C.

The Abiding Christ

THURSDAY. John 12 : 32. *"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."* There are times when it is exceedingly difficult to be a Christian. There are other times when we do not find it hard to be true, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal. This, however, does not give us license to be less Christian. To the contrary, it is a challenge to our fidelity.

Near the writer's home is what is known as an "intermittent stream." According to nature's laws, this stream flows only for a little while and is dry the remainder of the year. It is the stream that flows continuously and constantly that serves humanity the best. It is the life that is consistent and unswerving in the realm of high ideals and lofty standards that serves humanity the best. Jesus said "And I, if I be lifted up.' He did not say "*When* I am lifted up." The challenge of the Christian life is not one directed at our convenience but aimed at our consistency. It is a clarion not to our comfort but to our convictions.

Frequent revivals would be unnecessary were we more constant in our conduct, more earnest in our righteous endeavor, truer to our divine trust. Cora Harris tells of an electric sign used during a revival. At intervals of a second the sign bulletined the intelligence, "Jesus is Here," over the portals of the Church. When the special services were at an end the evangelist went to another field. He took his sign with him. Evidently, if we "believe in signs," Jesus was no longer there. But he was—He is everywhere, all of the time. The world shall never know this until we can say, every day, year in, year out, "Christ in me the hope of glory!" R. B.

The Lonely Christ

FRIDAY. Mark 15 : 24. *"Jesus cried with a loud voice, My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"* Of all the sayings of Jesus on the Cross, this, the fourth, is the most sorrowful and the most incomprehensible. To be rejected by the world has been the lot of many. It was the lot of Columbus. To be deserted by friends has been a common experience, though generally there is at least one friend who remains faithful But to be forsaken by the Father is life's bitterest cup. Job is an instance of supreme suffering, but he never felt that God had forsaken him. Jesus did. But Jesus all His life was lonely. Genius is ever lonely. Culture is lonely. Confucius complained, "There is none here that knows me, but there is heaven—heaven knows me." Great sorrow is lonely. Jesus sounded the depth of human suffering. He could not have been other than a lonely soul. But lonely souls may have fellowship with God. Jesus always had.

Always? Nay, that fellowship was interrupted. On the Cross He felt the Father's friendship withdrawn. Why was it so? In order that in all things He might be our Brother. No one of us can ever be as desolate as Christ felt on the Cross. An affectionate father has been known to discipline his child by denying him for a time the privilege of calling him father. Jesus needed no such discipline. But henceforth it is possible to say to one in unspeakable depression, "We may not know how lonely you are, but Jesus knows."

So, Jesus is fitted to be our Comforter. He was not suffering loneliness for Himself alone. He was not a mere martyr. His sense of having lost God was in order that we might know, when such thoughts come to us, that God is not lost, that He is never far away. The penalty of unforgiven sin is separation from God. Jesus was bearing this penalty for us. He bore reproach for us. Not until we have borne reproach for Him—felt loneliness for Him—shall we have perfect fellowship with the lonely Christ. C. C. A.

The Encouragement of "Good Cheer"

SATURDAY. John 16 : 33. *"Be of good cheer."* The above in the original text is a single Greek word and it is found only five times in the New Testament. One might have expected such advice to be often repeated; but unlike many who seek to impart courage to their fellows, our Lord does not depend upon exhortations Some leaders are continually saying to themselves and to others, "Cheer up," thereby cudgelling drooping spirits to present the appearance of light-heartedness. Jesus used such words sparingly and then only in connection with His announcement of certain facts which ought to produce courage. He told a sick man to be of good cheer, adding "Thy sins are forgiven thee" as the ground of his hopefulness. To His disciples He said, "Be of good cheer"—not however expecting them to "make bricks without straws," to produce cheerfulness by magic; for, He added significantly, "I have overcome the world."

We only mock humanity when we indulge in cheap watch-words and slogans, as though despair could be driven away by the repetition of a gay phrase. Temporary relief is the only product of such superficial devices. The courage and cheer which Jesus Himself had He communicates by means of great truths which, when understood, produce such a state of mind. Think not to keep a brave heart by any other method. Many would-be optimists are building upon the sand, relying upon formulas, which have no power to sustain the human spirit. W. L. G.

Stewardship in China

The Work Thousands of Christian Herald Readers, by Their Contributions, Made Possible in the Famine Zone

By RAE D. HENKLE

Rev. Z. Charles Beals, of Wuku, who organized the Christian Herald Famine Relief Committee in China and served as its treasurer, is caught by the camera before a temple gate. Mrs. Beals is sitting in the Peking cart

IN THE early part of October last year, reports from its correspondents in China began to reach the Christian Herald, telling of an unusual drought over a large part of the five northern provinces, and the probability of a famine of unprecedented magnitude. Already at that time suffering in many districts was intense. Homes were being torn down, property was being sold or mortgaged, children were being disposed of, either by sale or death, and every indication pointed to a catastrophe, the like of which China had never seen.

Naturally the thoughts of the missionaries who were in closest touch with the situation turned first to the Christian Herald, for the reason that this magazine in other times of emergency had responded splendidly to appeals for aid. In 1901, 1907, and again in 1911, the Christian Herald readers had contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to the relief of sufferers from flood, famines, and aided in the problems of reconstruction and orphan care that succeeded the famine periods. Most of the missionaries who were the distributors of Herald Funds, especially in 1911, were still in the field and retained vivid recollections of the help that had come from the great Christian Herald family in that time of terrible distress.

When the first appeals by mail and cable reached the office of the magazine last fall, a very serious problem arose. The world was still in a period of reconstruction following the World War. The demands on the charitable people of the United States had been incessant for the six preceding years. Hundreds of millions of dollars had been collected by various agencies for national and international relief. Two appeals were before the public at that very hour, one for Armenia and one for Central Europe, the two aggregating nearly fifty million dollars. There was abundant reasons to doubt whether a new appeal, especially for far-off China, in which the average American had little or no personal interest, would have any chance of success.

Word from China, however, became more and more alarming. It seemed impossible to resist the plea for some assistance, and after consultation with the Department of State at Washington, the national headquarters of the American Red Cross and the Chinese Legation in Washington, it was decided to open the columns of the Christian Herald and through them tell the story of China's suffering for such response as the readers of the magazine might be inclined to make. An announcement to this effect was published in the number for November 27th.

EVEN before this issue was off the press, it became obvious that the situation in China would require the utmost effort of the American public, if even a small part of the coming horror was to be prevented. No single magazine or other individual agency, we believed, could hope to cope with it. It was decided that a truly national effort for relief should be made, and Mr. Patterson, the publisher of the Christian Herald, wrote to President Wilson, outlining conditions in China as they were explained by correspondents, emphasized the necessity of a national expression of American sympathy for a sister republic in distress, and suggested the advisability of the President naming a national committee to appeal to the country for relief funds. Conferences were held with the leaders of various foreign mission boards, and with men who were deeply interested in the welfare and development of China, and their support for the suggestion was obtained.

On December 9th President Wilson made public a proclamation to the American people, calling attention in earnest phrases to the famine, and beseeching contributions to a fund for its relief. At the same time he named some 130 of the most prominent men and women in the country as a committee to organize the appeal, and carry it to the country. Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, a member of the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Company, and a very sincere friend of the Chinese people, was appointed chairman of the committee, the Honorable Norman H. Davis, then Acting Secretary of State was named Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Patterson of the Christian Herald was Vice-Chairman, and the writer, General Secretary, of the committee. Headquarters were established in the offices of the Christian Herald, and plans were immediately prepared for a country-wide appeal.

Before it became certain that a national committee would be possible, the Christian Herald had communicated with Reverend Z. Charles Beals, who had been treasurer of the 1911 Christian Herald China Famine Fund, asking him if he would undertake the formation of a Christian Herald committee in China for the administration of whatever funds were collected for relief purposes. Dr. Beals promptly responded with word that a committee was being organized under the chairmanship of Bishop W. C. White and Dr. Percy C. Leslie, with Rev. H. M. Harris as Secretary and himself as treasurer. Remittances of $30,000 gold were promptly made to him through the Department of State for the prompt inauguration of relief activities.

The experience of prior years in huge relief operations showed plainly the absolute need of centralized effort if the most satisfactory results were to be obtained. This necessity brought a new problem to the office of the Christian Herald in the merging of the magazine's appeal with that of the American Committee, and a merging at the same time of relief administration in China. Not only must the Christian Herald merge its activities, however, but it was decided that every attempt must be made to obtain complete co-operation between all the denominational agencies that had large interests in the famine districts, and that might be expected to assist in relief in the field. To this end the representatives of the leading denominations at the Foreign Missions Conference, held in Garden City, N. Y., in January, decided to appoint a church-co-operating committee to work with the American Committee, and such denominations as the Presbyterian, Baptist, Southern Methodist, Lutheran, etc., agreed in the interest of economy and efficiency to transmit through the American Committee all funds collected denominationally.

As soon as the American Committee assumed its duties, the Christian Herald Committee in China was informed of developments through Dr. Beals, who had at the same time received an additional $25,000 gold through the State Department, and he and the committee were asked to co-operate in every way possible with a general committee of representative American missionaries and business men to be organized in Peking, as representative of the national committee. Thereafter, all the funds contributed through the Christian Herald were placed in a general treasury with those of the co-operating denominations, and were disbursed under the authority of the American Advisory Committee in Peking, of which the Honorable Charles R. Crane, then United States Minister to China, was the chairman.

In the months between the date of the Christian Herald's first appeal, and June 9th, when word was received that the emergency in China had passed, the Christian Herald and the American Committee had been able to place at the disposal of famine relief agencies in China, directly and indirectly the huge sum of more than $7,500,000.

It is estimated that the Christian Herald contributions alone were sufficient to save in excess of two million lives.

While the auditors are still engaged in an examination of the accounts of the fund, preliminary figures show that this money was raised, and distributed in the famine district, at a cost of slightly less than 3 per cent., which we believe to be a most remarkable financial showing. In other words, this great sum of money was raised by appeals in every town and village in the United States, was received in New York, transmitted to China and put to work in the relief of suffering at a cost only a trifle more than that of a two-cent stamp to cover an official receipt for each dollar contributed.

While there has been no estimate of mortality in China as the result of the famine, owing to peculiar conditions prevailing locally and by lack of ordinary vital statistics, Chinese and American observers who were in closest possible contact with relief operations believe that at least ten million lives were saved by American money. In view of the fact

Big Christian Herald Charities

THE response of the Christian Herald family to the appeal for starving China was the most generous in the history of the magazine—a history made notable by many great relief undertakings. In the six months that elapsed between the opening of the fund and its official close on June 9, the Christian Herald readers contributed $563,-314.35. Since June 9, an additional $2,797.88 has been received in unpaid contributors, making a total of $566,112.23. Other big Christian Herald relief funds follow:

Relief Work Among Cuban Reconcentrado Camps, 1898–1899	$140,587.96
Finland Famine Fund, 1903	132,687.21
Japan Famine Fund, 1906	241,822.80
India Famine Fund, 1897–1904	732,187.59
China Famine Fund, 1906–1907	427,323.91
China Famine Fund, 1901–1905	128,280.68
India Orphan General Fund, 1897–1910	557,786.92
Widows' and Orphans' Fund (for World War Victims), 1914–1921	470,705.08
India Famine Fund, 1918–1921	84,788.62

that virtually all relief was administered by or through mission stations, it can be assumed that at least these ten million natives rescued from death came under direct, helpful, stimulating, Christian influence that will linger about them the remainder of their lives. Unquestionably the response of Christian America to the appeal for help has advanced the cause of the Church in China a full generation.

But not only has Christianity received a tremendous stimulus. The wholehearted and generous manner in which the American people contributed to the relief has done more than any other single thing to weld China closer to the United States in friendship and loyalty. Her friend traditionally, China more than ever looks upon us as the one nation in the world to whom she can turn in times of trouble, certain of sympathy and understanding.

To the readers of the Christian Herald, a great part of the credit for this accomplishment must be given. It was you who made possible in the first place the first efforts toward relief, and it was your inspiration and enthusiasm in answering the appeal for help that inspired the rest of the country to step forward so magnificently.

Contributions to the Christian Herald Fund

Alabama

Bowron, Jas., $100; Community of Plantersville, $80; Third Preby. Ch. of B'ham, $60, Citizens of Albany & Decatur, $55.75; Marvin R. Heflin, $50; Pitts. Mrs. P. H., $50, Hull, Mrs. M. L., $45.60, So. Lannett M. E. S. S., $38.00; Thorsby N. P. Church & S. S., $32.21; Smyly, Mrs. T. E. & friends, $30; S. A. M. Society of Bapt. Church and Newbern P. School, $27.52, Berry, Dr. W. T., $25; Opelika Presby. Church, $25; Huntsville 1st Presby. Ch., Woman's Auxiliary, $25; B'ham West End Bapt. Church, $25, Wimgshen, J. O., $25; Jasper Presby. Church, $23.80; Slocuk, Mrs. Wm. G., $22; Cleveland M. E. Sunday School, $21.50; Abbott, Mrs. J. D., $20; Winassey, Mr. & Mrs. R., $20; Negro Boys & Girls Weekday Bible Classes of B'ham, $20; Oscar, G. C., $20; Thru Mr. Geo. C. Davis, $18; East Lake M. E. S. S., Philathea Class, $16; Johnson, Mr. & Mrs. C. R., $15, Parkhurst, Caroline E. & Miss Emma F. King, $15; Residents of Masonic Home, Montgomery, $15, Russell, J. W. & Sons, $15; White Plains S. S. of Buffalo, $15; Hall, Virginia K., $14; Irvington Community S. S., $12.25.

Capell Sunday School, $11.75 Blount, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $1.20, Easonville Ladies Aid Soc., $11; Hull, Mrs. M. S., $11; Adderhall, Mrs. J. P., $10; Austinville Sunday School, $10; Ellis, Thos., $10, Edmonds, Wm., $10; Bridges, Mrs. H. C., $10; Grant, Mrs. A. B., $10; Groolee, Mrs. W. N., $10; Garnett, Chas. R., $10, Gordon, Mrs R. E., $10; Hail, Mrs. M. A., $10, Hill, Geneva, $10; Lewis, Miss Fanne, $10; Mathews, Mrs. G. W., $10; Norwood, Mr. G. H., $10; Oscar, Mrs. G. C., $10; Park, Katherine J., $10; Robinson, E. W., $10; Slocombe Red Cross Chapter, $10, Simpson, J. A., $10; Simpson J. A., $10, Knapp, Miss Ella A. $10;; Smiley, Geo. H., $10; Trettle, L. H., $10; Tubbs, W. H., $10; Y. W. C. A. of Downing Indust. School, $8.66; "Cash," Birmingham, $8 08; Elerding, Miss Millie, $8; Dothan Presby. Church, $7.50; Sharon Grove S. S. of Cullman, $6.50, Dothan First Preby. Church, $6.22; Selma A M E. Church, $6; Powers, Miss Gertrude, $6; Wilhams, Mrs C. C., $6; Anonymous Opelika, $5; Anonymous, Selma, $5; Andrews, R. Q., $5; Baptist Church Primary Dept. of Birmingham, $5; Bridges, H. C., $5; Bowman, Mrs A. V., $5; Bonner, Mrs. A. J., $5; Brainard, E. S., $5, Chatham School Dist No. 19 of Carbon Hill, $5; Callon, Mrs. W. T., $5; Cutrell, M. F. and friends, $5; Crew, Mrs. E.L., $5; Christian, Anna V. T., $5; Davis, Geo. C. and wife, $5; Discher M. O., $5; Dothan First Presby. Church, $5; Gampler, Mrs. E. E., $5; Banks, H. J., $5; Gee, Mary K., $5; Horn, Mr. & Mrs. A. K., $5; Johnson, Mrs. C. H., $5; King, Emma F., $5; Libby, R. W., $5; May, Miss Estelle, $5; Morris, M. N., $5; McLaughlin, Mrs. R., $5; McGlaun, Rev. J. R. & Mrs. Julia Powers, $5; McClurkin, Viola, $5; Newberry, Bert E. and wife, $5; Owen, Mrs M J., $5; Parham, Mrs. E. & C. M., $5; Phillips, Lucy H., $5; Powers, Miss E. G. & friends, $5; Pitts, Mrs Maude, $5; Robb, Mrs. M. I., $5; Shelleg, Louise H., $5; Sicley, Mrs. Ida, $5, Tepper, Annie C., $5; Tubbs, W. H., $5; Thomas Mrs. Placidia, $5; Wallace, Mrs. H., $5; Wienand, J. H., $5; Wiggins, Mrs. N. L., $5; Witherspoon, Mrs. M. M., $5; Wooley, Mrs. R. L., $5; Winn, Miss M. L., $5; Powell, Mrs. G. R., $4.25, Eufaula M. E. Church Anti-Cant S. S. Class, $4.05; Ellison, Helen M., $4; Shawn Grove S. S. of Cullman, $4; Mt. Calvary Union Bible School of Marbury, $4; Rhodes, Mrs. F. B., $4; Fowler M. E., $3, Footes, Mrs. John, $3, M. T. H., Demopolis, $3; Macfarlane, Mrs. Kittie, $3; McQuillan & Miss Catherine West, $3, Patton, Rev. Wm., $3; Saxe, Mr. & Mrs. W. F., $3.

Jones, Mrs. J. T. & daughter, $2.50; McNab, Miss Jane, $2.50; Morgan, Birdie Z., $2.15; Red Level A. R. Presby. S. S., $2.11; Allen, Mrs. Flint, $2; Adams, Mrs. W. F., $2; Crumpton, Mrs T. N., $2; Carter, Miss M., $2; Cheatham Mrs. R. L., $2; Crow, Harmi, $2; Fay, J. F & A. W. Oliver, $2; Fisher, Miss Leila, $2; Foster Augusta, $2; Foster, Mary E., $2; Greer, J. E. $2; Hall, F. J., $2; Jones Mrs. J. T., $2; Jones, Dr. B. T., $2; Jenkins, Mr. Fred, $2; Camden Junior Red Cross, $2; Kennedy, Miss Frances, $2; Lawless, Miss H., $2; Miller, Miss Vada, $2; Ponder, T. J, $2; Perry, Mrs Bessie, $2, Rawls, Mrs. J. B., $2; Singleton, Mrs. E. R., $2; Shamburger, Mrs W. B., $2; Sullivan, Mr. & Mrs T. J, $2; Sumner, W. S., $2; Simmons, Mrs. R. L., $2; Termant. Helen, $2; Union Sunday School of Beloit, $2; Williams, W. W., $2; Akin, Mrs. A. & Mrs. Willard, $1.50; Bates, Mr. & Mrs A T., $0 00; Oneonta Bapt. Church Sunbeam Band, $1.50; Little, Mrs. M. V., $1 25; A Subscriber, Fort Pierce, $1; Anonymous, Fayette, $1; Cockrell, W. H., $1; Cook, J. L., $1; Crew, Elizabeth, $1; Davis. Mrs. Millie, $1; Duryee, Miss Mildred, $1; Geron, Mrs. P. Y., $1; Johnson, May and Grace, $1; Jordan, Miss Mizzie, $1; Kennedy, Miss Frances, $1, La Pierre, Mrs. Etta K., $1; McMinn, J. K., $1; Miller, Mrs. Colson, $1; Moore, W. E., $1; Morgan, Mrs. E. M., $1, Patterson, Mrs. A. E., $1; Roberts, Rev. T. K., $1; Robinson, Miss L. B., $1; Stewart, Mrs. H. A. $1; Stewart, Miss Jennie T., $1; Swilling, Rev M., $1; Teague Miss Sallie, $1; Vaughan, Mrs. W. C., $1; Weatherley, Mrs. W. M., $1;

Three little boys, Red Level, 75c.; Armstrong, Miss J. O., 50c.; Pressly, Mrs. J. T., 50c.

Alaska

Methodist Mission of Unalaska, $55; Falconer, Rev F. R., $49.35; Swanson. Clark Carrie M. & Mrs. E. A., $10; Couch, Dr. Garland B., $10; Jordan, Stella M., $10; Quist, Andrew, $10; Randall, Carl A., $10; Sawyer, M. A., $10; Stewart, A. C., $10; Thompson, Mary, $10; Wilson, Geo. F., $10; Pinkerton, Anna, $7; Stewart, Carrie, $6; Baker, Mrs. J. A., $5; Bartholomew, Mr. & Mrs. E. L., $5; Blount, H. T., $5; Etheridge, Mrs. Florence, $5; Fisher, Mrs. S. C., $5; Kent, J. Perren, $5; Wickenburg Presby. Church $5, Mitchell, Mrs. Florence, $5; Mitchell, Helen M., $5; Duffield, Dr. Wm. thru Sallie Porter, $5.

Maricopa Point Indian Church, $5, Thomas, Percy C., $5; Walsh, W. A. $5; Feldman, Miss Dora & friend, $4; Forbes, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $4; Hubert; Miss Sophie, $4; Van Seyoe, Miss B. K. & friend, $4; Borthwick, Rev. Wm., $3.50; Brash, Mrs. James, $3; Friend, Mrs. Mary, $3; May, Jane S., $3; Rosenthal, Geo., $25; Young, W. D., $25; Amick, C. G., $20.25; Bragg, Mr. & Mrs. C. E., $20, Cook, Miss Wilma, $20; Harris, Mrs. T M. and Miss S. Ely, $20; Jeffery, Mrs. Mabel, $20; Ponder, Mr. & Mrs. H. L. & Boys, $20; Crossett Bapt. W. M. U., $18.95; Tuller, Mrs. I. M., $17.50; Carlisle Woman's Miss. Soc., Broadview Auxiliary, $15.48, Artha, Mr. John, $15; First Presby. Church of Paragould, $15; Jackson, Rev. Geo. G. & wife, $15.

Jeffery, Mr. P. L., $15; Winfrey, L. E., $15; James, Mrs. W. J. and Fanny L. West, $12.50; Parker, Julia S., $12; Saffle, Mrs. I. N., $12; Hall, Miss Louise & Robt. McCullough, $11, Harris, Mrs. T. M., S. E. Harris & J. G. Hull, $11; Moore, Mr. G. L., $11; Humphrey, Mrs. Laura and friends, $10.40; Anonymous, Ozark, $10; Allaire, Mrs. E. H., $10; Russellville Ass- $5; Cawden, Mrs. H. R., $5; Chevault, Mrs. E. N., $5; Collien, Erla P., $5; Currie, W. H., $5; Deau, Mr. J. C., $5; Drake, W. F., $5; Central Presby. Church W. F. M. S. of Ft. Smith, $5; Faulkner, Mrs. S. S., $5; Freyschlag, Mrs. E. M., $5; Gilliam, Mrs. Oliva & Others, $5; Greenlee, Mrs. C. L., $5; Harris, Chas., $5; Hoag, Charles, $5; Havner, Mrs. D. L., $5; Hubbard, Miss May, $5; Jernigan, L. C., $5; Jones, L. C., $5; Judy, Mrs. S. C., $5; Kimball, Miss Annie, $5; Knapp, Mrs. I. D., $5; Lewis, Maggie, $5; Lewis, Mrs. Nell Voss, $5.

McCorkle, Della, $5; McDonald, Clarence, $5; Naples, Mrs. J. S., $5; Markwell, Wm., $5; Miles, Mrs. Anna, $5; Miller, Mrs. J. G., $5; Moffatt, W. A., $5; Pless, Mr. & Mrs. J. A., $5; Powell, Mrs. Avo, $5; Rheim, Lewis, $5; Ricketts, Mrs. May, $5; Spratt, J. M., $5; Shill, Stella E., $5; Turner, M. D. L., $2; Tollett, Thos. & W. D. Lee, $2; Williams, Eva, $2; Wright, Mrs. J. T. & Mrs. Walker, $2; Zumbra, B. and family, $2; Jones. A. L., $1.15; Anonymous, Stuttgart, $1; Anonymous, Mulberry, $1; "Cash", Lake Village, $1; "Cash," Booneville, $1, Anonymous, Bentonville, $1; Atha, John, $1; Bradshaw, Mrs. D. C., $1; Bourner, Mrs. Levi, $1; Brigham, Mrs. M. V., $1; Brown, Druzilla, $1; Carr, Mrs. Grace H., $1; Cullins, Mrs. A. J. $1; Fiske Ella T., $1.

Harp, Mrs. W. A., $1; Heston, Mr. & Mrs. J. A., $1; Jean, Mrs. C. W., $1; Kemmerer, M., $1; Leonard, Mrs. F. A., $1; Low, W. J., $1; Lupton, Mrs. J. M. $1; Prynon, Hattie V., $1; McQuislan, Mrs. M J., $1; Ross, Mrs H. W., $1; Walkup, Parila, $1; Watkins, Lura, $1; Cullins, Mrs. A. J., 50c.; Farley, Mrs. Lina, 25c.; Anonymous, Fort Smith 20c.

Colorado

Thru L. W. Felter, $1015.20; Thru Miss L. Swift, $314; First Christian Reformed Church of Denver, $275.30; Peers, Mrs. A., Miss M. E. Peers & Mrs. M. K. Davidson, $205; McCullough, J. A., $200; Greeley First M E. Church, $151.88; Fort Collins W.C.T. U., $20; Moore. F. H., $100; Thompson, A. Jr., $100; Turner, J. M., $100; Parker, J. L., $76.52; Fort Morgan United Presby. S. S., $63.70; Yuma M. E. Sunday School, $61.56; Ft. Collins Federated Missions, $60; Mann, Geo E., $58.36; Rivabeck, Mrs. J. T. & others, $57.30; Allman, Mrs. S., $50; Farnham, E. W., $50; Eads Sunday School, $50; Lansdown, Wm., $50; Latimer, J. O., $50; Simms, John C., $48; Ghrist, Miss Bernice, $45; DeFlon, Rev. G. A., $41; Howland, Isabella & friends. $40.07; Salem Missionary Baptist Church, $40; Ft. Lyon Sunday School, Ohio Ave. Congl. Church of Denver, $37; Sunshine Mission S. S. Denver, $35; Bethany Church of Otis, $32.45; Ginn, W. E., $32; Dodds, J. A. and Ada F. Thompson, $30; Mitchell, Alice, $30; Thru Harriet R. Wolcott, $30; Fort Lewis School, $27.70; Belknap, C. C., $27; Denver, W.C.T.U., $27; Atkinson, Mattie, $25; Atwater, Winifred M., $25; Anonymous, Boulder, $25; Clason, C. S., $25; Cozzens, Mrs. Fred. $25; Edwards, Mrs. Lon, $25; Hokanson, J. W., $25; Lansdown, Wm., $25, McColain, Mrs. A., $25; Ordway, M. E. Sunday School, $25; Redington, T. H., $25; Ruth, D. and family, $25; Short, Mrs. M. E., $25; Shelling. Mrs. L. M., $25, So. B'way. Presby. Missionary Socy. of Denver, $22, Wylie, W. S., $21; "A. B." Denver. $20; Bryant, Mrs. A. L., $20; Burgwin, Mrs. J. D., $20; Spahr, Mrs. J W., $20, Neff, Mrs. J. B. & Sue E., $20; Phillipsburg Sunday School, $20; Rees, David, $20; Rinn, Mrs. S. E., $20; Richards, F. H., $20; Strever, W. E., $20; Willis, Rosetta, $20; Elliott, Mrs. M. E., $19.72; Rodger, Vera, $17; Longmont United Brethren S. S., $16.75; Archelman, B. S., $15; Black, Mrs. L D., $15; Clason, C. S., $15; Dick, M. O., $15; East Greeley Mission S. S., $15; Hauck, F. K., $15; Kline, D. S., $15; Knott, Elsie H. & Mrs. Alice Holcomb, $15; Lamb, E. R., $15; Littler, E. C., $15; Logan, G. B., $15.

Rattlesnake Buttes Committee, $15; Richards, F. H., $15; Shirer, A. E., $15; Simms, John C., $15; Spade, Mrs. J. W., $15; Vanderhoof, Geo. E., $15; Else, G. W., $14, Cameron Sunday School of Farr, $13.55; Mathews, Mrs. M. B., $12.50; Clarke, Dr. & Mrs. A. T., $12; Park Ave. Presby. S. S. of Pueblo, $12; Crawford, E. W., $12; Erb, John W., $12, Hamilton, Mrs E. C., $12; Wright, Mrs. M. E., $12, Sunny Slope Union S. S. of Yuma, $11.50; Miller, G. L. & Son, $10.93; La Jara Community Church, $10.90; Warren, Gretchen & friends, $10.81; King, Mrs. C. W., $10.68; Morrison, Geo., $10.10; Beck, J. H., $10; Bede, Nora E., $10, Benner, Mrs. R. N., $10; Blake Lake Sunday School, Eads, $10; Wong Yie, thru Otto Bock, $10; Boggs, N. E., $10, Booth, M. J., $10; Borland, M. L., $10; Brown, Mrs. Clara, $10; Brish, D. F., $10; Bourgaze, Rev. Geo., $10; Buchanan, J. S., $10; Bullock, Miss Eudora, $10; Busy Bee Club of Montrose, $10; Chevalier, J., $10; Clarke, P. L., $10; Cole, Nellie, $10; Conover, Pauline, $10; Crawford, Mr. & Mrs. D. M., $10;

Davis, Mrs. M. B., $10; Dawson, Harland H., $10; Downer, Mrs. Laura, $10; Eck, Mrs. L., $10, Ellis, Mr. & Mrs. V. S., $10; Emanuel, E. J. (Mrs.), $10; Falloon, W. A., $10, Feller, J. W. & Miss Ruth, $10, Forward, Mrs. T. C., $10; Ft. Collins Second Presby. Ch. Ladies Aid Society, $10; Foss, Mrs H. W., $10; Fredler, Gus M., $10; Gloystein, Mr. & Mrs. Wm., $10, Goss, J. W., $10; Graves. H. A., $10; Graves, Newel, $10; Hasstedt, M. H., $10; Hess, J. T., $10, Haffner, Ina, $10; Hungerford, Mabel V., $10; Johnston, J. W., $10; Johnson, Robert, $10; King, E. E., $10; Lansdown, Anna, $10;

Official Thanks from President of China

A NOTE *from His Excellency W. W. Yen, Minister for Foreign Affaires, to Mr. A. B. Ruddock, American Charge d'Affaires, ad interim, in Peking, and transmitted by Mr. Ruddock to Hon. Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State:*

Dated, June 30, 1921.

Sir—I have the honor to inform you that I received on the twenty-fourth instant a Mandate from His Excellency the President of the Republic recounting that during the famine period resulting from the drought prevalent in the northern provinces in the past year this nation has happily been able to rely upon united assistance in famine relief rendered by private persons of all classes, as well as upon the aid of the governments of all friendly nations. The result of these efforts has been that a million victims of the famine have been restored to life and to happiness. His Excellency the President has therefore issued a special Mandate expressing his sentiments of deep gratitude. This Mandate I now have the honor to transcribe and enclose for your information, Mr. Charge d'Affaires, with the request that you have the kindness to bring it to the knowledge of your Government.

(SEAL OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.)

PRESIDENTIAL MANDATE

Issued by His Excellency, the President of the Chinese Republic, on June 24, 1921.

THE Famine conditions arising from the drought of the past year in the northern provinces have been of exceptional severity, and extreme difficulty has attended the extending of relief. The greatest reliance has been placed on persons of Chinese and foreign nationality and on Chinese citizens residing abroad, who have all, ignoring international boundaries, contributed relief funds to the fullest extent of their abilities. The fame of their humanity has been published abroad and it merits the highest praise. The governments of friendly nations have strengthened the bonds of international friendship by the manifestation of their zeal in collecting huge sums for relief and in saving enormous numbers of our famine-stricken citizens. Meditating on their acts of benevolence and their works of compassion we see their complete response to the claims of righteousness for the relief of distress and the manifestation of pity for a neighbor nation. The entire body of our fellow citizens is moved by a spirit of profound gratitude and of respect.

We have now come to the time when relief measures are at the point of imminent conclusion. The Ministry of the Interior is directed to act in co-operation with the high authorities of the affected provinces in the issuance of instructions to their various official subordinates to take joint measures with the literary and commercial classes of the regions concerned in making plans and attending to the measures that must follow the cessation of relief work. It is profoundly to be hoped that the people may be restored to the peaceful pursuit of their livelihood. Thus there will be fulfilled the benevolent intention of myself, the President, to compassionate and to protect the people of the nation.

AN ORDER.

A. J., $25; Wiley, Sam, $20; Duebert, Mrs. & Fred, $10; McManus, Addie J., $10; Rasmuson, Jenny, $10; Sessions, Arthur, $10; Bayview Ladies Missionary Soc. $3; A Subscriber, Skagnery, $1.

Arizona

Kirkwood Memorial School, Church, & friends, Ganado, $135; Baumgartner, Mrs. Geo. J., $130; Fox, Virginia, $68; Rice, L. E., $67; Frankenberg, Ben, $50, Lehman, Mr. & Mrs. H. B., $50; McCollough, Mr. B. Z., $40; Slagle, Mr. & Mrs. F. M., $37.50; Barrow, A., $32; Ibsen, Mrs. Edward, $25; Markle, Anna, $25; Mennonite Gen'l Conf. Mission to the Hopis, Hatevilla, $25; Suver, J. L., $25; St. John's & Christian S. S. of Bisbee, $20.98; Becker, Alice, $20; Roseveare, O., $20; Thompson, Margaret, $20; Thru P. M. Buffington, $15; Chas H. Cook Bible School of Phoenix, $15; Culley, Mrs O. L., $15; Thru Mrs M. A. Dawes, $15; Davis, Mrs. W. W $15; Mack, Marie M., $15; Wagner, C. D., $15, Churches of Tempe, $10 46; Alton R. R. & Frances Bowen, $10; Ft. Mojare Indian School, $10; Bell, Ira E. $10, Bigger, Anna M. and friend. $10; Rankin, C. H., $3; Yeager, Mrs. Melviss, $3; Abbott, Sarah E., $2.50; Indian Sunday School of Indian Wells, $2.20; Abbott, Sarah E., $2; Borthwick, Rev W., $2; "M. O.," Bellemont, $2; Phillips, Mr. & Mrs. F. W., $2; Weir, Mrs. M. B., $2; Connor, J. P., $1.25; "A Friend," Bisbee, $1.50; "M.D.K.," Bellemont, $1; "A Friend" Hereford, $1; "A Friend," Tuscon, $1; Butler, Mrs. S. T., $1; Buck, Mrs. Spencer, $1; Fisher, Mr. & Mrs. S. C., $1; Phillips, Mrs F. W., $1; Weir, Mrs. M. B., $1.

Arkansas

Maltby, Mrs. M. B., $100; Horner, Dr. J. S., $90; Cason, Mrs. S. C., $89.82; Harrison Presby. Church, $75; Citizens of Magnolia, $42.07; Dallas Sunday School, $35.45; Mountainerest Presby. Church, $35, Lewis, Mr. & Mrs. C. P., $35; Jonesboro First Christian Church, $31; Avant, Mr. & Mrs. P F $30; Cason, L. C., $30, Monticello Assoc Ref. Presby. Church, $26.25; Woman's Bible Study Circle of Fort Smith, $25 50; Bill, J. M. & Grace, $25; Cason, Mrs S., $25; Fahnstrom, Mr. & Mrs. Amel, $25; Goetz, Mr. & Mrs. J. A., $25; Hall Rev. J. B., $25; sociated Reformed S. S., $10; Bailey, Annie and friend, $10; Bates, Mr. Earl, $10; Black, V. E., $10; Braco, H. R., $10; Brians, Mr. & Mrs. L., $10, Bruce, Laura J., $10; Bush, Mr. & Mrs. W. N., $10; College of The Ozarks, $10; Collins, Mrs. Rufus, $10; Goetz, Joe A., $10; Hunter, Mrs. J. L., $10; Jackson, G. G., $10.

Prairie View S. S., $10; McDonald, F. V., $10; Mason, Dr. G. K., $10; Morris, E. E., $10; Oliver, Mrs. M. O., $10; Overholt, Mrs. D. R., $10; Palm, Clara, $10; Parke Miss Adelaide, $10; Rankin, J. D., $10; Reasons, Mrs. S. A., $10, Stetzner, W. B., $10; Swinney, Thomas W., $10; Watson, Mr. & Mrs. A. W., $10; Wren, John S., $10; Jonesboro First Christian S. S., $9; Cumberland Presby. S. S of Dover, $8.60; Thru Mrs. W. T. Flynn, $8; Johnson, Chris, $8; Midland Hts M. E. Church Banner Boys S S. Class, $7.60; Midland Hts. M. E. Church Baracca Class, $7.25; Graham, Lester, $7; Williams, C. J., $7; Woolman, Esther C., $7; Roach, Mrs. R. B., $6 15; Anonymous, Marvell, $6; Clark, Mrs. Robt., $6; Escott, Mrs. Wm., $6; Fuller, I. M. & Anna, $6, Cabot Presby. S S., $5.12; Anonymous, Ft. Smith, $5; Broughton, Mrs W. E., $5: Brown, Mrs W. C, D., $5, Van Landingham, Mr. & Mrs. J. M., $5; Wells, G. W., $5; Williams, Mrs. A. E., $5; Willis, Carrie M., $5; Willis, U. G., $5; Woodworth, H. L., $5; Caldwell, K. E., $4; Shepard, Mrs. Elizabeth and friends, $4; Vance, Mrs. R. F., $4, Union Chapel S. S. of Mendell, $3.52; Coneg, Mrs. J. E., $3; Dodds, Virginia, $3; Herring, W. M. $3; Law, E. F., $3; Murray, C. C., $3; Tollett, Mr. Thos. & others, $3; True, Mrs. Eliza, $3; Ecygandt, Annie K., $3; Bass, Mrs. B. J., $2.50; Boyle, Mrs. H. M., $2.50; Burns, Robt. L., $2.50; Cecil, W. H., $2.50; Freeland, J. H., $2 50; Hubbard, Miss Edith, $2.50; Hubbard, Mrs. W. J., $2.50; Roach, Jas. W., $2.50; Ross, Mrs. H. W., $2 50; Chenault, Mary Louise, $2.25; "Anna" $2; Anderson, Ella, $2; Brown, Jas. C, $2; Carpenter Mrs. I. W., $2; Graves, Mrs. J. A., $2; Haines, T. A., $2; Holloway, Mrs. C. V., $2; Huffman, Pearl & Vivian, $2; Jackson, Rev. G. G., $2; Lawn, Mrs. S. R., $2, Morgan, Mrs. M. G., $2, Mott, Mr. & Mrs. R. S., $2; MacPinkley, Miss Edith, $2; McQuinston, L. D., R. C. McCurkin and J. W. Boyd, $2; Riddle, Mr. & Mrs. E. E., $2; Rowland, Mrs. G. W., $2; Scott, Dr. & Mrs. W. E., $2; Stage, Mrs. L. C, $2; Thompson, Mr. & Mrs.

Colorado—Con'd

Littler, C. F., $10; Lunbeck, E. B. & E. N., $10; McGowan, Mr. & Mrs A. J., $10; McLaughlin, Clara, $10; Messinger, W. C., $10; Mooney, Mrs. J. A., $10; Nicholson, Grace L., $10; Nikkel, Bernhard, $10; Osborn, Mrs. J. F., $10; Parrotte, W. L., $10; Peck, Mrs. M. A, $10; Perryman, J. W., $10; Phillips D. E., $10; Platner Lumber Co., $10; Purdy, Mrs. C. E., $10; Pupils of a Country School, Montrose, $10; Quinlan, Robt. L. & Ella L. Heaton, $10; Richardson, A. T., $10; Rose, Geo. & Melinda M., $10; Seymour, Bennett E., $10; Short, Mrs. J. H., $10; Sohns, L. & K., $10; Soter, Alice, $10; Sprengle, Mrs. J. F., $10; Stackton, J. D., $10; Stewart, J. H., $10; Stiles, Mrs. Bert, $10; Taylor, Clarence, $10; Thuro, Mrs. Della B., $10; Van Duine, Miss Cornelia, $10; Vining, Mrs. Loolah, $10; Wall, Lizzie, $10; White, Rev. S. D., $10; Williams, Mr. C. A., $10; Williams, Mrs. E. C., $10; Woody, Mrs. G. C., $10; Yule, Mrs. Margaret, $10; Ziegler, Miss Ida, $10; Buffington, M.E.C., $9.92; Thompson, Mrs. Vina, $9; Florida Presby. Church, $8.55; Mt. Hope Sunday School of Boyers, $8.50; Cole, James, $8.50; Crawford, Mrs. L. W., $8; Hover, Beatrice, $8; Hydge, Mrs. H. H. & friend, $8; Monroe, Mrs. L. D., $8; Peterson, P. H., $8; Pishna, Staniel, $8; Kirkland, Mr. & Mrs. Geo. B., $7.87; Presbyterian S. S. Busy Bee's Class of Denver, $7.02; Bootes, Mr. & Mrs. C., $7; Kline, Mabel A., $7; Kingsley, Mrs. R. E. & Emma E., $7; Lutone, Wm. H. & S. A., $7; Salida First Bapt. Church, $7; Grover Community Church Girls S. S. Class, $6.36; Bloomquist, E. A., $6; Fasley, Mrs. A. S., $6.

Herren, Ethel, $6; Kuykendall, W. M., $6; Lippert, Mrs. H. J., $6; Porter, Mrs. D. M. & Miss Mary, $6; Shultz, C. C. & M. C. Orr, $6; "In His Name," Two Buttes S. S., $6; "Mrs. G. A.," Loveland, $5; Arthur, Mrs., $5; Boucher, H. L., $5; Boucher, J. N., $5; Barton, Mrs. Sarah A., $5; Beck, Mrs. W. D., $5; Bennington, J. A., $5; Boice, Mrs. Warren, $5; Bratt, Mrs. Sophia, $5; Cole, Nellie V., $5; Converse, N. E., $5; Crawford, Mrs. L. W., $5; Coltman, Hon. Thos. C., $5; Chrane, Mrs. K. B., $5; Daniels, Mrs. E. C., $5; Davis, T. P., $5; Donnell, A. M., $5; Doubleday, W. G., $5; Downing, Guy M., $5; Dumbauld, Mrs. M. B., $5; Eppich, Mrs. E., $5; Farnsworth, Mrs. F. C., $5; Fisher, Mrs. E. D., $5; Fowler, Ernest B., $5; Gee, A. E., $5; George, C. A., $5; Gibson, H., $5; Harris, Thos., $5; Hastings, Mrs. M. H., $5; Heineman, W. J., $5; Helon, Mrs. C. E. & Mrs. B. S. Davis, Heustice, R. E., $5; Hildebrand, Mrs. S., $5; Hill, Mr. & Mrs. J. E., $5; Hill, Mrs. R. M., $5; Hilton, W. T., $5; Hoch, Henrietta, $5; Hosford, Mrs. R. E., $5; Hummell, Mrs. Margaret $5; Ingersoll, Miss Olive, $5; Jacobi, Hugo, $5; Jay, Mrs. J. H., $5; Johnson, Mary, $5; Johnson, Wm. H., $5; Jolliff, Harold, $5; Keeney, F. D., $5; Killelea, Mrs. Thos., $5; King, E. E., $5; Kleinknecht, E., $5; Krafts, Mrs T. D., $5; McClelland, Mrs., $5; McCornack, Mary M., $5; McGeary, Mrs. Hugh, $5; McKinley, M. E., $5; Magoffin, Mr. & Mrs. H., $5; Magus, Chas., $5; Meeker Cabinet Undertaking Co. $5.

Morris, Bryce & Flora, $5; Moulton, Mrs., $5; Moulton, Ella B., $5; Newlove, H. S., $5; Nichols, G. F., $5; Noble, Leo A., $5; Offerle, Mrs. N. J., $5; Outt, Mrs., $5; Palmer Lake Sunday School, $5; Park, Sarah J., $5; Parker, Thos. H., $5; Peck, Mrs. Emcline, $5; Phelps, B. W., $5; Phillips, Mrs. L. G., $5; Pope, Mrs. Lydia, $5; Anonymous, Pueblo, $5; Samuelson, M. A., $5; Schuelke, Mr. E. G., $5; Sellers, Mrs. Hannah, $5; Semmeus, W. J., $5; Settlob, Mary, $5; Seymour, Bennett E., $5; Shimeall, Mrs. K. W., $5; Simms, Mrs. Wm. B., $5; Smith, Mrs. Sara, $5; Southwick, Mrs. C. M., $5; Steckel, H. K., $5; Stewart, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $5; Stoneback, E. H., $5; Stover, Mary S., $5; Sundem, H., $5; Taggart, Rex, $5; Thomes, T. A., $5; Union Congl. Church of Briggsdale, $5; Victor Mrs. E. F., $5; Walker, W. L., $5; Webster, Edith E., $5; Weed, John, $5; Ware, Mrs. Ella, $5; Weston, F. J., $5; Wildman, Miss Glenn, $5; Wilkerson, Emma J., $5; Williams, Mrs. D. R., $5; Williams, H. H., $5; Williams Mrs. J. C., $5; Williams, Mrs. R. T., Sr., $5; Witt, J. H., $5; Wright, C. G., $5; Wright, S. M., $5; Yampa Willing Workers S. S. Class, $5; Yankey, A. A., $5; Young, Dr. C. W., $5; Zink, J. F., $5; Black, Mrs. L. & J., $4. Boice, Grace E., $4; Cunningham, Mr., $4; Jones, Mrs. B. F., $4; Florida Presby. Church, $4; Hulse, Mrs. A. C, $10; Lemon, J.F., $4; Mathews, Mrs.M. B., $4; Phillips, Mrs. L. G., $4; Stearns, Mr. & Mrs. R. D., $4; Stroman, Mr. & Mrs. P. A., $4; Akers, Mrs. H. E. & Mrs. Croft, $3.50; Couen, Mrs. B. & friends, $3.50; Scott, Mrs. Mary A., $3.50; Worrell, Doris R., $3.50; Mother and Little Son, Two Buttes, $3; Auger, Wm., $3; Ashley, Ella, $3; Barry, Mr. Thos. & friend. $3; Belknap, Mr. C. C., $3; Blackwell, Mrs. Jennie, $3; Brown, Sarah A., $3; Burrows, Mrs. C., $3; Chadbourne, Clara, $3; Cole, Mrs. Nellie, $3; Elliott, S. T., $3; Fox, Mrs. J. H. & Mrs. W. A. Groom, $3; Getman, Mrs. E. C , $3; Grobe, Rev. Gottfried, $3; Hancock, Ann & daughters, $3; Hauk, Mrs. & daughter Emma, $3; Hauck, Mrs. F. K., $3; Hesford, Robert, David, Mary & Elsie, $3; Hocker, W. E., $3; Johnston, Mrs. Edna, $3; Maxwell, Alice F., $3; Miller, Mrs. Margaret, $3; Osler, Louis, $3; Richards, F. M., $3; Roe, F. R., $3; Roller, V. H., $3; Snyder, S. D., $3; Soter, Mrs. H., $3; Wagner, Mrs. W. P., $3; Walden, Mrs. L. I., $3; White, Helen, $3; Wing, James H., $3; Wright, Mrs. M. C., $3; Boone, Mrs. Elliott W., $2,50; Bostwick, Glen & Family, $2.50.

Bradbury, Daniel, $2.50; Braun, J. J., $2.50; Erickson, Mrs. A. T., $2.50; Hix, T. C., $2.50; Montgomery, Mrs. A. J., $2.50; High Prairie S. S. of Byers, $2.28; Anonymous, Greeley, $2; A Friend, Port Lyon, $2; Friends, Grand Junction, $2; Allison, W. H., $2; Baldwin, E. L., $2; Beck, Zelia P. $2; Brown, Mrs. Clara, $2; Brown, Flora E., $2; Brush M. E. Church, Epworth League, $2; Canfield, H. B., $2; Cundall, Jennie, $2; Dinan, Mrs. Raymond S., $2; Dodds, Mr. & Mrs. J. C., $2; Estabrook, M. S., $2; Evers, Mrs. Elizabeth, $2; Fitzsimmons, W. J., $2; Flaniken, Rev. F., $2; Funk, Miss Effie, $2; Gibbs, Amanda, $2; Hall, A. R., $2; Hancock, Mrs. Ann, $2; Jones Dorothy L., $2; Kelly, Mrs. C. S., $2; Kinsman, Mr. & Mrs. G. S., $2; Kirkland, Grace, $2; Lazear, Frances B., $2; Loveland, T. A., $2; Marshall, Mrs. R. V., $2; Means, Mrs. Carl. $2; Morlan, Mrs. Lena S., $2; Pickel, Mrs Robt., $2; Reck, Nellie M., $2; Ruegnitz, Louis, $2; Schnaufer, J. F., $2; Trembly, Mr. & Mrs. J. A., $2; Wagner, J. P., $2; Wagoner, Loren, $2; Williams, Margaret, $2; Women's Prohibition Council, $2; Yarrington, Mrs. Lizzie, $2; Smith, Madorah, $1.50; Canon City Sunday School, $1.47; Miss Rose B. H., Crestone, $1.25; Smith, Mrs. W. R., $1.25; Mrs. Mathews Class of Boys, $1.20.

Anonymous, Pueblo, $1; A Friend, Denver, $1; A Friend, Denver, $1; A Friend, Denver, $1; A Friend, Longmont, $1; A Friend, Palisade, $1; A Friend in Christ, Denver, $1; "M. E. B.," Denver, $1; "Mrs. P. L. B.," Penrose, $1; "N. L. H." Greeley. $1; Babcock, H. F., $1; Baher, Mrs. E. M., $1; Brown, Annie C., $1; Burk, Henry, $1; Chase, Hattie E., $1; Cordova, J. W., $1; Curtice, Mrs. I. O., $1; A Sympathizer, Denver, $1; Grether, Joanna, $1; Hemenway, Adaline E., $1; Hill, Mrs. A. S., $1; Holloway, Mrs. M. J., $1; Hall, Mrs. A. R., $1; Howell, Sarah C., $1; Kirkland, Grace, $1; Klassen, Mrs. Gertrude, $1; Levan, Mrs. Carrie, $1; Maxwell, Mrs. A. F., $1; Miner, Mrs. John, $1; Moser, Mrs. F., $1; Myers, Mrs. Anna, $1; Myers, Mrs. J. A., $1; Owens, L., $1; Perry, Phoebe J., $1; Ricke, Emma L., $1; Reno, Mrs., $1; Spinder, Mrs. A., $1; A Subscriber, Stratton, $1; Taylor, Mr. & Mrs. A. H., $1; Turner, S. B., $1; Wallace, Albert G., $1; West, N. H., $1; Wrake, Mrs. Belle, $1; Williams, Mrs. Herbert, $1.

California

Pasadena First Bapt. Church, $2,466.32; Treat, Mrs. D., $1,500; Treat, Mrs. Sarah H., $1,500; Chandler, W. F., $1,000; Chandler, Edna M., $500; Faries, Wm. R., $500; Richards Mr. & Mrs. R. J., $474.65; Chandler, Mrs. W. F., $300; Hess, Mr. & Mrs. E. H., $300; Hank, F. A., $200; Huntington Pk. Friends Ch., $161.20; Hess, Mr. & Mrs. E. H. & Virginia May, $150; Templeton, W. S., $150; Pasadena Calvary Bapt. Church Bible School, $148; Brunstad, J., $145; Thru Mr. L. R. Brymer, $124.65; Children of Atlantic Ave. School, Long Branch, $115.15; Ladies' Aid Soc. of Ref. Presby. Church, Santa Ana, $115; Griesser, Robt. A., $111; Merrill, N. W., $110; Pasadena First Cong. Ch. Men's Bible Class, $110; Gorman, Mr. V. F., $108; Los Angeles Bethel Temple, $108; McKee, Mrs. Martha V., $105; William, Miss Jenny E., $105; Bennett, James G., $100; Butler, J. F., $100; Cary, T. P., $100; Clark, Reuben, $100; Collins, Susan, $100; Friends o Pottengers Sanatorium, $100; Farwell, Flora H., $100; Flack, Miss A. M., $100; Hargraves, George, $100; Hastings, Emma R. & Eliza E. Scharer, $100; Kerr, Mr. & Mrs. A. H., $100; Kemp, E. B., $100; Lewis, C. F., $100; Morrison, Mrs. C. K., $100; Ramsburg, Mr. James M., $100; Tabor, Miss Grace A., $100; Williams, Mr. & Mrs. W. C., $100; Evangelical Free Church of Kingsburg, $97.65.

Abrams, Miss Harriet E., $95; Neely, Mrs. S. F. & F. A. Baker, $95; American Red Cross of Bishop, $93.50; Crow's Landing Presby. Ch., $93.10; Danner, Jacob, $91.20; Atascadero Federated Church, $89.95; Clifford, N. A., $87.90; Plymouth, Congl. S. S., $85.13; Pasadena First Congl. Ch. Woman's Bible Class, $85; Los Angeles W. C. T. U., $85; Thru Mrs. L. A. Lelean, $84.42; Pasadena Calvary Bapt. Church, $84.07; Hoover St. Bapt. Church of Los Angeles, $83.20; Russell, O. L., $82.40; Los Angeles W. C. T. U., $81; Federated Church of Goleta, $79.50; First M. E. Church of Pomona, Truth Seekers Bible Class, thru E. B. Utt, $78.78; Atwater M. E. Church, $76.57; Thru Mrs. C. J. King, $75; Handy, Rev. B. F., $75; Scharer, Eliz. E., $75; Atwood, Wm. H., $73; Friends Sunday School of Bell, $71.35; Bogle, F. G., $70; Dunlap, P., $44.20; Leavitt, Jos. L., $67.50; Knox Presby. Church of Berkeley, $65; Thru Miss Zaidie Brown, $63.59; McPhee, Mrs. Horace, $62.50; Coburn, Wm., $60; Ladies of "The Tapiscello Club" of Piedmont, $60; Garfield Pk. Christian Church, $58.84; Hoover St. Baptist Church of Los Angeles, $58.73; Thru Rev. J. H. Rogers, $58.25.

Shaw, Rev. John A., $55; Wiley, L. K., $55; Seward, Mrs. S. L., $55; MacDonald, Flora, $53; Sage, A. R., & friends, $53; Kennedy Lena E., $51; Allen Mrs. C. M., $50; Aspgren, Adolf, $50; Friends Church of Bell, $50; Bentley, Mr. & Mrs. L. J., $50; Brown, J. F., $50; Cederquist, J. A., $50; Clark, Mrs. L. W., $50; Cook, H. M., $50; Davis, Mrs. C. H., $50; Dorsett, Mr. & Mrs. D. M., $50; Glide, Lizzie H., $50; Graham, W. R., $50; Guy, Geo. F., $50; Halverlin, A., $50; Harris, A. R., $50; Henderson, Mary E., $50; Hoppin, Mr. & Mrs. W. P., $50; Jackson, Mr. & Mrs. J. D., $50; Lewis, Edwin T., $50; McGeehee, Miss W., $50; Middleton, G., $50; Miller, Mrs. L., $50; Marshall, J. L., $50; Ross, Mrs. J. W., $50; Scotton, Mrs. Orren, $50; Stewart, John W., $50; Stokes, Oliva E. P., $50; Swan, Mr. & Mrs. W. C., $50; Swank, Amon, $50; Tindall, Mrs. E., $50; Walden, H. L., $50; Welch, Emma G., $50; Cheason, George, $48.60; Kellaway, Wm., $46; Nelson, A. E., $45.70; Fowler, Walter, $45.27; Wolcott, Marietta, $45.25; Knox Presby. Church of Berkeley, $45.20; Sawyer, Miss Annie, $45; McKinley, E. A., $43.95; Myers, Nettie, $43.87; Fletcher, Albie N., $43.36; Browning, Mrs. W. M., $43; Orosi Methodist Church, $42.35; Long Beach First Friends Ch., $42.

Farnsworth, H., $41; Thru E. A. Boehne, $40.75; McLean, Miss Alice B. & friend, $40.10; Harrington, G. L., $40; Thru Rev. H. T. Jackson. $40; Longman, I., $40; Moody, Mrs. Oscar A., $40; McQuoid, Mrs. Clara M., $39.79; Stockton Gospel Tabernacle Ch., $36.54; Moore, Mrs. J. R., $36.50; Yucaipa First M. E. Church, $36.50; Trowbridge Fair View S. S., $35.60; Ahef, Mrs. H., $35; Dyer, Mrs. E. W. & family. $35; Thompson, J. P., $35; Jones, Mrs. A. L. & friends, $34; Collins, Susan, $33.60; Chino M. E. Sunday School, $32.65; Turlock First Presby. Church, $26.90; MacDonald, Miss Flora, $31.50; Trinity Congl. Church of Los Angeles, $30.30; Trace, Mr. & Mrs. Wm., $30.10; Chaffee, Doss B., $30; Doane, Scott, $30; Erlandson, A. N., $30; Heywood, Mrs. B. M. & friend, $30; Jencks, H. M., $30; Jencks, Orla H., $30; Leslie, Mrs Jane, $30; McKay, J. R., $30; Mains, Anna A., $30; Monrovia, P. E. O. Chapter, $30; Perkins, Miss Mary L., $30; Smith, Sarah L., W. T. Smith & W. R. Ellery, $30; Stovall, Blanche, $30; Tappe, E. & family, $30; Thomas, Helen J., $30; Turpin, Anna L., $30; Turpin, Wm. R., $30; West Adams Presby. S. S., $30; Wheeler, Mrs. C. L., $30; Collins, Susan, $28.50; San Jose First Bapt. Church, $28; First Advent Christian Ch. of San Francisco, $27.

Grace M. E. Church of Fresno, $27; Hickcox, Mr. & Mrs. Clark & family, $27; Grace M. E. Church of Fresno, $26; Graham, W. R., $26; First Christian Church of Long Branch, $26; Roberts, L. K., $26; Russell, A. D., $26; Bleecker, Anna Boynton, $25; Briggs, Dr. Chas. A., $25; Cook, Wilbur F., $25; Cooke, H. H., $25; Cooper, Mrs. Peter, $25; Dove, Julia M., $25; Duffee, Mrs. E. J. & daughter, $25; Fry, Arthur P., $25; Gird, Ed. C., $25; Gates, Mr. & Mrs. W. B., $25; Hoyt, Dr. H. M., $45; Hillis, Rev. Earl D., $25; Herschel, Mrs. A. H., $25; Jones, Mr. E. H., $25; Jones, Mrs. J. E., $25; King, Miriam, $25; Lagerfeldt, Olof, $25; Lockwood, Juliet P., $25; Lord, J. D., $25; Los Angeles First Presby. S. S., $25; Ludwig, John F., $25; Lyons, Capt. Wm., $25; McGuire, Mary C., $25; McNeese, M. A., $25; Mattherson, M. C., $25; Morgan, Miss Amelia C., $25; Morrison, Mrs. J. W., $25; Movius, W. B., $25; Musselman, L. E., $25; Myers, Nettie, $25; Palmer, Mrs. Gordon, $25; Quinlan, Mrs. Anna B., $25; Reed, Rev. F. C., $25; Rivera Bapt. Church Willing Workers Society, $25; Samson, L. M., $25; Scott, Annie C., $25; Scoggin, Mrs. Lena, $25; Shafer, Mrs. S. E., $25; Short, Philo R., $25; Struble, M. R., $25; Swann, Mrs. Ida M., $25; Tacoma Peniel Mission, $25; Thurmond, Mrs. E. W., $25; Tolle, H. B., $25; Turpin, Elvyn, $25

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Wee T' Sigh

A Story of a Little Chinese Boy Who Found Shelter in the Shadow of the Foreign Devil's Church

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

JUST a little boy he was. Too little to understand why one could not have something to eat if one asked for it. Too little, even, to comprehend why one was allowed to cry because of a strange empty feeling in the center of one's small body. Always before he had been made much of—always before his slightest cries had been stilled with a bit of bread.

"He is the first-born," his young, pretty mother would croon, as she worked happily about the house. And—

"The first-born!" his grandmother would echo proudly.

Even his tall father had petted him—had sometimes brought sticky sweets to him from the bazaar.

But that—as Wee T' Sigh reckoned time—had been long ago. It was many days since his mother had moved happily about the house, many days since she had moved at all! And his grandmother had been taken away in the night, when he was only half asleep—carried away, roughly, by strange men who wore spades slung across their shoulders. Wee T' Sigh had sobbed, drowsily, as they carried her off, but his father had comforted him. And his mother had later rocked him in her arms.

He had been entirely asleep when his mother left—so fast asleep that he did not feel the pang of her going. And in the sunlight of the next morning, when he called to her, it was his tall father who answered him, who again comforted him.

Wee T' Sigh missed his mother and his grandmother bitterly. But the situation did not become desperate until his father failed him. For one night his father did not come home. At dusk, as he waited patiently in the doorway, his baby cheeks smudged with the grime of dirt and tears, he heard two neighbors talking about it.

"So the father has passed on, also," said one of the neighbors, "and the child is left alone. If I had food—even one scrap of food—I would take him in!"

"Yes, the father has gone," the other neighbor said slowly, "the child need wait no longer for him. If death but comes to him quickly—as it did to his father—he will be better off. Our gods have surely turned to devils."

And they passed on.

One of the Little Wee T' Sighs saved with Christian Herald money

Fearfully, only half understanding, little Wee T' Sigh looked back over his shoulder into the empty house. In the dim twilight they stared at him, eerily, the gods that had turned to devils! The Household God, upon his altar, was leering with a pitiless grimace; the kitchen gods and the gods of the ancestors were grinning. Of a sudden Wee T' Sigh wheeled and ran out into the street. And he called, wildly, as he ran.

"Daddy," he called, "it is your first-born son! Come back to him . . . daddy!"

Only a little boy he was. Too little to understand that his tall father was beyond the reach of a child's voice. Too little to understand why he was cold or hungry. Too little, even, to know why he was running away from the empty house with its grinning gods!

The streets were deserted and terrible. The houses, on either side of them, seemed shell-like and empty, too. Wee T' Sigh was tired, very tired. His small feet ached with running, his small, tired brain ached, too. And yet he did not stop—somehow he could not stop!

Just ahead of him stood a white house—a house with a gold cross on the top of it. The people of his neighborhood had called it the Foreign Devil's Church—his tall father had warned him against lingering near to it. But Wee T' Sigh was too weary to remember warnings. He hurried on, and as he hurried he saw a sudden glowing light spring up behind one of the windows of the house.

At the sight of the glow coming from behind the window, Wee T' Sigh stopped running. For there was a picture on the window—a strange God picture! It was the picture of a Man with long, bright hair holding little children in his arms; a picture made of bits of glass. And the light, shining through it, made the Man seem to smile. Wee T' Sigh knew that he should be afraid of it—for Gods were devils—but somehow he could not be afraid. He almost smiled—a wan baby's mile—as he crept near.

"Honorable Sir," he said, "God of the foreign devils, I am Wee T' Sigh—the first-born son of my daddy! You would not hurt me, would you? You are not like those others—" he was thinking of the Household God and the kitchen gods and the gods of the ancestors—"You would not hurt me."

He crept even closer—a very little boy who did not understand. And as he drew near to the stained-glass window his pinched little face began suddenly to reflect the glow that came from behind the window. It was as if some precious flower had come to life in his soul. He spoke again, softly, to the Foreign Devils' God-picture.

"Honorable Sir," he said, and his voice was very weak, "may I sleep at your feet? For I am lonely—I who am the first-born son of—"

All at once he collapsed in a little heap on the frozen ground; a pitiful little heap.

Inside the church the white devils' minister was reading a letter. It was from America.

"We hope," began the letter, "to send money to you, soon, for the stricken ones."

And you did!

California—Con'd

Coral, $7; Cooledge, Mrs. Eva, $7; Long Beach First Christian Church Ladies' S. S. Class, $7; Fairchild, Mrs. Susan, $7; Gilliup, L. A., $7; Hone, Hannah B., $7; Haley, Mrs M. H., $7; McClintock, Sarah I., $7; Martin, Mrs. C. A., $7; Paterson, Rev. Arthur E., $7; Seal, Helen & Donald, $7; Spahr, Mrs. Lucy, $7; "Three Friends," Santa Barbara, $7; Underhill, Nancy D., $7; Greenfield, Union S. S., $6.75; Rambo, Cynthia & friends, $6.75; Densmore, E. W. & C. H. Williams, $6.50; Calipico Bapt. Church Philathea Class, $6.50; Stensrud, Mrs. A., $6.50; Fertilla Sunday School, $6.25; Anonymous, Bayside, $6; Ainsworth, Mary E., $6; Bowman, C. E., & F. B. Cowles, $6; Brown, D. V., & wife and Ernestine Brown, $6; Crosby, G. R., $6; Crise, Joseph, $6; Cox, Rev. Martilia, $6; Davis, Abbie S., $6; Hawley, Mrs. M. L., $6; Hussey, Grace E., $6; Hough, Mrs. F. A., $6; Hotel Alexandria, $6; Joplin, J. C., $6; Kane, Emma, $6; Kettleworth, Mrs. W. I., $6; Ladies' Missionary Socy. of Dixon, $6; Laughlin, Frances, $6; Laughlin, Susie, $6; Mee, John G., $6; Moore, Clara A., $6; Metcalf, C. V., $6.

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Brown, L., $5; Brown, S. H., $5; Brassfield, Mrs. M. E., $5; Brooks, N., $5; Bremman, Mrs. R., $5; Brainard, Mrs. F. W., $5; Bradford, Mrs. G. W., & G. H. Allen, $5; Bridson, E. J., $5; Brooks, P. R. (Mrs.), $5; Buermann Johanna, $5; Bufkin, Thos. K., $5; Burns, Mrs. A. M., $5; Buehr, Mrs. Lena, $5; Cassidy, R. B., $5; Case H. Russell, $5; Caldwell, J. V., $5; Capell, Bertha N. R., $5; Cameron, Miss Jessie G., $5; Carter, A. H., $5; Carr, Wm. D., $5; Carlson, Mary, $5; Cardeza, Mrs. M. J., $5; Chandler, Mrs. O., $5; Craig, Mr. & Mrs. D. C., $5; Church. H. H., $5; Clark, Mrs. Anna R., $5; Clark, Mrs. F. B., $5, Clark, Mrs. Jane, $5; Clayton, Mr. & Mrs. D. H., $5; Cook, Mrs Minnie S., $5; Converse, J. H., $5; Conwell, Mrs. C. C., $5; Collier, Anna C., $5; Comfort, Mrs. J. L., $5; Comstock, Mrs. A., $5; Cox, Mrs. C., $5; Cox, Mr. & Mrs. W. B., $5; Crawford, Ida J., $5; Cross, Lilian A., $5; Crothers, O. D., $5; Crouch, W. E., $5; Crummey, Mrs. D. C., $5; Crandle, Mr. & Mrs. M. J., & Kitty Curry, $5; Curtis, Mr. & Mrs. Geo. B., $5; Curtis, Mr. Joseph, $5; Darusson, Grace, $5; Dawes, A. Roselyn, $5; Day, Miss Mertie, $5; Davidson, Wm., $5; Davis, Mrs. Ella, $5; Davis, Mary A., $5; Davis, Lucy B., $5; Daniels, Mrs. M. J., $5; Darnall, Irene, $5; Denison, Mrs. H. S., $5; Demuth, Mrs. O. P., $5; Dean, J. W., $5; Dillingham, Mrs. H. J., $5; Dickie, Mrs. A. J., $5; Doxie, C. M., $5; Dorr, Mrs. C. S., $5; Douglass, Sarah E., $5.

Dolley, Mrs. E. N., $5; Downing, Minnie P., $5; Duffy, Mrs. P. T., $5; Dufur, Mrs. Alice, $5; Dugan, M. J., $5; "A. R. E.," Arroya Grande, $5; Eaton, Mrs. Mary C., $5; Eby, Mrs. A. S., $5; Ellis, Mrs. Louisa, $5; Erskine, Mrs. M. J. P., $5; Fall Brook W. C. T. U., $5; Fauntleroy, E. S., $5; Fahden, Mrs. H. (& friends, $5; Fearney, Mr. & Mrs. G. A., $5, Felician, A., $5; First Baptist Church of Eureka, $5; Fix, Mrs. E. E., $5; Flanagan, E. T., $5; Fleming, Frank M., $5; Fogle, Ruth K., $5; Forney, W. S., $5; Friend, J. H., $5; Foss, C. E., $5; Foss, J. T., $5; French, Anna M., $5; Freeman, T. S., $5; Frazell, J. E., $5; Foster, Chas. W., $5; Fulmer, J. P., $5; Fulton, Mrs. S. H., $5; Garrison, G. R., $5; Garrison, G. A., $5; Gates, H. N., $5; Garretson, Mr. & Mrs. D. R., $5; Gage, Mrs. D. C., $5; Gaylord, Mrs. S. M., & Lois, $5; Gardner, J. D., $5; Garnett, Grace, $5; Genung, Miss May Alice, $5; Glines, A. S., $5; Glosser, Emma, $5; Gosling, Mr. W. H., $5; Golden, M. B., $5; Gould, John $5; Gable, Rebecca, $5; Groff, Mrs. J. K., $5; Grubb, Mrs. A. E., $5; Griffin, Mrs. J. F., $5; Grady, John L., $5; Griswold, B., $5; Guernsup, P. B., $5; Guston, Geo. L., $5; Gyle, Esther, $5; Harris, W. B., $5; Hall, Mrs. Nettie, $5; Harrell, Mrs. M. E., $5; Harrell, Mrs. Lucy, $5; Harpster, J. W. $5; Hayes, I. B., $5; Harger, S. P. & M. J., $5; Hacfrier, Tillie, $5; Harris, Celia, $5; Hanson, Josie, $5; Hansen, Mrs. Eliz. $5; Hanson, Niels P., $5; Hale, Sophie, & Marie E. McLenan, $5; Haynes, Mrs. W. H., $5; Hardman, W. S., $5; Hayes, P. B., $5.

Henry, Mrs. R. B., $5; Heath F. L., $5; Helbing, Wm., $5; Hewitt, Mrs. M. F., $5; Heyn, Mr. & Mrs. C., $5; Hicks, Amanda M., $5; Hills, Cordelia M., $5; Hillon, J. H., $5; Hook, Mrs. C. M., $5; Horing, Mrs. E. A., $5; Holley, the Misses, $5; Holdredge, Miss Emma, $5; Hott, J., $5; Hough, Mrs. G. I., $5; Holmes, Mrs. Ruth H., $5; Hootman, J. G., $5; Hoover, J. W., $5; Houseworth, Miss Annie, $5; Holley, Miss Alice, $5; Hood, J. W., $5; Horne, Mrs. Elizabeth & friends, $5; Humphrey, E. A., $5; Hughes, Mrs. C. F., $5; Huffman, Mrs. E. M., $5; Hyler, F. E., $5; Hyde Elizabeth, $5; Hyde, Henry, $5; Ickes, D. W., $5; Intherland, Anna C., $5; Jacques, The G. W. Co., $5; James, Mrs. A. C., $5; Jacquith, Mrs. M. H., $5; Jensen, R., $5; Jeffries, Mrs. R. E., $5; Jimenez, H. M., $5; Johnston, Mr. & Mrs. F. F., $5; Johnston, Villa D., $5; Johnston, Miss A. F., $5; Johnson, Wm. F., $5; Jones, J. L. $5; Jamison, C. W., $5; Johns, Mr. & Mrs. David, $5; Johns, James, $5; Johnson, Mrs. W. H., $5; Joerg, M. & family; $5; Krohn, Anna, $5; Krutmeyer, A., $5; Kron, Alice, $5; Knopp, Fred, $5; Knoblaugh, Mrs. Eliza D., $5; Knox, Mrs. Elizabeth, $5; Kirkwood, Mrs. M. E., $5; Kirk, Miss Sara, $5; Kimball, Mrs. L. W., $5; Kemalyan, E. M., $5; Kerlin Mr. & Mrs. C. W., $5; Kemble, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $5; Kerr, Mrs. Jos., $5; Keyes, Mr. & Mrs. J. C., $5; Kehke, M., $5; Kane, S. P., $5; Lamont, Hugh W. & Mrs. Stella Lamont, $5.

Langford, Maria M., $5; Larson, D., $5; La Roch, Mrs. Eliza, $5; Langenstein, Mrs. A., $5; Langdon, Mrs. Sarah C., $5; Leslie, Mrs. J. M., $5; Lockwood, H. N., $5; Lorentzen, Mrs. H. L., $5; Lowgenry, Mrs. Anna, $5; Leyding, Mrs. J. W., $5; McCastin, Mrs. J. H., $5; McCoy, Mrs. Flora, $5; McClellan, Mrs. W. D., $5; McRae, Mrs. A. M., $5; McDonald, Mrs. C. I., $5; McLean, Mrs. A. E., $5; McPherrin, Mrs. F. H., $5; McKinley, Mrs. A., $5; McMurdo, A., $5; McPherson, Donald, $5; McVichey, Mrs. Jos., $5; Mace-Betts, Abbie J., $5; Mathis, Dr E. N., $5; Mains, Esther, $5; Mattly, P. W., $5; MacAlaster, Dr. & Mrs. N. R., $5; Matthews, Mrs. E., $5; Mason, Mrs. C. E., $5; Martin, V., $5; Martin, A. L., $5; Martin, Mrs. E. J., $5; Malinsburg, Mrs. E. C., $5; Mathews, Mrs. L., $5; Meade, Mrs. B. A., $5; Meeker, Miss E., $5; Merryman, T. J., $5; Mercer, Sarah E., $5; Medlock, Mrs. J. R., $5; Miner, Mary L., $5; Miner, Sarah B., $5; Miller, L. S., $5; Miller, F. M., $5; Mulligan, Mrs. A. L., $5; Miller, Mrs. Julia H., $5; Mooberry, Faith, $5; Mont omery, Mrs. C. W., $5; Moore, Clara R., $5; Moss, Mrs. E. J., $5; Mors, Mrs. E. E., $5; Morse, Mrs. G. A., $5; Moffet, Mr. & Mrs. J. C., $5; Murdock, Mrs. J. C., $5; Murray, Wesley J., $5.

Munroe, Mrs. A. F., $5; Myers, ennie B., $5; Nelson, J. A., $5; Nevins, Augusta, $5; Openshaw, Mr. & Mrs. E., $5: Ormsby, Mary A., $5; Paddock, Mrs. R. T., $5; Pascoe, Mrs. M. A., $5; Patch, Mrs. M. D., $5; Pelton, Dr. B. H., $5; Perkins, Mr. & Mrs. L., $5; Pentecostal Mission of Modesto, $5; Peterson, B. H., $5; Peters, Mrs. G. B., $5; Phillips, Geo. N., $5; Piegg, Mrs. Ida E., $5; Plimpton, Mrs. Lillian C., $5; Potter, S. W., $5; Pomfret, Rev. A., $5; Porter Creek Sunday School, $5; Polsley, Kate, $5; Quick, M. W., $5; Randall, Miss E. M., $5; Randall, Mrs. F. R., $5; Reinhard, Julia M., $5; Reinhard, Daisy, $5; Reed, Rev. F. C., $5; Rees, V., $5; Reas, C. B., $5; Reese, W. T., $5; Reynolds, Laura E., $5; Reynolds, V. A., $5; Rhodes, Miss M. E., $5; Riley, A. L., $5; Richardson, Mrs. F. C., $5; Righter, I. M., $5; Rice, Mr. & Mrs. T. N., $5; Rice, Mrs. H. N. $5; Roberts, Joseph, $5; Rodgers, J. A., $5; Roney, H. A., $5; Roseberry, Mrs. E. J., $5; Ross, Mrs. Anna E., $5; Rowe, Louisa J., $5; Starrett, Mrs. Mary, $5; Saveker, Mrs. T., $5; Saline, Chas., $5; Savage, Mrs. L. H., $5; St. Paul's Cathedral, Los Angeles, $5; SacFetra, C. W., $5; Sackerson, Esther E., $5; Sabin, Mrs. M. L., $5; Schaferman, Miss Pauline, $5; Sexton, Mrs. T. M., $5; Sell, Mary A., $5; Seaver, Mrs. C. H., $5; Sessions, L., $5; Seeger, Mrs. W. H., $5.

Seitz, Mrs. P. C., $5; Sheldon, Mrs. Dora L., $5; Shackelford, Mrs. C. A., $5; Shane, D. T., $5; Shaver, Mrs. S. N., $5; Sherman, Sarah, $5; Sherwood, Carrie A., $5; Smith, H. K., $5; Smith, J. M., $5; Smith, Julia A., $5; Smith, Ollie, $5; Snelling, Libbie M., $5; Southworth, D. T., $5; Spencer, Mrs. H. H., $5; Speer, Miss N. L., $5; Stanley, Sibyl, $5; Stauffer, J. S., $5; Stanbridge, Mrs. E. E., $5; Starkey, Matilda M. $5; Strain, Hermine, $5; Stevens, E., $5; Stratton, Robt. H. & Lena M., $5; Stuart, Mrs. R. F., $5; Stewart, Mrs. J. F., $5; Stewart, Mrs. W. W., $5; Stone, J. S., $5; Stively, Mrs. M. J., $5; Stull, Mr., & Mrs. M., $5; Stensrud, Ruth, $5; Sullivan, H. S., $5; Swan, Clara M., $5; Tandy, Jane H., $5; Taylor, A. E., $5; Telford, Frank & family, $5; Trinity Congl. Church of Los Angeles, $5; Thompson, Mrs. I. H., $5; Thompson, Mrs. J. M., $5; Thornburg, Mrs. R. W., $5; Thornton, Martha B., $5; Thurber, Mrs. Brant, $5; Thomas, H. H., $5; Thomas, Mr. & Mrs. C. W., $5; Tiebout, C. A., $5; Tiebout, C. A., $5; Torrey, Mrs. A. P., $5; Townsend, N. E., $5; Turner, E. J., $5; Tudor, Mr. & Mrs. J. R., $5; Ulrey, Mrs. Hugh, $5; Underhill, N. D., $5; Van Nuys, Carol Lee, $5; Van Nuys Baptist Church, $5; Vandervort, Mr. & Mrs. W. E., $5.

Voorhees, Mrs. Wm. D., $5; Wachlte, Mr. Fred. M., $5; Watts, M. J., $5; Weston Sunday School, $5; Watts L. H., $5; Walsh, F. L., $5; Waterman, Mrs. W. H., $5; Watson, Thos. B., $5; Wakefield, Mrs. Frances, $5; Webster, F. Grace, $5; Webster, Minnie V., $5; Webb, S. C., $5; Webb, V. S., $5; Whetstone, Guy, $5; Wherry, Jno. A., $5; Whitmer, Flora M., $5; Willey, Agnes C., $5; Witcombe, Mrs. M., $5; Williams, Mrs. Wm., $5; Wilson, J. F., $5; Winberg, Mrs. Emma, $5; Wilson, R. H., $5; Wilson, Mrs. O. G., $5; Willcox, V. H., $5; Wilcox, Caroline B., $5; Willard, Francis, $5; Wonnick, Mr. & Mrs. E., $5; Wonnink, J. A. F., $5; Woolner, Mrs. Flora, $5; Wolcott, Marietta C., $5; Worth, Mrs. Elizabeth, $5; Wood, Mena, $5; Women's Missionary Socy., Clovis Presby. Church of Modesto, $5; Wright, Mrs. K., $5; Yingst, J. H., $5; Yost, W. A., $5; Young, Mrs. Rachel, $5; Young, J. E., $5; Zimmerman, Mr. & Mrs. B., $5; Zuck, R. M., $5; Kelly, J. Q., $4.75; Kopp, Mrs. F. C, $4.52; A Friend, Fort Bragg, $4.50; Ford, Mrs. Anna J., $4.50; Harker, Mary L., $4.50; Battle, Laura & Mrs. Mary A. Dane, $4; Black, F. T., $4; Bent, Miss M. E., $4; Cooper, Mr. Fred. & Mrs. Black, $4; Edwards, Mr. & Mrs. T. J., $4; Fordyce, Mrs. L. A., $4; Farnam, Mrs. C. B., $4; First Bapt. Church S. S., $4; Fix, E. E., $4; Grumler, Mrs. C. R., $4; Graham, Mrs. Alvin R., $4; Heckman, J. W., $4; Holman, Grace E., $4; Hayslip, Mrs. J. M., $4; Horner, S. C., $4; Moors, Mrs. F. & friend $4; Nickerson, Mrs. M. D., $4.

Nichols, Mrs. L. J., $4; Oilfields Sunday School, $4; Palmer, Miss Lucy E., $4; Petherick, Mr. Jno. & A. G. Kellogg, $4; Presby. Intermediate Christian Endeavorers of Eagle Rock, $4; Scott, Kittie A., $4; Stanbury Mrs. H. E., $4; Taylor, Dorothy & Mrs. A. R. White, $4; Winborg, Gust., $4; Perkins, Margaret, $3.80; Heidenreich, J. H., $3.75; Lindsay Sunday School, $3.75; Harlan, Mr. & Mrs. W. J., $3.70; First Friends Church of Long Beach, $3.50; Riberts, Mary E., $3.50; Curtis, Mrs. C. M., $3.50; Davidson, Mary G. $3.25; Stone, Mrs. F. A., $3.25; Ayers, S. H., $3.10; Burton, Mary L., $3.05; A Friend, Azura, $3; In His Name, Los Gatos, $3; Andres, H. P. $3; Albright, Mr. & Mrs. J. C., $3; Ayer, Mrs. Jennie D., $3; Bradway, Amy A., $3; Beane, Mrs. $3; Baines, Mrs. J. T., $3; Baker, Mrs. Ray. $3; Bigelow, Mrs. M. A., $3; Betz, Emily I., $3; Beardsley, T. J., $3; Bowden, Wm. H., $3; Blackmar, E. P., $3; Caldwell, Mrs. C. H., $3; Carkins, Mr. & Mrs. W. W., $3; Clark, Mrs. E., $3; Campbell, Mrs. Fred., $3; Cleaves, Miss Cora, $3; Cressy, E. L., $3; Du Ester, Mrs. A., $3; Bean, Mrs. Ed., $3; DeWinton, Rosa W., $3; Dahl, Anton, $3; Daynes, Miss A., $3; Espe Ida, $3; Farnsworth, Alice R., $3; Flugal, Mrs. A. G., $3; Foster, Chas., $3; Fisk, Mrs. W. H., $3; Farrington, Mrs. Anna H., $3; Guss, Mrs. W. W., $3; Holt, Mrs. D. I. $3; Haefner, Tillie, $3.

Hinckley, R., $3; Holmes, Mrs. Mary H., $3; Huney, Mrs. E. B., $3; Independent Jap. Mission of Sacramento, $3; Lette, Mrs. Geo. A., $3; Lundquist. Miss Albertina, $3; McCoy, Mrs. A. & friend, $3; McKee, D. N., $3; Merriman, M. H., $3; Mix, Post L., $3; Moore, C. R., $3; Marlin, Mary A., $3; Nash, Amy A., $3; Oakley, Enoch, $3; Penfield, Alice E., $3; Paul, Mrs. S. E. $3; Pierce, Mrs. Wm. Harris, $3; Petterick, John, $3; Pfeiffer, Mrs. Fannie M., $3; Raney, Mrs. J. F., $3; Read. W. H., $3; Reibold, C. P., & friend, $3; Robinson, Sarah C., $3; Smith, Mrs. Julia A., $3; Smith, Mary S., $3; Smith, Mrs. P. O., $3; Sawyer, H. P., $3; Shaw, Mr. & Mrs. H. R., $3; Sharp, Bessie, $3; Sleeper, H. E. $3; Suffield. M. S. $3; Stuart, Wm. $3; Taylor, Ethel L., $3; Taylor, Mrs. Samuel, $3; Tucker, Mrs. M. E., $3; Throop, Thos. G., $3; Walter, Mabel E., $3; Webber, Mrs. A., $3; Whiteside, Mrs. M., $3; Wickstrom, O. A., $3; West, Henry, $3; Garnett, J. S., $2.75; Demeth, Mrs. O. P., $2.65; San Bernardino M. E. Church Bible Class, $2.65; Anonymous, Windsor, $2.50; "Mrs. A. K. M.," Chico, $2.50; Allan, Myrtle B., $2.50; Butterway, Mrs. Geo. H., $2.50; Berry, Beulah E., $2.50; Clements, Miss Matilda, $2.50; Dreisback, Mrs. E. R., $2.50; Davis, Mrs. Mary B., $2.50; Fleming, Frank M., $2 50; Ferguson, W. H., $2.50; Hinckley, R., $2.50; Jones, Mrs. B. R., $2.50; Lisdel, Mrs. M. A., $2.50; Longacre. Mrs. D. S., $2.50; Millar, Mrs. J. L., $2.50; Malliet, Jessie E., $2.50; Oxwood, Mrs. A., $2.50.

Richards, Mr. & Mrs. W. C., $2.50; Sloon, Mrs. James R., $2.50; Sabin, Miss A. M., $2.50; Thomas, Wm. J., $2.50; Wolcott, Marietta C., $2.50; Chino M. E. Sunday School, $2.25;

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Robertson, Mrs. A. L., $2.25; Sutcliffe Mrs. Ellen, $2.15; "Coupon," Oakland, $2.13; "Cash," Santa Ana, $2.12; McKinney, Mrs. V. C., $2.10; Martin, Mrs. L. Wesley, $2.10; "No Name," Los Angeles, $2; E. G. N., Mt. Hermon, $2; In His Name, San Mateo, $2; Amos, E. C., $2; Anthony, C. W., $2; Ablahadian, K., $2; Appleby, Miss L. P., $2; Ainslie, Mr. & Mrs. Geo., $2; Axtell, Mr. & Mrs. A. C., $2; Barson, Sarah, $2; Barrows, Mrs. G. L., $2; Burdick, S. C., $2; Bradt, S. J., $2; Bassett, Miss Juliette, $2; Buffington, Mrs. J. Q., $2; Bingers, Mrs. Janet, $2; Black, Laura M., $2; Brokaw, Mrs. H. H., $2; Brown, Mrs. L. W., $2; Connick, Mrs. I., $2; Case, Mary A., $2; Carlson, Paul E., $2; Campbell, Millicent S., $2; Champion, Dr. J. A., $2; Chamblin, Mrs. Emma, $2; Curtis, Carrie B., $2; Cole, C., $2; Cole, Mr. & Mrs. L. F., $2; Clark, Mrs. A. R., $2; Clark, E. M., $2; Clark, Mabel G., $2; Davis, E. E., $2; Davis, Lucy A., $2; Dewey-Burke, Mrs. Sylvia, $2; Deming, Mrs. J. A., $2; Dickson, Mary S., $2; Ewer, W. D., $2; Eitel, Mrs. A. E., $2; Evans, G. B., $2; Fisher, Mrs. Chas., $2; Griffith, Mrs. E. R., $2.

$1.50; Cain, Mrs. I. A., $1.50; Cunningham, Mrs., $1.50; Hubert, Mrs. G. L., $1.50; Lillifunt, Mr. Stanley, $1.50; Renish, Mrs., $1.50; Anonymous, Redlands, $1.35; Need, Mrs. J. B., $1.25; Anonymous, Altadena, $1; Anonymous, Compton, $1; Anonymous, Los Angeles, $1; Anonymous, Los Angeles, $1.

Anonymous, Pasadena, $1; Anonymous, San Francisco, $1; A Friend, Grass Valley, $1; A Friend, Monterey, $1; A Friend, Pomona, $1; A Friend, Pomona, $1; A Friend, Santa Cruz, $1; A Friend San Diego, $1; A Friend, Visalia, $1; A Reader, Fresno, $1; A Reader, La Jolla, $1; An Old Subscriber, Los Angeles, $1; A Widow's Mite, Los Angeles, $1; Cash, Orange, $1; Cash, San Bernardino, $1; Cash, San Fernando, $1; Cash, San Francisco $1; E. C., Agnew, $1; M. E. C., Hollywood, $1; M. B. L., Berkeley, $1; J. S. M., Santa Barbara, $1, M. H. R., Lakeside, $1; "In His Name," Pomona, $1; Adams, Belle, W., $1; Andrews, Mary M., $1; Alford, Laura, $1; Bastin, Mrs. C., $1; Bakert, Kate, $1; Bergman J. A., $1; Bellinger, Mary E., $1; Bellatti, Mrs. Mary, $1; Beane, S. A. $1; Bishop, Mr. & Mrs. Tom W.,

Mrs. W. L., $1, Warren, Jennie E., $1; Whitman, E. T., $1; Wood, Lilla, $1; Waltenspiel, Mrs. W. C., $1; Yonde, Mrs. A. E., $1, Barker, Mrs. Mary L., 75c.; Laraway, Lucy A., 50c.; Mounginir, F. R., 50c.; Preston, Paula R., 50c.; Anonymous, San Francisco, 25c.; Anonymous, Los Angeles, 20c.; Hunt Mrs. J. R., 15c.; A Friend, Escondido, 10c.

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Bassick, E. W., $400; Green, J. C. & A. F. Warner, $205; Hall, Rosa O. & friends, $200; W. Granley M. E. Church thru M. B. Lord, $173.60; Zielfeldt, W. G., $169.03; Skilton, Miss Edith, $161.50; Center Church School of Hartford, $139.63; Case, Mrs. R. S. & daughter, $125; Church of Second Advent, New Haven, $125, St. John's Church, New Haven, $121.35; Federated Churches of Southington, $102; Coe, H. J., Alice & M. P., $100; Christ Church, Quaker Farms, $100; Melcer, R. H., $100; Nash, Miss A. R., $100; Russ, Mrs. E. C., $100; Selden, H. H. & family, $100; West Hartford Cong. Church, $79; Edmond, Ida M., $75; Bates, Minnie L. & friends, $55; Morgan, F. W. & Hattie Chester, $55; Southington First Bapt. Church, $55; Wilson, Jesse R., $55, Burr, Mrs. J. A., $54; Bearns, Lillie M., $50; Camp, Catherine C., $50; Church of Second Advent, New Haven, $50; Christ Church P. E. S. S. Watertown, $50; Finch, Edw. A., $50; Huntington, S. B., $50; Patton, F. G., $50; Fitch, Bessie & Flora M., $48; Ranney, Mrs. C. K., $47.56; Buck, Miss L. L., $45.70; Hawley, M. H., $43.77; Johnson School thru Ida M. Keigwin, $40.70; Beach, H. P. & friends, $40; Emerson, T. W., W. J., M. A. & family, $40; Gray, Louise A. S., $40; Randall, Mrs. G. L., $40; Warburton Chapel S. S., $36.

Atkins, T. J., $35; Tatem, H. L., $35; Peoples Presby. S. S., Bridgeport $32.02; Norfolk S. S. (Primary Dept.) $30.50; Baker, Mrs. W. H., $30; Frost W. E., $30; Jacob, Mr. & Mrs. A. D. & children of Walker School, $30; First Congl. Ch. & S. S., Madison, $27.50; Janson, J. G. & friends, $26.50; Bridgeport Peoples Presby. Church, $25; Cunningham, Helen L., $25; Congregational Church, Falls Village, $25; Deane, G. S., $25; Hilton, W. F., $25; Ladies Aid Secy., Lebanon, $25; Lee, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. S., $25; Manchester, E. & sons, $25; Manchester, G. E. & H. G., $25; Manning, A. M, $25; Parker, Julia E., $25; Philip, W. E., $25; Reed, N. J., $25; Shaffer, Catharine E., $25; Smith, Mrs. H. I., $25; Southington S. S., $25; Stimson, Frances C., $25; Trumbull, Mrs. G., $25; Welcher, Alice L., $25; Whatsoever Circle, Church of Christ, $25; Anonymous, Bridgeport, $20; Alexander, Mrs. F. J. K., $20; Berge, Mrs. A. F., $20. Bijork Sisters, $20; Coles, Julia A., $20; Dean, M. H. & family, $20; Congregational Church, Durham, $20; Fitch, Carrie E., $20; Grumman, S. E., $20; Higganum Congl. Church & School, $20; Hurd, Mary A., $20; Jones, J. H. S., $20; Litchfield M. E. Church, $20; Mason, C. J., $20; Newton, Mrs. C. G., $20; Philathea Class, Congl Church, New Haven, $20; Sedg, Miss Kate, $20.

Shedd, Mr. & Mrs. G. W., $20; Thru Mrs. G. B. Tibbals, $20; Wilkins, Mrs. E. Anna, $20; Yale Divinity Band, New Haven, $19.20; Thru Rev. L. B. Coburn, $18.75; Special Masonic Services, Branford, $18.19 Kitchen, Miss E. E. & friends, $18; Parkhurst, Mrs. J. R., $17; Amidon, Lillian, $16; Cabels, Miss Bessie M., $15; Fairbanks, S. P., $15; Fitch, E. S., $15; Hindsley, Mrs. Fred k, $15; Parrotts, Mr. & Mrs. Robert, $15; Sage, Mrs. P. E., $15; Satterlee, C. A., $15; Sherman, Mrs. A. L. & A. M., $15; Sweet, L. W., $15; Upham, G. L., $15; Wheeler, F. L., $15; Robbins, Mrs. G. B., $13; Trumbull Congl. S. S., Bridgeport, $12.50; Clark, J. W. & Miss W. M. Dean, $12; Ely, Mrs. J. G. & daughters $12; Thru R. G. Keller, $12; Kimball, Mrs. H. K., $12; Parmelee, Mary E., $12; Pease, Clara A., $12; Stevens, Mrs. N., $12; Thru Miss H. E. Goodenough, $11.50; Zulfeldt, W. A., $11.50; Congl. S. S., Higganum, $11.35; Liberty Hill S. S., $11.18; Bulkley, E. A., $11; Kitchel, Mrs. A. F. & children, $11; Lindenian, Mr. & Mrs. L. H. & Mrs. Hibbard, $11; Smith, Mrs. F. E., $11; Macintosh, D. C., $10.12; Lewis, Mrs. W. H., $10.10; C. E. Soc. Fed. Churches, So. Wellington, $10.02; Anonymous, Bridgeport, $10; Anonymous, Guilford, $10; Abbie, Ida P., $10; Adams, Sarah T., $10; Alford, L. R., $10; Alling, Miss E. J., $10; Allyn, Mrs. C. B., $10; Bailey, Mrs. T. D., $10; Barbour, Mrs. & Miss, $10; Bates, P. R., $10; Baumgartner, H. L., $10; Beardsley, Katherine, $10.

Bickart, M. L., $10; Bishop, Mrs. A. E., $10; Black Rock Congl. S. S., $10; Brooks, A. E., $10; Burgess, C. F., $10; Camp, Mr. & Mrs. L. M., $10; Church, Mrs. Gaylord, $10; Cross, H. L., $10; Cunningham, Mrs. R. H., $10; De Wolf, R. A., $10; Gardner, W., $10; Grannis, Mrs. Mary, $10; Hall, Paulina, $10; Hart, Mrs. T. A., $10; Hartson, M. J., $10; Hazen, Mrs. C. L., $10; Holmes Mary E., $10; Hoyt, N. H., $10; Women's For Miss. Socy., Zion Hill, $10; Jones, Miss H. C. & friends, $10; Kenneth, Rev. & Mrs., $10; Lamb, Mr. & Mrs C. B., $10; McKendrick J. J., $10; Mackenzie, S. H., $10 Martin, F. W., $10; Merrick Amelia G., $10; Miller, W. A. $10, Missionary Socy., Monroe Co., $10; Mission Seed Planters, W. Haven, $10; Moodus Baptist Church, $10; Morse, Chauncey, $10; Moulthrop, C. E., $10; Nichols J. E., $10; Orr, John, $10; Osborne, Miss Josephine, $10, Patchen, E. M. $10; Patton, Mary L., $10; Patterson, A. N., $10; Peck, Carrie L., $10; Philakalia Club, Hartford, $10; Porter, C. A., $10; Pratt, H. M. $10; Price, Mary, $10, Roberts, Mrs. H. C. & Miss E. M., $10, Rossiter, Adeline, $10; Say Brook Congl. S. S., Prim Dept., $10; Scarborough, E. B., $10; Sexton, J. Fredk, $10; Skilton, T. S., $10, Smith, Mrs. F. E., $10; Stanley, Isabelle, $10; Stanley, Mr. & Mrs. E. C., $10; Stilwell, A. E., $10; Stone, Miss Sarah & Clara, $10.

Tennant, A., $10; Thomas, Miss A. E., $10; Thorpe, W. W., $10; Tracy, O. R., $10; Wakeman, J. Howard, $10; Welcher, Amy O., $10; Welcher, Emma A., $10; Weley, Mrs. J. A., $10; Whitcomb, Anna P., $10; Wilcox, J. H., $10; William, Mrs. J. T., $10; Woodruff, Mrs. H. C., $10; First Congl. Ch., S. S. & C. E., Woodbury, $9.50; Latham, Mrs. C. E., $9.50; Bourger, J. Darwin, $9, Chase, Mrs. F. W. & friend, $9; Warner, H. A., $9; Wright, H. J., $9; Bates, Mrs. J. B., $8; Coe, Ione E., $8; Lord, Mrs. S. A., $8, Morgan, Mrs. J. A., $8; Palmer, Katherine M., $8; Wooding, Agnes L., $7.80, Friends, Eastford, $7; Bradford Mrs. Anna, $7; Eaton, Mrs. J. A., $7; Horton, Mrs. F. C., $7; Peck, H. B., $7; Shannon, Mrs. S., $7; Stillman, Miss C. M., $7; Cox, Mrs. I. L., $6; Dean, Mr. & Mrs. M. H. & W. M., $6; Elwell, Mrs. C. A. & Mrs. E. N. Kasson, $6; Eno, M. J., $6; Fairchild, H. B., $6; Ferguson, Mr. & Mrs. Wm., $6; Fuller, Mrs. H. C. & Miss E. D. Starr, $6; Hale, Mr. & Mrs. H. W., $6; Judd, Mrs. E. M., $6; Keeler, George, $6; Lees, Margaret S., $6; Madison First Congl. S. S., Jr. Dept. $6; Steven, Mrs. W. T., $6; Williams, J. F. & family, $6; Thru Woodford Mrs. A. T., $6; Darey, Mary B., $5.90; Kingsbury, E. M., $5.50; Pinckney, Mrs. C. M., $5.40; A Friend, Thompsonville, $5; A Subscriber, Waterbury, $5.

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Kilborn, Mrs. J. A., $5; Kingsbury, Laura D. H., $5; Kinney, Walter, $5; Ladies Aid Socy., Woodlawn, $5; Lamont, Mrs., $5; Layhe, E., $5; Leach, C. D., $5; Lowden, J. M., $5; Lord, Mrs. S. A., $5; Lyon, George, $5; McAllister, F. M., $5; Mackenzie, C. C., $5; Mather, G. E., $5; Mayhew, Mr. & Mrs. Wm., $5; Merrill, L. A., $5; Merz, Mrs. A. H., $5; Mitchell, Mrs. H. L., $5; Morse, Nellie C., $5; Moulton, Rev. J. W., $5; Nesbitt, Mrs. J. L., $5; Newberry, Mr. & Mrs. C. E., $5; Newton, R. C., $5; Olive Brch. Kings Daughters, Windsor, $5; Page, Sarah J., $5; Parker, Julia, $5; Payne, Mrs. J. E., $5; Pegg, Carrie P., $5; Peters, Thomas, $5; Parker, Julia E., $5; Pratt, H. R., $5; Pursall, Martha K., $5; Randerman, A. M., $5; Ransom, Lena E., $5; Rasmussen, E. T., $5; Reynolds Henrietta K., $5; Roberts, A. & W., $5; Saybrook Congl. S. S. Prim. Dept., $5 Scott, Jennie L., $5; Selmes, John & Rose, $5; Shekleton, J., $5; Sheldon, M. A., $5; Sherwood, Miss A. H., $5; Smith, Mrs. Chas. $5; Somnichesen Mrs. C. L., $5; So. Meriden M. E. Church, $5; Sperry, Mrs S. L., $5; Stanton Dr. J. G., $5; Strinson, Edith B., $5; Stimson, E. B. $5; Stowe, C. E., $5; Swanson, Miss Mildred, $5; The Grassy Hill C. E. Socy. Lyme, $5; Tarbox, Mrs. A. M., $5, Tatem, Mrs. J. M., $5;

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Arnold, Mary E., $3; Barnes, Mr. M. B., $3; Bartholomew, M. D., $3; Beattie, Samuel, $3; Belcher, Mrs. A. R., $3; Bidwell, Etta L., $3; Bolcher, Mrs. Wm., $3; Calkins, Mrs. I. W., $3; Clark, F. B., $3; Cleal, Mrs. I., $3; Crawford, Mrs. A. F., $3; Davis, Mrs. H. A., $3; Edwards J. Sherwood, $3; French, Mrs. L. L., $3; Greenwood, Nettie J., $3; Hemer, J. W., $3; Ingraham, Mrs. Seth, $3; Lentz, Miss C. L., $3; Lewis, A. A., W. R. & Sarah R., $3; Liddell, Esther & Robt., $3; M. L. Church, Ridgefield, $3; Piper, Lillian R., $3; Russell, Mrs. S. L., $3; Sanford, Mrs. Henry, $3; Selmes, L. & R., $3; Sherrett, Mrs. A. L., $3; Smith, Mrs. A. J., $3; Smith, Miss M. M., $3; Southworth, Mrs. E. A., $3; Spencer, H. D., $3; Stettbacher, John, $3; Swan, M. E., $3; Gilyard Ida, $2.90; Abbe, Mary L., $2.50; Bates Mrs. E. E., $2.50; Harrison, C. L., $2.50; Watts, Samuel, $2.50; Blake, Millicent S., $2.33; Prindle Edwin, $2.25; Anonymous, Norwich, $2; Anonymous, Watertown, $2; Anonymous, Williamantic, $2; A Friend, Norwich, $2; A Subscriber, Hartford, $2; Cash, East, $2; D. M. S., Mrs. D. M. S., $2; Grace, New Haven $2; W. B. H., Bridgeport

Scriber, Plainville, $1; A Subscriber, Plainville, $1; A Subscriber, Plainville, $1; A Subscriber, Plainville, $1; W. H., Plainville, $1.

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Everything Stopped

REV. H. KERR TAYLOR, at Siaochang, Chihli province, in the midst of his relief work, wrote:

"As I work at this job here day after day, Sunday included, there are two thoughts continually in my mind, I wonder what these people think of this succor that they receive—where it came from and why it came; pure grace to them. Some are thankful, and say so. All are evidently greatly satisfied. We're all pretty much like that, I suppose.

"The other thing is this—I wonder what God thinks; mission work stopped, hospitals and schools all necessarily closed to release valuable men for work, Sabbath day work imperative. I think I know He would have it so. We are trying to give something to eat to some of these little ones who are hungry. But what about this land of poverty and sin and unceasing living on the ragged edge?

"I think He would have me tell His story to just as many as I can, calling to Him just as many as I can now with an earnest desire that they, too, may share the joy with Him when He comes; and then, too, because He may not just yet come, to try to do all I can to make this place now like it will be when He comes."

The Mary Slessor of China

"MISS PETERSON is the Mary Slessor of China. What has not this godly woman accomplished this past year? She has fed tens of thousands of men, women and children. They have camped all about her door and yard for months. She had many babies and small children sleeping in her bedroom all winter. Clean? Not that you would notice it, but ragged, dirty, and in many cases covered with vermin. How could she turn them out? They would freeze to death. How could she wash and clean them up? She had to buy the food and superintend the cooking of it for thousands daily. For days she could not take off her clothes, and could only catch a short nap of sleep between times, as these starving multitudes kept coming in all hours of the day and night, knocking at her door, crying for relief and to save life. The following is what she wrote me yesterday: "Praise God for these gifts from the Christian Herald! How thankful we are for these big gifts from them. It is God's way of helping us save these suffering ones. We are thankful to the Lord for sparing us from sickness and death. Typhus is here all around us, but we are safe."

This is an extract from a letter from Dr. Beals, treasurer of the Christian Herald fund. The Committee appropriated $2,500 of your money to help Miss Peterson with her work.

Gordon, H. D., $2; Gordon, L. R., $2; Griset, Mrs. Chas. A., $2; Golds, Mrs. E., $2; Guss, Mrs. W. W., $2; Gunderson, H., $2; Ginn, Mrs. Florence, $2; Gandy, Mrs. O. G., $2; Georgetown Branch High School, $2; Gustus, Mrs. Jennie, $2; Greene, Lida L., $2; Holman, Mrs. C. E., $2; Horton, F. W., $2; Holt, D. I., $2; Hobson, Rev. Tilman & Abbie, $2; Heardon, Mrs. J. H., $2; Harmon, Mrs. T. R., $2; Hyatt, Sarah E., $2; Hubbard, Jas. D., $2; Hartwell, Ella M., $2; Harlan J. W., $2; Hickox, Clark, A., $2; Hyde, A., $2; Holmes, Mrs. Frances M., $2; Hughes, Mrs. T. O., $2; Idell, Susanne, $2; Herron, Alex. G., $2; Johnson, C. Elizabeth, $2; Kerrich, Mrs. Madeline, $2; Killmer, Mrs. M. J., $2; Kuhn, Mrs. L. B., $2; Kline, Mrs. D. B., $2; Kathanianz, M., $2; Karlson, Andrew G., $2; Kirkwood, Mrs. M. E., $2; Lewis, Ella, $2; Longacre, Mrs. D. S., $2; Luce, Mrs. C. C., $2; Lamb, Ruby E., $2; Laughlin, Mrs. Martha, $2; McCord, Ida, $2; McCoy, Mrs. Shirley, $2; Messner, Mrs. M., $2; Mulligan, Mrs. A. L., $2; Morris, A. J., $2; Morris, Mary A., $2; Merigold, Mrs. L. A., $2; Mund, Miss Jessie, $2; Nicholson, Beatrice, $2; Neukon, Mrs. E., $2; Newsom, F. L., $2; Niles, Mrs. S. J. & A. S. Joseph, $2; Oerke, Mrs. Anna M., $2; Oliver, Harriet E. & Mrs. A. E. Watts, $2.

Ogle, Mrs. T. W., $2; Pickens, R. M., $2; Post, Mrs. L. D., $2; Pope, Willie E. $2; Pierce, Mrs. W. H., $2; Palmer, Mrs. Geo. W., $2; Pratt, Mrs. M. G., $2; Riley, Mrs. Chas., $2; Reid, Mrs. L. J. W., $2; Roberts, G. A., $2; Roberts, Mrs. F., $2; Rouzer, Mr. & Mrs. J. C., $2; Read, E., $2; Snavely, Mrs. J. L., $2; Skidmore, Mrs. Marion, $2; Stone, W. L., $2; Smith, Mrs. C. N., $2; Smith, Robt. D., $2; Smith, Mrs. P. O., $2; Schwawfer, Mrs. Elizabeth, $2; Shalts, Mrs. Martha, $2; Sharp, Mrs. Bessie, $2; Sewright, Miss Anna, $2; Schweitzer, Mrs. J. C., $2; Shugart, Mrs. Fannie D., $2; Sherman, Mrs. M. E., $2; Stafflet, Dr. J. H., $2; Spaulding, Mrs. E. J., $2; Thompson, Mrs. F. P., $2; Ventura Presby. Church, Light Bearers Band, $2; Van Duyn, C. R., $2; Vinyard, Ettie & Nettie, $2; Ward, Emma C., $2; Webster, C. Maud M. A., $2; Wolfgang, Ed., $2; Wolfe, T. U., $2; Webster Mrs. S. D., $2; Weston, Mrs. A. H., $2; Wolcott, Marietta C., $2; Welsh, Sarah B., $2; Watts, Mrs. Anna, $2; West, Mrs. W. H., $2; Wilson, J. F., $2, Wolfe, Mrs. S. E., $2; Le Grand Sunday School Class of Boys, $1.80; "In the Master's Name," Lathrop, $1; Bigelow, Mrs. James, $1; Boynton, Miss L. E., $1; Brumfield, Mrs. J. F., $1; Brittain, Mrs. J. F., $1; Bradley, Mrs. A. A., $1; Bruce, W. A., $1; Burns, M., $1; Budd, Paul, $1; Campbell, J. M., $1; Chapman, Mrs. A. Y., $1; Clina, Mrs. E. A., $1; Collins, Mrs. E. A., $1; Coe, Mrs. H. L., $1; Craves, Mrs. E., $1; Culver, Mary A., $1; Daynes, Mrs. A., $1; Dorrington, L. J., $1; Draper, John D., $1; Deacon, S. A., $1; De Forest, Miss Binney, $1; Dorrington, Mrs. T. J., $1.

Fraser, W. A., $1; Freeman, Chas., $1; Fay, Mrs. Mattie T., $1; Farnham, Mrs. C. R., $1; Galloway, Mrs. Sarah M., $1; Gates, Miss, $1; Gelvin, D. M., $1; Gemmill, P. S., $1; Gleason, Mrs. Phebe, $1; Gleason, Mrs. J. E., $1; Goudy, Mrs. Annetta, $1; Goode, Mrs. Mary E., $1; Gunderson, Hans, $1; Gibson, Mrs. M. E., $1; Hammer, S. F., $1; Hairgrove, Mary E., $1; Hansen, Anna C., $1; Howard, Ira H., $1; Harper, Bertha, $1; Hull, Mrs. E. A., $1; Hayley, Mrs. C. S. W., $1; Hawkes, Mrs. Edith G., $1; Hudson, Mrs. Mollie, $1; Hunter, F. A., $1; Johnson, Miss Mary E., $1; King, D. H., $1; Keeney, E. M., $1; Kimball, Miss R. M., $1; Le Bourrear, Mrs. Jamie, $1; Lombholdt, Geo., $1; Luther, Mrs. S., $1; Littlejohn, Mrs. D., $1; Long, Mrs. Jas., $1; Lewis, Elizabeth Porter, $1; Langdon, Mrs. C., $1; Lansing, Mrs. Addie, $1; Lansing, Mrs. Irene, $1; Lansing, J. E., $1; Lynch, Anna S., $1; McCoy, Mrs. A., $1; McLeod, Mrs. L. H., $1; McMorris, Jas., $1; Mansur. Miss Lulu May, $1; Medbery, Mrs. L. L., $1; Moore, L. B., $1; Moore, Mrs. A. L., $1; Mundell, Mrs. S. J., $1; Munch, Mrs. Lena, $1; Olcari, Mrs. A. L., $1; Oliver, Mrs. T. B., $1, Ott, Mrs. John, $1; Perry, Laura G., $1; Pierce, Mrs. Helen L., $1; Purrier, Jessie S., $1; Pierson, Mrs. D., $1; Portman, Mrs. H. R., $1; Porter, Mrs. D. A., $1.

Pryor, R. A., $1; Price, Ella Rebecca, $1; Proctor, M. C., $1; Read, Eunice, $1; Rouzer, Carrie A., $1; Rodaway, Lois S., $1; Rickert, V. S., $1; Standish, E. R., $1; Sutton, S., $1; Saffield, M. L., $1; Sutcliffe, Miss H., $1; Smith, Miss Allie, $1; Smith, G. Russell, $1; Stone, Mrs. C. R., $1; Shove, Ella J., $1; Seastrand, O. A., $1; Scofield, Miss P. E., $1; Schweitzer, Mrs. J. C., $1; Silva, O. B., $1; Turacek, Mary, $1; Thompson, Mrs Carrie, $1; Treat, Mrs. C. S., $1; Turner, Wesley, $1; Thru Mr. Chas E. Veeder $1; Watts, Melissa, $1; Wilsey, Mrs Mary B., $1; Whiting, Mrs. Anna E., $1; Wheatley, Arnold, Mary E., $3; Barnes, Mr. M. B., $3; Bartholomew, M. D., $3; Beattie, Samuel, $3; Belcher, Mrs. A. R., $3; Bidwell, Etta L., $3; Bolcher, Mrs. Wm., $3; Calkins, Mrs. I. W., $3; Clark, F. B., $3; Cleal, Mrs. I., $3; Crawford, Mrs. A. F., $3; Davis, Mrs. H. A., $3; Edwards J. Sherwood, $3; French, Mrs. L. L., $3; Greenwood, Nettie J., $3; Hemer, J. W., $3; Ingraham, Mrs. Seth, $3; Lentz, Miss C. L., $3; Lewis, A. A., W. R. & Sarah R., $3; Liddell, Esther & Robt., $3; M. L. Church, Ridgefield, $3; Piper, Lillian R., $3; Russell, Mrs. S. L., $3; Sanford, Mrs. Henry, $3; Selmes, L. & R., $3; Sherrett, Mrs. A. L., $3; Smith, Mrs. A. J., $3; Smith, Miss M. M., $3; Southworth, Mrs. E. A., $3; Spencer, H. D., $3; Stettbacher, John, $3; Swan, M. E., $3; Gilyard Ida, $2.90; Abbe, Mary L., $2.50; Bates Mrs. E. E., $2.50; Harrison, C. L., $2.50; Watts, Samuel, $2.50; Blake, Millicent S., $2.33; Prindle Edwin, $2.25; Anonymous, Norwich, $2; Anonymous, Watertown, $2; Anonymous, Williamantic, $2; A Friend, Norwich, $2; A Subscriber, Hartford, $2; Cash, East, $2; D. M. S., Mrs. D. M. S., $2; Grace, New Haven $2; W. B. H., Bridgeport $2; Abbey, L. D., $2; Ackley, Mrs. A. O. $2; Adams, D. R. $2; Anderson Mrs. Luis $2; Bartrain, Mrs. H. L. $2; Bennett, C. T., $2; Bishop, Ellen M., $2; Bjork, Miss Anna, $2; Bradley, Hattie J. $2; Case, Mrs. L. S., $2; Chadwick, Mrs. S. R., $2; Chapman, Miss Amanda, $2; Champion, Helen M. $2; Cleal, J., $2; Coley, M. E., $2; Condon H. O., $2; Cox, Mrs. Daniel, $2; Crawford, Martha, $2; Curtis, Flora A., $2; de Long Mrs. A. M., $2; England, George, $2; Gardiner, E. B., $2; Gardner, Mrs I., $2; Glenn, Mrs. E. W., $2; Goken, J. C., $2; Goldie, Mrs. N. L., $2; Hart, Mrs. M. J. & Miss S. F. Gridley, $2, Haslam, R. A., $2; Hawley, Miss J. C., $2; Henderson, Isabel C. $2; Hickox, Mrs. J. W. $2; Hogan, Lillian S. $2; Hooker Hattie K., $2; Horne, Miss F. M., $2 Johnson, Miss O. L., $2; Kautz Miss Amelia $2; Kelsey, Mrs. E. J. $2, Kenyon, W. E., & Son, $2; Kilborn, Mrs. F. J., $2; Killam, Mrs. M. R., $2, Kirley, Rose C. $2; Lehman, J. R., $2; Liddell, John, $2; Loomis, C. F., $2; McIntosh, Mrs. W., $2; McKee, Mrs. R. M., $2; McKinney, G. S., $2; Mallinson, Walter, $2, Marvin, Wilbert, $2.

Mathers, Mrs. R. $2; Miller, Irene M., $2; Mills, Irene M., $2; Mordeants, Mrs. L. L., $2, Nettleton, J., $2; Northrup, Edgar C., $2, Ohlmstead, Mrs S. J., $2, Osborne, Mrs. M. W., $2; Page John, $2, Peck, Mrs. L. J., $2; Pierce, Mrs. W. H. $2, Pomroy, Mrs. M., $2; Preston, Mrs. K. M., $2; Rennann, Rev. Henry, $2; Rich, E. M. & wife $2; Robbins, A. H., $2; Sabin, Mrs John, $2, Scheuerman, C. H., $2; Scofield, Mrs. James, $2; Scott, H. E. $2, Shepard, Mrs. Arthur, $2; state, Mrs. C. D., $2, Stevens, Mrs. H. E., $2; S. S. Helpers, Old Stone Church, E. Haven $2, Tibbals, M. P., $2; Tracy, Mrs. E. M. $2; Van Keuren, C. K., $2; Westermann, Rosina, $2, Wheeler, Mrs. Whitson & friend, $2; Whiton, Miss E. L., $2, Williams, Mrs. T. B., $2; Willis, A. E., $2; Woodbury, Mrs. L. F., $2; Woodbury, Norma & C. E., $2; Wright, Mrs. L. F., $2; Wyckoff Mrs. W. D., $2; Yale, Miss C. L., $2, Young, Mr. & Mrs. B. W., $2; Jones, Miss Lizzie & friend, $1.50, Herrick, Rev. T. P., $1.05; A Friend, Hartford, $1; A Friend, Groton, $1; A Friend, Groton, $1; A Friend, Craton, $1; Anonymous, Norwalk, $1; Anonymous, Stevenson, $1; Anonymous, Stevenson, $1; Anonymous, Watertown, $1, A Widow's Mite, Norwalk, $1; A Widow's Mite, Norwalk, $1; An Old Lady, Plainville $1; A Subscriber, Plainville, $1; A Subscriber, Plainville, $1; A Subscriber, Plainville, $1; A Subscriber, Plainville, $1; W. H., Plainville, $1.

A. C. H., Mrs., Pawcatuck Bridge, $1; E. W., Mrs. Cromwell, $1; J. L. B., Norwich, $1; L. H. C., Mrs., $1; Avery, Miss H. L., $1; Baker, Mrs. S. J., $1; Baldwin, Helen G., $1; Bowers, Thos. of Bolt, Mrs. C. W., $1; Burdsall, Mrs. Vina, $1; Cadlin, Wm. A. $1; Chesebrough, Mrs. Annie, $1; Cooke, L. M. $1; Davy, A. H., $1; Deane, Mrs. M. H. $1; Doolittle, J. C. $1; Emmons, Mary J. $1; Forsberg, Mrs. Hannah, $1; Fowler, E. D. $1; First Pawcatuck Church Pulpit, per Thompson, $1; Gerrish, Mrs. H. D. $2; Greene, Mrs. M. $1; Gillette, Annie, $1; Goodyear, Mrs. George, $1; Hollis, Mrs. A. C. $1; Hill, Mrs. A. F., $1; Hoyt, Mrs. I. $1; Hudson, Mrs. L. $1; Keeler, Miss A. C., $1; Kenyon, G. W. $1; Kelsey, Bertha C. $1; Martin, Edith M. $1; Martin, Mrs. H. B., $1; Miner, Mrs. J. A., $1; Palmer, Mrs. S. F. $1; Parker, Mrs. J. F. $1; Pender

Delaware—Con'd

Lacey, Mary B., $3; Wineman, Mame C., $3; ——, Wilmington, $2; A Friend, Wilmington, $2; A Subscriber, Wilmington, $2; Field, Mrs. P. J., $2; Lynch, W. S., $2; Maull, Mary U., $2; Riehm, W. R., $2; Robinson, Mildred B., $2; St. Peter's Church & S. S., Smyrna, $2; Williams, Mrs. E. T., $2; A Reader, Dover, $1; Old Subscriber, Port Penn., $1; A Subscriber, Wilmington, $1; Greene, Geo. J., $1; Houston, Sarah J., $1; Holloway, Mrs. L. J., $1; Jacobs, Mrs. Hy., $1; Maclay, Margaret A., $1; Smith, Jacob S., $1, Strickland, C., $1; Tingle, Mrs. Paul, $1; White, John, $1.

District of Columbia

Community of Tacoma Park thru Mrs. P. G. Mygatt, $1,655.10; First Bapt. S. S. of Wash'n, $160; Central Presby. Church, Wash'n, $122; Chinese S. S. of Calvary Bapt. Church, Wash'n, $100; Talbott, R. H., $66; Pratt, Margaret T., $55; Anonymous, Wash'n, $50; Cress, Miss, $50; Hill, Miss M. J., $50; Hodge, E. M. Co. Inc., $50; McCoy, G. W., $34.50; Knipe, Miss Olive, $30; Church of the Epiphany, Wash'n, $29 93; Beilman, Grace W., $25.10; Black, Eugene and children, $25; Green, Melvin, $25; Hercus, Alice A., $25; Wolford, Mary G., $25; First Brethren Church S. S. of Washington, $23.23; Bishop, Mrs. Hannah M., $20; Edgar, Owen T., $20; Harrison, Helen L., $20; Jenkins, Mrs. Z. T., $20; Keefauver, Mr. & Mrs. S. H., $20, Leupp, Miss Ethel, $20; McBride, Mrs M. A., $20; Merrick, E. M., $20; Roe, Kate E., $20.00; Sutherland, Minnie, $20; Mrs. D. J. H. & M H., Wash'n $15; Barlow, Antoinette L., $15; Blair, Emily H., $15; Dosk. A. K. & K. B., $15; Logan, Mrs. C. F., $15; Musson, Edw. H., $15; Smallwood, Carrye E., $15; Hall, Percy J., $13; Jones, Miss Nora, $13, Spencer, Mrs. A. & daughter, $13; Browning, Rev. Robt. E., $12; Casperson, Mrs. M. L., $11; Simpson, Thos. C., $10 04; Allyn, Amelia M., $10; Barnum, Mrs. F. G., $10; Davis, Mr. R. M , $10; Dorry, Mr. & Mrs James H., $10, First Brethren Ch. W. M. S., of Wash'n., $10; Godfrey, Fannie L., $10; Hall, Elizabeth. J., $10; Harr, Mrs. Annie E., $10; Hickman, Roy M., $10; Houghton, W. H., $10; Irwin, Miss A. E., $10; King, E. N., $10; Klein, Philip, $10; Lcimbach, Miss Bessie, $10; Lipp, C. M., $10; Logan, Mrs A. L , $10, Mantz. W. Levy, $10, Richmond, Mrs. Paul, $10; Rowland, Miss Katherine, $10.

Smallwood Mrs. I. C., $10; Shepard. Mr. & Mrs. Chas., $10; Shepard, Miss Jessie W., $10; Stevens, Waldo W., $10; Trazivuk, Mrs. Mark J., $10; Wescott, Jno. J., $10, Hill, Belle. $8; Sweinhart, H. L., $7; Morrison, G. W., $6; Mushake, Mrs. B. & daughter, $6; Anonymous, Washington, $5, Anonymous, Washington, $5; "A Friend," Washington, $5; "Cash," Washington, $5; J. F. S., Washington, $5; Bartholomew, J. A., Mrs., $5; Bishop, S., $5; Bruce, D. W., $5, Browne, C. M. D., $5; Brambaugh. Paul N., $5; Bonsal, Mrs. Stephen, $5; Blanchard, Mrs. F E., $5; Croggon, Josephine, $5; Cornelius. Minnie L , $5, Esch, Hon. J. J., $5; Gable, Mr. & Mrs. B. S., $5; Gardner, A. M , $5; Gardiner, H. F. M., $5; Hall, Mrs. J. C.. $5; Hayes, Emily M., $5; Henderson. Mary E., $5; Holcombe Mrs. L. F., $5; Jansen, O. R., $5. Little, C. F , $5; Locke, Charles, $5; McDougall, Alice S., $5; McDevitt, Mrs. J. H., $5, Mackey, Minnie M., $5; Mandeville, Mrs. Louise, $5; Metcalf, W P., $5, Morrison, Lavina, $5; Neil, Mrs C., $5; Phillips, Jno. A., $5; Potter, Mrs Clara B., $5; Partello, D. J., $5 Pollock, Mrs M. R. & Mrs J. W. Milburn, $5; Rathe, Miss Mary M., $5; Smoot. Kate V. & Elizabeth Hunt, $5;

Stuard. Alice E., $5. Sperry, Frances, $5, Smillie, Elizabeth R., $5; Trolinger, Charlotte, $5; Tower. Mrs. J. W., $5; Wilson, Wilbur F., $5; Finley. M. F., $4.12; Eddy, Pauline, $4; Evans. Mrs. E. Baker, $3.

Goss. Florence A., $3; Leake, Dr. J. P., $3, Moyer, R. E., $3; Waters, Mrs. T D., $3; Brumbaugh, Mr. & Mrs. D. M., $2.50; Harrison, Marion, $2.50; A Herald Subscriber, Wash'n, $2; Allyn, Mrs. M. T., $2; Caniff, Gertrude, $2; Combs, Mrs. A. L , $2; Couse, Miss I U., $2; Darling, H. Maurice, $2, Fisher, Geo., $2; Frazzare, S. E., $2'

Godfrey, Mrs C. H., $2; Gordon, Mrs. H D., $2; Gordon, Mrs. Isabel J., $2; Hill, Mrs. M. J., $2; Lockwood, Mrs. L. G., $2; Rathe. Mrs C. N. & friend, $2; Skelton, Lillian, $2; White, Mrs. J. S., $2; Winston, Mrs. L. E , $2; Woods, Linda McC., $2; Anonymous, Washington, $1; Anonymous, Washington, $1; Anonymous, Washington, $1; A Friend, Washington, $1; "Willie & Richard," Wash., $1; Bullock, Mrs. H. F., $1; Hadley, Clara B., $1; Hull, Mrs. J. H., $1; Mack, Mrs H., $1; Montague, C. S., $1; Osborne, Miss J., $1; Paterson, Miss Lois, $1; Thomas, Mrs. E. V., $1

Florida

Rowe, Henry C., $1,000; Church of Seabreeze, $325.95; Graham, Mrs. Geo., $158; Foster, Mrs. R. G., $112.50; De Land Missionary Union $100.42; Fullerton, Mrs. H. M., $100, Thomas, Mrs. L. M., $100; Chinese S. S. of First Presby. Church of Jacksonville, $80; Ferran, E. L., $70; Jacksonville First Presby. Church, $60; Griffin, W. E., $60; McMullen, D. C. $55; Barnard, Mr. & Mrs. B. A., $50; Duncan Mrs. J. D., $50, Evans Ella M., $50; Jerome, Heeon, $50; N. Y. & N. J. Society, $50; Prindle, Mr. & Mrs. R. G., $50; Ramsey, A. H., $50; Reid, W. W., $50; Riddle, Mr. & Mrs. H. M., $50; Winter Park Congl. Church, $50; Bartlett James E., $43.77; Daniel, Theo. F. $40; Fitch, Annie, $40; Tucker, Mrs. J. W., $38; Haven Presby. S. S., $37.15; Clay, Mary E., $35; Bartlett, Wright. $30; Cornwell, A. T., $30; Gardner, J. S., $30; Taft, E., $30; Walker, Mrs. S. E., $30; Williams, Mrs. John, $30; Livingston, Kate, $28; Ayres, Miss M. H., $25; Batey, Mrs. H. C., $25; Blume, J. W., $25; Coon, J. M., $25; Crawford, Emma, $25; Durand, F. L., $25; Ely, Mary C., $25; Gretton, Mr. & Mrs. F. H., $25.

Haden, Florence P., $25; Hardin, Mrs. E. E., $25; Hawkins, Mrs. Wm., $25; McCreary. Miss A. A., $25; Monteith, Thos., $25; Parmenter, G. W., $25; Renfroe, Mrs. Ida & others, $25; Woman's Aid Society of Tourist Church, Seabreeze, $25; Weiller, Mrs. I. M., $25; Elde, Chas. W., $25; Francis, Mrs. H. H., $23; Citra S. S. $21.24; Broad, Hattie S., $20; Brower, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. & others. $20; Clarkson, Mr. & Mrs. G., $20; Elliott, Miss Joy A. N., $20; Freeman, J W., $20; Harkness, Estelle, $20; Kingsley, Jessica, $20; Light Mrs. M. A. $20; McMullen, Newton & Mabel, $20; Mangold, Mrs. Bertha E., $20; Ritenour, A. V., $20; Bailey, Mrs. M. E. $19, Citra S Schools $18.30; Smith Mrs. J. D., $18; Deen, Mrs. Bertha E., $17; Brock, Mrs. Laura J., $16 68; Mount Jennie. $16, Archer C. E. Society, $15; Glad Game Class & Mrs. Baker, $15; Baldwin, Mrs. C. E., $15; Carr, Mrs. Robt. I., $15; Eustis First Presby Church, $15; Frantz, Mr. & Mrs. W S., $15; Huger, F. K., $15; McQuarter, Mr. & Mrs. J. M., Sr., $15; Mullins, A., $15; Rearick, L. L. & T. Manuck, $15; Stevens, A. M., $15; Taylor, Mrs. L. E., $15; Hengst, Mrs. Geo. & others, $14; Ray Olive, $14; Hart, Mrs. A. F. & Mary, $13; Cardiff, Mrs. Graham, $13; Key West First Congl. S. S., $12.78.

Hallam, M. V., $12.50; Pennock, H. A., $12.50; Gretton, Mr. & Mrs. F H., $12.25; Bornfant, C. C., $12; Shannon, C. L. & family, $12; Branford Presby. Church, $12; Davis, W. W. & others, $12; Leavitt, J. A., $12; Nekrauer. Mrs. M., $12; Sydney Memorial S. S., $11.80; Clark, B. Y. $11; Anderson, A. W., $10; Arlen, Rev. Hy., $10; Arnold, Mrs. T. J., $10; Barry, W. H., $10; Blackburn, Mr. & Mrs. C. F., $10; Buttram, E. A., $10; Byington, Mrs. H. B. & Mary, $10; Capron, J. C., $10; Cone, Inez, $10; Davis, John H., $10; Deyo, Mrs. A. L., $10; Doane, D. D., $10; Dudley F. D., $10; Dunn, Mrs. W. R., $10; Eusminger, Mrs. A. L., $10; Evans, Mrs. K. H., $10; Firman, Minnie S., $10; Frowe, Mr. & Mrs. E. T., $10; Garnett, A. W., $10; Geiger, Mr. & Mrs. G. W., $10; Gifford, Mrs. Clara F $10; Gilliland, Maria A., $10; Gilmore Mrs. Chas. H., $10; Godbey, T. & K., $10; Goolsley Geo. M., $10; Gore, F. S., $10; Griffin, Hattie M., $10; Hallock, H. W., $10; Haynard, Mrs H. E., $10; Hensley, Bertha, $10; House, Alice M., $10; Howell, Clark $10; Huff, G. W., $10; Ittner, Geo., $10, Jacoby, J. H., $10.

Lander, David, $10; Lander, E. M., $10; Lannon, James, $10; Lawrence, Mrs. A. R., $10; Leavitt, J. H., $10; Leesher, W. L., $10; Lincoln, Mr & Mrs T. W , $10; Litzel, Mary A., $10; McIntire Jennie, $10; Masson, Ella M., $10; Masson, Miss S. F., $10; Mathus, Mrs. Isobel and others, $10; May, Mrs. Laura R. C., $10; Moule, Conger A., $10; Mullins, A. P., $10; & Miss I. Stafford, $7; Starkey, David W., $7; Moore Haven Wesleyan M. E. S. S., $7; Buchanan, Mattie, $6; Chapman, Mrs. N. E., $6; Hall, Mr. & Mrs E. A. & Miss Hall, $6; Lewis, Mrs. Hy. D., $6; West, Mrs. Katherine, $6; Young, Frank, $6; Arnold, Isabel, $5.93; ——, Citron, Fla., $5.28; A Friend, Davenport, $5; A. G. F. & B. H. F., $5; Allen, D. A., $5; Allen, Nettie C., $5; Anderson, Mrs. J. F., $5; Armitage, Mrs. A., $5, Baird, Miss Winona, $5; Baker, H., $5; Barber, M., $5; Barton, S. E., $5; Bayless, J. S., $5; Bennett, Mrs. S. A., $5; Blitch, Mrs C. C., $5; Boughter, Mrs. Barbara, $5; Broad, Mrs. Chas., $5; Day, Mrs. J. W., $5; Deuel, F. L., $5; Cary, Arthur W., $5; Clements, Mr. & Mrs. O. N., $5; Cocoa M. E. S. S., $5; Cooper, Samuel, $5; Corlis, Fred O., $5; Cowan, H. G., $5; Crenshaw, Mrs. Bertha & others. $5; Cundall, E. A., $5; Davis, J. W. & Kath-Church, $5; Dorsett, E. R., $5; Eakins, W. S., $5; Eyers, Mrs. Wm., $5; Gaeyer, Mrs. L. C., $5; Foster, Mrs. H. L., $5; Galt, E. L. R., $5; Gottschalk, J. R., $5; Griswold, Frances A., $5; Gullivin, Mary, $5; Hackney, Carolina H., $5.

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Curry, E. R., $2; Douglass, Mrs. A. J., $2; Du Pont, Mrs. B. E., $2; Ellis, Robt., $2; Ft. Pierce First Presby. Church. $2; Gardner, J. A., $2; Gaylord, Ruth K., $2; Harris, Mrs. Emma, $2; Hunt, Mrs. W. L., $2; Judson, J. W., $2; Lawson, P. P , $2; Leavitt. Mrs. T. F., $2; Little, Mrs. N. A., $2; Miller, Miss Cozy, $2; Mount, Jennie & others, $2; Nicolls, L. A., $2; Owen, Mr. & Mrs. Jas. H., $2; Pederson, N. P., $2; Pedrick, Mrs. C. C., $2; Pitzer, J. W., $2; Powers, Miss C. J., $2; Roberts, Mrs. Charlotte; $2; Roberts, M. B., $2; Sawyer, Mrs. K. S., $2; Thomas, Irwin, $2; Turgley, L. M., $2; Vann, Mrs. R. W., $2; Walker, Mrs. W. L., $2; Waterhouse. W. H. & daughter, $2; Wilson Mr. & Mrs. Wm., $2, Wray, Mrs. L. E., $2; Capitato S. S., $1.69, Capitato S. S., $1.65; Benham, Mrs. Mary B. $1.50; Young, Mrs. E .E., $1 50; ———, Passagrille, $1.

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Murphy, W. J. $3; Packer, Mrs. Wesley, $3; Roberts, Mrs. O. L., $3; Spackman, Mrs J. M., $3; Edmunds, Wm., $2.50; Houser, Rev. Argyl, $2.50; Junior C. E., Genesee, $2.50; Scales, H. S., $2.50, Schooley, M. L., $2.50; Uhlig, Charles, $2.50; Andrews, Emma & J. M., $2; Barnes, W., $2; Cowles, Mrs. C. F., $2; Campbell, L. P., $2; Clapsattle, M. B., $2; Cory, Mrs. R. W., $2, Durtman, A., $2, Gans, Mrs H. L., $2; Hammett, S. S., $2; Johnson, J. R., $2; Kunkel Mrs. A. E., $2; Kennedy, Mrs. Nan, $2; Miller, Mrs. N. K., $2; Noggle, Joseph, $2; Quigley, Mrs. W. C., $2; Riednel Charles, $2; Story, H. M., Edw. & M. R., $2; Walter, Mrs. S. A., $2; Pres. Church, Girls S. S. Class, Burley, $1.80; A Subscriber, St. Maries, $1.07; "Ubeneont," Sandpoint, $1, Bogart, Mrs. J S., $1; Brolsma, Mrs. G., $1; Buckingham, Mrs. Margaret, $1; Bates, J. P., $1; Bishop, Mr. & Mrs. H. M., $1; Chatterton, Mrs. Heber, $1; De Voe, Mrs. C. W., $1; Elliott, Mrs. Robert, $1; Greenlund, A., $1; Hoskins, Thomas, $1; Ricketts, Mrs. J. M., $1; Sutherland, Catherine C., $1; Sundles, A. H., $1; Thompson, Mrs Alfred, $1; Walby, Mary P., $1; Wells, Mrs. T. F $1; White, Mrs. M., $.50; Anonymous Grangeville, $.20.

Illinois

University of Illinois, $8.125; Thru, Mrs. E. J., Buffington, $4,232.01; National W. C. T. U., Evanston thru Mrs. Margaret C. Munns, $1,413.05; Reformed Church, So. Holland, thru W. P. Paarlberg, $1,349.27; Genl. Missionary Soey. of German Bapt. Church of N. A., thru Mr. Wm Kuhn, $1,267.45; Federated Church of Gibson City, $1,109.83; Greenville Community thru F. R. Honn, $455.75; Emory, Theodosia G., $415; Residents of Oswego, Prairie Chapel & Bristol, thru Rev. J. R. E. Craighead, $369.39; College Church of Christ, Wheaton, $310; Bates, Onward, $300; Payson Congl. Church, $236, Pierce, Mrs. E. B., $231.50; Eureka Christian S. S., $231.05; Ridgeway Presby. Church, $225; Bacon Memorial & South Park Missions of Peoria, thru E. T. Munns, $100; Curridge, Mrs. Manda, $200; Anker, Rev. H. P., $160; United Evangelical Church of Rockford, $158.75; Citizens of Yorktown Township, $150.83; Bald, Mr. & Mrs. W. F., $150; Mayfield, Branch of De Kalb County Chapter, A. R. C., $150; St. John's English Luth. Ch. of Sterling, $150; Moore, Ben and brother, $149; Bethel United Evang. S. S. of Shannon, $146.28; First Reformed Church of Chicago, $141.81; Thru Mr. & Mrs. E. C. Shields, $123.25; Thru J. C. Cadwallader, $122.88; Ministerial Assn. of Freeport, $119.65; Reformed Church of Lansing, $118.20.

United Churches of Chatsworth, $117.50; First M. E. Church, Aledo, $101; Adams, Jean, $100; Altosfer, Henry, $100; Davis, Mrs. Charles, $100; Echols, Mary H., $100; Garber, Ruth & Anna, $100; Hackman, F. H., $100; McMurray, Nancy A., $100; Robinson Woman's Club, $100; Roat, Addie, $100; Red Cross Society of Bunker Hill, $100; Temple, J. E. & family $100; Wheeland, Olive B., $100; Thru L. L. Peterson, $95; Hersman Presby. Church & S. S. $91.35; Ipava Presby. Church, $90.75; Springer, E. C., $90.02; Lacy, Lucretia B., $85; Thru A. W. Richards, $81.50; Thru John Warne, $80.58; Lisle Red Cross, $73.64; Ills. Synod of United Lutheran Church, $75; Kramer, Clara E., $75; McNichols, Misses Kate & Mary, $75; Mottaz, Alfred, $75; Tarbox, Mrs. G. L., $75; Reformed Church of Forreston, $75, Union Service, Prot. Churches, of Minonk, $75; Zion United Evangel. S.S, of Chicago, $75; Community of Blandinsville, thru Willis Craig, $74.18; Plum River Churches, $73.50; Phillips, Nettie E., $72.25; First English Ref. S. S. of Freeport, $70; Adams, Mr. & Mrs. Howard W., $68.30; Vermont Christian S. S., $67; Woodlawn Pk. M. E Church, $66.50; Boelter, Rev. A. J. & friends, $65; Moore, Clara, $65; Henderson S. S., United Presby. Church, $64; United Evangel. Church, Elmhurst, $64; Grace Evang. Church of Genesco, $63.52; Thru The Moline Daily Despatch, $63.25; First Bapt. Church of Chrisman, $63; Mrs. Burd's S. S. Class, Perry, $62; Frye, Mrs. J. E., W. M. & Daisy D., $60.

Mason, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $57; First Congl. Church of Elgin, $56.79; Thru Mrs. E. B. Pierce, $56.52; Rose, E. S., $55; United Evangel. S. S. of Polo $55; Parkside Bapt. Church, $54.03, Thru Theresa Heidenreich, $54; Irish Grove Sunday School, $52.40; Anonymous, Chicago, $50; Anonymous, Chicago, $50; Beckstrom, Rosa P. Co., $50; Barnes, S. S., $50; Breckenridge, P. J., $50; Carlston, Mr. & Mrs. Aug & friends, $50; Cole, Mrs. Penn, $50; Corbin, Miriam L., $50; Cyrus, Mrs Emma A., $50; Dirk, Ivey, $50; Ebenezer Ref Ch. L. M. S. of Morrison, $50; Gilmore Glenn S., $50; Johnson, Rev. Robt E., $50; Mortimore, J. F. $50; Mt. Greenwood Ladies Aid Soc. $50; Morse, Mrs. Chas. J., $50; Smith, Delevan, $50, Sawdon, J. H., $50; Snead, Ruth, $50; Uecke, Robt. C., $50; Union Church of Liberty, $50; Voorhees Mrs. P. H., $50; W. C. T. U. of Harvey, $50; Watson, Thos., $50; Ward, Mary E., $50; Zumtahl, A. H., $50; I. S. & S. Home, Quincy, $48.60, Swinson, Enoch, $48.36; Burton, Josephine E., $45.80; Thru Walter D. Steele $45; Thomson, Lillian H., $45; Clanahan, Mrs. J. P., $43.84; Heath, Mrs. John, $43.77; Presby. & M. E. Churches of Munteno, $43.69; Oak Park S. S., $43.66; Public School & Christian Church, Gifford, $42.94; Illinois Synod of United Lutheran Church, Chicago, $42.49; Johnston, Thos. A. G., $42.23; Thru Paul V. Troupe, $41.60; Thru Rev. Geo. F. McGee, $40.35; Holmes, J. Stewart, $40; Jenkins, F. H., Miss E. M. & Mrs. H. A. Kyte, $40; Thru Margaret Miller, $40; Pond, Mrs. J. E., $40; Starkweather, E. E., $40; United Evang. S. S. of Chicago, $39.98; Bolender, Mrs. M. E., $39; Union Chapel, Chicago, $39; United Evang. Church of Orangeville, $38.26; First Presby. Church, Joliet, $37.50; Bunker Hill Bapt. S. S., $37.28; Presby. Ladies Aid of Richardson, $37.11; Crawford, J. B., $37.10; Thru John C. Hall, $36, Redron Union S. S., $36; Bradford, A. B., $35; Thru Mr. E. Countryman, $35; Green, Margaret L., $35; Ibsen, Mrs. F. C., $34; M. E Bible Class of Glasford, $33.90; Parkside Bapt. Church Miss. Socy, Chicago, $33.77; Dallas City Mission S. S., $33; Pence, Nannie, $33; Second Christian Church of Bloomington, $32.05; Burnett H. L. $31.89; Crystal Lake Congl. S. S. $31.87; Meridan Church & friends $31.; Thru Rev. Lynn Browning $31; Choral Club Ref. Church of So. Holland $30.50; Fay, Mary E., $30.25; Auworter, M. F., $30; Banks, Mrs. Emily, $30; Bernard, Dr. C. C. $30; Gardner Reynold, $30; Johnson, V. G., $30; Kellogg, M. T., $30; Thru Geo. D. Kolze, $30; Larimore, S. H., $30; Matheny Nora & Eleanor $30.

M. E. Mission Socy. of New Salem, $30; Pilgrim Temple Bapt. S. S. of Chicago, $30; Rehm, R. R., $30; Simpson, O. G., $30; Westminster Guild, Hanna Pres. Church, $30; Cairo Bapt. Church, $29.86; Calvary Presby. S. S. Peoria, $29; Eliason, Mr. & Mrs. R. J., $27; Thru Mrs. Mary H. Harvey, $27; United Brethren in Christ Church, Westfield, $26.75; Bapt. S. S., Primary Class, Hull, $26, Cloud C. W., $26; Fayettes Sunday School $26; Grand, Mrs. Jules & family, $25.50; Trinity M. E. Sunday School $25.20; Friends, Rockford, $25; A Christian Herald Subscriber, Patoka, $25; Barr, H. A., $25, Britt, W. M. $25; Thru A. A. Farbridge, $25; Crumpston, Edw., $25; Craig Bros., $25, Carrier, W. H., $25; Dick, Samuel, $25; Douglas, Rev. J. J., $25; Diener, A. M., $25; Thru Elliott Arthur, $25; Emmert, F. W., $25; Eells, Mrs. Charles, $25; First Bapt. Church of Rushford Thru Mr. Thos. P. Poole, $25; Faithful & True Class, Wisa, $25; Guth, Chris $25; Garlock, N. Y., $25; Grigsby, Mrs. Myra, $25; Henson, Clara B., $25; Hockstra, Samuel, $25, Haskett & Co., $25; Hill, Mrs. G. B., $25, Thru Frances E. Jones, $25; Jones, F. A., $25; Jasper, R. Y., $25; Kramer, Mrs. Lena, $25; Kreider, D. H., $25; K. D. Class No. 10 Church, Potomac, $25; Lees, Jane C., $25; Larimer, Mr. & Mrs. E. J., $25; Lehman, Della, $25; McFarland, O. D., $25, McLain, Geo W., $25; Mortimore, H. T., $25, Marquardt, H. & Mrs. L. A. Simmons, $25; Nokomis Presby. Women's Miss. Socy., $25; Philathea Class of Polo Evang. S. S., $25; Prairieville Union S. S. $25.

Thru Lou P. Rodhouse, $25; Ross, Charlotte A., $25; Simpson, Mrs. M. E. & Mrs. Grieve, $25, Schaeffer, W. B., $25; Snead, Ruth, $25; Snyder, Harry, $25; Schriber, Rose & Ida, $25.

Willing Workers Socy. of [illegible]rine, $25; Walker, Martha, $25; W[illegible]s, Geo., $25; Wiersema State Bank, $25; Yoder, Mrs. Magdalena, $25; Goza, Mrs. W. F., $24.50; Clark, C. A., $24; Congl. S. S. of Rio, $22.15; Edinburg Ref. Church, $22; Hickory Grove Wesleyan Meth. Sunday School, $22; Community M. E. Church, Bishop Hill, $21; Nesbit Mrs. Esther J., $21; Virtue, Ralph K., $21, "A. B. C", Peoria, $20; "A. M. M.," Hoopeston, $20, Albrink, Wm., $20; Boland, Mildred, $20; Barker, G. L., $20; Best, Mrs Geo. A., $20; Beattie, Jean, $20; Custer, Lucila, $20; Cummings, P. W., $20, Crosier, Mrs. Annam, $20; Calvary, Presby S.S., Golden Rule Class, Peoria, $20, Childers, Mr. & Mrs. C. T., $20, Crane, Earl N., $20, Chapman, Mrs H. R., $20; Clawson, W. A., $20; Thru T. A. Davis, $20; Dewees, Mr. E. E., $20; Erwin, Clara B., $20; First Bapt. Church S. S., Chicago, $20; Gaymore, Leah May, $20; Goodspeed, Mr. & Mrs. J. M., $20; Gehrken, M. E., $20; Hodgson, Ellen S., $20; Hamilton, Mr. & Mrs. Chas., $20; Harlem Union S. S., $20; Hughes, Mrs. M. A., $20; Harrison, Mrs. Wm., $20; Hegwer, D. E., $20, Johnson, J. H., $20; Johnson, Mr. & Mrs. Jens, $20; Kreiner, John, $20; Logsdon, T. A., $20; Lyons, N. M. K., $20, Murphy, Mary, $20; Mortland Mr. & Mrs. John, $20; Morrison, Mrs. G. W., $20; Marchhoff, Mrs. H., $20; Muilenburg, T. W., $20; Mighell, Mrs. W. C., $20; Nesbit, Rev. J. P., $20; Open, H. E., $20; Pearlberg, Miss Mary $20.

Patten, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $20; Pistorius, Amelia, $20; Russell, Eleanor L., $20; Rushman, Bessie M., $20; Randall, Mrs. H., $20; Smith, H. C., $20; Smith, Mrs. Louis, $20; Smith, David, $20; Stafford, Horace, $20; Shields, J. E., $20; Sharp, Dr. C. E., $20; Union Bapt. S. S. of Penfield, $20; Virtue, Mrs. K. I., $20; Wolfe, Mrs. W. B., $20; Wallis, Fred, $20; Wittman, Julia & Lulu, $20, Yingling, Mrs. J. H., $20; Yndestad, J. S., & C. Anderson, $20; Zoet, Henry, $20; M. E. & Presby. Churches of Winona, $19.64; Timothy Christian S. S. of Oak Park, $19.27; Brenneman, Jacobine & friend, $18.25; Kummrow, Mrs. W. F. & friends, $18.25; Baker, Mrs. E. C., $18; Langhead Sisters, $18; Ladies Aid of St. James Evang. Church, Glen Ellyn, $18; Sweeney, Rachael, $18; Thorn, Rev O. R., $18; Martin, Mrs. David, $17.50; A Reader, Galena, $17.10; Batterham, Mrs. J., $17; Thru John B. Canfield, $17; McMurray, E. P., $17; Olive Branch Freewillers, Fair Grange, $17; Stansfield, J. N., $17; Johanson, B., $16.50; First Congl. S. S. Primary Dept., Granville, $16; Thru Mrs J. Norman, $16; Gregory, W. R, $16; Kirk, Mrs. S. S., $16; Kramer, Mrs. Jennie, $16; Lundgren, Elsie M., $16; Prairie City M. E. Church, $16; Thru W. M. Ijams, $16; Gunn, Moses W., $15.90; Unity Presby. Church, Woodson, $15.90; Y. P. C. U. of Ottawa, $15.90; Schutz, Wm., $15.70; Aska, J M., $15.50; Miller, Saml. T & Robert Shook, $15.50; Blandinsville M. E. S. S. $15.25; An Old Subscriber, Streator, $15; "Reader," Galena, $15; "S. W. H.," Freeport, $15; Thru H. A. Barr, $15; Bauman, Rev. Albert, $15; Browe, Sara C., $15; Baker, Dr. Nellie M. & friends, $15; Britton, Mrs. Maude & family, $15; Batterham, Grace, $15; Custer, F. W., $15; Cooper, M. T. & family, $15; Christian Church S. S. of La Harpe, $15; Elliott, Mrs G. M., $15; Ebenezer Presby. S. S. of Rockwood, $15; Furny, Margaret J, $15; Fletcher, Mrs. Nellie H., $15, First Bapt Ch S. S. Loyal Leader S. S., Savanna, $15; Groat, W. H. & Emma E., $15; Graham, Bertha, $15; Hatfield, Dr. Lena, $15; Hall, Susan H., $15; Keys, Kate, $15; Leaf River Sunday School, $15; McAllister, Mrs. S. A. & family, $15; Manning, J. W., $15; Michael, Rev. J. W., $15; Nicholson, T. H. & friends, $15; Orr, Della M., $15; Prairieville Union S. S. & Ch., $15; Presby. Ch. of Galesburg, $15; Philips, I. M. & Mabel, $15; Paxton Christian Church, $15; Ransom, Peter, $15; Reed, Mrs. Preston, $15; Swan, Mrs. J. H., $15; Shafer, Mrs. John, $15, Sharp, Mrs. Marks Luth S. S. No. 15 of Pido, $15, Shrom, Susan, $15; Scheer, Mrs. C., $15, Seals, Flora L. & Jennie, $15; Saxe, Mrs. Frank, $15; Totel, Mr. & Mrs. Saml. Sr. $15; Walker, Mrs. M. L., $15, Womacks, Mr & Mrs. L. P., $15

Wilson, H. W., $15; Wigney, Wm., $15; Christian Culture Class First M. E Church, Aurora, $14; Lincoln Park Sunday School, $14, Bapt. Old Peoples Home, Maywood, $13.60; Unity Bapt. Church, Belleville, $13.55, Community Offering, Duncanville, $13.25, Voltz, Mr. & Mrs. Hy & W. A. Unangst, $13.25; Coy, Lottie, $13; Engelsman, Mrs. Henry, $13; Jochum, Miss C., $13; Turner, Miss Martha E., $13, Vawter, Mrs. S. D., $13; Walker, Mrs. W. S., $13; Rinehart, D. H., $12.71, Langhrin, G., $12.50; Memorial Church Y. M. B. C., of Danvers, $12.50; Wolf, Mrs. W. B., $12.50; Bacon, Mrs. L. B. & neighbors, $12.05, Anonymous, Manchester, $12; Congl. S. S. of Big Rock, $12; Dimshee, Mrs. Mary E., $12; Duff, Lucy, $12; McCrachen, Mrs. Belle, $12; Montgomery, Mr. Thos. W. J. & Mrs. C. M. Belk, $12; Mettler, Mary J., $12; Rauft, Wm., $12; Rickett, Mrs. Minnie E., $12; Schertz Bros., $12; Strong, Elizabeth, $12; Symons, W. H., $12; Taylor, H. E. & family, $12; the Two by Four Girls, Oak Park, $12; Fourmont, Emil, $11.60; A. C. Church, Alexis, $11.50; Potter, A. D., $11.50; Marengo Bapt. Church, $11.35, "M. C. C.", Evanston, $11; Baldwin, Miss Nellie, $11; Bray, Rev. H. Franklin, $11; Berkema, Mrs. H. F., $11; Thru L. P. Bickerdike, $11; Baldwin, Mr. W. & sisters, $11; Thru Esther Forsberg, $11; Ludgren, M., $11; Oakes, Effie E. [illegible], Mr. & Mrs. [illegible], Mrs. Sam, $10, [illegible] Flora, Margaret & Chas., $10, Fraser, L. L. & Son $10, [illegible] O. $10, Ford, Mr & Mrs A. C. $10, French, Mrs. L. W., $10, [illegible], $10; First Presby. Church, Primary Dept., Marengo, $10, Great Commission Prayer League of Chicago, $10; Griffith, Margaret, $10, Gordon, Bertha, $10, Gooch, G. M. $10, Gross, Mr. & Mrs W. Q., $10; Gentz, J. C., $10; Gorsuch, Mrs. Florence D., $10, Getzendaner, M. L., $10, G. W. S. Class of Ottawa, $10; Gunton, Miss Jessie, $10, Gould, Mrs. H. C., $10; Hamilton, Harry $10.

Hoyle, V. M., $10; Harwood, E. E., $10; Hufford, Frank, $10, Haller, L., $10; Hoffman, R. W., $10, Hutchison, Mrs. B. L., $10, Henrichsmeier, H. $10, Hann, Myrtle, $10, Hazelmate Guest, $10, Hanson, Mrs. Julia & family, $10; Holmes, Julia H., $10, Homberstone, Mrs A. L., $10, Hutson Harriet L., $10, Hoffman, J. L., $10, Horstmeier, H. A., $10; Hoak, Mr. & Mrs. A. G., $10, Holmes, Mrs. Fred, $10, Hughes, J., $10, Hunter, J. O., $10, House, Mrs W. W., $10, Henderson, Mrs Jane, $10, Hampton, O. M., $10; Hayes, M. L., $10, Hammond, Olive $10; Harrington, Inez I., $10; Hillmann, A. L., $10, Irwin, Mrs. E. R., $10, Ijams, W. M., $10, Jacobs, L. B., $10, Johnson, Kate, $10, Jones, Zillman, $10, Johnson, Mrs. L. H., $10, Johnson, Miss Theresa, $10, Kellogg, Miss E., $10; Klock, Mrs Fayette $10; Kratz, Mrs. Emma, $10; Knoedler, Amanda, $10, Kyle, W. W., $10; King, Bess A., $10, Kable Elma, G. & M. A., $10; Kaney, Mayme, $10, Kiem, Mr. & Mrs. V. J., $10, Kable [illegible], Chas. L., [illegible], $10; Smith, Mrs. E. $10, Smith, Mrs. [illegible], $10, Smith, Rev. [illegible], $10, Thru, Ernest, $10, Tracy, Ernest, $10, Tanner, H. D., & Mrs. D. H., $10, Thomas, Mrs. W. M., $10, Turnquist, Catherine, $10, Thorne, H. J., $10, Van Meter, Mrs. O. K., $10; Taylor, C. [illegible], $10; Taylor, Lyell, $10, Turner, J. [illegible], $10; Vance, Mary, Jessie L., $10, Van De Bogaert, Dr. J. M., $10, Webster, C. C., $10, Weber, Mrs. W. J., $10, Webber, Mrs. W. L., $10, Williams, J. C., $10, Walter, J. W., $10, Watson, C. J. & family, $10, Westermeyer, Mrs. $10, Thru Mrs. Chas. W. Rose, $10, Wagner, Mrs. Florence B., $10; Wagner, Mr. & Mrs. P. A., $10, Ward, Mrs. J. W., $10, Wagner, Earl, $10, Weir, J. M., $10, Wall, Mrs. Anna, $10, Wood, S. C., $10, Winter, Grace, $10, Wallace Workers & Comrade Class of First Congl. S. S., $10, Williston, Mrs. A. & family, $10, Wertz, Mr. & Mrs. Warren $10, Worth, Lucian C., $10, Wagner Bessie H., $10, W. C. T. U. of Carrington, $10, W. C. T. U. of Pana, $10, White Oak S. S. of Cass, $10, Women's Missionary Socy. of First M. E. Church, Lansing, $10, Women's Home Mission Circle of Taylor, $10, Women's Christian Workers of Keller, $10; Yates, Geo V., $10, Young, Ida, $10, Yambert, Mrs. S. A., $10, Zook, Mr. & Mrs. J. K., $10, Lincoln A. S., $9.85; Bapt. S. S. True Blue Class of H. P., $8.50; Scotch Presby. Church of Coal Valley, $8.50, The Magazine, Evanston, $8.50; Carrithers, Mrs. Henry & friend, $8, South Mrs. Class, $8, Thru Mrs. M. C. Hedrick, $8.70, First M. E. S. S. of Rock Island, $8.50; Nellinger, George, $8.50; Rushmont, H. W., $8.50; Bradley, Miss M. H., $8; Cochran, J. Roy, $8.; Chandler, Mr. & Mrs. E. W., $8; Deutschman Miss Ida $8; Frank, Mrs. W. & children, $8.

Fieldsend, Mary, $8; Martin, Orpha, $8, Miller, Mrs. Doust & friends $8; Martin, Lilla, $8; Owen, Mrs. Jessie, $8; Olson, Mrs Mary, $8; Epworth League of Manchester & Miss Louise Pearce $8; Ref. Dutch Church We Girls Class of Fairview, $8; Rediger, Edw. A., $8; Thru F. W. Reichert, $8; Scott, Mayme, $8; Trotter, Robert $7.77; First M. E. Church of Decatur, Miss Atchison's Class, $7.75; Bethel S. S. Welcome Class, $7.66; Georgetown Presby. S. S. Builders Class, $7.60; Adams, J. N., $7.50; Babbs, J. C. & family $7.50, Livingston Lucy Lee & friend, $7.50; Pence, Bessie, W. J. & J. W., $7.50; Y. M. C. A. of Chicago & friends $7.50; Princeton M. E. Church S. S. $7.25, Papadopoulos, Rev. C. T., $7.05, Anonymous, Canton, $7; "November A," $7; Anderson, Mr. & Mrs. J. C., $7; Austin, Mrs. N., $7; Bauman, Mr. & Mrs. B. R., $7, Boise, Frank, $7; Fairmont Bapt. S. S. Class No. 9, $7; Burnside Settlement $7; Chrystal Mrs Prudy, $7, Forsberg, Mrs. Olas., $7; Husted, Josie & Emma, $7; Hirschberger, Eleanor & friends, $7; Lindquist, Dr. J. A., $7; Oesick, W. P., $7, Recke, F. L., $7; Sandstedt, Enoch $7, Snyder, Mrs. Clara, $7; Stewart, Carolyn & family, $7; Thru Rev. J. N. Thomas, $7; Coal Valley Presby. Union $6.75; Hawes, L. M., $6.75; Meckenstock, Emma, $6.50; Arnold, W. E., $6.38; Fales, R. P., $6.25; Mound Chapel, Decatur, $6.25; Sunny Hill Farm, $6.23; Robinson, Miss L. J. & Mrs. Mary, $6.20; "Two Friends," Patoka, $6; Two Friends, Sycamore, $6; "A. S." Marengo, $6, Briggs, Mr. & Mrs. Jonathan & Mary Taylor, $6; Balcke, Wm. $6; Brady, Mrs. Della $6; Blakely, Mrs. M. J. $6, Belle, Larson, $6; Bode, Miss Emily V., $6; Cooke, Mrs. D., $6, Darby, Mrs. & Matte & Mary Anderson, $6; Decosterd, Jules L., $6; Gibbons, Mr. & Mrs. Geo., $6; Gwin, Mrs. Laura & Harold, $6; Holton, Mr. & Mrs. H. J. & Dorothy Holton, $6.

Johnson, Mrs. O. A., $6; Keeney, V. W., $6; Lundgren, Elsie M., $6; Lakin, Mrs. L. J., $6; Lindholm, Carl, $6; Merwin, Fannie Sparts, $6; Morrison, Geo., $6; Myer, Mrs. Susan D. & Miss Luella Myer, $6; Murphy, Mrs O. F., $6; Newton, Isabel, $6; Price R. E., $6; Pease, Miss E., $6; Rochm, Chas. & friend, $6; Rupe, Mrs. Mary S., $6; Swan, Mrs. G. W., $6; Swan, Mr. Harvey W., $6; Smart, Mrs. Julia, $6; Schrier Minnie & Hattie, $6; Scranton F. J., $6; Smart, Mrs. R., $6; Schiman, Nellie W., $6; Whittlesey, Mrs. P., $6; Wolf, Mrs. U. B., $6; Young Peoples Christian Union, Ogmawka, $6, Wood, Mrs E. C., $5.67; Thru L. R. Gabrecht, $5.55; Tuthill, Samuel C., $5.52; Thru Miss Edith Cathcart, $50; Finkbeiner, Rev. J. G., $5.50; Carl, Mrs. J B. $5.39; First Congl Church of South Pekin, $5.29; Dexter, Lula B., $5.10; Inch, Geo F., $5.10; Ross, Miss Isabel $5.10; A Friend, Astoria, $5; A Friend, Dakota, $5; A Friend, Dixon, $5; A Friend, East St. Louis, $5; A Friend, Rockford, $5; A Friend, Galesburg, $5; Anonymous, Kinmundy, $5; Anonymous, Rochelle, $5; A Reader, Georgetown, $5; A Reader Rochelle $5; Cash, Alton, $5; Cash, Godfrey, $5; In His Name, Zion City, $5; "T. L. S. N.," Chicago $5; W. G. K., Belden, $5; T.M.S., Galena, $5; "Andene," Manhattan, $5; Mrs. M. K. & daughter Reynolds, $5; S. E. & M. L., Tower Hill, $5; Anderson, Rev. A. W., $5; Anderson, Mrs. Emma, $5; Anderson, G. M., $5; Anderson, Mrs. Phebe, $5, Anderson, Mr. & Mrs. R. R., $5; Anderson, Mrs. Wm., $5; Agnell, Carl L., $5; Allen, Mrs. J. R., $5; Armstrong, Rev. Thos., $5.

Aiends, Mrs. Geo. T., $5; Antier, Eliza A., $5; Ashwood, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. $5; Anderson, Ole $5; Anate, Mrs. George $5; Barr, Mrs. Wm., $5, Brown, David, $5; Brown, Gertrude, $5; Brown, Miss Vida, $5, Brown, Z.

A type of home in which thousands of refugees lived for months

Foochow Homes Expanded

Large and Important Plans for Extension of Christian Herald Work in Fukien Province Are Nearing Completion

THE development of the Industrial Mission, while of comparatively recent date, has become one of the most important features of missionary activity. In all of the foreign mission fields, there has come to be a pretty complete realization of the fact that before the native can truly accept Christianity, his economic and social condition must be brought into harmony with the principles on which Christianity was founded, and he must be introduced to some of the phases of life that have resulted from the spread of the Christian faith.

India, heretofore, has been the most fertile field for the development of the Industrial Mission, due in large measure to the peculiar caste system which makes it almost necessary to devise some remunerative occupation for the convert, who loses cast on his conversion. The work has spread rapidly through South Africa, however, and a number of small but valuable experiments have been conducted in China in connection with the mission schools.

The Christian Herald first manifested a positive interest in industrial mission work with the organization, in 1910, as an outgrowth of the China Famine of 1907–1908, of the Christian Herald Fukien Industrial Homes of Foochow, where some 200 orphans were welcomed and received some industrial as well as scholastic training.

Boys at class work in the Christian Herald Fukien Homes, where Industrial Work will be much expanded

Christian Herald Orphanage Girls at American Board Mission School, Foochow

It has lent its influence to many other institutions of smaller character, and founded for work along this line the Christian Herald Orphanage in Jerusalem, for the care of and industrial training of child victims of the Great War in the Near East.

China now seems a particularly important territory for a larger development of industrial work under Christian auspices, and the Christian Herald is planning in co-operation with a number of its friends an enlargement of this venture in Fukien which should have a tremendous effect on the entire future of the Republic of China.

Miss Emily Hartwell of the American Board Missions in Foochow, who has been in general charge of the Christian Herald Homes in Fukien since their establishment in 1910, has been in the United States for the last few months, discussing with Mr. Patterson and the members of the Christian Herald staff the enlargement of the Homes, and a notable expansion in the type of work engaged in. As a result of a series of conferences, an amendment to the articles of incorporation of the Christian Herald Fukien Industrial Homes has been prepared. In the amended charter, the name of the corporation will become hereafter, The Christian Herald Industrial Missions in China, Inc.

THE object briefly, will be to "establish, institute and operate missions under Christian influence for the purpose of enabling and assisting the indigent, unfortunate, delinquent or defective, the homeless, orphans, or any other needy persons to improve their condition and to support, or partially support, themselves by industrial training and work." The charter further authorizes the missions to build dormitories, homes and schools, plants, factories, experiment stations and laboratories, necessary to carry out the purpose of the mission; to acquire such plants and machinery necessary in connection with instruction in agriculture, woodworking, mining, cotton and silk spinning, and weaving, or such other industries as may be considered later; to provide a market for the product of the missions, to purchase and hold necessary property and to accept gifts for the support and maintenance of the missions.

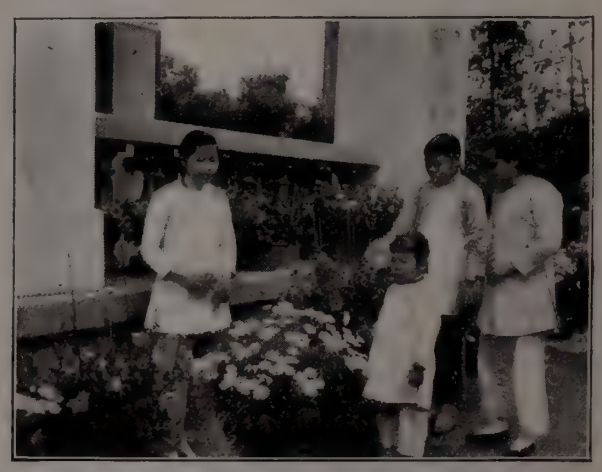
The enlarged institution will be controlled by a board of nine trustees, representing the Christian Herald and such other interests as are directly concerned in the maintenance and development of the missions. This board will exercise only such general control as is necessary to maintain the character of the mission as a Christian institution, and fulfil the purposes for which it is established. The actual management will be in the hands of a board of directors with members particularly residing in the province of Fukien, where they will have direct contact with the work. This board will consist of both foreigners and Chinese, and there will be adequate safeguards to guarantee that the work will be permanently under Christian influences, and operated on the most approved Christian lines.

Plans are being tentatively prepared now for the establishment of a series of scholarships to be competed for by the children in mission schools in all parts of China. It is the present purpose to arrange for between one and two hundred of these scholarships, the winners to be chosen on the basis of general school attainments. With the appointment of these additional students, the enrollment of the schools at Foochow will be increased to approximately 400 children.

One of the first steps to be taken in the enlarged institution will be the dispatch to China of an American engineer who will have direct charge of the industrial work, and its organization along modern American lines. Included in the work planned is an ice-making plant, to be operated by the students, and the product disposed of for the support of the mission, and also iron-working and wood-working plants. Cotton and silk weaving, and some measure of wood-working are taught at present in the homes. At the same time the children now cared for are receiving what is equivalent to lower primary work in the American public school. For higher primary work those showing aptitude for advanced study have been sent to either mission or government boarding-schools, but under the new plans training of this type probably will be given in the Christian Herald Mission.

CHILDREN from the homes already have made their mark in Chinese political and business life during the last decade. They have left the confines of the Home, strong Christian characters, well equipped for their life-work and they are now among the most enthusiastic supporters of the institution. It is the confident expectation that the enlarged mission will provide a training school for Chinese which will result in the establishment of Chinese-supported industrial centers, in every part of the Republic. Boys will be brought to Foochow and in the course of years receive training, not only in academic, but in their chosen form of industrial, work under influences that are wholly Christian, and will go out to their home districts qualified not only as Christian leaders, but trained in some form of work that will aid in the modernizing and upbuilding, of their home communities.

Although there is no intention of drawing on the American public for the entire support of the enlarged work, the Christian Herald is confident that its friends will want to have some part in the support of such an important undertaking. We want the salaries and expenses of the native superintendents and the American personnel to come from their friends in the United States, and we are confident that provision likewise will be made for a certain number of scholarships. Guarantees of support already have been received, however, from Chinese sources which will go far toward the cost of maintenance, and it is the expectation that the entire cost of this part of the work will be borne by the Chinese themselves.



Another group of Christian Herald girls at Foochow

In other words, we are undertaking to lay a foundation for a Christian institution in China which will teach the Chinese how to help themselves.

In addition to the property now occupied by the Homes in the city of Foochow, and in its suburbs, property to be devoted to this purpose has been purchased this summer near the mouth of the Ming River, and other plots are being considered.

The project is just one more illustration of the ambition of the Christian Herald to impress the values of Christianity on a heathen people, and to aid in the dissemination of the Gospel in all backward quarters of the world. The Fukien institution should wield a tremendous influence on the future of China, and stand for generations as a monument to the desire of the American people to improve the condition of the Chinese people morally, socially and economically.

Illinois—Con't

F., $5; Black, Eva, $5; Bryce, Miss Grace, $5; Beeler, Margaret, $5; Berguson, Miss Carrie, $5; Blood, Mrs. Belle, $5; Bane, Mrs. M. M., $5; Bowen, Annie T., $5; Bullock, Alva C., $5; Beeler, Mrs. John, $5; Barmore, F. G., $5; Berge, W. F., $5; Buttess, Rev. W. H., $5; Bower, Mrs. M. S., $5; Blaker, Mary W., $5; Bergslien, A. & C., $5; Bergquist, P., $5; Bergquist, Myrtle, $5; Benjamin, Elfleda, $5; Ballantine, Jessie, $5; Barnett, Mary E., $5; Bockemeyer, Mrs. E., $5; Blake, Mrs. W. H., $5; Bushart, Mrs. L. L., $5; Bensema, Harm G., $5; Buell, Mr. & Mrs. John, $5; Bertsche, Linda, $5; Boice, Harry W., $5; Bateman, G. B., $5; Barclay, James, $5; Bard, Miss A. S., $5; Baxter, Mrs., $5; Buchanan, Mrs. E. L., $5; Budd, Rosalind E., $5; Braithwaite, Mrs. Martha, $5; Condrey, Frank, $5; Cumpston, Mrs. Jennie, $5; Cunningham, John, $5; Carper, Everett, $5; Congl. S. S. of Plainfield, $5; Campbell, Mrs. M. J., $5; Coe, W. M., $5; Crosby, Mrs. W. A., $5; Cress, Mrs. S. E., $5; Cooper, Mr. & Mrs. R. J., $5; Cords, Mrs. Mildred, $5; Caums, B. E., $5.

Connelly, Mrs. S. R., $5; Christy, Mrs. M. C., $5; Carlson, John G., $5; Caldwell, Anna M., $5; Cockin Sarah, $5; Croxton, Mrs. J. E., $5; Clark, Mrs. L. E., $5; Clarke, H. A., $5; Cline, Lottie, $5; Conant, Mrs. Helen P., $5; Cochran, Dr. C. C., $5; Cox, Miss Emma, $5; Carson, Eula E., $5; Crossett, Mr. & Mrs. S. F., $5; Crandall, Mrs. M. D., $5; Culp, A. C., $5; Chambers, Dr. Etta, $5; Dorward, Geo. A., $5; Dodge, S. S., $5; Dunlap, Mrs. Geo., $5; Dustin, M. A., $5; Davies, Ella M., $5; Decker, D. B., $5; Dekker, Peter, $5; Douglas, Mrs. Ella, $5; Dulin, Mrs. M. W., $5; Dysler, Mrs. J. B., $5; Davis, D. F., $5; Delassus, J. W., $5; Demaree, Mrs. Paul, $5; Dickinson, Miss Anna, $5; Dreasel, Mrs. Fred $5; Doan, Mrs. E. M., $5; Dann, A.E., $5; Deal, E.F., $5; Eckman, Mrs. Frank, $5; Etherton, Mrs. Lillian, $5; England, Effie, $5; Eisele, Mrs. C., $5; Ereanbrack, E. W., $5; Ely, Roy, $5; Everett, Hattie R., $5; Eckstrom, Mr. & Mrs. Harry, $5; Eldridge, Jessie, $5; Early, Mr. & Mrs. J. J., $5; Fordyce, Mrs. J. D., $5; Findlay, Martha, $5; Foiles, Dennis W. & family $5; Foster, O.D., $5; Fortnightly Club of Kewanee, $5; French, Mrs. Mary W., $5; Forth, Agnes, $5; Fitzhenry, Mrs. John, $5; Fish, Geo. W., $5; First Ref. Church of Chicago, $5; Felton, Mr. Herschell, $5; First Presby. Church Young Ladies

Testimony Through Dr. Beals

"IF YOU could see and hear all the pleas from missionaries for the Christian Herald Fund, it would bring you to tears," said Dr. Beals in one letter to us, "and if you could hear the shouts of praise and thanksgiving for monies received, you would feel that God had brought you to the Kingdom for such a time as this. One writes, 'What joy your help has given us. We can now save thousands of those around us who would certainly have died without it.' Another, 'What would we have done without your help? Hundreds of children are saved by it.' A lady writes, 'We are supplying thousands of destitute women and children with food by the money you sent us, but how shall we carry on if the Christian Herald money stops? All our work is lost, the people will die before harvest.' Another writes, 'What would we have done without the Christian Herald money? It was a God-send indeed.' A lady writes, 'We have just held a thanksgiving prayer meeting. I wish the givers could realize how glad we are to be the distributors. If their help stops, who will save these destitute ones?' There are many more on the same strain, but you can see how they realize that your Fund has saved the lives of numberless men, women and children which would not have been reached by others."

Illinois—Con'd

Bible Class, Georgetown, $5; Fry, John, $5; Fenton, Mrs. J. M., $5; Ford, Bess R., $5; Gates, Mrs. H. M., $5; Gardiner, Ella N., $5; Geheber, George, $5; Getzandauer, M. E., $5; Ginton, Miss Jessie M., $5; Giger, Mrs. L., $5; Givenrod, Marie, $5; Glover, Mrs. B. H., $5; Glabe, Mrs. Anna, $5; Gobel, Miss Louisa, $5; Goodrich, C. W., $5; Gobat, Louise, $5; Greeley, H. W., $5; Green, Herbert, $5; Griffith, Geo., $5; Guthrie, Isabella, $5; Guiser, Mrs. S. A., $5; Guthrie, Laura B., $5; Hanson, Miss Martha E., $5; Hazlik, Mrs. Luella, $5; Hanson, Clara L., $5; Hauser, L. P., $5; Hargrave, H. S., $5; Hawkins, M. E., $5; Halbauer, Miss Emma, $5; Hartwig, Mrs. R. J., $5; Harmon, Mrs. H. H. & Anna S., $5; Hagler, John E., $5; Harris, Mrs. R. W., $5; Harbour, Mrs. A. E., $5; Henry, Mrs. John Fitz, $5, Hennis, Mrs. Hy, $5; Hensel, Mary, $5; Hemble, John, $5; Heckes, Mrs. H. E., $5; Heilman, Mrs. Estella, $5, Heidinger, Mrs. A. M., $5; Heidenreich, Elsie, $5, Hill, Jesse J., $5; Higinbotham, Mrs. F. J., $5; Hitchcock, Ethel, $5; Himmel, Mrs. Geo. $5, Higgins, Mrs. A. E., $5; Hobson, Dora M., $5; Hoge, Mrs. Isaac Jr., $5; Hollenberg, Mrs. Lottie, $5; Hockstra, Mrs. H. & Mrs. C., $5; Housinger, Mrs. Mabel, $5; Hoelscher, Miss Velva, $5; Hoffman, Ida T., $5; Hufker, Wm., $5; Hussey, Mrs. H. W., $5; Hunter, Wm., $5; Hurley, A., $5; Hunter. J. M., $5; Immanuel Bapt. Church of Quincy, Willing Workers Class, $5; Irwin, E. L., $5; Jay, Herbert, $5; Jacobi, P. T., $5; Jackson, A. H., $5; Jacobs, Fred W., $5; Jaenicken, Y. H., $5; Jones, Mrs. E. D., $5; Jamar, Mrs. Mabel S., $5; Johns, Gertrude M., $5; Jordan, Fred C., $5; Johnson, Fred, $5; Kampmeier, Mrs. Gilbert & Alice, $5; Kenyon, C. M., $5; Kochsmeier, Mrs. J. H., $5.

Keeber, Mrs. J. F., $5; King, Mrs. W. E., $5; Kumel, Lizzie, $5; Kincid, Mrs. R. J., $5; Knoch, Emma, $5; Kehl, Miss Ellen, $5; Kibler, Mrs. W. A., $5; Kuter, F. B., $5; Krin, Belle, $5; Keppler, Carl F., $5; Loomis, Mrs. Eveline, $5; Lee, Mrs. M. E., $5; Loehrke, Clara E., $5; Lehman, E. C., $5; Ludwig, Mrs. Adolph, $5; Lynn, Mrs. J. W., $5; Lebegro, Mrs. Emil, Sr., $5; Lape, Amanda, $5; Lubke, Mrs. E., $5; Lindenholm, H. L. $5; Learned, F. E. & friends, $5; Luke, Ethel J., $5; Lykke, Albert, $5; McConaha, Mrs. E., $5; McRoberts, Mrs. W., $5; McKnight, Mrs. Lucy E., $5; McMurray, Mrs. Lottie, $5; McCutcheon, Mr. & Mrs. F. F., $5; McNair, C. W., $5; McKown, Mrs. Levi, $5; McKee, Mrs. S., $5; McLain, Mrs. Mattie, $5; Mayflower, Farm, Marengo, $5; Martins, Anna A., $5; Maginnis, Maud L., $5; Manock, Mrs. Ed., $5; Maisted, Mrs. John, $5; Matthes, Chas., $5; Minns, Mrs. Hugh, $5; Marks, Mrs. C. E. $5, Mayer, J. G., $5; Major, Mrs. Mary S., $5; M. E. Church Manteno, $5; M. E. S. S., Gleaners Class, Piasa, $5; M. E. S. S., Young Ladies Class, Piasa Primitive Meth. S. S., Streator, $5; Meckenstock, Gus. A., $5; Merritt, Mrs. Hattie, $5; Merriweather, Mrs. S. M., $5; Mee, Mrs. E., $5; Metzke, Mrs. Amos, $5.

Miller, Adam, $5; Miller, Miss A. T. $5; Miller, Mrs. Georgia, $5; Miller, Mrs. Robert, $5; Mitchell, J. W. $5; Mills, Alice, W., $5; Mitchell, Caroline, $5; Minor, Mrs. M. J., $5; Montooth, Mrs. C. S., $5; Montgomery, Mrs. M. E., $5; Morris Sisters, $5; Morgan, Mrs. Mary, $5; More, Mrs. H. E., $5; Morehouse, Sarah J., $5; Monk, Grant, $5; Horf, Rev. C. F., $5; Moore, Amanda, $5; Moore, E. W., $5; Moore, Mrs. Silas, $5; Munson, Dorothy, $5; Musselman, Mary E., $5; Neitz, Mrs. S. A., $5; Noble, G. L., $5; Newland, Miss Ollie M., $5; Newman, Lyde A. $5; Nauman, Mrs. H. F., $5; Nelson, J. O., $5; Norris, Mabel, $5; Nightingale, Mrs. Sadie M., $5; Neff, Mrs. Rena, $5; Newcomer, H. C., $5; Nordrum, Mrs. H. M. $5; Oakes, Master Robt. C., $5; Objartel, Mrs. H., $5; Ogden, J. W., $5; Orr, Arvilla, D., $5; Parker, R. W., $5; Palmer, Mrs. W. R., $5; Panton, V. W., $5; Parr, A. E., $5; Parry, Mrs. S. F., $5; Parlier, Jennie M. W., $5; Perkins, Mrs. M. R., $5; Pearce, Mrs. H. N., $5; Pettie, Belle W., $5; Penn, A. S., $5; Petrie, The Misses, $5; Penn, Alfred S., $5; Pence, Maggie, J., $5; Petherbridge, Mrs. A. E. D., $5; Pierce, Harry, $5; Pfeifer, Adele L., $5; Porter, Mrs Susie, $5; Plaggs, Mr. & Mrs. Hy, $5; Platten, Mrs. Thos., $5; Proudfit. J. P., $5; Probasco, Mrs. Chas., $5.

Pence, W. J. & Bessie, $5; Quaintance, Mrs. J. S., $5; Raynor, Mrs. E. M., $5; Rogers Park Presby. Church, $5; Richardson, Mrs. Ida, $5; Rickert, S. H., $5; Rickart J. P., $5; Reynolds, Mrs., $5; Reynolds, Maggie, $5; Remington, Ella, $5, Redfield, Mary N., $5; Ritchie, Miss Mary E., $5; Rowcliffe, Mary A., $5; Rassweiler, H. H., $5; Roodhouse, Mrs. Peter. $5; Rodeffer, J. S., $5; Ross, Mrs. W. W., $5; Ross, H. J., $5; Rinehart, John & Ella, $5; Satter'ee, Mr. & Mrs. A., $5; Sanks, Mrs. C. A., $5; Scott, Mrs. C. E., $5; Schroeder & Tepe, Messrs., $5; Schlobohm, F., $5 Schantz, Mr. & Mrs. A. J., $5; Schafer, Mrs. A. $5; Serf, Tillie N., $5; Seago, Mrs. Albert, $5; Sevar, Mrs. D. A., $5; Seaborg, Mrs. Chas. G., $5; Sherwood, Frank R., $5; Shaw, John A., $5; Shumake, C. C., $5; Sill, J. C., $5; Singleton, Margaret, $5; Sielschott, Geo., Sr., $5; Sielschott, Mrs. W. W., $5; Smart, Miss Eliza, $5; Sohner, Chas. R., $5; Spangler, Mrs. Mary, $5; Spath, Mrs. John, $5; Smith, Albert H., $5; Smith, Mrs. C. E. $5; Smith Mrs. Lizzie, thru Rev. Chas. A. Bender, $5; Snouse, H. W., $5; S. S. Class of Mrs. Eck, Malden, $5; Suffern, Belle, $5; Swartz, Miss D. J., $5; Swanson, C. F., $5; Stoughton, Bertha, $5; Stites, Carrie, $5; Story, Mrs. H. L., $5; Starr, Mrs. E. M., $5; Stanelli, E. G., $5; Stephens, S. H. $5; Stringer, Mr. & Mrs. Oscar, $5; Symonds, W. A., $5; Trinity Luther League, Chicago, $5; Trompen, Dr. C. N., $5; Toder, Anna, $5; Toller, Henry, $5; Thom, Emma S., $5; Thorn, Mrs. E. S., $5; Treadway, Mrs. Jeff. $5; Tauzalin, Cora A., $5; Tong, Mrs. L., $5; Thompson, Rose, $5; Thompson, Mrs. Stella, $5; Unity Presby. Church, Woodson, $5; Vandermyde, John, $5; Voight, Lena, $5; Viers, J. E. $5; Visser, Geo., $5; Velde, H. S. De, $5; Vercler, Mrs. Sophia, $5; Vollrath, J. A., $5; Warning, Carlene, $5.

Wait, Stephen, $5; Wallis, Mrs. W. W., $5; Watt, Bessie, $5; Wetzel, M. R., $5; Weitz, Jennie, $5; Weinhauer, Geo. A., $5; Weimer, Mrs. C., $5; Welfley, Mr. & Mrs. S. J., $5; West Union Bapt. S. S. of Murrayville, $5; Wetzel, Rev. D. N., & Mr. Norgard, $5; Wells, Mrs. I. H., $5; Whitfield, Mrs. A. F., $5; Willcutt, Geo., $5; Wiegand, Frank A., $5; Wilkins, R., $5; Wilson, Hattie A., $5; Wilson, Mrs. R. F., $5; Winn, Mrs. J., $5; Will, Chas. I., $5; Wilhelm, H., $5; Williams, R. E., $5; Winn, Louisa M., $5; Wilcox, Mr. Alvin C., $5; White, Belle M. & Etta M. Moore, $5; White, Pauline K., $5; Wood, Mrs. Mary T., $5; Woodward, Olive B., $5; Wheelock, Mrs. Edla, $5; Wheeler, Mrs. Thirza, $5; Wright, Kate, $5; Woodworth, Mr. & Mrs. Verne, $5; Wood, Mrs. M. R., $5; Wright, S. A., $5; Wilson, Mrs. Frances, $5; Wood, Z. M., $5; Young, Mrs. A. H. $5; Young, H. M., $5; Yungeblut, Samuel, $5; Zook, J. K., $5; Perry, Mrs. R. D., $4.93; MacNaughton, David, $4.50; Murphy, Edith, $4.30; A Friend, Princeville, $4; Atkins, Mrs. L. B., $4; Bellamy, Mrs. Frances, $4; Brenneman, Miss Mildred, $4; Butterfield, Nellie M., $4; Black, G. D., $4; Cox, Joseph, $4; Davis, P. W. $4; Gearing, Chas. A., $4.

Hanson, Lottie, $4; Haeuber, Anna L. & friends, $4; Hill, Alice T., $4; Jennings, Mrs. Susan, $4; Kearnaghan, Mrs. Harry, $4; Lynn G. M., $4; Moore, Minnie, $4; Mace, Mrs. Mattie, $4; Paul, L. A., & friends, $4; Taberg, Miss Annie, $4; Vander Myde, Wm., $4; Wood. Nancy C. $4; Woolsey, Jennie, $4; Warrick, C. E., $4; Wilson, Mr. & Mrs. W. C., $4; Young Men's S. S. Class of Polo, $4; Young, T. B., $4; Burgess, John & Saml. $3.45; Thru Mrs. J. C. Marsch, $3.30; Rollo, J A., $3.25; Anonymous, Chicago, $3; C. S. L., Tower Hill, $3; Cash, Pana, $3; Cash. Pana, $3; Allison, F. M., $3; Braithwaite, Mrs. C. E., $3; Brown, Miss Nellie M., $3; Brewster, Mrs. C. C., $3; Bear, Mr. & Mrs. W. F., $3; Buddenham, Gus, $3; Burrows, Mr. & Mrs. J. S., $3; Bartlett. Cora H., $3; Beckett, Mr. & Mrs. C. W., $3; Chamberlain, Charlotte, $3; Crandell, Master Bernard, $3; Coultas, Mrs. R. J., $3; Crane, Mrs. Wm. A., $3; Clark, W. S. & Ella Ash, $3; Clarkson, M. F. & Frank Horner, $3; Dunlap, Mrs. Elizabeth, $3; Davis, Miss Nora, $3; Delassus, Leah R., $3; Fersgreve, Hilda M., $3; Fouser, Mrs. Roy, $3; Gunderson, G. T., $3; Haws, Mrs. Kate, $3; Henderson, John, $3; Thru Rev. John Hardcastle, $3; Harris, Miss Martha, $3; Housh, Mrs. D. M., $3; Hintington, Mary G., $3.

Hillyard, Miss Dusie, $3; Hoyt, F. G. & Mike Casey, $3; Inglis, Sue M., $3; Johnson, M. C., $3; Kuter, S. A., $3; Kenley, Thos., $3; Lundgren, S., $3 Linehart, Effie, $3; Langhoff, M., $3; Liebhart, Mrs. J. C., $3; Lavender, Mrs S. M., $3; Lorton, Mrs. Jennie $3; McDowell, A., $3; McKinney, Mrs. L. B., $3; McKinnon, Mrs. Hattie, $3; Middlekauff, Luella, $3; Melvin, Mr. & Mrs. J. R., $3; Overstreet, Mrs. Grace, $3; Pole, Joseph, $3; Paddock, James M., $3; Prichert, J. P., $3; Pinkney, Wm., $3; Palmer, Miss Cornelia $3; Pilcher, Mrs. Sam D., $3; Pierce, Esther, $3; Robinson E. D., $3; Smith, B. S., $3; Silben, Mrs. Belle, $3; Symons, W. H., $3; Stroebel, Fred O., $3; Shaw, Silas, $3 Simpson, Mrs. J. I., $3; Spafford, A. A., $3; Sandstrom, Mrs. Alfred, $3; St. Timothy Legion First Cong. Church, $3; Schuh, Rev. Chas. G., $3; Scraag, Edward S., $3; Stewart, Mrs. Ruth, $3; Union Service Meeting, Granite City, $3; Thatcher, Miss A., $3; Winter, Mr. & Mrs. W. M., $3; Weimer, Teresa, $3; Walter, Rev. Lloyd W., $3; Zook, A. Myrtle, $3; Zook, Mrs. S. A. $3; A Friend, Lincoln, $2.50; Mary R. White Hall, $2.50; Brogdon, Mrs. N. G., $2.50; Decker, Myrtle, $2.50; Farrell, Mrs. H. M., $2.50; Fickes, Daisy C., $2.50; Grietz, Mrs., $2.50; Hagaman, Mrs., $2.50, Hagaman, Mrs. E. J. H., $2.50; Hurley, Mrs. N. M., $2.50; Hoffman, Sarah, $2.50; Hornbrook Mrs. Edna, $2.50; McCumber, Geo. F. $2.50; Schryver, Mrs. A. E., $2.50; Speck, Rev. M., $2.50.

Bonner, Mrs. W. J., $2.25; Langolf, Mrs. Wm., $2.10; A Friend, Chicago, $2; A Friend, Galesburg, $2; A Friend, Quincy, $2; A Friend, Rock Island, $2; A Friend, Stanford, $2; Anonymous, Aledo, $2; Anonymous, Pana, $2; Anonymous, Chicago, $2; A Herald Reader, Chrisman, $2; A Subscriber, E. St. Louis, $2; A Subscriber, E. St. Louis, $2; A Subscriber, E. St. Louis, $2; A Subscriber, E. St. Louis, $2; A Subscriber, E. St. Louis, $2; A Subscriber, E. St. Louis, $2; Two Friends of China, Peoria, $2; M. M. C., Modesta, $2; J. A. S. Rock Falls, $2; Adreon, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $2; Allen, Mrs. Louise, $2; Anderson, O. E., $2; Ayers, Mrs. W. J., $2; Brucker, Herman, $2; Bledsoe, Mrs. Thos., $2; Brutake, Frank, $2; Boone, Julia, $2; Boggs, Mrs. J. A., $2; Bedinger, Mrs. D. D., $2; Bradley, Mrs. Mertie M., $2; Blair, Mrs. Hannah, $2; Bergland, Mrs. H. & Alice, $2; Baxter, Mrs James. $2; Birge, Miss Alice, $2; Barnes, Albert B., $2; Berwick, Mary E., $2; Bell, B F., $2; Boone, Mr. & Mrs. B. S., $2; Bovie, Mrs. A. E., $2; Brown, Mrs. E., $2; Crissey, Margaret E., $2; Crandell, Master C., $2; Carlston, Amy, $2; Crawford, Mrs. E. C., $2; Caldwell, Mrs. W. J., $2; Carlston, Alfreda M. C., $2; Chamberlin, Cornelius, $2; Christensen, Mrs. A. K., $2; Colton, Mrs. C. W., $2; Carr, Miss Amelia, $2; Corrin, M. E., $2; Coffman, Mrs. H., $2; Davis, Grace L., $2; Davidson, Forbes, $2; Dohmeyer, Mrs. C., $2; Damrow, P. G., $2; Doner, Mattie, $2; Danielson, Mr. & Mrs. D. A., $2; Dillon, Mrs. Alice, $2; Dunn, Jane R., $2; Driver, Mary I., $2; Enyant, Mrs. E. S., $2; Emrick, Mrs. A. W., $2; Ehnen, Mrs. Susan, $2; Emmons, Mrs. A. E., $2; Edwards, Mrs. S. A., $2; Elmsaman, Mary E., $2; Emrick, Lennie V., $2; Forger, Mrs. G. H., $2; Flynn, Amelia A., $2; Foiles, D. W., $2; Forberg, Mrs. A. M., $2; Franklin, Mrs. Susie, $2; Fields, Martha M., $2; Finfrock, Mrs. C. J., $2; Freeman, Milton, $2; Garner, Mrs. O. F., $2; Gemmile, Mrs. Joan, $2; Godfrey, Mrs. S., $2; Geheber, Jacob, $2; Gates, Augusta, $2; Gould, Jno., $2; Gillis, Mrs. A. T., $2; Greenwaltt, Mrs. S., $2; Holtkamp, Mrs. F. N., $2; Higginson, Sedry, $2; Hillier, Tillie, $2; Heaton, Mrs. W. B., $2; Hawk, Mr. & Mrs. J. S., $2; Harris, Mrs. M. E., $2; Housel, Louisa L. & Mary J., $2; Havens, Mrs. Minnie, $2; Hight, Mrs. J. F., $2; Higginson, Mr. & Mrs. W. J., $2; Humbel, John, $2; Honefenger, Mrs. Eliz, $2; Hawkins, Orville, $2; Hilgeman, Mr. & Mrs. C. E., $2 Hedgcock, Matilda, $2, Hank, Miss Fern, $2; Houghton, Lida, $2; Harvard School, Chicago, Graduating Class, $2; Jordan, Mary C., $2; Johnson, Miss Mary A., $2; Jackson, Mrs. J. W., $2; Johnson, Mr. John, $2; Jacobs, Mrs. Thos., $2.

Johnson, Jas. E., $2; Jong, Mrs. H. L. $2; Jennings Mrs. B. F. $2; Kriens, Miss C., $2; Koenig, Mrs. H. H., $2; Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Emma, $2; Lake, Mrs. R. S., $2; Lucas, Annie M., $2; Lippold, L. R., $2; Liezer, Mrs. Daniel, $2; Lohn, Mrs. E. E., $2; Lewis, Mrs. Sophie, $2; Lewis, Evan, $2; Leggett, B. W., $2; Lynn, Mrs. A. W. $2; Linklater, Mrs. Chas., $2; McAllister, W. F., $2; McBride, Mrs. P. E., $2; McClelland, Mrs. W. J., $2; McCarroll, Octavia, $2; McClugage, Mrs. S. G., $2; McCulloch, Chas. W., $2; McCoy, Bessie L., $2; McDill, Mattie, $2; McDaniel, Ella, $2; McDonald, Frances, $2; McElwain, Rev. & Mrs. T. A., $2; Morel, Mrs. Anna, $2; Mather, Eugenia, $2; Martin, M. M., $2; Miller, Mr. & Mrs. Alfred, $2; Matthes, Mr. & Mrs. H., $2; Maxwell, Mrs. Emma, $2; Maxted, Mrs. M. F., $2; Nepford, Mrs. Hannah C., $2; Nichols, N. R., $2; Nonnenman, Mrs. Mary A., $2; Ommen, H. F., $2; Osnam, Mrs. W. B., $2, Paden, Mrs. J. G., $2; Paul, Mrs. H. W., $2, Palmer, Mrs. J. L., $2; Perry, Mrs. H. N., $2; Petty, Emma, $2; Peterson, John W., $2; Phillips, Mrs. E. J., $2; Poindexter, Mrs. E., $2, Prevost, Miss L. M., $2; Pomeroy, Ida, $2; Pritchard, Esther, $2 Prickett, W. R., $2; Randall, Susan G., $2; Ramsell, Mrs. Jean, $2; Reeves rts, Mrs. F. J., $2, Reeder, J. A., $2; Roomian, James C., $2; Rolf, Freda E., $2; Rockwell, Annie M., $2; Royal Neighbors Camp, Marine, $2; Royce, M. P., $2.

Richards, T., $2; Rickert, Mrs. E. C., $2; Rindollar, Cora, $2; Sherertz, Samuel, $2; Sanders, M. A., $2; Salter, Mrs. E., $2; Stracher, Mrs. Elizabeth, $2; Spangle, Mr. & Mrs. Hal E., $2; Shaw, Mrs. Rosa $2; Slothower, Mrs. I., $2; Stich, L. G., $2; Swort, Mr. & Mrs. N. M., $2; Sloatman, Frank & Friends, $2; Stickel, Mrs. M. F. $2; Taylor, Rose Le Gate $2; Titsworth, B. & H. A., $2; Trudgian, Mrs. Chas., $2; Terry, Mrs. Alice H., $2; Trowbridge, Mrs. Matilda, $2; Woodward, Elsie, $2; Watts, Mrs. Rachel, $2; Wanner, Dr. A. L., $2; Webb, Mary, $2; Winter, Wilson, $2; Waggner, Mrs. Jack, $2; Worbridge, Mrs. John, $2; Wood, Eugene, $2; Wizeman, Dr. T. H., $2; Wise, Mrs. Sara, $2; Welch, Mrs. John, $2; Wirkheiser, Mrs. Emery, $2; Willis, Mrs. Maggie, $2; Yates, Augusta, $2; York, Mr. & Mrs. P. F., $2; Yorkville Auxiliary, $2; Yond, Elmer L. $2; Zimmerman A. M., $2; Porter, L. H., $1.90; No Name, Chicago, $1.63; Averill, Henry G., $1.50; Matthews, Mrs. A. A., $1.50; Rhoades, Sarah M. & Clementine, $1.50; Higginson, W. L., $1.05; Johnson, H. A., $1.01; A Friend, $1; A Friend, Aledo $1; A Friend, Chicago, $1; A Friend, Chicago, $1; A Friend, Chicago, $1; A Friend, Dixon, $1; A Friend Effingham, $1; A Friend, Kewanee, $1; A Friend, Lockport, $1.

A Friend, Mount Carroll, $1; A Friend, Paxton, $1; A Friend, Rockford, $1; A Friend, Rock Island, $1; A Friend, Sandwich, $1; Anonymous, $1; Anonymous, Chicago, $1; Anonymous, Chicago $1; Anonymous, Dahinda, $1; Anonymous, Rockford, $1; A Subscriber, E. St. Louis, $1; An Old Subscriber, Fulton, $1; Cash, Gilman, $1; In His Name, Polo, $1; E. S. E., Austin, $1; M. B., Big Rock, $1; F. McK, Chicago, $1; Mrs. Albert K., Congerville, $1; H. R. K., Lake Bluff, $1; M. E. D., Robinson, $1; W. H. C., Robinson $1; B. G., Willmette $1; Aired, Mr. & Mrs. J. J. $1, Adreon, Jennie F. $1; Adams, Mrs. L. M., $1; Atkeson, Mrs. J. M., $1; Abramson, Mrs. E. T., $1; Asher, Mrs. M. L. $1; Alexander, Thos., $1; Balcomb, Mrs. L.E., $1; Bassett, Mrs., $1; Bash, Mary F., $1; Bartlett, Miss Sara, $1, Barrar, Mrs. E., $1; Beckwith, H. H., $1; Bender, Fred, $1; Bean, Amanda, $1; Benoist, Ellen L., $1; Benjamin, Mrs. A., $1; Biddlecombe, Mrs. T. M., $1; Bilzer, Daniel, $1; Birchard, R. W. $1; Bodfors, Master Franz, $1; Botz, P. Henry, $1; Brearley Mrs. B. A., $1; Brown, Miss Anna, $1; Burford J. C., $1; Carson, Margaret, $1; Cole, Miss M. A., $1; Chadbourne, Belle, $1; Canode, Mrs. A. L., $1; Chard, Mrs. Eliz, $1; Clagg, J. W. & family $1; Childs, Elma M., $1; Cochrane, Mr. & Mrs. J. F., $1.

Campbell, J. B., $1; Cushman, Vesta, $1; Corrier, Clara, $1; Clausen, Helena, $1; D'Almaine, Miss P., $1; Danforth Mrs. M. Lucia, $1; Davies, Mrs. Mary Ann, $1; Detroy, Catherine E., $1; Duer, Mrs. John O., $1; Diller, Miss Annie E., $1; Dyas, J. Perry, $1, Doyle, Lucy M., $1, Dougherty, Nettie, $1; Eickelmann, M. A., $1; Fleming, Miss Gertrude E. $1; Fuller, Mrs. C. E., $1; Furness, Alfred A., $1; Fisher Mrs. Hannah, $1, Fellinstein, Susie, $1; Francis, Fred, $1; Frace, Mrs. Susie, $1; Flagg, Marietta, $1; Gibson, J., $1; Goule M. L., $1; Gibbs Mrs. C. A., $1; Gregory, Mary C., $1; Gregory, W. R., $1; Green, Geo. M., $1; Griffith, Mrs. Mary E., $1; Halstew, Mrs. Lucy, $1; Henney, Mrs. J. W., $1, Holmes Mrs. Minnie B., $1; Hassman, Edw., $1; Hemikson, Miss Bertha, $1; Howe, R. B., $1; Held, Wm., $1; Holmes, Mrs. Edwin, $1; Houstine, Rev J. H., $1; Hedgcock, Anna E., $1; Higgason, L. A., $1; Hanson, Mrs. J. A. $1; Hubbard, Mrs. A. E., $1; Heywood, Miss Ellen, $1; Hannah, Mrs. Peter, $1; Harris, Mr. & Mrs. D. T., $1; Hester, Ella M., $1; Jennings, Lucy, $1; Johnson, Mrs. E. H., $1; Jones, Mrs. J. R., $1; Jones Mrs. Henry, $1; Joynt, E. E., $1; Karsk, Arnold F., $1; Keeler, F. C., $1; Keller, Gertrude & Charlie, $1; Kelley, Mrs. M. L., $1; Kelley, Mrs. C. G. $1; Kynoch, Martha $1; Knudson, Lulu, $1; Leader, Rev. H. A., $1; Lockhart Mrs. Mary $1; Larton, Mrs. Alice, $1; Lamb, M. A., $1; McAbbott, Nora, $1; McFatridge, John, $1; McKinnis, Mrs. M. C., $1; McGlade, Miss Susanna, $1.

McCreary, E., $1; Melvin, Mrs. Ed, $1; Metcalf, E. K., $1; Moxey, Mr. & Mrs. Hugh, $1; Mitchell, Mrs. J. W., $1, Neely, Ida M., $1; Ogden, W. L., $1; Olson, Mrs. John, $1; Parker, Mrs. Hugh, $1, Phillips, Mrs. Samuel, $1; Peterson, C. B., $1; Patchen, Rev. Willis, $1; Robinson, Anna A., $1; Robe, Miss Mary M., $1; Rhue, A. L., $1; Resteigen, Miss Nora, $1; Rublu, Marcia P., $1; Robbins, J. A., $1; Ross, Mrs. Chas., $1; Roudot, Mrs. H. E., $1; Richard, A. E., $1; Royster, Ida, $1; Rystrom, Paul, $1; Smith, Mrs. Maggie, $1; Skean, Mrs. Florence, $1; Sides, Mrs. M. J., $1, Story, Mrs. H. L., $1; Stickel, D. X., $1; Stickel, J. R., $1; Streeter, Lillian, $1; Stuller, Mrs. Esther, $1; Thompson, Rachel, $1. Trigg, Mrs. Robert, $1; Tuitken, H. J., $1; Tuemmler, Louise, $1; Varner, Mr. & Mrs. V. E., $1; Vurman, Mrs. E. E., $1; Vernon, Miss E. E., $1; VanderWal, Mrs. Thos., $1; Voeloch, F. H., $1; Webber St. Church, Urbana, $1; Walden, Mrs. Ralph, $1; Williams, L., $1; Walker, Henrietta, $1; Wick, Miss Eveline, $1; Whyte, Frank, $1; Wright, S. P., $1; Watson, Mrs., $1; Wilson, Miss Anna, $1; Coakley, Mrs. G. W., $.50; Duke, Billy, $.50; Holstraw, Mrs. John, $.50; Holtzman, Miss Ruth, $.50; Manes, Robert, $.50; Spurgeon, Rev. S., $.50; Sugg, Anna M., $.50; Goode, Miss Myrtle, $.26; Leary, Miss Eleanor M., $.25; Chase, R. S., $.16.

Indiana

Holliday, Jno. H., $1,000; Associated Churches, Worthington, $236.50; Monticello Presby. Church, $232.32; Schmicker, Mr. & Mrs. Jess, $220; Forge Shop Big 4 R. R., $202; Iroquois Township, $160; Thornton Presby. Church, $159.60; Grace Chapel S. S., Urbana, $152.38; Mennonite Board of Missions, Elkhart, $151.35; Zion Evang. S. S., South Bend, $150; Thornton M. E., Church, $130; Thru Christian Unity Press, Anderson, $129.47; Heininger, S. & friends, $128; Guengerich, W. S., wife & daughter & Goodfield Mennonite S. S., $116.75; Mt. Pleasant & W. Forks S. S., $104; Barrows, Irwin. $100; Davis, Effie B., $100; Smith, Dr. O. E., $100; Wyman, Mrs. Geo., $100; Friends Church Fairmount, $97.85, New Haven M. E. Church, $86.65; West Lafayette High School, $80; Clogston, W. W, $75; Lovett, Ida M., $75; Missionary Society, Huntington, $70; Church of God, Anderson, $68.40; Grace Luth. Church, Elkhart, $61.37; Goodland Presby. S. S., $57; Fowlerton M. E. S. S., $55; May, Mr. & Mrs. J. R., $55; Epworth League Ind. Dist. Indianapolis, $53.75; Good hope S. S. Rogerville, $52.56; Cong'l. Miss. Soc., Ft. Wayne, $50; Davidson, C., $50; Kramer, W. B., Jr., $50; Lawrence, Frances, $50; McElroy, Lucy, $50; Shaffer, Fred W., $50.

Westminster Guild Girls of Rockford, $50; Shepard, G. L., $49.02; U. B. S. S., Hudson, $47.28; Bapt. Community Loganport, $46.50; United Ladies Aid Soc., Plummer, $45; 4th Ave M. E. Church, Terre Haute, $40.75; Graves, L. L., $40.22; Pleasant Grove M. E. S. S. of Oakford, $38.25; Tabor S. S., No. Liberty, $37.50; Zook, A. G., D. L. & Mrs. A. C., $37; Evang. Bible School, Logansport, $36.20; College Park S. S., Ubee, $36 05; Dukes, Mrs. Ruth B., $35; M. P. S. School, Elkhart $35; Mayer, Mr. & Mrs. C.W, $35; Lantz, J. J., $34.77; White River S. S., $34.50; 1st Christian Church, Lafayette, $31.30; Conner, Mrs. Ernst, $30; Lawrence, Mrs. Clara & C. T., $30; Nedzig, Jos., $30. Schnelke, Emilie, $30; Scudder, John W., $30; Stolting, P. A., $30; Friendship U. B. Church, New Albany, $30; Womans M. E. Miss. Soc., Onward, $28.60; Work, Dr. J. A., Sr., $28; Thru Jefferson, Irene, $26.09, Weinborough, Celia K., $26; Axtell, Dr. & Mrs. T. L., $25; Bailes, Rev. S. H., $25; Barton, Sarah L., $25; Beard, J. S., $25; Chapman, H. C., $25; Fraley, Helen, $25; Hardy, Wm. W., $25; Hinshaw, Mohala & Sisters, $25; Hirschey, Amos, $25; Hopewell North Church, $25; Jenkins, A. M., $25; Juillerat, E. A., $25; Little, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $25; Miller, Mrs W. E., $25; Ministerial Ass'n., Rushville, $25; Moody. Mary S., $25; Morrison, P. King, $25; Nielsen, Mrs. Peter S., $25; Ortmeyer, J. D., $25; Paul, Rena, $25; Ref'd. Church, Berne, $25.

Rideout, Hy. N., $25; Taylor, Mr. & Mrs. W. F., $25; Warne, Dr. G. H., $25; Welch, Dr. O. F., $25; Hopewell Presby. Church, $24 03; Milledgeville M. E. Church, $23.25; La Crosse M. E. Church, $22.50; La Otto S. S. & M. E. Church, $22.39; Davis, Mrs. R., $22; Towell, Jonathan, $22; Hallcroft, Mrs. L. R., $21; White River Friends S. S., $20.40; A Friend, $20; A Friend, $20; Alleshouse, Mrs. Olive, $20; Brook, Gertrude, $20; Cash, Anne, $20; Crow, Mrs. Harry M., $20, Davis, E. B., $20; Dumkin, Grant. $20; Garretson, Effa, $20, Gause, S., $20; Grodge, G. W. $20; Halliday, W. R., $20; Johnston, Genevieve K., $20; Jones, Blanche, $20; Kerr, G. T., $20; Monett School, Rensselaer, $20; Mt. Carmel Ladies Aid, Geneva, $20; Onyett, Mr. & Mrs. Ben, $20; Osborne, May, $20; Shrader, Chas. M., $20; Scott, E. S., $20; Spears, J. W., $20; Walter, Mrs. J. H., $20, Warrenfeldt, Jones, $20; Zehner, C. W., $20; Wright, Rev. E. E., $19.55; U. B. S. S., Huntington, $19.30; Marsh, Mr. & Mrs. W. A., A. J. & Eva, $19, Wilson, Oran, $18.60; Shearer, Mrs. A J., $18.50; Buckmaster, Jesse A., $17.80; Glen Park Christian Church $17.80, Shrader, J. A., $17.70; Gilhons, O. F., $17.55; Ware, Bessie F., $17; Smith, Fred & May. $16.77; Fellow, John. 16.20; Concord Presby. Church, $16; Church of Christ. Muncie, $16; Westport Christian S. S., $16; Collier Alton & Margaret, $15.

Erpaxd, Mr. & Mrs. E., $15; Fitch, Mrs. A., $15; Garrett, Lillie, $15; Graham, Mrs. Nina T., $15; Gruner, Silas, $15; Hall, Rev. W. E., $15; King, Mrs. Sarah & others, $15; Leonard, Garnet, $15; Meek, Sarah C., $15; Moran, Mr. & Mrs. H. A., $15; Ostrander, Mrs. J., $15; Penzel, Geo., $15; Reish, Margaret M., $15, Ruger, Mrs. John L., $15; Seifert, M. L., $15; Wikle, Mrs. Mary. $15; Williamson, Mrs. W. A., $15; Wood, Linton A., $15; Hiatt, Mrs., $14.94; Portland Mills Church, $14.63; Roann Church of God, $14.30; Freeland Park Presby. Church, $13.29; Foster, Alvie A., $13.10; Hudson, Mrs. R. D., & friends, $13; Laubengayer, Oscar C., $13; Lammey, J., $13; Wood, Nathan & E. E., $13; Bartel, Gertrude M., $12; Clayton, Mrs. R., $12; Ebersole, L. E., $12, Kemble, Sue, $12, Stinson, J. E., $12; Hartzler, R. S. & others, $11, Middlebury, Luth. Church, $11; Miller, Mrs. Noah, $11; Norris, Mr. & Mrs. J. A. & Mary, $11; Paxson, Rev. W. J., $11; Elizabeth Presby. S. S. $10.80; Church of God, No. Webster, $10.40; ——, Sims, $10; A Sympathizer, Rising Sun $10; Staats, J. O., $10; A. A C., Madison, $10; Agnew, Chas. E., $10; M. E. & Christian Churches Elizabethtown, $10, Anderson, Sara G., $10; Barton, R. C., $10; Barnes, Jennie M., $10; Barrow, Douglas, $10.

Baughman, A. E., $10; Beach Grove School. $10; Beerbauer, Lloyd, $10; Beerbauer, Russell, $10; Bell, T J., $10; Bird, J. & M., $10, Bottorff, Carrie L., $10; Bowman, Marion, $10; Br

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phreys. Andrew & family, $10; Johnson. Mrs. J. A., $10; Justice. Mrs Melissa & Mrs. Belle. $10; Kalwitz. Gus $10; Keener. Floyd E., $10. Keener. Minia, $10; Kegerreis. C O., $10; Kilian. Mrs. Mart. $10; Kordell. Mary L., $10; Kramer. Mr. & Mrs L. W. $10; Larnborn. Mrs. Harriet $10; Leach. T. M. & family. $10, Long. J. L., $10; Lowny. R M., $10; McAlpin. Mrs. C. R., $10; McBride. Mr & Mrs. H., $10; McCullough. Emily. $10; McDuffie. Cressie $10; Madison. M. E. Church, $10; Mahin. Minnie $10. Mahon. Agnes G $10; Marquardt. Dr S. J., $10; Mattox. W S. $10; Miles J. G., $10; Milligan. Mr & Mrs C E. & C. Hinshaw, $10; Moore. Mrs M. E., $10; Mt Pleasant Luth S. S. Laketon. $10; Mutual Improvement Odon Club. $10; Neal J R., $10; Newcomer. Mrs I. J., $10. Newman. Alice F., $10; Newman. C A., $10 Noble's Chapel. Ingtefield. $10; O'Haver. J F., $10; Ormiston. Geo. $10. Ostrander. Mrs. E. K., $10 Overton Anna E., $10; Oyler. Mrs. L. E., $10; Pike. Mrs. Anna. $10; Pleasant Grove S. S., Oakford. $10

Plymouth Congl. Church. Ft. Wayne. $10; Powell. D T., $10; Presb'y Bible Class. Aikens. $10. Price. Emma. $10; Prosser. Clay. $10. Rich. Ida & Mabel $10. Rang. Amos. $10; Roberson. H S., $10; Robinson. Mr. & Mrs. A M., $10; Scholl. Geo E., $10; Seymour. John J. $10 Shaffrtall. Annie L., $10; Sharp. Lydia. $10; Shepherd. Mrs Chas. E., $10; Shoemaker. James. $10; Snoemaker. Mrs. John. $10; Smith. Mrs. C. E., $10; Smith. Mrs. Simon, $10; Southall. Mrs. G. A., $10, Spriesternbach. Julius, $10; Stevenson. Rosa. $10, Stewart. Joseph $10; Stroud. Mrs. H. M., $10; Sweeney. Z. T., $10; Taggart. J. E., $10; Teeters S. D., $10; Tewell. Mr. & Mrs. Ray. $10. Thomas. Mr & Mrs. John W., $10, Tunsley. T. C., $10. Freesh. M. M., $10; Trent. Amelia E., $10; Walker. Susie. $10. Wamples. Mr & Mrs. B. F., $10. Way. G. L., $10; Wesleyan M. E. S. S., Laotto. $10; Womens Literary Circle. Carthage. $10; Woodmansee. Marion. $10. Woodward. Mary E., $10; Yoder. Mrs. James M., $10, Yundt. Genevieve L., $10, Zurfluh. W. N., $10, Hendrixson. Flossie M., $9; Hessong. Mr. & Mrs. M. J. $8. Sniff. W. W., $9; Bridgewater. Mrs. Sallie & friends. $8.50; Burkschalter. Mrs. P. & Mary. $8; Friends Church Carthage. $8; Huffman. E., $8.

Penzel. Mary. $8; Stalker. Henschel B., $8, Behmer. J. F., $7.50; Elderkin. Mrs. Alice & others, $7.50; Elkhorn Bapt. Church. Richmond. $7.50; Reed. Rachel P. & brother. $7.50, Shotwell. Mr. & Mrs. C. A., $7.50; 1st Luth. Church, Mishawaka. $7.40; Coate. Mrs. Miriam. $7; Gore. Mrs. M. F., $7, Highland Congl. Church. $7; Lafuse. P. C. $7; Heylmann. F. G., $7; Swan. Clara. $7; Thornburgh. Chas. E., $7; Ullery. M. J., $7; Walker. E. F. & Viola. Huffman, $7; Walter. Enoe & Mrs Ada. $5; Bowman. Mrs. Marie. $5; Braser. Susie. $5; Brenneman. Cary, $5; Brignt. Mrs. Carl. $5; Brewster. Elizabeth. $5; Brown. Mrs. O. M., $5; Brumit. Adeline, $5; Bryant. Mrs. Mary, $5; Buller. Catharine. $5; Caldwell. Laura. $5; Case. Mrs S M., $5; Cathen. Chas., F., $5; Chamberlin. Mrs. C J., $5; Clift. Mrs W. H $5; Conkling. Mrs. M M. $5; Conner. Ann M., $5, Connett. D. S., $5; Craig. Mrs. Mary. $5, Craig. W H., $5; Creek. Mrs. H. L., $5; Dang. Mrs. Jane. $5; Davidson. Mrs. W A., $5; Diehl. Mrs. M. A., $5; Dittmars. Mrs. Jessie A., $5; Ditzler. C. F., $5; Diver. Sarah. $5; Doerr. Gertrude P., $5; Domine. Normine. $5; Duker. Ernest L., $5. Durbee. Martha E & friends. $5. Elizabeth Presby Church. $5. Elwell. Mamie. $5. Engle. Jesse H., $5; Eschbach Mary. $5; Evans. A. P., $5; Eves. Anna. $5; Eward Mrs. Flora M., $5; Frankboner. A. K., $5. Farmhill School, Brookville. $5; Fearman. M. E., $5. First Brethren S S., Clay City. $5. First M E Church. Botesville $5; Fish. Mrs C J., $5. Furnas. Anna $5; Gable. Mrs. Ethel. $5; Gant. Mrs. W. M., $5; Geist Rev Aug., $5; Gentry. Margaret M., $5; Gibson. Mr & Mrs. J. A., $5. Gibson. Mrs. Clara. $5, Gillette. J. J. $5; Glasier. Prof. W. C., $5; Glegen. Abbie M., $5. Goodwin. Geo., $5.

Graham. Mrs. A A., $5; Green Geo. W., $5; Griffin. Jennie. $5; Gronemeier. R W., $5, Grove. Mrs. L. F., $5; Gurn. Rose S., $5; Hall. Mrs. Fern. $5; Hardy. Emma. $5. Harmon. Mrs A. H., $5; Harper. Mrs. T M., $5; Haslett. O. S., $5. Hendricks. Virginia. $5; Herring. John W., $5. Hodson. Mr. & Mrs. W., $5; Hose. Ida Ellen. $5, Huggler. A. F., $5. Hunter. Mrs. W. P., $5. Huntington. Nan k., $5; Huntsinger. Mrs. A., $5; Hutton. Mrs Wm., $5; Irons. Mrs. W. M., $5; Isley. Mrs. Mary. $5, Jackson. Mrs. F M., $5, Jenkins. M. E., $5. John. Mrs. J. P. D., $5, Johnson. Mr. & Mrs. A. M., $5. Johnson. August. $5; Johnson. J. T., $5; Johnson. Mrs. J. W., $5, Jones. Mrs. Catherine. $5; Jordan. Rose. $5; Kasser. Fred. $5. Kaufman. Bess M., $5; Keesling. Sarah J., $5; Kenrick. Harold. $5; Kevitt. Carrie B., $5; Kitterman. Ennis. $5; Lamberson. Mr. & Mrs. C. F., $5; Lamson. Josephine. $5, Layer G. F. $5; Layton. Mrs. Chas. W. $5. Lester. Russell. $5; Liddle. Luella. $5, Long. Mrs., L. L., $5. McCauliss. Mr & Mrs., $5; McCreight. Laura. $5. McGilliard. Mrs. Eliza. $5; McKain. Wm T., $5, Magner. Rev. Susie M., $5, Markley. J. W., $5, Martin. Ellen R., $5; Mason. Mrs. Matilda. $5, Mayer. J. D., $5; MacMullin. W. B., $5; Miller. Mrs. Fred C., $5, Miller. Ruth. $5; Morris. Oscar. $5, Morris. Mrs. Ott. $5.

Mt. Carmel S. S., Geneva. $5; Nave. Mrs. F. A., $5; Nichols. Mrs. M S., $5; Nobles Chapel S. S., Haubstadt. $5; Owens. L. W., $5; Parr. J. H., $5, Parsons. T. J., $5; Patterson. Mrs. Olive. $5; Perce. Mrs. E. H., $5; Portland Refd. Church. $5; Powers. Chas. nie. $5; Whitcomb. Mr & Mrs. Fred $5; Williams. Mrs. G A., $5; Williams. M. G. & family $5; Wilson. Mrs. James N., $5; Winslow. Ella. $5

Yates. Mrs. John. $5; Yeatts. S. & S., $5; Yoder Mary A., $5; Zehr. Christ $5; Zerkle. Mrs. Lena. $5; Zinn. Mrs. Mary. $5; Burr Oak School. $4.75; Richardson. Amanda. $4.50; A Friend. Upland. $4; In His Name. $4; Beers. C., $4; Boone. Mrs. Annie R., $4; Crowe. Mrs. H. A., $4; Dondanville. Mrs. E. P., $4; Fisner. Mr. & Mrs. H. W., $4; Hilterbreck. Myrtle. $4; House. H. K., $4; Kelham. Mrs. Gladys L., $4; Richardson. Mrs. B., $4; Rivar. Elnora. $4; Shields. Mrs. W. A., $4; Smith. Mrs. G A., $4, Smith. Mrs. J. R., $4; Towell. Jonathan. $4; Batterman. Mrs H. E., $3.70; Crowl. Mrs. R E., $3.67; Westminster Presby S. S. Washington. $3 50; Gwinnup Coon. $3 20. Hibbard. U S. S., $3.15; Hibbard Aurora. $3, Hibbard. Green field. $3; 3 Friends. Pendleton. $3. W J. H., Rushville. $3. T. & L., Fort Wayne. $3; Bardo. E. B., $3; Barnes. Mrs. W. E. & others. $3; Batt. Mrs Samuel. $3, Beehtel. H., $3; Blake John $3; Biemker. Mrs. Aurelia. $3; Bussard. Mrs. Lydia. $3; Dewd. Fannie J., $3, Eby. Wm., $3; Egly. Robt., $3; Evans. Etta. $3; Frary. Rev. T. B $3; Gantz. Mary J., $3; Gilliam. Hulda $3; Goetz. A., $3; Guth. Dana E., $3; Hanning. Mary E., $3; Harrington. E. H., $3, Heaton. White. $3, Hitt. Ella M., $3; Jenner. Mrs. John H., $3; Johnson. Mrs. M. B., $3 Lewis. Mrs. C E., $3, Long. Mary Hattie & Martha. $3, Luginbill. A., $3; McCoy. Miss M. E., $3; Miller. Ella. $3; Mills. Mrs A. L., $3; Needhamer. Occl. $3, Seigel Mrs Ruth. $3.

Shultz. Marion N., $3; Springer. S. F., $3; Stark. Mrs. John. $3, Tucker. Ida. $3. Umberger. Mrs. C. F., $3; Utterage. Mrs. E., $3. Vawter. Mrs. J. M., $3; Widow. Elkhart. $3. Wiley. Mrs. Lillian. $3, Walford. Ella. $3; Muncie Presby. Socy. Union City. $2.95; Fisher. Mrs. Ella. $2.75; Johnson. Mollie B., $2.75; Brown. H. A., $2.50, Gordon. Mrs. E. C., $2.50, Rodibaugh. Anna C., $2.50; Maple. N., $2.50, Ross. E C., $2.50, Searight. W. L., $2.50; Terrill. Ethel. $2 50; Cowherd. Vinnie. $2.30; Beck. Laura. A., $2.20, Miller. Mrs. L. H., $2.18; School Dist. A., Richmond. $2 02; A Friend. Fairmount. $2, A Friend. Hagerstown. $2; A Subscriber. Carlisle. $2. In His Name. Cartersburg. $2; Albert. Mrs. M. F., $2, Anderson. Mrs. Belle $2, Arn. Fred. $2; Ayers. Mrs. S E., $2; Barthold. M., $2; Betts. Mrs John. $2, Bray. Calvin. $2; Blatchley. Bertha. $2; Brigs. Willard. $2, Brose. Effie M., $2; Brunson. Edith E. & M. C. Kimmel. $2, Buhl. Bessie M., $2; Bunnell. Mrs. Mae. $2; Burnett. J. J., $2, Bushaw. Mrs. M. C., $2, Carter Mrs. John $2; Clark. Ettie. $2; Cox. Mrs. Frank. $2, Coyle. Harry H., $2. Cripe. Mrs. Mary $2; Dawson. Mrs. Wm., $2; Day. Vivian L. $2; Dickerson. Mrs A E., $2, Duden. Margaret A., $2; Gibson. Mrs. J. W., $2, Giddens. Mrs. A. W., $2; Gilbert. Mrs. M. G., $2; Grills Mrs. Serena. $2.

Finley. H. A., $2, Finley. Helen $2. Finley. Huldah J., $2, Fishell. Laura. C., $2; Fox. Mrs. Maude. $2; Hamilton. Mrs. Mary. $2; Hanning. R. F., $2. Harbaugh. Mrs. J. W., $2; Hawkins. S. S., $2; Helt. Mrs. Wm., $2, Henning S. R., $2; Hiestand. Frank $2; Hinshaw. Mrs. R. C., $2; Hughes Fremont. $2; Hummel. John. $2. Jenkins. Permelia. $2, Johnson. P. $2. Kegerreis. Mr. & Mrs. C S., $2; Kent Annie H., $2; Kroh. L. W., $2, Lantz. Mrs S. E., $2, Law. Mr. & Mrs Geo., $2; Lawrence. Alice C., $2; Leybrook. H. W $2. Makemson. Mrs. Robt., $2; Maple. Alta & Ernest. $2; Maybaum. Mrs. Dora. $2, Merriam. Mr & Mrs M S., $2; Millen. Cly O., $2. Miller. Mrs. N L., $2; Nelson. Marie E., $2; Pate. J M., $2, Ress. Mrs Frank J., $2, Richardson. Margaret J., $2; Rogers Geo., Sr., $2. Root. Ruth E., $2; Roseberry. Martha. $2; Rush. Mrs Mary. $2, Schraeder Hy. $2, Schroer. Wesley. $2; Sering. L. A., $2; Shell. Eliz., $2; Smaltz. Mrs Harry. $2, Smith. Anna A., $2, Smith. Kathryn E., $2; Smith. Leona W., $2, Stabler. Chas., $2; Stark. Mrs. Lottie. $2; Stevenson. Mrs. A. A., $2; Stone. Dr. J H., $2; Surface. Mabel R., $2; Swain. Hallie $2, Tormohlen. Mrs. H. V., $2. Truesdale. Mary C., $2, Vandeventer. J. D., $2; Vivian. Mrs. A., $2; Vorwald. Mrs. John $2, Warner. Mrs Hy., $2; Wauns A C. $2, Wood. Mrs. E E., $2.

Yancy. Floyd. $2; Yancy. Mrs Lora. $2; Zehr. Isabel. $2; Zehr. Mrs Nettie $2; Zett. Mrs. Belle. $2. Burr Oak School. $1 80; Stout. Mina. $1 75; Troxell. Mrs E. & family. $1.75. Beeson. Mrs. Harley. $1.50; Donaldson. Mrs Elizabeth. $1 50; Coffman. Jonas. $1.33; Liberty Bapt. S. S., Sharpeville. $1.25; Bussing. Mrs Anna. $1 12; Taylor. Mrs. M. E., $1 07; Taylor. Logansport. $1; Taylor. Plymouth. $1; Taylor. So. Bent. $1. Taylor Rising Sun. $1; A Fort Wayne Girl. $1; A Friend. Bourbon. $1.

A Friend. Columbia City. $1; A Friend Hammond. $1, Anonymous. Cory. $1; A Reader. Holton. $1; A Reader. Holton. $1; A Reader Holton. $1; A Reader. Wheatland. $1 A Subscriber. Gas City $1; A Subscriber. Lizton. $1; Cash. Auburn. $1; Cash. Avilla. $1; Cash Greenburg. $1. Cash. Rising Sun $1; In His Name. Terre Haute. $1. G. W. L., Columbia City. $1; M. R. K. Mt. Vernon. $1; Adams. Jas. B., $1. Allin. Mrs. J. M. $1; Andrews. Mrs. Della. $1; Anderson O E $1; Barcount. Sarah A., $1; Baker Augusta. $1; Banks. Mrs Frank. $1; Beckim. Mrs. $1; Bender. Anna. $1; Bugbee. Mrs. S. J., $1; Bush. Aaron. $1; Champre. Flora. $1; Cline Mrs. F. A., $1; Cooper. Effie B., $1; Covington. T. S., $1; Daily. Mrs. Ethel. $1; Daiss. A. H., $1; Davis. E. A., $1; Dougherty. Nettie. M., $1; Duff. Mrs. Coy. $1; Dunigan. J. M., $1; Ellis. Mrs. Benj., $1; Evans. Albert. $1; Evans. Luther. $1; Eversole. Mrs. E. H., $1; Fogle. Mrs. Carrie. $1; Frary. Mrs. F., $1; Gangloff. J. F., $1; Garten Mrs. W. G., $1; Giddens. Mrs. A. W., $1; Goshorn. Sue B., $1; Gottschalk. Cora. $1. Grace Luth. Church. Elkhart. $1, Gray. Mrs. Benj., $1; Graham. Jennie B., $1; Gurley. Rev. G D., $1, Guse. Louis. $1; Halgren. M. P $1; Hallock. W H., $1; Hessick. Jenne. $1; Hartzler. Mrs. R. A., $1; Hibschman. Mrs. E. M., $1; Hicks. Mrs. J M., $1; Higman. Mrs. J. F. $1; Hohn. J. A., $1; Homuth. Alvina. $1; Howard. H. H. & Family. $1; Huffman. Mrs T M., $1; Kelly. Belle L., $1, Ketchum. Amos. $1; Ketchum. Cora. $1; Ketchum. May. $1; Kimbrough. Mrs. T J., $1; Lake. Mary A., $1; Long. Mrs. Hy M., $1; Matthys. Mrs. Mary. $1; Mead. J Beal. $1; Melton. Mrs. Geo., $1; Miller. Mrs. O. C., $1.

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Baker Mrs Callie. $5; Bartholomew V W. $5; Baumgartner Rev & Mrs S N., $5; Beckman. Mrs Hy., $5 Beerbower. Blanche. $5; Beggs Mr. & Mrs. J. M., $5, Bevin Bertha J $5; Bevan. Mrs S J., $5; Bevy. Mrs. Jesse. $5, Blair. J R., $5; Blickenstaff W., $5; Price. L., $5; Pullen. Mrs W. S. $5, Quaint. Elmer. N., $5; Radley John W., $5; Ranch Mary C $5. Reber Mrs Ada $5; Redeye Orpha. $5. Rentsenberger Mrs. H O., $5, Rentepobler. Mrs. Dan $5, Reser. Isola. $5, Rice. Mrs J A., $5; Roberts. Mrs E S., $5; Rabling. Flora. $5; Rosen. W E $5; Salot. A $5; Salem Refd Church. Lafayette. $5; Sample. Mrs C. S., $5; Schroeder. Lena C., $5. Schroer Bros. $5; Schultz. Frank J. $5; Schweitzned. L. A., $5. Shafer C.E. $5. Sherritt. Mrs. Margaret. $5; Shilling. Jos., $5; Shutts Mr & Mrs Chas., $5. Small. Mrs. Margaret. $5; Smiley Mrs P A., $5, Smith Alice & Lillian. $5; Smith Bros & Sisters $5; Smith. E. S. $5; Smith. Mr. & Mrs. G W $5; Smith Mr & Mrs. Harry. $5, Springer. Martha L., $5; Stelter. Lenora. $5; Sterhag. Mrs. N. E., $5; Stewart. Mrs. Alex & daughter $5, Sutherland Kate $5; Swope. John M., $5; Terry. Charlotte A., $5; Thomas. Chas W $5; Thomas P D., $5; Thomas. Mrs Hannah H $5; Timms. M., $5; Tolver. Mrs M. V., $5; Traeb Rose F., $5; U. B C E. Soc. Hudson. $5; Unthorp. Mrs Jennie E $5. Walker. Frank C., $5; Ward. Mrs Clara $5; Ward. Mrs. Walter $5; Ware. Mrs H., $5; Welsh. Mr & Mrs A W., $5; Welch. Sallie D., $5, West. Mrs J. W $5; Whitaker Mrs Dora $5; White. D. A., $5, White. Mary J., $5; White. Mrs Min-

Opportunity of a Lifetime

"GOD has marvelously answered prayer in our behalf. After all, this is not our work but His. We are grateful that He has sent us into such a place of service. Surely it is the opportunity of a lifetime. And we are grateful that He has given us friends both in America and here in China who are so generously supplying us with funds for this work and are backing up their gifts of gold and silver with their prayers. We know that in some cases these gifts have meant real sacrifice."

From a letter from Rev. Richard E. Jenness of Provo, Shuntehfu, Chihli.

Thanks from the Field

REV. D. A. G. HARDING writes from his station: "Praise God for the Christian Herald gift. We did so need it for our starving Christians here. What a glorious thing to have such a Fund at such a time as this."

Others have written to Dr. Beals saying: "If this Christian Herald money had not been sent out tens of thousands of men, women and children would have perished. Funds from other sources came later. How these gifts have saved the situation. Praise the Lord!" "I thank you for the $2,000 Christian Herald money for the starving Christian and others in our Parish. Our Church people, Christians and Inquirers would have died but for this special help."

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$10; Ash, Mary E., $10; Atchison, C. C., $10; Auracher, John, $10; Baarda, Ike, $10; Babbett, R. E., $10; Baker, Mrs. Joe, $10; Baker, W. M. & Betsey Baker, $10; Barclay, Sarah A., $10; Bartels, Mr. & Mrs. P., $10; Bartley, Mr. & Mrs. J. S., $10; Beane, Chas. H., $10; Bennett, Mrs. Margaret, $10; Blackhall, E. W. H, $10; Blair, J. L. $10; Boberhause, Mary L., $10; Boyer, Mr. & Mrs. F. P., $10; Brain, Geo. M., $10; Brandon, Mr. & Mrs. Edward, $10; Brandt, E. H., $10; Braun, David & Annie, $10; Brockenbrough, H. B., $10; Brockway, E. G., $10; Brown, Mrs. Anna R., $10; Bryan, Mrs. J. B., $10; Buck, S. D., $10; Burriss, T. W., $10; Busby, Mr. & Mrs. C. W., $10; Calderwood, J. B., $10; Calkins, Miss Ida M., Ella E. & Clara, $10; Callisson, Mrs. Margaret M., $10; Cannon, J. C., $10; Carhart, Mrs. L. D., $10; Carpenter, Mr. & Mrs. F. A., $10; Carry-on Country Club of Decorah, $10; Chamberlain, Fred B., $10; Cimes, Johnny $10; Clark, Alda R., & Mrs. L. C. Hayes $10; Coffman, W. W., $10; Cook, W. A., $10; Corbett, Jackson O., $10; Couser, Rev. & Mrs. A. A., $10; Cox, Mrs. C. L., $10; Craver S. Grant, $10; Crosby, E. C., $10; Culem, V. L., $10; Davidson, Mrs. J. T., $10; Davis, Mrs. L. L., $10; Deal, L L., $10; Decorah Volunteers, $10; DeJong, Rev. J. P. & Nettie R., $10; Des Moines First M. E. Church Mission Band, $10; Dixon, Geo. $10; Dow, W. N., $10; Durant, Mrs. S. B. & friends, $10; Dykstra, John, $10; Edwards, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $10; Elwood, Mrs. S. M., $10; Eveland, Mrs. Maude, $10; Eyestone, Capt. J. W., $10; Fenner, R. A., $10; Ferguson, Wells, $10; Findley, Mrs. Sarah D., $10; Foote, Lewis, $10; Furry, C. L., $10; Gares, A. C., $10; Gates, Mrs. Mary A., $10; Geller, Geo. R. & Laura, $10; Gerber, Len A., $10.;

Gilson, Mr. & Mrs. A. J., $10. Gilson, B. S., $10; Goodell, Mrs. S. M. & Clara Oliver, $10, Grandview Congl. S. S., $10; Goodfellow, Mrs. Alice, $10; Gove, Mrs. L. J. A., $10; Gowrie Congl. Ch. A. R. F. O. M., Socy, $10; Gowrie Cong., Church Ladies Aid, $10; Gray, Mrs. Clark, $10; Gray. Elwin E., $10; Gray, Mrs. Robert, $10; Gutekunst, Mrs. L. C., $10; Hall, Mr. & Mrs. L. E., $10; Hall, Mrs. Mary F., $10; Hanlan, M. G., $10; Hansen, Olc, $10; Hasselman. A. L., $10; Hasting, Mrs. M. E., $10; Hatch, Mrs. D. R., $10; Hay, O. W., $10; Hayes, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $10; Hutzler, D. E., $10; Heller, Pearl W. & Mrs. A. Warren, $10; Hewlett, Mrs. Lizzie, $10; Holsinger, Mr. & Mrs. M., $10; Hoult, Mrs. J. W., $10; Hummer, Mrs. Edw., $10; James, P. A., $10; Jackson, Mrs. P. K., $10; Jefferson, Mrs. W. H., $10; Jennings, E., $10; Jewett, D. B., $10; Jurgensen, J. A., $10; Kalbek, Alice, $10; Kenning, H. S., $10; Korschgen, Mr. & Mrs. C. C., $10; Kruse, Tom, $10; Laird, Mrs. Mary E., $10; Lambert, May, $10; Larson, Emil, $10; Law, Mr. & Mrs. W. H , $10; Lieberknecht, Mrs. J. $10; Loehle, Mrs. F., $10; Lusch, Mrs. Emma, $10; McBride, E., $10; McCormick, I. M., $10; McIntyre, Robt., $10; McKelvey, Ethel, $10; McMillen, Mrs. R., $10; Maccabean S. S. Class of Blairsburg, $10; Milford Silent Birthday Club, $10; Malcom, Rev. A. M., $10; Mandsager, Julia & L. M., $10; Maytag, Mrs. F. L., $10; Melick, W. D., $10; Milligan, Dr. W W., $10; Miller A. M., $10.

Miller, Mrs. B. F., $10; Miller, Justus, $10; Milliken, Miss Lizzie, $10; Maxwell M. E. Church, $10; Mouw, Neal, $10; Murrow, Mrs. Albert, $10; Nettinga, Julia, $10; Odd Fellows Lodge of Dunlap, $10; Oggel, Dr. H. D., $10; Olsen, Lars, $10; Outhier, F. A., $10; Palmer, Mrs. C. A., $10; Parsons, Rev. Mrs. Chas., $10; Parsons, Maude, $10; Paulson, Dan, $10; Pelton, Mrs. W., $10; Pentecostal Mission S. S. of Des Moines, $10; Perkins, Mary J., $10; Petus, Alice, E., $10; Peterson, Peter H. $10; Pilgrim Evang. S. S. of Monona, $10; Price, Mrs. Sarah, $10; Ratcliff, W. N., $10; Ralston, Mrs. G. A., $10; Redding, Mrs. A. C., $10; Reed, Mrs. John W., $10; Ripley, Mrs. Isabella, $10; Rittes, Ella, $10; Ross, C. A., $10; Rossiter, Ethlyn, $10; Rouse, L. C., $10; Rouser, J. M., $10; Ryerson, Miss Georgiana, $10; Samuels, Alex, $10; Sanborn, John A., $10; Sanderson, A. W., $10; Schlichting, Mr. & Mrs. R., $10; Scofield, Eunice B. & friends, $10; Scott, C. J., $10; Shaw, Mrs. Ed., $10; Shephard, Eva, $10; Sheppard, Miss Lillian, $10; Smith, Mr. & Mrs. J. N., $10, Smith, L. J., $10; Smyth, E. A., $10; Snedden Agnes, $10; Stacey, Emma J., $10; Hobler, Bessie E., $10, Stuart, Miss Ora, $10; Swisher, Mrs. G. F., $10; Taylor, Nettie, $10; Terrall, Mrs. J. J., $10; Timmerman, T. G., $10; Tipton, Mrs. Levina, $10; Treloar, Ben, $10; Trinity United Evang. S. S. of LeMars, $10; Van Cleave, Mrs. Carrie, $10; Vanderzyl, Raymond, $10; Van Ek, Ida, $10; Van Gilder, Mrs. M. F., $10; Walker, Mr. & Mrs. I. B., $10; Walter, Mrs. B. L., $10; Watkins, Mr. & Mrs. Earl, $10; Watson, Jas. B , $10; Welch, Rev. V C. & family, $10; Weintz, Hulda, $10.

Wester, Carl, $10; Weyer, Anna C. & friends, $10; Wiedman, Mrs. L. K., $10; Wilkins, Edwin & Nellie, $10; Williams, Martha J., $10; Williams, R. S., $10; Wilson, Mrs. Peter, $10; Wise, Mr. & Mrs. P. S., $10; Wisnew, Elenora M., $10; Woodmen of Dunlap, $10; Wylie, Mr. & Mrs. J. R., $10; Wyman, R. P. Church, $10; Young Peoples Christian Union of Stanwood, $10; Ziegler, Fred, $10; Morrison, Presby. S. S., $9.75; Griswold Presby. Church, $9.70; Wilson, Rev. E. Cornell, $9.50; Boone First Baptist Church Bible Class, $9; Creston First Presby. Church W. M. Socy, $9; Barnes, F. S., $8.50; thru Mrs. I. R. Crowell, $8; Foster, S. T., $8; Guernsey, Mrs. J. P., $8; Harlan Congl. S. S. Class No. 8, $8; Hellier S. B., $8; Homewood, Mrs. E. E., $8; Lindsley, Mrs. J M., $8; McBratney, Fannie, $8; Oursler, Rev. & Mrs. W. R. $8; Primary Class, Willard St. M. E. Church of Ottumwa, $8; Volck, F. E., $8; Williamsburg 1st Presby. Ch. S. S. $8; Wood, Esther, $8; Zwingle Ref. S. S. Class No. 3, $8; Wesleyan Meth. Church of Dayton Valley, $7.70; Buckeye S. S. of Oskaloosa, $7.65; "Mrs. H.," Albia, $7.50; Farm Wines Circle, Calamus, $7.50; McNay, Tishie, $7.50; Non Sectarian S. S. of Sully, $7.50; Scovel, L. W., $7.50; Wesleyan Meth. Church General Miss. Socy. of Clarence, $7.50; School; for Christian Instruction, Ireton, $7.45; Allen, Mrs M. E., $7; Brandstatter, M. A., Belle, $7; Elston, M. G. & family, $7.

Forest Ave. Bapt. S. S. of Des Moines, $7; Hatch, Hattie B., $7; McBurnie, J. M., $7; Jackson, Nellie, $7; Milo Presby. Church, $7; Ommen, Mrs. Lydia, $7; Smith, Miss Jennie, $7; St. Charles Presb. Ch. S. S., $7; Taylor, Mrs. Ellen, $7; Tris, Mrs. W. A., $7; Welsh Missionary Socy. of Lime Springs, $7; Whitehill, M. J. & W. J., $7; Thru Mrs. L. Scanlon, $6.75; Anderson, G. M. & daughter Joy, $6.50; S. P. I Sunday School of Pella 2nd Ref. Church, $6.50; A Friend of the Needy, Villisca $6; Anderson, Flora & Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Teter, $6; Butler Wm. W., $6; Clow, Mrs. H. S., $6; Collins, C. S. & daughters, $6; Dale, Mrs. Nina, $6; Edmund, Mrs. Johanna, $6; Garber, Mrs. E. E., $6; Green, Ben & Mary, $6; Hope, Mrs. W. J. & Mrs. D., $6; Iowa Children's Home Socy. of Ft. Dodge, $6; Kurtz, Mollie, $6; Thru W. J. Lynch, $6; Osterberg, Mrs. M., $6; Pollock, Rusha & friends, $6; Rhodes, Mrs. A. C., $6; Pedley, Mrs. Frances, $5.75; Townsend, Mrs. R., $5.50; Spencer Sunday School Class & Miss Ila Watson, $5.35; Anonymous, Brandon, $5; Anonymous, North English, $5; Anonymous, Pella, $5; A Friend, Belle Plaine, $5; A Friend, Forest City, $5; A Friend, Forest City $5; A Friend, Mt Pleasant, $5; A Friend, Pella, $5; A Subscriber, Brandon, $5; "G. H. C.," Valley Junction, $5; "His Children," Anthon, $5; "Two Friends," Algona, $5; Acord, Mrs. B., $5.

Adams, Mrs. Ben, $5; Allen, Mr. & Mrs. Geo. D., $5; Amundson, A. O., $5; Argent, Nettie, $5; Armstrong, Mrs., $5; Armstrong, H. L., $5; Armstrong, W. H. A., $5; Atkinson, J. T. & friends, $5; Auracher, Miss Lulu, $5; Bailey, Mrs. C. J., $5; Baird, Howard, $5; Baltimore, Madge $5; Bardy, H. Ida, $5; Bauman, John H., $5; Bauman, Mrs. R. J., $5; Beatty, Mrs. Addie & Bessie, $5; Bedford M. E. Church, $5; Behrends, F. H., $5; Bell, A. M., $5; Berner, J. F., $5; Blodgett, Mrs. E. A., $5; Blasie, Geo., $5; Blosser, R. A., $5; Bohi, J. F., $5; Bolander, A. J., $5; Bolton, Myrtle & father, $5; Boot, Mr. & Mrs. J. C., $5; Boyer, Alvin, $5; Boylan. T. E., $5; Boy Scouts of Pleasant Valley, $5; Breninau, Marie E., $5; Brouks, Mrs. Carrie L., $5; Brown, Gertrude, $5; Brownlie, Agnes W., $5; Buck, Mrs. G., E., $5; Buena Vista College $5; Bullock, H. D., $5; Burgess, Mr. & Mrs. Thos. R., $5; Cain, C. J., $5; Calkins, Fred P., $5; Calonkey, Mrs. Clyde, $5; Campbell, Mrs. G. A., $5; Carlson, Mr. & Mrs. H. A., $5; Cassill, J. H., $5; Cederholm, Mr. & Mrs. F. J., $5; Cedar Lawn Farm, $5; Chambers, A. J., $5; Chaplin, Mrs. J. E., $5; Christian, Mrs. F. C., $5; Christensen, Earl N., $5; Christiansen, J. P., $5; Clark, John F., $5; Clark, Mrs. Louis, $5; Cobb, Mrs. Lettie $5; Coffman. Mr. & Mrs. G. W., $5; Colville, C. R., $5; Cole. T. S., $5; Cook, Frank, $5; Corbett, Rosella, $5; Cornick, Harry, $5; Craig, L. M. & E. E., $5; Thru Mrs. M. J. Crisman, $5; Croy, Mrs. Chas., $5; Daniels, J. S., $5; Deen, Mr. & Mrs. J. M., $5; DeFord, Edwin, $5; Deibner, Mrs. Gus, $5; Dennis, Mrs. Elizabeth, $5; Dickinson, Mrs. S. C., $5; Doncor, Alice P., $5; Disney, Mrs. L., $5; Dittman, Mrs. Mary $5; Doolittle Wm. A., $5; Dickenson, Alice E., $5; Dunn, J. A., $5; Dinsmore, H., $5; Eaton, J. V., $5; Effort, Cora M., $5; Ekstrand, Mr. & Mrs. C. L, $5; Emslie, Ruth & friends, $5.

Emmons, O. W., $5; Engquist, John, $5; Ensign, Mrs. Fred, $5; Erickson, Mrs. Frank, $5; Eyler, Chas., $5; Faris, J. C., $5; Farley, Julia A., $5; Farrington, W. J. & family, $5; Farquhar, Mrs. Clara, $5; Farquhar, Mr. & Mrs. Lisle, $5; Feldman, Fred W., $5; Ferguson. Mrs. C. B., $5; Ferguson, B. M., $5; Fish, Mrs. C. W. & Mrs. Mary Parsons, $5; Fishburn, C. H., $5; Flecnor, Robt., $5; Fordyce, Mrs. J. F., $5; Fornia, Mary E., $5; Franzeen, H. A. $5; Franklin, Mrs. Flora A., $5; Frazier, Mrs. J. P., $5; Frazier, Mrs. W. Y., $5; Cambell, J. T., $5; Gammon, Mrs. W. D., $5; George, Mrs. Lucretia $5; George, S. M., $5; Getzendaner, Rev. & Mrs. M. A., $5; Gifford, Rev. & Mrs. W. N., $5; Gifford, Rev. Wm. H., $5; Gilfillen, Mrs. P., $5; Goodale, Mr. & Mrs. Eugene, $5; Gorham, Miss G. B., $5; Gould, Mrs. $5; Graham, Ethel, $5; Gray. Mr. & Mrs. W. R., $5; Greenlee, G. C., $5; Gridley, O. E., $5; Gulliver, Margaret, $5; Gurnsey, Mrs. H. C. $5; Gustavson, Mrs. Geo. H., $5; Hager, Benj., $5; Hall, Cyrus, $5; Hall, Lambert E., $5; Hantla, John P., $5; Harris, Rev. Fred, $5; Hartog, D. D., $5; Harvey, John M. $5; Hayward, Mrs. L. E., $5; Haworth, Fred, $5; Henkle, John, $5; Hensley, Mrs. Mary, $5; Hildreth, Mrs. C. C., $5; Hill, R. L., $5; Hillsboro, W. C. T. U., $5; Hilton, Miss Mary, $5; Hoehn, Miss Lizzie, $5, Hofer, Mary E., $5; Hollen, Mr. & Mrs. B. J., $5; Holtcamp, Miss Tillie, $5; Horner, Mrs. Ben, $5; Houston, S. B., $5; Houston, Mrs W. A., $5; Howard, Mrs. James, $5; Howe, Mr. & Mrs H. W., $5; Howlett, Mr. & Mrs C. $5; Hubbell, Mrs M. L., $5; Hubbart, Ada F., $5; Huston, A. C., $5; Hyde, Mr. & Mrs. G. F., $5, Hyde, W. P. $5; Ingle, Mrs. D. J., $5; Inman, J. H., $5; Iverson. Iver, $5

Jackson. Eunice D., $5, Jackson, Mrs. P. K., $5; Johnson, E. C., $5, Kassel Fred A , $5; Keefer. Jennie & Letitta, $5; Kendig, Eula, $5; Ketman, Emma, $5; Kaldee, Mrs. Lucy A , $5; Kincaid. Edna B , $5; King, Mrs. Ray M., $5; Kimmel, John M., Mrs., $5; Kyle, Mrs. Monroe, $5; Lacey. Jennie L., $5; LeClerq. A , $5; Lainken, Mrs. George, $5; Lanerty, June S., $5; Lee, Jesse L., $5, Lee, John C., $5; Leimuger, Mrs. A. D. H., $5; Lenox, Alice, $5; Light, Anna, $5, Light, Rosa A., $5; Long, Mrs. Mary A., $5; Lotta, Edith M., $5; Lucas Mrs. A., $5; McCahan, Mrs. D., $5; McClair, S. D , $5; McCoymond, Lucetta, $5; McGregor, Mrs. J D , $5; Macky, John H., $5; Macomb, J S., $5; Macy, Mrs. J. R , $5; Maddy, Mrs. Frank E., $5; Mahlum, Albert, $5; Maminga, Grace, $5; Maring C., $5; Marquart, Mrs. A., $5; Marrow, Mrs. Willard, $5; Marshall, Jessie, $5; Mattocks, Mrs. J. H., $5; Meade, L. M., $5; Meekes, Mrs. A. D , $5; Meier, Fred, $5; Meier, H. W., $5; Melick, J W , $5; Mentzer, C. J., $5; Messerole, Mrs. Caroline, $5; Meyer. Edward C., $5; Miller, A. W., $5; Miller, Mrs. Mary A. $5; Mills, Dr. E. M., $5; Milne, E. P., $5; Mitchener, Mrs. W. H., $5; Mix, Ed L., $5, Moelk, A., $5; Moller, Mrs. John, $5; Montgomery, M. C., $5; Moore. Mr. & Mrs. F. E., $5; Moorehead, Mr. & Mrs. P. E., $5; Morrow, Mr. & Mrs. J. L., $5; Mott, Mr. & Mrs. W. C., $5; Mott, Wm. C. & Annie M., $5; Moulton, L. H., $5, Moulton, M. M., $5; Mullen, G. W. $5

Murdock, Mrs. S. S., $5; Nelson, Bessie, $5; Nelson, Mr. & Mrs. J. B., $5; Neymeyer, Mrs. Jake, $5, Nichols, Wilmer A. $5; Nield, Mrs. J. W., $5; Nipewander, Sarah A., $5; Ogden, Mr & Mrs. C. S., $5; Ommen, Lydia, $5; Overland, Mrs. E. S., $5; Packwood, F. F., $5; Pamfel, Mrs. Martha, $5; Park, Lorena E., $5; Parr, R. C., $5; Parsons, Mrs. H. R., $5; Paugh. L. C. & Myrtle, $5; Pierce, L. B., $5; Perkins, Mrs. Walter. $5; Perrine, Miss Cora, $5; Persons, Mrs. E., $5; Peterson, Mrs. Jennie, $5; Peterson, S. V., $5, Phelps, Mr. E., $5; Phelps, Mrs. N. S., $5; Phenis, Z. R., $5; Phillips, Mrs. B. B., $5; Phillips, H. J., $5; Pierce, B. M., $5; Pleune, A. T., $5; Polderboer, W C., $5; Poole, Benton, $5; Postlewait, B. W., $5; Princeton, W. C. T. U., $5; Price, Mrs. Claudia, $5, Pulver, Mrs. S. M., $5; Rainbow, Mrs. Lora, $5; Ramsey, Lulu & friend, $5; Ratliff, Paul, $5; Reasnor Meth. Church, Mt. Zion Ladies Home Missionary Socy., $5; Reeder, Cynthia J., $5; Renaud, Mr. & Mrs. I. E., $5; Ridgeley, Mrs. W C., $5; Reid, Anna M., $5; Riemer, Amelia B., $5; Roberts, C. H., $5; Roberts, Mrs. Newton, $5; Rockey, Mrs. D. T., $5; Ross, Mrs. Belle, $5; Rowe, Henry, $5, Rowell, James, $5; Rowles, Mrs. W. A., $5; Ruen, Amelia. $5; Russell, Mrs. Frank $5; Sanford Miss Olive M., $5; Saville. Mrs E. L., $5; Scanlon, Mr. & Mrs. Luke, $5; Scanlon, Rebecca, $5.

Schar, Mrs. E. E., $5; Schultz, Mrs. H. L., $5; Schwab. Mrs. J. H., $5; Schwiebert, Mrs. E. C , $5; Scott, Alex, $5; Seifert, M. S., $5; Seymour. Lulu, $5; Sharar, Viola C. $5; Sheeler. D. Austin, $5; Sheldon, Charles. F. $5; Sietsema, H. D., $5; Simpson. D S., $5; Smith, Mrs. Clara, $5; Smith, Mrs. Edward. $5; Smith, L. W , $5; Sprague Miss Clara A., $5; Staples, J. O., $5; Steinberg, Wm., $5, Stoltz, Mrs. Gertrude, $5; Talbot, Lois $5; Taylor, C. B., $5; Templeton, Mrs. H. M., $5; Templeton, J. H., $5; Tevis, Mrs. Amanda, $5; Thayer, Mrs. H. E., $5, True, Mabel M., $5, Trundy, Mrs. Helena B , $5; Trnog Chris $5; Tucker, H. H , $5; Van Cleve, Mrs. Carrie, $5, Vanderzyl, Jennie $5; VanderLinden, Harry, $5; Vandersoll, C. H , $5; Van Nest, Mrs. W. W , $5; Van Rheenen, H., $5; Veenker, P. S., $5; Vincent, John, $5; Von Tungeln, Prof Geo. H., $5, Waalkes, A. A., $5; Wahl, Mrs. G. E., $5; Walker, Mrs. Elizabeth, $5; Waters, Mr. & Mrs. C C , $5; Watson, Aggie, $5; Webb Mrs Geo., $5; Weber, Minnie C., $5; Walker, A. H., $5; Wescoat, Dora E $5; Weyers, Mrs. E. H., $5; White, Mrs Esther. $5; White, Robert, $5; Whitcomb, Mr. & Mrs. A. L., $5, Whitehead, Josiah, $5; Wicke, J. H., $5; Widman, J F. $5; Wiedeman, Mrs. H. A., $5; Will, R. W., $5; Williams, Mrs. M. E., $5; Wills, Jennie, $5; Wilson, Beulah, $5; Wilson, Elizabeth, $5; Wilson, R. A., $5; Wing, Kate G , $5; Wisnom, Christina, $5; Wolcott. Mrs. Chas., $5; Woodruff, A. E. $5; Young, Mrs. C. C., $5; Y. W. C. A., of Polk County, $5; Zimmer, John M., $5; Zimmerman, A. G., $5; Henden, Mrs. Emma C. & friends, $4.80.

Oskaloosa Christian Church, $4.25; "S. E. S.," Runnells, $4; Dwigans, A. B., $4; Goodwin, E. A. & E. C., $4; Grinnell Bapt. Church Loyal Daughters Class, $4; Hannay Mrs. John G. W., $4; Hillsboro Bapt. Church S. S. No. 6, $4, Kendig. Mrs. C. J., $4; Lancaster, Miss Nora, $4; Leininger, Tillie, $4; Main, Mrs. E. I., $4; Merrill, Harriet & Margaret, $4; Muscatine German Congl. Ch., $4; Reed, Amanda, $4; Reeves, J. O., $4; Richardson, Mrs. E. G., $4; Schmeble, John, $4, Sherman. Mrs. John, $4; Smith, Belle S., $4; Smith, Jennie, $4; Trego, Lucy, $4; Tris, Mrs. W. A., $4; Ware, Mrs. Jas. T. & friends, $4; Wheeless, Mrs. W. B., $4; Wilkinson, S., $4; Wood, Mrs. F. A., $4; Yong, A. D., $4; David, S. S. Class No. 2, $3.75; Guthrie, Mrs. Minnie, $3.75; Van de Berg, Master John, $3.55; Day, Fred, $3.50; Hall, Lucy E., $3.50; Lohrville Girls S. S. Class, $3.50; Reinbart, H. E., $3.50; Shook, Mrs. H; M. $3 50; Beatty, Mrs. Wm., $3.25. Smithland Grammar Room, $3.20; Garwin Christian S. S., $3.15; Lake, Mrs. Emma E., $3.15; Anonymous, Perry, $3; Anonymous, Winfield, $3; Ambler, C. E., $3; Ambler, Mrs. Julia & family, $3; Amundson, Carrie R., $3; Ault, Mrs. C. G., $3; Backus, Florence, $3; Bayer, Jacob $3.

Boyd, Mrs. Sarah J., $3; Bisbee, L. L., $3; Black, Mrs. Clara M., $3; Brotherlin, Frances & Helen, $3; Bulkeley, Ed, $3; Busby, Miss Bessie, $3; Camp, Mrs. Sarah, $3; Chamberlen, Martha, $3; Croft, Fred, $3; Currens, Mrs. J. R., $3; Erickson, Mrs. Albert, $3, Everson, Mrs. O , $3; Farris, Mrs. Jennie S., $3; Grout, Mrs. C R., $3; Grummon, Mrs. G. M., $3, Hadley, J S , $3; Hall, Anna E., $3; Heaton, A J., $3, Heintz, Lyle, $3; Hess. Mrs. Elsie $3; Heth, Mr. & Mrs. R. E., $3; Hetherington, Miss S. W , $3; Higginbotham, T. M., $3; Hjost, Thelma & Faye, $3, Hutson, Mrs. Clara, $3; Jackson, Mrs. S. E., $3; Johnson, Mrs. Emma, $3; Kullman Fred. $3; Lancester M $3; Lynn, Mrs Anna. $3; McClougbry, J. R., $3, McIntyre, Moses $3; McMillan Mrs T. A., $3; Mack, Mrs. E. W. $3 Martin, Mrs. L. S., $3, Mathews, Mrs E A , $3, Mattix, Martha $3, Minnezga Mrs E., $3; North Mrs. F. H., $3, Odell, Eliza, $3, Ostrander Mrs H A $3; Parker, Jennie $3, Parrish, Mrs J E., $3, Peiffer, Isaac $3, Plumly E., $3; Punnen, Lydia, $3; Pring, Mr. & Mrs. A. B., $3; Randall, Mrs C M., $3; Ramsell, W B., $3, Richie, Mrs Ella $3; Ripley, Mrs I D , $3 Robertson, Mrs G. V., $3; Robertson, Miss Sadie, $3; Robinson, M. A , $3, Scott, Margaret, $3, Shook, Mrs H M $3; Dilley, Mr. & Mrs. E H., $3, Stentz, Mrs. A. A., $3; Stewart, Mrs. L. B., $3; Stillman, Mrs. Mary G., $3; Thomas, Mrs. F. S., $3; Thompson, A. O., Hannah & Leroy O., $3; Verberg, Mrs M , $3.

Waugh, Mrs. Rilla, $3; Westwood, Rev. J., $3; Wolf, Mrs A. J , $3, Wolfe, Mr. & Mrs. George, $3; Young, Wm., $3; First Presby Ch of Williamsburg Helpers S. S. Class, $2.95; Bonnett, Mrs. A N , $2.90; Wilson, Mrs W H., $2.85; Bakker. Rev. Albert, $2.50; Ballard, Mrs. S., $2.50; Holtz, H A., $2.50, Johnson, L. H., $2.50; Jory, Mrs. John, $2.50; Kale, Mrs. Kate Z., $2.50; Litta, M. F., $2.50; Margasan, Nellie E., $2 50; Muth, Mrs. W. P., $2.50, Needham, P. G., $2.50; Townsend, Mrs. C S., $2 50, Wyoming Presby. S. S., $2.50; Wood, Esther, $2.50; Gilead Union S. S., $2.35; Anonymous, Palo, $2; Anonymous, Sidney $2; Anonymous Waterville $2; Anonymous, Manson, $2; A Friend, Coon Rapids, $2; A Reader, Burlington, $2; E. H. R., Davenport, $2; E. J. S., Mt. Pleasant, $2; Mrs. J. M. S., Galt, $2; "A Subscriber," Sumner, $2; "Your Sister In Him," Oscaloosa, $2; Adkisson, Mrs. G. E., $2, Anderson, A. V., $2; Anderson, Olive C., $2; Bancroft, Theresa, $2; Barnard, Florence, $2; Bauman, D. H. $2; Benbow, Will H., $2; Beysner, Maria L., $2; Bicket, Mrs. Thos., $2; Bonjour, G., $2; Boyd, D. D., $2; Brown, Mrs. G. H., $2; Bryant, I. $2; Buechner Alonso H., $2.

Burnell, Mrs. E. M., $2; Capp, Emma, $2; Chamberlin, Rev. L. F., $2; Christie, Margaret, $2; Claassen, Catherine, $2; Coffman, B. F, $2; Cole, Mrs. Isaac, $2; Cozine, Mrs. A. A., $2; Crozier, Rev. W. N., $2; Dickerson, H., $2; Douglass Mrs. Ella, $2; Downing, T., $2; Edwards, Mrs. M. A., $2; Eiken, Mrs. Nora, $2; Eustice, Mrs. Laura, $2; Farris, Mrs. M. J., $2, Farris, Mrs. J. T., $2; Fey, O. D., $2; Fink, Rev. D. W., $2; Fisher, Miss Mattie, $2; Frantz, S. G., $2; Frazier Mrs. L. A., $2; French, S., $2; Fichthorn, Mrs. Wm. & Mrs. Martha McNaught, $2; Funk, C. W , 22; Gates, Mrs. L. M., $2; Gates, Margaret C., $2, Gilchrist, Mrs. James $2; Geer, Lydia & Effie Williams, $2; Glaspey, W. S., $2; Goldsmith, Mrs. Martha, $2; Gordon, W. W., $2; Hanan, Mrs. C. J., $2; Handorf, C. J., $2; Hargis, Thos. C. & Mina M., $2; Hartwigren, C. T., $2; Hawk, Mr. & Mrs. Z. F., $2; Hegarty, Miss Jessie, $2; Henn, Mrs. Anna E., $2; Holloway, Mrs. Ellen, $2; Hoon, Bessie & Paul, $2; Horton, Mr. & Mrs. B., $2; Hyett, Mrs. Josephine. $2; Jacoboson, Wm., $2; Jenks, Mrs. C. M., $2; Johnson, Mrs. Laura, $2; Jones, M. J., $2; Kennedy, Miss E. J., $2; Kepperd, J. C., $2; Kester, W. M., $2; Kifee, Mrs. H. E., $2; Knowlton, Mr. & Mrs. A. S., $2; Koste, Martha, $2; Kusterer, Mrs. June L. C., $2; Lee, James W., $2; Limburg, H. S., $2; Little, E E., $2, Lutes, Mrs. B. T., $2; McKee, Mrs. C. D., $2; Mansur, Earl, $2.

Mauer Mrs. J. N., $2; Moore, Mrs. Frank, $2; Morrow, Mr. & Mrs. J. C., $2; Mullinax, Mary L., $2; Nelson, Mrs Thos L. $2; Nichols, Mrs. Mary, $2, Noyes, Mrs. H. B & Mrs. Soper, $2; Ostrander, H. A., $2; Peterson, Mr. & Mrs. C. J. $2; Plymesser, S., $2; Porter, Mrs. Elmer, $2; Reber, Mrs S. C., $2; Reeves, Mrs. C. M., $2, Riedesel, Mrs. R., $2, Ring, John, $2; Rokenbrodt, Mrs. Emma $2; Rowser Miss Margaret, $2; Russell, Mary E., $2; Lane, Paul H., $2; Sawyers, Mrs Margret & Miss Lou, $2; Seymour S. S. Class, $2, Sloan Minnie C., $2, Smith, Rev. D C $2; Stacey, Mrs. L. A., $2, Smith, Mary A., $2, Stewart, Mrs. H C., $2, Spring, Mrs. Adelia, $2; Stutz, Mrs L. J. & friend, $2, Stattler, Mrs. L. I., $2, Steffen, Mrs. Barbara, $2; Stuart, Mrs. H. L., $2, Taber, Mrs Margaret, $2; Teter, Mrs. J. R., $2; Tyden, Mrs. Belle, $2, Toland, Miss Mary L., $2, Vanderwalker, Mr. & Mrs. Geo., $2, Varland, H. H., $2; Vickerman, Mrs. J. & Mrs. Fred Helmer, $2, Vose Mrs O. $2, Walker, Mrs Alice, $2, Walker, Mrs Laura, $2, Walden Winifred, $2 Ward, Mrs Clara, $2, Waterberg Rev. R H $2 Waters, Mrs. W. J. $2, Whitehead, Wiley, $2; Wiel Mr & Mrs. L. $2, Willelson, A. $2, Wilkinson, F. A., $2, Wilson Henry, $2, Wesnom Mrs J. A., $2, Wylie S. P. $2, Yothers, Mrs. John, $2; Young, Mrs. P. W., $2.,

Rubey, Mrs. B. F. $1 90, The Silent Workers of Osceola $1 90; Anonymous, Sloan, $1.50 Messenger Reformed Church of Leighton, $1.50; McManus, Mrs. Alma, $1.50, Ver Hoal, Mrs M. $1.50; Westerly, Mrs Ethel., $1.50; Paunkirk, Miss Lydia $1 30, Look, Mrs. Thos. W., $1.10, Oderkirk, Mrs. R. H., $1 02; Anonymous, Norway, $1, Anonymous, Ottumwa, $1, A Class of Small Girls, Davenport, $1; Cash, Creston, $1; Cash, Fayette, $1; Cash, Keokuk, $1; Cash, Tipton, $1; A Friend, Dubuque, $1; "Iowa Friend," Dunkerton, $1; A Friend, Manson, $1; A Friend, Ottumwa, $1, A Reader, Burlington, $1; Aldrich, Mrs. M. E., $1, Baird Mrs. S. A., $1; Bates, Mrs. Mary A. H., $1; Bates, J. F., $1, Beatty, Christina, $1; Bedringer, Mrs. Geo., $1; Boettscher, Mrs. Hannah, $1; Brackett, F. A., $1; Bridge, Mrs. J. E., $1; Brown, J Irving, $1; Brown, Mrs. S., $1; Buck Mrs. Fred, $1; Butler, Mrs. W. H., $1; Chandler, H. R , $1; Chrisman, John $1; Church, Mrs. C. M., $1; Clark, Flora M., $1; Coffman, Miss Irene C., $1; Crawford, Mrs. R. C., $1; Crull, Mrs. C. V., $1; Cutler, Mrs. F. E., $1; Darrey, R. J., $1; Davis, A. M., $1; Davis, W. L., $1; Deater, Mrs. Tillie, $1; DeGroote, D. A., $1; Dunlap, Elizabeth, $1; Dutton, Mrs. E., $1; Edison, P. N., $1; Edison, P. R. $1; Edwards, Mrs E. D., $1; Eernisse, Mrs. Mary, $1; Elston, Mrs. O. J., $1; Elwood, Miss M., $1; Fisher, Grace, $1; Gibeaut, Mr & Mrs. Geo., $1; Giddings, Miss A. E., $1; Gift, Mrs. Bessie, $1; Gilbert, Mrs. L. M., $1.

Gregory, Mrs. Wm. P., $1; Griffey, Mary, $1; Grim, Mrs. Jennie E., $1; Hamilton, Mrs Jess, $1; Hancock, Mrs. H. C., $1; Hasted, Enoch, $1; Haynes, Geo. W., $1; Hershey, Almeda, $1; Hershey, Marie. $1; Hessenius, Miss H., $10 Hildebrand, Mrs. L. A., $1; Holden, Mrs. Rebecca J., $1; Hollinger, Mrs. Ellen, $1; Hughes, Mrs. H. A., $1; Hughes, Mary, $1; James, Mrs. Wm., $1; Janssen, Ida, $1; Johnson, Mrs. Adeline, $1; Johnson, H. B., $1; Johnson, L. E., $1; Kellogg, Mrs. E. W., $1; Kemp, Mr. & Mrs. James, $1; Kitchen, Ida, $1; Koehl, Mrs. Sarah, $1; Krumbolts, E. M., $1; Ligdon, Chas. S., $1; Lisbelt, Helen A., $1; Lyday, Mary, $1; McClellan Mrs. M. J., $1; McCullock, Donald, $1; McDonald, Mrs. E., $1; McGill, Mrs. M. E., $1; McKelvy, Mrs. S. A., $1; McMillan, Miss Maude $1; Machlan, Mrs. E. F., $1; Maffett, Mrs. Margaret, $1, Marten, O. H., $1; Meadows, Mrs. N. V., $1; Meyerholz, Fred, $1; Meyerholz, Lizzie, $1; Meyerholz, Mary, $1; Middleman, Mrs. Marian, $1; Miles, Mrs. C. A., $1; Moore, Geo. W., $1; Meyers, Eli, $1; Neal. Mrs. Anna, $1; Nielson, J. T., $1; Nieman, Betta, $1; Oppedahl, M. M., $1; Owens, L., $1, Pack, E. O. $1, Platt, S. D., $1; Poots, Mrs. John, $1; Powers, Mrs. Ida E., $1; Prescott Junior Cong. Church of Christ, $1; Ratliff, Mrs. John C., $1; Rees, Mrs. S. H., $1; Reid, John L., $1; Reif, Mrs. H. F, $1; Reuvers, J. H., $1; Richards, Mrs. H., $1; Risbeck, Laura B., $1; Robinson, Evelyn, $1; Roggniaj, Lucia, $1, Rugh, Ella G., $1; Sadler, Mrs. Mary, $1; Sage, Rev. C. P., $1; Sanders, Mrs. N. J., $1; Schlip, Miss Ida, $1; Scott, Mrs. F. G , $1; Shaw, Mrs. L. A., $1; Shepherd, M. F., $1; Shepard, Mrs. Mary, $1; Sinclair, Mr

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Pleasant View Bapt. Church, $127.50; Citizens of Ramona thru J. A. Weiss, $125.50; Hilkey, Hon. J. E., $125.26: First Bapt. Church S. S. of Atchison, $122.98; Thru Ben. L. Mickel, $119; Red Cross Fund of Whiting, $113.60; Congl. Church & Socy. of Osborne, $113.25; Student Body of Kans. Wesleyan University, Salina, $112; Thru Claude Lowe, $108.50; Thru N. L. Wilson, $107.60; Central Congl. Church of Topeka, $106.07; First Presby. S. S. of Coffeyville, $102.40; First Reformed Church, Womens S. S. Class, Fairview, $101; Central Christian Bible School of Wichita, $100; Chandler, C. Q., $100; Christian Ref. Church of Victor, $100.

Hurst, J. W., $100; M. E. Sunday School, Miller, $100; Moyer, H. V., $100; Peabody First Presby. S. S., $100; Plumb, Mary A., $100; Trueblood, M. J., $100; Wright, G. W., $100; William, Mr. & Mrs. Curtis, $100; Nortonville, A. D. B. Bible Sch., $93.06; Cogswell, Dr. F. A., $92; Scottsville. S. S., $75; Coffeyville First Presby. Church, $70.86; Olive Chapel S. S., Oberlin, $68.50; Thru A. J. Schober, $67; Grenola M. E. Sunday School, $65.50; Brethren in Christ Church, Abilene, $64; Reformed Presby. Church, Quinter, $53.50; Thru Mrs. R. D. Richolson, $62.18; Evangelical S. S. of Alden, $61.65; Garrison United Presby. S. S., $60; Pierson, John, $60; Spencer, Jessie, $60; Presby. Church "Gleaners" & Primary Class, Holton, $57.25; Kans. City First Presby. Ch. Y. P. Socy., C. E., $57; Richardson, T. J., $56.38; Bucks Grove M. E. S. S., $56.25; Smith, Albert R., $56; Mizpah United Evang. Ch. Miss. Socy., Wakefield, $55.25; Harry St. M. E. Church, Men's Bible Class, Wichita, $54; Williams, Miss A., & friends, $53; Horton Bapt. Church $52.50.

First U. B. Church, Plus Ultra Class, Topeka, $46; Federated Sunday School, Ottawa, $51.70; Egelston, E. W. $50; Eshelman, Myron A., $50; Franklin, C. B., $50; Gaston, J. W., $50; Guthrie, T. F., $50; Heldstab, J. F. Sr., $50; Ladies' Aid Soc., W. Indianola, $50; Lawrence, Mrs. Chas. & friends, $50; Lynd, C. D., $50; Maule, H. L., $50 Neal, Mr. & Mrs. A. B., $50; Plymouth Congl. Church, $50; Robb, J. A., $50; Raup, H. R., $50; Schultz, Mrs. A. F., $50; Smith, C. O. & N. A., $50; Wyandotte Roofing Co., $50, Withington, Rev. & Mrs. H. J., $50; Westervelt, Theodore R., $50; Zahner, Augustus, $50; Citizens of Onaga, $46.50; Sherman, Miss J. A., $46.45; Franklin, J. M. & family, $46; Dirks, J. D., $45; Vail, Olive, $45; Citizens of Spearville, $44.82; Batten, J. H., $44.38; Community Church, Gaylord, $44; Presby. S. S. of Solomon, $43.26; M. E. S. S. Adult Bible Class of Burns, $43.

Central Christian Church Men's Bible Class, Wichita, $41.12; Congl. Sunday Sch., Mound City, $41.09; Fairview Christian Church, T. N. T. Class, $41; Lucas Sunday School, $40.50; Hanawalt, Mr. & Mrs. F. L., $40; Pleasant Valley Union S. S., $40. Smith, Mrs. Jennie M., $40; Lofgren; E. E., $39.50; First Congl. Church of Smith Center, $39.40; Bellsprings Sunday School, $39.39; Derby First Presby. Ch., $38.50; Moore, Mrs. G. E., $38; White, Myrtle M., $37.35; Cook, Rev E. H. & friends, $36; Gypsum, M. E. Church, $35.75; Carman, Mrs. Jas. & Louise, $35; Collins, R. A., $35; Darby, V. R., $35; Jackson, Ray, $35; Wilmore, C. C., $35; Thru Katie Vail, $34.50; Hiram Commandery No. 51, Knights Templar, Phillipsburg, $33; Thru A. M Bogle, $30.77; Delia Presby. S. S., $30.65; Young People of Maple City, $30.50; Bethel Congl. A. P. Church of Richmond, $30.30; Alma Junior Red Cross, $30; Bothurst, B. L. & sister, $30; Budds, E. H., $30; Central Church of Christ, Wichita, $31; Ferguson, W. W., $30; Hamilton David, $30.

Margrave, Miss Susan & Martha E Herman, $30; Piper, B. G., $30; Thru Mrs. John Rarig, $30; Seneca Progressive Club, $30; Andrews, A. W. $29.85; Haviland Friends S. S., $29.57; Gilbert, Rev. Noah, W. A., $29; Marty, Mrs. John, $29; Presby. Miss'y. Socy. S. S. of Beloit, $28; Hillside Country Club, $27.30; Thompson, Mrs. R. P., $27; Union S. S. & Revival Services, Dover, $27; Snapp, J. W., $26; Thru T. J. Struckler, $25.98; Union Services of Churches at Alamena, $25.87; First Bapt. Church, Holton, $25.70; Bible Schools of Dover, $25.52; Alford, John F., $25; Beeler, Mr. Fred, $25; Bunten, A. B., $25; Blackman, A. N., $25; Cleburne, M. E. Ladies' Aid Soc., $25; Courtrignt, J. E. & Mrs. Henrietta Courtright, $25; Dilts, F., $25; Dorcas Society, Manhattan, $25; Dungan, B. F., $25; Fullington, Scott, $25; Fulton, L. M., $25; Flack, O. J. $25; Fassler, Mr. A., $25; Forbes, P. H., $25; Four Mile Presby. Miss Socy. of Clay Center, $25.

Gleason, Irving & friends, $25; Gooding, E. A., $25; Godard, A. A., $25; Graham, B., $25; Hamilton, Bertha, $25; Haynes, A. F., $25; Harvey, C. A., $25; Hebron Church, Burdick, $25; Holcomb, H. M., $25; Hinshaw, G. J., $25; Jones, Margaret F., $25; Leger, Mrs. R. J., $25; Low, Mrs. Richard, $25; Long, C., $25; Long, W. A., $25; Lanning, G. B., $25; Lakeside Home Makers' Club, $25; McAllister, J. S., $25; Masheter, Birdie, $25; Mt. Pleasant Presby. Church, $25; Milligan, K. M., $25; Miller, G. M., $25; Margrave, Susan $25; Newlin, P. H., $25; Pansy Club of Dover, $25; Porter, J. G., $25; Rhoads, G. E., $25; Robinson, H. N., $25; Seamans, S. M., $25; Shepard, Mrs. Janie, $25; Slade, W. F., $25; Stavely, A. K., $25; U & I Club, Topeka, $25; Urie, Mrs. M. E., $25; Whittemore, L. D., $25; Wheeler, Mrs. Bennett, R. $25; Yarrow, F. G., $25; Youngman, Mrs. C. L., $25; Churches of Humboldt, $24.18; Smith, Mrs. I. N., $24; Howison, Mrs. C. W., friends & S. S. Class, $23; Heldberg, Mrs. H., $23; Woodward, I. H., $22.50; Meriden Sunbeam S. S., $22; Lury, Anna, $21.50; Fonts. H. J., $21; Glass, Julia, $21; Miller. S. E., $21; Collins, Mrs. E. M., $20.25; Cash, $20; "Two Friends," Wichita, $20.

Allison, D. F., $20; Abbott, Mr. & Mrs. Clyde, $20; Bender, J. D., $20; Bowman, Will D., $20; Buffington, M. C., $20; Bliss, Eleanor E., $20; Breck, Mr. & Mrs. Aaron, $20; Bisby D. A., $20; Cline, F. W., $20; Chanute Ministerial Assn., $20; Caldwell, M. $20; Corkill, Dr. Lena C., $20; Decker, J E., $20; Eller, $20; Elliott, Miss Jane, $20; E. Indianola Com. Church Congregation, $20; Fulton, W. H., $20; Freeman, H. N. $20; Freeman J. E. & Mrs. C. E., $20; Grace Church Epis. S. S., $20; Hughes, Mr. & Mrs. H. E. $20; Hyatt, D. K., $20; Kleikege, Mrs. C., $20; Knoll, Charlie, $20; Kimball, F. B., $20; McClelland, Clara E., $20; Marty, John, $20; Mackey, Mrs. Paul, $20; Martin, John W., $20; Miller Mr. Robert E., $20; Newby., C. W. & family, $20; Nichols, S. C., $20; Oberlin First Bapt. S. S., 4th Grade $20; Price, Mrs. I. G., $20; Rollins, Miss Sarah E. $20; Staatz, F. H., $20; Snyder, T. H. & Emily B., $20; Sterling College, $20; Sherwood, W. C., $20; Spring, Mrs. C. F., $20; Sanderson, Mrs. Olive, $20; Stavely, Mrs. Mattie A., $20; Sturgis, Cecile M., $20; Strawman S. S., $20; Sullivan, Mrs. E. C., $20; Wallace, Emma W., $20; Wright L. R. & E. V., $20; Whipple, Mary, $20; Thru C. A. Pollack, $19.10; Quinton Hts. Bapt. Church, $19; Smith, Walter A. $18.64; Jarbalo S. S., $18.34; Cline F. W., $18.

Hadley, G. T., $18; Prindle, John, $18; Rossville, Olive Br. S. S. $17.52; Cook Mrs. Jacob & friends, $17.50; Carpenter, C. E., $17; Elam Mrs. M. C., $17; Ver Hoge, Miss Kate, $17; McMillan, Mrs. H. M., $16.75; Hay, Mrs. Mary $16; Thru T. F. Kreipe, $16; Princeton M. E. S. S., $16; Naefe, L. F. $16; Thru F. W. Schaffert, $16; Woman's Relief Corps & friends of Clay Center $16; Reed, A. M., $15.75; Galesburg Christian S. S., $15.60; Brown, Mrs. M. E., $15.50; First Congl. Church of Onaga, $15.20; Manshardt. F. M., $15.15; Richmond School, $15.05; Augustine, Mrs. Julia & friend, $15; Atherton, Mrs. Wm., $15; Brumfield, John, $15; Blue Rapids Episc. Church and S. S., $15; Bartlett, Mrs. A. H., $15; Browne, Nellie M., $15; Bennett, Mary E. & May, $15; Thru Mrs. E. A. Beals, $15; Cross, Lydia & sisters, $15; Clark, Mary M., $15; Canning Creek S. S., $15; Cora Congl. Church of Lebanon, $15; Cowgill, J. W., $15; Coffey J. H., $15; Conklin, Louise, $15; Elliott, N. C., $15; Fleming Bros., $15; Fritz, Ethel E., $15; Grovernor, Mrs. L. M. $15; Huron Presby. Church, $15; Hiawatha First Presby. Ladies' Aid Soc., $15; Hixon, H. P., $15; Karns, A. A., $15; Litchfield, John, $15; Levine, R. E., $15; Moss, B. F., $15; Manchester M. E. S. S., $15; McMillen, Mrs. I. C., $15; Madans, Frank & Geo. Goens, $15; Martin, Adella & Eliz. M. Ingold, $15; Osgood, Clara L., H. P. & C., $15; Pugh, Dr C. E., $15; Perry, W. D., $15; Primary Dept. Plymouth Congl. Church of Lawrence, $15

Pleasant, J. M., $15; Runyan, Cora L., $15; Russell, W. T., $15; Randle, W. S., $15; Rosebrough, Mrs. E. J., $15, Seeley, Rachel, $15; Thru Sarah J. Stanley, $15; Shoemaker, Renna & J. W., $15; Trueblood, Mrs. Mary E., $15; Vories, T. H. & Son, $15; Wyandt, C. C., $15; White, B. F., $15; Yoder, Mr. & Mrs. E. T., $15; Y. W. C. A. of High School, Canton, $15; Hillyard, J. L., $14.67; Seaman Rural High School, $14.28; Mirth, O. F., $14.25; Christian Bible School of Augusta, $14.21; Pleasant Valley S. S., $14.15; Berrett, Miss Laura M., $14.02; Cedar Point Presby. S. S. $14; Keys, Mrs. J., $14; Palm, Miss Elnora. $14; Uniondale Bapt. Church. $14; Chase, S. S., $13.66; Churches of Iola, $13.55; "Kansas"—Leona, $13.50; Bright Side S. S. of Denison, $13.50; Beach, Mrs. W. I, $13; Evans, Mrs. E. H., $13; Powers Mrs. B. L., $13; Stamm, J. G., $13; Pierceville Union S. S., $12.97; Excelsior Y. M. C. A. of Tabor Church, Goessel, $12.80.

Belpre M. E. Church Class No. 3, $12.59; Been, Mrs. R. D., $12.50; Joseph, T. D., $12.50; McCrughton, Joe, $12.40; Horst, Mrs. Mamie & friends, $12.30; Yeager, Mrs. D. A., $12.10; Cornwell, Mrs. Wm., $12; Carlson, E. T., $12; Connell, Mrs. L. M., $12; Green, N. B., $12; McCrory, Mrs. John & Mrs. Bert Lyons, $12; Thru M. W. Sterling, $12; Stewart, Ethel, $12; Wiltse, Mr. & Mrs. Sol., $12; Ref. Presby. Church S. S. of Topeka, $11.77; Ministerial Assn., Moundridge $11.74; Dobson Miss Margaret. $11.50; Berean S. S. Class. Ark. City, $11; Center Chapel S. S., Parsons, $11; Chandler, Inez L., $11; Cooling, Mrs. Belle, $11; Hillaide, S. S. of Mullinville, $11; Martin, Miss Mary, $11; Shull, Mrs. D. L., $10.50; Thru Mrs. R. A. Shoemaker, $10.50; Congl. Missy. Socy. of Wakefield, $10.35; Excelsior Y. M. C. A. of Newton, $10 09; Bidwell, O. H., $10.04; Brown, Peter, $10.02; Anonymous, $10; A Friend, $10; A Friend, White City, $10; N. E. L., Lyndon, $10; Mrs. S. M. R. & family, Manhattan, $10

Abell, M. H., $10; Anderson, Eva & Ruth, $10; Anthony High School Girls Y. W. C. A., $10; Atchison, Mr. & Mrs. A. R., $10; Ackerman, Mr. & Mrs. E. C., $10; Ansel, Nellie M., $10; Alexander, C. W., $10; Axtell, Mr. & Mrs. W. R., $10; Beach Mrs. W. T., $10; Blackmon, A. N., $10; Brook, Emma J., $10; Black, Miss Georgia, $10; Bollard, W. W., $10; Bernten, A. B., $10; Branaman, Mrs. D. H., $10; Bunten. Beulah L., $10; Brookover Miss S. E., $10; Buzzell, George, $10; Bradford, Mrs. H. E., $10; Benedict, W. H., $10; Banks, Alice, $10; Bell, O. C. $10; Buckheim. Mrs. Otto, $10; Brooks. Mrs. L. R., $10; Gebhardt, Mrs. Wm., $10; Boyer, Mrs. S. S. & daughter, $10; Bolinger, Whilomena, $10; Bowers, J. E., $10; Burrows, Mr. & Mrs. W. P., $10; Belton, Mr. & Mrs. Dick, $10; Bergeson, E. N., $10; Batchelder, Mrs. G. R., $10; Boucher, Walter, $10; Bieber, Mrs. Theo., $10; Bates, Frank L., $10; Bean, Mrs. M. E., $10; Berg Sunday School, Elkhart, $10; Brown, F. E., $10; Brown, Mrs. Nettie, $10; Crooks, A. D., $10; Chamberlin, Jesse, $10; Cochran, Alice F., $10; Chaffee. Dr. S. N., $10; Cowgill, Rena H., $10; Cox, Dr. Seth L., $10; Crosby, E. H., $10; Casement, A., $10

These two little chaps were caught by the camera, waiting patiently for American relief

Chaney, W. L., $10; Coffey, Miss M. R., $10; Carlton, W. C., $10; Carpenter, M. C., $10; Carpenter. Wm., $10; Carpenter, Mrs. A. D., $10; Cole, Alice, $10; Chilcott, Mrs. Rebecca A., $10; Coyville M. E. Sunday School, $10; Clutz, Mrs. R. R., $10; Daugherty, Mrs. M. D., $10; Davidson, R. A., $10; De La, Mr. & Mrs. W. W., $10; Dyck, H. C., $10; Davis, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. A., $10; Davis, Elizabeth, $10; Detrick, C. H., $10; Down, Mrs. A., $10; Dunbar, Mrs. W. L., $10; Dible, Mrs. Jermins, $10; Donnell, Mrs. J. G., $10; Elam, Mr. John W., $10; Ellis, A. H., $10; Evans, Mrs. L. T., $10; Eberhardt, Mrs. Mary, $10; Fairview Ref. S. S. Bible Class, $10; Fall River High Sch. Boys, $10; Ferguson, Ada L., $10; Fryhofer, Mr. & Mrs. A., $10; Forbes, D. H., $10; Foster, Mrs. A. V., $10; Franklin Geo., $10; Gossett, Thos. M., $10; Gifford, A. B., $10; Griffing, John S., $10; Grant, Mrs. Geo. & Hazel Ecton, $10; Griffin, Mrs. N. E., & friend, $10; Greenough, E. A. $10; Greenough. Mrs., $10; Grau, Mrs. J. S. & daughters, $10; Griffin, Mrs. U. M., $10.

Garrott, Ashley E., $10; Holmes, Elma, $10; Herrington, H. W., $10; Hathaway, D. J., $10; Harshman, A. Z., $10; Harbaugh, Mrs. D. C., $10; Harker, M. J., $10; Hull, Ernest A., $10; Hurlbert, Mrs. M. E., $10; Hall; Lyman. $10; Hart, Geo. M., $10. Hamilton, Sarah, $10; Heartburg, C. E., $10; Houstedt, D. F., $10; Hill, Susan, $10; Herndon, J. W., $10; Hogg, Mr. & Mrs. Wm., $10; Hilbert, Eliza, $10; Holland, Mrs. Mary, $10; Herman, M. E., $10; Hottenstein, Fred, $10; Hofmaine, J. M., $10; Jaeger. Mabel R., $10; Jerman, Mrs. Ada, $10; Johnston, J. E., $10; Johnson, E. C., $10; Johnson, A. V., $10; Kemp, Mrs; John, $10; Kendall, Mrs. C. A., $10. Kibbe, Mary E., $10; Knotter, Jas. (Rev.), $10; Kirkhide, Mrs. M., $10; Klingberg, Dr. W., $10; Mrs. Lord's Flower Room, $10; Leach, Rose G., $10; Low, Richard. $10; Lyons, R. G., $10; Lester, Mrs. V. A., $10; Lester, Mrs. V. A., $10; Laybourn, J. W., $10; Lundy, C. W., $10; Lewis, Esther, $10; Lawrence, Mrs. H., $10; Lutton, R. C., $10; Lortecher, John & friends, $10; Loy, C. M., $10; Lafferty, E. M., $10; McAllister, Mr. & Mrs. Richard, $10; McCumber. Mr. & Mrs. & Miss Pauline Ruth, $10; McCovin. Mrs. W. J., $10; McKinnie, Mrs. N. H., $10.

McNaughton, Dr. J. H., $10; Miller, C. D. & Mrs. Miller, $10; Mack, Hattie E., $10; Merriam, Mr. & Mrs. F. D., $10; Marquand, Mrs Joe., $10; Marshall Sisters, $10; Marquand, Mrs. W. B. & friend, $10; Merritt. Mrs. A. C., $10; Mills Mrs. Linnie, $10; Morrill Brethren Church Loyal Bible Class, $10; Messer, Miss Lucile, $10; Mason, W. L., $10; Moseman, H. F., $10; Miller A. H. $10; Maben, Mrs. Ida, $10; Nicoll, D T., $10; Noetzel, Dan, $10; Newell. Brent & Sarah. $10; Nesbit. J. J., $10; Pleasanton Christian S S., $10; Poole. Alice L., $10; Pratt, Mrs. J D., $10; Piper, Mrs. G. C., $10; Pratt, Mr. & Mrs. F. E., $10; Pinney, Geo. G., $10; Pupils of Dist. No. 3, Elgin, $10; Paulson, Mrs. L., $10; Pinder, Elsie A., $10; Pinder, Mr. & Mrs. A. G., $10; Rockhill, C. M., $10; Rogers, Mrs. A. B., $10; Reichart, John, $10; Rickenbocher, F. F., $10; Riesen, Helen, $10; Rhoads, Mrs. Annie, $10; Rhoads, Mark H., $10; Ruch, C. J., $10; Robertson, Mrs. J. B., $10; Schuk, N. M., $10; Stearns, Mr. & Mrs. F. M., $10; Stephens, Chas, $10; Stiers, Sheldon, $10; Sherwood, Walter C., $10; Sandy, W. B., & Mary, $10; Speck, Carrie E., $10; Schreiber, Ella B., $10; Sotow, Mrs. Henry, $10; Sterrett, Mrs. J. J., $10; Spillman, J. H., $10; Stewart, Miss F. A. & Mrs. Josephine, $10; Stewart, W. H., $10; Stewart, Mrs. J. H., $10; Sumpter, Helen, $10; Studt, Clara C., $10; Smith, L. S., $10; Smith, Vera, $10; Thye, Henry, $10; Thisler, Ella, $10; Trimble, W. P., $10; Taylor. Zack, $10; Tomson, Mrs. Eva, $10; Tellefson, Mrs. C., $10; Taft, Mary, $10; Thomson, Ellen M., $10; Tate, Mrs. J. W. & Mrs. Barlow, $10; Thurlow, Wm., $10; Vaupel, Geo., $10; Vining, W. B., $10; Winsor. S. R., $10; Wilson, Lloyd H., $10; White, Mr. & Mrs. O. H., $10; Wiseman, A. L., $10; Wolfe, Carmie, $10; Walker, Mr. & Mrs. Robt. W., $10; Ward, Sarah J., $10; Watson, Mrs. J. J., $10; Woodworth, D. M., $10; Wolf, Jesse, $10; Wolyneaux, W. H., $10; Watkins, J. H., $10; Waltoner, A. J., $10; Wright, J E., $10; Widney, Mrs. Annie, $10; Woehner, Mrs. V. Margaret, $10; Wallace, J. E., $10; Warner, Mrs. H. C., $10; Wiener, Lee, $10; Woman's Missy. Socy. of Holton, $10; Wyland, Prof. Will L., $10; Thru Susan B. Gibson, $10; Young, Mrs. Mary E., $10.

Richview S. S. of Melvern, $9.60; Manz, Margaret, $9.50; Presby. S. S. of Kingsdown, $9.41; Prairie Home S. S., La Cygne, $9.30; Simpson, C. V. & family, $9.25; St. Paul's M. E. Ch. Epworth League, $9.10; Marty, Katy & Isabella, $9.10; Members of N. G. No. 1722 thru R. B. Reed, $9; Evangelical Church, Hiawatha, $8.98; Plymouth Congl. Ch. S. S. Class of Girls, $8.25; Pleasant Ridge S. S., $8.14; Boyd, Mrs. J. J., $8; Bartholomew, Mrs. Bessie, $8; Bates, Mr. & Mrs. F. J., $8; Community Church S. S. of White Cloud, $8; Castle, C. F. & Mary A., $8; Lindquist, E., $8; La Plant, Esther, $8; Long, Mrs. E. W., $8; New Mrs. J. H., $8; Snodgrass, Mrs. L. A., $8; Hatton Sunday School, $7.75; McCoy, A. L. & M. S. $7.50; Nelson, Mr. & Mrs. Y. B., $7.50; Symes, Mary E., $7.50; Smith, Ernest N., $7.50; Seaman Rural High School, $7.50; Thru Olive Vail, $7.50; Epworth League & S. S. of Orion, $7; Earhart, S. L., $7; Farmridge S. S., Elk City, $7; Harry St. M. E. S. S., Wichita, $7; Kesler, Mary E., $7; Lee, Mrs. Lizzie, $7; McKelvey, Mattie, $7; Metzler, Mr. & Mrs. R. R. & Mrs. C. G. Fox, $7; Merrill, Mrs. Emily & Miss Sara Nott, $7.

Thru Miss Gustava Peterson, $7; Rupperton, H. M., $7; Riederer A. H., $7; Snyder, Mrs. R. W., $7; Stillman, Mrs. P. E., $7; Zilker, Chas. M., $7; Bapt. S. S. of New Albany, $7; Bluke, W. W., $7; Bodman, Hattie E. & Miss J. E. Bodman, $7; Henage, R. N., $6.50; Rupp, E. W., $6.45; Christian Church People of Randall, $6.30; Ogallah, M. E. S. S. Class, $6.10; Beebe, Christa & Kate Stolz, $6; Carpenter, G. W., $6; Danheim, Mrs. H. N., $6; Ellis, Mrs. M. S., $6; Hahn, T. J., $6; Homer, Rev. S. D., $6; Melbert, C., $6; Miller Mrs. Anna, $6; Philathea Class of Lyon Creek Church, $6; Smith, Miss Zollah, $6; Ulbrich Otto G., $6; White, Mary, $6; Thru Mrs. E. B. Carpenter, $5.75, Junior High School, Holton, $5 58; United Evang. S. S., Hiawatha, $5.57; Fullerton S. S., Kinsley, $5 55; Louder, Kathryn & sister, $5.50; Union Sunday School of New Ulysses, $5.41; Walton G. H. & J. H., $5.35; Bellcview U. Sunday School, $5.28; Arnold, O. C., $5.25; Humphrey, S. C., $5.05; Anonymous, Oberlin, $5; Anonymous, Osborne, $5; Anonymous, Topeka, $5; Anonymous, Winfield, $5; A Friend Auburn, $5.

A Friend, Ottawa, $5; A Friend. Riley, $5; A Sympathizer, Alma, $5; Cash, $5; Cash, Jewell, $5; Mrs. C. E. H., Jewell City, $5; K. J. C., Logan, $5; Geo. A. D., Wakefield, $5; Adler, Mrs. F., $5; Anderson, Mrs. August, $5; Anderson, Mrs. W. G., $5; Asher, Mrs. Cornelia, $5; Auld, Mrs. W. H., $5; Barnes, Mrs. Margaret, $5; Barber, Ella N., $5; Barber, Ethyle, $5; Barr, W. L., $5; Ball E. A., $5; Ballantyne, M. G., $5; Banaclough, Walter, $5; Bacus, L. L., $5; Bergstresser, E., $5; Bennett, E. M., $5; Bennett, Mary, $5; Beatty Z. W., $5; Bell, Mrs. Ruth, $5; Bell, R. M. $5; Beaver, Redema, $5; Beechly Mrs. Nellie, $5; Blackwell, Rev. & Mrs. A. G., $5; Blocker, Mr. Howard, $5; Blythe, Mrs. S. J., $5; Bleakley, J., $5; Blakeley, Florence A., $5; Black, Mrs. John, $5; Bolmar. Adelaide C., $5; Bothe, Mrs. Jennie, $5; Boyle, Mrs. Anna, $5; Bowser, Gladys M., $5; Bozarth, Blanche, $5; Bosworth W. A., $5; Boyden, Mrs. S. E., $5; Bradburg, Morris, $5; Brady, K. O., $5; Brown, Mrs. P. H., $5; Bryant, J. M., $5; Brabb, W. M., $5; Broadie, Ella B., $5; Broadie, P. E., $5; Burchard, Mr. & Mrs. C. A., $5; Butler, Mrs. Mary L. $5; Bugbee, E. K., $5; Burns John, $5.

Burns, L. C., $5; Buckwalter Mrs. Earl, $5; Burkholder J. E., $5; Burnham, $5; Cavanaugh E. C., $5; Cavanaugh, Myra A., $5; Campbell, Jennie I., $5; Canright, Mrs. J. M., $5; Cate, Florence M., $5; Casey, Wayne, $5; Central Cong. S. S., Primary Dept., Topeka, $5; Cedar Valley Bapt. S. S. Clements, $5; Child, Arthur. $5; Chenoront, Mrs. P. T., $5; Chaud, Lucy L., $5; Chesney, John, $5; Clark. Nora, $5; Collins, Grace M., $5; Cottrell, G. M., $5; Colored Second Christian Church, Topeka, $5; Colvin Rev. D. H. $5; Cole, Mr. & Mrs. Edwin V., $5; Courtney, Maude M., $5; Colburn. Mrs. E A., $5; Collins, Mrs. G. W., $5; Correll, Mrs. Wm., $5; Crisfield, Mrs. Susan, $5; Crockett, Mr. & Mrs. S. K., $5; Crumly, Mrs. Etta M., $5; Curry, J. M., $5; Cunningham, T. N., $5; Crumbine, Dr. S. J. & wife, $5; Deaver, Mary L., $5; Dendurent M., $5; Derby F. A., $5; Thru Mrs. Wm. Dealy $5; Denholm, Mrs. Hattie E., $5; Deglow Rev. C. Wm., $5; Drosselmeier, Mrs. F. H., $5; Dooley, Mrs. A. J., $5; Dooley Elizabeth B., $5; Dodson, Mrs. J. S., $5; Denny, Emanuel, $5; Dunning, R. M., $5; Denby, John Edward, $5; Davis, Mrs. E. C., $5; Davis B. M., $5; Davis, J. P., $5; Eyer, Hy, $5; Engel, Mrs. Jessie, $5; Eaman, Mrs. J. P., $5; Elvin, Harry E., $5; Ensor, J. F., $5; Eshelman, J. W., $5; Egan, John G., $5; Elliott, D. H. $5; Freeman, Winfield, $5; Franklin, Maurice & Russell, $5; Feakins, Mrs. Mary A. $5; Falkner & Wentworth, $5; Fraser, family, $5; Frakes, Mrs. E. B., $5; Foote, Ella A., $5; Fullington, C. B., $5; Furman, O. E., $5; Felton, Florence M., $5.

Fillinger L. D., $5; Fetrow, F. E. & H. B., $5; Fontz, Emma R. $5; Freadulon, Chas., $5; Gault, E. B., $5; Garrot, J. R. $5; Garfield Congl. S. S., $5; Gerberding, Mr. & Mrs. O. C., $5; Geel Miss Mabel, $5; Gibbs, F. C., $5; Gibson, Mr. & Mrs. W. H., $5; Gillett, Mrs. D. L., $5; Gladden, E. N., $5; Glasscock, Rena V., $5; Glent, Mrs. E. E., $5; Good, J. F., $5; Goldman, Mary, $5; Goodwin. Lila H., $5; Grosh, Miss Mabel E., $5; Grandy, Mrs. Ella, $5; Grice, C. E., $5; Graham, Mrs. A. L., $5; Greenwood, Mrs. Mary $5; Graves, J. A., $5; Grob, Matt, $5; Gray, Mrs. C. H., $5; Griest, J. E., $5; Graves, Mrs. J. W., $5; Guiney, Rev. J. B., $5; Hanson, Mrs. Martin, $5; Harmon, Harry, $5; Harvey, Mrs. C. S. $5; Hallinger, Walter, $5; Hancuff, Mrs. E., $5; Hammett, Roy F. $5; Heflebower, Mrs. A. E., $5; Hedman, Olaf, $5; Heck, Mrs. Catherine, $5; Heisey, Mrs. S. B., $5; Henus, E. H., $5; Hickman, Mrs. M. A., $5; Holyoke, Ann P., $5; Holyoke, Mrs. Geo. T., $5; Howell D. Wm., $5; Hobein, Mrs. H. C., $5; Hopley, Mrs. A. C., $5; Holsinger, Mrs. F. $5; Hoover, A. A., $5; Hoover, Rhoda, $5; Hungernin, Phoebe, $5; Hubbard, Lon A. $5; Humphreys, Mr. & Mrs. J. F., $5; Humphreys, Emily, $5; Isaacson, C. A., $5; Johnson, Mrs. H. A., $5; Johnson, R. H., $5; Jones, Ida L., $5; Jones, Mrs E. N. $5; Judy, A. G., $5; Justice, J. C. $5; Kempton, Sarah, $5.

Klinge, Mr. & Mrs. Fred, $5; Kinsey, Henry, $5; Kittell, Henry A., $5; Kample, D. G., $5; Kauffman, J. A., $5; Kelley, Mr. & Mrs. H. V., $5; Kelly, George, $5; Kline, Wilda, $5; Klady, Mrs. Lillian, $5; Leach, Mr. & Mrs. F. H., $5; Leavitt, Charlotte M., $5; Leavitt. Eliza S., $5; Lovett, Mrs. B. A. $5; Little, Grover $5; Lake, Prosper D., $5; Latham, Miss Lottie $5; Long, Lillian $5; Leighty, Mrs. N. J., $5; Lewis, Winnifred, $5; Lewis, Dr. & Mrs. F. W., $5; Lifebow, Eli, $5; Lindsay, Helen E., $5; Lyons, H. G., $5; McAfee, Marian, $5; McCaslin, Catherine, $5; McCollough, Mrs., $5; McCosh, Bertha, $5; McClung. Wm., $5; McCune, Sallie, $5; McKelvy, W. P., $5; McKinney, A. L., $5; McMillen, Wm., $5; Martin, Mary B., $5; Malicky, Chas., $5; Marshall, Mr. & Mrs. W. S., $5; Marsh, Mrs. W. H., $5; Marion Bible Study Club, $5; Messinger, Fred, $5; Metz, F C., $5; Mitchell, W. S., $5; Miller, Mrs. A., $5; Miller, Mrs. Frances, $5; Miller & Son. $5; Miller, D. W., $5; Miller, Ada B., $5; Mitchell, M. S., $5; Mills, A. T., $5; Montgomery, Mr. & Mrs. J. T. $5; Montgomery, Mrs. Chas., $5; Morton, H. E., $5; Morrill, Mrs. Ella, $5; Moon, Elizabeth L., $5; Moffatt, E. E., $5; Mound City M. E. S. S., Earnest Workers, $5; Mueller, F. W., $5; Murphy, Mary K. $5; Mullinax, Mrs. Lavinia, $5; Musser, W. Lloyd, $5; Myers, Mrs. L. B., $5; Naber, Peter, $5; Naag, Mrs. Sue M., $5; Newell, Mack, $5; Newell, Mr. & Mrs. Frank, $5; Niotass Club of Lawrence, $5; Nichols, Mary E., $5; Northbranch W. C. T. U., $5; Northway, Mr. & Mrs. C. M., $5; Ortt, Leonard, $5; Orr, A. M., $5; Orr, Mr. & Mrs. Thos. H., $5; Parsons, Earl, $5; Patterson, W. T., $5; Paine. Mrs. Eliza, $5; Packard, J. G., $5; Pattee, J. W., $5; Parsons, Mrs. Katherine H., $5; Pearson, Miss Anna, $5; Pontz, P. Le, $5; Penner. Rev. H. D., $5; Peck, Carrie L., $5; Peters Minnie V., $5; Piper, J. O., $5; Pinder F. E., $5; Porter, Mr. & Mrs. R. B., $5; Poland, Delia. $5; Phelps, Mrs. F. H., $5; Phillips, Mrs. Elizabeth $5; Popp, Myrtle A., $5.

Price, Mrs. Chas., $5; Price, Miss Maude A., $5; Raup, James R., $5; Raymond, Mrs. E. B., & Levi, $5; Ramaker. H. J., $5; Radenbaugh, J. W., $5; Ress, Hugh A., $5; Richardson, Will, $5; Royer, Mrs. Geo., $5; Roundtree, Mary, $5; Robb, Mrs. Wm., $5; Roswurn, C. A., $5; Rose, Wm., $5; Rutz, C. J., $5; Schmidt, Mr. & Mrs. Alexander, $5; Scott, Alfred A., $5; Scott, Milton F., $5; Schuessler, Egbert, $5; Schroer, H. H., $5; Schroader, Fred, $5; See, Rev. A. N., $5; Segelquist, M., $5; Seal, J. H., $5; Seigle. M. C., $5; Sheaffer. Mrs. Anna, $5; Sheaffer. Mrs. M. T., $5; Sherwood, Mrs. Mary, $5; Shaw, Mrs. E. M., $5; Sheridan, D. M., $5; Shinn, A. C., $5; Sloan, W. C. $5; Slocum, Mary R., $5; Smith, Mrs. Eliz. $5; Smith, Mrs. B. H., $5; Smith, Mrs. Mary J., $5; Sollitt, Mr. & Mrs. L. L., $5; Sparks, Helen L., $5; Spalding, W. A., $5; Spangler, Mrs. G. E., $5; Sperry, H. B., $5; Staus, Katherine, $5; Stauffer, A. F., $5; Stalker Everett, $5; Stamm, John, $5; Steele, Mary A., $5; Stevens, E. F., $5; Stephenson, Sara G., $5; Stelter, J. D., $5, Stinson, G. L., & friend, $5; Stowell, H. A., $5; Stover, Raymond L., $5; Stockwell, Miss A., $5; Stout, Dale, Delphine & Joe, $5; Stout, Mrs. E. D., $5; Stewart, Mrs. A. E. $5; Staatz, Mrs. Anna E., $5; Strickler, Ruth, $5; Tannehill, H. E., $5; Titus, C. H., $5; Thompson, J. C., $5; Thomson, Sisters, $5; Toronto State Bank, $5; Todd, Mrs. Helen M., $5; Tomson, Harriet A., $5; Tomson, John, $5; Tomlinson, A., $5; Trabue, Miss Ann L., $5; Tripp, Mrs. Frank C., $5; Tremsin, L. B., $5; Truan, John, $5; Trull, Mrs. G. W., $5; Tuthington, Mary W., $5; United Presby. W. M. Socy. of Viola, $5; Vanderhoof, Mrs. Lucy, $5; Vance, Mrs. S. S., $5; Venneberg, Mrs. Kate, $5; Walker, Mrs. F. M., $5; Warner, Josephine, $5; Watkins, J. H., $5; Webster, Wm., $5.

Wettrick, Mrs. A. D., $5; Wilson, Dr. D. D., $5; Wilson, Mr. & Mrs. Jno., $5; Wilson, Mrs. Baxter & A. M. Wilson $5; Wilson, Mrs. L. M., $5; Wilson, R. T., $5; Williams, Winnifred, $5; Whaley, Mr. & Mrs. Wm., $5; White, Mrs. Jennie E., $5; Wiley, Mrs. Jennie, $5; Wiseman, B. W., $5; Wright, Annie M. $5; Wright

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$3; Thompson, Mr. & Mrs. F. C., & Ruth, $3.

Van Travers, D. F., $3; Woodward, P. J., $3; Wilson, Rev. J. F., $3; Wheeler, C. L., $3; Westenkuhler, Elsie, $3; Songer, Mrs. A., $2.75; Stegeman, Mrs. Wm., $2.66; Winold, Camp Fire Girls, $2.66; Appleby, Mrs. R. A., $2.65; Ahting, Helen, $2.50; Bailey, Mrs. Ira, $2.50; Bunters, B. B., $2.50; Cornick, P. B., $2.50; Fletcher, Mrs. Frank, $2.50; Hill, L. F., $2.50; Irvin, Mrs. G. A., $2.50; Keller, Charles, $2.50; McLeod, Mary, $2.50; McClung, Mary M., $2.50; Opdycke, Mrs. H. A., $2.50; Unrub, W. G., $2.50; Moss, Mary Mabel, $2.38; Junction City A. M. E. Church, $2.35; Davis, Mrs. E. Sunday School, $2.30; Students of Bethel College, $2.30; Howe, Mrs. J. L., $2.25; Plotts, Mrs. Avie J., $2.15; Poland, Mrs. Ralph, $2.10; Fleharty, J. H., $2.05; Watson, Mr. & Mrs. Geo. R., $2.05; Anonymous, Lawrence, $2; Anonymous, Milo, $2; Anonymous, Frankfort, $2; A Friend, Beloit, $2; A Friend, Kansas City, $2; A Friend, Milo, $2; A Friend, Winfield, $2; A Friend, Yates Center, $2; A Subscriber, Abilene, $2; Cash, $2; Cash, $2; Lawrence, $2; Mrs. M. A. Alton, $2; Allen, Herman, $2; Allen, Mrs. Pope W., $2; Angol Mr. & Mrs. F. C., $2; Atkinson, Mrs. Myrtle, $2; Bailey, L. F., $2; Banta, Wm., $2; Babcock, Mrs. W., $2; Black, C. S., $2; Burkholder, Mrs. S. A., $2; Boshell, Mrs. N. A., $2; Breslen, Mr. Thomas, $2; Brinsmard, Mrs. E., $2; Bell, Margaret D., $2; Campbell, Jessie E., $2; Campbell, Mrs. J. A., $2; Coffman, Mrs. L. B., $2; Colborg, Mrs. Otto, $2; Cullum, Chas. M., $2; Colby Philathea S. S. Class, $2; Coe, Mrs. J. H., $2; Cunningham, W. N., $2; Coulson, C. E., $2; Cochran, Susan, $2; Clark, Mrs. G. G., $2; Davis, Anna J., $2; Davis, Elmer, $2; Deems, Mrs. M. A., $2; Dickey, Etta E., $2; Drew, Mrs. Joan, $2; Diehl, Mr. & Mrs. Jacob, $2; Dartnall, Mrs. Edw., $2; Dull, Mary, & sister, $2; Dibul, Mrs. M. S., $2; Darst, A. F., $2; Dyarman, Geo., $2; Eastman, Minnie A., $2.

Ellsworth First Presby. Church, $2; Evans, Robt., $2; Eldridge, C. E., $2; Emmel, Mrs. Minnie, $2; Farwell, Mrs. S. B., $2; Fee, Mrs. Elizabeth, $2; Ferris, Mrs. L. M., $2; Fiske, Mrs. A. W., $2; Finn, Jennie, $2; Freeman, Mrs. H. E., $2; Gasten, Mrs. Reed, $2; Grace, L. B., $2; Glasgow, Margery R., $2; Greider, Mrs. J. B., $2; Hammatt T. D., $2; Hunter, Mrs. J. W., $2; Hull, Mrs. P. A., $2; Hall, S. R., $2; Hitchcock, Dr. H. A., $2; Hoffman, Grace, $2; Howe, Mrs. L. B., $2; Herren, Miss Verna, $2; Hildinger, C. G. $2; Hansen, Mr. H. F. & H. M., $2; Halley, J. E., $2; Hulett, Dr., $2; Janney, Mrs. S. M., & Mrs. G. Cheetum, $2; Jennings, Alta C., $2; Jones, Mrs. Jane E., $2; Jones, J. K., $2; Koons, Mrs. J. S., $2; Kaer, Mr. & Mrs. Walter S., $2; Kirkpatrick, Otto L., $2; Kisby, A., $2; Klinkenberg, C., $2; Lee, Amelia, $2; Lee, John, $2; Lalonette, Mrs. Marie, $2; Lichtenberger, Mr. & Mrs. R. H., $2; Lady, Miss Kate, $2; Lenington, Grace E., $2; Laick, Mrs. J. W., $2; Lash, Ellis G., $2; Levick, Crew, $2; Lewis, R. G., $2; Lagerstrom, Mrs. N. U., $2; McAllister, J. A., $2; McCaslin, Emma, $2; McDowell, Mrs. W. E., $2; McFadden, Mrs. H., $2; McMillan, Bessie, $2; Miller, O. E., $2; Miller, Jacob, $2; Munson, Mrs. Rodgers, $2; Mayos Mrs. J. L., $2; Miller, Florence, $2; Martin, Margaret D., $2.

Marshall, G. T., $2; Mealey, Grace, $2; Marshall, Hattie, $2; Nelson, Miss Lillian, $2; Nelson, Mrs. G. W., $2; Newell, Mrs. Horace, $2; Overbury, Mrs. Fred, $2; Ogborn. C. H., $2; Oliver, Mrs. W. T., $2; Pade, Mrs. Louis, $2; Pratt, Lou A., $2; Page, C. J., $2; Pierson Union S. S., Coffeyville, $2; Public Library, Ottawa, $2; Peasley, Miss Stella, $2; Philathea Class of Lyon Creek S. S., $2; Quisenberry, Mrs. J. S., $2; Randall, Mrs. G. A., $2; Riley, J. H., $2; Rhoads, Mrs. E. E., $2; Reider, Mrs. L. & Miss Minnie, $2; Rowe, W. H., $2; Stead, Mrs. M. M., $2; Spradling, E. E., $2; Stiteler, E. S., $2; Sisson, Mrs. Sarah, $2; Stauffer, R. A., $2; Stuns, C., $2; Steele, J. L., $2; Stewart, Mrs. E. N., $2; Spencer, Mrs. Emma, $2; Scannell, Fred, $2; Spalton, Mrs., $2; Truex, Mrs. S. C., $2; Typen, W. S., $2; Toman, H., $2; Ulrich, Sarah A., $2; Unrick, W. F., $2; Van Laer, L., $2; Vandervelde, Conrad, $2; Watson, Mrs. B. S. $2; Webb, Mrs. J. W., $2; Wilcox, Jessie, $2; Williams, Ella D., $2; Williams Alfa, $2; Wickham, Miss Iva, $2; Wright, Mrs. L. F., $2, Wheeler, G. H., $2; Way, A. J., $2; Yost, Geo., $2; Zimmerman, F., $2; Bell, Mrs. Ida M., $2.

Pleasant Valley S. S., $1.50; Trusdale, M., $1.50; Weber, Master, Dean, $1.50; Brisendine, Mr. & Mrs. H. and Emma L. Brisendine, $1.25; Hunsicker, Mildred, $1.25; Wright, Rev. L. E., $1.10; Anonymous, $1; Anonymous, Logan, $1; Anonymous, Topeka, $1; Anonymous, Windsor, $1; A Friend, Bushton, $1; A Friend, Isabel, $1; A Christian Herald Reader, Topeka, $1; A Christian Herald Reader, Topeka, $1; A Kansas Friend, Horton, $1; "Cash," Abilene, $1; A. M. D., Chetopa, $1; S. S. W., Lawrence, $1; B. G. M., Sylvia, $1; Mrs. A. E. E., Wellington, $1; In Jesus' Name, $1; Anderson, P., $1; Aschmann, A. $1; Bond, Wm., $1; Breminghouse, Mrs. Annie E., $1; Bell, Mrs. M. J., $1; Bluebaugh, Mrs. T. G., $1; Butcher, Mr. & Mrs. H. V., $1; Bollinger, Mrs. Mary M., $1; Bryan, Mrs. A. M., $1; Beckwith, Mary, $1; Barger, G. L., $1; Blanchard, Helen, $1; Brown, Rose, $1; Craushaw, Hy, $1; Calvert, C. E. Society, $1; Carlson, Mrs. Frank S., $1; Cooper, Mrs. G. N., $1; Crook, Helen R., $1; Cromwell, Mrs. H. E., $1; Coathorpe, Georgiana, $1; Case, Miss Violet, $1; Clark, Mrs. G. G., $1; Clark, J. S., $1; Clarke, Mrs. Ellen A., $1; Clarke, Mrs. H. L., $1; Durner, G. H., $1; Dale, Mrs. C. E., $1; Dunlop, John, $1; Drury, Mrs. John, $1; Duncan, Mrs. Mayme, $1; Eastwood, Mrs. Edna, $1; Ellenanger, Mrs. M. E., $1; Emery, Mrs. Geo., $1; Elyea, Mrs. Sadie, $1; Ellis, Mrs. Lee E., $1.

Furman, O. E., $1; Fults, Mrs. Myrtle, $1; Flagg, C. H., $1; Field, Mrs M. L., $1; Fulk, Emma M., $1; Gage, Mrs., $1; Gaston, Kenneth, Fay and Glen, $1; George, Mrs. W. A., $1; Green, Mrs. M. K., $1; Grundy, Beatrice, $1; Harper, F. M., $1; Henry Mrs. Jno, $1; Hinnen, C. W., $1; Howland, J. C., $1, Hinton, Mrs. L. J., $1; Haworth, B. S., $1; Halfman, Louis, $1; Kelly, Elizabeth, $1; Kresky, Mrs. S. $1; Laban, Mrs. J. M., $1; Leroy, Anna, $1; Larson, Mrs. S. L., $1; Lawrence, Ellen, $1; McCollister, L. E., $1; McFarland. E. A., $1; McKeon, F. E., $1; McManaman, Mrs., $1; Miller, Mrs. M. M., $1; Minert, Mrs. Mary E., $1; Neeley, Miss Lida, $1; Osage M. E. S. S., Sunshine Class, $1; Parks, Mr. Wm., $1; Parker, James, $1; Price, Anna, $1; Posvar Lester, $1; Patterson, Mrs. Jennie, $1; Pierce, Mrs. J. W., $1; Quinton, Mrs. Jessie, $1; Rotchford, Mrs. Wm., $1; Ream, Chas. H., $1; Rowe, Mrs. Amanda, $1; Ritchie, Mrs. R. H., $1; Russell, Mrs. Ada W., $1; Rees, Ferd I., $1.

Reynolds, Mrs. M. F., $1; Reid, Mrs. Ida, $1; Shular, Riley, $1; Smith, F. A., $1; Sill, Mrs. Lizzie, $1; Scherer. Della, $1; Stevens, Carrie, $1; Snyder, Mrs. J. E., $1; Stafford, A. P., $1; Stitt. Miss M. J., $1; Shuman, Mrs. M. D., $1; Somers, Mrs. A. K., $1; Strain, Mrs. D. J., $1; Seeley, E. C., $1; Titterington. E. W., $1; Thompson, Mrs. J. C., $1; Teagarden, Mrs. S. E., $1; Titus, Mrs. E. E., $1; Weaver Lily S., $1; Woodworth, Mrs. S. E., $1; Westervelt, Mrs. Blanche, $1; Wilson J. C., $1; Wheeler, Mrs. Bertha, $1; Wood, Dr. Samuel, $1; Wheatley, Mr. J. E., $1; Walker, Mrs. Adelaide, $1; Young, C. W., $1; Waldschmidt, Miss Anna, $.52; Stoeltying, Mrs. Margaret L., $.50; Messersmith, Mrs. J. W., $.50; Venable, W. T., $.50; Baughman, Lottie, $.20.

Kentucky

Rotary Club, Louisville, $541.62; Union Church, Berea, $460; Second Pres. Church, Woman's Mis. Soc., $256.96; Cumberland Pres. Church S. S. Auburn, $119.37; Mengel, Mrs. C. C., $100; Ryan & Sons Co., $100; Werpup, Geo. F., $100; Ficklin, H. S., $94; Bardstown Rd., Pres. Church, Louisville, $85; Louisville Gun Club, $77.65; Syron, Mrs. Cora A., $75.12; Cooper, Miss Carrie, $66; Church of Christ, Eubank, $57.70; Cashiers Check, Erlanger, $53; Allenville Chapter, A. R. C., $50; Carver, H. W., $50; Minany, T. J., $50; Rice, William, $50; Ryan, Nat, $50; Wheeler, J. M. & Miss Eva French, $46; Logan, Mrs. W. P., $44.33; Goshen, Pres. Church, $44; Second Pres. S. S. Mens Class, Lexington, $42.10; Auburn S. S. of Christian Church, $40.36; Broadway M. E. Church (Bus. Men's B. C.), Paducah, $40; Grassy Springs Church, Lexington, $40; Mad. Ave., Church (Loyal Daughters), Covington, $36; Presby. Church, Y. W. B. C., Campbellsville, $36; Elliott, Miss M. M., $35.50; Cumberland Pres. Church, Hopkinsville, $31.59; Allan, J. Harry, $30; Giltner, F. C., M. D. & R. R., $30; Hinton, W. A., $28; Cooke, Alice, $27.50; Erdman, W. J., $26; Dudley, Hortense, $25; Hampton, Daisy, $25; Melvin M. E. Field Sec'y., $25; Pearce, Mrs. W. F., $25; Pryor, Mary T., $25; Richardson, Mrs. R. C., $25; Richardson, Mrs. J. F., $25; Stevens, P. J., $23; Redmon, Mrs. J. G., $22.

Anonymous, Louisville, $20; Hampton, Miss Rose, $20; M. E. Church, (W. W. L. B. C.), Louisville, $20; Spencer, C. R., $20; Shipman, Mrs. G. D., $20; Sheriff, Mr. & Mrs. T. S., $20; Griffith, Graves, $18.50; Griffith Bros., $18; Christian Church, Danville, $16.50; Harsell, W. S., $15.67; Bush, Mrs. Sue H., $15; Carr, Mrs. C. E., $15; Gussenbroker, Minnie, $15; Hunter Florino, $15; Miller, Vera M., $15; Presby S. S. Kuttawa, $15; Stevenson Hattie B., $15; M. E. Church, So. Epw. League, Scottsville, $14.50; M. E. Church, Jr. Miss. Socy., New Castle, $14; Brumfield, Mrs. W. R. J. A. & Mrs. E. H. Hester $13; Gains, J. R., $13; Eades, W. H. & friends, $12.50; Lovett, Mrs. J. G., $12.50; Porter Christian Church, Sadieville $12.50; Craig, Mrs. M. B., $12; Griggs, Ruth E. & friends, $12; Junior. Miss. Soc'y., Melber, $12; Kirk, Alice, $12; Miller, Delila & friends, $12; Underwood, A. D., $12; Smith, Zulika G. & friend, $11.50; Ely, Mrs. Joe, $11; McKee, Mrs. J. O., $11; M. E. Church, So. S. S. Auburn, $10.40; Anonymous, $10; Bean, Miss M. G. & Mrs. M. E., Dooley, $10; Bean, Mrs. Waller & children, $10; Beauchamp, Mr. & Mrs. J. A., $10; Bishop, M. W., $10; Black, R. P., $10; Burghard, V. M., $10; Bullett, Mrs. Marshall, $10; Connelly, V. H., $10; Collier, Mr. & Mrs. Terry, $10; Cameron's, Mill, Carrollton, $10; Dieterle, Miss Lena, $10; Donthitt, J. A., $10; Drane, Mr. & Mrs. Hollis, $10.

Evans, Mrs. Eliza E., $10; Frisby, Lora, $10; Griffith, Miss Grace, $10; Gaddie, Miss Belle B., $10; Gibson, Mrs. T. G. & sister, $10; Godbey, W. H., $10; Gray, L. N., $10; Gallup, Saida J., $10; Hatfield, Mr. & Mrs. Guy, $10; Helphinstine, Mr. & Mrs. O. L., $10; Highland Church of Guerrant, $10; Houston, Jessie A., $10; Keeling, Mrs. Ivan, $10; McGowan, Elizabeth, $10; McQueary, W. H., $10; Mathews, C. W., $10; Nunn, Mrs. Walter, $10; Overstreet, S. E., $10; Owen, Mrs. B. R., $10; Pollock, Louise, $10; Phelps, Ross, $10; Pennington, Mrs. Amanda, $10; Pettas, J. M., $10; Rowe, G. W. & S., $10; Robertson, Mrs. J. W., $10; Rice, Mrs. C. F., $10; Razor, V. C., $10; Shannon, C. C., $10; Sheltman, Wade, $10; Spires, J. N., $10; Stevenson, Mrs. S. D., $10; Stiles, Bessie, $10; Stiles, A. B., $10; Truitt, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $10; Vallandingham, Mrs. B. L., $10; Whayne, Mrs. H. U., $10; Williams, Miss Jessie, $10; Willing Workers, Lords Chapel, Nicholasville, $10; Hisle, Leroy, $9; Hite Mrs. Martin & Bapt Ch. S. S., Uniontown, $8; Clark, Mrs. J. W. $7; De Jamette, Anne V. & Emma, $7; Cemetary M. E. Church S. S., Danville, $6.40; Baab, Mrs. E., $6; Brown, J. E., & friends $6; Bruce, Mrs. W. O., $6; Berryman, W. H. & Emma P., $6; Duncan, Miss Mollie, $6; Price, Josephine E., $6; McNair Mrs. J. L., $6; Walker, Esta, $6; Bald Hill B. S., Barterville, $5.67; Jennings & Crump, $5.25; Anonymous, Frankford, $5; Cash, Hopkinsville, $5; Adams, Mrs. C. H., $5; All Prayer Foundling's Home, Louisville, $5; Burke, Miss, thru Mrs. Paul Welch, $5; Burton, Bishop L. W., $5; Branham, S. M. $5; Boesser, Joe, $5, Berryman, Cary M., $5; Cunningham, Mrs. C. D., $5; Cunningham, Mrs. J. M., $5; Cullen, G. W., $5; Cate, Mrs. J. H., $5; Carleton Rev. E. H., $5; Campbell, Mrs. R. S., $5; Campbell, Mrs. J. A., $5; Day, Mary B. R., $5, Davidson, Mrs. H., $5; Davis, M. M., $5, Edwards Ruth E., $5; Ellis, Paul, $5; Franklin Printing Co., $5; Forman & Forman, $5; Flowers, Mrs. G. T., $5; Riley, J. G., $5; Rainey, Mr. & Mrs. J. T., $5; Rogers, Mrs. A. R., $5; Stonequarry S. S., Sudith, $5; Searcy, Mrs. Mary, $5; Slaughter, C. A., $5; Spear, Mrs. R. A., $5, Sniper, Jesse, $5; Stafford, Mr. & Mrs. W. A., $5, Taylor, M. W., $5; Tolk, Jean, $5, Turner, Mrs. Jane, $5; Wiseland, N. O., $5, Wilson, Ada C., $5; Williams, Mrs. Corrie, $5; Anonymous, Bowling Green, $5; A. M. S., Louisville, $4, Bell's Mines Prayer Meeting, Sullivan, $4, Byers, W. H., $4, Duncan, Miss Fannie, $4; Fare, Mrs. T. G., $4; Lane, Mrs. H. G., $4, McConnell, S. C., $4, Porter, Mrs. Hugh, $4; Rawlings, Mrs. J. C., $4; M. E. S. S., West Liberty, $3.05; Anonymous, Louisville, $3; Church, Mrs. J. L., $3; Chambers, Mrs. J. W., $3; Hale, Edna, $3, Hanesville Bapt. S. S., $3; Larabee, Mrs. E. H., $3, Lander, Mrs. Frank, $3, Meek, Mrs. J. S., $3; Miller, Ira R., $3, Richmond Colored School, $3; Royster, Mr. & Mrs. Posey, $3; Rowan, G. L., $3; Smith, Mrs. J. D. & Mrs. Albert Gray, $3; Swift, E. M., $3; Turner, Mrs. V. A., $3; Withers, Mrs. T. H., $3, Ruhe, Rev. John, $2.83; Candill, Mrs. J. B., $2.50; Gwinn, Rev. H. B., $2.50; Hart, Joseph, $2.50; Hunter, Edith S., $2.50; Jacobs, Cinda, $2.50, Randolph, Mrs. L. J., $2.25; Anonymous, Glasgow Jct., $2; Anonymous, Louisville, $2; A Sympathizer, Garfield, $2; Alexander M., $2; Branson, Mrs. M. L., $2; Bransford, Mrs. W. A., $2; Black, Jennie, $2; Barton, J. M. & Ella, $2; Crooke, Mrs. M. M., $2; Ellis, Mrs. C., $2; Gawey, Miss Jennie, $2; Hunt, Miss M. B., $2; Hicks, Elizabeth, $2; Hartman, Mrs. J. C., $2; Jordan, Mrs E. M., $2; Knopf, F. L., $2; Kelly, Nettie & Lilian Dodson, $2; Lanelace, Mrs. J. H., $2.

Lytle, J. R., $2; Myers, Mrs. Daisy, $2; Rowan, Sallie, $2; Smirall, Anne C., $2; Smith, Harry, $2; Thomas, Mrs. J. P., $2; Walker, Susie L., $2; Anonymous, Louisville, $2; A Friend, Glascow Jct., $1; A Friend, Louisville, $1; A Friend, Milford $1; Anonymous, Glasgow Jct., $1; Anonymous, Glasgow Jct., $1; Anonymous, Louisville, $1; Anonymous, Richmond, $1; A Subscriber & Reader, $1; Cash, Bowling Green, $1; Cash, Louisville, $1; A. B. Mrs., Covington, $1; Bullock, J. R. & Co., $1; Brown, Mrs. G. B., $1; Brooks, Mr. & Mrs. R. L., $1; Beeles, Ida J., $1; Beal, Mary S., $1; Bartle, Mrs. S. D., $1; Carrigan, S. K., $1; Condit, Gustie, $1; Crafton, G. H., $1; Curtis, Merle, $1; Davis, Mrs. L. M. $1; Dixon, Miss B. E., $1; Duncan Mrs. Dane, $1; Earle, A. C., $1; Frip, Mrs. Leonard, $1; Hunn, Mrs. A., $1; Hunley, Brent, $1; Hayden, Mrs. Grover, $1; Hays, Mrs. C. B., $1; Lamb, Miss Beulah, $1; Lester, Mrs. Robert, $1; McCoy, Bertram, $1; McDonald, Miss S. A., $1; Morehead, Mrs. C. J., $1; Morris, T. M., $1 Mathewson, Mrs. Mattie, $1; Patterson, Mrs. D. M., $1; Penn, Y. E., $1; Rule, Mrs. Mary, $1; Ratliff, Miss Virgie, $1; Schrverlucke, Fred, $1; Tucker, P. E., $1; Tracy, Mrs. Nora, $1; West, J. W., $1; Wood, Miss Charlotte, $1; Lewis, Miss Edith, $.75; Lamb, Carrie, $.25.

Louisiana

Citizens of Harrisonburg, $111.37; Christian Endeavor Society, Presby. Church, Baton Rouge, $66.15; 1st Presby. S. S. Baton Rouge, $56.25; St. Charles Ave. Presby. Church, New Orleans, $55; Shaw, Miss F. E., $37.15; Dickerson, Ira L., $37; N. A. P. S. S., New Orleans, $35.21; 1st Presby. S. S., Baton Rouge, $33.85; Winn, Thos. H., $30; Y. P. League & S. S., Hagan, Miss W. C., $25; Harrison, R. F., $25; Ray, Mr. & Mrs. C. H., $25; McIntosh, Carrie M., $20; Marsh, Mrs. E. E., $20; Dickerson, T. L., $15; Hogue, W. B. & A. P. Rabb, $15; Hutchinson, T. S., $15; Phillips, Mr. & Mrs. W. S., $15; Zions Church, Pleasant Hills, $13.81; Maxfield College Y. W. C. A., Lake Charles, $12; Smith, Mrs. Frank, $12; Gipson, Mr. & Mrs. G. W., $10; Gwinn, Mrs. W. H., $10; Hunter, Mrs. T. M., $10; Kohler, M. J., $10; Kounce, Mrs. Lobelia, $10; Lear, Kate B., $10; Maddux, Mrs. M. L., $10; Morrison, Mrs. Annie, $10; Peyton, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $10; Prest, Lewis E., $10; Sandors, Ada F., $10; Westminster S. S. Presby. Church of New Orleans, $10; Church of New Orleans, $10; Ziegler, W. D., $10; Bartholf, Harriet, $9.45; Lewis, Gertruda, $9; Nunnemacher, Mrs. L. J., $8; Beatty, Dr. W. F., $7.50; Crow, Mrs. Emma, $7; Weiland, Mrs. E. E. & daughters, $7; Riser, Mrs. Adam H., $6.50; Price, Mrs. Ada E., $6; Trumble, Mrs. Alice A., $6; Smith, Ella M. & Adelaide, $5.10; Berry, L. B., $5; Brown, Mrs. B. N., $5; Channell, Mrs. L. M., $5; Chapman, Dr. O. M., $5; Cope, Mrs. H. E., $5.

Crowell, Mrs. R. D., $5; Foster, Mrs. May, $5; Johns, Mrs. A. B., $5; Johnson, S. S., Mer Rouge, $5; Ledbetter, Lena, $5; Mann, Mrs. J. K., $5; Neff, Mary, $5; Robinson, Mrs. Frank, $5; Smith, E. P., $5; Webb, Mr. & Mrs. W. G., $5; Webber, Otto, L., $5; Women's Miss. Soc., Sinabora, $5; M. M. S. S., Shreveport, $4.40; S. S. of Hot Well, $4.12; Dawson, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $4; Presby. S. S. & C. E. Soc., Grand Cane, $4; Avery, Mrs. Chas., $3; Baker, Mrs. M. R., $3; Cattin, Mary, $3; Roderick, Mary C., $3; Grant, Mr. & Mrs. W. K., $2.50; Schafer, Mrs. C. G., $2.50; Bonny, Mrs. M., $2; Dillon, Mrs. M., $2; Gregory, Mrs. Mary T., $2; Hatch, F. B. $2; Kevin, Mrs. J. B., $2; Marple, Mrs. H. H., $2; Moore. J. D., $2; Runell, Jas., $2; Sharp, Janie, $2; Steele, Mrs. H. E., $2; Thompson, Mrs. H. C., $2; Timberlake, Mrs. Kate M., $2; Wendle, Mrs. C. $2; Sumner, Lola, $1.57; Bradford, J. W. & Cuilford Mrs. J. W., $1; Henry, Ethel, Lowery, Mrs. M., $1; Owens, Ella J., $1; Pentecost, Mrs. Nora, $1; Stroud, Mrs. H. S., $1; Price, S. S. Paradise, $.80; Summers Willie, $.75; Oliver, Mrs. W. L., $.50.

Maine

Cortland Addie D., $121.70; Citizens of Orono, $107.50; Thos. Richards Rev. T. S., $100; Dixon, Miss Winnie I., $100; Community of Greene, $80.51; Hess, Bessie, Joseph, $80; Jordan, E. A., $61.75; Saco Baptist Church, $55; 1st Cong'l S. S., No Berwick, $54; Lewis, Nettie B., $50; M. E. S. S., Hampden, $50; Davis, Clara H., $48.51; Cong. Ch., Mr. J. C., $45; Minard, Mrs. H., $45.63; Aux. Red Cross, Carroll, $45.55; West Paris M. E. Church, $41.50; Tenney, Mr. & Mrs. E. O., $45.50; Dow, C. V. Stevenson, $39.71; 2nd Bapt. Church, Hudson, $37.50; Main Street Bapt. Church, Saco, $37.52; Abbot, Ben, $35; Farmer, Melvin W., $35; Osgood, Mary M., $35; Thos. Nicholas, Lucita L., $33.05; Community of Alton, $33; Jewett, Mrs. I. Max & Mrs. Marion Graham, $30; Farmington Church & S. S., $27.50; No. Orrington, M. E. S. S., $27.50; Williams, Mrs. J. W. & sister, $27; Merrill, Ross L., $26; Stratton High School, $25.38; Benson, Mrs. J. B., $25; Bray Sisters, $25; 1st Bapt. Church, Berwick, $25; Hamilton, Mrs. I. P., $25; Stinson, Warren H., $25; Turner, Eva L., $25; McDuff, Miss Flora, $24.85; Kinney, Mrs. Elizabeth, $23; Main St. Bapt. Church, Saco, $23; Bagelow, Rev. Jarl W., $22; Thru Gladys M. Godfrey, $22; Thru Olive S. Tuttle, $22; Sup. Lincoln, $21.06; Berean Bapt. S. S., Brunswick, $21.50; Dudley, L. S., $20; Hackett, Fannie M., $20; Kendall, W. B., $20; Lonetellow Mrs. C. F., $20; Moose River Congl. Church, $20; Pease, Gustavus, $20; Pine St. Congl. Church, Lewiston, $20; Rush, J. F. & Maude I., $20; No. Edgecomb Congl. Church, $18.

West Harpswell Bapt. Church, $16; Community of Edgecombe, $15.61; Bartlett, Mrs. Etta, $15; Campbell, Miss M., $15; Carpenter, G. W., $15; Davis, John L., $15; Graffam, W. H., $15; Mathews, Mr. & Mrs. H. L., $15; Moore, Susie L., $15; W. Harpswell Bapt. S. S., $14; Kingfield, W. C. T. U., $13.50; Palmer, Lottie M., $13.50; Copeland, Mrs. A. H., $13; Williams, Mrs. L. M., $13; Goodwill S. S., Hinckley, $12.38; Babb, F. A., $12; Corliss, Mrs. M. E., $12; Lyons, C. L., $12; Greenville Congl. Church, $12; Kingfield, Evangl. Church, $11.50; Turner, W. W. & Family, $11.50; No. Paris Bapt. Church, $11; Warren, Mrs. J. M. S., $11; 1st Christian Church, Lubec, $10.75; W. Minot Union Church, $10.26; Friends in Brewer, $10; H. E. M., Portland, $10; Abbott, Mrs Margaret A., $10; Benn, Mrs. J. B., $10; Benn, W. G., $10; Berry, Rev & Mrs. C. H., $10; Blaisdell, Mrs. S. J., $10; Blanchard, F. S., $10; Bradford, Mr. & Mrs. L. S., $10; Brown, Joan L. $10; Campbell, Alex, $10; Cochran, Mrs. Harriet C., $10; Colby, Y. M. C. A., $10; Crosby, B. A., $10; Daniels, Mr. & Mrs. E. A., $10; Dingley, Mrs. Ella L. $10; Dow, Mr. & Mrs. W. N., $10; Drew, L. Evelyn, $10; Elwell, E. B., $10; 1st Bapt. Church, Cumberland, $10; 1st Bapt. Church, Nobleboro, $10; Getchell, Leon, $10; Gilman, Mrs. Bertha, $10; Hoitt, H. B., $10; Howe Fannie L. & friends, $10; Jesperson, N. P., $10; Johnson, Abba C., $10; Jordan, Lulu L., $10; Jordan, Lyman G., $10.

Jordan, R. A., $10; Kemp, Sarah C., $10; Kimball, Addie, $10; Ladies Aid Soc., W. Paris, $10; Littlefield, J. H. Est., $10; Littlefield, R. P., $10; McCrellis, Nancy L., $10; Marston, G. E., $10; Parkman, Bapt. S. S., $10; Partridge, Hy M. & others, $10; Patterson, Rev. W. M., $10; Purinton, H. R., $10 Richardson, Mrs. A. L., $10; Richardson, Edwin, $10; Rockwood, J. C., $10; Rother, G. M., $10; Sargent, Mr. S. J., $10; Skillings, Franklin, $10; Stanley, Mrs. O. A., $10; Sweet, A. D., $10, Tweedie, H. V., $10; Valentine, L. M., $10; Thru Voter, Miss Hortense, $10, Ware, Fred C., $10; Welch, Mr. E. H., $10; Wilder, Mr. & Mrs. F. H., $10; Wilson, Emma S., $10; Winslow, Rena L., $10; Community at Grand Stream, $9.25; Morse, A. T. & Family, $9; Young, Mr. G. L., $9; Union S. S., New Portland, $8.40; Hodgman, Ruth C., $8.25; C. E. L., Old Orchard, $8; Bonds, Mr. & Mrs. W. J., $8; Clothes, Jno. F., $8; Thru L. E. Stevens, $8, Thru Mr. H. G. MacDonald, $7.50, Central Church Bath, $7.36; Brown, Eliza, $7; Dermo, J. Gertrude, $7; Girls S. S., Goodwill Farm, $7; Palmer, S. F., $7; Parsh, Mrs. Z. C., $7; Pease, Mrs. J. I., $7; Rounds, Mrs. L. A. & Miss S. I., $7; Thompson, Sophia G., $7; W. Scarboro, M. E. S. S., $7; West, Mrs. Oliver, $7; Buxton Center Bapt. S. S., $6.50; Cortland, Abbie D., $6.50; Clark, Mrs. D. C., $6; Cunnington, Mr. & Mrs. A. H., $6; Miss. Society Rumford, $6.

Lord, Prudence, $6; Newcastle Bapt. S. S., $6; Warren, Mrs. Hattie, $6; Zabriskie, Miss R. R., $6; Smith, Ida P., $5.30; A Friend, Portland, $5; A Friend, Rockport, $5; A Reader, Lebanon, $5; B. B. S., E. Dover, $5; J. F., Bradford, $5; One Who Wants to Help, $5; Abbott, Mrs. Lilla, $5; Akers, Brin, $5; Babbidge, Mrs. A. J., $5; Barnes, A., $5; Barnes, Vina, $5; Bartlett, Mr. & Mrs. Walter, $5; Bates, Sarah L., $5; Bemis, Mrs. Hy. J., $5; Blaisdell, Mrs. J. W., $5; Bremon, Mrs. A. A., $5; Brooks, A. J. G., $5; Brown, G. F., $5; Brown, Mrs. L. L., $5; Carpenter, Mrs. G. W. Brooks, $5; Carpenter, Mrs. G. W.,

Where the Money Went

BEFORE the merger of the Christian Herald fund with that of the American Committee for China Famine Fund, a total of $55,000 gold was cabled to Dr. Beals through the State Department. Following is the financial statement prepared by Dr. Beals and his associates and forwarded to New York.

Financial Report of Christian Herald Famine Relief Fund

RECEIPTS.

Dec. 1920			
14	Christian Herald gold $30,000 exchanged Mexican		$56,694.03
Jan. 1921			
7	Christian Herald gold $25,000 exchanged Mexican		45,689.95
	Gifts from personal friends and bank interest		181.65
			$102,565.63

DISBURSEMENTS.

Jan. 1921			
10	Dr. Leslie, General Relief	$8,500.00	
10	Honan Famine Relief Committee	5,000.00	
10	Bishop White for soup kitchen, Kiafeng	5,000.00	
10	Miss Alger, General Relief Work	5,900.00	
10	Rev. Lindbeck, General Relief Work, Loyang	5,000.00	
10	Rev. Sandberg, General Relief Work	3,000.00	
10	Miss Janson, General Relief Work	1,000.00	
10	Miss M. Peterson, General Relief Work	500.00	
10	Rev. Anderson, General Relief Work	4,393.00	
10	Rev. Bienhoff, General Relief Work	4,607.00	
10	Miss Hancock, General Relief Work	1,000.00	
10	Miss Ritter, General Relief Work	1,000.00	
10	Rev. Green, General Relief Work	5,000.00	
10	Rev. Fielder, General Relief Work	500.00	
10	Miss M. Peterson, General Relief Work	1,000.00	
	Incidental expenses	160.25	
Feb.			
1	Mr. Bovyer for destitute children, Chihli	1,000.00	
1	Miss Armitt, starving Christians	1,000.00	
1	Rev. Stelle, General Relief Work	500.00	
1	Miss Ritter, General Relief Work	1,000.00	
1	Miss Ware, refuge work for women	1,000.00	
1	Rev. Sandberg, Shensi, starving Christians	3,000.00	
1	Rev. Anderson, woman's refuge work	1,000.00	
1	Miss Buren, general and woman's work	1,500.00	
1	Bishop White, for orphan boys	500.00	
1	Miss Hancock, general relief work	1,000.00	
1	Rev. Joyce, destitute women and mothers	500.00	
1	Mrs. Clark, expectant and nursing mothers	500.00	
1	Rev. Anderson, Loyang, starving Christians	500.00	
11	Rev. Osnes, Hupeh, destitute Christians in six hsien cities	6,000.00	
11	Rev. Parker, 100 destitute families	1,200.00	
11	Mrs. Clark, expectant and nursing mothers	500.00	
11	Mr. Bovyer, starving orphan children	1,600.00	
11	Rev. Leonard, relief starving Christians	1,000.00	
11	Rev. Griffiths, general relief work	5,000.00	
11	Rev. Griffiths, starving children	4,000.00	
11	Rev. Jenness, for 200 starving boys	1,600.00	
11	Dr. Friberg, food to famine patients	500.00	
11	Rev. Lindbeck, soup kitchen, Honanfu, Ho	2,000.00	
11	Rev. Ashcraft, general relief work	2,000.00	
11	Miss Alger, relief in destitute towns	500.00	
11	Rev. Ramsey, general relief work	2,000.00	
11	Miss Moberg, general relief work	2,000.00	
11	Rev. Harris, expenses	50.00	
11	Traveling expenses	205.00	
11	Traveling expenses	75	
May			
6	Miss Moberg, women and children	2,000.00	
6	Mr. Bovyer, orphans and orphanage	2,000.00	
6	Miss Peterson, for women and children	1,000.00

Maine—Con'd

Newport, $5; Carson, Georgie P., $5; Chandler, Mrs. S., $5; Coburn, Mrs. A. D., $5; Colby, Mrs. Mildred B., $5; Cole, Mrs. H. M., $5; Cook, H. C., $5; Copeland, Mrs. J. L., $5; Crouse, Mr. & Mrs. W. E., $5; Daggett, A., $5; Dow, Chas. L., $5; Downing, A. E., $5; Emerson, W. P. C., $5; Files, Mrs. A. M., $5; Free Bapt. S. S., Springvale, $5; French, J. B., $5; Genthner, Jas. D., $5; Getchell, Fred, $5; Getchell, Sadie, $5; Gospel Temperance Mission, Portland, $5; Greene, Jas. L., $5; Gregg, Mr. & Mrs. Frank, $5; Hatch, Mrs. A. F., $5; Helms, D. U., $5; Hogan, Susan C., $5; Hutchins, Lucy N., $5; Ingalls, Mrs. P. G., $5; Jacobs, P. H., $5; Jones, Emily M., $5; Jordan, Mrs. Hattie E., $5; Joscelyn, F. L., $5; Lawrence, H. C., $5; Littlefield, Mrs. M. F., $5; Livermore Falls Bapt Church, $5; Man, Harriet, $5; Maxim, F. F., $5; Merrill, Geo. H., $5; Merryman, Nancy J., $5; Miller, J. C., $5; Monk, Alice M., $5; Morrison, Hattie R., $5; Morrison, R. V., $5; Morton, Mrs. W. H. $5; MacDowell, Mrs. A. M., $5; Nelson S; Lester, $5; Nevells, Mrs. E. J., $5. Olson, Mrs. B. J., $5; Overbrock, Mrs. R. M., $5; Perkins, Mrs. H., $5; Phinney, Mrs. Albert $5;. Plummer, Mary A., $5; Porter, F. L., $5; Pratt, Mr. W. A., $5; Purington, Ray, $5; Quint, Mrs. Hattie, $5; Quirk, Mrs. G.G.,$5; Reed, Lucilla, $5; Richardson, Mrs. C. H., $5; Sawyer, Harriet M., $5; Shillinger, Franklin. $5; Shores, M. L., $5; Skillings. Mrs. J. F., $5; Smart, Mrs. Sarah, $5; Smith, F. H., $5; Smith, J. C., $5; Snow. Willis. $5; Stanton, Mrs. Clara, $5; Stevens, Chas. $5; Teeple, Carrie A., $5; Trask, F. A., $5; Trussell, Mrs. Franklin, $5; Turner Sadie A., $5; Verrill, Waldo S., $5; Walnut Hill Miss. Society, $5; Watts, Mr. & Mrs. W. E., $5; Wescott. J. P., $5; Wingate, W. W., $5; Winthrop Sewing Club, $5; Woodman. Henrietta. $5; Tibbetts, R. W. E., $4.65; Vrooman, Rev. H. C., $4.50; Lane, Mrs. L. B., $4.30; Ayer, E. H., $4.

Bradford, Annie B., $4; Brown, G. F., $4; Buxton Centre Bapt. S. S., $4; Chateague, M. E. S. S. $4; Congl. Church Sunset, $4; Farrington, C. O. & Alice M., $4; Hayes, Gertrude, $4; No. Yarmouth & No. Pownal Churches, $4; Pope, L. W., $4; Randlett, Fannie, $4; Robertson, Lena M., $4; Robinson, Mrs. Nellie E., $4; Seavey, Annie M. & A. J., $4; Todd, Mrs. Hy., $4; W. Scarboro, M. E. S. S., $4; Gould, Mary A., $3.85; Chase, Mrs. E. L., $3.25; Bigelow, Emma F., $3.04; J. S. McG., Portland, $3; Two Readers, Gorham, $3; Adventist Christian Church, Mechanic Falls, $3; Arbing, Wm., $3; Bradstreet, Mrs. Minerva, $3; Brooksville, M. E. S. S., $3; Browne, Rev. S. W., $3; Cook, E. A., $3; Goodwin C. C., $3; Hodgdon, Mr. L. E., $3; Howard Lot, $3; Leeman, Joel R., $3; Lord Ellen B., $3; Lufkin, C. C., $3; Ollilson, Hy., $3; Perkins, John M., $3; Robinson, S. F., $3; Tyler School Rockland, $3; Smart H. W., $3; Watts, W. H., $3; Union S. S., No. New Portland, $2.63; Avery, Jennie S. $2.50; Carr, Mrs. E. S., $2.50; Curtis, R. F., $2.50; Garland, Mr. N. M., $2.50; Five Islands Sunshine S. S., $2.50; ——, Biddeford, $2; ——, Unity, $2; A Friend, Augusta, $2; A Friend, ——, $2; Friends Munroe, $2; A Subscriber, Bangor, $2; M. E. H., $2; E. I. E., $2; K., $2; Mr. E. L., $2; In His Name, $2; Maine Mud, $2; Baker, P. R., $2.

Benjamin, Geo. A., $2; Benn, E. J., $2; Bither, M. J., $2; Blackwood, Mrs. Julia A., $2; Bridges, Mr. Josie, $2; Bridgham, Rev. & Mrs. M. F., $2; Clark, C. E., $2; Clark, Nellie P., $2; Constantine, S.$2; Davis, Mary A., $2; Deem, Mrs. W. A. & G.F., $2; Doughty, Mrs. H. L., $2; Drummond, Mrs. Lize, $2; Dunn, Alice E. & Wm. M., $2; Eaton, W. W., $2; Edes, S. D., $2; Estes, Harrie E., $2; Fowler, Mr. & Mrs. M. A., $2; Trufant, Mr. C. M., $2; Goodwin, E. A., $2; Grant, Mrs. Frank, $2; Harrenian, Mary F., $2; Haycock, Mary E., $2; Hedge, Mr. Wm. J., $2; Hopkins, B., $2, Hortham, May, $2; Ingalls, Mrs. E. J., $2; James, C. L., $2; Kinstead, Mr. E. A., $2; Leonard, Mr. J. A., $2; Libby, Mrs. Caroline, $2; Lord, Addie M., $2; McDonald, G. A., $2; Martin, Ida F., $2; Mathewson, Mrs. A. W., $2; Miles, G. A., $2; Mitchell, Rev. J. A., $2; Morrill, Mrs. Mary F., $2; Mozart, Geo. F., $2; Nichols, Mr. Geo. $2; Pederson, S., $2; Sampson, H. M., $2; Scribner, Mrs. Ralph, $2; Skillings, S. H., $2; Starbird, Mrs. C. V., $2; Stevens, Mrs. Adelia F., $2; Thaxter, J. H., $2; Weymouth, Jennie. H., $2; Wheelwright, W. R., $2; Whitten, Mary M., $2; Wyman, Harley, $2; A Subscriber, Dexter, $1.64; Ames, Mrs. Jas. H. & daughter, $1.50; Speed, Mrs. A., $1.10.

Sargent, Mrs. G. D., $1.06; Parkman Bapt. S. S., $1.05; ——, Bridgeton, $1; ——, Saco, $1; A Friend, $1; A Friend, Augusta, $1; A Friend, Augusta, $1; Cash, Chescaque Island, $1; A Friend, Bath, $1; A Friend, N. Fryeburg, $1; A Friend, Saco, $1; A Subscriber, Bethel $1; A Subscriber, Thomaston, $1; A Subscriber, Unity, $1; M. F. G., $1; S. F. L., Glencove, $1; Mr. G. G. Z., Gary, $1; Ames, Mrs. Emily, $1; Andrews, O. L., $1; Barker, Mrs. M. C. $1; Becknell, Mrs. Mae L., $1; Boker, Mrs. Helen M., $1; Brown, I. V., $1; Cannon, Mrs. F. B., $1; Chick, Mrs. S. J., $1; Chipman, M. M., $1; Conjell, A. H., $1; Crosby, Mrs. H. A., $1. Eastman, H. Marjorie, $1; Elkins, Mrs. Laura, $1; Greene, Mrs. E. H., $1; Gronard, Mrs. C. L., $1; Griffin, Mrs. C. M., $1; Hawes, Mr. & Mrs. Edwin. $1; Huson, Mrs. Jas., $1; Hutchinson, Mrs. Chas., $1; Ivins, Mrs. G. G., $1; Kingman, Miss A. S., $1; Kinney, Rev. C. A., $1; Knopp, Mrs. Solomon, $1; Lewis, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. F., $1; Libby, Howard C., $1; McVeigh, Mrs. F. D., $1; Merrill, Mrs. E. Jennie, $1; Morrison, Mrs. A. G., $1; Noyes, Mrs M. D., $1; No Edgecomb Congl. S. S., $1; Oxton, Mrs. Tillie M., $1; Pierce, Mrs. H. F., $1; Randall, Mrs. M. C., $1; Read, Mrs. S. Abbie, $1; Rogers, R. G., $1; Russell, Mrs. J. L., $1; Sargent, Mrs. Addie E., $1; Sargent, Mrs. O. F., $1; Sawtelle Byron, $1.

Seavey, Annie M., $1; Small, Mrs. Martha, $1; Stedman, Mrs. Geo. F., $1; Sweet, Dana, $1; Thompson, Elinor I., $1; Thurston, Mrs. A. M., $1; Trott, Lena A., $1; Tuttle, Nellie, $1; Wallace, Carrie E., $1; Weston, Mrs. Eva I., $1; Whiting, Mrs. R. F., $1; Wood. E. F., $1; Woodward, Mrs. F. H., $1; Goodridge, Mrs. M. C., $.76; Neal, Fred G. $.66; In His Name, Calais, $.50; Sham Muriel A., $.25; Webb, Mrs. Nettie L. $.25; L. L. O., Augusta, $5.

Maryland

Mehring, F., $1000; Chinese Christian Serv., Thru Robert Wier, $212.48. Griffith, Hiram, $200; Christ's Ref. S. S., Hagerstown, $100; Churches of Westminster, Thru Geo. Mather, $100; Farr, H. P., $100; Un. Evang. Church, Olive Br., Baltimore, $100; Smith Chapel Chap., Epw. League, Aberdeen, $63.20; Armstrong, Mr. & Mrs. Davisson, $60; Saera, Mrs. M. L., $60; Wigal, Mrs. C. A., $60; M. E. Church, So. Brunswick, $56; Hershberger, N. E., $50; Shaffer, H. C., $50; Thomas, J. C., $50; Indian Head Bible Class, $43.06; Michael, Mrs. O. C., $40; St. Pauls U. E. Church, Hancock, $40; Kieffer, Rev. H. L. G. for Evang. Ref. Church, $37; Ditto, M. Ethel, $36; Cobey, Dr. & Mrs. Earle, Milton, Jas. & Ellen Jones, $35; Hinman, Mrs. J. A., $35; Milburn, Mrs. M. E. & Family, $35; Poffenberger, Golda G., $30.32; Addison, H. K., $30; Community Ch. S. S., St. Helena, $30; Griffith, Mr. & Mrs. J. I., $30; Hall, Mrs. W. T., $30; Mac Lea, Daniel, $30; Salem, M. E. S. S., Centreville, $27.35; Pleasant Grove M. E. Church, Y. P. S., Cumberland, $27.31; Eaikenstein, J. M. & family C. H. & Carrie M., $10.62; St. Paul's Un. S. S. Jr. Dept., Frederick, $10.50; Olive. Mrs. T. N., $10.13; A Friend, Catonsville, $10; Balbirnie, Miss I. A., $10; Beachly, Mrs. H. D., $10; Bewley, Mary J., $10; Biggs, E. F., $10; Bradenbaugh, Mr. & Mrs. A. E., $10; Buckey Mrs. H. M., $10; Daley, Mrs. Sophia, $10; Dorr, P. C., $10; Day. C. W., $10; Dickinson, Miss Mariam, $10; Dickinson, M. N., $10; Downell, Mrs. M. E., $10; Dorr, C. J., $10; Ely, J. C., $10; Galbreath, Mrs. J., Wilson, $10; Galt, Mrs. Robert, $10; Hobbs, Harry L., $10; Hoffman, Anna K., $10; Hutson, Dr. W. E., $10; Johnson, Mrs. Annabel, $10; Liddell, Mrs. G. J., $10; Lionberger, W. H., $10; Lindan, Clementine, $10.

Miller, Mrs. Charles, $10; Milchett, Mrs. A. R., $10; Nichols. Mrs. Wilhelmina, $10; Porter, S. A., $10; Quinn, F. C., $10; Queer, Mrs. Agnes, $10; Rosewood School, Owings Mills, $10; Rawlings, Mrs. Henry, $10; Ricketts, Frances E., $10; Riddle, W. H., $10; Robinson, H. C., $10; Roulston, Mrs. Margaret, $10; Rowe, Mrs. W. E., $10; Ida M. Saunders, $10; Sewell, Mr. & Mrs. W L., $10; Shriver, Mrs. Clarence, $10; Sieck, Mrs. V. J., $10; Stetzer, Margaret $10; Strickland, Rev. C. M., Thru, $10; Tipton, A., $10; Tipton, L. V., $10; Turner, Mrs. M. J., $10; Tower, Mrs O. C., $10; Van Sant, S. S., $10; Van Sant, W. C., $10; Van Dyke, W. H., $10; Walter, Mrs. M. E., $10; Watson, E. J., $10; White, C. R., $10; Willson W. A., $10; Winter, Mrs. S. A., $10; Perry Hall M. E. Church Soc., Glen Arm, $8.83; Chandler, Miss Jane, $8.33; Anders, Mrs. Cleveland, $8; Condon, Anna, $8; Dorsey, M. A., M. R., D. C., J. R. & G. A., $8; Hartsock, H. H. & Clara J., $8; Holbrook, Mrs. E. L., $8; Merryman, Laura V., $8; Fork, M. E. S. S., $7.50; Munder, N. T. A. & Co., $7.50; Windsor, M. W., $7.50; Gale, Elizabeth H., $7.10; Eshelman, Ira, $7; Haines, DeW. C., $7; Kruemmel, Adolph, $7; Reck, Myrle C., $7; School No. 1, Laurel, $7; Kifauver, Miss A. A. & Mrs. Mary, $6; Calhoun St., Christian Ch. B. S., Balto. $6; Davis, Mrs. S. B., $6; Kieffer, Rev. H. L. G., $6; Miller, Rev. & Mrs. P. H., $6; Souder, Mrs. Emma, $6.

Voris, B. H. & Four Children, $6.10; Wentling, Mrs. W. F. & Friend, $6; White, G. D., $6; A Friend, New Windsor, $5; Anonymous, Cumberland, $5; A Reader of Herald, Westminster, $5; Cash, Baltimore $5; Cash, Cumberland $5; Aaronson, Mrs. H. E., $5; Ackenbach, Mrs. Wm. $5; Adams, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $5; Anderson, R. H., $5; Austin, D. W., $5; Berry, G. W., Mrs. $5; Bilderback, J. E., $5; Bogden, Mrs. J. L., $5; Brereton, Marguerite, $5; Brookbank, Mrs. Joseph, $5; Condon, Anna, $5; Carrington. Miss L., $5;. Chandler, Mrs. C. T., $5; Clarke, Ida M., $5; Coby, Wm. Earl, $5; Collins, Miss Caphronia, $5; Conner, Mrs. T. I., $5; Conway, Mrs. J. S., $5; Conaway. Mrs. I. S., $5; Davis, Miss Grace, $5; Davis, Miss N. W., $5; Davis, May W. $5; Davidson, J. W., $5; Demuth, Mr G. S., $5; Dollenberg, Mrs. $5; Dushane, Clara C., $5; Erken, J. McK., $5; Evans, Bertha, $5; Evans, W. S., $5; Eward, J. H., $5; Farrow, Mrs. Edw., $5; Faw, D. H., $5; First Christian Church, C. E. Soc., $5;—, Hagerstown, $5; Gault, Miss N. P. & 3 Friends, $5; Gephart, Mrs. M. J., $5; German, Mattie, $5; Gorsuch, Mrs. G. R., $5.

Gavans, George, $5; Grace Luth. S. S., Love & Serv. Soc., $5; Gutzan, Mr. & Mrs. H. C., $5; Hollingworth, Mrs. Rhoda, $5; Hammaker, B. F., $5; Harding, R. A., $5; Hargett, E. May, $5; Harrison, O. L., $5; Hemstreet, Miss F $5; Higgins, Mr. & Mrs. J. C., $5; Hobbs, Lew F., $5; Horner, G. A., $5; Hunt, D. R., $5; Hutson, Mrs. J. E., $5; Hollingsworth, Mrs. Rhoda, $5; Janeway, Miss N. N. $5; Jones, C. Bradley, $5; Jones, J. Mack, $5; Jones, Mrs. Nellie, $5; Jones, Robt. B., $5; Kay, C. M., $5; Keedy, C. E., $5; Kruemmel, Mr. & Mrs. Adolph, $5; Laney. Miss Ellen B., $5; Leasure, Mary, $5; Loar, Mrs. Lottie M., $5; Long, Mrs. E. D., Sr., $5; Mairs, Mrs. R. G. & 2 friends, $5; Mann, Mrs. H. P., $5; Maught, Lucy, $5; Miller, P. H., $5; Mt. Lebanon, M. P. Church, Balto., $5; Murray, A. C. & Wife, $5; Osborne, G. M., $5; Palmatary, Sallie G., $5; Parsley, H. C., $5; Penn, Mrs. J. W., $5; Plummer, C. A., $5; Pollett, Alice M., $5; Presby. Church, Ely, Miss. Band., Oakland, $5; Rafter, V. E., $5; Reber, Mrs. Ada., $5; Reddick, C. W., $5; Remsburg, Mrs. Emory, $5; Renn, Elmira V., $5; Richardson, D. R., $5; Robinson, Mary E., $5; Rodgers, Mr. & Mrs. G. H., Jr., $5; Roulette, Mary M., $5; Rupp, Rev., $5; Sanner, Mrs. E. R., $5; Schlieder, C. E., $5; Schouler, Wm., $5; Schmidt, N., $5; Settlemyer, W. H., $5; Shaffer, Mrs. W. H. & R., Ashby, $5; Shank, Anna F., $5; Shank, B. F., $5; Snively, H. E., $5; Sparks, Mrs. A. H., $5; Stack, Myrtle, $5; Stark. A. N., $5; Stauffer, Mrs. W. A., $5; Stech, W. W., $5; Stephey, F. F., $5.

Stevens, Mrs. Alta, $5; Stunkle. G. W., $5; Tawes, J. F. & Bro., $5; Tawes, O. C., $5; Trott, J. W., $5; Truitt, Mrs. F. C., $5; Thrasher, J. H., $5; Tyson, Ella, $5; Van Buskirk, Mrs. T. J., $5; West, J. T. & Family, $5; Willett, Hattie M., $5; Winter, Mrs. S. W., $5; Wright, P. K., $5; Wooden, J. F., $5; Y. L. Miss. Soc., Presby. Church, Rockville, $5; Ziegler, Rev. S. G., $5; Two Friends, Midland, $4; Burns. Jonathan E., $4; Capito, S. V., Mrs. $4; Hunter, Mrs. J. M., $4; Ogle, Mollie & Family, $4; Anonymous, Cumberland, $3; Brumfield, Mrs. J. S., $3; Boyer, J. F., $3; Beall, P. S., $3; Bayer, J. F., $3; Cockey, Mary O., $3; Chandlee, Miss Helen P., $3; Cosgrove, Mary A., $3; Cranor, Ella, $3; Crown, M. E., $3; Cockey, Mary E., $3; Handy, Olive M., $3; Hearn, Alice C., $3; Hemstreet, Miss M. L., $3; Hopwood, Miss E. A., $3; Matthews, Elsie, $3; Myers, Mrs. Louise, $3; Newcomer, L. B., $3; Schmidt, A., $3; Smith, Alfred, $3; Stottlemyer, Mrs. R., $3; Ticknell, Mrs. P. R., $3; Vernon, Misses E. E. & E. S., $3; Watkins, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $3; Willson, Ella G., $3; Cranor, Gertrude, $2.50; Davis, Miss R., $2.50; Gluck, W. J. H., $2.50; Hitcshew, Mrs. E. C., $2.50; Nine, Mrs. L. C., $2.50; A Friend, Baltimore, $2; Anonymous, Baltimore, $2; H. W. S., Baltimore, $2; S. H. Emmettsburg, $2; Andrews, Sallie N., $2; Austin, Mrs. Lucy, $2; Baker, Mrs. M. A., $2; Banks, Miss Lillie M., $2; Bansen, Mrs. E. L., $2; Barr, Ida V., $2; Belt, Miss E. M., $2; Birely, L. K., $2; Bonneville, Mrs. A., $2; Burke, Mr. & Mrs. Thos., $2.

Bushey, Mrs. S. I., $2; Campbell, G. I., $2; Chew, Mrs. A., $2; Chrisman, Mrs. C. A., $2; Coggins, C. W., $2; Dailey, Wm. & Louise, $2; Dilmoth, Mrs. E., $2; Dungan, H. S., $2; Floyd, A. S., $2; Getzendaner, Mrs. G. E., $2; Gilliss, Mrs. W. H., $2; Gossard, Mrs. U. H., $2; Greensfelder, Charles, $2; Griffin. Wm., $2; Hays, W. S., $2; Jennings, Edgar, $2; Jones, Rev. Lewis, $2; Kach, August, $2; Kennard Miss L. F., $2; Krieger, C. J., $2; Leonard, Mrs. M. S. & sister, $2; Linthicum, Mrs. C. G., $2; Linthicum, Mrs. C., $2; Littrell, W. E., $2; McKendby, Mrs. W. L., $2; Metzger, Mrs. A. M. & Rebecca, $2; Murphy, E. L., $2; Naylor, Gertrude, $2; Nesbitt, A. A., $2; Parker, H. S. & Maud S., $2; Penn, Mrs. Wesley, $2; Polack, N. J., $2; Reitschell, Alexander, $2; Stewart, Mrs. J. M., $2; Tracey Persis & Edna, $2; Trump. Eliz. & A. E. Belt, $2; Waven, H. M. F., $2; White, Hester J., $2; Wousen, C. L., $2; "H", Marion. $1.90; Grunwell, Miss Almira, $1.50; Haines, Mrs. A. R., $1.50; Ollig, J. B., $1.50; Powell, Mrs. M. H. R., $1.50; Shipley, Miss L. E., $1.50; Kern, Miss Julia. $1.40; A Friend, Emmittsburg, $1; Anonymous, Baltimore, $1; Anonymous, Baltimore, $1; A Reader of Herald, Woodlawn, $1; R. W. W. Cumberland, $1; Baden, Dr. Early, $1; Baldwin, Ida G., $1; Bowers, John, $1; Brown, J. E., $1; Cameron, Mary E., $1; Chandler, Mary J., $1; Cox, Mrs. S. C., $1; Creel, Mrs. R. B., $1.

Duhow, Annie M., $1; Dungan, Harry A., $1; Easton, G. W., $1; Gibson, Mrs. E. L., $1; Graves, Miss Sophie A., $1; Hack, Mrs. Clara G., $1; Hudson, Mrs. E., $1; Insley, Mrs. M. F., $1; Jobe. Mrs. M. A., $1; Leffler,, Mrs. F. H., $1; McShane. Miss Joanna, $1; Marshall, Wm. T., $1; Molebach, Miss Lucinda, $1; Morgan, Mrs. W., $1; Murray, Mrs. Ora, $1; Orcutt, Lelia M., $1; Parker, Hannah S., $1; Price William, $1; Ritchie, Mrs. B. E., $1; Robinson, Mrs. Allen, $1; Robinson, E. Walter, $1; Shipley, Miss Stella, $1; Shipley, J. E., $1; Sylvester, Susie, $1; Turner, Mrs. Acquilla, $1; Dent, Mrs. Frank, $.50; Hiday, Mrs. J. N., $.50

Massachusetts

Cole, Miss E. M., $500.02; Williams, Mrs. Judson, $500; Long Meadow Maternal Assn., First Church & S. S., $158.11; Bradford, C. W., $100; Filene, Edw. A., $100; First Bapt. Church of Framingham, $100; Glennel, Chas. D., $100; Lord, Miss A. McC., $100; Morse, Abner, $100; Sellew, E. K., $100; Siccomb, E. O., $100; W. Lawrence Bapt. Church. $100; Concord Trinity Church, $90.44; Wollaston First Bapt. Church, The Rand Class, $84.25; Emmanuel Congl. Church of Springfield, $66.70; Thomson, Robert M., $62; Everett, Mr. & Mrs. F. A., $60; Bible School, Somerville, Thru Fred K. Chandler, $56.11; Royalston Sunday School $53.35; Baker, Chas. G., $50; Barnard, E. L. & H. P., $50; Battles, C. H., $50; Deaconess Home, Concord, $50; Gabbatt, Mary A., $50; Greene, Miss Mary Amory, $50; Harlow, E. J., $50; Miller, Chas. N., $50; Morse, Julia R., $50; Radcliffe, Lillian H., $50; Taylor, Irene I., $50; Evangl. Congl. Church, Canton, $49.99; Bapt. Church S. S., Hancock, $47; Jewell, Mr. Hiram, $45.39; Otis, Chas. R., $45; Barker, Mrs. F. I., $43.77; Houghton, Mrs. Mary L., $42; Thru Mrs. Ione C. Griffin, $40; Sargent E. E., $40; Smith, Ellen C., $40; Snell, Thomas, $40; Wassenar, Mr. & Mrs. Bert. J., $37; Byron, Mrs. M. A., $35; Cook. S. P., $35; Thompson, Anna Boynton, $33; Beck, D. J., $30; Gillette, Mrs. W. F., $30; Tarbox, I. C., $30; Codding. E. E., $29; Nichols. Faxon E., $28; Advent Christian Ch., Lowell, $25; Baker, W. E., $25; Bartlett, V. I., $25; Benson, Mrs. Julia A., $25; Billings, Osmond J., $25; Chadwick, Mrs. Joan, $25; Cox, Mrs. Eugene H., $25; Davis, A. Mabel, $25; Dunbar, Mrs. L. J., $25; First Bapt. Church, Ladies' Aid Soc. of Weston, $25.

Gifford, Miss Sarah A., $25; Hulett, Miss Anna, $25; Leyford, Miss Clara F., $25; Page, Mrs. H. W., $25; Pollock, W., $25; Sankey, B. L., $25; Smith, Mary R., $25; Sanborn, Mr. & Mrs. J. A., $25; Sturgis, Miss L. C., $25; Taylor, M. J., $25; Temple Baptist Church of Dorchester—The Co-Workers, $25; Tinkham, Mrs. F. M., $25; Union Evang. Church of Hopedale, Mission Circle, $25; Upham, F. L., $25; Voight, Rev. H. Wm., $25; Whittimore, Anna J., $25; Wylie, Mrs. E. B., $25; Fall River Church, $23; Childs, J. H., $21; Pittman, M. H., $21; Bapt. Church of Lowell, $20.65; Richards, Mrs. E. E., $20.75; "Johnny J.", Paxton, $20; Abbott, Mrs. C. E., $20; Barker, Mrs. Mary A., $20; Bradley, Mrs. A., $20; Carr, Miss G. B., $20; Chase, Mrs. Alice M. & Family, $20; Cram, J. F., $20; Crosby, Mr. & Mrs. C. I., $20; Curtis, Miss Frances M., $20; Edwards, A. T., $20; Emery, Mrs. Isabel S., $20; Gordon, Mr. Albert & Eliz. H., $20; Hale. E. F. P., $20; Joslyn, G. E., $20; Knights, Wm. W., $20; Lence, Olive H., $20; Lister, Minnie & Isabel Sorenson, $20; Murphy, Wm. J., $20; Perley, Mrs. M. F., $20; Priest, A. M., $20; Richards, Jennie C., $20; Sawtell, E. P., $20; Schwartz, Annie M., $20; Smith' Mrs. Charlotte C., $20; Smith, W. F. $20; Wells, W. H., $20; Wills, Edith M., $20; French, L. P., $19; Little Union Evangl. S. S., $18.29; Bates, Lucius E., $18; Chase, Chas. F., $18; Congl. Church of Deerfield, $18.60; Gleason, W. N., $17.25; Ward, Esther M. & Pupils, $17.20; Bartlett, Mrs. & others, $16; Foster, A. W., $16; Humphrey, E. L., $16; Allen, Mrs. S. A., $15; Anderson, H. L., $15; Anderson, W. S. $15; Austin, J. S., $15; Blaney Memorial Bapt. S. S. of Dorchester, $15; Cross, Annie, $15; Dow, Hattie E. & Friends, $15; Godfrey, Pearl G., $15; Goodell, Emma E., $15; Gray. Mrs. Mary A., $15; Hall, Mrs. Thos. & Two Sisters, $15; Hamilton, Mrs. Alice E. & Ruth, $15; Holt, Fred W., $15; Homer, Laura A., $15; Johnson. Laura M., $15; Johnson, L. J. E., $15; Kellam, J. O. & G. M. Tenney, $15; Putnam, Mrs. Geo. A., $15; Shaw, Pamelia B., $15; Smith. Chas. P., $15; Tilton. A. W., $15; Vickery, Marion E., $15; Willis, Robert, $15; Athol Congl. S. S., $14.25; First Bapt. Church of Milton. $13.72; Osgood. H. G., $13; Reed, M. S., $13; Young, L. I., $13; Anderson, W. L., $12; Andreur, Catherine I., $12; Community Church, Indian Orchard, $12; Daniels, Mrs. Cora, $12; First Bapt. Church, Wollaston, $12; Thru Rev. J. D. Graham, $12; Goodrich, Mrs. G. S., $12; Lawrence, Charles R. & Friends, $12; Lord, Mrs. A. S., $12; Women's Home & Forgn. Miss. Soc. of Worcester, $12; Glass. Mabel E., $11.25 Allen, Mr. & Mrs. Asa B., $11; Beth Eden Bapt. Church Waltham, $11; Blake, Miss Jessie M., $11; Bowser, Grace C. & Friends, $11; Caldwell Mrs. C. H., $11; Crossin, Fred W., $11; Gale, Kate E., $11; Van Wagenen. Mr. & Mrs. Willis, $11; McFarlin, Sarah F., $10.50; Parker, Madelaine L., $10.25; "X", $10; Anonymous, Winchester, $10; Anonymous, Taunton, $10; A Friend in Sandwich, $10; A Friend, Fairhaven, $10; Mr. & Mrs. C. M. C. West Somerville, $10; Abnertowne, Mr. & Mrs., $10; Adams, Miss E. M., $10; Alden, Miss Susan L., $10; Allen, A. J., $10; Ayers, Mr. & Mrs. H. E., $10; Andrews, Mrs. M., $10; Arbor Vitae Club, Chelsea, $10; Allen, James, $10; Bapt. Church, Fayville, $10; Batchelder, Frances, $10; Beaumont, L. M., $10; Beckford, Miss Mary J., $10; Broadway S. S. Class No. 12 of Taunton, $10; Billings, Mr. L. A., $10; Boardman, Claude S., $10; Boots, Mrs. Sarah A., $10; Boynton, Dr. H. B., $10; Brackett, Ruth C., $10; Bradshaw. G. U., $10; Brooks, Mrs. J. M., $10; Calkins, E. J., $10; Campbell, Elizabeth S., $10; Case, Mrs. Edw. E., $10; Celley, Geo. & Angela, $10; Cervi, Mrs. Mary E., $10; Chadbourne, Rev. & Mrs. G. S., $10; Chase, Blanch Elizabeth, $10; Chase, Hazen, $10; Cheney, Ruth B., $10; Church of the

Boys whose parents died as a result of the famine, Thirty of them were taken into an orphanage at Yungning supported by Christian Herald funds

Preaching the Gospel to the people after feeding them at a Christian Herald station

Four hundred orphan boys were living in this old temple, supported by money you sent through the Christian Herald

Massachus'ts-Con'd

Good Shepherd, Wareham, $10; Clapp, P. J., $10; Clark, Lillian G., $10; Clark, Melissa C., $10; Coburn, W. I., $10; Collins, Mrs. C. H., $10; Comstock, Alfred T., Chas. & Martin, $10; Congl. S. S. of Stockbridge, $15; Cosad, S. E., $10; Cushing, Mrs. S. G., & Friend, $10; Curtis, Miss Lucy E., $10; Dawes, Mrs. A. L., $10; Dean, Mr. & Mrs. E. K., $10; Dixson, Mrs. Emily J., $10; Dighton, M. E. Church, Marathon Class, $10; Durkee, Oliver P. & E. E. Weeks, $10; Dwight, Sophie E., $10; First Bapt. Church, Colerain, $10; Foote, Miss Florence R., $10; Fox, Russel, $10; Frary, C. F., $10; Frese, Frederick C., $10; Geddings, Mrs. Chas., $10; Glendale M. E. Church, North Wilbraham, $10; Goodell, F. S., $10; Goodwin, Mrs. Chas. C., $10; Grace Church of Framingham, $10; Graham, Mrs. Harlow. $10; Grant, Ruby A., $10; Grey, A., $10; Hall, B. F., $10; Holt, Rollin L., $10; Hammett, J. L., $10; Hartwell Mary I., $10; Hawkins, Mrs. E. A., $10; Hope, A. B., $10; Hudson, A. M., $10; Hart, Mrs. Ellen G., $10; Hannaford, Mrs. F. L., $10; Hyde, Julia 'A., $10; Irving, H. O. & Miss M. J. Craig, $10; James, Miss Annie P., $10; Jenson, Mrs. E. I., $10; Jenson, F. A., $10; Johnson, Bertha M., $10; Johnson, Rev. M. F., $10; Jones, Alfred T., $10; Jones, Miss Ethel M., $10; Keeney, Ethel M., $10; Lane, M. T., $10; Lynch, Ella M., $10; Lincoln Pk. Bapt. Church, West Newton, $10; Leavis, M. H., $10; Lester, Mrs. G. E. & Miss Mae Calkins, $10; Lewis, Mrs. May L., $10; Loynes, Mary E., $10; McDonald, Daniel, $10; McKechnie, Mrs. A. N., $10; Missionary Socy., Fairhaven, $10; Martin, Harriet, Eva, $10; Myers, Jacob, $10; Meeks, T. J., $10; Newton, Chas. H., $10; Nilsson, Anna, E. S., $10; North Congl. Church, New Bedford, $10; Niles, Mrs. J. B. & Lorinda E., $10; Nirenstеen, Nathan $10; Olney, Mrs. E. L., $10; Paugh, Elizabeth M., $10; Peirce, Franklin, $10; Pike, Hazel, $10; Porter, Hy P., $10; Pratt, E. O., $10; Rich, Mrs. E. T., $10; Richards, Jennie C., $10; Richmond, A. F., $10; Ricker, Miss Elra, $10; "In Loving Memory of Frances L. Robbins, D.D." $10; Rogers, Mrs. Rose E. & Friends, $10; Saunders, Mrs. S. L., $10; Sawyer, W. B., $10; Schlesnizer, Alfred C., $10; School Children, Thru Carrie L. Mason, $10; Schwartz, A. M., $10; Scott, Herbert R., $10; Smith, Mrs. C. W., $10; Smith, Mr. & Mrs. D. L., $10; Snow, Mary E., $10; Spencer, F. B., $10; Stevens, Dr. Grace, $10; Streeter, Lilla M., $10; Taylor, Irene I., $10; Tucker, Mrs. Sara E., $10; Turner, Mrs. Ruth E., $10; TwentiethCentury Club of Dalton, $10; Union Evangl. Church, Hopedale, $10.

Upham, Mrs. Mary G., $10; Urann, Mrs. Agnes C., $10; Van Hoyck, L. P., $10; Vickery, Martin, $10; Wakefield, Ira, $10; Wallace, C. C., $10; Ware, Mrs. John H., $10; Warriner, A. A., $10; Weaver, Mrs. H. A., $10; Wheeler, Mrs. Sarah A., $10; Whitman, Oliver B., $10; Williams, Daisy Woods, $10; W. C. T. U. of Chesire, $10; Wood, E. W., $10; Woodbury, Elizabeth B. & Friends, $10; Burgess, J. M., $9; Gallison, Miss G. B., $9; Geissler, Mrs. John, $9; Howland, Mrs. Belle, $9; Richmond, Philip H., $9; Rowe, L. Mystie, $9; Cash, Boston, $8; Clark, Gertrude L., $8; Congl. Church of Otis, $8; Edwards, Miss Caroline, $8; Montague City S. S., $8; M. E. Church, Allston (Junior League), $8; Peabody, Alice D., $8; Roots, Willard H., $7.25; Stars & Willing Workers of Belmont, $7.12; Alford Church, $7; Austin, Miss M. C., $7; Becket Baptist S. S., $7; Congl. S. S., Primary Dept., West Medway, $7; Church of Christ, Williamstown, $7; Cutter, B. N., $7; East Otis Branch, $7; Edwards, Mary E., $7; Howard, F. D., $7; Kellogg, Mr. & Mrs. Frank G., $7; Lane, L. Ellen, $7; Litchard, Mrs. M. K., $7; Lund, Helen E., $7; Morton, Mrs. Catherine, $7; Murray A., $7; Waquoit Congl. Church, $7; George, F. W., $6.60; Allen, Mrs. E. H., $6; Baldwin, Edward. $6; Betts, Douglas, $6; Blinn, Miss S. E., $6; Burleigh, Saml. A., $6; De Quvy, Stanley, $6; Dickinson, Mrs. R. D., $6; Downey, Lizzie, $6; Edwards, E. B., $6; First Bapt. Church Intermediate Soc., Chicopee Falls., $6; Goddard, Kate M., $6; McAuley, Effie, $6; M. E. Church, Westport Point, $6; Thru Mrs. A. W., $6; Richmond, Rev. James, $6; Road, Luce. $6; Shepard, Emily S., $6; Templeman, Mrs. P. L., $6; Tinercker, Elizabeth F., $6; Wells, J. M., $6; Whipple, Alice S., $6; Warren, Mrs. A. P., $6; Smith, Mrs. Herbert B., $5.70; Beaman, Mrs. Geo. H., $5.50; Stone, Mrs. Millie, $5.02.

A Friend, Orange, $5; Anonymous, Fair Haven, $5; Cash. Paxton, $5; J. A. S., Worcester, $5; M. J. H.; Colliston, $5; Mrs. R., Palmer. $5, Alexander, Harriet I., $5; Alexander, Nettie, $5; Allen, Sarah S., $5; Anderson, Mrs. Oliva K., $5; Anderson, Wm., $5; Austin, Geo. B., $5; Avery, L. A., $5; Bacon, Mrs. R. M., $5; Baker, Mrs. A. L., $5; Bapt. Church, Lend-a-Hand Class of Holliston, $5; Barden, J. F. Mrs., $5; Bardwell, Dora B., $5; Barker. Henry A., $5; Barnes. Mrs. Anna E., $5; Barrett, Mrs. R. H., $5; Barrett, M. Ethel, $5; Benton, H. F., $5; Bodfish, Mrs. D. L., $5; Booth, Mr. & Mrs. Melven, $5; Booth, Mrs. J. T., $5; Brinkerhoff, Mrs. P. D., $5; Brown, Mrs. Emma F., $5; Brown, Mrs. R. A. $5; Burbank, Mrs. J. K., $5; Cairns, John, $5; Thru John F. Carlton, $5; Carmean, Mrs. C. R., $5; Carruter, Mrs. Clara R., $5; Cowles, Laura A., $5; Cervi, Mrs. Mary A. & Romeo, $5; Chadwick, Mrs. Ivan. $5; Chadwick, Mrs. Geo. W., $5; Chadwick, Mrs. John, $5; Chappel, Mrs. Sarah E., $5; Chipman, Harriet E., $5; Chipman, H. L., $5; Clark, Bessie J., $5; Clark, A. B., $5; Coburn, Gilman P., $5; Collins, Sarah, $5; Congl. S. S. of Brookfield, $5; Corey Frank F., $5; Cosgrove, C. M., $5; Count, E. W., $5; Crocker, Ernest, $5; Crosby, Esther I., $5; Crowell, B. E., $5; Cullen, W. S., $5; Daniels, Laura, $5; Davis, I. M., $5; Davis, S. D. $5; Davis, Philip S., $5; De Bruyer, John W., $5; Denton, Thomas, $5; Dutton, Martha S., $5; Dunbar, W. M., $5; Donaldson, D. R., $5; Dillingham, Abbie F., $5.

Dorchester Daughters of Maine, $5; Earnsly, Mrs. Chas., $5; Eaton, Dikeman Co., $5; Edson, Lola L. & H. I., $5; Elliott, Mrs. Lydia H., $5; Ellis Louisa P., $5; Emerson, F. W., $5; Fairbank, Mr. & Mrs. W. W., $5; Fellows, Mary E., $5; Thru Anna B. Ferguson, $5; First Bapt. Church S. S. of Holliston, $5; First Bapt. Church, Holyoke, $5; Fletcher, P. D., $5; Fox, Addie L., $5; Fox, R. J. $5; Frary, Mrs. Albert, $5; Garabedian, Mrs. S. A., $5; Gaylord, Mrs. F. S., $5; Goff, F. M., $5; Gooch, Mrs. J. L., $5; Gooch, Rev. Wm. S., $5; Goldthwait, Martha C., $5; Grinnell, Mary S., $5; Guptill, L. H., $5; Hebron Bapt. Church, W. M. S., $5; Hall, Mrs. D. C., $5; Hallamore, S., $5; Ham, Mrs. Lydia A., $5; Hamilton, Mrs. F. J., $5; Harris, Mrs. A. L., $5; Harris, Ellen I., $5; Harris, Wm. $5; Harris, Rieta C., $5; Haskell, A. L., $5; Hart, Nellie M., $5; Hawes. Margaret C., $5; Haywood, C. E., $5; Hill, Miss Mary B., $5; Hinckley, Mrs. Nelson, $5; Hobbs, Mrs. Edith V., $5; Hodgkin, Mrs. L. B., $5; Holbrook, Miss M. C., $5; Hollis, Mrs. A. H., $5; Holmes. Bessie F., $5; Holliston Bapt. Ladies Mission Circle, $5; Hooper Mary E., $5; Houston, Mrs. H. S., $5; Howe. Ella E., $5; Hurd, D. F., $5; Hussey, Alonzo, T., $5; Hutchinson, Mrs. Mary D., $5; Ilsley, G. B., $5; Johnson, Esther E., $5; Johnson, Otto, $5; Johnson, Sarah R., $5; Johnstone, E., $5; Jones, F. E., $5; Jones, Mrs. F. P., $5; Kershaw, Mrs. Emma, $5; Kincaid, Mrs. E. D., $5; Kingman, Sara S., $5.

Lane, Dr. Jennie T., $5; Lane, Maude P., $5; Lyman, Eunice O., $5; Lanfair, M. Cora. $5; Livemore, Mrs. E. C., $5; Lusk, Mrs. F., $5; McAuley, Mr. Roderick, $5; McCutcheon, Fredk. W., $5; McDelano, Lovicy, $5; McKenzie. Miss Isabel, $5; McKernon, O. J., $5; McNaughton, Mrs. Geo., $5; Marshall, Mrs. M. C., $5; Mason, Mrs. Wm., $5; Mayberry, Elizabeth, $5; Merrick, J. C., $5; Metcalf, Edith S., $5; Meyrow, Carrie L. & Miss S. M. Copeland, $5; Morse, Mrs. Geo. A., $5; Nichols; Mrs. C. J., $5; Nickerson, Grace F., $5; Nicklin, Sarah, E., $5; Nillson, Mrs., $5; Nordquist, Victor, $5; Orbeton, Louisa A., $5; Packard, Ellen H., $5; Palmer, Mrs. H. P., $5; Patch, Alice M., $5; Pemberton, Mrs. L. A., $5; Pendleton, L. P., $5; Perry, Nellie A., $5; Peters, Eugenia & Lydia Barker, $5; Phillips, Mrs. A. M., $5; Phillips, Elsie H., $5; Place, Laura R., $5; Porter, N. W., $5, Prentice, Carrie A., $5; Prentiss, Mary, $5; Ramsdell, A. M., $5; Reed, Josie S., $5; Rhoads, S. Elizabeth, $5; Rice, Mr. & Mrs. H. B., $5; Rich, Mrs. D. M., $5; Ricketts, Mrs. Mary A., $5; Ring, Mr. & Mrs. H. P., $5; Ringer, H., $5; Robinson, J. H., $5; Roper, Elsie J., $5; Safford, Mrs. Susan, $5; Saunders, Clara M., $5; Sawyer, D. H., $5; Sayward, B. F., $5; Scott, C. D., $5; Scott, W. N., $5; Sherman, Mrs. C. T., $5; Sherman, Rev. Stanley C., $5; Shute, Eben, $5; Silver Lake S. S., $5; Slaughter, Mrs. Nellie L., $5; Smith, Claire E., $5; Smith, Mr. & Mrs., G. F., $5; Smith, J. M., $5.

Snow, Grace E., $5; Steadman, Dr. Fredk. W., $5; Stone, Mrs. N. G., $5; Streeter, Lillian E., $5; Summers, Miss Mary. $5; Sheldon, James E., $5; Taapken, J. D., $5; Tatregn, Mrs. F. E., $5; Thayer, C. W., $5; Tidd, Mrs. Harriett E., $5; Tinkham, Lottie, G., $5; Tompkins, Mrs. Helen M., $5; Towne, Annie F., $5; Towne, Mr. Abner, $5; Traver, Mrs. J. E., $5; True, R. P., $5; Tucker, Mrs. T., $5; Turner, Emily M., $5; Turner, T. E. D., $5; Tuttle, C L., $5; Vincent, C. B. $5; Wade, Beatrice, $5; Walker, C. E., $5; Webster, Flora D., $5; Wheeler, D. M., $5; White, Miss L. A., $5; Wicks. Annie. $5; Wilder, Mrs. A. W., $5; Wilkinson, W. J., $5; Williams, L. J., $5; Williams, L. G., $5; Wilson, Edgar & Sisters, $5; Wingate, E. E., $5; Wood. Mrs. C. A., $5; Wood, Mary E., $5; Woodward, Mrs. Mary, $5; Yerrington, Mr. & Mrs. H. M., $5; Ladies' Aid Soc. Thru Mrs. Mary Galway, $4.50; Bailey, S. E. & Friends, $4; Cole, M. F., $4; Curtis, Mrs. E. W. for S. S. Class, $4; Giddings, A. M., $4; Glazier. Ida L., $4; Glazier, E. Florence, $4; Heath, Mary E., $4; Kemp, Miss Julia E., $4; MacDonald, Miss Annie, $4; Matthews, Mrs. C. E. & Friends, $4; M. E. S. S., E. Saugus, $4; Nones, L. L. & C. R., $4; Orton, Mr. & Mrs. K. N., $4; Page, Mrs. Elizabeth, $4; Peebles, Ophelia A., $4; Reed. Mr. & Mrs. J. P., $4; Roberts, Adalza C., $4; Sherwood, Mrs. M. W., $4; Smith, Sue T., $4; Wilkins, Robt. N., $4; Wollinawn, Anna M., $4; Wright, Chas., $4; Loper, Rev. V. V., $3.75; Downey, L., $3.50; Robinson, Thos. J., $3.10; Anonymous, Oxford, $3; Anonymous. Springfield, $3; "R. W. T.", $3; Arthur, Mrs. F. F., $3.

Austin, Mrs. W. S., $3; Bacon, Mrs. C. N., $3; Baker, H. A., $3; Benvin, M Jane, $3; Benson, Mrs. Julia A., $3; Bolles, Mrs. A. F., $3; Bryant, Mrs. G. F. & Daughters, $3; Caseley, Mr. & Mrs. W. J., $3; Congl. Church Sunshine Class of Orange, $3; Crane, A. M., $3; Cunningham, Leila O., $3; Curtis, Mrs. Abbie S., $3; Deroo, Mrs. C., $3; DeQuvy, Stanly, $3; Drury, Mrs. G. E., $3; Eastman, E., $3; Ellison, Judith P., $3; First Bapt. Church Welcome Class, Fitchburg, $3; Fulton, Lillian M., $3; Gile, Emily M. & Friend, $3; Greer, John, $3; Harris, A. S., $3; Harwood, Mrs. O. J., $3; Hasen, Maria S., $3; Hilliard, L. J., $3; Holmes, Edgar M., $3; Holstead, Mrs. L. R., $3; Hope, J. A., $3; Irish, Mrs. L. M., $3; James, Mrs. H. H., $3; Joslin, W. H., & Mrs. L. L. $3; Lamphray Fanny, $3; Leatherbee, Mrs. C. E., $3; Lincoln, Mrs. C. A., $3; Litchfield, Miss Gertrude, $3; Lowne, Chas. A., $8; McArtney, Ruby, $3; Marston, Howard, $3; Moner, Mrs. $3; Morgan, Annie, $3; Moore, Emma L., $3; Owen, Edwin R., $3; Parker, Mrs. Horace, $3; Pelton, Mrs. A. A., $3; Porter, Mrs. Philip, $3; Smith, Mrs. Mary D. R., $3; Swartz, Rev. Edwin C., $3; Sargent, Miss Frances, $3; Sheenin, Thos., $3; Thomas, Julia, $3; Tingley, Mary A., $3; Topliff, Rose J., $3; Wood, Olive E., $3; Thru, Mabel A. Buxton, $2.54; Congl. Church, W. M. S., Winthrop, $2.50; Carver, Mrs. E. H., $2.50; Crosley, Mrs. Anne, $2.50;

Cushing, Mrs. Mary, $2.50; Greenwood, Mrs. Emily F., $2.50; Hayward, Mrs., $2.50; Meserve, L. A. & C. F. & Mary Meserve, $2.50; Thru Mrs Norman H. Meilley, $2.50; Y. P. Presby. C. E. Soc. of Brookline, $2.50; Thru Carrie R. Chapin, $2.10; Soughton, Mr. & Mrs. F. F., $2.06; A Friend, Attleboro, $2; A Boston Friend, $2; A Friend, Lee, $2; A Friend, Worcester, $2; A King's Daughter, Boston, $2; Anonymous, Boston, $2; Anonymous, Brockton, $2; Anonymous, East Saugus, $2; Anonymous, Fairhaven, $2; Anonymous, Newton Highlands, $2; Anonymous Springfield, $2; Anonymous, W. Brookfield, $2; Cash, Georgetown, $2; F. L., Auburndale, $2; R. N. T., Boston, $2; M. M., Cambridge, $2; H. & C. S., North Adams, $2; Mrs. S. W. M. Worcester, $2; E. H. M., W. Somerville, $2; "Sympathy," Beverly, $2; "Two Ladies," Springfield, $2; "Two Readers," New Bedford, $2; Adams, Mrs. S. E., $2; Allen, James F., $2; Allen, Ira B., $2; Andrews, Miss M. E., $2; Arey, Mrs. L. S., $2; Austin, Elvira L., $2; Babcock, Mrs., $2; Bailey, E. E., $2; Baker, Edward, $2; Barnes, N. H., $2; Baxter, T. T., $2; Bell, Miss Angie L., $2; Benley. Wm., $2; Bennett, C. W., $2; Bland, Mrs. Agnes, $2; Bowen, Sarah E., $2; Breer, L. B., & Co., $2; Brigham, Mrs. C. D., $2; Brierly, Tom, $2; Brooks, Ellen F., $2; Buck. Edith A., $2; Butterfield, Mrs Laura, $2; Cameras, Mrs. James, $2; Carman, Mrs. Luther S., $2; Chamberlain, Mrs. E. C., $2; Cheever, Mr. & Mrs. Clarence, $2; Clarke, Minnie E., $2; Clark, Mr. & Mrs. R. A., $2; Collier, Frank F., $2; Cross, E. N., $2; Downing, Nellie, $2; Dupdale, Jean, $2; Eastman, Mrs. Emily, $2; Edson, Miss F. M., $2; Ells, Helen S., $2.

Fennell, Mrs. Wm., $2; Ferguson, Peter, $2; Fish, Geo. R., $2; Flinn, Mrs. B. F., $2; Frickey, Mrs. Mary, $2; Gink, John A., $2; Glidden, Miss Mary E., $2; Greene, B. Franklin, $2; Hadley, Elizabeth, $2; Holbrook, Miss M. C., $2; Hamilton, Mrs. Mary C. B., $2; Hammond, Mrs. E. S., $2; Harmon, Lou M., $2; Harrington, Mr. & Mrs. F. W., $2; Hastings, Miss S. M. & Mrs. S. E. Benner, $2; Hayward, G. B. & E. L. M., $2; Hill, Mrs. J. C., $2; Hubby, Mrs. Harold & Mrs. F. W. Wurtzbach, $2; Thru Marietta Goodrich, $2; Jenkins, Mrs. E. C., $2; Johnson, L. Grace, $2; Jones, Mrs. G. H., $2; Jones, Mary E., $2; Keith, Mrs. M. D., $2; Kenney, Beulah M., $2; Keyes, Mrs. J. L., $2; Knight, Mrs. Myrta, $2; Knowles, B. D., $2; Lawrence, C. A., $2; Lawrence. Mrs Lucy A., $2; Leastruber, Mrs. C. E., $2; Lee, F. B., $2; Leffingwell Ada N., $2; Leonard, Miss Flora, $2; Lindsey, Charles, $2; Linn, Mina O., $2; Litchfield, Frances M., $2; Loomer, Anna E., $2; Lothrop, B. A., $2; Lynch, Rev. R. LeBlanc, $2; McDonald, Mrs. J. A., $2; McDonald, Mrs. D. A., $2; McLain, Miss M. C., $2; MacKelth, Mrs. John, $2; Maurer, Penfield, $2; MacAuley, Effie, $2; Matthews, Mrs. H. M., $2; Matteson, John, $2; Maultrie, Richard & Miss A. Alston, $2; Maynard, Mrs. Sarah N., $2; Merritt, Mrs. E. W., $2; Mills, Mrs. M., $2; Morris, H. E., $2; Morse, Clara R., $2; Morse, Miss S. L., $2; Nash, Stephen, $2; Niver, L. C., $2; Page, Marguerite, $2; Pease, Mrs. W. H., $2; Pepper, Jessie M., $2; Pine, Miss Sarah, $2; Pierce, J. W., $2; Pohle, Mrs. E. W., $2; Porter, Mrs. D. T., $2; Putnam, R. F. & Edith L. Gray, $2; Rider, Mrs. M. J., $2. Raymond, Olive M., $2; Rice, Eliza; beth, $2; Rice, Mr. & Mrs. W. T., $2; Richardson, F. E., $2; Ridgway, Wm; H., $2; Robinson, Mary, $2; Roberts, Mrs. Cora, $2; Savage, Mrs. G. F., $2; Searle, N. C., $2; Sefton, Mrs. H. E. $2; Shaw, M. M., $2; Shaw, Mrs. T., $2; Sheldon, S. E., $2; Sherburne, Mrs. F. L., $2; Stanley, Mrs. E. G., $2; Stanley, Mr. & Mrs. G. F., $2; Steile, Mary, $2; Stevens, Mrs. Ed., $2; Stevens, G. W., $2; Stone, Mrs. $2; Strong, Mrs. A. L., $2; Struthers, Mary, $2; Sullivan, Mrs. M., $2; Sumner, Elizabeth R., $2; S. S. Class of Mrs. Curtis, $2; Taft, Wilbur G., $2; Teele, Gertrude E., $2; Tibbetts, Jennie T., $2; Tilton, Wm. J., $2; Trumhill, Mrs. C. E., $2; Ullman, Alice Woods, $2; Vidito, Mrs. G. E., $2; The Watchful Circle Kings Daughters, E. Weymouth, $2; Weaver. C., $2; Wentworth, A. W., $2; West, J. H., $2; Whitmore, M. D., $2; Thru Mrs. W. C. Wilder, $2; Willey, C. J., $2; Wright, R., $2; Wright, Mrs. S. H., $2; Warner, C. L., $1.69; Anonymous, Waltham, $1.52; Graves. Orphie L., $1.25; Skinner, J. B., $1.19; Galway, Mrs. J., $1.04; A Friend, Needham Heights, $1; A Friend, Newton Heights $1; Anonymous, Boston, $1; Anonymous, Boston, $1; Anonymous, Gloucester, $1; Anonymous, New Bedford, $1; An Old Lady, W. Townsend, $1; A Poor Widow, Edgartown, $1; A Reader, Haverhill, $1; A Subscriber, Needham Heights., $1; A Subscriber, Needham Hghts., $1; E. A., Andover $1.

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Christian Ref. Ch. Cong. of Grand Rapids, Thru A. J. Vandenburg, $893.82; Galbraith, Mrs. E. R., $607; Christian Ref. Ch. of Holland, Thru John G. Rutgers, $572.35; Second Christian Ref. Ch. of Grand Haven, $402.84; Christian Ref. Ch of New Era, $266.23; First Christian Ref. Ch. of Fremont, $233.27; Berry, Lottie D., $250; Trinity Ref. Ch. of Holland, $213.89; First Ref. Ch. of Grand Haven, $210; Bethany Christian Ref. Ch. S. S. of Muskegon, $200; Monson, Mrs. A. T., $200; Poole, F. J., $200; Read, M. M., $200; Staub, E. E., $200; First Ref. Ch. S. S. of Hamilton, $185.50; Blackmon, H. May, $175.10; Brown City Red Cross, $150; Two Servants of Christ, Detroit, $150; Ninth Ref. Ch. of Grand Rapids, $145; Christian Ref. Ch. of Reeman, $142.50; Congl. S. S. of Richmond, $125; Norwegian Evang. Free Church of Muskegon, $125; McLaughlin, Mrs. Sorena, $125; Brethren Ch. of Campbell, $117; M. E. Ch. of Harbor Springs, $115; Second Christian Ref. Ch. of Muskegon, $112.06; Fourth Ref. Ch. of Holland, $111.65; Potter, James V., $110; Eames, Blanch, $100; Hubbert, Dr. W. R., $100; Marshall, Miss Caroline V., $100; Sayers, W. A., $100; Stone, Mrs. H. P., $100; White, M. Evelyn, $100; Osgood, Mildred, $95; Presb. Ch. of East Jordan, $90.48; Moak Family, $90; Osgood, I. B., $87.60; Eesley, J. F., $78; Newhouse, Mr. & Mrs. Ray, $76; Bethel Ladies' Aid of Grand Rapids, $75; Baptist S. S. of St. Joseph, $75; Third Christian Ref. Ch. of Muskegon, $74.69.

Community of Britton & vicinity, Thru Frank C. Miller, $74; Johnstone, N. W., $70; Thru Rev. Duncan M. Ward, $70; First Bapt. S. S. of Saginaw, $67.28; Howland, Emma A., $67; Congl. S. S. of Morenci, $66; Norris, Mrs. S. A., $65; Almont Bapt. S. S., $62.50; Ref. Ch. of Portage, "The Pleiades," $62.15; Christian Ref. Ch. of McBain, $61; First Presb. S. S. of Redford, $60; Stimson, Ref. L. J., $60; Citizens of East Jordan, Thru E. A. Lewis, $59.90, Saline, Federated Church, $57.41; "White Gift Xmas Gift," Thru G. Radnchel, $56.50; Mack Ave. Evang. S. S. of Detroit, $55.48; Gamble, J. E., $54; Stoppels, Chas., $54, United Brethren S. S. of Grand Rapids, $52.72; First Rev. Ch. S. S. of Spring Lake, $52; Banhahn, Miss Dorothy, $50; Collins, Everett, F., $50; Eastern Ave. Y. L. Soc. of Grand Rapids, $50; Free Meth. S. S., Ludington, $50; Gillespie, Wm. A., $50; Goodrich, E. M., & Friends, $50; Gutema, Henry, $50; Heckman, Mrs. E. S., $50; Heeres, N. P., & Mrs. W. P., $50; Hope Lutheran Ch. of Grand Rapids, $50; Mills, C. W., Paper Co., $50; Priscilla Class, Bapt. Ch of Detroit, $50; Rathburn, Lester G., $50; Rawson, Mr. & Mrs. W. J., $50; Robbins, Verna L. & Friends, $50; Smith, Miss Anna, $50; Swedish Meth. Ch. of Marquette, $50; First Presb. Ch. S. S. of Hesperia, $48.75; M. E. S. S. of Hart, $47; North Hamburg Cong. Church, $47; Hersey, W. A., $45.70; Barry, Mr. & Mrs. John H., $45.60; Mulder, Dr. Cornelius D., $45; Zion, M. E. S. S. of Pickford, $42.75; E. Bushnell Farmers Club, $41.70; Moore, Andrew L., $41.47; Blake, Mr. & Mrs. G. H., $40; First Bapt. Ch. Miss. Ladies, Benton Harbor, $40; Gage, Mrs. M. T., $40; Williams, F. B., $40; North Aurelius Union Church, $38.62.

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Knapp, F. M., $25; Koop. Henry $25; Krieghoff Art Service $25; Ladies Whatsoever Soc. of Kalamazoo, $25; Mott, O. E., $25; Osservaarde, Jedidah, $25; Oswalt, A. M. & J. M., $25; Ott, Lydia, $25; Green, A. L. D. $25; Reid. Miss Daisy, $25; Reid, Mr. & Mrs. James, $25; Schoonbeck, B. A., $25; Sherman, Mrs. J. E., $25; St. Johns Church, Y. P. Soc. of Muskegon, $25; Slocum, G. M., $25; S. S. Class of Trumbull Ave., Presb. Church. Detroit, $25; Thompson, B. E., $25; Vanderpyle, John J. $25; Wadsworth, Mr. & Mrs. ... $25; Westenburg, M. Van, $25; Wesleyan Meth. Ch. of Waldron $24.50; Whittaker Evang. S. S., $24; Fields, M. J., $24; Gallup. W. E., $24; Belding Ch. of Christ $23.75; Base Line M. E. Ch. of Battle Creek, $23; Congl. Ch. of New Haven, Young Men's Class., $22.50; Sunday School & Ladies' Aid of Ch. of God. Blanchard. $22.38; Kidder, Mary, $22; Ide, Mrs. Wm., $22; Johnston, J. G., $21.50; Winans, Eliz. K., $21.25; Rockey, Grace Du, $21; Bentler, I. A., $20; Branderhorst, Mr. Geo., $20; Breece C. E., $20; Bryant, Isla. $20; Copeland, Nelly W., $20; Davey, Wm. J., $20; Davis. Mr. & Mrs. Wm. P., $20; Dean. Mrs. Wm. A., $20; Dick. Wm., $20; Dorcas Soc. of Sawyer, $20; Every, Mrs. Emma A., $20; Fleming, R. J., $20; Flowerfield, Circuit of Meth. Ch., Marcellus, $20; Forssberg, John, $20; Fowler, H. W., $20; Fox, Phyllis, $20; First Christian Ref. Ch., $20; Gillom, Mrs. J. B., $20; Green Oak F. B. Mission Circle, $20; Gunyam, Rev. & Mrs. Harry, $20; Halsted, Mrs. A. R., $20; Hutchinson, Mrs. Smith, $20; Koster, Mr. & Mrs. John. $20; Krupp, Rev. S., $20.

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St. John, Mrs. R., $6.20; Ford Mem. M. E. Church, of Dearborn, $6.02; Barnett, Mr. & Mrs. Will, $6; Bowen, Mrs. F. H., $6; Bowers, Mrs. H. I., $6; Brandt, David, $6; Brown, Mrs. Nancy & friends, $6; Cork, Geo. $6; Crater, Cleve, $6; Dersham, Mrs. Sarah L., $6; Howe, F. V., $6; Johnson, Nellie, $6; Lintz, Mrs. W. H., $6; Little Aid Soc. United Workers of Lowell, $6; McCune, N. A., $6; Mernitz, Clara & friends, $6; Meyer, Miss Bessie & friends, $6; Niles, Mrs. Frances & daughters $6; Moore, Mrs. Nettie, $6; Randall, Mrs. D. J., $6; Reecanamazoo Camp Fire Girls, $6; Schmalzried, Mrs. L. W., $6; Smith, Mr. & Mrs. E., $6; Sprick, Marian, $6; Sunshine Class of Vestaburg, $6; Tourtelotte, Mrs. Sarah E., $6; Wing, Mrs. Mr. & Mrs. B. P., $6; Withee, Frank C., $6; Wolf, Fred, $6; Brunger, Mrs. Clifford. $5.60; Eby, Mr. & Mrs. W. C., $5.57; Bethel Congl. S. S. Y. P. S. of Bronson, $5.50; Bucknell, L. A., $5.50; West, Myrtie, $5.50; Christ Ref. Church S. S. Class of Grand Rapids, $5.37; Schoyer, Catherine, $5.02; Anonymous, Allegan $5; Anonymous Silverwood, $5; Anonymous, Springport, $5; A Friend, Jenison, $5; A Friend, Nashville, $5; A Friend, Kalamazoo $5; "S. H." $5; Adams, Flora E., W., $5; Albert, Lewis, $5.

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Daniels, Miss Mabel M., $5; Dauskin, Rev. Alex, $5; Dawson, Wm., $5; Dean, Mrs. H. A., $5; De Bruyn, Robt., $5; De Graaf, Mrs. A., $5; Dendel, Mrs. Frank C., $5; Demey, Clara, $5; Dewey, Clara, $5; Dewey Ila Fern, $5; Donald, Gustavus, $5; Dostie, Mrs, Cornelia, $5; Dunlap, A. L., $5; Ebner, M. A., $5; Eickenhout, H., Sr., $5; Ellett, Jno. F., $5; Eliot, Mrs. H. M., $5; Faber, Mr. & Mrs. N., $5; Fansley, Mrs. E. L., $5; First Ref. Church of Spring Lake, Jr. C. E. Socy., $5; Fleak, Mrs. C. A., $5; Force, Mrs. David, $5; Force, Mrs. D. H., $5; Fourtown M. E. Church of Pontiac, $5; Fox, Mrs. Agnes, $5; Fox, Bessie, $5; French, E. E., $5; Friend, Mrs. Wm. $5; Fuller, Mrs. V. L., $5; Gebhard, Mrs. Emma, $5; Galt, Rev. T. F., $5; Gatea, Wm. A., $5; Gaunt, Mrs. J. G., $5; German, Mrs. Blanche, $5; Good, Mrs. W. E., $5; Grace, Mrs. M. J., $5; Grace Reformed Church of Grand Rapids, $5; Grand Haven Sunday School, $5; Greggg, S. K., $5; Green, Herman, $5; Hall, Miss Fanny L., $5; Hamilton, Mrs. W. H., $5; Hamming, P. H., $5; Hammond, F. E., $5; Hanna, Mrs. H. J., $5; Harris, James V., $5; Hastings Presby. S. S. "In His Name," Class, $5; Hayen, Mr. & Mrs. J. T., $5; Heney, Mrs. Fred, $5; Hibbert, Harry $5; Hicks Mrs. W. $5; Hinkamp Paul E. $5; Hinterman, Mr. & Mrs. R., $5; Hocking, Mr. & Mrs. R., $5; Hickwater, Jas. & family, $5; Holcomb, Mrs. A. J. & friends, $5; Holden, Mrs. J. C., $5; Holkins, Mr. & Mrs. C. N., $5; Holman, Mrs. W., $5; Howard, Lucy, $5.

Hubbard, Sarah E., $5; Hudson, Wm. G., $5; Hull, Mr. & Mrs. E. Sidney, $5; Humeson, Harry, $5; Hunter, Mr. & Mrs. J. A. $5; Hurd, Mrs. Florence, $5; Hurve, Wm., $5; Ithaca M. E. Church, Mrs. Welch's S. S. Class, $5; Jackson Business University, $5; Jannes, Mrs. S. M., $5; Jaquish, E. L., $5; Jenney, Miss Blanche F., $5; Jennings, Sarah, $5; Johnson, L. L., $5; Kapp, Emma M., $5; Kapteyn, C. T., $5; Keller, G. R., $5; Kellogg, Fannie, $5; Kenaga, Allen E., $5; Kendrick, Mr. & Mrs. M. C., $5; Kerr M. M. $5; Kinne, W. J., $5; Kinne Mrs. E. B., $5; Kirker, Mr. Gilbert, $5; Kleinham, Mrs. E. P., $5; Knapp, G. F., $5; Knause, Carrie, $5; Ladies Library Assn. of Ovid, $5; Lalles, Mrs. A. E., $5; Land, Mrs. A. L., $5; Lapper, B., $5; Latter, Mrs. A. E., $5; Lawrence, Mrs. F. N., $5; Laver, Amos, $5; Laycock, Mrs. Cynthia, $5; Lees, John, $5; Lewis, C. C., $5; Lenson, John Chris, $5; Lentz, Mrs. Albert, $5; Laycock, Mrs. Cynthia, $5; Liberty Club of Vassar, $5; Linton, Geo. F. & Enos, $5; Lucas, Mrs. A. & family $5; Lundsden, Emma, $5; MacHardy, Ethel, $5; McM Intosh, W. C., $5; McIntyre, Minnie, $5; McKinney, Mrs. Clara S., $5; MacArthur, Mrs. R. J., $5; McDonald, Jessie, $5; MacDougall, Mrs. Chas. $5; Malbone, L. G. $5; Manor, Mrs. J., $5; Marting, Carl A., $5; Masters, Athea L., $5; Mergenthaler, Mrs. E. B., $5; Merrick, M. J., $5; Milks, Mrs. Elna, $5; Minall, H. J., $5; Mollemer, Rev. Henry, $5; Monroe. Mrs. Elmer W., $5; Montey, Mrs. Eliza, $5; Mulder, B. A., $5; Nashville Bapt. S. S., $5; Neddermeyer, Gail, $5; Newcomb, Mary, $5; New Era Miss. Socy. of Rothbury, $5; Newman, Mrs. M. N., $5; Nicholson, E. C., $5; Nickel, Geo., $5; Norris, Chas. $5; Nulls, Mr. & Mrs. Fred, and Miss Adelia Offutt, $5; Paine, Frank, $5; Parcels, Geo., $5; Parker, Mrs. Ida M., $5; Presby. S. S. of Hastings, "In His Name," Class $5.

Parker, Mrs. Julia, $5; Parker, Mr. John, $5; Parrish, Ollie, $5; Park, Joseph J., $5; Pattinson, Jacob, $5; Pellston, M. E. S. S., $5; Peck, Misses Maurine & Doris, $5; Pelton, Elsie L. $5; Perry, Dr. J. J., $5; Peternell, Mrs. Wm. & Family, $5; Peterson, Geo. M., Nels & Chris, $5; Phelps, Lewis M., $5; Phillips, Mrs. M. A., $5; Pitcher, Mrs. D. D., $5; Plackard, W. E., $5; Potts, Mrs. M. E., $5; Prince, H. J. $5; Quick, Mrs. R. E., $5; Randall, Loretta, $5; Read, Mrs. C. H., $5; Reeder, Mrs. Peter, $5; Reiser. John, $5; Reynolds, Mrs. Jane, $5; Riasoner, Mr. C., $5; Rice, Abbie (Mrs.) $5; Richards, Mrs. Dora, $5; Richards, W. A., $5; Richardson, W. W., $5; Roger, s T. F., $5; Rose, Mrs. E. J., $5; Rosenberg, D. P., $5; Ross, F. M., $5; Rothwell, Mrs. L. B., $5; Rouse, G. A., $5; Roxford, Mary, $5; Sabin, Hattie A., $5; Schaefer, J. Louise, $5; Schinling, H. A. $5; Scholl, V. M., $5; Schoonover, Mrs. A. L. & Daughter, $5; Scott, H. O., $5; Scott, Wm. L., $5; Setter, Mrs. Geo., $5; Shannon, Mrs. Ora, $5; Sherman Presby. Church, $5; Shoemaker, Mrs. S., $5; Showerman, Mrs. Helen, $5; Shumaker, Anna E., $5; Sibball, Mrs. Martha H., $5; Sickles Betterment Club, $5; Siehteman, Mrs. S., $5; Silcox, Mrs. J. E., $5; Sinclair, Mrs. M. D., $5; Skinner, Carrie S., $5; Skuls, Mrs. A. D., $5; Smith, Mrs. W. R., $5; Somner, A. B., $5; Sopp, Mrs. Marie, $5; Sorby, John, $5; Sorby, N. J., $5; Spooner, Mrs. A. C., $5; Sprinkle, Mrs. Louisa, $5; Stader, Esther, $5; Stanton, Mrs. A., $5; Steele, Mrs. Ella, $5; Stiensma, Rev, W. S. & Miss D. Jefferson. $5.

Stegeman, Jas. A., $5; Stinchcomb, Mrs. E., $5; Stockwell, Alice L., $5; Stroven, Mrs. Minnie, $5; Sumner, Mrs. A. B. & Daughter, $5; Swartout, Layton. $5; Swarthout, Miss Mabel, $5; Swartwont, Catherine P., $5; Sweet. M. J., $5; Talbot, Sarah H., $5; Taylor, Alice, $5; Taylor, F. D., $5; Thomson, Mrs. Mary, $5; Thompson, S. L., $5; Thomson, Mrs. Mary, $5; Thornbury, Mrs. Cynthia, $5; Tillingham, Mrs. N. L., $5; Timmer, T., $5; Tobias, Mr. & Mrs. N. O., $5; Toering, Jacob, $5; Tridahl, H. H., $5; Tyler, Myrta L., $5; Ubbink, Etta, $5; Thru Mrs. G. Van Dyke, $5; Van Harterveldt, Louis, $5; Vander Velde, Mrs. D., $5; Van Winkle, Mrs. C. V. $5; Walter, Augusta W., $5; Walworth, Mrs. V., $5; Ward, Mrs. M. J., $5; Warden, Ella M., $5; Watson, Mrs. N. P., $5; Webb, Millie E., $5; West, Mrs. F. E., $5; West Branch S. S. of Stittsville, $5; Westcott, Arthur, $5; Whitney, Kate, $5; Wiggins, Mrs. G. B., $5; Wilcox, Mary E., $5; Williams, Mrs. G. D., $5; Williams, Wm. J., $5; Wisbrook, Mr. & Mrs. Delos. $5; Wise, Mrs. Alice M., $5; Wood, Nellie, $5; Worden, Nellie D., $5; Worden, Mrs. W. J., $5; Ypsilanti Presby. Ch. Westminster Circle, $5; Young Mrs. Daniel, $5; Zimmer Iva, B., $5; Zwemer, Mrs. G. M., $5; Zwemer, Mary M., $5; Thru Walter E. Stanton, $4.70; Pittsford S. S. Class, $4.65; Senior Ladies Bible Class, M. E. S. S. of Ypsilanti, $4.50; Johnson, Mr. & Mrs. Earl, $4.50; Moyer, Mrs. M. J., $4.08; Andre, Wm., $4; Baker, Marilla, J. $4; Baxter, St. Christian School, Grand Rapids, $4; Cainborn, Mrs. F. H., $4; Clark, Mrs. Helen R., $4.

De Vlieg, J. A., $4; First Methodist Church of Jackson, $4; Flood, N. S., $4; Gorton, Mrs. M. E., $4; Grinnell, Luella, $4; Hadgraft, Miss K., $4; Hone, F. V., $4; Howe, Mrs. D. S., $4; Hulsart, Miss C. E., $4; Keith, Mr. & Mrs. D. W. & Mr. & Mrs. I. M. Wilcox, $4; Lett, Mrs. L. J., $4; Luby, Mrs. Geo., $4; McEwan, Mr. & Mrs., $4; McGee, Ruth, $4; Modders, Alice J., $4; Mineral Church, $4; Nichols, W. O., $1; Nunnemaker, J., $4; Popple, Maria, $4; Richardson, Susan, $4; Rogers, Mrs. Mary, $4; Reid, Mrs. J. Class of Girls, $4; Ross, Mrs. Lewis, $4; Soule, Mabel, for Mrs. Welch's S. S. Class, $4; Sugden, Mrs. O. J., $4; Watkins, Mrs. Julia & Miss Anna Ball. $4; Wells, Asa, $4; Miss Wilson's School, Gladwin $4; Whinner, Mrs. Amelia, $4; Feenstra, Mabel, Ruth & Irma $3.50; Ferguson, Mrs. G. A., $3.50; Hudsonville Ref. Ch., $3.50; Stevens, Mrs. H. J., $3.25; Vincent Hazel, , $3.05; Anonymous, Mason, $3; Anonymous, Detroit, $3; Adgate, Mrs. Lewis, $3; Arnold, Cisly, $3; Arnold, Susan, $3; Avery, Mrs. Annie H., $3; Batten, Mrs. John, $3; Beck, Christina, $3; Borgards, Joan, & Friends, $3; Brayman, Mrs. F. A., $3; Brenchman, Mrs. H. J., $3; Brimmer, Mrs. C. A. $3; Bixby, Mrs. Frank, $3; Burleigh, Emma, $3; Caskey, Mrs. Julia, $3; Chubb, Mrs. W. G., $3; Conklin, Mrs. G. C., $3; Darling, A. L., $3; Duryea, C. M. $3; Eddy, Mrs. Lizzie $3; Ehlers, Laura $3; Ellis, Chas. A., $3; Etheridge, Rev. W., $3; Fisner, Mrs. L. W., $3; Ford, Mrs. Alice E., $3; Giddings, Mrs. B. D., $3.

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her relationships with the United States, is one of the
he is well known here as well as at home

What American Help and American Inspiration Are Doing for China

American woman (above) are teaching their Chinese sisters domestic science as the West knows it. (Below) Pagoda Anchorage where the enlarged Christian Herald Industrial Mission will develop industrial work on modern American lines

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Minnesota

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Buying Relief Supplies

Impossibility of Economic Shipment of Food from America Compelled Committees to Purchase Cheap Grain in Far East

DURING the progress of relief operations in China, very serious efforts were made to arrange some system by which a surplus of foodstuffs in the United States could be utilized economically to feed the hungry on the other side of the world. Basing its suggestion on experience in other famines, the Christian Herald when it issued its first appeal for funds, indicated that it would receive donations of grain from American farmers for transportation to China. Almost immediately it became evident that policies effective ten years ago could not be revived and made to apply to conditions of today.

We were very soon in a position where grain was offered to us and shipping instructions were requested, and we were compelled to write apologetic notes informing the donors that it would be impossible for us to accept such gifts. The bare cost of shipping the grain from Middle Western centers to a Chinese port with all the attendant delay was far in excess of the cost of considerable grain in the Orient, and there could be no justification in the administration of relief funds for an expenditure of that kind.

After the formation of the American Committee, large amounts of corn were offered free for transportation to China. Congress was appealed to to provide free transportation up to the amount of $500,000 on corn to be contributed, but the regular session of Congress expired on March 4th before the Senate had reached a joint resolution already approved by the House, making such appropriation. Without the cost of trans-Pacific shipment defrayed by the government, or some special agency, transportation experts figure a bushel of corn at Kansas City or Omaha would cost delivered in China between two and three times the cost of grain purchased in the Far East and laid down at a relief station.

VIRTUALLY, all of the relief distributed in the famine district was in the form of millet, soy bean and wheat. A purchasing bureau was organized in Peking, and large supplies of grain was found in Manchuria convenient to the Chinese Northern Railway. Owing to political and economic disturbances in that region during the last year of the war and the year following, very little grain had been exported and huge amounts of it were stored along railway tracks in the open, and available for purchase and shipment into the hunger provinces.

While some correspondents who were not familiar with the situation sent letters to friends in the United States accusing the relief committee in China of dealing with Chinese and Japanese profiteers in the purchase of food, the fact remains that so carefully were purchases made that a large proportion of the thousands of tons bought in Manchuria and shipped down to Tientsin for distribution through the five affected provinces was bought and delivered at a cost of less than $10.00 a ton. The Chinese government railways were placed temporarily in the control of John Earl Baker, an American engineer, who was in charge of the American Red Cross road-building operations in Shantung, and a member of the American Advisory Committee. Practically all traffic with the exception of that for relief was suspended for months, and the government issued a mandate carrying all relief supplies free of charge. This, of course, assisted materially in keeping down the cost of distributing grain. In addition to carrying supplies free of charge all relief workers had free transportation when engaged in relief operations.

IN THE actual distribution of supplies, the machinery was simplicity itself. Base stations were organized on the same principle as base stations were organized by the army in France. These stations might serve to cover several thousand square miles of territory. Secondary stations in the district drew their supplies from the main base by rail. Actual relief stations were not often to be found on the three railways that penetrated the famine districts, but the relief workers obtained their supplies by cart, wheelbarrow or porter from secondary rail bases. There were many instances where porters and barrows wheelers had to tramp forty or fifty miles for grain and the same distance back to the distributing station. Since some of these stations kept alive as many as 15,000 people, some idea of the strain on the personnel can be imagined. The mere task of carrying overland in a two or three days' journey sufficient food to keep the thousands of hungry alive was no small task.

These stations were almost entirely in control of missionaries, who were recruited from all parts of China for the purpose. It was a wearing, nerve-racking work, for at many points a single American was in sole control for months, seeing no other white person, surrounded by suffering, and arbiter of life and death. His assistants he recruited from among the native Christians or among the more intelligent and dependable of the population, regardless of religion. He was always sure of the support of the local magistrate and other local officials, and this relieved him of a large amount of worry over the behavior of the population. Dozens of instances of heroism already have come to light, any of which would have received official recognition had they occurred in service during the World War.

Minnesota—Con'd

Chapter P of P. E. O., Red Wing. $16; Thru Hannah Frecberg, $16.

M. E. Church Sunshine Class, Austin, $16; Larson, Gladys, $16; Nelson, Mrs. Soren, $16; Anonymous Lansing, $15.20; Anonymous, Minneapolis, $15; Abrahamson Leonora-$15; Anderson, Mrs.Ole, $15; McCabe,, Mrs. F. H., $15; Thru H. S. Berglund, $15; Burglund, J. E., $15; Chase, W. G., $15; Davis, Mr. & Mrs. Ed. H., $15; Falk, A. P., $15; Fifth Grade Washington School of Alexandria, $15; Grant, Mr. & Mrs. F. H. & Mrs. I. B. Grant, $15; Gray, F. H., $15; Handy, Mrs. F. G., $15; Holmes Dr. & Mrs. W. D., $15; Ickler, Lydia M., $15; Johnson, Mrs. Horace E., $15; Jongjiengd, John, $15; "Keepatit" Class, Benson, $15; Kent, L. A., $15; Kingston, W. A., $15; McAllister, H. B., $15; Marternd, Mrs. P. L., $15; M. E. Ladies Aid Socy. of Ivanhoe, $15; Miner, Edgar S., $15; Mueller, H., $15; Nonpariell S. S Class, Benson, $15; Obert, Miss Anna, $15; Olson, Mrs. James, $15; Parker E. S., $15; Peterson, Dora, $15; Pierce, Elsie, $15; Ronning, N. N., $15; Runyan, Rev. & Mrs. J. J., $15; Shorr, Mrs. J. B., $15; Smart, R. J., $15; Smith, Katharine, $15; Smith, Dr. & Mrs. W. H., $15; Stewart, Mrs. C. D. & friends, $15; Titus, Elizabeth C., $15; Verplauk, E. F., $15; Williams, Miss Elizabeth, $15; Wing, Ida, $15; Burkholder, Mrs. J. P, $13.60; Congl. & Methodist churches of Hutchinson, $13.50; Godfrey, Zorah, $13.50; Angell, Mr. & Mrs. H. C., $13.

Meth. Episc. S. S. of St. Vincent, $13; Williams, Mrs. Ellen, $13; Oak Park Congl. Church of Minneapolis, $12.40; Elndale Union S. S. of Bowlus, $12 20; Hovland, Mrs. S. L., $12.15; Central Bapt. Church W. M. S. of Duluth, $12.14; Evangel. S. S. of Mayer, $12.08, Banker, Mrs. S. M., $12; Bennett, Mrs. W. H., $12; Bergren, Mrs. Alice J., $12; Bowman, Mrs E. W., $12; Danuser, Mrs. E., $12; Hornden, Mr. C. H., $12; Klommer, Aug., $12; Millard Ellen G., $12; Sturtz, Mary C., $12; Utopian Daughters of Minneapolis, $12; Washington Presby. Church of Chatfield, $12; Dexter, Henry, $11; Excelsior Club of Minneapolis, $11; Ladies Aid of Houston, $11; Women's Missy. Socy. of Lydia, $10.75; Riggs, Rose, $10.50; Waller, W. W., $10 50; Bird Island Union Church, $10.25; Larsen Chr., $10.10; Carey, Nellie S., $10.10; Anonymous, Minneapolis, $10; Anonymous. Pelican Rapids, $10; A Friend, Le Sueur, $10; A Friend Minneapolis, $10; A Friend, New Ulm, $10; Mrs. L. J. L., Minneapolis, $10; Adams H. K., $10; Adamson, Albert, $10; Ashenden, E. W., $10; Baptist Church of Cokato, Philathea Class, $10; Bains, J. B., $10; Baurford, Mrs. J. L., $10; Beatty, Mr. & Mrs. E. W., $10; Beck, Maud G., $10; Beecher, Mrs. H. L., $10; Belknap, Mr. & Mrs. C. E., $10; Billing, Eddy F., $10; Blethen, Mrs. R. B., $10; Bliss, Mamie E. & Miss L. F., Denelsbeck, $10; Bliss, Richard & M. R., $10; Belknap, Mrs. F. A., $10; Blume, Mrs. M., $10; Braff, C. T., $10; Brandt, Mr. & Mrs. John, $10; Brant, Mr. J. A., $10; Brennan, Jessie Owen, $10; Bruckholz, Hy. V., $10; Cambell, Bessie, $10; Cheney, Mae D., $10; Christy, W. P., $10; Congr. Ladies Aid Socy. of Granite Falls, $10.

Cooper, Mr. & Mrs. L. D., $10; Cooper, Mrs. R., $10; Crosby, Geo. & Eunice, $10; Davis, Dr. & Mrs. S. M., $10; Davis. Dr. & Mrs. A. M., $10; Dirks, W. E., $10; Drake, Mrs. Geo. M., $10; Dunston, Eva M., $10; Elliott, Mr. & Mrs. C. J., $10; Elliott, R. B., $10; Erisson, Mrs. Eric, $10; Falk, Miss Esther & Miss E., $10; Figge, J., $10; Fluegel, John $10; Fruehbrodt, Mrs. Aug., $10; Gabrielson, Lydia, $10; Geiger. Rev. C. F. & family, $10; Gerould, M. E., $10; Gillam, C. W. $10; Gillespie, Miss N. M., $10; Green, Mrs. J. B., $10; Guild, Mrs. M. R., $10; Gunn, E. L., $10; Gunn, Mr. & Mrs. E. S., $10; Hamlin, Mrs. J. G., $10; Havana Presby. Church Junior Hustlers," $10; Henseler, Wm., $10; Hess, Henry, $10; Hildebrandt, Mrs. Arthur. $10; Hill, C. H., $10; Hoffman, Miss Kate $10; Holmen J. A., $10; Houcks, Mrs. S. S. Class of Redwood Falls, $10; Jelgerhuis, J., $10; Jensen, Wm., $10; Juin, Mrs. Herman, $10; Johnson Albert A. $10; Johnson, Mrs. E., $10; Johnson, John Y., $10; Johnson, Mrs. P., $10; Johnson, Wm. P. Elec. Co., $10; Judson Ladies Aid Socy., $10; Kaal, John, $10; Karlstrom, Emma, $10; Kellogg, A. I., $10; Kenyon, T. W., $10; Klampenhower, Mr. & Mrs. G., $10; Knapp, Mrs. Frank B., $10; Knauss Mr. & Mrs. J. C., $10; Ladies Aid Stricklestad Church, $10; Ladies Aid of Hough Ridge & Sheidon, $10; Lagerson, Hazel L., $10; Laidlaw, Mrs. S. H. & A. E., $10.

Langseth, Mrs. Oleanna, $10; Larson, N. J., $10; Lightley, Thos. J., $10; Lindgren, J. A. R., $10; Lorenz J. M. $10; McClelland, Mrs. A. M., $10; Mapson, F. A., $10; Mapson, Maude, $10; Marklund, Mrs. Eric, $10; Marles, Mrs. F. P., $10; Marton, G. F., $10; Masselink, P. R., $10; Messenwith, Mrs. Geo., $10; Miller, W. H., $10; Miller, Mrs. R. N., $10; Mitchell, Mrs. C. H., $10; Montgomery Mrs. B. C., $10; Moore, Mrs. Susan, $10; Morris, John, $10; Morrow, R., $10; Nankwill, James, $10; Mecker, Guy A., $10; Maynard, M., $10; Medlar, Rev. & Mrs. W. H., $10; Nelson, Byron C., $10; Nesmith, Mr. & Miss Alex, $10; Newland, H. E., $10; Newman, Mrs. E. T., $10; Northfield, Mr. & Mrs. L. W. $10; Olaison, Mrs. John K., $10; Olslund, O. N., $10; Onan, C. J., $10; Ostrand, P. M., $10; Pederson, P. A., $10; Penny, Mrs. Ida, $10; Perkins, Mrs. E. F., $10; Peterson, C. A., $10; Peterson, P. O., $10; Peterson, Geo., $10; Peterson, P. R., $10; Peterson, Rhoda, $10, Peterson, Miss S. L. & J. C. $10; Petran, Mrs. Luella M., $10; Pirkl, Mrs. A. J., $10; Presby. Church of Edgerton, Busy Bee Class, $10; Proner, L. W. & family, $10; Putnam Mrs. K. U., $10; Raben, H. P., $10; Ransom Mrs. Mary, $10; Rendall, Mr. & Mrs. Dwight, $10; Richardson, Mrs. C. F., $10; Royal Neighbors, Russell, $10; Riedell, Adaline, $10; Rietz, J. H., $10; Russell Presby. S.S., $10; Schofield, Mrs. Fred, $10; Schroeder, R. E., $10; Schuck, Mrs. A. W., $10; Schulz, J. M., $10; Shafer, E. G., $10; Sherman, Laura I., $10; Sloan, F. G. $10; Smith, Mrs. John, $10; Smith, R. W. & family, $10; Snyder, Mrs. Mary, $10; Sorenson S. S. & son, $10; Stauffer, Ethel, $10.

State Normal School, Students Dressmaking Class, St. Cloud, $10; Swan. I. J., $10; Swanson, Mr. & Mrs. Chas., $10; Swedish Mission Church, Band of Love S. S Class, Lauk Rapids, $10; Taylor, C. L., $10; Taylor, C. T, $10; Telfer, Geo. D., $10; Terrell Mrs. J., $10; Thomson, A. L., $10; Thompson, Mrs. J. W., $10; Thompson Mrs. Leonard K., $10; Thorn, J. C., $10; Treadwell, Miss Jean E., $10; Voris Rev. P. C., $10; Wagner, L., $10; Walker, Mrs. Augusta, $10; W. C. T. U. of Aitkin, $10; Weber, Mrs. Gustav, $10.

Wynne, Albert, $10; Whitney R. A., $10; Williams, Mary, $10; Woman's F. M. Society of Verndale, $10; Wolf, Mr. & Mrs. S. A. $10; Wychgram, H., $10; Wise, Mrs. M. M., $10; Weed, Rev. Edwin D., $10; Welander, J. N., $10; Wenner, Elmer $10; Young, Donald, $10; Welch Presby. S. S. of Lake Crystal, $9.54; Tipler, Mr. & Mrs. I. J. $9; Young Men's Class, Minnelouka S.S. Hopkins, $9; "Ever Ready" Boys of Pilgrim, $8.50; Christian Church of Litchfields, $8.40; Wright, John, $8.36; Hogan, Henrietta, $8.25; Bergstrom, Celeste, $8.23; Adams, Marion & friends, $8; Anderson. Mr. & Mrs. Albin & friends, $8; Bay, Miss E. I., $8; Boys S. S. of Bethel Church of Mountain Lake, $8; Hanson, H. C., $8; Jacobson, Albert, $8; Norton, Mrs. D. W., $8; Palmer, Clara, $8; Roberts, Mrs. Frank, $8; Ryan, Mrs. J. R. & Mrs. Jenkins, $8; Scovill, Mrs. A. D., $8; Strom, Jennie, $8; Walstrum, M. E., $8; Andrus, W. R., $7.50; Congl. S. S. of Tintah, $7.50; Thru Ellen J. Erickson, $7.10; Donald, Mrs. Eli. $7; Nelson, J. A. & Mrs. Ole Nelson, $7; Peterson, Lars & Mrs. Sophia Anderson, $7; Quam, A. C., $7; Richardson, Mrs. O. M., $7; Triplett, Edith, $7; Students of Normal School, St. Cloud, $6.55; Young, John H., $6.50; Willing Workers of Pilgrim Congl. Church, Benson, $6.35; Beidler, M. Alison $6.10; Hayfield High School, $6.10; Anonymous, Jackson, $6; "Friends," Hastings, $6; Benson, Mr. & Mrs. Alfred A., $6; Community S. S. of Laporte $6; Echter, Geo. P., $6; Ellingsen, G. G., $6; Johnson, Emma & Mrs. E. A. Cederberg. $6; Judd, Mrs. H. E., $6; Klose Margareta G., $6; Kuyper, Mrs. A. E., $6; Lehman, Ernestine, $6.

Leibbrand, Mrs. Emma, $6; Luiten, Mrs. John, $6; McDougall, R. E., $6; Miller, M. H. & Mrs. E. Roper, $6; Roberts, Mrs. W. E., $6; St. John, Mr. & Mrs. $6; Seely, Mrs. K. E., $6; Sjogren, Mrs. L., $6; Trenkle, W., $6; White, Mrs. C. L. & friends $6; Wold, K. O., $6; Wilson, W. M., $5.50; Davis, Mrs. Martha, $5.25; Anonymous, Excelsior, $5; A Friend Cameron Falls, $5; A Reader, Madison Lake, $5; "Cash," North Branch, $5; "J. M. B.," Springvale, $5; "Mrs. E.," Minneapolis, $5; "Dr. A. W. F.," Minneapolis, $5; "In His Name," Wykoff, $5; Adams, Louise & Mrs. Ruth Hart & son, $5; Aldrich, Pearl L., $5; Alfson, Chester, $5; Anderson C. G., $5; Anderson, Mrs. Jessie, $5; Bailey, Mrs. M. R., $5; Ballard, Mrs. Carrie. $5; Beckendorf, Miss Julia, $5; Bell, E. J., $5; Birkett, Miles, $5; Blackhurst, John $5; Blinn, Jennie E., $5; Bray, Mrs. Alice H., $5; Britzius, E. A., $5; Brown Mrs. G. L., $5; Brown, Robt., $5; Buchanan, Mr. & Mrs. Frank, $5; Burges, C., $5; Bush, Mrs. P. G., $5; Buttermore, R. W., $5; Bye, J. K. & family, $5; Carl, Mrs. M. S., $5; Carr, L. E. $5; Case, Mrs. Louise, $5; Chapin, Ida E., $5; Chapin, Mrs. C. W., $5; Cheney, Amy, $5; Christiansen, W. H., $5; Cleveland, H., $5; Cochran, S. C., $5; Colburn, Edna, $5; Crawford, Mrs. E. J., $5; Cushing, Francis N., $5; Dahlstrom Mrs. C. J., $5; Davies, Mrs. F. $5; Davies, Miss Muriel, $5; Dennis, Mrs. E. A., $5; DeVinney, Mrs. M. I., $5; Devos, Mr. & Mrs. J., $5; Dieser, G. $5; Donally. Emily, $5; Downham, Florence R. $5; Dunn, Jacob, $5; Dykema, Ben, $5; Dykema, Mrs. J. B., $5; Dykema, Mr. & Mrs. John, $5; Ebenhoh, Mrs. Frank $5; Eckhardt, Charles, $5; Eckhardt, Leo, $5; Ekern, Mathilda, $5; Entwisle, M. K., $5; Erkel, Adolph, $5; Evangel. S. S. of Rockville, $5; Ferrell, Mary H., $5; Finklenberg, A., $5; First Congl. Church of Wadena, $5; Flaten, Mrs. Martinus, $5; Ford, Annie L., $5; Ford, Mrs. W. G., $5; Fraser, F. M., $5; Freeman, M. G., $5; Gausmon, Ed., $5; Geiter, Laura J. $5; Glenn, Mrs. S. M., $5; Goff, Mrs. E. M. $5; Gordon & Elliott, Messrs. $5; Grace Presby. Church Westminster Guild, Minneapolis, $5; Graves, Mrs. Sarah F., $5; Groves, Mary S., $5 Gutier, Mrs. John, $5; Guttormsson. Rev. G., $5; Habegger, Fred, $5; Hall, Edith H., $5; Handy. F. G. & family $5; Havers, Mrs. Libbie, $5; Hawks, Mrs. A. A., $5; Heller, B. G., $5; Henning, E., $5; Hodel, Cora, $5; Hoffman, Mrs. Maude E., $5; Hoitenga, Simon, $5; Hassig, Alice, $5; Hoyan. Joseph, Sr., $5; Huff, M. O., $5; Hultman, Oscar, $5; Hurtt, Mrs. W. R., $5; Iblings, Mrs. P. H., $5; Iverson, Paula C., $5; Jackson. P. T., $5; Jacobson, Mrs. Marie, $5; Johnson, Mrs. J. B., $5; Johnstone, Mary B., $5; Junior Red Cross, School Dist. 68, Bertha, $5; Karista, J. S., $5; Kassel, Mr. & Mrs. W. S., $5; Kaufman, Mrs. J., $5; Kaulum, Mrs. N. J., $5; Kerwell, Mrs., $5; Kline, Mrs. J. F., $5; Koenig, Mrs. H. A., $5; Kuehn, Dr. Frank J., $5; Knutson, Ida M., $5; Ladies' Bible Class, Trinity, $5; M. E. S. S. of St. Paul, $5; Langhout, Sam, $5; Langworthy, W. H., $5; Keibbrand, Geo., $5; Leigh, Mr. Geo. C., $5.

Leighty, H. M., $5; Lenten, Mrs. John, $5; Leonard, Mrs. Clara, $5; Lindahl, Miss Emma, $5; Linton, Mrs. Christian C., $5; Lorimer, J., $5; Lovless, W. W., $5; McKean, Mary L., $5; McLain, John A., $5; Madson, Mr. & Mrs. Geo., $5; Magnusson, Miss Esther A., $5; Malchow, F. E., $5; Mannerberg, Miss Hannah, $5; Marion Improvement Club, $5; Marklund, Mrs. Leonard, $5; Marshall, Mrs. A. J., $5; Marshall, J. E., $5; Marshall, Thos., $5; Martin, Mrs. H. P. A., $5; Martin, Mrs. Hugh, $5; Mason, C. F., $5; Masselink, Henry, $5; Matchett, Mrs. C. L., $5; Matthews, Mrs. M. E., $5; Mauck, Jessie E., $5; M. E. Church of Stewart, $5; Meyer, Mrs. A. F., $5; Michel, Mrs. Ray F., $5; Miles, R. L., $5; Miles, H. L., $5; Miller, Elizabeth W., $5; Mills, R. L., $5; Milton, Mrs. A., $5; Miner, Miss Anna L., $5; Mitchell, Mrs. D., $5; Mittwer, Friederike, $5; Moe, John J., $5; Moore Harriet B., $5; Morris, Wm., $5; Mystrom, A. G., $5; Nelson, A. L., $5; Nelson, Hans, $5; Nichols, W. H., $5; Olsen, Mrs. Nels, $5; Onstine, E. H., $5; Paterson, Mrs. Jas., $5; Patterson, Ella & friends, $5; Peek, Milon, $5; Perry, Miss J. H., $5; Peterson, Mrs. A. W., $5; Peterson, Mrs. M. P., $5; Peterson, Mrs. Tobias, $5; Phillipson, Marie, $5; Preston, Leslie E., $5; Prosser, Mrs. Ida M., $5; Randall, Emma. $5; Raymond, H. H., $5; Raymond, James, $5; Rietz, Mrs. Henry, $5; Robbins, M. A., $5; Rogers, Blanche, $5; Rollins, Ruby, $5; Rutherford, Mrs. C. A., $5; Rutt, Sue H., $5; Sandagar, Mrs. Anna & Henry & Clara Randolph, $5.

Savage, Rev. E. P., $5; Schafer, Mrs. L. J., $5; Scott, R. M., $5; Scott, T. M., $5; Shebs, Mrs. S. H., $5; Sherratt, W. B., $5; Smith, Mrs. Anna, $5; Sprague, W. C., $5; Stevens, H. M., $5; Steves, Mrs. J. S., $5; Stone, E. T., $5; Strate, Geo. E., $5; Strathers, F. P., $5; Strom, Mabel, $5; Studebaker, M. M., $5; Sturtevant, Abby L., $5; Svenson, Ludwig, $5; Swain, Allen, $5; Swanbeck, A. A. & boys, $5; Swanson, N P., $5; Sweet Mr. & Mrs. C. F., $5; Taubert, M. C., $5; Taylor, Mrs. H. C. $5; Taylor O. F. $5; Tessman, E. C., $5; Thompson, Dora, $5; Thompson, Faith, $5; Thompson, Mrs. S. A., $5; Tiegoning, Lillie, $5; Tinklenberg, Al, $5; Tulball, T., $5; Van Buren, Wm., $5; Van Leuven. Mrs. E. E., $5; Van Tassel, Samuel, $5; Vaness, J. W., $5; Wakefield, Geo. W., $5; Watson, Helen Field, $5; Webster, Mrs. G., $5; Weum, Mrs. M. T., $5; Westby. Andrew, $5; Western Presby. S. S., $5; Wheeler, Mrs. C. W. $5; Wiley. Ella R., $5; Williams, David A., $5; Williams, F. T., $5; Wilson, W. F., $5; Winchell, Mrs. C. S., $5; Winrich Mrs. Olga $5; Wise, Harrison, $5; Wright, A. R., $5; Young, Mrs. Henrietta, $5; Young People's Christian Socy. of Onamia. $5; Zindema, J., $5; Jerks, J. F., $4.65; Baptist Church of Frazee, $4.55; Foix. Mrs. J. A. & family, $4.50; Greig, James & friends, $4.50.

Two Minnesota Friends, $4; Allen Baptist Church $4; Bryan, Millicent, W., $4; Clark, Mrs. W. I., $4; Curtis, Mrs. Arthur, $4; Girold, Aug., $4; Hanson, Mr. & Mrs. S. W., $4; Hodges Mrs. Harry S., $4; Hunter, Mr. & Mrs. G. W., $4; Jones, Mrs. W. E., $4; Keeler, N. A., $4; Kleinschmitt. Sam, $4; Klonspenhower, John, $4; Mahler, Mr. & Mrs. Milton $4; Mann. Mrs. E. C., $4; Maxfield, Miss M. A., $4; Maynard, Jessie E., $4; Peterson, Mrs. Frank E., $4; Schroop, H. W., $4; Fremont Congl. Church of Minneapolis. $4; Walters. Mrs. N. P., $4; Ward, Mrs. Chas. A., $4; Young. Mr. & Mrs. H. L., $4; First Presby, Church of Big Fork $3.50; Egger, E. P., $3.50; Hoen, S. C. & friends, $3.25; Anderson, Mrs. G., $3; Aurlie, Wm., $3; Baker F. M., $3; Blohn, Mrs. Henry, $3; Brown, Ada F. $3; Buckheim. Mrs. F. J., $3; Buck Geo., $3; Campbell, Mrs. Jennie & daughter, $3; Carlson, Mr. & Mrs. J. E., $3; Childs, Mrs. L. A., $3; C. E. Society of Elk River, $3; Covel, Susan A., $3; Cram. W. H., $3; Cramer, Mrs. A. N., $3; Dick, Mrs. L. C., $3; Dorn, E. E., $3; Down, Mrs. E., $3; Flaten, I. J., $3; Frei. P. L., $3; Gray, Mrs. Janet R., $3; Hall, R. S., $3; Hoffman, Mrs. John & family $3; Jackson. Mrs. D. C., $3; Johnson. Ada A., $3; Johnson, Mrs. Anna, $3; Johnson, John, $3; Jones, Edith M., $3; Katus, A. $3; LaDue, Mrs. N. V., $3; Leyh, Geo. C., $3; Lockwood, E. J., $3; McGaffin. Geo., $3; Martin, Isabella, $3; Mattson, F., $3; Meadow Vale C. E. Socy., $3; Merrill. Mrs. J. A., $3; M. E. Church S. S. of North Branch. $3; Oak Grove Farm. $3.

Nelson. Clara & friends, $3; Orr, Joseph, $3; Peterson, Carl G., $3; Phelps. Marian C., $3; Plauk, Mrs. Diantha. $3; Rasmussen, Mrs. B. for "Buds of Promise" S. S. Class, $3; Raymond Ralph, $3; Seaton W. L., $3; Shellenberger, James, $3; Sherman, W. H., $3; Slettedahl, Mrs. E. P., $3; Smith, Mrs. Titus, $3; Tabor, Mrs. Arthur, $3; Tessman, G., $3; Thompson, J. H., $3; Thrall. Frank S., $3; Wagar, C. C., $3; Wahler, F. B., $3; Wilcox. Clara, $3; Yeo, Mrs. John, $3; Young People's Class, West Bertha S. S., $3; Nelson, G. B., $2.80; Kolb. F. L. & family, $2.75; Peterson, Mrs. Carl $2.75; Bodeker, Mrs. Ethel, $2.50; Bruce, Mrs. N. H. H., $2.50; Johnston, Mrs. Chas. K., $2.50; St. Hilda's Guild, of Albert Lea Episcopal Church, $2.50; Whitney, May G., $2.50; Schermer, Mr. & Mrs. C., $2.50; Bergstrom, Donald, $2.40; Chappell, Mrs. W., $2.25; Runholdson Lillian M., $2.25; Anonymous, Minneapolis, $2; Anonymous, Minneapolis, $2; A Friend, Byron, $2; "Cash" Melrose, $2; Adams B. H., $2; Allen, Mrs. K. A., $2; Allison, Estella, $2; Appleby, Wanella & Olga, $2; Bailey, Mrs. O. D. $2; Barker, Laura J., $2; Benson, Mrs. O. N., $2; Bergum, Miss Tillie $2; Blandin, E. M., $2; Blight. Richard, $2; Bogart, Mrs. J D., $2; Brazier, Mrs. C. G., $2; Brooks. L. G., $2; Brownson, Mrs. M. J., $2; Carlisle, Emily, $2; Clark, Mrs. N. C., $3; Cochrane, Mrs. A. K., $2; Cook. E., $2; Cooley, Mrs. E. R., $2; Curry, Mrs. J. H., $2; Dahms Mrs. H., $2; Derby. Mr. C. H., $2; Drury, Mrs. J. A., $2; Edson Mrs. A. L., $2; Elton Alvin. $2; Ferguson, Mrs. I. B., $2; Frange, Mrs. Emma, $2; Geer, C. A., $2; Griffith, Jane, $2; Hagen Mrs. Nina, $2; Halversen E. O., $2; Haney, Mrs. L. L., $2; Harris, Orrie, $2.

Hartest, Mrs. Pauline, $2; Haslip, Maude B., $2; Heil, Mrs. Ida B., $2; Hodgkinson, Mrs. S., $2; Hove, Mrs.

Minnesota—Con'd

J. B., $2; Hosmer Mrs. A. M., $2; Husted, Mrs. Olive, $2; Hyman, A., $2; Johnson, Ellen M., $2; Johnson, Mrs. Geo. $2; Jones Mrs. W. E. $2; Jones, W. T., $2; King, A. W., $2; Light, J. B., $2; Lowden, Miss A., $2; Lyon, Mrs. N. W., $2; McDonald, Mrs. D., $2; McLeod, Mrs. A., $2; Marsh, Mrs. Jas., $2; Marshall, May, $2; Mason Everett & mother, $2; Mathews, Mrs. L. J., $2; Miller, Mrs. A. F., $2; Moees Mrs. Wm., $2; Nelson, N. B., $2, Nyquist, L., $2; Olson, W. V., $2; Paddock Rev. J. A. & Mrs. Jas; Wendell, $2; Palmby, E. F., $2; Rindall, Mrs. O. B., $2; Risser, Mrs. J. C. $2; Roberts, Mrs. M. E., $2; Rorman, J. D., $2; Rowland, E. F., $2; Ruble, Chas. H., $2; Ruth, Lena, $2; Sandage, N. S. & wife $2; Schad, Libbie, $2; Schroeder, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $2; Skoog, Mrs. Paul R. $2; Sorenson, Mrs. B. N., $2; Stewart, Mrs. J. E., $2; Toogood, Mabel, $2; Turner, J. A., $2; Voss, Mrs. F. N., $2; Welander, Olof N., $2; Wilder Mrs Geo., $2; Wood, D. L., $2; Wood, Flora R., $2; Yarger, Mrs. T. M., $2; Young, Florence, $2; Ziesek, Mrs. John, $2; Taplin, M. L., $1.75; Brahy, Lydia M., $1.75; Tabors Y. P. A. of Evangel. Church, Houston, $1.50; Brossland, M. E., $1.50; Wilson, W. M., $1.50; Faith Evang. Lutheran Church of St. Paul, $1.30; A Sunday School class, of Coleraine, $1.27; Palmer, Mrs. M., $1.25; Sundley, Lawrence & Alice, $1.20; Young, Nathan, $1.15.

Jenkins Union Sunday School $1.14; Pengilly Sunday School, $1.11; Anonymous Buffalo Lake, $1; Anonymous, St. Paul, $1; Anonymous, Minneapolis, $1; Anonymous, Pelican Rapids, $1; A Friend, Fairmount, $1; A Friend, Marshall, $1; A Friend, Minneapolis, $1; Mrs. F. R. A., Minneapolis, $1; J. B. W., Minneapolis, $1; Two of God's Children St. Paul, $1; Allerson, Chas. L., $1; Anderson, Martin M., $1; Bergum, Mrs. A. L., $1; Berry, Mrs. F., $1; Bonnell, Mrs. O., $5; Bratsburg, Myrtle $1; Buds of Promise S. S. Class, Ogema, $1; Carey, Mrs. John, $1; Conant, Mrs. H. W., $1; Cooley, Mrs. E. H., $1; Dale, Hattie, $1; Davis, Mrs. Ray C., $1; Dayton, Mrs. A. C. $1; Deyo, Sadie, $1; Dosh, F. U., $1; Dunning, H. G., $1; Elliott, Mrs. Judith, $1; Feuner, Mrs. Guss, $1; Field, Elizabeth, $1; First Presby. Church Jr. C. E. Socy., Beaver Creek, $1; Fitnen, Mrs. R., $1; Frost, Alice L., $1; Geisdorf, Carolyn, $1; Grant, C. L., $1; Greenman Mrs. Mary L., $1; Hague, Mrs. Robert, $1; Harris, Mrs. E. H., $1; Haskins, Mrs. A. H., $1; Heath, Mrs. Sam, $1; Hector, T., $1; Hendrickson, Mrs. V., $1; Hoffer Mrs. Barbara $1; Hofius, Mrs. H. O., $1; Holmquist, C. & M., $1; Houson, S. W. $1; Hunter, Mrs. A., $1; Keysor, Mrs. Clark, $1; King, Mrs. R. C., $1; Kingsbury, Mrs. J. M., $1; Knight, Miss Lillian, $1; Larson, Swend, $1; Law, L. L., $1; Lindahl, Mrs. Aug., $1; Lipke, Wm., $1; McCaplin, Mrs. C. H., $1; Malvery, Clara. M., $1; Morse, John, $1; Mortensen, Mrs. A. W., $1; Norling, Olof $1; Ockerman, Gladys, $1;

Otto Peter, $1; Pearson, Mrs. J. A., $1; Perrin, Carl, $1; Post, O. M., $1; Pousford, Samuel H., $1; Roberts, Miss Bessie, $1; Sidman, Mrs. W. O., $1; Skoog, Miss R., $1; Smith, D. A., $1; Smith, Mrs. C. D., $1; Smith, Mrs. F. F., Sr., $1; Stewart, Mrs. Ruth H., $1; Sundby, Mrs. C., $1; Sundin, Edward, $1; Sunday School Class of Boys, Coleraine, $1; Swanson, Arthur B., $1; Swanson, Anna, $1; Swenson, Julia, $1; Van Slootin, J., $1; Weir, Miss V. O., $1; Whitehead, Mrs. N. D., $1; Wright, H. G., $1; Yerkes, J. F., 50c.; L. M. M., 30c.

Mississippi

Mary Holmes Seminary, $146.49; Rogers, Mr. & Mrs. J. J., $110; Presby. S. S., Grenada $88.13; Booneville, High School $60.27; Moss Point Presby. Church, $57.30; Leaf S. S., $54.50; Robbins, Mrs. O. I. & friends, $53.25; Thru Bienville Lumber Co., $52.50; Brown, Mrs. L. C. $50; First Presby. S. S., Natchez, $41; M. E. Church Greenwood, $39.30; Doods, Mrs. B. W. & friends, $38.25; Thru Pond, A. M., $38.10; Nurse, Laura, $30; Higginbotham, Mrs. W. S., $25; Lampton, Mrs. L. L., $25; McArthur, R. D., $25; Atmore, Rev. W. S. & Mrs. A. M. S., $20; Jones, Ed., $20; Penn, Laura N., $20; Stratton, Mr. & Mrs. A. C., $17; McGowan's Chapel Quitman, $16; Williams, Misses Ruth & Amelia, $16; McNeill, Mrs. Sarah E. B., $15.35; Allen, Mrs. Josephine B., $15; Dewey, C. L. & family, $15; Woman's Miss. Union of Caseilla, $14.75; DuBose, Mrs. B., $14.50; Napier, F. C. & friends, $14; A. R. Presby. S. S., Cotton Plant, $14; Lewis, Rev. W. H. & friends, $13; Thru Sweatman, Mary, $12; Webb, Mr. W. G., $12; Bell, Mrs. P. A., $11; Lavender, Mrs. W. H., $10.75; Akers, Mrs. Laura, $10; Copeland, Laura E., $10; Emerson, W. H., $10; Fed. Miss. Fund of Macon, $10; Handly, Carrie, $10; Hannah, Jean & Dorothy, $10; Harmes, Mrs. K., $10; Hogue, J. W., $10; Kuehl, Mrs. A. D., $10; Mangold, M. F., $10.

Perry, Mrs. Lela, $10; Rauch, Miss Courtney, $10; Rogers, Mrs. M. Q., $10; Sanderson, Agnes, $10; Short, Mrs. L. C. & R. M., $10; Sledge, W. T., $10; Thompson, W. Y., $10; Pine Grove S. S., $9.65; Allen, Mrs. W. H., $8; Binney, Jennie & friends, $8; Akers, O. H. $7.50; Patty, F. L., $7.50; Nelson, R. T., $7.40; Inlow, Mrs. H. E., $7; Morgan, Mr. & Mrs. J. P. & friends, $7; Widow's Mite Fund, Centreville, $6.80; Community of New Albany, $6.50; Hume, Mary B., $6; Thomson, C. T., $6; Thru Backley. Mrs. E. W., $5.55; Mrs. Y. N. M., Caledonia, $5; Buford, W. M., $5; Barnes, Mrs. Emma, $5; Carroll, Mrs. M. J., $5; Beichanan, Jennie, $5; Bowen, Mrs. V. E., $5; Cuff, J. & Son, $5; Culver, L. F., $5; Darden, Ella, $5; Darrington, Mrs. M. L., $5; Dawson, Rev. W. J., $5; Evans, Mrs. W. W., $5; French, Mrs. M. A., $5; Gaines, N. L., $5; Lesser, Mrs. D. H. & Irene Gilmore, $5; Good, J. S., $5; Guyton, Mrs. M. E. $5; Hollandsworth, Henrietta, $5; Holmes Mrs. T. C., $5; Hyland, C. A., $5; Jackson, Annie, $5; Jackson, Mrs. Claude, $5; Johnson, D. V. W. T., $5; Learned Presby. S. S., $5; McBride, J. H., $5; McClamroth & daughters, $5; McCluskey, Mrs. T. J., $5; McDale, Mary, $5; McFarland, Emma, $5; Maxwell, L. B., $5; Moore, Mrs. Mary J., $5; Mansfield, Mrs. Laura, $5; Nutt, Alice E., $5; Ott, R. D., $5; Park Mrs. Sarah A., $5; Percy, Miss M. V. $5; Perkins, H. T., $5; Pointer, J. H. $5; Roberts, C. C., $5; Roberts J. M., $5; Russell, Louise, $5; Salmon, Mrs. S. A., $5; Scott, M. M., $5; Studebaker, Mrs. J. W., $5; Sumner, W. H., $5; Tyler, H. G. & family, $5; Thayer, Mr. & Mrs. Rowan, $5; Thompson J., $5; Thompson, Mrs. W. A., $5; Tootle, G. A., $5; Thompson, Mrs. Cynes, $5; Wisson, E. L., $5; In Memo, Mrs. A. Carn, $4.01; Osborne Creek S. S., $4.20; Bapt. Church, Caseilla, $4; Burns M. E. Church, Oxford, $4; Collier Mattie E. & Matty Holyfield, $4; Davis, Mrs. M. A. & Mrs. K. D. Tuckett, $4.

Dorris, Mrs. A. K., $4; Goff, Bertie, $4; Harper, Mrs. A. J., $4; School Children of Seminary, $4; Stout, Miss L. A. $4; Woodward Mrs. W. A. & friends, $4; George, A. W. $3.50; Tillman, Mrs. C. H., $3.50; Eager, Mrs. I. W., $3.15; Clark, Mrs. J. M., $3.10; ——, Tupelo, $3; Graham Mrs. T. R., $3; Harper, Mrs. M. C., $3; Keith, Mrs. M. M., $3; Lobdell, Mrs. John V., $3; Mullen, Mrs. Dora, $3; Provine, Mrs. R. F., $3; Riggs, Mrs. J. M., $3; Stiles, Miss M E., $3; Wilson, Mrs. T. H., $3; Conner, Mrs. C. C., $2.50; Colclough, Mary $2.50; Gilchrist, Miss M. E., $2.50; Granberry, Mrs. F. E., $2.50; Hollandsworth, Lou, $2.50; Mitchell, Mrs. James, $2.50; Thomas School, Columbus, $2.50; Stokes, Rev. L. L., $2.50; Cox, Mrs. W. H., $2.35; Adams, Mrs. S. E., $2; Arent, J. L., $2; Brockenborough, W., $2; Buchanan Mrs. J. L. & Sara, $2; Campbell, Blanche, $2; Chandler, Mrs. W. J., $2; Forbes, Ida, $2; Fox, Mrs. Mary A., $2; Graves, Victoria $2, Harmon, Mr. & Mrs. W. S., $2; Irwin; Mattie, $2; Jordan, Ruth, $2; Koffroth, Mrs. L. E., $2; Lum, Mrs F. C., $2; Maxwell Carrie, $2; Russell, Mrs. P. L. $2.

Sorey, Eva $2; Winter, Blanche, $2; Hill, Mrs. P. L. $1.80; Hightower, Maggie & others, $1.75; ——McCool, $1; Ashford, Mrs. Prof., $1; Bailey, Mrs. A. F. $1; Clayton, Della, $1; Cocks, Mrs. J. R., $1; Davis, Mrs. S. E. $1; Davis, W. P., $1; Dickson, Lela, $1; Dickerson, Mrs. O. F., $1; Faut, Mrs. J. C., $1; Gatlis, Mrs. E. J., $1; Graham, Clotele, $1; Hart, Mrs. J. C., $1; Patterson Mrs. S. B., $1; Rice, Mrs. J. D. $1; Ruff, Frierson, $1; Schwat, Elizabeth, $1; Springer, Mrs. W. M., $1; Watson, Mrs. S. $1; Wilson, Mrs. S. C. $1; Woodward, Mrs. M. A. $1

Missouri

Forbes, A. E., $1,000; From the Community of King City and vicinity, thru Rev. E. E. Stringfield $420.19; Tarkio Presby. Church & S. S. $396.64; Central Wesleyan College Y. M. C. A. & Y. W. C. A. of Warrenton, $370.80; Union Church of Morton. $311; Evangelical Church of Marthasville, $191.50; The Midland Bible Schools of Kansas City, $179.60; Havighurst, E. S., $109; Cowgill Red Cross, $100; Stone, Robt. $100; W. C. T. U. of Mixa, $100; Pleasant Grove M. E. Church, $77.43; Bushman, Dora, $75; Miller, B. F. $75; "White Gifts for the King" St. Joseph, $72.42; Bapt. & Congl. S. S. of Dawn, $65.15; Oregon Union S. S. $65; Pleasant Hill Presby. S. S., $64.20; First Presby. Church of Lockwood, $60.33; Marsh, Stephen, $60; Lowry, Wm. S. $55; Lathrop, M. E. Church, $52 75; Grayson Union S. S., $51 61; Mt. Zion Ref. Presby. S. S. of Elsberry, $51.28; Thru Mr. Clarence Ward, $50.60; Stewartsville Charity Board. $50.12; E. J. B., Neosho, $50; Baldridge, Mr. & Mrs. Geo. W., $50; Brown, Mrs. Lucy M., $50; Christian Union Missionary Board of Holt, $50; Christian Church of Jonesburg, $50; Gildinghagen, L., $50; Henderson, V. L., $50; Higgins, Joseph, $50; Jones, F. S. $50; Madison Presby. Church, $50; Robertson, J. C. & Co., $50; M. P. Sunday School of Luray. $50; Shively, Mrs. R. E., $50; Sudho t, F. A. $50; Salem Evangel. S. S. $50; Wolfers, C. A., $50; Young, O. S., $50; Citizens of Morgan Co., thru Rev. Wm. H. Hargrove, $47.78; Missouri School for the Blind, St. Louis, $44.72; Avalon First Presby. Church, $43; Thru B. J. Hilley, $42.50; Oakland M. E. S. S., $41.65; Union S. S. of Dade Co., $41; Mt. Olivet Bapt. Church, Ewing, $40.80; Mt. Carmel M. E. S. S. of Springfield, $40; Hoenring, Henry, $40; New Point Presby. S. S., $40; Smith, Mrs. Alice, $40; Stark, Mrs. J. B. & friends, $40.

Christian Church of Greighton, $38.50; Methodist S. S. of Mound City, $36; Gresswell, Mrs. R. C., $35 50; Harding, Mr. & Mrs. J. P. & Harriet J., $35; Gibson Hghts. Presby. Bible School, $35; Stover M. E. Sunday School. $35; Turner, Mrs. A. & son, $35; Woodson, Samuel H., $35; Citizens of Wayland thru Mr. Gus Larson, $34.50; Licklider, C. M., $34; Plattsburg S. S., $33; Diggins Bapt. Church, $32.10; Bird, Asa N., $30; Buck, Mrs. John L., $30; Krueger Miss Mary, $30; Maywood Bapt. S. S. of Kansas City, $30; Shriver, Mr. & Mrs. F. M., $30; Surry, C. E. & family, $30; Craig, Mrs. A. S., $28; Thru C. E. Graham, $27.50; Thru Wm. M. Mayfield, $27.26; Evang. Deaconess Home & Hosp., St. Paul, $27; English, Mrs. D. A., $27; Union Church of Ludlow, $27; Providence Presby. Church of Vera, $26.50; Russell, Mr. & Mrs. W. M. & Richard Russell, $26; Alexander, D. M. & daughters, $25; Blacklock, Mrs. C. M., $25; C. M. Alliance of Calif. Mo., $25; Cotton, Mrs. R. H., $25; Emanuel Evangel. Church of Jackson, $25; Ensminger, Chas., $25, Everett, Mr. & Mrs. Harry H., $25; Forster, Mrs. J. T., $25; Hummel, Mr. & Mrs. C. L., $25; Kleinschmidt, C. J., $25; Latimer, Mr. & Mrs. M. H., $25; Lonsdale, Mrs. J. E., $25; Muschany, Mrs. S. C., $25; Painter, H. T., $25; Phipps, Harry, $25; Schoen, E. C., $25; St. Joseph, 2nd Presby. Church Fidelis Class, $25; Skinner, Mrs. J. C., $25; Wageein, J. M., $25; Fair Grove, Methodist, S. S., $24.85; Thru C. B. Marsh, Mrs., $24; Auxvasse M. E. Church So., $23.78; Ozark S. S. $23.50; Morton Community Church, $22 50; Souner, Mrs. Susan $22; Presbyterian S. S. of Pleasant Hill, $21.80; Presby. Ladies Aid Socy. of Kirkwood, $21.50; Spencer, Louise L. & sister, $20.30, Anonymous, Mexico, Mo., $20; Ames, Mrs. E. E., $20; Beiderlinden, Alice, $20; Clark, W. S. $20; Coffe Church, Downing $20; Cunningham, J. H., $20; Duncan Mrs. Mary, $20.

Ehle, Dr. A. M. & mother $20; Hamilton, Mary S., $20; Hawkins, J. C. W., $20; Havighurst, E. S. & friends, $20; Meeker, David, $20; Owen, David, $20; Raney, Mrs. Sue, $20; St. Eunice Missionary Socy. of Fulton, $20; Scanland, I. J., $20; Stearns, Mrs. J. M., $20; Urban, Mrs. W. C., $20; Van Valkenburg, Miss C. M., $20; Witteman, Pearl, $20; Wheeland, Edna, $19.25; Swanson, Mr. & Mrs. O., $18; Wehrman, Edna, $18; Thru Mrs. W. W. Sample, $17.95; Women's Miss. Socy. M. E. Church of New Hampton, $17.25; Union Protestant S. S. of Catawissa, $17.21; Christian S. S. of Kahoka, $17.15; Friendship Bapt. Church of Marshfield, $17.15; Beaslin, M. J., $17; Fleming Mrs. Lottie, $17; Roberts, Mrs. J. P., Pauline Roberts & Fay Mitchell, $17; Hendricks, M., $16.51; Weldon, A. J., $16.50; Bapt. Missy. Socy. of Weston, $16.43; Clark, C. B., $16.30; Rea Sunday School, $16.21; From Four Friends, Unionville, $16; Newark Presby. Church, $16; Becker, Jos. F., $15; Bishop, Miss Amy R. & G. W. Bishop, $15; Boudy R. E., $15; Cespening, Mr. & Mrs. I. N., $15; Clark, Mrs. R. A., $15; Coulter, Miss R. G. $15; Cumberland, Presby. Church of Moberly, $15; Deer Miss Jane, $15; Elk Springs S. S. Willing Workers Class, $15; Entre Nous Club $15; Gest, Miss Callie B., $15; Ladies Class of Z. L. Church of St. Louis, $15; Lowry, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. S., $15; McCloskey, Mrs. Mary $15; Monroe, Mrs. Mary & friend $15; Murley, Mrs. Martha, $15; Rayner, W. H., $15; Salem Christian Church, $15; Sharon C. E. Socy. of Armstrong, $15; Stevenson, J. J. (Heirs) $15; Surry, H. Mabel, $15; Syler, Mr. & Mrs. C. C., $15; Shelbina Lodge No. 228 A. F. & A. M. $15; Towner, Vesta, $15; Watson, Emily H., $15.

Williamson, J. G., $15; Woodson, Elizabeth, $15; Men's Class of Mirabile S. S., $14; Woodson, Margaret, $14; Bethel S. S. of Bates Co., $13.35; Evans, Mr. & Mrs., $13; Malberg, Mrs A. & family, $13; Rivington, Allen, $12.63; Union Valley Christian Union, $12.50; Gibson, Virginia $12.50; Dye, Miss J. H., $12; Elsberry Assoc. Presby. S. S., $12; Guthrie Mrs. S. A., $12; Gibson, W. T., $12; Smith, Cora, $12; Bapt. S. S. of Madison, $11 75; Anlstrom, Eskil & friends, $11.31; Harmony Union S. S., $11.25; Macon Presby. Church S. S., $11.25; Adult Bible Class M. E. Church South of Mt. Washington $11; Cotorie Club of Knox City, $11; Palmer, Mrs. C. T. & friend $11; Thru Mrs. H. S. Russell, $10.50; Schwarz, Wm., $10.50; Wm. E. St. Louis, $10; Anonymous, Festus $10; Abbott, Mr. Wm. H., $10; Atkinson, Miss Harriet, $10; Anderson, A. G., $10; Baker T. M. $10; Ballew, Francis C., $10; Bliss, H. C., $10; Boehner, Mrs. J. F. $10; Braden, Winnie, $10; Brick, Annie, $10; Bridwell, Jessie, $10; Buck, M. E., $10; Buettner, Miss Olga, $10; Caldwell, Mrs. J. A., $10; Case, J. A., $10; Coleman, Miss Minnie $10; Compton, S. S. of Spruce, $10; Comer, H. E., $10; Corpening, I. N. $10; Crisman, Mrs. Malinda, $10; Davis, C. J., $10; Davis E. E., $10; Davis, Maria, $10; Defiance, Chapter, Order Eastern Star, $10; Denton, Ladies Aid Socy., $10; Derfler Mr. & Mrs. E., $10; Dienst J. W., $10; Dyer, Harriet E., $10; Eads, W. C., $10; Ernest Top Union S. S., $10; Erwin, Mrs. Rosa, $10; Estell, Mrs. Bessie, $10; Farrington, Mrs. Alice, $10; Fietz, Mrs. Fred, $10; Finley, C. G., $10; Forbes, Mr. A. E., $10; Fray, J. E., $10; Geyer, H. H., $10; Gist, Miss Callie B., $10.

Gladney, Mrs. Annie, $10; Hamilton, G. A., $10; Harrington, H., $10; Hartzler, Mr. & Mrs. S. P., $10; Hedden, Mr. C. A. & W. C. Hedden, $10; Henry Mr. & Mrs. J. S., $10; Hodges, Mrs. Jenny E., $10; Hodges, Mrs. Maud $10; Hof, Jemima, $10; Holliday, F. M. & family $10; Hope Congl. Church C. E. Socy., $10; Hughton Mrs. J. D., $10; Hulse, Albert, $10; Jandon, R. F., $10; Jones, F. D. & Co., $10; Jones, Mrs., J. J., $10; Kaler, P. E., $10; Knobel Mrs. Sibella $10; Lanius, C. V., $10; Laylin, C. A., $10; Lefevre, Dr. H. M., $10; Lehmann, Rev. Reinhart, $10; Leisening, G. S. $10; Long, W. F., $10; McMurray, Mrs. Alice, $10; Meador, Barclay, $10; Macy, Mrs. Perry, $10; Martin. F. A., $10; Metcalf, Mrs. E. R., $10; M. E. S. S. of Noel, $10; Motley. J. D., $10; Muri, John N., $10; Norton, P. M., $10; Offutt, Mr. & Mrs. James $10; Perry Mrs. E. C., $10; Peters, F. H., $10; Peter, I. R., $10; Peterson, Alfred, $10; Pollock Findley M., $10; Prothersville S. S., $10; Putnam W. A., $10; Thru Mrs. J. A. Raokerly, $10; Reed, O. B. $10; Reed. J. Paul, $10; Rice, F. W., $10; Rice, W. S., $10; Riggle, Ed., $10; Robinson, Carl. $10; Roblee, Mrs. J. H., $10; Scarborough, O. C., $10; Steelville Presby. Ch. W. M. Socy., $10; Schroer, J. A., $10; Scott Mrs. Jennie, $10; Senell, J. M., $10; Snelling, Family, $10; Squires, Mrs. Marion, $10; Stowars, Mrs. Thos. W., $10; Tabler, Ethel, $10; Tingley, Mr. & Mrs. G. E., $10; Ward, Arthur, $10; Ward, R. D. $10; Warren. Mr. & Mrs. W. L., $10; Wasson, J. A. $10; Watkins R. R., $10; Wiley, Mrs. Mary E., $10; Woolhether, Mrs. Mary, $10.

Wilson, Mrs. E. A., $10; Wilson, Mrs. Robert. $10; Young Ladies Bible Class St. Johns Evangel. Church of St. Louis, $10; Zahn, Mrs. Fred, $10; Mizpah, Presby. Church of Pattonville, $9.25; Antioch Bapt. S. S. of Otterville, $9; Conway Union S. S., $9; Dasch, Mrs. Addie, $9; Workers for Christ S. S. Class of Hopkins, $9; B. Y. P. U. of Calvary Bapt. Ch. of Hannibal, $8.75; Thru Frank Scott, $8.60; Walker, Mary A., $8.50; In His Dear Name, Conway, $8; Ahlstrom, Eskil, $8; Christian Church, Auxvasse, $8; Carlin, B. S. H., $8; Holder, Mrs. J. D. & Miss P. A. Todd, $8; Hoyt, E. F. & family, $8; Miller, Mrs. M., $8; Monroe, Mrs. M. C., $8; Thru Mrs. S. J. Nicholas, $8; Young, Mrs. R. J. $8; Barnett. Mrs. J. E., $7.50; Pacific School, Teacher & Pupils, $7.50; Skaggs, Mr. & Mrs. R. M., $7.50; Cordry, Frank, $7; Deal, Mrs. Helen M., $7; Gunn C. E., $7; Keithly L. O. & Mother, $7; Kleinschmidt, L. W., $7; Klinger, Mrs. Mollie, $7; Longcouer, Mrs. A. A. & friends, $7; Mountain Grove S. S., $7; Nevin, Eleanor, $7; Reul, Wm., $7; Shank, Oliver R. & Mrs. Orin B., $7; Woodson, A. V. & friends, $7; Parson Creek Presby. Church $6.65; Keywood, Mrs. S. E., $6.60; Sebastian, Mrs. C. F., $6.50; Atkinson, Wm., $6; Brener, O. B. & Miss Alma Zaise, $6; Chew, Mrs. T. J. $6; Community S. S. Class No. 8 of Kingston, $6; Copenhaver, Mr. & Mrs. W. W., $6; Croft, Mrs. R. S., $6; Harris Omar $6; Gilles Rev. J., $6; Meals, Martha R. $6; Morgan, Hannah M., $6; Pendleton, Mrs. Anna $6; Saunders Sadie W. $6; Shelton, Mrs. Flora, $6; Wright Mrs. H. C., $6; Fox Ruth Class, $5.55; Leah, Rose & Carrie Street $5.50; Stiles, Lenabella, $5.34; Leesburg, Meth. S. S., $5.40.

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A group of Christian Herald orphans of the 1911 famine attending Foochow College

Preventing Dread Epidemics

China for First Time in Her Famine History, Comes Through Without Terrible Mortality from Cholera and Typhus

DURING the first few weeks of the China famine, there was every indication that an epidemic of cholera, typhus and famine fever, would break out, and grow into one of the worst disasters in the history of the world. Conditions apparently were ripe for such a development. Refugees by the thousand were gathering in crude camps, burrowing in holes like rabbits, and existing without any of the sanitary provisions which even China has come to accept as necessary to health.

Almost every message that reached us warned particularly or cholera and typhus which were appearing with alarming regularity wherever small groups of refugees were gathered. The fact that no epidemic of consequence occurred and that the famine period passed with little more than normal mortality from illness speaks volumes for the success of the efforts put forward by physicians, nurses and sanitary engineers.

By the first of January five anti-typhus units were organized and in the field. Each unit consisting of a foreign physician, a native physician, a group of nurses both Chinese and foreign, and a score of native porters. Full equipment for combating typhus was carried, and a systematic campaign was undertaken in the refugee camps. The native press gave large space to propaganda written so simply that any Chinese could follow it, and in some cases speakers were sent out to aid in spreading the warning against disease, and methods of preventing it. Provision was made for a large number of other units which would also take the field in the event an epidemic of large size threatened. So carefully was the whole situation handled, however, that not a single outbreak occurred. There were isolated deaths from cholera and typhus, and in some remote villages the death list was large, but for the first time in the history of China, she passed through a famine period without a terrible mortality from disease.

American training largely was responsible for this, for most of the physicians both foreign and Chinese were American trained, and most of the nurses received their training in American conducted hospitals.

It is interesting to know, however, that the man who organized the great campaign against the plague was an Austrian prisoner of war, a Viennese physician who had been a prisoner of the Russians in Siberia and who was released under the Bolshevist régime. This physician had made his way to the Pacific coast from the interior of Siberia, where he had been used by the Russians ever since his capture in 1915, in fighting the persistent epidemics of typhus that affected the prison camps. On his arrival in Peking, he was recognized by the medical men there as the greatest authority in the Far East on typhus, and his services were immediately drafted for work in the famine field. The organization of the campaign and its direction were placed entirely in his hands and the organization achieved a remarkable success.

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What Christian Herald Readers Have Done to Relieve Suffering and Spread the Gospel in Every Part of the World

By GEORGE H. SANDISON

"CHRISTIAN Service" has been the motto of the Christian Herald from its foundation, forty-three years ago, up to the present time. It taught the principle that a Christian must be not only a hearer but also a doer of the Word. Once embarked on this career, the area of service gradually expanded, until in the course of a few years it had reached out over continents and seas. As we look back on these early beginnings, and witness the expansion until the whole globe was literally girdled, we reflect with amazement at the goodness of God in opening doors, in removing all difficulties, and in blessing the work and bringing happiness to the thousands who were engaged in it, and to whom it gradually became the most precious thing in their lives.

This map graphically shows the extent of the charities of the Christian Herald Family

The beginnings of these efforts were extremely simple and limited in area. A winter of wide-spread unemployment and hardship in New York furnished the opportunity to do some kindly work for the hungry families. A food fund raised by the generous readers of the Christian Herald, and distributed in the basements of a number of city churches in the poorer districts of New York, was the means of averting starvation in some 1200 homes. When the need passed, a small unexpended balance was devoted to giving a summer outing to several hundred children of these same families, which did the poor little things so much good that the idea came to the editors, "Why not do this every summer?" The result was the foundation of the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn which has grown to be one of the permanent features of the paper, and where some 60,000 children have been received since it was first opened.

The first of the remarkable chain of world-wide charities which followed was the relief sent by the Christian Herald to Russia in 1891–1892. European papers brought news of wide-spread suffering in sixteen Russian provinces—a territory equal in extent to our Mississippi Valley. Millions were threatened with starvation. The S. S. Conemaugh, then loading at the port of New York for Riga, agreed to carry a limited shipment of food from the Christian Herald. An appeal was made to the readers and some 5,000 sacks of American flour were contributed and loaded on the Conemaugh.

After she had sailed, contributions flowed in until sufficient money was received to charter the S. S. Leo, which in a remarkably short time sailed, flying the Christian Herald pennant and carrying a large cargo of flour for the starving people. This was the first complete cargo, and it was welcomed with great acclaim in Russia, and handsomely acknowledged by that government.

THE next effort of the Christian Herald world charities was devoted to Armenia, 1894–1895. That unhappy land had been devastated by Kurds and the people were in a pitiable condition. Dr. Grace M. Kimball, American missionary physician in Van, sounded the call for help, cabling to the Christian Herald, which responded quickly by sending $10,000 which reached Armenia on Thanksgiving Day. This relief movement spread, and some sixteen supply stations were opened in different parts of the suffering territory, saving a multitude of lives and bringing a host of grateful acknowledgments from the missionaries on behalf of the people.

India was the next applicant for Christian Herald help. In 1897–1898 she was in the grasp of famine. Liberal contributions poured in from Christian Herald readers in response to her need and after a few remittances, it was decided to charter a steamer. The S. S. City of Everett was loaded with grain and sailed from San Francisco in 1898, in charge of Christian Herald representatives. This was the first of a chain of cargoes, showing the magnificent and tireless generosity of the Christian Herald readers, and was the means of saving thousands of lives, as many missionaries in India attested in their letters. Unfortunately the land has been repeatedly visited by crop failures, resulting in famine, and in later years the S. S. Quito was sent with a cargo of Christian Herald corn, valued at $300,000 in Bombay on its arrival. The charter of the steamer was generously paid by the United States Government, as many similar charters were granted under like conditions afterward, notably in the case of the great famine in China in the years 1901–1906, when the U. S. Transports Buford and Logan were detailed to carry to Shanghai food supplies for sufferers.

One of the saddest legacies of the India famine was the thousands of orphans who were left helpless, and in behalf of whom a large number of missionaries united in an appeal to the Christian Herald. It touched many American hearts, and the response was something so gratifying that we were soon enabled to raise sufficient funds to supply the needs of 5,000 orphans in Christian missionary care. One of the gladdest days in the India missionary field was that on which the news came that the Christian Herald readers had assumed the care of this great body of orphan children—the largest undertaking of its kind in the records of Christian philanthropy.

INDIA, however, was not the only land in which children were the basis of appeals which touched American sympathies so deeply. Japan, after a great famine in the northeast provinces, which the Christian Herald also helped to relieve, had its aftermath of orphans, and these, numbering many hundreds, were supported by our readers in two orphanages—one at Sendai and the other at Okayama. Like those in India, these orphanages were kept up and contributions continued until, the children having grown to manhood and womanhood, the need passed.

This work among famine orphans has had probably a greater spiritual effect than most people imagine. Many of the children became, in later years, missionaries, teachers, native pastors, Bible women, etc.

In the recent great famine in China—the worst ever experienced in that country—the gifts of the Christian Herald Family stirred other nations to emulate their example. It was the sowing of seed that bore fruit in a world-wide harvest.

One of the most picturesque charities of the Christian Herald was that in which we helped the sufferers after the disastrous eruption of Vesuvius, which ruined a number of Italian villages, destroyed many lives, and rendered thousands homeless. The Christian Herald was represented in the first cargo of food sent into Italy at that time, and afterwards its "Mothers' and Babies' Fund"—which had been kept up during the entire summer and of which the the Queen herself was the Patroness, was instrumental in saving the lives of many little ones.

But the Christian Herald charities were even more far-reaching than those already described. They stretched literally around the globe and included Finland, Lapland and Sweden, which we helped in the wide-spread famine of 1903, besides missionary work at different times in Palestine, Arabia, Persia, Turkey, Tibet, Korea, various lands in South America, and even Arctic Labrador. Cuba, during the period preceding our war with Spain, was the center of one of our most successful relief enterprises, when Clara Barton and Dr. Klopsch, through the generous gifts of our readers, were enabled to save the lives of thousands of starving reconcentrados.

Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell's noble work in Labrador, and the work of the Moravian Mission at Nain, have both been aided from year to year by the Christian Herald. Dipping southward across the equator, we can point to many places in the Malay Peninsula and even the South Sea Islands where missions have been helped and strengthened and encouraged by Christian Herald support. The world circle would not be complete without mention of the Missions on the northwestern side of the American continent, which have also been materially aided from time to time by the Christian Herald.

It must not be thought that in these far-flowing philanthropies, "in His name," the needy in our own land were overlooked. The Bowery Mission, with its Bread-Line, has been kept busy for nearly thirty years; many of the Rescue Missions throughout the country have been materially helped, also refuges for women, including especially "The Door of Hope," founded by Mrs. Whittemore; also various labor institutions including the Colony at Surinam, Dutch Guiana, the Leper Mission in Jerusalem, and others, have been many times recipients of needed help. Orphanages for whites and blacks in the United States, Sunshine Homes, Rescue Missions, Industrial Institutions and similar charities are still being helped in times of need. Few in the West have ever forgotten the train-loads of clothing and provisions which Christian Herald readers sent to the distressed farmers of three Western States (Colorado, Dakota, and Nebraska) in the winter of 1895, after a succession of crop failures.

The list of domestic benevolences has increased, but these will suffice to show that our readers have generously striven to keep their own gardens tilled and fruitful, even while they were reaching to the ends of the world to help others.

Nebraska—Con'd

gatt, Albert & family, $2.50; Porter, Fred., $2.50; Pratt, W. J., $2.50; Rich, E., $2.50; Scantland, Mrs. M. G., $2.50; Weaver, Mrs. Anna, $2.50; Wilmott, Mrs. W., $2.50; Babcock, Amelia, $2.25; Holm, Mrs. F. F., $2.05; A Friend, Bridgeport, $2.

A Friend, Seneca, $2; Anonymous, Alma $2; Anonymous, North Bend. $2; S. A. W., Auburn, $2; M. C. F., Nebraska City, $2; Abernathy, Mrs. J. J. & son, $2; Allen, Mary E., $2; Anderson, H. F., $2; Babcock, Mrs. C. W., $2; Bachus, Susan, $2; Bolton, Rachel & Bernice, $2; Burger, Mrs. George $2; Burt, Mrs. S. H., $2; Burton, J. S., $2; Campbell, Mrs. J. F., $2; Carter, C. W., $2; Congl. S. S., Wahoo, $2; Dodson, Mrs. E. W. $2; Falck, Rev. Chr., $2; Farrow, Mrs. J. A., $2; Frasier, Ella L., $2; Gilbert, Annie, $2; Glautz, Dena, $2; Gravatt, Mrs. Anna, $2; Gray, Anna $2; Hackett, Edna, $2; Hammond, Mrs. P. A., $2; Harden, Mrs. Kathrine, $2; Hartzell, Mrs. E. E., $2; Hodsdon, Ralph, $2; Howie, Mrs. Morton, $2; Jones, Mr. & Mrs. I. O., $2; Landstrom, Mr. & Mrs. Geo., $2; Larkin, Mrs. M. E., $2; McMannie E., $2; McCulley, Mrs. Tillie, $2; McPherson, Mrs. Marg't, $2; M. E. S. S. Prim. Dept., Wakefield. $2; Moore, Mrs. W. W., $2; Nordgren, Andrew, $2; Norlander, Mrs. S. W., $2; Parker, Mary E., $2; Partridge, Mrs. M. S., $2; Patterson, Mr. & Mrs. T. G., $2; Pfeiffer, August, $2; Pierce, Mary A., $2; Richter, Mrs. Mary, $2; Robinson, Mrs. Jos., $2; Sawyer, C. H., $2; Schroeder, Minnie L., $2; Schultz J. L., $2; Service, Alma, $2; Severin, R. O., $2; Smith, Mrs. Josiah, $2; Sterne, Mrs. R. H., $2; Thomas, A. J., $2; Trevelpiece, F. M., $2; Turner, Paul, $2; Udd, H. E., $2; Weaver, N., $2; Woods, W. N., $2; Wulf, Miss E. M., $2; Newton, Mrs. R., $1.59; Genoways, Mr. & Mrs. L. C., $1.50; Hamlin, Mrs. Anna, $1.50; Snyder, Mrs. C. M., $1.50; Hempel, Elizabeth, $1.40; Jones Mrs. Ellis, $1.35. Wolford, Bessie, $1.25; Yockey, Mrs. N. A., $1.25; A Friend, Columbus, $1; Anonymous, Cortland, $1; Anonymous, Fairbury, $1; Lady Walworth, $1; C. B. S., Spade, $1; Aukeny, Mrs. J. B., $1; Bauer, D. W., $1; Baughman, J. W. $1; Birmingham, Mrs. W. C., $1; Bodenhauer, Kate, $1; Brand, F. E., $1; Brown, Helen M., $1; Cross, Mrs. J. D., $1; Currens, M. E., $1; Day, Ella C., $1; Dell, Philip, $1; Duliagh, B. F., $1; Edwards, Mrs. Frank, $1; Epler, C. W. $1; Fegley, Mrs. L. A. $1; Greer W. M. $1; Grisell, Mrs. S. L., $1; Gustafson, A. L., $1; Hayden E. B., $1; Holmes, Mrs. Addie, $1; Horner, Ray F., $1; Howard, Mrs. Birdie, $1; Jewell, O. A., $1; Johnston, Lizzie, $1; Kemp, Mr. & Mrs. C. N. $1; Malone Mrs. J. E., $1; Magnuson M. J., $1; Malm, J. H. J., $1; Neff, Mrs. E. E., $1; Nelson, Mrs. G. O., $1; Peterson, P. J., $1; Rogers, Katherine, $1; Sargent, D. A., $1; Sharp, Mrs. I. S., $1; Stephens, B. F., $1; Stewart Rose D., $1; Sumpter, Mrs. Mabel, $1; Walker, Mrs. F. M. $1; Weber Mrs. John, $1; Zumwalt, May, $1; Bradley, J. A., 50c.; Hartzell, Mrs. E. E. & 3 Little Girls, 50c.; Erickson, Weste, 30c.; Kissinger, Mr. & Mrs. E. H., 25c.

Nevada

Osborne, S. P., $50.70; Presby. S. S. Tonopah, $37.32; Lotta, J. C., $30; Corwin, Lillie R., $25; Hewett, E. A.,

Nevada—Con'd

$25; Binns, Mary A. & Gertrude, $22.50; Carson Indian School, $20.50; Bruner H. W., $20; Earl, Edna, $20, Presby. Church, Tonopah $15 74; Kimberly S. S., $10, Ross, Mr. & Mrs. J C $10, Doane, Mrs. R. L., $5, Erickson, C. F., $5, Jones, Mrs. E., $5; Moore, Mrs. C. B., $5; Osborne, Mrs. E. B., $5, Revell C. W. $5, Thompson, Mrs C $5, Winchell, Mrs. Frank, $5; Feemster, S. C., $2 12, Smith, Dr. V. P. $2.

New Hampshire

Flanders, Edwin & Sarah, $700.75; Marden, Dena T. $2.00, Jackson, E. K. & family, $65; Haverhill, Congl. S. S., $32; Kimball, Flora L., $50; Boynton, D. M., $41.02; True Blue M. E. S. S., $37; Beebe, Harriet F., $35; Rowell, Mr. & Mrs. J. N., $35; Shaw, S. L. $34, Queen St. M. E. Philothens & others, $31 4 Bachelder, Mrs. Abbie, $30, McAlpin, Asenath M., $30 Parker, G W, $30; Wells, Luella M., $27 50, McCoy Home for Children & Mary O Davis $25.10; Davis, Mrs. Fruman, $25; Howard, Geo. H., $25; Christian Church, Rye, $23; Smith, Mrs. W Byron, $23; Westport, S. S., $23, Batchelder, Mrs M. A. $20; Garland Hannah T., $20; Lantz, James E., $20; Morrill, Mrs. A W, $20; West Rumney Senior Chapel, $18.57; Bethany Bible Class M. E. Church, Claremont, $16, Rumney Bapt. Church, $15 32; Butler, Mr. & Mrs. E. L., $15 09, Chellis, Mr & Mrs. Rush, $15, United Congl. Church, Piermont, $15; C. E. Society, Piermont, $14 75, Kingsbury Mrs. E. A. $13; Thompson, Mrs I. E., $12; Advent Christian Church Manchester, $12; Pleasant Bapt. Church, Concord, $11 50, Noyes Mrs. Anna L. & friends $11, S S Class at Marlborough, $10; J S. & N H., Rumney $10; Two Sisters, $10, Bohman, Mary G., $10, Burton, Mr & Mrs W H, $10; Buzzell Rev G. W $10, Chatterton Mrs Sarah A $10, Christiansen Ole, $10 Cram Mrs Abbie M $10 Denny Miss A. E. $10; Dickerman Miss F C $10

Emery Abbie J $10 Durgin, L W $10, Fehler N H. $10, Feske, Mr & Mrs Hy M $10, First Chas L $10; Forbes Clara E $16, French N B $10, Hall Nellie F $10 Holman Mrs E B & Mrs A G Beebe $10, Ingalls Mrs. E M $10, Jenkins Emily C. & mother $10, Kimball Mrs. Geo. R $10, Lutcher, Rev T Aug $10, Morrill Mrs $10 Morrill A. H. $10, Neal, Mary F. $10, Pillsbury, Geo. I $10; Priest, Electa M. $10, Rugg, Miss S. J. & Mrs. J C Kinney $10, Shepherd, Mrs N B $10, Thompson, Mrs J M. $10, Union Christian Church Georges Mills, $10; Worcester Mrs Elizabeth, $10, Bapt. Chapel, Grasmere, $9.25, Blake, Mrs L. D., $8 10, Batchelder, Mrs. Lydia A $8; Chamberlin L C. $8; Congl. Church, Bath $8, Courser Mr & Mrs. W M $8, Gates Mrs F F., $8; Congl S. S., Lancaster $8, Hunkins, Mrs C. W $7 50; Watson, Lydia E., $7.50 Carter Mr & Mrs. Carlyle $7; Chase Mary A. $7; East Sandwich School $7; Merrill, J. W $7 S S. Class North Hampton, $6, McNeely Wm $6, Merse, Emma F $6, Newton, S S A $6, A Helper Gofistown, $5, Armstrong, Adeline G $5; Barstow, Dorothy K, $5; Beede, Mrs. H B. $5; Bennett, John E. $5, Brown, Abbie S. & Mary A. Chase $5, Carter, Mrs. M. J., $5, Chickering Mrs. J E., $5; Iron Works S. S., Concord, $5; Thru E. L. Berries, Hanover $5; Congl. Church, Dedham Maine, $5; Dow, Nellie E., $5; Dow, Mrs. N. H., $5; Estabrook, M. L., $5; Farnsworth, Mrs. Amy $5.

Fellows, Mary J., $5; Fletcher Laura $5; George, Mrs. J. P., $5; Harrington, N G., $5; Haselton, Alice M $5; Hayes, Mrs. C E. Dover $5; Hayes, Mrs. Martin, $5, Haynes, Mrs. Geo H $5; Haynes, Mrs C. F. Durham $5; Heath, Mrs. A. A & L. J. $5; Hills S E, $5; Huff N B. & H M $5, Hutchinson, Isabel, $5; Jenks Daniel S., $5; Bapt. Church, Claremont, $5; Keyser, Mrs Clara C., $5; Kimball, Matt., $5; Kingsbury E. A., $5; Knight Anna, $5, Ladies Aid Society, Canobi Lake, $5, Lind, Mrs Chas. H., $5; Lord, Mr & Mrs. F H, $5; McCallister, E R., $5; Martell, Theo. H., $5; Martin, Mrs. L B, $5; Mason, W. N., $5; M. E. S. S., Claremont, $5; Montgomery Melissa, $5; Moodey, Leslie $5; Moore, A A., $5, Nye, Geo. H, $5; Otis, Mrs. W F, $5, Pepper L., Mrs C F., $5; Phelps, Mrs. Sarah T., $5; Pinkbrook Mrs. W. J., & Mrs. W. J Chevalier $5; Pinkbrook, Mrs. M C., $5, Prescott, Mildred P $5; Ray, Mrs. Anna M., $5, Reed, Mrs. Julia M., $5; Reine Mr. F O., $5, Robinson, Rev. W P $5; Sanford, Mrs H B, $5; Schlagel, Mrs. Louis, $5; Shepard, W. H., $5; Do 1st S S Class, Tree, $5; Society of Friends, Manchester, $5; Tait Mr. M C $5, Thayer, O H $5; Todd, Frank W. $5; Union S S No. Newport, $5; Wiggin, Geo. E., $5; Wood Lizzie B., $5, Wheeler, Lizzie A., $5, Wilcomber, Everett H., $5; Wiley, R W., $5 Hopkins, Mr & Mrs. C H., $4.50, Union S S Chester, $4.-25, Avery, Mrs A S., $4; Burbank, Lena S., $4, Child, Mary E., $4; Green, Mrs. R Lotta $4; Henderson, Mrs Wm L. $4.

Pepper, Mrs. A A & family $4; Rockwood, T C $4; Scott, Mrs. W O $4, Worcester Hazel L. $4, Three Friends, Claremont, $3; Bracy Mrs L K $3 Burton Mrs B H., $3; Chamberlain, Ada L. $3; Conant, Mabel S $3, Flanders W. F $3; Gooch, L W., $3; Harmon Mrs. M. L., $3; Herbert, Mrs. Chas $3; Hunlock, Mrs. E., $3; Jenkins, Mrs Carrie S. $3; Joslin E. H., $3, Kobbe, Mrs. Kate, $3; Miller E. S. $3, Mudgett, Mrs. E. F. $3; Smith, A. O., $3; Thompson, Rhoda B., $3; Pryor Mr. & Mrs. Thos. & Friends, $2 77, Cone, Nettie L., $2.50; Cole, Chas. H. $2.40, Mast Yard, N. H., $2, A Friend, Danville, $2, A Friend, Hampton, $2, A Friend, Manchester, $2; A Subscriber, Keene, $2; Box 125, Amherst, $2; Cash, Rochester, $2; I. J. H., Keene, $2; Abbott, I. M., $2; Armstrong, Sorana, O., $2; Ayers, Mrs. B. F., $2, Ayers, C. H., $2; Babb Mrs. & Mrs. A. S., $2, Bullock F. S., $2; Burney Mrs. A. B., $2; Carr, Mrs. C. A., $2; Christian Union Church, No Hampton, $2; Clement, W. S. $2 Cowan, Mrs. Eliz., $2, Thru Cram, Abbie F., $2, Duffy Henry A., $2, Diggles, Doris W., $2, Evans, Harold, $2, Farr, Mrs. $2, Fletcher, C. $2; Fletcher, Mrs. H F. $2; Fletcher, M A., $2, Foss, A. E & A. L., $2, Frier, W. T $2, Fuller, H B., $2; Gould, Carrie E., $2; Hardy E A., $2; Haskell, Sarah K, $2, Harvey, Mrs A. S., $2, Head, Alice M., $2

Holden Mr & Mrs. Everett T, $2, Hunt, Mrs G. W. $2, Langmaid C J $2; Lewis Anna L $2, Mason, S. R., $2; Mason, C. J., $2, Miller, Mrs Edith G $2, Morgan C T $2; Plummer Mrs. Sarah A $2 Purington, G. D., $2; Rich, Mrs Dwight $2, Sargent Mrs. Almira J., $2, Schoolcraft, Ellen H $2, Smiley Rev G M., $2; Smith, Mrs. C. C., $2, Sterling, Mrs S H & Ethel G. $2, Tracy O H., $2, White E P $2 Woodward Josephine M., $2, White Mrs. F E $1 50, White, Laconia $1; White Keene $1, White Warner $1; A Friend, Concord $1 A. Friend Hinsdale, $1, A Reader Hinsdale $1; A Subscriber Goffstown, $1 R M C, Portsmouth $1; C L H Hampton, $1, E A H Peterboro $1 R S M, Hanover $1, Cash Laconia, $1, Dorothy Penacook $1, Amidon, A Q $1; Bogley Mrs H M $1, Bullard, Mrs. J H $1, Bartlett, Eva B $1, Bapt. Junior Boys Hampton, $1, Burbeck Mrs. Anne J. $1, Cogswell, Augusta, $1; Crafts Mrs Homer B $1 Dalton, L. F. $1 Day M. Lula $1, Dodge, Bessie $1 Fletcher, Mrs Clar $1, Fogg, Nancy K, $1; Foss Mrs L. B, $1; Frost, L. F., $1; Hadley M A. $1

Hall Mrs. Francina D $1, Hayes, Alden M $1 Holbrook Mrs Geo E., $1, James, Mrs F E. $1, Johnson, Eva $1, Junior Mission Band Barrington $1; Kimball, Mrs V M., $1 Langford, J. W. $1, Lewis E W $1 McCalister, Grace $1, Mason Ruth S. $1, Mellen, Nellie $1, Morgan, C S., $1, Poulter, S A. $1, Sanders, O C., $1, Smith Mrs Olive S $1, Snow Mr. & Mrs. I. C., $1, Temple, Mary C., $1; Wallace, Mrs. Frank W, $1; Whipple, Mrs M A. $1, Whittier, L May, $1; Armstrong Mrs G. 35c; Drake H. M. P., 34c.; Whipple, Mabel A., 10c.

New Jersey

Beck Theo. L., $500, Hird Samuel, $500; Park Ave Church, Disciples of Christ, E Orange $271.20, First Bapt. Church & Bible School of Camden, $250 10, Thru Mr Geo. Klinger $215 10, Grove Reformed Church of Weehawken, $200, Hird, Henry E., $200, Jones, Herbert, $200, Rule, W B $200, First Holland Ref. Church of Passaic $166 50, Franklin Reformed Church of Nutley $146 45; First Presby Church of Dunellen, $120, First Reformed Church of East Orange, $118.80; Bethany Baptist Bible Sch. of Paterson, $116 Christ Church of Palmyra, $111 50, New Market Bapt. S. S. of Dunellen $110.29; First Presby S. S. of Ridgefield Park, $108.50, First Holland Ref. Church, Y. W. Bible Study Class, Passaic, N. J., $107; A Little Chinese Grad. and Fung Kei Sin, $102.50; First Presby. Church of Morristown, $102; Anonymous, Riverton, $100; Babcock, Guilford C., $100, Central Bapt. Church of Palmyra, $100; Elliott, R. E., $100; First Bapt Church of bloomfield, $100; Johnson, S. P. $100; Lum, C. H., $100; Lockwood Mrs. A. M. C., $100.

Miller, Mrs. F. H., $100; Meisgeir, Minnie, $100; Summit Ave. Bapt. Church of Jersey City $100; Wood, Mr. & Mrs. E. B., $100; First Bapt. Church of East Orange, $95.25, Rogers, Miss M. V., $90.97; Woman's Club of Maplewood, $85; Arlington Ave. Presby. Church of E. Orange, $81.58 Alden, E. A., $80; Strong, Wm. L., $80; The Harlingen Church, $79; Asbury M. E. Church of Camden, $71; Berrien, Chas. R., $69.12; First Presby. S. S. of Woodbridge, $66, Beverly M. E. S. S., $65; Thru C. A. Teates (Rev.), $65, Arlington Ave. Presby. S. S. Men's Bible Class of E. Orange, $61.25; Frenchtown Presby. Church and Sunday School, $60, Chinese S. S Class of Ocean Grove, $55, Hyde Park Ref. Church of E. Orange, $51 45, G. M. F., Elizabeth, $50; Barss, E. M., $50; $50; Bunnell, Mrs. W. L., $50; Thru Ottomar Block, $50; Breen, Leonard, $50; Didser, Maria L., $50; First Ref. Church, W. M. Socy. of W. Hoboken, $50; First Bapt. S. S. of Trenton, $50; Grove Ref. Church S. S. of New Durham, $50; Grater, B., $50; Cobbs, G. G. $50; Milliken, J. B., $50; M E Sunday School of Beverly, $50; Marcheimer C H., $50; Mather, Chas., $50; Nobles, John S $50; Oblis, Miss Alice $50; Ponds Ref Church Ladies' Aid of Oakland, $50; Price, Evelyn M., $50; Schanck, Lafayette, $50, Taylor, Mrs. Lydia J. $50; Van Haasbeck, Dr H D., $50; Wood, Mrs. George, $50; Wallace, A. S., $50; Willing Workers' Bible Class of Flemington $50.

Millstone and Bloomingdale Sunday Schools, $48.80, First Presby S S. of Lyndhurst $43; Union Meetings of the Presby. Meth. & Bapt. Churches of Cape May $42 70; St. James M. E. Church of Elizabeth $40.50; Bushnell, M. Louise $40; Conklin, Mrs. Mabel & friends, $40; Steel, Mrs. A. C. $40; Taylor, Annie A., $40; Thomas, Miss M. $40; Norwegian Evang. Free Church of Hoboken, $39.13; Grace Church of Passaic, $37.25; Smith, G. W., wife & daughter $37; Sunday School and willing helpers of Passaic thru M. J. De Groot, $36; Fairview Bapt. S. S., $35 46; Fourth Christian Church of Paterson $35.10, Bailey, Anne & Elizabeth $35; Davis, H., $35; Farley Geo. E., $35; Lyon, Mrs. E. W. & Mrs F L. Holmes, $35; Shipman, Mrs. A. E., $35 Oxford First Presby. Church of Belvidere $33 66, Estabrook, Sarah E., $32, Thompson Mrs. G. K. & Miss Gladys Thompson $32; Busy Men's Bible Class of Woodbury, $31, Cottage Prayer Meeting of Midland Park $29 09; Berthoif The Misses, $30, Boyd, Mrs J H., $30; Cranmer M H $30; Hommes, Henry $30, Hoyle Alice $30, Lindblom, Louis W $30, Kuhne Mrs. John $30, Passaic Collegiate School, $30; Presby Church Y P. Socy. of Hackettstown, $30, Rhone, Mrs S. M & Miss M., $30 Smith Mrs. C. E., $30; Voorhees, Willard $30; Westminster Presby Church of Paterson, $30; Littleton Chapel & S S of Morris Plains, $27 76; Colts Neck Ref Church, Senior Members $27 10

Smith Mrs A C., $27; Anderson, Walter W., $25, Bapt Church of Frenchtown Women's Missy Circle, $25, Barber, Mrs T. G., $25, Bartles, J P $25. Brittam, J Henry $25; Cross M P $25; Craig Edgar L., $25, Christ Church of West Collingswood, $25, Dykema, Rev James $25, Ronville R. M & Mina, $25; Darnell, Grace Leeds $25; Emley, Mrs. W W. $25, Flemington W C T U., $25; First Presby Church of Succasunna, $25; First Presby Church of South Orange, $25; Fine Mrs. H E $25; Goff, Mrs. S. B., $25, Gross Helen, $25; Guernsey L W $25; Hetherington, J. D., $25, Hastings Mr. & Mrs. H G., $25; Harrison Mrs. C. B., $25; Hulst, Mr. & Mrs Geo D., $25; Hughes, Mrs. F. R. $25, Lum, Anna, $25; Mair, Mary D $25, Mofford, Howard W., $25, Men's Binie Class of Dias Creek $25; Prospect St. Presby. Church of Maplewood $25, Platt, Geo F $25; Roberts, Mrs. David, $25; Richards, Mrs. J. G., $25, Smith, Ella C., $25; Simmons, R. A., $50, Sharper, Mrs. G. W & R. D., $25, Stevens, D E., $25; Stulle, Misses A. & J $25; Summit Ave. Bapt. Church, Golden Rule Circle Kings' Daughters Jersey City, $25; Thatcher, Mrs. N. H. & friends, $25; Treacy, John J., $25.

Voorhees, S. Adele, $25; Woodruff, I E., $25, Worcross Mrs. R. S., $25; Wray, Elizabeth, Memorial S. S. of New Brunswick, $25; Wyckoff, Anna M $25, Wald, Mrs. James H., $25; Wallace, Mrs. I. M. $25 Walvartar, Mrs. Martha, $25 Weller, Warren, $25, West Presby. Church of Newark, $25, Whittaker, R. B $25, Womans Club of Maplewood, $25, Ribbe, Elmer H and Henry, $23.50; Waugh, Miss Annie L. $23.50; Schwenger, Mrs. R. A $23 15; First Presby. Church of Belvidere, $23; Langman, Rev. A $23; Second Reformed Church & S. S. of Little Falls, $22 75; Christian Ref. Church of Englewood, Sewing Circle, $22.50; First Bapt. Church of New Market, $22 46; Christ Church, Newton, $22.04; Cambridge Mission, Riverside, $22; M. E. Church, Ladies' Bible Class, Sergeantsville, $22; M. E. Sunday School, Finesville, $21; Owen, Adeline W. and friends, $21; Ayers, Mary McF., $20; Allen, A. W. and Charles, $20, Bugbee, Alice H., $20; Bergen Margaret, E., $20; Bethlehem S. S. of Rahway, $20; Bradshaw, Mrs. J. P., $20; Conover, L. B., $20; Calhoun, Mrs. Evelyn A., $20 Evans, Rev. C. W., $20; Philathea Bible Class of Flemington, $20; First Ref. Church Ladies Societies of Long Branch, $20; First Presby. Church Benevolent Fund, Hackettstown $20; Gore, Mrs. Miriam B., $20; Gibby, Helen B., $20; Hart, Mrs. Lydia C. $20; Hotaling, Alice L., $20; Higgins, Chas. R., $20; Harris, Mrs. E. J., $20; Harrington, Julia M., $20; Jenson, Chas., $20; Kindle, Geo. C., $20; Limiato, Mrs. B. A., $20; Naples, Julia E., $20.

Myers, Mrs. J. N., $20; Muller, Wm. G., $20; Morris, Rev. Jas. R. & Beatrice, Winnie, $20; Meserole, Eliza J., $20; Martin, F. H., $20; Passaic, Y. W. C. A. Girls' Work Dept., $20; Schwenger, Mrs. H. P., $20; Thomas Florence M., $20; Wiegand, Mrs. Lucy, $20; Wyckoff, Rev. Garrett, $20; Weber, H A., $20; Wilkison, Mrs. D. O., $20; W. C. T. U. of New Brunswick, $20; Georgia Union S. S. of Freehold $19.70; Thru Clara F. Hancock, $19; First Dutch Ref. S. S. of Long Branch, $18 88; Thru J. C. Holcombe, $18 50; McKee Jennie $18; McDaniel, Elsie, $17.50; Conant, Miss Amy J. & friends, $17; Gypsy Colony of Ridgewood, $17; Sloat, Stephen F., Minnie & Mary I. Sloat, $17; Pennington Presby. Church, Men's Bible Class $16.60; Flemington Presby. Church Trustful Toilers, $16.50; Ponds Ref. S. S. of Oakland, $16; Robinson, Mrs Jas., House of Good Shepherd & friends, Orange, $16; Clementon, M. P. S. S. $15.02; Babcock, Mrs W. & friend, $15; Bullock, G. C., $15; Bergen, A. H. & A. D., $15; Bishop, Edw. H., $15; Broadhead Daniel, $15; Creamer, J. C., $15; Cumming, Thos. H., $15; Duncan, Miss Christine, $15; Falconer, Mr. & Mrs. R. C., $15; Glover, Marguerite, $15, Gordon, Livingstone A., $15; Haines, C. H., $15; Leeds, Mary W. & friends, $15; Lawrence, Mrs. Sarah B., $15; Mathews, O. B., $15; Martin, Mrs. G. W., $15; Marsh, J. W., $15; Nichols, Chas. M. & Beatrice P. Nichols, $15; Nichols, D. F., $15; Presby. S. S. of Roseland, $15; Thru Geo. W. Patterson, Jr., $15; Reformed Church of Paterson, Kings Daughters, $15; Rosenberg, John, $15; Schneider, Mr. & Mrs. C. N., $15.

Schrader, Mrs. Amelia H., $15; Smith, Geo. A., $15; Stryker, W. C., $15; Thompson, Wm. M., $15; Voorhees, Clara, $15, Walker, Rev. Elmer & H M. Fine & family, $15; White, Rowena H., $15; W. C. T. U. of Plainfield, 15; Young Peoples' Missionary Socy. of Cedarville $15; Youndt, P., $15; A Reader, Freehold $14; Estabrook, H. A., $14; Thru Miss M. Wilson, $14; Business Girls Bible Class, Summit Ave. Bapt. Church of Jersey City $13; Presby Church & S. S. of Wallington $13; Wallpack Center S. S. $13; Allen, Nettie & friends, $12.50; Randolph, Edith F., $12.50; Bird, L. B. & sister, $12; Demarest, Mr. & Mrs. J. F., $12; Daterman Dr H F. & family $12; Fox, Mr & Mrs. Richard S., $12; Hamlin, Mrs. E. M., $12; Hummer, Raymond P., $12; M. E Church of Absecon, $12; Perrine, Samuel, $12; Poinsett, W. R., $12; Quinby, Lela L. $12; St. Johns Church Parish Aid Boontown $12; Swain, Mrs. L H., $12; Whitha Mrs G. B., $12;. Hoagland, C. F., $11 50; Roosa, Rev. John & friends, $11 50; Anonymous, Rockaway, $11; Bapt. Church W. M. Socy of Livingston, $11; Dichl, Rev C. W. & friends, $11; Lincoln M. E. S. S. of Woodsville, $11; Messinger, Mrs. M. M., $11; Martin Josephine, $11; Marsh Louise S., $11; Reformed Church Bible Class of Colts Neck, $11; Sutton, Miss E. L $11; Seager, Lloyd, $10.69; Clark, Mrs. Anna M., $10.10; A Friend, East Orange, $10; A Friend, South Orange, $10, A Friend, Verona, $10; "No Name", Madison, $10; Anonymous, Salem, $10; Cash, Blairstown $10; Cash, Montclair, $10; "In His Name," E Orange, $10; Alden, James S., $10; Allen, Mrs. E. C., $10; Atlas Knitting Mills, $10; Breen, Leonard Bldg Co., $10; Bapt. Church Ladies Missionary Socy. of Flanders, $10; Brown, Mrs Anna R., $10; Brown, Lavinia S., $10; "In Memory of Warren Burkett," $10; Brusby, M. G., $10; Buck, Mr. & Mrs. J., $10; Budd, S. C., $10; Buzzell, Alice B., $10, Bailey, Miss K. A., $10; Bainbridge, W. P., $10; Barkman, Mrs. A. M., $10; Barnes, Mr. & Mrs. E. H., $10; Beeker, Miss A. A., $10; Beel, Miss E. L., $10; Belt, Miss Caroline C., $10; Bergen, Albert R., $10; Brick Presby. Church Westminster Guild of E Orange, $10; Bethany M. E. S. S. of Fort Lee, $10; Bliss, Ellen Rankin, $10; Brewer, P. A., $10; Brooks, Mrs. D. S., $10; Creed, Angie M., $10 Cregar, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $10; Crisp, H. W., $10; Cook, John D., $10; Campbell, Mrs. W. C., $10; Chamberlain, Silas, $10; Chew, Mary F., $10.

Chistm, Mrs. F. C., $10; Church of Brethren, Willing Workers Class of Stockton, $10; Christian Endeavor Union of Carpenterville, $10; Clark, Miss E. B., $10; Clark, Geo. Sr., $10; Clark, Wm. J., $10; Cochley, H. L., $10; Comey, Laura Y., $10; Condiet, G Herbert, $10; Conklin, F. L., $10; Davis, John, $10; Davis, Mrs. Catherine, $10; Dawson, Alice and others, $10; DeLong, H. M., $10; DeMott, Mrs. M., $10; Demarest, Mrs. J. J., $10; DeWitt Mrs. John, $10; Dexter Erwin G., $10; Doremus, Mrs. A. T., $10; Drake, H. S., $10; Dunham, Chas. E., $10; Eabey, Emma, $10; Earles, Minnie E., $10; Edman, Mrs. Ellen, $10; Edmondson, Beth L., $10; Ellis, R. H. P., $10; Epworth League of Oldwick, $10; Evans, Walter W., $10 First Bapt. Church W. M., Socy. of Paterson, $10; First Bapt. Church Willing Workers Class of Vineland $10; French, Mrs. R. M., $10; French, Mrs. C. F., $10; Frazer, Donald R. C., $10; Fountain, Belle H., & Emma L., Holbrook, $10; Forbes, E. G., $10; Fletchinger, G. T., $10; Flanigan, Emma L., $10; Firth, Harry & Mrs. Emma Firth, $10; Ferriss, S. B., $10; Fernald, Henry B., $10; Farr, Emma E., $10; Greenwich Presby. Church Y. P. Socy., $10; Gafford, Mrs. T. W., $10, Gallaher, Townsend, $10; Gavett, J. W., $10; Genier, E. C., $10; Gerow, Allette R., $10; Geyer, Caroline, $10; Girdwood, Sara W., $10; Graham, Mrs. Geo., $10; Gregg, Elizabeth D., $10; Grover, Isabella G., $10; Gudon, Margaret R., $10; Guthrie, C. S., $10; Henry, Miss Mary C., $10; Heck, Mrs. Bessie E., $10; Hattag, P. C. $10; Higbie E. L., $10; Higgins Mrs. N. H., $10; Hilsingor, A. W., $10; Hocking, L. H., & friend, $10; Hoffman, J. H., $10; Hollenbach, Chas. R., $10; Hope, H. H., $10.

Hope, Miss Belle, $10; Hopper, Mrs. M. C., $10; Howell, Jennie, $10; Hughes Mrs. E., $10; Hulskamper, Wm. H., $10, Human, Peter, $10; Hyde Park Y. P. Socy of East Orange, $10; Hagaman, Sarah E., $10; Hoit, Mr. & Mrs. A. S., $10; Hannold, Miss Ella, $10; Harris Mrs. I. E., $10; Harris, Hattie, $10; Harrison, Miss E. T., $10; Icke, John, $10; Irving, Daniel O., $10; Jackson, Mrs. Bertha D., $10; Jackson Miss Ruth $10; Jackson, W M., $10; Johnson, Alice E., $10; Jarbe, Miss M. F., $10; Keat Ethel M. $10; Kent, Phineas, $10; Kilbourne, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. T., $10; Kimball, Clara, A., $10; Kimball, Eng. M., $10; Koblman, J. Henry, $10; Lawrence, G. W. $10; Leanhout, Mrs. Lena, $10; Lemont, Mrs. S. L., $10; Lines, Edwin S., $10; Lockhart, Mabel M., $10; Loetscer, Rev Mrs. $10; McCloskey, Mary L. $10; McCue, W. L. $10; McDonald, C. F., $10; Mackrell, E. L., $10; Myers, Wm. S., $10; Mumford, Miss A. L., Mount, Miss Matilda C., $10, Mosier, N. J., $10; Miller, O. A., $10, Morris, Mrs. Henry Sims, $10; Morgan, Anne M., $10.

Melick Josephine, $10; May, Mrs. Mary, $10; Mathews, Anna, $10; Martin, Mrs. Albert S. DeK., $10; Martin, Mrs. Ella, $10; Nufer E., $10; Nobles, Rev. W. B., $10; Thru Mrs. Drew M. Nicholas, $10; Newton Circle of the Kings Daughters, $10; Nevins, O. W., $10; Natey, Mrs. M. T., $10; Otterson, A I., $10; Proud, S. Davis, $10; Peterson Rev. A. L., $10; Peck, L. J., $10; Patterson, Susan $10; Padgham, Miss Maud B., $10; Park Sunday School of New Brunswick, $10; Packer, Mrs. G. Q., $10; Presbyterian Church of Absecon, $10; Pownall S. M., $10; Powell, Geo. L., $10; Porter, Miss A., $10; Pine, Mrs. S. A., $10; Pierce, Mrs. Wm., $10; Quimby, Wm. M., $10; Ross, John, $10; Ramsey, Mrs John N. $10; Randolph Frances D $10; Rankin, E., $10; Read, Annie, $10; Reed, Mrs. G. G., $10; Reed, Mrs. Leigh $10; Reeder, Horace G., $10; Reoch, Mrs. A. E., $10; Rewald, K. $10; Riddle, Mr. & Mrs. A. M., $10; Roake, C. F., $10; Richardson, C. T., $10; Robbins, Josiah S., $10; Roberts, Miss Elizabeth T. $10; Riverside Reformed Church of Paterson Men's Bible Class $10; Reformed Church W. M. Socy. of Nutley $10; Shepard Edwin $10; Shelters, Vernon B., $10; Shipman, Mrs. Harmon $10; Sickles, M. M., $10; Smith, Miss Beatrice, $10; Smith, H G., $10; Smith, T. J., $10; Smith, Miss S Elizabeth, $10; South St. Presby. Church of Morristown, $10; Snyder, Isaac N., $10; Sonder, R. B., $10; Soule, Mrs. W. B. $10; Spriggs, S. R. $10; Stephenson, Miss A. M., $10; Stillwell Mrs. A. W. $10; Stockholm M. E. S. S. $10; Stoddard, A. L., $10; Storck, Mrs. F. C., $10; Sturgess, Ethyln P., $10; Stuks, Henry, $10; Talley, G. R., $10; Tasker, Mr. & Mrs. F E., $10; Taylor, Wm. P., $10; Teas, Dr. John $10; Terhune, Mrs. J., $10; Terhune, Amy Z., $10; Thomas, Mrs Emily, $10; Thomson, Mrs. Alex, Jr. $10; Thompson, I. P., $10; Tomlin, Sarah C. $10; Tomlinson, A. Y., $10; Tunis, D. W., $10; Tweedy, Mrs. A. Mellick, $10; Union Presby. Church Ladies Aid Socy. of W. Hoboken, $10; Underhill, G. T. & Louise Underhill, $10; Upjohn, L. N., $10; Vanbinder, Mr. & Mrs. N. D., $10; Veghte, Florence $10; Vreeland, John B., $10; Wood, Andrew, $10; Wood, L. F., $10; Woolley, A. T., $10; Worth, Chas. H., $10; Wyckoff, Geo. A., $10.

Waite, Miss Martha A., $10; Washburn Harry $10; Weart, Miss Laura H., $10; Weeks, Mr. & Mrs. Frank $10; Wells Joshua S., $10; Whittaker, Miss M. H., $10; Wiedland, John B., $10; Wiggins, Miss Catherine, $10; Wiley, Eliza M. $10; Williamson, L. N., $10; Wilson H. L., $10; Winans, A. J., $10; Winchester E. M., $10; Windham, Mr. & Mrs. C. J., $10; W. C. T. U. of Hopewell, $10; W. C. T. U. No. 1 of Trenton, $10; Van Anken, Mrs. Ella, $9.66; Park Ave. Church S. S. of E. Orange, $9.50; Sayre, Abby K., $9.50; Du Bois Annie G. & friends, $9; Penns Grove Public Schools Grade 3-B $8.56; Rahway War Saving Committee, $8.52; "S. C. & L. D."—Newton $8; Anderson, Chas., $8; Ewen, Mrs. J., $8; Evans, Mrs. H. D., $8; Freund, Miss Katie $8; Herbertsville M. E. Church, $8; Thru Mrs Chas. Harris, $8; Krausteuter, Elsie, $8; Phelps, E. B. & S. L., $8; Ratley, Henry G., $8; Steele, Mrs W. L. & friends, $8; Space, Mrs. A. M., $8; Simmons, Miss Alice T., $8; Thorp, Josephine C., $8; Janney, Mr. & Mrs. B. S., $7.52; A Friend, Montclair, $7.50; Channing, W. L., $7.50; Case, John P. $7 50; In Memory of Mrs. M P. Selover" $7.50; Barringer, Mrs. A., $7; Baker, Mrs. F. E., $7; Brown, M. & F., $7; Clum, A & L. B., $7; Cross Miss M. H. $7; Ewing, Miss Olive M., $7; Greengrass, Henry E., $7; Herman, Mrs. Frank, $7; Hall, Miss Mary E., $7; Holman, L. W., $7; Lupton, B. K. L., $7; Mecker, M. M. & E. N., $7; Post, Mrs. Wm., $7; Robinson, Mrs. J. & friend, $7; Sergeantsville M. E. S. S. Primary Class, $7; Smith, Mrs. Lina $7; Wilson, Mae E. $7, Woollett, F. I. $7; Valentine, Geo., $6.50; Oakes, Dorothy R., $6.10; Anonymous Long Branch, $6; Allen, Mr. & Mrs. Oscar, $6; Conklin, W. $6; Dalrymple, Mr. & Mrs. G. E., $6; Homer, Mrs. C. W., $6; Lowe, Mrs. C. B., $6; M. E. Church of E. Orange, $6; Penns Grove Public School, $6; Powelson, Mrs. W. H. & Mrs. Smith, $6; Pott, Gertrude M., $6; Padgett, Elizabeth, $6; Roll, Mrs. J. B., $6; Sayre Mrs. I. A., $6; Shaw, A. E., $6; Shaw, David $6; Sherras, Maria M. $6; Van Gilson, Mary C., $6; Wilhelm, Jacob C. & family, $6; Harris, Mr. & Mrs. Andrew, $5.75; Fifth Grade School No. 1, Hawthorne, $5.50; Italian Mission S. S. of Westfield $5.48; First Bapt. Church of Trenton, $5.40; Haskins Mrs. M. $5.20; Nutt, Mrs. M. M., $5.08; St. John, Mrs. Irving, $5.02; Anonymous, $5; A Friend, Hoboken, $5; A Friend, Morristown, $5; A Friend, Mt. Holly, $5; A Friend, Oradell, $5; A Friend, Springfield, $5; Anonymous, Adelphia, $5; Anonymous, Bloomfield, $5; Anonymous, East Orange, $5; Anonymous, Hammonton, $5; Anonymous, Flemington $5; Anonymous Lebanon $5; Anonymous, Montclair, $5; Anonymous, Oldwick $5.

Anonymous, Paterson, $5; A Widow, Summit $5; "Mrs. B. E. K." Arlington, $5; "P. D. E." Greenwich, $5; "Mary S." Morristown, $5; "A. I. M." North Bergen, $5; Allen, C. E. League of Bridgeton, $5; Andreas, W. F., $5; Allen, Warren H., $5, Ake, John N, $5; Adams, J. F., $5; Ackerman, Sarah E., $5; Abel, Mrs. G. O., $5; Apgar, Casper P., $5; Applegate, W. C., $5; Applegate, Wilton T., $5; Arnold, Mrs. E. W., $5; Austin, Mrs. C. H., $5; Atlantic City, W. C. T. U., $5; B. B. & G. S. S. Class of Dunellen, $5; Brown, Elizabeth W., $5; Brown F. W., $5; Brunn, Mrs. Stewart, $5; Buckley, Nellie E., $5; Budlong, Mrs. B., $5; Bailey E. L., $5; Baird, Mrs. Wm. C. $5; Ballamy J. F., $5; Baker, H. Harlem, $5; Bartles, Miss Edith, $5; Bate, Mrs. J. C., $5; Batz, Carrie, $5; Baum, Mrs. J. J., $5; Bearn, G. M., $5; Beatty, Mrs. R. M., $5; Beel, Wm. E., $5; Beel, Florence H., $5; Bertin, Charles, $5; Bethman, Katherine, $5; bloom, Mrs. Emma D., $5; Boardman, Roger S., $5; Bollman, Rev. W. H., $5; Booth, Jennie M., $5; Booth, Mrs. J. H., $5; Bonnell, Mrs. Anna C., $5; Bowen, F. B., $5; Boyson, Viola, $5; Brandley, Mrs. F., $5; Breckenridge, Mrs. H. E., $5; Brewer, Mrs. John M., $5; Brewster, Sarah E., $5; Briggs, A. H., $5; Briggs, Etta, F., $5; Briggs Mrs. Frank $5; Buzby C. J. $5; Conrad, Mrs. Martha C., $5; Cooke M. $5; Cooper, Miss Anna K. $5; Corfield, Sarah L., $5; Crosley, Frances A., $5; Cain, Erdman, $5; Calvet, L. R., $5; Campbell, W. F., $5; Campbell, Mrs. J. D., $5; Cantell, A. B., $5.

Carpenter, E. W., $5; Carpenter, Florence G., $5; Carter, E. J., $5; Cary, C., $5; Casselman, Theo. E., $5; Central Baptist Church of Trenton, $5; Clark, L. E., $5; Cloud, Mrs. B. W. $5; Coe, Theo. C., $5; Cole, Wm. B $5; Coles, Mrs. A. H., $5; Collins, Hattie A., $5; Cone, Anna G., $5; Condict, Mrs. Grace for Wallpack Center S. S., $5; Coney, T. R., $5; Dague, Mrs. L. D., $5; Darby, Miss K. R., $5; Dateman, Mrs. N. F., $5; Davenport, L. C., $5; Davidson, Mrs. Laura, $5; Davison, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. A., $5; Day, Mrs. M. B., $5; Deacon, E. B., $5; Demarest, Marion, $5; Demarest, M

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Hollister, J. B., $54; Church of the Puritans N Y. City $53.78; Ufford, Mrs. D. D. for Congl. Church, Miss. Socy. & S. S., $51; First Presby. Church & F. A. Bradley Class, Castile, $50.60; Dorothea, N. Y. City, $50; Adult Bible Class, Presby. Church, La Fayette. $50; A. E. M. Society, Goshen, $50; Applebee, F. J. $50; Bartlett, Mrs. Frederic, $50; Bellak, C. Morton, $50; Boyd-Sinclair Lumber Co., $50; Boyd, Mr. & Mrs. J. P , $50; Boynton, E. H. for Bethesda Mission, $50; Brown, Alta M. M., $50; Calkins, Mrs. F. R., $50; Canoga Presby. Ch., Seneca Falls $50; Chattaway, Ethel. $50; Chenango Forks Red Cross. $50; Christy J R. $50; Epworth League, Owst $50, Cuttle, Mrs H H., $50; Cushman, Mrs H M & Miss M L. Wyoming, $50, Deitz C F. & Anna L., $50; Diamond Store Co., $50; Evans, Luther R., $50, Edmunds, C K., $50; Elbert, A., $50; Engstrom, Rev V., $50; First Congl S S. Portland $50, First German Baptist Church, Y. P. S., Brooklyn, $50, Fairweather, Mr & Mrs. J C & Mrs Josephine Dean $50, Garnett, Wm. & Mary & friends, $50; Gordon, W S & Co., $50; Greenville Bapt Church, $50; Griffith Mite Committee, $50; Harris, Frances L., $50; Hemstreet, Frederick, $50; Hough, Charles $50; Kelsey, L A , $50; Kingsland, W. J. & Co., $50; McDougall, Walter, $50.

Mercer, Mrs. F. G., Jr , $50; M. E. Church S S., Chautauqua, $50, Miller, Florence L., $50; Miller, Grace, $50; Montague, Miss M., $50; Mortimer, Mrs F. G., $50, Newberg, Oscar, $50; Norris, Miss Fanny, $50; Olivet Pres. Church Utica $50

Loomis, C. W. $50, Pettit, Martha, $50, Red Cross Society, Summerhill, $50; Raisler Edward, $50 Rossiter, Mrs. C. L., $50, Stoneham, Arthur, $50; So Argyle U. P Church, $50; Sweetman Anna P., $50; Steele, W. W., $50; Spence, Miss E. M , $50, Smelser, Dr. & Mrs F D., $50; Simpson, Miss T. A., $50; Schneider & Schwenger, $50; Sackheim & Scherman, $50, Schenevas Br Red Cross, $50; Salisbury M. Louise, $50; St Peters Epis. Ch. Detroit & Rev. H. C. Robinson $50; Tuxford, Mr. & Mrs. C. T., $50; Tappan, Miss E. C., $50; Talbott, C. C., $50; Voss, H. E., $50; Voorhies, Mr. & Mrs. H. E., $50; Windsor. Mrs. W C., $50; Whitney, T. D., $50; Wheaton, E. H., $50; Wells, Ella M., $50; Walker Josephine & Henrietta, $50; Milton, W. C. T. U., $49; Thru Hobart Bennington, $48.50; Thru Thos. P Peate, $48 25; Grace Ref. Church Bklyn., $48; Church of the Redeemer, Pelham, $47.06; Guptill, Mr. & Mrs J. I., $46; Ft. Wash. Bible Sch., N. Y. City, $45.76; Brewer, F. B., $45.60; Perry, Florence M., $45.60; Taber, Miss $45.60; Community of North Gage, $45.55; First Bapt. Church, L. I. City, $45; Hartcorn, Mrs. J., Elsie & Florence, $45; Ogden, Mrs. A. K. & friends, $45; Public Sch. of Presby Ch. Westfield, $45; St Johns Episcopal Ch., Rochester, $45; Shults, Mr. & Mrs. W O., $45; Jay Gould Mem. Ch., Roxbury $44.28; Scotch Presby. Ch. of Waddington, $44; Perkins, Flora, $43 77; Cong'l Church of Franklin, $43 50; Fernwood Av. Pres. Ch., Rochester, $43 27; Briars, Cyril, $43; Forim, Dr. F. T. & friends, $41; Reformed Dutch Ch. N. Hempstead, $40.55; M E & Presby Churches, Hillburn, $40.40; Y. W. C. A. Waukegan, $40.25; Northampton Prayer Circle & Arnold Simonds, $40. 10; E. H. W. & Kas. N. Y. City $40; Barrow, E. W. $40; Beckwith, Eliz. R. $40

Burnham, Emma & Julia Scott, $40; Downie Mrs. Wm , $40; Jeffrey, Rev. J. R , Thru, $40; Jones, A. C., $40; Mack C E., $40; Presby Church, Circleville, $40; Relf. Miss Mabel F., Ellen & Elsie $40; Sherwood, Rose, R., $40; Spencer, Jennie E & Julia E., $40; Stevenson, M. R . $40; Traner, Mr. C. R , $40; Presby. S S., New Berlin, $39.50; No Bangor Cong. Ch. & S. S , $39; Avon & Fowlerville, M. E Churches, $38; Congl. S. S. Gasport, $37 37; Arkport High School, Teachers & Pupils $36 68; West Side, M. E Church $36 65; Rutgers Church C. E. Soc'y, N Y. City, $36.61; Christ's Church, Pawling, $36.50; Wakeman J. Allison, $36.50, Un. Brethren Ch. W. M. Socy. Clarence Ctr., $36.13; Ivory Bapt. S S, Frewsburg, $36; Presby. Church of Vernon, $36; Community of So. Trenton $35 50; First Presby. Ch. & C. E. Soc., New Hamburg, $35 50; Grabb, David $35.50; Baker, Lawrence, Thru, $35; Brown, W. L., $35; Claghorn, Mr. & Mrs W. H., $35; Corbett, Mr. & Mrs. A. A., $35; Curtis, L. G. $35; Hager, Mrs. J. F. First Bapt. S. S. & Friends, $35; Humphrey, H. W., $35; Landon, R. C., $35; Lawton, J. A., $35; Lent Hill W. C. T. U., $35; Miller, Mrs. W. D., $35; Nelson, M B , $35; Spence, Miss Anne, $35; First Bapt. Church, Clayton, $34.97; North Ref. Church, Watervliet, $34; Sweet, Mrs. M. P., $34; Webb Horton Mem. Pres Church, $34; Societies & Cong. Eng. Luth. Church, Argusville, $33.50; Carmel Bapt. S. S., N. Y City, $33.22; Bungez K., $33; Chamberlain, Mr. & Mrs. A. L , $33; Lewis, Mrs. A. A., Jennie Huson & May Shay, $33; Union Ref. Ch. of High Bridge, $32.60; Cong'l. S. S. of Walton, $32 50; Hubbs, Mrs. C. E., $32; McGuire, G. W., Jr., $32; Reformed Church, Johnstown, $32; Pierce, Mrs. Grace & friends, $31.50; Barre Centre, Presby. Church, $31.25; Young People of Swedish Congl. Tabernacle, Bklyn. $30.51.

First Presby. S. S. Jeffersonville, $30.40; Waite, Mildred I., $30.40; Anonymous, Geneva, $30; Baptist & U. B. S. S.'s, West Clarksville, $30; Bible Tr. School, Bible School Park, $30; Bradford Mrs. Jessie & Effie, $30; Bessels, E. C., $30; Brodie, R. W., $30; Brown, Mrs. S. D., $30; Catlin, Mr. & Mrs. C. A., $30; Coldenham R. P. Church L. M. Soc'y, $30; Chapman, Chas. F., $30; Farrior, Mr. & Mrs. S. C., $30; First Bapt. Church, Athens, $30; First Bapt. Church, Munford, $30; Fordyce, W. H. J., $30; Foster, H. L., $30; Girl Scouts of Oriet, $30; Hayward, Mr. & Mrs. F. C. & Hazel, $30; Hagaman, C. A., $30; Irish, Chas. S. $30; O'Neill, F W., $30; Peebles, V F., $30; Peacock, Mrs. B. L. $30; Paddock, F. A., $30; Post, Josephine H., $30; Red Cross, Lawrenceville, $30; Roderick. Carrie V., $30; Rushmore, Mrs.

Unofficial Balance Sheet

WHILE the accountants have not completed an audit of the Christian Herald China Famine Fund the preliminary cashier's table of receipts and disbursements as of July 31 shows that the great sum of $566,949.95 was collected, handled and distributed at a cost of two cents on the dollar. The preliminary balance sheet follows:

Christian Herald China Famine Fund

Through July 31, 1921

RECEIPTS		
Contributions	$566,112.23	
Bank Interest	837.72	$566,949.95
EXPENSES		
Salaries (clerical, labor, etc.)	$ 9,623.27	
Postage	466.30	
Expenses	2,212.16	
Circularizing	769.13	
Bank Exchange	553.76	13,622.62
		$553,327.33
REMITTANCES		
Contributions sent direct	$ 56,000.00	
Through American Committee	460,000.00	
Bad Checks and Refunds	591.18	$516,591.18
		$ 36,736.15

Mrs. Anna E., $1; Graham, L. Y., $1. Garretson, Miss, $1; Hubert, Mrs, John, $1; Hardy, Wm. J., $1; Hamlin; L. & L., $1; Hamilton, Mary S., $1; Hageman, E. D., $1; Haase George $1; Hughes. Leon. $1; Houghton, Mrs. J., $1; Hocker. M. L., $1; Hitchner, Mrs. John W., $1; Ignatius, Mrs. $1; Hinman, Miss Sarah S , $1; Isgard, R. T., $1; Isgard, Miss R. L, $1; Johnson, Madeline L., $1; Johnson, Helen S., $1; Koose, Mrs. J. D., $1; Lundgren, Mrs. J. E., $1; Ludlow, Miss Mildred, $1; Maher, Jno. L., $1; Magill, Annie M., $1; Moreau, Maude S., $1; Mill Brook M. E. S. S., $1; Messler, R. T., $1; Merritt, Edna, $1; Mercer, Miss Jane, $1; Mendel, I. G., $1; Meeray, Elizabeth H., $1; Mather, I. Mae, $1; Maslin Mrs. J., $1; Martin, M.M., $1; Martin, Emma, $1; Mapes, G. B., $1; Nelson, E., $1; Neander, Rev. John. $1; Nash, R. A., $1; Ort, Mrs. J. E., $1; Orcki, Mrs. G., $1; Oakes, Miss Sarah, $1; Price, Mrs. H. B., $1; Pierson, Mrs. M. A., $1; Pennington, Mrs. Anna, $1; Parmeles, M. L., $1; Riley, Miss Celia J., $1; Reed, Mrs. Benj., $1; Russell, Mrs. H. H., $1; Rowe, C. M., $1; Swain, Mrs. A. H , $1; Sunday School Class of Mrs. C. A. Davison, $1; Story, J. W., $1; Squier, C. D., $1; Spence, Mrs. R. Z., $1; Speck, Charles J., $1; Smith, Miss Madora R., $1; Smith, L., $1; Smith, Miss Ada, $1; Sietsema, A. M., $1; Seigle, Laura, $1; Secor, Mrs. J. V. H., $1; Salmons, Martha (Mrs.), $1; Taylor, Mrs. J W., $1; Thompson, Charles F., $1; Vreeland, Miss Ella, $1; Vaughn, A. B., $1; Van Blarcom, Henry, $1; Wright, Miss Dorothy $1; Winters, Mrs. Wm., $1; Wilson, Kate, C., $1; Williams, Jas. H. H., $1; Wathis. Mrs. Ella, $1; Waugh, Mrs. E. S., $1; Yale, Mrs. E. A., $1; Zwall, Mrs. C., $1; Whitehurst, Mrs C. C., 60c.; Shane, Sarah C., 55c.; Cumming, S. A., 50c.; Henderson, Miss Bertha, 50c.; Rowen, Mrs. F. K., 50c.; Schlenz Mrs. C. H., 50c.; Pancoast, Sarah M., 41c.; Hyde, Mrs. R., 25c.; Halliday, Miss Carrie, 10c.

New Mexico

Armerding, Carl, $110; Becker, J. H., Jr., $100; Carey Mrs. A. H., $100; $5; Muncy J. L., $5; Mumma, S. B , $5; Perches S. S., $5; Reed, Sarah, $5; Reiff, Mrs. W. C. & H. E. Robb, $5; Ryle, Carrie, $5; Swigart, Mrs. L. A., $5; Warren, Mrs. C. J., $5; Wills, B. G. & Rhoda. $5; Zook, Salina, $5; Copper, R. C., $4.33; Estes, Mrs. Helen, $8; Wright, Ada, $3.75; Elliott, Ella F., $3; Schurtz, Mrs. Geo. V $3; Frangen, Mrs. J. W $2; Hornberger. Grace. $2; Klutz, Mrs. C F., $2; Wills. F. Dewitt, $2; Wade, W. T, $1.90; Creeds Chapel S S., Seneca, $1.50; Box 4, Hot Springs $1; Bush, Mrs. W., L., $1; Chase, Miss G. A., $1; Cook, Mrs. Janet, $2; Estes, Mrs. Helen, $1; Farnsworth, H. E., $1; Klutt. Mrs. C. F., $1; Norris, Mary. $2; Preston, Elizabeth, $1; Shaw, Mrs. Myra A., $1; Smith, Mrs. Kittie B., $1; Wilkins, Hattie, $1; Williams, M

38,000 Donors to the Fund

Records Show That Average Contribution Through the Christian Herald Was $15.02

WHEN the Christian Herald opened its China Famine Fund, it was the intention to publish the names of contributors each week as had been customary in other years. The responses were so surprisingly large in number, however, that it was quickly determined this method of acknowledgment would not be practicable. Entirely too much space would be required for the purpose, and the contents of the weekly issue would be contracted beyond reason.

When we announced that no further contributions would be acknowledged through the columns of the magazine, we said that in all probability public acknowledgment would be made in the form of a booklet to be issued at the end of the famine, giving a report of relief operations, together with the names of donors. In considering the question within the last few weeks, it seemed to us that the whole matter of Christian Herald participation in the relief work in China was of such importance that it could not help being of direct personal interest to every reader of the magazine. A booklet report would have been placed in the hands of contributors only. By devoting a section of the magazine to the fund, on the other hand, every reader, whether he made a contribution to the cause or not, will find a story of surpassing interest in what his own magazine family has accomplished.

Of course, every contributor immediately on the receipt of his contribution received a formal acknowledgment by mail. A large number of friends sent their checks with the distinct understanding that their names were not to appear in any report, or to receive publicity of any character. We have attempted faithfully to observe these conditions, but if you made a donation to the fund without a request for secrecy in connection with it, we would be glad to have you advise us if your name does not appear in this list.

In arranging this list of contributors, only two divisions were made. First by States and second alphabetically and by the amount of the contribution. We purposely omitted the local address for reasons that probably are obvious. The names and addresses of persons who are known to contribute to charitable or other purposes, are valuable assets in the hands of a certain type of solicitor.

To find your name, look for your state and then run down the column alphabetically.

The list of donors represented in this issue comprises a few less than 38,000, the largest number of individuals contributing to a charity in the history of the Christian Herald. The average donation was $15.02.

We believe this number of the Christian Herald will be unique enough to justify you in preserving it as a souvenir of one of the greatest relief operations ever undertaken by the American people.

New York—Con'd

Remsen, $30; Shields, Frances H., $30; Starr, Mrs. P. H., $30; Sweet. B. J. & A. M., $30; Tasker, Mr. & Mrs. F. E., $30; Tifft, Mrs. O., $30; Winkler, M. H., $30; Woody Crest M. E. Church, N.Y. City, $30; Williams, Miss Lillie, $29.31; Fulcher, Mrs. J. H., $29; Sunshine Cir., Thru Mrs E. A. Forrester, $29; Reformed S. S. Class. No. 5, E. Greenbush, $28.60; Western Presby. Ch. Palmyra, $28.34; Bergen Cong. Ch., W. M. S., $28.16; Singleton, Mrs. W. B. $28; Gregory, Mrs. Henry, $27; St. John's Ref. Ch. S. S., St. Johnsville, $27; Wilson, Mrs. J. P., $27; M.E. Dutch Ref. Bapt. & Presby. Churches, Jamaica, $26.61; Roberts, Mr. & Mrs. G. V., $26.50; Casper, Mrs. F. L. & Alice Boorn, $26; Thru M. J. De Groot, $25.27; Thru Martha F. Acker, $25; Aldrich, Mrs. A. B., $25.

Almy, Mrs. W. H., $25; Alnderbill, H. B. $25; Anos. J. F. $25; Atkins, I. S., $25; Austin, Mr. & Mrs. L. C., $25; Bailey, Chas. E., $25; Brudworth, P. J., $25; Baldwin, Mary R., $25; Barker, Mrs. O. T., $25; Beck, A. L., $25; Bennett, Miss S. H., $25; Bethany Presby. Church, N. Y. City, $25; Blust, Edw., $25; Breithaupt, E. & W. G., $25; Bronson, Mr. & Mrs. E. B., $25; Brown, David, $25; Bruen. Alex J., $25; Carpenter, H. K., $25; Cilley, Raymond, $25; Clarke, J. R. & Son, $25; Clement, E. H., $25; Clemons, Willard, $25; Cole, Lucile, $25; Cooper, N. P., $25; Crane, Mrs., $25; Crane, Mrs. A. C., $25; Curry, Mrs. A. B., Jr., $25; Dudley, Mrs. E. M., $25; Day, F. C., $25; Decker, C. L., $25; De Fisher Wm., $25; Earl, Elmer E., $25; Earnest Wkrs. Gld., Presby. Church, Albany, $25; Eastport Industrial Soc'y, $25; Edmunds, Webster, $25; Emerson, Mr. & Mrs. L. L., $25; Epworth Union Highland, $25; Evang. Luth. Ch., Raymertown, $25; Field, Mrs. W. D. C., $25; Finlay, Howard, $25; First Bapt. Ch. Medina, $25; First Presby. Ch. Red Wing Club, Jamestown, $25; Fisch, Abraham M., $25; Flower, Jesse S., $25; Forbes, J. C., $25; Frederick, W. L., $25; Furboe L. J., $25; Goldfrank, Mrs. J. & friends, $25; Gaston, Mrs. C. R., $25; Goodridge, Mr.& Mrs. L. B., $25; Grace Chapel. L. I. City. $25; Graver, G. S. & family, $25; Gridley, A. L., $25; Hagaman, Emma, A., $25; Hall, C. J., $25; Hamlin, T. O., $25; Hartwell, Mrs. L., $25; Hawkins, Nellie G., $25; Henle, Mr. & Mrs. Geo., $25; Hill, Adelbert, $25; Hill, Geo. B., $25; Hollis, W. C., $25; Holzman, E. A., $25; Howell, E. H., $25; Howison, Geo. A., $25.

Hunt, C. J., $25; I. O. O. F., Bellona, $25; Ireland, R. L., $25; Jasper, H. N., $25; Knobs, E., $25; Kennish. W. R., $25; Knight, Mr. & Mrs. F. E., $25; Knowlton, Mrs. M. D., $25; Kroodsma, R. F., $25; Lahl, John, $25; Lazell, Miss E. A., $25; Lyke. S.T. $25; Linlithgo Ref. Ch., Livingston, $25; Lindan, Arthur, $25; Maltbie, M. R., $25; Melum, Edith, $25; M. E. S. S. Indian Fields, $25; Middleton, Mr. & Mrs. F. R., $25; Miller, Mr. & Mrs. B. H., $25, Miller. Mr. & Mrs. F. R., $25; Mock & Blum, $25; Monan, Mrs. $25; Morse, H. B., $25; Morton Hill C. E. Soc'y., $25; Niles, Nettie M., $25; Ochsner, Barbara, $25; Olcott, Mrs. Chauncey, $25; Olmstead, Hazel R., $25; Olmstead, M. S., $25; Oppenheim & Co., $25; Ormeston, Mrs. K. O., $25; Page, Ella W., $25; Park Church S. S., Elmira, $25; Pelton, C. D., $25; Perry, E. R., $25; Persons, Hazel M., Thru, $25; Public Sch. No. 70, Bklyn., $25; Roe, C. R., $25; Rawson, Charles, $25; Red Cross Br., Santa Clara, $25; Resh, Mrs. E., Thru, $25; Roberts, Mr. & Mrs. J. E., $25; Roe, C. R., $25; Rosenfield, N. W., $25; Stock, H. M., $25; Sanders, A. M. & H. M., $25; Seeley, F. W., $25; Stryker, H. L., $25; Shafer, F. E., $25; Shepherd, M. Alice, $25; Sherman, Mrs. F. M., $25; Shields, Miss M. G. M., $25; Shoemaker, Rev. S. M., Jr., $25; Smith, Mr. & Mrs. F. M. & Mrs. F. P., $25; So. Warsaw Red Cross, $25; Staiber, Mrs. A., $25; Stoddard, David, $25; Sutherland, Mr. & Mrs. W. H., $25; Sutterby, Joseph, $25; Swan, S. J., $25; Taylor, Rev. H. A., $25.

Tenny, Delos, $25; Thompson, E. T., $25; Tidel, Geo. N., $25; Trow, Charles, $25; University Soc'y, Inc., N. Y. City, $25; Van den Bont, C., $25; Van Horn, F. D., $25; Wager, Stella, $25; Waldo, George, $25; Walker, Mr. & Mrs. F. R., $25; Ward, C. E., $25; Waterbury, Mrs. C. E. & sister. $25; Waterbury, A. M. & wife, $25; Weller, Chas. F., $25; Wells, Miss Helen M., $25; White, D. W., $25; Wightman, S. A., $25; Willebrands, B. O., $25; Windsor. Mrs. W. C., $25; Winners Club, Bowery Mission, N. Y. City, $25; W. C. T. U., Herkimer, $25; Wood, Mrs. Mary A., $25; Wood, Miss Nora M., $25; Wyoming Garage, Warsaw $25; Welsh Presby. Ch. L. A., Rome, $25; Wandell M. E. Concord, L. A. Soc., Stapleton, $25; Sisum, Win One B. C. Linden, $24.50; Lewald, Simon, $24.45; Community S. S., Andover, $24.10; Knox Union S. S., Delanson, $24; Lasher, E. C., $24; Community of Trumansburg, $23.50; Tanner, Mrs. J. H. & Clara W., $23.50; Hopewell Jct., Ref. Church, $23.45; Evang. Church Stapleton, $25; Sisum, Ella J., $24.90; Angola. $23.21; Victoria Congl. S. S. of Jamaica, $23; Presby. Church W. M. S. Livonia Ctr., $23; St. Pauls Luth. S. S. & Rev. & Mrs. Worman, $23; Thomas, T. S. & friends, $23; Collins, M. T., $22; Kinsel. G. A., $22; Knapp, Mrs. E. L., $22; M. E. School, Hensonville, $22; M. E. Church, C. E. & Good Templars, Medusa, $22; Middleberger, Mrs. John, $22; Scotch Presby. Ch. M. Soc'y, Madrid, $22; Presby. S. S. Romulus, $21.03; Carey, Mr. & Mrs. C. F. & Fannie Parker, $21; First Ref. Church, D. A. B. C., West Sayville, $21.

Courtright, M. H. & D. A. Smith, $21; Ridge Rd. Chapel Soc'y, Lockport, $21; Southwell, Olive J., $21; Van Hoesen, Dr. L., $21; Williams, Lydia A. & friends, $21; Ladies Aid Soc., Thru Mrs. A. W. Barber, $20.50; Lewis Mrs. M. C., $20.02; A Helper, New York, $20; A Subscriber, Bklyn., $20; A Subscriber, N. Y. City, $20; G. A. R. Canton. $20; G. A. R., DeKalb, $20; A. F., N. Y. City, $20; Alexander, Mrs. Douglas, $20; Ash, Rev. A. M., $20; Auchincloss, Mrs. J. W., $20; Baker, Oscar, $20; Bannarm, Mrs. S. J., $20; Becker, Miss Clara I., $20; Baptist S. S., Spencer, $20; Black, Edna, $20; Bloomingrove, Ref. Ch. C. E. Soc'y, $20; Bowman, Katherine, $20; Boyce, Mrs. A. H., $20; Bones, Helen W., $20; Blood, O. A., $20; Brown, Emily L. & Marion S. Rice, $20; Brush, C. E. & daughter, $20; Cerliss, Mrs. E. L., $20; Cudaback, C. G., $20; Currytown Ref. Ch., L. M. S., Sprakers, $20; Carley, Ralph, $20; Centre St. Church L. A., Batavia, $20; Cushman, J. L. $20; Dail, Anna, $20; Delphey, M. H., $20; Dimorier, Fred, $20; Donaldson, Miss Louise. $20; Dow, Jessie E., $20; Drake, Ella & Ellis M., $20; Dunn, M. H., $20; Espenmiller, G. B., $20; Freeman, Mrs. Grant, $20; Frisbee, E. P., $20; Frost, Earl, $20; Getman-Moore, Inc., $20; Gibson, Esther, $20; Gordon, Mrs. A., $20; Gordon, Miss Georgia, $20; Gosman, Mr. & Mrs. Robt., $20; Hagadorn, Mary C., $20; Hagaman, A., $20; Hazlett, Rev. & Mrs., $20; Hibbard, Mrs. C. L., $20; Hill, O. B., $20; Hodell, Mrs. C. W $20.

Holsted, Mrs. Ernest, $20; Homer. Sidney, Hester & Joy, $20; Hopkins, Mrs. F. E., $20; Howley. Mrs. Flora, $20; Hunter, F. A., $20; Jennings, Isaac, $20; Kidder, Mr. & Mrs. J. F., $20; Kings Daughters Soc'y, Livonia, Ctr., $20; Laing, Mrs. S. C., $20; Lane, C. W., Jr., $20; Larson, C. P., $20; Lloyd, Emerson, Mrs. M. E. Palmer & Warren Palmer, $20; Longendyke, Arthur, $20; Lyman, Miss A. M., $20; Leggett, Alma S., $20; Leonard, A. O., $20; Livingston, Mr. & Mrs. O. H., $20; McChesney Mabel J., $20; McClenahan, Jno., $20; Manville, Mrs. J. B., $20; Milton, M. B. & M. C., $20; Martin, Horace, $20; Marshall, Herbert, $20; Napanoch, Ref. S. S., $20; Nystrom, C. L. & J. M. Band, $20; Osborn, C. H., $20; Parker, Cecelia A., $20; Perkins Mr. & Mrs. F. L., $20; Ponckhockie Union Ch., Kingston, $20; Presby. S. S. Holland Patent, $20; Presby. S. S., Masonville, $20; Richards, Eva & Mabel, $20; Rankin, James, $20; Raynor, Mrs. P. E., $20; Reynolds, Mary V., $20; Riley, John C., $20; Riley, Mrs. Wm., $20; Roberts, Clara, $20; Roberts, Hattie E., $20; Ryley, Edna, $20; St. Marks M. E. Ch., Napanock, $20; Sanders, Mrs. F., $20; Savage, Florence H., $20; Seem, Ruth M., $20; Sedgwick, Mrs. Alonzo, $20; Seymour, Miss A., $20; Short, Mrs. E. S., $20; Singleton, Mrs. W. B., $20; Sleggs, Mrs. J. W., $20; Smith, M. F., $20; Smith, G. S., $20; Smith, Caroline M. C., $20; Soderstrand, Agnes, $20; Spencer, Thomas, $20; Stewart, Elizabeth, $20; Street, Porter, $20; Thatcher, Chas. A., $20; Training Sch. of Deaconesses, N. Y. City, $20; Turner, R. A., $20; Tyler, Mrs. L., $20; Von Glahn, Sophie. $20; Walts, Bernice M., $20; Wenker. D. W., $20; Woodin, E. E., $20.

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T. V., $10; Dildine, Ida L. $10; Dingman Mrs. Geo. $10; Dix, Nat J. $10; Dodds, Herbert, $10; Dorr Charles E., $10; Downes, Joseph A., $10; Drumm, Mrs. Eugene, $10; Dryer, M. E., $10; Eadie, E. F., $10; Eaton, W. C., $10.

Eaton, W. J., $10; Edwards, C. P. & friends, $10; Edwards, Emma W., $10; Edwards, Mr. R. F., $10; Ely, G. G., $10; Ellis, Mr. & Mrs. D. I., $10; Ellis, J. J. & Anna, $10; Eldrett, G., $10; Ellicottville, C. E. Socy., $10; Elliott, Mrs. S. B., $10; Elliott, Soc. Co., $10; Edwards, Julia M., $10; Ehrlich, Hyman, $10; Elting, Henry S. $10; Emanuel Ref. Church Senior Y. P Socy. of Bklyn., $10; Envall, Mrs. O. B. & Wm. A., $10; Estelow, Jared C., $10; Evangel. Protestant Church, Missy. Socy. of Albany, $10; Evison, Mrs. Samuel, $10; Fager, Miss Eleanor. $10; Flacher, Mrs. J. H., $10; Farnsworth, Miss Alice R., $10; Farnum, Lucien, $10; Fay, Rev. C. E., $10; Fee, Marion W., $10; Feldmann, Anna, $10; Ferguson, Mrs. H. J., $10; Ferry, Katherine A., $10; Ferry, H. B., $10; Feustmann, M. M., $10; Finney, Mr. & Mrs. J. K., $10; First Bapt. Church of Corning, Philathea Class, $10; First Bapt. Church of Hornell, Doreas Philathea Class, $10; Fishel, Ruth T., $10; First Bapt. S. S. of Canandaigua, $10; Fisher F. M., $10; Fisher, Mr. & Mrs. U. Grant, $10; Fisher, Walter L. & family, $10; Forrior, S. C. (Mr. & Mrs.), $10; Forest, Mary R. D., $10; Foster. E. M., $10, Foster, Mrs. M. A., $10 Freedom Bapt. Church Ladies Aid Society, $10, Fowler, Mrs. Geo. P., $10 Francisco, Mrs. F M., $10 Flexney. Dr S., $10; Frantz, A. E $10, Frederickson, Mr. & Mrs., $10, Freedom Red Cross. $10; French, H W., $10; Frisbee, E P., $10; Fullerton Mr & Mrs E. M. & Mrs. M. S. Carmer. $10; Fulton. A. P., $10; Fulton, Alice L., $10; Gafferty. Mrs. Laura A. & daughter, $10; Gardner. Mary A D.. $10, Gardner, Ernest H., $10 Gardner. W. N, $10. Gay, Miss Mary C $10; Geckie, R. A., $10; Germann Susan M. & Charlotte W., $10, Geiser. Mrs. M., $10; Gerritsen, Miss Kittie L., $10.

Gibson, Mr. & Mrs. Wayne, $10; Gilbert. Mrs. J. H. $10; Gildersleeve, Ella M $10; Gilmore, J. E. & E. A., $10, Gibson Corners S. S., W. A. R. Class, $10; Ginocchio. P. J., $10; Givigo Mrs. N. E., $10; Goodier, M. H. $10, Goodwin, H. L., $10; Gordon, F. W., $10 Graham, G., $10; Graham, M. L. $10; Grand, Miss Kathleen A., $10; Gray. Cyrus, $10; Gray, Misses Katie & Lizzie, $10; Gray, Mrs. Mary, $10; Green, Miss C. W., $10, Green, Florence, $10; Green, Mrs. H. H., $10; Gregory. J. L., $10; Grevers, Mrs. G. C., $10; Griswold, H. S., $10; Guley, R. T., $10; Guptill, John L., $10; Hague, James L., $10; Hahn, Berthold, $10; Halbert, Alice D., $10; Hall, Mrs. Hariet E., $10; Hall, Lavina B., $10; Hallenbeck, Rev. B. Q., $10; Hallock, Mrs. James T., $10; Hambret, A. J., $10 Hamilton, R. S., $10; Hand, W. L., $10, Hannas, E. W., $10; Harmon, G. I., $10; Hardy Anna L., $10; Harmon. H. C., $10, Harmon, Viola A., $10; Harrington, Mr. & Mrs. J., $10; Harris, Theo. W., $10; Harris, Wm. E., $10 Hartwell, Mrs. F. W., $10; Hatch, Sarah E., $10; Hatt, G. V & Co., $10; Heck, John W., $10; Hellman, Mrs. Frances, $10; Herbert J $10: Herbster, Lydia & Minerva, $10, Hewitt, Miss Alice & friends $10; Hickling, Miss Rosamond, $10; Hicks C S., $10; Hicks, W. F., $10; Hill. O. B. $10: Higgins, Julia, $10; Hildred, C., $10. Hill A. F., $10; Hill, Fred B., $10; Hill, Messrs. J. & C., $10; Hinman, Lela M., $10; Hoag, Esther M., $10; Hock, Irving J., $10; Hodges, Mrs. D. J., $10; Hadley, Mr. & Mrs., $10; Hoffman, Ida, $10; Holcomb, L. C. $10, Howell, Hannibal, $10; Hollenbeck Mrs. H. C., $10; Hollister, Miss Etta B. $10: Hollister, Mrs. T. B., $10; Hoos, Watson J., $10; Hooper, S. E., $10; Horton Memorial Presby. Church, Primary Dept., Middletown, $10; Horvitz, M. A., $10; Hosmer, Christine $10; Hough, L. M., $10; House, Grossman & Vorhaus, $10; Hover, Mrs. Sanford W., $10; Howe, Mr. & Mrs. Nelson H., $10; Howell A. E., $10; Hoyler, Paul V, $10; Hubbard, Mrs O. M., $10; High St. Bapt. S. S. of Buffalo, $10; Hubbell, Mrs. S. B., $10; Hughes, Mrs. Stella W., $10; Hulett, E., $10; Hull, Annie M., $10; Hulle, Mabel J., $10; Hullock, Mr. & Mrs. C. E. $10; Humphrey, E. F., $10; Hunt, Ellen B. & Emma Drake, $10; Hunt, Mrs. M. H., $10; Hunt, Wm. L. $10; Hunter, Mrs. E. F., $10; Hurlburt, W. L., $10; Hutchinson, Dr. R. H, Jr., $10; Hyman, Dr. A., $10; Ingersol, Mrs. Sara, $10; Irwin. Mrs. N. B. E., $10; Jackson, Edward, $10; Jackson. H. Y., $10; Jacobs. Lewis. $10; Janeway. Mrs. W. R. $10; Johnson, Jos. H., $10; Jones. Emma L., $10; Jones. Mrs. Emma $10; Jones. Geo. W., $10; Jones. James W.. $10; Jordan, Isabella, $10; Joyce, E. R., $10; $10; Joyner, Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert, $10; Judson, Rev. A. R. & friends, $10; Jurell, Mr. H. S., $10; Keater, Frederic R., $10; Kellstedt, Miss S. $10; Kennedy. Mrs. Hugh, $10; Kent, Miss J. D., $10; Kilbourne. Clarence R., $10; Kilbourne, M. E., $10; Kilby, Mrs. Allen E. $10; Kimball Wm. E. $10; Kings. Daughters of McMasters Corner, $10; King, Mr. C. H. $10; King, Mrs. Guy B., $10; Kinne, Miss M. O., $10; Kinsby, B. H., $10; Kinsey, H. C., $10; Kipp. Ella G., $10; Kirkpatrick, Amanda, $10; Kitchie, Mrs. J. M., $10; Klein J. S., $10

Klund, Mrs. Beatrice L. $10; Knapp, Chas. W., $10; Knights, Geo. M., $10; Knighton, James W., $10; Knightson, James W., $10, Koller, Miss M. E., $10; Konkle, Mrs. O. E., $10, Kring, Miss Helena A., $10, Kumpf, C. G., $10; Lackey, J. B., $10, Lamont, Mrs. C. F., $10; Lamlden. A. S., $10; Laona School of Freslonia, $10; Laraelere, Mrs. H. G., $10, Lawrence, Leland, $10; Lawrence, Louis B., $10; Lazell; Mrs. Geo. & Miss Edith A., $10. Lederer, Richard M., $10; Loewy. Geo. C., $10; Lohman, Eliza, $10; Loomis, Mr. & Mrs. H. S., $10; Love, J. W., $10; Loveman A. P., $10; Lowry, Miss Annie G., $10; Lyon, J. T. $10; Lytle, Sadie F., $10; Lee, Milton R., $10; Lester, Jno. M., $10; Lewis, Henry M., $10; Lewis, R., $10; Liddell, H. E., $10; Liedbod, C. S., $10; Lillibridge, Mrs. M. L., $10; Lockwood, Miss, $10; Lockwood, Mary L., $10; McAuley, Cremome Mission S. S., N. Y. City, $10; McDowell, Robt., $10; McGinnis, E. A., $10; McNutt, Mrs. Queen, $10; McQuade, Mary, $10; Macaulay, Frank, $10; MacCollum, Mrs. M. E., $10; Macomber, Mary J., $10; Mandeville, Mr. & Mrs. W. E., $10; Manu, Miss May, $10; Mann, Clara R., $10; Marchville S. S., $10; Marsh, Mrs. George, $10; Martin, Mr. & Mrs. Arthur H., $10; Massel, J. E., $10; Massonneau, Wm. S., $10; Mead, Miss Jane, $10; Medlar, R. N., $10; Minike, Mrs. Dora, $10; Merrill, Herman, $10; Merritt, Lucinda, $10; Messersmith. Nettie E., $10; Messersmith, Mrs. G., $10; M. E. Ladies Aid of Berkshire, $10; M. E. S. S. of Huntington, $10; Micon, Rev. Paul, $10; Miller, Mrs. Catherine, $10; Miller, H A. $10; McKee, Geo. C., $10.

Miller, Mr. & Mrs. H. J., $10; Miller. Mary E., $10; Millham, Grace, $10; Minot, Electa M. & Mary, $10; Mitchell, Mr., $10; Moe, L. H., $10; Moon, May, $10; Morgan, Mrs. Glenn W., $10; Moore, Hugh, $10; Moore, M. E., $10; Moran, Mrs. A. J., $10; Morris, R. C., $10; Morrisville Wednesday Club, $10; Morrow, Mrs. Eva, $10; Morse, Mildred H., $10; Morton, Mrs. F. S., $10; Mott, Mrs. A. S., $10; Murray, Mary F., $10; Murray, Wesley J., $10; Myers, Mrs. L. H., $10; Myrick, Miss H. A., $10; Nelson, M. B., $10; Neuring, Lucy M., $10; Newell, C. D., $10; Nohle, G. M., $10; Niles, T. E., $10; Niles, Mrs. C. A., $10; Norris, E. V. & friends, $10; Norris, Mrs. Martha B., $10; Norton, W. D., $10; Nundy, C. H., $10; Odessa High School. $10; Ogden, C. W., $10; Oliver, Edith G., $10; Oller, J. B., $10; Olmstead, Louise I., $10; Olmstead, M. S., $10; Osborn, M. C., $10; Osborn, Harriet L., $10; Osgood, A. B., $10; Ott, Christian T., $10; Overbaugh, Mrs. J., $10; Paling, Mrs. Lillian D., $10; Palmer, H. F. $10; Park, Edith M., $10; Parker, Benj., $10; Parker, Mrs. J. S., $10; Park, C. W., $10; Parsons, Ruth M., $10; Paschke, Miss O. T., $10; Patterson, J. S., $10; Patterson Bapt. Church W. M. S., of Towners, $10; Patterson, Mary C., $10; Pounding, Eloise, $10; Payne, Catherine B., $10; Pearson, Mrs. L. S., $10; Peck, Caroline, $10; Peck, F. I., $10; Peckham, Mr. & Mrs. U. G. & daughter, $10; Perry. Emma J., $10; Perkins, John L., $10; Perry, A. J., $10; Peterson, N., $10; Pettie, Emma R., $10; Pettit, Dorothy S., $10; Phillips, L. S., $10; Pickering, Mrs. Jos. R., $10.

Pierce, Elmer S., $10; Piercy, Mabel E., $10; Pigueron, H. E., $10; Pillsbury, Mrs. M. M., $10; Pinckney, Mr. & Mrs. H. M., $10; Pitts, Marion, $10; Planck, Adam, $10; Platner, Mrs. F. H. & friends, $10; Pledger. Miss Alice L. $10; Plumb, Caroline H., $10; Post, Howard W., $10; Poste, Edward $10; Powers, Geo. A., $10; Presby. Church East Syracuse, $10; Primscott, Miss A. G. $10; Purcell, Wells, $10; Putnam, Mrs. Harriet, $10; Putnam, Mrs. R. W., $10; Quaid, Wm., $10; Queen Circle of Highland, $10; Raat, Eva A., $10; Rae, T. L., $10; Raffel, Harry B., $10; Randolph Garage & Machine Wks., $10; Ransom, Paul C. $10; Raub, Nora E., $10; Raynor, W. A., $10; Record, Mrs. H. A., $10; Red Hill Chapel S. S. of Hudson, $10; Reed. Frances, $10; Reformed Church St. Johnsville. $10; Remick, Mrs. N. B. & T. G., $10; Reynolds, Harrison, $10; Richards, John H., $10; Rider, Mr. & Mrs. E. E., $10; Ridgway, Chas. D., $10; Roberts, Edwin J., $10; Robinson, Mr. & Mrs. F. S., $10; Robinson. Miss J., $10; Rodbourn, A. L., $10; Rogers, Mrs. E. H., $10; Rogers, Mr. & Mrs. W., $10; Rooss, John M., $10; Ropes, Mrs. A. G., $10; Rope, Miss Margaret E., $10; Roeder, Mary S., $10; Roscoe, Frank I., $10; Rosedale, S. E., $10; Roseman, Miss Mabel J., $10; Root, E. B., $10; Rounds, Louise G., $10; Rourke, Ethel L., $10; Rous, Dr. & Mrs. Peyton. $10; Rumsey, H. L., $10; Runyan, C. A., $10; St. Johns E. L. Church of Bklyn., $10; Smith, Mrs. Beulah, $10; Smith, Daniel H., Mrs., $10; Smith, D. W., $10; Smith, R. M., $10; Smith, Mary $10; Smith, Mrs. Janett A., $10; Smith, Miss Myra, $10; Smith, Doris H., $10; Smalley, N. Elvira, $10; Small, Margaret G., $10; Stahl, Sarah M., $10. Small, Lewis J., $10; Skippon, Alice, $10. Sisson, C. H., $10; Sipple, L. B., $10; Sinclair, Edna L. & friends, $10; Simmons, Harry E. $10; Silsby, Mrs. R. A., $10; Shuttleworth, Mrs. Walter W., $10; Shipman, Mrs. John C., $10; Shields, Mrs. Charles, $10; Sherwood, W. A. & friends, $10, Sherwood, Mr. & Mrs. Bert, $10; Sheldon, A. B., $10; Shank, P. A., $10; Seyser, Esther Von Glahn, $10; Schbridge, Geo. E., $10; Seely, Belle D., $10; Sebring, Mrs. Ida A., $10; Seamans, Mr. & Mrs. S. T., $10; Seaman, O., $10; Seaman, Edith C., $10; Searles, Mrs. E. A., $10; Scott, Miss E. A., $10; Schoenthaler, L., $10; Schoonmaker, Fred J., $10; Schermerhorn, Franklin P., $10; Scheidenhelm, Mrs. F. W., $10; Smith, Miss Hanna, $10; Sanford, F. I., $10; St. Pauls M. P. Church Young Ladies Bible Class, White Plains, $10; Sage, Mrs. Jno. L., $10; Soule, Edwin, $10; Spaulding, A. D., $10; Sprague, Miss Mamie C., $10; Sprague, R. E., $10; Springsted, Mrs. W. C., $10; Stafford, F. T., $10; Stafford. Mabel K., $10; Stamm. Mrs. O. L., $10; Starr. Mrs. J. M., $10; Starrett, Mrs. Goldwin, $10; Stathes, Alex, $10; Stearns. A. D., $10; Stearns, Dr. M. J. $10; Steenbergh. M., $10; Stevens, Mrs. N. L., $10; Stewart, Dr. T. S., $10; Stiles, John M., $10; Stover, G., $10; Stover, G. H., $10; Stowe, Wm., $10; Stowell, Blanche, $10; Strachan, Mrs. Alex, $10; Strong, Harriet E., $10; Suetterlin, Louis, $10; Swan, Robert H., $10; Swain, Edwin O., $10; Swift, Mrs. Ella M., $10; Sunshine Club, Tremont Presby. Church. N. Y. City, $10; Tahey, Melville M., $10; Taussig, Mrs. W. M., $10; Taylor, Mrs. Cornelia. $10; Terry, M. H., $10; Terwilliger, Miss Helen S., $10; Thatcher. Lotta, $10; Thompson, H. P., $10; Thorp, Alice F., $10.

Thursday Sewing Club, $10; Tillman, S. E., $10; Tirney, Mrs. R. E., $10; Tooley, A., $10; Traphagen, Gertrude M., $10; Tremaine, F. D., $10; Tuthill C. L. & Mrs. Lulu Swanson, $10; Tuthill, R. E. & L. C., $10; Tuttle, D. L., $10; Twinbull, Mrs. L. A., $10; Trowbridge, D., $10; Union S. S. of Arkport, $10; Union S. S. of Orwell, $10; United Brethren S. S. of E, Orangeville, $10; Union Church Ref. S. S. of Feura Bush, $10; Valentine, M., $10; Van der Velde, Dora, $10; Vanderbilt, L., $10; Vanderlyn, Mrs. Mollie, $10; Van Glin, Mrs. M., $10; Van Horn, Wm. H., $10; Vanostrand, L. N., $10; Van Potten, J. W., $10; Van Sternberg, Ernest, $10; Veitch, Andrew J., $10; Verona 7th Day Bapt. S. S. of Durhamville, $10; Vosburgh, Mr. & Mrs. S. N., $10; Wadsworth. Frank & family, $10; Wagner, Geo, Jr., $10; Walroth, S. R., $10; Walsh. Clifford S., $10; Warner, H. R., $10; Warrant, C. F., $10; Watson, Wm. R., $10; Webb, Mrs. G. W., $10; Webber, L. R., $10; Weiser, Flora B., $10; Welden, Charles, $10; Wells, Elizabeth B., $10; Welsh, Wm. W., $10; Westcott, Margaret E., $10; West End S. S. of Warsaw. $10; Wheeler, Mrs. C. T. $10; Whitaker, Randall, $10; White, Margaret D. D., $10; Whiting. Edgar L., $10; Wayne Village Bapt. Church Missy. Socy., $10; Whitenack, Mr. & Mrs. Chas., $10; Wilbur Ave. Epworth League of Buffalo, $10; Wickham, Miss L., $10; Wilbur, M. E., $10; Wilds, Mrs. C. K., $10; Williams, May J., $10; Williams, John, $10; Williams, Mr. & Mrs. Sam B., $10; Williams, Mrs. Vern, $10; Williams, Mrs. Ward W., $10; Williams, W. D., $10; Wilson. D. A., $10.

Wilson, Mr. & Mrs. E. J., $10; Wilson, Eugene S., $10; Wilson, Miss, Frances O., $10; Wilson, L. C., $10; Wilson, Wm. T., $10; Winn, L. W., $10; Woolley, Ella H., $10; Wolrath, S. R., $10; Women's Missy. Socy., of Hannibal, $10; Wood, Mrs. M., $10; Wood, Nathaniel, $10; Woodford, Mrs. Jane, $10; Woodworth, J. S., $10; Wright, Mrs. Q., $10; Wyhoff, G. S., $10; Yager, Mrs. C. G., $10; Yardley, H. O., $10; Yates, W. J., $10; Young, John H., $10; Y. P. Union of White Lake, $10; Benham, E. S., $9.50; Employes of French Model Importing Co., $9.50; Hines, Mrs. A. L. & friends, $9.50; Reformed Church of Montgomery. $9.50; St. Peters, Lutheran S. S. of Syracuse, $9.50; Carmel Bapt. S. S., N. Y. City, $9.43; Albright, Mrs. Truman $9; Bastian, A. S., $9; Davis, Francis, $9; Ellsworth, Mr. & Mrs. F D. & L. E., $9; Hallaner, Mrs. Geo., $9; Junior Alliance of Newark, $9; Ladies of the Fredonia Home, Fredonia, $9; M. E. Church J. G. Glass of Northampton, $9; Parker, P. J., $9; Thru B. G., Pleasants, $9; Summer, F., $9; Sunday School Class, Buffalo, $9; Union Thanksgiving Service, Odessa, $9; Wheeler, Paul H., $9; C. E. Socy. of Italy Naples Church, $8.75; Moyer, Mrs. I., $8.75; Mohawk Grange No. 1289 of Fonda, $8.50; M. E. S. S. of Johnsburg, $8.50; Knight, Mrs. Emma I., $8.25; E. Caneadea M. E. S. S., $8.19; Cutler, P. C., $8.04; A Friend, Bovina, $8; Barrons, Mr. & Mrs. P. E., $8; Brown, Myrtle L., $8; Barbur, Alex H., $8; Bapt. Church of Wayne, Golden Rule Class, $8, Bapt. Memorial Church of Bklyn., $8; Crandall, Thos. H., $8; Cook, C. J., $8; Dixon, Frances L., $8; Down, Mr. & Mrs. Henry, $8; Eddy, Mrs. Olive, $8; Gardner, Mrs. H. R., $8.

Getchell, Miss A. L., $8; Gates, Mrs. P. L., $8; Hurd, Eliza A., $8, Hall La Rue T. & friends, $8, Hoy, Carolyn E., $8; Hecht, Ferd, $8; Hamilton, O. K., $8; Thru R. M. Harris, $8; McKee, Miss Kate A., $8; Mixer, Mrs. H. A., $8; Pendleton, E. M., $8, Schermerhorn, Miss Vernie E. & B. C. Rose, $8; Second Italian Bapt. Church, $8; Sharp, Mrs. T. S., $8, Sunday School of Elmira, $8, Smith, Mr. & Mrs. G. F., $8; Smith, Wm., $8; Stewart, Mrs. G. W., $8; Storer, Capt. I. A., $8; Van Allen. Mr. & Mrs. C. L., $8; Van Nouhuys, Mrs. H., $8; Ward, Mrs. Ole, $8; Watts, Mrs. H. L. & Mrs. Maguire, & son, $8; Whitehead, L. May & friends, $8; United Presby. Church, Y. W. Missy. Socy., Kate Hill Circle, N. Y. City, $8; Flatbush S. S. of Saugerties, $7.90; New Covenant Church of Harrisville, $7.60; Herrick, Rose C., $7.50; McConnell, W. H., $7.50; Pierce, Mr. & Mrs. B., $7.50; Rowland, D. S., $7.50; Weir, Mrs. Elizabeth, $7.50; Sunday School, D. of F. Class, Eldred, $7.50; Kimly, B. H., $7.40; Lawrence, Mrs. Albert E., $7.35; Central R. R. of N. J., $7.28; Centenary M. E. Church, Ladies Bible Class, Utica, $7.25; Lairdsville S. S., Clinton, $7.20; Fowler, Mrs. A. A., $7.10; Metzger, C. E., $7.05; A Friend, Fowler, $7; Alger, M. F. $7; Bagg, Hattie C. & friend, $7; Barker, F. W., $7; Becker, Katherine & friends, $7; Benjamin, Mrs. Elizabeth. $7; Benton, Milton, $7; Brown, Mr. & Mrs. Fred & Thos. Starbuck, $7; Brownsey, Mrs. R. J., $7; Buechner, Mrs. R., $7; Callicoon Center Community Church, $7; Charum, Mrs. E., $7; Covey. Mary L., $7; Crane, Roland & Mr. & Mrs. Ellis, $7; Davenport, Mr. & Mrs. Stanton, $7; Dennis, W. F., $7; Denton, Jas. H. & friends, $7.

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Preventing Future Famines

Some of the Measures Under Consideration for Conserving Life and Property in the Fertile Valleys of China

PERMANENT famine prevention measures are being studied by the American Committee for China Famine Fund and its Advisory Committee in Peking, with the possibility that work along that line will be undertaken in the next few months.

While preventive activities have been in progress for several years either under the direction of the Chinese government or the American Red Cross little progress has been made in actual construction work due to lack of sufficient funds. Much of China's famine troubles, of course, have come from floods, whereas the 1920–21 famine was the result of two years of drought following a flood season:

From the earliest period in China's history levees or dikes have been employed to keep within bounds the rivers subject to annual flooding, owing to denudation of the hills in which they rise, and to the concentration of the rainfall within the summer months.

These dikes have often been placed so close to the winter channel that the space between them is barely sufficient in time of flood. Moreover, the advantage of laying them out in smooth curves has not been appreciated, and great difficulty is encountered in protecting the dikes when the current cuts a loop toward them.

But if you question the engineering skill of the Chinese, consider first the enormous amount of energy, expense and co-ordination required to build and maintain a system of dikes which, taken together, probably exceeds in bulk all the railway embankments in the world. Consider also that these "practical works" have been developed without the aid of the appliances and methods developed through the applications of modern science in the West.

AS a result of the Huai floods in 1911, the American Red Cross engaged C. D. Jameson to make a preliminary reconnaissance. He reported that it would be entirely feasible to give this region permanent relief, and at a cost of about $35,000,000 Chinese currency in about seven years to eliminate all but abnormal floods over an area of some 17,000 square miles; and by drainage to lower the flood level so that in all but abnormal years two crops each year could be raised in place of the prevailing average of two crops in five years.

Even before the Red Cross followed up Mr. Jameson's work by the appointment of a second commission, His Excellency Chang Chien, the great industrial leader of Kinagsu Province, organized a corps of assistants known as the Kiang-Huai Engineers; and for nine years they have been continuously making surveys and measurements of river discharge as a basis for thorough study and design, and have worked out a tentative plan for flood channels, dams and sluiceways, the whole to cost $90,000,000. Constructive criticism of these plans by Chinese and foreign engineers has been invited.

The recent great famine in the five northern provinces has very deeply impressed the Chinese officials with the need to push work for the control of the flood waters; and also for the reforesting of the bare hills in order to put an end not only to the floods but to the droughts that have claimed and are claiming so many victims.

Although it is often said that the Chinese build but do not repair, it surely can not be said they are altogether unmindful of the problems of water control.

ENGINEERING skill of a high order is shown in the great sea wall which keeps the tidal bore of Hangchow Bay from devastating the land. The tide here comes in twice a day, not gradually, but as a wall of water ten to thirty feet high with a speed of ten to twenty miles an hour, according to the tidal season and the direction of the wind.

It is estimated that at Haining a million and a half tons of water pass per minute in an average bore; and since the rush of water lasts the better part of an hour, you can imagine how difficult it must have been to build a wall to keep this "monster" out. The wall is thirty feet high, composed of granite blocks linked together with iron wedges and protected with three wide footings or ledges of stone reinforced with several rows of piles.

While giving a complete statement of cost of upkeep of this wall, which was built about 900 A. D., the historian refrains from telling how the feat of constructing it was actually accomplished, but simply notes that on an appointed day 5,000 archers stood on the bank, each with five arrows which, at a given signal, were shot into five successive crests of the oncoming flood and that thereupon the dragons turned and fled and the waters were stayed until bamboo creels filled with stone were put in place to form the initial bulwark.

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Hepbinger, F. P., $4; Hessler, Mrs. L., $4; Hillis, J. F., $4; Hitchcock, Miss H. S., $4; Hoag, Sarah I & daughter, $4; Holmes, M. G., $4; Howe, John B., Mr. & Mrs. W. F. & Mrs. L. Thompson, $3; Bostwock, Mrs. O. F., $3.

Barnes, Jessie A., $3; Brown, Elizabeth T., $3; Brown, Laura, $3; Brown, Mrs. L. C., $3; Browne, Arthur W., Jr $3; Bruce, Zilpha, $3; Brunner, Mrs. A. A., $3; Bryant, Looma, $3; Buck, Mrs. Emma E., $3; Burdick, T. T., $3; Burtan, W. J., $3; Bush, Mrs. H. C., $3; Carroll, M. H., $3; Canavan, Mrs. Jas., $3; Carter, Eunice C., $3; Cary, Mrs. Benj. H., $3; Central Church of Christ Doorkeepers Class, Auburn, $3; Chambers, Jane, $3; Chillson, O. A. $3; Chittenden, Mrs. M. J., $3; Clintondale Epworth League, $3; Cook, Ethel & friends, $3; Cooper, E. Louise, $3; Costallat, Mrs. B., $3; Cosgrove, Mrs. S., $3; Cudney, Lou M., $3; Dailey N. S., $3; Davis, Mary I., $3; Deans, Mrs. Thos., $3; Decker, Miss H. J., $3; Dunham, Emma, $3; Dreher, Carrie, $3; Du Mond, J. H., $3; Edwards, Mrs. Frank, $3; Eight Grade School, $3; Elliott, Emma, $3; Eisenberg, Essie & Joseph $3; Erts, Mrs. Emma K., $3; Esmay, Mrs. S. J. $3; Evans, Mrs. John, $3; Finch, J. L., $3; Fish, Fanny D., $3; Fisher, Mrs. Hattie C. & daughters, $3; Fisher, Jane, $3; Foreman, J. F., $3; Gainsslc, Anna & Hattie $3; Gardner Jane T., $3; Gening, Mrs. Jessie A., $3; Gerno, Lyman A., $3; Gilchrist, Mrs. Martha, $3; Gillespie, Mrs. Laura, $3; Gillette, Mrs. Lewis, $3; Goll, J. Bertha, $3; Green, Sarah T., $3; Hanford, Mrs. F., $3; Honter, M. I., $3; Hyde, Helen H., $3; Hancock, Mrs. F. G. $3; Hagues, Mrs. Burt, $3; Hall, Jennie, $3; Hallam, Mrs. Lewis, $3; Halladay, Mrs. Flora, $3; Hanover, Mrs. J., $3; Hartog, P. C., $3; Harvey, Mrs. John E., $3; Harwood, Dr. & Mrs. W. H., $3; Hawkins, Frank E. $3.

Haynes, Mrs. W. H., $3; Hazen, I. E., $3; Heslan, Mabel A., $3; Hilicry, A. L. & J., $3; Hoag, Charles & family, $3; Hoffmann, Dr. E. F., $3; Hvitsma, Lucy, $3; Horton, Miss H. E., $3; Strail, Mrs. E. L., $3; Simkin, Mary A., $3; Sweeny, Richard, $3; Sydney, Wilfred, $3; Taylor, Mrs. J., $3; Theuner, Hedwig, $3; Thibon, Jennie, $3; Thompson, Ruth, $3; Taylor, Mr. E., W., $3; Topping, Mary. E., $3; Powner, Miss Vera, Sunday School Class, $3; Ulery, Isabel & Elizabeth, $3; Van Brocklyn, Morgan, $3; Van Eps. A. Y. $3; Van Hekkle, Ina R., $3; Van Wagenen, Mrs. Mary, $3; Wagner, Jamie M, $3; Wallaber. Mr & Mrs J. R., $3; Watts, Mrs. M. S., $3; Walker, Isabella C., $3; Warburton, M. E., $3; Warren, Mrs. E. S., $3; Washburn Ralph D., $3; Watterson, C. E., $3; Weaver Mrs. Nathan, $3; Webb, Mrs. M. A., $3; Webster, Miss S. D., $3; Wells, Mrs. J. W., $3; West Park Church N. Y. City, $3; Wever, C. B., $3; Wharton, Mrs. S. P., $3; Wheeler, Mrs. M. A., $3.

Whittemore, Anna, $3; Whitney, Geo. B., $3; Wilcox, Mrs. Olive J., $3; Wizemann, Charles, $3; Woodward, B. H., $3; Yule, Mr. & Mrs. Cnas., $3; Zuenher, Miss Rosa, $3; Sleden, Mrs. Lucy A., $2.91; Dumville, Edwin J., $2.90; Davis Miss N. E., $2.75; Frye, Frances, $2.75; Lason, Effie, $2.63; Berner, Rev. Theo., $2.60; Ashley, Mrs. Nancy W., $2.50; Brown, Mrs. H. N., $2.50; Brown, Mrs. M. E., $2.50; Burns, W. F., $2 50; Emanuel Lutheran S. S. of Bklyn., $2.50; Evenden, Mrs. M. A., $2.50; Fyfe, Miss Margaret, $2.50; Garrick Mrs. Emma A., $2.50; Howell, Fannie G. & Frances G., $2 50; Howell, Mrs. O. P., $2.50; Howes, Roy C., $2.50; Kirkwood, Mrs. A. O., $2.50; Lewis, Chas. C., $2.50; McOmber, Mrs. A. H., $2 50; Macter, J. C., $2 50; Paschke, Mr. & Mrs. C. H., $2 50; Rees, Mrs. E. E. & friends, $2.50; Rutherford, Thos., $2.50; Weber, Julius, $2.50; Wardner, Walter E., $2.50; Sweet, Miss Ethel C., $2.50; Snoxall, Miss N., $2.50; Silman, Frederick $2.50; Traps S. S. of Minnewaska, $2.43; Garvia, Mrs. C., $2.40; Griswold, Mrs. A. D. (thru), $2.40; Schuyler, Mrs. C. J., $2.35; Natl. Cloak & Suit Co., $2.35; Harroun, Mrs. S. S., $2.25; Krum, Anna R., $2.25; Missy. Socy. of Crary Mills, $2.25; St. Johns Ref. S. S. Winners, Class, St. Johnsville, $2.25; Anonymous, Ithaca, $2.19; Allen, Anna, $2.14; Corinne & Kenneth, Genesco, $2.13; Beebee, N. Maude, $2.03; Campbell, Miss A. M, $2.02; A Friend, Bedford Hills, $2.00; A Friend, Briarcliff Manor, $2; A Friend, Canisteo, $2; A Friend, Elba, $2; A Friend, Fayetteville, $2; A Friend, Lockport, $2; A Friend, Newburgh, $2; A Friend, New Rochelle, $2; A Friend, New York City, $2; A Friend, Pittston, $2; A Friend, Sea Cliff, $2; A Farmers Wife, Lagrangeville, $2; Anonymous, Arcade, $2; Anonymous, Avon, $2; Anonymous Altamont, $2; Anonymous Bay Shore, $2

Anonymous, Canandaigua, $2; Anonymous, Gloversville, $2; Anonymous, New York City, $2; Anonymous, Ossining, $2; Anonymous, Potsdam, $2; maine, $2; Bond, Anna H., $2; Bonteau, Elizabeth, $2; Boomhour, Clara & Naomi, $2; Boughton, Mrs. J. A., $2; Bowers, Mrs. D. C., $2; Bowker, E. H. $2; Boylan, Miss Mary E., $2; Brand, Mrs. Phebe J., $2; Bray, Violette L., $2; Brewogel, Miss, $2; Brewster, F. L., $2; Bricker, Mrs. W. J., $2; Bristol, Miss Elsie E., $2; Bristow, Mrs. Caroline, $2; Bronson, Mrs. Wm., $2; Brown, Mrs. Addison, $2; Brown, A. S. & sister, $2; Browne, A. W., Jr., $2; Brown, F. N., $2; Brown, Mrs. L. V., $2; Bryant, Elizabeth E., $2; Buck, E. $2; Buckley, A. Julia, $2; Buckman, Mrs. W. W., $2; Bucrman, Mrs. Nellie, $2; Bull, Miss M. E., $2; Bullock, Henrietta A., $2; Bullock, T. L., $2; Bundy, Libbie M., $2; Burroughs, Mrs. Mary, $2; Button, Mrs. H. V., $2; Oakes, Mrs. Jerome, $2; Call, Mrs. J. H., $2; Callender, Therese, $2; Card, Mrs. Berthe E., $2; Carpenter, Mrs. E. V., $2; Carpenter, Mrs. F. G., $2; Carr, Mrs. H. E., $2; Carrington, Mr. & Mrs. Jay, $2; Carstein, L. W., $2; Cary, Miss Melissa, $2; Casey, Mrs. S. A., $2; Caster, Margaret, $2; Champion, Walter H., $2; Clark, Georgiana E., $2; Culver, Millie W., $2; Chapman, Geo., $2; Chatterton, Mrs. A. B. & Mrs. C. Lincoln, $2; Chidister, U. W., $2; Chilton, Chas. G. E., $2; Chrisman, Alice V., $2; Christian, Mrs. M. A., $2; Christes, H. M., $2; Clark, E. L., $2; Clark, Michael, $2; Cleghorn, Mr. & Mrs. Fred, $2; Clements, Mrs. John, $2; Clements, Jos. H., $2; Coker, Mrs. Ada L., $2; Coffin, Mrs. G. C., $2; Cohen, Edith A., $2; Cole, Clara S., $2; Conklin, Mrs. J. C., $2; Cooper, Mrs. M. J., $2; Corburice, Mrs. F. H., $2; Corrie, Mrs. E. D., $2; Cory, Mrs. L. V., $2; Costales, Eugene N., $2; Cowcles, Ellen L., $2; Craft, Mrs. M. S., $2; Crane, Mr. S. F., $2; Crawford, Mrs. James, $2; Creighton, E. E., $2; Cuthill, Mrs. Emma J., $2; Dauby, Gertrude L., $2; Darbonner, Miss L., $2; Dater, Emily, $2; Dater, Georgia, $2; Davis, Arthur S., $2; Davis, E. J., $2; Davis, Mrs. Emma D., $2; Davis, Minnie L., $2; Day, O. N., $2; Daykin, Mrs. J. H., $2; Daykin, Sylvia, $2; Dean, W. W., $2; Dean, Ward W., $2; DeGroot, Alfred, $2; Debernat, E. & G., $2; Delozal, Wm. F., $2; Dengler, Mrs., $2; Denton, Mrs. O. M. & friends, $2; Derby, Mrs. W. C., $2; Dewey, Mrs. H. W., $2; Dieter, Mrs. Eloise, $2; Dillon, Mrs. C. E., $2; Doran, Mrs. E. M., $2; Dorrell, Delmonte, $2; Draffner, Mrs. S. J., $2; Dunlop, Miss Christina, $2; Dutcher, H. F. & family, $2; Easter, J. E. D., $2; Eckhardt, Mrs. P. O., $2; Eddy, Clyde L., $2; Eddy, E. R., $2; Edwards, Mrs. S. L., $2; Eggers, Miss L., $2; Ellicott, Elma, $2; Emmons, A. L., $2; Erwin, Mrs. Edna, $2.

Evans, Eliza A., $2; Evans, Miss Margaret A., $2; Everett, G. & Frederick Leyser, $2; Everson, Leander, $2; Excell, Mrs. L. G., $2; Fagan, Mrs. A. E., $2; Fairfield, Mrs. B. N., $2; Fake, sign, David, $2; Hanna, Jessie F., $2; Hand, James, $2, Ham, Mrs. S. M. & Mrs. F. Baker, $2; Hall, J. L., $2. Halgood, Mrs. C. B., $2; Hadley, Edwin S., $2; Ingraham, Maria C., $2, Irvine, M. M., $2; Isbell, Mrs. Adelbert, $2; Iverson, Ella C., $2; Jackson, Mrs. J. H. & friends, $2; Jenkins, Atha, $2; Jewell, Mrs. Wm., $2; Johnson, D. A., $2; Johnston, Mrs. P. C., $2; Jones, Hattie, $2; Jritson, Mrs. Alfred, $2; Junior League of Hartsdale, $2; Kammerer, A. M., $2; Keanstenter, Elsie, $2; Keener, Mrs. E. W., $2; Kennedy, Mrs. J. E., $2; Keplines, Mrs. G. W., $2; Ker, Miss Frances, $2; King, John G., $2; Kinney, Mrs. Ida, $2; Kittle, John E., $2; Klink, Louise F., $2; Knox, F. H., $2; Kuist, H. T., $2; Kranstenher, Elsie. $2; Ladd, Mrs. Albert, $2; Laible, Elizabeth, $2; Laible, Elizabeth R., $2.

Lamb, Mr. & Mrs. D. V. C., $2; Landeroo, Elizabeth, $2; Landwehr, Margaret E., $2; Lang, Mrs., $2; Langtue, Susan, $2; Lawrence, Mrs. H. M., $2; Lawson, Jennie & friends, $2; Lee, M. Elizabeth, $2; Lee, Mrs. C. M., $2; Loewenthal, S. P., $2; Lombard, Mrs. Lulu, $2; Loomis, Miss Eleanor, $2; Losey, Frederick D., $2; Long, Mrs Henry, $2; Lucas, Mrs. W. A., $2; Lock, E. B., $2; Legge, Mrs. Harry, $2; Lehman, B., $2; Leith, Mrs. Geo., S., $2; Leigh, Sophina, $2; Lemoine, Hyatt, $2; Lengfeld, Mrs. J. W., $2; Levy, Albert, $2; Leurs, Chas., $2; Lillie, M. M. S., $2; Limbarnie, E. F., $2; Limkin, Ellon, $2; List, Mrs. J., $2; Little, Mrs. E. C., $2; Little, Mrs. J. W., $2; McAdoo, Mrs. S., $2; McIntosh, Mrs. W. L., $2; McWhinnie, Mrs. T., $2; McMillan, Mrs. Annie, $2; McVey, Winifred, $2; McWayne, D. A., $2; Mack, Nellie, $2; Mackey, Anna, $2; Mackey, Mrs. Electa, $2; Mallett, Anna M., $2; Mallory, Jennie M., $2; Manchester, Mrs. J. A., $2; Manning, Rev. E. E., $2; Margulis, Minnett, $2; Markham, P. A., $2; Marsh, Otis E., $2; Mauer, Mrs. H., $2; Maxon, Miss C. A., $2; Merriam, C. Collins, $2; Merritt, Daisy A., $2; Messoner, J. J., $2; Miller, Dr B. L., $2; Miller, Max, $2; Mills, Mrs. Edwin, $2; Mills, Mrs. C. A., $2; Millington, Gertrude, $2 Mink, W. S., $2; Minor, Mr. & Mrs., $2; Mitchell, R. B., $2; Mitchell, W. H., $2; Mixer, Mrs. A., $2; Moninoff, G. E., $2; Moores, Miss Mary H., $2; Moore, Mrs. G. W., $2; Morris, Anna E., $2; Mills, S. R., $2.

Morrison, Mrs. Wm., $2; Moser, Miss Christina, $2; Moshons, Mrs. Alice E., $2; Mowry, G. W., $2; Muir, Mrs. James, $2; Munson, H. M., $2; Murray, C. E., $2; Nash, Ben, $2; Nelson, Geo. Lawrence, $2; Nelson, Mr. & Mrs. S. S., $2; Newcomb, Miss Harriet, $2; Newell, W. R., $2; Newman, Mrs. S., $2; Nichols, Mary E., $2; Nicholson, Mrs. $2; Norris, Mrs. Helen W., $2; Oaks, Mrs. Isabel, $2; Odell, Mrs. H. A., $2; Olmstead, Henrietta, $2; Oppenheimer, Fred, $2; Orr, Mrs. M. H., $2; Ostrander, Mr. & Mrs. G. W., $2; Ottinger, Phillip J., $2; Overfield, Miss Ruth, $2; Overton, E. W., $2; Pittroff, George A., $2; Pratt, N. B., $2; Palmedo, Miss Ada, $2; Parent, Misses K. A. & H. D., $2; Parks, Miss H. E. & Miss G. W. Hungerford, $2; Parrish, Miss Anna F. $2; Parmelee, Miss Jessie, $2; Pangburn, M. Mae, $2; Puritan Class of Lockport, $2; Paul, A. B., $2; Pielle, John, $2; Penny, Mrs. F. D., $2; Pepper, Mabel G., $2; Phelps, Mrs. Martha $2; Philips, Mrs. C. W., $2; Pierson, Mr. & Mrs. J. B., $2; Pitts, Miss Franklin, $2; Pixley, Mrs. Volsey, $2; Lizzie A., $2; Reynolds, Mrs. E. A. $2; Rhodes, Mrs. Isaac, $2 Rice, Herbert M., $2; Rich, Mabel H., $2; Richardson, H. F., $2. Rickard, L., $2. Robbins, S., $2; Robbins, R. S. $2, Rockerfeller, Mrs. E., $2, Rodemeyer Ella L., $2; Rood, Emma M., $2; Rood, Mr. & Mrs. M. M., $2; Rohr, Mr. & Mrs. T. J., $2, Rose, W. A., $2; Ross, Millicent $2, Ross, Miss P. M., $2. Rothwell, Mary J., $2; Russell, Mrs. O. S., $2, Rutter, H. C. F., $2, Ryan, G. H., $2; Ryder, Iva J., $2, Sammis, Mrs Alice R., $2, Sayre, M. J., $2; Schoonmaker, Mrs. M. A., $2; Schoonmaker, Sarah B., $2, Schureman, Mrs. L. R., $2; Seofield, John L., $2; Scudder, James B., $2, Seawood, L. O., $2; Seely, Mrs. Lydia, $2; Senn, Mrs. C., $2; Seymour, Mrs. C., $2; Shure, I. A., $2; Shaw, Mr. W. H., $2, Sheldon, Mrs. H. G., $2; Shumn & Jackson, Messrs., $2; Shoup, Mr. & Mrs. W., $2; Sickles, Miss John, $2. Side, Mrs. M., $2; Siegel, Mrs. S., $2, Siler, Mrs. J. B., $2; Silk, Wm. A., $2; Sim, Mr. & Mrs. Ed., $2; Simkins, Ellen, $2; Simpson, C. C., $2; Smilaire, A., $2; Smith, Mrs. S. D., $2; Smith, Mrs. H. D., $2, Smith, Mrs. Frank, $2; Smith, H. Ione, $2; Smith, Mrs. Marion, $2, Smith, Mrs. Margaret, $2; Southerton, Mrs. W. L., $2; Speer, Mrs. N. W., $2; Spencer, Helen, P. L., $2; Stoner, Agnes A., $2, Stanford, J. H., $2; Heede, Mrs. Sarah C., $2; Sterling, Mrs. Emma L., $2; Sterling, L. S., $2; Stevens, Austin A., $2; Stevens, Mrs. R. R., $2; Sharp, Anne K., $2.

Spriggs, Mrs., $2; Stewart, Almeda J., $2; Stewart, Miss Charlotte, $2; Stewart, Mrs. E. L., $2; Stewart, Mrs. W. B., $2; Stone, Mrs. C. C., $2; Strachstein, Dr. A., $2; Streever, Mrs. C. H., $2; Strotter, H. D., $2; Sturdevant, Mrs. E. C., $2; Sturges, D. M., $2; Spafford, Mary C., S. S. Class, $2; Sweitzer, J. P., $2; Switzer, Mrs. W. J., $2; Sybrandt, C. G., $2; Taber, Chas. F., $2; Talbot, Clara D., $2; Taylor, Mrs. F. M., $2; Taylor, Mr. & Mrs. T. M., $2; Tevis, C. G., $2; Terwilliger, Carrie B., $2; Thomas, Mrs. J., $2; Thomas. N., $2; Thompson, C. T., $2; Thompson, F. M., $2; Thomson, Ada, $2; Thompson, Mrs. W. L. & Paul Curtis, $2; Thomson, Florence, $2; Thornton, Mrs. J. & friends, $2; Tillotson, Jacob H., $2; Trangott, Adelaide E., $2; Traver, Mrs. Isie, $2; Traher, Bessie M., $2; Treichler, Mrs. H. M., $2; Townley, R. L., $2; Triscuit, E. J., $2; Tucker, Mrs. Harriet M., $2; Tully, May, $2; Turner, Mr. & Mrs. C. H., $2; Twichell, Ellen E., $2; Van Denburgh, Emme E., $2; Van Denburgh, Geo. B., $2; Van Dyke, Mary C., $2; Vanderzee, Mrs. J. B., $2; Van Hutton, C. A., $2; Van Styke, Miss E. & A., $2; Van Vredenburgh, Mrs. L., $2; Van Waganen, S. M., $2; Van Wagner, Mrs., $2; Varay, Henry, $2; Wade, Mrs. Edgar, $2; Wade, Maria E., $2; Waffle, Mrs. L. E., $2; Wager, M. A., $2; Wagner, J., $2; Wagner, Margaret R., $2; Walker, Maude, $2; Wallan, Allan, $2; Walter, Mrs. G., $2; Walter, Mrs. Louis, $2; Warden, Mrs. Bertha, $2; Watkins, E. M., $2; Weaver, E. W., $2; Webb, Mrs. J. E., $2; Webster, J. M., $2; Weden, F.W., $2; Weeks, Mr. & Mrs., $2; Weidwald, Miss Ethel, $2; Wegmann, M. H., $2; Wissman, Chas., $2.

Weld, Ella E., $2; Well, Mrs. Emma J., $2; West, M. C., $2; Wetherbee, Mrs. Mary, $2; White, B. F., $2; Whitman, Mrs. P., $2; Wilmarth, Mrs. S. A., $2; Whitney, Mr. & Mrs. Wm., $2 Wilbur, C., $2, Wilcox, Mrs. W. H., $2; Willsea, Emma J. & friend, $2; Wil-

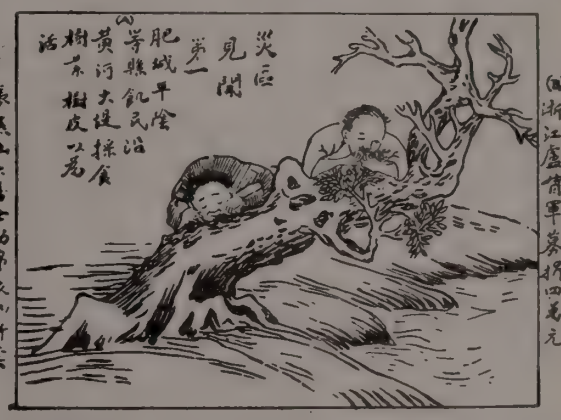
Translation:

A—In Wu Chien County, North, Mr. Sjang Hsing Yuan, because of several years' failure of crops, poisoned himself and his whole family.

B—Military Governor Lu of Che-Kiang subscribed $40,000.00

C—Shanghai club subscribed $30,000.00.

THE two cartoons on this page show how the Chinese newspapers appealed to their readers for famine relief funds. The Chinese government and people raised nearly $9,000,000 for relief work.



Translation:

A—Hungry people in Ping Yin Deng County, near Tei Ch'eng, are eating the leaves and bark of trees in order to keep alive

B—Military Governor Lu, of Che Kiang, subscribed $40,000.00.

C—Djang Yien Shan, a county official, gave 2000 wadded garments

$4; Howe Mrs. R. A., $4; Hoyt, Henry D., $4; Hustis, Mrs. James, $4; Irvine, A., $4; Johnson, Marion, $4; Kepler, Miss Julia, $4; Logan, Bessie E., $4; Lytell, Agnes, $4; Lendrums, Miss. S. S., $4; Littlefield, H. M. & I. M., $4; McGuckin, Mrs. R., $4; Mills, Louise, $4; Moon, Maryette G., $4; Morris, Belle E. & mother, $4; Olcott, Mrs. C. T., $4; Oram, Mrs. H., $4; Putnam, Miss Kate E., $4; Pierce, Ruth M., $4; Perry, Walter N., $4; Peck, C E., $4; Pattison, Ida C., $4; Parry, Ida, $4; Rose, Rev. & Mrs. L. W., $4; Robinson, Mrs. David, $4; Ricketts, Catharine, $4; Serr, Clara, $4; Stroyer, Maude L., $4; Sharp, Clara M., $4; Shattuck, D. C., $4; Silliman, D. A., $4; Smith, Mrs. F. B. & friends, $4; Southeimer, Mrs. Albert, $4; Spalding, M. E., $4; Spoar, Benj. W. & friends. $4; Stewart, Mrs. Edson C., $4; Sugsbury. Mrs. Emma J., $4; Sunday School at Levanna, $4; Sutton C. P., $4; Taliaferro, Mrs. Harry, $4; Tiffany, Rev. & Mrs. J. E. & Grace, $4; Vaughan, Howard E., $4; Watson, Elizabeth C., $4; Waugh, Miss Carrie E., $4; Wiler, Mr. & Mrs. Byron & friends, $4; Wilkins, J. D., $4; Wilson, Mrs. E., $4; Wilson. Mrs. J. P., $4; Wood, Mary, $4; Warren. Mrs. Claude. $4; Forest Park Reformed Church of Woodhaven, $3.76; Converse, Ida M., $3.75; M. E. Church S. S. "The Stars" of Chautauqua, $3.75; Olmsted, Howard, $3.61; Second Milo S. S., Penn Yan, $3.60; Bennett, Mrs E. W., $3.50; Bangor, Grange No. 907, $3.50; Ferrey, Florence, $3.50; Junior Girls S. S. Class of Groveland, $3.50; Marmarstein, Morris, $3.50; Nehne, Mrs. Ernest D., $3.50; Newton, Clara & Grace, $3.50; Willahan, Miss Lydia J., $3.50; Manion, Mrs. Pearl B., $3.44; Lord, R. V., $3.39; Fisher, Miss Delia W., $3.25; Gibson S. S. W., A. R. Class, Owego, $3.25; A Friend, Homer, $3; A Friend, Marcellus, $3; A Friend, N.Y. City. $3; A Reader, Brookfield, $3; Friends. Batavia, $3; H. F. A., Lockport, $3; E. C. B., Syracuse, $3; D. L. P., Schenectady, $3; Mr. & Mrs. J. S., Skaneateles $3; O. A. G., White Plains, $3; Badgley, W. E., $3; Baldwin, E. P., $3; Barney, Lena, $3; Bates, May E., $3; Beach, Mrs. J., $3; Beecher, Julia L. E., $3; Benton, Lillian M., $3; Bible Class of Federated Churches of Schroon Lake, $3; Biggs, Mrs. John, $3; Birdsall, Jos., $3; Bissell, Mrs. T. A., $3. Blanch, Mrs. John L., $3; Boggs, Howell, Wallace H. $3; Howes, H. R. & son, $3; Hughes, Mrs. S. W., $3; Italian Mission Presby. Church at Binghamton, $3; Isaman, Lewis $3; Ivory Bapt. Young Peoples Union of Frewsburg, $3; Intermediates of Dickinson Center, $3; James, Flora E., $3; Jennings, Susan, $3; Johnson, Mrs. J. E., $3; Johnson, S. H., $3; Jones, Amelia, $3; Judd, Sadie E., $3; Karlin, Mrs. C., $3; Kearns, Mrs. Minerva, $3; Kenrick, Mrs. J. L., $3; Keese, Chas., $3; Kirby, Lucy C., $3; Knapp, Mrs. W. F., $3; Knights of Pythias Lodge, Bronx, $3; Knolk, Mrs. Mary, $3; Lamb, Mrs. Elizabeth, $3; La Plante, Mrs. Ruth, $3; Lathrop, Alice W., $3; Land, Theodora, $3; Lawrence, Miss Virginia, $3; Loson, Effie W., $3; Loucks, L., $3; Lemino S. L., $3; Lindskog, Mrs. M., $3; McCaw, Mrs. W. H., $3; McCollum, Mrs. A. M., $3; McLean, Mrs. Caroline C., $3; McLee, Jacob F., $3; McMillan, Miss E., $3; MacAlpin, Mrs. Bernice T., $3; Maine. Mrs. A. B., $3; Marcy Boys. The, $3; Marks, C. S. $3; Mauer, Mrs. C., $3; Millanau, Mrs. T. S., $3; Moore, J. D., $3; Mott, Mrs. L. R., $3; Muller, Kate $3; Munson, Hattie J., $3; Murray, Helen Roworth, $3; Murray, Miss M. $3; Newland, Walter, $3; Nichols, Mrs. Adelaide J., $3; Nichols, Genevieve $3; Oakley, F. L., $3; Oppenheimer, Dr. I., $3; Orton S. A., $3; Orton Minnie A. & Louisa Colman, $3; Osborn, Wm. H., $3; Ogelvie, K. L., $3.

Ostrander, Ray, $3; Pritchard M. B. $3; Praitano, A. J., $3; Potter H. J., $3; Plumb, Carrie H., $3; Pitkin, F. A., $3; Person, Ellen C., $3; Perry Rachel, $3; Pearson, Anna B., $3; Parson, Mrs. M. E., $3; Quackenbush Mrs. M. H., $3; Rope, Miss Margaret E. $3; Rankin, Mary, $3; Rogers, Mrs. C. A., $3; Rockenstire, Wm. E. $3; Robinson, Mrs. E. B., $3; Rhoades, Mary J., $3; Reimels, Mrs. Henry, $3; Schlafer, Mrs. Hazel W. & family, $3; Schwabacker, Mrs. Lily Jr., $3; Slager Mrs. G. E., $3; Seckner Elnor A., $3; Shannon, Mrs. Frances E., $3; Shulters. Alma H., $3; Shutts, Mrs., $3; Simms, James N., $3; Simms, M. Louise, pupils of 8th Grade, $3; Smith, O. B., $3; Smith. S. G., $3; Snyder, Harry, $3; Snyder, J. H., $3; Soder, Mrs. J., $3; Stanhope, Mrs. E., $3; Starr, Albertus & friends, $3; Sterling, E. S., $3; Stimson, Mrs. Thos., $3; Anonymous, Poughkeepsie, $2; Anonymous, Palisades, $2; Anonymous, Shushan, $2; Anonymous, Stamford, $2; Anonymous, Swartwood, $2; Anonymous, Wells, $2; Anonymous, Waterford, $2; A Reader of the Herald, Amsterdam, $2; A Subscriber, Bklyn., $2; A Subscriber, Leicester, $2; A Sympathizer, New York City, $2; A Well Wisher, New York City, $2; A Widow's Mite, New York City, $2; Cash, Buffalo, $2; Cash, Johnstown, $2; Cash, Morrisville, $2; Cash, Mt. Vernon, $2; Cash, New York City, $2; Cash, Yonkers, $2; In His Name, Newfane, $2; In His Name, Stephentown Center, $2; S. F. C., Addison, $2 "Abbe," Bklyn, $2; Mrs. W. A. F., Elba, $2; Mrs. F. E. T., Fairport, $2; H. A. V., Mt. Vernon, $2; Two Friends, Mt. Vernon, $2; G. M. C., Malone, $2; J. M. W., Newburgh, $2; L. M. W., Norwich, $2; F. O. W., New York City, $2; B. P., Ossining, $2; W M., Port Chester, $2; J. M. L., South Salem, $2; C. S. T., Schenectady, $2; Avery & Mother, Silvernails, $2; A. B. B., White Plains, $2; H. A. K., Winthrop, $2; Abbey, Henry, $2; Ackerly, Mrs. Alma, $2; Ackers, Mr. & Mrs. A. F., $2; Adams, Mr. & Mrs. A. M., $2; Adams, Mrs. Chas. F., $2; Adams, Ellen W., $2; Allen, L., $2; Allen, Elizabeth L., $2; Allen, Ethel J., $2; Allen, Mrs. Geo., $2; Arnoble, Mrs. W. W., $2; Arnold, Mr. & Mrs. Floyd, $2; Ault, M., Cecelia, $2; Auringer, Mr. O. C., $2; Austin, M. B., $2; Bachman, Mrs. G. W., $2; Bailey, Emma C., $2; Bailey, Mrs. W. B., $2; Baker, Mr. & Mrs. Alfred, $2; Baker, Mrs. F. J., $2; Banks, Clara, $2; Bankers, Joseph, $2; Baptist Church of Auburn, $2; Borden, Mrs. W. H., $2; Booze, Etta & friend, $2.

Bushley, Mrs. C. E., $2; Barrows, Mrs. $2; Barton, W. A., $2; Beadle, M. L., $2; Battams, Mrs. Laura, $2; Beeler, Mrs. Abram, $2; Belden, Addie, $2; Bemis, Mrs. W. D., $2; Bender, Mrs. Chas. H., $2; Benedikt, H., $2; Benjamin, Mrs. Mildred, $2; Bennett, Rev. H. W., $2; Bennett, R. L., $2; Benton, G. O., $2; Berg, Miss E. M., $2; Billings, Mrs. Edwin, $2; Bird, Alex. $2; Bissett, Florence G., $2; Blakeslee, Mrs. Fred, $2; Bleyl, Theresa, $2 Blitzer, Samuel, $2; Bloodgood, Trembaugh, Mrs. W. A., $2; Falconer, Inez, $2; Fall, Mrs. Tilden, $2; Field, E. J., $2; Fields, Mrs. E., $2; First Presby. Church C. E. Socy. of Potsdam, $2; Foster, Pauline, $2; Frahue, Mrs. Henry, $2; Frank, Mrs. Jos., $2; Frederick, Aida, $2; Free, Albert F., $2; Fried, Baby Marjorie, $2; Friedman, Milton, $2; Furbish, Lena M., $2; Gable, Mrs. C. E., $2; Garrison, Louise J., $2; Garter, Mrs. Ernest, $2; Garthwait, Sarah M., $2; Gaskill, C. M., $2; Geare, J. H., $2; Gilder, Miss Jennie E., $2; Gesmond, Mrs. S. F., $2; Gibson, Mr. A., $2; Gifford, Mrs. A. D., $2; Gilmore, Samuel, $2; Glazier, O. H., $2; Goldman, David M., $2; Goldstein, Mrs. D., $2; Goodman, Miss M. W., $2; Gordon, Thomas, $2; Graham, Mrs. Geo. E., $2; Graves, John D., $2; Green, Mrs. Ann, $2; Green, Mrs. Helen A., $2; Greenlund, Mrs. L. H., $2; Greenwood, John E., $2; Grimm, F. J., $2; Grimes, Mrs. E. J., $2; Griswold, M. W., $2; Griswold, Russell, $2; Gould, G. H., $2; Gumbo, Isabella, $2; Guthrie, Allen & Mary S., $2; Hyatt, C. W., $2; Harvey, Harold, $2; Huxley, J. H., $2; Hutchings, Mrs. C. A., $2; Hurd, Emma J., $2; Hunt, Mrs. Geo., $2; Hunt, Elizabeth, $2; Hunts Corners S. S., $2; Hulse, Miss Annie, G., $2; Hughes, Lorado T., $2; Hubert, P. J., $2; Hubbard, Herbert, $2 Howell, Chas. E., $2; Hovey, Mrs. L; T., $2; Houston, Mrs. Fannie M., $2; Horton. Mr., $2.

Horton, Louise, $2; Horton, Miss G., $2; Horton, E. A., $2; Hooker, Mrs. M. L., $2; Hoffman, W. & Mrs. C. P. Hoffman, $2; Hoffman, Seymour, $2; Hodgson, Wm., $2; Hilts, Edward A., $2; Hilsdorf, W. C., $2; Hilsdorf, J. H., $2; Hillman, M., $2; Hillis. H. L., $2; Hickox, J. S., $2; Hewitt, Niemont, $2; Henkeler, Anita, $2; Henion, Mrs. L. S., $2; Helwig, Miss Minnie, $2; Hellwig, Helen E., $2; Hedges, Mrs. R. B., $2; Healy. Mr. & Mrs. E. H., $2; Heal, J. W., $2; Hazen, Miss M. J. $2; Haynes, Mrs. W. H., $2; Hayner, Mrs. F. J. & friends, $2; Hawley, Vera, $2; Howlett, Mrs. H. J., $2; Haverly, DeWitt C., $2; Hathaway, Annie M., $2; Harter, Mrs. Louis J., $2; Hartshorn, Mrs. Annie E., $2; Hart, Addie E., $2; Harelliams, Catherine, $2; Williams, John R., $2; Williams, Mrs. Sarah, $2; Williams, Mrs. Wesley, $2; Willis, Lettie S., $2; Willsea, Albert C., $2; Willsea, Theodore, $2; Whelan, Anne V., $2; Wilson, Miss Belle, $2; Wilson, Minnie, $2; Winney, Miss L. C., $2

Art in Ancient China

The Oldest Newspaper in the World Was Published in the T'ang Dynasty, as a Report of the Events in the Court

IT IS true that the masses in China are illiterate; and it is equally true that in no other country in the world has the scholar been so highly honored.

In the histories of the emperors who ruled China in past centuries, you will find, in every case, that whatever an emperor did to further learning is lauded by his biographer. The first Sui emperor, Wen Ti, who ruled from 589 to 605 A. D., did so much to further literature and the arts that, attracted by his fame, envoys from many different tribes visited his court.

It was this emperor, who, ascribing the calamity of a famine to his own lack of virtue, made an exhausting pilgrimage to a high mountain and there prayed and made sacrifices that his sins might be forgiven.

There is no record to the effect that the famine was ended through emperor Wen Ti's pilgrimages. Had it been so, then last winter many a Chinese would have made an arduous pilgrimage to the highest mountain in China. But well did the Chinese and the rest of the world know that it required something more practical than a pilgrimage to save the lives of the starving millions.

The emperor Tai-Tsung, who reigned a quarter of a century after Wen Ti, is not noted for doing penance; but his name is emblazoned in letters of gold in Chinese history because it was he who built a great library in which 200,000 volumes were assembled and placed at the practical use of the people. This was the emperor who instituted the custom of holding public discussions on morals and the best methods of government.

Emperor Tai-Tsung reigned during the T'ang dynasty, which, although marked toward its close by a downward trend in matters artistic and literary, is the dynasty in which some great things were achieved.

It was during the first century of the T'ang era that the Han-lin or Imperial Academy was founded. Han-lin means Forest of Pencilsa. The beautiful hall in which the scholars met was called the Jeweled Dome. All about the front of the academy grew magnolia trees, and in time the academy became known as the Jeweled Magnolias.

In this same T'ang period the oldest newspaper in the world was founded. It was intended primarily to publish the edicts of the emperor and was called Gazette of the Court. Some two centuries later, according to William Griffis, formerly of the Imperial University of Tokyo, the Chinese invented the art of printing with wooden blocks, and the Five Classics of Confucius were among the first works printed.

Later, what we call "movable" and the Chinese call "living" types were invented. These were used in both China and Korea. Mr. Griffis states there is no convincing evidence that printing was invented in Europe. It was probably brought there out of China where it had been used for centuries during the Mongol invasions. Once it had been introduced into Germany and the Netherlands, this Chinese art came rapidly into general use.

Any country or any individual that is judged by limitations rather than by achievements, is bound to be misunderstood. Outside nations lay stress on China's illiterate masses, and make small mention of her great scholars or of her rulers who furthered every educational and artistic cause.

New York—Con'd

E., $1.65; Two Friends, Elmira, $1.60; Downing, Jay S., $1.50; Henkle, Henrietta, $1.50; Hidley, Mrs. Alice C., $1.50; Glenzebrook, Viola, $1.50; Richardson, Mrs. W. A., $1.50; Robertson, E., $1.50; Keenan, J. W., $1.50; Ladies Aid Socy., Church of United Brethren, Buffalo, $1.50; Lawton, Mrs. A. C., $1.50; McCarty, Abbie, $1.50; Ming, Anne K., $1.50; Preston, H. P., $1.50; Porteus, Carrie, $1.50; Plumbley, Mrs. C. D., $1.50; Palmer, Mrs. La Verne & family, $1.50; Thru W. A. Richardson (Mrs.), $1.50; Russell, Mrs. J. O., $1.50; Sheldon, Mrs. L. V., $1.50; Thomas, Mrs. W. H., $1.50; Utter, Miss M. E., $1.50; Bosburgh, Mrs. S. E., $1.50; Wychoff Bapt. S. S. Class No. $11, $1.50; Conklin, Annie E., $1.30; Anonymous, Roxbury, $1.25; Nichols. H. W., $1.25; Northville Public School, $1.25; Bennett, Mr. & Mrs. Raymond, $1.19; Haverly, Mrs. W. J., $1.19.

A Friend, New York City, $1.10; Marcan, Margaret, $1.10; Wangerin, Mrs. H. C., $1.10; Jones, Laura A., $1.07; Howe, Bertha W., $1.06; Anderson, John E., $1.04; A Friend, Bklyn., $1; A Friend of The Cause, Bklyn., $1; An Aged Friend, Belfort, $1; A Friend, Conesus, $1; A Friend, Coopers, $1; A Friend, Chazy, $1; A Friend, Corning, $1; A Giver, Forest Hills, $1; A Friend, Gloversville, $1; A Friend, Hannibal, $1; A Friend, Jefferson, $1; A Friend, Jonesville, $1; A Friend, Lyndonville, $1; A Friend, Mt. Vernon, $1; A Friend, Medusa, $1; A Friend, Mohawk, $1; A Friend, Newburgh, $1; A Friend, Newark, $1; A Friend, Patchogue, $1; A Friend, N. Y., $1; A Friend, Syracuse, $1; A Friend Spencer, $1; A Friend, So. Plymouth, $1; A Friend, Spencerport, $1; A Friend, Syracuse, $1; A Friend, Staten Island, $1; A Friend, Troy, $1; A Friend, Trumansburg, $1; A Friend, Home for Aged, Utica, $1; A Friend, West Davenport, $1; Antoinette, Woodhaven, $1; Anonymous, Conewango, $1; Anonymous, Catskill, $1; Anonymous, Dobbs Ferry, $1; Anonymous, Eastport, $1; Anonymous, Ft. Edward, $1; Anonymous, Hamilton, $1; Anonymous, Holley, $1; Anonymous, Jefferson, $1; Anonymous, Keeseville, $1; Anonymous, Long Island, $1; Anonymous, N. Y., $1; Anonymous, N. Y., $1; Anonymous, N. $1; Anonymous, N. Y., $1; Anonymous, N. Y. City, $1; Anonymous, N. Y. City, $1; Anonymous, Norwich, $1; Anonymous, Pulaski, $1; Anonymous, Rensselaer, $1; Anonymous, Syracuse, $1; Anonymous, Yonkers, $1; Anonymous, Yonkers, $1; A. Subscriber, Albion, $1; An Old Subscriber, Bklyn., $1; A Subscriber, Livingstonville, $1; A Reader, Middletown, $1; A. Sufferer, $1; A Subscriber, N. Y. City, $1; A Subscriber, N. Y. City, $1.

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How Americans Direct the Chinese

A College Professor of Languages Is Drafted to Build Dikes and Does the Job Successfully

By GEORGE H. DANTON

GEORGE H. DANTON, since many years a resident of China, is a Professor in the Boxer Indemnity College at Peking. This is the institution built out of the indemnity funds given back to China by the United States, and is a monument of the friendship of the two republics. His description of his work in 1917 is illustrative of work in progress now as a result of a Yellow River flood in Shantung late in August.

IT WAS no job for a teacher, mending Chinese dikes; but they sent our college a hurry call for help and so the two of us—both teachers of languages!—had to go.

The crops having been destroyed, the people were eating willow leaves and grass, and such millet as they had saved from their seed. One woman, a picture of utter misery, told me that she was waiting until she had sold her third child to commit suicide. She had sold her son for fifty coppers, her daughter for a bushel of wheat, and was now looking for a buyer for the third infant.

Yet that disaster of 1917 was a small matter compared with the recent famine, which covered not only the district then flooded but also an area some twenty times as large.

Though the details of the task were different, the relief work undertaken then gives a fair picture of the way Americans took hold last winter—the way they organize and direct the native energy.

The district in which the relief work was done was a part of the vast flooded area, about as large as the State of Maryland and with a population of some two million people. When my companion and I started on our work, relief in the form of food and seed distribution had been carried out with Red Cross money. Refugee camps had been established and a program of road building had been carried out to assist the flood sufferers. But the devastated district was still at the mercy of the oncoming summer rains, for the dikes had not been repaired and the rivers were likely to rise at any time. The matter was of the utmost urgency; prompt reclamation work would save millions of dollars of property.

It was a desolated sight which met our eyes in the flooded district. The mud villages had almost all of them dissolved in the rains and the people were too poor to build them up. In fact, many of them were afraid to do so because of the uncertain character of the stream beds in the district. In one village a river which had been ten miles away in previous years suddenly altered its course and made a new bed right through the center of the village, destroying houses, rendering land useless and complicating the question of land titles to an unbelievable degree.

In some parts of the district excellent agricultural land was covered with three feet of fine white sand; in others as far as the eye could reach with a small telescope there was a vast expanse of water.

Three-quarters of the villages in the district were more or less submerged. In the Wun Au district a vast lake had been formed which, a year after the floods, was still in some places seven feet deep.

A relief worker who had seen the Kurds sack the Armenian city of Van and who knew the devastation wrought in that section and was not one to exaggerate, told the writer that were it not for the war in Europe this flood in the province of Chihli would be regarded by the civilized world as one of the great calamities of history.

It is no slight task for a person who knows not one thing about engineering to dam a river four feet deep and fifty feet wide and to return it to its original course, and yet this was one of the tasks which confronted us and which we at last managed to accomplish. Educated Chinese are as competent as any foreigner, and they are prominent in directing famine relief. But the helplessness of the poor natives at such a time is startling, indeed nigh well incredible, to an American; getting competent help from them was the great difficulty.

MY COLLEAGUE had to find some one who knew how to construct a temporary dam across the river. The person whom he finally selected wasted some weeks in fruitless efforts and finally one day, standing up to his armpits in water with his surrounding coolies looking on agape, burst into tears and said "I never knew how to do this and I never did it before." He gave up, and my colleague was compelled to buckle down to the actual construction work himself.

I was called from one part of the work to another to help out in superintending the repair of some fifteen miles of dikes. We spent our time riding up and down on horseback and seeing that the work was actually done. On this section there were some 3,000 men at work. They got up at daybreak, worked till eleven, rested till four, and worked till dark. Cheerful, ignorant, and practically all of them stark naked, they had for food two bowls of millet porridge a day, boiled up with a few bits of vegetables.

We worked out a method of levying upon the labor of the village. The dikes were staked off in lengths of 10 feet. Each dike was 30 feet wide at the bottom, 25 feet wide at the top and 15 feet high. The mass between each stake was the responsibility of one group of ten families, for which there was a local term "bay," and which seemed to be well recognized as a unit of division of labor. The workers provided their own tools and the village group was responsible for collecting the rollers or the pounders with which the earth was tamped to the necessary firmness.

Once or twice we had to call the village magistrate to put a ball and chain on a refractory worker, and in one flagrant case I did not interfere when the district magistrate gave a thorough beating to a case-hardened slacker.

There is a story told of some reconstruction work undertaken under foreign supervision in China, during the course of which a dam suddenly gave way and the flooding waters threatened to destroy considerable property. The German engineers immediately sat down to figure out the cause of the break, and the best remedy, and in a day or so had calculated with mathematical nicety the whole arrangement. The American engineers, as soon as they saw the rushing waters, seized a couple of shovels, filled the break and saved the property from destruction. This story illustrates the rough and ready willingness on the part of the average American to turn his hand to the job immediately before him. There was something of this spirit that came over American relief workers that year.

No. Carolina—Con'd

$10; Soate Church, $10; Staley, Mamie L., $10; Steele, Mrs. Clarence M., $10; Stewart, Mrs. E. M., $10; Whiteville Chap. U. D. C., $10; Winters, Wm J., $10; Swindell, Mrs. J. E., $9 50; Fleming, Mrs. J. N., $9.

Kiestler, C. B., $9; Moss, Mrs Carloss, $9; Hurley, Mrs. J. B., $8.50; Brown, Bessie, $8; Day, W. H., $8; Greenlee, Mrs. T. S., $8 Brand River S. S., Harris, $8; Houston, Mollie, $8 McArthur, Mrs. Chas., $8; No. Winston Presby. Church, $8; Smawley, Mr. & Mrs. O., $8; Thru Bryan, Mrs. S. A., $7.50; Egerton, Bettie & A Hammond, $7.50; Walker, A. H., $7.50; Ladies of Burlington, $7.25; Bapt. Church, Granite Falls, $7.25; Barton, Evelyn, J., $7; Fenton, J. J., $7; Hough Sisters, $7; Hurley, Buena, $7; Lanten, Mrs. J. L. & family, $7; Moose, J. Robt., $7 Pegram, Mrs. Alice $7; Banks, Blanche, $7; Num, Mrs. C. S. & friends, $6.25; Riggsbee, Mrs. S. M., $6.25; Thru Whitby, Mrs. Fannie. $5.10; Antioch Bapt. Church, $6; Bethel Church, Sedalia, $6; Blackburn, Mr. & Mrs. Alex., $6; Ebeltoft, Mrs. T. W., $6; Elick, Elizabeth, $6; Gilkey, Lois. $6; Gillon, Laura, $6; Children of Draper, $6; Hubbard, J. O., $6; LeCount, Georgianna, $6; Michaels Creek S. S., $6; Mitchell, Mrs. A. & Mrs. E. N. Good, $6; Ratchford, Mrs. G. L., $6; Singletary S. S., $6; New Bethel S. S. Clinton, $5.77; Briar Branch Bapt. Church, $5.75; Faunour, A. W., $5.75; Thru Stafford Mrs. J. J., $5.50; Nutbush Church, Henderson, $5.20; Ashville, ——, $5; Wilmington, ——, $5; A Friend, Mt. Mitchell, $5; A Reader, Wadesboro, $5; A Subscriber, Littleton, $5; Bank of Dallas, $5; I. H. N., Swananoa, $5; Abemathy, Mrs. J. L., $5; Alexander, W. E. & Family, $5; Anderson, Miss Z. B., $5.

Artz, Mrs. W. P., $5; Austin, J. W., $5; Bolton, H., $5; Bauman, Ernest, $5; Bauman, M. P., $5; Belk, Mabel, $5; Bessent, Nannie, $5; Blanton, Mr. & Mrs. L. W., $5; Bonney, Emma C., $5; Brittain, Mrs. R. B., $5; Bryan, Mrs. S. A. P., $5; Castle, Robt. S., $5; Clement, F. D., $5; Conrad, Bettie, $5, Cox, H. S., $5; Coulton, J. H. L., $5; Davis, Mrs. L. B., $5; Davidson, Mrs. C. H., $5; Deal, Winnie D., $5; Dewey, Hattie, $5; Dobson, Elenor E., $5; Dowles, Robie, $5; Draughan, Mr. W. B., $5; Dunham, Mrs. M. Q., $5; Edwards, B. A., $5; Egerton, Mrs. H. D., $5; Erwin, M. L., $5, Falcon Holiness Church, $5; Ferguson, Mr. & Mrs. J. T., $5; Fields, W. C., $5; Finch, T. J., $5; Fulds, J. F., $5; Gardner, Mrs. J. M., $5; Garrett, Miss, $5; Gatling, Mrs. J. J., $5, Gibson, Mrs. Joel, $5; Gillon, Mrs. C. O., $5; Grady, Mr. L. V., $5; Greenler, Mary G., $5; Gwynn, Mary W., $5, Hall, J. A., $5; Harmon, W. J., $5, Hart, Walter Q., $5, Haven, Miss K. B., $5; Hedrick, Mrs. Joe, $5; Holmes, Geo, $5; Hover, Ethel B., $5; Burwell, Rev. R. S., $5, Hughes, John P., $5, Humphreys, O. $5; Hunter, Mrs. H. B., $5, Inga, John, $5; Ingle, Mrs. Mary A., $5; Ingold, J. L., $5; Jones, Minnie & friends, $5; Jones Mr. & Mrs. D W. & Miss Ernie, $5; Jones, Mrs. W. F., $5; Jurney, Rachel. $5; Kergivin, Ella, $5; Kent, Mrs. & Mr F. A., $5; Kimball, Mrs. W. R., $5; Lawrence, Harriet B, $5; Lean, M. M., $5.

Letaun Bapt. S. S., Fayetteville, $5; Long, Edward O., $5; McCaul, R. C., $5; McCribben, L. N., $5; McKenzie, Mrs. Kittie, $5; McLean, A. A., $5; McLeod, W. A., $5; McMaster, Mrs. L. P., $5; McLean, Nannie, $5; McRae, Mrs. J. A., $5; Maxton Bapt. S. S., $5; Merchant, Mrs. E. J., $5; Eads. Rev. J. J., $5; Moore, Laura, E. B., $5; Moore, Mr. & Mrs. G. R., $5; Moore, Laura E. B., $5; Nicholson, W. W., $5; Parsons, Mrs. J. O., $5; Pearsall, W. W., $5; Plank, Mrs. M. L., $5; Presby. Church, Newton, $5; Presby. Church, Wadeville, $5; Preyer, A. T., $5; Princkney, Maria H., $5; Rowley, T. L., $5; Reed, E. L, $5; Reeves, G. M., $5; Rockett, O. T, $5; St. James S. S., Hendersonville. $5; Sanford, Mrs. M. & L. & C. Gatling, $5; Saunders, P. L., $5; Scarboro, A. K., $5; Sessons, Mrs. W. E., $5; Simpson, R. L. & Mrs. M. C., $5; Smith, Mrs. C. E., $5; Smith. Edward, $5; Smith, G. F., $5; Snead, Mrs. J. B., $5; Smithwick, Mrs. J. W. P., $5; Spainhour, J. E., $5; Stamps, Miss M. B., $5; Stevenson, J. L., $5; Tauness, Grove S. S., $5; Tatum, J. H., $5, Terry, Mrs. Nellie, $5; Thompson, Mrs. J. G., $5, Taler, Mrs. J. A., $5; Wade, Mr. & Mrs. E. B., $5.

Walker, T. C., $5; Washburn, W., $5; Watts, F. C., $5; Weaver, Mr. & Mrs. A. S., $5; Wheeler, Mr. & Mrs. E. D., $5; White, J. B., $5; White, C. Walter, $5; Willson, Mrs. Alice G., $5; Womale, Mrs. J. T., $5; Wood, Mrs. R. H., $5; Yopp, W H., $5; Young, A. J., $5; Giaker, Mrs. Lois, $4.50; Hawkes, Mr. & Mrs. J. A., $4.50; R. O. S. E, Wesley Bible Class, Whittier, $4.50; ndian Springs M.E. Church, Goldsboro. $4.25; Elkin Valley Bapt. Church, $4.10; Browne, Mrs M. I. & Mrs. E. J. McWilliams, $4; Cheamster, H. B., $4; Hilford, J. R., $4; Hilford, Mrs. M. R., $4; Holden O. E., $4, Lane, Margaret, $4; Lane, W. B., $4; Lillie, Mrs. Emily. $4; Maxwell, T. S., $4; Nail, Mrs. Ida G., $4.48; Berie, Annie B., $4; N. W. Presby. Church, Winston-Salem, $4; Warrensville S. S., $4; Waters, Mrs. C. E., $4; Westbrook, Mrs. J. A., $4, Wood, Sallie P., $4; Yesten, D. Frank, $4; Fletcher, Archie P., $3.21; Barrington, Mrs. C. K. & friend, $3.50; Lynch P. C., $3.50; Mt. Tabor Bapt. Church, $3.46, Purdies S. S., $3.15; A Friend, Piedmont, $3; Baulding, Mrs. W. P., $3; Battle, Cullen G, $3; Benson, W. A., $3; Broker, O. V., $3; Barker, S. C., $3; Campbell, Jane, $3; Carter, Mrs. J. R., $3, Clark, Mrs. C. J., $3, Curd, Mrs. Nellie T., $3; Evans, Katie, $3; Erolank, E. L., $3; Fife, Mollie, $3, Hayne, Mrs. C. H., $3; Hayes, Mrs. J. F. & daughter, $3, Hearn, Mrs. B. S., $3; Horne, M. A., $3; Horton, J. F., $3; Keith School, $3; Langdon, W. M., $3, March, V. E., $3; Marshbanks, Mrs. S. L., $3; Newton, O., $3; Paris, W. C., $3; Pitts, Mrs. W. N., $3.

Richardson, Victoria. $3; Terrell, Mrs. J. K., Shoal Creek So., $3; Simmons, A. M., $3; Wilson, Nelson & Wm. $3; Black, Ruth, $2.75; Vivian, Elizabethtown, $2.50; Cale, J. W., $2.50; Thru Doarse, Mrs. J. D., $2.50; Hutchins, Mrs. W. L., $2.50; Langdon, Mr. & Mrs., $2.50; Lyttle, G. C., $2.50; Smith, J. R., $2.50; Speight, Mrs. W. H., $2.50; Oliver, Dan M., $2.25; Ward, Dora & others, $2.25; Wolfe, Mrs. F., $2.21; Hackney, W. J., $2.20; Roteson, Dex, $2.15, Lister, M., $2.12; Cash, Franklinville, $2; Unknown Friend, Asheville, $2, Abernethy, Mrs. F.E., $2; Arledge, Rev. T. W., $2; Bird, J. L., $2, Boggs, Edith S., $2; Boggs, Savannah, $2; Bolick, Mrs. W. R., $2, Bolles, Mrs. M. L., $2; Bridges, H. C., $2; Carr, Rev. A., $2; Carson, Catherine, $2, Collins, Mrs. H. W., $2, Cuthberton, R. B., $2; Frosbee, W. S., $2; Gay, Belle R., $2; Halling, Mrs. Emma, $2; Hefner, J. S., $2; Hewne, I. L., $2; Hugh, Mrs. L. B, $2; Hume, Mrs. Wm. $2; Lewis, Mrs. W. H., $2; Loftin, B. B., $2; Lyerly, Mrs. L. I., $2; McAntey, T. G., $2; McConroe, Mrs. E L., $2; Marshall, Mary C., $2; Martin, Mrs. Mattie, $2; Miller, A. C., $2.

Mills, Mrs. F. A., $2; Mitchell, E., $2; Morrison, Mrs. R. A., $2; Moseley Mrs. R. G., S. S. Class, $2; Nash, Mrs. A. B. & Mrs. J. H. Burgess, $2; Norris. Maude, $2; Oates, Mrs. Myrtle A., $2; Page, Elizabeth W., $2; Sunny Smile S. S., Biscoe, $2; Pressley, Mrs. Jas., $2; Reid, Margaret, $2; Seals, Mrs. K. R., $2; Sherrill, A. C., $2; Sigmon, J. O., $2; Sinclair, Mrs. N. E., $2; Smith, Mrs. C. A., $2; Swindle, Bethe. $2; Vest, Misses M. C. & S., $3, Winston Presby. S. S., $2; Wells, D. J., $2, Woods, Mrs. Luther, $2; Woodward, Mrs. W. J., $2; Weaver, G. W., $1.55; G. E. K., Chocoate, $1.50; Burch, Mrs. C. H. & Norma $1.50; Goodman, J. F., $1.50; Green, Mrs. S. A., $1.50; Howard, Thos. J. $1.40; Clark, Miss Laduskie, $1.31; Pitts, Roy, $1.25, Pee Dee Bible School, $1.20; H. S. M., $1.30; McCormack, Mrs. E. L., $1.10; ——, Charlotte, $1; A Friend, Charlotte, $1, Cash, Waynesville. $1; In His Name. Salesbury, $1; Adams, Leon, $1; Adkins, W. J., $1; Alexander, Annie, $1; Amos, Lloyd, $1, Baum, T. H., $1; Black, W. S., $1; Blevins, Daniel, $1; Blythe, Mrs. R. B, $1; Bowls, S. T, $1; Broach, Bettie, $1; Brown, J. E. $1, Burbank, J. J., $1, Carter, Mr. & Mrs. J., $1; Dalton, Georgia, $1; Daniel. Mrs. G. F., $1; Davis, Emma L., $1; Delaney, Mrs. J. L, $1; Drum, Eva., $1; Dunn, Luella F., $1.

Elder, Mrs. J. H., $1; Foscue, Lillian E., $1, Froster, W. S., $1; Garner, Mrs. T. R., $1; Harrison, Mrs. W., $1; Henry, Mrs. Frank, $1, Henson, Mrs. M. B., $1; Holten, Jos. W., $1; Hood Mrs. D. H., $1; Lewis, Mrs. D. D., $1, McCall, Mrs. C. R., $1, Mack, J. P., $1; Molsinger, G. L, $1; Moss, Mrs. Carlos $1; Patterson, Mrs. Nettie, $1; Perry, Mrs. Aida V., $1. Petters, Mrs. Vertie, $1; Pitzer, Mrs. C. S., $1; Rutledge, A. P., $1; Ransom, Lottie, $1, Rhyme, Mrs. R. M., $1; Savage, Mrs. Mary D., $1; Scholz, Mrs. Herbert, $1; Simpson, Eva, $1; Tilley, Mrs F. R., $1; Walker, Elmeda, $1; Walter, Mrs. Z. C, $1; Wilcox, B. F, $1; Whitted, Mrs. W., $1; Wilson, J. B, $1; Robbins, Mrs. F. A., 90c.; Wood, J. C., 90c.; Ingold. Mrs. Ellen, 50c.; McCauley, E. R. 50c.; Nelson, Mrs. Sallie, 50c.; A Friend Winston-Salem, 26c.

North Dakota

Olson, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. O. & Many Friends of China, $137.33; Thru Rev A. Hofgaard, $130.20; New Salem Red Cross, $100; Tuttle Community, Thru Rev. C. B Ingebrigtson, $88.25; Swedish Bapt. Church of Kulm, $72.50, Otte, Theresa & Sister, $70; Asso. Ch. of Kenmare, $65; Calvin Com. S. S., $55.50; Fort Totten Indian School, $54.96, Hannah, Mrs. L. R., $52; Ewing, Dr. Frank, $50; Valley City Ladies' Aid Soc., $50; Women's Miss. Soc. U. E. Ch., Big Stone City, $50; Red Butte Sunday School, $45.55; Troxel, Walter, $45, Indian School of Bismarck, $42.78; Adam, Janet, $42; Hunter M. E. Ch. S. S., $41.80; Conklin, F. J. & Friends, $40, Janke, A. F., $37.50; Lockwood, J. H., $35; Rinker, Mrs. R. F., $35; Bethany Ch of Fairmount, $32.35; Friends at Brisbane Thru Geo. L. Wells, $31.35; Barber, Robt. T., $30; Palmer, A. L., $30; Pettit, F. L., $30; Thompson, Mrs. E. T., $30; Carrington Cong. Ch., $29.65; Hofland, Hans & Friends, $29.50; Prange, Henry & Family, $29; Egeland High School, $27.64; Hilborn, Rev J W., $25.25; Blew, Miss F. G., $25; Rasmussen, S. J., $25; Root, Frank, $25, Janke, Bertha, $24.25, Cooperstown Sunshine S. S., $24; Park River Presb. Ch., $23.15; Cassin, S. B., $21; McConnell, Rev. & Mrs. C. L., $21; Alspach, Miss Margaret, $20, Chamberlain, Mrs. & C. C., $20; Ratcliffe, Henry, $20, Ranson, Mr. & Mrs. W. K., $20; State High School of Lidgerwood, $20; Matz, Otto A., $18; Puffer, Lottie, $18; Kintyre, Presb. S. S., $17, Shear, Mrs. J. M & Friends, $17, Slagg, Harold, $17; Young Peoples Soc. of Hastings, $17; Men's Literary Club of Carrington, $16 66; Swaren, Miss Anna, $16, Thru, Mrs. Chris Bietler, $15; Bignall, George, $15.

Cassin, Roy, $15; Daniel, Thomas & Mrs. & Wilfred Daniel, $15, Peterson, Kate A., $15, Puffer, M. H. & L. N., $15; Reed, Mrs. J. & The Misses Mitchell, $15; Swangster, Mary, $15, Egeland Presb. Church Jr. C. E. Soc., $14 10; Mansell, Mrs. Florence & Mrs. L. B. Perrine, $14; Swedish Bapt. Ch. Ladies Aid of Kulm, $13.60; Bartholomew, W. A., $13.60; Halfpenny, W. A., $13.60; Bethel M. E. S. S. of Petrel, $12.50; Jensen, J. C., $12; Pleasant Valley S. S. of Flasher, $11.50; Tioga Bible Class Thru Mrs. E. McGuinness, $10.50; From Two Readers, Carrington, $10; Aafedt, Joe & Miss Carrie, $10; Anderson, Mrs. Julius, $10; Anderson, Frances L., $10; Bell, Emma L., $10; Bond, W., $10; Bond, Mrs. W. E., $10; Cong. Miss. Soc. of Michigan, N. Dak., $10; Costain, B. J., $10, Apostolic Faith Mission of Starum, $10; Ford, David, Sr., $10, Forde, S. J., $10; Foster, C. S., $10; Frazee, Alice C., $10; Graham, Hon. J. A. for Mrs. L. A. Wilder, $10; Gunderson, Miss Henrietta, $10; Harney, Mrs. Wm., $10 Harseim, Mrs. E. A., $10; Johnson, Anton E., $10; Knoblock, Grace, $10; Ladies' Aid of Sterling, $10, Lean, A. H. $10; Lowe, R. A., $10; Millar, M. B., $10, Morris, Miss Anna, $10; Morrow, Rev. A. B., $10; Murchie, Mr. & Mrs. Peter, $10; Murdoch, Mrs. James & Friend, $10; Murray, Anna E., $10; Nelson, Eva., $10; Nelson, N. A., $10; Perkins, Mr. & Mrs. W. D., $10; Rasmussen, E., $10; Regnillof, E. A., $10; Rogers, Etta M., $10; Root, Lottie, $10. Sheldon, M. S., $10; Stirrat, Emma, $10; Stolberg, Rev. L. M., $10; Ueland, J. L., $10; Wallen, Miss Mildred V., $10.

Young, Mrs. E. A., $10; Jensen, N. C., $8.50, Shinn, J. M. & Friend, $8.50; Women's Foreign Miss. Soc. of Sterling, $8.50; Dill, Burt C., & L. J., $8; Fryatt, J. P., $8; Hasse, Mrs. B. F., $8; Hazlett, Mrs. E. A. & Friends, $8; Kuhn, Mrs. I. M. & Friends $8, Newman, Mr. & Mrs. J. H. $8; Sarles First Presb. Ch., $8; Sunshine Class of Minnewaukau, $7.10; Christens, Mrs N. P., $7; Mission S. S. of Grassy Butte, $7; Wing S. S., $6.85; Tjernlund, Carl, $6.50; Presb. S. S. of Bowbells, $6 50, Roosevelt Union of Heaton, $6.42; Ladies, Smith School House of Kulm, $6.35; Adams, Elvira, $6; Carnes, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. E., $6; Hoff, J. O. & Friends, $6; Nelson, Albin F. & Friends, $6, Reimer, Mrs. John & Christina, $6; Rishel, E. H., $6; Arthur, R. H., $5; Ault, John & Family, $5; Ayers, Mrs. Sophia, $5; Ayers, V. C., $5; Anderson, Mr. & Mrs. J. E., $5; Allen, Mrs. J. C., $5; Ackre, John, $5; Bailor, Mrs. M. J., $5; Bassingthwaite, Geo., $5; Best, Emma R., $5; Burkhart, E., $5; Burkhart, J., $5; Busch, R. E., $5, Carson, Glen A., $5; Coon, Mrs. Myra, $5, Day, R. J., $5, Desor, T. B., $5; Emery, Mrs. E., $5; Earl, C. D., $5; Eik, Olaf P., $5; Fisher, Miss Anna, $5, Gehres, Mrs. T. P., $5; Gross, G. L., Mrs., $5; Haaland, Christ, $5; Hill, Jessie, $5, Hollister, Mrs. C. J. $5; Hurtt, Mr. & Mrs. G. H., $5, Isaacson, Mrs. F. O., $5; Jensen, Mr. & Mrs. J. G., $5; Johnson, Mrs. C. M., $5; Karges, E. A., $5; Keyes, Jennie C., $5; Kline, Anna M., $5; Lake, Harry, $5; Lawry, Ed., $5, Levin, Adeline, $5; Lindquist, Mrs. E., $5.

Mead, Austin, $5; Merrill, F. E., $5, Miller, Mrs. G. W., $5; Morgan, Charles, $5; Morrow, J. R., $5; Mosher, Mrs. Emmett, $5, Mutchler, J. S., $5; Nelson, Selma M., $5; Norton, Mrs. Annie P., $5; Olney, Mrs. Wm. N.

No. Dakota—Con'd

$5; Otte, Theresa, $5; Oyhus, Sybil, $5; Ozlett, Mrs. E. A. H., $5; Paradise Valley S. S. of Woodworth, $5; Pearson, C. D., $5; Peasgood, Mrs. Robert, $5; Pederson, Richard, $5; Peters, Mrs. D. L., $5; Pierce, T. J., $5; Potter, Hattie B., $5; Ramsey, Alonzo, $5; Reiten, Mrs. Lars S., $5; Rice, Mrs. Ida M., $5; Robb, C. S., $5; Rutter, Edward, $5; Simon, Mrs. N. W., $5; Smith, L. L., $5; Stadum, Carrie, $5; Stevens, Anna, $5; S. S. at Clifford, $5; Thompson, Mrs. Alice, $5; Toms, Mrs. J. A., $5; Uleberg, Jens A., $5; Van Camp Gordon, $5; Van Svest, M. P. & N. P., $5; Walter, Auttie, $5; Warren, Mrs. Henry, Sr., $5; Watland, Nels, $5; Watts, Mrs. G. D., $5; Woolverton, C. A., $5; Young, Mrs. Edmond E., $5; Vaughan, Beulah A., "The Young Volunteers" of Stuart, $5; Egeland Public School, $4.41; Davis, Dan G., $4.25; Alrick, Mrs. Carrie, $4; Hurr, Mrs. E. L., $4; McHattie, Jas. A. & Keneth, $4; Omadink, Mrs. Chas., $4; House, Mrs. Lena, $3.90; Palmer, Cornelia, $3.50; Aitkin, A., $3; Arends, Mrs. John, $3; Bennett, John F., $3; Borgland, Mrs. H. E. & Others, $3; Brownson, H. W., $3; DeHarts, Mr. & Mrs., $3; Engle, C. E., $3; Frisbie, J. W., $3; Graham, Margaret J., $3; Hewitt, Mrs. T. J., $3; Hover, Mrs. E. N., $3; Hill, Mrs. G. H., $3.

Jacobson, Mr. & Mrs. Martin, $3; Macpherson, Mrs. K. I., $3; Parrish, Mrs. Ed., $3; Smith, Jessie, $3; Smith Mr. W. H., $3; Sveen, Oswald O., $3; Watson, Mrs. Harry, $3; Dixon, Dr. O. C., $2.50; Feistel, Miss S. A., $2.50; Salem Little Light Bearers Soc., Valley City, $2.25; Ainlie, Laura, $2; Alivin, E. G., $2; Anderson, Mrs. Nels, $2; Blanding, Mrs. O. E., $2; Brown, Mrs. H. J., $2; Cassill, Jos. H., $2; Chapman, O. L., $2; Davis, Mrs. M. E., $2; Dryden, J. G., $2; Dunlop, Mrs. B. G., $2; Erickson, Mrs. Axel R., $2; Flesche, P. E., $2; Fuller, Miss Eliza, $2; Gallais, W. L., $2; Holmes, Mrs. Jas., $2; Howard, Thos. J., $2; Huber, Thelma, $2; King, Mrs. O. W., $2; Kregness, Miss Christine O., $2; McLaing, W. A. & P. H. Millis, $2; McLean, Mrs. J. R., $2; Metcalf, Mrs. W. B., $2; Olson, Mrs. Otto, $2; Olsson, Sisters, $2; Peterson, Selma V., $2; Phepes, Mrs. G. B., $2; Semmgard, Pauline, $2; Sendahl, Mrs. C. J., $2; Swedlund, Mrs. E. J., $2; Taylor, F. B., $2; Wagner, H. B., $2; Whitcomb, R. A., $2; Wilson, Gertrude, $2; Wilson Mrs. J. C., $2; Wood, Mrs. C. L. $2; Wood, Mrs. Wm. R., $2; Gustafson, Alice, $1.06; A Friend, Cooperstown, $1; Anonymous, Bergen, $1; Cash, Fairmount, $1; Brace, O. C., $1; Caley, Mrs. Geo., $1; Davidson, Mamie, $1; Ebbett, Mrs. Chas., $1; Frykberg, Mrs. C., $1; Garbland, B., $1; Gartland, Mrs. John, $1; Heron, Mrs. H., $1; Kerr, Elizabeth R., $1; Ladd, E. W., $1; Marsh, Mrs. Chas. S., $1; Meek, Grant L., $1; Mickelson, Mrs Paul & Wallace Mickelson, $1; Mowbray, W. F., $1; Mullin, Mrs. $1; Penn, Mrs. Lizzie, $1; Steen, Olga E., $1.

Ohio

Evangelical Assn. of Cleveland, thru Rev. Geo. E. Epp, $1,800; Holloway, Mr. & Mrs. H., $363; Levering, Mrs. C. A., $300; Jones, Mr. & Mrs. C. E., $291.30; Thru Burnett, J. F., $278.49; Communities of Lewisburg & Harrison Townships, $288.25; Bazette Christian Church & vicinity, $286; First Presby. Church, Bellefontaine, $275; Le Roy Schools & Community, $240; Campbell, C. R., $200; Thru Lord, Edwin B., $200; Schneider, Mr. & Mrs. W. E., $200; First Bapt. Church, Marietta, $186.56; Chatham Congl. Church, $180; Salem Church, Vendocia, $165.50; Woodward, E. C., $165; Evangelistic Meeting, Piqua, $159.94; David Refd. Church, Canal, Winchester, $155.07; Presby. S. S., Marietta, $151; Byler, V. S., $150; Presby. Church & Travelers' Club, Salem, $150; Trinity Luth. Church, Ashland, $150; Hervey, Mr. & Mrs. W. A. & sisters, $150; Shane, Minnie B., $155; Blackford, Ard, $143; Jones, Eben J., $138; Boulevard Presby Church, Cleveland, $135.50; First Congl. S. S., Ravenna, $134.15; M. E. Church, Sycamore, $133.78; First Presby. Church, Ashtabula, $130.10; S. S. of Church of Christ, New Phila., $129.03; First U. P. Church, Steubenville, $125; Union S. S., New Lebanon, $121.77; Presby. Church, Oak Hill, $120; Lanman, J. T. & Miss E. T., $120; Kibby, Geo., $116.67; Aiken, Mr. & Mrs. O. E., $116.10; Jamison, Mr. & Mrs. Jos. E., $115; Eagleville S. S. & W. C. T. U., $114; Primitive M. E. Church, Youngstown, $110; Bapt. S. S., Brunswick, $110; W. C. T. U., Elyria, $110; Welsh Presby. Church, Columbus, $107.77; Orange Community, Cleveland, $107.47; Maple Grove Community S. S., $105; Thru Holloway, Anna, $102; First Refd. Church, Cleveland, $101.87; Arms, M. I., $100; Bonnell, Caroline, $100; M. E. S. S., Cadiz, $100; Clippinger, Ellen M., $100; Colter, Jacob, $100; Criswell, Mrs. Hannah, $100; Euclid Ave. Bapt. Church, Cleveland, $100; Evans, Hy., $100; Gardner, Mrs. H. R. & Emma C., $100.

Greenless, D. R., $100; Haubert, Mrs. Emma, $100; Kanel, Sutton P., $100; Livering, Mrs. C. A., $100; McCormick, Mrs. R. S., $100; Thru Maple, Jay, $100; Maxwell, Mrs. J. S., $100; Cross Roads S. S., Navarre, $100; New Harrisburg Presby. S. S., $100; Peckham, Blanche, $100; R. P. Church, Utica, $100; Home Relief Assn., Camden, $100; Robinson, M. C., $100; Steiner, Mrs. D. C., $100; Walter, I. W., $100; Warner, W. G., $100; Winona Friends, $100; Wood, E. C., $100; So. Newburg Congl. S. S. & others, $95.76; S. S. & friends at Chatfield, $93.50; Union S. S., No. Jackson, $93; Congl. Church, Williamsfield, $89.50; Thru Leigh, Mrs. Wm., $87.67; Morris Chapel M. E. S. S., Delphos, $86; First Refd. Church, New Phila., $85; Thru Spencer, Saml. F., $84; M. E. S. S., White Cottage, $82; Bapt. S. S., Chesterland, $81.75; Severtson, Jennie, $81; Morrow, Emma L., $80; United Brethren in Christ, Pomeroy, $80; U. P. Church, Huntsville, $79.50; Pherson M. E. S. S., Circleville, $78; Refd. Presby. Church, Utica, $75.50; Sauger, Mr. F. W., $75.40; Broken, W. M., $75; Dunlap, Mrs. Mary N., $75; First Refd. Church, Lima, $75; Linn, Mr. & Mrs. C. A., $75; Peck, E. S., $75; M. E. S. S., Lisbon, $75; Concord Presby. Church, Salem, $75; Riley Chapel, Buck Eye City, $75; M. E. S. S., Belden, $74.19; M. E. S. S., Chesterhill, $73.87; First Christian Church, Portsmouth, $73.10; First Christian Bible School, Portsmouth, 73.10; McCoy, Mrs. Robb, $73; Presby. S. S., West Liberty, $72.57; West Cheshalem Church, $71.63; Davis, Herbert, $71; Orville Public Schools, $71; Hopfinger, J. A., $70; Koster, L. N., $70; Cockrum, B. W., $68.36; Refd. Presby Church, Cedarville, $68.19; Union Red Cross, De Graff, $68.02.

Grace Refd. Church, Lancaster, $67.56; Brock, A. B., $67.50; M. E. Church, Grand Rapids, $67; Lowe, Wilson, $67; Rea, Mrs. Sarah & daughter, $67; Community of Waynesfield, $65.10; U. B. S. S., Bethel Ridge, $65; Huntington, Rev. A. E., $65; Heaton, C. T., $65; Grace Reform Church, Lancaster, $65; Culp, Mr. & Mrs. C. B. & others, $64; Western Supply Co., $63; Thompson, Mrs. R. C., $61.50; Cedar Ave. Bapt. S. S., Cleveland, $60; Garrett, Jennie E., $60; Haubert, Mrs. Wm., $60; Rudel, Louis, $60; McFarland, Emily, $59.45; Stenger, H. L., $58; Church of Christ S. S., Weston, $57.50; Savage, O. B., $57.25; Swastika Club, Amsterdam, $57; United Church, Garrettsville, $55.75; Rosemond Ave. Presby. Church, Toledo, $55.59; Friends Church, Wilmington, $55.50; Chestnut Grove S. S., Ashland, $55.25; Ellsberry, Annie M., $55; First U. P. S. S., Alliance, $55; Market St. Presby. Church, Lima, $55; Phelps, Mr. & Mrs. D. H., $55; Order of Eastern Star No. 175, Athens, $54.20; Klinefelter, Clara M., $53.80; New Antioch Church, Wilmington, $53; St. John's Refd. Church, Holgate, $52; M. E. Church, Perrysburg, $52; Zimmerman, Rev. W. M., $52; Zion Presby. Church, Vendevia, $52; S. S. at Tontogany, $51; Refd. & Luth. Churches, Hartville, $50.98; Hawkens Ref. S. S., Dayton, $50.02; ——, Toledo, $50; A Sympathizer, Middlefield, $50; Badger Luth. S. S., Leetonia, $50; Baird, Fannie & Nettie, $50; Bates, Jos., $50; Local Auxiliary Red Cross, Hiram, $50; Bleakemore, L. H., $50; Bristol Presby. Church, $50; Chandler, Louisa E. & Miss E. L., $50; Congl. & M. E. Churches, Berlin Heights, $50; Core, J. R., $50; Creswell, Mrs. Hannah, $50; Dunn, Mrs. J. C., $50; Fike, Mrs. J., Sr., $50; First Evangl. Relief Fund & S. S., Portsmouth, $50; First United Presby. S. S., Steubenville, $50; Frantz, Mr. & Mrs. L. G., $50.

Green, Elmer, E., $50; Greenlus, D. R., $50; Halloway, Emma & Anna, $50; Holloway, Emma, $50; Hopkins, Mr. & Mrs. A. F., $50; Irvin, J. M., $50; Jones, Mrs. R. L., $50; Longstreth, R. B., $50; Maynard, Mrs. T. F., $50; Moyer, Mrs. David, $50; Nichol, Mrs. John & daughter, $50; Reid. Albert E., $50; Strickland, Mrs. T., $50; Thomas, C. G., $50; Weeks, Mrs. G. & Irene Schwertzer, $50; Presby. Church, Minerva, $48.80; C. E. Meeting, Marietta, $47; Market St. Presby. S. S., Lima, $47; Tiffin Business University, $45.60; Huffman Dam S. S., Dayton, $45; Smith, Emerson, $45; Vernon M. E. S. S., Kinsman, $45; Church of God S. S., Mendon, $43.25; Miller, J. M., $42; Community of Colerain, $42; Congl. S. S., Cleveland, $41.50; Thru Landis, Geo., $41; Boehm, E. C., $40; Butler Bapt. Church, Walthonding, $40; Community of Hinckley Ridge, $40; Mackey, Nellie & Margaret, $40; Reid, Mrs. John, $40; Scovell, W. C., $40; Stere, Mr. & Mrs. B. H., $40; Watkin, Mrs. Harry, $40; Wylie, Wm. H., $40; Refd. S. S., Marshallville, $39.45; Clarke, J. L., $39; Jefferson, J. H., $38; Olivet U. B. S. S., Dayton, $38; St. John's Refd. S. S., Walnut Creek, $38; St. John's Evangl. Church, Newark, $37.25; Euclid Ave. Bapt Church, Cleveland, $37; Collinwood Congl. S.S., Cleveland, $36.93; Shepherd, Mrs. Cora W. & friends, $36.50; Thru Kuenzli, Mrs. Esther E., $36; Community of Utica, $36; Anderson, L. H., $35; Boltzele, Rev. Chas. W., $35; Brink, Mrs. S. M., $35; Dover, C. A., $35; Ellet, Minnie & Lucinda, $35; English Trinity M. E. Church, Elmore, $35; Guthrie, A. C., $35; M. P. Church, So. Webster, $35; Ludwig, Mrs. R., $35.

Marchwarp, W. J., $35; M. E. Church & S. S., Grand Rapids, $35; Richards, Mr. & Mrs. Jas., $35; Robbins, H. B., $35; Thru Sheriff, A. P., $35; Schagle, Mrs. C. A., $35; Thacker, Mrs. E. S., $35; Western M. E. Church, Toledo, $35; Willis, Carrie B., $35; Wittlig, Hy. T., $35; Chesnut Ridge School, Buckeye City, $33.13; Conger S. S., Twinsburg, $33.02; Harriman, D. R., $32.90; Feedspring Presbitery, $32.50; Thru Radebaugh, Rev. E., $32.50; Anderson Church of God S. S., $32, Maple Grove S. S., Uhrichsville, $32; Smith, D. B., $32; Mishkimen, Mr. & Mrs. J. C., $32; Community of Millersburg, $31.41; First Chris. Refd. Church, Cleveland, $31; Clark Presby. S. S., Millersburg, $30.92; S. S. Class, Fremont, $30.83; Grand View Church of Christ, Portsmouth, $30.55; Garland Union S. R., $30.55; Reedsburg, Refd. S. S., $30.50; A Friend, Canton, $30; Atkins, B. A., $30; Benton, J. S., $30; Blodgett, Rev. C. W., $30; Feldbush, Mrs. A. E., $30; Union Service of Churches, Galion, $30; Church of Christ S. S., Crooksville, $30; Greenamyer, J. A., $30; Hall, Mr. & Mrs. T. J., $30; Hanover Presby. Church, $30; Hummel, A. F., $30; Hummel, Mignon, $30; Long, G. M., $30; Mitchell, Miss L. A., $30; Parks, Mrs. Alice, $30; Parker Mrs. W. M., $30; Pentecost S. N., $30; Porter, Mrs. Isabella, $30; Refd. Presby. Church Bellefontaine, $30; Roloson, Esther, $30; Stalker, Catherine, $30; Stones Luth. Aid Soc., Ashland, $30; Tischendorf, L. A., $30; Sager, Rev. N. W., United Evangl. Church, $30; Weyer Mary S., $30.

Young, Jacob, $30; Ladies Aid & S. S., M. E. Church, Black Rum, $28; Eickmeier, Mrs. A. L., $28.50; Selby, Geo. H., $28.50; Thru Stelser, Mrs. E. S., $28; H-A Congl. Church, Cleveland, $27.60; Thru Platter, Rev. R. S., $27.50; West, J. A. & K. E., $27.50; Warner, Mrs. C. L., $27.25; Farson, D. F., $27; E. Blv'd. United Congl. Church, Cleveland, $26.75; M. E. S. S., Randolph, $26.50; Cumback, Miss L. M., $26; Hendeler, Mrs. John, $26; Horn, Eli & family, $26; Presby. Church, Salineville, $26; Refd. Church, Salem, $26; Congl. S. S., Austinburg, $26; ——, Youngstown, $25; Bapt. Church, Van Wert, $25; Aiken, Sarah A., $25; A. M. E. Church, Lancaster, $25; Baird, Fannie E., $25; Thru Baker, Marietta, $25; S. S. Class, Dayton, $25; Ballard, Mr. & Mrs. J. F., $25; Barnitz, E. K., $25; Basford, Mr. & Mrs. G. W., $25; Bell, Geo. H., $25; Benson, Laura T., $25; Beynon, Mr. & Mrs. T. E., $25; Brice, Mrs. P. A., $25; Bowen, Mrs. Emma, $25; Brinker, T. W., $25; Brown, J. T., $25; Brown, Mrs. J. M., $25; Bryan, Bruce B., $25; Carroll, Mrs. T. A. & sister, $25; Casebeer, Geo. F., $25; Chambers, C. C., $25; Chandler, F. M., $25; Church of God S. S., Elmore, $25; Collister, Eliz., $25; Congl., Conference of Ohio, $25; Coutris, Mrs. C. M., $25; Craig, Mrs. H., $25; Crawford, Mrs. F. W., $25; Crites, Mr. & Mrs. E. F., $25; Curley, Mrs. R. C., $25; Decatur Presby. S. S., $25; Dietz, E. G., $25; Eells, Lena, $25; Ellsworth Presby. S. S., $25; Ely, Mrs. H. L., $25; Erwin, Mrs., $25; Folsom, C. B., $25; Freeborn, W. R., $25,

Geography Hall S. S., Lowellville, $25; Graham, Mr. & Mrs. H. H., $25; Hartsk, Gertrude, $25; Harnish, Ray, $25; Haskins Luth. Ladies Aid, Perrysburg, $25; Hathaway, E. L., $25; Hefferman, L. H., $25; Hill, Eleanor C. $25; Hill Ilatia E., $25; Holzer L. A., $25; Hohr, Rev. S. J., $25; King, Mr. & Mrs. J. M., $25; Knapp, F. S., $25; Concord M. E. Church, Englewood, $25; Lamson, Geo., $25; LeBlond, R. E., $25; Lunk, Mrs. N. R., $25; McBride A. J. & family, $25; Mabel Bros., $25; Martine, K. L., $25; Mellen, Mrs. Ella C., $25; Miss. Soc. Grace Refd. Church, Reedsburg, $25; Morral, Mr. & Mrs. W. W., $25; Ochsenbein, Mrs. A., $25; Oman, John, $25; Owen, Emilie B., $25; Perry, Jas., $25; Phillips, Mrs. L. A., $25; Plumer, Mrs. G. G., $25; Prentice, Adelaide W., $25; Refd. Church, Marshallville, $25; Refd. S. S., Wooster, $25; Euclid Ave. Bapt. Church, Cleveland, $25; St. John Epis. Church & S. S., Columbus, $25; St. John's Evangl. S. S., Massillon, $25; Shane, Harriet S., $25; Shoup, Eliz., $25; Smith, Mary E., $25; Smythe, Mrs. M. C., $25; Sparr, Bernice, $25; Spear, W. S. & sister, $25; Spreng, G. F., $25; Springer, Mr. & Mrs. J. E., $25; Stark, Edgar, $25; S. S. Chatham Congl., Spencer, $25; Union Miss. Soc., Springfield, $25; Wagner, Mrs. Anna, $25; Union S. S., Hamilton, $25; Welsh, Lizzie C., $25; Williams Chapel Aid Soc., London, $25; Willing Workers Luth. S. S., Strasburg, $25; Wuichet, Wm. T., $25; Yoder, Mrs. Louisa, $25; Y. W. M. S. Presby. Church, Camden, $25; Basil, Mrs. W. J., $24; Thru Clingan Judd E., $24; Evans, D. W, $24; Bowman, Ruby B., $23.80, S. S., McConnellsville, $23.50; Bannock Church, $23.

Free, Mrs. Omar, $23; Hofstatter, Mrs. J. C., $23; First Congl. Church & S. S., Springfield, $22.79; New Haven School, $22.32; Allamo Boys, Salem, $22; Bonebrake Theolog. Seminary, Dayton, $22; McKendrew M. E. Church, Worthington, $22; Mt. Joy Christian Church, Otway, $22; Murray, M. E. Church, $22; Pleasant Run S. S., Mt. Healthy, $22; Weaver, Mrs. A. B., $22; Zion Christian Union S. S. Portersville, $22; Bethlehem S. S., Wapakoneta, $21.90; Lee, C. M. & others, $21.50; Greer, Sara, $21.40; M. E. Church, Stanleyville, $21.10; Allston, E. J. & family, $21; Thru Arnold, Mrs. O. O., $21; Congl. Church, Newton Falls, $21; Thru Lehmann, Rev. T., $21; Liggett, Eva M., $21; Maxwell, Effie, N. B. Church, $21; Slagle, Mrs. C. A., $21; Whisler, S. A. & family, $21; Zion Refd. Church, Somerset, $20.53; Euclid Ave. Bapt. Church, Cleveland, $20.50; A Friend, Delta, $20; A Friend, Wooster, $20; A Teacher, Goshen, $20; Archer, Mrs. Glen, $20; Balch, Nannie, $20; Baldwin Mrs. J. A., $20; Ball, Mary E., $20; Bankhardt, Norma F., $20; Beach, Mrs. Edith, $20; Benedict, Mrs. W. D., $20; Bethlehem S. S., Buckland, $20; Bingham, Mrs. L. B., $20; Blackburn, Eliz. C., $20; Blanchard, Estella, $20; Brauer, Hugo C., $20; Brilhart, V. G., $2; Burnworth, Mrs. A. A. & E. G., $20; Busher, Mr. & Mrs. V. E., $20; Butler, V. E., $20; Campbell, Mrs. Florence $20; Cary, Mrs. H. W., $20; Clark, Mrs. A., $20; Cole, Mrs. Margaret & daughter, $20; Crabtree, W. H., $20; Criswell, J. L., $20; Crobs, Jennie G., $20; Davis, Mrs. Alona, $20; Evangl. S.S., Bellevue, $20; Feth, Edward, $20; George, Eleanor, $20.

Grassler, Mr. & Mrs. J. J., $20; Grenhof, Mr. & Mrs. Harry, $20; Harbaugh, Willis, $20; Harmon, Nellie L., $20; Harris, C. W., $20; Hitchcock, Mary A., $20; Hochstetter, P. A., $20; Hopfinger, Mrs. Mary, $20; Howe, Mrs. Carrie, $20; Hughes, T. J., $20; Iler, Mr. & Mrs. D. F., $20; Jenkins, H. E., $20; Johnson, Lora N., $20; Kilhefner, E. L., $20; Kulin, Margaret, $20; Lantz, Lydia, $20; Thru Leimbach, Hy L., $20; Lust, Irene, $20; McBride, G. A., $20; McKibbon, W. F., $20; McNeil, R. S., $20; Marsh, E. L., $20; Martz, Mrs. R. M., $20; M. E. S. S. of Salem, $20; Mitchell, R. B., $20; Morris, Wm. R., $20; Munger, C. F., $20; No. Jefferson Ladies Aid, $20; Pentecostal Mission Warren, $20; Paul, C. T., $20; Pope, Mrs. B. O. & daughter, $20; Rex, Mr. & Mrs. J. D., $20; Richardson, Anna & Mary, $20; Rideout, S. E, $20; Ritchie, Mrs. N. H., $20; Sammet, N. M., $20; Smith, Eula, $20; Smith, Mrs. R. L., $20; Sharon M. E. Church, $20; Spangler, Mrs. L., $20; Taylor, Mrs. J. H., Eva & Geo., $20; Watson, Anna B. & John W., $20; Watson, Mr. & Mrs. W. N., $20; Welt, Mary & Fannie, $20; Wiley, Mrs. E. M., $20; Williams, Mrs. Eliz., $20; Zimmerman, Mrs. M., $20; Zion Refd. S. S. Fireside, $20; Alfred, M. E. Church, $19.50; Cleveland Century Club, $19; Porter, W. K., $19; St. Paul's Refd. S. S., Greenville, $19; Refd. Luth. Church, Hartville, $18.59; Leonard, Mrs. F. N., $18.45; Middle River S. S., Elida, $18.25; M. E. S. S., Vincent, $18.25; Thru Elliott, Rev. & Mrs. Fred K., $18; Edgerton, Oliver, $17.81; Eldorado N. B. S. S. School, $17.52; Quakers Hill Union S.S., $17.50.

Smith, Rev. W. E. & family, $17.50; Thru Burford, O. W., $17; Church of Christ, Bowling Green, $17; Old Springfield Ref. S. S., $17; Hill Top Church, Columbus, $17; Kirkham, L. A. & Maria, $17; Y. W. Miss. Aux., Hamilton, $17; Evans, Maggie E. & friends, $16.75; Hinckley Centre Union Church, $16.50; Thru Taylor, Mrs. A. E., $16.35; Wilson Chapel M. E. S. S., $16.32; Georges Creek S. S., $16; McGinnis, Margery & Emma, $16; McClelland, Nettie, $16; Poole, Mr. & Mrs. F. M. & Moffat sisters, $16; Unger, Mrs. Anna P., $16; Wagner, M. S., $16; Ralph, Sarah C., $15.90; Thru Kunzé, Clara, $15.79; Yarien, Mrs. David & friends, $15.50; Mid. Western Deaf Mute Mission, Cleveland, $15.35; Brooks, Mr. & Mrs. G. W., & friends, $15.30; Memorial Refd. C. E. Society, Dayton, $15.25; ——, Cleveland, $15; Abbott, Mrs. Rose, $15; Ashead, J. M., $15; Bates, E. F., $15; Bayler, J. F., $15; Grace Church S. S. Tiffin, $15; Beau, Jennie P., $15; Beardsley, Mr. & Mrs. Earl H., $15; Betton, I. O., $15; Bickett, J. R., $15; Black, A. E., $15; Bradley, H. G., $15; Brilhart, Mr. & Mrs. A. & others, $15; C. E. Society, Port Washington, $15; Carter, A. B., $15; Cellars, Mrs. Eliz., $15; Concord Presby. S. S., Salem, $15; Connor, Mrs. G. S., $15; Thru Cusac, Mrs. Wm., $15; East School, Bellefontaine, $15; Ewart, Elizabeth, $15.

Filler, W. C., $15; Fitzgerald, Cora, $15; Flower, Mrs. G. E., $15; Fowler, Harry L., $15; Galloway, Nellie & Mrs. G. E. Edmund, $15; Gamble, Bessie E., $15; Fanser, Chas., $15; Girod, Miss Fay, $15; Grubb, Mrs. Elmer, $15; B. B. Class, Bapt. Church, New London, $15; Heinlen, Mrs. Carrie & boys, $15; Hilborn, Mrs. I. O., $15; Thru Haverstitch, W. J., $15; Hogle, Mrs. C. L., $15; James, Katie A., $15; Jelliff, Mr. & Mrs. C. W., $15; Jett, Floyd, $15; Thru Johnston, K. M., $15; Kelsy, Mrs. Emma M., $15; Kennedy, Mary M., $15; King, M. S., $15; Kirk, Mr. & Mrs. S. M., $15; Kollar, Mrs. Jesse, $15; Koos, Mr. & Mrs. A. J. & Emma Hibbard, $15; Kreiger, Jacob & family, $15; Thru Linn, C. A., $15; Lincoln, C. H., $15; Linfoot, Mrs. W. W., $15; Linworth, M. E. S. S., $15; McColin S. S. M. P. Church, Manchester, $15; McCray, A. T. & J. H., $15; McIntire, Mary B., $15; McKee, W. J., $15; Marshall, A. M., $15; Mcachain, Grace, $15; M. E. Church, Alikanna, $15; Frail Creek M. E. S. S., Woodstock, $15; Miller, Mrs. Nellie K., $15; Miller, Mrs. V. D., $15; Mitray, Mrs. H. & Mr. & Mrs. F. Sollars, $15; Myers, Eva M., $15; Newton, Mrs. Adelaide, $15; Noble, Helen M., $15; Patten, Lena, $15; Penrod, Mr. & Mrs. M. B., $15; Pleasant View M. P. S. S. $15; Presby. S. S., Union Furnace, $15 Raiser, C. W. & J. A., $15; Reagh, Geo N. & Lydia, $15; St. John's Evangl. Church, Bolivar, $15; Scott, Mrs. L. A., $15; Sexaner, Mrs. Amy, $15; Shultz, Mrs. J. B. & C. R., $15; Simon, Mr. & Mrs. M. B., $15; Titson, Mrs. Chas. N., $15; Taylor, Ellen S., $15; Stacy, Mrs. L., $15; Wadsworth, Emily, $15; Wessel, Mrs. L. J., $15; Westminster Presby. S. S., Cincinnati, $15; White, Mrs. Elizabeth, $15; W. C. T. U., Jeffersonville, $15; Young, C. T., $15; Zimmerman, Mrs. M. S., $15; The Sixteen S. S., Massillon, $14.45.

Thru Annis, Chas. W., $14.40; M. P. S. S., No. Lewisburg, $14.30; Ogden, Mrs. S. W., $14.16; Covenanter S. S., Utica, $14.05; Davis, Mrs. Lina, $14; Hagerty, Mrs. W. J. & Mrs. Van Draham, $14; Madison Township S. S., Lancaster, $14; Moser, L. & friends, $14; Thru Musil, Rev. John, $14; Scott, Emma, $14; St. John's S. S., Perryville, $13.85; Burkepile, Mrs. Lola & Gracie, $13.75; Morrison, S. W., $13.50; W. F. M. S., Greenwich, $13.50; Moravian Church, Dover, $13.30; United Evangl. Church, Warren, $13.25; Scar Church, Oak Hill, $13.04; Hope Refd. S. S., Sulphur Springs, $13; Cowan, Edna, $13; God's Revivalist Office, Cincinnati, $13; Gretton, Mr. & Mrs. A. F., $13; Heidelberg Refd. S. S., $13; Refd. Church, No. Hampton, $13; Carson, Geo. E., $12.50; Thru Hullibarger, J. A., $12.50; Reed, Mr. & Mrs. H. E., $12.50; Girard Presby. S. S., $12.45; Kusian, Mrs. A. B., $12.37; St. Jacob S. S., Pataskala, $12.31; Newhouse, Mrs. Geo. & Mrs. F. Hutchinson, $12.25; Church of Christ, Portsmouth, $12.15; Turner, J. C., $12.10; Anson, Mrs. Grace & mother, $12; Arnold, Dwight, $12; Thru Binder, J. K., $12; Cowgill, Emah, $12; Crall, E. & family, $12; Cronise, Mrs. Martha M., $12; Euslin, The Misses C. & L., $12; Emrich, Mr. & Mrs. D. P., $12; Finlay, Dale, $1; Gibbs, Mrs. Hattie, $12,; Goddis, Mary T., $12; Goris, Mrs. C., $12; Harrison, Sallie A., $12; Larkin, Mrs. G. L. & friends, $12; Lutz, S. T., $12; Mast, Frances & C. O., $12; Miller, Mrs. E. & Emma, $12; Moore, Cliffie, $12; Mantz, H. E., $12; No. Dover S. S., Wauseon, $12; Quinn, Leila E., $12; S. S. Morris Chapel, Jackson, $12; Thru Snyder, Josephine, $12; Stibitz, Geo., $12.

Moravian S. S. Dover, $12; Weakley, Margaret, $12; Weaver, Mrs. E. E. & Mary C. Harkins, $12; Y. M. S. S. C. Community Church, Ontario $12; Springer, Delpha, $11.94; Shawver, Willis, $11.75; M. E. S. S., Kyger, $11.65; Hagerty, Carrie E., $11.50; Light Clarice, $11.50; Overmeyer, J. W., $11.55; Thru Cusac, Mrs. A. N., $11.10; Boetcher, Mrs. C., $11; England, Mrs. T. J., $11; Thru Crane, Dr. Mary D., $11; Cristy, W. P. & Madge, $11; Huffman, Mrs. J. E., $11; Hutchinson, E. L., $11; King's Messenger, Warren $11; Neff Mgt. & friends, $11; Menschler, Aug., $11; Phillips, Jos. & D. Grey, $11; Rosewood Ave. Presby. Church, Toledo, O., $11; Shaw, Seth, $11; Smith, Dr. H. E., $11; Terrell, Mrs. F. & friend, $11; Unser, Mr. & Mrs. N., $11; Wheatley, Emma, $11; Presby. S. S., Pataskala, $11; Wilson, Mrs. J. S., $11; W. F. M. S. Crown City, $10.88; Colbreath, Jeannette $10.75; Smith, S. W., $10.75; Reedsburg Luth. Church, $10.64; Presby. Church, Savannah. $10.57; Sixteen Church, Massillon, $10.50; Hunter, Mrs. Dan, $10; Schmidt, M. D., $10.50; Day, E. S. & family, $10.20; Payne Theological Seminary, Wilberforce, $10.20; Anonymous, Berlin Heights, $10; Anonymous, Chester Hill, $10; Anonymous, Findlay, $10; Anonymous, Kinsman, $10; Anonymous Montezuma $10; Anonymous Richwood, $10; Anonymous. Richwood $10; A Friend, Springfield, $10; A Reader, Carrollton, $10; A Reader, Toledo, $10; A Sympathizer, Cleveland, $10; Cash, Cleveland. $10; Cash, Findlay, $10; Friends, Youngstown $10; In His Name, Cleveland, $10; In His Name, Lebanon, $10; Mother & daughter, Dresden, $10.

J. & E. C., Chillicothe. $10; Jacques, Galena, $10; Mrs. E. S. T., Miamiville, $10; Abrahams, Mr. & Mrs. G. W., $10; Adams, Meda B., $10; Adams, Bessie J., $10; Alderfer, Mrs. J. M., $10; Alkire, Mary C., $10; Allen, Arthur B. $10; Allenworth, C. A., $10; Andrew Mrs. M. O. $10; Ankerman, Mrs. Clara, $10; Arnold, Lizzie M., $10; Arnold, C. W., $10; Bachman, Susan B., $10; Baehrens, F. C., $10; Baird, Mr. & Mrs J. F., $10; Baldwin, Mrs Mina, $10; Glenwood M. E. Church, $10; Barnharb, Mr. & Mrs. M. H., $10; Barnharb, Rebecca, $10; Barrett, Mr. & Mrs. A., $10; Barrett, M. B., $10; Barrington, Jos., $10; Butler, Laura & Clara, $10; Banor, Martha, $10; Baumhardt, Mrs. Jos., $10; Beal, S. D., $10; Bean, Riley H., $10; Bear, J. P., $10; Beatty, Walter, $10; Beaver, Mr. & Mrs. L. M., $10; Beekly, Mrs. C. E., $10; Bell, J. M., $10; Benedict, Cora E., $10; Benson, Louisa S., $10; Benton, Alice, $10; Berger, Bertha, $10; Bevans, S., $10; Bevis, Mrs. Anna & Dora E. Willey, $10; Binns, Lacy M., $10; Black, Edith, $10; Blakeslee, Mrs. J. C., $10; Blanchard, Frank, $10; Blosser, J. M., $10; Bockstahler, Mrs. J., $10; Bohney, Emma, $10; Bonham, F. F., $10; Bower, Mrs. C. E., $10; Bowers, Mrs. Jacob, $10; Bower, Eliza J., $10; Bowersock, Mrs. S., $10; Bowman, Mr. & Mrs. G. H., $10; Boxwell, Alix. $10; Boyd, Mrs. J. E., $10; Boyd, Mrs. J. M., $10.

Bover, Ella & Louisa Young, $10; Bradley, Mrs. J. M., $10; Brauning, J. J., $10; Bricker, Weltha, $10; Brown, Edward F., $10; Brown, Harry B., $10; Brown, Mrs. O. F. & Virginia, $10; Buckholdt, W. A., $10; Budd, Frances M., $10; Busler, Lee, $10; Butler, John T., $10; Butler, Nancy L., $10; Butler, T. M., $10; Byall, Mrs. M. J., $10; Cable, Julia L., $10; Campbell, Lucile, $10; Carey, Mrs. E. L., $10; Caines Merle V. B., $10; Carpenter, Chas. G., $10; Carter, Lena M., $10; Chaplin, Lena H. $10; Chase, Mattie, $10; Chew, Mrs. J. P., $10; Christian Church, Smithfield $10; Clark, Bertrand, $10; Clark, Mrs. J. C., $10; Clark, Rosa A., $10; Clippinger, A. R., $10; Cody, Linders. $10; Coe, Orpha, $10; Collins, Augusta M., $10; Congl. Church, Dublin, $10; Confer, Mrs. H., $10; Cook, Mrs. L. W., $10; Cook, Mrs. O. L. D., $10; Cooley, Mrs. Mary L., $10; Cooper, Alice K., $10; Corfman, Jos., $10; Coultrip, Mrs. Chas., $10; Craig, C. H., $10; Creeger, Mrs. Hy., $10; Crickenberger, Mr. & Mrs. S. E., $10; Crouse Chapel [Chillicothe. $10; Crosby, Mr. & Mrs. R. G., $10; Crow, J. A., $10; Cruikshank, J. L., $10; Culver, O. B., $10; Cummingham, Mrs. N. W., $10; Curtiss, Mrs. B. W., $10; Danford, W. F., $10; Daoust, E. C., $10; Doughtry, Imogene, $10; Davidson, Mrs. W. A., $10; Davis, Alva D., $10; Davis, Saml. D., $10; Dawson, Mrs. Harry E., $10; Day, L. E., $10.

DeMott, Mr. & Mrs. J.W., $10; Dille, Mrs. H. M., $10; Donald, Jessie, $10; Donaldson, Mrs. B. B., $10; Dotson, Anna J., $10; Douglas, Mrs. Mary J., $10; Doyle, Mrs. A. J., $10; Drury, Mrs. W. C., $10; S. S. Class, Lowell, $10; Dymond, R. C., $10; Earnshaw, G. G., $10; Eastman, Alda, $10; Elder, Wm. A., $10; Emarine, G. V. & Florence, $10; Emmons, Miss F. M., $10; English, Earl T., $10; Eno, Mr. & Mrs. F. H., $10; Thru En

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Mrs. Bert C., $10; Miller, Rev. D. S., $10; Miller, J. C. & family, $10; Miller, J. H., Drug Co., $10; Miller, M. W., $10; Miller, P., $10; Miller, C. & E. R., $10; Mills Amos, $10; Miner, Mrs. Nellie C., $10; Mohn, Rev. E. T., $10; Monroe, Thalia A., $10; Moore, A. H., $10; Moore, F. R. $10; Moore, Mrs. Geo., $10; Morchart, C. E., $10; Morse, Edna, $10; Thru Morton, Mrs. A. A., $10; Moser, D., $10.

Mothers' Club Wilmington, $10; Mather, Ella J., $10; Mozina, M., $10; Murphy, Miss M. B., $10; Murphy, S. A., $10; Murray, Mrs. Stewart, $10; Neely, Rev. W. C., $10; Nettleton, Grace, $10; Ninion, Mr. & Mrs. F., $10; Ninion, N. F., $10; Ogilbee, Harold D., $10; Ogilbee, L. F., $10; Oliver, Mrs. C., $10; Orebaugh, Mrs. M., $10; Osborn, Mrs. M. I., $10; Oxley, Mrs. Mary S., $10; Palmer, Lydia, $10; Parmenter, Mrs. J. W., $10; Parrott, Margaret, $10; Parsons, H. C. $10; Patterson, Mrs. Maggie $10; Patton, Mrs. A. C., $10; Pease, Mrs. E. W., $10; Penrose, M. R., $10; Perkins, C. D. $10; Pidgeon, Ella F., $10; Pierce, Merlin, $10; Pierman, Martha, $10; Piper, Jacob B., $10; Pleasant Run C. E. Society, Massillon, $10; Pleasant Valley Grange No. 535, Massillon, $10; Presby. S. S., Kilgore, $10; Presby. Church, Middletown, $10; Presby. S. S., Vincent, $10; Proctor, W. F., $10; Pugh, Effie I., $10; Quail, Mrs. Ida, $10; Raffensperger, Mrs. Anna F., $10; Ramisberger, A. E., $10; Raley, Mrs. Blanche, $10; Ramsey Mrs. A. M., $10; Ramsey, Sarah R., $10; Rank, Mr. & Mrs. J. L., $10. Reed, Mrs. H. G., $10; Reed, Mrs. W. H., $10; Rees, Clara B., $10; Reinhart, Mrs., $10; Reitzel, Mr. & Mrs. E. J., $10; Rice, Mr. & Mrs. J. F. $10; Richards, E. T., $10; Robinson, Thos., $10; Roloson, Ella, $10; Ross, Mrs. C. C., $10; Ross, Mr. & Mrs Chas., $10; Rosa J S., $10; Roy, John, $10.

Sanderson, Wm., $10; Schlarb, H. A., $10; Scott, Mildred, $10; Selby, C. W., $10; Shafer, Geo. F., $10; Shaw, Georgia, $10; Shayer, L. H, $10; Shedd, N. A., $10; Shepardson, Otis, $10; Shields, Mrs. Thos. W., $10; Shirer, Mr. & Mrs. H. E., $10; Shriver, Mr. & Mrs. G. F., $10; Shultz, Mr. & Mrs. C. R. & J. B., $10; Sigrist, Mrs. H. G., $10; Smelser, Mrs. F. $10; Slaght Geo. A., $10; Smith, Mrs. C. S., $10; Smith, Mrs. Mary K., $10; Smith, Philip, $10; Smith T. R., $10; Smith, Mr. & Mrs. H. P., $10; Smith, Frank & Anna, $10; Smith, J. M. & M. D., $10; Smith, Nellie M., $10; Snyder, Mrs. M. Louisa, $10; Snyder, Rev. & Mrs. S. N., $10; Somerset Ref. Church, $10; Sowers, Carrie E., $10; Specrs, Clara A., $10; Stanley, The Misses, $10; Starett Mrs. W. P., $10; Stephen, Elizabeth, $10; Stephens, J. V., $10; Stout, Mr. & Mrs. N., $10; Stroble, Mrs. M. L., $10; Strong, J. H., $10, Studer, Mrs. Fred, $10; S. S. Class; Euclid Church, Cleveland, $10; S. S. Class, Huntsville, $10; Sunshine Soc. Presb. Ch., Lima, $10; Swaney, Mr. S. S., $10; Symms Creek Bapt. Ch., Chesapeake, $10; Taber, Mrs. E. A., $10; Taylor, Mr. & Mrs. A. C., $10; Taylor, Ella S., $10; Tennsy, Mrs. M. R., $10; Truesdell, A. J., $10; Tuttley, S. G. & Family $10; United Brethren, Beechwood, $10; United Evang. Ch. Columbus, $10; Upham. E. D., $10; Utopian Grange No. 1978, Delaware, $10; Van Dyke, Mrs. D. H., $10; Valentine, Mrs. D. C., $10; Wagner, Mrs. John, $10; Walter, Mrs. Mina $10.

Thomas, Mrs. O. P., $10; Thompson, Mrs. Eliz. O., $10; Thompson, Mrs Emma, $10; Thompson, Eva N , $10; Tiedtke, H. Printing Co., $10; Tilby Annie E. & Rose E. Akers, $10; Tinney, Grace, $10; Tischendorf, Josephine P. $10; Vail, Vera V, $10; Walker, B. L., $10; Wallace, Mrs. A. G., $10; Walnut Grove Aid Soc., Bellefontaine, $10; Warner, J. H., $10; Warner, Jane L., $10; Watkins, C. H., $10; Watkins, Elizabeth, $10; Watkins, J. H., $10; Watson, Rebecca S., $10; Watts, Mrs. E. B., $10; Way, Susie, $10; Wednesday Sewing Club, New Phila., $10; Weeks, Mrs. James, $10; Welday, Mary, $10; Welker, Mr. & Mrs. E. A., $10; Werner, C. A., $10; Weston, Mrs. A. E., $10; Whisler, Samuel, $10; White, A. R. & M. E., $10; White, C. E., $10; Whitney, Mary P., $10; Wideman, Mrs. W., $10; Williams, Mr. & Mrs. T. E., $10; Wilson, Florence, $10; Wilt, Mrs. Mary A., $10; Winner, Mr. & Mrs. I. K., $10; Winters, E. H., $10; Wise, B. E., $10; Wolfe, C. M., $10; Woman's Club, Middleton, $10; W. C. T. U., Lebanon, $10; W. C. T. U., Matamoras, $10; Wortley, Mrs. Wm., $10; Wright, Ida J., $10; Yeagley, Mrs. May, $10; Yoder, Alice L., $10; Yoder, Rebecca H., $10; Yout, Mrs. L. H. & Daughter, $10; Zellers, Rose, $10; Zimmerlin, Minna, $10; Zollinger, Mary, $10; Zumbro, Eva B., $10; Sugar Creek Bapt. Church, Washington C. H., $9.75; Community of Caledonia, $9.05; Wood, Miss L. C., $9; Bloomfield, A. R. $9; Thru Pinner, Mrs. F., $9.

Wells, Mrs. M. G., $9; White, Mrs. J. A. $9; Winn, Mrs. E. M., $9; Zellers, D., $9; Hartong, S. & Friend, $8.77; M. E. S. S., Franklin Sq., $8.60; Jackson School Hamilton $8.58; Boad, Charlotta, $8.50; Fox, Mrs. E. L., $8.50; Italian Presb. Miss., Cleveland, $8.45; Boyd, Catherine A., $8.20; Kentry, Mrs. F. H., $8.10; A Friend, Felicity, $8; Friends, Bowling Green, $8; Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, $8; Bascom, Carrie, $8; Burckholter, Mrs. Carrie, $8; Carpenter, Irene, $8; Carpenter W. & Mrs. P. C., Schrene, $8; Clay Chapel S. S., Gallipolis, $8; Friends Church, Wilmington $8; Garrett, Mrs. Wm., $8; Handwork Helpers, Columbus, $8; Hutchins, Mrs. W. S., $8; Low, Mrs. Elis., $8; McCoy, Mrs. T. C., $8; Memorial Ref. Ch., Dayton, $8; M. E. S. S. Linworth, $8; M. E. S. S., Cincinnati, $8; Millysack, Samuel, $8; Mitchell, Myrtle, $8; Mulder, T. & S. Tabor, $8; Pachs, Rose & Cornelia, $8; Rischpater, A. C., $8; Robe, M. E. & J. A $8; Schmidt, H , $8; Settle, Mrs. R. $8; Sixth Grade, Jackson School, Hamilton, $8; Teeters, Deborah V. & M. Hartley, $8; Veeder, Mrs. F. S. $8; Wakely Margaret, $8; Wright, M. D , $8; Young Men's S. S. Class, Cincinnati, $8; Collingwood M. E. S. S., $7.65; Magill, Esther $7.25; Glenwood, S. S. & S. S. Pike $7.20; M. E. S. S., Grelton, $7.20; Holway, Mrs. A. B., $7.06; Two Friends, Massillon, $7; Bapt. Church, New London, $7; Bellevue Union S. S., Adena, $7.50; Big Spring M. P. S. S., $7; Carson, Mr. & Mrs. J. E., $7; Cascheir, Lydia A., $7; Collier, Mrs. S. C., $7; Corfmar, Mrs. Viola, $7.

Dennis, Mrs. Fred, $7; First Cong. Ch., Ashland, $7; Fox, Mrs. Wm., $7; Freeman, H. M. E., $7; Garber, A. L. & L. & R. Burns, $7; Hall, B. C., $7; Hanlin, Mrs. Mary, $7; Heller, Hazel, $7; Johnson, Mrs. W. A. & Sue, $7; Keister, James, $7; Kemler, Mrs. John, $7; Kumler, F. W., H. L. & M., $7; Ladies' Aid Soc., Lorain, $7; McCausland, John, $7; Mackay, Rev. W M., Presb. Ch., $7; Manson, Sadie $7; Monroe Center S. S., Conneaut, $7; Nixon, Mrs. A. H., $7; Noble, Mrs. & Daughter, $7; Norton, P. E., $7; Patch, R. L. & Family, $7; Parnell, Mrs. Mary J., $7; Reitz, Emma D., $7; Scott, Ella, $7; Sexaner, Floy & Mildred, $7; Siebern, Mrs. C. E., $7; Steer, Emma, $7; Stewart, Findlay, $7; M. E. S. S., Brookville, $7; Tibbe, Emma, $7; Diamond S. S., Middlepool, $6.94; Mission S. S., Findlay, $7.64; Ogden, Mrs. L. W $6.69; Hall, Bernice, $6.63; Ashley, Eleanor C., $6.50; Earhup S. F., $6.35; Moravian S. S., Gradenhutten, $6.25; Allen, Mrs. B. F., $6; Asmus, Mrs. A., $6; Bartholomew, Grace & Cora, $6; Bartholomew, W. W. & J. W. Fox, $6; Beaumont Hy, $6; Beers, Mrs. E. P., $6; Bickle, Ida P., $6; Brooks, E. H., $6; Brothers, Anna, $6; Brown, Mrs. F. N., $6; Buck, Mr. & Mrs. C. H , $6; Bundy, D. M. & Daughter, $6; Burbank M. E. S. S., $6; Burbridge, Jessie. $6; Cochran, Eliz., $6; Cotton, Mrs. N., $6; Craig, Mr. & Mrs. R. S. & Daughter $6; Cross, A. B. & Family & Mrs. H. Crosby, $6; Davis, Mrs. L. A., $6.

Davis, Mary E., $6; Davis, Mrs. R. B., $6; DeVare, Mrs. R. A., $6; Eimel, Thos. H., $6; Elkington, Jennie E., $6; Ellis, W. O. C., $6; Ely, Georgiana, $6; Evans, Ellen, $6; Fifth Grade Public School, Perryville, $6; First Church of Christ, Findlay, $6; Fleck, Alta, $6; Fowler, Mr. & Mrs. E. A. $6; Freshly, Clara, $6; Garnett, Sadie B., $6; Gerwin, Lily, $6; Glenn, Mrs. S. N., $6; Grace Rfd. S. S., Tiffin, $6; Guinther, Mrs. J. C., $6; Hagerty, Mrs. J. T., $6; Hall, Mrs. E. E., $6; Homer, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $6; Helman, Mrs. L., $6; Henderson, Roy, $6; Hughes, Mrs. J. D., $6; Ingerson, Mr. & Mrs. A., $6; Johnston, Robt., $6; Kelly, Mrs. Lola, $6; Kemp, Mary E., $6; Klemhen, Mr. & Mrs. O. K., $6; Kopp Mr. & Mrs. Sam'l , $6; Mans, Rev. & Mrs. G. L., $6; M. E. S. S., Clayton, $6; Mears, Fremont, $6; Moore, Mrs. E. C., $6; Moul, Mrs. Eva $6; Neighborhood Mission, Middletown, $6; Patterson, Mrs. Ella, $6; Pitts, O. T., $6; Price, Ada, $6; Nankin School, $6; Raiser, J. E., $6; Rasmussen, M. & K., $6; Robeson, Mrs. H. W., $6; Roscoe, Mr. & Mrs. F. B., $6; Russell, Eva, L., $6; Saxby, Mrs. Ida, $6; Shaw, Mrs. A. R., $6; Short, Dr. & Mrs. J., $6; Stonemets, Emma $6; Srock, M. A., $6; St. John's Rfd. S. S., Archbold $6; Tucker, D. A., $6; Two Sisters, Groveport, $6; Ward, S. C., $6; Wilson, Mrs. G. W., $6; Wingard, W. M. & Mrs. J. Sieger, $6; Willettson, Mrs. E., $6.

Hunts Corners S. S., $5.88; Thru Ferris. Mrs. S. W., $5.50; N. B. S. S., Oregonia, $5.50; Ontario Community Church, $5.50; Strantman, Alma & friends, $5.40; Bortz, F. H., $5.30; Myers, J. C., $5.15; Dugan, R. C., $5.10; ——Cincinnati, $5; — Lexington, $5; A Friend, Brimfield, $5; A Friend, Frederickstown, $5; A Friend, Hiram, $5; A Friend, Lancaster, $5; A Friend, McComb, $5; A Friend, Mills, $5; A Friend, Mt. Healthy, $5; A Friend, Steubenville, $5; A Friend, Warren, $5; A Reader, Carrollton, $5; A Subscriber, Salem, $5; A Subscriber, Salem, $5; A Mother, Westerville, $5; Check, Logan, $5; Cash, Leeds Mills, $5; Cash, Lewisburg, $5; Cash, Mansfield, $5; Henry, Mrs. J., $5; Mrs B. Medina, $5; Mrs. A. B. Tiffin, $5; D. J. B. Peebles, $5; Lebaum, Wm. R., $5; Mansfield Bertha S., $5; In His Name, Sunbury, $5; 2 Friends, Dalton, $5; Abbott, Mrs. L. F., $5; Adamson, A. J., $5; Agner, Mrs. U. Q., $5; Albers, Eliz., $5; Albray, Sara A., $5; Albright, Sadie E , $5; Alden, Mrs. E. H. $5; Aldridge, Mr. & Mrs. G. A., $5; Allen, Carrie R., $5; Allen E. R., $5; Allen, W. L., $5; Allen, Mrs. Marshall, $5; Thru Allison, Thos., $5; Alter, Mrs. Mary M., $5; Ames, Mrs. Mary A. $5; Anderson Lena W., $5; Andrews, Mrs. T. M. Armstrong, J., $5; Armstrong, Mrs. P. G., $5; Atcheson, Mr. & Mrs. W. P. $5; Auger, Mrs. Jos., $5; Aufdesher, Mrs. Minnie, $5; Aylord, Lina, $5; Bagott, Alice, $5; Bain, Chas. E., $5; Baird, Mary E., $5; Baldwin, Mrs. J. O., $5; Banks, Mrs. Flora, $5; Bare, Mary L., $5; Barnard, Mr. & Mrs. J. E., $5; Barnes, Anna L., $5; Barnett, Mr. & Mrs. A., $5; Barnhart, Mrs. F. W., $5; Bascom, Edna, $5; Bauer, T. H., $5; Baumgardner, Ella, $5; Baumgardner, G. W., $5; Bayla, J. L., $5; Baysore, Mrs. Margaret, $5; Beach, Mrs. C. W., Beardsley, Mr. & Mrs. J. M., $5; Bell, Mrs. Marion A., $5; Bene, C. J. F., $5; Bender, Ida, $5; Berger, S., $5; Berkey, Mrs. C., $5; Berkey, Clara O., $5; Bethel, Mrs. Catherine, $5; Beulah M. E. S. S., Bangs, $5; Bishop, Clark P., $5; Bisgantz, Mrs. P., $5; Bittner, Sadie, $5; Blackford, Mary J., $5; Blackwell, Mrs. C., $5; Blair, Maggie, $5; Blankenmeyer, Miss M., $5; Blayney, Mrs. Clem, $5; Bobilya, Mrs. G. L., $5; Booth, C. H., $5; Bossert, Fred., $5; Bowers, Mr. & Mrs. C. H., $5; Bowersock M. & S., $5; Bowman, Mrs. J. A., $5; Bradley, Carrie E., $5; Bradley, Mrs. Eliz., $5; Bradshaw, Ruth E., $5; Brenneman, Mrs. H., $5; Brauer, Otto R., $5; Breisch, W., $5; Bressler, Z. G., $5; Brislat Presby. S. S., $5; Brock, Ola, $5; Brooks, Jane, $5; Bronkar, Mrs. J. M., $5; Brown, Euphemia, $5; Brown, A. E., $5; Brown, M. M., $5; Brown, W. E., $5; Brown, W. M. Nova, $5; Brown, W. M., Matamoras, $5; Buck, Emma & Mrs. L. E. Jones, $5; Bulger, W. O., $5; Burgess, Nathan & Libbie, $5; Burlington M. E. Church, $5; Burner, G. W., M.D. $5; Busy Woman Bible Class, Presby. Church, Pataskalo, $5; Butters, Mrs. Ella, $5; Byers, Laura E., $5; Calhoun, Mrs. T. J., $5; Calvert, P., $5; Campbell, Mr. & Mrs. G. O., $5; Campbell, Martha, $5; Candy, Mrs. R., $5; Cantine, M. S., $5; Cappell, Mrs. C., $5; Carman, Jos. & Irene, $5; Carson, Mrs. L. A., $5; Carter, A. G., $5; Cessua, Mrs. J. D., $5; Chamberlain, Mary G., $5; Chapin, Jean T., $5; Chapman, J. D., $5; Chilcote, Lucy M., $5; Childs, Katherine, $5; Chresman, Mrs Mary L., $5; Chapel S. S., Gallipotis $5; Claypool, Mrs. M. G., $5; Clement Mrs. A. J., $5; Clemson, B. F., $5; Cobb, E. H., $5; Cole, H. & S., $5; Coleman, E. W., $5; Colson, Mrs. Lydia, $5; Collinwood High School, $5; Corrall, Mrs. C. E., $5; Colton, Geo., $5; Crowell, Mrs. R. F., $5; Cowles, Mrs. Emily B., $5; Cox, Roy, $5; Cribbs, Mrs. M. G., $5; Crooks, F. M., Cross, Rev. R. T., $5; Crowley, Mrs. Hattie M., $5; Culberson, J. J., $5; Cummings, Emma, $5; Cunningham, Alice, $5; Cunningham, Lida, $5; Cunningham Roy, $5; Curl, Lewis H., $5; Dabritz, Rev. L. O., $5; Daily, Mrs. John, $5; Dangler, Mrs. G. M., $5; Daringer, Beulah, $5; Darling, Mrs. C. E., $5; Davis, Mrs. A. B., $5.

Davis, Blanche H., $5; Davis. D. J., $5; Davis D. W. $5; Davis, S. R., $5; Davis, J. F., $5; Dawson, Mr. & Mrs. Thos., $5; Day, Mr. & Mrs. L. W., $5; Day, W. L., $5; Close, Clara N., $5; Decker, Hallie, $5; Dean, Mrs. Mary G., $5; Deems, Mr. & Mrs. W. H., $5; Deming, Miss S. O., $5; Dennan, Mary, $5; Dennis, Mrs. Anna J., $5; Dick. R. M. & E., $5; Dickson. Alice M. $5; Dix, Mrs. P. E., $5; Thru Donahue, Mrs. J. F., $5; Dorcas Circle S. S., Fremont, $5; Doxall, Sarah, $5; Drain, Thos., $5; Dreibelis, H. H. $5; Thru Dryfuse, Eliz. $5; Dudgein, J. C., $5; Duer, John, $5; Dunham, Mrs. S. S., $5; Dunn, Mrs. Clara, $5; Easler, F. W., $5; Eckert, F. F., $5; Edgar. Emma. $5; 8th Ave. United Evangel. Church, Columbus, $5; Elliott. Homer E., $5; Elliott H. M., $5; Elliott, O. E., $5; Emery, Byrtha. $5; Enterprise Chapter, Syracuse, $5; Esely, Mrs. S. H., $5; Espach, A., $5; Espach, Theresa, $5; Espach, R., $5; Evans, Mrs., $5; Evans, Mrs. E. F., $5; Eyer, Mrs. Eliz., $5; Fehr, Chas. A., $5; Feth, Edward, $5; Faisley, Fred., $5; Fensternach, Mr. & Mrs. B. J., $5; Finch, Lizzie, $5; Finley, Jennie G., $5; First M. E. Church, Girard, $5; First, Presby. Church, Crestline, $5; Fisher R. B., $5; Flohr, Madison. $5; Flood, Ella, $5; Flory, May, $5; Foan, Lewis, $5; Folk, John L., $5; Foulk Mary M., $5; Fountain, Mrs. Mary A., $5.

Fox, Mrs. O. D., $5; Frank, C. L., $5; Thru French Mrs. F. W., $5; Clausing, Mrs. Johanna, $5; French G. R., $5; Freshley, W. F. $5; Frey, Bina, $5; Friends' Church, Wilmington, $5; Funk, C. P., $5; Funk, John, $5; Gale, Mrs. Helen, $5; Gallie, Samuel, $5; Gault, T. F., $5; George, J. W., $5; Gerher, Mr. & Mrs. D. H., $5; Gerhardt. W. F., $5; Gerod, Ida & Tina, $5; Gleason, Mrs. Emma, $5; Gledhill, Rev. Jos., $5; Gliason Mrs. E. W., $5; Golden Rule Class M. E. Church, Marietta, $5; Goldsmith, A. W., $5; Gorsuch, W. L., $5; Gregory, Mr. & Mrs. S., $5; Green, Mrs. P. B., $5; Greenlees, Martha B., $5; Greenwood, E. B., $5; Gribben, Robt., $5; Gries Mrs. K. $5; Griffiths, Mrs. Mary $5; Grim, Lucinda $5; Grimes & family, $5; Guthrie, J. A. & wife, $5; Haefele, Rev. F. M., $5; Hagerty, W. J., $5; Haight, Marion E., $5; Hales, Mabel, $5; Hall, A., $5; Hamer, W. E., $5; Haney, Jacob, $5; Harrison Natl. Bank, $5; Hart, Mrs. Alphonso, $5; Hartman, H. A., $5; Haves, Mrs. J. M., $5; Hawes, Minerva J., $5; Hawkins, Lydia E., $5; Heacock, Wm., $5; Heaton, Carrie A., $5; Heming, Mrs. Geo. W., $5; Henry, Mrs John, $5; Henry, Mrs. E. J., $5; Herr, Albertine, $5; Hesselbart, L. M. $5; Hewlow Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $5; Hile Mrs. R. B. $5; Hill, Rev. & Mrs. R. J., $5.

Hinkle, Rev. Geo. W., $5; Hisky, Mr. & Mrs. L. G , $5; Hittle, Mrs. John. $5; Hixson, W. L., $5; Hoff, Olive B., $5; Hogle, Hattie, $5; Holden. Mrs. R. S., $5; Holmes, Mrs. F. P. & Mrs. C. A. Harriman. $5; Holtz. Miss E & Mrs. W. H Sayle. $5; Hoover, Kittie. $5; Horn, Dorothy, $5; Horsley, T. Lizzie $5; Hostetter Amelia. $5; Houghton, Doretta, $5; House, Mrs. O. H., $5; House, Rosalia J., $5; Housekeeper, G. C., $5; Howard Dora. $5; Huggins, Zowia. $5; Hughes, Carrie. $5; Hughes Mrs. H. H., $5; Hughes, J. R., $5; Hunt S. D., $5; Huston, Mr. & Mrs. B., $5; Innis, Mrs. Ursula, $5; Irwin, Chas. L., $5; Jacks, A. G., $5; Jackson Mrs. L. B. $5; Jelliff, Margaret, $5; Jenkins, Mrs. A. H. $5; Jerome Jessie $5; Jester, Mrs. Anna F., $5; Jeweth Helen, $5; Johnson, A. B., $5; Johnson, Mrs. Byron. $5; Johnson, Mrs. C. P., $5; Johnston, Mrs. Lavinia $5; Johnson, Mrs. S. M., $5; Jones, Mrs. E. R., $5; Jones, Mrs. J. C., $5; Jones, Mgt. H. & S. S. Class, $5; Jopp, Orson, $5; Jordan, Emma K., $5; Jordan. Fays. $5; Jordan, Mary, $5; Jordan, Matilda, $5; Judkins. Mrs M. A., $5; Jurkat, F. A., $5; Kastrup, L. W., $5; Keller, Mr. & Mrs. C. M., $5; Kelley E. S., $5; Kennedy, Anna L., $5; Kennedy, Mrs. J. W., $5; Kennedy, Mrs. Phil., $5; Kerr, Mrs. S. $5; Kester. Mary, $5; Kibby, Mrs. H. C. $5; Kieser, Mrs. W. F., $5.

Kinney, Mrs. Jas. D., $5; Kinney, Laura, $5; Kintner, Mrs. I. N., $5; Kip: linger, Mr. & Mrs. C. C., $5; Kirkham, Althea V., $5; Kislig, Mr. & Mrs. $5; Knierim, Mrs. John ,$5; Kobelt, C. A., $5; Kohl, Miss M. E., $5; Kolbe, Julia C., $5; Krieder, Mrs. J. M., $5; Krefes, Wm., $5; Kuhn, H. J., $5; Kyle, Chas. G., $5; Ladies' Aid Socy., Brook Park, $5; La Du, Mrs. C. N., $5; Lake, Agnes, $5; Lake, D. $5; Lamp, Emma S. $5; Larkin, Mr. & Mrs. G. B., $5; Lassick, Mrs. N. R., $5; Lantzenhiser, B. F., $5; Le Galley, Mabel A., $5; Lenthold, John, $5; Lesher. W. F., $5; Liddle, Luella $5; Liechty. Mr. & Mrs. D. W., $5; Liggett, Jos. S., $5; Light, S. R., $5; Lobdell, Mrs. W. L., $5; Lininger, M. C., $5; Logsdon, Mrs. H. C., $5; Loomis, Mrs. C. S., son & daughter, $5; Long, C. G., $5; Long Beach Bapt. Church. Sistersville, $5; Lowery. Geo. B., $5; Loyal Daughters Presby. S. S., Huntsville, $5; Lozenby, Mrs. H., $5; Luden, Wm., $5; Luse, Elliott, $5; Lutz, Mr. & Mrs. Wm., $5; Lynham, Mrs. Chas., $5; Lyon, Janet, $5; McBride. M. E., $5; McCarron, O. W , $5; McCausland, Sarah M., $5; McColley, Mrs. C. W., $5; McCoun, Mary E., $5· McCrory, Mrs. C. E. & friends, $5; McDonald, D. M., $5; McDougall, Jennie $5; McFadden, Miss M., $5; McFarland, Mrs. Ida E., McGlenn Mr. & Mrs. A. H., $5; McIntire, Mrs. H. T., $5; McIntire Mrs. H. J., $5; McIntosh, D. M., $5; McLardie, Mrs. J. B., $5.

McLcay, C. G., $5; McLees, Mrs. M. J., $5; McMillan, Emily, $5; McNamara, Mrs. H. A., $5; McMaster, E. & L., $5; MacElree, Mary E., $5; Manchester, C. E., $5; Manton, Rev. & Mrs. F., $5; Marral, Mr. M. J., $5; Martin, Chas. E., $5; Masorr, Mrs. Rebecca G., $5; Mather, Mrs. M. A., $5; Mather, Mrs. W. A., $5; Matthews, Ezra, $5; Mathews, J. S., $5; Mayer, Mrs. J. T., $5; Mayforth, Maude, $5; Medved, Geo., $5; M. E. S. S., Berea, $5; Messenger, E., $5; M. P. Church, Port Williams, $5; M. E. S. S., Westwood. $5; M. E. S. S., Alfred, $5; Metcalf, Mrs. Abbie, $5; Metzger, Claire, $5; Meyers, Emma G., $5; Meyers, W. A., $5; Miller, Anna R., $5; Moats, Mrs. Jane, $5; Mooney, Lillie, $5; Moore, Amanda, $5; Moore, Mrs. M. J., $5; Morgan, Mary E., $5; Morgan, Miss, $5; Morris, Annie, $5; Morrow, Mrs. Cora, $5; Morrow, Mrs. Eliza, $5; Moysey, Glenn G., $5; Mozena, Mrs. Belle, $5; Murphy, Mary E., $5; Murray, Mrs. F., $5; Myers, Mrs. John, $5; Nash, Nora A., $5; Naysmith, David, $5; Nat. Fraternal Soc., Xenia, $5; Neighborhood Club, Melbourne, $5; Neumeyer, Mrs. Wm., $5; Nippert, Hy., $5; Nolan, Mrs. G., $5; Noll, C. W., $5; Nyswander, W. L., $5; Odenkirk, Mr. & Mrs. I. G., $5; Owen, Mrs. H. Jones, $5; Patterson, Mrs. L. S., $5; Paul, Geo., $5; Peoples, Mrs. W. J., $5; Perry, Mr. & Mrs. Frank, $5; Pettit, J. E., $5.

Pierce, Mr. & Mrs. S. C., $5; Pine, Mrs. A., $5; Pipher, Jos. & Wife, $5; Piper, Reah, $5; Piper, Mrs. R. W., $5; Place, Jos. H., $5; Plumer, Frances, $5; Point, Mrs. Lizzie, $5; Pollock, W. H. $5; Porter, Jas., $5; Porter, Mrs. M. L., $5; Potter, Miriam, $5; Powell, Lulu K., $5; Pratt, May, $5; Presb. Church, Toledo, $5; Price, C. D., $5; Prowpis. D., $5; Pugh, A. M., $5; Radcliffe, Lettie, $5; Rohrer. W. W., $5; Ralston, Chester F., $5; Ramsen, Eva M., $5; Randall, L. J., $5; Randolph, Clara, $5; Raney, W. A., $5; Rannells, J. L., $5; Rector, Mrs. C. W., $5; Redfield, Mrs. Harriet, $5; Reed, Mrs. Etta J., $5; Reed, Mrs. John, $5; Reefy, Mrs. Eva L., $5; Ref. S. S., Farmersville, $5; Reinhardt, J. F., $5; Reinhardt, J. T., $5; Reinhardt. Wm. M., $5; Richards. Mrs. H. M., $5; Richards, Mr. & Mrs. Hy., $5; Richards, Mrs. J. D., $5; Richards, V. E., $5; Richardson, Mr. & Mrs. F., $5; Rife, Mr. & Mrs. L. W., $5; Ritter, Mrs. Ellen, $5; Rogers, Maud, $5; Roth, Ida, $5; Rupel, Mrs. H. C., $5; Russell, Mrs. Lillian D., $5; Rutledge, Mrs. R. S., $5; Rutter. Margaret, $5; St. John, P. E., $5; Sabin, Mrs. G. E., $5; Saum, Mrs. John, $5; Saybolt, Lucy, $5; Schamvecter, Olga & Mildred, $5; Schindler. Rice, $5; Schlarb, Carolyn M., $5; Schleifer. Mrs. L. Z., $5; Schmidt, Carrie, $5; Schnesberger, Mrs. H., $5.

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Noble, Mr. Em & Hattie, $350; Ross, Mrs. E. Z. $250; Driftwood Community Thru Mrs. John Morgan, $206.90; Littlepage, Mrs. L. E., $175; Bailey, R. S., $100; Bushman, Dora, $100; Hoover, H. H., $100; Howell, H. H., $100; Palmer, W. F., $100; Univ. of Okla., Y. M. C. A., $100; Osborn, Mrs. E. C., $95.93; Wolcott, Anna K., $90; First Presb. Ch. of Ardmore, $75; First Presb. Ch. of Norman, $64.40; Brian, Elizabeth & Jennie Rodes, $60; Presb. S. S. of Ringwood, $60; Key, O. B., $55; M. E. Ch. Soc. Dorcas Class of Okmulgee, $50.50; Hanschildt, Geo. C., $50; Pocasset Willing Workers, $50; Stella S. S. of Ingersoll, $50; Sawyer, W. C., $50; Ross, Miss Eliza, $44.20; Pleasant Ridge S. S. of Tegarden, $37.85; Pope, Ella, $35; Williams, Gertrude, $35; Guy, Wm. M., $31; Marshall, R. S., $30; Northup, Don A., $30; Roberts, G. A., $30; Sawyer, G. W., $30; Sewell, Mrs. Laura, $30; Woods, Sue, $30; Business Men's Class of First Meth. Ch. of Tulsa, $28.75; Cox, Mr. & Mrs. Harry, $28; Hollister Community Thru Joseph Nill, $26.75; Carter, Sarah S., $25; Columbian Memorial S. S. of Colony, $25; Cromer, Roy & Family, $25; Eyster, J. R., $25; Laws, Mrs. S. M., $25; McGill, Mrs. H. W., $25; Marshall, R., $25; M. E. Church of Aline, $25; Morrow, Mrs. S. R., $25; Mueller, Bertha, $25; Statts, Mrs. S. B., $25; Yale High School & Primary Dept., Yale, Okla., $25; Dorcas Class Meth. Ch., South of Okmulgee, $24.50; Tecumseh College Church, $24.20; Thru Rev. A. J. French, $24.15; Spencer, Mr. & Mrs. L. G., $24; L. E. O. Class of Eureka S. S., Tyrone, $23.50; Scheer, Rev. J. F., $22.33; Straehley, Mrs. A. C., S. S. Class, $21.

Alexander, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $20; Franklin, Marion W., $20; Frick, F. S., $20; Hall, Mrs. Hannah, $20; Hensinger, Mr. & Mrs. T. T., $20; McHarg, S. M., $20; Moore, Ruth, $20; Smith, W. H., $20; Tarr, Geo. B. Lumber Co., $20; Trefren, Doris, $20; Wysong, Mrs. C. E. & Pupils, $19.70; Zion S. S. of Omega, $18.10; Tudor, Mrs. Emma, $18; Bell, E. W., $17.50; Grandview S. S. of Binger, $17; Hough, Mr. & Mrs. L. D., $17; Lucas, Mr. & Mrs. E. M., $17; Red Star S. S. of Leedey, $16.75; Young Mens' Class of First Meth. Ch., Tulsa, $16.50; Fairview S. S. of Watosa, $15.50; Butler, Ray F., $15; Cole, A. E., $15; Community Club of Arapaho, $15; Conrad, J. C., $15; Hollingsworth, Mr. & Mrs. E. T. J., $15; Kirkpatrick, Mrs. H. H., $15; Manock, Wm., $15; M. E. Church of Watts, $15; Moon, Don, $15; Nazarcen Church of Speermore, $15; O'Toole, Cleo, $15; Crain, Mrs. A. R., $14; Hughes, J. R., $14; Lost Creek U. B. Church Miss. Soc., $13.23; Noble Public School Children, $13; Williams, Isaac, $13; Zinn, Mrs. H. A. & Others, $12.30; Addington Bapt. S. S., $12; Bridge, Mrs. J. P., $12; Lowers, Mr. & Mrs. Geo., $12; Sisemore, Mrs. Leona, $12; Liberty Consolidated S. S. of Boynton, $11; Abbott, R., $10; Allen, Lewis J., $10; Allers, T. A., $10; Barney, W. S., $10; Byrns, R. A., $10; Buttram, R. O., $10; Butcher, Mrs. John T., $10; Buckingham, H., $10; Broken Bow Presb. Aux., $10; Bucker, Walter E., $10; Braly, Mr. & Mrs. S. K., $10; Bradford, H., $10; Bornschlegel, Geo., $10; Booker, Laurel, $10; Bickham, Mrs. F. C., $10; Becker, Mrs. H K., $10; Bates, Geo. W., $10.

Cromwell, Mrs. Mary, $10; Cozart, Mrs. H. H., $10; Clark, Mr. & Mrs. C. A., $10; Carr, F. C., $10; Cable, Mrs. R. E., $10; Dunkelberg, W. R., $10; Deshozo, Mrs. N. A., $10; Doan, A. Merle, $10; Dennis, Charles A., $10; Efary, C. C., $10; Friends Bible Class of Gate, $10; Flick, W., $10; Gilbert, Mrs. Hattie & Others, $10; Mrs. Hollem, Mrs. $10; Hurd, Mrs. Anna, $10; Jones, W. D., & Mrs. E. R. Rising, $10; Jelden, Mrs. Margaret, $10; Kistler, Mrs. Ruby L., $10; Kratka, Mrs. Emma, $10; Kraft, Louis, $10; Lobaugh, Frank W., $10; McCoy, R. B., $10; McKeeman, M. E., $10; M. E. S. S., Banner Class, of Gate, $10; Money, Mrs. Fred, $10; Presb. S. S. of Adair, $10; Prather, C. J., $10; Pounder, J. J., $10; Pickard, Miss E., $10; Pruit, Lenna J., $10; Roberts, Isom, $10; Sims, J. H., $10; Stevens, Clara, $10; Stewart, Clyde, $10; Upham, L. B., $10; Walker, A. J., $10; Wallace, G. W., $10; Waltman, E. E., $10; White, Kulia E., $10; Wilson, Mrs. E. R., $10; Wolf, C. P., $10; Wood, Mrs. M. E., $10; Elk Creek Bapt. Ch., $9.34; Craig, Mrs. Linda & Friends, $9.15; Cash, $8.46; East Bend School Dist., $8.30; Ellis, Mrs. E. A. & Mrs. L. K. Whitaker, $8; Midway Miss. Soc. of Altus, $8; Presb. Ch. S. S. Beginners Class, Alva, $8; Wheeler, Homer, $8; Colville, Mrs. M. H., $7.70; Bridgewater, R. T., $7.35; McHarg, S. M., $7; Royal Union S. S. of Henryetta, $6.50; Sinclair Miss

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Estelle, $6.50; Bahr, A. H., $6; Chody, J. J., $6; Cloyd, W. H., $6; Grassham, Mrs. R. H., $6.

Hite, Mrs. Henry B., $6; Liberty S. S. of Pauls Valley, $6; McGeehee, W. G. & Annie, $6; Moore, Wm. M., $6; Sherrill, Mrs. Louisa P. & Friends, $6; Surleck, Mrs. H. W., $6; Swan, Mrs. Chas., $6; Veale, Mr. & Mrs. W. R., $6; Dickson, Mrs. T. A. & Others, $5.50; A Friend, Oslagah $5; Anonymous, Enid, $5; K. B. Bussie, Okla., $5; Allen, C. A., $5; Ashbaugh, S. G., $5; Atwell, Mrs. E., $5; Bassel, Miss S. E., $5; Benedick, G. F., $5; Berean, S.S. Class, M. E. Church, So. of Poteau, $5; Blandford, Mrs. H. M., $5; Brown, Mrs. A. P., $5; Burton, Melissa, $5; Campbell, Mrs. W. E., $5; Carlile, Isaac, $5, Chesire, Alice L., $5; Circle, Mrs. Everett, $5; Coffman, Ida E., $5; Comer, J. E., $5; Cotebah, J. G., $5; Cowan, Mrs. Wiley, $5; Cross, Mrs. J. T., $5; Dixie, S. S. of Cleveland, $5; Darrah, Sam. L. & Others, $5; Darat, Mrs. Frank, $5; Denend, Mrs. A. C., $5; Dicks, Alice J., $5; Diggs, Mr. M., $5; Dunn, Mrs. E. S., $5; Easton, Miss Celesta, $5; Edmston, Irene & Sallie James, $5; Ehret, Stella E., $5; Elliott, Mrs. L. A., $5; Ewing, Mrs. John H., $5; Field, Mrs. A. W., $5; Gorman, Cora E., $5; Griffith, Dr. & Mrs. A., $5; Hamilton, Mrs. W. M., $5; Huckins, Mrs. James, $5; Hatfield, Mrs. Ella, $5; Hedges, Mrs. L., $5; Hervey, Mary J., $5; Hinde, Mrs. H. K., $5; Holmes, Mrs. C. A., $5; Hooper, Mary E., $5, Hoover, Mrs. S. B., $5; Huffman, Mrs. A., $5; Hughes, Mrs. Olin G., $5; Kehn, H. A., $5; Kephart, J. E. T., $5; Ketteman, D., $5; Livermore, Mrs. C. J., $5; Longacre, W. T., $5; Lows, Mrs. S. M., $5; McCray, J. W., $5.

McCumber, Mrs. Minnie, $5; McElrath, Susie, D., $5; McIntire, Hettie H., $5; Martin, Mrs. W. H. $5; Mason, Mrs. M. J., $5; M. E. S. S. "Hustlers" Class of Tonkawa, $5; M. E. S. S. "Philathea Class" of Tonkawa, $5; Middlecoupe, Mrs. N., $5; Oliver, M. L., $5, Phippen, F. J., $5; Pickford, Miss E., $5, Price, Mrs. Ada, $5; Proffitt, C. E., $5; Raynsford, Mrs. S. B., $5; Randall, Mrs. C. H., $5; Regan, Mrs. Cleveland, $5; Rice, Mrs. F. H. & Miss Flossie, $5; Rinkel, J. M., $5; Ross Mrs. L. M., $5, S. S. Union of Lawton, $5; Senor, W. H., $5; Sheppard, Mrs Mary, $5; Simmons, J. W., $5, Skinner Mrs. E. B., Jr., $5; Snyder, Miss Tillie A., $5; Spurlock, Mr & Mrs. W. D., $5; Swaggert, Mrs. Annie B., $5; Taber, J. C. & R. R., $5; Redrick, Eliza, $5; Thompson, F. A., $5; Van Dyke, Marguerite (Thru), $5; Walker, Mrs. B. J., $5; Walter, Mrs. M. $5; Welker, Rev. & Mrs. Geo. J., $5; Whitaker, Mrs. E. P., $5; Wilson, F. S., $5; Wolf, D. N., $5, Wynns, M. A., $5; Anonymous, Enid, $4, Bristow, Mrs. C., $4; Carver, Mrs. E. S., $4; Daird, Alice M. & V. Gray, $4; Ford, J. A. & Daughter, $4; Freeburg, C. B., $4; Gheen, P. J., $4; Miller, Harry W., $4; Ommen, Mr. & Mrs. Henry, $4; Schoggen, Mrs. Walter, $4, Stipp, Mrs. M. A., $4; Easterwood, Thos. J., $3.85; Hightower, Mrs. E. G., $3.75; Fairview Bapt. S. S of Fargo, $3.56; Witte, Mrs. L. N., $3.50; An Old Soldier Subscriber & Daughter, $3; Cash, $3; Bollinger, C. A., $3; Craghead, Mrs. T. A., $3; Deestman, W. J., $3; Ferguson, J. C., $3; Gilleland, Mrs. W. E., $3; Gooch, Mrs. C. E., $3.

Hancock, Harry D., $3; Herrick, Cora, $3; Parker, S. M., $3; Rand, Mrs. H. H., $3; Rice, Mrs. Martha G., $3; Sabbath School of Arapahoe, $3; Shepard, C. H., $3; Stormount, David R., $3; Wassom, Rev. John C., $3; Whitcomb, Mr. & Mrs. A. O., $3; White, Misses A. & I., $3; Wilkie, J. A., $3; Fairfax Junior League, $2.55; Doan, John M., $2.50; Hoot, Russel, $2.50; Sessions, Mrs. L. P., $2.50; Van Buskirk, Mrs. Edith, $2.50; Anonymous, Bethany, $2, Alton, Mr. & Mrs. John W., $2; Beck, Mrs. Delva, $2; Brewe, Mrs. D. R., $2, Caughey, Mr. M. E., $2; Cox, Emily, $2, Cross, Fred, $2; Dahlen, Mrs. May, $2; Easten, Mrs. E. P., $2; Etzweiler Miss Minnie L., $2; Frazier, Mrs Alice D., $2, Frenzel, Gertrude, $2, Fuller, Mrs. $2; Harris, Mrs. Sabra, $2; Hicks, Mrs. G. W., $2; Hillhouse, Mrs. M., $2, Hines, Lee $2; House, Mrs. R. S., $2, Klemme, Mrs. Anna, $2; Luchau, L. L., $2, McKeeman, M. C., $2; M. E. S. S. Junior Boys Class, Arapaho, $2; Martindale, Mrs. Maggie, $2, Miller, Mrs Eunice, $2, Morris, Ralph, $2; Norman High School Epworth League, $2, Peacock, Mrs. J. D., $2; Raupn, Sophia, $2; Rehorn, W. S., $2; Rountree, Mrs. Nan & Bernice Elliott, $2, Rozel, G. A., $2; Smith, Mrs. H. C., $2; Stover, Mrs. J. H., $2; Syms, H. C., $2, Willis, M., $2; Bergner, Oliva F., $1 92; Girls S. S Class Weathersford Fed. Ch., $1.75; Fitzgerald, A. T., $1.50; Hayes, Mrs. J. E., $1.50; Rising, Mrs. W. L., $1.50; Anonymous, Fay, $1; Anonymous, Wetumka, $1; M. W., Beaver, $1.

Allen, Mrs. Edgar, $1; Bewley, Rev. J. W., $1; Blackburn, Mrs. E. S., $1; Bove, Mrs. May, $1; Campbell, John, $1; Casselman, Mrs. Geo. C., $1; Condren, M., $1; Edmonds, Mrs. Wm., $1; Featherson, Lela, $1; Flint Mrs. C. L., $1; Howeth, Miss Helen J., $1; Hutchins, Rosella, $1; Hutchinson, Mrs. C. B., $1; Johnson, Mrs. Sadie A., $1; Jopling, Mrs. B. L., $1; Laughard, Jacob, $1; Lawry, J. A., $1; McClain, Mrs. M. A., $1; McGinnis, Mrs. J. J., $1; Middlecoupe, Dr. Cornelia, $1; Mounts, Mrs. Edith, $1; Perkins, Mrs. L. F., $1; Poor, Mr. & Mrs. A. F., $1; Pope Mrs. Emma, $1; Remington, Billy & Erlie, $1; Rice, Flossie, $1; Riddle, Mrs. T. S., & Frances, $1; Smith, Rev. J. S., $1; Troulman, Mrs. A. A., $1; Wallin, W. C., $1; White, Mrs. M. A., $1.

OWING to the great number of contributors to the Christian Herald China Famine Fund—there are 37,772—it is impossible to complete the publication of the names in this issue. An extra section will be added to our next issue to take care of Oregon and those states which come after it in alphabetical order.

The Prayer League

ALL *Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, hereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.*

THE program for the Universal Week of Prayer, Sunday, January 1, to Saturday, January 7, has just been completed. Subjects of prayer are arranged as follows:

Jan. 2. Thanksgiving for all serving Christ in all lands; for opening of the world to the Gospel; for the desire for union among the churches; for signs of spiritual awakening and revival. Also for general confession of sin and unworthiness. Jan. 3. Prayer that to the Church there may be given a clear message to the age and clearer light on the path of church union. Jan. 4. Penitence for all arrogance, covetousness, injustice, or falsehood, in international affairs; for all failure of Christian nations to realize the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; prayer for the coming of the Kingdom and reign of Christ; that the hearts of nations that have been at war may be cleansed from the passion of revenge; that stricken lands may again be blessed with plenty; that in the economic reconstruction of Society, the law of Christ may be fulfilled. Prayer for all employers and employees, and all labor movements and democracies of our day, that they may own Christ as Lord; and that the Press of the world may be used to establish truth and justice. Jan. 5. Prayer for missions, and for missionaries; for all experiencing difficulty or persecution; for the Moslem world, and for the heathen still in darkness. Jan. 6. Prayer for families, educational establishments, and the young. Jan. 7. Prayer for Home Missions, and the Jews.

It has been an unusually busy week with the Prayer League and many letters have been received.

E. K., Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I am in very deep trouble—a trouble which I can not put on paper—I can not seem to reach God. Won't you please pray that God will deliver me from this trouble?"

Mrs. W. R., North Carolina, a widow with six children, asks for prayer "that God may provide for my six children—may open a way for me—and that I may not give up in despair when things look dark, as they often do."

Old Subscriber, Wooster, Ohio, writes: "Please pray for the release of my husband who has been sentenced to prison for the crime of another. He is a good Christian man, an ex-soldier. Also that I may be healed of a dread disease."

E. R. H., Iowa, writes: "I ask an interest in your prayers for my children. They are all young men and women, but have no thought of the hereafter. Pray that they may be saved and learn to know what they must do to make Heaven their home."

Mrs. W. B. N., North Dak., writes: "I have not heard from my oldest son since March, 1920. Please pray that, if he be living, I may hear good news from him; and if dead, that he died a Christian."

J. H. B., Mo., writes: "I wish to be enrolled as a member and also ask prayers on behalf of a brother who, having failed in business and losing everything he had—including his home which he had to give up to pay his debts—has lost his grip on religion and given up trying to do anything. He is in a state of melancholy which is affecting him mentally and physically."

Mrs. G. W. J., Kan., writes: "I am writing you to thank you for your prayers and to acknowledge God's answer to them. He took me safely through a sickness, and spared our baby to us after all gave up hopes of his recovery. I know it was through prayer that our lives were spared. My dear mother wrote me that she was able to walk some after your prayers in her behalf. Won't you please continue to pray that she will keep on gaining in health, and be saved from another stroke of paralysis?"

S. S., Ont., writes: "While on an emergency case in Montreal about three months ago, I sent a request for prayers to prevent the foreclosure of a mortgage, and received without a doubt a direct answer from God! I thank God and the Prayer League."

Among general requests are the following: For health, 75; financial aid, 14; reunion, 3; conversion, 52; rain, 1; Holy Spirit, 4; peace, 7; employment, 5; faith, 4; prohibition, 1; spiritual advancement, 3; forgiveness, 5; guidance, 5; and wisdom, 3.

Bertha M. H. writes: "During the past spring my parents have died and I am now left an orphan. Please pray for me."

"We are trying to have law enforcement," writes E. B., Herkimer, N. Y. "Pray for us that our Union may be able to close the saloons in our town."

Greet Them

With these extra-flavory oats

Serve the oat dish at its best.

This is the supreme food—almost the ideal food. As a body-builder, as a vim-food it holds a premier place.

Give it that fragrance and flavor which Nature confers on fine oats.

Make it with Quaker Oats always.

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

All the small grains are discarded—the puny, unripe and insipid.

Thus millions of oat lovers, all the world over, have been won to this luscious flavor.

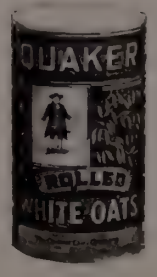
Countless people send overseas to get it.

You have only to specify Quaker Oats to get it at any store.

For the family's sake don't forget.

Quaker Oats

We get but ten pounds from a bushel



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THE first mission of the O-Cedar Polish Mop is to clean and dust.

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TORONTO LONDON PARIS

Paul in Corinth

International Sunday-School Lesson for October 2
Acts 18:1-23

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

IT WAS Elijah who said "It is enough—take away my life." Not so with Paul, who had hard experiences in Athens. In fact, he had been all but fleeing from place to place from the time when he accepted the Macedonian call and left Troas. It would be interesting to know the mental attitude of this preacher as he sat, wearied at the wayside and just in sight of Corinth. The distance from Athens is about fifty miles. He had so little ready money that he must needs resort to his trade of tent-making that he might not be a burden to others or come to actual want. Later he wrote to the Corinthian Christians and told them just how he did feel as he made his entry into their city. He said (I Corinthians 2 : 3), "And I was with you in weakness, and in fear and in much trembling." He also declared his supreme purpose in coming to them in the second verse of that chapter: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Corinth represented the extreme of gayety and licentiousness. On the next missionary journey Paul wrote the letter to the Romans, probably from Corinth. He certainly pictured conditions in Corinth when he wrote as he did in Romans 1 : 18–32. The worship of Venus was at its height of baseness in this city, which was situated at the cross-roads of travel between the East and the West and which joined northern and southern Achaia. The Isthmian games were held there every two years and that fact added to the general wickedness, for then men and women sought to excel themselves in their extent of wrongdoing.

How are the mighty fallen! Today at the site of ancient Corinth there is a village of fewer than 200 people, while modern Corinth is three miles away. The general location of Corinth must always be an important center, though the present population is only about 5,000. For further information concerning Corinth, refer to your encyclopedia, Bible dictionary, books mentioned in other articles, and to the public library.

TWO eventful years were spent here. The beginning was humble, yet Paul went on from strength to strength and apparently left at his own time and not by necessity. The first comforting companionship seems to begin with a fellow tent-maker, Aquila. He may have met this man at the synagogue, since men of like occupation grouped themselves together at their place of worship. At the start Timothy and Silas were not with Paul. When these two evangelizers arrived, Paul was greatly comforted and encouraged. They brought financial help from the Philippians, and Paul could work less with his hands and have much more time for preaching. (Phil. 4 : 15, II Cor. 11 : 8–9.)

About the time of the arrival of the helpers from Macedonia, Paul reached his conclusion to turn away from the synagogue, where some were so opposed to the messages that they even blasphemed. Right near to this place of public worship was the home of Titus Justus, and here the Gentile audience, together with certain believing Jews, assembled. For a year and a half Paul was in the midst of a blessed work of grace. Crispus, the ruler of the synagogue, was among the number of those who believed and were baptized. As in other cities the unbelieving Jews tried to stir up persecution and Paul was again brought before the judgment-seat. This time the ruler, Gallio the pro-consul of Achaia, was fair to Paul, though unfair to Sosthenes. One of the results of modern civilization is equal justice for all.

Letter-writing for eternal influences began by Paul at Corinth. In connection with the review study of last week, the letters of Paul were named, the places where written and the location in Acts where memoranda should be made concerning the writing of individual epistles. From Corinth Paul wrote and sent both epistles to the Thessalonians on this second journey. Romans and Galatians were probably written from Corinth on the third journey and two letters were sent to the Corinthians while on the third journey. Thus six epistles are connected with Corinth. Rome also has six—Philippians, Colossians, Philemon, Ephesians, II Timothy—written from Rome—and the letter to the Romans (from Corinth). The churches that Paul founded have passed away with the lapse of time. The epistles which he wrote have been continuous blessings to millions of believers for nearly 1900 years: they form the basis for the doctrinal and creedal statements of all the churches. You can not know Paul without studying his letters to the churches. Read each one of them frequently. Paul made his letters worth-while and of permanent value. Our letter-writing can also be more purposeful. Many have been won to Jesus Christ through the letter from a friend.

Paul gives us his estimate of relative values in II Corinthians 10 : 10, when he writes, "For, his letters, they say, are weighty and strong; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech of no account."

MESSAGES of tremendous import came to Paul by Divine inspiration on several occasions that are recorded, and doubtless at many other times of which no mention was made in the published writings. At times these night messages were at the beginning of a new chapter in his life, that he might be fortified before the hard experiences came to him. Paul was not afraid of a heavenly vision. He had learned how to listen to the voice of the Most High. Make special study of the following: Acts 9 : 3, 10 (Damascus); Acts 22 : 17 (Jerusalem); Acts 16 : 9 (Troas); Acts 18 : 9 (Corinth and today's lesson); Acts 23 : 11 (Jerusalem); Acts 27 : 23 (Mediterranean). You can find other places of direct communion and encouragement, such as at Philippi (Acts 16 : 26). After Paul had heard God say to him in Corinth, verse 9, "Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace," he was indeed assured that he did just right in changing from the synagogue to the home of Titus Justus.

The canon of Scripture may be closed, put the direct, personal revelations from our Heavenly Father have not ceased. One reason we do not hear more is because we do not practise the habit of the presence of God. We must be still if we would distinguish the voice of our God.

We do not necessarily need to go away to any "retreat" to be alone with God. Christ told us how, long ages past: "Enter into thine inner chamber, and having *shut the door*, pray to thy Father." (Matthew 6 : 6.)

When Paul felt that his work, for the present, was concluded in Corinth, he took Aquila and Priscilla and went to Ephesus. There he left these worthy examples of Jesus Christ after he had spent some time in personal work with the Jews in that synagogue. Then he went on to Cæsarea and saluted the church at Jerusalem. Soon he went to Antioch and the seed-sowing of the eventful second missionary journey was completed.

To suffer hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ was becoming a habit with Paul, and he could exhort Timothy later with all good conscience. Thus far we have followed Paul through two missionary journeys. Have we even made one special trip for Christ in our life—a work of soul-winning? Think of those who have been in heaven for ages and will be there forever, just because Paul went forth!

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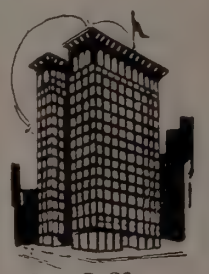
Keep Out Cold—
Add Comfort—Save Coal

In Homes

More than 85% of weather-stripped homes are Chamberlin equipped

In Factories

Not only to save fuel but exclude dust, smoke, soot



In Office Buildings

Insure even heating, save coal

Schools

Where health depends on even, stable heating

At more than 10,000,000 windows and doors Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips permanently end fuel waste. They seal out cold air.

They save 25% to 50% of fuel cost.

The inrush of cold air at unprotected windows is at the rate of 22 cubic feet per minute. That means you must heat your home or business building 36 times every 12 hours. (Figures are national averages on 500,000 buildings.)

Winter after winter your fuel wastefully fights all outdoors. Winter after winter Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips save this needless cost.

Also Dust-Proof

Fuel saving is not the only advantage. Buildings are heated evenly. No cold spots around windows and doors. Curtains and decorations are not soiled by soot. Floors and furnishings are kept free of dust. Street noises are excluded. Ends rattling doors and windows.

Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip is used on 85% of all weather-stripped buildings, including public schools, colleges, banks, apartments, office buildings, stores, hotels, private residences, etc.

You want their protection and saving, too.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIPS
"SINCE 1893-THE STANDARD"

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Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—Tell me the cost of equipping my building with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips (check whether home, factory, office building, church, school.)

Give number of outside doors, windows .....

Name .....

Address .....

Eng. Dept. 10

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The Christian Herald.... $2.00 Today's Housewife.... 1.00	$2.25	$ .75
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 The Pathfinder.... 1.00	$2.35	$ .65
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 Pictorial Review.... 2.50 McCall's Magazine.... 1.00	$4.25	$1.25
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 Pictorial Review.... 2.50 Today's Housewife.... 1.00	$4.25	$1.25
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 Today's Housewife.... 1.00 People's Home Journal.... 1.25	$3.00	$1.25
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 The Etude (for music lovers).... 2.00	$3.50	$ .50
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The Christian Herald.... $2.00 McCall's Magazine.... 1.00	$2.50	$ .50
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The Christian Herald.... $2.00 Little Folks.... 2.00 McCall's Magazine.... 1.00	$4.00	$1.00
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 Modern Priscilla.... 2.00 People's Home Journal.... 1.25	$4.25	$1.00
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 People's Home Journal.... 1.25 American.... 2.50	$5.15	$ .60
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 McCall's Magazine.... 1.00 Today's Housewife.... 1.00	$2.75	$1.25
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 World's Work.... 4.00	$5.25	$ .75
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 Country Life.... 5.00	$6.25	$ .75
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 Youth's Companion.... 2.50 Pictorial Review.... 2.50	5.50	$1.50
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 Today's Housewife.... 1.00 Youth's Companion.... 2.50	$4.25	$1.25
The Christian Herald.... $2.00 Woman's Home Companion.... 2.00 Pictorial Review.... 2.50	$5.50	$1.00
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD 55 Bible House, New York

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 661

To assist the American delegates there will be an advisory council of twelve which is to be composed of persons chosen for their expert qualifications in military, naval, aeronautical, economic, political and international affairs. The names of these advisory delegates, who will not sit in the main conference, have not been announced as yet, but it was anticipated that there would be representatives of American womanhood and of organized labor among them.

Some of the foreign delegations are to be accompanied by a large number of advisors and helpers, that of Japan, for instance, to run well up toward the 200-mark. It is believed in diplomatic circles that the conference will last several weeks at the least, and that it may easily extend into the Spring.

Scores Die in Two Disasters

THE overflow of three streams after a terrific storm caused a flood in San Antonio, Texas, which involved a known death list of forty-seven and a property loss estimated at $3,000,000. Many persons were missing and it was feared the loss of life might mount still higher. Outside of San Antonio a large area was flooded, and a dozen lives were added to the total loss.

Relief work was conducted with dispatch and efficiency, and O. B. Black, San Antonio's mayor, announced that the city did not need outside assistance and that conditions would be back to normal in a short time.

On the same day that San Antonio was suffering from flood, twenty-four persons perished at Chester, Pa., when the footpath of a bridge collapsed under the weight of a crowd which had assembled to watch the recovery of the body of a boy who had been drowned in the Chester river. Scores were plunged into deep water in a struggling mass in which even strong swimmers were helpless, and it was with difficulty that perhaps fifty were rescued.

TROOPS LEAVING WEST VIRGINIA. Following the dispersion of the armed bands which had been threatening an invasion of the Mingo coal fields in West Virginia, several units of the Federal troops sent into the district have been returned to their usual stations. Most of the miners have retained their arms, however, and further trouble is feared.

EXCLUSION OF ALIENS UPHELD. The right of American immigration officials not only to detain aliens arriving after the quota of their country has been filled but to exclude them, was upheld by a decision of Judge Julian W. Mack in the United States District Court in New York. The right to divide the annual quota into twelve monthly parts also was sustained.

RUSSIA REJECTS ALLIED INQUIRY. The Bolshevist Government has refused the request of the Allied Supreme Council for permission to send a committee into Russia to investigate famine conditions, on the ground that the committee might seek to spy out Russia's weaknesses. The first American food shipments have reached Russia and are being distributed under the supervision of Hoover aids.

JAPAN SEEKS PARLEYS WITH CHINA. The Japanese government has renewed its efforts to open negotiations with China regarding the relinquishment by Japan of Tsingtau and other parts of the Shantung peninsula, and has offered to define the scope of the negotiations, the point on which China previously had insisted before joining in parleys. Japan claims large "economic rights" in the peninsula.

CENTENNIAL PEACE PORTAL OPENED. A century without fortifications or armies along the 3,000 miles of the United States-Canadian boundary was commemorated with the dedication at Blaine, Wash., of the Peace Portal, a huge arch on the boundary line.

You Are a Christian!

You have often made financial sacrifices for the cause of Christ.

You have done so because Christ has become the great center of your life, and because you know that when you go to meet Him after a while the size of your bank account will be an altogether irrelevant matter, *both to Him and to you.*

There will be only your naked soul and Christ!

There will be only the spiritual!

For that reason you have learned to change your material possessions, as much as possible, into *spiritual assets.*

For that reason you are accustomed to make financial sacrifices for a *spiritual* purpose.

We Would Ask You to Sacrifice Once Again.

We realize times are hard just now, and many people have a difficult time in trying to make a decent living. But you will agree with us that a sacrifice made under such conditions has a larger *spiritual value* than one that is made in more favorable circumstances. For that reason we call upon rich and poor alike to make this sacrifice.

The cause for which we plead is great and noble. Please judge for yourself:

A few weeks ago the RELIGIOUS PRESS BUREAU OF AMERICA was established in Chicago for the purpose of supplying RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS and other Christian matter to the daily newspapers of the country. Dr. John Clover Monsma, formerly editor-in-chief of the American Daily Standard, Chicago's Christian daily newspaper, was the founder. The newspapers pay a small amount weekly for the material sent out by the Bureau, and with that money the Bureau does its business.

The following daily papers are now being served by the Religious Press Bureau of America: THE BOSTON POST, THE DETROIT NEWS, THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, THE ALBANY TIMES-UNION, THE PASSAIC HERALD, THE WILLIAMSPORT SUN, THE ROCKFORD MORNING STAR.

By means of these daily papers we are reaching *two million* people with Christian literature *every week.*

Does that look like IMPORTANT MISSIONARY WORK?

Our promotion work is still continuing and will continue for a long time to come. We are endeavoring to get HUNDREDS of dailies and weeklies on our list in the course of time. No one will dispute the statement that here we have struck

The one great unused means for the promotion of Christianity in our American world.

In order that the Bureau may be able to carry on its work thoroughly and successfully, it is necessary that the Christians of this land get back of it. You, servants of the King of Glory, we want you all to become ASSOCIATE MEMBERS of this Bureau. It makes no difference who you are or what your position is, we want you all to join in this great undertaking.

An Associate Membership in the Bureau will cost you TEN DOLLARS. For that money you will receive, first, an Interim Receipt, and thereafter a certificate of membership. You will receive, FREE OF CHARGE, EVERY WEEK, copies of all the material which the Bureau sends out. In addition you will receive periodical reports concerning the activities of the Bureau and the progress made.

If you think your ten dollars can do more good for the cause dear to us all somewhere else, do not send the money. But if you think differently, please send it, and send it quickly. Try to do it some way. Be a means in God's hand to help us reach the great masses of this land. Millions never see the inside of a church. But practically everybody reads the daily paper. Help us put the great message of Christianity into the hands of everybody, rich and poor, young and old, native and foreign-born. Please make your checks and money orders payable to the RELIGIOUS PRESS BUREAU OF AMERICA.—(*Adv.*)

The bureau is in need of representatives in all parts of the country. Applications are cordially invited.

RELIGIOUS PRESS BUREAU OF AMERICA
117 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Only the Best Bonds

are good enough for the investment of the money which you have saved and upon which you will depend for future income.

The securities which we offer are the obligations of some of the largest and soundest companies in this country, with established credit and demonstrated earnings.

You can buy them for cash, or on our Easy Payment Plan (10% down and 10% a month) which allows you to pay for them out of your future savings. This is an excellent way to save money.

DENOMINATIONS, $100 (C), $500 (D), $1000 (M)

Security	Rate	Maturity	Yield About
Armour & Co (C, D, M)	7%	1930	7.10%
Swift & Co (New Issue) (C, D, M)	7%	1931	7.25%
Van Camp Packing Co., Inc. (C, D, M)	8%	1941	8.10%
Sears-Roebuck (C, D, M)	7%	1923	8.00%
Empire Gas & Fuel Co (M)	8%	1924	9.90%
United Fuel Gas Co (D, M)	7½%	1931	7.75%
West Penn Power Co (C, D, M)	7%	1946	7.15%
Amer. Bosch Magneto Corp. (D, M)	8%	1936	8.15%
Chi., N. S. & Mil. R. R. (C, D, M)	7%	1936	8.20%
Empire Tank Line Co (C, D, M)	8%	1931	8.10%
Portland Ry., Lt. & Pr. Co (D, M)	7½%	1946	7.85%
United States of Brazil (D, M)	8%	1941	8.00%

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E. J. LANDER & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1883—CAPITAL & SURPLUS $500,000.00
GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA.

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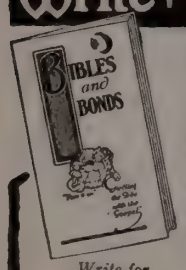


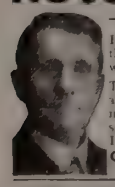
It tells how to receive a generous income for life: regular, unchangeable, non-taxable. Investment absolutely safe. Your money helps a Christian enterprise.

Write for Booklet 7

American Bible Society
25 Bible House
Astor Place, New York

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That



I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
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is Dr. Charles M. Sheldon's new book.
It is a dramatic story and a test of character.
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Your funds are protected by 200% security and by every safeguard of conservative banking.

Write today for booklet A-18

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.
Miami, Fla.

Free Circulars for Investors

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address, on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department. The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4–6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7–9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To Invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

Deere & Co., 10 year gold notes to yield 8.40%. Business, farm implements. Founded by John Deere in 1837. Ask for circular No. 51.

Circular No. 50 gives complete information on Federal Farm Loan Bonds. They pay 5% and are tax exempt.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6 per cent. First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for Circular 38.

Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving high average yield of 12¼ per cent.—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 48.

A few Christian Herald readers who are in fullest sympathy with its aims and possibilities may be given an opportunity to purchase a limited amount of Christian Herald 7 per cent. preferred stock. If interested write for details.

Bonds—questions answered, terms defined. A very valuable non-technical booklet that every prospective bond buyer should have. No. 42.

Skin Troubles —Soothed— With Cuticura

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. V, Maldon, Mass.

For Sale—
MISSOURI FARM LOANS
Holland Banking Company
SPRINGFIELD, MO.
Established 1875
Resources Over Seven Million Dollars

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Continued from page 662

pleasant sitting-room awaiting a notable visitor.

The appointment had been made by a special delivery letter, received twenty-four hours ago. She re-read it now with the vague purpose of preparing herself for the interveiw. The letterhead was engraved in capitals:

"WOMAN'S LEAGUE FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY."

"DEAR MRS. HAILE:

"Can you, without inconvenience to yourself, spare me an hour or two of your valuable time on Tuesday forenoon, March the tenth? I wish very much to confer with you upon several matters of interest to us both and to many others. I have delayed doing this in consideration of the countless calls upon you within the last few months, made by the illness of your dear children and the labors imposed by the establishment of your household in a new home. I entreat you now not to grant my request if the act will entail additional care upon yourself. I wish that we, your friends and co-workers in the League, could lift the burden in some degree. You will let us make the effort, will you not?

"May I ask you to telephone your reply as soon as this is received?

"Faithfully yours,
"L. L. WINGATE."

There could be but one reply. The church people had been marvelously considerate of her during the three months which had settled her and her household gods in the new and commodious quarters appointed to them. Whenever a helping hand could win the title in the business of transportation and the attendant labors, it was extended tactfully and readily. She had never imagined that the toilsome work could be executed so swiftly and with so little expenditure of personal worry and energies.

Early in January, the ten-year-old boy and his eight-year-old sister were taken down with scarlatina, and, while the attack was mild, the house was quarantined for a fortnight, and the mother subjected to an added load of care and solicitude that told visibly upon her brave, blithesome self. The ordeal was safely and happily over, and the domestic machinery was in normal running order.

A round of social duties in the form of Church Receptions at private houses had not been onerous. She confessed to her husband an hour before the receipt of Mrs. Wingate's note that she was getting through the process of acclimation far sooner than she had anticipated. She muttered to herself in the second perusal of the dainty sheet of paper, what she would not have breathed to Stuart: 'I might better have said 'inoculation!'"

She refolded the note and thrust it none too gently into a drawer.

SHE had braced herself to go through with the so-called conference without flinching. That she would require a reserve of courage and forbearance to enable her to bear her part creditably, she did not question for one instant. The nameless, subtle safeguard we term idly "womanly intuition" had set her on the defensive whenever she had met Mrs. Wingate. Not even to kindly Mrs. Barrows had she intimated this. She resolved only never to let Stuart suspect it.

"The Lord do so to me and more also, if I transgress in this thing!" she had had occasion to repeat a thousand times. The vow was like a warning refrain in her ears now. She picked up her sewing the better to fight off the haunting demon of distrust and misgiving.

The minutes slipped by, bringing the appointed hour painfully near. She laid by her work and looked around the pretty room, forcing herself to fancy how it would impress a critical beholder. The March sunshine fell obliquely, but brightly athwart a large Wardian case which filled the window jutting from the front of the house. The broad triple sashes admitted a flood of light. The wall at the back of the room was lined with breast-high bookcases protected by glass doors that reflected the glory of the day. The top of the case was raised revealing a wealth of native and exotic ferns. It had been a birthday gift in September from her most valued friend in Marlinton, Mrs. Lawson, and had borne the transportation to the city marvelously well. As she leaned over it now, the smell of the green and growing things brought up reminiscences she would not trust herself to welcome. Other tokens of the love of her former associates were in the luxurious armchair set at a convenient angle to the window near her work-stand, and a fine water-color of the "thatched-roofed cottage" hung against the wall where she could see it whenever she glanced up from sewing or book. There were days when the sight of it smote her to the heart, others when it was a tonic.

Mrs. Wingate was punctual, as became a woman of affairs.

"Fifteen minutes wasted in the morning multiply into an hour by night," was one of the numerous sayings that had won and kept for her the reputation of facile and happy speech.

One slipped musically from her tongue by the time she had laid aside her fur cloak and resigned it to the waiting hands of the hostess. "And the name of that chamber was 'Peace!' Dear old John Bunyan's words come to me whenever I enter this room! It is a veritable change of air that strengthens me for days afterward." She sank into the easy chair designated by the other.

"You are very good to let me come to you when you must be overwhelmed with cares. They must have accumulated fearfully during the illness of the blessed children and the tiresome quarantine. I need not inquire if they are quite well again. I saw them in church yesterday and both looked radiantly healthy. I shall have more to say of them presently?"

DRAWING from a silver netted hand bag a set of ivory tablets attached to a slender gold chain, she slipped aside the outer one and consulted the next. The smile with which she met Mrs. Haile's look of inquiry was self-congratulatory.

"The first and most important, as it is the most pleasant duty with which I am charged today, is to inform you that at the annual meeting of the Woman's League for Christian Unity on Monday you were unanimously—I should say 'by acclamation' elected its Vice-President. May we not hope for your acceptance and that we may have your cordial co-operation with the Executive Committee in our future operations?"

"I am conscious of the honor the League has done me," began the pastor's wife. "I hope you will not think me ungracious when I ask to know something more definite as to the work that will be expected of me before I decide what I can do to meet your wishes?"

The little speech sounded stiff, but the tablets and the official tone of the announcement trammeled utterance.

"I anticipated just that answer. I should make the same in the circumstances," the Leading Lady hastened to assure her. "Until within the last ten years the various societies represented in our church—the Foreign and Domestic Missions, the Charitable Society, the Sunday-school Union and others—were separate organizations and the Charitable Society having in charge the poor and afflicted members of the parish bore the old-fashioned title common all over the country of the 'Ladies' Aid Association.' A term as awkward as it is indefinite."

Mrs. Haile interposed a comment:

"I know. We worked very happily and successfully under that name in Marlinton."

"Precise-ly! Some of us awoke to the disadvantages and as a result of several conferences and prayerful deliberations we finally combined all branches of church work under the head of the

League for Christian Unity—a title that conveys in a few words the purpose and end of all the associations represented in our parish. You, dear Madam, are elected to fill the place of Mrs. Martin, who had removed from the city.

"As to your share in the work, it will be a great pleasure to me to acquaint you at any convenient time with the details of the office. We shall be very considerate of your comfort and engagements in all and every possible way. In fact"—ingratiatingly—"you will occupy the post of an Advisory Committee of One to which we may refer in perplexity."

"You are very kind!" Despite preconceived prejudices and secret misgivings, the listener could not but confess the caller's fascination of manner and speech. "Nothing is further from my mind than to shirk any duties which it would be an honor and a delight to fulfill. As soon as I have consulted my husband, you shall have a definite reply."

MRS. WINGATE slipped another tablet aside.

"I had a call, yesterday from Miss Lake, the superintendent of the Infant Department of our Sabbath School. She has been hoping to have the pleasure of enrolling your boy and girl among her dear little ones. Or, at least, the little girl. Perhaps Master Stuart—so nice that he has his father's stately name!—is too advanced in age to be numbered among the infants?"

"If the sessions of the Sunday school were held in the afternoon," Mrs. Haile replied, "both of my children would attend regularly, now that they are well again. As it is they are too young to sit for an hour and a half in a class and then go directly into church for another service of the same length. I think that parents are remiss in not training children from early infancy to comprehend that the sanctuary consecrated to the worship of God is as much Our Father's house as when our Lord drove the money changers from the temple and when He attended the services in the synagogue regularly. And in what way can this be done better than by going to church?"

Horror and incredulity struggled for the mastery in the listener's face.

"Dear, *dear* Mrs. Haile! You can not mean that I shall take back to our superintendent the message that you do not mean to send your children to her! Think of the fatal influence of the example!"

Her overwrought excitement calmed Anita. She spoke earnestly, but without resentment at the implication:

"By no means. As soon as Stuart is twelve years old I shall enter him in a Bible Class, and I shall do the same with his sister. I am training them with a direct purpose for the instruction they are to receive in the school. I devote more than an hour to the task every Sunday morning. We call it 'the quiet hour,' and it is hard to say which of us enjoys it most. We are reading the Bible in course—selecting such portions as carry on the history we would study. And we talk over what we have read, asking and answering questions that occur to us. All this fosters thought in the young minds.

"Pardon the digression! but this is a subject that is like a part of my very life. I entered a Bible class at twelve; at sixteen I was the teacher of a class of younger girls. I have never been out of the harness since. My Bible class of working-girls was one of the strongest ties of our former charge."

"I have heard of that!" more gently than she had yet spoken. "It was a branch of Domestic Missions. Miss Maynard has two such that meet upon alternate weeks with her in her own home. We established her in a larger and more central location purposely that she should do this. She interests them in sewing for the destitute in our Home Missions, too. You will be interested in her reports to the Executive Committee. She is a remarkable person in her own sphere."

"You speak of the strain of Sunday school upon young minds. That is the reason for letting the children go home at the conclusion of the morning service."

"We meet them trooping homeward—or elsewhere—every Sunday," responded Mrs. Haile quickly and emphatically. "An invalid friend of mine—whose windows overlook a large vacant lot rented out as a tennis court and a ball-ground—tells me that it is the rendezvous for Sunday-school boys and girls between eleven and half-past twelve every week when the weather is tolerably fine. Sometimes the children become so uproarious that the neighbors have called in a policeman to quell the disturbance. All this seems very terrible to me. Perhaps because I have obsolete and provincial notions upon such matters."

IF SHE meant to be slightly satirical the dart fell short of the target. The President of the Woman's League for Christian Unity was immune.

"It is simply abominable and a disgrace to the community!" she said gravely. "The question of occupying children properly upon the Lord's Day is replete with difficulties. In some churches the Children's Sermon, as a prelude to the regular discourse of the forenoon, has been adopted as a partial cure for the trouble. It was tried in our church for a while about ten years ago. The duty was assigned to Mr. Hicks, then the associate pastor, and the plan worked well enough so far as most of us could see, for nearly a year. Mr. Hicks took a text and gave a nice little talk, never more than twelve minutes long, and a verse of a hymn was sung, during which the children filed out quietly, and we settled down to listen to Dr. Stenson's sermon proper.

"Then came a break. At a meeting of clergymen, the Children's Sermon fell under discussion. And your—our friend—Dr. Barrows was constrained by conscience or whim to speak his mind anent the newly established practice. He said that it was 'ladling out pious pap, warranted not to injure infants' stomachs, instead of dispensing the sincere Milk of the Word.' For his part, he would have no such innovation upon sacred customs in his church. As was to be expected, the saying ran like a prairie fire through the press and gossip-circles, and virtually killed the sermonette in several other places. If it had not had this effect in the Banner Church, a speech of Mr. MacArthur would have put the small talk out of business. He took—or made—an opportunity at a supper given by the League on Dr. Stenson's birthday to say that here was a new fulfillment of prophecy. We read in Holy Writ that 'a little child shall lead them.' I have noticed that every little child that goes out of church when the small talk is over leads a bigger brother or sister, presumably to the ball-ground or the soda fountain."

Anita's girlish laugh blended with the silvery peal that ran the musical gamut before the Leading Lady was again the official.

"This is flippant and I am afraid not quite reverent," she said, referring to the tablets. "I ought to be ashamed of myself, but your flattering way of receiving my nonsense tempted me beyond limits. I may then convey to the anxious Executive Committee the glad tidings of your consent to be one of us? Thank you a thousand times! And I am to explain to the Superintendent of the Primary Department that she may confidently expect to see your fine children enrolled upon the list of Sabbath-school students in the fulness of time."

The fine eyes went back to the tablets. "Miss Maynard!" her forehead wrinkling in perplexity as she read the name. "What did she ask me to speak of? Ah! I recollect! You have done some parish visiting with her. There are one or two things she would like to discuss with you when you can find time to see her. I advised her to telephone for permission to call!"

SHE looked up expectantly as the sound of a closing door was followed by rapid foot-falls upon the stairs. There was a light tattoo upon the panels of the sitting-room door and simultaneously with the turning of the bolt a voice called out gayly:

"It is I, sweetheart!"

The wife arose with a vivid blush and a little embarrassed laugh.

"Come in, my dear! You will be glad to see Mrs. Wingate!"

The master of the house was flushed

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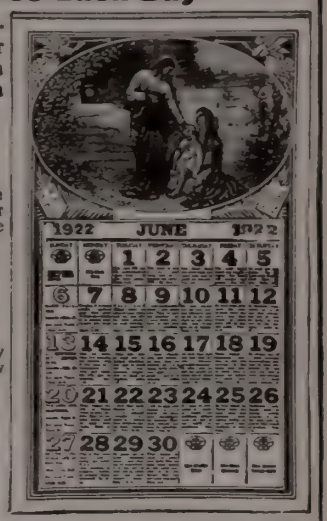

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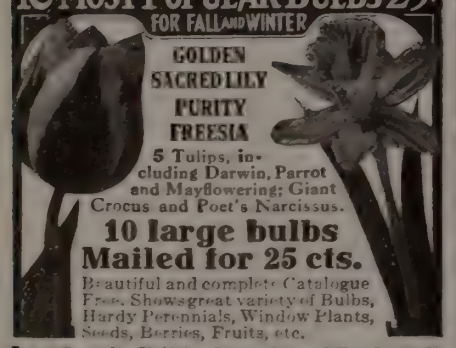

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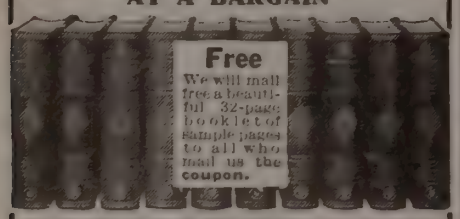

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by a walk in the March wind. He had never looked the man he was more attractively than in meeting the visitor's outstretched hand with a cordial grasp and smiling down into her upturned face illumined by gratification she did not attempt to disguise.

"This is a coincidence!" she cried merrily. "Or is it telepathy? I was about to inquire if you were at home to transient callers, hardly daring to hope for a favorable answer. Not that I have any especial errand to you. Mrs. Haile was so kind as to grant me an hour of her morning and was yet more gracious in listening to my chatter. I told my chauffeur to be here at twelve o'clock. Did you see the car at the door?"

"You have still eight minutes to give us," laughed Stuart, leading her back to her chair. "We will watch from the window for him. I am fortunate beyond my deserts in chancing to look in upon Mrs. Haile on my way downtown to keep a luncheon engagement with an old friend." He turned to his wife. "Mr. Lawson, my dear, is in town for the day and wishes me to lunch with him. Excuse me, Mrs. Wingate, for intruding my private engagements upon you in the few minutes I have for the enjoyment of an unexpected pleasure. But I knew Mrs. Haile would keep the children waiting for their luncheon if I were not here, and you know that school children have but an hour's 'nooning.' I hope that you are quite well?"

"Never better! and seldom more contented with the world in general, and let me add out of the depths of a full heart—never more happily satisfied with the prospects of the Banner Church. My dear Mrs. Haile!" she interrupted herself to say—"I am sure I heard a car stop at your door. May I look out? You might not recognize my chauffeur" —waving both her hosts back in tripping to the window. "Ah, yes. I was right. Mr. Haile, you will agree with me, I hope in recognizing as another coincidence—a stroke of fortune for me! the arrival of my car in time for me to take you downtown. I am going in that direction, myself, and do not enjoy solitary drives."

The wife looked down from the window, standing out of eye-range of those below, as Stuart, hat in hand in the old school courtesy that imparted dignity and graciousness to his manner, handed the mistress of the limousine into her seat, following her and leaning forward to wave a farewell to herself. He could not see her, but Anita's heart throbbed the more quickly that he knew she was watching him. The habit was not easily broken.

"YOU told us last Sunday that there are no such mistakes as accidents or happenings or chances, lucky or unlucky, in God's universe," began Mrs. Wingate by the time the wheels began to revolve. "I have always believed this and tried to hold it for certain as the creeds have it—but you made it so clear that none of us could doubt for an instant that as surely as the hairs of our heads are all numbered, the tiniest incident in the daily life of the humblest human being is as certainly 'ordained' as the fate of an empire. Don't interrupt me"—for his hand was slightly raised as in deprecation. "I am about to add a morsel of confirmation to your assertion. I have been longing all day for an opportunity of telling you a story that came to my knowledge last evening."

The preface introduced the anecdote of the encounter and reconciliation of the whilom enemies in front of the Marlinton Inn and within hearing of two members of the Committee deputed by the Banner Church to investigate the claims of the country-town pastor upon the suffrages of the metropolitan parish.

The narrator was a skillful raconteur and tactful in her choice of an audience. She forbore to mix the simple version of the story with flattering digressions. It should be enough to relate the episode of "fair profits and quick returns" in artistic style and let it work its way into the imagination of her companion.

They were at his destination before she had finished. Haile was to meet his friend at one. There was still time for a turn in the March sunshine, and she gave an order to the chauffeur.

At five minutes of one her escort bade her "Good-by."

"Some day words may be given me to thank you as I would for the refreshing draught you have held to my lips," he said hastily. "God bless you for it!"

As he stepped to the sidewalk she leaned forward, her face and figure framed in the open door, making a striking tableau, as more than one passer-by noticed.

"'Despise not the day of small things!'"

Beaming eyes and significant intonation supplied quotation-marks.

To be continued

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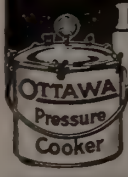

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Young People's Topics for Oct. 2

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Thy Will Be Done—With My Time

E. L. C. E. and B. Y. P. U. Matt. 6:7-15

IT TAKES time to live a devoted and consistent Christian life. "Take Time to be holy" are the words of an old hymn. This topic affords a fine opportunity for self-examination. Let us all inquire, not of each other, but of ourselves, "How much time do I devote to the promotion of God's Kingdom?" We shall be surprised to learn how little we are really doing in the energetics of the Kingdom in comparison with the many things we are doing daily for the promotion of our own interests and the building of our own petty kingdoms.

Are we Sunday Christians only? Or are we every-day Christians? The services that are held on Sunday should be an inspiration and preparation for the services that should be rendered every day. How may we devote more of our time to the extension of God's Kingdom? By doing more of God's will. More of God's will may be done by:

Visiting the sick; writing letters of cheer; planning bigger programs for the local chapter; raising funds for missions; promoting a wholesome social life by frequent entertainments that combat the abnormal and unhealthy recreations of the world; doing one's daily work, in the home, business, wherever we may be and whatever our task, faithfully and well; by being kind whenever kindness is needed, and kindness is needed every day. The ways in which to dedicate time for God's service are innumerable. In short, we do God's will with our time when we regard all life, every honest deed, and every day as holy, sacred and shot through and through with the finite. We are not only to think seriously on the theme: "The Christian Use of Spare Time" but also: "The Christian Use of All Time." Time is what we live in. We should make the best use of it. The end of Time is the beginning of Eternity. Let us not step into Eternity with little to our credit, but with our arms laden with the sheaves of accomplishment.

Life is short. Make it count. Much needs to be done toward the removal of the hurt and hindrance so prevalent everywhere. Everybody can do much toward the making of a better day. As a prayer of self-dedication we suggest the use of Frances R. Havergal's great hymn, beginning with those beautiful and surrendering words,

"Take my life, and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord to thee:
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
Take my hands, let them move
At the impulse of thy love,
Take my feet and let them be,
Swift and beautiful for thee."

Which is the Mother?

It is good health which keeps womanly beauty fresh. Cosmetics can only hide the traces of the years in a once pretty face.

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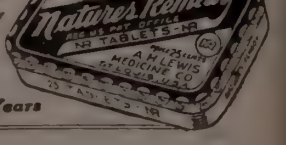

Used for 30 Years

The Rainy Day

Often It Gives One a Chance to Catch up with Life

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"OH," said Ella, looking happily out of the window, "how glad I am that it's raining!"

I laid down my book with a bang. I glanced questioningly first at Ella and then at the low-hanging clouds. And then——

"Just what," I asked none too gently, "are you talking about?" For I, you see, was not at all glad that it was raining!

Ella returned my questioning glance with a smile.

"Of course I know that this weather is a disappointment to *you*," she said. "You were planning some sort of an excursion, weren't you? Of course, I know it's a disappointment—*to you!* But to me—well, I love rainy days. They give me such a chance——"

I interrupted.

"A chance?" I questioned. "Whatever do you mean by a chance? A chance to get wet—or to take cold? Or to——"

It was Ella's turn to interrupt.

"Don't be foolish," she told me. "I mean a chance to catch up with ever so many things. With my sewing, and my mending, and my knitting. And with work like that. When the weather's fine I have no time to do those little necessary things—there's always so much else to fit into sunny days. It's only when it's raining—with a good, steady, very wet rain—that I can make myself feel content to darn stockings, and polish stoves, and knit sweaters, and dust chairs."

Still with a shade of resentment I stared out of the window at the falling drops. But I was thinking very hard. I was thinking of my overcrowded work-basket, of the pillow covers that I was planning to finish, of a certain batch of spice cookies that I had promised to make. When I spoke, my tone was more resigned.

"I guess, Ella," I said slowly—it's sometimes hard to admit a wrong point of view—"I guess that you're right. A rainy day, if it's met in the right spirit, is something to be thankful for. It does give one a chance to catch up. And I'm going home, now, to do some catching up!"

WE USUALLY do resent rainy days. For we were born, we people of the earth, to a heritage of sunshine.

There's a little rhyme that ever-so-small children sometimes say when it's raining. It goes like this, in a supplicating sing-song:

"Rain, rain, go away—
Little Margaret wants to play!"

(The name, of course, is changed to meet the demands of the occasion. It may be Jimmy or Sally or Martha!)

I used to say the words over and over, hoping that the rain would pay heed to me and stop. But it usually went right on—until it was tired, or through!

Most children dislike rainy days. And many grown-ups who are children, really, at heart—dislike them, too. Most children and grown-ups dislike rainy days and never pause to realize what rainy days mean to the world. For they mean a great deal—so much that we could not struggle along without them. They mean crops, and forests—they mean fertile lands, and prosperity, and health. It was lack of rain that brought the famine to China. And lack of rain has fostered many another disaster.

The rainy days of life, too, are like the rainy days of the world. The days when the sun of happiness and wealth does not shine are all for a purpose. For they enrich the soul, and they bring understanding to the heart. A life without its quota of rain would be like a famine-swept land.

THERE was a poet who sang in one of his verses about rain. He said:

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary!"

He spoke truly, that poet. He knew that the laws of life demand rain—just as the laws of nature demand it. He knew that the average human being needs a stormy day—to catch up!

It isn't only the homely tasks that are made possible by the rainy day. It isn't only the full darning basket and the empty cookie jar that are benefited by a steady downpour. It's the inside catching up that the rainy days of life make possible, that really matters.

It's the catching up of the spirit that matters. It's the catching up of the gallant will, and the latent ability. It's the catching up of courage, and faith, and good cheer that counts for such a lot.

As long as there's sunshine—plenty of it!—we haven't many problems to face. I don't mean just the real golden sunshine that brightens every day—I mean the sunshine of good luck and joyousness, and all the rest of it. But when the rainy days come—the days of adversity and ill-fortune—the problems come too!

And it's the problems that make us catch up with ourselves.

Some people—like Ella—are glad when it rains, for they know that things are quite bound to be accomplished. Some people hate the rain, and hide away from it, and can find no good in it. And some people make the best of it always.

We can't all be glad of rain—unfortunately. We haven't, all of us, such splendid natures. But we can keep from hating it. We can school ourselves to meet the stormy day—whether it be a day of genuine trouble, or a day of just rain—cheerfully and in the right spirit.

For if we meet it in the right spirit we'll find that it's an aid in catching up—really catching up—with the best things of life.

THE rain swept down on the silent earth,
And the storm clouds filled the sky;
And the trees of the forest moaned, and wept,
As the angry wind swept by.
But we sat in glow of our friendly hearth,
And we smiled in its rosy light—
And the storm seemed many a league away,
With its freight of fear and fright!

The rain of life filled our souls one day,
In our hearts black clouds hung low;
And the tears were near to our tired eyes,
And there was no steady glow
From a friendly hearth—but we bowed us down,
And our voices joined, to pray,
And all at once, with its strife and stress,
The storm seemed far away!

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I Am Going To Mail You a Pair of the Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, "Sight-Improving" Spectacles Absolutely Free of Charge

I want you to take a good look at the spectacles in the above heading. Notice their size and shape. Compare them with the glasses you or your friends may be wearing right now.

Notice the extra-large round eyes in these latest-style "sight-improving" spectacles. The glasses are as large and as round as a silver dollar, as you can see in the above picture; and completely cover every part of the human eye so you don't have to look over the tops of them or squint your eyes under them like you have to do when wearing the old-style small-eye spectacles for sale at stores.

These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye "Sight-Improving" Spectacles Have Taken the Country by Storm

Thousands of spectacle-wearers from Maine to California have quit using the old-style small-eye egg-shaped glasses and are now wearing the latest-style extra-large round-eye "sight-improving" spectacles—which have practically taken the country by storm—and I am going to send you a pair of these up-to-date glasses complete in a very neat and handsome 10 karat gold-filled spectacle frame, to try fully ten days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

You Can Wear These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye "Sight-Improving" Spectacles for Far or Near, for Reading or Looking Away Off in the Distance

As soon as you get them, I want you to put them on your eyes no matter how weak they may be from age; sit down at your fireside these cold wintry nights and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye-pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

You Can Use Them When Out Hunting, Driving or To the Movies If You So Desire

If you like to go out hunting occasionally, put on these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles, go out into the woods some bright sunny morning and you will be delighted to find how greatly they help you in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game.

Or if you are fond of going to the movies once in a while, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen look just as clear and as plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles.

Seeing Is Believing

Now I realize that it may be hard for you—or any other spectacle-wearer whose sight has become greatly weakened from age—to believe that these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles will again bring back to you the absolutely perfect sight of your younger days.

But you know the old saying "Seeing is believing" and I positively will not accept one single solitary penny from you until you have seen these latest-style spectacles and have found them more sight-improving to your own eyes than any spectacles you have ever bought anywhere at any price before. That is the reason why I am only asking you to fill out and mail me the coupon below, and I will immediately send you a handsome 10 karat gold-filled pair of the latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles by mail, all charges prepaid to try fully 10 days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

Cut Out this Coupon on this Line

AMERICAN SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 10 , 55th & Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I have read your liberal offer and want you to send me by mail all charges prepaid a handsome 10-karat gold filled pair of your latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, "sight-improving" spectacles complete with an up-to-date leatherette spring-back pocket-book spectacle-case which you are offering on ten days absolute free trial.

I am going to try them out for reading or looking away off in the distance, for far or near, indoors or outdoors and, in every way you have mentioned above, and if I find them all you claim them to be after a ten days trial, I will pay you your advertising price of $2.85 and no more. I want you, however, to distinctly understand that if I do not find them to be right up-to-date in every respect or if they do not restore the absolutely perfect vision of my younger days, I will return them to you without a cent of pay as I don't intend to keep them unless they are much better than any spectacles I have ever used before and even then I positively will not pay for them unless I consider them a bargain at the advertising price of $2.85 which you are asking for them and you will have to take my word as final in this matter. **Be Sure and Answer the Following Questions:**

How old are you? Ans...... *How many years have you used glasses (if any) Ans.*.....

Name.....

County.....*Post Office*.....

R. R......*Box*.....*State*.....

Street and No. (if any).....

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Would you love to have your own Native Trained Missionary and support him for $1.00 a week? Pray for him by Name? Have his report? Would you love to support one for some loved one? for a memorial? for the Lord Jesus? Write SAMUEL R. BOGGS, President, 473 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., for free literature.

(From a Photograph of the Bowery Mission Bread Line, August 29, 1921.)

Homeless! Hungry! Workless!

That is the condition of thousands of men on the Bowery today.

Remember it is not only men of New York who come here to be helped. Every city and almost every county in the United States is represented.

Surveys on September 1st by the charity organizations showed 500,000 jobless men in the city alone—500,000 with little prospect of finding a job in the near future.

Unemployment means suffering of the most poignant kind.

And—

It means work and opportunity for the Bowery Mission! Because the Bowery, with its cheap lodgings, is the place toward which the man who is empty of pocket and shorn of hope inevitably turns. It is there, too, the Bowery Mission meets him and greets him; it feeds him spiritual and physical food; it helps him find work; it stimulates and encourages him; the light over the door always burns for him, and its staff are on call at any hour of the day or night.

30,000 men have gone into the Bowery Mission "down and out" and have emerged members of The Brotherhood to scatter as valued citizens into every part of the United States.

Your assistance has made these things possible.

Now the Mission needs your help again. On the night of August 29th, almost in midsummer, 250 men lined up in the eating hall for bread and coffee. The increase for the whole week over the same week last year was more than 200 per cent.

What, then, will be the demands with the coming of cold weather?

The Mission needs $25,000 to see these men through the winter.

HOW MUCH WILL YOU CONTRIBUTE?

Date.....

BOWERY MISSION
Bible House, N. Y. City

I want to help the Mission in its winter work and enclose herewith..... for that purpose.

Name.....

Town.....

State.....

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

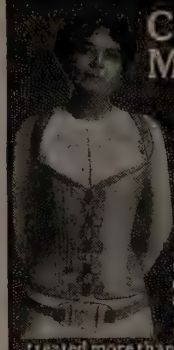
Questions and Answers

C. F., Chandler, Ariz. Ancient Chaldea, of which Nebuchadnezzar was king, was a great alluvial plain lying between the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, with the latter as its eastern boundary and the Persian Gulf as its southern. Once highly cultivated and extremely fertile, the land with its extensive system of canals supported a large population; but ages of neglect have made it a vast wilderness of marsh and jungle, and a breeding-place of miasma and pestilence. At the height of their civilization, the Chaldeans were devoted to philosophy and science, and especially to astronomy. The government was despotic, the ruler bore the title "King of kings" and his will was the supreme law. A kind of privy council, or cabinet, was known as the "King's counselors," and advised the monarch and assisted in governing the Kingdom. There were seven states or provinces, each with its governor. The language of the kingdom was what is designated as Chaldee and was of Semitic origin. The learned among the population were assembled in bodies, as in universities, for the promotion of study in the higher learning of the time. Prof. Albert T. Clay, Babylonian Dept. of Yale University, New Haven, Conn., can advise you as to the best available authorities for further information concerning their lives and customs.

D. B., Highland, Calif., writes: "I have received a copy of 'Precious Bible Promises' which I ordered some time ago, also the Christian Herald for August 6 containing George Washington's Prayer. I want to express my gratitude for both. What relation has the Government to religion? Or, putting the same question in another way: Thought precedes action, and if we are not taught to think right, our actions are apt to drift wrong and the nation pays the cost. What is the cost of crime to the Nation, and what per cent. of the crime belongs to the members of churches and Sunday schools? Is it safe for our national government to make almost no provisions for the inculcation of Christian virtues? Can they rightfully transfer that responsibility to private individuals?"

Under the Constitution, freedom of worship is the right of every citizen. There are no published statistics relative to the points indicated in your letter. The spiritual training of the young is largely in the care of the home, the churches and the Sunday schools, and these are supplemented by a large list of denominational institutions, and by such organizations as the Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Y. M. C. A., etc. Write to the religious department of the Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C., and the Federal Council of Churches, New York, for available data on the religious training of the young.

Mrs. B. F., Utica, Mich., writes: "I was glad to see in the Mail-Bag of the Christian Herald more letters recommending the Family Altar in the home. I am very much in favor of this custom as it is one that we practiced and enjoyed ever since we were married, over thirty-two years ago. At first, before we had any children, I would read a chapter in the Bible. And we would both pray just before retiring. But after a few years, when the children got a little older, we found it easier to all be together in the mornings, especially as our children were all boys (four of them). I would read a chapter every morning, and Mr. F. and I would both pray. Oftentimes Sunday mornings I would read the Sunday school lesson in the Christian Herald. As the children were always very attentive at Sunday school I thought it would be a help to them in class. The boys were taught to kneel with us, which they always did, and never resented even after they got to be young men. If we had hired help, or if the boys had company or we had company, in a great many instances our visitors would show enough respect to kneel with us, and if they were older than we, and Christians, we would ask them to lead in prayer. Talking with any one as to the advisability of family worship, I would ask them 'Where are our children going to be acquainted with the Bible teachings, if they do not hear it read at home?' Only just at church, perhaps, one day out of seven, as we do not hear it read in our public schools any more as we used to. During the war, one of our boys was at Camp Custer, Mich. About nine days before the Armistice was signed, he wrote a letter home telling us he was glad we had brought him up to be a Christian for, he said, they saw much need of one being a Christian in camp, and he asked us to pray for him. Then his letter said—'I know you will. It seems as if I can hear you praying for me, as you used to for the other boys when they were away from home.' In the voyage of life, especially when storms are prevalent, it is consoling and comforting to feel that one has friends and loved ones praying for them. So may God bless the Family Altar!"



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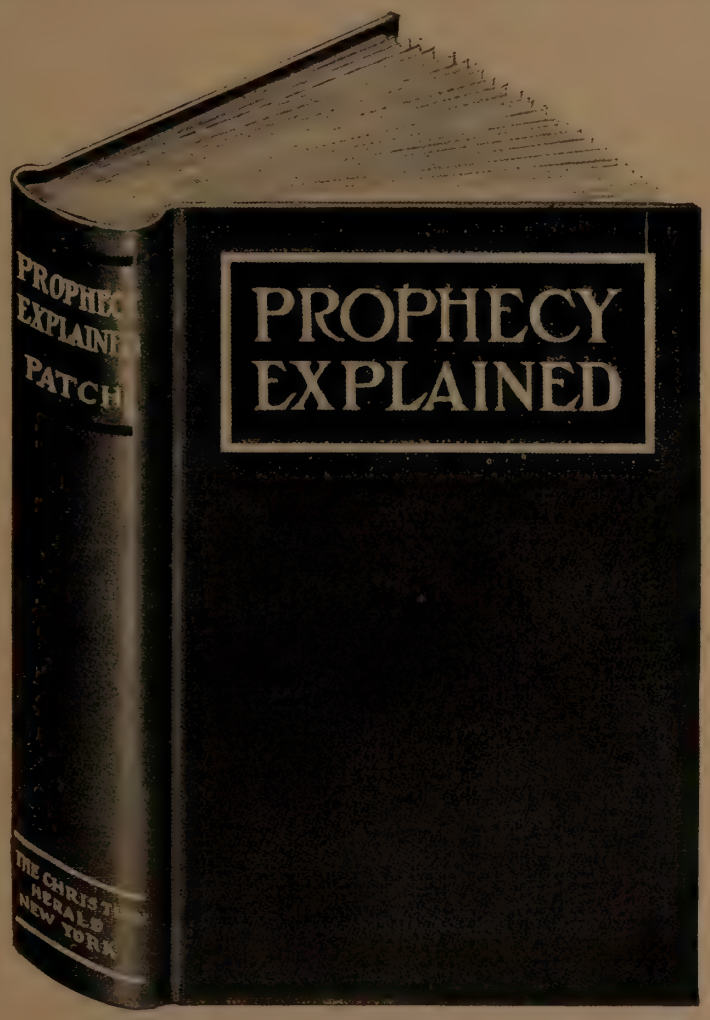
This is a wonderful book on Prophecy. It will be welcomed by Christian men and women everywhere. It brings solace and consolation and reassurance.

Mr. Patch has shed a flood of light on prophecy and especially on Revelation. His work cannot fail to be commended by Bible students and Christian people wherever the Bible is read and studied. It is the most important book we have ever published on Prophecy. The first edition is ready this month. All who are interested in the interpretation of Bible prophecy should read and study this remarkable work. Its publication was recommended to us by eminent students of Prophecy. We anticipate a great demand for this new book.

"This excellent book appears opportunely at a time when, more than in any previous period in modern history, Prophecy is uppermost in the minds of thoughtful men and women throughout the world. The great events of the last seven years have wrought this change. They have seen with amazement the downfall of kings, the destruction of long established dynasties, the overturning of thrones and principalities and powers: and they have been led to the inevitable conclusion that the forces of evil, which man's wickedness had let loose upon the nations, when the end of the struggle was reached, would be seen to have been halted and confounded by the Omnipotent Power, "Who makes the wrath of man to praise Him," and brings redress out of the very bosom of calamity and suffering."—*Dr. Geo. H. Sandison.*

Our object in publishing this book is not only to satisfy the very general desire for light on Prophecy, but to lay before all interested men and women in America a new and simple method of studying the whole field of Prophecy, from Genesis to Revelation, from the Creation to the Times of the End, in one study each week for a single year. These fifty-two Lessons, or Studies in one complete, cloth bound volume, we feel sure will be welcomed by all readers of the Christian Herald and their friends. It is our earnest desire to organize all of them in one great Bible Class for the study of this comprehensive and enlightening course at home. Every Lesson carries full instructions. All the ground has been gone over, all the research work done, and what is needed now is the attention of the reader in order that he or she may follow the method of study, and give due attention to the discourse of the teacher. With your reference Bible at hand, and your mind intent upon the subject under discussion, you who read this, will find no difficulty, and encounter no serious obstacles to a very clear understanding of the prophetic portions of Scripture. The time and duration of the sessions of study are yours to choose; but we know that if you begin, you will follow with zealous interest, and with Mr. Patch as guide, the whole series of studies will be mastered with such attention as always comes from full enlightenment—a result for which you may have striven before, yet never attained.



In Mr. Patch's book the reader will find a new and most satisfactory method of studying Prophecy, which will bring it within the reach of every inquirer. Light is shed upon the fulfilled Prophecies of the past, on those now in process of fulfillment, and those of which the fulfillment still lies in the bosom of the future.

This book may be adapted to a variety of uses in Bible study.

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OCTOBER 1, 1921

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ORANGE KNOTS

Learn to make doughnuts as dainty as cake

DOUGHNUTS need not be tough, tasteless, greasy and indigestible if you mix them properly and fry them the right way in the right kind of fat.

To keep doughnuts from cracking, the dough should be mixed very soft.

To keep the dough from becoming grease-soaked, two things are necessary: The recipe must contain enough egg in proportion to the flour, and the frying fat must impart its heat instantly to the crust. Then egg and fat combine to form a coating that keeps the fat out and the flavor in.

See that the frying kettle contains ample fat so that the heat will not be reduced below proper frying temperature when the cold, raw doughnuts are dropped in. Then the doughnuts will be cooked through. The fat should not smoke at frying heat, because when fat smokes it decomposes and forms an irritating, indigestible substance that is deposited on the food.

So the doughnuts will cook evenly and be fine in texture, turn them frequently after they rise to the top of the fat. They should be drained on soft paper, a process which leaves them as greaseless and dainty as cake, if the right kind of frying fat has been used.

ORANGE KNOTS—*a new kind of doughnut*

3 tablespoonfuls Crisco
¾ cupful sugar
1 egg and 1 yolk, beaten light
grated rind 1 orange
¼ teaspoonful mace
4 cupfuls sifted flour
½ teaspoonful salt
1½ teaspoonfuls cream of tartar
½ teaspoonful soda
½ cupful milk

Cream the Crisco, beat in the sugar, the eggs, orange rind and mace. Sift together the dry ingredients; add the first mixture and the milk and mix to a firm dough. Cut off bits of the dough and roll under the fingers into strips the shape and length of a lead pencil, tie in a knot or shape like an 8 and fry in hot Crisco; drain on soft paper, and dredge with confectioners' sugar.

Experienced cooks say that Crisco is the best fat for doughnuts because its qualities make it easy to carry out the above suggestions for perfect frying. Crisco does not smoke at frying heat, yet it gives up its heat instantly, so that the protecting crust is formed at once on the food being cooked. Crisco cooks away so slowly, and can be used so often that you need not hesitate to put plenty in the frying kettle. Finally, it is a dainty, greaseless, tasteless, digestible vegetable product that is used in the most delicate cakes. It does not give doughnuts that "fatty" flavor which so often spoils their taste.

Try a batch of doughnuts fried in Crisco according to these suggestions, and see how really delicious doughnuts can be.

Your grocer sells Crisco, in dust-proof, wrapped containers, holding one pound or more, net weight. Use it for frying, for pastry, for cakes.

CRISCO
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For Cake Making

Which requires the hottest frying fat—doughnuts, croquettes, or French fried potatoes?

Learn the expert, exact way to test the heat of fat for the particular food you want to fry, from "The Whys of Cooking," the exclusive cook book in which Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School, and editor of America's foremost cookery magazine, discloses the simple methods by which professional cooks prevent "bad luck" in cooking. Over 100 pages of rules, original recipes, cooking time tables, tables of weights and measures, and instructions in correct table setting and serving. Bound in blue and gold; illustrated in colors. Each copy costs us 26c wholesale. You can get one copy for personal use, by sending 10c in stamps to Section S-10, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE·CHRISTIAN·HERALD
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AN·ILLUSTRATED·NEWS·WEEKLY·FOR·THE·HOME·
·GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER·

The Grand Lamas of Thibet

Strange Rulers of a Land of Mystery

By
DR. THOMAS EDWARD GREEN

CENTURIES ago the wise and far-seeing Emperor of China, with millions of men and masses of material at his command, undertook to guarantee the soil of his Empire as inviolable by building the long reaches of the mighty fabric of the Great Wall, that, through valley and plain, over torrential rivers and up the sides of jagged mountains, stretches across the northern frontier of China. It sufficed for protection during the days of hand-to-hand conflict. It was a protection even through the Middle Ages when catapults, Greek fire and scaling towers prepared the way for the coming of gun-powder as a means of battle. But age and advancing invention speedily made the Great Wall of China but a monument, and opened her frontiers to the advance and entrance of friend and foe alike.

What man failed to accomplish for China nature has done for Thibet. A lofty plateau, in area about the size of France, it lies at a mean elevation of sixteen thousand feet. It is hedged about by mountains so vast that they have been an impassable barrier through all the centuries, save only through passes themselves so difficult as to baffle all save the most skilled and accustomed travelers. These mountains are so vast as to laugh defiance in the face of self-confident aviation, for no daring pioneer has yet ventured to fly across the summits of Everest, or even to trust himself above the mighty masses of Kunchinjunga.

Behind these massive barriers lies Thibet, for centuries a mystery; even down to our own time known as the "Hermit Kingdom," lying on the roof of the world, with a people, language, literature and religion that are all peculiar to itself.

While the country has been, since 1720, under the control of China, it has been the policy of that government to isolate Thibet as much as possible, probably with the idea of creating a buffer state against European invasion from that direction. At any rate Thibet remains still, in spite of expeditions—scientific, military, and otherwise—largely a land of mystery.

It is probably for this reason that a certain type of literature, builded upon a fatuous philosophy that possesses a peculiar attraction for certain types of minds, has made Thibet the dwelling-place of Mahatmas and Masters and Mysterious Brotherhoods, whose powers and achievements rival those of Zanoni in Bulwer's story of a generation ago.

THERE is nothing more indicative of a peculiar twist in the human mind than the easy credulity with which people believe these wonder stories. Not only do the founders and promulgators of all phases of spiritualism and various types of occult trickery talk learnedly about monasteries on the slopes of the Himalayas and monastic centers in the heart of Thibet, but one now and again meets people who are willing to confirm their personal knowledge of these places from which venerable men, supernaturally preserved from century to century, pass out in their astral bodies, appearing on the streets of San Francisco, London, or New York, where after performing various deeds of marvelous sagacity, miraculous insight or magic power they afterwards vanish, leaving behind them a faint perfume of sandalwood or some other Oriental perfume, or perhaps if one is inclined to be particularly poetical, the leaves of a lotus flower or a spray of cassia blossoms.

It is like scores of other things with which one comes in contact. I have traveled all over India and the Orient vainly searching for one of those marvelous fakirs, who was supposed to out-rival all the magical cunning and legerdemain of our Western world. I searched up and down the length and breadth of India for a man who would do for me the much-talked about and highly praised trick of throwing a rope in the air and having a little boy climb it until he vanishes from sight; then with a spatter of blood the four quarters of the dismembered child fall cut of the sky, which, being gathered together and put into a basket, are carried off by an attendant while almost instantly, with a merry laugh, the child comes running around the corner of a nearby building.

I talked with judges and princes, governors and rulers, priests and merchants, Hindoos, Mohammedans and Buddhists—every sort and kind of folk that I could discover—and they all told me that such a thing had never been done. And yet during the last ten days that I was in India, and while I was en route by steamer from Colombo to Hongkong, I met six different people who told me that they had seen that thing with their own eyes actually accomplished.

I did find a fakir in Agra who undertook to do the mango-tree stunt for me: planting a seed in the ground and covering it over with a little tent and making it grow in twenty minutes from a seed to a tree bearing blossoms and fruit. His "medicine," however, wasn't working very well that day, and his attempt at magic would have made the average vaudeville magician in America blush with shame.

BUT in regard to Thibet. I have come in contact, during a good many years of quiet investigation of things occult and supposedly supernatural, with at least half a dozen persons, apparently sensible, logical and presumably truthful, who have told me that they had been in personal touch with these venerable men who had come from the monasteries among the Himalayas, or at least in Thibet, for the purpose of either bringing wonderful messages, preaching startling gospels, performing thrilling events, mainly, however, be it admitted for the purpose of giving some sort of a mystic seal to the claims of the person telling the story. In every case there was, of course, the particularly mysterious touch of these venerable brethren leaving their physical bodies behind in their monasteries, and traveling through space over continents and seas in defiance of all the accepted laws of the natural world.

I have never been in Thibet, but it happened that in 1912 I stumbled on to a piece of Thibet that had come out through the mountains and revealed itself in the modern world. It was just following the revolution in China, when, under the leadership of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the power of the Manchu Dynasty broke and the Chinese Republic was established.

Some of the lamas of Eastern and Northern Thibet were inclined to resist certain demands that the newly established government of China made upon them, whereupon several regiments of Republican troops, equipped in modern fashion, marched into Thibet, and, having properly disciplined and reduced to order the recalcitrant lamas, proceeded to Lahasa. Before their approach the ecclesiastical sovereigns of the realm fled post haste, and crossing all but impassable mountains to the south descended to India and came to Darjeeling, asking sanctuary of the English Government there.

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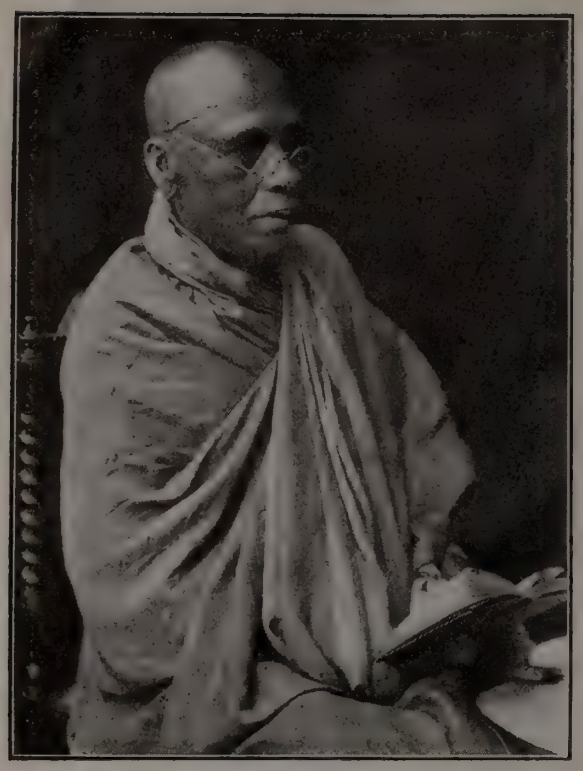
The Taschai Lama, the Buddhist Pope, with his cabinet of lamas and monks



A Buddhist priest

It was just at this particularly interesting juncture that I chose to come up from Calcutta to Darjeeling, with nothing more pretentious in mind than a view of the mighty mountains, generally easily obtained from this point.

HERE I met a young photographer, who had been employed by one of the great news collecting agencies, taking pictures of the Durbar just concluded at Delhi. He had heard of the flight of the Grand Lamas over the mountains, and had come as quickly as trains would bring him to Calcutta and up to Darjeeling in hopes of procuring some unique photographs.

It was not possible for me to accompany him when he finally obtained permission to make the pictures. In fact, he never told me just how he obtained access to the two men, who, perhaps in all the world, are the most secluded and the hardest to reach, the Dalai Lama and the Tashi Lama of Thibet. I have an idea, however, that, when their Highnesses fled from Lahasa, together with their Ministers of State and a certain following of their court, they did not have time to prepare very much for the journey nor to accumulate very much in the way of wherewithal. Thibet has neither telegraph, nor telephone nor railroads. Knowledge, therefore, of the approach of the Chinese troops did not very far precede their actual coming. I imagine, therefore, that the Minister of State was perhaps easily reached by the display and bestowal of a little English gold.

At any rate, I did not find it at all difficult a few days later to accumulate some of the rarest treasures in my possession from among the ecclesiastical belongings of some of the prelates and dignitaries who had fled to Darjeeling with their masters.

The British Government, it seems, was very willing to grant sanctuary; but, cautious of complications with China, insisted that the visiting hierarchs confine themselves to certain set limits of habitation and ask for nothing more than merely a chance to live.

The Republican Government of China found it advantageous, a little later, to restore the lamas to their place and prerogatives. It was, however, due to this peculiar combination of events that the outside world was able to catch a glimpse of what are perhaps the two most strangely chosen and secretly guarded personages in the world, and enabled me to secure the photographs which illustrate this story as well as some unique items for my collection of things Oriental.

LAMAISM is a system of combined religion and politics, a corrupt form of Buddhism that prevails in Thibet and through a certain part of Mongolia.

Thibet is not in any sense the source of spiritual authority for the Buddhist world. The real philosophical Buddhist of the Orient will tell you that Lamaism is a very degraded interpretation of primitive Buddhism, that it has combined in it not only the primitive nature worship of ancient Thibet, but that it has adopted and absorbed many things from various faiths with which it has come in contact during succeeding generations. Hinduism, Mohammedism and Confucianism have all left more or less impress upon Lamaism. It is probable that even Christianity, from a far ancient day, left behind it much in the way of symbol and service. For example, the fish, the secret sign of the early Christians, the letters of which form the initials of the word in Greek "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour," which is found scratched upon the walls of the catacombs and ancient tombs in Rome, has for some strange and unaccountable reason become a Buddhist symbol in Thibet.

The Buddhist church of Thibet also uses bells and rosaries and relics in processionals the same way as the Church of Rome. The sacred vestments worn by lamas and priests have decided reminiscence of Western ecclesiasticism, and it is extremely startling in this remote country to find processions, litanies, intercessions, holy water, with sprinklings and crossings; the kneeling of the people to the priest for the laying on of hands—things that you find nowhere else in all the Oriental world save in Thibet.

On the other hand, it is just as certain that instead of Thibet being the great center of supernatural knowledge and power, the source from which mysterious influences go out that bind the whole world in occult obedience to hidden powers, the religion of Thibet is so extremely debased as to have become very largely a matter of mere senseless reiteration. Prayer wheels and praise wheels take the place of even the most juvenile and elemental type of ritual worship.

Mixed in with it all is a sort of spiritualistic belief in devils and demons, and in consequence a distorted mixture of magic and superstition drawn from an attempt to unravel the mysterious powers of nature.

The Portola, the royal and religious capitol of Thibet at Lahasa

THIBET has never yet been touched by the Buddhist "Revival" that has brought the esoteric teachings of Gautama into the prominence that they have attained in the Western world. So far as all lay people, and indeed most of the monks and priests are concerned, aside from a repetition of postulates and observances their entire religious attitude is summed up in the endless repetition of the phrase "Om Mane Padmi Om" an inscription of praise to Buddha, which simply translated means "Oh! Thou Jewel in the Lotus."

The lamas and monks are not the simple teachers that one finds in Ceylon or in Burma; not the skilled and astute teachers that one encounters in China; not the spiritual leaders of the people that one discovers under royal patronage and control in Siam; not indeed the historical remains of a vanishing faith that one meets in free thinking and largely atheistical Japan. Here in Thibet the lamas are members of the most wealthy and most dominant community in the country. Directly or indirectly the church owns a great part of the land. The people pay a tax both in money and in kind. Their obedience and their generosity is demanded by the priests as a right. It is as complete a union of church and state, of ecclesiastical and temporal authority, as exists in the world today.

The fact that there are two contemporary over-lords of the church and two contemporary rulers of the realm of Thibet is due to the fact that in the fifteenth century the Emperor of China acknowledged the leaders of two sects of Buddhism as of equal authority and entitled to equal respect. It was the result of a reformation in the Buddhist faith similar in many ways to the reformation in Europe in the sixteenth century.

Tsongkapa, who has been called indeed "The Luther of Thibet," in the latter half of the fourteenth century, preached a return to simple philosophy and the doctrines of primitive Buddhism. Before his death more than thirty thousand of the lamas had adhered to his teaching and had put on the orange-colored garments which he declared were a symbol of the true faith, as they had been in the life-time of Buddha. He did not attempt to weaken the political authority of the Dalai Lama at Lahasa, whose followers and particular adherents wore red garments. It was a strife of doctrine, fortunately, and not of arms, and was settled in the fifteenth century by the recognition of both lamas, the one retaining his title of Dalai or "Glorious King" and the other taking his title from the monastery where the reformer had lived as abbot, being known as "The Tashi Lama." The one, therefore, is a sort of a Theocratic King, while the other is the Grand High Priest of this strange land among the clouds.

What may be the native or acquired ability of either one of these men at the present time no one is presumed to know. Their contact with the rest of the world is so faint and occasional that there are no standards of judgment to which to appeal.

A NEWSPAPER telegram, the other day, carried the inteiligence that in some certain town in Mongolia "the living Buddha had died" with the implied conclusion that this personage was the representative or the reincarnation, or in some sense the embodiment of the power and authority of the founder of Buddhism.

There are many living Buddhas in the Orient. Locally they are of high authority and presumably immaculate sancity, but the term "living Buddha" is applied to any one who, by virtue of contemplation, discipline, denial and judgment, follows the eight-fold path to such a degree of perfectness that he ceases to acknowledge any attachment to the present world and its concerns. He thus attains to the title of the "living Buddha."

The authority of the two lamas of Thibet runs in Mongolia, even though it does not hold in India, Siam and Japan.

In some way that it is very hard to explain, these supreme rulers or Grand Lamas are looked upon as incarnations of certain celestial beings, who, inspired by love for the human race, have taken the so-called "Great Resolve" to become future Buddhas or Saviours, and who, therefore, have descended from the Heavens and live earthly lives in incarnated human beings.

The Tashi Lama has come to be looked upon as the continuation of the ecclesiastical power that appeared in the great reform of Tsongkapa, while the Dalai Lama is looked upon as the incarnation of a prehistoric Buddha. When, therefore, one of these dies it is necessary for the other to ascertain in whose body the celestial being, whose outward form has been dissolved, has been pleased again to incarnate himself. For that purpose the names of all male children born just after the death of the deceased Great Lama are placed before

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The Dalai Lama, theocratic ruler of Thibet

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

A Story of a City Church

By MARION HARLAND

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

Instalment Five

CHAPTER X

"I WONDER why people telephone to me so often at mealtime!" ejaculated Mrs. Haile, leaving her chair to answer the peal that interrupted her luncheon.

"I suppose because they are pretty sure to find you at home then," rejoined her son. "It's so with everybody."

"Then everybody ought to know better than to disturb others!"

Mrs. Haile reiterated it mentally as she sat down to the instrument in the back hall and lifted the receiver to her ear.

"Yes?" She was the one out of a thousand who would not say "Hello." She held that it smacked of the street boy and the hoyden.

"Is that you, Mrs. Haile?" came the voice over the wire. "I am afraid I called you away from your luncheon, but I wanted to catch you at home. This is Miss Maynard. Mrs. Wingate advised me to ask you to set a time for seeing me. We are both such busy women that we cannot take chances in such matters. Shall you be at liberty to talk with me this afternoon? And will three o'clock be too early for me to call?"

"No, Miss Maynard. I shall be at home and quite ready to see you. And I shall keep the next hour free for you."

"Thank you ever so much! I shall be punctual. I know you have no time to waste. Good morning, and thank you!"

"I am likely to have a feast of fat things today," reflected the pastor's helpmate as she settled herself to wait for her next visitor in the room Mrs. Wingate's radiant presence had glorified five hours before. "Only it will be like the old-fashioned New England dinners my grandmother used to tell me of—in which the pudding was the first course. Now for the corned beef and cabbage!"

Her sense of humor served her still as a saving clause. As she said it, she was conscious that the sweets of the forenoon had not agreed with her digestive organs. She had not been able to think soberly and rationally of anything since the limousine had glided away from her front door. She hoped that there had not been time during the drive for the president of The League to "get in much of her fine work with Stuart." That was the way she put it. She knew how he detested "blarney."

THERE was no danger of a surfeit of sweets with the functionary who arrived, as she informed her hostess "upon the dot."

"I haven't an idea how the slang originated," she continued, "but it is expressive. And now that I am here, let us proceed at once to business." From a capacious handbag she extracted a leather-bound note-book and began to turn the leaves.

Our heroine (for if this over-true tale has a heroine it is the commonplace woman who never dreamed of applying the title to herself) could not but trace a likeness between the lean, brown volume that might have been a ledger and the owner.

The salaried visitor of the parish was a spinster of an age so uncertain that those who had known her in her official capacity for a decade could not have told whether she was nearer forty or fifty. Her cloak and gown were snuff-color and her hair, parted smoothly above a high forehead, was a darker shade of the same, dappled with gray.

"I go so much among the poor that I feel I ought to set them an example by dressing plainly," was one of her sayings. "I frown down extravagance of all kinds. It may not be wrong with the rich. In the poor, it is nothing less than a crime.

"I had a consultation with Mrs. Wingate, our well-beloved president, last week about your wish to accompany me regularly once a week upon my missions of mercy," she resumed, keeping the place in the lean ledger with a brown kid forefinger. "I told her how much interest you had taken in my sewing-classes and of the three evenings you delighted us by reading and talking to us of the mountain missions and the families of the missionaries for whom we are making up boxes. I am sure that knitting-needles and sewing machines will fly the faster for those evenings." She glanced again at her notes, a motion copied so faithfully from Mrs. Wingate that the observer could not repress a smile.

"Oh, I see! a report of your generous proposal that light refreshments—tea and bread-and-butter and cookies and the like—should be served during the evening and at your expense by the way of making the girls feel that you were their hostess—such a sweet and original idea!

"The president said on the spot that it could not be allowed. It might be kind to have food, as no doubt some of the girls had had light suppers after working hard all day. But, if it were done, the League Treasury must bear the expense."

She had her trowel in hand and was excavating a resting-place at one end of the miniature garden for the pink beauty

Mrs. Haile interrupted her:

"Did you make her understand that the slight expense would be a contribution to domestic missions that I should be glad to add to what I usually make? I would use it as a means of getting nearer to a class in which I have been deeply interested for years. The number of self-supporting women increases every month. A large percentage of them marry in time and take their place among the wives and mothers who are to bring up the next generation. Not a few marry successful business men."

MISS MAYNARD'S grimace testified to her appreciation of the fact.

"True! very true! I wonder if you have any idea of how many society leaders that might be said?"

Mrs. Haile went on calmly:

"However that may be, it is our duty and should be our privilege to fit them for whatever station they may be called by Providence to fill. And certain finer points of breeding can only be learned by personal association with well-bred people. No machinery of man's devising can do the nicer parts of what we call for the lack of a better name 'pastoral work' without the agency of true Christian brotherhood and sisterhood. We must win all classes and conditions of men and women to the belief that

"'One Family we dwell in Him.
One Church, above, beneath.'

"I know you are about to remind me of social distinctions we cannot break down, and which it would be neither kind nor expedient to do away with if we could. There are common grounds upon which we should meet and labor in the fellowship."

"To be sure! to be sure!" struck in the official. "In the Lord's sight, and to a certain extent in His house, we are all equals. But there is no use trying to force all this socialistic talk we hear so much of down the throats of sensible persons. And those we think of dragging up to the level of those who move in higher social circles and have bigger incomes is rank nonsense. We all know it! And why try to smooth it over? Money and education buy the place in Society the world over, and the Church is no exception. And, after all, the Gospel is as free to what we call the gallery-pewites as to the middle-aislers. We mustn't forget that."

Mrs. Haile stirred impatiently.

"I never saw another church in which the gallery was divided into rented pews. I thought the seats there were always free."

"So they are in most churches. But, years ago, we found that people disliked the name of 'free seats.' It was too much like 'the poor widow's corner' in the old-fashioned meeting-houses. So they 'pewed off' the gallery and saved the pride of those who liked to have it known that they paid for their sittings."

"May not that be called 'a distinction without a difference'?"

The tone was dry. "And speaking of poor widows reminds me that I am sorry to see infirm old women and men climbing the gallery-stairs every Sunday. I was strongly tempted last Sunday to invite one very fragile-looking old lady to take her seat in my pew, but I was not sure it would be expedient. It might make her conspicuous and create talk."

Miss Maynard raised both horrified hands:

"*Dear* Mrs. Haile! I am so thankful you thought better of it! It would have been most unwise, and, as you say, would have made no end of talk. And the woman herself would not have understood it. She would probably not have accepted the invitation. I sincerely hope not! Which brings me to something which I feel you ought to know. You have been so friendly with some of the plain people we were speaking of just now, that they don't quite understand it. One of my class told me yesterday that you had called to see her mother, who is not able to go out of the house on account of rheumatism, and sent her some flowers besides. She and her neighbors were at a loss how to take it. They all say that you are 'not a bit stuck up,' but you have such a graceful way of making nice speeches in talking with them that they are at a loss how to answer and become embarrassed. They can't get up replies of the same kind and they are uneasy and uncomfortable. And when you have done as much visiting among plain people as I have, my dear lady, you will understand that plain people don't like to be put at a disadvantage. They have feelings and pride as well as their superiors in social standing."

SEEING that the stunned listener had no response ready—or none that civility and hospitality let her enunciate, the arbiter of churchly manners and usages ran on:

"I wonder, sometimes, just what St. Paul meant when he told us to 'condescend to men of low estate.' He wasn't writing to Americans, to be sure, and he lived in the first century instead of the twentieth, but I don't believe men of low estate liked being patronized

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The Story in Brief

SILAS FORD, the dominant figure in the fashionable Banner Church in New York City, is profoundly impressed while on a visit to Marlinton, a few miles distant, by the preaching of Rev. Stuart Haile, whose ten-year pastorate there has been extraordinarily happy and successful. The leaders of the Banner Church have determined on the resignation of their pastor, Rev. Dr. Samuel Stenson, because they believe that at sixty-three he is too old for the best interests of a modern city church conducted with business-like efficiency, and Mr. Haile reluctantly accepts their call because of the larger opportunities for service. The Banner Church makes much of welcoming the Hailes and stages what its members call the "Unique Demonstration" for the retiring and the incoming pastors. Mrs. Haile finds somewhat trying a lengthy call from Mrs. Wingate, who dominates the women's activities of the church.

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

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Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

"World Court" of the League

IN ELECTING the World Court of International Justice, the League of Nations has taken the most important step since its creation after the close of the Great War. Of the members chosen to sit as permanent Justices, eleven are known as distinguished jurists and men specially familiar with the intricate phases of international law. John Bassett Moore, whose labors in the State Department at Washington have long made him known as an expert of international legal questions, is of this number, while Barbosa, as a member of the Supreme Court of Brazil, Finlay, as former Lord Chancellor of England, Loder of Switzerland, and Weiss of France, are all jurists of especially large experience. In choosing the Justices the League had in view the representation of as many countries as possible, with their varying legal customs and traditions.

As the World Court will be open to all nations, it promises to be a very busy tribunal from the outset. Thirty different governments are represented in the League, and when the Court begins to function, this number is likely to be increased. It will organize by the election of a president and other officers, and it is expected that within a few months it will be prepared to hold its opening sessions at The Hague, in the celebrated Peace Palace, erected by the generosity of the late Andrew Carnegie.

Several speakers before the League Assembly in the closing hours preceding the election gave sound and sensible advice. They urged that the members of the Assembly should keep a keen and watchful eye to the transaction of the League's proper business, and not allow any undue diversion toward political and humanitarian problems. The League had been used for minor purposes too much already, they charged, and had weakened its efficiency, when it should have concentrated its efforts on making war difficult and unprofitable. Some expressed the hope that the League would not hereafter permit its time and energies to be monopolized by any government, even by the great powers, while affairs affecting the world's vital interest demanded attention, and that matters dealing with world peace must take precedence over all others. These well-meant advisory speeches were made chiefly by Canadian and Australian delegates.

The new World Court will enter upon its duties at The Hague under auspices much more favorable to success than its predecessor, the Peace Tribunal, which was neglected, if not indeed rejected, by the governments which should have been its main dependence. It had no power to carry out its own findings. The new Court has behind it a group of governments representing nations that sincerely desire peace. Let us hope that all the signatories of the League will co-operate heartily in their support of the World Court, by faithfully performing their duties and standing together in upholding and executing its findings and decisions.

The Churches and Disarmament

RESPONSES from churches of practically all denominations continue to pour in, showing that the Christian Herald's appeal to the churches for united endorsement of the Conference on Disarmament and generous approval of the course of President Harding in his successful efforts to bring it about, has taken pastors, officials and congregations by storm.

As this issue goes to press, considerably more than 100 churches all over the country have been heard from, in addition to those in the list published last week, and the replies are still coming by every mail. A more detailed account of these Peace Endorsement replies will be published in our next issue.

One of the latest resolutions is particularly notable, being from a Conference of Churches, held in Baldwin, Miss., on September 9, at which the following was adopted: "Be it resolved that we the members of Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ), with their ministers and congregational officers of the Northeast District of Mississippi, now assembled in Conference in Baldwin, do hereby express our hearty approval of the action of President Harding and pledge him our support in every way and effort to bring about World Peace." Signed by J. Fred Jones, President, Robert L. Harrell, Secretary.

It is of the highest importance that all the endorsements by churches and other bodies should be in at the earliest possible moment. The following is the form of endorsement:

WHEREAS, President Harding has called a Conference on Disarmament, to be composed of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers and China, to be held in Washington, D. C., on November 11, 1921, and

WHEREAS, the Christian people of the United States of America of all denominations are by their profession of belief in the teaching and Spirit of Jesus Christ committed to the policy of World Peace and to Disarmament as a means to the accomplishment of that goal; Therefore

BE IT RESOLVED, That we, the pastor, officers and members of ..... Church, do hereby express our hearty approval of the action of President Harding and pledge to him our support in every effort to bring about World Peace.

Date.....

.....

.....

(Use this blank or copy in typewritten form, sign, and return to "Peace Endorsement Committee, Room 94, Bible House, New York City," at the earliest possible moment.)

An Open-Letter to Premier Briand

OF ALL countries in the world that will be helped by a general world disarmament and an end of war, your own great country, France, will head the list. For during the centuries of mankind's folly in making war a part of earth's history, France has, perhaps, suffered most from the tyrannical reign of Mars.

It will, therefore, be of the utmost importance to France if at the coming Conference on Disarmament held in the United States at the invitation of President Harding, some real and permanent agreement shall be reached by the representatives gathered there, which shall at least be the beginning of the end of war among civilized nations.

The one thing, no doubt, which will be raised as an obstacle to any positive disarmament on the part of France will be the need, as she thinks, of keeping up large war preparation against the future plots of Germany.

But the friends of France in America—and they are very, very many—would suggest to you, one of the most observing and disciplined minds in Europe, that Germany, France's old enemy, is even now, not the same Germany historically. The Kaiser has fled and is a hopeless exile. The Junker element in Prussia has within the past few weeks received a most severe blow in the reaction following the assassination, of Erzberger, whose death reminds the Germans of all classes of the character of militarism and the military party. Already the seeds have been sown that shall bear mighty fruit even in Germany for world-wide peace, which shall make impossible for her to attack France or any other country. The significant movement of the workingmen for peace and against Prussianism, shown by the mighty mass meetings protesting against the military hatred that killed Erzberger is a movement so powerful that statesmen of your penetration must surely take that into the account as signifying the actual possibility of no danger from Germany even if the military forces of France were to be reduced to a minimum.

Added to all these historical movements must be the immense reparations the German people must pay before they can or will think of making war again. For they must pay for forty years the immense sum of $500,000,000 plus 26 per cent. of her export values, making a total of $760,000,000.

But that is less than her previous war account to keep up her army and navy, besides losing 800,000 men from the factory and field. So that the world views the astonishing fact that with COMPULSORY DISARMAMENT Germany is already economically better off than the United States, which has voted for war upkeep this coming year $830,000,000!

We wish to assure you, Premier Briand, as you come to this Conference, of the great good-will and good welcome of the American people. We earnestly hope that you, the honored representative of France, will act for the good of mankind. For the time has come in the history of the world for the nations to consider the happiness and safety of all nations. National safety and happiness depend on international safety and happiness. We take for granted that you are not coming to this momentous conference to press any particular claims of France above the claims of mankind. We also take for granted that your influence at the Conference will be for real DISARMAMENT.

Around the table we feel sure that France, so far as all other considerations may enter into the discussion, will be guided by honest statesmanship and not by degenerate diplomacy or old-time intrigue for national advantage. But in the name of a common human liberty which Lafayette saw, and for which France has so often given of her bravest and best, we welcome you as America's guest, and do not doubt that your vote will be cast for the laying down of warlike arms and the taking up of the world's implements of humane and lasting peace.

With great respect,
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Just Common Sense!

IN DECLINING to eat from a solid gold dinner service at one of the leading Atlantic City hotels, President Harding did what the American people in the main must heartily approve. The service, which consisted of 1,000 pieces, and which had been expressly provided as a signal honor for the Presidential guest, however it might have been regarded in any of the European countries, was out of place in this free republic, which could not view it as other than a plutocratic display. It might have been foreseen that the President, with his customary good sense and appreciation of the proprieties, would act in the matter just as he did when he refused to permit it to be used.

"I will not eat from plates of gold," he told his entertainers, "and I wish to be furnished with the tools to which I have been accustomed." So china dishes and plated steel cutlery were substituted. Nor would he use the reserved "special suite," or the reserved autos or rolling chairs.

The man who has stuck type, and rolled proofs in a printing press, and whose highest enjoyment was to talk with his neighbors on his home porch at Marion, or to mix with the children on their parties on the White House grounds, showed plain, old-fashioned common sense in declining to make a spectacle of himself before the plain-living American people, to gratify the ambition of hotel managers. It is a safe guess that his predecessors would have acted as he did.

Unhappy Homes

A WELL-KNOWN physician, a man of wide experience and long practice, writes the editor as follows:

"In my visitation at the homes of my patients I am appalled at the number of families that I find distracted and divided by quarrels, nagging, spitefulness, bitterness between husband and wife and brothers and sisters. I wonder often if in any way these unhappy homes could be made to see the beauty of the ideal home life. Is there any way in which so many unhappy families can be changed into abodes of peace and unselfishness? It is a tragedy that I witness as I come to know certain circles in the course of my professional intimacy with families that do not conceal from me as they do from the minister or other acquaintances the inner secrets of their unhappy existence."

This is pretty strong language from a man who is not at all morbid in his observations. We cannot help wondering how true it is that a generalization could be made from this confession. Is it true that unhappy homes are quite common? Is it a fact that there are a good many such homes where nagging and bitterness and strife are a large part of the daily experience?

If it is true, as the good physician seems to think it is, then there is certainly room for some radical improvement in the home life of America. It is not a secret that is unknown to many pastors that many families in a parish thought by the average acquaintance to be ideal are in reality almost destroyed by inner dissention. A friend of the editor recently confessed that his heart was almost broke to discover an estrangement between a man and his wife, members of his church, who he had always thought were almost perfect examples of what a husband and wife ought to be. They were contemplating divorce, and were only dissuaded by the united efforts of the pastor and relatives.

Unhappy homes! How many in America! And there is only one remedy. If Christ does not sit at the head of the table all the time as the most honored guest in the house, there is danger. He is the only hope for the family life.

The World News of the Week

Lloyd George Cancels Irish Parleys at Inverness

THE Irish peace negotiations have come perilously near a complete breakdown, so near that Premier Lloyd George has cancelled the arrangements for a conference at Inverness, Scotland, with the Sinn Fein representatives. This action was taken after the receipt of a letter from Eamonn de Valera which on its face was an acceptance of the Premier's invitation, but which qualified this acceptance by the declaration that Ireland "has formally declared its independence and recognizes itself as a sovereign state. It is only as representatives of that state and as its chozen guardians that we have authority or powers to act on behalf of its people."

When Mr. Lloyd George received this letter, he warned the Irish couriers of the very serious effect of that paragraph, and gave time for Mr. de Valera to reconsider it. Mr. de Valera, however, stood firm and after the letter had been published in its original form in Dublin, the Premier sent a communication announcing the cancellation of the conference. He chided the Irish leader for not making a more generous response to the British concessions, and declared every advance had been made by the British, while "on your part you have not come to meet us by a single step, but have merely reiterated in phrases of emphatic challenge the letter and spirit of your original claims."

This was followed by telegraphic exchanges in which the Premier declared he would meet the Sinn Fein delegates only as spokesmen for the Irish people.

Each side was extremely anxious to avoid the odium of breaking off the negotiations, because of the effect of such an act on the public opinion of the world, as was made manifest by the Dail Eireann's course in naming six representatives for the Inverness conference at the same time it unanimously approved the letter which brought about the cancellation. Mr. de Valera was not to be a member of this delegation, which was headed by Arthur Griffith.

World Court Judges Named

THE League of Nations has elected the eleven members of the permanent Court of International Justice—called the "vitalizing soul of the League—which is to be open to all countries and to which thirty nations already have subscribed. The tribunal is to occupy part of the Peace Palace at The Hague, and one of its great services is expected to be the establishment of international law in a manner which will make it possible to codify it.

The Council and the Assembly voted separately for Judges, as provided in the League Covenant, and on their first lists they agreed on nine of the eleven members. Balloting then was resumed and the final list soon was made up, each body conceding one seat. Although the United States never has ratified the world court project, one American—John Bassett Moore, lawyer, diplomatist and long prominent in international affairs—was named. The others elected were: Viscount Robert Bannatyne Finlay, of Great Britain; Charles André Weiss, France; Dionisio Anzilotti, Italy; Rafael Altamira y Cravea, Spain; Senator Ruy Barbosa, Brazil; Antonio de Bustamente, Cuba; Max Huber, Switzerland; B. C. J. Loder, Holland; Didrik G. G. Nyholm, Denmark; and Yoruzo Oda, Japan.

When acceptances have been received the judges will be asked to meet to elect their president, and it is hoped the court will be ready to function by January 1.

Agenda for Conference Submitted

EXCHANGES now are in progress among the governments which are to participate in the Washington conference on limitation of armaments regarding the subjects to be discussed at its sessions. Secretary Hughes has submitted to the other Powers and China the American suggestions of topics to be embodied in the agenda, and these form the basis of the informal conversations. No information regarding the details of the American note was given out, and it was considered probable that the official list of topics would not be revealed in advance of the opening session, owing to the difficulties in reaching a formal agreement on the agenda.

Officials in Washington emphasized the fact that America was not trying to dictate the subjects to be considered, but merely was submitting its ideas as to the subjects on which agreement is necessary in order that real progress may be made toward limitation of armaments. Well-informed observers in Washington believed the list suggested was long, including discussion of the Russian problem and many points concerning China, in addition to other Pacific and disarmament questions.

ON DEWEY'S OLD FLAGSHIP, THE OLYMPIC

The historic cruiser now is bringing back from France the body of an unknown American soldier for burial in Arlington on Armistice Day. Rear Admiral Chandler and Captain H. L. Wyman of the Olympic are shown at the tablet, commemorating Dewey's famous words at the battle of Manila Bay

New York City's Primaries

WITH the fusion slate, composed of Republicans and independent Democrats, overwhelmingly victorious in the Republican primaries, the lines are drawn in New York City for a vigorous municipal campaign which will be watched closely throughout the country.

On the Democratic side Mayor John F. Hylan and Controller Charles L. Craig were renominated without a contest, and Murray Hulbert, now Dock Commissioner, was unopposed for President of the Board of Alderman. For some of the minor posts there were bitter fights, and the fact that Julius Miller, former state senator, won by only 8,500 votes out of 50,000 cast over James J. Hines, a foe of Tammany Leader Charles F. Murphy, for Borough President of Manhattan was hailed by the fusionists as showing a revolt against Tammany, which promised well for fusion success. Mr. Hines charged fraud, demanded a recount and prepared to continue his battle against the Tammany leader.

Henry H. Curran, the fusion selection, polled 103,174 votes, 65,294 more than the nearest of his three opponents for the Republican mayoralty nomination. Judge Reuben L. Haskell, whose violent anti-prohibition stand had made his strength an uncertain quantity in a city considered so wet, ran third with only 29,468 votes, a showing not calculated to alarm the friends of the Eighteenth Amendment. State Senator Charles C. Lockwood for Controller, Vincent Gilroy, a Democrat, for President of the Board of Aldermen were easy victors for the other city-wide places on the Republican ticket.

NORTH DAKOTA TO VOTE ON RECALL OF GOVERNOR. The country's first election on the recall of a chief executive of a state will be held in North Dakota on October 28, petitions bearing 73,000 names having demanded a vote on the recall of Governor Lynn J. Frazier, Attorney General William Lemke and John Hagen, Commissioner of Agriculture, who comprise the commission which manages the state industries. It is a part of the fight against the Non-Partisan League.

PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL MEETS. The eleventh council of the Alliance of Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian System has begun a nine-day session in Pittsburgh, with more than fifty delegates from abroad in attendance. The number of constituents represented by the 500 delegates was placed at 40,000,000.

WORLD METHODISTS FOR PROHIBITION. A resolution urging Methodists everywhere to wage relentless warfare on the liquor traffic was adopted by the World Conference of Methodists in London, and other resolutions called for international disarmament and the complete abolition of war. An address for circulation all over the world summoned the Methodists to "aggressive militant Christianity."

BODIES OF ZR-2 VICTIMS ARRIVE. The bodies of the fifteen Americans who perished in the disaster to the dirigible ZR-2 at Hull, England, have been returned to America aboard the British cruiser Dauntless. Services were held in New York and every honor paid to the dead.

RAILROAD PASSENGER REVENUES INCREASE. Passenger fares paid to 168 railroads showed an increase of $8,667,969 for the first six months of this year as compared with the same period in 1920, despite the fact that there was a decrease of 73,576,000 in the number of fares, according to Interstate Commerce statistics. The average rate was 3.133 cents a mile this year as against 2.603 in 1920.

AMERICANS BUY SHARE IN HAPSBURG ESTATE. Prominent American capitalists have purchased an interest in the estate of Archduke Frederick of Austria and his family and it is to be operated by a corporation in which the Hapsburgs hold two-thirds and the Americans one-third of the stock. The estate includes 1,200,000 acres of land in five countries in addition to huge industrial plants, and its total value runs into the hundreds of millions of dollars. A fight will be waged before the League of Nations to recover part of the property which has been confiscated.

RAILROAD STRIKE THREATENED. Railroad Shopmen belonging to the six federated shop unions have voted to strike against the general wage cut of July 1, according to an announcement by B. M. Jewell, their chief, but will defer action until after the taking of a vote on acceptance or rejection of the working rules now being drafted by the Federal Railway Labor Board. He predicted that other railroad unions, including the Big Four Brotherhoods, would cooperate if a strike is ordered.

GREEKS RETIRE BEHIND THE SAKARIA. A Greek official statement has admitted the abandonment of the pursuit of the Turkish Nationalists in the drive toward Angora and the retirement of the Greek forces behind the Sakaria river. Venizelists declared the Hellenic offensive had definitely failed and predicted an early collapse of King Constantine's power at the Asia Minor front and in Greece.

International

PICTURESQUE INVERNESS LOOMS LARGE IN BRITISH AFFAIRS THESE DAYS.

This Scottish town is something of a vacation capital for the Empire now, for it was in the famous castle at the left that Premier Lloyd George wished to meet the Irish representatives to discuss peace terms, and it is there the British cabinet has been summoned to decide its reply to the Sinn Fein demands

Reflectors of God

A Sermon by REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXT—Gen. 33 : 10. "I have seen thy face as though I had seen the face of God."

WHEN the storm-cloud in his brother's heart broke up into smiles, the fugitive knew that the storm-cloud in God's heart was transmitted into smiles. He inferred the one from the other. By our conduct we are influencing the shape of men's thoughts about God. Jacob judged the disposition of God by what he found in Esau. If Esau had met Jacob differently; if, instead of forgiveness, he had met him with hatred, and instead of tears he had met him with frowns, how do you think Jacob might have regarded God? If a man is hungering for forgiveness on earth and forgiveness in heaven, and finds that forgiveness on earth is denied, might he not take the denial as a sign that for him there is no forgiveness in heaven, that he has to deal with an unfriendly and relentless God? It is hard for any man to believe in the forgiveness of God when he finds no forgiveness among men.

The one proof of the forgiveness of God, for which many souls are waiting, is to find forgiveness among God's children. Unforgiveness on earth clouds the sky of many a man's heaven. Souls that are conscious of great needs are prone to form their thoughts of God from the dispositions which they find in us. Well, how do we represent God?

Suppose that the prodigal, in our Lord's parable, when he was returning home with a soul pining for forgiveness and love, had first of all met with the elder brother. Suppose he had looked into that elder brother's face to find there some hint as to the reception he would meet with from his father, is it not very probable that he would have gone back again into degradation, and have regarded his father as his foe? The face of the elder brother would have given a cruel misrepresentation of his father's face. And yet, like Jacob with Esau, men often take their conception of the Father's face from the face of His sons, and for the representation we give we shall be held responsible.

It is one of the fundamental beliefs in the Christian life that our Lord lives in His redeemed and sanctified children. A Christian man is a man whose life is inhabited by Christ. A Christian woman is a woman whose life is inhabited by Christ. We are only the houses. Christ is the Guest. Christ looks through us, speaks through us, works through us. We live, yet not we, Christ liveth in us. If that is not Christianity, what is it? Christianity means that Christ comes into human life, lays hold of these avenues of sense, employs them as the channels of grace, uses our eyes, our hands, our voices, all our features and powers, to reveal Himself to others. That's our creed, the Biblical creed, the same yesterday, today, forever. A Christian is a man who seeks to show the world the likeness of Christ. A perfect Christian would be a man or woman on whom the needy would gaze and say: 'I have seen thy face as though I had seen the face of God."

NOW, if that be the profession which we make to the world, that as Christians we are endeavoring to show forth the likeness of Christ, how infinitely important it is that we should not misrepresent Him, that when any needy soul lifts his eyes upon us, he may truly see in us the disposition of his God. There are three great presences in the world, which as Christians we have to face. We have to face sin; we have to face infirmity; and we have to face penitence. Now, the world wants to know what Christ thinks and feels about these; how He is disposed towards sin, how He is disposed towards infirmity, and how He is disposed towards repentance. An how does the world find it out? Very often by looking into the face of Christ's children, and reading there the mind and heart of Christ. Jacob looked into Esau's face, and from that inferred the face of God. And the world looks into our faces to see how our Master views sin and infirmity and repentance; and we are to see to it that before each of them men are to see in our face the face of Christ.

Well, now, every day we have to stand in the presence of sin and face it. When men, who are engaged in sin, dealing in uncleannesses, look up at us, they are to see the very face of Christ. What kind of a face had Christ in the presence of sin? He had a face of hostility and intense indignation. What is indignation? Indignation is the recoil of offended dignity, it is the anger of injured love. Where there is most love there can be most indignation. Where there is no love, indignation cannot exist. Passion can exist where there is no love, and so can bad temper, but we must always distinguish between indignation and revenge. Indignation is a fire that burns to refine. Revenge is a fire that burns to destroy. Indignation is fed by love; nay, it *is* love. Revenge is fed by selfishness; nay, it is selfishness. Where you can have much selfishness, you can have much revenge. Where you have much love, you can have much indignation. A life that has little love never warms to righteous anger. Where love in a man's heart is only like twilight, you can't get much fire. But where love fills a man's heart as light fills the noontide, then you have material for a fire. Fire is focussed light. Indignation is focussed love, it is love burning.

Look at Christ in the little home at Bethany to which He has retired from the bustling city to spend a quiet evening with His bosom friends. His love falls upon the little family group like soft, cheery sunlight. But look at Him when He stands in the presence of bad men, who "devour widows' houses," and make unjust gain of the fatherless, and who cover up their wickedness with the thin pretence of prayer, and then His love does not beam in soft sunlight; it is focussed in fiery indignation. It blazes forth in words of condemnation that fall upon men's hearts like burning lead.

Look at Paul, when he meets with those few praying souls under the blue heaven of the riverside to pray. His love breathes out a gracious influence, soft and genial as the warm air of a summer's morn. But see him when he stands in the presence of dissimulation, hypocrisy and injustice, and the quiet sunlight of his love changes into burning indignation, and flashes forth in condemnation. For sin, love has nothing but burnings, everlasting burnings! As long as sin exists, there must be a furnace of fire, call it by whatever name you please. The love that is the light of heaven is also the fire of hell. Before sin, God's face is one of indignation, of burning love. "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil."

NOW, how is it with us? Do we represent or misrepresent that face of God in the presence of sin? When sinful men look at us—at our faces—do they see a true representation of the face of God? I am not wishing to suggest that wherever we see the presence of sin, we should loudly shout our condemnation. I do not mean to say that when we see the crooked ways of the world, we should immediately lash ourselves into frenzied expressions of disapproval. But I do mean to say that, in the presence of sin, a Christian man will show no signs of approval, or he woefully misrepresents the face of God. There is nothing which so feeds a bad man in his badness as Christian applause. There is nothing which so encourages sinful ways as to discover symptoms of approval on a Christian face.

And isn't that the danger to which as Christian men we are exposed? For purposes of expediency we temporize and compromise. We beam sunlight when we ought to flash fire. Our face expresses applause where it ought to express dissent. We laugh at coarse jests. We smile at men's descriptions of their own dirty ways. And the coarse jester and the trickster look at our faces, and, finding there these slight hints of approval, are encouraged to go deeper in their lax and vulgar life. By an indifferent, or an approving face, we make men think more lightly of sin, and to make men think more lightly of sin is to make them think more lightly of God. We want the face of Jesus in the presence of sin. We want the face of honest indignation set against all of public sinfulness and public indecency and perversity which could be shamed away by the absolute withdrawal of Christian applause.

There is a great deal of public vulgarity which could be burned away by the fire of Christian indignation. We could all help to purify humanity if we ceased to give the devil the aid of our smiles. Don't let us countenance sin; that is, don't let us give it our countenance, our face; let us face it with disapproval. Let us show the world that sin offends our manhood and womanhood, and finds in our Christian love a hostile force. Let sinful men see in us what they will eternally find in God, a determined and unceasing repugnance to all sin, so that when they look into your face and mine, they may in very truth see in it the face of God.

BUT there is another presence we have to face. We have to face infirmity—all manner of impotent folk, crushed under many burdens, stricken with much grief. Now, infirmity wants to know how Christ thinks and feels about it, and it looks up into the Christian face to find hints about the mind and heart of Christ. Now, how shall we truly represent Him? How did Christ's face reveal Him in the presence of infirmities? Shall I read you one or two verses which are quite familiar to us all? "There cometh to Him a leper . . . and Jesus was moved with compassion, and touched him." "Two blind men sat by the wayside; Jesus was moved with compassion." "Now, when He drew near to the gate of the city, behold there was carried out one that was dead, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her." All the compassion in that big heart of His looked out of His face when He stood in the presence of infirmity and grief. The Apostle James had seen a great deal of the Masters' face, and he sums up the description of all that he had seen in these simply beautiful words, "The Lord is very pitiful."

The Christ's face, in the presence of the world's burdens and griefs, was lighted up with wondrous pity and compassion, and we are to represent that face in the world today. These aching, weary, heavy-laden lives are wondering what heaven is thinking about them, and they are trying to satisfy their wonder by looking at the Christian face. And sometimes they find Christian faces emptied of pity, and they come to think heaven is emptied of love. So Christ is misrepresented by His own. Our danger is this—we become accustomed to the sight of infirmity and sorrow. It is just a familiar part of our surroundings. The passing funeral train awakens no more, or little more, thought than the passing of the tram-car. The blind man becomes as unnoticed as the curbstone. Sorrow and burdens become so familiar as to cease to break the spell of our thought. Familiarity lures us into indifference, and indifference turns the face into an awful blank. Then the crushed life looks up into the blank face, and painfully wonders if God's face is blank, too.

It is the privilege of good men and women to make it easier for the weary and the heavy-laden to believe in the compassion of a good God. It is the privilege of a Christian to make it easier for the widow and the orphan to believe in the love of Christ. If my face is full of pity, they will dare to hope in the compassion of my Christ. But it is hard work to look beyond all the indifference and all the blank faces of your Christian fellow-men, and believe in the pitifulness of the Christ. It is easier for men at midnight to believe in the existence of the great sun when they can see the moon riding in the heavens, and shining with light reflected from the unseen orb. And it is easier for men and women, whose souls have to pass through darkness, to believe in the compassion of the Sun of Righteousness, when they see reflections of the light, and experience the compassion of God's children.

Let our light so shine before men, that they shall glorify our Father, in heaven. Let our pitifulness be to them an assurance of the pitifulness of God, that when they look at our face they may exclaim with joy, "I have seen thy face, as though I had seen the face of God."

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By," or "My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—I John 3 : 13-24. *The Love of God in Our Hearts.*

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 711, first column.)

Sermon—"REFLECTORS OF GOD"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," or "From Every Stormy Wind that Blows."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Our Father: In all confidence in Thy mercy and Thy constant love, may we now depart with the blessing of the message to cheer us so much that we can have enough to spare for others. We ask in Jesus' name. AMEN.

*Dr. Jowett's sermons, especially prepared for the Christian Herald, appear in the first issue of every month.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., H. Hepburn, D.D., R. Braunstein and W. L. Goldsmith, D.D.

Victory Unto Victory

SUNDAY. Rom. 1 : 17. "*From faith to faith.*" Psa. 84 : 7. "*From strength to strength.*" II. Cor. 3 : 18. "*From glory to glory.*" I cannot claim any credit for this most suggestive association of scattered words gathered from different parts of the Word of God. They come to me as a very vivid remembrance of my boyhood. They form the text of a sermon preached in the Chapel at Halifax by the Rev. Joshua C. Harrison. I do not remember anything he said about his text, if indeed I was ever able to understand it; but I readily recall the Gladstone-like presence and countenance of the preacher, and can hear the recurring refrain of his wonderful text. Again and again it came, like a strain of most exquisite music. and one felt he was listening to glad tidings of great joy.

And who does not feel that these gathered sentences are not like a company of aliens, picked up promiscuously in many lands, but rather kindred presences which rush into each other's arms like very intimate friends. They meet and mix in blessedly co-operative union. And they are set in divinely appointed order, and the beginning is found in faith. I do not say that faith is the first thing; there are waiting presences even before faith is born. The vitalizing air is breathing around my home before I open the window to let it in. Grace is wooing before faith is awake. God is at my door long before I lift the latch. All my necessities are known and numbered long before they begin to cry. I never anticipate the grace of God; it is always there before me. I brings its abounding riches right up to my gate, and it begins to reveal them in infinite patience and forbearance, with which it awaits my sluggish and rebellious will. Yes, God is waiting. For grace is not a friendly letter from the King; it is the King Himself at the door of the house of our shame, trying the latch, seeking an entry into our dark and troubled abode, in order that He might transform the poor Cinderella of our fallen humanity into a royal princess, robed in regal and radiant attire. God is waiting, faith lets Him in. And as we open one room after another in the many-storied house of our life, as we pass from faith to faith, giving Him ever deeper and deeper entry into all our interests and affairs, God fills up our emptinesses as they are presented to Him, and our life becomes light in the Lord.

And thus the inspiration of the first word carries us to the music of the second. God's grace fructifies in our strength. How could it be otherwise? In His Presence is our native air, in Him we live, and move, and have our being. In God the soul discovers her own climate, she finds herself at home.

A friend of mine has a little tuft of edelweiss growing in his English garden, but you would never dream it is a kinsman of the lusty plant that thrives on Alpine heights. I have a bit of white heather growing in my garden, but you would smile to think it claims rank and fellowship with the magnificent roots which lift their blooms on Scottish moors. No, these things are aliens, they are exotics, they seem to pine for their native air. "So pants my soul after thee, O God!" But when God and the soul are in vital communion, the faculties of the soul put on strength and beauty. Spiritual discernments clothe themselves in power. The imagination is a new creation. The affections become a very vigorous company. And the will is like a tree planted by rivers of water. All our faculties are in congenial surroundings and they grow from strength to strength.

And if we pass from faith to faith and from strength to strength, we shall most certainly pass from glory to glory. For what is glory but the manifestation in God's children of the character of their Father? "We shall be like Him"; that is glory. It is the emergence in a human face of the lineaments of God. It is the re-incarnation of the Divine. Men see again in their fellow men the Heavenly glory, faith of grace, and truth. Compared with this, every other form of glory is only as a flare of fireworks in contrast with the quiet radiance of the stars. Earthly glories are corruptible crowns; this is incorruptible, and it fadeth not away. And as the holy and gracious Lord takes fuller and fuller possession of our lives, and as our faculties clothe themselves in health and strength, we become more and more plastic to the divine seal, and we bear His image and superscription. We know God, and in this realm knowledge is likeness, and likeness is glory.

J. H. J.

The Still, Small Voice

MONDAY. Gen. 3 : 8. "*And they heard the voice of the Lord God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day.*" Creation appeared very good to the infinite Creator; man, made only a little lower than the angels, is to be visited, loved and cherished by the fatherhood of God. He comes in the cool of the evening, after the burden of heat and toil are passed. He visits for the purpose of communion and fellowship with His child, to give help, comfort and peace. If we are hidden away, ashamed for our sins, He calls, "Where art thou? Come and rest under the shadow of My wings. Be still and know that I am God."

Have our wanderings made us afraid the Father would call, asking for a loving interview about our loss and need, and have we not said after the visit, "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living"?

Yes, the unbearable burdens of the day are relieved by the evening and morning when the Rest-giver calls and earth's vain shadows flee. Is not the heavenly Visitor saying to you, "Let Me come in and sup with thee and thee with Me?" He comes when the curtains of the night and sorrow drop about us; He is our day, new every morning, beautiful every evening, wiping away tears, revealing vistas of bliss beyond.

Jesus of Nazareth is passing by, knocking at your door. Are you hiding amid the rubbish of sin, afraid to admit the Christ? Let Him in. He will cleanse and refurnish the soul-home. Don't say, "Go Thy way for this time; when I have reformed I will send for Thee." While the still, small Voice is speaking in the garden of the soul, let us respond, "Here am I, Lord; what wilt Thou have me to do?" He will tell you, send you out, cool your brow with His hand of love. His balm of Gilead will heal your hurt; His arms will hold you safe till you are removed to His nearer Presence, His upper Paradise. E. W. C.

Righteousness Shall Triumph

TUESDAY. Rev. 6 : 2. "*And I saw, and behold a white horse and he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer.*" The book of wisdom is not closed. The limit of Christian experience has not yet been reached. The vision of God has not all been caught by human eyes. The glory of the Church is not her history of the past but her history of the future. The Spirit of Jesus is in our midst, patiently waiting to lead devout hearts into the riper and fuller experiences of Christian thought and action, in fields not yet touched. Much as man has thought and said and planned and done, he is but on the threshold of mightier manifestations of the Holy Spirit. The world is growing better because humanity is growing nobler. It cannot be otherwise. That is the Christian's faith, and that is the promise of the book of Revelation upon which all healthy faith must rest.

Much that is difficult to understand in the Book of Revelation is prone to confuse us. This too shall be explained. The world is yet in its infancy. The philosophers are still studying their first reader. This we do know and this we can understand: "Jesus Christ shall come forth conquering and to conquer." It was intended from the beginning of creation that the Kingdom of God should be established in the heart of humanity. It was so intended and God cannot be defeated. Two men stood in the Coliseum at Rome." "Think of the men who have stood here," said one. "Think of the men who will stand here," answered the other. That is the Christian outlook in all ages. It is the forward look of faith that faces the dawn.

R. B.

God's Hatred of Shams

WEDNESDAY. James 3 : 17. "*The wisdom that is from above is pure . . . without variance, without hypocrisy.*" If there is anything in this world that God hates, it is sham. Christ never grew indignant, according to the Gospels, except when in the presence of the Scribes and Pharisees. Their outstanding sin was hypocrisy. More than any other this sin aroused His anger. It was because His sense of what was right and true was opposed to all superficial things, and He cried out against the false.

One of the great problems of the day is to face the shams of our social life, to keep up appearances and not lose face. There are shams in education, shams in business, need of pure food laws, proper labels upon medicine. We are seeing terrific efforts to break down even constitutional amendments in order that men may secure drugs and alcoholic beverages. Men strive in the political world to gain something for nothing, and elections are often wrongfully contested.

But most of all and worst of all, in the religious life, to live an evil life and eulogize spiritual things to the sky, to hope that heaven may be won and yet give as little as possible, or grind down others. Many live ostentatious lives, and are meagre and niggardly in their gifts for God's work.

God is calling for men to heed the deeper things of life, to know that the judgment will fall, and His wrath rests upon all sham, no matter what one's position or the realm of life in which this is true. H. H.

The Personality of Jesus

THURSDAY. John 14 : 8. "*Show us the Father and it sufficeth us.*" Personality is a strange thing, an impenetrable mystery. Indeed, it is the greatest mystery of the universe, for it involves the very nature of God Himself. What is this quality in some personalities which radiates influence? We call them magnetic. Perhaps it were better to call them radioactive. It is one of the gifts of a great leader. If you have ever been in a room into which Theodore Roosevelt entered, you have been aware of the entrance of a new force into the mass—his personality pervaded the room. Where he sat became the head of the table. Other leaders have had such a personality. John Wesley was such an one. So was Martin Luther. So have been others in history

About eighteen hundred and ninety years ago, there lived a Man whose Personality, cast across the darkness of that age, brightens it as lightning does a midnight sky. He lived—there is no doubt of that. He died—there is no doubt of that. Nor is there doubt as to how He died. Then, singularly, when the world thought it had got rid of Him, His Personality continued all the more powerfully to impress men. The brightest pages of all the centuries since are those across which His Personality most freely moves, those He dominates most fully, those He most fills with the influence of Himself.

Who was this Man? Or rather, who is He, for His Personality is abroad in our age. We have not time to review much which might be said in answer to this question, but we have time to confront the words He Himself spoke to Philip who wanted "to get to God": "Have I been so long time with thee and yet hast thou not known Me?" The full implication of these words we can not miss. C. C. A.

In the Place of Others

FRIDAY. Ezek. 3 : 15. "*I sat where they sat.*" These are the words of the prophet Ezekiel. The occasion was when he journeyed to the valley of the Euphrates where his brethren were in exile. He states that he set out "in bitterness and in the heat of my spirit." When he saw the real conditions under which his brethren were living, coming to the place with much to say, he said very little. He says: "I sat where they sat . . . astonished among them for seven days." Here we have meditation before action. For seven days the prophet allowed the details of the situation to sink into his understanding. Put yourself into the other person's place. Think before you act.

Paul puts the matter thus: "Remember them that are in bonds as though bound with them." To be able to do this will go a long way toward the removal of injustice and mistakes.

In this, as in all things, Jesus is our example. He saw possibilities, potentialities, potencies in the raw material of humble fishermen, tax-gatherers and sinners, and by the alchemy of His love, changed these into the rock-like qualities and foundation stones upon which he constructed his Church. Jesus saw the glory in the commonplace. Beginning now, let us endeavor, as far as our limited conceptions and human abilities allow, to see the world as Jesus saw it. Not closing our eyes to sin, yet seeing the good in everybody and building on that. In the last analysis, the function of Christian preaching and teaching is not telling the world how bad it is, but how good it may become.

R. B.

The Simple-Hearted and the Doubter

SATURDAY. John 1 : 50. "*Thou shalt see greater things than these.*" Nathanael was easily convinced. He had expressed some doubt about anything good coming from Nazareth, yet by accepting Philip's invitation, he no sooner comes into the presence of Jesus than he surrenders completely in an eager and ardent confession of faith. Jesus apparently noted the ease with which this new disciple was made, and there is at least the hint that the Master would have preferred that he had been slower in making up his mind. Manifestly he was without guile, as Jesus described him.

Nathanael is a type of those hearts that receive Christ upon introduction and slight subsequent acquaintance. They do not demand the "greater things," because they are more than satisfied with the first tokens: They come, they see, and straightway they accept Him. But Jesus is prepared to reach those hearts that more stubbornly resist. The Gospel is not only for the credulous and the easily persuaded. Christ is always offering a superabundance of evidence. He stands ready to give, not the minimum, but the maximum of proof. After He has satisfied simple-hearted Nathanael, he proceeds to meet the requirements of doubting Thomas. W. L. G.

Stewardship in China

Contributions to the Christian Herald Famine Fund

Oregon

First Friends Church of Portland, $820; First Bapt. Church S. S., of Eugene, $564.07; Lehman, Ernest & family, $150; McPherson, Thomas, $135; Pedee Community thru R. L. Womer, $106.50; Beach, Messrs. F. & M., $100; First Christian S. S. of Portland, $100; Flavel, Mrs. George, $100; McDowell, G. M., $98.65; M. E. Community Church of Arlington, $85.55; Cary W. S., $80; Coffee, W. N., $75; Kings Valley Community thru Henry Correll, $64.50; "McCallum's," $58.14; United Presby. Church of Strangers, Sunday School, Portland, $55.65; Bickemeier, F., $50; Bishop, Belle, $50; Bolton L. L., $50; Flavel, Nellie, $50; Knox, Harry M., $50; Reed, Mrs. J. M., $50; Roberts, Albert S., $50; Woman's Missionary Socy. of First Presby. Church, Portland, $50; Woodward, Mrs. Tyler, $50; Bartruff, C. J. $35.30; M. E. Church of Alicel $35; Anderson, Jean W., $30; Johnson, Rev. Wm. $30; Jolly, Mrs. N. A., $30; Reed, Mary M., $30; Woodward, Mrs. A. L., $30; Barton, R. D. $26.82; Boles, Carrie B. & friends, $26; Adelphian Society of Newberg, $25; Erp, Mrs. J. H., $25; Everson, Mrs. J. B., $25; Firdale S. S., of Cornelius, $25; Giese, Percy, $25; Hicks, W. H., $25; Kessi, Mrs. Olive, $25; Oakland Missionary Meeting, $25; Oberg, Ingeborg & Carl, $25; Parkdale Union S. S., $25; Riggs, Louis Jackson, $25; Smith, T. F., $25; Van Nuys, Carol Lee, $25; A Friend, Sheridan, $20; Aebi, Adolph & Mrs., $20; Andrews, L. H. & friend, $20; Bethel Union S. S. of Aumsville, $20; Higgins, Mr. & Mrs. E. C., $20; Jones, M. E., $20; McCabe, L. C., $20; Miller, Mrs. Thos. C., $20; Robertson, Mr. & Mrs. J. R., $20; Seely, E. R., $20.

Sneed, Louisa and E. Ensley, $20; Story, Mr. & Mrs. E. F., $20; Winniford, Mr. & Mrs. John A., $20; Friends at Deep Creek, thru J. M. Anderson, $17.50; United Presby. Church of Portland, $16.70; Harvey Creek S.S. of Reedsport, $16.15; Butler, Asa B., $16; Guidi, Mrs. Abraham, $15.63; Amish Memorial Church of Harrisburg, $15; Arnold, D. C., $15; Babcock, Mrs. O. L. & daughter, $15; Benthin, Rev. W. O., $15; Forman, John R., $15; Grant, R. R. & sons, $15; Heston, Mrs. Ettie, $15; Laraway, Emma J., $15; Miller, F. G., $15; Naderer, Mrs. A., $15; Neff, F. N., $15; North, Sarah C. & Ruth North, $15; Purvine, S. E., $15; Ruben, C., $15; St. John's Presby. Church Miss. Socy. & S. S. of George, Oreg., $15; Shay, R. D., $15; Erp, Mrs. M., $14.97; Boyer, Mrs. W. S. & Mary M. Reed, $14; Thru Mrs. C. F. Wilson, $14; Hall, H. W. & friends, $13; Harvey, Mrs. R. M. & friends, $13; M. P. G. Club of Cottage Grove, $13; Zimmer, Mrs. J. H. & friends, $13; Bass, Mrs. H. E., $12; Elerath, Elizabeth, $12; Heater, Annie & Alva, $12; Porter, Mrs. A. N. & friends, $12; Putnam, Mrs. H., $12; Tuesday Evening Club of Cottage Grove, $12; Onthank, Mrs. E. B., $11.50; Bumby, Storr, $11.12; Rannells, W. D., $11; Currin, Ellen, $10.84; Arthur, Mrs Louise, $10.50; First M. E. Church o Roseburg, $10.30; Anonymous, Suver. $10; Altmus, Dr. L. G. & Mrs. A. A. Martin, $10; Arnoldus, J.A., $10; Aylsworth, Anna M., $10; Barnard, B. S., $10; Barton T. D., $10; Bentley W. H., $10; Betts, Charles, $10; Brower Voda, $10; Buhler, C., $10; Byers, Mrs. W. S., $10; Case, A. H., $10; Circle, Isaac F., $10; Clinton, Mrs. L. A., $10; Correll, Jacob, $10.

Cutler, Mr. & Mrs. H. C., $10; Davison, J. W., $10; Dudley, Mr. & Mrs. L. E., $10; Eggimann, A., $10; Emery, Mrs. M. A., $10; Faucette, Mrs. J. E., $10; Fort, John A., $10; Forcier, M. J., $10; Galloway, J. E., $10; Gilchrist, J. W., $10; Goss, Mary G., $10; Hale, Mr. & Mrs. S. P., $10; Hardsaker, Alice M., $10; Harris, Mrs. Anna, $10; Henderson, Mrs. O. L. & friends, $10; Hidden, Mrs. Maria L. T., $10; Hillis, W. M., $10; Hinshaw, V. T., $10; Jaquet, Hy., $10; Johnson, E. C., $10; Kirkpatrick, Rachel & Mrs. M. M. Hobby, $10; Lacey, Mrs. Maria, $10; Ladies' Aid of Berlin, $10; Livingston, Rev. S. L., $10; McComas, Mrs. E. W., $10; Maguren, Mrs. Onna, $10; Mandeville, Moria J., $10; Miller Mrs. Mary, $10; M. E. S. S. of Cascade Locks, $10; Moon, Gertrude, $10; Moore, E. L., $10; Moore, G. A., $10; Muir, Mrs. Nina, $10; Newcomb, M. E., $10; Oberg, Hans J., $10; Parker, Mrs. Z. W., $10; Porter, Mrs. E., $10; Pratt, Mrs. Carrie L., $10; Robb, James, $10; Robnett, T. F., $10; Shenk, Elnor, $10; Smith, F. E. A., $10; Smith, Mrs. J. A., $10; Smith, C. J., $10; Smith, W. G., $10; Starr, Leroy & friends, $10; Still, Mr. & Mrs. H. E., $10; Stonebrink, N. H., $10; Strong, A., $10; Sutton, Mary C., $10; Thomas, Abby Kendall, $10; Tobias, L. C., $10; Umpqua Union S. S., $10; Van Otten, George, $10; Wade, W. H. H., $10; Wallis, W. H., $10; Wells, Mrs. F. F., $10; Winniford, Geo. B., $10; Banuk Molly, $8; Henderson, Thos., $8; Merchant, W. E., $8; Pleasant Grove S. S. of Grants Pass, $8; Rood, Mrs. K. K., $8; Sacchi, F. A., $8; Stewart, Mr. & Mrs. Wm., $8.

Van Doren Wm. H., $8; White, Mrs. Jackson, $8; Winslow, Mrs. N. G., $8; Bethel Mission Assn. of Woods; $7.91; Lincoln S. S. of Ontario, $7.75; Kessi, Mrs. Z. A. $7.50; Chase, Mr. & Mrs. A. L., $7; Duff, J. M., $7; Three Mile Union S. S. of The Dalles. $6.50; Friends in Bethany Church, Grants Pass, $6.20; Cardmor, Mrs. J. A. & daughter. $6; Walton, Miss Pauline $6; Wight, Mr. & Mrs. E. W., $6. Yachats Sunday School, $6; Lincoln Settlement S. S., $5.66; Brunk, B. F., $5.50; Owyhie Sunday School, Nyssa, $5.50; Copeland, J., $5.10; Anonymous, Medford, $5; "Cash," Cottage Grove, $5; Aden, Mr. & Mrs. G. F., $5; Allen, Susie L., $5; Andrioz, M. M., $5; Austin, Mr. & Mrs. J. A., $5; Barlow, O. W., $5; Bates, G. D., $5; Beebe, Eva M., $5; Bixby, R. A., $5; Bishop, Mrs. J. D., $5; Bowerman, L. H., $5; Boydston Jas. & wife, $5; Brooks, Mrs. S. C., $5; Brown, Lulu, $5; Carter, Mrs. H. B., $5; Chapin, Rev. W. V., $5; Clark, Blanche, $5; Clyde, Mrs. J. M., $5; Cobeau, Halla, $5; Cochrane, Mary, $5; Congleton, C. D., $5; Cook, T. P., $5; Crawford, Mr. R. E., $5; Cudmore, Mrs. J. A., $5; Davis, H. C., $5; DeVries, Fred, $5; Dickson M. L. & Mrs. Geo. Montgomery, $5; Eckler, Mrs. Nancy & David Raymond, $5;, Elliott, A. W., $5; Esson, Mrs. Clara $5; Ferris, J., $5; Flower, G., $5; Fortta, Mrs. E. J., $5; Garson, Mrs. James, $5; Gilpatrick Mrs. F., $5; Goodrich, M., $5; Gove, Mr. & Mrs. Geo. D., $5; Gray, L. A., $5; Hagan, Mrs. C. W., $5; Hall, Elizabeth Jane, $5; Hamel, Mella Smith, $5; Hamre, Mrs. Gertrude, $5; Hancock, F. M., $5.

Hayes, Mrs. B. A., $5; Heater, Mrs. Albert, $5; Hendry, Rev. W. W., $5; Haaland, Mrs. Carl E., $5; Herbert, A. W., $5; Hollingworth, Alma & Aimee, $5; Hull, Mrs. Albert, $5; Hunter, Mr. & Mrs. S. C., $5; Hyde, Edwin A., $5; Irwin, Walter M., $5; Isaacs, Thomas E., $5; Keagan, Maude J., $5; Knautz, Mrs. Chas., $5; Landsborough, S. H., $5; Lee, J. Roscoe, $5; Locey, Maria, $5; Long, W. W. & B. S. Barnard, $5; McClaughry, C. R., $5; McFadden, Maggie J., $5; McGowan, A. J., $5; McMakin, Nellie, $5; MacDonald, T. B., $5; M. E. Church (Rural) of Lorane, $5; Miller, Geo. E., $5; Miller, Harry G., $5; Miller, O. W., $5; Morrison John, $5; Niederhauser, Mrs. M., $5; Pardee, Mrs. Ruth, $5; Peterson, Mrs. J., $5; Philsmath State Bank, $5; Piellaman, Mrs. Pauline, $5; Pollock, Mr. & Mrs. J. M., $5; Park, Mrs. Harry, $5; Randall, Mrs. A. P., $5; Reid, R. M., $5; Richmond, Mrs. J. O., $5; Roth, Mrs. C., $5; Ruhl, Mrs. G. V., $5; Sanders, Miss Melba, $5; Sarkett, L. R., $5; Saunders, D. O., $5; Schilling, Mrs. Ella, $5; Schmitt, Mrs. Maria, $5; Sester, E. W., $5; Smith, Mrs. J. R., $5; Smith, Mrs. Sara S., $5; Stotts, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $5; Stover, Daniel, $5; Swabb, V. H., $5; Smock Union S. S. of Wamic, $5; Templeton, Mr. & Mrs. Perry, $5; Totten, M. P., $5; Trower, H., $5; Tyler, W. A., $5; Webb, Mrs. Benj., $5; Wecks, Arthur R., $5; Wecks, Helen, $5; Weller, Mrs. R. H., $5; Williams, John E., $5.

Wooton, Master Lawrence, $5 Pacific Grange No. 413. Warrenton $4.25; Allshaw, Mrs. Imogene, $4; Balod, Geo., $4; Everson, Ira I., $4; Fulmer, Mrs. Elton $4; Longsworth, Mrs. M. A., $4; Nichols, L. G., $4; Schedtter, Mary, $4; Stoddard, Mrs. W. M., $4; Withbuck, Mrs. E. W., $4; Bowman, Joel B., $3.50; Wecks, Oscar, $3.50; Campbell, Ralph, $3; Collins, Mrs. W. E., $3; Curtis, Mrs. Irene, $3; Danchon, Mrs. Charles, $3; Eby, N. K., $3; Harrington, R. R., $3; Johnson, Mr. & Mrs. H. L., $3; Johnson, Geneva, $3; Jones, C. H., $3; Morelock, Z., $3; Owens, Ora, $3; Ralston, Miss M. M., $3; Searing, Lucy E., $3; Simmons, Mrs. W. H., $3; Steen, Mrs. Jennie M., $3; Surdam, Mrs. Marie, $3; Van Dyke, S. S., $3; Williamson, Mr. & Mrs. S. P., $3; Wodon, Mrs. M. E., $3; Anderson, A. L., $2.90; Buell, Bert, $2.50; Clinton, Miss Lizzie A., $2.50; Ferris, Mrs. N. P., $2.50; Grimer, Della. $2.50; Hadley, Mrs. Percy, $2.50; Hammer, Ivan, $2.50; Kuykendall, Mrs. W. H., $2.50; Miller, Mrs. R. L., $2.50; Rae, Mrs. Jas., $2.50; Rea, Mrs. James, $2.50; Tripp, C. C., $2.50; Wanstrom, Peter, $2.50; Boland, B. C., $2.12; Wagner, Oren E., $2.01; A Friend, Paisley, $2; Adams, Stella, $2; Agar, Harriet C., $2; Braden, Mrs. J. B., $2; Brooks, Mrs. Lizzie R., $2; Buell, Mr. & Mrs. F. L., $2; Canfield, R. C., $2; Dukes, Mrs. F. S., $2; Fox, Elizabeth, $2.

Goodpasture, Mr. & Mrs. T., $2; Height, Mrs. C. H., $2; Hamre, Edwin P., $2; Hanson, H. O., $2; Harris, Mrs. Mary S., $2; Hedrick, Mr. & Mrs. Boots, $2; Hetlesater, M. & B., $2; Kilpatrick, E. E., $2; Larder, Mrs. Mary, $2; Lewison M. J., $2; McCorkle, Mrs. Louisa, $2; Miller, Mrs. R. L., $2; Miller, Mrs. Mamie, $2; Nolen, Mrs. Clara, $2; Pasmore, Jean, $2; Randolph, Mrs. Geo., $2; Reynolds, M. K., $2; Russell, Nellie, $2; Schenck, Mr. & Mrs. H. W., $2; Shillinglaw, T., $2; Snyder, Mrs. Ella, $2; Stait, Mrs. S. D., $2; Stewart, Mrs. Jane, $2; Terwiliger, E. M., $2; Teschner, Jacob, $2; Tistadt, Jessie, $2; Tistadt, Mrs. H. E., $2; Trotter, A. C., $2; Wallace, Mrs. Wm., $2; White, J. D., $2; Youngburg, Mrs. Hannah, $2; Rice, R., $1.50; Vincent, Ira, $1.50; Payne, Mrs. M. H., $1.25; Anonymous, $1; A Friend, Portland, $1; Anonymous, Hoff, $1; Anonymous, Philomath, $1; Cash, The Dalles, $1; Mrs. E. D., Portland, $1; E. J. B., Roseburg, $1; Mrs. B. L., Yamhill, $1; Armstrong Mrs. Geo., $1; Beaumont, Mrs. Thos., $1; Beebe, Mrs. Mary, $1; Boynton, Mrs. A. L., $1; Brooks, Zell, $1; Bush, Ladd, $1; Chappell, H. A., $1; Cochran, Mrs. H., $1; Craine, Mrs. Thomas, $1; Doggett, Mrs. J. B., $1; DuBois, Leona, $1; Dunagan, Mrs. F. M., $1; Frost, Mrs. L. M., $1; Gates, Mrs. J. W., $1; Hamilton, Mrs. J. E., $1; Heyer, Mrs. Frank, $1; Hubbard, Mrs. E. M., $1; James, Mrs. B. H., $1; Jasper, Lina, $1; Libby, Miss Addie, $1; Lynhorst, H., $1; McFarland, C. H., $1; Mauhinney, Mrs. S. M., $1; Mauhinney, S. W., $1; Mustoe, Mrs. Bert, $1; Nay, Mrs. Rosa E., $1; Ordman, Mrs. J. M., $1; Porter, Marguerite, $1; Richardson, Mrs. Thos., $1; Sandlin, Mrs. M. E., $1; Snell, D. S. & P. A., $1; Sturdivant, C. B., $1; Tyler, Mrs. M. M., $1; Ward, H. E., $1; Anonymous, 50c.; Anonymous. Portland, 50c.; Kiggins, J. A., 50c.; Morgan, Mrs. G. J., 50c.; Knickerbocker, W., 20c.

> THIRTY-TWO pages of the preceding issue of the Christian Herald were devoted to an account of the administration of the Christian Herald's fund for China Famine Relief and to the names of contributors in the states from Alabama up to Oregon in alphabetical order. In this issue we continue the publication of the list of contributions. In the entire list there are 37,772 names and the average contributed is $15.02—the most generous response in the history of the many notable relief enterprises undertaken by this magazine.

Pennsylvania

Garrett, John B., $1,900; The Miss. & Efficiency Com., United Presb. Ch. of Pittsburgh, $1,075.11; Stackhouse, E. S., $1,000, Junk, David, $765; Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions, Mt. Joy, $732.87; Quimby, C. S., $680.50; Fisher, Anna, $600; McAulis, Thos. S. & Ida M., $600; Pittsburg Synod., Evang. Lutheran Church, $548; Harbison. Mrs. S. P., $500; MacConnell, Herbert, $500; Lamberton, Mrs. Sarah R., $400; Evang. Lutheran S. S. of Greencastle, $360; Gast, H. A., $350; Twelfth St. Bapt Church of Allentown, $337.78; St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Lititz, $307.75; Goodspeed, M. C., $268.83; First U. E. Church of Milton, $243.50; Martinsburg Presby. S. S., $237.23; Crawford, Glenn M., $235.86; Woolrich, M. E. Church, $229; Thru Rev. B. H. Niebel, $226; Trinity M. E. Church & S. S. of Allentown, $218; Y. M. C. A. Gospel Team of Lewistown $213.26; St. John's United Evangelical S. S. of Newberry, $213; Mt. Pleasant S. S., $201.52; Fisher, Mrs. M. F., $200; Gray, Rev. & Mrs. T. J., $200; Hansell, G. W., $200; Henry, A. L., $200; Mahood, E. B. & Family, $200; Penrose, Miss Valeria F., $200; Spooner, A. V. & Miss Josephine, $200; Walter, Mrs. Rebecca & J. A., $200; United Presb. Ch. of New Wilmington, $199.80; Thru Thos. B. Scott, $198.45; Parry, Griffith, $181.25; Hamilton, Mr. & Mrs. L. H., $175.25; Bare, D. M., $175; Porter, A. E., $175; First United Evang. Ch. of South Fork, $170.23; Trinity Lutheran Miss. Soc. of Arendtsville $163.85; Trinity U. E. Church & Bible Class of Boyertown, $158.12; Gearth, J. H., $150; Kutzner, John D., $150; First Bapt. Ch. of Jersey Shore, $140; Neshannock Presb. Ch. of New Wilmington, $140; Community of Hegins, Thru Rev. C. B. Schneder, $138.

M. E. S. S. of Glen Hope, $135.50; Plymouth Cong. Ch. of Scranton, $135.38; Frankford Ave., M. E. S. S. Classes 1 & 14. of Phila., $133; Harmony Presb. Ch. of Penn Run, $133; Dent, H. H. & H. C., $125; Tulton, Mrs. Anna M. & Daisy, $125; Gensemer, G. W., $125; M. E. S. S. of Lanes Mills, $124.01; First Ref. Ch. of Phila., $120; Schmittle, Mrs. S., Geo., Leo & Nell, $118; Metrop. Life Ins. Co. Employes of Phila., West Dist., $116; LeMars S. S. & U. E. Church of Harrisburg, $115.82; Baldwin, F. H. H., $115; Thru J. E. H. Fleck, $115; Salem Evangelical Luth. Ch. of Smicksburg, $114.50; Thru J. T. Taylor, $111.55; Ref. Presb. Ch. of Parnassus, $111.52; United Evang. S. S. of Lititz, $109.83; Beaver Falls Presby. Y. L. Miss. Soc., $107; United Presb. Ch. of Clinton, $106; Haverford Monthly Meeting of Friends, $105; Christian Evang. Luth. Ch. of Shrewsbury, $103.40; Conshohocken Presb. S. S., $102; First Presb. S. S. of Sayre, $101.50; Armstrong, Geo. C., $100; Beth Eden Bapt. Ch., Pittsburgh, $100; Brower, F. M., $100; Campbell, R. P., $100; Davis, Morgan, $100; Farren, F. B., $100; Gorbutt Henrietta T., $100; Hames Mrs. R. B., Jr., $100; Hanover U. P. Church, Clinton, $100; Hatboro Bapt. Church, $100; Heller, J. W., $100; Hershey, H. F. $100; Hoffman, Jessie, $100; Luth. Theological Seminary of Gettysburg, $100; Leader, Mr. & Mrs. C. F., $100; Lamartine Branch Red Cross, Salem. $100; McConnell, Helen, $100; McDowell, R. S. $100; McKinney, Jean C., $100; Mathews, J. J., $100; Potter, Mrs. D. L.; $100; Purman, T. R., $100; Rall, Chas. R., $100; St. Marks Luth. S. S. of Butler, $100.

Scott, R. R., $100; Snyder, Dr. & Mrs. W. L., $100; Salem Evang. S. S. of Springtown, $100; Swarner, A. T., $100; Wallis, Mr. Wm. H., $100; Winderle, Miss Blanche, $100; Galbraith, Geo. R., $97.10; Ref. Presb. Ch. of New Alexandria, $95.14; Farwell Ch. & S. S., $95; Garrett, Martha H. & Hetty B. Garrett, $95; Carlisle Ministerial Assn., $93.42; Center Presby. Ch. of Grove City, $92.50; Widdersheim, Mrs. Ed., $92; Ebenezer, W. E. S. S. of Perkasie, $91.75; Fahs, H. C., $90.90; Ref. Presb. Ch. & S. S. of New Galilee, $90; Sonders, Emma & Lizzie C., $90; M. E. S. S. & Friends of Ransom, $88.30; Wingert, R. R., $88.25; Evangelical Luth. S. S. of Hooversville, $88.18; First United Evang. S. S. of Lewisburg, $88; Thru Mrs. H. H. Vail, $87.89; Jackson Center Presb. Ch., $87; Coleman, Edith, $85; Masontown First Presb. Ch., $85; New Alexandria Presb. Ch. $82.40; Zion Lutheran Ch. & S. S. of Manheim, $82; Sheradan Ministerial Assn., $81.74; Wartman, Mrs. F. S. & Friends, $80.59; Conrad W. W., $80; Pine Sta. M. E. Ch., $80; Woman's Miss. Soc. of U. E. Church of Yoe, $79; Calvary Church, Germantown, $78; Thru N. F. Barber $75; Campbell School, Pupils & Patrons, West Sunbury, $75; Cordingly, Mary A., $75; Keefer, Mrs. K. E., $75; Manandise, O. J., $75; Trinity Luth. Ch. of Berlin, $75; Whittlesey, Mr. & Mrs. F. E., $75; Lewisburgh Churches, Thru Rev. R. C. Peters, $74; Pool, W. F., $74; Church of God Mission Band, Mt. Pleasant, $52.75; Shaffer, J. J., $70.10; Davis, Minnie, $70; Gates, Mr. & Mrs. C. H., $70; Second Welch Cong. S. S. of Wilkesbarre, $70; Thru Lloyd Wilson, $69.20.

Salem Union S. S. of Moorestown, $69; Montown Presb. Ch., $67.86; Village of Salona, $67.75; Various Evang. Churches of Harrisburg, Thru Rev. B. H. Niebel, $67.69; St. Johns Lutheran Church of Williamsport $66.75; Willing Workers O. A. B. C. of Butler, $66; Ebenezer Presb. Church W. Miss. Soc. of Livermore, $65; Engle, E. B., $65; Herr, Mrs., $65; Presb. Ch. Young Womens Bible Class of Altoona, $65; United Luth. Ch. C. E. Soc. of Beavertown, $65; W. C. T. U. of Slatington, $65; Wallett, Mrs. Frank, $65; First United Presb. Ch. of Germantown, $63.07; Irwin Presb. Cong., Kilgore, $63; Presb. Ch. of Indiana, Miss Stewart's Bible Class, $63; West Glade Run Presb. Ch., $63; Thru E. L. Anderson, $62; Trinity Ref. Ch. of Norristown, $60.10; St. Mark's Cong., Juneau, $60.05; Bannen, Rev. R. G., $60; Bratton, J. W. & Mrs. Edith Bell, $60, Highland Park School Children $60; Meth. Epis. S. S. of Evans City, $60; Presb. Ch., Pittsburgh, Thru Geo. H. Fink, $60; Sloan, Wm. G., $60; Smith, Mrs. H. B., $60; Trinity M. E. S. S. of Manheim $60; McNary, T. A., $58.86; Speer, Margaret Bailey, $58.48; Artman, Rev D. A., $58; Kennelley, Rev. M. A. & Friends, $56; Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. H. & Boys of Garfield Cottage, $56; Wheelock, I. A., $56; Rockbridge Pres. S. S. of Rochester Mills, $55.53; Hoyt, Hessie, $55; Knecht, P. L., $55; Northcut, Mrs. W. H., $55; Odd Fellows Lodge 1166 of Zelienople, $55; Stewart, M. C., $55; Upper Cetorara Church, $53.13; Dimock Union S. S., $53.06; Fletcher, M. E. S. S. of Morgantown, $52.55; Community of Ryot, Thru H. B. Mock, $52.

First Presby. S. S. of West Newton, $52; Shippenburg Normal School, $52; Reformed Congl. Church of Sellersville, $51; White Haven Presby. Church, Ladies Missionary Socy., $51; Phillips, H. G., $50.50; Christ Church, Episcopal, of Upper Marion, $50.26; R. W. & W., Tidioute $50; Armstrong, J. C., $50; Beltz, J. H., $50; Blum, Mrs. S. J., $50; Bread, Prof. D. R., $50; Briggs, J. T., $50; Bushkill M. E. Church & S. S., $50; Caffeisch, Mrs. J. C., $50; Campbell, J. M., $50; Church of God S. S. of Elizabethtown, $50; Crissman, Elmer, $50; Currier, John H., $50; Dewees, Samuel, $50; Digger Bible Class of Beaver Falls, $50; Dotterer Memorial Bapt. Church of Phila., $50; Farston, Mrs. Josh, $50; First Christian Church of Scranton, $50; First Presby. Church of Ambler, $50; First Presby. S. S., Ladies Class of Bradford, $50; Forbes, Thos. L., $50; Fraser, Sarah H., $50; Fulton, Isabella, $50; Goodwin, Mr. & Mrs. F. O., $50; Grosh, H. F., $50; Hains, M. M., $50; Herr, Mrs. Lydia E., $50; Hess, Miss Annie I., $50; Hoyne, R. A., $50; Hughes, Jno. J., $50; Knox, W. F. M. S., $50; McLaughlin, Mrs. Marshall, $50; McGoughey, W. W., $50; McCormick, Wm. H. & Co., $50; McAllastus Union S. S., Carlisle, $50; Miller, Guyon, $50; Mt. Pleasant Union S. S., Shippenville, $50; Plank, W. H., $50; Redstone Presby. Church, Long Run S. S., $50; Ramsey, Harold E., $50; Reist, Eli G., $50; Rhodes, I. M., $50. Rigby, Mr. & Mrs. H. C., $50; St. Paul's Union S. S. of Imler, $50; Scese, Mrs. S. R., $50; Shipley, Miss S. G. $50; Shorts, A. D., $50; Savage, Frank, $50; Skeath, Rev. W. C., $50; Small, Samuel, $50; Smith, Mrs. C. C., $50; Smith, John, $50; Sober, E. K., $50; Selliez, E. A., $50; Stehman, I. D., $50; Stroble, I. E., $50; Syckelmore, Marian, $50; Tarentown Evang. Luth. S. S., $50; Trinity United Evang. S. S. of Terre Hill, $50; Union S. S. of Salfordville, $50; U. P. S. S. of Bellevue, $50; U. P. S. S. of Leechburg, $50; Wintz, Catherine C., $50; Woman's Club of Wilkinsburg, $50; King, Mr. & Mrs. S. J., $49.03; Schaul, Dr. O. D., $49.02; Brethren in Christ Free Grace Church, $48.50; First Bapt. S. S. of Perkasie, $47.80; United Brethren Church of Millersburg, $57; Ronco Union S. S., $47; Breckel, G. J., $46.70; P. M. Sunday School of Westmoreland City, $46; Robt. Kennedy Memorial Presby. Church of Greencastle, $45.25; Adams, Mrs. Mary Leeds, $45.02; Betts, Miss F., $45; Crawford, Mrs. Annie S., $45; Graham, Mrs. John, $45; Kinzer, Miss F. L., $45; McNary, S. M., $45; March, Bessie E. & Mrs. Lavina, March & daughters, $45; Moore, Martha J., $45; Pease, J. C. C., $45; Ridge, Mrs. E. C. & others, $45; Stevens Memorial Junior League, Friendship Circle of Harrisburg, $45; W. C. T. U. of Vandergrift, $45; Cunningham, J. L., $44.35; Cutaiar, Sara M. J. $44.32; Phillips, Mr. & Mrs. Frederick, $44.32; First M. E. Church of Pittston, Jos. Crouther S. S. Class, $44.

Stanley, Miss Wantea & Rose School, $44; Ferguson, Mrs. G. S., $43.92; Grace United Evang. Church of Millersburg $43.10; "H. K." Kutztown, $43.50; Thru Rev. F. R. Greninger, $43.50; New Brighton M. P. S. S., $43; St. Johns Luth. S. S. & Church of Amber, $42.50; Bethel Evang. Church of Linesville, $42; Green Valley Bible Class of Somerfield, $42; First Bapt. Church of Shinglehouse, $41.33; M. E. S. S. of Gravity, $41; Bailey C. Carroll & others, $40; Brinton, Susanna, $40; Christy David T. $40; Cordingley, Mary A., $40; Clearfield M. E. Church, $40; Cowles, Mr. & Mrs. M. E., $40; Cheat Haven Union S. S., $40; Hackett, Mrs. W. T. & friends, $40; Lutz, Mr. & Mrs. C. G. & family $40; McKown, S. A., $40; Purucker family, $40; Penbrook U. E. Sunday School, $40; Rosenberg, John R., $40; Roberts, H. S., $40; Seebler, Mr. & Mrs. A. J. & Eva, $40; United Reform. Congl. Church of Schneckersville, $40; Welsh Presby. Church, Phila., $40; Boyer, Nettie M. & friends $39; South Side Presby. S. S., Youngs Mens Bible Class of Bethlehem, $39; Tabernacle Congl. Church of Scranton, $39; Williams Bros., $39; Church of God, Marketon, $38; McKean, Mrs. Martha, $38; Trinity Ref. S. S., Men's Bible Class, Helkam, $38; St. John's Church of Huntingdon, $37.30; West Hickory M. E. Church & S. S., $37.29; Jenness, Martha C., $37; Rathmel Sunday School, $37; Sugar Grove Union S. S. of McCracken, $36.84; Primitive M. E. Church of Dickson City, $36.80.

Hopewell S. S. of Brownsville, $36.45; Arthur, Mrs. C. O., $36; Donnan, D. M., $36; Hamilton, Fred E., $36; Gray, Ellen G., $35.50; U. E. S. S. & Church of Winfield, $35.50; U. B. Sunday School, Corry, $35.50; Acheson Mr. & Mrs. T. H., $35; Barton, T. H., $35; Bingaman, Walter R., $35; Blake, Dr. E. M., $35; Edge, James, $35; Hartman, Mrs. L. B., $35; Hunter F., $35; Lady, Carrie M., $35; Landis, D. M., $35; Perham, Grace S., $35; Presby. Church C. E. Socy. of New Castle, $35; Smith, Mr. & Mrs. T. H. & family, $35; Stewart, Mrs. R. H., $35; Trexler, E. G., $35; Wright, Mr. & Mrs. J. W. & Dale C., $35; St. Matthews Lutheran Church of Shamokin Dam, $34.56; Good, A. E., $34.50; Amity & Millbrook Churches, $34; Herr, Frank F. & friends, $34; Stair, Mrs. Marion, $34; W. C. T. U. of New Castle, $34; Mt. Zion Lutheran S. S. of Shippenville; $33.97; Butcher, L. H. & H. M., $33; Howell, Mrs. E. B. & friends, $33; St. Paul's M. E. S. S., Men's Bible Class of Reading, $33; Lancaster Ave. M. E. Church, Lancaster, $32.77; Allsworth, Jay, $32; Ford, Mrs. C. P. $32; First Bapt. S. S., Truth Seeking Class; Butler, $32; Emlet D. E. & others, $32, St. Pauls M. E. Church, Susanna B. Ridgway Bible Class, Lancaster $31.50; Quickiln Union S. S. of York, $31.03; Spicher, Mrs. L. T., $31; Spencer, Mabel J., $31; First Bapt. S. S., Ladies Mixpah Bible Class of E. Stroudsburg $30.80; Bachman, Mr. & Mrs. A. A. & Zion German Luth. S. S., $30; Beamer, Z. E. & family, $30; Bartruff, Sara C., $30; Bradshaw, C. W., $30; Browning, Mr. & Mrs. Fred & Miss Mary Cunningham, $30.

Cook, Mr. John, $30; Coxey, Mr. & Mrs. Jas. N., $30; Dickey, Laura & Emma, $30; Ebersole, Mr. & Mrs. J. R., $30; Erb, Walter, $30; Gable, J. B., $30; Glenvale Church, $30; Gray, Aida M., $30; Hackett, Mary M. & others, $30; Hostetter, Mary H., $30; Jacks, Miss B. A., $30; Kelly, C. M. & A. T. Danfenspeck, $30; Laderer, H. R., $30; Lance, Fred R. & friends, $30; McCutcheon, James, $30; McIntosh, Miss Winifred V. $30; McKea, Mrs. H. S., $30; McNabb, Mrs. Geo., $30; McNeilly, Mrs. Robt., $30; Matthews, Ira & Cora, $30; Miller, E. W., $30; Memorial Presby. Church C. E. Socy, Christiana, $30; O. V. A. Literary Club, Derry, $30; Peckham, Eunice M., $30; Pohlman, Augusta V., $30; Rhodes, Olive C., $30; Rynearson, S. L. & family, $30; St. Davids Episcopal Church of Scranton, $30; Shoemaker Mrs. M. L. & Mrs. H. D. Graham, $30; Southampton Civic Club, $30; Thomas Mrs. Ethel M. & neighbors, $30; Warner, Asa, $30.

Wilson, Mary E., $30; Wilson, Robt. S., $30; Young, E. A., $30; Deiss, H. J., $29.85; Bethany U. E. S. S. of Lehighton, $29; Flynn, Etta R. & friends, $29; B. U. E. Church of Allentown, $28.50; Brocktown School, New Sheffield, $28.41; Sewickley U. B. Church, $28; Bethel Mennonite S. S., Perkasie, $27.61; St. Paul's Luth. Church of Lititz, $27.55; Immanuel Evang. Church W. M. S. of Beaver Falls, $27; Knauff, E. H. & mother, $27; Prentiss, Mrs. Geo. D., $27; St. Johns Union S. S. & C. E. Socy. of Coopersburg, $27; Auburn & Kimmels Churches, $26.80; Church of God, S. S., Auburn, $26.42; Thru Fred C. Schippel, $26.25; M. E., Church Bible Class, Orrtanna, $26.25; Presby. Church, Gleaners S. S. Class of Reynoldsville, $26.25; Green, S. Walter, $26.23; Cramer, H. M. & friends, $26; Jefferson Center S. S., $26; Keslar, O. S., $26; Lutheran Church Class 27, of Waynesboro, $26; M. E. Church B. B. Class of Allentown, $26; St. Andrews Ref. S. S. of Allentown, $26; Thru J. A. Williams, $25.82; St. Martins P. E. Mission, $25.42; Thru Clara Calderwood, $25.25; M. E. S. S. of Girardville, $25.10; "Mrs. L. H. H.," McKees Rocks, $25; Alldridge, Mr. & Mrs. John $25; Anderson, W. F., $25; Ashbrook, Frances E., $25; Barr, Miss Mary A., $25; Bateson, Mrs. Jos., $25; Beard, Mrs. J. W., $25; Beltz, Mr. & Mrs. M. H., $25; Bethel M. E. Church Epworth League of Laurel, $25; Bird, Wm., $25; Bowers, G. C., $25; Boyer, L. C., $25; Brennan, Jas. T., $25; Bright, Mrs. E. D., $25; Brinton, Gerhelma & others, $25; Brown, Wm. H., Jr., $25; Bundy, Mrs. Emma L., $25; Chatley, Mrs. S. E. $25; Coleman, H. S., $25; Cook, Audrey V., $25; Cooke, Mrs. M. L., $25.

Copp, Rev. Zed H., $25; Cunningham, Mrs. S. K. & Miss L. Hoffman, $25; Crown Circle, Kings Daughters of Williamsport, $25; Davis, Mrs. Mary E., $25; Desh, W. K., $25; Dodd, Sarah R. C., $25; Donaldson, Wm. & Eliz., $25; Dumler, Eleanora E., $25; Earle, Mrs. Martha, $25; Eddy, Dr. A. L., $25; Ellen Chapel Union S. S. of Lewistown, $25; Edwards, Mrs. G. B., $25; Gibb, Perry A. & others, $25; G. G. Bible Class of Hellan, $25; Goodbert, W. C. & sister, $25; Gutshall, Laura K., $25; Haines, M. M., $25; Hoke, Jacob M., $25; Hoke, Peter, $25; Hooke, Wm. H., $25; Hamilton, W. R., $25; Harding, Mrs. M. I., $25; Head, C. L., $25; Heilman, E. E., $25; Hill Bible Class, Presby. Church of Evans City, $25; Hofmann, Paul R., $25; Howard, Bertha J., $25; Huey, S. R., $25; Hunt, Thos. E., $25; Huworth, James, $25; Insley, Mr. & Mrs. H. A. & family, $25; Jackson Bapt. Aid Socy. of Susquehanna, $25; Jamison, Harry V., $25; Jefferson Center Presby. Church C. E. Socy., $25; Jennings, Miss Mary P., $25; Kahler, H. R., $25; Kemp, Mrs

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P. S., $25; Kirk, H. S., $25; Knapp, Mrs. Maud, $25; Kleppinger, M. E.,$25 Koontz, Jessie E., $25; Kings Messengers of Erie, $25; Larimer, Mrs. J. T., $25; LeFevre, J. & others, $25; Linck, D. F., $25; Little, Margueretta C., $25, Loechler, B., $25; McConnell, D. L. $25; McGarrah, H. B., $25; McKee, J. R., $25; McMein, Mrs. E. E., $25; McNabb, Mrs. Catherine K., $25; Maloney, Mrs. Susie, $25; Matthews, Francis B., $25; Medlar, M. L., $25; Men's Bible Class of Marion Center Presby. Church, $25; M. E. Church, Ladies Oxford Class of Gibson, $25; M. E. Sunday School of Logantown, $25; Meyers, D. E., $25; Miller, Mr & Mrs. H. P. W., $25; Mollenauer, Mr. & Mrs. H. P., $25; Moore, Florence M., $25; Morgan, L. A., $25; Nelson, J. E., $25; Nicholls, Mrs. G. B., $25, Nicholls, Percy, $25; Nace, Mrs. Oswin, $25; Odbert, H. N., $25.

Perkins, Henry, $25; Packer, Emily, $25; Patterson, Mrs. S. J., $25; Peck, F. L., $25; Phipps, Annie K., $25; Piper, A. C., $25; Rice, Abbie, $25; Richards, W. R., $25; Rigby, Mr. & Mrs. A. E., $25; Roadman, Mrs. Maud, $25; Ross, M. E. S. S. of Warriors Mark, $25; St. Luth. Church Missionary Socy. of Williamsport, $25, Schanck, R. D., $25; Schmidt, Elizabeth, $25; Shane, W. P., Marguerita & J. W. Shane, $25; Shaw, Robt., $25; Shepard, Miss Mary S., $25; Sherrard, W. H. & family, $25; Spielman, Fredk., $25; Stonebraker, H. A., $25; Strauser, Elias, $25; Suiter, Minnie R., $25; Sullivan, Mr. $25; Tiercey, J. A., $25; Tostlebe, Alvin S., $25; Townsend, J. W., $25; Temple Luth. Church C. E. Socy. of Phila, $25; Treverton, Mrs. C. W., $25; Throckmorton Church Ladies Aid Soc'y., $25; Trout, V. C., $25; United Evangel. Church of Burnham, $25; Ulrich, Mrs. C. W., $25; Valentine, Mary, $25; Walters, Mrs. Annie, $25; Wible, A., $25; Wilson, Mrs. M. S. S., $25; Wonnacoth, Z. A., $25; Woodward, D. E., $25; Young, Nellie, $25; Y. M. C. A., Ladies, Auxiliary of Waynesboro, $25; Lutheran, Evangl. & Reformed Churches of East Petersburg, $24.50; Kreider, Mrs. Hilda W., $24; Bethlehem U. E. S. S., Felton Charge, $23.70; Emmanuel Lutheran Church Womans Missionary Socy. of Phila, $23.25.

Yost, Grace D., $23.25; Griffith, Lola, $23; Jennings, Miss Mary, $23; Vandine, G. W., $23; Speech Readers, Bible Class of Phila, $23; Y. M. C. A., Adult Bible Class of Nazareth, $23; Lutheran & Reformed S. S. of Brodheadsville, $22.87; Two Friends, Beaver Falls, $22 50; Grace United Evangl. Mission of Phila., $22.27; Community of Borden, thru Mrs. H. I. Hurd, $22.-25; Thru Miss Matilda Margstein $22.25; W C T. U. of Tusseyville, $22 25; Thru Rev. I E. Johnson, $22; Carpenter, Mrs. M. D., $22, Fee, James C., $22; Greesly, Henry & Samuel, $22; Knapfenberger, Harry, $22; Rukhill, John,, $22; Seitzenger, Mrs. S M. & others, $22; Union S. S. of Worthville, $22; McCready, J. O, $21.65; Fruit Hill Presby. S. S., $21.50; Swearingen, Mrs. John V., $21.48; Baird, Miss Mary H., $21; Dering, E. M. & Marion R., $21; Lash, Fred & Henry, $21; Singer, Mrs. S. O. & Mrs. Emma Miller, $21; Ulster High School, $21; Wright, F. R., $21; Fink, G. W. H., $20.70; Aldrich, Mrs. Amelia, $20.-50; New Ringgold Evangel. Church, $20.50; Bethel Congl. Church of Olyphant, $20.42; Fritz, Mr. & Mrs. F. M., $20 25; Kelsey, Anna & Mrs. Hicks, $20.25; Laird, H. M. & others, $20.15; Anonymous, Bellefonte, $20; Anonymous, Elwood City, $20; "H." Pottstown, $20; "O P", Pittsburgh, $20; Apt, Mr. & Mrs Reuben C. & Charlotte Couse, $20; Ackerman, Chas H., $20; Appleby, Mrs. E., $20, Barbor, D. N., $20; Beck, Lloyd & Miss Edna Barry, $20; Beighley, H C., $20; Berlin, A C., $20; Black, Ira C., $20; Borts Lutheran Church of Cumberland Valley, $20; Bowers, Mrs. A. E. & daughters, $20; Brinley, Mrs J. F., $20; Bunker, L. A. & others, $20; Belle, Christi Class, Avalon, $20; Burns, Kate M., $20; Canadochly Refd. Y. P. S C E. of Hellam, $20; Chabot, C. W., Jr., $20.

Cannon, Jas., $20; Carnahan, Mr. & Mrs. H. D., $20; Centre Valley C E Socy., Home Dept., $20, Church of St. Martins, Men's Bible Class, Phila, $20; Croft, The Misses, $20; Deemer, Mr & Mrs. I. A., $20; Dietrick, Irvin D, $20; Dinmore, W. W., $20; Douglass, Mrs. Herbert, $20; Fawcett, Geo. F., $20; Ferguson, R. G., $20; Feucht, Emilia T. & Mrs. A. F. Mohn, $20; Finley, Miss Margaret, $20; Fox, C. C., $20; Freitag, Louise V., $20; Gensemer, Harry L., $20; German Evangl. Church Young Men's Bible Class, $20; Gibson, Miss Lydie, $20; Gillingham, Mr. & Mrs. Chas., $20, Gleason, Anne M., $20; Glick, John B., $20; Grace Chapel Presby. Ch., $20, Greenawalt, Annie D., $20; Hance, Mrs. M. S., $20; Haines, H., $20; Harshaw, C. G., $20; Harney, Annie C. & sister, $20; Haws, Mary E., $20; Herr, M. Lizzie, $20; Hodel, H. S., $20; Illich, J. E., $20; Jack, Mrs. Anna B. & friends, $20; Jines, Mrs. Rose, $20; Keith, Mr. & Mrs. C. M., $20; Knox, Wm. R., $20; Lauall, T. A., $20; Lahr, Clara E., $20, Larimer, J. T., $20; Leighty, F. C., $20; Lister, H. O., $20; Logan, J. F., $20, Lindermuth, Edgar, $20; McCarrell, Mrs. D. L., $20; McConnell, Mrs. Blanche, $20; McDonald, C. E., $20; McElwain, J. A., $20; Mendelssohn, Club of Shickshinny, $20; Middlesworth, E. L., $20; Manheim Young Ladies' Bible Class, $20; Martin, Mary T., $20; Miller, Edith M., $20; Moses, O E., $20; M. P. Church of Costey, $20; Moyer, Miriam V. & friends, $20; Myers, Laura J., $20; North Branch Presby. Church Woman's Society, $20; Peachey, Lydia L., $20; Pim, Emuy H., $20; Preston, Mrs. Eliza, $20.

Quick, Mrs. C. H., $20; Reefmyder, Elizabeth, $20, Rhodes, T. C., $20; Roadman, Mrs. Maud & Walter, $20; Roop, J. H. & L. N., $20; Rowe, Mr. & Mrs. John, $20; Ruhl, Mr. & Mrs. R. E., $20; St. James Ref. S. S., $20; Schreiber, J. D., $20; Seitz, Mr. & Mrs. J. F. & daughter, $20; Shaffer, Olive C. (Mrs.), $20; Shaw, Mr. & Mrs. A. W., $20; Shoemaker, Mrs. K. V., $20; Sisly, Mary K., $20; Smoyer, W. F., $20; Smith, Alice E. & friends, $20; Smith, Stella E., $20; Stauffer, I. H., $20; Stewart, M. C., $20; Swedish Mission S. S., Girls' Adult Class of Johhsonburg, $20; Taylor, Tillie, $20; Taylor, Dr. R. F., $20; Thompson, Inez M., $20; Trinity United Evangel. S. S., King's Daughters, York, $20; Troxen, A. J., $20; United Helpers S. S. of Flicksville, $20; United Evangel. Church Ladies' Aid Socy. of Pennsdale, $20; United Evangel. Church Missionary, Socy. of Winfield, $20; Ninth U. P. Sabbath Sch. of Pittsburgh, $20; Uthia Class of No. 5 S. S. of Edenburg, $20; Vance, Rebecca, $20; Wadsworth, M. L., $20; Walinshaw, J. C., $20; Wetherill, Mrs. V., $20; Wiley, C. J. & friends, $20; Workman, Rev. F., $20; Worthville Union S. S., $20; Wright, Mary B., $20; Young, R. C., $20; Hurd, Mrs. J. F., $19.50; Mt. Zion U. B. S. S of Mechanicsburg, $19.50; Egypt and Northampton M. E. Churches, $19.45; St. Paul's United Evangel. S. S. of Hellam, $19.25; Frey, Rev. G. W., $19.18; Bradley, Alvia, $19; Trinity U. E. S. S., Ladies' Bible Class, Allentown, $18.25; Thru Chas. C. Minnich, $18; Clay Hill Union S. S., $18; Galbraith Bros. thru F. A. McKelvey, $18; Hards, F. T., $18; Hawks, Clarence, $18; Kulpsville Grammar School, $18; Presby. Church of Burnt Cabins $18; Presby. Church, Margaret K. Gordon Class, Fayette City, $18; Saltsburg M. E. Jr. League, $18; Third Presby. Church Oxford Bible Class of Pittsburgh, $18.

United Evangel. Church of Trevorton, $18; Weithuecht, H. E., $18; Whitten, Mrs. E. & friends, $18; Helpful Circle of King's Daughters, Phila., $17.50; Irwin, F. H., $17.50; Mars U. P. Church, $17.50; Nuss, Mrs. Ada E., $17.50; Thru Eliza M. Brinton, $17.50; Behny, Mrs. A. M., $17; Christ Luth. Church of Montgomery, $17; Harrington, Mrs. A. C. & others, $17; James, Mary V., $17; Jameson, Mrs. Thad. & friends, $17; Ladies' Missionary Socy. of Hookstown, $17; Lewis, Miss Clara, $17; Martin, Robert, $17 Weiser, A. W., $17; Zeigler, C. E., $17; Jack, W. C., $16.50; Westfield M. E. S. S., Mizpah Class, $16.25; Cary, Mrs. D. E., $16; Dirthtown Union S. S., $16; Evans, A. A., $16; Heberling, Miss Mabel, $16; Hoffman, Eva, $16; Huyette, C. A. & friends, $16; Kleppinger, J. W., $16; Mullawney, Jno. J., $16; Philathea S. S. Class of Lone Run Church, $16; Rosebaugh, F A. & friends, $16; Swingle, E. N., $16; Hidlay Luth. C. E. Socy. of Bloomsburg, $15.95; "Mrs. W. T. W.." Mt. Carmel, $15.60; Seibert United Evang. Church of Allentown, $15.50; Zion U E. Church of West York, $15.18, Harklerоad, A. H., $15.10; P. M. Missionary S. S. of Bangor, $15.10; A Believer, Connellsville, $15; Anonymous, Wyomissing, $15; B. P. S., Lausford, $15; A Country S. S., Mt. Pleasant, $15; Acheson, Miss Annie L., $15; Allen, Emma, $15; Armstrong, E. B., $15; Barrett, W. E. & A. M., $15; Beiber C J & family, $15; Bovard, Wm. H., $15; Boyd, John E., $15; Brown, Miss Gertrude K., $15; Buck, W. R., $15, Burgess, Mrs. W. H., $15; Butz, F. W. & friend, $15, Canfield, Mrs. Flora C., $15; Carkey, Miss Mary S., $15.

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Rose, H. G., $15; Ruthrauff, Miss Margaret, $15; St. Paul's Lutheran S. S., $15 St. Paul's United Evang. Church, Thurs. Night Prayer Meeting Class of Reading, $15; Semmel, C. A., $15, Shambaugh, C. A. & Mrs. M E., $15; Shiffer, Miss Ella A., $15; Short, C. J., $15; Simenton, John & Mrs. T. R. Shields, $15; Sloan, D F., $15; Smith, Mrs. E. B. & Mrs. M. L. Gill, $15; Snyder, E. E., $15; Snyder, Mr. & Mrs. Jas. & C. E. Snyder, $15; Stephen, Anna M., $15; Stephens, W. D. A., $15; Stover, Ruth, $15; Schmitt, Mrs. G., $15; Sutton, O. D., $15; Teats, Eliza $15; Thomas, Mrs. Will T $15; Troxal, W. N., $15; Twisden, Mrs. F. B., $15; Uber, Mr. & Mrs. J. E., $15; United School Children of Pitcairn, $15; Van Gorder, H. R., $15; Waggoner, Mrs. Minnie & Daughters, $15; Wall, W. H., $15; Walnut St. Bapt. Ch. of Jersey Shore, $15, White, Mary A. & Daughters, $15; Wilson, Mrs. Anna L , $15; Wilson, Mrs. J R., $15; Wineberg, Clay, $15; Woodbury, Bernice, $15; Young, J. O., $15; Young, Q. J. & Daughters, $15, Young, Mr. & Mrs W. H., $15; Young Ladies Miss Soc. Covenanters, Parnassus Presb Ch., $15; Ritter, Lon M., $14.50; Prof. Barnes' Scholars, of Peckville, $14.04; Brethren in Christ S. S. of Cedar Springs, $14.04; Beatty, Mrs. J. W., $14; Thru Mrs. Wm. J. Fredericks, $14; Johnston, Geo. N., $14, Lewis, Mrs. Jas. C., $14; Marklesburg Dist. S. S. Assn., $14; N. E. Church of Zelienople, $14; Thru Mrs. C. V. Reddick, $14; Swanson, A. A., $14; Watkin, Miss L. K., $14; Witmer, Abram, $14; Wolfe, J. S., $14; Springboro Bapt. S. S., $13.71; Phelps Meth. Chapel, Jersey Shore, $13.58; Stevens Memorial S. S., Prim. Dept., Harrisburg, $13.50.

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Friday, Flora A., $10; Frutiger, Eugene, $10, Frutiger, Mrs. Lizzie L., $10; Fuller, Minnie A., $10; Fulton, Mary, $10; Funk, Mrs. H H , $10, Gackenback, H. E., $10; Gallagher, C. E., $10; Garber, Mr. & Mrs. J S $10; Gates, Ora, $10, Geiger, Mrs. Catherine & H. A. Clemons, $10; Gerber, Mrs. D. W., $10; Gernnull, W. H., $10; Gibson, Ethel O., $10; Gibson, Mrs. John, $10; Giles, Mrs. Chas., $10; Gilbert, M., $10; Gilland, Dr. J. C., $10; Gilmore, James H., $10, Gleckner, C V., $10; Glenn, Mrs. S. M., $10; Good, Lewis P., $10; Goodlin, Mr. & Mrs. C. T., $10; Goodwin, Chas. J., $10; Gosser, Susanne L., $10; Gray, Adda M., $10; Graham, Hetty, $10; Gray, Mr. & Mrs. R. A., $10; Graybill, I. B., $10; Grace United Evangl. Church of Millersburg, $10; Grebinger, Mr & Mrs. C. G., $10; Greensboro Bapt. S. S Intermediate Class, $10; Grove, H. L., $10; Guss, Mrs. E. M., $10; Haag, Thos. D., $10, Hager, Eliza & Harry, $10; Hagerman, Jesse C., $10; Hales, Amy M., $10; Hamilton, G. M., $10; Handwork, E. F., $10, Hanes, Elmer, $10; Harlin, R. M. & friends, $10; Harmony, Grange of Northampton, $10; Harrah, Mrs. John O., $10; Harris, Avery, $10; Harris, H., $10; Hartzfeld, F. M., $10, Haverstick Mary B., $10; Hay, Miss Ella & R. A., $10; Hay, Ella, $10; Heiney, Sarah & friend, $10, Heines, Jessie S., $10; Heisley, D. A., $10; Hendrickson, J. F $10; Henry, C. R., $10; Henry, Mary E. & friends, $10; Highberger, J. M., $10; Highberger, T. J., $10; Hill, Mrs. J. J., $10, Hillsville Methodist S. S., $10; Hippensteel, Mrs. J. B., $10; Hoblitzell, Mrs. J. J., $10; Hoch, Pauline, $10; Hoke, Miss Mary, $10.

Holben, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $10; Hollenshead, Blanche S., $10; Hollenshead, David & friends, $10; Holmes, Arthur L., $10; Homan, Mrs. G. A., $10; Homer, H. J , $10, Home Thinkers Com. Bible Class of Woodrow, $10; Honey Grove M. E. S. S. Epworth League, $10; Horner, Miss Jane, $10; Homer, Mrs. S. S., $10; Houseman, Harry, $10; Hubbard, Harriet S., $10, Thru Rev. C. D. Huber, $10; Hucy, Wm. S., $10; Humes, Miss Mira, $10; Humphreys, Rev. J. R., $10; Humphreyville, Nellie, $10, Hunt, Mary J., $10; Hunter, Miss Ethel V., $10; Huston, Mrs. Anna, $10; Irons, Mrs. A. S., $10; Isaacson, Agnes, $10, Isett, Mrs. Ida, $10; Jack, Mr. & Mrs. G. Donald, $10; Jackson, Anna R., $10; Jackson, H. G., $10; Jackson, W. L., $10; Johns, Jay N., $10; Johnson, Mrs. B. & friends, $10; Johnson, E. L., $10; Johnson, Mrs. C. M., $10; Johnson, H. A., $10; Johnson, Mrs. K., $10, Johnston, Mr. & Mrs W. E., $10; Jones, John W., $10; Jones, Mr. & Mrs. J. Walter, $10; Jones, Miss Mary S., $10; Jones, Mr & Mrs. S. B., $10; Jungbluth F., $10; Kauffman, H. A., $10; Kauffman, M. S., $10; Kaylor, Miss Ida E., $10; Keesecker, Guy L., $10; Keefer, J. Franklin, $10; Keefer, J. D., $10; Keeley, Robt. A., $10; Thru Frank A., Kehrli, $10; Keim, Paul W., $10; Keldan, J. W., $10; Kelly, Sarah G., $10; Kellow, Mrs. T. B., $10; Kelso, Mrs. A. A., $10; Kendall, John B., $10; Kerstetter, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. A. H., $10; Kesler, Frank E., $10; Ketler, Matilda G., $10; Kimmell, S. W., $10; Kimmeli, G. W. & family, $10; Kinney, Miss E. M., $10; Kintzer, Erma B., $10; Kirk, Alma H., $10; Kiser, W. W., $10; Kline, C. B., $10.

Klingensmith, E. J., $10; Koch, Mrs. Christian, $10; Kohlmeyer, A. K., $10; Kings Daughters & Sons of Dunmore, $10; Krafe, E. A., $10; Krumring, Mr. & Mrs. H A., $10, Kulfe, Chas. E., $10; Kunze, Carl O. & wife, $10; Kutzner, Miss Ermine, $10; Ladies Aid Socy. of New Berean Bapt. Church, Phila., $10; Ladies Aid Socy., Presby. Church of White Haven, $10; Landis, Esther, Mac & Elizabeth, $10; Lange, E. L., $10; Lanvally, Mrs. Adam, $10; Lorimer, Mrs. J. T., $10; Leech, Mrs C. W., $10; Leidy, T. K., $10; Leeper, Mrs. Chas. W., $10; Lewis, Mrs. L. G., $10; Leicht, F. R., $10; Ligonier Auto Repair Co., $10; Limbaugh, H C., $10; Linn, C. G., $10; Logan, Mr. & Mrs. W. F., $10; Lohr, W. E., $10; Lloyd, E. M., $10; Longacre, Mrs. J. O., $10; Longacre, R. M., $10; Long, Howard C., $10; Lippert, Dr. F. E., $10; Longacre, Regina V. N., $10; Lucos, Frances, $10; Lucas, J. F. & Annie P., $10, Lucas, Scott B., $10, Ludwig, Miss A. B., $10, Lytle, Jas. R., $10; McAulis, Mary E., $10; MacCart, Mrs. W. A., $10; McClelland, Fanny, $10; McCoy, Mrs. Martha & Mrs. Margaret McCoy, $10; Mc. Curdy, Mrs. Robt., $10; McDowell, Jennie, $10; McDowell Mrs. Minnie $10; McEwen, Mrs. F. W., $10; McGamr, Jessie R., $10; McGimer,

Miss Moberg (left) who received $4,000 of Christian Herald money, giving out food to the hungry. Her assistant is Miss Braun

Pennsylvania—Con'd

Mrs. Belle, $10; McQuade, Mr. & Mrs. L. D., $10; McGraw, Mary, $10; McIntyre, Howard, $10; McKee, Mrs. Elvina, $10; McKee, Jennie, $10; McKee, Mrs. M. J., $10; McKinley, Miss Frances A., $10; McMann, Russell, $10; McGu, Mr. B. F., $10; McMillin, R. S., $10; McNary. S. M., $10; MacLynn, Mr. & family, $10; Magill, Phoebe J., $10; March, Paul D., $10.

Miller, E. W., $10; Marshall, J. C., $10; Merrick Lutheran Church, Kings Daughters, Phila., $10; Mt. Lebanon U. P. Church, Jr. Y. M. Miss. Socy., $10; McCully, Miss, $10; Martin, Jennie, $10; Martin, William, $10; Martin, Lizzie, $10; Mathias, C. E., $10; Meade, Robt., $10; Mertz, J. W. $10; M. E. S. S. of Burnside, $10; M. E. Willing Workers Class of Knox, $10; Messerly, J. O., $10; Michel, Mrs. Mary H., $10; Migert, Wm., $10; Mikesell, Mrs. H. R., $10; Milliken, Elizabeth J., $10; Millbrook Union C. E. Socy., $10; Miller, Mrs. A., $10; Miller, Mrs. Chas., $10; Miller, Chas. F., $10; Miller, H. N., $10; Miller, John A., $10; Miller, J. D., $10; Men's Baraca Class & friends of Pittsburgh, $10; Mills, Miss N. E., $10; Missionary Socy., C. U. Bapt. Church of Huntingdon, $10; Missionary & Aid Socy. of Christian Church of Beaver Center, $10; Monday, Elias, Caroline Stephens & a friend, $10; Moneypenny, Alice M., $10; Montgomery, A., $10; Montgomery, Nan, $10; Moore, Ada J & friends, $10; Moore, J. C., $10; Moore, Mr. & Mrs. H. F., $10; Moore, Miss L. V., $10; Morris, Emily K., $10; Morrison, A., $10; Morrison, Harriet T., $10; Morrison, Mrs. J. H., $10; Morris, Hannah, P., $10; Morton, Sarah W., $10; Moser, C. S., $10; Mott, Mrs. J. W., $10; Moyer, A. T., $10; Mullowney, Emily E., $10; Hummart, Mrs. J. V., $10; Musselman, Mrs J. F., $10; Myers, Rev. H. S., $10: Newton, K. E., $10; Nelson, Annie H., $10; Nichol. C. A., $10; Noll, Jonah & others, $10; Norris, Mrs. E. R., $10; Northrup, Mr. & Mrs. H. E., $10; Nye, Spencer, $10; Ohl, W. J., $10; Palmer, W. S., $10; Parson, O. W., $10.

Patterson, Louisa M., $10; Patton. Isaac, $10; Patton, L. T. $10; Paules Mr. & Mrs. O. S., $10; Payns, Mrs. Ruth, $10; Pearce, A. J. B., $10; Perkins, T. B., $10; Phillips, Mrs. Homer T., $10; Pfeil, Wm., $10; Phipps, E. L., $10; Phoenixville S. S., $10; Pitts, Mrs. L. P., $10; Plank, Mr. & Mrs. J. M., $10; Plummer, W., $10; Pawling, Mrs. Hazel A., $10; Pollins, John W., $10; Phelps, Margaret, $10; Phelps, Mrs. Francis A. $10; Pollock Mrs. E. A., $10; Poole, B. F., $10; Porter, E. A., $10; Powell, R. W., $10; Presby. Home Missionary Circle of Tyrone, $10; Presby. Church S. S. of White Haven, $10; Presby. Church of York Springs, $10; Pritner, Mrs. E. W., $10; Pringle, A. E., $10; Prowell, Mrs. M. C., $10; Purdy, Mrs. Ella A., $10; Queens, Alex R., $10; Quinn, J. B., $10; Roach, Mrs. T. N., $10; Ritzman, A. S., $10; Randall, Annie B., $10; Randenbush, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. R., $10; Ransom, C. P., $10; Ratcliff, F. W., $10; Raymond, D. L., $10; Ream, H. H., $10; Redington. Mrs. Rebecca & Ruth, $10; Read, A., M., $10; Reehl, Mrs. Wm. & Millicent, $10; Reese, Mrs. H. A., $10; Reeser, Miss A. M., $10; Reynolds, A. W., $10; Rhoads, C. H., $10; Rhoades, I. M., $10; Rhodes, Mary A., $10; Rhone, Mary M. & Rose, $10; Rich. Mrs. M. B., $10; Richards, A. C. & N. F., $10; Richardson, Mr. & Mrs. M. L., $10; Rick, Mrs. John, $10; Rickert, Robt. J., $10; Rigby, Mrs. T. W., $10; Rishel. Mr. & Mrs. H. C., $10; Robertson, Mrs. D. W., $10; Robinson, Misses Tishie & Lulu, $10; Rohlf, Mr. & Mrs. F. H., $10; Rohm. Ira E., $10; Romann, Mrs. Joseph, $10; Ruff, E. L., $10; St. Pauls Luth. S. S. of Kresgeville, $10; St. Pauls Luth. S. S. of Pittsburgh, $10; Saint, Mrs. Jennie B., $10; Salina U. B. Church of Shoemakersville, $10.

Sanders, Mrs. V., $10; Shuster, Mr. F. H., $10; Sankey. Mrs. C. C., $10; Saunders, Mrs. Virena, $10; Selsam, J. T., $10; Scanlan, James W., $10; Schaffer, Leo, $10; Scheid, W. F., $10; Schneffler, Mrs. John H., $10; Schultz, H. Y., $10; Secrist, M. B., $10; Selsam, Mr. John T., $10; Shach, E. P., $10; Shaffer, Mrs. M. S., $10; Shallenberger, Mrs. Allen, $10; Shallenberger, Mr. Herbert, $10; Shank, H. L., $10; Sharpe, Mildred J., $10; Shearer, W. H. & sisters, $10; Shelling, Wm., $10; Showman, Mr. & Mrs. F. W., $10; Sidman, Mrs. G. D., $10; Simmons, Mr. & Mrs. C. M., $10; Sisson, George, $10; Sluyter, P. H., $10; Smeal, W.H., $10; Smeal, Josiah, $10; Smeal, L. Z., $10; Smith, Mr. & Mrs. A. L., $10; Smith, Mr. & Mrs. A. M., $10; Smith, Mrs. L. W., $10; Smith, W. B., $10; Smith, Mrs. C. J., $10; Snively, Mrs. L. R., $10; Snyder, G. F., $10; Snyder, Mr. & Mrs. I. S., $10; Solt, N. E., $10; Somerville, Anna M., $10; Spencer, Mrs. Kate, $10; Sperry, Mr. & Mrs. C. Lee, $10; Spoor, Addison, $10; Sprecher, Miss Emily B., $10; Space, Pearl S, $10; Spielman, Frederick, $10; Springman, Soloman, $10; Stair, Mrs. M. F., $10; Storner, Mr. & Mrs. J. S., $10; Startz, Miss L. E., $10; Stauffer, Mr. & Mrs. H. L., $10; Steele, Harry, $10; Steele, H. G., $10; Stewart, Mrs. Anna F., $10; Stewart, Margaret, $10; Stoltzfus, T. K., $10; Strickler, John, $10; Strong, Mrs. Sarah A., $10; Strosnider, Fannie S., $10; Stevenson, S. P., $10; Stryker, W. S., $10; Stuntz, C. O. & Gertrude, $10; St. Marys Christian E. Church, Kings Daughters, Oil City, $10; Sturdivant, Mrs. S. J., $10; Suitor, Miss S. M., $10; S. S. Class of Junior Boys, Baxter, $10.

Swanbeck, Mattie, $10; Syphrit, Mr. & Mrs., $10; Syphrit, Mr. & Mrs., $10; Taylor, John C., $10; Taylor, I. M., $10; Taylor, Mrs. Harry, $10; Tatnall, Miss Anna C., $10; Thomas, Mrs. C. T., $10; Thomas, James M., $10; Thomas, Millie S., $10; Tree, Jonas J., $10; Townsend, E. A., $10; Trinity Lutheran S. S. of Chest Haven, $10; Truax, Geo. N., $10; Truxal, Geo. U., $10; Ulsh, A. H., $10; United Evang. Church of Berwick, $10; United Presby. Church of Phila., $10; Veon, Jennie, $10; Vinson, Annie C., $10; Voorhees, Mr. & Mrs. F. H., $10; Vogle, E. J., $10; Voorhees, Mrs. Lydia C., $10; Vosler, W. L., $10; Wagner, W. E., $10; Wagoner, Mrs. C. E., $10; Walker, Ella R., $10; Walmer, Mrs. A J., $10; Walsh, Mrs. Carrie, $10; Walters, Mabel, $10; Watters, Robt. R., $10; Waltman, Julius, $10; Wanner, Oscar, $10; Ward, Miss Mary, $10; Ward, Mrs. Roy, $10; Wister, Mrs. J. W., $10; Waring, W. W., $10; Weaver, Mrs. Mary H., $10; Weidman, Dr. J. E., $10; Welsh, L. B., $10; Wenrich, E. S., $10; Westwood, Rev. H. H.. $10; Whipple, Mrs. J. D., $10; White, C. F., $10; White, Mrs. I. H., $10; Whiteford, Jos. W., $10; Whitehall, Mrs. D. C., $10; Wrightman, W. H., $10; Wilan, Juanita M., $10; Wilbur, J. Walter, $10; Williams, Mrs. Addie M., $10; Williams, Mrs. Geo. R., $10; Williams, Mrs. Geo. W., $10; Williams, May, $10; Williams, T. J., $10; Williamson, Mrs. S. E., $10; Willing Workers of Lancaster and Lola Zug, $10; Wilson, Mrs. Ellen H., $10; Winans, Miss I. T., $10; Wint, Harvey F., $10; Winter, Dr. S. Elizabeth, $10; Wesson, Miss L. O. & friends, $10; W. C. T. U. of Elverson, $10; W. F. M. S. of M. E. Church of Camptown, $10.

W. F. M. S. of M. E. Church of Elverson, $10; W. M. S. of Bapt. Church of Clifford, $10; W. M. S. of St. Pauls Ref. Church of New Oxford, $10; Woodrow, Robt., $10; Wuertenberg, C. P., $10; Wykoff, Mrs. P. S., $10; Yeany, J. W., $10; Yentzer, Mr. & Mrs. Myson, $10; Yoder, Ed. M., $10; Yohn, Mrs. E. W. & E. H. Yohn, $10; Yost, H. G., $10; Yost, Harrison, $10; Y. W. C. A. of Bristol High School, $10; Young, C. F., $10; Young, Mr. & Mrs. G. G., $10; Young, Rev. Thos. S., $10; Young, Mrs. W. H. & Miss E. A., $10; Zeigler, W. S., $10; Zerbe. Francis H., $10; Zion Ref. Church S. S. of York, $10; Miller, Mary M. & others, $9.98; United Evangelical S. S. of McElhattan, $9.80; Ammer. Mary A., $9.80; Judson, E. B., $9.24; Presby. S. S. Girls Class of Carversville. $9.15: Bailey, Dr. S. D., $9; Hoffman, T. S., $9; Junior Epworth League of Fairhill Church & others, $9; Lutheran & Ref. S. S. of Newmanstown, $9; Longaker, Mrs. M., $9; Pen Run Presby. Church, $9; Finley, Mrs. W. B., $8.75; Tewksburg, Mrs. J. Z., $8.75; Franklin, M. E. Church, $8.60; Custer, Kathryn, $8.50; Cross Roads M. E. S. S. of Felton, $8.50; Bockman, John, $8.36; U. E. C. E. Society of Loganton, $8.25; Hoffman, John L., $8; A Reader of the Herald, Benton, $8; M. B. C., Charleroi, $8; Adams, Mrs. Jane & others, $8; Amey, Rev. & Mrs. W. J., $8; Baker, Mrs. Wm., $8; Bankson, A., $8; Bovard. C. R., $8; Craig Bapt. Mission thru Mrs. D. E. Newton, $8; Campbell. Mr. & Mrs. G. P., $8; Dunkleberger, Mrs. H. W. & Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Crozier & family, $8; Doak, Mrs. David, $8; Florence Crittenden Home of Pittsburgh, $8; Garis, Fressa & Mr & Mrs. L. B. Rowe, $8.

Grace U. E. Church Mothers' Circle S. S. Class of Reading, $8; Harper, Mrs. Alfred B., $8; Head, Mrs. Viola, $8; Henderson, Mrs. C. S., $8; Hardman Margaret A. & Sarah E. Hardman, $8; Huff, Asa P., $8; Kelley, Mrs. S. E., $8; Landis, J. M., $8; Langenecker, M., $8; Lewis, Miss G. A., $8; Moore, Clyde L. & family & Mrs. M. J. Drake. $8; Moyer, Mrs. A. L., $8; Mt. Pleasant Presby. Church of Knoxdale, $8; Milnor, Annie E., $8; Northampton Lutheran Church Primary Dept., $8; Nase. P. B., $8; Norris, S. L., $8; Polster, John W., $8; Rittenhouse, Esther, $8; Rolshouse, S. A., $8; Rowe, A. L., $8; St. Peters Lutheran Church Ladies Aid, $8; Srader Grove S. S. Primary Class, Freeport, $8; Snedden, Mrs. David, $8; Spangler, J. H., $8; Squrer, Mrs. W. N., $8; Taylor, E. J., $8; Taylor, J. Irvin, $8; United Evangl. Mission Church of Burnham, $8; Van Gilder, Mrs. H. E., $8; Wayman A. M. E. Church, $8; Wenger, Levi, $8; Wilson, Mrs. W. E., $8; Zahnister, Mrs. W. A., $8; Rossman, M. F., $7.90; Culbertson, D. I. & friends, $7.80; Dalrymple Hill Union S. S., $7.50; Greyson, Martha A., $7.50; Keech, Mrs. H. M. & friend, $7.50; Knupp Union S. S., Warren, $7.50; Reiner, L. A., $7.50; Rich Hill S. S., Volant, $7.50; Phillips, M. J., $7.37; Dusman, Mary (thru), $7.16; Danville Recreation Home, Girls, $7.10; Mrs. E. G. S. & K. G. S., of Philipsburg, $7; Achison, S. I., $7; Berkheimer, Mrs. Maggie & Mr. & Mrs. Frank McCreary, $7; Bowers, Mrs. M. C. & Alice, $7; Brenneman, Mrs. & mother, $7; Brightbill, Mrs. Jas. A., $7; Calvary Presby. Church Men's Bible Class, York, $7; Church of God Men's Bible Class of Mt. Pleasant, $7; Covenant Presby. S. S., Germantown, $7.

Davis, A. M., $7; Driver, Harry C. $7; Dunlap, B. & M., $7; Fiftieth Bapt. Church S. S. of Phila., $7; Fritsch, Mrs. J. G., $7; Gilpin, Mrs. R. B., $7; Hartley, Mrs. J. E., $7; Hazlett, Mrs. J. B. $7; Hazlett, S. W., $7; Kent, Mrs. M. P. & friends, $7; Kressling, Anna L., $7; Kunkle, Rev. Geo. G., $7; Loos, D. N. & Miss M., $7; Lytle. Ella M., $7; McBride, S. C. & Mr. & Mrs. J. M., $7; McIlwaine, Nellie W., $7; McLouther, Mrs. J. & Mrs. Sally Spangler, $7; Media Union S. S., Oxford, $7; Mahoing Presby. Church, Danville, $7; Mauk, Rosella & friends, $7; Mininger, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. H., $7; Morrow, L. M. & Gertrude E., $7; Nicholas, Mrs. Wilbert, $7; Pixley, Mrs. Minnie, $7; Porther, Mrs., $7; Powell, Edmund E., $7; Shertz, Mrs. E. H., $7; Sloan, Lizzie, $7; Sott, Ed. J., $7; Stauffer, Mrs. H. M., $7; Stewart, William, $7; Trump, Mrs. H. C. & daughter, $7; Union S. S. of Dimock, $7; Wasser, Mrs. Amelia, $7; Watson, Mrs. C. E. & Mr. & Mrs. A. Johnston, $7; Williamson, Miss May, $7; Wisner, Mrs. G. B., $7; Mountain Chapel S. S. & friends, Breezewood, $6.81; Newton Sq. Amona Bible Class, $6.75; Olsen, Peter A., $6.75; Pleasant Grove Church, Needmore, $6.71; Herrick Centre Bapt. Church, $6.54; Schweigert A. E. & friends, $6.50; W. M. S. of United Evang. Church, Winfield, $6.50; Allen, May, $6.25; Freeman, B. V., $6.25; Krigsville Reformed S. S., $6.25; Anonymous, Pleasant Gap, $6; Friends, Altenwald $6; Helper, Pottstown, $6; Mrs. Ed. W., Johnstown, $6; Barriah, F. S., $6; Brittain, John E., $6; Brower, Annie. $6; Burkhart, Mrs. Margaret. $6; Bushnell, Mrs. W. H., $6; Caher, A. M., $6; Calvary Luth. Church C. E. Socy., Phila., $6.

Campbell, U. W. G., $6; Clotworthy, Mrs. S., $6; Crooks, Mr. & Mrs. H. J., $6; Daubert R. S., $6; Drumm, Mrs. C. H , $6; Dunlap, B. M , $6; Erlenmeyer, L. K., $6; Felming, F. M., $6; Foster, Mrs. M. N., $6; Garwood, Hannah G. & Reba, $6; Gawthrop, Mrs. J. N., $6; Gaylord, Rev. E. W. & wife, $6; Goodlin, B. E., $6; Green Terrace Union S. S. $6; Hair, Mrs. Anna, $6; Hoke, Mrs. Lyman, $6; Hamilton, H. C., $6; Harnish, Irene G., $6; Hasslin, Mrs. G. W., family & S. S. Class, $6; Havenstrite, Chas., $6; Hayward, Mrs. Mary, $6; Hendrie, Rell $6; James. Jas. D., $6; Jones, Elva & W. S., $6; Kebort, S. E., $6; Koerner, Mrs. Gertrude, $6; Kruger, Mrs. John, $6; Kuhns, Edwin S., $6; Lewis, James C., $6; Lockhart, S. E. & family, $6; Lyons, J. H., $6; McClaran, Mrs. Mary B., $6; McConaughy, Mrs. S. A., $6; Mack, James W., $6; Manning, Rev. M. C., $6; Martin, Mrs. Tobias. $6; Maxwells Valley Union S. S., $6; Mertz, Mrs. J. H. & family, $6; Miller, Mrs. A. J., $6; Moore, Mr. & Mrs. A. C., $6; Meth. S. S. Gleaners Class of Newton, $6; New Oxford Luth. Church, King David's S. S. Class, $6; O'Neill, Mary, $6; Oxford Bible Class, 3rd Presby. Church of Pittsburgh, $6; Persun, Anna H., $6; Rauner, Mrs. L., $6; Ryan, Mrs. A. J., $6; Shafer. J. H. L., $6; Sheldon, Mr. & Mrs. F., $6; Showers, Mr. & Mrs. J. C. $6; Shull, Mrs. E. B., $6; Sights, D. W. M., $6; Smith, Mr. & Mrs. B. P., $6; Smith, Sarah H., $6; Teas, Miss E. D., $6; Tilbrook, J. F., $6; Unionville Bible Class, $6; Urke, Mr. & Mrs. M. A., $6; Ward, Mrs. Annie E., $6; "In Memory of Belle Wardrop," $6; Weaver, L. F., $6; Westley, Grace, $6; White G. R., $6.

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Lancaster, R. A., $25; McDavid, Mrs. A. W., $25; Paine, P. R., $25; Parkinson, Mrs. G. G., $25; Spanns Church., Upper S. C. Conf. & W.M. Socy., $25; Todd, J. W., Jr., $25, Meller, Edna L., $25; Morrow, Mr. & Mrs. J. A. & friends, $23.30; St. Andrews Luth. S. S., Irmo, $23; Gibbs, W. J., $22; Pixby S. S., Trenton, $22; Willis, G. W., $22; Davis & Barnes, $20.04; Mathieon Missy. S. S., $20.54; Y. P. C. U. Pres. Ch. & S. S., Due West, $20.35; Bryan, Mrs. T. S., $20; Civic League, Donalds, $20; Crider, Mrs. P. L., $20; Elliott, Mr. & Mrs. W. J., $20; Grant, Mrs. G. E., $20; Hughes, J. B., $20; Jordan, W. S., $20; Kirkpatrick-Belk Co., $20; Ludwig, Mr. & Mrs. C. A., $20; McDermid, Miss Margaret, $20; Presby. Ch., L. A. Socy., Richburg, $20; Presby. Ch. Francis Aux., Wedgefield, $20; Snider, C. H. care of Evergreen Nurseries, $20; Williams, Miss I. E., $20; Witherspoon, W. J., $20; Woodlawn C. E. Soc., Sharon, $20; Standing Spg. Bapt. Ch., Simpsonville, $19.35; Mt. Olivet E. L., Church, $17.30; Friendship Pres. Ch., Laurens, $16.52; Beulah Bapt. S. S. Lykesland, $16.50; Bible Class & S. S. Thru E. S. Campbell, $16.50; Shirley, J. H., $15.60; Maple Bapt. Church, Conway, $15.40; First Pres. Church S. S., Greenwood, $15.35; Clark, Milton, $15; Greenville, Girls H. S. Gr No. 10, $15; Johnson, Rev. A. S., $15; Lewis, Mrs. E. H., $15; McNab, Mrs. Wm., $15; Norwood E. P. & T. L. Taylor, $15, Palmer, P. P., $15; Kidd, G. E., $14.67; Chandler, Mamie J., Thru, $14; Williston Bapt. Ch. W. B. C., $13.87; Kirk, Mrs. R. S., Thru, $13.50; Myson, Elizabeth & friends, $13.30; Kilgore, Mr. & Mrs. Gaston's S. S. Class, $13; Meth. Church Miss. Socy., Jonesville, $12.50; Presby. Ch. C. E. Socy., McColl. $12.07; Johnson, Miss N. M., $12; Lawrence Chapel Ch. M. E. So. Central, $12.

St. Michaels Luth. S. S., Irmo, $12; Whiteside, Mrs. C. E., $12; Prince Frederick Epis. Ch., Plantersville, $10.25; Chappell, Mrs. J. H., $10; Craig, Miss M. E. & T. P. Jeans, $10; Dul, Frances H., $10; Du Bose, Mrs. B. M., $10; Dunskee, Margaret L., $10; Ellis. Mrs H. H., $10; Flowers, Mrs. S. A., $10; Gregson, Amos, $10; Haffner, Mrs. J. A., $10; Hart, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $10; Henderson, F. P. & Miss M. M., $10; Henderson, N. A., $10; Jenkins, Pierre G., $10; Junior C. E. Soc. Presby. Ch., York, $10; Lee, Frank, $10; Lucas, M. Pearl & A. M. C., $10; McCall, Mrs. R. C., $10; McDaniel, Miss Annice, $10; McKuther, H. H., $10; Martin, T. E., $10; Morrison, E. C., $10; Moss, Jas. M., $10; Moss, Mrs. T. C., $10; Owens, E. S., Jr., $10; Odom, B. Belton, $10; Presby. Ch. L. A. Socy., Waterbow, $10; Russell, J. N., $10; Second Presby. Ch., Charleston, $10; Taylor, B. & Helen B. Rian, $10; Willis, Miss B. H., $10; Willis, R. H., $10; Anderson S. C. A. P. P. Cong., Willis, Miss B. H., $10; Willis, R. H. $10; Anderson S. C. A. P. P. Cong., $9.50; Winthrop Coll. Bible Study Class, $8.75; Presby. Ch. Beginners Cl., Reidville, $8.65; First Calvary Bapt. Ch., Columbia, $8; Aull, Mrs. J. C., $7.75; St. Peters Ch., Plantersville. $7.50; Callings, G. H., $7; Jones. Mr. & Mrs. J. T. & Mrs. G. R. Lees, $7; McLees, Miss Ellie, $7; Mellichamp. Mrs. E. H., $7; Presby. Ch. L. M. Socy., Jonesville, $7; Dibble, R. D., $6.50; Whillock, F. G., $6.42; Pinewood School, 7th Grade. $6.28; Atkins. J. H. & Mrs. H. A., $6; Burley, J. L., $6; Edwards, W. W., $6; Mattison, Mrs. M. M., $6; Webster, Ray, $6.

A. R. P. Church, Jr. Chr. Union, Hickory Grove, $5.55; Newton, Miss Olive B., $5.50; Mentz, G. O., $5.10; Acker, J. P., $5; Allen. Mrs. E. F., $5; Barham, P. F., $5; Barton, Mrs. H. W., $5; Benev., C. H. Senden, $5; Callahan Sisters, $5; Claxon, G. E., $5; Colston Bapt. S. S., Bamberg, $5; Davis, Dr. J. W., $5; First Presby. Ch. Mission Band, Anderson, $5; Gilroy. W. A., $5; Glover, Mortimer, $5; Henderson, F. P., $5; Huff, Willie. $5; Johnson, Mr. & Mrs. B. P., $5; Keeler, S. J., $5; Klutz, Lottie, $5; Kennedy, Mrs. Emma, $5; Leland. C. H., $5; McConnell, F. D., $5; McClain, Mrs. T. B., $5; Marlboro S. S., Bennettsville. $5; Mell. Mrs. R. E., $5; Mitchell. B. P., $5; Moorer, Mrs. M. H., $5; Nesbitt, C. F., $5; Presby. S. S. Star Class. Summerton, $5; Paul, Mrs. J. L., $5; Peeples, Mrs. J. D., $5; Porcher, Children, $5; Rhodes, Mrs. Wiley, $5; Rose & Rogers. $5; Rutherford, Carrie E., $5; Skinner, Rev. F. N., $5; Smith, Mrs. A. W., $5; Smyra Church, Hickory Grove, $5; Todd, J. Larry, $5; Town of Conway, $5; Tompkins, Maggie, $5; Welborn, Mrs. E. C., $5; Whitehead, Alice P., $5; Whitlock, Rev. F. G. & Rev. J. R. George, $5; Wilson, Mrs. F. W., $5; Wingard. Mary C., $5; Woodruff. Mrs. A. A., $5; Webber, Mrs. J. C., $5; Young, Mrs. C. H., $5; Irmo Pres. Church, $4.50; Orrville & Toxaway M. E. S. S.'S. $4.45; Presby. Ch. L. M. Soc. Clover. $4.20; Carlisle, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $4; Fripp, R. L., $4.

Gourly, Mrs. J. C., $4; Light. Eli. $4; McEachun, Charltan, $4; Parkinson, Rev. & Mrs. W. W., $4; Walton, W. M., $4; Lucas, Ann. E. & M. Pearl. $3.50; Kibler, Mrs. E. B., $3.25; Wilson, J. B., $3.25; McLaughlin, Mrs. D. L., $3.10; Austin. Dr. J. D., $3; Bamberg Pres. Church, $3; Blakely, Mrs. Pearl, $3; Bradley, Mrs. Julia, $3; Jenkins, Miss Constance, $3; McCain, Miss Irene, $3; Phillips, Carrie C., $3; Randall, Mrs. L. E., $3; Simpson, J. B., $3; Thomson, Mrs. Fannie, $3; Tindal, Mrs. Lou, $3; Winters, Mrs. J. W., $3; Conrad, Mrs. M. I. & Port Oak School, $2.80; Davis, Mr. & Mrs. E. E., $2.50; Hamilton, Mary S., $2.50; St. Peter's Mission, Plantersville. $2.50; Wright, Mrs. B. M., $2.50; Fraser, Amelia S., $2.25; Rich Hill Bapt. Ch., Heath Spgs., $2.25; Adams, Mr. & Mrs. W. S., $2; Barksdale, Mrs. G. A., $2; Brown, C. C., $2; Burris, Mrs. M. J., $2; Corbitt. M. J., $2; Floyd, Mrs. H. D., $2; Gaudy, Mrs. E. L., $2; McConnell, F. D., $2; McDaniel, Mrs. J. C., $2; McImaico, J. T., $2; McMirch, Jimmie, $2; Martin, Bettie H., $2; Moore, M. A., $2; Reitz, Mrs. A. E., $2; Rice, Mrs. L. B., $2; Sizemore. Mrs. J. E., $2; Suite, W. F., $2; S. S. Class Girls, Thru Mamie J. Chandler, $2; Weller. T., $2; Williams, Eloise. $2; Small, Mrs. J. L., $1.75; Fair Play High School, $1.70; A Reader. Rock Hill, $1.50; Coleman, Mrs. S. L., $1.50; Farmer, Mary M., $1.40; Anonymous. Charleston, $1; Anonymous, Laurens, $1; A Little Girl, Charleston, $1.

C. A. Greenville, $1; Black, Mrs. W. E., $1; Bramlett, Mrs. W. C., $1; Bright, Janie, $1; Carmack, Mrs. R. P., $1; Dreher, Mrs. B. K., $1; Eargla, Mrs. L. B., $1; Fore, Mrs. B. A., $1; Greenhalgh, John, $1; Greerker, Mrs. Carrie, $1; Green, G. W., $1; Hampton, Mrs. G. W., $1; Herriman, May, $1; Hough, Mrs. L. H., $1; McKay, Mrs. C., $1; McWhorter, Miss May, $1; Meadows, Miss Margaret, $1; Mobley, Miss Sallie, $1; Pack, H. B., Jr., $1; Roberts, E. R., $1; Rodgers, Mrs. John, $1; Sawyer, Mrs. T. A., $1; Skelton, Mrs. M. C., $1; Smith, Mrs. D. N., $1; Smith, W. C., $1; Smith, Nannie & Eliza, $1; Snyder, Mrs. J. C., $1; Sturdy, Mrs. Edna, $1; Townsen, A. G., $1; Vaughn, Miss Ines, $1; Vaughn, Mrs. J. T., $1; Waddell Mrs. E. J., $1; White, Miss E. J., $1; Wright. Mrs. F. J., $1; Berthea, S., 50c.

South Dakota

Sioux Center Refd. Churches, $2,098.74; Pierce, Rev. & Mrs. Earle V., $1,000; Pierce, Elmore Mapes, $500; Wesleyan M. E. Church, Aberdeen, $229.50; Christian Rfd. Church, Volga, $142; S. S. of Fordham, $100; Emanuel Rfd. Church, $80; M. E. S. S., Sioux Falls, $75; First Bapt. Church, Sioux Falls, $65; Yeoman Lodge, $60; First Bapt. Church, Huron, $58.50; Congl. S. S., Epswich, $58.25; Perrin. C. E., $57.12; German Bapt. Church S. S., Avon, $55; Overly, Mr. & Mrs. E. P. & Mrs. Francis, $55; Thru Blackburn, Rev. H. O., $53.90; Hoff, K. Estelle, $52.38; Pearl M. E. Church, Artesian, $51; Beall, Mrs. A. M., $50; Hobert, F. D., $50; Glantz, Mrs. W. H., $50; Presby. Ladies' Aid Soc., Dell Rapids, $50; Scandinavian Congl. Church. Vermillion, $50; M. E. Church, Doland, $45; Anderson, S. C., $44; Miss Fink & School, Artesian, $44; Congl. Church, Eagle Butte, $43.50; Christian Rfd. Church, Corsica, $41; Congl. Church, Nisland, $40; Muilenberg, G. J., $40; Nugen, Mrs. S. R. & Roy, $40; Union S. S., Willard, $39.60; From Norcross Community, $38; Kaye, Mrs. A. A., $35; Osgood, F. L., $35; Friends, Coude, $34.40; Thru Poage, Mr. U. S., $34.05; United Evangl. S. S., Ellingson, $33; Oak S. S., Pierce, $31; A Friend, Meadow, $30.92; Crater, Mrs. W. E. & friends, $30; Fueford, Mrs. Kate E., $30; Presby. Church, Lennox, $30; Race, May, $30; Sundstrum, Ruth, $30; M. E. S. S., Orient. $29.91; Lundquist, E. C., $25.50; Allen, Dr. J. M., $25; Brotherhood A. M. Yoeman. $25; Dalesburg Bapt. Church, $25; First Congl. Church, Eagle Butte, $25; Gilsone, Mrs. T. R., $25; Graves, Mr. & Mrs R. F., $25; Hill, Rowland, $25; Jenney, Chas., $25; Koontz, Mrs. Julia B., $25.

Ladies' Aid S. S. at Hazel, $25; Lamount, Mrs. B. C., $25; Nelson Bros. & Sister, $25; Riske, A. J., $25; S. S. Class, Wessington Spgs., $25; Takoma Park Chinese Relief Fund, $25; Van Camp, A. N., $25; Williams, Elsie, $25; Women's Aux., C. N. Young Post, Piermont, $25; Zomer, Mrs. H., $25; Friends S. S., Stickney. $24.46; First Bapt. Church, Sioux Falls, $22.50; Evans, Mrs. J. D., $22; Richland Ladies' Aid Soc., $22; W-S Union Gospencenter S. S., Aberdeen, $21.76; A Friend, Mitchell, $21.15; Crosmon, Mrs. Susie, $20.50; Drakslas Ladies' Aid Soc., $20; Dreblow, Mr. & Mrs. W. G., $20; Dunton, H. A., $20; Mannings, Mr. & Mrs. Jno., $20; Norton, Bertha F., $20; Presby. S. S. Castlewood, $20; Richter, Wm. & family, $20; Thru Rowbotham, E. U., $19; Corona M. E. S. S., $18.89; Lush, Florence H., $18.50; Elles, Mrs. J., Carrie & Mary, $17; Morgan, A. B., $16.60; Mazeppa Union S. S., South Shore, $16.15; Bartlett, Mrs. E. A. & Mrs. Kenyon, $15; Boom, E., $15; Hall, Geo. E. & family, $15; Hawkinson, Elof & Lettie, $15; Mourmer, L. V., $15; Moffatt, G. N., $15; Marbeck, Mrs. Peter & friend, $15; Presby. S. S., Lake Andres, $15; Presby. S. S., Claire City, $14.65; Union S. S. Camp Crook, $14.60; M. E. Church, Blunt, $14.50; Chr. Refd., Church, Volga, $13; Osceola Univ. S. S., Marvin, $13; Bergh, Mrs. Sue H., $12; Thru Cohrane, P. B., $12; Dennis, Mrs. & children, $12; Graves, Mr. & Mrs. E. B. & son, $12; Johnson, Rev. Samuel, $12; Mecuween, Otto, $12; Oakland, Rev. B., $12; Oakland, Newell, $11.25; Oakland Stickney. $11; Ward, Mrs. E. D. & Daughter $11; Weisflock, Chris., $11; W. C. T. U. & Em., Luval, $11.

The Churches of Platte, $10.80; Benson, Esther M., $10.50; Marshal, H. R., $10.50; Congl. Church & S. S., Hill City, $10.25; Maydell Farmers, Club, $10.15; Box F, Pollock, $10; V. M. W., & J. A., $10; Adams, Curt, $10; Bible Study Class, Hot Springs, $10; Booth, Sophie, $10; Carson, Charlotte, $10; Carter, J. I., $10; Casey, Belle, $10; Colestock, Mrs. Eva M., $10; Cranfield, Wm., $10; Crosby, Lettie, $10; Dablestein, Mrs. Caroline, $10; Dibble, Mr. & Mrs. A. W., $10; Dixon, Sarah J., $10; Eddy, D. C. & E. J. Geary, $10; Elkger, C. C., $10; Embna, Mrs. R., $10; First Bapt. S. S., $10; Fridley, Mrs. L. J., $10; Gerber, Robt., $10; Girl Reserves Y. W. C. A., Huron, $10; Thru Rev. Roy E. Graves, $10, Griffith, Jas., $10; Grinager, Lars J., $10; Hanson, Mr. & Mrs. John, $10; Heckiman, Emma, $10; Howland, Grace, $10; Hunter, Eva, $10; Hyde, Rev. O. M., $10; Jenney, Laurence E., $10; Johnson, F. W., $10; Ladd, Amy, $10; Lee, Chas. E. & T. D. Nesbitt, $10; McIntosh, Mrs. E. A., $10; Newkirk, Hy. J., $10; Norman, Esther, $10; Pederson, Agnes M., $10; Petrie, Jas. H., $10; Pioneer, M. E. S. S., Beresford, $10; Reid, W. H., $10; Richart, Mrs. A., $10; Swift, Chas., $10; The "Gleaners", Wanbay, $10; Trecker, Mary A., $10; Walker, Mrs. Ella, $10; Watenga Ladies' Aid Soc. of Mo Bridge, $10; Wesleyan M. E. Church, $10; Whitcomb, Mrs. W. O., $10; Witzell, Mrs. H. H., $10; I. O. O. F. Lodge, 237, Chester. $9.35; Thomas, Rev. J. A., $9.

Emanuel Refd. S. S., Springfield, $8.38; Blow, Mrs. H. & Agnes Johnson, $8; Drake, Emilie S., $8;

Tennessee

First Presby. Church S. S. of Chattanooga $202.12; First Presby. Church of Columbia $204.62; Reynolds, A. D., $150; Fordtown M. E. Circuit, $130; Stewart, O. S., $128.05; A. R. P. Church of Brighton, $100.39; Hardin, Geo. W., $100; Maclellan, Mrs R. J., $100; Trenton Chamber of Commerce, $93.85; Associate Reformed Presby. Church of Salem, $92; Stewart, Mrs. E. H., $87.25; First Ref. Churches of Belvidere & Winchester $82.07; Park City Presby. S. S., $76; Tilden, Miss Eva E., $75; Reformed Presby. Church S. S., Fayetteville, $69.65; Perry, James E., $60; Springer, Wm. F., $56.68; Blake, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $55; M. R. Presby. Church of Chattanooga, $55; Early, W. C., $50; Gannaway, Mrs. Sammie A., $50; Hopwood, J., $50; M. E. Church S. S., Juliana Chapel, Cleveland, $50; Presby. Church Ladies Bible Class, Knoxville, $50; Tadlock, Mrs. A. B., $50; Tusculam College, $45.25; Archer, Mr. & Mrs. J. M., $45; Girls Preparatory School of Chattanooga, $45; Blake, S. M., $41; Armstrong, J. L., $40; Marrow, J. L., & Jane, $40; Buck, Miss Elizabeth, $36.64; Austin, Mrs. L. B., $36; Boofer, J. T., $35; Cumberland Presby. Church of Rives, $34; Second Presby. Church of Memphis $32.30; Union S. S. M. E. Church South of Sadlers, $32; Beatrite Mrs. A. V. $30; King, Mrs. T. B. $30; Beaver Ridge S. S. $28.21; St. Paul's Luth. Church & S. S. Nashville $27.80; Baptist Church Talbott $27; Thru Geo. K. Watt $26.75; Campbell Mrs. J. D., $26.30; Anderson, Mrs. Walter, $25; Banfield, Miss A. B., $25; Barber, Mr. & Mrs. D. W., $25; Britton, Blanche, $25; Bruing, Miss A., $25; Castalian Literary Society of Madisonville, $25; Cumberland Presby. Ch. of Talbott, $25.

Doubleday, Elizabeth, $25; Loudon County Chapter, A. R. C., $25; Mt. Bethel Church, Tusculum, $25; Ridge Presby. Church of Chattanooga, $25; Murphy, Miss Ellen & friends, $25; Vine Grove S. S. of Dayton $25; Wray, Jno. L., $25; Gray, L. J. & wife & Eliz. Caspin, $23; M. E. Sunday School of Palmer, $22.88; Cadwallader, Emma $22; Hodges, Mrs. G. W. & John R. Jenkins, $21; Isbell, Mrs. Paul & friends $21; Young Men's S. S. Class, Epworth League, Pulaski $20.50; Thru Florence Stinecipher, $20.45; Anonymous, Rutherford, $20; Brown Miss Belle W., $20; Campbellsville Prayer Meeting, $20; Concord Union S. S., Spring City, $20; Hays, John G., $20; M. E. Church Epworth League of Bell Buckle, $20; Nance, Mrs. Mary, $20; Newland, J. M., $20; Newton Mrs. H. L., $20; Roberts, J. A. & mother, $20; Strong, Addie, $20; Drake, Mrs. J. H., $19; Pleasant Hill Academy Students, $18; Grace Presby. Church of Concord, $17; Stalcup, C. C., $17; Christian Church of Crossville, $17; Shiloh M. E. S. S., Rutledge, $16.41; Smoky Mt. Seminary, $16; Adams, Mrs. Maggie, $15; Broyles, Mrs. J. H. & Mrs. J. W., Kizer, Sr., $15; Fertig, Miss Ruth, $15; Fryar, Mrs. R. H. $15; Hassell, Edgar, $15; Hawkins, Miss Grace T., $15; Kendrick, Mrs. N. A., $15; Kerr, Misses H. A. & E. I. $15; Thru Rev. T. C. Newman, $15; Presby. Church of Lancing, $15; Presby. Church, Russellville, $15; Stewart, Faith $15; Gilbert, Mrs. J. H. & friends, $14.50; Union Church of Elizabethton, $14; Leesburg Presby. Church, $13.50; Ladies Missionary Soc., of Pleasant Hill Academy, $13; McGahey, Otto, $13; Hutchison, T. J., $12.50; Hedgecock, H. M., $12.25; Greenback Presby S. S., $12.14; Bixler, B. F & others, $12; Deakins, A. A., $12.

Eisenberg, J. W., $12; Hazlett, R. J. & friend, $12; McCall, S. G. & family, $12; Richards, Mrs. John H., $12; Smith, Mrs. T. A., $12; Wilhams, D. G., $12; Witt, Mrs. M. C., $12; Hammontree, Miss Cora, $11.10; Oakdale Public School, $11; Higes Rev. C. C. & friends $11; Macmillan, Mattie, $11; Presby. Mrs. Hattie, $11; Massey, Mrs. J. W., $10.50; Whitesburg Presby. Church, $10.50; Thru Samuel T. Curry, $10.25; Reeves, Mrs. Fannie, $10 15; Craft, Mrs. J. S., $10.10; Anderson, M., $10; Ball, S. M., $10 Bowers, Mrs. W. A., $10; Boyce, Mrs. L. M., $10; Burkhart, Mrs. M. M., $10; Burleson, R. M., $10; Bushong, Mrs Annie B., $10; Calvert, Miss E. D., $10; Coppedge, Mrs. J. F., $10; Corbly, W. F. & family, $10; Davis Myrtle E., $10; Deaderick, W. F., $10; Davis, Rev. R. L., $10; Dickson, F. L. & A. F., $10; Eaton, Miss Grace M., $10; Elliott, Miss Jennie, $10; Erwin, Mary, $10; Frist, J. W., $10; Gillespie, L. D. & H. B., $10; Gladney, S. M., $10; Glenn, D. L. & family, $10, Gordon, Margaret, $10; Hale, Mr. & Mrs. C. T., $10; Hammoth, Mrs Alex, $10; Hankins, Jennie & friends, $10; Harris, Mrs. Annie P. $10; Hartman, Mrs. Rice $10; Heastey, Miss Ethel, $10; Hewgley, Mrs. W. M. & I. C., $10; Johnston, A. M., $10; Jordonia Ladies Aid Socy. of East Nashville, $10; Kennedy, H. C., $10; Kimber, Mr. & Mrs. F. B., $10; Lovette, Mrs. O. B. & friend, $10; Luyster, Mrs. H., $10; Luther, Lonzo, $10; McConkey, Carl, $10; McKee, Mrs. M. E., $10; McNeill, John, $10; McRae, E. L., $10; Miller, M. L., $10; Palmer, J. D., $10; Park, Mrs. R. D. & Mrs. S. E. White, $10; Presby. S. S. of Bearden, $10; Reever, Miss A. M., $10.

Ridley, Mrs. T. H., $10; Shapiro, Miss Kate, $10; Sheddan, S. E., $10; Steward, Col. & Mrs. D. M., $10; Street, J. P., $10; Tillman, Mrs. Jas. D. $10; Torrey, H. M., $10; Union Bethel S. S. of North Chattanooga, $10; Ward, W. P., $10; Webb, Mrs. E. M., $10; Wiley, Mrs. J. A., $10; Williams, H. G., $10; Wright, Miss Jonnie, $10; Zirkle, Dr. G. P., $10; Mt. Pleasant Missionary Socy. of Greenville, $9.60; Newton, Rev. R. E., $9.37; Rucker, E. B., $9.10; Cloyd, Mrs. Maggie J., $8.50; Knox Union S. S. of Murfreesboro, $8.50; Brooks, L. L. & friends, $8; Friends Church, Rosebud Class, of Friendsville, $8, Mothers Club of Christian, Community House, Knoxville, $8; McCall, Mr. & Mrs. W. C. & A. M., $8; People of Flintville thru W. L. Foster, $8; Richards, Ruth $8; Dawson, Mrs. Mann, $7.50; Gladeville Business Men and Women thru I. B. Castleman $7.50; Wilson Chapel Church S. S. of Palmyra, $7.30; Bowker, W. R., $7.12; Valley View S. S., Mountain City, $7.10; Thru Mrs. J. W. Hudson, $7; Loan Oak S. S. of Kingston Springs, $7; Stuart, Mrs. C. P. & Mrs. R. L. Harris, $7; Wilson, W. T. & others, $7; Wolfe, Robt. L., $7; Kirkpatrick, Miss Mary & friends, $6.50; Slonaker, J. A., $6.50; Fisher, Nattie, $6.37; Ransome, Rev J. Edward, $6.25; Campbell, Frank, $6; Davis, Mrs. W. F., $6; Lassiter, Miss Effie & others, $6; Manley, Geo. D & others, $6; Mt. Bethel Church, Tusculum, $6; Northcutt, Mrs. F. E., $6; Powell, W. E., $6; Tratton, Mrs. M. S., $6; Black, Mrs. Dora, $5.35; Zirkle, J. P., $5.25; Seaman, Kate D., $5.15; Cross Sunday School & F. Hickman, $5.07.

Anonymous, Sadlersville, $5; "M. S. C. & A. J. D." Rogersville, $5; Associate Presby. Church Jr. Christian Union, Fayetteville $5; Allen, Mrs. W. C., $5; Anderson, Mrs. C. A., $5; Arnold, Mrs. May $5; Austin, O. A., $5; Bachman, Mrs. Clara A., $5; Baines, Mrs. D., $5; Baker, Mrs. M. C., $5; Baldwin, Mrs. C. F., $5; Baker, J. W., $5; Barnes, Mrs. D., $5; Basset, H. C., $5; Beal, John, $5; Bennett, Mrs. W N., $5; Bible, Mrs. T. L., $5; Black, Hy C., $5; Blankenhorn, J. F., $5; Bowdson, Docia, $5; Boyd, Mrs. J. L., $5; Brabson, Julia, $5; Brown, W. P., $5; Buffat, Helen C., $5; Burrow, Mrs. Pearl, $5; Campbell, J. T., $5; Compton, Mrs. Bell, $5; Compton, C. A., $5; Corum, Miss May, $5; Cox Mrs P. E., $5; Crumpler, Mrs. J. G., $5; Davis, John H., $5; Davies, Mr. & Mrs. W. J., $5; De Armond, Sam, $5; Dumarant, Maude, $5; Dunn, P. A., $5; Edwards, Mrs. W. E., $5; Ellis, G. W., $5; Ellis, W E $5; Erwin, Mrs. W. J., $5; Fine, D. E., $5; Ford, James R. & others, $5; Freeman Minnie & Co., $5; Gibson, Lizzie F. $5, Goddard, E. L., $5, Grayson, Mrs. O. G. & S. S. Class, $5, Harlan, P. W., $5; Hatch, Mrs. L. D., $5; Head, Mr. & Mrs. C. A., $5; Henderson H. E., $5; Henderson, Mrs Judith and Stephen Huff, $5.

Holloway, Miss Hela, $5, Jackson, Miss M., $5; Johnson, J. I., $5, Jones, J. J. & Leslie, $5, Kennedy, Will $5; King, Dr. J. C., $5; Knox, Mr. & Mrs G. M., $5; Lemon, C. C., $5; Long, J. E., $5; Lotsprick, A. M., $5, McWhister, N. P. $5; McCowner, Mrs. M. L. $5; McNeill, Addison W., $5, Mass, Mrs. W. E., $5; May, Mrs. Hewey, $5; Millard, Lenice, $5, Moore, Elizabeth, $5; Moore, Mrs. Martha J., $5; Newell, B. F., $5; North, F. B. & Family, $5; Odle, E. A., $5, Outten, Mrs. W. T., $5; Overall, Frances H., $5; Patton, Maggie Sue, $5; Pearson, Mrs. M. M., $5; Pierce, W. F & Family, $5; Pogue, Mrs. B. A., $5; Reynolds, Gentry, $5; Rhea, Mrs. B. C., $5; Rice, T. F., $5; Ritenic, Mary, $5, Roehl, A. O., $5; Sanders, Dr. W. J., $5; Scott, J. M., $5; Smith, F. J., $5, Smith, Mrs. Thurman & Maude Dunnavant, $5; Sommers, Cora J., $5; Sparkman, Mrs. D. M., $5; Sylar, Mr. & Mrs. A., $5; Templin, J. G., $5, Thompson, Mrs. J. R., $5; Tilson, Mrs. Hattie, $5; Turner, E. H., $5; Walkup, G. W., $5; Whitlock, Carlos, $5; Wise, Mrs. N., $5; Woman's Bible Class of Neshoba, $5; Wright, E., $5; Graham, Mrs. R. J., $4.93; Kimber, Mary E., $4.50; Lincoln Park Meth. S. S., Prim. Dept., Knoxville, $4.28; Armstrong, Mr. & Mrs. L. G., $4; McCall, Mrs. R. R. & Daughters, $4; Moore, Mr. & Mrs. Ernest, $4; Phillips, Miss Frances, $4; Richardson, Mrs. Belle, $4; Seabaugh, The Misses, $4; Simpson, Mr. & Mrs. W. W. & Brother, $4; Wallis, Miss Lena, $4; Washington, A. J., $4; McCall, Mrs., S. S. Class, $3.25; A Friend, Loudon, $3.25; "Mrs. S. J. M.", Knoxville, $3; Babcock, Mrs. M. F., $3; Bailey, Mrs. T. H., $3; Buckner, Mr. & Mrs. J. O., $3; Campbell, Mrs. Alice, $3; Cort Ave. Presb. Ch. S. S., $3; Costley, M. F., $3; Davis, Nolan, $3; Erwin, J. F., $3.

French, Jas. P., $3; Hunter, Mrs. M. C., $3; Hutchens, Mr. & Mrs. C. D., $3; Jenkins, Mrs. J. C. & Others, $3; Kirkpatrick, Gartie & Friend, $3; Lane, Mrs. G. M., $3; Little, Mrs. J. P., $3; Lowe Mrs. Nannie, $3; McCarthy, Mrs. Wm., $3; Martin, W. A., $3; Mynderse, Miss Jda, $3; Pate, Mrs. L. C., $3; Schenck, Mrs C. H., $3; Sexton, Miss Z., $3; Sherfey, Minnie, $3; Sullivan, Rosa W., $3; Tate, R. P. H., $3; Taylor, Miss Anna V., $3; Wharton, Kate, $3; Wilhoit, Mrs. E. M. & Daughter, $3; Tedford, Lizzie $2.75; Kimber, Margaret & Daughter, $2.55; Bowden, Mrs. Mary, $2.55; Crumley, J. W., $2.50; Gates, Augusta, $2.50; Edmondson, Alice, $2.25; Anonymous, Antioch, $2; A Friend, $2; A Friend, Loudon, $2; Abernathy, Mrs. J. B. $2; Bewley, Irene, $2; Bowden, Mrs. L. H., $2; Britton, Miss J. M., $2; Buffat, Mrs. Eliza, $2; Byers, Helen A., $2; Combs, Mr. & Mrs. W. D., $2; Cox, Mrs. A. J., $2; Cox, Mrs. P. S., $2; Dagley, M. R., $2; Downing, Mrs. E. E. & L. E., $2; Draper, Andrew, $2; Dulaney, Mrs. J. W. & Daughter, $2; Felknor, Mrs. J. L., $2; Gleans, Fanny H., $2; Goddard, H., $2; Heafer, Irene R., $2; Hixson, Mrs. R. F., $2; Hudson, Elizabeth, $2; Hutson, Alice, $2; Kincheloe, Vernie, $2; Kitzmiller, Mrs. & Daughter, $2; Koder, Mary E., $2; Ladlock, J. B., $2; Lamons, Mrs. Geo. G., $2; Morgan, Mrs. Alex, $2; Morley, Mrs. L. W., $2; Ralls, Mrs. Nannie, $2; Revell, D. A., $2; Rowe, Mrs. Mary J., $2; Smith, J. S. B., $2; Smith, Mrs. M. L., $2; Sparks, Mrs. R. E., $2; Sugg & Anderson, Messrs., $2; Wall, Emma, $2.

Pantall, H. M., $1.50; Thru Mrs. Hattie Isbel, $1.40; Thru I. S. Rucker, $1.40; Mt. Carmel S. S. Class No. 3 of Cross Plains, $1.25; Sharp, Grace & Glada, $1.25; A Friend, Loudon, $1; A Friend, Cross Plains, $1; Anonymous, Johnson City, $1; Friend, Clinton, $1; A Reader, Loudon, $1; "J. V. O.," Paris, $1; A Sympathizer, Brownsville, $1; "Cash," Newmarket, $1; Cash, Knoxville, $1; An Old Lady, Williston, $1; "Mrs. H.", Trezevant, $1; Atkins, Laura P., $1; Baker, Mrs. Tom, $1; Baskerville, B. G., $1; Blackburn, Miss Anna, $1; Boyd, Mrs. Nannie $1; Bryan, Mrs. J. D., $1; Campbell, Eula, $1; Carlock, Mrs. E., $1; Craig, Mrs. R. J., $1; Day, M. Fanny, $1; Dickson, Dr. H. T. $1; Dole, Miss Clara A., $1; Emerson, Mrs. O. E., $1; Farrar, Mrs. J. P., $1; Green, Mrs. M. B., $1; Greenway, Mrs. J. C., $1; Hann, Mrs. S. M., $1; Henry, F. W., $1; Hill, J. D., $1; Hill, Mrs. T. A., $1; Hughes, Nettie, $1; James, Mrs. O. W., $1; Jones, Mrs. S. E., $1; Jones, W. H., $1; Keller, Mrs. C. D. $1; Kerr, E., $1; Lane, Mrs. J. E., $1; Sedinger, Mrs. H. M., $1; Maddar, Mrs. Mattie, $1; Massengill, Mrs. Will, $1; Matlock, Mrs. E., $1; Morgan, Mrs. G. B., $1; Mossengill, Mrs. Will, $1; Oliver, Jennie, $1; Parkinson, T. F., $1; Rader, Cassie, $1; Rankin, Ira D., $1; Smith, Mrs. R. R., $1; Stewart, Milton, $1; Tarpley, Mrs. J. E., $1; Thompson, Mrs. E. R., $1; Thompson, Mrs. Serena B., $1; Townsley, Mrs. L. L., $1; Upton, Fannie, $1; Van Woglom, Mrs. Edith, $1; Wenk, Mrs. C. F., $1; Wright, E. A., $1; Zuccarello, J. J., $1; A Reader, Humboldt, 75c.; "Cash," Lynnville, 52c.; Anderson, Joseph W., 50c.; Long, Mrs. W. A., 50c.

A group of the children gathered in at Sinan, in Honan Province, and fed and clothed out of the Christian Herald fund

Three Christian Herald orphanage girls. The middle one, Wang Ko Nii (Cinderella) is about to be married. She has on her red wedding coat. Several years ago the Christian Herald was instrumental in obtaining her freedom

Texas

Community of Ennis, $841.77; Krause, A. C., $297; Mabry, E. R., $285; Second Presby. Church, Houston, $197; Kay, Mrs. H. W., $180; Community of Elgin, $162.05; S. S. at Farney, $145; Universalist Convention, Elgin, $100; Y. W. C. Assoc., Beaumont, $110; Dodd, G. C., $100; Graham Mr. & Mrs. A. M., $100; Thompson J. M., $100; Howard, Mrs. J. M., $85; Stevens, Frank M., $71.60; Universalist Convention, Bastrop, $69.54; First Presby. S. S., McGregor, $65; Scott, D. H., $65; Sylvanus, Mrs. E. T., $60; Ewing, Mary L., $58.78; First Congl. Church, Paris, $56.03; McQuaid, Mrs. E. R. $53; Martin, Mrs. M. A., $51.60; S. S. of First Chris. Church, Cisco $51.10; Arledge, D. L., $50; Barfoot, H. F., $50; Grate, F. A., $50; Thru Lan, Miss L. P., $50; McMahon, Mrs. W. F., $50; Mawhinney, J. H., $50; Oberall, Mrs. M. T., $50; Thru Kingham, Mrs. R. S., $43.58; Knowles, C. A. & family, $41; Bradford, Rev. & Mrs. N., $40; Lewis, L. D., $40; M. E. Church, Bastrop, $40; First Congl. S. S. Paris, $36.12; Jones, J. P., $35; Mann, J. C., $35; Merchant, Aug. H., $35; Porter, Mrs. Hattie E., $35; Acrea S. S., $33.25; Church of Christ, Rock Springs, $31.50; Crittenden, L. R., $30; Cunningham, Mrs. J. D., $30; Douglas, Hattie M. & F. G. Smith, $30; Fisher, E. B., $30; Huffer, Mr. & Mrs. T. A., $30; Lanear, Lois M. & Annie W. Wilkinson, $30; Wallis, Iva, $30; Chang C. Y., $28; Hughes, Mr. & Mrs. John, $27.50; Peck, Miss Lois, $27; Pearcy, J. H., $26.94; Mahomet Church, Florence, $26.81; College Ave. Presby. S. S., Ft. Worth, $26.75; Presby. Church, Alice, $25.50; Adkinson, P. N., $25; Brady, Mr. & Mrs. O. L., $25; Combs, Dr. H. B., $25; First Christian Church, Ft. Worth, $25; Guillett, Mr. & Mrs. J. F., $25; Hastings, Mrs. F. S., $25; Hawkes, Mrs., S. S. Class, Polytechnic, $25; Kiser, Mrs. Lou, $25; Krause, F. W., $25; Mabry, E. R., $25; Morrison, H. L., $25; Morrison, Mrs. J. C., $25; Morrison, R. L., $25; Robinson, Charlotte & Son, $25; Saudel, Ada E., $25; Shenton, Mrs. Georgia A., $25; Simpson, Mrs. E. N., $25; Snoddy, Mrs. E. M., $25; Stanfield, Miss D., $25; Stapp, Mrs. C. A., $25; Stearns Emma, $25; Stokes, D. R. & Sister, $25; Sylvannus, E. B, $25; Thompson, Mrs. Arch, $25; Westervelt, E. C., $25; Williams, Mrs. Ellen D., $25; First Presby. Church, Teague, $20.71; Odgers, Jos. & others, $20.66; A Friend, Colutta, $20; Barbee, Mrs. A. R., $20; Cullum, Mrs. M. S. & Mrs. Fowler, $20; Drake, Mrs. Geo. B. & Mrs. C. E., $20; Goodwin, Mrs. T. T., $20; Greer, C. L., $20 & Hamilton, S. M., $20; Hon. A. M., $20; King, Mell, $20; Krame, Mederika, $20; Lemburg, Mr. & Mrs. C. H., $20; M. E. S. S., Galveston, $20; Moore, Imogene, $20; Page, Mrs. J. E., $20; Peterson, Mrs. L. N., $20; Porter, Mrs. S. H., $20; Shaw, Mrs. Pearl, $20; Taylor, Mrs M. A., $20; Weaver, Mrs. L. C., $20; Pharis, D., $18; Swedonian S. S., Hamlin, $18; Mt. Vernon Bapt. S. S., $17.35; Byers, J. M., $17; Howard, Mrs. M. E., $17; First Presby. Church, Bartlett, $16.70; Arnold, E. F. & family, $16; Blume, Mrs. Martha, $15 Boyd, Mrs. F. Y., $15; Cavasos, J. G., $15; Church of Christ, Rock Springs, $15; Craig, Mary & Catherine, $15; Cunningham, Mr. & Mrs. G. W., $15; Elliott, Mrs. M., $15.

Thru Flater, Mrs. E. F., $15; Jarratt, R. M., $15; Klock, Esther & Mrs. J. C., Northington, $15; Pentecost, Mrs. Lillie, $15; Wilson, Mrs. R. S., $15; Friendship Bapt. Church, Cedar Valley, $14.60; Charlton, Agnes, $14; Kimbell, Mrs. Burnie, $14; R. C. Roe & others, $14; Wessell, S. S., $14; Bapt. Church, Bastrop, $13.31; Underwood, Mrs Ed., $13; Chestnut, W. M., $12.50; Kirkpatrick, Mrs. S. M., $12.50; Bohring, Mrs. Wm., $12; M. E. S. S., Marathon, $12; Morrison, J. P., $12; Parrish, T. N., $12; Weeman, Mr. & Mrs. J., $12; Presby. S. S., Hale Center, $11.72; M. E. S. S., Weldon, $11.50; Seabaugh, Flora, $11; Stockley, Mrs. Ely & others, $11; Holland, Mrs. D. P., $10.79; Green, S. A. $10.10; Myres, M. C. & Friend, $10.05; ——, Houston, $10; Alexander, W. C. & Oler, $10; Anderson, Mrs. R. A., $10; Andrews, Mr. L. O., $10; Ansley, Mr. & Mrs. J. H., $10; Austin, Mrs. R. H., $10; Beavers, W. H., $10; Black, Lillie, $10; Blake, Mrs. G. J., $10; Blakeny, Mrs. G. W., $10; Bohring, G. H., $10; Brown, Artie, $10; Brown Mrs. Donna, $10; Brownell, Mrs. P. J., $10; Campbell, Mrs. L. C., $10, Cumberland Presby. Church, $10; Dean, Sarah M., $10; DeLoach, Fannie, $10; Diehl, Edw. H., $10; Duncan, Mrs. J. W., $10; Dupuy, Fanny A., $10; Eisentrant, Mrs. B., $10; Elwell, L. C., $10; Emanuel Church, Lockhart, $10; Ewing, Mrs. A. B., $10; Flewellen, Mrs. W. F., $10; Gaby, Mrs. Frances, $10; George, J. M., $10; Glenn, W. P. & M., $10; Gracey, Mrs. A. L., $10; Greer Mrs. M. E. $10; Griffin, Mrs. W. S., $10; Grote, F. A., $10.

Hannaford, Mrs. W. R., $10; Hare, Mrs. J. T., $10; Harris, Mrs. A. A., $10; Hensley, Mr. & Mrs. A. D. $10; Hess, Mrs. B. H., $10; Hodges, W. D., $10; Halleway, R. A., $10; Hollingsworth, B. H., $10; Hopper Sarah, $10; Howison, Mrs. Sallie, $10; Hupperts, Mr. & Mrs. E. $10; Johnson, Mrs. F. R., $10; Kay, Mrs. S. G. $10; Koon, Mildred, $10; Lewis, G. D., $10, Linn, Mrs. M. C., $10; Lloyd, Mrs. Georgia, $10; Lucas, Mrs. H., $10; McMillin, Dr. & Mrs. V. H., $10; Maddry, C. E. & Mrs. W. S., $10; Mason, J. W., $10; May, Mrs. L. E., $10; Moss, Bessie, $10; Muenzler, G. J., $10; Philpott, S., $10; Presby. Church, Cisco, $10; Presby. Church, Filis Valley, $10; Rodden, Mrs. S. C., $10; Russell, Mrs. Alex., $10; Ryan, Charlotte, $10; Shaw, Myrabel, $10; Shepherd, Mrs. J. A., $10; Simonson, N., $10; Stewart, T. M., $10; Street, Mrs. Bruce, $10; Sullenberger, Mrs. Blanche, $10; Swarthout, L. F., $10; Swim, Mrs. J. E., $10; Thompson, Clint $10; Trout, Mr. Walter, $10; Turner, Wilfred B., $10; Vance, Mrs. P. B., $10; Walton, Marie L., $10; Weakley, Virginia, $10; Weatherford, J. P., $10; Weaver, Mrs. Z. S., $10; Williamson, Mrs. D. R., $10; Waldert, Alex, $10; Wright, Della V., $10; Brown, Mrs. J. S., $9.50; King, Ella, $9 25; Hendrix, Ruth, $9.20; Boyd, Mrs. W. L., $9; M. E. S. S., Elemendorf, $9; Stevenson, Mrs. L. J., $9; Presby. S. S., San Augustine $8.60; Young, Mrs. F. E., $8.50; Cumberland Presby. S. S., $8.10.

M. E. S. S., Miami, $8.02; Clark, Mr. & Mrs. W. T., $8; Edwards, Rev. J. F., $8; Keys, Mrs. H. H., $8; Leach, Miss Fannie D., $8; Merrill, Mrs. F. J. & Son, $8; M. E. S. S., Polytechnic, $8; Murff, Mrs. M. A., $8; Stevenson, Mrs. Lulu J., $7.75; Bush, A., $7.50; Community of Christoval, $7.50; Todd, Marcellus H., $7.50; Weaver, H. H., $7.50; Armstrong, Mrs. J. W., $7; DeVoss, Mrs. T. A., $7; Kelly, Mrs. H. M., $7; Kielmann, John, $7; Parten, Mrs. H. L., $7; Presb. Church, West, $7; Roberts, Mrs. Jane, $7; Sheldon, Mattie H., $7; Sigler, Mrs. J. D., $7; Thompson, Mrs. J. G., $7; Volunteer S. S., San Antonio, $6.85; Hutchins St. Chapel 2nd, Presb. Ch., Houston, $6.61; Goshen Col. Presby. S. S., Waco, $6.50; Davis, Ella C., $6.50; Graham, F. P., $6.30; Backus, Mr. & Mrs. E. W., $6; Bricourt, Mrs. James, $6; Childress, Miss L. B., $6; Chilis, Mrs. M. E., $6; Colored Ch., Caldwell, $6; Cowling, Mrs. L. E., $6; Evans, Edna, $6; Ewart, Mr. Geo. F. & G. M. Bailey, $6; Jacobs, Mrs. Eva J., $6; Logan, J. D., $6; Paschall, Mr. B. F. & others, $6; Presby. Miss. Soc., Tyler, $6; Purviance, Mr. N. & John, $6; Robinson, Mr. J. W., $6; Sellers, Miss A. K., $6; Smith, C. E. W., $6; Stuart, Mr. & Mrs R. A., $6; Wickham, Mrs. M. M., $6; Country S. S., Pearland, $5.80; Hampton, I. W., $5.75; Knox, Mr. & Mrs. Mollie, $5.50; Euless, Mrs. J. A., $5.25; Volunteer S. S., San Antonio, $5.20; Duncan, Mrs. M. E., $5.10; Sharman, E. W., $5.10;——, Dallas, $5; A Friend, West, $5; Cash, Pelton, $5; Box 2523 Breckenridge, $5; Alexander, Mr. & Mrs. J. W., $5.

Allen, C. V., $5; Arnold, Mrs. B. J., $5; Barclay, Ora L., $5; Barnes, C. F., $5; Brewer, Mrs. S. W., $5; Brocker, Mr. & Mrs. G. H., $5; Brown, E. T., $5; Brown, P. M., $5; Buck, Lellie & Hattie, $5; Cabaniss, Mrs. M. A., $5; Chapin, Willie F., $5; Civik, J. M., $5; Clayton, M. & Mill, $5; Cook, Mrs. J. G., $5; Cosgrove, Mrs. R. E., $5; Craddock, Emma, $5; Crouce, Mrs. F. P., $5; Daggett, Mr. & Mrs., $5; Day, Ruth, $5; Dickinson, Mrs. R. W., $5; Dubie, Dick, $5; Drake, Martha, $5; Ebenezer Bapt. S. S., Powell, $5; Eisentrant, J. C., $5; Elder, Rev. M. P., $5; Elliott, Mr. J. Sr., $5; Emeny, E. B., $5; Fawcett, Mrs. C. Y., $5, Fisher, E. F., $5, Fox, Nellie, $5; Franklin, J., $5; Furley, Mr. & Mrs. W. E., $5; Gardner, Mrs. Mary, $5, Garman, Rev. F. J., $5; Goddard, W. E., $5; Gibson, Mrs. W. W., $5; Grace, Miss B. M., $5; Green, Mrs. H. L., $5; Hamilton, Mrs. A. C., $5; Hawby, Mrs. L. P., $5; Hartman, C. R. & others, $5; Hartzell-Foltz, Mrs. M. E., $5; House, Mr. & Mrs. J. E., $5; Higgins, W. T., $5; Hill, Mrs. Maud, $5; Hines, A. W., $5; Holloway, R. A., $5; Holway, Mrs. M. L., $5; Huber, Rudolf, $5; Humphrey, Lily, $5; Hutton Mrs. Wm., $5; Jackson, Lucille, $5; Johnston, Rev. J. S., $5; Johnston, Mrs. M. M., $5; Jones, Mrs. M. B., $5; Kern, Mrs. M. A., $5; Kyle, Mary J., $5; Lair, E. F., $5.

Lewellyn, Olive, $5; Livingston, Mrs. J. H., $5; Lowndes, Mrs. G., $5; McCluskey, Geo. L., $5; McCullough, W. H., $5; McCullough, Maj. E. C., $5; McJimsey, W. S., $5; McMillan, Nettie, $5; McNeil, Mr. & Mrs. M. A., $5; Mac Chadwick, Mrs. J., $5; Matthews, Miss May, $5; Mangrum, N. E., $5; Mayfield, Mrs. H., $5; Millin, Mrs. H. H., $5; Monkhouse, Mrs. G. W., $5; Murphree, J. O., $5; Nelson, W. H., $5; Noel, J. G., $5; Oakley, J. C., $5; Ohr, C. H., $5; Orr, Mrs. Chas., $5; Osborne, Helen, $5; Parnish, Dr. J. W., $5; Peck, Dr. Mary, $5; Perry, H. A., $5; Prichard, Mrs. R., $5; Pundt, Mrs. W. A., $5; Ross, Eliz W., $5; Schliemann, Florence A., $5; Seabaugh, Clara & Flora, $5; Seabaugh, Flora, $5; Shepard, Wm. N., $5; Sherrill, B. W., $5; Shroder, Mrs. J. M., $5; Sikes, Mr. Frank, $5; Simonson, Mrs. O. A., $5; Sloan, D. C., $5; Smith, Nannie, $5; Smith, Mrs. W. J., $5; Sohl, Laurence, $5; Stearns, Myrtle, $5; Steger, Mrs. R. E., $5; Stevens, Mrs. Mary A., $5; Stuart, Stella B., $5; Stuntz, Mrs. C. H., $5; Taylor, Mrs. Charlotte, $5; Taylor, W. R., $5; Thomson, Mamie, $5; Thornton, E. E., $5; Tinlove, Mrs. Otis, $5; Tracy, Rev. J. T., $5; Traylor, Mrs. Charlotte, $5; Miderwood, Mrs. Edd, $5; Miderwood, Rev. J. W., $5; Vandaveer, Mrs. R. Y., $5; Van Ness, E. C., $5; Van Pelt, Mrs. T., $5.

Voss, Erma N., $5; Waddell, T. O., $5; Wade, F. W., $5; Walker, S. L., $5; Wall, M. S., $5; Wallace, B. E., $5; Warson, Mrs. Emma, $5; Wassin, Mrs Emma, $5; Watkins, D. E., $5; Watkins, Mrs. M. E., $5; Watkins, Mrs. L. E., $5; Wilkins, Mr. & Mrs. R. B., $5; Williams, Mrs. Anna, $5; Wilson, Mrs. S. & family, $5; Wood, Mrs. C. A., $5; Wynne, Mrs. S. R., $5; Yoe, Mrs Cora, $5; Zaller, Mrs. H., $5; Best, E. R., $4; Eubank, Mrs. L. B., $4; Knight, Mrs. D. W., $4; Thru Orgain, Mrs. P., $5; Swan, Mary M., $4; Willis, A. P., $4; Wink, Mrs. Dan'l., $4; Lambach, Mrs. Mary A., $3.75; McCurdy, A. H. P., $3.50; Williams, Mrs. H. L., $3.50; S. S. at Jacksboro, $3.42; Cove S. S., $3.30; Barnett, Miss M. E., $3; Bauer, Mrs E. H. & L. S. Page, $3; Brogden, Mr. & Mrs. J. L. & Son, $3; Brown, Mrs. Emma G., $3; Butler, Mrs. M. D., $3; Campbell, Mrs. C. J., $3; Coates, Mrs. P. H., $3; Coppage, Rev. J. O., $3; Corby, Mrs. W. W., $3; Dunlap, Mrs. O. H., $3; Edwards, J. V., $3; Evans, Geo. M., $3; Harris, Mrs. F. L., $3; Jones, Mrs. A. B., $3; Landsy, Mrs. W. H., $3; Latum, Mrs. H. B., $3; Lewis, Mrs. May F., $3; McAfee, H. E., $3; McComic, J. C., $3; Murray, Mrs. M. D., $3; Popjoy, Mrs. Will, $3; Propeck, L. R., $3; Schmid, Mrs. S. W., $3; Sellers, Lido, $3; Spivy, D. T., $3; Steck, Mrs. W. H., $3; Steele, Mrs. Lillie F., $3; Tamey, R. H., $3.

Tatum, Mrs. H. B., $3; Trautvetter, Mrs. Jennie, $3; Tull, Mrs. Alla, $3; Turner, Mrs. Lucille, $3; Wagner, W. M., $3; Watkins, Mrs. L. C., $3; Whittle, Mrs. D. T., $3; William, Miss Ella, $3; Barnard, Mrs. F., $2.75; Airrett, Mrs. L., $2.50; Babson, Mrs. Ann, $2.50; Hargett, J. A., $2.50; Hester, A. H., $2.50; Johnson, Alice L., $2.50; Joseph, Chas. T., $2.50; McGrew, Mrs. G. N., $2.50; Odom, Mrs. M. S., $2 50; Shanks, A. D., $2.50; Terry Miss M. E., $2.50;

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Boatright, Mrs E., $2 Brown (Mrs. E. M. $2, Caldwell J A. $2, Cattle, W. Z $2 Cumberland Presb. Ch. $2. Devine Mrs. S. H., $2; Dickinson, Mrs. W O $2, Dietrich Mary J $2. Duke J & W B $2, Elliott Mrs. Ellis $2, Evans, Mrs. Edw $2, Free. Mrs. Chas., $2 Gable E. A $2, Granberry W S. $2 Green, R. W., $2, Groce Mrs F H., $2, Hampton Mrs F. E., $2, Harrell J M., $2 Henderson, Mrs C. $2 Hood Mrs W P & Mrs C L. Southwick $2, Horne, Mrs J M. $2 Johnson Mrs A B $2 Jones Mrs. Bertha $2 Jourdan Mrs Z. P., $2 Lesh Mrs. M E $2; Martindale Nellie & Margaret $2; M E. S S. Arcadia, $2, M E S S., Miami $2; Miller Mrs. J $2

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Jackson, Mrs Jas $1, Kay Mrs. J L $1; Knight Mrs J A $1; McCurry J A $1, McKee, Mrs M. L., $1, McWilliams Mrs. J A $1; Mallory Mrs M E $1; Moore, Mrs. R M $1; Morar Miss J V., $1; Morelock Mrs Kate $1. Munn, Mrs L E $1; Muchison Mrs J W $1, Murchison Mrs Nettie $1; Newbury, Floyd, $1; Nordman, Mrs. J W., $1; Norwell, Rev A B., $1; Pearson, Mrs. P., $1, Pennington, J., $1, Peurcfoy. Mrs P S., $1, Perrin Mrs E M., $1; Ramage. Mrs Joe $1, Rector, Mrs. K K $1; Ross, Mrs. S J., $1; Rose. S. S $1; Ryan Mrs $1; Schubagen Mrs W. H C $1; Scott Emmogene, $1; Scott Katie $1; Simons Wm $1, Smith, Fred M $1; Snell, Rev D C F., $1; Stevens John $1; Stillwell, Emma, $1; Volunteer S. S San Angelo, $1, Taylor Mrs M C., $1; Tuble, Mrs H. J., $1; Wilson, Mrs. Geo W., $1; Woodson Rev. J., $1; Woolsey, Mrs R F $1; Yates M., $1; Bellingsley Colored School, 90c. Wilson, O. K .50c.

Utah

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Vermont

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Brock, Sarah M., $10; Bailey, G. A., $10; Bell, Mrs C. M $10, Cong. Church of Bethel, $10 Cong. Ch. W M. S Greensboro, $10; Chandler S. S., $10, Cong. Church Graysville, $10, Corliss, Mrs. F D. $10, Cox, O E $10; Davis W D $10; First Bapt. Ch., M C. Bristol, $10, Fletcher F E., $10; Hanks, Minnie L & Mrs J La Pointe, $10; Herrick, Mr. & Mrs. A A. $10; Higgins, D. L., $10; Kathan Cora E. $10; Keach A. J. $10, Kimball, Sarah E., $10; Laird, Josie L., $10, Leffingwell, Edith A., $10 McCarthy, G. H & Family $10, Merritt Mr & Mrs. A E $10, Miller, Josephine H $10; Moon Mr & Mrs. J H $10, Newton, Fred U., $10, Nichols Mrs F H $10, Reynolds, Ocha M $10; Rood H. B $10 Ryther, H F $10, Sawyer Mrs. W L $10, Shepard E H $10, Stanchff, G S $10, Stanchff Rufus $10; Stevenson H A $10 Stone R H. $10; Wauzer, Mr. & Mrs. T N., $10; Warsaw, C E $10, Wheelock, Mr. & Mrs J P $10, W. C T U Pownal, $10, Old South S S $9; Carpenter C M $8; Lewis, Estelle A & Mrs. I. Johnson $8. Olds Nellie $8, Robar, C T $8, Union Cong S S W W C Alburg $7 65; Sudbury Grange Brandon, $7 50; Burgess Mr & Mrs A. C., $7, Roe Mary J $7, Titus, Sarah A R & S S. Scholars $7, Walker, Mrs G R., $7; Ballard, Mrs G. L., $6, Fuller Clara B. & J. Greensht $6; Gould, A L $6; Lyman, Mrs R W., $6, White, Mrs G H., $6, Clark, Robert $5 55, Fernville School Brandon $5 50, Waterville Primary School, $5.50

Anonymous, Cabot $5, Anonymous West Addison, $5; I H N. Cabot $5; L G W Marshfield $5; A C P Mrs. W Rutland, $5; Abbott W. H & Mrs. J. R. Murdock $5; Allan, Mrs. T T $5, Austin, L. E., $5; Bailey. Myrtie A., $5; Band W., $5, Bardwell, J A $5, Bartlett F. C., $5; Billings. Timothy $5; Bissell, Mrs E W., $5; Brown Mrs. C. E., $5; Buck, Dr. H. A., $5, Callan, Mr. & Mrs J. T. $5; Campbell, Mrs. G. M., $5; Caswell, B M., $5, Chase, L. C., $5; Colby, Mabel A., $5; Collins, F. A., $5; Conant, Mrs. F. H., $5; Cong. S. S., No. Pomfret, $5; Dailey, Mrs. W. R., $5; DeBrune, Mrs. J. C., $5; Davis, Mr. & Mrs. B., $5; Day, Mrs H H., $5; Eaton, Henry & John, $5; Ely, Eva V., $5; Fancher, C. J. $5; Fancher, Mrs. J A $5, Fowler, Mrs J. J., $5, Fuller, Elihu, $5; Fulton, L. G., $5; Gale, Bessie B., $5; Gilpin, D. S., $5; Goddard, Mrs. L. $5; Goodall, Mrs. M. B $5; Griswold, A C., $5; Griffith, M. E., $5; Hawkins, Stella M., $5; Hazen, N H., $5; Hebart, Mrs W. L $5; Hemenway, J F., $5; Hudson, E. A $5; Hyde, Mrs. I. C., $5, Jackson Mr & Mrs R B., $5, Keys, Mr. & Mrs. Isaac. $5; Keyes, Mrs. T. C., $5; Kingsbury, H S. $5; Kingsley, Mrs. E E., $5; Martin, T. A., $5, Massey. Mrs. J. F., $5; Mehum. Kate L., $5; Merrill, Jane M., $5; Miller, Eliza F., $5; Moore, Mrs. Almena, $5.

Moore. Mrs. J. W $5, Munger, Mrs G A., $5, Nordham, L. C., $5; Noyes C. D $5; Olmsted, Roswell, $5; Parker, J. J. $5; Pangborn, Leonora E., $5; Perkins, Elisha P., $5; Pike, Mr. & Mrs. L H., $5; Pipes M. L $5, Pryor, Mrs. G. H., $5; Richards, Mr. & Mrs F. A., $5; Roote, Hazel & Theo., $5; Sargent, Daniel H., $5, Scadin, Mr. & Mrs. R. H., $5, Scabury, Mrs. J. B., $5, Seeley, Mrs. A B., $5; Smith, C. B., $5; Smith, Mr & Mrs Cyrus $5; Smith, Nellie D., $5; Sykes Aurelius. $5; Taylor E P. $5; Tuxbury, Mrs. W. H., $5; Upham, J G., $5; Walker, Mrs. M. F., $5, Weston, Mrs. M. H., $5; White, Mrs H. C., $5; Wilder. Mrs. W. F., $5, Women's Bible Class. Putney $5; W. F. M. Soc Underhill, $5; Hawley, Anne M., $4 92; Lunenburg S. S., Prim. Dept. $4.25; Bisbee, Alice T., $4. Clark, Mrs. E. L., $4; Conner. Mrs. C. A., $4; Davis, John E., $4; Gould, Mrs L A., $4; Horton, Mr. & Mrs B. E., $4; Putnam Mrs. Luther, $4; S. S. Class So Shaftsbury, $4; Sargent, H. J., $4; Spooner, B. C., $4; Walker Julia M., $4; Ray Mary J., $3.90; Chamberlin Mrs E. H., $3.15; A Friend. Brattleboro, $3; Ainsworth Enoch, $3; Borland Harriet B., $3; Boys Class Westfield, $3; Bristol, A. M., $3, Colton, Miss B. L. $3; Davis, Mr F. C., $3; Esdon Mrs Helen, $3; Farnsworth Miss Grace, $3.

Ford, Mrs. J. M., $3; Foote, Mrs. R A & friends, $3; Gish, C. A., $3; Johnson, Mrs L. M., $3; La Flann, Mrs Geo., $3; Lamphear, W. N., $3; Longland, Mrs. Alice, $3; Perry S. S., $3; Semple Dora, $3; Sherman, Miss Eva, $3; Church of Good Shepherd, Barre, $2.75; Brewster. Mrs. M. E. & Mrs W. B Cody, $2.50; Bailey, H. H., $2.02; A Friend, Jamaica, $2; A Reader, Windsor, $2; A Reader, Whitingham, $2; L. F. Q., Mrs., Hartford, $2, N. W. P Rutland, $2; J. C. M., Woodsboro, $2, Benedict, G. H., $2; Brooks, Mr & Mrs. Cortis, $2; Burnham, Mrs M., $2; Chamberlin, M. E, & family, $2; Clark, F. L., $2; Clemens, Mrs. W J $2; Cowell, Mrs. Martha, $2; Davison, Mrs. A. A., $2; Foster, A. J., $2; Gibson, Mr. & Mrs., $2, Grauma, P., $2; Harding, J. H., $2; Harris, Bertha M., $2, Hastings, H J., $2; Hazen Laura E., $2; Hopkins Mrs. M. A., $2, Langshear, W. N., $2; Lyster. Mrs. K. B. $2, Parsons C R., $2; Robinson, H. D. $2; Russell Mrs. F. F & family, $2, Scales, Rachel C., C., $2; Searles, Mrs C. E., $2; Smith Anne P $2; Stone, Mrs. C H $2; Temple. Miss Dora, $2; Vial Mrs H., $2; Vreeland, M. $2; Warren J R $2; Chamberlin, Mrs. Eliz., $1 50; Driver, Almena M., $1.50; Marshall, Margarita, $1 50; W Addison M. E Church S. S., $1.50; Kent, Mrs. A. L., $1.15; Cash. Wolcott, $1.05; A Friend, E. Fairfield, $1; A Friend, Wallingford $1; Anonymous, Bomoseen, $1

Anonymous, Middlebury, $1; Anonymous, Old Cheatham, $1, Anonymous, Woodstock, $1; Cash, Manchester Depot $1; A. S. B. & E. W. B, Windsor $1; Bermis, Mrs. N G $1; Bartlett, G. E., $1; Brill, Mrs. M. E., $1; Brown, Mrs. B. J., $1; Carr. Effie, $1; Colburn E. J., $1; Collins R W., $1, Davis, Alpha N $1, Davis Janette $1 Farwell. Mrs. A. H $1, Felton Mrs G W $1; Gaines, Mrs Chastina $1, Houghton Mary L., $1; Himball, Mrs. C O., $1; Leet, Henry, $1 Magoon, Mrs. E N $1; Marshall, M $1; Meigs, Miss C T., $1, Miller Miss J L $1 Moller, Josephine H $1; Oldridge, F., $1; Palmer Abbie $1; Palmer Martha $1; Rhodes, Mrs. L. D $1, Ricker Delia V., $1; Robinson. G H., $1; Rowley, Mrs. D D., $1; Russell, W. G. $1; Spencer, J. W., $1; Sprague, Mrs. Avolin, $1; S S. Class, Brandon, $1; Sunderland, Miss I. M., $1; Towne, A. J., $1; Williams, Ellen S $1; Willard, Mrs. Nettie, $1; Wright Mrs. R. S., $1; Hall. Mrs Tyla, 50c., Mitchell, C A., 50c.; Witherell, Mrs C. R., 35c.

Virginia

St. Andrews Church of Norfolk $675 93; Community of Giles County Thru A. D. Gerberich, $555.53; Winchester Presb Ch., $389.02; Fries M. E. Ch, South, $284.50; First Presb. Ch. & S. S. of South Boston, $282.40; Thru H L. Bondurant, $158 60; Protestant Churches of Winchester, Thru Rev. Chas. Aday, $150; Glasecok, Bedford, $146; Hopkins R E., $143; Third Christian Ch. of Richmond. $137, Second Presb. S. S of Norfolk, $136.89; Old Providence Cong. of Spottswood, $133.60; Liberty Presb Ch. of Bedford, $114 58, Second Presb. Ch. of Staunton, $108.64; M E Ch., W. M. Soc. of Farmville, $105.75; Citizens of Winchester, Thru C. Vernon Eddy, $103; Bethany S. S. of Austinville, $100.43; Ashe, W T. $100; Christ Episcopal Ch. of Winchester $100; Coffman, L. M., $100; Cole, F M., $100; Hurst, Sam N., $100; Laughon, Rev. T. G., $100; Robertson, W. H., $100; Kannarock High School, $96.68; Virginia Theological Seminary. Thru Rev. Chas. L. Monroe, $96 68; Bowling Green Meth. S S., $85; Bidwell, Jessie T. & Friends, $77; Lewis Gale Hosp. of Roanoke, $77; Duke, R. T. W. & Miss Mary Duke, $75; Lawson, R. M., $75, Little Church at Goshen, $75; St Paul's Luth. Ch of Wytheville, $73; Sheva Christian Ch., Chatham $71.34; Hill, Mrs. W. H., $70; Meth. Prot. Ch. of Cherrydale, $67.14; Churches of Dendson, Thru Rev. W. D. Harvard, $66 35, Lafayette Sunday School $66, Presb. Church of Broadway, $64.90, Presb. Church S. S. of Winchester, $64 50, Oxford Presb Ch., Murat, $63, Beaver Creek Ch. Abingdon, $60; Kettle, Mr. & Mrs. Edwin, $60; Shilot & Mt. Moriat Churches of Morman's River, $58.64; Driscoll, Randolph, $58 40, Presb. Church "Shut-in-Circle" of Christiansburg, $56.50; Braxton, W. W., $56.

Brotherton, Miss Annie, $56; Centenary Ref Ch. & Friends Winchester, $64.40; Southern M. E Church of Waynesboro. $51.77; Davis, W. C., $50; Gill, Jas. B., $50; Hupman, J. B., $50; Lee, J. A., $50; Leonard Bros., $50, Marchant, Mrs. C. D., $50, M. E. Ch. of Waynesboro, $50, Morris, J. T. $50; Page, Miss Mildred N $50; Presby. Ch. M. P Miss. Soc of Staunton, $50; Reynolds, Virginia $50. Wolfe J. H., $50; Stout Mrs. J W $48 36; Earhart, Miss Sadie B., $47; Thru Mrs. M. W. Perkins, $47; Thru Rev. A. T. Tobler, $46; Third Presby Ch Woman's Aux., Richmond $45.70; Rudolph, Mr. & Mrs. T M., $43.95, Schmoyer, Harvey R., $40.94, Prov. Church, Pearisburg, $40.50; Junior C E Soc of Imboden, $40; Johnston, Rev. Thos. P., $40; Stinson, Mr. & Mrs Edgar, $40; Third Presb. Ch of Staunton, $40; Leesburg Presby. S. S., $38 79; Salem S. S., Fredericksburg, $36; Cave, E. L., $35; Johnson, Mrs. S O. (Thru). $35; Sheldon, Mrs. A. J., $34.50; Meth. Ch. Riverview Aid Soc. of Battery Park, $32; Boyce High School Students $31.84; Painter, John M & Family, $31; Shiloh Ch W. M U. of Carson, $31; Mt. Pleasant Ch. Cong. of Cootes Store, $30 96; Newland Christian Ch., $30.51; Foster Falls S S., $30.15; Bethany Luth. Ch of Crockett, $30; Brook St. Bapt. Ch., Class No. 19. Martinsville, $30; Indian C. E. Soc. of Hampton, $30; Lainer H. S., $30; Meade, Mrs. Julian, $30; Presb. S. S. of Charlottesville, Men's Bible Class, $30; Thru S. L. Payne $30; Stoutmaire. P. W. & Mrs. R. C. Holland $30; Liberty S. S., Concord Ass'n, $29.50; Milden Presb. Ch., $29.15; Bend Chapel S. S., Salem, $29.08; Thru Rev. W. L. King, $29.

Donovan, P H., $28.35; Second Presb. Ch. of Staunton. $27.85; Emporia Presb. Ch., $27.60; Antioch Bapt. Ch., $27.15; Cummins, Mrs. G. A., $26, Thru Mrs. V. C. Daniels, $25 75; Thru Rev. W. F.Carpenter, $25.35; Aud. of Presb. Ch., Saltville, $25; Brokaw, H G., $25; Camper, Mr. & Mrs. J. F., $25; Clarke, Wm. $25; Colling W. G., $25; Concord High School, $25; Cornett, O. P., $25; Crissman Elmer. $25; Dean, Mr. & Mrs. H. B., $25; Edom Presb. Ch., $25; Ellis Bros., $25; Forster, Mrs Josh, $25; Harris J. M., $25; Harrisfield, G., $25; Jeffress Sunday School, $25, Jones, Mrs Edw. V. & Sue W Jones $25; Lankford Miss Ella V. & Mrs W. S., $25; Lee Margaret R $25; McWhert, W A., $25; Navapo Tribe, No. 13 Improved Order of Red Men, $25; Neve, Frank W., $25; Oakey, Jno M., $25; Phipps, Edgar, $25; Presb. Ch., Womans Aux of Saltville $25; Purcell, Mr & Mrs. S. H., $25; Red Cross Juniors of Front Royal, $25; Richardson, S. E., $25; Robinson, M. E., $25; St James Epis Ch., Louisa, $25; Simons, Mrs. M. F., $25; Thru Mrs. W. L. Todd, $25; Wesley M E. Ch., Abingdon, $25; West Annie M & Others, $25; Whisler, Mrs. Matilda, $25; White, Mrs. W. B., $25, Woman's Miss. Soc of Odd, Va., $25; Wright, Mrs Jno. E Jr., $25; Marvin S S Fairfield. $24.03; Appomattox Ch., L. A. & M Soc., $24, Terrace View Ch., Ladies Aid Soc., Forest Depot, $23.15; Burdick H N $23, Presb Ch. of Weems $23, Floyd High School $22 72, Thru C. Vernon Eddy $22 36; Lebanon Ch. Yorktown, $22.04; Ebenezer A. R. Presb. Ch. of Lexington, $22; Hagan Jno. L & Friends, $22; Woolf, S. R., $22; Anderson, O. W., $22

Cardwell Ch. & Soc, Thru J. Haddon Knibb $21 26; Thru H. E Jones, $21.25; Knibb A. C., $21, M E Sunday School of McGahcysville $21; Taylor. Miss Fannie E. $21; Winchester Soc of Friends, $21; Presb Ch. of Christiansburg, $20 10; Angel. Mrs M., $20, Bates. Laura S. $20, Bent Mountain High School, $20; Casto E R., $20; Thru Rev. H. S. Coffey $20; Coon Mrs A. W. & Geo. W Lambert, $20; Green, Miss Clara $20; Thru Mrs. W. R. Humphries $20; Konland, Isaac G. $20; Ledman, L., $20; Long, Ira, $20; Millboro Christian Church, $20; Monger, Mr. & Mrs R S $20; Monger K S., $20; Oxford Presb. Ch. Murat $20; Pastorfield, Mrs O. P. & Miss Alice Pastorfield $20; Regular Bapt S. S. of Luray, $20. Roystin School, Virgilina, $20, St. James Luth. S. S. Vinton, $20; Sager W. D $20, Scott Miss, $20; Sheets, J T., $20; Sheldon Luther, $20; Skelton, E P., $20; Taylor, J H., $20; Warner I. V $20; Watson F. L. $20, Watson, Leslie F, $20; Winston, Mrs W A., $20, Wooten Miss Evelyn $20; Young Women's Aux. of Mappsville $20; Gillespie Mrs. Jeff, $19 50; Hill Theological Sem. of Alexandria $19.40; Dunnsville Christian Ch $18.50; Conner Mrs Geo. W $18; Glass Mrs Emma & Mrs. Maud Good, $18; M E. Ch. S. S. Classes of Rocky Mount, $18; Rhudy, J Newton, $18; Batte, Miss Ridley, $17; Miller, A. R $17; North Halstron S S., $17; Thru W. R. Hatcher, $16 25; A R P Ch. of Natural Bridge, $16; Hall Nina E. & Friends $16; Nottingham, Mrs M. W. & Friends $16; Fayette St Christian Ch. of Martinsville $15 50; Harrisonburg Normal School Y W C. A $15.34; Anonymous Danville $15; Anderson, Miss Nannie P., $15

Bagley, Miss S. E $15; Baker, Mary E., $15; Bapt. Church S S. of Free Union, $15; Beacon Light Bapt S. S of St. Charles, $15; Bear James E., $15; Buck, J. K., $15; Burton W A., $15; Champe, Mrs. J. A. $15; Du Bose. Rev. Hy. W., $15; Fields H W., $15; Fulgham, W. E., $15, Gravely, Benj. F., $15; Hatcher, Mrs. G. F & friend, $15; Hunter, S. L., $15; Kirkland, I. G., $15; Lewis, E R. $15; Mason R. J., $15; Miller, Minnie I., $15; Mt. Zion Bapt. Church of Saluda, $15; Old Providence Associate Ref Presby Church of Spottswood, $15; Roberts, Mrs. J W., $15; Second Presby Church Girls' Missionary Socy of Staunton, $15; Walker, Miss Roberta, $15; West, L. A., $15; Somerville, C. C., $14.60; Farmers' Educational & Cooperative Union of Morrisville, $14.50; Dameron, Mrs. W. A., $14; King Rev. & Mrs. W L., $14; Stewart, F B. & family, $14; Swoope, Mrs Grace E & Miss Annie W., $14; Smiley, W. K., $13.60; West Graham Meth. Church Missionary Socy., $13 25, Ebenezer M. E. Church South S. S of Spring Valley, $13; Lambrick, Mrs W. A., $13; Wade High School, Henry. $13; Buelah S. S. of Rice $12 75; Epworth League of Forest Depot, $12 60; Bradley Mrs. M. J., $12 50; Crum, Dr. J. H $12.50; Fowlher, Mrs. R. L., $12 50; Phipp. C., $12 50; Speedwell Aux American Red Cross, $12.50; Brightbell, Miss Pettie. $12.10; Banner Grace H. $12 00; Bruce, Joseph B. & sister, $12; Church Incarnation of Mineral, $12; Harner, C. W & friends, $12; Ingram, J. R., $12; M. E. Sunday School of Prices Fork, $12; Shelts, A. G., $12.

Sprinkel, Julia T., $12; Wine, Mr. & Mrs. Jos. S., $12; Fulton, Mrs. John W $11.93; Bridgewater Presby Church, $11.75; Union Mission S. S. of Clarksville, $11.71; Naff Edith, J. W. & May, $11.50; Browning, J. E. & Margaret. $11; Thru Rev W H. Causey, $11; Drury, Mrs. A. M., $11; Glovck, P. P., $11; Johnston, Mrs. C. H. $11; March, Asa & wife, $11; Mt. Sidney Home Mission Socy., $11; Wilhelm, Miss L. & friends, $11; Walnut Grove S. S., $10.70; Lyman, R., $10.50; Andrews, C H., $10; Andrews, Emma H., $10; Ashby, C. W., $10, Barr, Mrs. E. F., $10; Bartlette, Mrs C. W., $10; Bishop, Mrs. H R. $10; Blanks, J H., $10; Bowden, Mrs. D J $10; Brenaman, Mrs. S. H., $10; Brown, Mrs. H. H., $10; Brown, John S., $10; Brown, Miss Minnie, $10; Bundy, B. F., $10; Cabell, M. C., $10; Candler, F. L., $10; Caster, H. C., $10; Cather, Carl T., $10; Cather, Emma L., $10; Clark, Mr & Mrs. John, $10; Comer, W. H. & wife, $10; Coles, Mrs E. E., $10; Community C. E. Socy. of Purdy, $10; Community League of King & Queen Court House, $10; Conover, Mrs. W. T., $10; Conover, Mrs. W. I., $10; Copps, Mrs. M. J., $10; Craddock, Mrs. R. M., $10, Creekman, Miss Minnie, $10; Crum, Dr. J. H., $10; Daugherty, J W., $10; Deardorff G. A., $10; Diggs, J. S., $10; Drinkard, Mrs. J C. & J. S. Mason, $10; Eakin, J L. $10; Early, Rev. L. Hunter, $10; Eberhart, Alice R., $10; Edwards, Ida M., $10; English, Mr. James L $10; Epps Mrs J. Calvin, $10; Ferguson, Mr & Mrs J P., $10, Finks, Mrs. A. H., $10; Firth, Mrs J. L. & Mrs Forest, $10; Free Union Bapt Church S S., $10; Fuchaugh, Clara, $10; Gibson, J. E., $10; Gillespie, W. J., $10; Glenn, D. A., $10.

Glovier, Rev David F., $10; Graykeal G M., $10; Greer, Mrs W. P., $10; Griffeth C C., $10; Guerrant, Sallie A. $10, Hall, Mr & Mrs. B T., $10, Halperin M., $10; Hardaway Miss Kate H $10; Hardoway, Miss L S. $10; Harper Martha, $10; Harris E A., $10; Harward, Rev W. D., $10; Higginbotham, Mrs. L. J $10; Hootman, D A & family, $10 Hopkins, J. A., $10; Hurtt W. G., $10; Hutchins Mrs Ed. H., $10 Ingram, Mrs J. S., $10; Irvine, B W $10; Johnston Mrs. C E., $10; Johnson, Jno. E., $10; Jones, Florence A. $10; Kaylor, Miss Ida E., $10, Kaylor, Mr. & Mrs. W. J., $10; Kuylor, Mrs W J., $10, Ladies' Aid Socy of St Paul's Luth Church. Peter's Creek. $10, Layne E G., $10; Leach, Margaret, $10; Lucas, Homer E $10; McBain, W. F., $10; McClain, J. R. $10; McClung, F. M. $10; McDonald, H. $10; McLean, Mr & Mrs J W. $10; Maysville Presby. Church $10; Mears, Otto $10, Mill Cove Christian Church, $10, Miller, Mrs. Minnie D. $10; Miller Mr. & Mrs. W. S., $10; Miller, Mrs & James, $10; Morton, Mr & Mrs. C. H., $10; Morton Mrs Elizabeth $10; Morton, M B. $10; Nicholls, F. C. for Oak M E. S S $10; Oakley, H. G., $10, Oakley N Z., $10; Page, Dr R L., $10; Payne, A B., $10; Peeples, Mrs. A L., $10, Phelps, Laura & Etta, $10; Pitman Robt., $10; Plaine, Mrs J C., $10; Plummer, Mrs C E $10 Powers, Miss Ida M., $10; Presby Church S S of Tomahawk, $10; Presby Church of Winchester $10; Presby Orphanage of Lynchburg $10; Ramey, Mrs W T., $10; Rancy, Miss Susie J & Geo. R. Charles $10; Richardson, Mr & Mrs. Ellis C., $10; Ripley, M Y., $10; Robinson, Mrs J. A., $10; Rodes, Jas J., $10; Rogers, Mrs N H., $10

Rollison, Ebbie, $10; Row, Mrs M. E., $10; Rowell, Miss O B., $10; Rustburg Presby. Missionary Socy $10; Scarborough, Mrs E. W. $10; Seward, Mrs. E H & family, $10; Shafer Laura M., $10; Shafer, R. E. L., $10; Shiloh S S of McClung, $10; Simmons, Geo. T $10; Simpson, Dr. S. S., $10; Sipop, Kate R., $10; Spring Joseph, $10; Stevenson Mrs L. D., $10; Stull, C. E. $10; Swank, Mrs Nettie M $10; Swink, Mr. & Mrs. W J., $10; Taylor, Mrs E H., $10; Tompkins, M H., $10; Trinity Church of Bowling Green $10 Trout Mrs. H. A. & Mrs. R. M Barnes, $10; Tune, Jas. A $10; Waller, Mrs Kate D., $10; Ward, Mr & Mrs. E H., $10; Waters, B. W., $10; Watkins, J F $10; Weaver, Mrs Benie, $10; White, Wm. F. $10; Williams, Geo. H., $10; Wise, Mr. & Mrs W L., $10; Woosley, W. H., $10; Liberty-Hall S S of Lexington, $9 77; MacDonald, Mrs. W. F., $9 25; Wallace, Mrs. Mary G. & others, $9 25, Everhart, M. G., $9; Foster, Emma, $9; Russell, Annie K., $9; Swartz, Ruth, $9; Blose, Miss M E., $8 25; Mt. Pleasant Bapt Church of Chase City, $8 15; Eagles Nest Meth Church, $8 08; Hance, Mrs W T. & Mrs. Jeffries, $8.04; Falling Water Bapt. Church B. Y P. U., $8.04; Baker, F W., $8; Chitwood, Mrs. S M., $8; Davis, Wm. L., $8; Fulton Miss Annie S., $8; Gordan, W M., $8; Hart, Miss Jessie W., $8; Heavener, Ursula, $8; Home Missionary Socy of Mt. Sidney $8; Jones, Mr. & Mrs. R. J., $8; Lake, Mrs. Percy J., $8; M. E. Church Missionary Socy of W. Graham, $8; Nance, Jas. F., $8; Patterson, Lulu, $8; Rogers, Mrs W. Pitts & Mrs M Bull. $8; Silcott, W. H. $8; Smith, Geo. & sisters. $8; Sprinkel, H. A daughter, $8, Soop, Mrs. T. T., $8.

Tardy Mrs. K. R., $8; Hager, Thos. H $7.75, Thru Mrs H P Hall $7.60; Willow Hill S. S., $7 60; Clark R. F. $7.50; Goodwin, J. O $7 50; Gough, Mr. & Mrs. N F., $7 50; Hamrick, Mrs. J. P., $7.50; Thru Mrs W. E. Mutter $7.50; Plumb, Ethel, $7.50; Richlands Sunday School $7 50; Daniel, Mrs. P E & family $7.25; Thru Mabel Anderson, $7; Brightill, L. O. $7; Delano M S. $7; Dobyns, C. W., $7; Grove, H C., $7; Henry Mr. & Mrs. G. M $7, Hornsberger, Mrs A. L., $7; Jordan, Mrs Persis, $7; Lewis, Mrs Wm. T. & friends $7; New C. E. Society of Stuart, $7; Petty Mrs. W. O. & Mrs. Smith, $7; Robinson, W. T., $7; Vaughan, Mr. & Mrs. T C., $7; Well Water School, $7, Wimer A Lee, $7, Wesley M. E. Church. Albemarle Circuit, $6.69; A Friend, Covington, $6 50; Anderson, Mrs. H. $6.50. Mercy Seat Bapt. Church of Newport News, $6.50; Good Hope Bapt. Church of Cumnor, $6 25; Anderson, Mrs. M. H., $6; Bates, Mrs. S. P. & Martha, $6; Blair H E. $6; Cabell, M. E., $6, Coons. Mrs. J. R., $6; Day, Emmet, $6; Dosing, W. T., $6; Ervine, E. Hope, $6; Halliday Mrs. R H., $6, Hareri, Rev. T. D. $6; High School, Grades 1 & 2, of Clarksville $6; Holland. Miss E. W., $6, Hurt, Mrs. E. S., $6, Kite. Mr. & Mrs S. E., $6, Martin, H. J., $6; Merchant Mrs Laura $6; Micou, Mrs. J. P., $6; Naffs School, Booneville, $6; Phoop, W. E., $6; Rue. Miss Margaret. $6; Snellings, Mrs. J. C., $6; Sparrow, Stella, $6; Sprinkel, J. W., Strayer, Mrs Ella V., $6; Warren Springs Elementary School, $6; Woods. Dr. E. Jr., $6.

Wilson, Mrs. Henry A., $5.82; Louisa Court House S. S., $5.50; White, Ada K., $5.50; Browning, Mrs. S. W., $5.42; Farr, Mrs. A. H. & Mrs. Lawlin, $5.40; Amigor, A. B., $5.30; Bethea, Miss M. M., $5.27; Dawson, Mrs. S N., $5 25; Snyder, Mrs. W. A., $5.25; "Mother & Daughter" Covington, $5; Adams, Sue A., $5; Alexander. J. C., $5; Allison. F., $5; Anderson, The Misses, $5; Armbruster. E. A., $5; Ashburne, Mrs M J., $5; Atkins, Mrs Geo., $5; Atkins, Miss N. H., $5; Bagley, Miss T E., $5; Bapt. Church Class No. 5 of Clarksville, $5; Barrow Mrs. R. B., $5; Bartlett, Mrs. Emma H. $5; Beachey, Mrs. D. S., $5; Beachey, J D., $5; Beard, C. A., $5; Beard, Miss Bertha E., $5; Boehm, Mrs J. E., $5; Bondurant, Mrs. T. J., $5; Bonham, Miss Mary. $5; Borden, G. H., $5; Bowman, Jas, $5; Bradshaw, J. L., $5; Bragg, Mrs. M. E P., $5; Bricker Mrs. K D., $5; Brightbill, Mrs. Rena J., $5; Briggs, Mrs. E J. & daughter, $5; Brockwell, Mrs C. H., $5; Broner, Eliza E., $5; Brooks, Mrs. Lucy, $5; Bruce C. K., $5; Buck, E M., $5; Buck, Annie W., $5; Burruss, A. C. & others, $5; Burton, F. T., $5; Calkins, Bros., $5;

Virginia—Con'd

Stitle, R. B., $5; Sumpter E. F., $5; Swann, Miss Delia A., $5; Swoope, Mattie, $5; Tarcey, Mrs. Kate R., $5; Taylor, W. H., $5; Tuck, Mrs. W. A., $5; Tulloh, Mrs. A. M., $5; Turnbull, A. R., $5; Tuy, Christine, $5; Tyler, Sadie K. $5; Van Lumven, Geo. $5; Van Saellings, Mrs. $5; Vaughan, Mrs. E E. $5; Walker, Mrs. Mary S. R. $5; Walters, Miss Lila V., $5; Watkins, Mrs. J. A. $5; Watkins, Miss Pet.,$5; Weering, Mrs. John A. $5; Whitman, S. P & daughters. $5; Williams, C. C., $5; Willis, J. M., $5; Wilson, S. P., $5; Winn, Rosa L & others, $5, Winston, R. B., $5; Wooding, Harry, $5; Wooding, W. G., $5; Woodward, Mrs. F. W., $5; Woodward, Mrs. F. W., $5; Woolwine, J. W., $5; Worsham, Mrs. J. S., $5; Wright, Mrs. Octavia, $5; Wyant, D. N., $5; Wyant, Jessie, $5; Yates, R. W., $5; Yoder, S. P., $5; Yancey, Mrs. R. G., $5; Young, Mr. & Mrs. S. F., $5; Yuille, Mrs. A. H., $5; Douglas, Miss L. H., $4.25; Wall, Mrs. Mary, $4.25; Anderson, Mrs. S. W., $4, Beard, Mrs. W. H., $4; Brickler, Miss A. A., $4; Cecil, Mrs. May, $4; Dudley, Mrs. R. H., $4; Earnest, W. P., $4; Elskoy, P., $4; Forbes, Julia G., $4; Gormley, Corp. Stephen C., $4; Green, C. H., $4.

Hardy, Mrs. A. W., $4; Harrison, Mrs. C. E., $4; Hart, Mrs. W. M., $4; Hudson, Cora. $4; Lewis, Mrs. W.M., $4; McKee, Mr. & Mrs. A. M., $4; Maxey, Mrs. J. M., $4; Murill, S. L., $4; Parker, Mr. & Mrs. G. M., $4; Perkins, Mrs. S. K., $4; Quinn, Mrs. J. A., $4; St. John Bapt. Church of White Sulphur Springs, $4; Shipe, Michael, $4, Slaughter, Miss Jane C., $4; Upson, Mrs. D. T., $4; Wilson, Geo. W., $4, Woolwine, C. R., $4; Mayers, Rev. W. Herbert & friends, $3.75; Reeder, C. D., $3.75; Sharon Chapel, Fairfax County, $3.65; Students & Employees of New London Academy, $3.64; Abernathy, Mrs. Matilda, $3.50; Hall Elizabeth Swope, $3.50; Holbrook, Mrs. Beulah, $3.50; Montgomery, Mrs Graham, $3.50; Wharton, G. C., $3.50; Whitehead, Mrs. J. B., $3.50; Carter, Mrs. Emma, $3.25; McCashell, K., $3.06; Baxter, Mrs John S., $3; Bracey, A. W. Sr. & Mrs. T. A. Savage, $3; Brockenbrough, Mrs. W. G., $3; Caldwell, John, $3; Central Union Free Bapt. Ch. of Craigville, $3; Christ's Church of Smithfield, $3, Clark, Miss Esther, $3; Cleveland, Miss A. T., $3; Clewell, R. E., $3; Clifton Church, Little Workers Society Vago, $3; Collawn, Nora F., $3; Coper, Mrs. A. J., $3; Crist, Lizzie F. $3; Davis, Mrs. G. W., $3; Delano, M. C., $3; Diggs, Mrs. J. R., $3; Doten Mrs. J. B., $3; Ferrell, W. H., $3; Flory, Mr. & Mrs. W.L., $3; Fox, Mrs. C H., $3; Gibbs, Miss M. V., $3; Gilbert, G. W., $3; Gough, Mr & Mrs. T. H., $3; Hoge, Mrs. Mollie, $3; Hoover, Mrs. Geo., $3; Irvine, R. L., $3; Jamison, John C.,$3 Johnson, Ethel, $3; Leech, Mrs. J. Henry & friend, $3; Lough, A. D., $3; Lilburn Sunday School, $3; Mathias, Mrs. Ophelia, $3; Moffett, Mr. & Mrs. W. W., $3; Neel, J. T., $3; Ogburn, Mrs. E. W , $3; Pearlman, Mrs. J. W., $3; Pope, L. M., $3; Powers, Geo. W., $3; Robinson, Mrs. J., $3; Singleton, J. W., $3, Sparks, M. H., $3; Taylor, Rev. P. P., $3; Thru Mrs. J. E. Wilkinson, $3; Wood, Mrs. W. W., $3; Wright, Mrs. Mary J., $3; Young, Mrs. C. V., $3; Brown, Miss Rebecca, $2.50; Dickinson, Mrs. W. D., $2 50; Doswell, Norma, $2.50, Einswiler, Mr. & Mrs. E. A. $2.50; Forrest, R. L., Sr., $2.50; Pelt, Anna V., $2; Sproat, Agnes, $2 50; Whitvitts, Florence W., $2.50; Wright, Mrs. J. F., $2.50; Young, S. F., $2.50; Watson, Mrs. W. E., $2.40; Buck, C. S., $2.37; Lynch, E. R., $2.30; Taylor, Mrs. B T., $2.03; Anonymous, Tazewell, $2; Anonymous, Kilmarnock, $2; Anonymous, Morrisville, $2; Anonymous, Roanoke, $2; A Friend, Ontario, $2; "I. K.," Wise, $2; "W.," Culpeper, $2; "Little Mary & friend," Winchester, $2; Adams, J. W., $2; Adams, L. A., $2; Allen, Mrs. S. M., $2; Anderson, Mrs Abigail E. $2; Anderson, Mrs. Mary McD. $2; Applewhite, Mrs.M. L., $2; Arnold, Mrs. G. J., $2; Baker, Miss Lilian H., $2; Baylor, Mrs. W. N., $2; Beadles, J. M., $2; Bennett, Mrs. P N., $2; Blencowe, Mrs. A., $2; Bolling, Mrs. Stewart, $2; Borden, Mrs H., $2; Boutler, W. H., $2; Brightbill, Mary, $2; Brockenbrough, Mrs. V. A., $2; Brooks, Miss Bettie & Mrs. E. C. Brooks, $2; Brown, J. L., $2, Buck, Miss Letitia N., $2; Bugg, Virginia, $2; Burns, Mrs. B., $2; Caldwell, Mrs. C. C., $2; Caldwell, Mrs M., $2; Carter, Miss Josephne K., $2; Carter, Miss N. M., $2; Cary, Miss Margaret, $2.

Cash, L F., $2; Chapman, Letitia & mother, $2; Cline, Mrs. C. H., Jr, $2; Cocke, Mrs. C. B., $2; Coleman, Mary W., $2; Coffey, Andrew J., $2; Cornett, L. K., $2, Cundiff, J. W., $2; Cupp, Mrs. Annette V. $2; Dawson, Frank, $2; Dawson, Mrs. T. M. & Mrs. N. L. Ackler, $2; Dawson T. M., $2, Dawson, Mrs. S. N. $2; Dichl, Mrs. E. B., $2; Diggs, John Borum, $2, Daggett, Mrs R. W & Miss Rosa M., $2; Duncan, J. B., $2; Eberhart, Elizabeth, $2; Echols, Mrs. R. W., $2; Ellis, Mary E., $2; Glaize, Mrs. W. W., $2; Glinn, Mrs. Fanny W., $2; Hanger, Mrs. E. W., $2; Hanger, J. N., $2; Harris, J. E., $2; Harris, R. W., $2; Harrison, Mrs. C., $2; Hart, Miss Margaret, E., $2; Haway, Miss L., $2; Hash, Mrs. K C., $2; Heater, Mr. & Mrs. J. P., $2; Hesson, J. A., $2; Holtz, C. G., $2; Hottel, Duras C., $2; Ives, Mrs. $2; James, Mrs. W. G., $2; Jones, Mr. & Mrs. J. R., $2; Lewis, Mrs. Alma, $2; Lewis, Mrs. Chas. E., $2; Logan, Worth M., $2; Loury, Mrs. S. B., $2; Maepee, E. D., $2; Manlow, Mrs. J. W., $2; Massie, Mrs. H. R., $2; Mills, Mrs. M. E., $2; Minter, Mrs. J. H., $2; Moschler, Mrs. Edward, $2; Murrie, Mrs. L. M, $2; Myers, Mrs. John H., $2; Nelson, Mrs. Peyton $2; Norfolk Presby. Church, Portsmouth, $2; Norrell, Mrs. D. R., $2; Nelson, Susan G., $2; Pace, Miss N. A., $2; Peatross, Mrs. R. W., $2; Powell, Nellie, $2; Quesenberry, Mrs. Kyzie, $2; Rhudy, Mrs. W. F & daughter, $2; Roach, Mrs. E S, $2; Roberts, Mrs. L. P., $2; Rock, J.W., $2; Shelhorse, Mrs. G. W., $2; Shepherd, Mrs. Lena, $2; Sims, Miss V. E., $2; Sheen, Mrs. H. A. W., $2; Smith, Mrs. D. M., $2.

Smith, J. R., $2; Smith, O. C., $2; Sterrett, Mrs. A. M., $2; Strickeler, M. C., $2; Stubbs, E. D., $2; Sykes, C. W., $2; Tatum, Mr. & Mrs. G. W., $2; Taylor, M. F., $2; Thaveatt, Mrs. M. W., $2; Thomas, Mrs. Henry, $2; Trinity M. E. Church So. Helping Hand Class, Lexington, $2; Umberger, Mrs. W. S., $2; Updike, H. T., $2; Walker, N. J., $2; Wall, Mrs. A. J., $2; Waring, Mrs. Spencer, $2; Warren, W. M., $2; Watkins, John D., $2; White, Miss Clara, $2; White, Mrs. James, $2; Willey, Mrs. J. M., $2; Williams, Mrs. W. G., $2; Winaz, Mrs. P. C., $2; Wise, Mrs. H. C., $2; Woodward, Miss Mary, $2; Wright, Oscar, $2; Yawcey, Mrs. J. W., $2; Yost, W. R., $2; Dogett, Rosa M. & friends, $1.75; Harrison, Travis, $1.50; Johnston, J. G., $1.50; Nowell, Mrs. D. R., $1.50; Robinson, Miss N. E., $1.50; Samsell, Jas. M., $1.50; Sims, Miss J. K., $1.50; Jones, Mrs. L. R. & Son, $1.34; Bruce, Mary H., $1.30; Greubel, Mrs. Flora, $1.25; Mary Grove & baby brother, $1.25; Snellings, Chas. T., $1.25; Anonymous, Bristol, $1; Anonymous, Harding, $1; Anonymous, Mt. Solon, $1; Anonymous, Richmond, $1; A Friend, Portsmouth, $1; A Friend, Roanoke, $1; A Friend, Richmond, $1; A Little Mother, $1; A Long Time Reader, Big Island, $1; A Sister in Virginia, $1; E. H. B., Bristow, $1; A. C., Falls Church, $1; Mr. & Mrs. R. L. A., Melita, $1; Cash, Danville, $1; Adams, S. L., $1; Aikworth, M. R., $1; Allison, Hazel, $1; Bartley, Miss Nora, $1; Beck, Mrs. Paul. $1; Bennett, Mrs. J. S., $1; Bland, Mrs. A. J., $1; Bodmer, Theodore, $1; Bonham, Mrs. A. F., $1.

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Owen, Mrs. Catalina, $1; Panet, Maggie C., $1; Patterson, Mrs. M. E., $1; Payne, D. M., $1; Powell, Edgar, $1; Ramsey, J. S., $1; Reid, Mrs. Bettie M., $1; Reynolds, W H. $1; Roberts, Mrs. A. E., $1; Robinson, Mrs. L. A., $1, Rogers, E. E., $1; Rosk, J. W., $1; Root, Mrs. D. E., $1; Rossau, Mertyce B., $1; Rush, Mrs. I. V., $1; Russell, L. H., $1; Sanford, Willie, $1; Singer, Mrs. W. O., $1; Shanks, Mrs. Juliet I., $1; Shay, Mrs. J. W., $1; Shroy, Mrs. G. A., $1; Sisson, Lizzie H., $1; Smith, Mary A., $1; Snyder, L. E., $1; Spencer, Mrs. B. W., $1; Spencer, Mrs. M. S., $1; Stedmen, Mrs. C. C., $1; Summerville, Mrs. W. R., $1; Swoope, B. M., $1; Swoope, J. T., $1; Taylor, Paul M., $1; Thomas, Calvin G., $1; Thomas Clyde, $1; Tice, E. J., $1; Tuggle, Mrs. John B., $1; Wall, W. J., $1; Wallace, Mrs. Adeline, $1; Wells, Mrs. D. F., $1; White, Clifton M., $1; Wilbur, Mrs. Willard, W. C. T. U., Yakima, $30; Owens, Mrs. Joyce, $20, Christian Church, Thornton $28, Brink, Mrs. H. E., $25; Fiker, Chas. D., $25; Goode, Leonard, $25.

Hitchings, Mrs. L. B., $25; Hubbard, E. A., $25; Kincaid, Louise F., $25; Messinger, Miss Muda, $25; Morrison, Mrs. Wm., $25; Steiner, C. J., $25; Stoner, C. T. $25; Warren, Rev. Thos., $25; Wight, J. A., $25; Williamson, Mrs. Sallie, $1; Winfree, Miss Angie, $1; Woodward, Rev. J. P., $1; Wright, Eunice E., $1; Wright, E. P., $1; Wright, Mrs. J. P., $1; Wright, Mrs. J. T., $1; Anonymous, Indiantown, 50c.; Bayless, Mrs. Mack, 50c.; Libcan, Mrs. Fannie B., 25c.; Douglass, Miss F. H., 18c.; Anonymous, Waynesboro, 15c.

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Thirty little girls rescued and kept until after harvest at Wu Hsien

Washington

Kennedy, John, $143; Puget St. Assembly Hall, Olympia, $135; Taylor, Geo. N., $132.75; Woodland Pk. Presby. Church, Seattle, $131.79; Reformed Presby. Church, Seattle $130; Dole, G. H., $110; Atkinson, Mrs. Frank, $100; Pelz, E. E., $100; Winslow, Mrs. M. B., $100; Smoots, J. W., $97; Hargrave, R. J., $87.90; Stebbins, D. H., $77 50; Tapio, Bertha, $76.74; Carpenter, Mrs. M. E. & N. E., $75; M. E. Church, L. B. C., Prosser, $69; Almlee, C. J., Choral Club & Chr. Advent Ch., $64.76; Oakland Presby. S. S., Tacoma, $62; St. Johns Presby. Ch. & S. S. Camas, $60.98; Church of Christ, Vancouver, $57.39; Community Miss. Socy. Union, Burton, $56.40, McCracken, Dr. A. R., Ref. Pres. Ch. Church & S. S., Thru Mrs. Dewey Rogers, $24; Wolf, Lottie J., $24; Methow, Sunday School, $23.30, Frantz, Edna, $22; Immanuel Pres. Ch. M. M. S, Tacoma, $21.25; McClelland, Mary F., $21; "Three Sisters," Seattle, $20; Bodenham, Wm., $20; C. E. Socy., Almata, $20; Euritt, Miss Mamie, $20; Fakkema, Mrs. M., $20; Green, H. R., $20; Howes, Mrs. W. A., $20; McBride, R. S., $20; McDonald, E. A., $20; McLaughlin, Mrs. Earl, $20; McMaster, D. N., $20; Markham, J. S. $20; Morrison, Mrs. W. T., $20; Miller, H. A., $20; Norris, Mrs. M. E., $20; Rainier Beach, M. E. Church, $20; Waterman, H. B., $20; Weber, C. C. & friends, $20; Webster, Mrs. L. E., $20; Belmont Pres. Church, $19; Tucker, Mr. & Mrs. F. E. & Friends, $18.50; Boddy, E. J., $18; Owen, Mr. & Mrs. J. T. & Emma, $18; Cedarhorne Union S. S., $17.88; Community Woman's Club, Buena, $17; Locour, Mrs. E. L. & family, $17; Longsea, V. T., $16.25; Sherwood, L. E., $16; Kingston Christian Church $15.25; Anderson, Mrs. W. H., $15; Baumert, Mrs C. J. & Daughters $15; Bell, A. L., $15; Bethel Congl. S. S. White Salmon, $15; Camel, H. L., $15; Card, Neva B., $15; Draper, Hannah C., $15; Freiser, Mr. & Mrs. Geo. $15; Hawes, Mrs. W. A., $15; Hawk, E. W $15; Houser, Mrs. A. & R. M., Ferguson, $15; Hubbard, Mrs. Ina, $15.

Johnson, Mrs. P. N, $15; McNeil, W. R., $15; Martin, Mrs. Josephine, $15; Murphy, Mrs W. G., $15; State Sch. for Blind, Pupils, Teachers, & Officers, $15; Stevens, Barnett & Olive M., $15; Stickney, J. H., $15; Stockdale, Mrs. J. A., $15; Swezey, E. D, $15; Terry E. V., $15; Thompson, Z., $15; Wight, Mrs. M. J., $15; Manson Union S. S., $14.50; Orchard Prairie S. S., Hillyard, $14 50; Christian Congl. Ch., Sunnyside, $14; Bachman, J. & Mr. & Mrs. Reinhart, $13; King, O. H., $12.88; Woodhouse, Mrs. N., $12 50; Ayars, Dr. H. E., $12; Butler, H. M., $12; Hopkins, Mr & Mrs. J. A., $12; McFadden, Florence L., $12; Pfeiffer Family, $12; Woodland Christian Church, Vancouver, $12; Allen, Julia L., $11.50; Williams, A Ray & Friend $11.50; Presby. S. S. Clarkston, $11.25; Bruvold, Nels, $11; Knoll, Rev. F. M., $11; Smith, Mrs. Pearl, $11; Steenberger, Mrs. E. V., $11 Wilson, Nell V., $11; Rural S. S. Manry Island, $10.65; Anonymous, Grandview, $10; Aldrich, M. J., $10; Andre, Kate, $10; Bock, A. A., $10; Bogart, Mr. & Mrs. E. M., $10; Botts, Mrs. J. N. & Mr. & Mrs. L. E. Walker, $10; Carlson, E. G., $10; Carpenter, Mr. & Mrs. M. W., $10; Chamberlin, P. L., $10; Chapman, Mrs. A., $10; Christianson, Mrs. Ellen, $10; Clay, Hy U., $10; Collins, Oscar W., $10; Connor, Homer, $10; Crary, A. H., $10; Crawford, A. C. & Mrs. I. E., $10; Creasote S. S. Port, Blakeley, $10; Danielson, J. F., $10; Davey, Mr. & Mrs. F., $10; Davis, Mrs. H. G., $10; Dermond, Mrs. Craig, $10; Doan, Mrs. L. T., $10; Dale, Mrs. M. E., $10.

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Coffield, Mrs. Mary, $5; Coffman, H. V., $5; Cooper, Mrs. Florence, $5; Christie, Marjorie. $5; Cummings T. H. & Others $5; Davis, G. B., $5; Davis, Matilda. $5; Dicker, Mrs. J. D., $5; Dolts, Julia, $5; Dolts, M. M., $5; Ebal, Mrs. P. C., $5; Echols, Claremont. $5; Evens, Mrs. W. A., $5; Evers, W. A., $5; Finley, Mrs. D. M. & Family, $5; Fletcher, Mrs. Jennie, $5; Fried. J. N., $5; Fulton, John, $5; Girl Scouts, Charleston, $5; Gordon, Ida M., $5; Graham, L. E., $5; Grumm, A. S., $5; Grose, Mrs. J. A., $5; Hard, Mrs. G. L., $5; Hannan, W. C., $5; Thru Hasselvander, Mrs. P. P., $5; Hawkins, H. M., $5; Hewey, Mary V., $5; Howard, Annie, $5; Jackson. Rev. Wm., $5; Jaynes, Mrs. J. M., $5; Joseph. Lydia V., $5; Judy, Mrs. C. O., $5; Kerster, Lola, $5; Kelmer, Bessie D., $5; Likins, Mrs. W. P., $5; Lott, W. T., $5; McCue, K. B., $5; McMillen, Mrs. A. F., $5; Mason, A., $5; Meadows, V., $5; Meinhart. Kath. L., $5; Mitzner, A. P., $5; Moore, Mrs. Inez, $5; Moore, Mrs., $5; Mozena, Belle, $5; Pate, Mrs. W. A., $5; Pender, Georgia B., $5; Presb. Church, Princeton, $5; Presb. Church, Richmond, $5; U. B. Church, Weston, $5; Protzman, E. J., $5; Randall, M. L., $5; Reed. A. V., $5; Reynolds, Belle, $5; Ring. Susan, $5; Roderick, J. H. & E. A. & J. S. Hanlon, $5; Rogers, Mrs. E. L., $5.

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Dunbar, Rev. R. S. & Friends. $19; Hansen, Mrs. Sophia, $19; Boersma, Mr. & Mrs. Owen & Mrs. J. R., $18; Kingston, M. E. S. S.. $18; Epworth League. Oconomowoc, $17.50; C. E. Soc., Midway, $17.41; Arkansaw M. E. S. S., $17; Boone, G. H., $17; First Presb. Church, B. C., Fond du Lac, $17; Tomahawk Lake Camp, Employees, $17; Berg, Mrs. J. C., $16; Cassville Bapt. Church, $16; Cole, Mrs. E. C., $16; M. E. Church. Oxfordville, $16; Thompson, B. J., W. O. & C. M., $16; Cambria School & Shakespeare Club, $15.02; Allington, Mr. & Mrs. H. E., $15; Bluff Lake, L. A. Soc., $15; Calvary C. E. Soc., Milwaukee, $15; De Jean, A. W., $15; Ellison, Mrs. M. D.. $15; Fraser, A. P., S. S. Class, Washburn, $15; Hillside S. S. & Mr. & Mrs. P. R. Carter, $15; Holt, Jeannette, $15; Jacobs. Anthony, $15; Jeal, Mrs. R. E. & Friends, $15; Kringle, Laura, $15; Ladwig C. F. & Friends, $15; McKinstry, Nellie M., $15; M. E. S. S., Jr. Dept., Milwaukee, $15; Nulton, C. P., $15; Ottawa L. A. Soc., Presb. Church, $15; Veenendaal, Mrs. Walter, $15; Wilcox, G. B. & C. E. Soc.. $15; Young, Mr. & Mrs. John, $15; Zwieg, Miss Nettie, $15; Cong. Church, Roberts, $14.46; Bethel C. E. Soc., Columbus, $14; Christian Union S. S., Suring, $14; Wettlaufer. Mrs. H. F., $13; Cotton, J. R., $12.72; Bapt. S. S., Barrow. $12.60; Caldwell, G. F., Thru, $12.52; Smith School, Ogdensburg, $12.50; Burroughs, George, $12; Hayhurst, Eliz. & C. V. Seeber $12; Hughes, Mr. & Mrs. W. N., $12; Olson, Miss Ruby, $12; Scandinavian Cong. Ch., L. A. Soc., Merrill, $12; Heyer, Mrs. Edw., $11.50; S. S. at Prairie Farms, $11.46; Hansen, P. J. & Friends. $11; Herdrich, S. F., $11; Hyde Cong. Ch., Ridgeway, $11; Newton. Mrs. A. B. & Friends. $11; Bluff Lake S. S., Danbury, $10.54.

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Lindner, Ella, $10; Logan, Mrs. A. C., $10; Lundgren, John, $10; McDermott, Chas., $10; McFarlane, Mrs. M. E., $10; Madison, Mrs. Wilhelmine, $10; Mansfield, J. W., $10; M. E. Church, L. A. Socy., Moundsvile, $10; M. E. S. S., Fall River, $10; Nourse. H., $10; Oettmeier, Anna, $10; Olson, John, $10; Otteson, Thos. $10; Peeples, McKee, $10; Pepper, Miss Phebe. $10; Phillips, Rosa, $10; Phillips. Mrs. S. C., $10; Plumer, Mrs. G. B. $10; Polkinghorn, Mr. & Mrs. Thos., $10; Popke, Mrs O. M , $10; Presby. S. S., Abbotsford, $10; Reed, Mrs. F. A., $10; Reid, Andrew, $10; Reformed Church. member, at Alto, $10; Richardson, M. A., $10; Runke, R. R., $10; Shekey, Mrs. A. H., $10; Smith. Richard, $10; Sorensen, S. J., $10; Somervaill, Maggie, $10; Splies, Rev. F. H. & Mrs. J. M., Hatteberg, $10; Steinke, C. J., $10; Sutherland, Mrs. L. A., $10; Tarbox, E. H., $10; Thresher, C. P., $10; Tibbetts, Mr. & Mrs. A. R., $10; Towne, Chas. H., $10; Turkelson, Mr. & Mrs. H. P., $10; Webb, Mrs. W. B.. $10; Welch Presby. S. S., Oshkosh, $10; Wessels, G., $10; Westminster Guild, Poynette, $10; Williamson, Alice A., $10; Willison, C. D., $10; Wilson. J. T., $10; Wright, Mrs. E. O., $10; Yorkville M. E. Church. L. B. C., $10; Weaver, A. S., $9.57; Moriah Church, Dousman, $9.50; Granton, L. A. & S. S., $9.25; Luth. Free Church S. S., Cumberland, $8.50; Black. Rev. R. F. for churches. $8.40; Knight, Mrs. H. S., $8.10; Roberts, Gladys L., $8.02; Victory, M. E. S. S., $8.01.

Compton, Miriam A., $8; Hunt, Edna I., $8; Russell, R. S., $8; S. S. Class, thru Irene H. Tuft, $8; White, Mr. & Mrs. J. H. & friends, $8; Wipf. Mrs. J., $8; Alden, F.W., $7.64; Congl. S. S. Prim. Dept., Tomahawk $7.50; Ladies' Aid Socy., Barneveld, $7.50; Wilcox, L. A.. $7.50; Adams, Mr. & Mrs. G. E., $7; Engelson, T., $7; Johnson, C. H., $7; Larsen, Mrs. B. M., $7; Metropolitan Mission, Milwaukee. $7; Townsend, Mrs. Homer. $7; McVicar, Mrs. Neil, $7; Standley, Rev. & Mrs. W. H., $7; Stanley Bros. & Mrs. Jessie Smith, $7; Walker, Mr. & Mrs. W. E., $7; Emmanuel S. S., Menomonee Falls, $6.50; Green, P. R., $6.39; Congl. Church S. S., Eland, $6; Dowell, James $6; Emerald Grove Congl. Church, $6; Finstad, Gustav, $6; Haukon, Mrs. Otto, Thru, $6; Hillcey, Mrs. Annie, $6; House, Harry, $6; Hughes, Mrs. W. W., $6; Loraine M. E. Ch. & S. S. & Mrs. B. Mack, $6; Lorrey, C. P., $6; Norrie Sunday School, $6; Pardeeville Study Club, $6; Sayville S. S., Waukesha, $6; Saxe, L. G., $6; Tachudy, A. H., $6; Trinity Moravian Church, $5,65; Ogdensburg Church, $5.50; Salisbury, Clyde. $5.50; Skidmore, Miss Eliz., $5.32; Hampton, G. G., $5.15; First Congl. S. S., Brodhead, $5.05; A Friend, Racine, $5; A Friend, Rhinelander, $5; Anonymous, Plymouth, $5; A Reader, Sun Prairie, $5; A Subscriber, Brandon, $5; In His Name. Poynette, $5; G. H., Eagle, $5; G. W., Tipler. $5; Ayers, Mrs. J. B.. $5; Ayers, M. $5; Avon M. E Church, W. W., $5; Arnold David & family, $5; Amer. S. S. Union, Grand Rapids, $5.

Arentsen, John, $5; Arantsen, Miss D., $5; Applebee, Mrs. A. M. & Mrs. Hawley, $5; Anderson, Mrs. Emilie, $5; Anderson, A. G., $5; Altenburg, Mrs. John, $5; Adams, Mrs. D., $5; Abrahamson, Albert. $5; Burgoyne, Mrs. John, $5; Brown, Mrs. Eva, $5; Brown. Mrs S. P., $5; Brown, Mrs. G. A. & daughter, $5; Brooks, Mrs. Geo., $5; Bradley, Mr. & Mrs. Jos., $5; Boas, John, $5; Black, Mr. & Mrs. Hans, $5; Bijelland, Mrs. G. & family, $5; Bert, Mr., thru Fred Clark, $5; Bentley, B. L., $5; Bennett, Annie, $5; Bateman, Winifred, $5; Barclay, Jane, $5; Casley, J. M., $5; Chapin, Mrs. A. C., $5; Christianson, Miss C., $5; Clark, Fred'k, $5; Clark, F., $5; Clarke, Mrs. Harriet, $5; Clithero, Mrs. Sarah, $5; Cooper, Hiram, $5; Cooper, Mrs. Jennie, $5; Corwin, Mrs. Al., $5; Courtice, J. Q., $5; Cox, Wm., $5; Daniels, E. A., $5; Davies, Mrs. C., $5; Debbink, John, $5; De Golier, Mrs. H. D., $5; De Jean, A. W., $5; De Smarte, B. P., $5; Dixon, Mrs. I. M., $5; Dobson, Fred, $5; East Arland S. S., Barron, $5; Eaton, Mrs. Mary, $5; Eilert, R., $5; Engelking, L. H., $5; Evans, S. L., $5; Fancy Creek Presby. Church, $5; Facklam, Mrs. Marian, $5; Fay, Mrs. L. E., $5; Finkle, Geo. S., $5; Feld. Mrs. Edw. K., $5; Fishbeck, Mrs. E. E., $5; Fleck, Mr. & Mrs. Llewellyn, $5; Florin, Louise, $5; Franklin, Fred, L., $5; Frederick, Mrs. C. W., $5; Frosch, John & Geo., $5.

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Hearne, C. A. $100; Henderson, Mrs. S. L., $5.

Guam

Guam Protestant Mission Church, $70

Hawaii

Atwater, Lilian B., $10.

Porto Rico

Union Church S. S. of Santurce, $25; Thompson, Miss Laura, $20; Rojas. Evaristo & Carmelo Jimenez, $12; Willing Workers Presby. S. S. of San German. $10; Mohler. C. I., $6.

Miscellaneous

Anonymous, $500; Grayson, Mrs. Cary T., $100; Decker, Renart & Mrs. E. J. Buffington, $75; Anonymous, $50; Anonymous, $25; Ahlf, Emmy, $25; Hill, Frederica, $25; Lyons, Capt., $25; Pleasant Valley Ladies Aid & M. J. Reynolds, $25; Spessard, Mrs. I., $25; Mt. Pleasant S. S., $22.85; W. M. Union Shiloh Bapt. Church, $25; Gage, Mrs. Mgt. T., $20; Thru Kilgore, Mrs. Ben, $20; Landis, Amos M., $20; Winkel, Bertha & Sarah T. Adams, $20; McKibben, Mr. & Mrs. R. T. & Fannie Roast, $19; —— Havana, Cuba, $15; Hamilton, Mary C. & A Friend, $15; Hopper, Mr. & Mrs. J. M. & Mr. & Mrs. J. S. Robertson, $15; Kirlye, Dr., J. E., $15; Partzline, F. A., $15; Smith, Walter B., $15; Frutiger, Mrs. John, $14.32; C. H. Employees, $14; Krause, Frederika, $12; Red Cross, Middleton, $12; Union Miss. Soc., Western, $11; Jaquith, Mrs. W. W. & Dora, $11; ——, Antwerp, $10; ——, White River, $10; A. R. G., Makawell. $10; Mr. M. N. S., Silvain Spgs., $10; Cash, $10; A Friend, $10; A Little Girl, Christiana, $10; To Memory of Mrs. G. Merrick, $10; A Subscriber, $10; 2 Old Ladies, $10; Dykstra, Cornelius, $10; Evans, Mrs. W. J., $10; Graham. Jos. & Ella, $10; Hoff, Mrs. M. & Mrs. A. E. Close, $10; Hopper, Mr. & Mrs. J. M., $10; Jeffery, Mrs. Mabel, $10; Johnson, J. I. A., $10; Penn, Mrs. J. W., $10; Perry, J. A., $10; Porter, John, $10; St. Joseph's Aid Socy., Litchfield, $10; Sheldon, Dr., $10; Thru Swartz, Laura B , $9; June, Mrs. C. A. & others, $7; Adams, Elvera, $6; Summit Ave. Bapt. Church, $6; ——, Phila., $5; Mrs M. J. D., $5; Mrs. Mary G., Chandlerville $5; F. E. W., ——, $5; Cash, ——, $5; A Friend, ——, $5; A Friend & Reader, $5; A Little S. S., $5; A Widow, $5; In His Name, $5; In Memory of James & Emily Wood, $5; A Sympathizer, $5; To help save a Life, $5; Bates, Philip L., $5; Bellamy, Mrs. Giles, $5; Billberg, Mrs. Emma, $5; Den Blyker, May, $5; Brown, Mrs. E. R., $5; Brown, F. E., $5; Campbell, Auntie C., $5; Cannon, Mrs. W. L., $5; Clayton, J. S., $5; Cline, Mr. & Mrs. Conrad, $5; Corbett, M. S., $5; Drake, Mrs. M., $5; Ellison, Mrs. S. S., $5; Eske, Mrs. W. F., $5.

Finney, Mrs. A. M., $5; Fisher, Florence, $5; Gager, Mrs. E., $5; Hamilton Mary S., $5; Kneale, Mrs. E., $5; Loomis, Jennie M., $5; M. E. S. S., Middle Village $5; Moore, N. V., $5; Newton, Rev. M. H., $5; Petrie, Sallie, $5; The Christian S. S., Superior, $5; Robertson, Mr. & Mrs. J. S., $5; Russell, R. C., $5; Schoonover, Mrs. Iva, $5; Skinner, S. H., $5; Fox, Ruby & Matilda, $4.54; From one interested in "Starving Humanity," $4; God knows the Giver, $4; M. O. W., $3.18; —— Pana, $3; A Friend, Homer, $3; M S. R., $3; Emery, Mrs. Lucy, $3; Miller, Mary S. $3; Rosseau, Emma, $3.

Sans, G., $3; Russell, Geo., $2.50; J. H. C., ——, $2; Mrs. M. A. H., ——, $2; B. McK., ——, $2; Mrs. A. M. M. Milton, $2; E. P., ——, $2; L. E. R., ——, $2; M. E. R., Washington, $2; A Friend, ——, $2; Cash, ——, $2; Cash, Fayetteville, $2; In His Name, Marieville, $2; Allen, Myrtle B., $2; Bangler, Mrs. A. L., $2; Biggs, Luther & Quentin, $2; Breed, Mrs. J. P. $2; Bush, Mr & Mrs. W. L., $2; Christiansen, Mrs. Geo., $2; Ford, W. L., $2; Griffith, H S., $2; Hewitt, Mrs M. L., $2; Hutchinson, Mrs., $2; Lea, Miss W., $2; Melville, S. F., $2; Palmer, Lulu & Mrs. Mary K. Thompson, $2; Prescott, Addie F., $2; Robinson, T. E., $2; Sergeant, Ruth, $2; Smith, Mrs. J. & Mrs. E. Simpson, $2; Stewart, Elsa O., $2; Wilhelm, Mrs. M. E., $2; ——, Claytonville $1; ——, East Prospect $1; ——, Glen Sprey, $1; ——, Lake Charles, $1. ——, Mansfield, $1; ——, Wooster, $1; A Friend, ——, $1; A Friend, Westminster, $1.

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Morgan, R. D., $25; Riding Mountain Union S. S., $25; Taylor, A. J., $25; Fleming, Dr. Martha B. $25; Bell, Robert, $10; Arthur, John T., $7; Higgins, J. T., $6; Eads, John $5; Ross, David M., $5; Boggs, Mrs. Christie, $5.

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Hawley, G. P., $250; Barnard, B. H., $100; Robinson, D. H., $7.50; Spencer, Mrs John, $5; Smith, Eva, $2; "A Stranger," Quebec $1.

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Merrill, A. H. $25; Timmerman, W. B., $20; Tanner. Mrs. C. A., $16; Ames Sunday School of Eyebrow, $15; Bossard, Mrs. Anna, $11; Wickland, Ellen C., $10.65; Blauvell, Miss L. F. $10; Bossard, Mr. & Mrs. Gottfried, $10; Hart. Mrs. H. T., $10; Hartney, Russell, $10; Bird, Mrs. E. J. $5; Cook, Mrs. Jas. H., $5; Mooney, Mrs. A. J., $5; Rees Dan, $5; Tucker, Geo. S., $5; Wallace, V. M. $5; Wiklund, Mrs. C., $5; J. E. C., Wakaw. $3; Leonard, John, $3; Rock Bluff School Ladies, $3; Wheeler, Mrs. J. B., $3; Bedford, Mrs. B. J., $2; Collver. Alice. $2; Wintermute, Mrs. Bertha, $2; A Subscriber, Bigger, $2; Burman M., $1; Elder, Mrs. F. M., $1; Piper J. J., $1, Rees, Thomas $1.

Foreign

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Belgian Congo

Boyer, W C., $3.

Bermuda

Ordugh, A. G., $25; Lemon, Geo. W., $19.50; Golinsky, I., $10.

Brazil

Union Church of Rio de Janiero & H. H. Lichtwardt, $20.

Canary Islands

Canary Welfare Assn. of Santa Cruz, $3.85.

Cuba

Methodist Church of Havana, $150; M. E. Church & S. S. of Omaja Oriente, & Miss Carrie E. Peirson, $80; Matthew VI-2, Neuva Gerona, $25; Presby Church, Matanzas, $20.21; Day, S. G., $10; Pollack, Mark A., $10; Hutchinson, Mrs. Christine, $5; Quednau, Miss J., $5; Rogers, W. S., $5; Baxter, Philetus K., $3.15; Traver. Mrs. T. A., $1.

Egypt

American Mission at Cairo $50; Elder, Rev. E. E., $15.

French Guinea, Gabun

Ford, Edward A. Libreville,, Gabun, $1.

Germany

Salvation Army Bible Class of Coblenz, $18.

Guatemala

Central American Mission, Zarapa $10, Becker, Dr. H. A., $5.

Haiti

Goulding Ralph G., $10.

India

Halliday, T. E., $15, Kennedy, M T., $10, Dalrymple, Mrs M. I., $3.53

Ireland

St. John, Mr. & Mrs. C. H., $5.64

Persial Gulf

A Friend of China, Bahrein, $86.02

Republic of Honduras

Cammack, Mrs. I. H., $10, Friends Mission of La Esperanza, $10; Cooper Lem, $0.50.

South Africa

O'Farrell, Rev T. A., $25.

Sudan

Maxwell, Dr. Jos S. & Rev. Mrs. W. J. Adair, $35.

Syria

Various churches and schools of Sidon, thru Rev. R. C. Byerly and Rev. Ibrahim Daghir, $119.37, American School for Girls, Beyrout, $62

The Grand Lamas of Thibet

Continued from page 706

his survivor. He chooses three out of the whole number. Their names are thrown into a golden casket, provided for that purpose by a former Emperor of China. The abbots of the great monasteries then assemble, and after a week of prayer the lots are drawn in their presence and in the presence of the surviving Great Lama, and the Chinese political resident, who always lives in Lahasa. The child whose name is first drawn is the future Great Lama. Each of the other two receives five hundred pieces of silver.

Next to these high officials come the abbots of the smaller monasteries, of which there are thousands in Thibet. They are also incarnations, and there are very few monasteries either in Thibet or in Mongolia who do not claim to possess one of these living Buddhas.

Besides these mystical persons there are, in the church of Thibet, many ranks of degree corresponding to deacon, priest, dean and doctor and the rest.

THE City of Lahasa, long known as the Forbidden City, is still very much of a mystery. It is about twelve thousand feet above sea level and stands upon a plain surrounded by high hills. The city is circular in form, perhaps a mile in diameter. The streets are fairly straight, but without paving or any drainage system. While the houses of the richer people are built of stone and brick and are fairly respectable, the inferior quarters of the city are unspeakably filthy. The city contains, in addition to many temples and buildings connected with the monasteries and convents, the great temple called "Jokhang," which is regarded as the center of all Thibet from which all the main roads are supposed to radiate. This contains, in addition to many ancient shrines and much carving and ornamentation, the throne of the Grand Lama and the seat of the administration of his government.

The famous Portola Hill, covered by the palaces of the Dalai Lama, forms a very majestic mountain of buildings, and is, externally, at any rate, one of the most remarkable and impressive pieces of construction in the world. No one from the outside world has ever explored all of its thousands of interior apartments and halls.

In the immediate vicinity of Lahasa there are three great monasteries, each containing thousands of monks, one of them, Debung, being probably the largest monastery in the world, having some eight thousand monks resident within its walls.

The temples in these monasteries are some of them very ornate and are decorated in a most lavish fashion with gold and precious stones.

When the touch of modern life will come to the "Snow Land" or when the arts of modern civilization will reach up to this "roof of the world" is something that only the event can show. It is still shrouded in clouds, the home of superstition, ignorance, autocracy and a weary mouthing of the syllables of a once simple philosophy, that has lost its meaning under the accumulating burden on an empty formalism and a blind credulity.

Young People's Topic for October 9

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

How to Improve the Meetings of Our Society

B. Y. P. U., C. E. and E. L.

THE topic is a challenge to our organizing ability and our genius for intelligent leadership. The summer months are gone and the crisp fall days are here. The rest-time is over and the work-time has begun. Nothing worth while is ever done without a plan. No efficient work is ever accomplished without a definite program.

There are three things we may do. The first is prayer. We find a promise in the scripture reference given with the topic, in Matt. 18 : 17-18. "Verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." "Again, I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." After having agreed on a plan of action, "take it to the Lord in prayer" for approval and blessing. The second thing to do is to read. Read up on methods. Send to your publishing house for literature on denominational aims and polity of procedure. Paul said to Timothy "Give attention to reading." It is sound advice. The Christian has his literature as well as the tradesman his "journal" or the professional man his "Review." The third thing to do is to be original. Break traditional molds. Because something has been done one hundred times is no reason why it should be done the one hundred and first time. Be a trail-blazer and a path-finder. Leadership depends on daring, originality, initiative. It has always been so in every walk of life. It is true in the realm of present-day religious thought and endeavor. Avoid the rut. Shun repetition. In this way you make your meetings attractive.

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At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Continued from page 707

and made to feel low and small any more than they do now. Particularly church people."

"I fancy the word 'condescend' had a different meaning then than now, or perhaps the translation is unfortunate," Mrs. Haile rallied to say. "Leaving the question of parish-visiting, do I understand you to decline my proposition to order light refreshments to be sent to your class two or three times a month, and to visit your rooms now and then to become personally acquainted with the girls? I do not wish to be officious. But they are under my husband's pastoral care, and I hoped to be of some service to them."

"I wish I could make my meaning clear to you, my dear lady! These girls and the families to which they belong do not expect to be on visiting terms with the pastor's wife or with her social associates. The church suppers and sociables and all that sort of entertainment are arranged with express reference to them and their kind. They meet you there upon their own ground, as it were."

"Then, if it will not be too much trouble to you both, we will leave the question of my visits to your rooms and refreshments to a committee of two—the President of the League and the commissioned Parish Visitor." Mrs. Haile forced herself to smile and speak civilly in articulating the sentence. "I thank you and Mrs. Wingate for taking the matter into serious consideration."

"It would have been polite to offer her a cup of afternoon tea," ruminated the baited woman in sipping the cup of which her racked nerves had sore need. "Yet"—her sense of humor coming to her help for one grim instant—"she might have felt obliged to telephone to the President of the Woman's League for Christian Unity for permission to drink it."

She was dressed for dinner—and rather more carefully than was her wont, for her mirror showed lines in the face which were not there that morning—when her husband returned. The kiss with which he saluted her was achieved over a brown paper parcel held daintily between his hands, and before putting it down he led the way to the fernery.

"See what I found just as I was ready to come home!" he said, setting his burden upon a table and unwrapping it tenderly to reveal two pots of cyclamen, one bearing a single pink blossom, the other, a white, and both affluent in buds. "The first I have seen this season!" lifting one upon his palm. "I espied them in a florist's window and, recollecting how you love them, marched in and bought the pair. 'Will they bloom in a Wardian case under glass?' I asked as the fellow tied them into a portable parcel. He answered promptly, 'No!' and when I dared to dissent, declared it 'impossible.' As you may have suspected upon previous occasions that hateful word 'impossible' is the crack of a whip in my ear, urging me to do the thing out of hand. So, I brought home the beauties, with all the love they can express to the dearest of created women."

"As I happen to know that the cyclamen *will* bloom under glass, you are sure of a reward for your resolution. They should be in full bloom by Easter."

She had her trowel in hand and was excavating a resting-place at one end of the miniature garden for the pink beauty, talking all the time in joyousness that smoothed out the lines in the face her husband still thought lovely. Before he could offer to assist her, both plants were snugly ensconced in their respective ends of the fernery.

"Now," said he, "if you will sit down for a few minutes, I will tell you of a little 'happening' of today that will please you."

He related the incident Mrs. Wingate had brought to his notice, telling it simply, without a dash of the picturesqueness that had charmed him when it passed another's lips. But Anita's eyes were brimming.

"Aftermath!" was her verbal comment. He nodded a glad assent.

She kept to her discreet and true wifely self all that pertained to Miss Maynard's visit. She would not mix briers and thorns with the pure joy of the Aftermath.

CHAPTER XI

PINK and white cyclamen justified Stuart's defiance of the "impossible" by taking kindly to their new environment. When Mrs. Haile raised the lid of the fernery upon Easter morning, she uttered a cry of ecstasy that brought husband and children to her side. Each bud was a-bloom and seemed to vibrate with the joy of living.

"The darlings know what day it is and what is expected of them!" ejaculated the owner almost reverently. "They have given us the keynote for the season."

She recollected the fancy for many a month and the opus to which it was the prelude. The weather was glorious, with never a touch of the chill humidity that too often makes the atmospheric condition of "an Easter day" anything but "a glad sight." Mrs. Haile's tenacious memory brought the lines to her lips as she entered the church door and glanced over her shoulder at the sun-bathed world outside.

The Committee on Decoration appointed by the League had outdone themselves in the selection and arrangement of the wealth of floral adornments upon this the first Easter the new pastor was to spend with them. The newspapers Monday morning would advertise the gratifying fact that in no other metropolitan temple had such sums been expended in the celebration of the Eastertide. The walls were corniced and draped with wreaths in which lilies bore the prominent place, and the sacred desk was showered with the same symbolic flower. The music was likewise the best the city could boast, the choir-proper being reinforced by professional talent of the finest order—and the highest prices. The congregation of well-dressed men and sumptuously attired women filled the spacious edifice to the doors.

Under such auspicious circumstances did Stuart Haile, pastor, preach that Easter forenoon on "The First Easter Sermon."

Silas Ford, capitalist, who had, as he was rather proud to confess "an eye for the picturesque," had pursed his lips and shaken his head over the caption when he read it in the morning newspaper. It was the reverse of sensational and churchgoers must have sensations or they would cease to frequent the sanctuary. He told his wife that he had faith in Haile to believe that he "could turn out something original," but he "wished he had selected some other title."

THE Bible reading preceding the anthem that came before the sermon was the portion of the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke that records the Walk of Emmaus, on the afternoon of the Resurrection Sabbath. The text was taken from the same chapter: "And Jesus himself drew near and walked with them."

With skill that would have won him fame as an impressionist artist had he been a painter, the speaker sketched the leading features of the earlier part of the Greatest Day the earth has ever known. The riven tomb; the terrified Roman guard; the meeting with Mary Magdalene and the magic of that one word "Mary!" that revealed the Risen Lord; the swift-footed John outrunning the hitherto impetuous Peter, lagging perhaps under the weight of the remembered Denial; the hurrying to and fro of women who believed, yet could not convince judicial men—these things were dashed upon the canvas, and then the Master, Who was dead and was alive again, disappeared from the sight of the seeking disciples. Had He then fulfilled the prophecy of His Ascension into Heaven as He had verified the prediction of His victory over the grave? Not one salient feature was overlooked in the summary that brought the Story to the imagination as if it were a thing of yesterday.

Then the minister sketched the lonely

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country road, between seven and eight miles long, that led from Jerusalem to the obscure village of Emmaus as it may have looked to the two weary-hearted Galilean peasants who left the city gates to stroll listlessly along the dusty highway a little after the noon of that first Easter day. There was nothing left for them to do or learn there. Hope had died out of their hearts. It was worse than useless to go over the ground they had been traversing all day. Yet they could not let the subject go from heart and tongue. So earnest was the fruitless discussion that it attracted the attention of another wayfarer who accosted them kindly

"What manner of communications are these that you have with one another and are sad?"

It was so evident that sincere interest in the cause of the discussion and not idle curiosity prompted the query that they soon found themselves pouring out the whole story. One of the disciples was Cleopas, and he spoke with carelessness that was akin to contempt of certain women who had brought a tale of seeing angels who affirmed that He Whom we trusted would have redeemed Israel was not dead but alive'" Such an improbable tale that it was hardly worth repeating

THEN and there, under the sunset sky, upon the lonely country road was the First Easter Sermon preached.

"And what a scope the speaker had. From Eden to Calvary all the things that were written in the Scriptures of the Christ were made manifest to the listeners. By the time the roofs of the humble village to which they were bound appeared upon the horizon—dimly seen in the twilight of the day that was far spent, those two peasants—unlearned working-men—knew more of what we call in our age the 'Messianic prophecies' and their fulfillment than all the Doctors of Divinity who have ever lived and written will ever know until they get to Heaven.

"We could wish perhaps, at the first blush, that the name of the second auditor had come down to us Yet upon second thoughts perhaps we see that withholding it was one of the 'Deep things of God.'

"Have you ever thought of where and with whom Our Lord, Who should likewise be our Exemplar in all things, sat down to break bread on the evening of the Resurrection Day? So far as we know it was for the first time since the angels had rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre sealed 'and made sure' by Pilate. Not, as we might naturally expect, with loyal Nicodemus, the converted ruler and master in Israel; nor yet with rich Joseph of Arimathea, whose influence with the Roman Governor had secured for him the high privilege of laying the slain body of the Lamb of God in his own family vault. The table was set in what was probably a mean village inn and His companions were two peasants so obscure in parentage and in history that the name of one is not known to the Church should she desire to canonize him.

"Just so surely as

'Earth's saddest day and Earth's
gladdest day
Were but one day apart,'—

the Jesus Who 'drew near and went with them' along that stretch of country road—'Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today and forever'—still draws near to the sorrowing and the doubting, the bewildered and straying disciple, despised and rejected by the proud and prosperous, and walks with him until the goal of life is reached."

Such was, in effect, the message brought by the undershepherd from the Master to his flock that Easter at high noon of the First Day of the Week forever consecrated by the triumph of the Lord of Life over death and hell.

I have not presumed to give more than a vague outline of that Message. It was replete with apt and beautiful illustrations and abounded in passages of true eloquence The quiet dispersion of the large congregation after the benediction was a token of the reverence inspired by the service.

STUART HAILE followed his wife into her sitting-room when luncheon was over

"Miss Maynard waited in the vestry to speak to me," he said hurriedly. "Mrs. Davis, the consumptive whom you visited last week, is very near the end of her tedious journey. She is very anxious to partake once more of the Lord's Supper. Her son, James Davis, was one of those who were admitted to the membership of the church this morning—you may have recognized his name!"

"Indeed I did and thanked God for it," she replied. "She talked to me of her children when I was there. Her daughter is already a church member and one of Miss Maynard's 'girls.' You will let me go with you—will you not?"

"I hoped that you would. Mr. Ford was also in the vestry. The daughter is employed in his store in some capacity, and the son is one of his porters. Silas has a good heart under the golden-plated casing. He and another of the elders will be there. Anticipating that you would like to be with us, I intimated as much to him. He will take us in his car at the conclusion of the afternoon service."

"I am glad I sent the mother some Easter flowers last evening!" the wife ruminated audibly as her husband left her for his study. "Perhaps the impulse to do it was a premonition of what is to be done there today. I am more and more inclined to believe in such 'leadings' as I grow older."

The Easter celebration of the Communion of the Lord's Supper in the Church was the second service of the day. There was no sermon and the sun was not near the setting when Silas Ford's limousine set down the pastor and his wife and the two elders before a tall tenement house in a side street a mile distant from the church.

A climb of three flights of stairs brought the party to the door of the Davis "apartment." The largest of four rooms, intended by the builder as a parlor, was the bed-chamber of the invalid. A single bed draped with white stood in a far corner. The sick woman, fully dressed and wrapped in a white shawl, was propped into an upright position by pillows. Her gray hair was becomingly arranged by loving hands above the worn face that yet bore signs of comeliness. She held out both her wasted hands at sight of Mrs. Haile, the sunken eyes bright with delight.

"Mary said she was almost sure you would come!" she quavered. "But I hardly dared hope for it."

A motion of the head and an expressive smile directed the visitor's eyes to the vase of Easter lilies upon a stand at her side.

"They have kept me from feeling lonely all day. And I have so much besides to be thankful for!" was spoken in the lady's ear.

"I might almost have believed myself back in Marlinton!" Anita told her husband that evening.

She would not let herself dwell upon the thought while she was amid the scenes that awakened the memory. Sitting down by the mother, she took her hand and stroked it while she murmured brief congratulations. The son, a strapping youth of twenty-one, leaned over the back of his mother's chair as Mr. Haile addressed him.

"I am trying to tell her how glad I am for what you have done today," was said so clearly he did not lose a word, yet in subdued accents that reached none of the four who were arranging the preliminaries of the little service. "I know what it meant to her, for I have a boy of my own who will take the same step when he is a little older."

STUART was too well-versed in the pastor's office to the sick to prolong what had to be said and done. A solemn hush fell upon the room as he stepped forward and faced the occupant of the bed with lifted head and hand.

"Let us pray!"

All except himself knelt around the dying woman during the brief prayer, and again while the sacred elements were passed by Mr. Ford. The action was unstudied and simultaneous. The son knelt upon one side of his mother, the daughter upon the other. Into the

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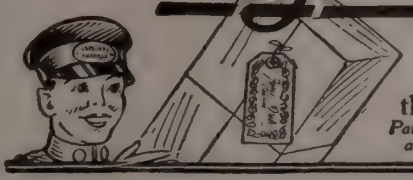

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hushed room flowed the hum of the city below, less distinct than it would have been on week-days and softened by the height of the apartment, into a musical murmur. As the prayer succeeding the administration of the bread and wine was said, and the seven participants of the communion arose to their feet, Mrs. Davis looked up to the pastor:

"I should like to hear my favorite hymn once more on this side of the River."

He comprehended the faltering request. Evidently, it was not the first time she had spoken of the hymn.

The minister's well-modulated voice "raised the tune" and it was caught up instantly by all present—the old air to which our forefathers sang the immortal lyric, and now indissolubly wedded to it.

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

The dying mother leaned back against the arm her daughter passed behind her head, hands clasped and eyes closed until the last verse was begun. Then, to the amazement of all beholders, she opened her eyes and took up the melody and words in tones surprisingly steady and sweet, carrying the verse through to the end.

"If she had passed away upon the last note, I should not have been surprised," commented Haile on the way home. "It would have been a natural translation."

MR. EVANS, the second elder, had gone home in the street car, leaving the Hailes alone with their host. He drew out a voluminous silk handkerchief and blew his nose before wiping his eyes.

"A beautiful thought! And the scene was the most touching I have ever seen. They are a nice family, altogether. The girl is a bundler in our establishment—Ah! you don't understand the term, Mr. Haile. I venture to say that Mrs. Haile has heard it before?"

"It means someone connected with tying up parcels for distribution among customers, doesn't it?" rallying to answer as lightly as he had addressed her.

"Right, as usual! She will get a better job with higher pay next fall. She is a good, steady, sensible girl, and the boy is bound to get a rise before long. That's the stuff our best business men are made of. Of course I shall see that the expenses of the mother's illness do not pull too heavily upon their resources. It is a good thing for the boy to join the church—and so I told him a month ago or more. Keeps him out of mischief and all that, and is a sort of guarantee of honesty and steadiness in the sight of business men. That is getting to be pretty generally understood in the business world."

"He didn't mean half of what he said!" Stuart insisted to his wife in an after-dinner review of the events of the important day. "As I said today, his heart is in the right place and he leads a consistent Christian life in all respects, besides giving with both hands to every worthy purpose that comes his way What offends your sense of proportion and propriety is what may be called business jargon. We shall get used to it in the fullness of time. Meanwhile, exercise a little Christian charity of that type that believes no evil."

"And believeth all things?" mildly sarcastic.

To be continued

THOSE observers who have been predicting that motor transportation will relegate draft animals to the zoological gardens or even to the museums along with the dodo and the great auk, must revise their forecast in view of the 1920 census figures, which show that in the country as a whole there are nearly a million more horses and mules than there were in 1910. In the cities there has been a decided decrease in the number of draft animals from 3,435,900 in 1910 to 2,083,861 in 1920; but this has been more than balanced by the increase in the rural districts, from 23,320,850 to 25,593,078. In 1910 85 per cent. of all horses and mules were in use on farms and 15 per cent. were employed in cities, while now the ratio is 92 to 8.

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HOW I ADDED $25 A WEEK TO THE FAMILY INCOME

The story of a mother of two children who became "the best-dressed woman in town" and surprised her husband by her business intuition.

By MARJORIE JANE DILLINGHAM

MY husband and I were married ten years ago. Jack was 21. I was 18. Jack sometimes says he doesn't remember the day. But I know he does. It was the 18th of November, 1911.

For a year we were gloriously happy. Jack wasn't earning a large salary—only $30 a week—but in those days that was enough to keep the two of us in a small but comfortable home. Then came the first baby—a cuddly youngster that we named Dorothy—after my mother.

I had never been a particularly strong girl and for some months after the baby came I was under the doctor's care. Jack had saved a few hundred dollars, but it soon melted away under the rain of bills.

And then—I hate to admit it now—but I began to feel that Jack didn't care for me as much as he used to. Perhaps it was because the cares of motherhood had taken some of the bloom out of my cheeks. Or, perhaps, because I felt we didn't have the money to enable me to primp up as much as in the first years of our marriage.

Sometimes I cried myself to sleep just thinking about it. And, as you might well imagine, that only made matters worse.

What worried me the most, was that Jack didn't talk things over with me the way he used to. I knew he was worried about making both ends meet—particularly after little Bobbie came into the world in 1914. Goodness knows, I tried hard to save a little out of my allowance. But you know how prices began to soar a few years ago. And I was always opposed to going into debt.

THEN one night just about a year ago—it seems almost providential when I think back upon it—I did the simple little thing that was to change my entire life.

And here's how it came about:—

I was reading over the pages of a magazine when I came across the story of a woman just like myself. She was just the average woman—a woman just like you and me.

In my mind's eye I could see my life reflected in hers—I pictured her home as being just like mine—her husband just like Jack—her children and her problems just like mine.

The story told how this woman had been just as discouraged as I was and how she had learned at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make for herself at great savings just the kind of pretty and becoming clothes she had always wanted and earn money sewing for other people.

It seemed almost too good to be true, but I decided to find out about it, anyway. So I wrote the Institute. The information I received by return mail was so interesting that I became a member at once and took up dressmaking.

I didn't say anything to Jack at first, for I wanted to surprise him. And surprise him I did when one night after dinner I slipped into a smart and especially attractive dress and walked into the parlor to greet some friends who had dropped in to see us.

They could hardly believe that I had made such a pretty dress myself. And when I showed them all the other pretty things I had made, they were the most surprised people you ever saw.

And right away one of them wanted me to make just such a dress for her.

After they had gone, Jack put his arm around me as he used to do in the old days and asked me again how it happened.

And then I told him all about the Woman's Institute, and how right at home in my spare time, I had learned to make more and prettier clothes than I had ever had, and at a saving of one-half to two-thirds of what I formerly paid.

AND then I told Jack that I was sure I could do sewing for other people and add $20 to $25 a week to his salary. Jack was skeptical at first, as any man might have been, but at last he agreed to let me try.

My first order was for a soft silk dress with the daintiest little hand stitching on the collar, cuffs, waist line and hem.

The fact that I designed my own patterns astonished my customers and it went over town like wildfire.

Soon the work came in faster than I could handle it and I was steadily increasing my prices as I gained confidence in my work.

I made almost every type of dress for women, from chambray to velvet, and for all types and figures. I altered ready-made garments and did remodeling for women and children. I made children's dresses, smocks and rompers. I had been sewing less than two months when I had to advertise for a helper.

The best part of it all is that my lessons and my sewing do not interfere with my home work at all. My customers tell me they don't see how I can keep my house and family looking so clean and neat and find time to do sewing. I can tell them that it is easy when you know the right way to sew.

Today I am making $25 to $30 a week sewing for others in addition to making all of my own and my children's clothes. My husband is as proud as he can be of what he calls my "business intuition," but best of all is the fact that we are now such good pals. We talk over everything together. I really believe he loves me more than when we were married.

The other day I heard him tell some friends of mine that he considered me "the best-dressed woman in town." I don't think one of the old love-letters could have thrilled me any more than that. For I know he meant it.

I am telling you all this because I am just the average woman. What I have done, with the help of the Woman's Institute, I know you can do, too.

For among the members are housewives, mothers, business women, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops and offices. They are of all ages from fifteen to sixty years. The majority live in the United States, but there are hundreds in foreign countries—all learning dressmaking or millinery right in their own homes just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

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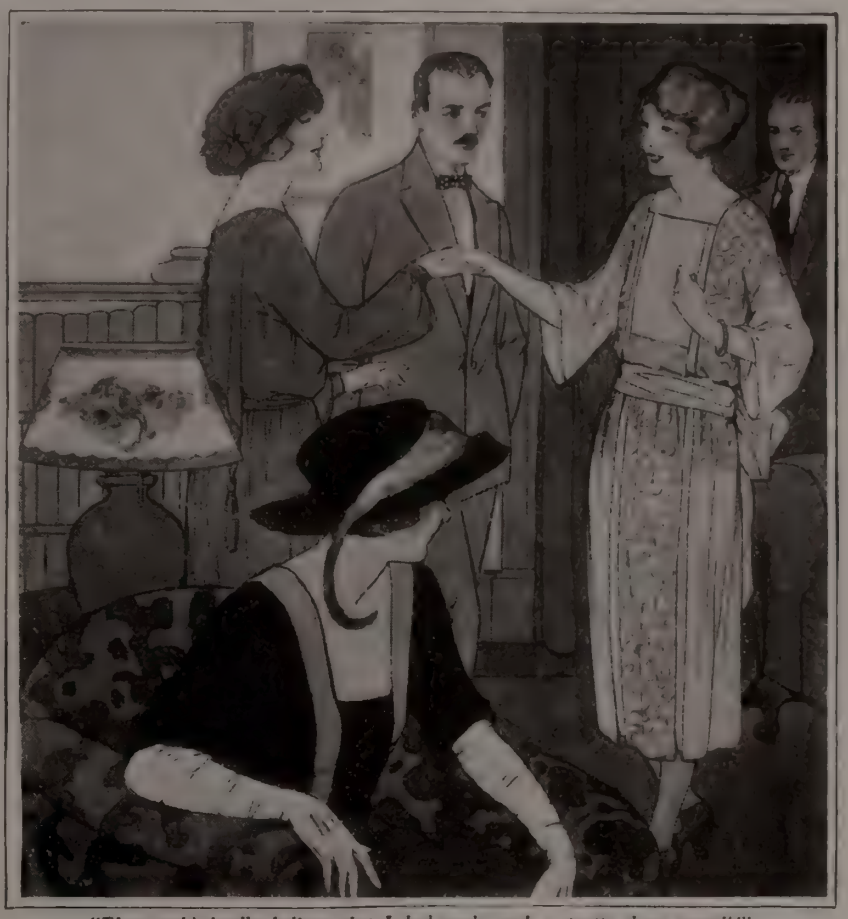

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The Institute's courses are so complete that hundreds of students, with absolutely no other preparation, have opened up shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers or milliners.

Wouldn't you, too, like to have more and prettier clothes? Wouldn't you like to save money for your husband? Wouldn't you like to contribute $25 a week to the family income? I know you would. It is the wish of every woman. You can do it through the Woman's Institute.

And remember this:—

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Paul at Ephesus

International Sunday-School Lesson for October 9
Acts 19 : 1-41

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

THREE lessons are given to the third journey of Paul. Since the one that follows this is about an epistle, I Corinthians, and the next treats of the conclusion of the journey, this study is the chief one pertaining to the longest trip in point of time that the Apostle Paul made. Read as far as Acts 21 : 15 and mark the entire journey on the map which you are making. Next week special attention will be given to the epistles written on this memorable trip.

For depth of teaching no event is more important than that which occurred twice at Ephesus. You will remember that Paul brought Aquilla and Priscilla with him from Corinth, as he was concluding the second journey, and left these faithful workers at Ephesus while he went on to Jerusalem and Antioch. Meanwhile Apollos, an Alexandrian Jew, came to Ephesus and joined with the two from Corinth in preaching in the synagogue. Now Apollos was very able in proclaiming the Old Testament and even declared many facts concerning Jesus. There was an essential truth lacking in his message, and these two tent-makers sought out the eloquent man and questioned him about his personal experience in spiritual things. They discovered that he understood the necessity of righteousness, but did not know that righteousness could be found only in Jesus Christ. The truth which he possessed made him eager to know the fulness of truth. So he became a ready pupil and learned the "way of God more accurately." He was eager to proclaim the full Christian teaching and soon started for Corinth with letters of introduction and commendation. He was able to show the Jews there that Jesus was the Messiah. But his preaching and personality helped to make divisions, so that some in Achaia said "I am of Paul" and others "I am of Apollos."

Some, even today, declare that it does not make any difference what one believes if only one is sincere. On the other hand, the Word declares "According to your faith be it done unto you." The Apollos experience was repeated with still greater vividness when Paul reached Ephesus. He found twelve men who had gone just about as far as had Apollos. On inquiry it was learned that they knew only the baptism of John. To be sure, it was unto remission of their sins, but that is only the first step in Christian experience. Paul diagnosed the situation exactly and asked, "Did ye receive the Holy Spirit when ye believed," or "since ye believed" as it is given in the authorized version. They had never heard of Him, the Holy Spirit, the Third Person in the Triune God. Then the wonderful story of Pentecost was retold and they were informed of the unfolding experiences of many since that date. Having learned, they desired to be possessed by the Holy Spirit. In their enlarged faith they received trinitarian baptism: "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Spirit came on them; and they spake with tongues and prophesied."

PAUL'S direct question is one that should be answered by every teacher and pupil. After the teacher has answered "Yes," he is in a position to help each pupil know the Holy Spirit for himself. One of the most helpful, compact books on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit is by Dr. William Edward Biederwolf, and is entitled, "A Help to the Study of the Holy Spirit." Many have such slight knowledge of the Holy Spirit that they say "it" with reference to Him. He is a person, even as is God the Father and Christ the Son. The fullness of relationship with the Godhead is the privilege of each believer.

Following the custom in other cities Paul began his work in Ephesus at the synagogue, where he reasoned and persuaded for three months. When it seemed better to try another plan, Paul adopted a method which was continued for two years. By day he wrought as a tent-maker, and when those hours of hard labor were over, he made use of the school of Tyrannus, which had probably been occupied during those earlier hours of the day. Both Jews and Greeks were in the audience. Luke's description is unusually graphic as he declares "so that all they that dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord." In all probability Paul's influence extended far beyond the city of Ephesus, great though it was. Later he writes to the Colossians, whom he visited or else he reached them through Timothy as a special messenger. The seven churches named by John in Revelation 1 : 11 are all located in the vicinity of Ephesus and they were doubtless established at this time, though the later residence of both John and Luke at Ephesus is not lost sight of.

Miracles were wrought by Paul through the Holy Spirit, and some who tried to be copyists suffered severely. Unholy hands must not attempt to use holy fire. So effective was the preaching of Paul that many who had used arm charms and possessed so-called books of magic brought these evidences of their superstition and burned them publicly. It was a costly bonfire. Fifty thousand pieces of silver is given as the value, but the equivalent will be better appreciated if we think of the pay for 50,000 days of unskilled labor. When a person reaches the point where he is willing to give up personal possessions because of his faith in Jesus Christ there is strong evidence that the faith is practical. If we were equally sincere there would be a burning of some of our concealed things. There have been other remarkable bonfires in history. All will think of that fire which resulted in Florence from the preaching of Savonarola.

DIANA was the goddess especially revered by the Ephesians. Her temple was in Ephesus and rich trade resulted from her votaries. Paul's preaching made its inroads on Big Business and riot resulted. Demetrius started the trouble when he complained about poor business, because this loud-talking preacher said that Diana did not even exist. Other tradesmen and craftsmen were ready to join the uprising, and soon stirred up others. As an onlooker it is interesting to watch the scene through Luke's vivid description. The frenzied crowd filled the great theater, which would hold more than 25,000, and then got sore throats just shouting for two hours "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Every time they looked in the direction of the Temple of Diana there in Ephesus they would shout the harder. They had to learn that declaring a statement does not make it a fact.

Then that temple was one of the seven wonders of the world. In recent years excavators had to dig more than twenty feet below the surface to find the remains. Today no worshipper of Diana can be found in all the world; whereas the teaching of Paul is the Gospel of life even as it was in the long ago. A very interesting chapter "Paul as Pastor at Ephesus" is found in "Paul the Interpreter of Christ," by Dr. A. T. Robertson, and another worth-while book by the same author is "Epochs in the Life of Paul."

People believe strange things that are untrue. Even the town clerk did well in quieting the theater rabble, but he actually believed that the old shapeless bit of wood enshrined in the temple was an image which had fallen down from Jupiter. Rather our blessed Christ asks each of us to come unto Him and ask for help in time of need.

"For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries," was Paul's estimate of the situation, as he stated in his letter to Corinth written from Ephesus, I Cor. 16 : 9.

Public Utility Securities

Huge Sums Are Needed for Development of These Industries

By H. J. SHAW

(Vice-President of A. H. Bickmore & Company)

PUBLIC utility services touch the lives of all of us so closely and in so many ways that we have come to regard them as matters-of-course. They are "servants" in the home. They light the lamps, supply the heat, call the doctor the fire department, do the sweeping, washing and ironing. To modern industry they are essential—how essential we never fully realize until by accident, flood or fire we are deprived of them.

How many of us have given any thought to the stupendous task involved in building up these great semi-public works on whose efficient, successful and uninterrupted operation our welfare so absolutely depends? $15,000,000,000 or about $136 for each man, woman and child in the United States has already been spent, and we are told that the era of utility development for the nation's benefit has only begun.

Competent authorities estimate that the electric light and power industry alone will need $1,000,000,000 a year—about $3,000,000 a day—for the next five years, for necessary extensions and improvements. How this money is to be raised, how spent and how safeguarded are vital questions demanding the attention and careful thought of all of us. Increased food production through reclamation of unproductive lands, help in conquering disease, conservation of natural resources, relief from the burden of hauling fuel now borne by the railroads, all these and more depend on the continued and rapid growth of these services.

Let us look back for a moment and briefly sketch the development of these servants of the public, more particularly those which use some form of electrical energy.

In 1882, after Edison had completed the invention of his incandescent lamp, the first central power station was established in New York. Aided by the genius of Edison, Westinghouse, and others, the industry rapidly grew and expanded. At about the same time local telephone companies began to spring up and then came the electric street railway. As each of these new industries must needs use the public highways to carry on business, they at once became subject to local political control operating through the granting of franchises. Then, too, the utility business was regarded as competitive. Rival companies were organized seeking to operate in the same community. Politicians saw in this situation a wonderful opportunity for exacting tribute in return for granting or withholding franchises, and through many other schemes as ingenious as they were devious found opportunity for rich rewards. Rate wars and duplication of investments added to the cost of service.

We may call this period the era of competition. In spite of the difficulties touched upon, new discoveries and inventions so broadened the field that these industries grew and prospered.

IT WAS largely due to the courage and vision of the leaders in the public utility field that many of the troubles experienced during the era of competition were done away with. They saw that the public utility business was a natural monopoly and should be so conducted if the greatest good to all was to result. They saw the waste of competition, of duplication of plants and the economies which would result from combination and centralization. Thus began the era of consolidation and it is still continuing.

Although the process of consolidation cured many of the ills suffered by the utilities and the public served by them, it failed to provide a remedy for political abuses. Agitation due to these conditions finally brought about the inauguration of the first State public utilities commission, in Massachusetts in 1906. Thus began the third era, the era of regulation, which is now in force in 42 states.

Both the public at large and the owners of public utility securities have found in regulation an efficient safeguard of their interests. The commissions have recognized that what is needed is good service and that good service can be had only when rates are adequate and investments protected.

The following quotations from statements made by representative commissions illustrate this attitude:

Pennsylvania. "The public interest demands a solvent utility, rendering adequate service at a reasonable rate rather than a utility struggling against bankruptcy and furnishing only mediocre service because its rates are too low."

New York. "It is far better for the community to yield a slightly larger return to the company than it may be exactly entitled to, in order that it may remain prosperous and furnish the service which the public should have and be a credit to that community rather than to have a corporation in financial distress, because those whom it serves are unwilling to allow it to have a liberal remuneration for its service."

Indiana. "To obtain this money at reasonable rates, public utilities must have credit which will attract the investor's discernment. It can not be emphasized too strongly that the establishment of such credit is really of more vital concern to the communities served than to the utilities serving them."

Michigan. "The Michigan Public Utilities Commission is alive to the fact that there is a great demand for the extension of public utilities in the State. The State can not grow properly unless the public utilities are permitted to grow at the same time. If rates of interest and rates of return upon industrial enterprises are generally 7 per cent. or 8 per cent. or 9 per cent. or 10 per cent., then the rates of return upon public utility capital should, if adequate service is given, be about the same."

IT WILL thus be seen that the commissions have adopted the principle that the public, in regulating its utilities has at the same time assumed responsibility for protecting the capital invested in the public service and assuring a just reward in interest and dividends.

What then of the inducements offered to thrifty Americans to provide the millions needed for the growth of these enterprises? Their business grows with the growth of the country, in good times and bad. Between 1910 and 1920 the population of the United States increased less than 15 per cent., while the number of customers of electric light and power companies increased over 250 per cent. and the amount of electrical energy sold increased over 350 per cent.

Not only is the business growing rapidly and steadily but the earnings are stable. A few months ago a leading financial paper published a list of forty companies whose dividends to the amount of $17,000,000 had been passed. Not one of these was a public utility.

Add to these favorable features the safeguards due to wise regulation and who can doubt that prudent investors, who wish protection and a fair return for their savings rather than speculative profit with its attendant risks, will provide the money which the public utility companies must have if the country's future growth and prosperity is to keep pace with the past?

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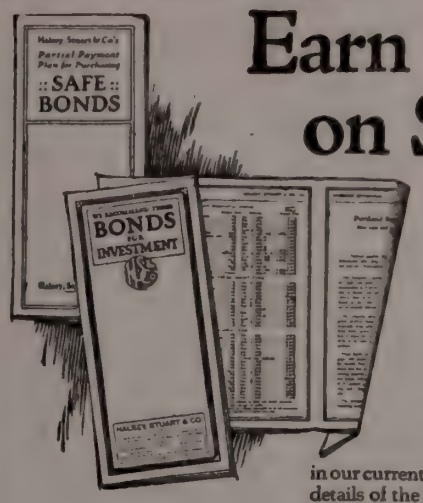

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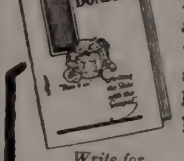

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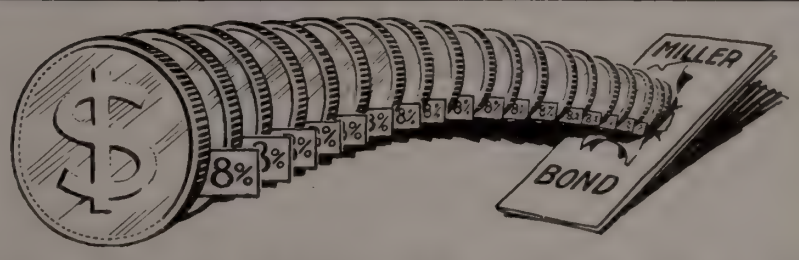

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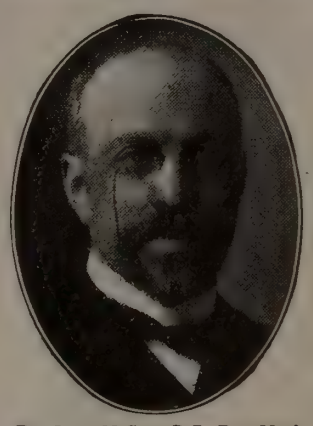

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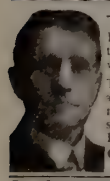

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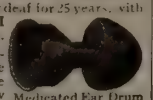

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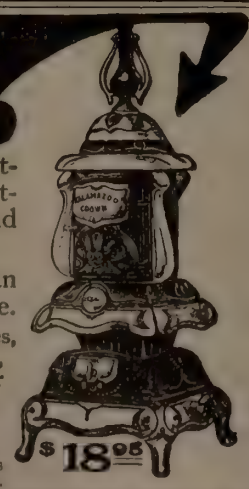

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

H. F. N., Greencastle, Pa. Ours is a cosmopolitan nation, and it goes without saying that there can be no drawing the line on that account when any important step is being taken which involves the national welfare. Hence any great event, like the coming Disarmament Conference, affects not a part but the whole people, irrespective of differences in race and religion. All are equally interested in the success of the worthy effort to bring about lasting world-peace and to escape the costly bondage to militarism and navalism. The whole world is tired of war, and practically all the religions are in active sympathy with the movement to abolish it and to substitute international law and arbitration. You write of men who in times past have been found on the wrong side of some public question. Well, if they have reached the turning-point and have come over to the right side now, let us forget the past and give them welcome. We know of no more opportune time to forgive and forget old differences than now, when the peoples of the world are looking forward hopefully, longingly and prayerfully to the burying of ancient grudges so that peace and good-will may have free course. We hold that the Conference which is to meet in the capital of this Christian nation should give full recognition to God, and invoke the presence of the Christ-spirit in its deliberations. And we believe President Harding has the courage to bring this about, especially if he has the united Christian Churches of our land behind him in the great enterprise.

Troubled One, Hurricane, W. Va. Pray for more faith. Don't doubt, for "He is faithful that promised." We have sent your letter to the Prayer League.

H. J. R., Ossinging, N. Y., writes: "I have always thought that the 'cloud of witnesses,' of which Paul writes in Heb. 12 : 1, referred only to the witnesses mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter and that the opening verse of Chapter 12 really belonged there."

A continuous line of thought and argument unites the two chapters, and Paul's purpose was clearly to encourage his hearers to follow the example of the witness of faith pictured in the conclusion of Chapter II. Yet this nowise excludes the application of the passage in a broader sense—a course generally followed by commentators.

J. W., Ishpening, Mich. All of the civilized nations are now fighting tuberculosis. At the recent Congress in London, 39 different countries were represented. Reports showed that while no absolute remedy had yet been found, science has found many ways of lessening the ravages of the disease, and preventive methods have succeeded well. Permanent sanatoria are increasing. In 1920 there were in the United Kingdom 42,000 deaths, as against 50,000 in 1914 which, considering the hardships of the war, was regarded as a very favorable showing. While all the reports were hopeful, it was made clear that the campaign is still in its early stages.

A Reader in Perrysville, O., has sent us an outline of the new system of Bible Study lately introduced in the Perrysville Public Schools, which can not fail to interest many other rural communities It is known as the Van Wert System. First, a committee representing all the churches met and elected officers, the Rev. E. E. Campbell, a local pastor, being chosen President. An Executive Committee was also chosen, which included the pastors and two members of each church in the village. The churches represented were the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist and Lutheran. It is explained that "the system secures week-day instruction in religion for the children without depriving them of the privileges of the public school. In thirty-one cities, Boards of Education have made concessions of time, enabling churches to provide for such instruction without interfering with the plans of the public school. The results everywhere have been very satisfactory. The movement seeks to assist and co-operate with the church in her effort—in the family, the Sunday school, the parochial school and the public school—to further the spiritual character of the rising generation. We believe that for the Church to take at least one-half day of each week for the religious education of the children, solves the problem. The public school has none too much time for itself, but can it spare one-half day each week to more profit? The Catholic Church gives 200 hours per year to the religious education of her children, the Jews 85 hours per year, while the Protestants give 26 hours for this object in one year. This is not enough and an evidence that it is not enough is the ignorance of God's Word, and the immorality of our American youth. But by using the above-named plan, instead of receiving 26 hours of religious instruction during the year, our youth would receive 134 hours."

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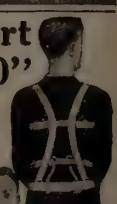

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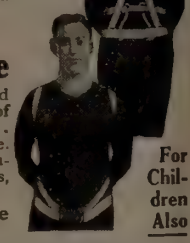

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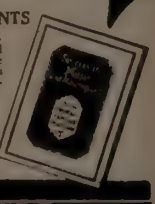

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We cannot avoid having theories if we do our own thinking. Spirit-filled men have divergent theories. We cannot follow them all. But we can have the Spirit's guidance to all needful truth, if we ask for it, in our own study of His Word.

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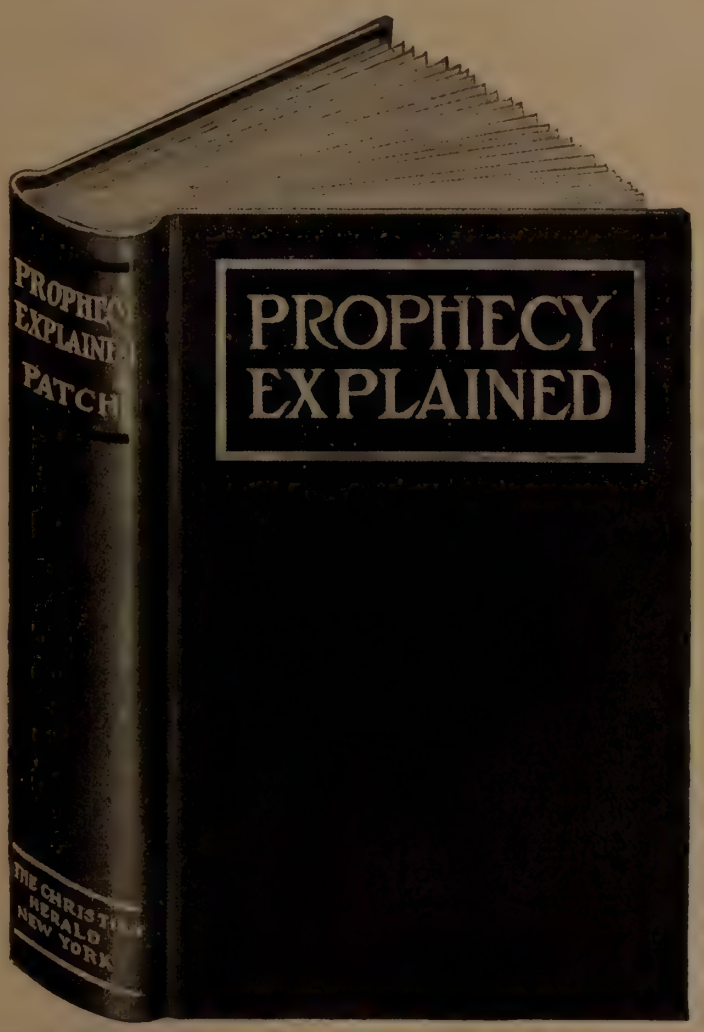

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A boy volunteer acting as traffic officer to aid smaller children to cross a busy street to get to a playground in the West End of Boston

Accident Prevention for Young America

How Massachusetts Is Training Its School Children to Save Lives

By

BERNARD G. PRIESTLEY

NEAR one of Boston's playgrounds a little child four years of age was playing in a street. A boy of ten years saw the little tot and quickly ran to escort him to the sidewalk. A gigantic motor truck was approaching in the middle of the road. Out from behind it shot a touring car, the approach of which was unknown to either boy, going at a much higher rate of speed than the law allows. The larger of the two boys had just time to drag the smaller safely to the sidewalk before the touring car shot by, the driver having been unable to stop it suddenly, even with the emergency brakes on, because it was doing so fast.

In this case—an actual occurrence—the older boy undoubtedly saved the younger from frightful injury or death. Why did he take the trouble to pull the youngster, whom he did not know and probably never had seen before in his life, from the street? It was knowledge that the little tot was playing in a dangerous place that prompted the action.

The boy who served in the rôle of rescuer is only one of the hundreds of thousands in Massachusetts to whom the ways and means of preventing accidents are being "sold" in an exhaustive campaign to reduce avoidable mishaps in which children figure. If this campaign had not had its effects on the boy, the chances are ten to one that he would have made no attempt to escort the younger from the street, for the philosophy of the average boy and girl, except perhaps, in cases where his or her own brothers or sisters are concerned, has been in the past: "I have to look out for myself. Let the other boy and girl do the same."

One of the chief purposes of the anti-accident drive is to change this boy-and-girl philosophy to: "My duty is not only to look out for myself, but to do everything I can to aid in preventing injury to the other boys and girls. When I see a boy or girl in a position that is liable to result in injury, it is my duty to act to relieve the situation."

THE boy cited in the foregoing incident had been taught as a result of the campaign to act quickly instead of resorting to arguments and threats to carry out the desired end. In fact, he was one of the thousands of boys throughout the State who as a member of a playground class has taken the pledge to escort from the street all young children who appear to be playing in a dangerous place. To have waited until he called an older person's attention to the other's danger in this case would have been fateful; so would such a delay in numerous other cases.

This accident-prevention campaign in Massachusetts is not an intensive campaign to be continued for a specified time. It is to go on indefinitely. It has the backing and active support of many of the leaders in public life in the State. It is being financed privately to a large extent, its supporters getting their dividends through the great satisfaction they obtain in saving the life and limb of the youthful citizens of the State.

Instituted in part by the Safe Roads Federation of Massachusetts about a year ago, the campaign has now grown to the proportions of a co-operative effort in which many organizations and individuals are taking part. One of the leaders in the movement is the Massachusetts Safety Council, made up of public-spirited men and women who are working for the reduction of accidents in many lines of endeavor. The Governor of the State, Channing E. Cox, has given valuable aid to the project and is much interested in its success.

The Safe Roads Federation of Massachusetts is under the direction of Frank A. Goodwin, who as registrar of motor vehicles for the State, is credited with having done more to prevent automobile accidents in the Commonwealth than has been accomplished heretofore by any other public official, regardless of party affiliations. School committees and teachers, community centers, theaters, civic organizations and hundreds of other organizations and individuals throughout the State are co-operating in the drive. Public-spirited men and women already have dug into their own pockets and subscribed more than $10,000 to the ve[illegible] as far as it concerns the efforts of the Safe Ro[illegible]eration and the Massachusetts Safety Coun[illegible]

INCLUDED among [illegible]anizations co-operating in the Safe Roads [illegible]on are the Accident and Health Underwriters' [illegible]tion, American Federation of Labor, Associa[illegible]stries of Massachusetts, Automobile Legal Asso[illegible], Bay State Automobile Association, Boston Automobile Dealers' Association, Boston Board of Fire Underwriters, Boston Chamber of Commerce, Boston Commercial Motor Vehicle Association, Department of Public Works of Massachusetts, Federation of Mutual Casualty Companies, Highway Safety League, Insurance Federation of Massachusetts, Insurance Society of Massachusetts, Massachusetts Automobile Club, Massachusetts Casualty Underwriters' Association, Massachusetts Motorcycle Association, Massachusetts State Chamber of Commerce, Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs, Massachusetts State Grange, Metropolitan Motor Association, Motor Truck Club of Massachusetts, Mutual Fire Insurance Association, National Automobile Dealers' Association, New England Insurance Exchange.

It has been found that by far the best means of bringing home lessons in accident prevention to young people, regardless of whether they are kindergarten or grammar school age, is through the story form. When they are told a story in which principles of accident prevention are embodied they remember the principles as well as the story. On the other hand, if ways and means of preventing accidents are served to them in the dry form of rules or regulations the boys and girls take little notice of them and no lasting impression is made.

One of the most effective methods yet found for reaching the boys and girls is through a story-form lesson leaflet. These leaflets are read to them by instructors or leaders at playgrounds, in the school yards at recess time and in other places where children gather, including gymnasiums, recreation parks, etc. The leaflets are being sent out by the thousands by the Safe Roads Federation and the Massachusetts Safety Council jointly.

THE text of one of these leaflets, entitled, "Why Children Feared the Chariot," follows:

"If you have been to a circus you have seen the chariots. They have only two wheels, and they go very fast because four horses draw them. The chariot is the oldest wagon in the world. Nobody uses it nowadays except for races at the circus.

"Thousands of years ago, when there were many kinds of chariots, and every army used them in war, a king invented one that had knives, like scythes that cut grass, attached to its wheels. When it was used in battle for the first time it was as great a surprise as the British tanks were in the last war. A whole line of chariots dashed forward and drove among the enemy, the knives cutting down the men who were not trampled on by the horses. The winning army was very proud of its victory.

"But in hundreds of homes in the other country there were sorrowing children because their fathers did not return from the war. After a time the few soldiers who did come back told the story of these terrible chariots and what they had done. Whenever these children saw a chariot dash by after that, they thought only of one thing, that their fathers had been killed. They kept safely out of its way.

"The automobile today is as dangerous, when

children run in front of it, as was the chariot that had knives sticking out from its wheels. Last summer, during the long vacation, it killed 66 children and injured 724 in Massachusetts. If you will remember these figures, they will help you keep out of the way of autos this summer. The children of this playground are trying to make a perfect score of no one hurt from June to September. How many of you will take this pledge and promise to keep it?

"I will not run in front of an automobile.

"I will not chase a ball into the street when an auto is near.

"I will not steal a ride on back of a motor truck.

"I will not play in streets where autos are passing.

"I will not run out suddenly from behind an ice cart or a standing auto."

THESE leaflets, it is noticed, carry historic information as well as an accident-prevention method. Many of the leaflets are on a single phase of accident prevention, like the foregoing one, which treats on the dangers of automobiles. The text of another leaflet, entitled "You Can Help the Ice-Man," follows:

"Children always enjoy conundrums. Here is a new one: 'What is it that nobody wants on the coldest day in winter, and everybody wants on the hottest day in summer?' The answer is 'Ice.'

"Thousands of years ago, before any ice had been cut on the rivers and ponds of New England, the people of Greece and Rome made ice from snow. They brought it down from the mountains in the winter, and they pressed it into great holes in the ground, dug in the shape of the ice-cream cones of today. Some of these holes were 40 feet deep and had a door underground. The snow was covered with straw, and a thatched roof placed over the top. The snow-ice that was formed was sold to rich people in the summer.

"When ice was first cut in Massachusetts for private use it was stored away, packed in sawdust, in large holes in the ground, and it was not until a little more than a hundred years ago, when it was offered for sale to anybody, that ice-houses were built to hold it. Frederick Tudor of Boston was the first man to load ships with New England ice and sell it in the West Indies and Cuba, and the first ice sold in London was shipped from Salem and Boston. Two Massachusetts men, Nathaniel Wyeth and John Barker, invented nearly all of the ice-tools that are now used in cutting ice, or in handling it in the ice-carts.

"In every city and town you can now buy ice as easily as you can buy bread from a baker's cart. But there is a peculiar thing about the ice-wagon that you may have noticed. It is built to keep the sun from melting ice within, and the driver's seat is so covered that when he takes the reins to start up his horses he cannot see the children who may be following on behind. That is why so many children are badly hurt every summer.

"One ice company—and there are 250 in Massachusetts—reports the following accidents in which boys and girls were injured last summer:

"Four children were struck by pieces of ice falling from the back of a cart that they were following.

"One boy fell against an ice axe, and another, running behind a moving ice-wagon, cut his lip on an axe that was on the tailboard.

"Two boys were bitten by horses they were teasing while the driver was delivering ice at a house.

"A very young child, playing in the street, was run over.

"The children of this playground are trying to make this a summer free from accident. The men who drive the ice-wagons are also trying to do the very same thing.

"You can help the ice-man if you will keep away from the back of his cart, and not bother his horses. Without the ice-man, there would be no ice-cream cones. So he is a friend of yours and should have your support."

Practicing the art of resuscitation on a boy supposed to be nearly drowned—a game of the sort that some day may save a life

ANOTHER method that is proving very effective in impressing upon boys and girls the desirability of avoiding accidents, and in teaching them how to do so is by instructing them how to play games especially made up to give lessons in accidents and warnings against them. One of these games, called "Traffic," has come into extensive use in playgrounds, in schoolyards at recess time, and other places. It teaches the boys and girls the regulation street traffic signals and gestures used by traffic officers so that they will be able to conduct themselves properly in crossing streets on which there is heavy traffic.

In playing this game the children first mark off on the ground a section representing the juncture of two streets. The children are divided into two groups, one being designated as pedestrians, the other as motor vehicles. One of the older pupils is chosen as traffic officer. He takes a position in the center of the intersecting streets.

One group of children representing pedestrians remain inside a line representing the street edge of the sidewalk at one corner of the intersecting streets. The other lines up in the streets to represent automobiles.

When the traffic officer gives the signal for the "automobiles" to go ahead the "pedestrians" must keep on the "sidewalk." But when the signal is given for the "pedestrians" to cross and the traffic officer's hand signal is set against the "automobiles" the "pedestrians" move quickly across the "street." Any child, whether representing an "automobile" or a "pedestrian," who fails to obey the signals of the traffic officer is adjudged a "casualty" and must withdraw from the game and stand one side. "Pedestrians" who run across the street also are counted out. The traffic officer acts as the referee or umpire.

Such games as this not only teach the children but draw hundreds to the playgrounds and other gathering places who might otherwise be tempted to play in the street. Some of the older boys at the Boston playgrounds have become so skilled in the art of directing traffic through practice in the game that they actually serve as traffic officers occasionally when large bodies of younger children are emptying from playgrounds and schools.

PLAYGROUND instruction in Boston and some of the other larger cities of the State covers many phases of accident prevention, but special stress is laid on motor accidents, which are far more numerous than others. The instruction also includes first-aid work through the learning of which the boys and girls have been able frequently to reduce suffering on the part of their playmates and sometimes to prevent death by resuscitating boys and girls near death from drowning, suffocation, etc. Some of the youngsters, especially the boys, are very skilfull in the art of restoring respiration.

Special instructors are devoting full time to eliminating accidents in certain of the cities. An instance where one of these instructors has made remarkable progress is the case of Albert B. White, a policeman, attached to New Bedford police headquarters. He was first delegated by the New Bedford chief of police to investigate and report of the advisability of giving children instruction in accident prevention. After a thorough investigation he reported that he believed such instruction would prove valuable in reducing mishaps.

The chief of police surprised White by assigning him to the work of giving this instruction. He had had no experience in teaching children. He asked to be relieved of the work. "You can do it," said the chief. "Go ahead." And White tackled the task.

He began in the kindergarten schools. He had been at the work only a short while before he discovered that the best way to serve accident prevention to these children was via the story-telling route. So he spent a number of weary hours in making up stories that would convey the ideas he wished to get across. His stories took from the start and before long his coming to the kindergarten classes was a heralded event.

WHITE made such a good impression that several of the teachers went out of their way to commend him to his chief. He kept up the work of creating stories to carry out the methods he wished to illustrate. At the request of the school authorities he carried his story-telling into the primary grades. Finally he was asked to appear before the upper grades of the schools. The boys and girls of these grades, he told himself, would not want to hear his talks in story form, so he adapted them to the lecture form. The pupils, who had expected stories, were disappointed. The teachers, having heard the stories he told to classes other than theirs, also were disappointed. They wanted to know why he had not given the advanced pupils stories. He told them. Later he gave the substance of his lectures in story form and made a hit with the upper classes, thus proving that even the upper grades much prefer their lectures woven into stories.

The officer succeeded so well in his work that he made new tasks for himself. He is now very much in demand at meetings of boys' and girls' organizations and at entertainments and other gatherings given for children.

Incidentally his talks have not only instilled caution into the children but in many instances have improved their deportment. He laid stress on manliness and womanliness in children. He showed them in story form where it was wrong to destroy property, but even much more of a wrong to try to cover up this destruction by lies. After he talked one day to a group of children in a certain neighborhood, five different ones pounded on doors of houses in their neighborhoods and confessed they had broken windows and were sorry for their actions.

Furthermore, White in his talks corrected the impression that a policeman is a "cop," whose approach is the signal to "cheese it" or vanish. He defined a policeman to them as the father of the children wherever he goes in the sense that he is always willing to aid them in any possible way. A few of the children took the talks too literally and when White has been going along the street he has seen them point to him and proudly declare him their father.

The valuable work that White is doing can be duplicated by police officers or other individuals. In some cities it is being done in a general way; others are laying plans for such work.

Boys playing their new game of "Traffic" on a Boston playground

THE Safe Roads Federation of Massachusetts and other interested organizations and individuals waited on Dr. Payson Smith, director of the department of education of Massachusetts, and discussed the possibility of instituting regular courses in accident prevention in the public schools. Dr. Smith, although fully in accord with the idea, said that the school curriculum already was overcrowded and that he did not believe it would be advisable to establish regular courses in accident prevention in the schools. Further discussion led to plans that would bring home accident prevention to the pupils in an indirect way in the schools. These plans are being carried out with dispatch.

In arithmetic, for example, the subject is brought out in this way: Instead of dealing with apples and pears in doing a problem, the pupil will often be given

Continued on page 740

The Christian Employer's Opportunity

It Is Simply to Apply His Religion in His Business

By W. P. FRASER

I HAVE been asked four questions:

1st. Can a man make a success in business and still be a Christian?

I believe the day is almost here when that question can be answered in this way: That a man cannot make a success in business unless he is a Christian.

2nd. Does a Christian business man get along better with his employees than a non-Christian?

Assuming that he is a Christian man in fact and not only by profession, he surely does.

3rd. What are some of the Christian business men doing for their employees?

That question is a tester, as I believe Christian business men today have got to come closer to living their religion in actual fact in all dealings with their employees than in the past. The trouble having been that a Christian business man simply followed established customs and long-standing attitudes of the world toward their employees. Hence Christ has not come into His own in just one more particular.

4th. Has religion any influence in the business office?

I know many men today who have a private room where they definitely take not only their troubles but all their decisions for prayer. I believe there are more men doing it today than there ever were. Yesterday, the owner of a large Pittsburg daily, in my office, said he would not attempt to write an editorial without his Bible on his desk in front of him.

An agitator addressing steel workers—one method of tackling industrial issues, a method involving strife between capital and labor. There should be—and is—a more Christian method

The third question brings up the whole problem of the opportunities that are before the Christian business man.

I believe Christian employers should see a great opportunity to practice the teachings of Christ by the general adoption of methods in vogue here and there that have not attracted much notice up to the present time.

ONE thing that clouds the question in the industrial world is, to my mind, a mis-statement of the issue. There should be no line drawn between capital on the one side and labor on the other. The line should be drawn between the men who give tolerance and consideration to their fellow man, on the one side, and on the other side those who do not. And by the latter, I mean those who demand what one might term their just or legal rights and who never raise their eyes for a higher vision—clear on through to those who demand the pound of flesh next the heart.

It has frequently been stated that the basic principle involved is strictly one of morals, and that is correct. Christian employers must "watch their step" and see that consideration according to the broad, sympathetic, loving teachings of Jesus Christ, is actually carried out in all dealings with their employees, and that former business customs and attitudes do not prevail—no matter whether they employ one man or one thousand men. And the employers today who are giving their employees proper rest-rooms, group insurance, sharing in the profits or giving adequate bonuses, are no longer leading the van in this work; for we find employers, not necessarily known as Christian men, where far more consideration and sympathetic interest is given, I mean by this, men of the type of Henry Ford and Judge Gary of the Steel Corporation, and surely Christian men must not be one whit behind them.

I am thinking of the wide-open offer to buy for finance the purchase of homes in vogue with the Steel Corporation among its employees for some time, the automatic raising of wages every five years in order to encourage steadiness and satisfy men that their future presence is appreciated. And regardless of what the motive is, these men have shown they are open-minded to the very principles laid down by Jesus Christ, and considerate of their men, and so must every Christian employer maintain a sympathetic attitude if he would make the underlying principles of the teachings of Christ practical in his business life and an actuality in his establishment.

I BELIEVE a welfare organization should be formed in every business unit, and through it the firm should conduct all negotiations and settle all disputes between employer and employee.

A Pittsburg firm of Christian men having established a welfare organization, found one of their managers guilty of deceit. They took his case before a committee of their welfare organization and, after stating their side of it, retired. In ten minutes they got a more drastic verdict than they wanted, thereby showing it is possible for Christian employers to give over to a committee of their own workmen the initiative in discharge.

The results here are far-reaching, as can be seen, and that this is the ideal method so far discovered is apparent in the fact that no outside, prejudiced leadership, ignorant of the true merits of the case and the peculiar characteristics of the individual, was permitted to pass on it, but men who not only knew every detail of the matter and were in a position to appreciate and weigh the true facts in the case from every possible point of view, and who were also interested in the success of the business, were called upon to make the decision. This resulted in no criticism of the firm for disciplining an employee, and in consequence no injuring of the pleasant relationship that should exist.

This all came about through several years of deep, genuine, sympathetic interest from the Christian men at the head of the organization in their friendly treatment of all their employees. And I would call attention to the fact that it is possible to actually make matters of wages and hours of secondary importance providing the employer "loves his employees as himself" sufficiently, through sharing of profits, group insurance, rest-rooms, proper and sympathetic consideration at times of sorrow or trouble of any sort, taking a personal interest in the purchase of homes, and other constructive work outside of the place of business, to establish a thorough belief in the genuineness of the employers' attitude, that they are really interested in each and every employee.

I BELIEVE labor unions are needed, as many employers are not sufficiently tolerant and have not learned the lesson that they can overcome evil with good, but they themselves beforehand are constantly "overcome of evil" in their thoughts and judgment of their men, many employers forgetting that the men under them are practically all honest of heart but lacking in business judgment and ability to measure up as they have.

But I also think labor unions have miserably failed, especially through political leadership, which is almost universal, and this leadership has shown its class in its utter lack of constructive ability and constructive ideals to lift their men up and aim them toward good citizenship and character, if not Christian principles. Their position is strictly a negative one; always looking for trouble, they are sure to find it, but the possibilities of the welfare organization simply outdistance any labor union so far produced.

Taking advantage of these oversights on the part of unionism, Christian employers can lift their whole establishment beyond the reach of labor leaders, as cited above, through the individual unit of a welfare organization for each and every separate business.

In the matter of hours, as long as men go into business for themselves and work fourteen to sixteen hours a day, either on farms or as merchants or in other lines, and reap corresponding rewards, we must acknowledge that men should also be willing to do it for others if they are able to do it for themselves. From eight to ten hours however, is a fair day's work, but the efficiency of the work should determine the number of the hours. There must be the element of value given and received always in control.

IN THE matter of bonuses or profit-sharing, undoubtedly we must remember it is possible only to help men to help themselves, and those concerns all over the world who have required of their employees to save a similar amount of money to what their employers will give them as a bonus at the end of the year, are having and will continue to have the best results and the only real appreciation of extra compensation from their employers.

I believe Christian employers should organize and set a high standard as indicated here in all matters between themselves and their employees—the higher the better—recognizing the fact that a man's life "consisteth not in the abundance of his possessions," but in a life of helpfulness to others. And we should see on every such place of business, letterhead or business card a proper sign or insignia of this organization. It would soon have a telling effect upon all employers and union labor leaders.

But no matter from what point of view you look at the first move, the opportunity is strictly up to the Christian employer. He must lead in the new Christlike attitude, or no appreciable progress is possible.

IN a note accompanying this article, Mr. Fraser, who is one of the outstanding laymen of the country and the head of an immense business in Pittsburg, says:

"I believe through the long neglect of Christian employers, the men of this generation must turn in and live their religion with their employees, and no substitution, make-believe, or counterfeit efforts of any kind will take their place. I also believe many Christian men who have made a success in business and occupy the position of employer of a large body of men, have not become Christian psychologists, do not understand themselves or their attitudes sufficiently well to reduce the spiritual teachings of Jesus Christ to the practical operation of their business.

"WITH both employer and employee sitting before the pulpit a complete understanding between the two becomes almost a church obligation. Why should not the church help bring this about? Let the church preach economic and social justice, economy, and thrift. And above all, let the church teach the practical application of the Golden Rule, not as a millennial theory, but as a vital principle for our daily guidance in all the business affairs of today—'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' The practical application of the text is real Christianity."—*Secretary of Labor Davis to the Presbyterian General Assembly at Winona Lake.*

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

A Story of a City Church

Instalment Six

CHAPTER XII

By MARION HARLAND

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

MRS. HAILE always maintained that Mrs. Davis's funeral was the first cog in the wheel whose revolutions after many days brought the Associate Pastor to the Banner Church. The consumptive died on the Wednesday succeeding the Sunday upon which she had partaken of the last Sacrament she was to enjoy upon earth. The pastor conducted the funeral services, held by Mr. Ford's orders in the chapel attached to the church. His wife accompanied him and called in the evening upon the daughter, finding her brother at home with her in the desolate rooms from which the home atmosphere had departed. Both were in their sittings in the gallery-pew the next Sunday, and Mrs. Haile, who had kept in touch with Mary all the week, waited for them by appointment in the vestibule at the conclusion of the afternoon service. They walked with her to the Parsonage, three blocks from the church, Mary on the inside of the sidewalk, and James on the outer, "looking quite the gentleman" as Miss Maynard said to Mrs. Wingate next day.

"They were invited to take a family dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Haile," she subjoined. "Mrs. Haile thought it would be so lonely for them at home. Mr. Haile was not with them. He had gone to see old Mr. Johnson, who is not expected to live through the night."

"It is very kind and Christian and all that," responded the Leading Lady. "But such things have their limit, like other so-called duties. And a pastor's wife has no right to indulge eccentricities. She will excite the jealousy of others in the same station of life as the bundler and porter, and offend the taste and lose the respect of those whom she ought to consider. Such notions and such actions savor too much of the socialism that is creeping into many churches. They are destructive of the best interests of the church. I am very sorry for what you have told me—more grieved than I can express. I saw the notice of old Mr. Johnson's death in this morning's paper. There will be another funeral for Mr. Haile to attend! And there are three families of most desirable people whom I have asked him to call upon. They were all in church again last Sunday and were highly pleased, so I am informed. There should be an assistant pastor to do some of the things that will hamper Mr. Haile's influence if he is not careful. The demands of so large and important a parish as ours are too numerous to be met properly by any one man."

THE sentiment grew apace during the summer. The Hailes had rented a furnished cottage in the Catskills for three months. It was a sickly season in town, and there was scarcely a week in which the pastor did not answer a summons to visit the dying or bury the dead.

He rode to the cemetery upon one of these occasions in company with Elders Evans and MacArthur. The deceased had been an early friend of both, although dissimilar circumstances had prevented much intercourse of late. MacArthur was in his accustomed facetious vein of talk and general tone.

"This is the third funeral I have had to attend this week," he complained. "One might say that folks have got a bias for dying this year. Undertakers must be getting rich. I don't mean to be unfeeling, Mr. Haile!" seeing the disgusted expression of surprise the clergyman could not disguise. "I am a plain-spoken man and we don't deceive anybody by pulling a long face over the passing away of a man like poor old Perkins, who has been a burden for fifteen years.

"But, as I was about to say, you ought not to be sent for on occasions like this. There are plenty of city missionaries who can be pie[illegible]'d up for such jobs, [illegible]ur church is more gam[illegible]lling to pay them, and wa[illegible] well to bear in "Traffic, the little addi[illegible] in schooly[illegible]ir salaries is teaches the [illegible]. All these signals and g[illegible] us in the they will be a[illegible] should in crossing stree[illegible]sistant.

What Has Gone Before

SILAS FORD, the dominant figure in the fashionable Banner Church in New York City, is profoundly impressed while on a visit to Marlinton, a few miles distant, by the preaching of Rev. Stuart Haile, whose ten-year pastorate there has been extraordinarily happy and successful. The leaders of the Banner Church have determined on the resignation of their pastor, Rev. Dr. Samuel Stenson, because they believe that at sixty-three he is too old for the best interests of a modern city church, conducted with business-like efficiency, and Mr. Haile reluctantly accepts their call because of the larger opportunities for service. The Banner Church makes much of welcoming the Hailes and stages what its members call the "Unique Demonstration" for the retiring and the incoming pastors. Mrs. Haile finds somewhat trying a lengthy call from Mrs. Wingate, who dominates the women's activities of the church.

A call from Miss Maynard, the parish visitor, is even more effective in revealing to her the deference demanded by the congregation toward persons of wealth and social position. The pastor and his wife decline to limit their ministrations to the rich and carry what comfort they can to the death-bed of Mrs. Davis, whose son and daughter are inconspicuous employees of a wealthy elder in the church.

Your strength is required for more important work. I am sure our good brother Evans here agrees with me?"

"Entirely!" assented the quiet listener upon the front seat. "It is a foregone conclusion."

"As I have said repeatedly to Mr. MacArthur and others, I was called in the providence of God—as I humbly believe—to be a true pastor, a shepherd, to this flock." Haile spoke decidedly, but calmly. "I could do the work to the utmost of my ability, and to my way of thinking, the poor in this world's goods need to be ministered to more than the rich. I am still young and in vigorous health. When I find myself incompetent to perform the duties of my office, I may ask for assistance. I hope that day is far off. But I am going to run up to the Adirondacks for ten days' fishing next week. That will brace me finely for the winter's campaign."

MacArthur clapped him on the knee:

"That's the best news I've heard yet. Don't think us officious, my dear sir. But we want to take care of you."

YET, when within ten days, an opulent stockbroker, who had motored into the city from his seaside villa to attend a board meeting, dropped dead in his office in hot Wall Street, it was MacArthur who rushed off a telegram to Lake Placid that brought the pastor to New York in time to take the funeral services. Silas Ford was one of the honorary pallbearers, and upon the return from Greenwood bore off Mr. Haile to the Waldorf-Astoria as his guest for the night, the Ford mansion being closed for the season.

After dinner that evening, the hospitable elder invited the pastor to a confidential colloquy in his room. The night was sultry even for August, but the river breeze stole refreshingly through the spacious private parlor of the suite and the two men lounged gratefully in the luxurious chairs drawn close to the triple-sashed windows.

"Before we enter upon other matters, let me deliver this!" began Ford, passing a folded paper to the minister. "Mrs. de Peyster sent it to me last night, when she heard that you would certainly be on hand today. She added that she was very grateful for your coming and thoroughly appreciated the tribute you paid to the memory of her husband in taking the long journey in the middle of your vacation."

Haile unfolded the bit of pink paper with reluctant fingers, his face gathering shadows as he read a cheque for an amount ten times the total of his traveling expenses.

"I cannot take this, Mr. Ford!" he ejaculated, handing the paper back. "It is a gratuity, neither fair wages nor a gift from friend to friend. It was my duty to fulfil a pastoral task at whatever inconvenience to myself."

Silas laid his big hand upon that holding the cheque.

"It is only what is just and customary in such a case. It is done every week of the summer vacation when a pastor is deprived of the respite from his work specified for in the contract between him and the church. Moreover, the family of the deceased will be hurt and probably offended if you reject a free-will offering. We cannot run this risk. Look calmly and reasonably at the situation. As a matter of precedent, we will say. If this were Marlinton, and the family of a deceased parishioner were to send you a basket of roses as a token of affectionate appreciation of such a service as you have done the de Peysters, you would not hesitate to accept it. I dare say that you have received many such testimonials of the attachment of the people you have served?"

He paused to let the argument take root in the unwilling mind that could not deny the force of what was said.

"You may be right—partly!" Haile presently admitted, "but it galls me just the same."

"I have showed you why it should not. Custom and common sense both declare this action to be only a part of what the church agrees to do for the shepherd who tends his flock at all seasons as you are doing. This is an official act—not strictly personal. You have no more right to send that cheque back to the giver than you have to refuse the salary due for the vacation granted to you by contract. As for me, I utterly refuse to do anything so ungracious as to take back that cheque to the widow of the man you buried today. You must do the ugly job for yourself if it is to be done at all."

FULLY five minutes went by before the minister pocketed the cheque without looking at it again.

"You may be right, and I am probably in the wrong," he uttered slowly, as if each word had a bitter twang. "I cannot refute what you say, but I am sure that I dare not run the risk of wounding the person who meant to do me a kindness."

"I knew you would come around to the only right way of taking the situation. And let me say that you have done me a personal favor in pocketing that scrap of paper which represents no more to Mrs. de Peyster than the roses we spoke of just now meant to the mill-hand who gave them to you."

He thrust both hands deep into his pockets and leaned back in his chair, his head thrown back and eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

"You think sometimes that I am a crank in some things connected with the interest of the church," he resumed slowly, without altering his attitude. "We have been associated long enough in church work to be able to speak freely of what is so much in the life of each of us. I was brought into the church twenty-five years ago by

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"We can not run this risk. Look calmly and reasonably at the situation. As a matter of precedent, we will say"

The Stuff of Converts in India

What Kind of Christians Do Former Hindus, Moslems and Buddhists Make?

By REV. W. B. NORTON, Ph.D.

TO THE question, "What kind of Christians do converted Hindus, Mohammedans and Buddhists make," I would answer in brief, "All kinds."

There are some good folks in America who wonder if these products of heathenism really experience and enjoy religion just as the pious people of the American evangelical churches do, and there are others who seem to imagine that a person coming out of such absurd, unreasonable and cruel customs as heathenism imposes would be so thankful for the change that he would be nothing less than the highest type of jubilant saint from the hour of conversion onward. I answer again that there are all kinds of Christians among the native members of the missionary churches.

There is the heroic and truly saintly type. In Shanghai it was my privilege to speak to a large audience of Chinese in the building called the "Hall of the Martyrs." On the walls are the brass tablets in which are engraved the names of the Chinese who gave up their lives during the Boxer Rebellion rather than recant the Christian religion. I am not sure how many names were there, but the list covered one side of the wall space, and the inscription said it represented 10,000 such Christian martyrs. Does any one believe that a Chinese or any one else would deliberately choose to have his head cut off when he might save himself by denying Christ and paying worship to Buddha? There are many such martyrs in India as well as in China, and the meaning of the word martyr, as is well known, is witness. These martyrs have witnessed a good confession.

There are many converts in the churches who are working for the mission on much smaller salaries than they could get in other employ. There are those who have given up titles and inheritance for Christ's sake. There are those who have suffered all manner of persecution, banishment from home and the despoiling of their goods, and have done it joyfully.

THESE evidences of loyalty would be sufficient for most persons, but there are others who would still urge knowing about the spoken testimony and the emotional evidences of joy. Well, such persons ought to attend a testimony meeting among native Christians. A distinguished church leader from the United States was in India on a visit and attended a testimony meeting which lasted for an hour and a half. She heard former Mohammedans, Hindus, and even former Brahmin priests, confess Christ and sing the songs of salvation. Finally she was called on to speak. Her words were:

"I have nothing to say. I am simply dumb with amazement at what I have seen and heard."

On the other hand there are some who are not considerate enough of the limitations of those who have become Christians in the mission field. They expect even a higher standard than they are accustomed to see in their own churches in a country where Christianity has been taught for generations.

Such people remind me of certain farmers I used to know in America who entertained fresh-air children from the Chicago slums. The farmers expected the children to be so much pleased with the privilege of getting out into the country that they would be completely transformed at once. Some of them were surprised that such children could be lonesome among the cows and sheep, and even more astonished that the children expressed joy at the prospects of going home again to the slums. Not all farmers had these notions, but some did. "Regular street gamins," they said. Of course they were, and that was the reason they were given the fresh-air vacation. It is true in city slums as well as elsewhere "be it ever so humble there is no place like home."

In a like manner it happens that even truly converted Christians are not always easily weaned from certain heathen customs and habits they have been taught from their babyhood up. They have been used to quarreling and scolding, and do not always appreciate the irreligious significance of a contentious state of mind.

I WAS riding in a motor in one of the cities of India, and we had for a chauffeur a young man who was introduced to me as a Christian. We came to a railroad crossing, and a bullock driver with his slow-moving oxen got in the way of our passage. The chauffeur began giving what the Indians call "gali" and what Englishmen used to call "Billingsgate." In other words he began to abuse the driver in vigorous terms. The missionary looked at him with surprise.

"Well," said the chauffeur, "gali is all these fellows can understand."

I have heard the same about mule-drivers in America, and I remember a certain chaplain in the army who said that a driver asked him to go over the hill, when they came to a particularly muddy road.

"I've simply got to swear, Chaplain," said the driver. "These mules don't understand anything else, and we've got to get over this ditch."

A procession of holy men at a mela, or Hindu fair, where religion and trade are mixed

Mules who have never heard anything else except swearing can understand nothing else. Converts from heathenism labor under the same handicap.

It is not strange, therefore, that occasionally there are fights among native Christians and that occasionally one finds among the Indians those who, like Achan of Joshua's day, have stolen the Babylonish garment and the wedge of gold. Just as street gamins are given fresh air just because they are street gamins, so converts from heathenism must be given special and patient training in the principles of the kingdom of God just because they are converts from heathenism.

There is one feature about the baptism of converts from the non-Christian religions which is not always appreciated in America. When one has decided to unite with the church in America he accepts baptism as a matter of course. Sometimes it means, and of course it ought always to mean, a breaking with the old life and associations in so far as they have been out of harmony with the Christian life.

In the case of converts from the heathen religions, baptism absolutely does mean this separation from the former life. When an individual or village accepts baptism it means the cutting off of the chutia, the lock of hair at the back which marks one a Hindu, the taking off from the neck or wrist of the dori, or string with the seven knots in it, and the breaking down of any and all idols which may have been erected in the home, or mohulla, a shrine or idol common to all. It means the washing off from the face all caste marks, and what is a more severe test than all, it means the contempt and persecutions of those who remain non-Christian. It may mean exclusion from the village well, and if under overseers it is almost certain to mean beatings and especially heavy tasks. In some villages it has meant increased taxation while non-Christians have been exempted.

IT WOULD seem, therefore, that to name the number of baptized Christians is to come near naming the actual number of Christians, especially as there are many secret disciples who try to conform their lives to the teachings of Christ except that because of family and social conditions they are not yet ready to make open confession.

It would be much easier to make worthy Christians out of converts from raw heathenism if if it were not for the utter lack of education on the part of so many, and this lack so long continued as to produce minds difficult of learning even after they have a chance to be taught.

One of the general representatives of the denomination who became a little impatient over the small demand for literature on the part of village Christians was given a lesson by a missionary who was up against the real job of making intelligent Christians out of these same villagers. The official on invitation made a personal tour among the villages. He selected a group and out of the group selected one man he thought was the most intelligent. He spent twenty minutes in teaching him the words "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." He explained every word to the man and finally asked, "Who shall see God?"

Back came the answer, "Only God knows."

"I give it up," said the official and went away a wiser man.

Because new converts from the non-Christian religions are stupid, illiterate and sometimes superstitious, is there ground for discouragement, or the ceasing of work? Certainly not, for there are enough of the intelligent and devoted kind to show what are the possibilities of divine grace, and also because the very need of training is the strongest possible reason for continuing in the labor of love.

Patience, of course, is needed, and devotion and consecration, on the part of the missionary. But the results are marvelous and lasting not only on the individual but on that individual's community and its life. There is a deep sense of personal joy, too, in the realization that you have been an instrument in the saving of a soul from such darkness as encompasses the usual non-Christian people.

A Buddhist lama at his prayers before a shrine. Note the "prayer rags" on the tree

The Editorial Forum

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Drawing Nearer to Unity

IN RECENT months the Church Unity movement has made notable progress, especially abroad. Here, where it had apparently spent its force in public assemblies in the earlier stages of the movement, its growth, though comparatively silent, has been none the less deep and sure. The situation in both continents is reviewed in the current issue of "The Constructive Quarterly," which presents timely contributions from distinguished American and British churchmen, showing that the conviction of the need of Christian Unity has taken root more firmly than many of its advocates could have foreseen.

Foremost among the strong voices for Unity is that of the Bishop of Peterborough, who lately urged the need for a united Church in a remarkable address before the General Assembly of the Free Churches of Scotland. "That our present state of disunion is contrary to the character and purpose of God," he said, "I take to be a proposition which no thoughtful Christian will dispute." He referred to the remarkable result of the Lambeth Conference, when a world-wide appeal for Unity was issued, receiving the support of fifty-one American representatives at that gathering. In commenting upon the American delegates' attitude, the Archbishop of Canterbury referred to the religious statistics of the United States as showing no less than 188 separate Christian religious denominations or bodies. This showing he regarded as presenting a peculiarly difficult problem, and one which revealed conditions indicating the great and growing need of Unity. In justice to the Episcopal influence at Lambeth, it should be stated that in their Unity discussion they disclaim any plan or purpose under which any church should lose its individuality or be absorbed by any other church.

The Bishop of Peterborough emphasizes this in the statement that "no church wishes to be absorbed, and no church with an adequate idea of Unity would wish to absorb another. But reconstruction of present divided conditions is imperative. Here is the Church's opportunity. Yet only a reunited Church can inspire men and nations to a reunited world. If there is indeed to be world fellowship, the Church must supply the motive and show the way. We can dally no longer. By a disunion which continually grieves the Spirit the Church imperils its very life."

One of the strongest voices for Unity is that of Dr. Peter Ainslie, of the Christian Temple, Baltimore. "The seeds of Unity have been planted," he tells us, "and they are growing. Never were the compelling forces for Unity so manifest as today. I name some of them: A divided Church can not successfully evangelize the world. It is a difficult task for a united Church, but for a divided Church it is an impossible one. Attempting to evangelize the world by a hundred or more forces, antagonistic to each other, presents the divided Church at the very outset as the greatest hindrance to doing what Jesus commanded to be done. . . . The winning of the world to Him is dependent upon a united Church. Divisions must be healed if the missionary cause would advance. An infidel world is the price we are paying for our divisions."

Dr. Ainslie further declares that a divided Church "can not properly function in education; hence the educational demands of these times furnish a compelling force toward Unity." And here surely is a powerful plea for educational reform on the basis of including religious training under a system which would interpret religion, not denominationally, but in a manner upon which all the denominations can agree. Another point made by the same writer is that "a divided Church is necessarily extravagant; hence the virtue of economy is a compelling force toward Unity." Nor can a divided Church contend with advantage against the social wrongs of these times; hence the demand for better social conditions is another compelling force toward Christian Unity. The Church "must find the way out of her entanglements of divisions, or lose out in her ministry to the social needs of mankind."

Coming very lose to the heart of the matter, especially in view of the movement looking toward World Peace and Disarmament, Dr. Ainslie proceeds: "A divided Church does not count in preserving the peace of the world; the need of international friendship is a compelling force toward Unity. . . . In no nation on the globe did the Church seriously count as a factor to preserve the peace of the world." The ministry and clergy in all communions claimed that the war, with its wholesale destruction of life, would bring a revival of religion and a great "new world," and its impotency has stunned the multitudes who formerly loved the Church and trusted her leadings. Thus, he points out, the Church's example was a help rather than a hindrance towards making the world war possible, if it were anything at all.

Christ Himself is the compelling force toward Unity, and a "divided Church is incompetent to present the mind of Christ to the world." Whatever one may think of the revelation of Jesus Christ, one thing is paramount in His revelation, and that is the unity of mankind. Such are a few of the leading thoughts and conclusions of careful, competent observers, and they should be pondered by seriously minded Christians, and especially by lovers of peace everywhere.

Today the world's peoples are drawing closer together. We have a World Court and all the necessary mechanism which benevolent statesmanship can devise for bringing about a change. The peoples themselves and their rulers seem to be working on a plane of mutual understanding. But history has shown that human efforts, without God and without even the united support of His Church, can accomplish but little. The point has been reached at which the influence of a united Church would count for much in the reckoning. Thus both for its own sake, and for the sake of the world, Unity must be the fundamental basis. There is no other course if the Church is to survive and to regain its lost power and authority, and render it able to perform the highest service to God and humanity.

This strong, logical and up-to-date presentation of the Unity situation, we commend to the thoughtful consideration of all who have at heart the world's welfare and the Church's future. We are at the beginning of a spiritual battle, probably the greatest in history. May God give us power and grace and courage to carry it through in accordance with His will.

Passing of the Peerage

ONE of the sources of pride for many Englishmen has been the centuries-old estates of the British peerage, where age after age the oldest son inherited the great estate of the father, and it remained in the family name.

But a great change is taking place even among these conservative estates and their owners. At a recent gathering of the tenants of the Duke of Portland at Walbeck Abbey, Nottinghamshire, the Duke addressing the gathering said:

"For centuries past landed estates have been handed down from generation to generation. I fear, however, that this state of things is passing away, for with the present weight of taxation and the extremely onerous incidence of death duties, the future may be very uncertain for all landed proprietors. With regard to my own case it may or may not be possible for me and my family to reside at Walbeck, but there is little doubt that those who come after me will not be able to do so."

The tremendous expense of keeping up these landed estates, or at least the amount of money lavished upon them by their owners, is well illustrated by this very estate of the Duke of Portland, which he fears can not remain in the family. There are subterraneous passages under the mansion itself which cost over 3,000,000 pounds, or nearly $15,000,000. These were built to hide the noble Duke himself from the observation of the vulgar herd.

The abbey has an underground riding-school 400 feet long, 106 feet wide and 50 feet high, capable of holding 10,000 persons. There is a subterranean ballroom 158 feet long, 63 feet wide and 21 feet high, the walls of which are hung with famous paintings. Both the riding-school and the ballroom are connected with the abbey by a series of tunnels. Other features are large subterranean libraries and a tan-bark course for galloping horses. It is a quarter of a mile long, entirely covered in with glass. Altogether there are about fifteen miles of tunneling.

It is also interesting to note that this Duke is not alone in being obliged to give up his old ancestral home.

The Duke of Devonshire sold Devonshire house in 1919, and Stowe house, the property of Baroness Kinloss, was disposed of recently. Others, who have sold their properties recently include the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Leconfield, Lord Londesborough, Lord Portman, Lord Camden, Marquis de Castega, Earl Beauchamp, Earl Bradford, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Lovat, Lord Harrington, Lord Harleeh, the Countess of Warwick, and Sir Richard Bulkeley.

One of the most interesting features of the Duke of Portland's address to his tenants was this sentence: "If the passing of this estate from my family to the common use of the English farming community is for the good of the country, I certainly do not complain."

To the mind of the average thinker what the noble lord said certainly points toward more sensible use of God's land than the setting aside of rich acres for one family's pleasure. This same Duke of Portland has had as his own some 200,000 acres of land set aside for his hunting grounds and for personal rent If the landed estates of England's peers is finally turned over to the agricultural needs of England's common people certainly they will not "complain" any more than the noble duke himself.

Better Movies

THE question is asked by several correspondents whether there has been any improvement in the films since the large corporations and producers made such emphatic promises of reform.

That was more than half a year ago. From several towns comes the statement that locally there has been some improvement. From others the verdict is that the same questionable features still appear, vulgar dance scenes, criminal acts and immodest dress, and other pictures which the film companies themselves promised to eliminate.

The recent occurrence in San Francisco where a well-known film actor was involved in a scandal and arrested for a crime after a drinking debauch has incensed many people against the entire film business. Certain it is that if the witnesses of the affair can be trusted, some of the film performers must change their habits before the confidence of the public in them can be restored. According to several who were present at the gathering which ended in the death of one of the film actresses, they drank so much that several testified that as many as ten glasses of whiskey were drank by individuals. The curious interpretation of human sin is revealed by one of those present who excused the actor said to be responsible for the crime when he said, "Prohibition was to blame for all the trouble. If it had not been for prohibition, the convivial party would not have been obliged to get cheap whiskey and smuggle it into the apartment!" Is any comment to be made on a condition of mentality that would try to excuse a scandal of a grave character like that?

Of course, it is not true that all film actors are immoral or drinkers or perverted. To make such charges against the entire group is manifestly unfair and untrue. But the films which show immoral and vulgar situations have been so common that the influence and effect of them on the actors themselves must have been very great. There seems to be something in the life of the theatrical profession so abnormal and artificial that for many persons who take it up as a life work the influence after a while causes a degeneracy of mind and morals. This is not a wholesale indictment of the theater or the work of the decent actors, but it is a statement of historical fact, which the theater people themselves acknowledge.

Six months is a long enough time for the film people to prove something to the public if their promises were sincere. Many of the old films that contained objectionable scenes have not been withdrawn and are still running in spite of all promises to clean up the entire business.

What have you really done, gentlemen of the great film corporations, representing millions of money and asking for the patronage of millions of people, old and young —what have you done to clean up your business? The public has a right to ask after the promises you made so solemnly and explicitly. Many of the people who attend the films to not see any signs of a change for the better. The recent scandal out on the Coast does not seem to indicate a very decided improvement in the atmosphere of reform.

The Ku Klux Klan

THE Attorney-General of the United States has signified his intention to conduct an inquiry into the organization known as the Ku Klux Klan revived a year or so ago in the South and now extended into all parts of the country. The Klan confessedly proposes to take the administration of justice into its own hands as one of its chief activities, and it has a great number of paid agents in the field recruiting its membership to what may be regarded as formidable proportions. The Attorney-General is right in his determination to inquire closely into its objects and methods. There is no room in the United States for any private agency assuming to seize governmental prerogatives.

A photograph of the Ku Klux Klan at one of its secret meetings in the country outside Atlanta, Ga. The Attorney-General of the United States has announced that he will conduct an inquiry into some of the activities of the organization

The World News of the Week

Another Treaty Fight

THE treaty fight is on again.

With the reconvening of Congress after a month's recess the group in the Senate that became known a year ago as the "irreconcilables" have asserted their opposition to the treaty of peace negotiated with Germany and signed early in August in Berlin. The group is led by Senator Borah, who has served notice on Senator Lodge, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, that guerrilla warfare against ratification of the treaty might be expected unless certain changes are provided for. The principal point involved seems to be Article 7 of the German treaty which authorizes the United States to participate in the Reparations Committee set up under the Treaty of Versailles. In fact, Senator Borah objects to any reference in the document to the Treaty of Versailles.

What Senator Borah and his associates read into the section is authority for the President to have American representation on commissions organized to deal with economic questions in Europe. Such representation, they believe, would inevitably lead to entanglements in European affairs from which they wish this country definitely protected.

Just how far the newly developed opposition will go is difficult to forecast. The fact that it is almost entirely Republican in character and directed against a proposal by the Republican Administration gives rise to a feeling that some way will be found by reservations or some other means to reach a basis on which ratification will be possible.

In connection with the Senate protest against participation in European conferences it is interesting to note that the day Senator Borah announced his stand it became known that American representatives will take an active part in the meeting of the Allied financial conference at Brussels this week. The Washington Government delegated Roland W. Boyden and Brig.-Gen. H. T. Allen to sit in the conference, with definite instructions to maintain strongly that the United States, through its separate peace with Germany, has surrendered none of the rights accruing to her under the Treaty of Versailles. Insistence will be made that this country be included in any Allied financial agreements regarding payment of the cost of maintenance of the armies of occupation.

There is developing in Washington a very marked conviction that ratification of the treaty with Germany will mean the almost immediate withdrawal of the American forces on the Rhine. These forces now number slightly less than 10,000 men.

The Unemployment Problem

THE conference on unemployment, called by President Harding to meet in Washington, has settled down to a consideration of the variety of problems presented to it. The gathering is most representative, including spokesmen for employers, employees, and charity organizations, as well as economists, publicists and social workers.

The first work of the conference has been the appointment of committees and the assignment to them of the numerous questions into which discussion will be divided, and these committees will devise a form of agenda for the sessions of the whole body.

While this conference is taking its preliminary steps it is gratifying to note that in some sections the acute stage of unemployment seems to be passing with the reopening of industry or the expansion of working forces that have been materially reduced for several months. This is particularly noticeable, from economic reports, in the Middle West, where the influence of a good harvest is being felt. The recent big rise in the price of cotton also has had a good effect in the South. These favorable developments may be assumed to be more or less permanent and should not be confused with the temporary expedients adopted by large numbers of communities to meet local situations. Some of these expedients obviously are dictated by politics and are not sound at bottom, any more than the suggestion that comes from a group in Chicago of a Federal unemployment allowance.

Churches in all parts of the country, in small towns and cities, are finding an excellent opportunity to get closer to their people in this emergency by the establishment of employment bureaus not only for their membership but for any one who applies for assistance. The Bowery Mission in New York is leading in this work both for relief of hunger and by the use of its free employment bureau. It is feeding approximately four times as many persons a week now as it did the corresponding week last year.

The Anti-Beer Bill

THE Senate is in a wrangle over the conference report on the anti-beer bill fathered in that body by Senator Stirling of South Dakota. The measure took its place before the Senate over the tax revision bill by a vote of 31 to 23, which, however, cannot be regarded as an index of sentiment. The opposition to the bill seems to revolve around a fear on the part of some Senators and liquor agents that its provisions will violate the Fourth amendment to the Constitution although, as the Washington Herald says in an editorial:

Why has the sacredness of the Fourth Amendment lain dormant so long, while those probably guilty of offenses against all other laws have been arrested, searched and any evidence of lawlessness seized? Why has this constitutional provision only been discovered and its use only insisted upon to nullify only another and more recent constitutional provision? Is it, in fact, the Constitution or the bootlegger who is sacred?

A section of the beautiful Pan-American Building in Washington, where the Disarmament Conference will hold its sessions

Governor Harding Optimistic

GOVERNOR HARDING of the Federal Reserve Board, in an address in North Carolina, expresses the belief that "the corner has been turned and that we have passed the most acute stage of the readjustment period. With his finger on the pulse of the financial body all over the country, Mr. Harding feels justified in speaking a word of pronounced optimism, but he emphasizes, at the same time, the fact that prosperity at home is contingent to a large extent on the development of our foreign trade, and the manner in which merchants and bankers co-operate in the marketing of the year's crops. He sees great opportunities "for those engaged in agriculture which were not anticipated a few months ago, and it is of vital importance that they receive the co-operation of the merchants and bankers." His insistence on the necessity of building up trade abroad is in line with all the best thought of the day and calls attention again to the

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The Changeless Jesus!

A Sermon by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

TEXT—Heb. 13 : 8. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today—yes and to the ages to come."

THE world has changed tremendously since Jesus was born. In its ways of living, in its commerce, its transportation, its farming, education, science, business, building, philosophy, and its religious forms of expression and worship.

It is interesting to note the changes in terms of the things that Jesus never saw.

Jesus never saw a railroad train, a telephone, a photograph, an automobile, a printing press, a typewriter, a telegraph instrument, a trolley car, an electric light, a twine binder, a steam engine, a daily paper, a sewing-machine, a moving picture, a public school, a republic, a city skyscraper, a church or a Sunday school.

It would be easy to put down a thousand things that we are daily used to that Jesus never saw or felt. Jesus never saw an anesthetic, or a hospital, as we understand the word, nor a Red Cross society, nor a peace society, nor a missionary society, nor a young peoples' society. The world has changed since His time in its politics, its methods of daily life in the home and on the street, and everywhere. These changes have affected the very thinking and conduct of humanity. They have changed the habits of the race, and made profound differences in its communication and its possibilities for knowledge.

But the one thing that should cause us all the most satisfaction when we think of these changes, is the fact that through them all *Jesus has never changed.* He is the same now and forever. In a world that is at the present moment restless, and after the manner of the old Athenians, seeking always for some new or strange thing, let us rest down on the mighty truth that Jesus is the same.

IN WHAT ways is He the same?

He is the same in His everlasting teaching of the need of repentance. The first sermon John preached was from the text, "Repent!" The first sermon Jesus preached was from the same text, "Repent!" One sermon was not enough from that mighty text. And if Jesus were to come here again He would probably use the same text.

For what does America need to do more then repent? What is the great need of the world today among all nations? A recent public official in Germany, in a public address given in Berlin and published all over the world, said: "The watchword of those who love the Kaiser is 'Revenge!' Let us learn again to hate!" Can you think of anything short of the most contrite repentance to meet such a spirit?

Here in our own country crime is increasing with tremendous power. In 1910 there were embezzlements amounting to $1,396,000. Last year there were embezzlements amounting to $5,623.819. Burglaries in 1910 amounted to $886,000. In 1920 they amounted to $10,189,853. In other words, crime against property in ten years in the United States has increased ten times and five times. Illegitimate births and divorces are increasing. Greed in public wastefulness is counted by millions of money. Is there anything more needed than repentance for sin?

Jesus has not changed in His teaching about the need of a new birth. Can anything short of a complete change in a man's habits make any change in the political and social conditions that confront England and Ireland? It is not a question of giving Ireland this or that concession in political liberty, it is a question of complete regeneration of the hearts of the people in England and Ireland. It is not a political but a religious and heart problem that remains unsolved. And nothing will solve it except a change of heart—a new birth.

Jesus has not changed in His love of the multitude. He would still look upon the masses as sheep without a shepherd. He would still weep over the city. He would still move among the people, if He were here today, yearning for their redemption.

JESUS has not changed in the matter of His creed. It is still the same. "Love God with all the heart mind, soul and strength, and your neighbor as yourself." This sums up the one necessity of the Christian life. We are constantly changing our church creeds. The Congregational churches once had long and elaborate creeds covering many pages. Now they have adopted a creed that can be pasted into one page of a church hymn-book.

But Jesus' creed can be stated in one sentence. It is the one everlasting solvent of all the world's political and social ills, and if believed and practiced, it would put an end to war and establish the Brotherhood of Man on earth. For the word "neighbor," as Jesus used it, means the "nigh boor." "Boor," in the old English use meant "farmer." So what Jesus said when He told the world to love the neighbor, was to love the farmer whose farm was the next to yours. He said nothing about the nationality of this farmer, the color of his skin or his position. He was the nigh farmer and he was to be loved. Jesus would still say the same thing. He has not changed His creed. It is still the same and it is still the one great answer to race prejudice and hate.

Jesus has not changed in His emphasis on the first things. He said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things" (the material things that humanity needs) will be added."

This is an economic statement. If the world of business believed this economic widsom of Jesus, there would follow the greatest prosperity ever known That precept of Jesus put into practice in the marketplace would result in more human beings having the things that are necessary to physical well-being than have ever known them. It would in time abolish poverty and it would end industrial strife.

This old law of God, as Jesus taught it, has never changed and it never will. If Mr. Gompers wants to see working men enjoy life, let him teach this Jesus' law of the "first" to the labor unions. If Judge Gary or the United States Steel Corporation wants to avoid strikes and labor troubles in the steel mills, let him apply to the corporation the same rule that Jesus lays down for both him and Mr. Gompers, and there will be peace and brotherhood on both sides. For there will never be found by the industrial experts any law that will settle the controversy between capital and labor except the Jesus law, which does not change with the passing of the centuries.

JESUS has not changed in His teaching of the great commission to the Church. He said, "Go into all the world and make disciples of all the nations," and He would say the same thing again, if He were here. The need has not changed. The same command holds over the church now as it did when Jesus told Peter to feed the sheep and lambs. Obedience to that command is the breath of life to the Church. A Church of Jesus without a missionary program is a contradiction to all His spirit and purpose. He came to give men life abundantly, and the Church exists for the same purpose. There has been no change in the mind of Jesus about the world-wide conquest by His disciples. All power has been given unto Him in heaven and on earth in order to bring all men to Himself.

Jesus has not changed in His knowledge and teaching of the resurrection and the future life.

There is need at the present time of sound teaching on this elemental fact. College graduates from many schools confess openly that, after listening to teaching from certain professors in philosophy, they leave college with doubts in their minds about a future life. But Jesus never had any doubts, and the truth He spoke to the dying robber when He said they would be together in Paradise, is the eternal truth that He would speak again in the class-room and the Church and the home. He has not changed in His knowledge and teaching of the fact of a future life.

JESUS has not changed in His faith in and love for the Church. He loved it and gave Himself up for it. He told Peter that the gates of death could not prevail against it.

At a time when the Church is under fire and criticized by nearly every organization, and especially by experts in social regeneration who have never been connected in any way with church life or history, it is worth while for all anxious souls who love the Church to steady themselves on the foundation of Jesus' everlasting faith in the Church.

With all its faults the Church last year, of all the different branches, had the most successful year of its history. There were over 2,000,000 accessions to membership. The churches of America gave over $3,000,000 to the China Famine Relief. No one knows how many millions the churches gave during the war to every drive and to every call for help. The Methodist Church South has just finished a campaign in raising $52,000,000 for its forward program, and it is now planning to raise $33,000,000 for religious education. The Presbyterians had the most successful year, in many ways, in their history, receiving over 150,000 new members. The Baptists tell the same story of increased memberships and financial advance.

All along the line, in spite of criticism and weakness, and lack of sufficient leaders, and the constant bombardment from press and the secular organizations, the Church as a whole is a power. It is not necessary to prove too much. The Church is not a perfect thing. There are no perfect things in this world. But the Church of Jesus is not a decadent thing, either. The gates of death shall not prevail against it. Jesus said so, and He has not changed in His thought of the Church. It is still and will continue to be His chosen instrument to bring in His Kingdom.

Jesus has not changed in His teaching about the futility of the use of force to accomplish what men or nations need. He told Peter to put up his sword. He who had power to raise the dead never tolerated physical force to put down the tyranny of the Roman Empire. If Jesus were here today He would call on His Church to act together with voice and pen and mass meetings to influence the decisions of the world powers for disarmament and an end of war forever. Jesus is and always will be the Prince of Peace.

WHEN the city of New York was first founded and was known as New Amsterdam, it had only a few small houses at the lower end of the island. It was not like the present city. Mighty changes have taken place since the Bowery was a garden lane, and the Battery a cowpasture. The towering business houses that stand up against the water-line like real crags of the mountain, do not look like the modest and humble cottages of the New Amsterdam settlement.

But through all the changes that have marked the tremendous growth of the greatest city of America, one thing has not changed. Deep down under the humble cottages of the first settlement and the gigantic substrata of the Woolworth tower, is the living rock that runs like a great mountain block under the island on which New York is builded. That has not changed. It has remained there through all the years. The changes in the social, industrial, political, financial, and general life of the people have had no influence to change the rock on which the city is built. It is the same now as when the first house was put up.

Like that, Jesus is the same. The changes in human development, in transportation, in the achievements of science on which we lay such great stress, the changes in the political and social life of men, have not changed His character or His eternal purpose or His teaching. They remain the same and they will not ever change. They do not need to change. They fit the eternal needs of the human soul now as well as they did two thousand years ago.

Thank God for something steady and unchanging in a world of constant change. Courage, anxious souls! Peace, perturbed hearts! Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today—yes, and for the ages to come. Let the Church rest down on that mighty fact and go forward to conquer in His name. For He is the changeless Jesus of history. He is the same and His years know no end.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross," or "My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 67. A Song of Praise to God for His Goodness.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (See page 737, first column.)

Sermon—"THE CHANGELESS JESUS!"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The request may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"One Sweetly Solemn Thought" or "How Firm a Foundation."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Gracious Partner of our work and play, may this hour of worship fit us all the better to do our task with good cheer, to meet our difficulties with courage and our sorrows with patience. May we not add to the trouble of the world by constantly talking about our own. In the silence with Thee for Companion, Thou wilt bear our burdens with us. And that will be sufficient grace for us. In Jesus' name we ask it. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, C. C. Albertson, D.D., R. Braunstein, H. Hepburn, D.D. and H. P. Hoskins

The Almond Tree

SUNDAY. Jer. 1 : 11. "*Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see the rod of an almond tree. Then the Lord said unto me, Thou hast well seen, for I watch over my word to perform it*" The almond tree is the first tree to lift the blooms in mastery of winter. It is in flower when all other things are sleeping. It is like a wakeful, watchful sentinel when all the troops are locked in slumber. Or shall we rather say that the almond tree is always first upon the field. No other tree ever anticipates it or takes it by surprise. And so it is with our God. He is the wakeful Presence when all other beings are asleep. The merely clever man, the cunning man, discovers that the place is occupied which he designed to fill alone. God is before him! The enemies of the Lord are always too late. God watches over Israel: He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

Well, here is a young man named Jeremiah, who has been called to an unfamiliar and exacting office. He is fearful before the prospect; he trembles at the demand. He feels his lack of experience. He is miserably conscious of the poverty of his equipment. He shrinks from the task. It will be too much for him. His enemies are many, and they have the double advantage of years and ingenuity. In every emergency he will be out-run. In every crisis he will be outclassed and out-done. "Ah, Lord God, I can not speak; for I am a child!"

And as he walks along the way, buried in this melancholy mood, the Spirit of God directs his eyes and mind to an almond tree as it unrolls its living banners over the wintry waste. "Jeremiah, what seest thou?" And as he gazes upon it, the almond tree becomes sacramental, a vital symbol of still more significant things. It is awake, while everything else is sleeping. "And I," says the Lord, "watch over my word to perform it." The young prophet is not abandoned to the thin armor of scanty experience. He is not left to the mercy of more "knowing" antagonists. His God anticipates all human devices. His servants do not follow a blind leadership. Neither do we walk in our sleep. Following God, we are children of the day, and we walk in the light even as He is in the light.

And thus it is that the servant of the Lord finds prepared ground at every step of the road. "The Lord, He it is that goeth before thee!" God has a plan of campaign: there are no surprises in His warfare: every hostile attack is foreseen and provided for. We are not led by ignorance or by caprice, which is confused a hundred times a day. Our God has eyes! He is Alpha and Omega, and He sees the end from the beginning. He is the first and the last on the field.

And, therefore, with such a Leader, trembling fear should change into songful courage. It is not enemy's country through which we are marching, and where He alone is familiar with the ground. "We are marching through Emmanuel's land!" And we are to step out with a steadfast assurance which is the parent of peace and quiet joy. We are to begin our difficult tasks in the blessed mood of finished achievement. We are to sing doxologies as we go forth to battle. We are to give thanks for the blessings "we are about to receive," and the thanksgiving must be a vital part of our fighting before even the real struggle begins. I mean that battles must be won in our hearts before they are fought in the open field. Jeremiah must slay his fears before he can subdue priests and kings. He must believe in their overthrow before they can be overthrown. He must expect it before it will happen. He must see victory on the way, and he must sing the songs of victory, because he sees his God. That was the way of Jesus, and it must be our way. Our Lord Jesus gave thanks for miracles before they happened. "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me!" When that word was spoken Lazarus was still in the tomb; but with the grace of thanksgiving upon His lips, He commanded grim death to loose its bonds, and Lazarus came forth! Jesus believed in the wakefulness of God, and He confidently assumed it at every turning of the way. J. H. J.

The Sin of Jealousy

MONDAY. I Sam. 21 : 10. "*And David arose and fled that day for fear of Saul.*" Saul the king was jealous of David because of his beauty, his musical talents and his youthful heroism. The king had listened to the song of the people: "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands." He, therefore, decided to kill the stripling from the sheepfold, so that his son Jonathan could be sure of the throne of Israel.

Jealousy arises in hearts that are over-sensitive regarding the success of others who may succeed to power. No characteristic in humanity is more despicable and deadly. Jealousy exaggerates the evil, depreciating the good in others. It glories in the downfall of its victim, exciting fear and evil imaginations that have torment. There is no peace to this troubled spirit, no trust in Divine providence; nothing but vengeance can satisfy the cravings of this demon.

Jealousy is suicidal to the soul; it becomes the self-torture of once noble minds. Jealousy is called "the rottenness of the bones" for which there is no cure except the balm of the great Physician. This fatal leprosy of the heart only yields to the Divine touch.

Following in the train of jealousy are envyings, bitterness, strife, war, ruin and death. Jealousy always thirsts for blood. It is the animal and the savage fighting against every other for food and life.

The roots of jealousy are in the natural heart and must be eradicated in order to grow the plant of virtue, brotherly kindness and charity. Paul used the word "jealousy" in the higher sense of devotion when he said, "I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy, showing mercy to thousands." This is the jealousy of love planted in redeemed spirits. Where sinful jealousy abounded, grace did much more abound. Hatred, envy and strife may be changed into a jealousy seeking human welfare; not jealous *of* people but *for* people. The black charcoal becomes the diamond; the gritty sand the opal; thus the Divine alchemy extracting the dross, leaves only the pure gold of character, refined and transformed. E. W. C.

The Consciousness of His Prescence

TUESDAY. John 1 : 14. "*And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.*" Truly it was a holy night when Jesus was born at Bethlehem. It must have been felt—it was felt—by all beholders, angels, wise men and shepherds, that God had drawn unwontedly near to men. God is always near. Radiant spirits, prophets and psalmists, mystics and seers, have believed this. "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"

Francis Thompson in his "Hound of Heaven" sees God as pursuing man, "with deliberate speed, majestic instancy." Even so, a veil hides Him from our view. It is the veil of our mortality. At Bethlehem the veil grows thin. Human senses, by God's grace, grow preternaturally keen, and men perceive God. God touches their eyes that they may see how near He is. How does He do it? By music. Earth never before has heard such a melody, even in dreams And by light. A strange star shines out of the rich purple night. Warriors had cried, "God is for us" when the battle was hot and when courage, born of righteous purpose, sustained them. At Bethlehem men cried, "God is with us." That is the name of the Wonderful Child born there, Emmanuel.

But it is a holy hour whenever any child is born. The visible beginning of life is a miracle. The swelling of a bud in April, the emerging of a chick from its shell, is a transformation scene which only its frequency makes commonplace to commonplace minds. It was the sight of a tree which only a month before had seemed dead, but now bursting into bloom, that converted Friar Lawrence from mechanical piety to spiritual joy and power. If we could see with thought-vision the miracle of life's beginning anywhere, we should say, "Surely the place is holy; the Invisible Weaver is at his loom, turning out a fabric of marvelous pattern."

If this be true of all life, how much more true of human life in its beginning. We are commencing to see it. We are taking better care of little children and of their mothers. Blessed is every cradle, every crib where human life is sheltered for a time, the while Christ's star shines down upon us to guide us where we may feel the thrill of the Infinite Presence and the tenderness of the Infinite touch. C. C. A.

The Law of the Harvest

WEDNESDAY. Gal. 6 : 7. "*For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*" We live in a universe where law governs everything. One of the greatest laws in cause and effect is that of sowing and reaping. This involves the consequence of our choosing. Character is crystallized choice. The law of the harvest is inevitable in that thorns always yield thorns and grapes yield grapes. Good seed begets good seed; bad seed begets bad seed. In the quest for good character one must first make the quest for good seed. "Sow a thought and you will reap an act; sow an act and you will reap a habit; sow a habit and you will reap a character; sow a character and you will reap a destiny."

Who sows and reaps the best? Who are the better husbandmen? Those of great faith or those of small faith? Those who consider the laws of God or those who refuse to consider them at all? The law of the harvest is unchanging, immutable, unrelenting, sure.

Thinking men and women are sowing dollars in mission fields, and the harvest will be a converted heathenism. Every Sunday Christian workers are sowing the seed of the Word, and the harvest will be a changed world for the better. Poets are sowing the seed of a beautiful sentiment and idealistic suggestion and in the words of one of them, "The Soul of the City Receives the Gift of the Holy Spirit." Musicians are sowing the seed of the glad tidings of the good news of the Gospel and the world learns to sing the new song of redemption.

What is the best thing you have ever done? What are the nature and the quality of the seeds you are sowing in the field of the world? Your answer will tell you what your life is, for life is the seed of Eternity for weal or woe. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bearing his sheaves with him." R. B.

Pruning Time

THURSDAY. Job 14 : 7. "*There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down that it will spread again.*" On a winter night you hear the wind shriek through the lashing branches of the trees and in the morning, walks, lawns and hillsides are covered with twigs and branches. Did you ever think God had been doing His pruning? How is it the trees upon a thousand hills remain ever trim and green? The answer is "Our Father is the husbandman." Not merely sunshine and rain but storm and wind fulfilling His word.

Sometimes He uses severe methods. An ice storm covers every bough and twig with a load exactly proportioned to its diameter and then when the forest is transformed into an ice palace the winter blast smites it. Crashing branches and snapping trunks. What desolations He seems to work in the woods! But spring returns and reveals what has really taken place. Dead twigs have broken off, branches weakened by insects have yielded, diseased trunks are fallen. The things that could be shaken have been removed. The living that could not be shaken are thus allowed to remain. Lo, the forest has renewed its youth and vigor.

So our Father is the husbandman of human lives. He reveals to us His Son, Jesus Christ, and through Him the foundations of a kingdom which can not be shaken, and it is with thankfulness we are able to offer sacrifices that are well pleasing to God and undergo His pruning. Men who seek this world's pleasures and human successes, forgetting God, live for a kingdom that will pass away. Only the Christ has victory eternal. H. H.

The Call to Sacrifices

FRIDAY. John 15 : 13. "*Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends.*" No one can touch the Christian religion even on the surface, without being impressed with its persistent call to the heroic. "Easy religion" makes little appeal to manly men and womanly women. The call to mix in, have a good time and enjoy the social hospitality of the Church makes little impression on serious, virile manhood. And if that task be a great one, involving sacrifice, the more moving are its claims.

Back of all sacrifice is love—love of principle, or country, or friend, or love of God. The call of Christ, like the Macedonian summons, is still danger-fraught and full of pain and death. That is, it is full of danger and death to personal interests and worldly glory. The cross still stands in its historic place—squarely in the path of every disciple. Jesus calls His followers to come out from the crowd, to show His insignia, to march under His direction, to sacrifice—literally lay down—our money, our time, our sympathy and personal interests—for His cause. Sacrifice does much to promote the cause of Christ in the present age. For money is crystallized blood and bone, time is life, sympathy is the energy of the soul and personal interests are so obtrusive. Some of these are dearer than life and to them unreservedly is love's most heroic expression. H. P. H.

The Impossibility of Neutrality

SATURDAY. Matt. 12 : 30. "*He that is not with me is against me.*" There is no such thing as neutrality. We are either on the Master's side, or we are on the side of His enemies. Inertia is sometimes more difficult to combat than hostility and aggressiveness. The unorganized indifference of church members does more harm than the organized unrighteousness of the worldly-minded. The evils that exist on every hand are no more a subject for deep concern than the fact that we allow them. An old English church has painted on its wall a crude fresco in which Christ and His disciples are represented as pulling against the devil and his allies. That is not a picture for the twentieth century. Christ's conflict today is not so much with the active forces of evil, as with the moral inertia of the world. R. B.

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The Needs of the Village

By HARRISON A. TREXLER, Ph.D.

Director of the Bureau of Municipal Research, Whitman College

THE surveys of the Interchurch Movement experts opened the eyes of the public to enormous spiritual weakness, financial waste, denominational overlapping, and general inefficiency in the rural religious situation. As portions of the findings were published from time to time we were rudely awakened from our reveries of smug self-satisfaction. The researches of our Bureau of Municipal Research in Whitman College have but substantiated the Interchurch surveys.

During the last year the Bureau has made an investigation of the general conditions existing in towns of from 300 to 3,000 inhabitants in the states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. Questionnaires were returned by the mayors of 150 such villages.

One mayor mourned the fact that his town had too many weak churches. In his little city of 1,400 people were sixteen denominations which were endeavoring to hold their memberships intact. On the other hand, a Sunday-school worker stated recently that there was a thinly populated rural district in the same state containing over 3,000 farmers, ranchers, and villagers who had no regular church service whatever.

We found that the great social need of the 150 villages investigated was not more churches, better schools, or more policemen, but healthy, wholesome forms of amusement for old and young. Only a handful of these villages had a troop of Boy Scouts and none boasted of a unit of Camp Fire Girls.

Under the conditions existing in the small towns of the West—and it is quite possible that they are little better in the East—can we wonder that the "real live" boy or girl leaves the farm and the hamlet and goes to the overcrowded city? Rural life may be healthful and quiet but young people demand more than singing birds, lowing kine, and babbling brooks to stir their imaginations and satisfy their social cravings.

NATURALLY the primary function of the Church is not that of offering amusements. But mankind, old and young, craves excitement of some sort. The Western villages have seemingly lost the virility of frontier days. The boisterous horse-play, the rollicking laughter, the gaming, and the tippling are largely echoes of the past. The cowboy carries a gun only at Fourth of July parades or in the movies. There may be "gun-toting" on the Mexican border but elsewhere in the West the Redman grows fat and tubercular on the reservation and the homesteader's fences have reduced the range to unromantic cattle farms.

With the disappearance of the coarseness and the picturesqueness in Western life has also gone much of its vitality and "punch." Life in the villages which dot the map from the Missouri to the Cascades is usually sodden, unromantic, and listless. The villagers are mostly of good Anglo-Saxon lineage. They deserve a better fate than the "passing of the frontier" has left them. The rural telephone, the free mail delivery, and the parcel post have greatly increased the conveniences of life, but they have also made less necessary the personal communion which the old days gave.

From the questionnaires received the following social and cultural needs of the small town and rural district are vitally felt:

Why could not the churches, with the advantage of their wide-spread organization, introduce itinerant libraries for the use of the smaller centers? Most of the villagers would welcome the chance to utilize an up-to-date collection of books. Well illustrated juvenile books would certainly be very popular.

Why could not the churches exploit the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls? The idealism and chivalry of these organizations appeal very strongly to the imagination of the young. Several of the mayors of the towns investigated saw the utility of such diversions for their children.

Why could not the churches introduce a system of moving-picture programs of the better variety? Reels dealing with travel and the plots of the better juvenile classics would serve a great need in the little rural center where the children are often kept from the professional "movie" by careful parents who, with reason, fear the influence of the cheap vampire, elopement, and dare-devil reels which usually come to Jonesborough and Smithville. Here I feel that the church has a great opportunity which, as amusements now go, would not be excessively expensive.

Could the churches better invest a few thousand dollars than in the organization of lecture bureaus for the purpose of sending popular speakers to the villages? In a winter's season a group of half a dozen men and women could appear in every town along one of the transcontinental lines from St. Paul to the Pacific Coast. Lectures on Hawthorne, Longfellow, Edison, Lincoln, Roosevelt, music, art, or agriculture would be highly appreciated. Lantern slides would add greatly to the public appreciation. The writer has had experience along this line and his lecture on the Holy Land, sometimes with slides and sometimes without, was an event in the wee villages, while the jaded and sophisticated denizens of the larger centers would come out for nothing short of tales of murder, rapine, and carnage.

Why could not the churches develop into an elaborate system the community-house idea? In towns too small for a school gymnasium and auditorium the people have little chance to mingle in a civic capacity. Several of our mayor friends stated that their towns needed "civic centers" and "places for public entertainment."

I REMEMBER visiting a little Montana town some time ago to deliver the annual commencement addresses to the high school graduates. The exercises were held in a commodious frame edifice used as a gymnasium and assembly hall. This structure was built by the Congregational church for the use of the young people of the countryside. Part of the funds were raised in the vicinity and the balance was furnished by one of the church boards. I later learned that the project had been tried with success in other towns. I doubt if that church or any other ever invested a few hundred dollars to greater advantage. The villagers proudly referred to their "community-house" and it was in daily use.

The community-house brings us to the "little theatre" idea. Amateur theatricals are very popular. Why could not the church either send coaches to develop this artistic side of child life or co-operate with the schools in giving plays suited to the locality?

The above suggestions and many others are practicable and are needed. Contentment makes good citizens and it makes good Christians. Lack of wholesome amusements means either the under-social nutrition of the child or his mal-social nutrition. It means the stunting of the future citizen and the growth of a criminal class.

Nine million Americans living in 10,000 villages and some millions more residing in the surrounding country need the aid of the churches in securing social and intellectual as well as moral and religious development.

The churches could carry out a co-operative scheme which would remove from the small towns the stigma of deadness and apathy. It is certain that the realization of such a campaign would react in such a manner that the churches would wax stronger in every village so blessed.

More than one of our mayors complained that the churches of his community had little influence outside of their own membership and did little for the social and intellectual life of the people. It is only by being useful that any organism can escape atrophy and ultimate uselessness. Before us is the problem. How will it be met?

Accident Prevention for Young America

Continued from page 730

an example of this sort: Five children were playing in the road. An automobile came along and injured two, who had to be taken away to a hospital. How many children were left?

Subjects for themes and essays now include such titles as "Tell What You Have Learned About Accident Prevention," "Name and Describe Ten Ways in Which Accidents Can be Prevented," "Compare the Safeness of the Playground with that of the Busy Street," etc. During school exercises pupils give recitations frequently on accident-prevention methods and various phases of the subject. In drawing, accident-prevention subjects often are being substituted for branches, flowers, cubes, cylinders, etc. The Safe Roads Federation of Massachusetts has offered a prize for the best safety poster drawn by a public-school pupil.

Boy Scouts' organizations and others of similar nature are rendering valuable aid to the movement by instructing children in the arts of avoiding accidents and first aid, about which they have learned a great deal through competent instruction in their own associations.

The drive has extended to continuation schools, the pupils of which go to school one or two weeks, then work for a corresponding period of time in a factory. With these pupils more stress is laid upon avoiding injury by carelessness around machinery than by automobiles. Talks on accident prevention are being given constantly to factory executives, who in turn impart the knowledge thus gained to their workers. Not many years ago it used to be said that when a man went to work in a factory, shipyard or certain other kinds of industrial establishments he was subjecting himself to danger of injury. Today, according to statistics in possession of the Safe Roads Federation, more people are being injured by automobiles in the streets than while at work in the factories.

THE Federation is working on the theory that educational work in preventing automobile mishaps will bring far greater rewards than an overdose of Legislative action, which frequently narrows down to one group passing laws against another with consequent unsatisfactory results.

"Let's all get together and take constructive action that will reduce the number of accidents," is the attitude of the Safe Roads Federation.

Preventing accidents to children is only one phase of the Federation's activities, its work extending to many branches of accident prevention. The leaders in the organization realize that the problems they must meet in reducing accidents to children through automobiles are constantly growing larger in proportions because of the steady increase in the number of automobiles in the state. In 1920, 278,687 motor vehicles were registered in Massachusetts, while during the first six months of 1921 the registrations totaled 315,040.

Every new motor vehicle registered increases the accident hazard, for few if any new thoroughfares are being built. With the constant increase in motor traffic in mind, the Safe Roads Federation and the other organizations are striving to extend their accident prevention work among children fast enough to keep abreast of the situation. They are meeting with success, for the number of motor accidents in which children figure is being slowly but constantly reduced.

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Continued from page 732

the most awful sorrow that could come to me. I have had but one child—a fine boy in whom my soul was bound up. I lived and toiled for him and dreamed by day and by night of what he would be to me when he was grown. I toiled like a slave to increase the business he was to help me build into the biggest concern of its kind in America. From the time he could understand anything pertaining to trade, I began to drill him in business methods. He was the smartest child of his age I ever saw. Everything I touched prospered, and when he was twelve years old I took him into my confidence and let him know what my ambitions for him were. Then—he died! after three days' illness!"

In the silence that ensued the muffled roar of the streets below was to Haile the resistless flow of a cataract bearing all earthly hopes and ambitions into the "Fixed Gulf."

"Dear friend!" he murmured in an unsteady voice. "God help you!"

A BIG hand clutched that held toward the silent figure.

"That was what He did! He drew me out of the horrible pit in which I was wallowing and broke slowly upon my mind as I could bear it that He had prepared some better thing for me to do than wasting life in mourning. And when I could think and take up my work again, He put into my head and heart the determination that the Church should take the place of my boy to me so long as I lived. My wife is the only living creature to whom I told this, my great secret. And she has kept it. She knows that everyone of the thousands I have given to the institutions connected with the Church, that stands in my heart for our boy, are given in his name. Folks say that I am daft upon the subject of running the church upon business principles. I hold there is no reason under heaven why the noblest institution ever established for the good of mankind should be managed in a slipshod way that would disgrace a corner grocery. And to do this there must be capital and plenty of it.

"Now, Mr. Haile, you may understand, maybe, that the Church means more to me than to any other of our members. There is one thing more, you ought to know—maybe. I think almost everybody has a grain of superstition in his make-up. And I believe as surely as that you and I are sitting here that I was 'led' to stay over Sunday in Marlinton that first time I ever heard you preach and that some Power I could not see put it into my head that you were the man to succeed Dr. Stenson, and the idea never let me go until you were installed as pastor. My wife will have it that your being about the age our boy would have been by now had something to do with my notion. However that may be, I thank God every day that I stuck to it and that you have proved that I was not hypnotized or anything like that when I was instrumental in bringing you to us.

"So much—and altogether too much—for that part of the story of that part of my life. I had no idea of opening the book to you tonight. Maybe that is more hypnotism," with a half-laugh. "What I had in my mind was to insist upon your having an assistant in some parts of your work. You are still young and robust, you say, and we want to keep you so. I have been casting about in various directions for the assistant you must have before the hard work of the winter begins, and so have others. It is our sole, main duty to watch over you, and when I say that, I mean the Church itself. We have been on the track of a man who may be what we want. He is a Mr. Miller who has been doing evangelistic work in Pittsburgh for five years. He would like to come East and to have a settled charge instead of going from one Mission to another. He is a fair preacher and the work he has been doing fits him admirably for what we would give him."

"Anselm Miller?" said Haile slowly. "He graduated from Columbia a year before me. I have heard of him as an evangelist. He is a good fellow."

SOMETHING caught at his throat and had to be cleared away before he could speak again:

"But I had not supposed—I had no idea that matters were so far advanced—"

The choking returned and he gasped out the next sentence:

"The heat is stifling! If you will excuse me, I will go to the window for a few minutes?"

"All right! all right! We may expect warm nights at this time of year." Ford's voice was kindly.

Stuart Haile was leaning far out of the window. The city's mysterious roar, never stilled from midnight to midnight, went on beneath him—the throbbing heart of restless humanity— "Life's unresting sea!" He forced himself to review the queer story to which he had lent an unwilling ear. It was, to his apprehension, more like the confessions of a monomaniac than the experience of a sane Christian man. Silas Ford, "had been brought into the Church" as he had chosen a spiritual director, by a mingling of what he would have classed as "business principles" and superstition. Yet all that he did and said with relation to the institution that had filled the place of his dead son in heart and action had the stamp of churchly approval! In imagination the pastor heard the cry that reached Moses upon Sinai:

"These be thy gods, O Israel!"

Was the Golden Calf to stand beside the Cross? He beat his clenched fists upon the stone window-sill and looked despairingly toward Heaven, and then he saw a single star break through the purple murk of the summer night and shine upon him, above the tall roofs across the street. His eyes did not leave the star while he prayed for peace and for light, for strength to abide steadfastly in the Faith once delivered to the saints and immortal in all ages.

Silas Ford uncrossed his legs and stood up, as the minister approached him some minutes later.

"Got cooled off?" he queried, yawning. "I have had a refreshing snooze. Heat doesn't worry me as it does some folks."

"I must apologize for my apparent rudeness," said Haile, the light of a great peace in smile and tone. "I traveled all night and have hardly slept two hours in the twenty-four. I thank you for the confidence you repose in me in telling me so much of your inner life. It shall not be abused, you may be sure. Now—don't you think both of us would be more comfortable in bed than anywhere else?"

CHAPTER XIII

EARLY in October was held the meeting of church members and officials that settled the question of the Associate Pastor. Of course his superior in office was not present, but he had a detailed report of the proceedings from half a dozen sources. Miss Maynard's was almost a verbatim rendering of Thomas MacArthur's speech. She hurried around to the Parsonage early next morning to be sure of finding husband and wife at home.

"Mr. Ford spoke well and feelingly of your disinclination to 'shunt off'—that was the forcible way he put it—any of the duties to which Providence had called you upon the shoulders of anyone else. He went on to say that while we all honored you for the feeling, every thinking man and woman who had the interests of the church at heart must acknowledge the necessity of relieving you of certain minor duties that consume time and energies which might be better devoted to superior affairs. No one man, however gifted—and we all appreciate what your talents and personal attractions are—could visit all the sick, attend all the funerals, get acquainted personally with all the new people that are coming into the church since we installed a popular preacher, and keep up the tone and style of his pulpit services.

"He was applauded when he sat down

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after saying a good deal more to the same effect. Among other things he spoke highly of Mr. Miller, mentioning as one recommendation that ought to have weight with all of us, that you and he were fellow-students in the University.

"Then,"—laughter separating the syllables as she talked—"the 'Banner Punch' arose in his glory. He had an open Testament in his hand, but only referred to it once during his harangue. 'I have been reading in the Book of Acts,' he began, 'of a trouble similar to ours, that overtook the early Church. The Grecians complained to the Hebrews that their widows—that is, the Grecians' widows—were neglected in the daily distribution of charities. He referred to the Testament here—'So the twelve Apostles said, "It is not meet for us to leave the Word of God"—that is preaching the Word—"and serve tables." He shut the book. 'I hope you all know me better than to accuse me of tampering with the revealed Word, when I say that in the modern church the question is whether or not the pastor shall neglect his pulpit duties to serve *Tabbies* such as are in every congregation—sentimental soul-sick women of varying ages who demand the attention of their spiritual physican in season and out of season. This branch of pastoral work should be delegated to an assistant, and if possible to a practical man, who recognizes the nature of the complaint and uses commonsense remedies. There is less distinction in this sort of practice than if the head surgeon were called in. Upon inquiry, I find this true in nineteen out of twenty instances. Also—and this I say willingly—if the pastor be handsome and engaging in manner, the more frequent are the calls for his services.'

"Some laughed at that, but Mr. Ford who was in the chair, rapped for order and 'hoped what Brother MacArthur had said would be considered in the further action of the meeting.'"

THERE the narrator halted. The grave faces of her auditors did not encourage further reports. She felt chilled and did not hide her chagrin.

"I hope you aren't scandalized by anything I have said of good Mr. MacArthur," she said when, after a few more remarks she arose to go. "He is your loyal ally, Mr. Haile, and nobody judges him by the rules that apply to other men. I wish you had heard how warmly he spoke of your talents and consecration and all that, just before we came to the vote, which was unanimous."

"Thank you!" Haile had arisen with her and held out his hand. "I am too painfully conscious of my own imperfections to be critical of others' idiosyncrasies. And I know Mr. MacArthur too well to doubt his loyalty to the church he has served so long. I heartily endorse the opinion of Mr. Miller as expressed by the unanimous vote of the meeting."

"I envy your talent for saying the pleasant thing without lying," said the wife when the husband returned to her after escorting the visitor to the outer door. "Your diplomacy is really Machiavellian. I wish I had more patience with all this ecclesiastical machinery. I am sick at heart, Stuart! You know as well as I do—and as well as every intelligent man and woman in our church understands, that if this buffoon were not a millionaire several times over, he would never be allowed to outrage decency by such blasphemous tampering with the Bible."

"You are excited, my love!" began Stuart, putting a force upon himself that he might soften her asperity.

"And what wonder!" she exclaimed. "The thought entered my mind last Sunday as I went into church and saw the name and the date of the erection of the Banner Church that it might be well to have, instead, a bas-relief of the Golden Calf. Perhaps the devil instigated me, but the idea fastened itself into my mind and stayed there. I know just how Moses felt when he threw down the tables of stone."

With the swift reactionary impulse native to her she began to laugh.

"Did I tell you, dear, what Esther said when I asked her last Sunday what Moses did with the tables of the law when he saw the people worshipping the golden calf? 'Smashed them to smithereens!' answered the child without the slightest idea of irreverence. Don't be vexed with me, dear! I do hold my peace even from good—that is to say righteous condemnation—except when I am taking myself out to you. You never have such evil imaginings.'

He looked steadily down into her eyes, her hand still fast in his.

"The all-pitiful Searcher of Hearts alone knows how mistaken you are, precious child! Not a day passes in which I do not pray again as with strong agony of soul—'God give me grace to be dumb until He gives me leave to speak!' Since it seems to be His will that I should have an assistant in the vineyard to which I believe He called me, I could not choose a more congenial associate than Miller. We had a long talk together when he was in New York last week. Both of us could wish that we had heard of the action of this meeting through some other medium. But perhaps it may have braced us for others that are to follow."

EVENTS followed thick and fast in the next fortnight. If the incumbent of the Banner Church pulpit was not fully advised of what portion of public and of personal service was to be relegated to the Associate, it was not the fault of his parishioners. If it were deemed expedient that the applicants should receive counsel direct from the fountain head and not at second-hand his sense of humor rallied to his help for the nonce, and his faithful helpmate bore her part bravely in what she styled to her only confidante, "the scuffle."

Mr. Miller's home was to be with a widowed sister who gave up her residence in Troy to come to his. For the month that must elapse before the new quarters were made ready for his occupancy, the newly elected official was, at their cordial invitation, the guest of the Hailes.

It was an excellent arrangement for all concerned, decided church, parish and outside well-wishers. The two clergymen became better acquainted in a week than they could have been in a year of professional intercourse. A smaller room adjoining Mr. Haile's study in the Church House was fitted up for his assistant. It was light and airy and more luxurious in appointments than might have seemed to accord with the office of a subaltern. This was Silas Ford's doing, and excited no little remark from observers not yet fully cognizant of that personage's proprietary claim to the organization that had taken the place of his son in the life of the Man of Business. He had set the chief in his place of authority. He had suggested and carried to a successful consummation the plan of giving him a lieutenant. He set the seal upon the transaction by presenting the subordinate with the furniture and the library that filled three sides of the study.

"He tells me that you and Dr. Barrows made out the list of books," said Miller one wintry afternoon, as the two men sat in friendly converse before the fireplace, which had been Ford's last contribution. "The selections were admirable. The books that served my turn in Pittsburgh are in the apartment my sister and I are to occupy. The poor old things would be shamed by the smart bindings of those!" waving his hand toward the shelves. "It was a right princely gift. I am afraid to estimate the cost—it would make the obligation too heavy."

HE LEANED over the table beside which they sat and tapped it nervously with his long, thin fingers. He was tall and spare, with a pale, aquiline face out of which brown eyes sought his companion's wistfully. He was younger by two years than the man he faced, but he might have been ten years his senior.

Haile smiled reassuringly:

"Don't vex your righteous soul on that score, old fellow. The whole outfit is a bagatelle to Silas. It is set down in his mental expense book under the head of 'CHURCH' in capitals a foot long. The Banner stands alongside of the Business which enables him to ride his hobby to his heart's content. Don't look as if I were not appreciative of all

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that he does. He would tell you that it is all 'cold business.'

"Silas Ford is a product of the Mighty Middle Class that is the mainstay of civilization the world over. It is the spiritual hope of nearly every church, and ours is no exception. Tradespeople who are doing yeoman duty in the commercial world; who may be rich in time and may never rise above the level of 'comfortable circumstances'; professional men, each with his *clientele* of patients or clients; bank clerks and small dealers in stocks—these with their families compose for the most part the congregation that fills the side aisles and sittings far back in the center aisle. They attend weekly prayer-meetings and lectures, send their children to Sunday school and contribute systematically. I need not add that among them the pastor finds more encouragement of his hopes of spiritual growth in this field than anywhere else.

"But—and here is perplexity! There is no social cohesion among them, as a rule. A good woman, of whose piety I have no doubt, told me last week that she had been a member of our church for five years and is not personally acquainted with twenty people in it. She often leaves the church at the close of the service without exchanging a word with anybody. 'It is all right,' she said. 'The fact that I attend the same church with Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Robinson does not oblige me to invite them to dine with me or even to let me call upon one of their days at home. It is the same in all city churches.'

"'Granted!' I answered. 'But you do not endanger your social standing by bowing to the fellow member whom you brush in the aisle, or by inquiring after her health as both of you are leaving your pews after service, or by exchanging comments upon the music or any other part of the exercises in which you have both been engaged. Surely the fact that you belong to one and the same church should be an introduction to mutual good-will as binding as the Masonic grip and password are to the members of that order.' She said she had never taken that view of the subject before and was by no means sure that it would work as well in the church as with the Freemasons, who comprehend just what the grip and other signs mean.

"At our church parties in the chapel, things are a little better. But too often the acquaintanceships formed there are ignored when the women meet elsewhere. This is but one of a dozen inconsistencies in the daily walk and conversation of those who profess to serve and love the same Father and to be members of the mystic body of Christ, that vex my soul day and night.

"I am counting upon your co-operation in the endeavor to mitigate if we cannot overcome the evil. And by the way, my dear boy, let me say now how much pleased Mrs. Haile is that your sister has accepted a seat in the Pastor's pew. Mrs. Haile has often complained of feeling lost in that roomy pew with nobody but the two children and herself in one end. Now that Mrs. Thursby supports her at the other end, it has the air of a real family pew. She charged me, too, to remind you that we shall expect you both to dinner on Sunday night, as usual."

To be continued

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 735

advisability of creating a better understanding in the United States of foreign affairs. The development of world trade depends to a marked degree on a sympathetic appreciation by the public at large of world conditions that can be obtained only by a careful following of international news and discussions of international affairs, life and customs. Purely from the selfish standpoint it is worth while to know what the rest of the world is thinking and doing.

1,100 Killed in Explosion

ONE of the most devastating explosions in the history of modern industry has occurred at Oppau, near Mannheim, Germany, resulting in the death of 1,100 persons and the injury of nearly 4,000 more out of a total population of about 6,000. The explosions originated in a gas tank in a big dye-making plant where chemical experiments were in progress. The town of Oppau was virtually destroyed. A French army division co-operated with the German authorities in relief work and has received the official thanks of Germany for its efforts.

Proclaims a New Kingdom

THE revolt in India against the government has assumed new and more serious aspects with the proclamation of a Mohammedan kingdom by Seethikoya Tangal of Kumaramputhur. He has pronounced himself governor and warned his followers against looting and other excesses. An official British investigation discloses that the government troops sent into the disaffected districts are experiencing much difficulty, owing to the extreme mobility of the rebel forces and the nature of the country in which they are operating. The Crown officers are placing the most dependence on the prospect of starving out the natives by holding the main roads and garrisoning strongly a few of the strategic points. While the Tangal proclamation affects only a limited district in the hills beyond Mysore, it has some traditional significance, because it was here that the Hyder Ali rebellion began in 1774, that was not suppressed until 1799. The natives still sing of the events of that rebellion and are making it a rallying cry today. In an effort to alleviate some of the danger in India, a legislative committee recommends the immediate repeal of some of the repressive measures in force, with the exception of portions of the Unlawful Associating act and the Seditious Meetings bill. Despite the political unrest, reports from correspondents indicate that the prohibition campaign being prosecuted largely through American inspiration is progressing rapidly.

Disarmament

PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE has decided that the pressure of home problems will keep him from coming to the United States to attend the disarmament conference. The newspapers in England and the United States have shown a great deal of interest in the news and are devoting facetious columns to conjecture as to whether the frank expression by Lord Northcliffe last spring anent his qualifications as a delegate had anything to do with his decision. Lord Curzon also is disqualified because of health and preoccupation in European affairs so that the composition of the British delegation remains in the dark.

Intimation has come from Tokio that Japan is fully in agreement with Secretary Hughes's agenda for the conference, and the same information comes from Paris concerning French reactions. This agenda follows, in outline:

LIMITATION OF ARMAMENT

1. Limitation of naval armament—Basis of limitation. Extent of limitation. Fulfillment of conditions.
2. Rules for control of new agencies of warfare.
3. Limitation of land armament.

PACIFIC AND FAR EASTERN QUESTIONS

1. Questions relating to China—Principles to be applied.
2. Application to subjects.
   (a) Territorial integrity.
   (b) Administrative integrity.
   (c) Open door—Equality of administrative and industrial opportunity.
   (d) Concessions—Monopolies and other economic privileges.
   (e) Development of railways.
   (f) Preferential railroad rates.
   (g) Status of existing commitments. Questions relating to Siberia. Similar questions relating to China.
3. Mandated islands.

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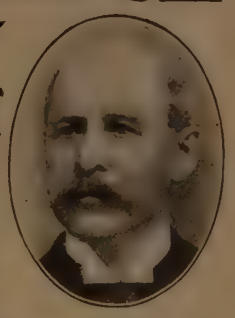

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Read it—reflect on it—it pays

Young People's Topics for Oct. 16

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

How Can We Apply the Golden Rule Today?

E. L. Matt. 7 : 12

AT FIRST glance this is a difficult question to answer. At second glance it is one of the easiest questions in the world to answer. The answer is simply this: "By living in such a way as would meet the approval of Jesus Christ were we in daily transaction with Him in all our comings and goings." There is not a relationship of life in which the Golden Rule is not practical. In business? Yes, in business. In school? Yes, in school. In the social realm? Yes, in the social realm. In all public and private endeavor, let the Golden Rule be applied, in the world of capital and labor.

The Golden Rule is the sum and substance of the Gospel in its teaching of neighborliness and unselfishness. Every individual must seek a concrete way of applying the Golden Rule, but when it becomes an individual effort it makes for collective beauty. History has given us some remarkable men and women of notable achievement and conspicuous success and occasionally we find a set of "guiding principles" or "rules of life" attributed to their success and greatness. These "principles" and "rules" may be reduced to one "principle" or one "rule" and it is, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

Lessons from the Patriots, Past and Present

C. E. and B. Y. P. U. Neh. 4 : 1-14

READ the dramatic story of Nehemiah and note how his patriotism built the walls of Jerusalem. There is one notable incident in the recital, and it is found in the answer he sent to the enemies who would prevent him from succeeding. Nehemiah's words were, "I am doing a great work . . . why should the work cease while I . . . come down?" Nothing could tempt this patriot from the task he had chosen, and nothing could allure him from the path he was treading.

We are reminded of Abraham Lincoln in his determination to rid the land from the blight of slavery, laboring in the midst of heart-breaking odds and the target of many who would interfere with his great purpose. In Nehemiah and Lincoln we have splendid types of courageous purpose, sterling convictions and righteous determination. History, biography, autobiography, the poetic epics of nations and the romance of Christian progress and civilization are crammed with inspiring incidents and stirring episodes of such indomitable labor and unintimidated heroism. All the blessings of this age we trace back to these sources of God-led and Holy Spirit-inspired men and women whose philosophy was, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

The voice of the majority is not always the voice of God. One man, plus God has often changed the course of history and the map of empire. Instance Jesus, inspirer and leader of all noble action and heroic leadership. It is written that He "steadfastly set His face to Jerusalem." In other words, being on God's side, He faced Calvary for the redemption of the world. John Wesley said, "The best of all is, God is with us." He could say that because he knew that he was with God. And to come back to Lincoln, was it not he who said, "I am not concerned whether God is on our side, but I am concerned whether we are on God's side"? When man forms partnership with God, he is on the side of the winning party.

The Prayer League

ALL *Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.*

MRS. S. F. Y. acknowledges answered prayer and writes: "I wrote you last January to pray for our daughter who was then in the state hospital and whose mind seemed almost gone. He heard and answered our prayers and today she is with me, busy about her work and caring for her little boy. I give God all the glory and honor."

From "A Sister" in New York City comes this request: "Please intercede for me that the dear Lord will pour out upon me the spirit of prayer and supplication and intercession in rich abundance. Also please pray that I may regain love for reading the Word; I did abide in Him and His words abided in me, but alas, not now."

M. M. C. writes: "I am very much interested in the Prayer League, for I do believe in prayer. I have been sick for three years, and a cripple for one year, and I want you to pray for me, that God may heal me and enable me to walk again."

Rev. C. B., Ind., writes: "I am a retired minister and have gone over the country preaching the Gospel for forty years. I am fairly strong for my age and am still called on for funerals and as a supply. What I want is the prayers of the League that I may be patient and sweet spirited until the train comes to take me home. I do not want to become bitter and sour."

Mrs. H. E. H. writes: "I am in trouble. My daughter, with whom I lived, died, and I am not wanted here any more. Pray for me that God will provide for me and find me another home."

"Please come to my aid, for I need help," writes Mrs. D. "Pray for my husband, who is fast becoming a drunkard. Pray that he may overcome this habit, which is fast destroying our family peace and happiness."

Mr. Jabez Galloway of the Victorious Life Movement, Mt. Airy, Ga., submits this call to prayer: "Every one who reads this, please pray for a Scriptural revival for fifty miles on every side of your own home, as center of your prayer zone. Also for world-wide revival. *John 15 : 7; John 14 : 14.*"

Mrs. G. J. G., asks prayers for a revival at Mt. Hope School House; A. M. S., in behalf of the community at Farmington, Me., and Mrs. M. A. H. G. asks prayers for the Church at Mesa, Colo.

Pastor William L. Brown writes: "Will you please pray for our revival on the Leonia charge? Pray that God may save souls." And Pastor J. N. A., Marshall, N. C. also asks prayers for a glorious revival in his church.

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Paul Writes to the Christians at Corinth

International Sunday-School Lesson for October 16
I Cor. 1:10, 11; 13:1-13

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

WHETHER the pen is mightier than the sword, the old subject for debating clubs, it is certain that the influence of the pen lasts longer than that of the spoken word. Paul's messages were powerful but their direct influence reached to the third generation only in rare instances. The letters of Paul are even mightier in their power today than when written in the first century. Very special attention should be given to the study of the epistles of Paul in this course of six months on his life. Letters are the subjects for study in the lesson of today, and those which present Philemon and II Timothy. The study should become of permanent value and so constructive that whenever any letter of Paul is read both the general and the special relationships will be in mind. Today our attention is called to the first letter sent to the church at Corinth and to a particular chapter in that remarkable communication. In looking at the topics for the different departments in the Sunday school, it will be noted that the intermediates, seniors, young people and adults are urged to make a study of I Corinthians, while primaries and juniors make a study of love as portrayed in chapter thirteen.

To understand rightly this or any epistle there must be a background of history which portrays the local conditions of those who are addressed. If this was not accomplished in the lesson for October 2, "Paul in Corinth," it is not too late to become well acquainted with the Corinth of Paul's day. In the three years since he had left Corinth for Ephesus and Jerusalem changes had occurred. Communications by Chloe and others had reached Paul, while he was working for more than two years at Ephesus, showing that divisions were arising among the members in the church of Corinth. Factions were favoring certain leaders. Abuses were growing up, and this is scarcely to be wondered at when we know the base idolatrous and immoral conditions in that isthmian city of Corinth. Paul wanted to go at once and help the young believers in person, but he had a duty to the Christians and others in Ephesus, because of that great door which was there (16:9). Timothy was sent as a substitute.

LATER Paul started for Corinth and while on the way further word from Corinth reached him in Macedonia, where he dictated the second letter to Corinth. Some think that there was still a third, a lost letter, to the same church. Read I Corinthians if you have not already done so. It is an essential preparation for even a general understanding of this lesson. Then make an analysis of the book and write it on some of the blank space in your Bible at the beginning of the letter.

The following is a suggested outline, but do not accept it except as you find by your own reading that it portrays the book. Factions in the Church, 1–4; Church Discipline because of Immoral Practices, 5–6; Marriage, 7; Meats Offered to Idols, 8–10; Abuses in Worship, 11; Spiritual Gifts, 12–14; The Resurrection, 15; Poor Offering and Personal Items, 16. It will be profitable to choose a special title for each chapter; then by glancing at these sixteen words or phrases you will have the whole book in review. There are some unusually great verses that you will wish to commit to memory, together with their location. At least three sublime subjects have special treatment: the words used by your pastor in administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, 11:23–27; the Love Chapter, 13; the most classic reference in the entire Bible to the Resurrection, 15. Go through the book again and make your own additional selections of precious gems. You will find the subject matter quite different than in other letters of Paul. He has little to say here about doctrines, as in the letter to the Romans. The purpose is to give practical instruction for daily living. It is a wonderfully human letter from a helpful friend.

Four letters resulted from the third journey and each one should be read and analyzed if you have not already decided upon your working divisions. In addition to I and II Corinthians, mentioned above, you have Galatians and Romans as the result of Paul's stay of about three months when he finally reached Corinth. You will remember that I and II Thessalonians were written while on the first missionary journey.

Having enjoyed the general survey of this letter you can next make a special study of one chapter, namely the thirteenth. "For moral elevation there is nothing in literature equal to this chapter. No Plato or Seneca ever uttered a sentiment of such transcendent beauty," is the opinion of Cross, which is concurred in by increasing multitudes. Every one knows about the study of this love chapter, written by Henry Drummond entitled, "The Greatest Thing in the World." Most everybody read this little book in the decade when it was written, but many of the present generation have not done so. You have then a great pleasure, and you will do as others have done—read the book a number of times. Love will have a fuller meaning as you see its constituent parts by means of Dr. Drummond's spectrum.

There was discord in the Corinthian church, immoralities added to the nest of troubles and many were insisting on the right of exercising personal liberty. To help each sinner and to produce a harmonious working people, Paul showed what love would do. He did not deny their virtues and present attainments. The exhortation in the last verse of chapter 12 is the introduction to chapter 13: "But desire earnestly the greater gifts. And moreover a more excellent way show I unto you." Then comes the love portraiture.

YOU were requested to read this epistle. Now you are urged to commit the Love Chapter to memory. Use the revised version in doing this or at least adopt the word "love" in place of "charity," as found in the authorized version. The word used in the Greek is "agapao" and is found in English in the word agape, meaning the love-feast observed in the early Christian church. It is stated that from childhood Queen Victoria repeated I Corinthians 13 each day. Dr. Tarbell gives the following outline division for this great little chapter; I, Essentialness of Love, 1–3; II, Characteristics of Love, 4–7; III, Imperishableness of Love, 8–13. Again it is suggested that you make your own divisions if you can find a better one. One continuous purpose in writing these studies is to make the reader a student in constantly doing research work.

This epistle, as was the case with the others, was dictated by Paul, and was concluded by a very personal message or benediction in Paul's own hand. Dean Stanley gives a fascinating picture concerning the impression created as this Hymn of Love was first given to the world. "We can imagine how the Apostle's amanuensis must have paused, to look up into his master's face at the sudden change in the style of his dictation, and seen his countenance lighted up as it had been the face of an angel, as this vision of divine perfection passed before him."

Paul makes love something that is very positive and active. He exemplified his preaching on this subject by his constant attitude and actions. As the church in Corinth read the message, they could not but say, "Yes, that is just the way he lived when among us."

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The Flower of Good

It Will Grow if You Give It a Bit of a Chance

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I DON'T often go mountain climbing. Because I don't often go where mountains are. But last week I spent three wonderful days in the country—far away from the skyscrapers, and the dust and the hurry of New York. And on one of those wonderful days I went, with the Nicest Man, on a walk that led down the side of one mountain and up the side of another—a walk that wound cautiously around steep places, and hurried over level stretches of woodland.

The level stretches of woodland, however, were rather few and far between. For that section of the country was a rocky one—it showed on every side the influence of the great glacier that swept, centuries ago, across a part of our continent. It was a country of high cliffs, and sheer precipices and great boulders. It was a country of curiously formed ledges and worn granite surfaces. The trees that grew, even in the forest land were, for the most part, pine and fir and a species of hemlock; the shrubs that lined the mountain paths were of a hardy variety. And the flowers that bloomed here and there among the shrubs were stunted flowers with stocky, upstanding stems. And, in the rockiest places, in the spots where we walked across wide ledges, there was hardly any vegetation.

Scarcely any leaves showed, or flowers, upon these ledges of rock. Indeed at first glance, one would have been apt to describe them as utterly barren. And yet, when one paused to look, there were many signs of plant life to be seen. For the rock, centuries old, had split in a number of places. And in those split places—in the wee crevices that breaks had made—grew brave flowers and tiny blades of grass. They had taken root, gallantly, in a few grains of sand. And—struggling eternally for the barest existence—they were springing up toward the sunshine and the light.

THE Nicest Man and I stooped down, there on the rocky ledge, to examine the grass and the flowers. They were so unexpected—so delightfully out of place! We noticed, first, that they were even more stunted than the flowers beside the path had been—that their colors were not very vivid and that their petals were transparent and frail. And yet their stems, too, were sturdy and upstanding. And the roots of them, almost devoid of nourishment or earthy covering, clung with a splendid tenacity to the solid rock. There was something pathetic—and unbelievably gallant—in the way that they clung. There was something almost breath-taking in their refusal to admit defeat!

"It just shows," I said softly to the Nicest Man, "how much they really want to grow—to make good. It would be so easy for a flower to give up and die—in a rock crevice. It isn't like having a whole garden to grow in, or a window box, or even a clay jar! They aren't being helped by fate or circumstance or destiny. They're growing despite every adverse condition!"

The Nicest Man smiled at my vehemence. He usually does.

"Give a flower a chance to grow," he told me sagely, "and it'll *grow*—even if the chance is an exceedingly small one! Flowers are like all other good and beautiful and worth-while things. Give 'em a chance—and they'll grow!"

It *is* that way with all good things—they'll grow if you give them the merest thread of a chance! They'll flourish in the rockiest sort of a place with scarcely a bit of nourishment. They'll cling to the sheerest cliff-side, and show blossoms across the surface of a gaunt rock.

Perhaps they're ideals, these good things! Perhaps it's into a stern and unyielding heart that their seeds have fallen. Perhaps they're ambitions that have happened, by chance, to fall upon a slothful nature. Perhaps they're dreams that have become lodged in an unimaginative mind. Perhaps they are hopes that have found a crevice in a bruised and beaten soul. But no matter what they are, these good things, they'll grow—if you give them the ghost of a show!

I KNEW a man once who was supposed to be very wicked. He had been so judged by the people and the courts—he had spent years in reformatories and jails and penitentiaries. He admitted freely that he was bad, he seemed to take a certain pride in his utter lawlessness.

No one believed that this man had a particle of good in him. Even the man thought himself to be a hopeless, and helpless, criminal. But there was a flower of something worth-while growing upon the rocky ledge of his nature. And a certain other man—who worked among unfortunates—saw it and recognized it.

This other man was not a minister or an evangelist or a great leader. He was simply a human being who believed in brotherhood and faith and trust. He was just a human being who wanted to make flowers grow upon barren surfaces. And so he took the wicked man in hand, and gained his friendship. And—for the first time—he gave the flower of good, in the wicked man's soul, a chance to grow.

The story of that growth is not a short one. But it can be outlined briefly—in a very few words. Being given a chance it flourished, and the wicked man began to mend his ways. He was no longer a menace to society, no longer a public charge. He found self-respect and self-pride. He found self-confidence, too. And—most important of all—he found God. Today he is a splendid worker, among other wicked men, in one of our great cities. Today he is searching for the stray, brave flowers that refuse to be beaten—that refuse, gallantly—to admit defeat!

Oh, friends of mine, look for the flowers that grow in the rocky places of life. You'll find them, if you look, growing in the open—for all the world to see. It's the barren ground that they grow upon that makes people, sometimes, pass them by! For they're often quite unexpected.

And yet—when you come to that—it's their absolute unexpectedness that makes them seem even more worth-while. The flower that grows in a beautiful sun-kissed meadow or in a charming old-fashioned garden is in a splendidly appropriate setting—its beauty is a beauty that you can not help taking more or less for granted.

But the flower that grows on a ledge of rock, the flower that lives in a crevice, can never be taken for granted. Its bravery—its struggle—must be recognized.

And, friends of mine, if there are some rocky places in your natures—we all of us have our rocky places—don't ignore the flowers that are trying to find a spot to cling to. Give them a chance—just a little chance—to grow. For a little chance is all that they need!

A FLOWER *grew in the rocky soil,*
Of a heart that was hard and cold;
And it bore on a tiny, stunted stalk,
A flower of purest gold.
And some folk wondered how it had come,
To bloom in that barren place;
And some folk paused, in their journeyings,
To gaze on its golden face.

The flower clung to the hardened heart,
And it raised its face to the sky,
And it gave a message of hope and cheer,
To many a passer-by!
And the heart seemed gayer, because of it,
And warmer, and softer, too—
And, after a while, folk spoke of it,
As the heart where a flower grew!

Free Circulars for Investors

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address, on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department. The Christian Herald, 90 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 3-6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7-9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

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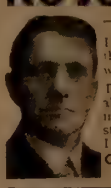

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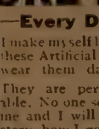

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Articles made at Daily Vacation Bible School of the People's Church, East Lansing, Mich.

"Train Up a Child—"

A One-Church Town Utilizes the Daily Vacation Bible School

By N. A. McCUNE

THE average Protestant child receives thirteen hours of instruction a year in the average Sunday school, according to the survey figures of the Interchurch World Movement. Over against this are the Roman Catholic figures of two hundred and sixteen hours for each child a year, and Jewish figures of three hundred and twenty-six hours. This is a fearful discrepancy, and Protestantism, we hope, will be awake to it. A half-way house toward a better order of things is the Daily Vacation Bible School. For five or six weeks the children gather each morning from nine till half-past eleven o'clcock, and receive instruction in the Bible, in the standard hymns of the church, and in handicraft work. The latter includes basketmaking and hammock-making for the boys, and various varieties and degrees of sewing for the girls.

The town in which the writer is a pastor is a college town. It is also a one-church town, so that the one church is *the* church. This is not accident, nor an evidence of spiritual deadness, but is the result of careful planning on the part of the "fathers." These good men determined if possible to organize a church in such a way as to make its work and worship so comprehensive that no other church would ever be organized until the town grew so large as to demand one. The plan is still working.

This made the program of the Daily Vacation Bible School very feasible. But any town or city with several churches or many can conduct a Vacation Bible School. In fact the experiment now under discussion was an experiment where ten churches were enlisted. The writer's church was the tenth to enter the plan, as the town of East Lansing is three miles from Lansing, where the other nine churches are situated.

NO ONE knew how the Daily Vacation Bible School would take. No resident had ever conducted one, or even worked in one. But there is always a first time. The school was thoroughly advertised. Every family received a letter from the pastor and superintendent inviting all children to attend whether they were Sunday school attendants or not. Three teachers were engaged to supervise the work, and a corps of volunteers was solicited. The volunteers made the success of the school possible. On no day was the superintendent embarrassed for want of helpers.

And the children came. They came until the classes became too large, and the superintendent besought the pastor not to advertise any more, lest they be swamped with children. Fifty or so had been expected. After the first day the attendance was never less than one hundred and thirty.

The man who told the daily Bible story covered the chief characters of the Bible. He said it was exhilirating work. There were thrills in it. A man does not have to go over Niagara in a barrel, or go up in a biplane for thrills. He could find them at the church. To talk about some Bible character while scores of young eyes are fastened on the speaker drafts the best of brain and heart.

Each morning during the opening service, there was the salute to the Stars and Stripes, followed by "The Star Spangled Banner." This develops patriotism. Then came the salute to the Christian flag, followed by one of the great hymns of the church. This teaches reverence.

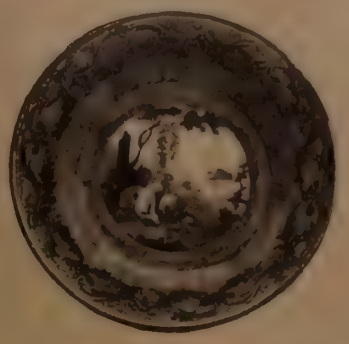
As for the work in handicraft, the enthusiasm was so great that the children were always displeased when it was omitted and games were substituted. Boys took home the baskets they were making. Girls threaded their needles each day at the closing hour, so that there might be no delay in getting to work the next day.

PARENTS were hearty supporters of the Daily Vacation Bible School. It was worth something to know where their children were each morning, for two hours and a half. Homes where Bible stories had been told, and where the Bible is an open book, were made glad by having these stories retold in what was perhaps a new way. And the children who never had heard them before were led out into a different mental world. The whole town became interested in the movement. The local weekly newspaper demanded repeated "write-ups" of what was going on. The school reached the children of not a few families who hitherto had not been church folk. The follow-up work with these is another chapter.

At the close of the session of five weeks, an exhibit was held. Visitors were astonished at the workmanship of these boys and girls. And the demonstration that was given in Bible memory work, and in singing without the book was very much worth while.

This is an experiment that any church may well enter. If the Sunday school is in a languishing state, the Daily Vacation Bible School will purge away its languor. If the school is strong and well officered, so much greater the chances of success. Instead of summer being a period of dearth, deadness and despair, it may become a time of life learning and leadership.

CENTRAL Presbyterian Church of Denton, Texas, of which Rev. A. R. Copeland is pastor, has developed a method of Gospel propaganda which might well be copied elsewhere. It is the placing of literature bags in schools, public offices, shops, railway stations and other places, each bag having thirty pockets filled with the best tracts obtainable. The pastor has found that all classes read these tracts and that they constitute a most effective and economical form of evangelism. In the church vestibule are book tables; on one all books are free and are paid for by contributions from those interested, and on two others the price of each book is marked on the cover and the purchaser leaves the money in the plate.



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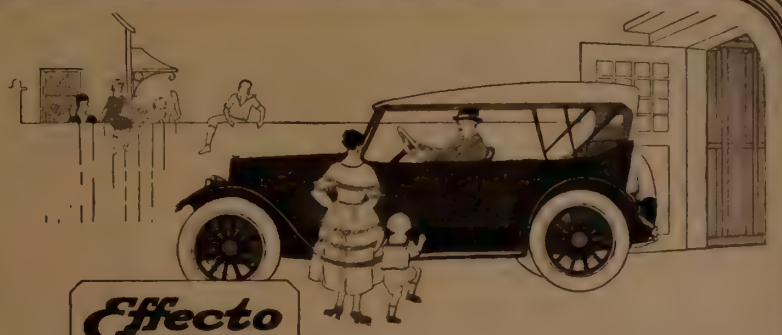

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencils.

Questions and Answers

C. H. P., North Bangor, N. Y., writes: "Having read your articles on Disarmament, and trusting that Christians will unite in prayer to this end, I write to say that there are yet some questions in my mind. Will God bless the coming Conference if He is not asked to do so? This I think will be done; but to do so, will He not require that the nations humble themselves and confess their sins? And, as the Bible says: 'There shall be wars in the last ways,' so there certainly will be wars."

We believe that in churches and other gatherings, and in countless homes throughout the land, prayers will be offered that God will direct the deliberations of the Conference. They are even now being offered. We have strong faith that the Christian spirit will find expression in the Conference, although many religions may be represented.

Reader, Greencastle, Pa. There is nothing to prevent any church, whatever its creed or affiliation, from joining in the Disarmament resolutions. The issues involved appeal to all alike. With regard to the recognition of God in the work of the coming Conference, we believe there will be a powerful and effective sentiment in its favor.

A. R. H., Greensboro, N. C., writes: "When I was a child, a church was considered a holy place. When persons would come in, they would go carefully to their pew and sit down, or would kneel reverently in prayer for a few moments, and then take a seat, never uttering a word to any one, except in extreme cases, before services commenced, and then only in the softest whisper. Now it seems that there is a decided change. It is not uncommon to see whispering in the rear of churches in the midst of services, and when 'Let us pray' is given out by the minister, very few even bend forward. In fact, a great many churches are not built for kneeling, and it is seldom that the minister calls on the congregation to stand. In the choirs of long ago no operatic music was indulged in; whereas now you seldom hear anything else. Oftentimes persons singing in the choirs are not of a religious disposition at all; and to hear the yells and sounds that are produced in rendering the operatic notes by the modern choirs is certainly very foreign to our humble attitude, when we come to confess our sins to God and ask his forgiveness."

Our reader is somewhat excessive in his observations on the modern church service. However, he states several things that many must have remarked regretfully as he does. The attitude of reverence is missing in some churches, but in the majority it is still preserved. We would be glad to hear expressions from other readers on the subject.

Inquirer, Logan, W. Va. We have submitted your inquiry for statistics on Jewish Christian Churches to Rev. Leopold Cohn of the Williamsburg Mission to the Jews, whom we regard as specially well-informed on the subject. He writes: "I am not aware of the existence of any Christian Churches in Jerusalem beyond the establishments of the Greek Catholics, the Roman Catholics, and the existence of several missionary enterprises among the Jews here. For a long time past the London Society for promoting the Gospel among the Jews, through the Anglican Church, has maintained a mission station in Jerusalem, and for many years the Anglican Church was represented there by Bishop Blyth. The Christian and Missionary Alliance of New York also maintains a mission station in Jerusalem, which I understand they call the American Church. Whether or not it has a definite membership of Christians, I do not know. There are at the present time in all of Palestine some 700,000 people; of this number four-fifths are Mohammedans; 76,000 are Jews; and 64,000 are Christians; by the term Christian here is meant all forms of Catholicism as well as Protestantism. As regards the number of converted Jews now living in the United States who are members of Christian Churches, it is impossible to give any accurate information. When a Jew is converted, he usually joins some Christian Church in the district where he is located and for the purposes of racial distinction he is lost and no more classed as a Jew, but is included in the general list of church membership in the regular churches. The late Louis Meyer who had spent much time gathering statistics along these lines estimated at one time that there must be fully 10,000 Jews in this country alone who are members of Christian Churches. We have organized in our own Mission what might be called a Jewish Christian Church, known as the Sar Shalom Association, properly incorporated and consisting in the main of Jewish Christians, most of them having been converted and baptized here. This church is not intended to take the place of the regular Christian churches, for we encourage all of our converts to join wherever possible Christian churches of whatever denomination best appeals to them."

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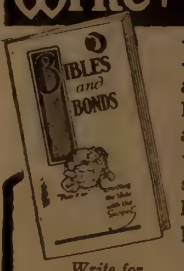

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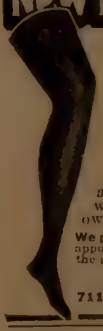

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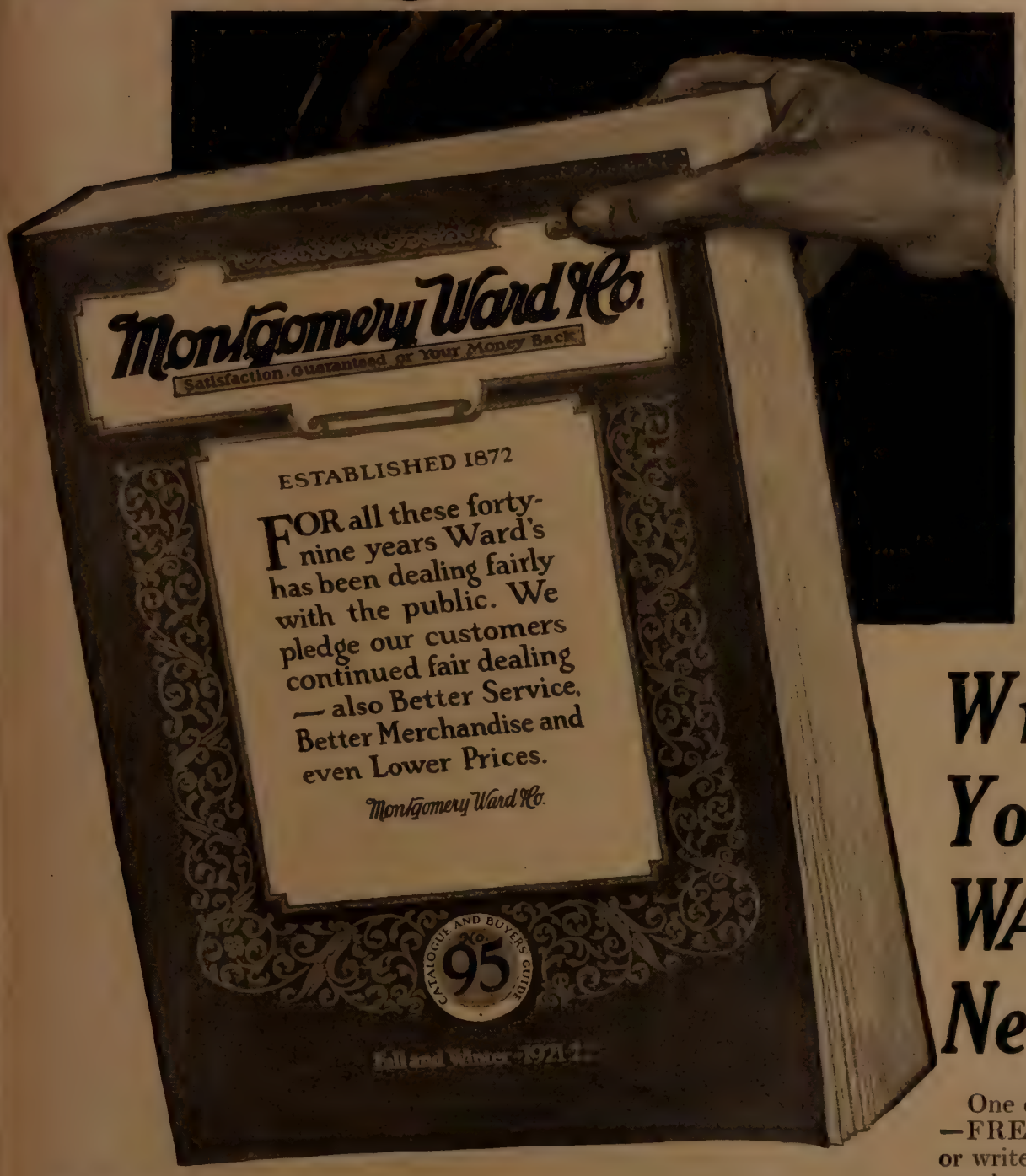

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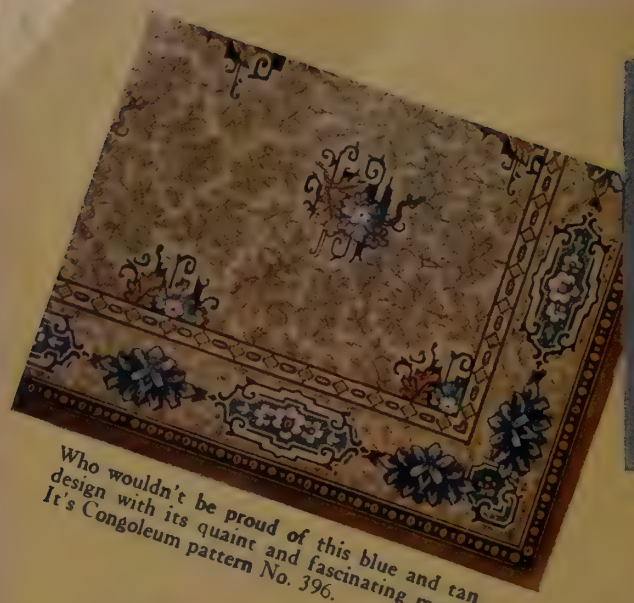

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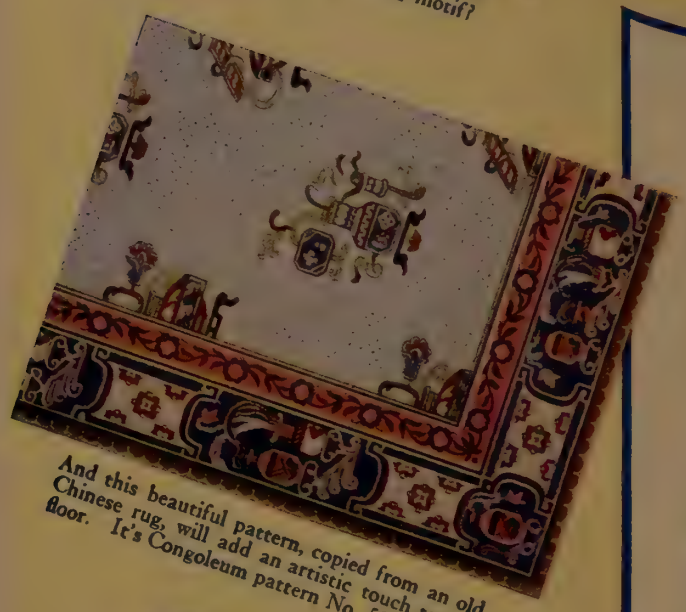

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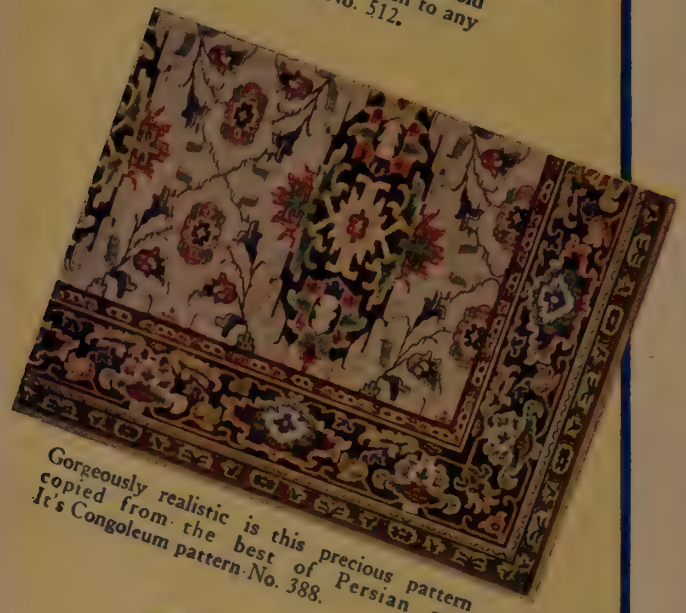

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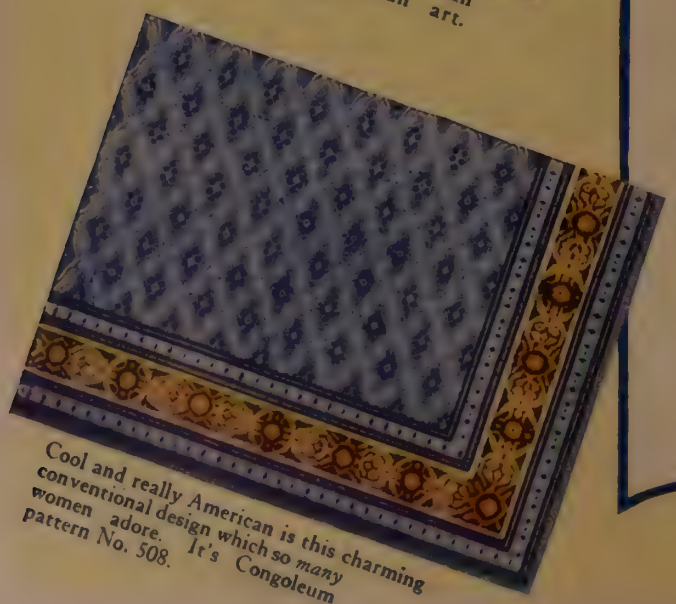

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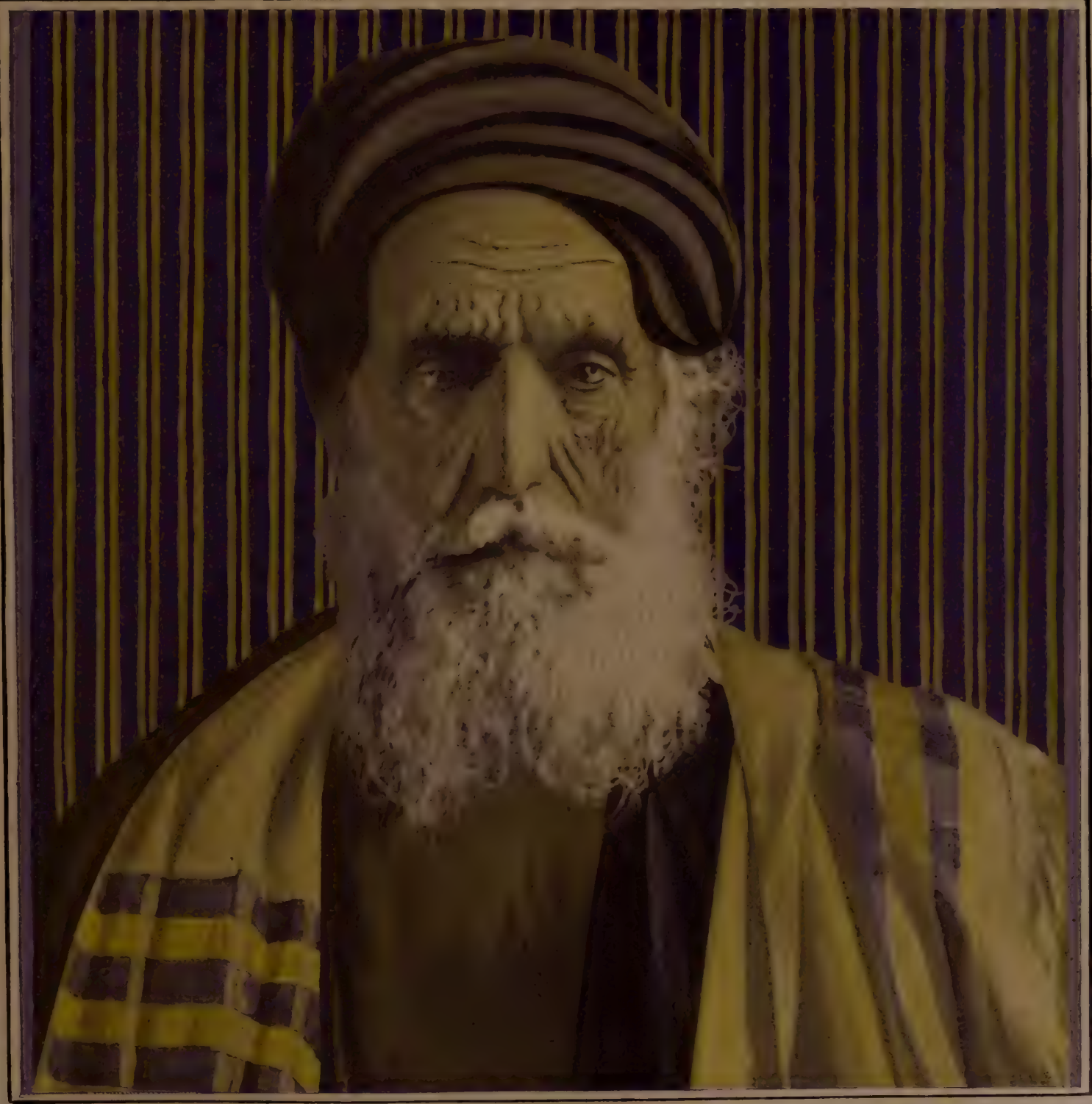

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The Everyday Mission of the Church

Tableau of the Nativity at the Neighborhood House of Central Presbyterian Church, New York City

Indoor and Outdoor Play—Biblical Dramatics and Pageantry

By MARTHA CANDLER

PLAY —and here we use the word as referring to organized sports and athletic games as distinguished from the quiet and social game—is the greatest character-building force in existence. "So great," in the words of a youthful Illinois parson, "that the unused church basement is a criminal offense against the youth of the neighborhood in which it exists."

This parson knew whereof he spoke. The church to which he had been called was one of the best buildings in the settlement, which had neither pool rooms nor movie shows and which offered, in fact, nothing for the young people to do after the sun went down but lean against lamp posts and plan "devilment." It offered little more before sundown. The church, modern in architecture, had a splendid basement with a series of large and small rooms, and the parson was not satisfied to see them used only the three or four times a year that a church supper was given. He began to visualize the sort of social clubs that would take the boys off the streets and give them something to do every day. He began to study sporting goods catalogues and games. He put the matter before his board. But game tables such as were required, and such as the Y. M. C. A. in the nearby town used, cost from $35 to $75, and the board would have none of such extravagance, furthermore, they would not have the basement cluttered up so that the ladies could not hold their suppers. The whole notion was preposterous!

But this minister is persistent. He is also versatile, and he is modern, being thoroughly imbued with the idea that communal effort can accomplish *anything*. He took some of the young men into his confidence. He went to the Y. M. C. A. in the nearby town and made studies and drawings of the tables. He figured out designs for tables with legs that would fold up when not in use. He called on millwrights and lumbermen. Then he went back to see the board.

When the work started, some of the board hunted up the household hammers and saws and came to help. In a few weeks, the Social Center was opened. An odd pin table stood at one end of the basement, with a table for quiboulette beside it. There was a shuffleboard at the other. A box-ball alley, which had been offered at a sacrifice price while the work was in progress, and *purchased by the board*, held place of honor, with a score board which the dominie had invented decorating the side wall! And the whole cost was only $60.

The boys have stopped post-leaning. They don't have time to plan devilment. They are too busy playing matched games. The older men come and go at will, day or night, the repository for the door-key being an open village secret. Once a week the women and girls play, and just now the alley is noisy all day long with practice for the big tournament which is scheduled.

"But the minister is not through," it is said. "His vision has got out of the basement. That was only the starting point, it seems. He sees tennis courts and outdoor paraphernalia for all sorts of play in the lot behind the church. He sees a new sort of churchyard. Give him time and the co-operation of the people, and his vision will become a reality."

OTHER ministers, having adopted a policy of "play as a direct educational value, moral and religious as well as mental and physical," have started in their own church basement or in their own vacant church lots, presently to find themselves co-operating with playground and park commissions, schools and municipalities in meeting the recreational demands of the whole people. They have found themselves taking the initiative in presenting the play rights of the whole people.

There are more than a hundred playgrounds in the country being operated directly by churches. It would be difficult to estimate the number of church basement "gyms" in existence. There are so many, however, that it seems safe to predict that the church of tomorrow will have its physical recreation department almost as infallibly as the school of today has.

The question of leadership seems troublesome at first. The school physical director, if there be one, will be found willing to co-operate, at least in starting the work. The local community service athletic director, or the Y. M. C. A. athletic supervisor will likewise assist. Leadership is often forthcoming from unsuspected sources. When the Calvary Church program was planned at Buffalo, a Catholic resident of the neighborhood volunteered to take charge of this part of the program, and has worked tirelessly in the cause, developing athletics for men and boys on a very large scale.

But one of the greatest sources of leadership, after the initial work is done, will prove to be within the church itself. In Bay City, Mich., where training classes have been held by the Community Council for developing playground leadership, many church people have interested themselves in the subject. This has been true elsewhere where the Michigan State Community Commission has held its institutes for the training of play leaders and athletic directors. In one town where the younger children had nothing to do during the summer, a volunteer group of mothers went to a nearby town and took a course in playground leadership in order to organize recreation and keep them off the streets.

The problem of equipment is not a difficult one. There may not be within the community a man so versatile as the minister mentioned heretofore. However, the big assembly room, with window and floor adequately protected, may be turned into a "gym" for people of all ages almost without expense. The little Wonder Kit (provided by Community Service at actual cost) is a compact chest, with hinged lid and a lock containing full equipment for baseball, basketball, volley ball, quoits, and medicine ball. The Playground and Recreation Association of America also furnished adequate information for the manufacture of outdoor play paraphernalia.

This organization provides, too, athletic badge tests which the amateur leader, especially, will find of value in arousing the spirit of team play and competitive effort. The Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 22nd Street, New York, provides a similar set of tests for boys and girls. These tests are graded according to age and weight.

GREAT stress should be put upon sportsmanship in all games for boys and girls. By sportsmanship is meant the conduct of the participant during the games. Use of profane language, unsportsmanlike crowding, shoving, elbowing, crossing in front, or any other unfair tactics should disqualify a player. Reliability should be considered in scoring, that is, the promptness with which a player takes his place at the game and with which he follows the leader's instructions.

In Palatka, interest in church play has been widespread since the organization was started. There are now three leagues of church teams, representing boys from 10 to 13; 14 to 17; and adults. Each team plays at least once a week during the year, the boys being scheduled to play twice a week during the school year. A similar series of leagues has been organized in Bay City, Mich., and one is in process of being formed in Buffalo. But in Wilmington, Del., forty-seven Protestant churches have united in forming a city-wide Recreation League "to stimulate athletics and play among their membership of both sexes and all ages!" The management of the League is vested in a board of managers consisting of one representative from each church appointed by the pastor. Anyone over ten years old who is a member of some organization of some church may belong, but members must be vouched for by their minister or Sunday-school superintendent, before he or she can compete in any of the recreation held under the auspices of the League.

Under the League basket ball, bowling, quoits, and checker tournaments have been organized, as well as tennis, baseball and swimming. Last year 1,073 games of quoits alone were played, 910 in the Senior, 150 in the Junior League with 13 in the champion series. Inspired by the achievements of the Protestant League, a Catholic League has been formed and already enlists 15 churches.

The three Marys on their way to the Tomb of Christ, as portrayed in a pageant by members of the Union M. E. Church in New York City

"You think it sounds foolish for men of our ages to get so excited over the game," a gray-haired church member recently exclaimed, after a hard-fought tennis match, "but I am convinced that all of us fellows are having opportunities we never had before to practice our Christianity, to develop it as we develop our muscles right here on this court!" And after all that is a pretty fair argument for the case of church play.

MANY churches over the country have their own dramatics organizations which both study the principles underlying the best drama and produce plays as a part of the social center recreation. Such wide-spread service has been rendered for all such groups by the Drama League, the Missionary Education movement and other agencies that it is not worth while to enter here into sources of information or suitable material for production. Of late, however, many churches have turned their attention to the dramatic presentation of scenes and stories from the Bible, and have done so with such profound religious effect as to challenge the attention of the country.

When the Union Methodist Church of New York City called upon the Community Service to establish a dramatic department in its Social Center, the work, it was stated, would have a two-fold purpose: To develop the latent ability for self-expression upon the part of the young people; and to make more vivid through the use of the drama, the message of the church. To further the second end, a course in Biblical drama, was launched for church workers. Specific themes studied and adapted for presentation by Sunday schools or to form a part of Sunday evening services, varied in length from a fifteen minutes presentation to an entire evening's performance.

The first performance to be given in the church was on Easter Sunday evening. The play, "The Resurrection of Our Lord," was a fragmentary mediaeval miracle play. A crowded house sat in hushed awe while, to the music of the immortal oratorios so closely associated in our minds with the scenes, Pilate brooded over having condemned Jesus Christ, the Marys lamented at the empty Tomb, and finally the Angel of the Lord appeared in a burst of radiance to the organ music of Handel's "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

The effect was profound! The idea of the dramatized service was new to many of the audience. Still it is an old, old idea. As long ago as 1905, mystery plays were being presented in St. Agnes Episcopal Chapel of New York as a means of Biblical instruction to catechism classes. And in 1911, the Board of Home Missions created an educational department with a section devoted to dramatic production within the church. In at least one state—Ohio—both the Episcopal and the Methodist churches have over a period of eight years been sporadically promoting Biblical dramatic productions.

THAT the theater, or anything suggestive of a "show" is the direct instrument of the devil, is an idea that dies hard—an idea that did not arise without reason during the Middle Ages. But we have only to go back far enough in religious history to find that dramatic expression first arose through a strong sense of the divine in the human soul.

No more than two centuries after Christ, it was customary for persons representing Abraham, Moses and Sapphora to appear on an improvised platform in the church, and to hold intimate converse with God in the Burning Bush. The Good Friday and Easter processionals and the Procession of the Searchers for the Body followed soon thereafter as a reverent means of celebrating the great Christian holy day. Is it not somewhat natural that after the lapse of so many centuries we should turn again to so fit a vehicle of expression for the greatest and strongest emotions of the human soul? Is it strange that with the coming of the socialized church we should turn to the dignity and beauty of this means of social religious expression?

Recently, in Worcester, Mass., the Union Church presented a beautiful spectacle pageant, "In the Days of the Judges," arranged and produced by local church people. It is said that the people of that city learned more of the historical continuity of the Old Testament than they had ever known before. The deeply religious atmosphere of the play was sustained throughout by the accompanying soft music, and by the costumes and settings which were modeled after those in the world's most famous Biblical paintings, which had been studied by a special committee over a period of several months.

The churches of the South Side in Wabash, Ind., combined in holding their Pilgrim's Tercentenary celebration, which took the form of a pageant of the First Religious Observances of Our Forefathers.

THIS is the last of a series by Mrs. Candler on "The Everyday Mission of the Church" that we believe will influence strongly the work being done by wide-awake churches in hundreds of communities. There has been little of theory in the articles but plenty of fact and illustration of what other towns have done and are doing, together with a summary of some of the results. Why not look up the other articles in the series and read them now as a whole?

Several of the leading churches of Washington have for a number of years held Christmas Nativity plays which were enacted in the chancel. And these are but instances of local effort producing conspicuous results.

MEANWHILE, a general recognition of the value of religious dramatics and pageantry on the part of national religious organizations has led first to the formation of National Commissions on Religious Dramatics by a number of the Protestant churches, including the Methodist, the Baptist and the Episcopal. It has led to the formation of a Dramatics Association of the Sunday schools of New York, and a similar one in New Jersey. And only recently a Council on Church Drama and Pageantry has been organized under the General Board of Religious Education. This council will, as speedily as possible, bring together all available material suitable for church production. It will act as a clearing house for information and assistance to the churches of the country. It is composed of representatives of the Dramatics and Pageantry departments or educational departments of all Protestant churches, and of dramatics experts of the Y. W. C. A., the Community Service, and other social organizations.

One of the greatest things it will attempt to do is to stimulate the celebration of the great church holy days by the production of suitable pageants. Ultimately it will aim to circulate especially arranged material for such production, and wherever wanted, furnish directors to assist in the preliminary arrangements, and take charge of costuming, lighting and scenery.

Meanwhile the church which has its musical and dramatics talent, or which has adequate leadership may turn its attention to the dramatization of Biblical themes. "We hope," says Mrs. Donald Pratt, "executive of the National Episcopal Commission on Biblical Dramatics and Pageantry, "that the time will soon come when every church basement in the country will be a workshop where groups of children as well as adults are busy on costumes, on 'properties,' on all that goes toward the production of the visualized Sunday-school lesson. "Nothing is so real to the child, to the youth —to any of us, in fact, as those things which we act out, and it seems safe to presume that the everyday application of the great moral lessons of the Old and the New Testament will be immensely strengthened."

"Some who do not understand the almost sacramental purpose of our undertaking may be shocked," said one minister whose church was about to present the dramatized ritual. But the significant thing there as elsewhere was that those who came half expecting to be shocked, went away profoundly moved. A few years ago, a dramatics director, sent out by the State Diocese of the Episcopal Church, went to a small town to give a course of training in religious dramatics to the children of the local church. It was her intention to produce the dramas in the chancel as she had done elsewhere. The minister mildly but firmly protested and the high-school stage, which was in reality only a platform, as badly arranged as most school stages, had to be used instead. The performance was held on a Friday evening and after it was over the minister came to the director and urged her to cancel engagements in other parts of the state and repeat the program in the church on Sunday morning in place of the regular 11 o'clock service. "I had no idea of the value of your work or of religious drama," he explained. And that is the general attitude.

It is not possible in the limited scope of this brief article to outline programs; its purpose has been merely to suggest the vast possibilities all along the line of social endeavor, awaiting the awakened church, together with some sources of information as to paths toward their realization. "When you are doing all these things," says one minister, "you are creating a love of country, a contentment to live in it, an intelligent joy in its inimitable fascinations and wonders—all of which are akin to the worship for which your church structure was designed." And you are creating, incidentally, that ideal state in which all become true Members of one Body—that Body the Living Church.

Being "wheelbarrowed" into Sunday school via the church gymnasium

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The Church and the Drama, Katherine Lee Bates (Macmillan & Co., New York).
The Dramatization of Bible Stories, Miller (University of Chicago Press, Chicago).
The Child Moses, Leaman (Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia).
The Golden Calf, Miss Rita Benton, 5021 Blackstone Ave., Chicago. (Typewritten copy).
Ruth, The Gleaner, The Mountain of Doubt, The Good Samaritan, The Prodigal Son, by R. F. Sandall (obtainable through Dramatics Department, New York Community Service, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.).
The Drama of Isaiah, Elcanor Wood Whitman (Pilgrim Press, Boston).
The Book of Job, James S. Stevens (Stratford Co., Boston).
The following Biblical dramas arranged by Harris G. Hale and Newton M. Hall, may be had from the Pilgrim Press, Boston. Moses the Liberator, The Story of Elijah; Samuel and Saul; The Story of David and Jonathan; David, the King; Story of Job; Nehemiah, the Builder; The Messages of the Prophets; Paul, the Prisoner of the Lord.
Plays given by the Pilgrims' Community Players, of the Pilgrim's Community Church, Seattle, Washington, may be secured direct from the church.
Pageants: The Dawning, and Easter Pageant (Methodist Book Concern).
The Sunday School Pageant, Ferris (Pilgrim Press, Boston). Episodes on early Hebrew education, David's generosity Paul, Festus, etc.
The Nativity of Christmas Service—a story of the Nativity told through words of the Bible, illustrated in pantomime and tableau, accompanied by organ chorus and congregational singing. Easy for the beginning group (Samuel French, New York).

THE National Reform Association, which has its headquarters in Pittsburgh, Pa., has issued a call for a Citizens' Conference to be held in Washington, October 30 to November 2, for the purpose of crystallizing public sentiment in support of the efforts of the International Disarmament Conference for World Peace and Disarmament, which assembles shortly afterward. Many eminent Americans will be among the speakers, including leading members of both Houses of Congress, distinguished jurists, economists, men in active military life and the leaders of women's organizations.

At a meeting of the Bowery Mission Brotherhood

The Army of the "Down-and-Outs"

What the Bowery Mission Is Doing to Help the Unemployed

By LAURA R. WILKIE

HERE and there they began to come back to the country last winter, when the industrial depression first made itself felt—the Down-and-Outs. They awakened little sympathy, because, said Up-and-Going, "Let them suffer a bit. Labor has been having things its own way for a long while. Now it's Capital's turn."

Capital is still sitting on the lid of industry, perhaps to make sure that the lesson will soak in, and the army of the unemployed has turned, on its fringes, to an army, ever growing, of Down-and-Outs, while occasionally there is developing the genuine old-time hôbo, from which the country was rid for a number of years.

Make a tour of the New York city parks, stand and watch the "hand-out" lines of those who, having patiently sat through an hour or more of religious appeal at the various missions, now reap the practical reward —a tin cup of coffee, and a hunk of bread, possibly somewhat over an inch in thickness.

Go first to the Bowery Mission, 227 Bowery, because it is recognized to be a "barometer of industrial conditions." Think that term over, for it implies much, and all that it implies is a fact. The superintendent, John G. Hallimond, and his wife are in Europe on business, so we must pick up such information as we can from the volunteer workers about the mission, those who ask only that they may give, and who are actuated by no desire to swell the mission's funds through your donations, although, heaven knows, they would be glad if you should contribute, because they know very well that it would mean more meal tickets and more lodging tickets to give out to the men who throng the doors.

HERE is John G. Goode, one of the lecturers, or, in other words, one of a considerable number of men who are attached to the mission in a quasi-official capacity, to "give testimony" as to their salvation.

Mr. Goode is an ex-convict, redeemed from drunkenness and "all that went with it," as he expresses it, twelve years ago, at the age of forty-seven.

He pleads with the men to accept the soul's salvation which religion offers to them, tells them how he was saved, and never once strikes a maudlin note. No one but a real man could do that, and the men listen to all that he has to say with respect for the speaker as well as for the message. He asks if there are men who want special prayers—if they do, to hold up their hands or to stand right up and say what is their special need or needs. Hands go up scatteringly, and a few men rise and murmur their personal requests.

One man wants prayers for his "quick temper," another for "not having been the man I ought to be these past few days," and still another "for everybody who hasn't a bed—and for those who are suffering in Ireland."

And then, a ruddy-cheeked young fellow rises awkwardly to his feet and stammers out, "Please pray that us fellows get some work to do."

Lecturer Goode, ex-convict, graduate from a reformatory, with a post-graduate course to his credit in Sing Sing, a "saved" man—and if there be any better servant than he in humanity's cause, I for one never have met him—pauses, swallows hard, gets back his hold on himself, and replies: "Yes, brother, that's the ticket. We'll all join in prayer for enough jobs to go around. We can ask that with a good grace, too, for God surely meant that every man should have work."

THERE are a few in the gathering before him who are obviously permanent non-assets to the industrial community, so broken down are they from dissipation or ill-health—and it must never be forgotten that ill-health can batter down the walls of fitness just as easily and as quickly as dissipation, so that it is not just to assume that all the derelicts on the Bowery (or elsewhere) have foundered on the sand-bars of self-indulgence.

Suppose an honest workman has a spell of pneumonia, is sent from his hall room to the free ward in the city hospital by his landlady, comes out with low resistance and an occasional cough, no job, and no money left. Where does he drift—where, indeed, can he drift—except to the missions that dole out bread and coffee to the limit of their slender resources?

But—and I am taking it for granted, now, that you are with me on the platform of the Bowery Mission re-living with me the experience of Sunday night a week ago—there happens to be a very young face in the gathering, which because of its youthfulness and its dark eyes and the shadows beneath them, attracts the attention. This, as I said, is Sunday night.

After the service, Mr. Goode, in response to inquiries, suggests that we go down in the basement toward the front of the building, where the hand-out line is forming. They don't call it a bread line, for the simple reason that it is really not open to the public from the street. One attends the services, first, in order to "qualify" as a guest.

There is the same youth here, getting his tin cup of coffee and his hunk of bread. Also there is a soldier in his khaki uniform, shrunken and too tight a fit for his muscular body. Perhaps he spent his army wages thoughtlessly, taking it for granted that he could find employment soon—and then, to his surprise, found himself caught in the baffling and inexorable web of industrial inactivity.

LAST Sunday night it poured down rain, when we left the Mission, after all the men had had their bread and coffee—257 in all, by actual count of the used tin cups. They were ranged outside, standing as close to the building as they could get, waiting for the storm to abate somewhat so that they could make a dive for some sorry shelter or other before they were drenched through to their skins. The city parks, where they sleep on other nights, is impossible tonight. There remains the Municipal Lodging House, the "All Night" Mission on the lower Bowery, where one may bunk on the benches if entrance is made by midnight, similar accommodations at the Doyer Street Mission in Chinatown, and the hallways, the sheds and the docks.

For seamen there is free lodging at the Seamen's Church Institute, where 714 get beds every night. And after the beds give out there are the hard maple floors until they, also, can accommodate no more. But that is in the vicinity of the Battery—a long way off, a night like this. And further away, over in South Brooklyn, there is a little Norwegian church which gives free lodgings and free meals, and the Bethel Branch of the Y. M. C. A. Seamen's Institute and Home two blocks away from the church.

The Municipal Lodging House, however, will give shelter only five nights in a month.

The problem is too much. We come home, careless of the pouring rain, because unlike the

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Lined up in the Bowery Mission basement for a serving of bread and coffee. This is only a small part of the line, for hundreds are served each night

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

A Story of a City Church

By MARION HARLAND

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

Instalment Seven

CHAPTER XIV

"I CANNOT imagine what ever induced that lovely woman, Mrs. King, to marry that boor! I had nearly said 'brute,' and the term is none too strong for him."

The Hailes were on the way home from a dinner-party at the Ford's, given in honor of the host's birthday. He had, as was his wont upon similar occasions, sent his limousine to bring them to his house, and it was now taking them back.

Stuart did not seem to heed the criticism for a moment, and the wife hastened to deprecate rebuke for her intemperate outburst:

"Those were not pretty words to apply to a fellow-guest, I know, but you were not so unlucky as to sit next to him for an hour-and-a-half. Mrs. Ford—for my sins, I suppose—selected him to take me in to dinner, as you saw. Doubtless the poor lady thought that the proper thing to do was to send Mrs. King in with my husband. A sort of 'turn-about-is-fair-play' arrangement. I saw that you were well entertained, and was glad of it, although I was alternately bored and provoked.

"The—the creature opened the ball by asking me if I knew that the man who had taken Mrs. Ford in was 'many times a multi-millionaire!' He told me the name, but I didn't burden my memory with it. Then he went into particulars of Mr. Ford's monetary adventures—all of them successes. 'Lucky dog!' he said approvingly. 'Everything he touches turns to gold, like the chap we used to read about at school. What was his name?' 'You mean Midas,' said I coolly. 'That's the chap. You and my wife have a way of recollecting such things. She's very literary, you know. I told her today that she reminded me of a fellow somebody was talking of at the Club last night, who could hold his tongue in ten different languages. She was gabbling French with her maid at such a rate that I ripped out that I wished to heaven she could hold her tongue in two! I don't care a sou markee—whatever that may be—for the books she and her visitors talk about. And I care less for music.'

"He had to stop to take breath, and it was my turn to say something. 'That is a pity,' I replied to his last remark. 'You miss a great deal, for Mrs. King plays exquisitely.' I fancied that was rather neat. Men like to hear their wives praised—not only because they belong to themselves—as part of their personal belongings.

"'So I'm told, until between you and I, I'm sick to death of hearing it. When I come home and hear that darned music-box of a grand piano on the rampage, I turn on my heel and make for the Club, or for some other hole and corner where a fellow who has had his nose at the grindstone all day long, trying to make a decent living for his family, can eat a meal in peace.' I beg your pardon, dear!" as Stuart put up a protesting hand. "It's too bad to repeat such stuff. But nothing to the misery of getting it, and as much more and worse if possible poured into one's ears when escape is as impracticable as if one were chained to her chair. Which brings me back to the proposition: 'Why did such a woman marry such a man?'

"I suspect from certain bits of gossip that have floated to me that the match was made by the two high contracting powers, her mother and his," was his reply. "She was young, and I dare say ambitious; her father had died comparatively poor, and she had been brought up in affluence and had every conceivable advantage of education. King was rich and on the way to amass greater wealth. He fell desperately in love with the girl his mother picked out for him. Her own mother was very delicate, and begged her child to provide a home for her declining days—but the whole thing is too abhorrent to be thought over, much less discussed. She is a martyr who bears her cross like the Christian she is. Her behavior to the boor who owns her is beyond praise. Heaven help her!"

"I wish we could help her!" ejaculated the wife earnestly. "She asked me this evening if she might run in to see me informally at odd hours when I could find time to talk quietly with her. I said 'Yes, of course,' heartily."

Thus ensconced in a straight-backed armchair that fitted her easily, she entered upon the matter that engaged her poetic mind

"Like the true woman you are!" His hand sought hers under the fur robe. "Heaven bless you for always longing to bring comfort to the comfortless!"

THUS auspiciously began the intimacy between women who, living in different spheres, yet had so much in common as regards intellectual and artistic tastes, that the association was soon a delight to both and consolation to one who had never dared dream of what she gratefully termed her "wayside well of refreshment."

Their interviews were so cleverly timed, in accordance with Mrs. King's notion, that few outside of the Parsonage guessed that Mrs. Haile's second story sitting-room was brightened by tri-weekly calls from the millionaire's wife, and that the house was—as the hostess put it—"glorified" at these and other hours by the exquisite music the visitor drew from the piano in the lower room.

"I am going to betray my husband's confidence," Anita said gaily one rainy forenoon in December, after relieving the guest of her mufflings. "He had purposely stayed in his home study on several mornings when we knew that you were coming and left the study door ajar that he might hear you play. He says it is an inspiration to him. He writes more freely and happily while, as he puts it, 'the air vibrates with music that might come down from a celestial choir' than under any other circumstances. There! I know that sounds bombastic, but he didn't know you would ever hear of it. He is not to suspect that I have let you into the secret. But you have a right to learn what a mission yours is. And now that you are in the secret, you can play such selections as you know he likes best."

For one witching half-hour sonata followed nocturne, varied by dreamy improvisations that bespoke the moved soul of the translator. Anita hearkened, entranced and speechless, until the performer arose and closed the piano. Then she kissed her friend, with tears in her eyes.

"You have surpassed yourself today. I can say nothing except to thank you in my husband's name and my own."

"He craves the privilege of saying a word for himself!" said Stuart from the door.

HE SHOOK hands heartily with the musician, who blushed and smiled as a school-girl might under the flood of commendation to which this was the prelude.

"The privilege and the favor are mine," she slipped in at length. "I thought you would be at the Church House."

"As I should be, if I had not formed the habit of studying at home when I wish to be undisturbed by calls from outside. Mr. Miller is manager when I am absent from what has become an office rather than a study. That is one of the unlooked-for benefits of having the dual pastorate."

"Mrs. King's car is at the door!" announced the maid.

"Stay to luncheon, won't you?" pleaded the hostess. "Mr. King will hardly come uptown through the storm."

"He went to Chicago yesterday and will not be at home for a week," was the rejoinder. "And when he is in town he seldom comes home to luncheon. But I can not stay, thank you, dear! I'm a very busy woman just now."

Haile donned overcoat and hat and brought an umbrella from the hall-rack, in readiness to escort her to the limousine by the time she was cloaked and bonneted. The snow drove between them as he paused upon the threshold of the outer door to raise the umbrella. She closed the door behind them and stood on tiptoe to reach his ear:

"It is providential this finding you at home! For I am in sore trouble and I need your advice. When can you call? Come very soon, please!" The agitated accents struck him like a blow in the face. But he answered on the instant!

"This afternoon, if you wish. At four o'clock?"

"Yes," as he led her down the steps. "And please not a word to her," nodding backward.

He put her into the car, shut the door upon her and went back to his study, the distressed "I must see you!" driving memories of the music from his mind.

CHAPTER XV

WITHIN a week after the severest snow-storm of the winter, Mrs. Haile had to explain the change in her husband's habits of study to another parishioner.

Miss Albertha Briggs was fond of narrating to those who remarked upon her uncommon name that it was a combination of her parents' prænomens—"Albert" and "Bertha." "You see my mother was disappointed that I was not a boy and my father was transported with delight that he had a daughter who might grow up to be as great a blessing to him as his wife had been, and they agreed to have me christened under the odd name. I hope neither of them was ever ashamed of it."

She also liked to mention casually that she had been called by word of mouth and twice at least in print—"The Poetess Laureate of the Banner Church.' For she had been writing rhymes which some people persisted in calling "poetry" ever since she could hold a pen. She had written religious verse galore,

Continued on page 760

The Story in Brief

SILAS FORD, the dominant figure in the fashionable Banner Church in New York City, is profoundly impressed while on a visit to Marlinton, a few miles distant, by the preaching of Rev. Stuart Haile, whose ten-year pastorate there has been extraordinarily happy and successful. The leaders of the Banner Church have determined on the resignation of their pastor, Rev. Dr. Samuel Stenson, because they believe that at sixty-three he is too old for the best interests of a modern city church conducted with business-like efficiency, and Mr. Haile reluctantly accepts their call because of the larger opportunities for service. The Banner Church makes much of welcoming the Hailes and stages what its members call the "unique Demonstration" for the retiring and the incoming pastors. Mrs. Haile finds somewhat trying a lengthy call from Mrs. Wingate, who dominates the women's activities of the Church, and a call from Mrs. Wingate's satellite—Miss Maynard, the parish visitor—increases her repugnance to the courting of wealth and social position so evident in the congregation. The pastor insists on devoting much of his time and energies to the poor and needy of the parish, despite the opposition of the church's leaders, who wish him to cultivate those who will add to the social prestige of the church, and they engage an assistant pastor, Anselm Miller.

The Churches and Disarmament

Many Denominations Endorse the Memorial to President Harding

IN RESPONSE to the Christian Herald's appeal churches of every denomination, in all the States, continue to send in by every mail signed resolutions endorsing the program of the coming Conference on Disarmament, to be held in Washington, November 11th, and heartily approving of the action of President Harding in his efforts for world peace. They also urge that the work of the Conference should from beginning to end be characterized by the recognition of Divine Sovereignty and the teaching and spirit of Jesus Christ. We give, on this page another long list of these remarkable communications and they are still pouring in upon us.

It is important that as many churches as possible should lose no time in taking action on the Memorial, and send us the result promptly, in order that all may be included in the presentation when it is submitted to the President.

The list given below includes the following denominations: Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Lutheran, United Evangelical, Primitive Methodist, United Brethren, Dutch Reformed, Friends, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, United Presbyterian, Church of the Nazarene, Swedish Evangelical, Norwegian and Danish Methodist Episcopal, Mennonite, Advent Christian, Christian Church, Federated Churches and Union Churches; also a large number of evangelical churches and churches in the rural districts. Endorsements have also been received from various denominational conferences and from church societies and similar organizations. Responses follow:

CONFERENCE of Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ) of the Northeast District of Mississippi, assembled in conference at Baldwyn. Signed by J. Fred Jones, President, and Robert L. Harrell, Secretary.

Nebraska Annual Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ (representing membership of seven thousand in the State of Nebraska). Signed by the Bishop, Cyrus J. Kephart, W. O. Jones, Superintendent, and A. P. Vannill, Secretary.

Beektown W. C. T. U., Berea, O. Signed by Edith N. Mayer, President, and Lela Clement, Secretary.

St. Paul's and St. John's Lutheran Church, Berne, N. Y., Rev. W. D. Worman, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

United Evangelical Church, Pottsville, Pa., Rev. Mark L. Burger, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Third Baptist Church, Germantown, Phila., Rev. Walter M. Walker, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Primitive Methodist Church, Kewanee, Ill., signed by Rev. John Hardcastle, Pastor, and Dennis Emerson, President of Trustees.

Lyell Avenue Baptist Church, Rochester, N. Y., Rev. Wm. E. La Rue, Pastor, Robert J. Smy, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

THE Church of the United Brethren in Christ, Kansas City, Mo., signed by Bishop Cyrus J. Kephart, Pastor, Ira A. Holbrook, Superintendent, Bessie Wharton, Secretary, in behalf of the church.

Fourth Reformed Church, Dayton, Ohio, signed by Rev. Purd E. Deitz, Pastor, and eighty-three members of the congregation.

St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Baltimore, Md., signed by Rev. F. Carl Rueggeberg, Pastor, H. Brettschneider, President, J. Louis Kaap, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Friends' Church, Whittier, Calif., Rev. Frank W. Dell, Pastor, Allen U. Tomlinson, Clerk, in behalf of the church.

Congregational Church, Mountain Home, Idaho, Rev. Charles E. Mason, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Phoebus Baptist Church, Phoebus, Va., signed by Rev. Chas. E. Anderson, Pastor, C. A. Russell, Clerk, in behalf of the church.

Riverdale Church, Glenwillard, Pa., Rev. Joseph L. Grimm, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Presbyterian Church, Montezuma, Iowa, signed by Rev. O. H. Frerking, Pastor, and E. R. Stitson, Clerk of Session.

St. James Evangelical Church, Buffalo, N. Y., Rev. A. A. Holzwarth, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Royersford Methodist Episcopal Church, Royersford, Pa. Signed by Rev. Albert M. Witwer, Pastor, and Paul Loomis, Secretary of Board, in behalf of the congregation of 400.

First Baptist Church, Farmingham, Mass., signed by Rev. Franklin Hutchinson, Pastor, and Charles H. Woods, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Oak Hill Presbyterian Church, Oak Hill, Ala., signed by Rev. H. M. Henry, Pastor, and members of the congregation.

Church of the Brethren, Harrisonburg, Va., signed by P. S. Thomas, Elder, Rev. E. S. Coffman, Pastor, J. D. Wampler, Officer, M. A. Layman, Member, Geo. W. Gaibu, Member, M. H. Adams, Officer, W. D. Garber, Member, J. Elmer Roller, Member.

Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church South, Winston-Salem, N. C., signed by Rev. Z. E. Barnhardt, Pastor, and H. B. Pulliam, Secretary of Board of Stewards.

Methodist Episcopal Church, West End, N. C., signed by W W. Hurley, in behalf of the congregation, also F. W. Von Canon and J. B. Von Canon.

First Baptist Church, Port Jervis, Orange County, N. Y., signed by Alonzo Y. Sedlock, Secretary, and Albert L. Stage President, in behalf of the congregation.

New Hope Church, Dumas, Miss., signed by Rev. M. L. Ward, Pastor, and S. M. Richardson, Steward, in behalf of the congregation.

Hollywood Church, Passapatanzy, Va., signed by T. A. Miller Elder, and Geo. Weimer, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Grace Reformed Church, Tiffin, Ohio, signed by Prof. A. D. Keller, Secretary Consistory, in behalf of the congregation.

Trinity Reformed Church, Dayton, Ohio, signed by Rev. G. T. N. Beam, Pastor, D. I. Prugh, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation of 500 members.

Zion's Reformed Church, Sherwood, Ohio, Rev. N. E. Vitz, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Friends' Church, Carmel, Ind., Rev. Orley Smith, Pastor, Jesse R. Johnson, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Gibson Heights Church, St. Louis, Mo., Rev. D. T. Ferguston, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Fremont, Ind., Rev. L. W. Kemper, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

FLETCHER Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. Richard Radcliffe, Pastor, Robert J. Corrison, President Board of Trustees. Statement of Rev. Radcliffe: "Fletcher Methodist Episcopal Church, with a membership of sixteen hundred and a constituency twice as large, heartily endorses your plan—'In union there is strength.'"

First Baptist Church, Townville, Pa., Rev. M. M. Clark, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Camp Creek Church, Nappance, Ind., signed by Bishop John W. Shively, Marion H. Shively, Charles T. Heisler, Daniel Flory, George L. Rummel.

First Presbyterian Church, Blairstown, Iowa, Rev. Marcus E. Krotzer, Pastor S. G. Frantz, Elder, in behalf of the congregation.

First United Presbyterian Church, Indianola, Iowa, signed by Rev. H. B. McElree, Mod., and Samuel Martin, Clerk, also the elders of the congregation, E. P. Wright, Adam Kress, C. M. McCoy, J. M. Jackson, Alex S. Dyer, C. C. Wright, R. C. Parr.

Holy Comforter Episcopal Church, Atlanta, Ga., Rev. G. W. Gaspee, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Baptist Church, Silver City, Iowa, signed by Rev. H. O. King, Pastor and F. W. Anderson, Trustee, in behalf of the congregation.

Steffin Hill United Presbyterian Church, Beaver Falls, Pa., signed by Rev. John W. Meloy, Pastor, in behalf of the church.

Church of the Nazarene, Shreveport, La., signed by Mrs. E. G. Theus, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Evangelical Church, Ripon, Wis., Rev. Philip Schneider, in behalf of the congregation.

Baptist Church, Woodstock, N. H., Rev. Forrest E. Robinson, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Hope Evangelical Church, Duluth, Minn., signed by Rev. E. C. Kreitlow, Pastor, John F. Kruzberger, Secretary of the church, in behalf of the congregation.

Jerome Lutheran Church, Jerome, Pa., Rev. B. F. Rudisill, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Christian Church, Gresham, Neb., Rev. C. G. Nelson, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Cove First Baptist Church, Cove Ark., Rev. J. B. Hammonds, Pastor, I. Ross Silvey, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Presbyterian Church, Astor, Fla., Rev. T. J. McConnell, Pastor, Isaac N. Aldrich, Sunday-school Superintendent, in behalf of the church.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Vandervoort, Ark., signed by Rev. J. P. Garrett, Pastor, K. H. Skinner, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

First United Brethren Church, Scottdale, Pa., Rev. Geo. R. Strayer, Pastor, Chas. H. Stoner, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Fredericksburg Baptist Church, Fredericksburg, Va., signed by Rev. Emerson Louis Swift, Pastor, L. A. Dodd, Clerk, in behalf of the church.

St. Paul's Sw. Ev. Lutheran Church, Kenosha, Wis., Rev. J. H. Nelson, Pastor, N. S. Wahlberg, Secretary, John Hartwig, Chas. Fredrickson, Oscar E. Lind, Carl Warenius, Alfred Edquist, C. H. Peterson, J. B. Velson, John Strom, Alfred Benson, Axel Landgren, Frank Nelson, Daniel Nelson, A. F. Westine, John Bjorn, Members of Board, in behalf of the congregation.

ZION Evangelical Church, St. Joseph, Mo., signed by Rev. F. C. Klick, Pastor, and Frank J. M. Schuske, President, in behalf of the congregation.

German Immanuel Church, Hankinson, N. D., signed by Rev. Carl Oberdauster, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Zion Evangelical Church, Great Bend, N. D., signed by Rev. Jacob Burkhart, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Allendale Reformed Church, Allendale, Mich., signed by Rev. Charles Stoppels, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

M. E. Church, Soulsbyville, Calif., signed by Rev. Wallace Cutter, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Federated Church, Saratoga, Calif., signed by Rev. R. D. Douglass, Pastor, L. McGuire, L. J. Hanchett, in behalf of the congregation.

First Advent Christian Church, San Francisco, Calif., signed by Rev. R. M. Simmons, Pastor, and Mrs. O. M. Shield, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Baptist Church, Dell Rapids, S. D., signed by Rev. P. C. Larson, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

White Creek M. E. Mission Church, Sand Lake, Mich., signed by C. C. Thompson, Leader, in behalf of the members.

First Congregational Church, Hanson, Mass., signed by Rev. Wilbur H. Fowler, Pastor, and Arthur J. Sturtevant, Fanny R. Josselyn, Isabelle Cameron, Addie C. Ford, Grace G. Bonney, Elisa A. Hill, Verna G. Foster, Elsie E. Sanford, Mrs. F. E. Learned, Mrs. Wade Sanford, George Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. William Truelson, Mrs. Grace McClellan, Mrs. Hattie M. Sturtevant, A. W. MacLellan, Edward Lundburg, Malcom MacDonald, William F. Annis, Francis W. Clemons, Edna H. Annis, Elizabeth H. Clemons, Annie F. Bass, Grace E. Clemons, Parsh Annis, Charlotte MacLellan, Theo. Hammond, Aetna Mercer, John A. Cameron, Christina Cameron, in behalf of the congregation.

Immanuel Baptist Church, Scranton, Pa., signed by Rev. C. H. Rust, Pastor, and D. M. Horton, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Franklin-Napoleon M. E. Church, New Orleans, La., signed by Rev. Phil Deschner, in behalf of the congregation.

Escalon M. E. Church, Escalon, Calif.

Trinity Methodist Church, Colusa, Calif., Rev. Chas. R. Howard, Pastor, and J. D. McNary, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, in behalf of the congregation.

Woman's Organization of Olivet Congregation Church, St. Paul, Minn.

Mack Avenue Church of the Evangelical Association, Detroit, Mich., signed by Rev. C. B. Stroh, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Wittenberg Lutheran Church, Leesville, S. C., signed by V. Y Boozer, Pastor, and J. E. R. Kyzer, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

East End M. E. Church, So., San Antonio, Texas, signed by Rev. Paul W. Evans, Pastor, and J. L. Petters, Secretary, Quarterly Conference.

First Christian Church, Los Angeles, Calif., signed by Rev. Edgar Fay Daugherty, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Presbyterian Church, Hillsboro, Ohio, signed by L. A. Purdy, Geo. Brognard, C. C. Muhlbach, and J. D. Van Winkle, Elders, in behalf of the congregation.

Brethren Church, Franklin Grove, Ill., signed by Rev O. D. Buck, Elder in charge, in behalf of the congregation.

Doe Run Church, Doe Run, Va., signed by Rev. Arthur Wake, Pastor, M. D. Hutchinson and W. B. Cook, Officers, in behalf of the congregation.

Presbyterian Church, Cakin, Ill., signed by Rev. Geo. Keithley, Pastor, and H. E. Douglas, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Wildrose M. E. Church, Wildrose, Wisc., signed by Rev. Wallace Essingham, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Shelby Reformed Church, Shelby, Ohio, signed by Rev. E. S. Hassler, Pastor, and H. N. Crall, Secretary of the Consistory, in behalf of the congregation.

OSSIAN Presbyterian Church, Ossian, N. Y., signed by Rev. F. B. Fraser, Pastor, D. I. Kennedy, Thos. McFarnaghan, Lloyd Denton, and Bonner Denton, Elders, in behalf of the congregation.

Weyers Cave Church, Weyers Cave, Va., signed by Rev. M. L. Fearnow, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Presbyterian Church, Coquille, Ore., signed by Rev. Winfield S. Smith, Pastor, J. H. Moore and E. F. Russell, Elders, in behalf of the congregation.

First U. P. Church, Denver, Colo., signed by Rev. Robert Allen Pollock, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Presbyterian Church, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., signed by Rev. P. A. MacDonald, Pastor, J. W. Lyman, G. H. Hahl and G. H. Kinsel, Elders, in behalf of the congregation.

First M. E. Church, Uhrichsville, O., signed by Rev. C. N. Church, Pastor, and G. E. Roth, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

First Presbyterian Church, East Syracuse, N. Y., signed by Rev. Isaac Swift, Pastor, Israel Joel Curtiss, Eugene W. Bogardus, C. A. Locke, E. A. Kaye, Horton W. Swartz, Harry B. Peck, Elders, and Fred Harrison and A. B. Hill, Trustees, in behalf of the congregation.

Orthodox Congregational Church, Townsend, signed by Rev. A. L. Struthers, Pastor, A. H. Lang, Clerk, T. James Harvey, Treas., G. L. Whitcomb, W. A. Russell, and A. S. Howard, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Berlin, Mass., signed by Rev. Olin J. Gary, Pastor, Adelia Wheeler, President Ladies' Aid Society, Walter O. Clark, Asst. Supt. Sunday school, Herbert L. Wheeler, Trustee, L. Ada Berry, Recording Steward, in behalf of the congregation.

Market Street M. E. Church, South, Petersburg, Va., signed by Rev. Daniel T. Merritt, Pastor, and H. B. Brodther, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

U. P. Church, Walton, N. Y., signed by Rev. Frank C. Davidson, Pastor and W. D. Burns, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

St. John's Episcopal Church, Huntington, L. I., N. Y., signed by Rev. Charles E. Cragg, Rector, Richard C. Burn, Chas. H. Street, Wardens, Wm. J. Matheson, E. T. T. Marsh, Hiram Paulding, Jr., H. Albert Muller, Frederick H. Selleck, Milton L. Ecluse, Vestrymen, in behalf of the congregation.

Chippewa Church of the Brethren, signed by R. M. Mooman, Pastor, and H. M. Hoff, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Poland Avenue U. P. Church Struthers, Ohio, signed by Rev. W. E. Muilen, Pastor, Alvin E. Young, Arthur E. Smith, Chas. E. Kimmel, A. F. Houston, William Creed, R. M. Cooper, M. N. Hurt, L. H. Stewart, Elders, H. T. Cowden, I. S. Henderson, A. B. Stough, D. B. Cooper, Trustees, in behalf of the congregation.

First Presbyterian Church, Marcellus, N. Y., signed by Rev. Cuthbert C. Frost, Pastor, I. A. Share, Henry L. Cowles, George W. Richards, John R. Malcolm, John Murray, and R. M. Stone, in behalf of the congregation.

Central College Presbyterian Church, Westerville, Ohio, signed by Rev. W. D. Wallace, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Southend Christian Church, Houston, Texas, signed by Rev. Wm. D. Ryan, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Christian Church, Utica, Ohio, signed by Rev. J. M. Miller, Pastor, E. G. Dove, W. E. Helphrey, and O. D Helphrey, Official Board, in behalf of the congregation.

MILLEDGEVILLE Congregation of the Church of the Brethren, Milledgeville, Ill., signed by Rev. Olin F. Shaw, Pastor, Frank L. Lowongood, Wm. Werner, Dan Fierhiller, V. Prowant, W. E. Kendall, E. L. Prowant, J. H. Fike, J. E. Guagey, Official Board, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Protestant Church, Elkhart, Ind., signed by Rev. Fred Clarke, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Baptist Church, Blue Earth, Minn., signed by Rev. S. Batchelor, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Ontario Baptist Association, signed by A. B. Aldrich, Clerk, at Naples, N. Y., in behalf of the association.

Free Methodist Church, Ravenna, Mich., signed by Rev. C. H. Bartlett, Pastor, and Jennie Ferguson, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

First Lutheran Church, Ericson, Neb., signed by R. A. White, in behalf of the congregation.

M. E. Church, North Clymer, N. Y., signed by Mrs. Florence S. Southerland, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Baptist Church, Geneva, N. Y., Signed by J. B. Witter, Clerk, and A. Y. Van Eps, President of the Board of Deacons, in behalf of the congregation.

Other responses will appear in later issues of the Christian Herald.

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

Geneva and Washington

AFTER a full year of work, and some of it very excellent work in its way, the League of Nations Assembly in Geneva has at last given signs of recognition of the problem of world disarmament—or more properly speaking, of the general reduction of armament. One of the foremost champions of disarmament is Lord Robert Cecil, who on September 27, after a strenuous battle, forced through the Assembly Committee of the League a resolution calling for the preparation of general proposals for world disarmament. In the course of his argument Lord Cecil, who spoke as the representative of South Africa, urged that both Great Britain and France should show more activity in submitting their plans, as such delay obstructed the progress of the work undertaken by the League.

Early in the discussion, it became clear to Lord Cecil that he could not carry out his original proposition, which was to provide for a definite plan for general reduction of armaments throughout the world, to be presented to the Assembly next year. He learned that the legislative steam roller was held in readiness to crush such a project the moment it was made. An English delegate, opposing Cecil, rose in protest against what he described as "headlong steps" that might prove disastrous. There must first be "regional understandings" on disarmament before general disarmament could be made possible. A French delegate also pleaded for delay, and an Italian delegate, equally anxious, deprecated haste. And so the discussion sped, most of the speakers declaring that the original Cecil proposi ions to prepare a definite plan for arms redu ion to be discussed by the Assembly next year was too radical to consider. "How are we going in the next year to draw up plans of the disarmament of the United States and Russia?" was a question put by one of the delegates. So making a virtue of necessity, and foreseeing the gathering storm, Cecil presented the hurriedly prepared substitute resolution, which simply provides for the submission next year to the Council of general proposals in the form of a draft treaty "or some other definite plan" for a general reduction of armaments.

All of which goes to show that the outlook for a frank and open discussion of the armament question within a reasonable time is, at least, very dubious. One can see ahead a vision of oceans of debate rising and falling with the discussion before regional understandings can be reached. Lord Cecil's bold attack on the dangers of delay, and his charge that the delegates were "playing" with the disarmament question, seem to have produced no other effect than to convince him of the hopelessness of making real headway for many months to come.

May we argue from Geneva to Washington? Our International Disarmament Conference meets within a month. Its work will be greatly simplified and the tracks cleared for business from the very beginning. If we may judge from the expectations formed of this momentous Assembly, it will not submit to unnecessary delays in the discussion of the great things that are on the program. And we trust that it may be able to keep the main purpose of the Conference steadily in view, and not to let it get sidetracked or blocked through either "headlong steps" or "regional misunderstandings." Above all, it is the general desire that nothing should be sought to be accomplished in secret. Let the stormy episode in the Geneva Conference which we have described be a warning to those who may be disposed to strive for needless delay. The world wants peace and disarmament and the reduction of its oppressive burdens. It will not brook much delay. Let us show an example of persistence and progress in the endeavor to meet the world's desire.

No Secrecy

THERE is practically a unaminous desire on the part of the American people that at the coming Disarmament Conference the sessions of the Conference be in the largest degree free from the old-world intrigue and diplomatic sparring and secret methods that have been heretofore employed between the nations whenever international questions were being discussed.

We have asked a good many public men and international authorities on legal affairs if there was any reason why all the discussions of the conference should not be made openly, and in the full light of the public.

The answer has been there is no reason, except selfish and narrow ambition to get the better of some other party in the final settlement.

If there is any really good reason why the sessions of the Conference should not be open to the press, we would like to know what they are. Who will be harmed by the most frank and public discussion of all the questions that may arise? At this stage in the history of the world's affairs, it is the right of the people to know in the fullest detail what the representatives of different nations are asking or promising. What possible advantage can the public have in secrecy or subterfuge or closed doors? What question can arise that ought to be discussed by the nations that the public ought not to know? If there is any such question that is going to be raised at the conference, that is the very question that the people have a right to know.

The old-world diplomacy and intrigue and secrecy in matters of statecraft have been discredited by mankind. They have no place in the dignified and honest gathering that ought to be a marked characteristic of this notable meeting of the nations.

If the press of America is allowed to have free access to all the sessions, and if the freest and most unhindered discussion of all matters that belong to the conference goes forward, the people of the world will witness, perhaps for the first time in human history, the fact of the rights of mankind being put first, instead of some secret diplomatic move that needs concealment from the vulgar herd.

But there is no vulgar herd. There will be some noble and acute mentalities gathered at the conference table, selected by their respective nations to represent their countries. But at the same time there will be millions of human beings outside the selected groups that will possess as clear an understanding of the issues at stake and as capable of discussing them as the persons chosen to represent their nations.

And more than that, let it be understood the people are the ones who are concerned in these deliberations. It is not kings and emperors and diplomats and military enthusiasts that are to be considered at this conference. It is the *people*. Their turn has come for a square deal. Kings and dignitaries and cabinets and national rights have had their turn. Now it is mankind's turn.

Let there be no secrecy at the Disarmament gathering. If there is any need of it, we would like to know what it is, and whose interests will be served by it. Can any one tell us?

And let the people remember that this conference will be in vain unless the main thing is kept openly in sight all the time, and that is *disarmament*. What has secrecy to do with that?

The Churches and Disarmament

ONE more week after the present issue will close the Christian Herald's appeal to the Churches for united endorsement of the Conference on Disarmament and approval of the course of President Harding in bringing it about.

It is of the highest importance that all the endorsements by churches and other bodies should be in at the earliest possible moment. Let your church sign up at once and forward it to the address below. The following is the form of endorsement:

WHEREAS, President Harding has called a Conference on Disarmament, to be composed of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers and China to be held in Washington, D. C., on November 11, 1921, and

WHEREAS, the Christian people of the United States of America of all denominations are by their profession of belief in the teaching and Spirit of Jesus Christ committed to the policy of World Peace and to Disarmament as a means to the accomplishment of that goal; Therefore

BE IT RESOLVED, That we, the pastor, officers and members of.... ... .
....

Church, do hereby express our hearty approval of the action of President Harding and pledge to him our support in every effort to bring about World Peace.

Date.....

....

....

(Use this blank or copy in typewritten form, sign, and return to "Peace Endorsement Committee, Room 94, Bible House, New York City," at the earliest possible moment.)

The Man with Grit

WHILE we may not regard Mr. Edison as in any sense an authority on matters theological, there is little question about the value of his working philosophy as applied to human life and experience. He is one of the best examples of the American who possesses the quality of grit. Those who know him well will remember when he first came to the big city in a suit of butternut, and his pockets stuffed with tools. Whatever discouragements he may have met at the outset, it was grit that enabled him to overcome them. Like Whittington, he heard the bells calling him to something big in the battle of life, and he girded himself for the struggle.

We recall how, when he was in the service of a group of telegraph companies, he overcame by sheer grit and mechanical ability an injunction which had silenced at noon all the telegraph instruments of the "opposition," as these companies were then called, and with a clipper and a sheet of tin, fixed up a temporary "sounder," which in an hour or two was clicking in every one of the "opposition" offices all over the country. Many will recall another occasion on which he was showing the mysterious "white light" to a group of editors in the Farmers' Institute Building, New York. They went away and wrote in their publications that it was a brilliant "scientific toy"; but Edison knew better. He had the grit to plug ahead with the "mystery," and the now universally used incandescent electric light is the result. The wiseacres who heard the first Edison phonograph thought it another "toy," but the world's millions who listen to the phonograph today know better.

And now, having conquered many things, by skill and courage, Mr. Edison suggests grit as a remedy for the upset times in which we are living. Fear, he says, must be overcome by faith and hard work, and Congress can hasten the return of good times by wise legislation. Those who are lamenting present economic conditions might well take a leaf out of the notebook of the inventor. Courage and the will to do things are needed both by capital and labor to overcome conditions of depression.

"The point to be driven home now," says the inventor, "is that the country always recovers from these recurring cycles of depression, and goes forward with greater strides than ever before. We will get over this one, too. The tide has already begun to turn. When the forces in our economic machine are adjusted, it will all come right again. The psychology of fear is the prime cause of the present depression. Our people have been frightened out of good times unnecessarily, because our country and its economic conditions are fundamentally sound and, being sound, they will finally triumph."

High or Low?

AT THE recent annual convention of the National Education Association, the statement was made by Maurice Ricker, assistant director of the United States public health service, that race suicide was being practiced on a vast scale by American college graduates. His official statement was:

"Investigation by the Federal Health Service over a period of years indicates that the progeny of 1,000 graduates from college like Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Vassar and Smith will not exceed 50, in 100 years from now, while in a like period the births among illiterate foreigners will be multiplied at least a hundred times. The ratio will be 50 men and women descended from educated parents, to 100,000 begotten by ignorant parents."

If it is a fact that the births in the families of the ignorant and uneducated parents are going to exceed so vastly in number the births in the families of the educated and college-bred parents, what of the future effect on mankind? If, on the other hand, one child of educated parents is more than twice as efficient and influential as two children of ignorant parents, how shall the ratio of progress be maintained under any system of education which shirks its responsibility for parenthood?

It looks like a problem in moral arithmetic.

"Fundamentally sound, financially strong, industrially unimpaired, commercially consistent and politically unafraid, there ought to be work for everybody in the United States who chooses to work, and our condition at home and our place in the world depend on everybody going to work." With these words of President Harding before them, the members of the National Unemployment Conference are studying the problems of the jobless men. The picture was taken in front of the White House

The World News of the Week

The International Situation in Washington

THE Washington Government has at last formally admitted that there is such a body as the League of Nations. In one day the secretariat of the League in Geneva received fourteen notes from the Secretary of State acknowledging communications addressed to the United States during the period from February 4 to August 29. The matters considered ranged all the way from such important topics as the world court to minor ship registry problems.

When it first became known that the Department of State was failing to reply to communications from the League the explanation was made that the subjects involved were being taken up with the individual governments interested. There is assurance now, however, that all notes from the League are being promptly acknowledged.

While it seemed a few days ago that the separate Treaty of Peace with Germany would have a very serious time in the Senate, with possibilities of failure to ratify, the atmosphere has cleared up rapidly. Such strong supporters of the Wilson program as the New York Times and New York World agree that ratification is almost a foregone conclusion as a result of conferences among the Republican Senators and a meeting of the Democratic members. A final vote is expected on October 15 after the automatic rejection of three reservations to be proposed and supported by twenty-one Democrats. The same group, with possibly a few Republicans, probably will vote against ratification although there are rumors that the solid Democratic *bloc* will be broken.

Arrangements for the great international conference on limitation of armament and Far Eastern affairs are maturing rapidly. President Harding, according to the present plan, will deliver an address of welcome in which he will voice the aspirations of this country and suggest a chart of principles that should govern the deliberations of the conference. Organization may be effected the same day with the naming of an American chairman for the conference, and an American secretary-general.

Reports from Japan indicate that her delegates will adopt as a fundamental policy the contention that the famous "twenty-one demands" and the Shantung settlement are facts accomplished and as such not subject to consideration in the conference. They will be willing to discuss a curtailment of her naval program in a spirit of concession and compromise, but in view of the fact that the twenty-one demands and Shantung contain a good share of the war danger in the Far East it is agreed that the path of the conferees will be a difficult one.

A Proposal to Cut Prices

THE conference on unemployment meeting at the call of the Government in Washington apparently has decided that one big thing must be done at once to revive industry and that is bring down prices of manufacturers and retailers to a point more nearly approximating the pre-war level. The Committee on Emergency Measures by Manufacturers is strongly favorable to the idea as the only feasible method of breaking the "buyers' strike" and opening up the normal flow of trade. It is frankly admitted among the members of the conference that the present acute situation is due in large measure to the disinclination of both manufacturers and retailers to take a loss on raw materials or finished products bought at the peak or on a declining market. Now industry and commerce see that a change in tactics is necessary and will unite in a program to dispose of their stocks at "replacement" prices. Some of the labor members are skeptical as to the willingness of industries to meet such a program, but they also agree that the best way to start factories is to get prices down to the point where the public will buy.

An analysis of the unemployment situation presented to the Conference indicates that there are between 3,700,000 and 4,000,000 unemployed in the United States with approximately 2,000,000 in what may be regarded as the emergency class. This is opposed to figures made public recently by the Department of Labor estimating a total of 5,735,000.

Bishop Lambuth Dies

WORD has been received of the death in a hospital at Yokohama of Bishop Walter B. Lambuth of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. His death followed an operation. Bishop Lambuth was a member of one of the great missionary families of the country. His great-grandfather went as a missionary to the wilds of Tennessee in 1800. His grandfather was a missionary to the French and Indians in 1821. His father went as a missionary to China in 1854, and he was born the same year in Shanghai. Returning in his youth to the United States he completed a collegiate and medical course, and in his turn entered the China field where he has been active all through his manhood. He was elected bishop in 1910.

Bishop Lambuth was a warm friend and supporter of the Christian Herald and the most cordial relations existed with him in all work undertaken by this magazine in China. He returned to the United States last December, attended the foreign missions conference at Garden City, L. I., in January, aided tremendously in arousing interest in the China Famine Fund in a dozen states, and left to resume his work in the Orient early in the spring. The family home is Nashville, Tenn.

New Irish Peace Move

PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE has extended one more invitation to the Irish Republicans for a meeting to discuss Ireland's problems. The date for the conference is set as October 11, and the Dail Eireann has accepted the invitation. The premier reiterates the impossibility of the British Government recognizing Irish independence, but he hopes for an agreement that will attach Ireland to "the community of nations known as the Britsh Empire" on some plan that will be consistent with "Irish national aspirations." Observers in England see in the latest step signs for an eventual settlement of the century-long conflict between the two islands.

New Altitude Record

LIEUTENANT JOHN A. MACREADY of the Army air service has just set a new altitude record in which he reached a height never before attained by a human being. In a test flight made at Dayton, O., he pushed his airplane to 40,800 feet above sea level, or nearly eight miles. He made use of oxygen above 20,000 feet but when nearly at the "ceiling" of the flight ice accumulated even in the oxygen tube and he had to resort to an emergency tank that he carried strapped to his body.

No Favor for Bolshevism

SECRETARY HUGHES has sent a letter to the Chita Republic reaffirming the determination of the American Government to withhold recognition of the Russian Soviet Government. Lord Curzon, as British Foreign Minister, has addressed a note to Moscow accusing the Bolshevists of violating their trade agreement with Great Britain by establishing consulates in Afghanistan which are used largely for propaganda purposes. Information received in Washington, furthermore, indicates that the states bordering Soviet Russia are thoroughly dissatisfied with the manner in which Russia is abiding by the series of treaties establishing peace along the frontier. Poland has sent a sharp note to demand fulfilment of the Riga treaty with the payment of 30,000,000 gold rubles reparations. The correspondence has caused a great increase in activity in the Red army which is disturbing the capitals of the continent.

Presbyterians Answer Lambreth Appeal

THE delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance who have just concluded a convention in Pittsburg adopted almost unanimously a pronouncement in answer to the appeal of the Lambeth Conference for the unity of all Christian churches.

The pronouncement welcomes steps toward the reunion of Christendom, but sets forth that there can be no progress toward reunion until the conferring churches recognize one another's church standing, or in other words, when the Anglican Church does not require additional ordination of Nonconformist clergymen.

"The responsibility of giving formal answer to the invitation contained in this appeal," says the pronouncement "must so far as churches holding the Presbyterian order are concerned rest with the supreme courts of these churches. This council is not a legislative court, but it may and does express the hope that the churches it represents will be able to meet in conference with our brethren of Lambeth in the spirit of prayer and of willingness to learn together the mind of Christ concerning the peace and unity of His Church on earth.

"The Council records its opinion that such conference must be as between churches meeting on equal terms and must be unrestricted as to all questions of ecclesiastical order. Further, its members are at one in declaring their conviction that there will be substantial progress toward reunion only when the conferring churches are ready frankly to recognize one another's church standing and to accompany words of unity by acts of unity in the fellowship of the Lord's table, and in co-operation in the Lord's work."

The next meeting of the Presbyterians will be held in Cardiff, Wales, in 1925.

Important Missionary Gathering

THE first meeting of the International Missionary Committee, representing the missionary boards and societies of all home base lands, has been in session at Lake Mohonk. Sitting with the members from North America, Europe, Australasia and South Africa were one missionary and two nationals from India, China and Japan respectively, these being the mission countries in which there are federated national Christian councils in position to appoint member-delegates.

The Mutilated Bible

A Sermon by REV. H. C. WILKINSON, D.D.*

TEXT—Jere. 36 : 23. "And it came to pass that when Jehudi had read three or four leaves, he cut it with the pen-knife, and cast it in the fire that was on the hearth, until all the roll was consumed."

IT IS evident that human nature does not change with the passing centuries. Conditions of life change. Social and political environments change. Our knowledge grows wider with the revolving years; but the human heart beats with the same stroke in every age.

There is nothing in the portraiture of Bible characters that need impress us as strange. They are the portraits of universal characteristics. We never think of Abraham as a wandering Arab shiek. Daniel wears no Persian fez. We do not think of Joseph's gorgeous robe of state or Elijah's swarthy half-nakedness. We see their hopes, fears, dreams, passions. To us they all speak English—and fight the battles of our spiritual conflicts.

The story of Jehoiakim is perfectly modern. He resents the interference of the preacher with the affairs of state. He is angry that men should presume to arraign his acts. What does he care for the truth? Does this upstart preacher dare to bring him to book? "Bring in his prophecy then, and let me hear what he did say." And when he has heard Jehudi read a little of it, he takes out his pen-knife and cuts three or four leaves and then throws the whole thing into the fire. He will dispose of the truth by burning the sermon. He will get rid of the truth of God by destroying the paper on which it is written.

Some people in the past have thought that Jehudi and Jehoiakim were excellent types of higher critics. Haven't men been cutting the Bible to pieces because they believed they had found its history faulty and its facts untrustworthy? Yes, they have, but from no such spirit as actuated Jehoiakim. They thought they were serving truth—not destroying it, and they have not waited for prophets to rewrite, in more significant meaning, the same truths when they found themselves corrected. They have done it themselves. The services of historians to the Bible have been infinitely greater than any damage they were supposed to do.

We used to be told that "Moses could not have written the Pentateuch because in his time the act of writing was not developed." Now we know there was a brilliant civilization three thousand years before the time of Moses. Men said the story of the kings with whom Abraham fought was purely fictional; since then we have found their names in the cuneiform inscriptions. We used to be told that Belshazzar was no historical character, and since then have found numerous clay tablets with his own signature on them. We were told at one time that the story of the Egyptian slavery of the Israelites was untrustworthy, until it dawned upon some that the racial traditions of the Jews themselves were all against such a theory; that no nation ever gratuitously wrote into its history a period of slavery. Race, pride, human nature were all against it. Men used to scout the story of the Hittites given in the Bible. They said there was no such great people as the Bible showed them to be; and yet, in our own time, the story of the Hittites has been rewritten from secular history, and we know them now to have been one of the powerful peoples of the early time.

And in the light of the marvelous discoveries of modern scholarship, as brought up by the spade of the archeologist and the patience of the antiquarian, the Bible has been rewritten in clearer and more impressive significance. Wherever historical research has brought readjustment of Scriptural interpretation, the rewritten truth is seen to have immensely augmented the richness of the original. The outline maps of the Old Testament times have been filled in with populous cities, seething social conditions, political and religious activities, and all the various and motley figures of evolving civilizations. The Bible means immensely more to us as we understand the life, the times, the relations, of the people through whom it came.

SOME people have thought Jehudi was a type of the scientific men who have been inclined to cut up the Bible as unscientific. How it has been laughed at for its Creation story, and its Jonah story, and for its Red Sea story, and its manna story! And there is sure to be some freshman scientist who thinks he will demonstrate his greatness in science by a sneer at the Bible! Strange that he should overlook the fact that the greatest of all names in science are the men who are earnest believers of the Bible—and who do not see any incongruity between proper interpretation of the Bible and any fact of science. There is a recent book with the answers of the one hundred and twenty-five leading scientists as to whether there is any real conflict between the facts of science and the fundamentals of Christianity, and their verdict is absolutely unanimous. Lord Lister recently died. His answer is typical: "There is no antagonism between the religion of Jesus Christ and any fact scientifically established." Sir George Crookes says the same. Sir Oliver Lodge says the same, and so on down the list.

No one needs to be ashamed of the science of the Bible, although the Book is given to teach us moral truth and not scientific truth—to teach us how to live and what to hope and not to be a text-book on the universe of material things. After thirty-five centuries, it is still in good scientific standing. That is true of no other scientific theory in the world. You can scarcely keep up with the procession of passing scientific theories. Mr. Huxley hasn't been dead many years. He said there were two absolute certainties in science—the facts of matter and force—and if Mr. Huxley were alive today, he would know that there is not a single first-class scientist who would stand with him on the first. The history of the past should teach the scientist humility. The "instruments of precision" are always left behind when we enter the field of theory.

Scientific discovery has done immense service to the Bible. Mitchell, who understood the voices in which the heavens declare the glory of God, and who read the significance of God's embodied word with delight and fed upon God's word as his daily bread—testifies, "We find an aptness and propriety in all these astronomical illustrations which are not weakened but strengthened amazingly when viewed in the light of our present knowledge." And Herschel corroborates in an earlier time as he says, "All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more strongly the truths that come from on high and are contained in the sacred writings." Dana, addressing a graduating class, said: "Young men, you are going out into a world where you must meet an increasing attack upon your faith. Let me ask you to remember as my parting counsel, that wherever you are in doubt amid the confused voices of scientific controversy, you may always with perfect confidence affix your faith to any statement of the Word of God."

EXTRAORDINARY are some of the statements of the Bible—yet not so extraordinary as the facts of experience. The migration of the children of Israel from Egypt to Canaan is not nearly so wonderful an achievement as the migration of European peoples to America in the last twenty-five years. Will the future historian of the nineteenth century be able to write so that the people will believe the story of a million a year crossing the turbulent ocean, to make their home in the land of freedom? Who will believe that the Spanish rule was broken by an American fleet which sunk and destroyed a fleet in the West Indies with the loss of but a single American man—when he can read in the monthly magazines of immediately preceding dates that the Spanish ships were so far superior to the American as to give the American ships not even a slender chance? What will the future say to the story that the same sort of a record came from the other fleet over in the Philippine Islands? The similarity of these two stories will forever establish the Americans as untrustworthy chroniclers. They will of course protest that they are evidently different versions of the same story! Dewey is but another name for Sampson, and the exploits of the latter are but nineteenth century rehearsal of the ancient stories of Samson told by Israel!

The records of this period of American history are full of contradictions. These contradictions render untrustworthy all records of the nineteenth century American life. Cut them out!

No—we will not cut them out—for they are true. And we will not eliminate the story of the unusual, which in Bible times arrested men's attention, and made them aware of God operative in their behalf, and always on the field of human endeavor. We will not eliminate the striking facts which made men aware of the infinite and eternally righteous God against whose laws men rush only at their peril. We will thank God that the men of old learned the lesson, and wrote it down as they learned it—and we will endeavor to show that we, with our larger outlook, can see at least as vividly as they the working of the same righteous, just and merciful God.

BUT we will not be true to the story unless we remind ourselves that the main reason why Jehoiakim and Jehudi destroyed the Word of God was because it set standards of conduct which Jehoiakim was not willing to obey. Analyze the hostility to the Bible and you always find its root in a bad heart. The Bible utters some terrible warnings against sin, and there are people who would like to cut out every reference to sin. So one comes up and says: "Cut that out which says, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' Man is incapable of sin." Modern society says: "Cut out that which says, 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife.' Marriage is solely a civil contract, to be terminated at the pleasure of the parties involved. Cut this out which says: 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me.' Life is for self-expression!' Cut this out which says: 'Every man must give account of himself to God.' We are emancipated from all superstitions. The world has long since passed the period when it could be made to shiver by the pictures of judgment! Christianity is a relic of the dark ages and this is the age of reason! It fetters human freedom and we mean to be free. Cast it into the fire!"

THE Word was rewritten and many words were added thereto, and every year God adds words to the revelations of His Book. Every year they are demonstrated true.

Do you remember Schiller's poem on the veiled image of Sais? Do you remember how the young man searching for truth came to the Temple of Truth, and saw an image veiled behind the altar, and gave eager inquiry as to what the veil concealed? And the old priest replied "the face of Truth." Impetuously the young man stepped over the altar to lift the veil, when the old man put out his hand and stopped his rashness. "But do you mean to say," queried the young man, "that you have ministered here in this presence and never have looked upon her face?" And the old man quietly answered, "I did not dare." And the young man went away. But at night, when the temple was deserted and still, and only the moonlight fell upon altar and statue behind it, the young man stole back and, stepping into the altar, he lifted the veil from the face of Truth. What he saw then no one ever knew, for in the morning they found him stretched senseless before the altar. And never afterwards did men see him smile. And when men asked him what he saw that night behind the veil, he only shook his head and said, "Woe, woe to him that looks upon the face of Truth through wrong."

Some day, for each of us, the curtain of the unseen, behind which we have walked each day and behind whose mysteries we would fain have often pierced, will lift and we shall each of us gaze, whether we will or not, into the unveiled face of God. Well for us then if we have believed His Word, and followed with honest heart its precepts.

*Pastor, M. E. Church, Mason City, Ia.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"From Every Stormy Wind That Blows," or "Rock of Ages."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—John 15 : 1-15. *Christ, the True Vine.*

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 757, first column.)

Sermon—"THE MUTILATED BIBLE"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"One Sweetly Solemn Thought," or "I'm a Pilgrim, I'm a Stranger."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

May the faith we already have be stronger, and the joy we already have be purer, and the peace we already have be deeper, as we part from this service to share our faith, our joy and our peace with the world that needs them all. In Jesus' Name we ask it. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., R. Braunstein, H. Hepburn, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D. and W. S. Stranahan

Confidence Born

SUNDAY. Psa. 62 : 2. "*I shall not be greatly moved.*" V. 7, "*I shall not be moved.*" I have brought these two sentences together from different parts of the same psalm, because they seem to suggest a vital progress in the spiritual life of the psalmist. The psalmist is contemplating hostile circumstances. He is anticipating tempests of antagonism. He hears the whirlwind raging over the waste. And as he sees himself caught in the blast, he seems a little shaken by the force of the assault; but he is not overwhelmed and on the whole he retains his place. "I shall not be greatly moved!" A little later he looks again at the coming tempest, and he sees himself the center of the violence, but he sees himself immovable. "I shall not be moved!" The significance of the word "greatly" has vanished and his mood is transformed. In the first condition there is a trembling; in the second condition there is the firmness of a blessed assurance. In the first there is a shiver of fear—"I shall not be greatly moved"; in the second there is the unshaken confidence of a splendid faith,—"I shall not be moved." In the former experience he is dislodged a little from his standing; in the latter experience he is steadfast, immovable always abounding in the work of the Lord. In the first expression of his mood there is something young, uncertain, and immature; in the second there is the voice of a more vital trust, and the suggestion of spiritual maturity. He passes from the painful wobbling of, "I shall not be greatly moved," to the masculine serenity of "I shall not be moved."

Now, what has happened between the first experience and the second? This has happened; he has been in deeper communion with God. That is the secret. His trembling spirit was soothed in the divine communion. The timid flutterings of his heart were quieted on the bosom of his God. That is the secret! It is as when some frightened child is caught up in its mother's arms and feels the cuddling strength of her embrace. This is the calmness which comes from sharing the stronger life of another.

Who has not had this experience even on the lower plane of human fellowships? It may be we are riven with uncertainties and beset with fears; but we pass into the presence and communion of some strong, serene man and we drink his peace. One strong quiet man, endowed with large understanding and splendid self-possession, can chase away the fears of a whole nation. He is peace to all his environment.

How much more profoundly true is all this when we raise the relation to our fellowship with God! Fears flourish in mean communions. And so it is with worries, which are the prolific children of fear. They all grow fat and strong when life is lived in small and confined circles, and is bereft of air and vision. Foul things breed in closed rooms. There is something very fusty, something strongly inclining to sickliness and fainting in a chamber which never received cleansing, vitalizing visits from the air of larger worlds. And so it is with the soul.

Deeper communion with God is the great secret of spiritual maturity. Our preparation for the meeting of trying and exacting circumstances is often very ill-arranged. We do this, and that, and the other; we fuss around in twenty ways and our life remains "a haunt of fears." We meet our days with a divided life and our heart is not fixed in healthy serenity. We have not the sovereign command which belongs to peace. If only we would give to divine communion the time and the care we give to minor preparations, we should put on strength and confidence like a robe. "I sought the Lord and He heard me, and He delivered me from all my fears."

"Take from our lives the strain and stress!" Yes, but who can do that but God? He can do it, and by His grace it is done. In His strengthening, restoring fellowship we can face all our hostile circumstances with "ordered lives" which confess the beauty of God's peace. J. H. J.

The Measure of Religious Experience

MONDAY. II Cor. 10 : 12. "*But they, measuring themselves by themselves, are not wise.*" Christ being our measure and pattern, let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord. In your Christian life, it is not wisdom to measure your religious experience by the testimony of another. Each soul consciousness in Jesus is a personal one, unlike every other in some respect. Our knowledge of salvation is as individualistic as the face. But there are no two faces just alike, as there are no two flowers or trees alike. Variety in nature contributes to the beautiful. So in the garden of the Lord, growing graces, we have unity and variety. Every flower of love, joy and peace will open with a little different form and color from every other. Infinite love adapts itself to individual conditions, supplying each personal need.

Young people often come into the experience of conversion gradually. They have been so faithfully trained in the home and Sunday school that they cannot, like some others, speak of the moment when Jesus came into their hearts. Is not the coming of the day so gradual that there is no moment when we can say, "The night is entirely gone and the morning here," but a little later we can exclaim, "I know the day has dawned"? A person may not be able to tell the day he was born into the world, but he can say, "I know I am alive." Therefore, everyone may be conscious of the fact of the new birth, though not able to fix a time, the exact date of the change. But all can say with Peter, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee."

Is it not so in receiving the Pentecostal baptism? Each experience is peculiar to the individual, as each testimony will be unlike every other; a variety of phrases will be used to express the great blessing. It will be called "the higher life," "the beautiful rest," "the perfect peace," "the way of holiness," "the baptism of power," "the fullness of the spirit," or, like Paul's "sanctified holy," or John's "perfect love." The everlasting arms will have a special embrace for each personality." E. W. C.

The Christian High Lineage

TUESDAY. Matt. 1 : 1. "*The book of the generation of Jesus Christ.*" The New Testament might have begun with a creed; but it did not. It might have begun with a moral code; but it did not. Both doctrine and ethics are vitally important; but Christ himself is Alpha and Omega, the first and last letters of the whole alphabet of life and character. He is the beginning of all high purpose and splendid hope; the end of all true ambition and holy endeavor. He is first, last, midst, and all in all.

It is our privilege—and higher privilege there cannot be—to belong—if we so choose—to the new family which was thus begun in Jesus as the Christ. In him we are received by adoption into the great household which finds its shibboleth of unity in the words, "Abba Father." It is written, "He came unto his own and his own received him not; *but as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God.*"

How all carnal kinship dwindles in view of this glorious truth! Far better to be of this lineage than of the line royal. "Now are we sons of God—and if sons, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away." D. J. B.

One Thing Only

WEDNESDAY. Heb. 12 : 3. "*Consider Him.*" Only two words, but if accepted, the solution of every problem, guidance for all the way, help in each hour of trial, constant comfort and eternal assurance.

The story is told of a teacher in Constantinople who, in order to test a student, asked him to carry a vessel filled to the brim with water on a level with his eyes, and not only up one crowded street and down another, but through the busy market-place or bazaar, with the injunction not to take his eyes off the water nor to spill a drop. The pupil did as he was told, carrying the vessel on a level with his eyes, full to the brim with water. Up one street he went and down another, across the bazaar and back to the class-room of his teacher, who asked him if he saw the Sultan and the procession of courtiers while he was in the bazaar.

"No," replied the pupil, "you told me to bear the vessel on a level with my eyes, full to the brim, to see that not a drop was spilled, nor to take my eyes off the water. I have obeyed, I saw no one"

"Well done," replied the teacher, "you have been obedient and carried out my desire just as I told you."

So God, speaking the word for human living, tells us to fix our eyes upon Him and that ever through busy street and crowded market looking to Him, considering Him, the sights, foibles and foolishness of the world will never be able to separate us from the One who can make life worth while. H. H.

The Light That Shines

THURSDAY. Matt. 5 : 14. "*Ye are the light of the world.*" The Christian is the "salt of the earth," the "leaven of influence" and the "light of the world." Darkness, in the thought of the Hebrews, was always a symbol of syncopated sin, while light was always the beautiful symbol of good. What light does in the natural world, the Christian is capable of doing in the spiritual world. As the realm of nature is dependent on the sun for light and heat, so the realm of man's moral nature is dependent on the light of Christ which is reflected in the lives of His followers. When Jesus said, "Ye are the light of the world" He gave the Church one of its profoundest and most important of utterances.

Light has various functions, the chief of which is to reveal and to guide. We strike a light in a dark cellar, not that we may create anything, but that we may see the relation we sustain to the other objects in that cellar. When we understand that relationship, it is not a difficult matter to direct our steps. When Jesus came into the world He found the blind leading the blind. In a great measure it is the same today. Multitudes are in need of light, groping in a false and dangerous relationship. When Jesus went out to His Triumph over the world, He said to His followers, "Now ye are the light of the world." Not creeds, but *you*. *You* must be the incarnation of truth. *You* must be the torch of revelation. *You* must be the manifestation of sane thinking and normal living. The light which *you* have from *Me*, the light with which your own life has been illuminated, must shine on your environment.

The challenge is to us all to be "light of the world." This means that as followers of the Christ of the world program we are not to be pocket flashlights, but dazzling noon-day suns, not a pale moonlight, but a full-orbed ray that penetrates from the corners and beyond the shadows, until every corner of the world is flooded with the knowledge of God and His amazing grace and love. R. B.

The Blessing of Liberty

FRIDAY. Isa. 61 : 1. "*To proclaim liberty to the captive.*" One of the chief purposes of human governments is the bestowal of liberty upon all its subjects. No other word so thrills the patriotic heart. Liberty is loved more than life; men will roam sea and land to rest under the folds of the flag of liberty. Its waving leads legions onward to the battlefield, where soldiers die happily while liberty's banner is in the van of victory.

Liberty means the slave emancipated from his chains; it means freedom from the rack of torture, from the heel of tyrants, the rule of bigots, the bond binding the mind and the soul of manhood. Liberty means the banishment of the taskmaster of the oppressor, of the devil and his minions. Liberty stands under the stars and sings the song of freedom from the power of sin and from the crushing rule of despotism and militarism.

The great inheritance of a liberty-loving people is its memories of its heroes; its poets, historians, statesmen, legislators; its great givers and philanthropists. The organization of the nation may perish, but the influence of its mighty products will be garnered in the kingdom of God forever and ever. If we could hear the voice of the millions who have fallen on the battlefields of earth, would they not exclaim, "We died that liberty might live, that righteousness and truth might reign among all the peoples of the earth." E. W. C.

Crucial Hours

SATURDAY. Mark 14 : 37. "*Sleepest thou? Couldst thou not watch one hour?*" There is a vital lesson for all who would try to make a better world, in the experience of the chosen disciples, in the garden of Gethsemane. Surely, we say to ourselves, they will have learned the Master's lesson of the Kingdom ere this, yet right up to the edge of Calvary, and beyond, they walk with wavering footsteps, and hold to their tasks with trembling hands.

We long to have Peter, James and John, who were with Christ in the crisis of the mountain-glory, remain steadfast to their Master, in the sorrow of Gethsemane, and the shame of Golgotha. We are hurt and amazed to find that they fail Him—fail Him in the garden, in the court, on the Calvary way. They desired very much to help their Lord, but they were defeated by the weariness of the body. The power of the body, the needs as well as the lusts of the flesh, must be reckoned with by those who labor to create a Christian world.

No good cause was ever yet overwhelmed from without; it is always defeated from within and so many of the idealists who want a new social order utterly ignore the needs of controlling the instincts and appetites of their own body, with the result that their ideals are defeated, and the cause betrayed.

For nothing today does the cause of God and humanity suffer so much as for the lack of that cool moral courage which will stand up and bear witness to the truth, no matter what the penalty. The evils that are in the world will not go, any more than slavery went, until there are men like Lincoln and Garrison, who will not equivocate, or be silent, and who will insist upon being heard.

We cannot help others, until we ourselves are able to control the flesh, and overcome its weaknesses. W. S. S.

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Rainy-Weather Clothes

When They're Cheerful They Seem to Make the Whole World Brighter

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT WAS a rainy day — a rainy day *plus!* The weather was so very inclement that the word rainy didn't describe it at all. The rain fell in veritable sheets of gray water; a heavy wind, slashing down the side streets, was doing as much damage to umbrellas and dresses and awnings as possible. It was a good day to stay in the house—the sort of a day when open fires and kitchen ranges have a decided charm.

And yet there were many folk upon the broad dripping avenues and the wind-swept side streets. For in the city business goes on as usual, no matter how unpleasant the weather may be. There were men in tight-buttoned coats, and women in mackintoshes. There were small hurrying boys, and young girls with damp slippered feet—for the modern girl is wont to distain rubbers! And there were many others, all hastening—in the way of business—toward some none too-certain refuge from the weather.

I, too, was out upon the street. I, too, was hurrying to keep a business appointment. My heavy jacket was buttoned close to my throat, and my umbrella was held low over my head. Despite the rain I did not feel very wet or uncomfortable. I was almost smiling, I think, when the wind—taking advantage of my apparent security—swept suddenly upon me and wrenched my umbrella from my unsuspecting hand. Before I could capture it, it had danced away from me, into the middle of the street. And as I darted after it the wind—not quite satisfied—gave one more naughty puff. And the umbrella, eluding my eager hand, found a lodging place between the heavy wheels of a passing motor truck. There was a slight grinding noise and, as the truck went on its way, all unknowing, I saw that my umbrella had been reduced to a bent wire or two, a broken wooden handle, and a few fragments of black silk.

THERE was nothing to do but buy a new umbrella, for the gray sheets of rain were doing really terrible things to my hat and jacket. Without more ado I turned from the wreck in the middle of the street and scurried into a near-by shop. And there, pausing in front of a counter, I made known my wants.

The clerk behind the counter was a young girl with pink cheeks, and the star dust of dreams in her clear blue eyes. It seemed to me, as I glanced at her, that she should be doing something more colorful and vivid than the mere selling of umbrellas. She had all of the clean romance and freshness of springtime about her. And umbrellas, at best, are not exciting! And yet, in just a very few minutes, I found that I had made a mistake. For selling umbrellas, to her, was not a stupid profession. She made it real and beautiful by the power of her imagination.

"Do you know," she said to me, and her voice was the most cheerful thing that I had listened to for many a day, "do you know—I wish you wouldn't buy a *black* umbrella!"

I had asked for a black umbrella. I have always asked for black umbrellas, quite as a matter of habit. No other clerk had ever suggested any change. So it was not strange that the girl's suggestion—if it could be called a suggestion—came as a complete surprise to me.

"Just why," I asked her, "do you wish that I wouldn't buy a black umbrella?"

The girl smiled up at me, and a tiny dimple flickered, for an instant, in one of her pink cheeks.

"I don't like black umbrellas," she told me, "I don't like black umbrellas *at all!* I hate to sell 'em! I'd almost rather sell no umbrellas than black ones. Rainy days are dreary enough, goodness knows, without black things. And yet people always wear dark old clothes on rainy days and almost all of them buy dark old umbrellas—just as you were going to buy one!"

I couldn't help laughing softly. But I wasn't laughing *at* the girl—I was laughing with her.

"What shall I buy?" I questioned, "since I don't want to hurt your feelings—what shall I buy?"

All at once the girl was childishly eager.

"Buy a red umbrella," she told me me, "or a green one, or a purple one. They don't cost a bit more than the black umbrellas, and they're much prettier! Why, just seeing a gay umbrella opened up on the street makes the whole world seem brighter and happier. Rainy-day things—clothes and hats and neckties and umbrellas should be cheerful enough to make folks forget all about the weather!

I compromised on a purple umbrella. I paid for it with a sensation of utter recklessness, and said good-bye to the pink-cheeked little clerk, and went out again into the street. And with a feeling of extreme conciousness (for I have owned black umbrellas all of my life!) I opened it up for all of the world to gaze upon. And then—because I had suddenly remembered my business appointment—I hurried on.

THE purple umbrella was bright. And pretty, too. It made a pleasant little reflection upon the wet sidewalk—a wee lavender colored reflection that scurried in front of me like a small bit of rainbow. In all the sea of moving black umbrellas it was the only light spot—the only cheerful color note. It made me vaguely happy—curiously proud. I felt like a little girl-child with her first pink sash. I felt as a small boy feels when somebody has given him a puppy dog for his very own! I think that I made a better impression, when I finally kept my appointment, because of that feeling. I think that I felt stronger and healthier because of it. I almost think that the other people—the strangers who passed me by on the street—were aware of my happiness.

And so—because in my own case it has proven true—I can't help thinking that the little clerk was right. Rainy-weather clothes should be gay clothes—cheerful clothes! We shouldn't put on our oldest, saddest garments because the sky is hidden from us by storm clouds and there is a heavy wind and a chilling rain. We should wear a bit of brave color to offset the cheerlessness of the day.

Rainy weather happens every so often—it can't be avoided. Every so often we must have our unpleasant times. Sometimes the rainy weather is one of nature's stormy days and sometimes it's a rainy day of the spirit. Sometimes the rainy day comes in the form of a soul-stirring conflict—sometimes it comes in the shape of great trouble and stress and despair.

If it's one of nature's rainy days we do the natural thing—we get out storm clothes and umbrellas. And if it's one of the other kind of rainy days we do approximately the same thing. We get out those defences—mental and physical and spiritual—that we hope will protect us most efficiently from the storm.

Usually our rainy-day clothes are dark colored. For the most part the umbrellas that we carry, to ward off the sheets of gray water, are black ones. And the defences that we carry to protect us from the other rainy day are usually sober ones, of no particularly vivid hue. Oftentimes the very bravery of us is a sad-eyed, straight-lipped bravery! And—friends of mine—that isn't the best sort of bravery.

When it's raining—the real sort of rain—and we have to go out, away from the fireside and the easy chair, let's make our rainy-day clothes as cheerful as possible. Let's carry a bright umbrella, or pin on a knot of ribbon, or tuck a flower into the lapel of our coats. And when we're meeting the other kind of a storm let's clothe our spirits, and our hearts, in the gayest of colors. Let's meet our rainy days with a smile and a snatch of song and a glad word!

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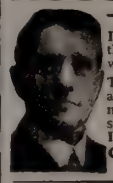

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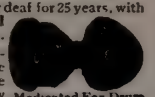

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The Army of the "Down-and-Outs"

Continued from page 751

Down-and-Outs, we have a shelter awaiting us in which clothes and bodies may be dried.

But those white cards that were passed around at the mission—what were they, we keep asking ourselves. We go back Monday night to find out. A blank card is given to us. It was an application for membership in the Bowery Mission Brotherhood and concluded:

> "I declare that it is my desire and determination, by the help of God, to live a good Christian life, and I ask that my name be enrolled as a member of the Bowery Mission Brotherhood. I promise to attend the meetings whenever possible and to take an active part in the work of the Mission. I also pledge myself to abstain from the use of all alcoholic drinks as a beverage."

Sunday night, out of the two hundred and more in the gathering, about thirty had signed these cards. At 7 o'clock Monday night these thirty will be welcomed at the Brotherhood meeting. Mr. Balevre, the leader, is away tonight, but Richard Wilson, one of the mission's converts, is in charge of the office, and again Mr. Goode is present, this time leading the meeting. Mr. Wilson is giving out membership cards to those who have stuck to their determination, as evidenced by their application, to join the Brotherhood.

The hollow-eyed youth I had observed the night before is among those who gets his membership card. I hear him speak of a job, and learn that he is one of a small number for whom work has been secured for Tuesday. The men are to distribute circulars for an uptown department store and to get $2 for the day's work.

There are more than thirty present for the Brotherhood meetings, which are held every night between 7 and 8, including men who have joined it in the past and who attend regularly.

In the front row is an excited little Italian, who is eager to explain that he lost his job as a hospital orderly because he was sick for a while, and when he got back it had been filled by a man who was going to stick to it. Hospital orderlies get $20 a month and their "keep." Three months ago, Salvation Army and Prison Reform Association officials told me that a job as a hospital orderly was procurable at any time, but that men would not accept it, or if they did, it was only to tide them over a week or a month. Now the jobs are snapped up, and are clung to desperately, for the orderly knows that if he gives up this work there is nothing else awaiting him.

At the back of the room a young fellow arises who betrays a foreign accent. None of the others are foreign in speech or accent or in appearance.

THE group is practically all-American. They will take jobs at $2 a day if they can get them, and no doubt at $1 a day, or at any price which will keep soul and body together without the dole of charity.

But, being native-born Americans, short of actual starvation forcing them into it, they are not easily employed, at any price, as strike-breakers. And many of them, I believe, would starve to death before they thus fought against their fellow workers—such is the spirit of even the most down-and-out of our native-born Americans.

What reason have I for thinking this? Reason enough, because Mr. Goode has asked them for suggestions how to relieve the unemployment situation, and the various replies show intelligence, conscientiousness and an inbred disposition to consider the interests of others as well as their own.

"I'll give you gentlemen about ten minutes in which to tell what's wrong with the country and how to settle it," announces Mr. Goode, and the answering smile on the faces of the men is all-American in its good-humored acceptance of this somewhat facetious pleasantry.

One young fellow from Illinois, he says, tells how he has read in a newspaper that if the non-irrigated lands out West were opened up by the Government it would give work to many men.

A man of fifty or so, well dressed, and apparently a clerical worker of some sort arises to tell of his recollection of "dry farming" in the Western states, where artesian wells, to supply water for humans and for the stock, do away with the necessity for land irrigation. His clothing is still presentable, but he is just as penniless as the rest.

Various bits of information began to be contributed by the men of conditions throughout the country, so far as they had encountered them, in regard to employment.

WHERE was the "bum"? Where was the man "too lazy to work"? Where was the man who wouldn't accept any but war wages?

Well, such men may still exist, but in the Bowery Mission they are conspicuous by their absence.

Every man in that Brotherhood meeting needed and was eager to get work. Mr. Goode assured me, from his trained observation, that there was not a genuine "bum" or an idler among them. So, if capital thinks that it is possible now for it to resume operations, I hope that its employment agents will call at the mission to add to its first quota of workers.

But my thirst for information was not yet satisfied. I wanted to see, for myself, the men who are sleeping out in the parks, and as the men filed out of the Brotherhood meeting I again caught sight of the little fellow with the hollow eyes, I ran after him.

"Sonny," I asked, "are you going to sleep out tonight?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered. "I got a job for tomorrow, but tonight ain't got the money for a bed."

"I want you to take me around to a few of the places where the men are sleeping out," I breathlessly appealed. And then I turned to Mr. Goode for approval of this venture.

"You know this is a lady you are going out with?" he inquired of the lad.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt answer, and something in the tone completely satisfied Mr. Goode and myself that the boy was entirely dependable and all right. So it was arranged that after the meeting below, the young fellow was to conduct me personally to a few of the outdoor sleeping places of the Down-and-Outs.

We sat on the platform with the mission workers, the lad and I, all through the meeting, which I mention because later it took on a certain significance.

Just before the meeting ended, we left the mission and, naturally, having thus deprived him of his chance for the coffee and bread, I took the youngster first to a restaurant. He was shy in his demeanor, but plied with questions craftily put in a casual tone, he threw off his reserve and before long, after he had eaten, he was talking "a blue streak," without any guidance or questioning.

HE HAD been born on Mulberry Street. His parents were Italian. His father is dead and his mother and his stepfather now live in New Jersey. He had lived with them, but had lost his job, and had had some words with the stepfather. So a girl he knew in Jersey City told him that he could get work there; he had taken her word for it, only to find there were no jobs, and in a few days he didn't have a cent, and was sleeping on the docks. So the police ran him out, and he came back to New York. Besides, he thought, maybe, that he could get work here that wouldn't be so heavy to do. The doctor had said that he ought not to do real heavy work for five years, on account of his lungs.

"What's the matter with your lungs?" I asked.

"Nothin' much—I ain't got the T. B.," he assured me, "but I got gassed so many times it left me kind of bad there."

This was the first intimation I had had that the boy was an ex-service man. He is actually twenty-two years old, he told me, although he looks much younger. He had been with a New Jersey regiment made up mostly of the Italian-born or those of Italian parentage.

"Why didn't you tell me right away,

The Mystery
of a grain of wheat

A kernel of wheat contains over 125 million food cells. All those food cells should be broken to easily digest.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. It forms almost a complete food. It supplies some elements which most other foods lack.

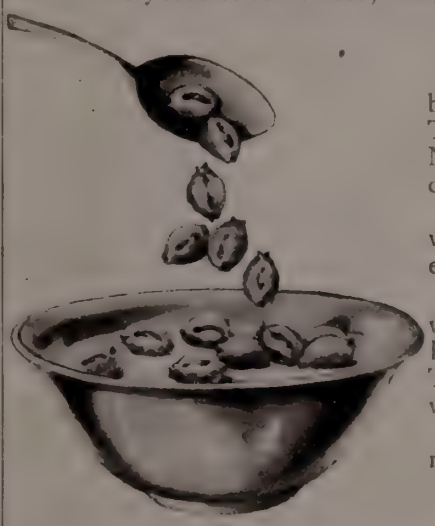
Prof. Anderson's Idea

Ordinary cooking breaks only part of the food cells. So Prof. Anderson invented this process:

He seals the grains in guns, and submits them to an hour of fearful heat. The moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

Then he shoots the gun and the steam explodes. Thus 125 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.



Puffed to Bubbles

The grains come out as bubbles eight times normal size. They are flimsy, flavory, toasted. No cereal food was ever more delightful.

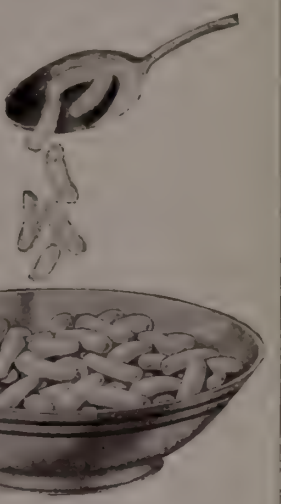
Thus Puffed Wheat means whole wheat made tempting, and easy to digest.

Now millions of children get whole-grain foods in the form of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. They enjoy them in a dozen ways, morning, noon and night.

The cereal dish has new enjoyments, and children are better fed.

Puffed Wheat

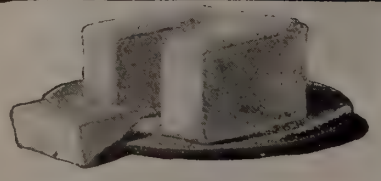
Airy whole grains, toasted and crisp, to serve in every bowl of milk. An ideal bedtime dish.



Puffed Rice

Thin, flimsy globules, with a taste like toasted nuts. The finest breakfast dainty. Serve with cream and sugar. Mix in every dish of fruit.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers



"She Makes Perfectly Wonderful Angel Cakes"

You know women who do, but there are a very few of them, aren't there? In every neighborhood there are a few women who are known for the cakes they make—those light, fluffy, delicious cakes that seem to melt in your mouth. They never seem to have any trouble with them—their cakes are always the same and always good.

It Isn't a Gift—It's Just Knowing How

The few good cake makers you know have learned by experience. They do certain things that get results but they have never analysed their methods so that they can tell you just what they do. I learned to make cakes in my own kitchen and I spent a good many years in experimenting and reducing to a simple system the things that I found out about cake making. Now, I have put these simple facts into a book that will make *any* woman a good cake maker.

You can be the Best Cake Maker in Your Neighborhood

It isn't difficult. I have put everything down in such a simple form that a few minutes study will reveal to you the whole secret of baking delicious, good looking cakes. You will be surprised to find how little effort will be required to turn out a cake that will be the envy of your neighborhood. You know the hours that you have spent in your kitchen and the tears you have shed over unsuccessful efforts. Those weary hours are a thing of the past, because with my wonderful cake making system, every cake you attempt will be a complete success.

Get My Splendid Cake Making System

It describes how to make those cakes that you have considered particularly difficult in the past, Angel Food, Devil's Food, Puff Cake and others. My Mahogany Cake is an improved Devil's cake and it is wonderfully tempting when served.

Every little detail has been carefully explained. You are instructed in the proper materials to use—how to mix them, how long to stir, the proper baking heat to start your cake, how much and when to increase that heat, the tests to make for both frosting and cake—how to make superb icings that will not harden or crack. These, and many other things are explained so simply and easily that any novice can bake cakes that are equal to those of the finest cake baker you know. I have no secret preparations or special mixers or other cooking utensils to sell—I merely instruct you in the successful use of the materials now in your kitchen.

Make Your Cake Baking Pay You a Profit

Many women have found an additional source of income in their ability to make good cakes. Cakes of the better sort, made the Osborn way, are in demand for receptions, weddings, socials and other functions. You can sell your cakes at a handsome profit and you will be surprised to find how much it is possible for you to earn this way.

I Guarantee You will be Satisfied Your Money back if You Are Not

All of my cake making secrets are contained in a book carefully printed, with large easy-to-read type, of convenient size and arranged for easy reference at your work. Every page is packed with instructions that will be of inestimable value to you.

I have reduced the cost of this book to $2.00. I want you to see it and read it and I will guarantee that if you do not find that it lives up to my claims after you have had it in your home for five days, you may return the book and your money will be refunded.

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Grace Osborn, Bay City, Mich.
Dept. J9

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Name—————

Address—————

that you are an ex-service man?" I demanded.

"I don't mention it much," he replied, "because people, they think that maybe a fellow is bragging about it."

We went first to the all-night mission, where Anthony had slept one night. (That was his first name, he told me. His last name was Italian, which translated into English, means "Thanks to God." I will not give it here, because it does not seem right to identify him.)

At one mission a hard-faced man guarded the door. The meeting did not begin until 10. It lacked a few minutes of that hour. He said that after the meeting the men who didn't have beds could sleep on the benches all night, if they wanted to. I asked if they were given coffee and bread, but was told, with what I fancied was a trace of peevishness, that they had done that for a while, but that it is impossible now to feed everybody who needs to be fed.

"Of course, if a man is all right with God, we make a special effort in his case, and get him something to eat," he added looking hard at Anthony.

Well, I don't know about the charity of that, or even the justice, was the thought which I concealed. If in order to get some bread and coffee to keep myself from starving, I had to be "all right with God," according to the notion of this hard-faced man, a cog must have slipped somewhere in Christian charity.

Anthony had slept in this mission, also, for one night, but had not gone back, even when it rained, because "that fellow there at the door, he's pretty rough with the men. The night I was there, he threw a drunk right out on the sidewalk," he narrated, "and the rest of the men, they didn't like it."

WE WERE at City Hall Park, then. Although still early, there were many figures which had settled themselves down with the unmistakable design of spending the night there.

We took the car to Battery Park. Men were seated on the benches and huddled on the lawns, old newspapers serving as blankets, when spread out, and when crushed together, as pillows.

Several figures were stalking about, picking up pieces of newspaper here and there, until they got enough together for their "bed." One fellow, his "bed" already made, had not yet thrown himself upon it, but was sitting up, nursing his feet, from which he had removed his shoes.

"Got blisters on his feet," explained Anthony.

Then returning to the vicinity of City Hall my guide took me in back of the World Building to observe another "dormitory" of the Down-and-Outs. There are huge bales of paper there, under the bridge, and atop of them were dozens of hunched-up figures.

"The police run you out at six o'clock in the morning," Anthony informed me. "I slept there one night. It's warmer than out in the parks."

Union Square, and the little triangle in front of Cooper Union near the Bible House, these were the next places which Anthony took me to observe the Down-and-Outers. There were a few women among them, workhouse types, I imagined.

"I AM afraid it is going to be a terribly hard winter," say the Bowery Mission Workers, to the visitor.

But to the men themselves, they try to appear quite cheerful.

"Keep a-smiling, boys, and it'll all pass over," urges Brother Goode.

I have an idea, however, that Brother Goode is drawing upon his faith in Providence, when he makes that statement.

This article by Mrs. Wilkie is reprinted from the Brooklyn Standard Union through the courtesy of that newspaper. It reflects vividly the problem that faces the Bowery Mission this winter and indicates the need of funds to carry on the work. The Mission will gratefully receive your contribution.

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Continued from page 752

and was especially happy in Sabbath-school hymns to be sung by infant classes and at anniversary meetings and so forth. The touching lyric—

"I am a happy Little Lamb
Browsing in pastures green."

had appeared in a selection of juvenile poems for the use of nursery and infant school.

She likewise "wrote for the press" along more dignified lines. "Scribblings by the Way" figured in suburban papers, and now and then the religious press contributed to her reputation by publishing story, or sketch, or poem.

Altogether it was no insignificant personage who took a cup of afternoon tea at the Parsonage one day when two young girls who were "great cronies" of their pastor's wife chanced to be calling with accounts of a flower show they had attended, and from which they had brought bouquets for both Mr. and Mrs. Haile.

"Dear girls!" the hostess said delightedly and affectionately. "It frightens me to think what criminal prices you were forced to pay for these beauties"— spreading them out upon the table for closer inspection. "I am going to trouble you still more by making you arrange those for Mr. Haile's study in the very prettiest vase he has—one that was given to him by my Bible Class at Christmas, years ago. No!"—as they began the task—"choose the very prettiest for him. Those were never meant for me—and you know it as well as I do, you rogues!"

MISS BRIGGS struck in there! She had swallowed her second cup of tea and felt playful.

"Dear Mrs. Haile! you can't mean that or you would not treat it so lightly. You would be jealous of the favoritism shown your lord and master."

"Not a bit of it!" came so heartily as to carry conviction to the most suspicious. "These dear children don't need to be told that the more they love him, the better I love them, and the higher is my esteem of their excellent sense and right judgment."

Miss Briggs shook her head and pursed her lips, but forbore to express further misgivings until the laughing girls had kissed Mrs. Haile "good-bye" with a supplementary hug, and the maid had cleared away the tea equipage. When the decks were being cleared for action, she prepared her battery.

The "Banner Punch" had more than once described her as "fair." She owned to being on the shady side of thirty and plump, had been a blonde in early life and held fast to the title. The large blue eyes that were her best feature began to show faint lines of a paler blue around the iris. The straw-colored locks that helped to establish her claim to fairness were abundant and were kept free from tell-tale gray strands by vigilant weeding. The figure, encased in black silk that "fitted like her skin" to borrow a homely and expressive phrase, did not falsify obesity that transcended plumpness. To do her justice, she bore her loss gallantly, neither waddling in walking, nor slumping in sitting. When it was practicable and convenient she sat in a chair or sofa of medium height and propped small feet clad in tasteful shoes or boots upon a cushion or hassock. Thus ensconced in a straight-backed armchair that fitted her easily she entered upon the matter that engaged her poetic mind.

"My dear Mrs. Haile! I can not sufficiently admire the inimitable tact with which you parry shafts that must sometimes find a weak spot in your armor, although it is of the finest proof. There are not many ministers' wives who do not have cause to ward off such thrusts, but few have occasion for so much address and self-control as you are blessed with. For Mr. Haile is what is known as a 'many-sided man' and women make fools of themselves over such. He appeals to the finest sensibilities of our nature and attracts us irresistibly to confide in him. He must have an immense correspondence, for

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A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

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instance, with women who recognize in him a born physician, not of souls merely in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but of hurts of whatsoever kind to heart and sensibilities?"

IN REPORTORIAL jargon, as she "paused for a reply," Mrs. Haile was gazing at her—could it be in unmixed amusement?

"I beg your pardon!" she said slowly, her smile more apparent as she went on. 'I do not quite grasp your meaning. If you imply that Mr. Haile has many letters from parishioners who desire advice in matters pertaining to the welfare of the soul, it is very likely that you are right. As you must comprehend, clergymen, like physicians, are bound in honor and by the rules of their respective professions to guard these sacredly. I could not respect a man of either profession who told his wife or mother or dearest friends anything that was imparted to him professionally."

"Am I to understand then that you do not see your husband's mail before or after he opens it? I know at least one clergyman's wife who opens his letters, reads them and then passes over to him those which she thinks would interest him. She told me this, in his presence. He confirmed her assertion that 'it saved him no end of annoyance.'"

"I would not believe that man or that woman under oath," cried the other woman. "Nor can I think that they told you the truth."

"They are dear friends of mine, and responsible for all they say!" retorted Miss Briggs, fiercely. "Each has confidence in the other. But, I didn't mean to excite you. I came here today with the conviction rankling like a thorn in my mind that I ought to explain to you that out of the depth of soul conflicts such as I pray Heaven you may never know, I have written repeatedly to Mr. Haile, sometimes asking for a personal interview, sometimes pouring out the bitterness of my soul on paper. I called at the Church House on my way, in the hope of finding him there and telling him what weighed upon my conscience. He was not in and that odious Miller wanted to know 'if he could do anything for me?' He thought I might find Mr. Haile at home. The maid says he is not!"

"He is not at home." Mrs. Haile said it with quiet dignity that for some reason provoked the poetess laureate to plainer speech.

"Perhaps all this is a thrice-told tale to you. Mr. Haile has not made a professional secret of my spiritual maladies?"

"He has never told me that you have ever written a line to him, or that you have consulted him professionally. I am sorry you had need of his services in such circumstances, and glad if he has relieved you in any way."

Albertha eyed her suspiciously:

"Had you read every letter, Mrs. Haile, you would have had evidence that I at least am no liar when I declare that nothing could be more innocent than my intimacy with your husband, who is my spiritual director."

ANITA repressed with difficulty the inclination to shout with laughter, then choked back a wave of impatient anger.

"Do you imagine for a moment, Miss Briggs, that I have lived with him for all years and require that you shall assure me of that?"

Albertha dabbed the big blue eyes with a lace-edged handkerchief and began to sob, but artistically.

"*Dear* Mrs. Haile! bear with me for a little while! Yours is such a goodly heritage that you can not conceive of what I have to suffer from loneliness and heart-famine. There is not a heart upon earth that throbs responsively with mine. Do not grudge me the crumbs that fall from your bountiful table!"

The round face went clean out of sight behind the cambric shield.

"I did not mean to be unkind"—voice and face softening at the signs of real distress. "I am thankful that my husband has been able to be of service to you. He has the kindest heart in the world, and his mission is to the afflicted and lonely-hearted. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to wound you, or to object to his conscientious performance of duty."

It was not the right thing to say, and she felt this before the sentence was half-finished, but nothing more apt came to her lips.

Albertha crammed the handkerchief back into her bag.

"I will not detain you longer from more congenial occupations and society. I must apologize for my long visitation."

The ever inopportune telephone rang sharply at the far end of the library in which they were sitting. Miss Briggs arose fussily.

"Don't let me keep you one second longer! Good afternoon and thank you for your hospitality!"

On her way to the hall she met the maid with a double handful of mail just delivered by the postman. The retreating visitor saw what the girl did not notice, that she had dropped one letter upon the hall-floor, and stopped to pick it up just as Mrs. Haile replied to the telephone summons. At a glance Miss Briggs recognized the handwriting upon the envelope addressed to "Mr. Stuart Haile." She was clutching it when she said to herself upon the porch where another woman had paused in the same spot to say the same words a week before:

"This is providential!"—and on gaining the street—"How lucky that she did not add the 'Reverend'!"

ANITA had finished giving her orders for the day, and was on her way to the second-story sitting-room next morning when the early mail arrived. She carried it up-stairs and sat down in the bay-window to sort it after lifting the lid of the Wardian case over which the sunbeams were beginning to creep, and for the hundredth time she had reminded herself that unobstructed sunshine is not good for a fernery—nor for the human soul. At the very bottom of the heap of letters was one addressed in Mrs. King's handwriting to "Mrs. Stuart Haile."

"I saw her yesterday. What can she have to say to me today!" she mused in breaking the familiar seal.

The letter bore the date of the preceding day!

"Best and wisest of friends" (it began, and the reader smiled affectionately in reading it).

"A letter just received gives me the the information that Rupert's term of absence will be prolonged by a trip to California, which may keep the wanderer away for a month longer. This will give me time for mature reflection and to rally my forces for whatever the future may have in store for me. God help me!"

The reader let fall the sheet at the end of the first paragraph.

"What does it mean? This was never intended for me." She looked at the signature "S. E. K." and then at the heading of the first page, undeniably from Mrs. King. Perhaps a line or two more would throw light on the puzzle.

"As you may suppose, I am as sadly in need of pastoral and brotherly counsel as ever. Am I asking too much in requesting that you to call this evening! I am half wild with doubts and dreads."

To be continued

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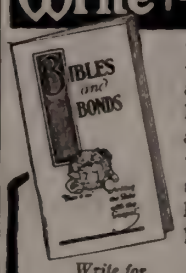

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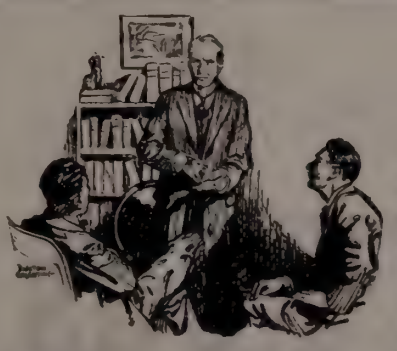

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Young People's Topics for October 23

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

What We Know About God

E. L., C. E., B. Y. P. U. Psa. 139 : 1–12

THE Psalmist says, "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me, thou knowest my downsitting and my uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off."

Down to the very end of the one hundred and thirty-ninth psalm the author speaks in this wise. The Psalmist knew that God knew him. That is one thing we know about God. He is all-wise. Nothing escapes the God-eye. That eye is all-seeing. The scrutiny of God is searching, keen, analytical.

It is not a pleasing picture of God the Psalmist paints, because it is not comforting. God is not a celestial detective, a divine policeman, the sort of a God that causes us to shrink from Him. That is the pagan, the heathen, the unregenerate view of God. Perhaps it served its purpose in the olden days when the appeal to fear won converts to the throne, but we have a sublimer, more lovely, more comforting interpretation of God as given to us in the perfect revelation of Jesus Christ. True, God is all-seeing, all-wise, all-beholding. True it is also, "God is love." God is not like love. Love is not like God. "God is love." God is our Father. God pities in a Fatherly way. God is our Comforter. God comforts like a mother. As the child, in confidence and trusting, can go to its parents and pour out its heart, so can the child of God go to the Fatherly and Motherly heart of God and pray for guidance and peace.

Aside from the picture of God that Jesus Christ has given us, we find nothing better than the interpretation of God as given us by Isaiah in the fortieth chapter of his book. Here again we have a picture of God as a comforter, a bit of sublime literature for this bewildered age and a sermon for these distracting times. Jesus said, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." Let us look long and earnestly at Jesus Christ. "They looked unto Him and were lightened."

"They looked unto Him and were radiant," the Revised Version translates. Radiant. Made light. Not light in opposition to heavy, but light in opposition to dark. They looked unto Him and were brightened, resplendent, glorious. The nations light the lamps of their thinking by the Eternal Light and they themselves become luminous. This is the Christian life, a life represented by looking. It is looking for help, pardon, inspiration, power. "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the end of the earth." "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." It is so much easier to overlook than to look, so much easier to look than to see. Therefore let us fix our gaze, focus our glance, rivet our attention, looking not to self, but to him, not within, but without, "looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." Seeing Jesus, we see God. Knowing Jesus, we know God. Knowing God as love, the love incarnated in Jesus, our conception of God shall be more intelligent and our conduct more efficient as Christians as we in turn light up the darkness of the world with the flame of love that always wins.

THE International Women Preachers' Association, organized in St. Louis a year ago, has been growing rapidly and already fifteen denominations are represented in its membership. Its objects are to secure ecclesiastical rights for women and to encourage young women to take up careers as ministers. At its first annual meeting, held recently in Chicago, the following officers were elected: President, Miss M. Madeline Southard, Winfield, Kansas; Vice-President-at-large, Rev. Etta Sadler Shaw, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Recording Secretary, Miss Lida Herrick, University Place, Nebraska; Treasurer, Mrs. Ella L. Kroft, Indianapolis Indiana; Auditor, Rev. Mary H. Sibbitt, Wichita, Kansas.

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Paul's Last Journey to Jerusalem

International Sunday-School Lesson for October 23
Acts 20 : 1 to 21 : 17

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

PREACHING is very important work, but more souls are won to Jesus Christ during pastoral visitation. As the third journey of Paul was drawing to a close, he was able to visit many churches which had been established in the preceding years. The journey from Ephesus to Corinth and then back to Jerusalem by the long route was the last one during which he could determine his own movements. At Jerusalem he became a prisoner and remained one till his death, except for the little while that intervened between the first and second imprisonments at Rome. No man could have put forth more service and shown less of self-interest than did Paul as we now go with him from Achaia to Palestine. He began with a plot laid against him and concluded as a prisoner in the Castle of Antonio in Jerusalem.

To avoid the trap laid by certain Jews, the seven worthy co-travelers were sent ahead by sea to the rendezvous at Troas and Paul went overland. At Philippi Dr. Luke rejoined Paul and continued with him for many months. There is an intimation in II Corinthians that Paul needed his personal physician once more; he surely did during the long imprisonments that followed. We know that Luke was once more with Paul because of the reappearance of the "we" passages, 20 : 6, Luke being the author of Acts. You are referred to another help book written by A. T. Robertson, D. D., "Luke the Historian in the Light of Research." This is among the very best of the more than twenty books written by Dr. Robertson. This book is valuable in studying the Gospel of Luke as well as Acts.

Acts twenty should be studied closely as well as the portion indicated in the twenty-first chapter. Paul had hoped to be at Jerusalem by the Passover; but instead that feast time was spent at Philippi. He will, however, reach Jerusalem by Pentecost, fifty days after the feast of unleavened bread. By the blessing of God there had been wonderful results since the Macedonian Call was obeyed, when at Troas on the second journey, and seven days were spent in that city on this occasion. Withal, Paul did not seem able to finish all he wanted to say to the brethren, and on the last night he spoke till midnight, and then even to break of day. Those who snap the watch at the preacher before thirty minutes are up should be thankful that they live in the present generation. It was not the dullness of the heart-throbbing message which caused Eutychus to fall asleep while sitting in that third-story window. Though dead when the disturbed congregation picked him up, life was quickly restored to the body by God at the entreaty of Paul. You will find a similar miracle in studying the lives of both Elijah and Elisha. Everywhere along the itinerary Paul was delivering a farewell message to his children in the faith.

THE paragraph which begins with verse thirteen must be read with the map before you, as should be done with the entire lesson. In those days a twenty-mile walk was taken by choice—Troas to Assos. There is an excess of Sunday trolley-car riding in these days, even in going to church, whereas a little more exercise would be better for the body.

Ephesus and the beloved brethren there were dear to Paul, after having spent three years in that city. It would have been a joy to hold another session, however brief, in the School of Tyrannus, but now the objective was Jerusalem by Pentecost. A stop was made at Miletus long enough to send for the Ephesian elders, twenty-five miles away. They came eagerly at Paul's invitation, and the great preacher and pastor was enabled to give another of his masterly addresses. Few discourses in the Bible are richer in teaching or pathos. Few in a congregation appreciate the fervent love that a pastor has for each member. In even a three years' ministry, unnumbered hours have been spent in prayer for individuals, while the direct labor has been continuous. To give a farewell is all but heart-breaking to the under-shepherd.

It was necessary for Paul to have done his work well in order to be able to address the observers of his ministry in the manner recorded by Luke, who was present. The "whole counsel of God" has been expounded to them. They were now, in turn, to become overseers under the direction and power of the same Holy Spirit. Note the special value in this address in that Paul gave the world an otherwise unrecorded message spoken by Jesus Christ—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Paul had been a true example of this Christian teaching, and now he could quote it in their presence with unblushing countenance. Then came that final powerful prayer as all knelt on the sand. A very gentle touch is given when it is recorded that as the Ephesians wept and embraced Paul they also kissed him. He deserved every honorable token of affection that they could give him.

DOWN through the Ægean Sea they went and out into the Great Sea, the Mediterranean. As they sailed by Cyprus, Paul had much to tell the eight companions about that first missionary journey and the experiences at Salamis and Paphos. Doubtless Paul spoke feelingly concerning John Mark, and all joined in prayer that the work of Barnabas and Mark on Cyprus might be abundantly rich through the blessing of the Triune God. At Tyre kind friends sought to restrain Paul from going to Jerusalem, because they knew, through the Holy Spirit, that persecutions awaited him if he went there. This fact did not hold Paul from his own purpose, and they just concluded the matter with another beach prayer-meeting before farewells were spoken.

A fascinating touch in the description here is the statement that children were in this family group by the boat-side. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the teaching which makes mankind give to women and children their full and rightful place in society. Without the influence of the gospel, womanhood is akin to serfdom, and children are bartered for trifles. The fact is also too true that if Christians valued women and children more, they would contribute more for their freedom and uplift in non-Christian lands. Real sentiment is costly. Paul found this to be true, both as he had love for his Lord and for those whom his Lord would have saved.

After Ptolemais came Cæsarea and a most hearty welcome in the home of Deacon Philip. It is not necessary to have one's deeds recorded that they may be worth while. Philip had been busy evangelizing ever since the Spirit separated him from the eunoch at Gaza, though no reference is found in Acts to his further work. Philip's daughters were also Christian teachers. This fact should be noted in connection with Paul's teaching about women in I Cor. 11 : 2-15, having in mind that the hatless women in Corinth were the well-known habitues of the Venus temple there.

Agabus also told Paul that bonds awaited him at Jerusalem, and did this by means of an acted parable. Trouble and hardship do not deter one with a mission such as Paul had. Among other things he must deliver there the offering which had been made for the poor Jews by the Jews and Gentiles in the cities visited by Paul. Thus the evangelist would keep faith with the accepted decision of the Council of Jerusalem made about eight years earlier. Paul's friends were more friendly to him when they declared "The will of the Lord be done," than when they sought to deter him from going forward in the path of his recognized duty.

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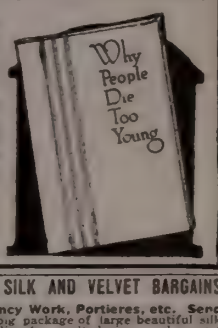

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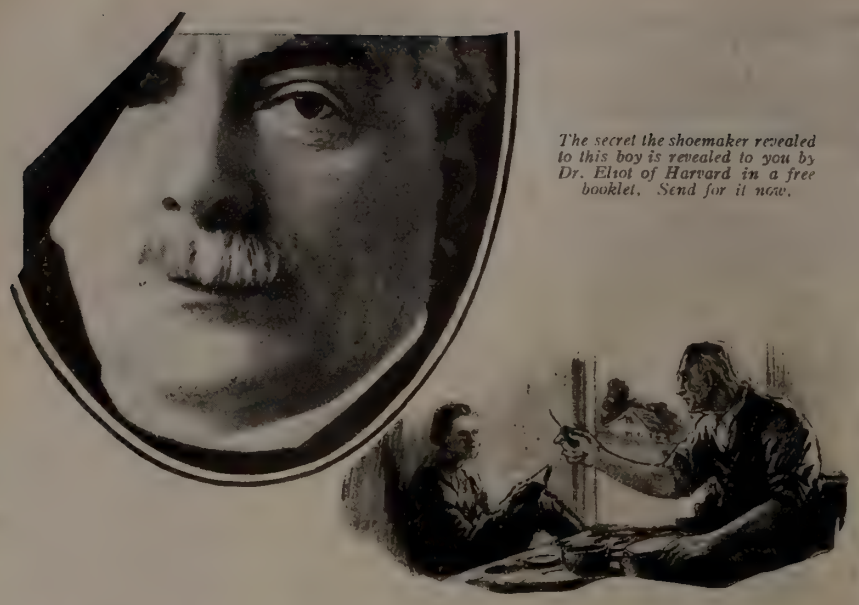

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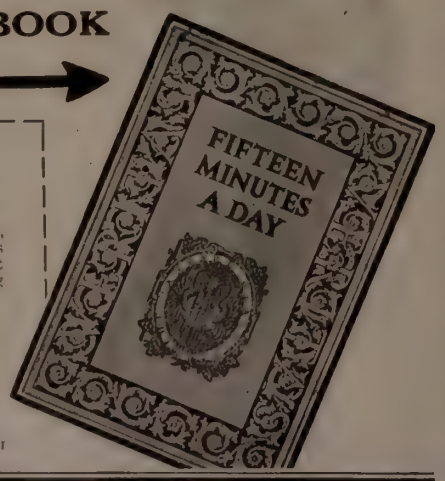

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

SEVERAL Readers. The question of the authenticity and accuracy of the earliest New Testament manuscripts is discussed in an article in the New York Sun, in which it is shown, on the authority of a well informed Bible scholar, Professor C. M. Cobern, of Allegheny College, that "new discoveries have proved beyond doubt that the New Testament text was transmitted with remarkable accuracy and scrupulousness, so that it can be trusted more confidently than any other ancient record." The present generation of archeologists had examined and compared thousands of manuscripts, chiefly papyri, some of which are older than any known to scholars before the present generation. Forty years ago, no scholar had ever read a manuscript written during the lifetime of Jesus, in the language commonly spoken and written during that era. No New Testament manuscript known was older than the fourth century A. D. Now, we have many fragments of ancient New Testament, written on papyrus between the third and sixth centuries, some of them a hundred years earlier than any previously known, and these are declared by competent scholars to be in every essential exactly like our own New Testament of today. Professor Cobern points out that there is but one theology in these early Christian documents, which embraces the deity of Jesus, His virgin birth, His pre-existence and His Atonement on Calvary for the sins of the world—in fact, all the essentials of the Christian faith, as we know them today.

M. J. W., Santa Barbara, Calif. The portion of Matt. 19 : 15–35, relative to the treatment of wilful and persistent offenders who refuse all friendly overtures at amendment and reconciliation, is not interpreted as counselling the injured brother to go to law, but rather to make a sincere effort to heal the breach through personally making friendly advances; then, if these fail, through the mediation of the church, and if that also fails, then to let the offender severely alone. See Rom. 16 : 17; II Thess. 3 : 6; and II John 10.

H. C. H., Camp Jackson, S. C. No such interpretation as your friend suggests can be put upon the record. The promise to the aged priest does not admit of such a construction.

L. Washington, writes: "How were the pyramids built? Isn't it thought that the Israelites, while in captivity in Egypt, built them? In the Bible it is stated that the chosen people were under taskmasters, who required them to make brick with straw?"

There are, or were, some seventy pyramids in Egypt, mainly masses of stone or brick. They are believed to be chiefly the tombs of monarchs of the fourth to the twelfth dynasties, and the larger number are in the districts of Memphis and Gizeh, the later kings being buried at Abydos and Thebes, in tombs of a quite different construction. The Great Pyramid—the sepulchre of Cheops and probably the oldest—is believed to have been built about B. C. 2318–2186; the second pyramid, that of Chephren, B. C. 2186–2163, and the third, that of Mencheres, a brother of Chephren, B. C. 2163–2130. Joseph was sold into Egypt (according to the Oxford University calculations) about 1728 B. C. Jacob and all his following came into Egypt about 1706 B. C. The oppression of the Israelites in Egypt began about 1625 B. C. (Auchincloss says B. C. 1621) and the Exodus took place 1491 B. C. Doubtless the Israelites built pyramids during their bondage in Egypt, but all the great pyramids that form so picturesque a feature in Egyptian history were constructed centuries before. (The dates given above are those of the Oxford University, the International Workers' Bible, and Dr. W. S. Auchincloss' Chronology.)

We have information of a very worthy Christian family in a Western state, who, owing to crop failures, are likely to lose their home. Any interested reader who may be disposed to help them, can learn particulars by addressing "Friend in Need," Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

R. M., Chillicothe, O. Christianity is a religion of joy, and not of sadness, as some mistakenly imagine. A gloomy Christian is the poorest kind of publicity agent for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The sunniest-faced, happiest and most companionable men and women we know are good Christian folks, who are doing God's work here on earth bravely and successfully. Get in touch with some active practical Christian worker, and he or she will lead you into ways of usefulness, and you will find them ways of pleasantness and peace. An idle Christian has a one-sided experience and needs to get busy. See John 15 : 11; 16 : 22 and 24; Acts 13 : 52; Rom. 14 : 17; 15 : 13 and 32; Gal. 5 : 22; Phil. 2 : 2; I Thess. 3 : 9; I Pet. 1 : 8, and many other passages.

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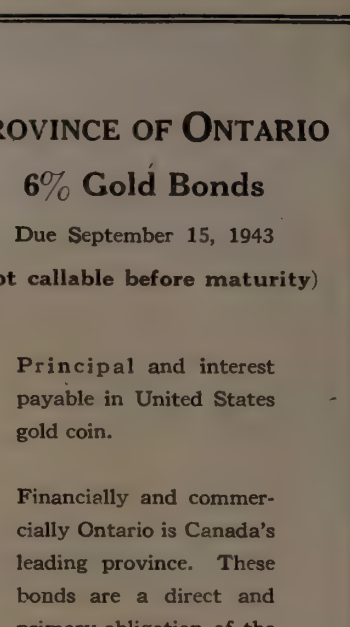

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"PROPHECY EXPLAINED"

By GEORGE H. PATCH

Dr. Patch Tells How He Wrote the Book

THE author, who has spent the better part of a lifetime in the study of Prophecy, has always been an active and devoted church member. For many years he has been impressed with the need of a system of prophetic studies which would combine thoroughness with simplicity. Familiar with the work of all of the foremost expositors, dead and living, as his book itself shows, his research along prophetical lines has led to interpretations where others have not even penetrated. These interpretations or conclusions will be welcomed by all who love God's Word, and the more so as the author, with fine skill and scholarship, supports every one of his interpretations with the Word itself. Thus the Bible becomes its own interpreter and new force is given to the command to "Search the Scriptures."

In a letter dated September 7, to the Christian Herald, the author says:

"A class of young people of high school age, after completing a course in Bible history, asked me if they could not have a course in Prophecy. I said: 'Yes. I do not know of any suitable published course, but if we can not find one we will make one.'

"The teacher of an adult class in a university town in California, learning of this, asked for copies of the lessons. The class adopted them for study. The president and some of the members of this class were about eighty years of age.

"These lessons, therefore, seem equally well adapted to young people and older people. Many members of these classes suggested the publication of the lessons in a complete book. They were revised and condensed into fifty-two lessons, and this book is the result.

"Many young people seem to weary of the monotonous sameness of the make-up of the regular Sunday School lessons and lose interest, often dropping out of the school on this account. A Course so different, and offering deeper and more advanced study, like this study of Prophecy, will prove to be a blessing to such.

"The study of fulfilled Prophecy can hardly fail to create, or increase, respect for the Bible, and give convincing proof of its inspiration. I know of nothing better to counteract the tendency toward destructive criticism than this."

While writing "Prophecy Explained," the author had two objects in view: he desired, first of all, to give the Bible's own teaching on the Prophecies—those already fulfilled, those in process of fulfilment, and those to be fulfilled in the future. He knew that the Church as a whole had become apathetic in regard to prophetical subjects and that the ministry had relegated them to the realm of things unsolvable, forgetful of the fact that in both the Jewish and the early Christian churches the study of Prophecy was held as of highest importance. To reawaken the interest in that long neglected study was his great desire. Where now but a small minority of professing Christians know even the bare outlines of Prophecy, he believes that, rightly presented, it would command the earnest attention of multitudes and would bring into their lives a new and powerful inspiration, and an experience nobler and more spiritually elevating than they could ever have conceived. With this end in view he has put the outcome of his years of reverent study into this single volume, which covers the whole field of Prophecy and clears away all difficulties in a manner that appeals to the reader. The book is a series of 52 studies. It is so planned as to be available either for the individual reader in the quietude of his home, for the Family Circle, or for the class in Church or Sunday School.

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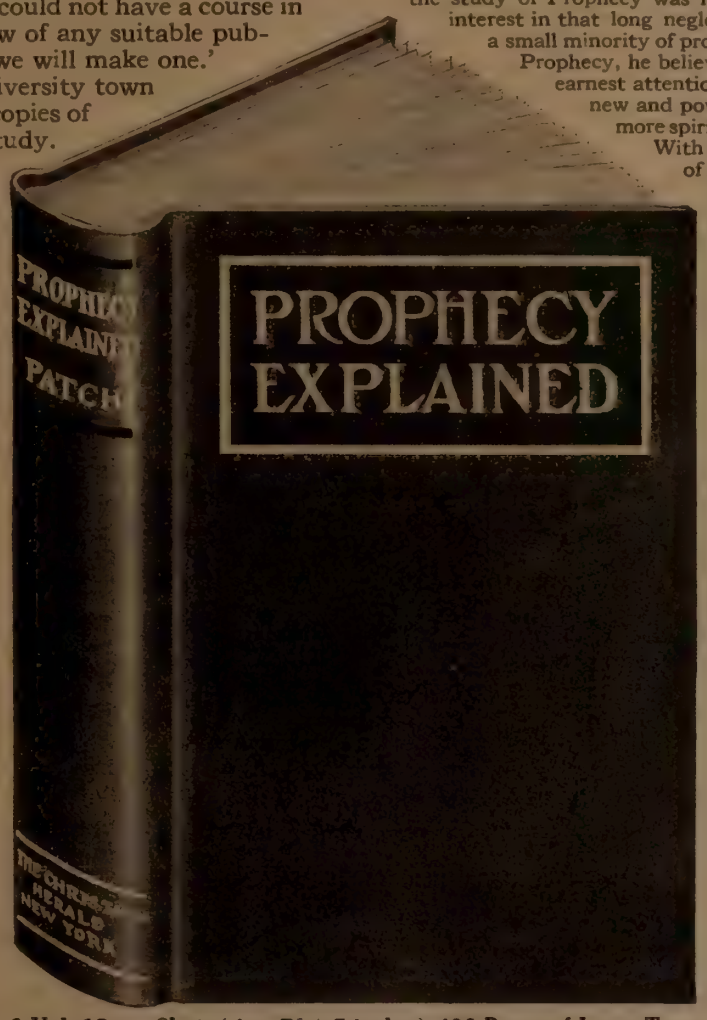

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"This excellent book appears opportunely at a time when, more than in any previous period in modern history, Prophecy is uppermost in the minds of thoughtful men and women throughout the world. This is a wonderful book on Prophecy. It will be welcomed by Christian men and women everywhere. It brings solace and consolation and reassurance.

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A Suit that Never Breaks Faith— of *Good Old Clothcraft Serge*

MEN are certainly buying *closely* these days—they must feel sure their new suit, for instance, has more wear and good-looks-*value* than for seasons past.

In a way, this accounts for the tremendous sale of Clothcraft Serge Specials throughout the country at a time when many men are giving up their quest for old-time suit *value* as hopeless.

For you play safe with that good old Clothcraft Serge. It's the best suit material you've ever worn. And why? Simply because Clothcraft Serge is made of finest balanced worsted yarns, woven more compactly than in other fabrics. To this natural fibre-strength is added a series of compressions on the finished cloth which increases its compactness, solidity and wearing strength.

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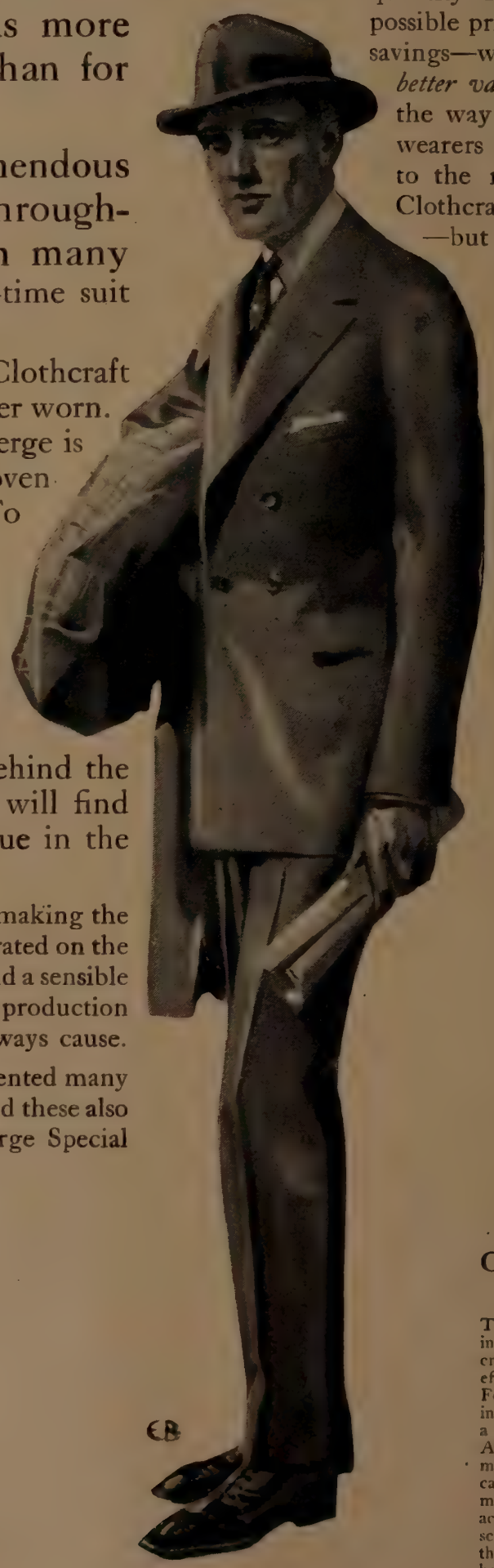
There you'll discover that Clothcraft has ceased making the fads and frills of men's clothing, and has concentrated on the making of only a few simplified models—the kind a sensible man prefers wearing. This obviates the extra production cost which the more effeminate men's styles always cause.

You'll discover there, too, that Clothcraft has invented many ingenious short-cuts to better clothes-making, and these also help in the task of making the Clothcraft Serge Special "a suit that never breaks faith."



You'll discover, also, that Clothcraft's enormous volume of production permits large quantity buying—and this means lowest possible prices for raw materials. All these savings—which come to you in the form of *better value* at a lower price—account for the way in which the million or more wearers of Clothcraft Clothes come back to the representative retailers who sell Clothcraft, and say, "Yes, a suit of clothes—but it must be Clothcraft!"

Send for FREE samples. Actual samples of the Clothcraft Serges (brown, gray and blue) will be sent you FREE on request, in a little folder that will vitally interest you. Address The Joseph & Feiss Co., 2166 West 53d Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Who plans to come from France for the opening of the Conference

What Europe Thinks of the Conference

By WILLIAM MacDONALD

WE all know how the people of the United States feel about the Conference on limitation of armaments, called for November 11 in Washington. Particularly, we know by the flood of endorsements coming to the Christian Herald office, how the churches of this country look to it for a settlement of some of the big international problems.

What does Europe think about it, however?

We can't settle the world's affairs by ourselves, nor can we obtain a real understanding of the problems to be solved until we understand something of the European psychology. That is what makes this article especially valuable. Dr. Macdonald has held chairs of history in several of the largest universities, is an author of note and has thorough knowledge of Europe gained as a journalist and special correspondent. He is recently back from an extended trip of investigation that carried him from the Atlantic to Poland and the Balkans.

THE forthcoming disarmament conference at Washington has from the first attracted a good deal of attention throughout Europe. The details of the negotiations between the Department of State and the governments to which invitations were to be extended have been chronicled from day to day with unusual fullness in all the leading newspapers, and editorial comment has been frequent. For all its remoteness and aloofness, to which the press never fails to allude, the entrance of the United States once more into the field of international affairs has excited a lively interest, and it has seemed entirely fitting that that entrance should have for its object the reduction of armaments, the burden of whose financial weight presses heavily everywhere.

Whatever else Europe may think about American foreign policy, it is worth while noting that public opinion in every European country still expects America to do the beneficent and altruistic thing, and to throw its influence on the side of peace. Therein lies a great reservoir of fundamental good-will which the government at Washington will be wise not to forget. *Noblesse oblige*, as the French say, which may be freely translated as meaning that the greater the power, the greater the obligation. There is no mistaking the power, and there is no doubt whatever but that Europe feels that America has also an obligation.

Judging by the tone of the press, however, it seems apparent that no important results are as yet expected from the Washington conference. There are several weighty reasons for this attitude of friendly but persistent skepticism. For one thing, Europe has long since ceased to expect much good to come from international conferences of any sort. It has been surfeited with conferences for two and a half years—conferences which met with the announced purpose of settling some difficulty or other, straightening out some vexatious tangle, or putting an end to some useless and dangerous war, but which in fact have spent their time in listening to long reports and partisan speeches, in quarreling with the findings of expert commissions, in concocting new devices for keeping up the appearance of authority where no real authority existed, and which have ended by leaving the European imbroglio pretty much where it was before.

What reason, Europe asks, is there for supposing that the Washington conference, however high the purpose which President Harding and Secretary Hughes may have had in summoning it, will accomplish anything more useful? Will it not be dominated by the same baneful influences which have dominated every European assembly of the powers since the armistice of November, 1918; will it not fall inevitably into the same routine methods; and will it not be equally barren of results? Will it, in fact, prove to be anything more than one more meeting of diplomats of whose proceedings the indefatigable Carnegie Foundation at Washington or the World Peace Foundation at Boston will in due time publish a readable account?

From The Passing Show, London
UNANIMOUS—THREE WORLD POWERS, ALL WITH PACIFIC INTENTIONS!
Japan: "My intentions, I assure you, are entirely Pacific!"
Uncle Sam: "Sure—so are mine!"
John Bull: "Same here!"

TAKE the question of disarmament. It is generally assumed in Europe that the main issue which will be debated at Washington in November will be that of the curtailment of naval construction, and the stopping of the mad race for naval supremacy in which the United States, Great Britain and Japan are now engaged. Certainly, if this suicidal contest can be ended or even appreciably mitigated, the whole world will give thanks. But the only kind of disarmament in which continental Europe at the moment is deeply interested is military disarmament. Today, more than two years after the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, military budgets are bigger than ever, and nowhere do they show signs of being materially reduced. France, with the largest army in the world, is arming other powers which have no use for further armies except for aggression, and is talking and thinking of war

The superiority of the British fleet over the fleets of all other European powers combined has for so long been a fact that Europe has come to accept it as a matter of course, and it is not on the whole greatly concerned as to whether that fleet is increased in large proportions or in small. What Europe wants is a way of getting rid of its swollen armies which are eating up its substance and keeping the continent and the world in peril. Will the Washington conference content itself with achieving the curtailment of naval programs, assuming that it will be able to accomplish even so much as that, or will it go further and devise some way of relieving Europe from the burden of militarism which hangs over it like a pall? Europe is frankly skeptical on that point.

THERE are other reasons for doubt. It would be hard to find many persons in Europe who really believe that Great Britain under any circumstances will consent to a material reduction of its naval strength. To the familiar arguments about the necessity of defence and the protection of colonies and trade routes, used for generations to uphold the British demand for a predominant navy, are now to be added others which arise from the peculiar situation at the moment in Europe.

Continued on page 773

The Golden Rule in a Small Business

A Seattle Experiment Which Has Proved Notably Successful

By REV. WORTH M. TIPPY, D.D.

Secretary of the Commission on the Church and Social Service

IT IS being recognized increasingly that business is a social enterprise, and that nothing is so fundamental to its future as personal interest and personal confidence between employers, employees and the public. The ideal of the Golden Rule, and the conviction that it is basic to sound management, has gripped the mind of the industrialist, although it has not yet made its way to the same extent with labor and the public. To bring this about as quickly as possible is a matter of the greatest importance, especially to the Church, since it is the teacher of the Golden Rule.

Discussion of the Golden Rule in business has been almost entirely from the point of view of large-scale industry, in which the vital relations between man and man tend to become impersonal and mechanistic. It is necessary that attention should be focused on these larger units, for if the principle does not work in them it will ultimately break down everywhere. But it is important also to consider that there are ten small business enterprises to one larger one, and that at least one-third of all workingmen employed in the 250,000 factories in the United States are in plants employing fewer than one hundred men. In hundreds of towns and smaller cities all industries are on a small scale. In Boise, Idaho, for example there is but one industry of considerable size—a large saw-mill—yet labor in that city is organized in twenty-two trades with 1,700 members. Probably 90 per cent. of all stores and all workshops in small cities, towns and villages are in a small scale.

The significance of this fact to the operation of the Golden Rule is that in these small businesses it is possible to maintain Christian personal relations without great effort, except the effort to do justly, to love kindness and to walk humbly with God. In these numberless enterprises the old friendship between employer and employee, the passing of which in large scale industry is so much lamented, is still preserved and may be developed ideally.

THE significance of this came to me anew recently in Seattle in connection with a series of addresses and conferences with the Chamber of Commerce, ministers of the city and the Federation of Churches, on the subject of Christian Principles in Industry. In one of the conferences I met a business man, Mr. Clint W. Lee, owner and personal manager of a printing establishment, whose point of view and methods are strikingly like those of Mr. Arthur Nash of the A. Nash Company, Inc., Cincinnati. His experience is as important in its relation to the operation of the Golden Rule in a small plant, as that of Mr. Nash in a large plant.

Mr. Lee's experiment is best told in his own words, which he has given me the privilege of using. I desire only to call the attention of the reader in advance to certain important facts in the narrative. These are, first, that Mr. Lee began with the Christian spirit as did Arthur Nash; second, that he recognized the justice of sharing profits with his workingmen; third, that he called them together and worked out details democratically; fourth, that he first paid living wages to the lower paid operatives, as did Mr. Nash; fifth, that the Golden Rule was applied also to the public, in the form of reasonable prices for work; sixth, that the plan worked with the same success as with the A. Nash Company, Inc., and that Mr. Lee's confidence in his men was not misplaced. Mr. Lee's final warning is of great importance, for the commercial spirit is likely to seize upon the principle of the Golden Rule without its spirit. Mr. Lee says:

"From early childhood I was taught that the real test of a Christian is whether or not he practices his profession in his daily life. Nearly fifty years have deepened this teaching into a settled conviction. To me there is no dividing line between things that are usually spoken of as secular and others that are called spiritual. The man who treats everyday affairs in an un-Christian way way needs a new conception of Christianity. The class struggle in industry, with which we are all so familiar, has seemed to me to be so utterly wrong that for a long time I have been looking for a better way. I have talked to some people, and read of others, who have been making experiments in profit-sharing and other forms of co-operative effort, with varying degrees of success.

"About four years ago I decided to try profit-sharing in my own business. I own and operate a small job printing plant in Seattle, employing at the time I began the experiment some five or six persons, with a volume of business averaging $1,000 a month. The bulk of our production is high-grade commercial printing, with some specialty work, such as wedding stationery and holiday greeting cards. At first our profit-sharing plan included only two employees, but with the beginning of 1919 most of the permanent employees were included,

CLINT W. LEE

and the results for the year were quite satisfactory to all concerned.

"BY JANUARY 1, 1920, the plan had become a policy rather than an experiment, and all permanent employees were included. Business continued to be good during the year, the volume having increased from $1,000 a month (in 1917) to $1,000 a week (in 1920). Thirty per cent. of the net income was allotted for the workers, and for the first half of the year it was distributed quarterly. On account of the necessary expense in preparing for our holiday trade during the summer, it was not possible to compute profits for the third quarter until the close of the year; but the distribution for the last half of the year was made as soon after January 1 as the footings could be made.

"Up to this time I had decided personally what per cent. of the amount distributed each employee should receive. In making the allotment I had taken several things into account—the length of time in employ, length of time necessary to learn the trade, responsibility of position, interest shown, etc. I tried to be fair and impartial in my judgment. It occurred to me, however, that it might be more satisfactory if the workers themselves decided how much each one should receive. Accordingly, without any one knowing of my purpose, I called them together and suggested that I had prepared ballots on which were written the names of the nine who were considered the permanent employees. In this small group, where all work together, of course every one is familiar with the work of all the others, and was competent, I felt, to render just judgment. Each one made out a complete ballot (without any consultation), the average was computed and the distribution was made on the basis of this vote.

"The total profits for the year received by the employees participating was $3,000 or an average of about $335 each. In this connection it may be of interest to state that with the exception of the errand boy, who receives $15 a week, no permanent employee—and there are several girls—receives less than eighteen dollars a week salary; and that the total received was enough so that every one found it necessary to make out a government income-tax report.

"In our effort to establish and maintain just and harmonious relations among ourselves, we have never overlooked the obligation we owe to our customers. During the period of high prices through which we have been passing we have never charged more for our product, and in many cases somewhat less than our competitors who turn out a similar grade of work.

"DURING December, 1910, and January, 1921, two representatives of the United Typothetæ, the national organization of master printers, made a complete survey of the printing business in Seattle. Naturally I was somewhat curious to learn whether my profits, after deducting the 30 per cent. set aside for the employees, was equal to the average of those engaged in the same line of business. When the findings of these investigators was made public I was surprised, and also somewhat gratified, to find that my standing was far better than I had supposed. The figures showed that the group of printers doing commercial work had made a net profit of 6.9 per cent. on the cost of production, while mine was 20.1 per cent.—almost three times the average for my class.

"If I have given my customers as much and even more for their money than my competitors usually do—and I have; if I have paid the employees regular wages plus 30 per cent. of the net profits—and I have; if I still have a per cent. of profit much larger than the average concern doing business in the same city and under the same conditions—and the survey says I have; what is the explanation?

"In reply to this may I say that, in my judgment, there are several minor contributing reasons that have made this possible, but the one main reason for the good comparative showing the business has made, is because of the loyal and enthusiastic co-operation of the workers. This co-operation is their response to my efforts to make the Golden Rule effective in both the shop and the front office. Everybody feels that the success of the business is their success. What I have done in a small business, and others have done on a much larger scale, still others who have never tried it may do.

"By this I do not mean that everybody who tries profit-sharing in his business will be sure to find it profitable in dollars and cents. Indeed, if the motive behind the adoption of any plan for securing co-operation on the part of the employees is the making of larger profits for the employer, that scheme is foreordained to failure. But I have a profound conviction that under anything like normal conditions any business rendering a real service may be made satisfactory if the Golden Rule is adopted as its code of ethics, and an honest effort made to render this code effective in the spirit and with the motive intended by its great teacher, Jesus Christ."

It is the intention of the Christian Herald from time to time to publish personality articles of this character, illustrating by experience the efficacy of adopting Christian principles in business. The stories of other men of good works always are an inspiration.

Dr. Sheldon Discusses

Compensations

1. If the burden of the day's task is heavy, the weight of wrong-doing may be light.
2. If the cloud of financial difficulty is dark, the blessing of physical health may be your sunshine.
3. If you have both poverty and disease to meet, and death close by, there is still the everlasting life on which to set your hope.
4. If you are denied what the world calls physical beauty, you may still have the attractiveness of mental power.
5. If you have lost one from the family circle, the closing of it up may bring the rest of you together in nearer blessing and friendship.
6. If the world seems to be getting worse instead of better, the final victory is God's. And it is the final victory that counts.
7. If you are disappointed in your ambitions you need not be disappointed in your aims.
8. If you have sinned and come short of the glory of God, you have not come short of his forgiveness, if you repent.
9. If life seems full of struggle, it is also full of joy.
10. Trouble is temporary; happiness is eternal.

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

A Story of a City Church

Instalment Eight

By MARION HARLAND

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

CHAPTER XV—*Continued*

WHEN Stuart Haile came in to dinner, his wife met him with a serene countenance and maintained a cheerful mien throughout the evening meal, saying no word regarding the strange letter from Mrs. King which told that her husband's absence was to be prolonged and implored the minister to call at her home that evening. The meal over, Mrs. Haile let Stuart go to his study, in which he had said he would spend the evening, and stayed with the children until their bedtime. Having kissed them good night she repaired to the study and tapped for admittance.

Stuart looked up from his papers inquiringly. She laid the letter upon the table, and pointed to the address.

"This was evidently intended for you and directed by mistake to me. I read but six lines. Then I comprehended that there was a blunder. I am very sorry."

She was at the door when he recalled her.

"Come back, dear, and sit down here—drawing a chair closer to his own. "I am glad this has given me the opportunity for which I have longed for several days. This poor soul"—rapping the open letter before him—"is your friend as well as mine. I have told her more than once that you must be taken into our counsels. She believes that she ought to leave her husband. He is not actively abusive, although habitually cross and often querulous in speech and utterly out of sympathy with her in almost everything that she holds dear. There is no room for suspicion of marital infidelity—the one offence recognized by the laws of New York as legitimate grounds for divorce. If she decides to leave him she will have to take care of herself and in more senses than one. It can not be denied that the man has redeeming qualities. He is a good citizen and honest in business dealings, as judged by the code regulating the money-making world. He provides handsomely for his household; is more than liberal to his wife in gratifying all material wants and ever ready to respond to calls for money for church and philanthropy.

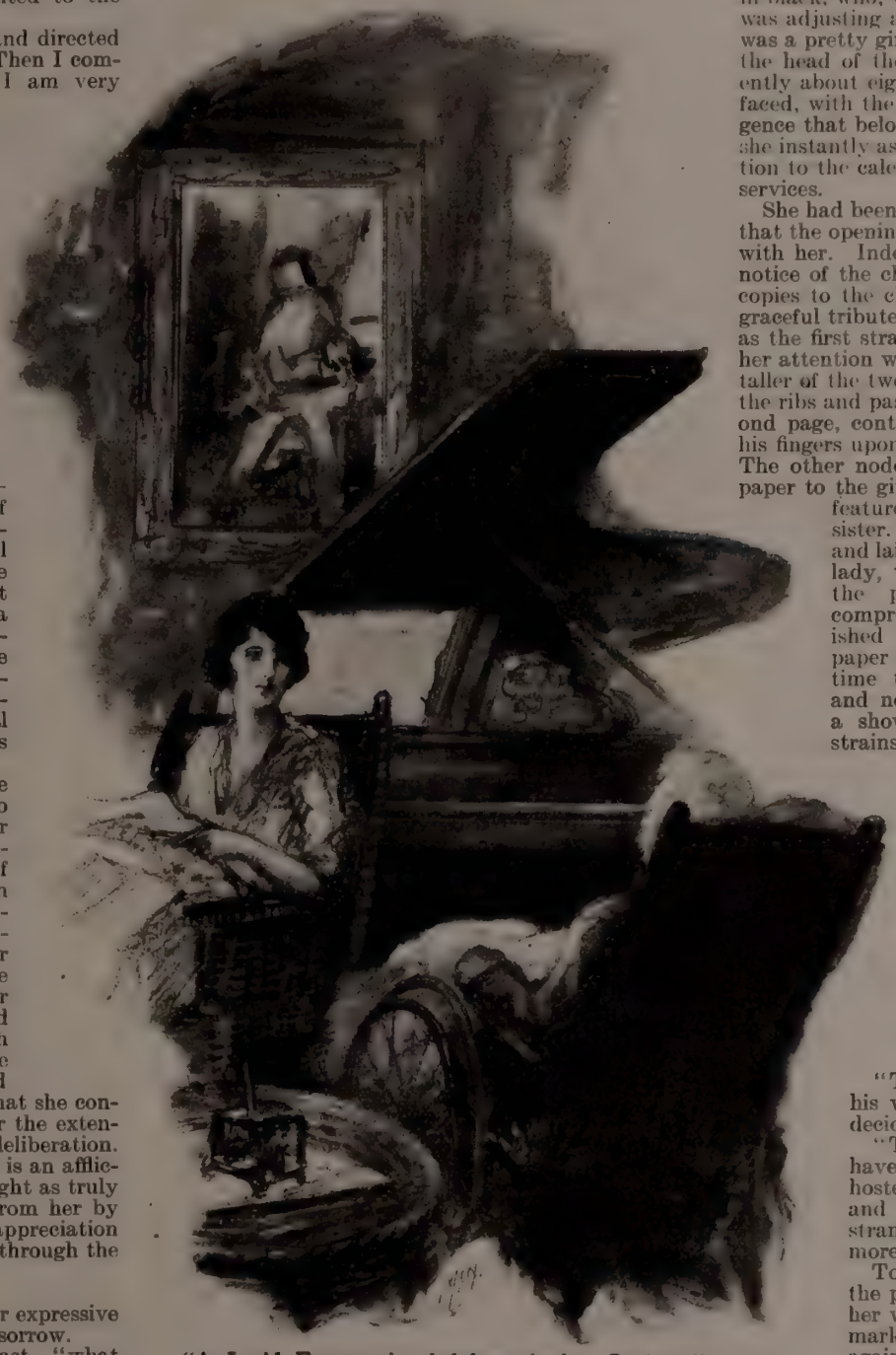
"On the other hand he is, as you have said, a boor when the mood seizes him to be ill-tempered and insulting in manner and language; he goes out of his way to displease without provocation, regardless of the presence of servants and others. In one word, it is a case of gross incompatibility, aggravated by the extreme sensitiveness of one party and the bad temper of the other. She appealed to me for advice when she felt that she could no longer bear it and live. What could I, as her pastor and friend, counsel her to do! You read enough of her letter—by the way, she must have been utterly distraught to have addressed it to you—to let me know that she has what she considers a reprieve. I am most thankful for the extension of time for thought and prayerful deliberation. For, as I have told her from the first, this is an affliction for which grace and help must be sought as truly as if her heart's desire had been taken from her by death. Not until she comes to the full appreciation of this can she hope for light to guide her through the darkness that enshrouds her soul."

ANITA was silent for a long minute, her expressive face betraying perplexity as well as sorrow.

"May I know"—she said musingly at last—"what your advice to her has been?" He looked up from the letter he was rereading.

"What you would have gathered from what is written here if you had not refrained—like the soul of honor you are—from reading the letter to the end. But one bit of counsel, in the fear of the Lord and in justice to her. I told her that were she my sister instead of my parishioner and the dear friend of my wife, I could say nothing less or more. It is her duty as a Christian woman to keep her marriage vow to live with this lawful—and faithful—husband until death parts them. I could say nothing else, my darling!"—for she had started as if to remonstrate. "She must bear the cross the Father of mercies lays upon her until He sees fit to lift it or to make the load lighter in some way known to Him alone. I urged her, also, to try as never before to bear this trial patiently, and with renewed courage. The man has some excellent traits and is, I am sure, sincerely attached to her. I begged her to endure by every means in her power as woman, wife and a disciple of Him Who when He was reviled, reviled not again, and bore to the bitter end such contumely, injustice and perfidy as none of us is ever called upon to suffer. In the first warmth of ineffable sympathy you are not yet ready to agree with me. By and by you will second my counsel. I am longing to talk with you by reason of the love we bear the poor stricken creature."

He took up the letter which he had returned to the envelope and studied the superscription. Next he reached to the back of the desk for a magnifying-glass and held it above the paper.



"As I said, Freeman is a helpless cripple. Can't walk a step. He is a good Christian man, and it is a terrible cross to him that he can't attend church"

"Herein is mystery!" he said slowly. "The 's' is in a different hand from the rest of the address and in different ink. You must take this to Mrs. King tomorrow and explain how you were led to open it. It will pave the way to the revelation she desires as much as you must, by now. It is just possible that one of her maids may have tampered with the address as a foolish trick or for other reasons of her own. In any event, it is wise to let her mistress know of it."

Verily, Miss Briggs had reckoned shrewdly but without her host.

CHAPTER XVI

MRS. WINGATE "ran across" the Atlantic every year with the regularity of a salaried "buyer." She had now been absent from her native shores four months. Her itinerary for the season embracing a trip to Egypt and Constantinople, she landed in New York on Monday, bringing with her three English guests in whose company she had traveled on the other side and on the voyage homeward.

The well-appointed mansion was in perfect order for her reception and she entertained the Hailes, introducing the husband as "our rector" at a quiet dinner on Friday night. The wife was entirely presentable and she was unaffectedly "attached" to her. Mrs. Wingate made her first appearance in public on the Sunday succeeding her return.

As she raised her head after the moment of silent prayer that began the morning's devotions, she saw that the pew in front of her was occupied by strangers. At the end furthest from the door was an elderly lady in black, who, when Mrs. Wingate first looked at her, was adjusting an acousticon to her ear. Next to her was a pretty girl tastefully attired, and beyond her at the head of the pew were two young fellows apparently about eighteen and twenty, well set up, bright-faced, with the general aspect of alertness and intelligence that belong to the American college boy. This she instantly assumed them to be, and gave her attention to the calendar containing the order of the day's services.

She had been notified by a paper received overnight that the opening anthem would be a favorite selection with her. Indeed, she had brought it herself to the notice of the choir master a year ago, and presented copies to the choir with her compliments. It was a graceful tribute and her heart beat high with pleasure as the first strains thrilled the air. An instant later, her attention was disagreeably diverted by seeing the taller of the two youths before her nudge the other in the ribs and pass to him the calendar open at the second page, containing notices of the week's services, his fingers upon a line about half-way down the page. The other nodded, smiling broadly and handed the paper to the girl, who judging by the resemblance in feature and expression, was evidently his sister. She inclined her head approvingly and laid the calendar on the lap of the elderly lady, who adjusted her eye-glasses to read the passage indicated. A smile that comprehended all three of the juniors finished the performance and the folded paper went back upon its circuit. By this time the anthem was well on its way, and none of the irreverent group had lent a show even of attention to the glorious strains.

TO SAY that Mrs. Wingate was mortified would express but feebly emotions that, as she told her guests at luncheon, "quite marred her enjoyment of the entire service."

"I beg you not to imagine that such behavior is habitual to our congregations," she assured the Englishman at luncheon, who "had not seen anything to complain of in the little by-play."

"Youngsters will be youngsters the world over."

"They were nice-looking lads," observed his wife, soothingly. "And the girl was decidedly pretty."

"The pew belongs to friends of mine who have owned it for years," responded the hostess. "I suppose they are out of town and the sexton inadvisedly put these strangers into it. I shall warn him to be more careful in future."

Tone and speech were so in keeping with the position of "Lady of the Manor" that her visitors saw nothing unusual in the remark. The occurrence was not mentioned again. The hostess declared in the afternoon that she "could not think of keeping them within prisoners' docks in such divine weather," and sent the trio—man, wife and sister-in-law—for a long drive in the suburbs beyond Yonkers.

For herself, she "made a point of" attending the service "as an example, you know, to those who care little for church observances."

She almost repented her loyalty when she beheld, upon gaining her pew, the objectionable quartet in full possession of the quarters occupied by them in the forenoon. They were unquestionably strangers in the city who had liked the exercises of the morning well enough to repeat the experience. Measurably consoled by the logical reflection, she managed to detach her thoughts from the nuisance while the services were in progress. The sight of the note-book in which the girl had made penciled entries during the sermon of the forenoon, rekindled her wrath. She had tried to excuse the misdemeanor to herself and her guests by the assumption that the intruders were attracted to the Banner Church by the reputation of the eloquent

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The Editorial Forum

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The World's Eyes on Washington

AS THE date set for the meeting of the Washington International Conference on Disarmament approaches, it is becoming evident that the fire kindled by the call is spreading to all the nations. We find it blazing with growing brightness in Geneva, where the League, driven by the power of public opinion, has at last taken up for consideration the problem which is so vital to the welfare of the world—the reduction of huge armaments, the very existence of which is an invitation to war and which, even in times of peace, make life a hopeless slavery to all but the few who profit by the affliction.

Viscount Bryce, one of the most broadminded statesmen of our day, reflected this opinion in his farewell message to the American people before sailing for England at the close of his recent visit. At a notable gathering in New York, he told his hearers of the dangers that even now threaten Europe, and of the universal desire for peace. "There never was a moment in history," he declared with great earnestness, "when so much depended upon the preservation of peace and on bringing the nations into accord and co-operation." He believes they are all sincere at heart and that their representatives will meet the Washington conferees in that spirit. "Armaments," he warned us, "instead of making for peace, make for war. They keep the idea of war constantly in the public mind."

Meanwhile, all eyes are focused on Washington. According to present plans, nine nations will be represented at the Conference table to consider purely Far Eastern problems, namely: Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, China, Belgium, Holland, Portugal and the United States. A wider representation, which would include many of the smaller powers, has not been invited, as it would lead to prolonged discussion and needless delays.

With the great event so near at hand, it is worth while to review the situation with which the Conference will have to deal. Authoritative figures from Washington place the active armies of the leading nations of the world today at 5,000,000 men. They stand in this order:

France	1,034,000	Greece	255,000
Great Britain	740,000	Spain	253,000
Russia	538,000	United States	249,000
Poland	450,000	Switzerland	170,000
Italy	350,000	Turkey	152,000
Japan	300,000	Czechoslovakia	150,000
		Germany	100,000

In the background of this seemingly moderate estimate of fighting forces towers the gigantic shadow of the reserves. In most of these lands, practically the entire male adult population is subject to the call to service. It is estimated that the whole, regular and reserves, would aggregate between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000. Italy alone in reserves has 4,627,000, and Japan 1,845,000. The United States has no organized reserves, but it has its National Guard.

These figures, however, huge as they are, represent only the surface aspect of the task which now falls to the coming Conference. There are many other features that must be dealt with before the evil of militarism can be fully unmasked.

Meanwhile, public opinion in every land is working overtime in aid of peace. Italy has set an example to her allies in greatly reducing her army, and France and England are beginning to realize that the fundamental question they must now face is one that goes to the very heart of the welfare of both nations. The new spirit of our time is drawing all lands together, so that they may stand on a common platform—that demanding such a sweeping reduction of armaments as will cease to make any power a menace to world peace.

Following the lead of the American churches—which have splendidly responded to the appeal in the Christian Herald—urging the President to use every effort in making the work of the Conference successful, the churches of the United Kingdom are now speaking boldly in favor of the adoption of a uniform Disarmament policy by all the governments, which will no longer impose upon the people burdens that have become intolerable. At a recent national conference, the Christian women of the United Kingdom adopted a ringing resolution calling for Disarmament, and declaring that the cost of great armies and navies and their accompaniments, has become a burden so heavy that it is wrecking the world and can no longer be borne.

$5,000 More for China

THE Christian Herald has just cabled $5,000 gold to Rev. Z. C. Beals, Treasurer of the Christian Herald China Famine Relief Committee in Wuhu, in response to the following appeal:

> "We here in China are certainly having our share of famine. No sooner is one famine over than another has started. The Northern one was over in June and we praised God and took courage. Then we heard of the Kweichou famine of West China, where probably 2,000,000 people were starving. Now, the Yangtse, Han and Hwai rivers have overflowed their banks and the inland is seven or eight feet under water. Villages, towns and hamlets are washed away and thousands drowned. In one place there is a great lake 16 miles wide and 150 miles long where formerly there were flourishing villages and farms.
>
> "Now, dear friends, I know the Christian Herald was in the big drive, but that is over, and if the office would send us a few thousands for this local relief it would be a God-send. I can only say 'pray over this,' and if you all think it wise, send it to your Christian Herald Committee and we will see that it is wisely expended.
>
> "The Yangtse has broken its banks at Chang, Shasi and near Wuhu where we live. How we missionaries look to the Christian Herald for help!"

Dr. Beals' summary of a very serious situation has been confirmed from several other sources, and we feel that the Family Circle will heartily approve of our efforts to relieve it in some measure. This flood famine emphasizes again the great importance of famine prevention work such as the Christian Herald and the American Committee for China Famine Fund have in preparation.

Science and the Weather

OUR weather experts in Washington have been looking over the numerous atmospheric and other eccentricities of this planet during the past summer, with a view of finding whether the season was in any scientific sense a remarkable one. In the course of their investigation they have found enough to justify the conclusion that our earth has established a new record for unexpected happenings, including hail-storms, excessive drought, waterspouts, tornadoes, floods, earthquakes, big and little, cyclones, typhoons, simultaneous volcanic eruptions, and new craters developed. At one time, it would seem from the record, that a majority of the big volcanoes, some of which had been inactive for years, had suddenly burst into concerted activity. This was especially the case in Italy, Hawaii, Mexico, Nicaragua, Salvador and several other countries. As if to complement these subterranean disturbances, severe drought and heat have visited other parts of the globe. The great Swiss glaciers have shrunk perceptibly and at the same time some of the lakes have diminished greatly in volume. Taken altogether, the weather has set a new record which has had no parallel in the last fifty years.

This series of disasters, bringing untold suffering to multitudes, leads the weather sharps to conclude that the disturbances, having been world-wide, they are to be attributed to abnormal heat and lack of moisture, and after a very thorough diagnosis of the whole matter, they have reached the conclusion that the indications point to an open winter. Science has its own way of judging of the conditions that invite such phenomena, and if their forecast of a comparatively mild winter ahead should be justified, the great majority will hail it as the one consolation which, like Hope in the bottom of Pandora's box, enables us to bear the rest with some degree of equanimity.

A Modern Church's Requirements

SOMETHING of the diversity of activities in the modern church can be imagined after glancing over a bulletin, the first number of which has just been issued by the Commission on Life Service of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is intended to convey information on the personnel needs of the denomination in its home and foreign mission fields, hospitals, educational institutions, etc.

Look at this list of occupations providing opportunities for Christian life service, for which applicants are wanted:

> Architects, bacteriologists, hostel business manager, dentists, dietitions, women evangelists, ministers, general missionaries, trained nurses, supervisors of nurses, visiting nurses, parish workers, pastors' assistants, pathologists, pharmacists, physicians, recreational directors, religious education directors, church secretaries, social workers, student workers, boarding school, hostel, hospital and orphanage superintendents, technicians and physical directors and teachers for such work as the Bible, college, commercial, domestic science, English, high school, industrial, kindergarten, music, science, Spanish and normal school.

The bulletin says the Church has immediate need of 1200 trained men to preach the Gospel and in discussing the opportunities of the ministry, it sums them up in these words:

> It is broad: It means a superb chance to let a community see how a Christian man should live—the challenge of a fine, clean, strong manhood; it means preaching the most vital truth known in terms that contemporary men, women and children can understand; it means finding the social pulse of church and community and making intelligent, effectual effort to bring both to gauge their moral and social health by the moral and social health of Jesus; it means the realization in practice that "all things are yours" and are to be used as educational materials for the instruction of all people in righteousness and downright justice—an instructional process that is carried on the year round in the pulpit and in the direction of all religious educational activities of church and community; it means participation in all genuine efforts for civic betterment, social reform, national integrity and world peace and regeneration. What more could be asked in the interest of breadth of ministry?

Can you think of a more comprehensive or compelling call for a life service than this?

Are They Fools?

"I SEE by my morning 'coffee news,'" says Old Man Ultimate Consumer, "that in the coming Disarmament Conference, we shall have to be on our look-out with the Japanese delegation, as Japan has sinister designs on our possessions in the Pacific." (Reads extract from the editorial as follows: "Japan will bear watching. She cannot be trusted. There is no question that she is planning to gain every possible advantage over China, and in a long and astute policy carried on for years she designs to get control of the Pacific. The visionary policy of the impractical pacifists is fraught with serious danger to this country. We cannot advocate any real extent of disarmament. It is dangerous to think of it. We must continue to build up a strong navy specially to protect our rights in the Pacific. The pacifists are fools to talk disarmament at a time when the nations are all making plans to increase their navies. Again we say, the pacifist is a fool.") "But why is a pacifist a fool?" asks Old Man Ultimate Consumer. "What does a pacifist want? He wants war to stop. I don't see why that makes a man a fool."

"But 'he is a fool if he demands such an impractical act as complete disarmament,'" says the Old-Timer, quoting his editor. "The world is not ready for such a step, and it would not be safe."

"But why is a pacifist a fool simply because he wants war to cease?" says the Minister. "And when will war cease if at some time in history the nations do not stop making weapons of warfare? If I go around all the time carrying deadly weapons on my person and all my neighbors do the same because we keep on fearing and hating one another, when will the possibility of peace ever be realized? I don't see why the pacifist is a fool because he wants that sort of thing to end."

"But it is a dangerous thing to advocate such a cessation of war preparation just now," says The Old-Timer. "The time has not come to disarm. And the United States cannot disarm alone."

"Why not?" says the Minister boldly. "Suppose at the coming Conference the United States should say to the other representatives—'We are ready to disarm completely except the necessary police protection that every sensible citizen recognizes as necessary. Will you do the same? We mean real disarmament, the cessation of military preparation. The world is sick of war. Let us stop hating and fearing one another and all stop together.' Suppose our country should take that attitude? What is there impractical about that?"

"Any man is a fool who advocates complete disarmament," says the Old-Timer. "The time is not ripe for peace. We must watch Japan particularly. We are in danger on the Pacific."

"If I am a fool simply because I want war to stop and the making of war material to cease," says the Minister, "then I wonder what all the rest are. When will war cease unless at some time we stop hating and fearing?"

"The pacifist is a fool," the Old-Timer began to say "because he—"

"That ends the argument," says Old Man Ultimate. "Excuse me, but I have to borrow some money to pay my taxes. Good-day." And the conference broke up *sine die.*

The World News of the Week

Three More Nations Are Invited to Washington Parley

THE list of nations which are to take part in the Washington conference has been extended to include Belgium, Holland and Portugal and with the consent of the other participants Secretary Hughes has sent formal invitations to those governments on behalf of President Harding. These smaller countries, however, will be limited in their participation to matters affecting the Pacific and the Far East, where they have colonial possessions, since it is the desire of the American Government that the question of limitation of armaments should be decided by the five great allied and associated powers.

The representation at the Conference also will be widened through the giving of places on Great Britain's delegation to three of her dominions, the total number of delegates for the Empire to be six. Australia already has named as her delegate George Foster Pearce, Minister of Defense. Premier Lloyd George has stated that it will be impossible for him to attend the Conference and expects to send Arthur J. Balfour as the head of the British representatives, although this choice has not been announced officially.

Paris despatches told of the intertion of the French Government to oppose any move which would involve the reduction of the French army below 400,000 or 450,000 men, with a like number subject to immediate mobilization, so long as the American-British-French defensive agreement drafted at the Paris conference remains unratified. French officials assert that the German military forces are organized so as to permit the mobilization of an army of 1,000,000 within a week, and the French delegates will argue that national security demands the retention of a strong army.

Suggestion that Congress should recess while the Conference is in progress were vetoed by President Harding because of the delay in the passage of important legislation, and it was announced there would be no recess other than a "breathing spell" from Thanksgiving until the opening of the regular session on December 5.

Debt Refunding Again Urged

ADMINISTRATION pressure for early Congressional action authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to conduct negotiations for the refunding of the debts of foreign nations to the United States has been renewed with the appearance of Secretary Mellon before the House Ways and Means Committee. He declared it was imperative to refund these obligations at the earliest possible moment because the present uncertainty is handicapping commerce and holding up the Treasury's financial arrangements; and urged that he be given a free hand, subject to the President's approval, to arrange terms, a grant of powers so extensive that many members of Congress are loath to concede it.

The Secretary expressed the belief that the governments of Europe, which owe nine-tenths of the nearly $10,000,000 due the United States, would be able to resume the payments of interest in another year. Since 1919 no interest has been collected. He again stated that there had been no overtures by a foreign government for the cancellation of its debt.

Suggestions have come from abroad that the question of the cancellation of the Allied debts should be considered at the Washington Conference, but it was made known that President Harding was opposed to such a course, since the present agenda for the Conference provides enough opportunities for disagreement.

Liberty bonds recently have made notable advances in price and the increase in market value over the low mark for the year have been placed at $1,250,000,000.

Second League Assembly Ends

THE League of Nations Assembly has ended its second session at Geneva, with opinions as to its accomplishments widely at variance. If it failed to do all that its ardent supporters had hoped for, it at least made greater progress than the pessimists among the delegates had expected. President Van Karnebeek, in a summing up of its work, stressed the importance of the International Court of Justice and of the technical organizations set up by the Assembly as marking real progress toward the kind of internationalism which the League was organized to bring about; and declared that while those who had expected the League to work miracles which would transform the world into a paradise would be disappointed the results of the measures taken by the session would confound those who had predicted the dissolution of the League. Despite this utterance there were apprehensions among some delegations that the Washington Conference might see the formation of an international organization which will be separate from and a rival of the League as at present organized.

Among the final acts of the session was the re-election of Brazil, Belgium, China and Spain as the four non-permanent members of the League Council. One important amendment to the League Covenant, adopted unanimously, authorizes the Council to postpone in the case of any particular member the coming into effect of the economic blockade against a covenant-breaking state—a change designed to lessen the peril to small countries by leaving a way out of the obligation to blockade a nation making war illegally. In the main the Assembly was chary of changing the covenant, and among the amendments on which action was deferred was the one providing that all sovereign states should automatically become members of the League which had been demanded by Argentina. It will be easier in future though to adopt amendments because of the dropping of the provision requiring unanimity in favor of a three-fourths majority vote.

International

AMERICAN RELIEF WORKERS ENTERING RUSSIA TO AID THE STARVING

This photograph shows one of the first parties to leave the Latvian frontier for the interior of Soviet Russia, where millions are suffering from famine

More Men at Work

DECLARATIONS that the "industrial pendulum is definitely on the upward trend" and that there are reports of "marked increased industrial optimism from every section of the country" were contained in the latest bulletin of the United States Employment Service, which showed an encouraging increase in employment. Thirty-eight cities reported employment increases for September, Toledo heading the list with a gain of 24.1 per cent. as compared with the preceding month. Only twenty-six cities reported decreases, and in each case the decrease was slight, the greatest being 5.4 per cent. in Providence.

Another encouraging feature of the industrial situation is that railroads are increasing their working forces. In three months the New York Central has added 21,000 men to its payroll, and in five months the Pennsylvania has added 14,000, while other roads have made smaller increases, but with the total running well up into the thousands.

Secretary Hoover has named Colonel Arthur Woods, formerly police commissioner of New York City, to head a special committee which will co-ordinate the nation-wide endeavor to solve the unemployment program. This committee will serve as a clearing-house for local committees and stimulate their efforts. Already many cities have taken up the work. Committees of the National Conference on Unemployment, called by President Harding, were completing their reports on measures to improve conditions for submission to the conference when it reassembles.

In Great Britain also the unemployment situation has been causing serious concern and since Premier Lloyd George's return from Scotland the Cabinet has been hard at work trying to find means of improving conditions.

AT WORK ON THE RACE PROBLEM. The Commission on Race Relations, recently created by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, has held its first session in Washington in an effort to find means by which the churches may make their influence more effective in promoting a Christian spirit in race relations. The commission, which is headed by John J. Egan, of Atlanta, includes Christian leaders of both races.

THIRTY-THREE DIE IN PARIS WRECK. Thirty three persons perished and scores were injured when a rear-end collision of suburban trains in a half-mile tunnel leading to the St. Lazare railway station in Paris was followed by the explosion of a gas reservoir and the burning of seventeen coaches.

International

NORWAY MOUNTS ITS AIRPLANES ON SKIIS AND DEFIES WINTER

In a land where the ground is covered with snow for a great part of the year, a method of taking off and alighting has been developed which permits aerial travel in all seasons

VALUE OF MANUFACTURES HUGE. Census Bureau figures placed at $62,910,202,000 the value of the products of the nation's manufacturing industries in 1920—a total three times as great as in 1910 and five and one-half times as great as in 1900. The capitalization of the 289,768 manufacturing establishments was $44,678,911,000, with 9,103,200 wage earners employed.

ONE MILLION VOLTS IN LIGHTNING FLASH. The voltage of a lightning flash is between 20,000,000 and 100,000,000 volts, averaging probably 50,000,000, according to Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, famous electrical expert, in announcing that lightning had been reproduced experimentally in laboratories. Five hundred volts is sufficient to kill a man, and the feat of transmitting 1,000,000 volts was recently hailed as an epoch-making event.

The Re-Birth of Hope

A Sermon by REV. ORVIS F. JORDAN*

TEXT—Heb. 11 : 1. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

GLOOM has fallen upon the world and particularly upon the soul of America. How different is the state of the national mind from the easy-going days of ten years ago! Secure in our national prosperity, it seemed that no evil could overtake us. In place of the braggadocio of that period, one hears now more frequently the forebodings of evil. Hope has been killed in the nation which was once the home of the optimistic spirit.

One sees this clearly enough in the current fiction. The most talked-of book the past year was Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street." The book tells all about the sins of the small town, but has no eyes for its virtues. Its ugliness, provincialism, gossip and social cliques are portrayed with photographic accuracy. But what about the young men in every small town who are starting on the road to a great career? Where is the woman saint who from her invalid chair dispenses good-will and kindliness throughout the community? The very popularity of "Main Street" was due to the fact that it fitted the national mood for the moment. We are decidedly in the dumps.

America has been worshipping idols, and one by one these false images have been broken by the war conditions. We used to believe that the biggest thing in the world was money. Because we believed this, we have finally gotten more than half of the money of the western world. Europe is sending us shiploads of gold; we are about to be smothered under the load of gold. And we are finding out that there are so many things that money will not buy. It has not brought us brotherhood, but on the contrary, bitter disputes between capital and labor. It has not brought us morality, but rather threatens to undermine the character of our young people. Why should they work so hard as their fathers, when there is so much money? Many an unhappy home has learned that it takes more than money to bring happiness. It takes love and trust and some other things that money can not buy.

THEN we had made an idol of machinery. Machinery is not a bad thing any more than money is, in itself. But we had trusted in our Yankee inventiveness to build us machines to carry our burdens. Materialistic science cultivated in the laboratories raised its proud head against the idealism of the race. Now we know that it takes more than machines to redeem humanity. The same scientist who makes an anti-toxin against diphtheria can also produce a poison so deadly that a single drop on the skin will kill. We have machines to knit our underwear and to thresh our grain, but we have other machines which can hurl bombs or carry on raids against women and children from the sky. Machinery is a good thing only in the hands of good men. There is something greater in the world than cogs and pulleys, than steam and electricity. That greater thing is moral personality. We are beginning to see it dimly. And with the upsetting of another idol, we are sad.

For a little while we worshipped at the shrine of the "good old war god." There are people in America today who miss entirely the lesson of the terrible plight of Germany. Years ago, Germany refused a treaty of arbitration with the United States. She chose to put her faith in armies and submarines rather than in good-will. Her energy went into the creation of big Berthas and deadly gas bombs rather than into the creation of universal brotherhood. She writhes under the heel of the conqueror today, and knows what occasioned her downfall. It would be hard to get up a new war in Germany until every living person of this generation is dead. They prayed to Mars and he failed them.

America has had her little turn at aping the ways of the militaristic nations, but the great body of American opinion has quickly fallen away from militarism. When President Harding issued the call for a disarmament Congress, he was quickly supported by favorable sentiment all over the nation.

Our god cannot be either Money or Machines, nor yet Military Power. These have all been tried and found to be no gods at all. As tools in the hands of spiritually minded men, money and machines have their place. Beyond this they are unpotent.

Meanwhile when shall some one discover that what we are all hungry for is the life-giving word of Jesus Christ? A generation has come on that really knows very little about Him. The examination tests of Columbia University showed that most of the students on entrance knew too little of the Bible to understand English literature. How can people with such ignorance of the Bible know very much about Jesus Christ? The remedy for our gloom is the hope-giving message of Jesus Christ. When men and women hear the Gospel, we shall enter into the era of the re-birth of hope.

JESUS came to teach the world that the source of human happiness is spiritual. Those that mourn shall find at His hands a comfort that takes them beyond the power of sorrow. By His word the proud spirit is made humble, and in its new humility finds God and the Kingdom of love. Even material things often wait upon spiritual processes. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all things else shall be added unto you."

Have we not all our lives been missing just this truth? The little boy promises that if he gets a little red wagon, he will never want anything again. He is sincere in this sentiment. But he does want one thing after another, each toy being for the moment the greatest thing in all the world. And the big grown boys and girls are just as bad. They want automobiles and Persian rugs and fine houses and club memberships and all the rest. In none of these things do they find abiding satisfaction. Jesus Christ must first teach them that the source of happiness is spiritual. As one modern writer puts it: "The city of Happiness is located in the state of mind."

Those who have thought that Jesus Christ came to bring only a cross have quite misapprehended His spirit and word. He came to transform crosses from ugly trees into symbols of beauty. When His own cross already cast its shadow across His life He said, "My joy I leave with you." The beatitudes are only rules for being happy in spite of adverse circumstances. Though one is persecuted he may find compensations. Though one be spiritually hungry and thirsty, this is the door into new and wonderful experiences.

Jesus Christ was, first of all, a wonderful example of the joyous and triumphant life. He had not where to lay His head, but He had the inner grace of thanksgiving. When tax-day came, He sent Peter a-fishing, but Divine Providence did not fail Him. He had some cruel enemies, but out of unlettered fishermen He developed some wonderful friends. His life was so joyous because He had rid Himself once for all of the two great enemies of fear and hate. He knew no fear, for was not the Heavenly Father ever with Him? When we look around us and see all the people that are nursing pet fears—fears of illness, fears of poverty, fears of enemies—we can then understand how wonderful it is to have a living faith in a God who really works for us. Nor did Jesus ever hate. He might rebuke sharply, as He did on occasion. But in the supreme temptation of the cross, surrounded by cruel, jeering enemies, He was able to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

How few of us have learned that it is not our hates that make up life's joy, but our loves. Many may pity the young mother with her nursery full of young children. They do not understand. She has filled her heart with a wonderful new love. What are night vigils beside this great gift? How can bitter toil contaminate the sweetness of mother-love?

Most of us live with proud wills out of harmony with the great universe of which we are a part. Were all factory operatives independent of an organizing mind there could be no automobiles. When the factory workers in Russia threw out the chemist because he wore a white collar, and tried to run without him, they soon had the machinery spoiled. God is the organizing mind of the world in which we live. Jesus was at one with His Father. The secret of harmony with the divine spirit He seeks to impart to His followers. When our wills are all subject to the infinite will, we will no longer have the sorrows that fill the earth at the present hour.

We not only want happiness for the individual, but we want good-will and brotherhood for society. Who of us would want to find happiness which could not be shared by our loved ones? It would be hard for most of us to start on a journey to the Celestial City, as Christian did in Pilgrim's Progress, leaving his loved ones behind.

Nor does the Gospel of Jesus Christ contemplate that we should live our religious life alone. He always talked His religion in social terms. He gathers a group of believers into a school and these fellow-students developed a wonderful fellowship with each other and with their Lord. These believers at once after Pentecost sought to bring into being a church. It was inconceivable that their joyous faith should live in a corner by itself. The Lord had foreshadowed an entirely new social order. Everything waited upon the coming of the Kingdom of God. When the will of God became the law of human conduct, when the Golden Rule was the mainspring of human conduct, all would have opportunity to share the happiness of the few.

The small boy enjoys his candy more with a playmate. We all feel that we want a friend to talk over the good book we have just read, or to tell the news of some good fortune that has just come to us. It is of the genius of the Christian religion that we should want to share it with some one, and that we should dream of the time when it should possess the whole earth.

AT THE present time there are men and women who find it hard to share our spiritual satisfactions. The man who must work twelve hours a day and seven days a week has but little opportunity for soul culture. There are more of such men in the world than some of us know about. The woman who must forego many of the sweet privileges of motherhood, by leaving the home to seek a livelihood knows the bitterness of thwarted opportunities. How can a man keep the Lord's Day when the bread of his children depends upon his toil for seven days? Do not the very conditions of modern business life make success difficult for some men without sacrifice of principle?

The social situation is full of hatreds and prejudices that make impossible the full sharing of the Christ spirit. Race hatred has risen to unprecedented heights. The industrial order also is full of suspicion and ill-will. It is no more a one-sided situation than is any other human dispute. One side has abused its power, and the other side has too often cheated and reduced output. Feudal threats are matched by conspiracy and graft.

The Kingdom of Christ, when it comes fully, will wipe out the racial hatreds, for God made of one flesh all the nations of the earth.

Our faith and our hope are joined together in a great spiritual process at this time. It is time to lift the level of human life. Thomas A. Edison is quoted as saying that the next great achievement will be discovery in the realm of the human spirit. If he said that, it shows that he continues to grow, for it is one of the wisest things ever imputed to him. There is nothing we need to know so much as how to live.

All over the world we hear of children committing suicide. There is a great increase of such unnatural crimes in the United States. This abhorrent by-product of the war is the latest expression of the despair into which the world has fallen, as it contemplates its sin and misery. The religion of Christ takes the fair young girl with the poison vial in her hands, and leads her to the window. Outside is the sunshine and the garden of Christian virtues. Beyond are mountains to climb, and far distant shines the New Jerusalem in its heavenly glory. The spirit of Christ leads this child out of materialism's hovel to a place where zephyrs play and where the birds sing. This is the wonderful meaning of the rebirth of world's hope as it sits at the feet of Jesus Christ.

*Pastor, Disciples of Christ, Evanston, Ill.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Blest Be the Tie that Binds" or "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 148. "A Song of Praise to God for His Goodness."

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation: (See page 771, first column.)

Sermon—"THE RE-BIRTH OF HOPE"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Lead, Kindly Light," or "Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Redeemer of the world, we pour out our heart's thanksgiving for Thy mercies, and lift them up in reverence for Thy goodness, and consecrate them more to Thy service, as we go our ways to walk in Thine. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., R. Braunstein, J. A. McAfee and H. Hepburn, D.D.

Shrinking from Exposure

SUNDAY. Gen. 3:10. "*I went and hid myself.*" Why did he hide himself? Because he could not face the exposure of his sin. He had rebelled against the Lord, and done that which was evil in His sight. And the evil thing worked to this dark issue—it perverted his nature and inclined him against the Lord whom he had resisted. He had no delight in God. He feared Him, and he had a growing distaste of Him. He had no desire to meet Him; nay, indeed, he fled from Him. He sought to seclude himself, and find peace in forgetfulness. At any rate and at any price he must not meet God. "I went and hid myself."

We have all shared this man's quest of a hiding-place from God. We may have sought along another road, but we have shared his flight from God. We have entered into his sin and the poisonous thing has worked in us as it worked in him; our palate has been perverted, sweet things have become bitter, and we have lost our delight in God. We have no lover's desire to walk and talk with Him.

How was it at the close of the day, at the hour of our devotions, the time of the evening sacrifice? Did we hasten into the secret place like children going home from school, jubilant and glad? Were we almost breathless in our eager speech with the Lord? Nay, nay, it was quite other than this. That night we missed our devotions. The prayers were left unsaid. Or if we prayed, *we prayed without looking.* We hid ourselves in blind words, empty words: we gabbled a medley of words in which there was no communion. We did not want any communion. We had no desire to gaze on Him whom we had pierced. And so we ran away from open and vital fellowship. We prayed prayerless prayers—prayers which had no windows, no outlook, no aspirations. Or more probably still, we never even appeared to pray at all. We just left them out of the day. That night the altar-fire was not burning. There was no going into the holy place. We just scuttled in to bed and sank into an unbeliever's sleep. And what was all this but a childish attempt to hide ourself from the Lord, lest we should suffer a divine exposure of our shame.

For that is the real secret of the matter. Our sins troop out when we come into the presence of the Lord. The light disturbs them. The psalmist was relating just such an experience in the words—"Thou hast set our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance." They are no longer secrets when we pass into the light. The hidden things are all revealed.

Truly, God's light is revealing. But it is more than revealing—our God is a consuming fire. That is the severity of God's holiness: it is also His infinite mercy. The fire of God is not merely destructive, like an incendiary fire, consuming no end of precious things. It is a refiner's fire. It is the servant of purity: it is the minister of chastening and beauty. It burns to cleanse and to convert unloveliness into loveliness. So when we hide away from the light of life, we are hiding from the ally of our redemption. The light is not merely the light of judgment; it is the light of grace, and therefore of restoration.

And, therefore, when we have sinned, let us not hide ourselves from the light. Let us hasten into the Presence of the Lord and expose our souls to their innermost depths. If we are already poisoned, let us have the poisoned faculty cauterized by the burning, purifying flame of the Holy Ghost. Let us not run away to hide. Let us hide in Him.

J. H. J.

The Greatest of Christian Graces

MONDAY. I Cor. 12:31. "*But covet earnestly the best gifts; yet I show unto you a more excellent way.*" Gifts are what a man has; love, what he is. Gifts may pass away, while love never faileth. Gifts are mental or executive, but love is moral and spiritual. Gifts are the scaffolding, love the temple. Solomon had gifts, the Apostle John had love. Gifts are the attributes of the Almighty, love is the essence of His being.

The gifts of tongues, mysteries, knowledge, benevolence and martyrdom are only human attainments on the outside, painted flowers, while love in the inner soil of the heart grows fadeless blossoms. All gifts devoid of love are only valued at zero. The soul is an empty shell without love, however much the outside is adorned. He who seeks his own rather than the good of others, should find out that love seeketh not her own. What is not of love is sin.

Love casteth out fear, hatred, anger, jealousy—all the brood of evils. Love carries burdens for others, bearing sorrows and forgiving sins. It is kind to enemies, to the poor and helpless. If you have no one who loves you, you are alone. Love envieth not; it is best satisfied when it can die for another and rise again in glorious beauty.

Love, the queen of all thrones, the king of all kingdoms, will sway the sceptre of peace and victory forever! Love is a living prophecy of immortality; this world is not its home. Here we know love only in part; but there, face to face, we shall know as we are known.

E. W. C.

The Golden Age

TUESDAY. Gal. 4:10. "*Ye observe days and months and times and years.*" Some of us look back, some look forward, some look around. All times are God's times. Every day, month, year, is a day of challenge, a month of opportunity, a year of grace. Said a young man to Wendell Phillips: "If I had lived in your time I should have been heroic too." The great man replied, "You are living in my time and in God's time, and be sure of this, young man, no man could have been heroic then who cannot be heroic now."

There are no common times, places, people or events. Either life is all secular, or it is all religious. Either it is only freighted with the divine elements in spots or it is shot through and through with the Infinite. He who has the eye trained, the mind open, the heart receptive and the soul responsive will acknowledge at once that every day is holy, every task sublime, every river a Jordan, every Mount transfigured, every bush burning, every soul patterned after the God-plan, and every day, month, time and year a unit in the scope of Eternity.

In the year 1837, an employee in the United States Patent Office resigned his position, stating in his letter of resignation: "All the great inventions have now been made and henceforth the work of the Patent Office will deal mainly with small improvements on existing inventions and with other routine work." What a marvel that "other routine work" has been since that day. Better the philosophy of Robert Browning who sang, "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be," with the consciousness that the miracle of unfolding civilization and developing progress is a daily occurrence, and that no day is greater or lesser in the groping for perfection and the search for desired goals.

R. B.

Seeking and Finding

WEDNESDAY. Matt. 7:8. "*He that seeketh findeth.*" Most of our gifts are undeserved, but few of them are unsought. We must go after the things we want. The kingdom of God must be sought. Several of Jesus' parables have this as their chief lesson. The seeking of spiritual gifts is not put in opposition to the seeking of temporal things but rather is put in priority. The Master never said that the Gentiles seek after things that are not worth seeking, but He made plain that the danger of us all is that we may make secondary things primary. One of Henry Drummond's finest sermons had as its theme, "First things first." A modern English poet speaks of himself as "the great lover." He names the things he has loved in life. The ideal Christian is a great seeker as well as a great lover of things true and beautiful and good.

"He that seeketh findeth." This is "important if true—and it is true. It is not true that the spiritual" seeker always finds the thing he is seeking; but it is true that if he does not find the thing he is seeking, he does find something which is worth far more. The man who discovered gold in California was not seeking it. The man who invented the telephone was seeking something else. Many of us have sought peace—and found strength. We have sought happiness—and found joy. We have sought knowledge—and found truth. Read the Psalms. They reveal the fact that all the psalmists were great seekers. "One thing have I desired, that will I seek after." The end of the quest of every sincere soul is that which the man of God had in mind long, long ago, the knowledge of God with all that it implies. "In Thy light we shall see light." Having God, being sure of him, nothing is lacking to enrich the soul and to ennoble life.

C. C. A.

The Cares of this World

THURSDAY. Mark 4:19. "*The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the work and it becometh unfruitful.*" So Christ explains the fate of the seeds that fall among the thorns. The cares of this world, riches, and other things, all of them good in their places, enter in to do inestimable harm, choking the seed which should spring up and be fruitful. Always it is a struggle against these things.

James Douglass is quoted as having said recently in an article in the London Daily Express, that "England has no time for God." Does not the expression and its implications strike terror to your heart? Have you time for God, or have the cares of this world absorbed all your time?

To change the figure: One time I moved into a house which boasted a new furnace and a new flue. The furnace was one of excellent make, and from all appearances the flue was well constructed. My coal was safely in the bin and I looked forward to a warm, comfortable house. When cold weather came, I built the fire in the new furnace. It started fairly well, but, try as I might, I could get but little heat into the house. The furnace would consume my coal, but that seemed to be about the extent of its usefulness. I sought the trouble in vain and finally called the man who had installed the furnace and put in the flue. In a very short time he discovered the difficulty. In the bottom of the flue there had been left a place for a soot can, and this can had never been put in. The result was that the flue, instead of drawing as it should, was sucking in plenty of air from the bottom, and so was choking down my fire.

Christians do exactly the thing that flue did. The cares of this world, and other things all right in themselves, enter in until that fire within us is smothered out.

J. A. M.

The Birthplace of Leadership

FRIDAY. John 1:46. "*Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?*" Nazareth was a little secluded, provincial village. It was not supposed that anyone would look for anything startling or promising from that direction. But history has proven, that, contrary to expectation, the little towns and small hamlets yield their quota to the sum of greatness and achievement. The little villages of New England, for instance—those inland clusters of houses, shaded elms and quiet surroundings—have given us a larger quota of men and women of letters and art than many other localities with greater advantages. Genius knows no geography. Brain-power grows in isolation. Skill is developed in the corner. The desert sands breed the prophet; the Mount develops the seer. Out of obscurity come the presidents. From the forests come the preachers. From the wilderness come the reformers.

Despise not the commonplace. Look not in contempt on the so-called mediocre. One of our poets sings of "The Glory of the Small Towns." From the hills and valleys came the youth of the land to join the army of the holy ideal to make the world safe for democracy.

God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, beginning with new-born babes, such as that One born in the carpenter shop, or an Abraham Lincoln born in an obscure log hut. Nothing ever "happens" anywhere; all is under the guiding hand and ruling Providence of Omnipotence. And in the light of what we have seen and heard, that is enough.

R. B.

The Nation's Greatest Need

SATURDAY. Psa. 33:12. "*Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.*" The Nation's greatest need today is to recognize the sovereignty of God. It will put iron into men's blood and strength into their resolve to do right. Yet, today there are many who have no time for God; they ignore His throne; they never mention His name; unless it be in some time of awful disaster and when all earthly things fail they turn to Him in last resort. How much better to remember Him all the way, allowing His throne to be set up in our hearts; giving place to His plan and looking forward to the consummation that shall be glorious and the victory eternal.

As we study the Scriptures we find it is a stormy book; there are battles and movement of things and while in places we see green pastures and feel the sweetness, yet these things are given amid convulsion in the social order, upheavals of kingdoms, the presence of enemies and terror, the marching of armed forces, the pestilence that walked in darkness, hurricanes of disaster that swept the land, rivers that have overflown their banks. But God is ever the King. He hath founded His Kingdom upon the seas and established it upon the floods. Multitudes turn to the wrong way, but in the thick of the fight and amidst the clamor of the world there is the voice of a great multitude amidst the mighty thunderings, saying "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

God calls us to realize that He is on the throne and His voice is not meant as a lullaby, but intended to be clarion in tone. There are calls for rest of heart, but there is also the demand to tread the thorny steep ways that lead to holiness and if need be, to march without fear into the "Valley of the Shadow." The Lord reigns! Every man should then be at his task with both hands and consecrated soul, for he is on God's side and shall never meet defeat.

H. H.

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Real Poetry-Makers

Who Couldn't Write a Verse to Save Their Lives

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I MET a girl yesterday—a girl with wide, wistful eyes, and quite a lot of bright hair tucked up under a soft velvet hat, and a curiously breathless little laugh. She was a stranger to me—only one figure detaching itself from a crowd—but I, she told me excitedly, was in no way a stranger to her!

"Why, I've loved your poetry," she said softly, "for years and years! I've read ever so much of it—nearly all that you've written, I guess. I remember lots of the verses. Some of them have made me smile—and some of them have made me cry. And just a few weeks ago I read one, after an awfully hard day with my children, and——"

I interrupted. I was glad of a chance to interrupt, for the most honest appreciation is often the most embarrassing.

"Your *children?*" I questioned incredulously. "Why—you're only a child yourself. Surely, you're not old enough to be married—and have children?"

The girl's wide eyes grew wider, under the shadow of her soft velvet hat. It was almost a full moment before she answered my question.

"But of course you would misunderstand," she told me, at last. "I'm so interested in my work that I never think to explain. No—I'm not *married*. But I have nearly two hundred children! I do settlement work, you see, in a large factory town. And the children of that town—bless their little hearts—are my especial charge. I teach them, and I organize their clubs, and I do my best to take care of them and—most of all—I love them. I can't help thinking of them, and speaking of them, as if they were *my* children."

I looked down into her eager face—so vividly full of enthusiasm and affection.

"I wish," I said, "that you'd tell me something about this work you so love."

AND so she told me . . . She told me of the little Italians and Hungarians and Jews—of the one small Chinese girl and of the wee Spanish boy. She told me, in a slightly hushed voice, of the sentence prayers that she has taught them to make—quite spontaneously—in classroom. And of the shy questions they ask her about the secrets of this life—and of the life to come.

"I adore them," she said, "every one of them! And they know it. And they care for me—I think—almost as much as I care for them. But—" all at once she broke off, in utter confusion. "But I've been talking about *myself!* And it's you—*you* that I want to talk about! I want to talk about your poetry."

Again it was necessary to change the subject.

"Have you ever written any poetry yourself?" I questioned hurriedly. "Loving it as you do, I should think that you'd make up some little verses. It's ever so easy to write poetry, if you love it!"

The girl's slim, small hand reached out, swiftly. The fingers that touched mine were tremulous.

"Oh," she breathed, "oh, if I only *could* write poetry! But I couldn't. *I couldn't make up a verse to save my life!*"

JUST a smile when the road seems hard;
Just a laugh in the gloom;
Just a hope, when the soul seems scarred,
Like a light in a darkened room . . .
Just the touch of a tender hand,
And a song, and a bit of prayer;
Just the courage to understand—
And the heart to truly care!

Just these things—and your life may be,
A perfect poem to the world;
Just these things, and the earth can see,
Your mind like a flag unfurled.
Just the touch of a tender hand,
And a message from God above—
Just the courage to understand,
And the heart to truly love!

Never a man will pass you by,
That does not take of your cheer,
Never a woman will meet your eye,
That does not hold you dear. . . .
Poets and artists, they do their best,
But yours is the better part—
For you give of a friendship Christ has blessed,
And the love of a helping heart!

THERE are ever so many people in this world who, by their own admission, couldn't write a verse. There are ever so many people who feel that they couldn't construct a story or paint a picture or even do an exquisite bit of embroidery on fine linen. Oftentimes they are the folk who look up, with a certain humble friendliness, to the people who can do the things that they so admire. And yet I have known many of these same folk to make the realest poetry, the most beautiful pictures and the most marvelous stories in the world. They have made them out of their lives!

The girl, for instance, that I met yesterday. She was almost aghast at my suggestion that she try to write verse. She thought that the making of poetry was a marvelous thing—a great, splendid gift.

She thought that it was a marvelous, out-of-reach thing. And yet, every day, *she* is making poetry. She is putting it into the lives of the little children that she works with. She is giving it, hourly, by the light of her eyes, and the touch of her hand. It isn't the kind of poetry that is written neatly across a page of white paper—it's a finer sort. It's the kind of poetry that is written by love, across a white page of life.

There are other people, too, that are doing the same thing. There's the woman who leaves her housework every afternoon to read the Scripture to an old minister who is blind. There's the young girl—full of life and gaiety—who takes time away from her pleasures to go twice a week, on visiting days, to the hospital where the boys who suffered injury in the World War are lying. For there are many of those boys—heroes we called them a few years ago—who are practically forgotten now!

Yes, there are other people who are doing the same thing. There are people who cook dainty little things for invalids, and other people who do unexpected bits of mending for very busy people. There are people who find time to write thoughtful wee letters when they're most needed; there are other people who are never too rushed or too busy to give a word of hope or cheer or inspiration. There are all these people and many more—so many that it would be quite impossible to count them!

YES, there are many poets and artists and writers who don't dream that they are making verses and pictures and stories. Look around and you'll see them, on every side, almost. You'll see them—and you'll recognize them when you see them.

They're ever so easy to recognize—ever so easy! Because they're just the friendly, kind, loving people who take time to make other people happier and better and more contented. Their poems are the pleasant words and deeds that will grow into sweet memories. And their pictures are the little acts of fellowship and faith and trust that will, in time, become visions. And their stories are the impressions that they leave upon the hearts and souls of the folk who know them, and the folk who meet them, and even the folk who are casual passers-by!

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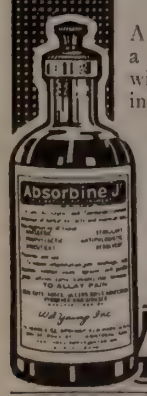

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What Europe Thinks of the Conference

Continued from page 765

For generations British foreign policy, so far as European affairs were concerned, was based upon the theory of a balance of power. For the security of Great Britain no power was to be allowed to become predominant on the continent—predominant, that is, in a military sense. Hence the policy of alliances, understandings, secret agreements, and arrangements with which diplomacy enlaced Europe in an almost inextricable mesh, always having for its object such groupings of the nations, small and great, as would insure a balance between supposedly rival combinations. This was the fundamental thing in British diplomacy, and so long as it succeeded Great Britain did not need to maintain a large army. It could rely upon the balance of power to protect it from danger near home, and upon its fleet for the protection of its colonies and dominions, the support of its commerce, and the furtherance of its plans for imperial expansion everywhere.

But the Great War has destroyed the balance of power. There is today only one military power of importance on the continent of Europe, and that is France. What is more, France is also the greatest military power in the world. Its huge army is in splendid condition, perfectly equipped, and always ready for action. A military force with which all the existing standing armies of Europe would not be able to cope can be set in motion in twenty-four hours more. Under these circumstances the theory of a balance of power has no longer any application, and the war power of Great Britain depends now almost wholly upon its fleet.

In the recent acute controversy over Upper Silesia, when France was urging military intervention in order to make sure that the region should not go to Germany, Mr. Lloyd George repeatedly declared that, if military pressure were actually to be applied, Great Britain must not be counted upon to furnish more than a battalion or two. Will Great Britain under these conditions consent to weaken its only remaining arm of defence, namely, its navy? Europe frankly thinks not. It has no idea whatever that Mr. Lloyd George will enter into any agreement by which Great Britain, deprived of whatever protection a balance of power once afforded, will lessen its ability promptly to blockade the European coast, close the Mediterranean, and control the seas.

PUBLIC opinion in Europe appears to be equally skeptical regarding the attitude of the United States and Japan, once the position of Great Britain is made clear. Under the surface of all discussion of international questions of the larger sort one detects the suspicion amounting in many quarters to a conviction, that Great Britain and the United States are at bottom the two great world rivals, and that a struggle for supremacy is not in the long run to be averted. That a war between the two great English-speaking nations would be an unspeakable calamity is everywhere admitted, but Europe has known calamities and is not deterred from speculating about others that may possibly occur. It inclines to the belief that, in spite of all the differences of language, history and environment, here is more in common between France and America than there is between England and America, and it looks to see rapprochement on the one side as the rift widens on the other.

That only means, however, from the standpoint of the Washington Conference, that if Great Britain will not curtail its naval program, neither will the United States abandon its present purpose of building the greatest navy in the world. As Europe sees the matter, the American navy must be big enough to give the British navy pause, or America must continue to be subject, as for years it has been subject, to British foreign and colonial policy. No one believes that the United States, now that it has somewhat tested its strength and its resources in a great war, will long continue to knuckle down to Downing Street.

The Japanese problem seems more remote. What Japan does in the Pacific is only indirectly a concern of Europe, and in any case no one seriously anticipates the appearance of a Japanese army on European soil or of a hostile Japanese fleet in European waters. There is a fairly general impression in Europe, however, that the political ambitions of Japan, as they enfold themselves, joined to the undoubted pressure for an outlet for Japanese emigration, will be found to be invincibly opposed to the policies of Great Britain and the United States in the Pacific part of the world, and that neither of the three powers will be particularly averse to trying conclusions at arms when the occasion arises. But that does not mean disarmament. On the contrary, it means the continuance of naval construction on a great scale, not only on the part of Japan, which will have a policy to enforce, but also on the part of Great Britain and the United States, which will have a policy to defeat.

THE necessity of safeguarding the territorial integrity of China, to which in spite of the Shantung incident the greater powers of Europe are on the whole committed, is looked upon as a further argument in favor of keeping naval strength intact and adding to it as much as possible. If Great Britain and America will not disarm, certainly Japan will not do so. As for the rest of the world, it is the great powers that lead the way, and what the great powers do the lesser ones may be counted to do also.

Thus, in substance, reasons the public opinion of Europe. Yet, with all its doubts, Europe continues to follow with close attention every move which the summoning of the Washington Conference calls forth. Never, perhaps, was there so much need of a breath of fresh air in the superheated political atmosphere of Europe, never so much need for words of wisdom, moderation and decision which shall show a distracted continent the way to freedom and peace.

And whence shall come the refreshing breeze and the helpful words if not from America? Not, surely, from France, already launched forth upon an imperialistic program from which only the strongest influences, material as well as moral, can deter it. Not from Great Britain, hesitating at the crossroads, doubtful of which way it should turn. Not from any of the lesser states of Europe, whose claims to be heard in international decisions are as yet at best only tolerated. The hour belongs to America, and it is to America that Europe looks with pathetic hope.

Words of Cheer

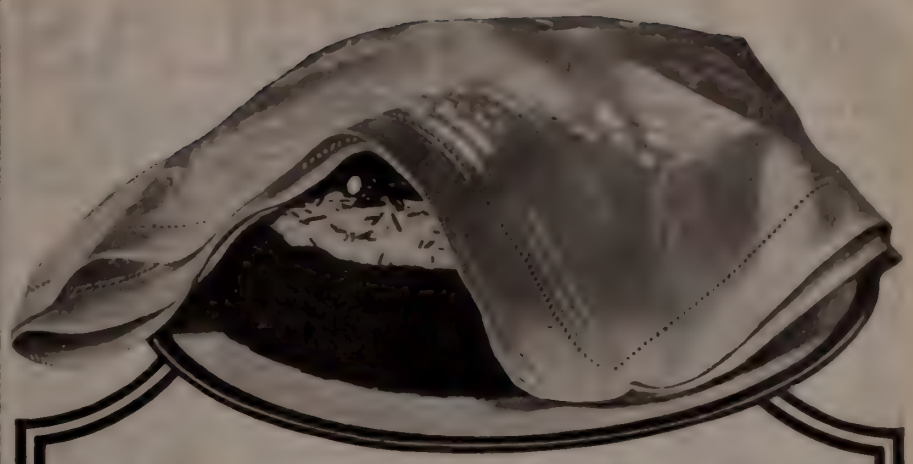
MRS. F. I. M'C., Sheridan, Mont., writes: "I am one of the 1,250,000 who read the Christian Herald and have done so ever since Dr. Talmadge was editor. I am one who knows the worth of the Christian Herald. When it was first placed in my hands, I believe it became a means provided direct from God, for my leadership of the source from which I have been fed as a Christian. I know I have come into a kingdom published from the Christian Herald pulpit. The Sunday Service for the Home is ideal; the serials are certainly good."

Mrs. S. M. B., Bridgeport, Conn., writes: "I have belonged to the Herald Family for years and it would be like missing a good friend to be without it. I think it is helpful and interesting."

Another friend, Mrs. E. C., Los Angeles, Calif., writes: "What I like about the Christian Herald is, it gives me such an uplift in spiritual things. Everything is so helpful."

Mrs. M. M. Knoxville, Tenn., takes this view: "Your paper is an inspiration to me. . . . I can not think of one thing in the whole paper that is not good."

E. M. Shelbyville, Ind., says: "I believe the Daily Meditations really mean most to me, but I depend upon all the departments for giving me most of my news and reading material."



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All names must be received by December 15th. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Do not send your cake. Simply send the name you suggest with your own name and address, to the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
156 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK

HOW TO MAKE IT

Use level measurements for all materials

½ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
Grated rind of ½ orange
1 egg and 1 yolk
2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup milk
1½ squares (1½ oz.) of unsweetened chocolate (melted)
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream shortening, add sugar and grated orange rind. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift together flour, salt and Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with the milk; lastly fold in beaten egg white. Divide batter into two parts. To one part add the chocolate. Put by tablespoonfuls, alternating dark and light batter, into three greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

FILLING AND ICING

3 tablespoons melted butter
3 cups confectioner's sugar
2 tablespoons orange juice
Grated rind of ½ orange and pulp of 1 orange
1 egg white
3 squares (3 oz.) unsweetened chocolate

Put butter, sugar, orange juice and rind into bowl. Cut pulp from orange, removing skin and seeds, and add. Beat all together until smooth. Fold in beaten egg white. Spread this icing on layer used for top of cake. While icing is soft, sprinkle with unsweetened chocolate shaved in fine pieces with sharp knife (use ½ square). To remaining icing add 2½ squares unsweetened chocolate which has been melted. Spread this thickly between layers and on sides of cake.

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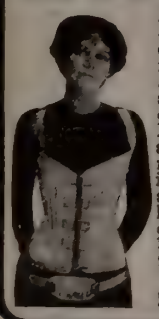

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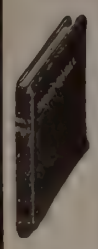

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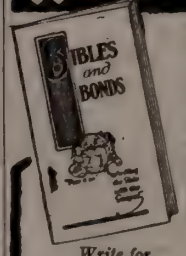

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By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Lessons from the Patriots of the Past and Present

E. L. Neh. 4 : 1–14

See topics for October 16, under head of B. Y. P. U. and C. E.

How Can We Apply the Golden Rule Today?

B. Y. P. U. Matt. 7 : 12

See Topics for October 16, under head of E. L.

The Bible Transported and Transmitted

C. E. Isa. 55 : 6–13

Read "The Bible and Missions," by Montgomery.

CHRISTIANS have ever been people of the Book. Wherever the missionary goes, there goes, of course, the Bible. Wherever the Bible goes, there follows civilization. Space does not permit even the barest outline of Christian progress and righteous civilization as influenced by the Bible. No book has been translated into so many languages nor with such great difficulty. Many languages have been reduced to writing solely in order that the Bible might be made available. People of more than six hundred tongues are now reading the Word of God.

Here are some of the difficulties confronting the translators: How can one express abstract ideas like sanctification, justification, salvation, or faith in the languages of savages? In Tahitian there is no word for faith or conscience. In the Maori language there is no word for hope or law. Willis Hotchkiss sought for months for the word that meant Saviour before he could tell the people of British East Africa the story of Christ that was burning in his soul. When the Moravian missionaries in New Guinea translated the Lord's Prayer they had to substitute "Come Thou Chieftain Great" for "Thy Kingdom Come." In Alaska, where there are no sheep nor shepherds, the missionaries rendered the words of the Twenty-third Psalm by "The Lord is a first-class mountain-hunter," instead of the usual words, "The Lord is my Shepherd." In Greenland, John's words "Behold the Lamb of God" had to be rendered by substituting the name of the only animal about which the people had thoughts of tenderness, "Look, God's little seal."

The very first Bible printed in America was a translation into one of the Indian languages of New England. The translator was John Eliot. Martin Luther gave us the German Bible. William Carey learned to read the Bible in six languages and gave the Scriptures in forty languages to three hundred million people in India. Robert Morrison translated the Bible into Chinese. Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyke translated the Bible into Arabic. And so the story of patient toil, heroic endeavor and consecrated effort may be multiplied into scores of thrilling stories of missionary conquest and Kingdom achievement. Our own efforts seem insignificant in the face of what men and women have done, and are doing, and what, by the grace of God, we may all do when once we are really in earnest in our Christian life and profession.

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At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Continued from page 767

pastor, and wished to take away with them the outline of a discourse the like of which might never be heard in the "provinces." It may have been a whim of the girl, probably a recent graduate from college.

Her amazement amounted to consternation, when as the text was announced, she saw the note-book in the young lady's hand and her pencil dashing over the page with the rapidity and ease acquired only by the skilled stenographer. Mrs. Wingate sat directly behind the "operator" and there could be no mistake as to the dots and dashes jotted down upon page after page. And the party had the indefinable but unmistakable air of lawful occupation of their present quarters. The hymn books and Bibles in the rack before them, she had observed, were comparatively new, handsomely bound, and upon two of them she traced names in gilt letters. Was it likely that travelers would carry with them books that belonged to a family pew? The stenographer was disposing of her pad and pencil in a pretty hand-bag when the Leading Lady accosted her in lofty patronage:

"You are a reporter! For what paper?"

The girl drew herself up with dignity; the inquirer could not have excelled in poise and iciness.

"For none!"

The two words uttered, she turned her back and took hold of her mother's elbow to escort her out of the pew.

The Story in Brief

SILAS FORD, the dominant figure in the fashionable Banner Church in New York City, is profoundly impressed while on a visit to Marlinton, a few miles distant, by the preaching of Rev. Stuart Haile, whose ten-year pastorate there has been extraordinarily happy and successful. The leaders of the Banner Church have determined on the resignation of their pastor, and Mr. Haile reluctantly accepts their call because of the larger opportunities for service. The Banner Church makes much of welcoming the Hailes, and stages what its members call the "Unique Demonstration" for the retiring and the incoming pastors. Mrs. Haile finds somewhat trying a lengthy call from Mrs. Wingate, who dominates the women's activies of the church, and a call from Mrs. Wingate's satellite—Miss Maynard, the parish visitor—increases her repugnance to the courting of wealth and social position so evident in the congregation. The pastor insists on devoting much of his time and energies to the poor of the parish, despite the opposition of the church's leaders, who wish him to cultivate those who will add to the social prestige of the church, and they engage an assistant pastor, Anslem Miller. Miss Albertha Briggs, a middle-aged spinster, warns Mrs. Haile that her husband is the type of man "women make fools of themselves over" and advises her to watch his mail. As she is leaving, the caller changes the address on a letter which the postman has just delivered so that it will go to Mrs. Haile. It is from Mrs. Rupert King, a frequent caller at the Haile home, and after telling of her husband's absence, asks the minister to call at her home that evening.

IN SPITE of herself Mrs. Wingate was constrained by some invisible agency to glance back as she gained the inner door of the church. She was just in time to see Mrs. Haile, whose pew was on the other side of the middle aisle and nearer the pulpit, stop to shake hands with the obnoxious party, who had evidently lingered to speak with her.

Were they former parishioners? or was this just another exhibition of the eccentricities of the minister's wife regarding the duty of churchly hospitality? She made her way across the vestibule to the urbane functionary who had earned both the titles of sexton and undertaker.

She quenched his urbane smile and broke his bow in half by the peremptory demand:

"Mr. Johnson! who are those people who have sat in the Morgan pew during both services today?"

"Why, Mrs. Wingate, haven't you heard of the removal to Cincinnati of the Morgans early in January? And the Freemans took the pew immediately."

"I had heard nothing of this! May I trouble you to say to Mr. Ford that I should like to speak to him? There he is standing by the door."

The abashed official obeyed with alacrity, and Silas responded as obediently to the mandate.

"I must have a few words with you," she told him. "And out of the hearing of all these people," glancing disdainfully at the retiring, gossiping worshippers.

"Is your car here?" he inquired.

"No, I mean to walk home. The weather is so fine."

"That is all right, if you will let me escort you." Silas lifted his hat gallantly. "Mrs. Ford is not out this afternoon."

At her suggestion they turned into the first side-street beyond the church, and the fair widow lost no time in airing the grievance that had marred her spiritual enjoyment of her first Sunday at home.

"It is very strange that nobody thought to write to me of the Morgans' removal and of the subsequent changes," she began. "Somebody might have taken into consideration the fact that I must be interested in my nearest neighbors in church and that I should have been consulted before letting that pew to these very objectionable people, who, the sexton says, have taken it."

Silas had a natural desire to stand well with the great lady. He was neither parasite nor craven and he showed this at once.

"They are highly respectable, my dear madam. I have known of them for years. The father is a retired manufacturer who used to do a large business in Albany. He was crippled for life in a railway accident years ago. Then he removed to Brooklyn where he owned valuable property and lived there till last December—I think it was then the doctors fancied that the air there was too strong for his weak lungs and advised removal to Manhattan. His two sons are in Columbia. That may have had something to do with their change of location."

MRS. WINGATE'S gesture would have been impertinent in another woman. As it was, she sighed patiently!

"And those unmannerly boys are intolerable!" She recounted the incident of the calendar.

Mr. Ford was immensely relieved.

"I am glad to be able to explain that! The lads came to me after the morning service to ask about the notice that the Pastor's Class for the study of Bible History illustrated by stereopticon views would meet in his study at the Church House on Friday evening, and that young men attending the church are invited to attend. *I* saw to it that the stereopticon was mentioned. Mr. Miller read that part of the entertainment—views of Palestine, you know. Takes tremendously! It had been running since December, but these fellows never happened to read the week-day notices before, you see. So they rushed up to me to know how they could join the class."

"They are not likely to be ornaments to it," dryly. "They turned their backs to me and chuckled when I inquired of their sister for what paper she had reported the sermon."

"Great Scott!" Silas stopped short in the middle of the sidewalk. "For what paper? Whew!"—catching the step and going on with her. "And what did she say?"

"She drew herself up as if she had been a duchess, and said: 'For none!'"

Silas's sense of humor rallied to his aid.

"By George! but that's a good one! That girl, Muriel Freeman, is the most devoted daughter I ever knew. I heard of her long ago through friends of mine

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in Marlinton where Mr. Haile used to live, you know. Her mother is a sister of Lawson—one of the principal citizens of the place. As I said, Freeman is a helpless cripple. Can't walk a step. He is a good Christian man, and it is a terrible cross to him that he can't attend church. What should this girl do but learn shorthand as if she was to earn her living as a stenographer, and she takes down sermons and lectures and all that, and reels them off like a professional, Freeman says. It's one of the finest things I've ever heard of. Her father fairly dotes on her, as well he may! She'll be an heiress when he dies, but she'd be a treasure as a wife if she hadn't a cent."

Mrs. Wingate quickened her pace.

"Perhaps you are right, but I don't fancy them as neighbors in church. They ruined that superb anthem for me this morning. I should regret to change my pew for another, but I cannot keep it under these conditions. I am surprised that they were allowed to select one in the middle aisle."

With which stunning threat she bade him "Good-day" at her door and swept majestically off. The stricken man was left rooted to the pavement.

IT WAS generally accepted as a social rule in the parish that a pastor who had preached twice in the same day should have no further trial of his strength of body and of mind in the form of professional calls in the evening, unless some case of extreme importance excused the trespass. Silas Ford had no scruples as to the errand that took him to the Parsonage that evening. He was conducted to the second story "living-room," one of the very few thus called that have a just claim to the title. His heart smote him as Haile arose from the lounge on which he was stretched—his wife's well-modulated voice, in itself balm and tonic, reading to him from George Herbert's Poems.

"I know I had no business to come!" began the intruder, penitently. "But I have been that worried for some hours that I couldn't hold out any longer. No, Mrs. Haile!"—as she rose as if to quit the room. "This is a difficulty in which we may need your advice. Women understand each others' whims better than men can."

A shade flitted across Stuart's face and his wife glanced apprehensively toward her husband. A trial of temper and patience was ahead of him, and such often were more intolerable than a trial of faith. Unsolicited she drew nearer the lounge upon which Stuart now sat upright.

Silas told his story in businesslike way and dispassionate as a newspaper report of a sale of stocks. His comments when the facts were "in" betrayed real perturbation.

"Of course there's no use in denying that if an ordinary member—say from the side aisles or the gallery—had entered this complaint, we wouldn't give it a second thought. It would, as we might say, be laughed out of court. For the Freemans have sat in that pew for more than three months and never a word has been said against them. I told as many as a dozen first and last how the daughter carries shorthand reports of sermons to her father, and the comfort he gets out of them. Not a 'peep' have I heard from high or low!

"But this complaint comes from high quarters. We all know what a power Mrs. Wingate is in the church and in society outside of the Banner. If she sets a-going a tale like that she handed out to me, there's no telling what mischief it might do. It must be stopped by fair means or foul. She wouldn't like to have me say that she was mad as a hatter this afternoon, but it's gospel truth. It popped into my head as I came along, that maybe you might contrive to get the Freemans to select another pew. There's one nearer the pulpit in the right-hand aisle where the old lady could hear better than where she is. You might put that before her. And it is a fact that the middle aisle is draughty. You might work that, too. I stand for the statement that we have a bigger offer for the pew they are in, and don't like to refuse it. I'll be responsible for the money, if need be. You know, Mr. Haile, what interests of that kind are to me. I'd do ten times more than pay the rent of that pew twice over sooner than have the row and t' e scandal that would be raised if this fracas comes to light. Lord! I can hear Miss Maynard and Albertha Briggs chirp and twitter!"

THE incumbent of the Banner pulpit had by nature a fiery temper of his own that sometimes got the better of grace and habit. It was—as his interlocutor would have put it—"on the move" at the present instant. The alarmed wife laid a restraining grasp upon his shoulder. He shook it off. His fists were closed in a most ungodly grip.

"Do I understand, Mr. Ford, that I am expected to undertake what would be a dirty job in any circumstances and in any rank of so-called society, in order to smooth the ruffled plumes of an angry woman who objects to the proximity, in the house of God, of inoffensive people who are every whit as respectable in their sphere as she is in hers—her fellow Christians whose manners do not coincide with her arbitrary code of deportment? I refuse to take a hand in the shameless diplomacy that is to oust them and gratify an unworthy whim. It is that, and nothing else, according to your own confession. You introduced the subject by speaking of it as a woman's whim. My dear friend!"—the sight of the blanched face that had been ruddy five minutes before cooling him somewhat. "You cannot expect or desire this thing when you have shaken yourself free from the spell that was laid upon you today. It is so unlike your honest, right-minded self that I cannot trust the evidences of my own senses. As to lending myself to the conspiracy, I refuse again point-blank now and always. I will sooner resign my charge!"

To be continued

The Disciples' Convention

By REV. S. O. WELLS

THE first annual convention of the Disciples of Christ, under the operation of the new United Christian Missionary Society, was held recently at the assembly grounds at Winona Lake, Ind. The attendance was large—it was said by cottagers on the grounds, the largest of its kind in the experience of Winona Lake—being estimated at seven thousand.

The United Christian Missionary Society, into which nearly all the former national missionary agencies of the Disciples of Christ were merged, began its operation October 1, 1920; therefore the reports presented of work cover only nine months, from October to June inclusive. Notwithstanding the financial depression, the setting up of new missionary machinery, and readjustments in general of all missionary operations, the reports were the best the organization has ever made, as compared with those of any like period.

The reports showed more money contributed for all purposes than ever before, more churches built, and more souls won by evangelism. Jesse M. Bader, superintendent of evangelistic work, stated that something over 120,000 had been brought into the churches in the last nine months.

One of the changes in policy announced—and one that seemed to meet with general approval—provides for country-wide conferences on stewardship and the abandonment of the former policy of missionary apportionments by the Society.

Another of the new notes struck was the emphasis laid upon the program of evangelism. The slogan is "A million more souls for Christ in five years."

Many fine addresses and sermons were delivered during the Convention. Among the speakers were: Dr. F. B. Meyer, of London, England; Dean Brown, of Yale Divinity School; Dr. R. L. Kelly, Secretary of the Council of Church Boards of Education; and William Jennings Bryan. Many said Mr. Bryan's was the most effective speech they had ever heard in defense of the Bible as the Word of God.

Making Money At Pleasant Home Work

The Actual Experience of a Busy Housewife Who Wanted to Turn Her Spare Moments into Cash

MRS. HENRY KELLY, of Michigan, wanted a washing machine—a fine electric one that would take the drudgery out of Monday morning.

For a long time she had been planning for the machine and waiting patiently for a time when the family finances would permit her to buy it. But things didn't look very bright. Her husband's wages were barely sufficient to meet expenses. And try as she would, Mrs. Kelly could not save the money out of her household allowance.

"I had really and truly earned $17.38—all by myself."

Finally one day Mrs. Kelly had an idea. Why not earn the money herself, in spare time, to buy the electric washing machine and perhaps some other things she was needing badly? "Oh, if I only *could*," she exclaimed, "I would be the proudest woman in the whole town!"

When she talked to her husband about it, he smiled good-naturedly. "But what could you do, dear?" he asked. "You have all of your housework, you know. How can you make money and look after your home at the same time?"

"I—I don't know," Mrs. Kelly confessed, "but surely there must be *some* way to earn something in my spare time. I am going to find out."

A Plan to Earn Money

"I didn't have the slightest idea how to go about making money," Mrs. Kelly writes, "but I started reading all the papers, looking for some kind of work I could do at home. At last one day I found something that seemed to just fit my case. It was a plan to earn money in spare time, knitting wool socks on a machine called the Auto-Knitter.

"I sent right away for particulars and soon had a letter from the company with some printed matter telling all about their proposition. The company agreed to buy all of the standard wool socks knit on their machine and sent to them, paying for these socks at a fixed price. They also furnished yarn to replace that used in knitting the socks.

"'Well,' 'I said to myself, 'this is surely what I have been looking for.' So I sent right away for an Auto-Knitter, and prepared to go to work earning money.

Getting the Right Start

"After a little practice I was able to work the knitter very easily. Soon I could knit a pair of socks in less than thirty minutes. Then I began to work in real earnest.

"I was surprised to find how much spare time I had, simply by planning my work. I made the most of those spare moments between household duties, moments that usually are wasted. In this way I was able to devote a few hours every day to my knitting.

The First Check

"Almost before I realized it, my first shipment was ready to send to the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company. I was so happy I could scarcely wait until I got to the post office to send off the package. A few days of eager waiting and then came my first check. I had really and truly earned $17.38 all by myself. And without neglecting my home and household duties.

"That night I showed the check to my husband and he was just as pleased as I was. I told him it was the start on my washing machine. 'And I carefully laid the money away for that purpose. When I had earned enough to buy a washing machine—the fine electric one I had been admiring for so long—I surely was happy. After I got my machine I found that I had even more time to knit. So I kept on turning spare moments into money. As the checks came in, I bought pretty new clothes for myself, and many attractive things for the house. It is wonderful to make money this way; I can pick up my work and leave it whenever I want to. It doesn't interfere with my household duties at all. I can never be thankful enough that I didn't put off writing to the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company when I wanted to earn 'extra money' for my washing machine."

Mrs. Kelly's experience, told here in her own words, points the way to many other folks who want and need "extra money." Women who are "tied down" with household duties and children to care for still may convert spare time into cash, in pleasant, congenial homework. Men who find their incomes insufficient to meet expenses may add to their earnings by running the Auto-Knitter an hour or so each evening. Here is an occupation where *you* are the boss. You are working for yourself, and you set your own wages. The size of your checks are in proportion to the amount of time and effort you devote to the work. There is a waiting market, the year around, for every standard sock you can produce.

Do You Want Extra Dollars?

Haven't you often said to yourself, "Oh, I wish we had just a little more money?" There are so many uses for "a few extra dollars" each month. Perhaps a new rug is needed for the living room; or your daughter would like piano lessons; or you really must have a new dress for Sunday wear. Wouldn't it be fine to earn the money yourself for these things—and to do it right at home in spare time?

Auto-Knitting is a tested way to make money at home. The knitter itself is a remarkable little machine, ideal for spare-time work. If correctly used, according to our simple instructions, the Auto-Knitter is guaranteed to work perfectly. The complete sock top, body, heel and toe—may be knit without removing the work from the machine. And remember, the company agrees in writing to take every standard sock you turn out—and pay you a fixed price.

"When I had earned the washing machine I surely was happy"

Read What Auto Knitter Owners Say!

"The money I have made in my spare time has enabled me to furnish our home, to purchase many articles of clothing, to buy more and better magazines, and now we are paying for a set of books which we have wanted for a long time. For the woman who has to take care of a home and children, yet wishes to earn money in spare time, the Auto-Knitter is certainly a great benefaction."

Mrs. Helen Heggen, Minn.

"I have earned over $1150.00 in 11 months with my Auto-Knitter. This little machine has made it possible for me to build up a profitable business without going out of my own home. I love my work more each day. I can pick it up and work as long as I wish, taking care of my baby and my housework just as I did before."

Mrs. Frank Unger, New York.

"I have made over $500.00 clear profit with my Auto-Knitter. This enables me to rent a small farm and buy some equipment. We are now living on a farm of 120 acres and enjoying many of the comforts of life that were formerly denied us. I can trace my start directly back to the Auto-Knitter. It has taken me out of the rut, and I am no longer under a boss."

Ward Butler, Ill.

"In the five months I have had the Auto-Knitter I have made about 2,000 pairs of socks and have to my credit in a local bank over four hundred dollars. I work on the machine when I come home in the evening, and my wife helps me by turning out socks in her spare time during the day. Now I am planning to go into business soon—and the Auto-Knitter has made it possible.

Phillip Nathaniel, Mass.

Mail Coupon for FREE Information

If you are in real earnest about earning money in spare time—if you are interested in a straight business-like offer to buy your spare time, and pay you well for every hour, then by all means fill out and mail the coupon without delay. Get the facts. Find out just what we have to offer. And then make your decision. Remember, you do not obligate yourself at all in writing to us. No one will urge you to take up Auto Knitting unless you truly believe that it is the one best way to add to your income.

Take two minutes right now to sign the coupon and address an envelope: Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc., Dept. 810-K, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y. (Adv.)

AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc.
Dept. 810-K, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto-Knitter. I enclose two cents postage to cover cost of mailing literature, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . .

Christian Herald 10-22-21

Solve The Puzzle WIN $1000.00

How Many Objects Starting With "S" Can You Find in Picture?

Larger Copies of the Picture Sent on Request

The picture here contains a number of objects beginning with the letter "S." Pick out objects like shoes, stockings, stool, etc. Nothing is hidden. Make a list of all the objects you can see. Have the whole family join in and see who gets the most. The one who gets the largest and nearest correct list wins first prize; second best list, second prize, etc.

EVERYBODY JOIN IN

This picture puzzle game is really not a puzzle at all, for all the objects and parts of objects can be seen. All you need to do is to look sharply at the picture. Your ability to find "S" Words determines the prize you win. Everybody can join in. It costs nothing to try, and if the judges decide that you have the nearest correct list you will win $20.00. However, below, you will find full particulars on how to win the $1,000.00.

The object of this picture puzzle game is to introduce and get more people acquainted with Minnesota Fountain Pens. Thousands of them are now giving satisfactory service every day. We want you to buy one of our pens, and in order to make the purchase of one of these easy writing pens doubly attractive we are making this special offer:

HOW TO WIN THE $1.000.00

If the judges decide that your answer to this puzzle picture is the best and you have purchased one of our $5.00 Minnesota Fountain Pens during this contest, you will win $1,000.00. This offer is genuine, and there are no strings attached to it. An order for a $5.00 Minnesota Pen is all that is required to make your answer to the picture puzzle eligible for the $1,000.00 prize. If you do not care to invest $5.00 in a fountain pen, the purchase of one of our $3.00 Minnesota Fountain Pens will qualify your list of words for the $300.00 prize. Get busy now, and see how many "S" Words you can find.

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any person residing outside of St. Paul who is not an employee, or relative of any employee of the Minnesota Pen Co., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by Nov 12th, 1921.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only, and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use compound, hyphenated or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural, but where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. The same object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "S" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style, or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize will be paid each tying contestant.
9. Three well-known business men having no connection with the Minnesota Pen Co. will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following men have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition:
   F. A. Nienhauser, Vice President National Exchange Bank, St. Paul
   Otto B. DeHaas, Advertising Manager Farmers Dispatch, St. Paul.
   J. H. Snider, Manager F. C. Harbaugh Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
10. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order for a Minnesota Fountain Pen has been sent in.
11. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person purchasing a Minnesota Fountain Pen.

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The Minnesota is as good a fountain pen as you can buy, and the price is right. Once you use it, you will never be without it. The patented locking device on the filling lever is an excellent feature and you will appreciate the easy flow of the ink. Our pens are now in use in every state in the Union, and giving excellent satisfaction. Your dealer does not handle them as yet, but he will in a few months.

SEND YOUR ORDER BY NOV. 12TH

The earlier you mail your answer to the puzzle and your remittance for a pen the better. The contest closes on November 12th. When ordering be sure to state whether you want a ladies' or gentlemen's size, and whether you want a fine, medium or stub point. Special points can be had for fifty cents additional.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee Minnesota Fountain Pens to be perfectly satisfactory. If you are not satisfied with it on arrival, return it and we will exchange it or refund your money.

THE PRIZES

	If no pens are purchased	If one $3.00 pen is purchased	If one $5.00 pen is purchased
1st	$20.00	$300.00	$1.000.00
2nd	10.00	150.00	500.00
3rd	5.00	75.00	250.00
4th	5.00	50.00	125.00
5th	5.00	30.00	75.00
6th	3.00	20.00	50.00
7th	3.00	15.00	40.00
8th	3.00	10.00	30.00
9th	2.00	10.00	20.00
10th to 15th	2.00	10.00	20.00

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Strong Drink in a Nation's Life

International Sunday-School Lesson for October 30
World Temperance Sunday. Isa. 28: 1-13

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

TEMPERANCE teaching is a feature in the graded Sunday-school lessons, coming in suitable places in the scheme of the various departments. In the International Uniform series there is a temperance subject in each of the four quarters of the year. The lesson for the fourth quarter is fixed on World Temperance Sunday. There is an added emphasis which is always given to the lesson on that particular day.

When signing the temperance pledge was more the custom than today, the pledge would be presented to the Sunday-school members for signature on each quarterly temperance Sunday. Often the signatures were made on a large wall chart, which was framed and hung in a conspicuous place in the Sunday-school room. As many of us return to the schools of younger days we find our names below the pledge. As children were taught, in the public schools, the nature and effects of alcohol, they would naturally shun any contact with the poison. Pledge-signing ceased as propaganda when scientific temperance teaching became general.

Though the United States has adopted Prohibition as the law of the land, there is still need for instruction concerning the effects of alcoholic liquors. Facts must be restated, since new students are steadily coming forward and multitudes are coming to America from other countries. The continuance of this kind of teaching will show future generations why their fathers abolished the saloon. The quarterly temperance lesson must always be carefully prepared and taught with evident purpose. Then there are other sides to the temperance question than just the subject of alcohol.

Isaiah furnishes the lesson text as he tells Judah about the sins in Israel, the ten northern tribes. Ephraim was one of the important northern tribes and her weakened national life is pictured in the opening paragraph. In a comparatively brief siege Samaria was laid low in 722 B. C. The picture is pitiable as Isaiah shows how people and leaders wallow in their own filth, and strong drink is at the bottom of the trouble. In the ninth and tenth verses the people of Judah seem to be mocking the preacher, but he repeats their very words of "line upon line and precept upon precept." Right teachings must not be held in contempt and they must be repeated. If instructions are refused, the result is ever the same: the glorious crown is changed into a fading wreath of flowers. For an exposition of the lesson text the reader is always referred to the Sunday-school quarterly or other lesson help.

FOR world temperance information you are advised to write to some of the great temperance societies such as the headquarters of the W. C. T. U., Evanston, Ill.; Anti-Saloon League, Westerville, Ohio; National Temperance Society, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City; or to the Temperance Board of your own denomination. In each case postage should be enclosed: twenty-five cents would not be too much, as printed matter costs money. The information that you would obtain would be of great value in presenting a lesson that would hold the interest in any class. You will also find many items by giving careful attention to the daily press. Temperance makes live, up-to-date news in these days. Get the facts from the Anti-Alcoholic Congress that was held in Switzerland last August. For example, President Schulthess, of Switzerland, in his opening address, declared that alcohol was in the first rank of obstacles hindering world pacification. He painted a despondent picture of Europe's economic situation, saying it was due largely to alcoholism.

Switzerland says that she will be the first country to follow the great example of dry America. The requisite number of petitions have been secured by the Swiss temperance societies to make certain that the question of a referendum on the subject will be brought before Parliament, and eventually submitted to a vote of Swiss electors. The cost of the curse came especially before that people in the report of the medical superintendent of one of the largest Swiss insane asylums, who says that the cause of mental disease in 33 per cent. of the patients last year was alcoholism. The Swiss are finding out that the money received from licenses is more than expended in attempting to cope with the effects of the traffic. The tax-payer who must meet the bills should rise up everywhere and demand the overthrow of the legalized drink evil on the basis of the abused cry of personal liberty. The world has paid the awful costs all too long and should now become free.

THE Christian Endeavor slogan, "A Saloonless Nation by 1920" has given place to the call for a "Dry World by 1925," and pray God that it may come sooner. The theme for today's lesson assigned to the intermediates and seniors is "Enforcing Prohibition," and the topic for young people and adults is "World Prohibition." These are splendid topics for class discussion. Fallacies fall before facts. Edward F. Bowers, M. D., makes a sweeping statement when he declared "Twentieth century expert medical testimony renders its final verdict in this: Alcohol has no helpful function to perform for the human system, either in health or disease, as a beverage or as a medicine, under any circumstances, in any form or quantity, or under any condition." When the writer was in college, twenty-eight years ago, J. J. Stephenson, Ph. D., Professor in Physiology, stated, when asked by a student if he would take alcohol in sickness, "Yes, but under the advice of a physician who is prejudiced against it." Today such a conservative statement would be unscientific.

Lack of sustained effort is one of the sins in America. There is wonderful enthusiasm during a drive and then interest lessens when the time comes for a prolonged, steady pull. This sustained effort is absolutely essential in all reform work. Continuous liberty must always be paid for by eternal vigilance. During the Great War the flag was often saluted. It would be a good thing if each Sunday school or department of the school would set forth the fact of the Eighteenth Amendment and with all that is involved in mind, again salute Old Glory. Respect for the Law must be the mental attitude of our growing young people if we are to have law-abiding men and women. The Sunday school holds a strategic place in the work for law enforcement. There must be a sober world before there can be a Christian world. American missionaries are even more highly regarded in non-Christian lands, now that alcoholic liquor cannot be exported to those countries from the United States.

The story of the Rechabites, Jeremiah 35: 1-11, is the subject assigned for the primaries and juniors. It is also a good story to tell in the other departments in connection with the general presentation of this temperance lesson.

GOSPEL Signboard campaigns are being planned in various parts of the country, as preliminary steps looking to a coming revival. The boards are 30 x 10 feet, lettered in black, with a white background and blue border, the reading matter to consist exclusively of striking passages from the Bible. These "Silent Evangelists" are expected to be used in many cities, the management of the movement being undertaken in each locality by a committee of the churches, and the costs met by voluntary contributions.

ALL WOOL PULLOVER SWEATER

$2.98

Send No Money

This stylish sweater is made of heavy wool, fitting snugly at the waist without wrinkles. A fancy Tuxedo style collar. A handsome two-tone tassel sets off nicely. It is full sized and roomy. We feel sure that this is one of the most handsome pullover sweaters you have ever seen, and the low price makes it the greatest value in years.

The colors are American beauty trimmed with peacock and peacock green trimmed with American beauty.

Sizes 34 to 48. Also extra sizes: 48 to 64. 50 cents extra.

Your money back if you want it.

WAREWELL CO.
PS 1768C Philadelphia, Pa.

SWEATER COAT

$2.98

Send No Money

This is a value that you will long remember. A most stunning coat that is cut in graceful lines. The yarn used is absolutely the finest and very durable. The sweater coat is woven very firmly and is very comfortable. Beautiful pearl buttons intensify the effect. Colors American beauty and peacock green which are the most wanted colors.

All sizes.

Money back if you want it.

WAREWELL CO.
CS 1768C Philadelphia, Pa.

3 FLANNELETTE SHIRTS $2.98

Send No Money

Three wonderful flannel shirts made of an excellent grade of cotton, only $2.98. Style of shirts identical to those selling for $8 or more. Perfectly tailored. Cut extra full. Comfortable fitting. Winter weight. Soft turn down collar. Two extra strong large pockets with flaps that button down to pockets. Double stitched throughout. For work or semi-dress. An amazing bargain. Send no money. Pay postman only $2.98 and postage after arrival. Then try them on. If not pleased return at our expense. Your money returned at once. State size. Specify gray or blue. Only 3 shirts to a customer on this special offer.

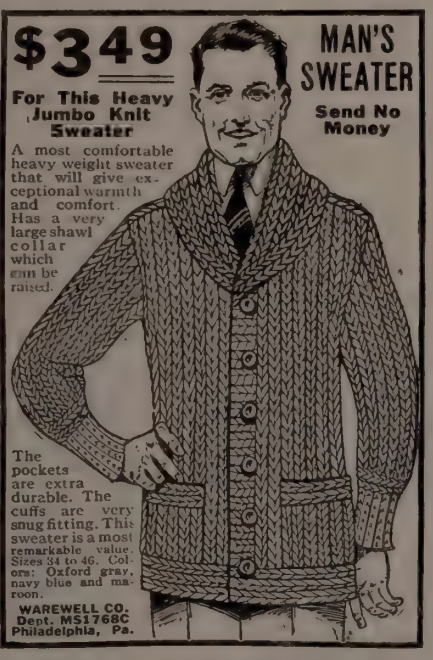
WAREWELL CO., Dept. SF0016, Philadelphia, Pa.

$3.49 MAN'S SWEATER

For This Heavy Jumbo Knit Sweater

Send No Money

A most comfortable heavy weight sweater that will give exceptional warmth and comfort. Has a very large shawl collar which can be raised.



The pockets are extra durable. The cuffs are very snug fitting. This sweater is a most remarkable value. Sizes 34 to 46. Colors: Oxford gray, navy blue and maroon.

WAREWELL CO. Dept. MS1768C Philadelphia, Pa.

$3.98

FOR THIS STUNNING HIGH CHROME

KID SHOE

SEND NO MONEY

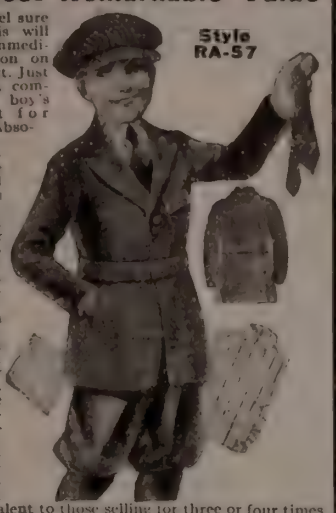
One of our biggest sellers. Has aroused the enthusiasm of the most fastidious. Has a very beautiful English last with most graceful lines. Perforated straight tip. Eyelet row perforated; fast black agate eyelets. ¾ inch high backstay, high arch, new military heel. High arch adds to the fitting qualities. Colors: mahogany, brown and black. Sizes 3½ to 8, C. D. & E. widths.

Your Money Back If You Want It

WAREWELL CO.
Dept. LS1768C, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOY'S OUTFIT $6.98

A Most Remarkable Value



Style RA-57

We feel sure that this will cause immediate action on your part. Just think, a complete boy's outfit for $6.98. Absolutely the finest type of wool cloth is used with a color mixture of brown dominating.

It is a typical Norfolk suit that will wear like iron. The workmanship is absolutely the finest and is equivalent to those selling for three or four times the price. A beautiful striped Percale shirt with an attached collar is also included free of charge and a beautiful four-in-hand necktie, and a very attractive handkerchief. By all means do not allow this offer to slip by you. There, no doubt, will be a great demand for this outfit, and we do not guarantee to fill late orders. Sizes run from 6 to 16 years of age. Price, $6.98 plus postage. Order by BO 1768C.

WAREWELL CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.

$2.49 For This STUNNING SUSQUEHANNA SILK and COTTON POPLIN SKIRT

Here is an amazing value! Think of it! A wonderful GENUINE Susquehanna SILK and COTTON POPLIN skirt of most becoming style for only $2.49. Compare with skirts offered you elsewhere. Only one to a customer during this remarkable introductory sale. Test the wonderful material for strength and durability. Notice the remarkable **high lustre** and attractive style. Two chic **novelty pockets** of self material, lined and trimmed with silky tassels and silky buttons. Skirt gracefully set off with self belt, and gathered all around under waist. Correctly proportioned and cut roomy and full over the hips. Made of wonderful genuine Susquehanna Silk which contains a percentage of cotton for durability's sake.

Send No Money

Just pay postman $2.49 plus postage, then **see** and **try** on this skirt. If not **delighted** in every way, your money will be returned **in full** at once. Colors: Black, Navy Blue or Taupe Gray. Sizes 22 inch to 40 inch waist; 34 inch to 40 inch length. Extra waist sizes 32 to 40 35c extra. State size and color. Order by number SP1768A. Only one to a customer. Send no money but write now.

Warewell Co. Dept. SP1768C, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wonderful Work Pants

Only $1.98

Here is your chance to get that extra pair of work pants at a rare bargain price. Made of hard finished worsted-like material. Double sewed seams, large reinforced pockets. Belt loops. Striped pattern effect in dark and light gray combination. Cut full and roomy. Reinforced.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send your name. Pay the postman $1.98 and the postage. If not completely satisfied, return at our expense and we will refund your money at once. Sizes 30 to 42 inches waist; 30 to 36 inches inseam. Order by number MT1768A.

Warewell Co. Dept. MT 1768 C Philadelphia, Pa.

2 PAIR For Only $2.29

SEND NO MONEY

Genuine Blue DENIM OVERALLS

Just think! 2 pair of "Ironbilt" overalls for $2.29. Another glaring example of the money you save by buying direct from us. Made of heavy fast color blue denim. Strong reinforced seams. Heavy pocket linings. Plenty of pockets all around. Cut Large and roomy. Don't miss this remarkable value.

SEND NO MONEY

Compare these with overalls sold at $3 or more. Don't send a penny now. Pay postman only $2.29 plus postage on arrival. Then examine these "Ironbilt" overalls. If not the most remarkable bargain ever heard of, return and get your money back promptly. Sizes in waist 30 to 54. Extra sizes in waist 46 to 54 50 cents extra. Only two pairs to a customer at this price.

WAREWELL CO. Dept. MO1768C Philadelphia, Pa.

Stunning Embroidered Serge Dress

ONLY $2.49

Yes—only $2.49 but we can send only one to a customer at this special introductory price. Absolutely the biggest bargain in years. This stunning embroidered dress is made of a fine grade cotton serge; has beautiful white pique collar and cuffs. Pearl buttons run down front. Pleasing patch pocket intensifies the charming effect. White buttons at pockets add wonderfully to its beauty. Belt embroidered in delightful colored design. Think of it. Only $2.49. Direct to you.

Send No Money

Not a penny now. Just send a post card or letter. Pay the postman only $2.49 and postage, then try the dress on.

If you are not completely satisfied with the style, fit, material and workmanship, return the dress at our expense, and your money will be sent back to you at once. Colors Blue or Black. Sizes 16 to 20 for misses and small women, 34 to 46 for women. Extra sizes 48 to 54, 50c extra. Order by number SD1768C. Address

WAREWELL CO. Dept. SD1768C, Phila., Pa.

Greatest Work Shoe Bargain

Fresh new stock from factory at rock bottom price—only one pair to a customer at this introductory price. Wonderful comfort and wearing quality. Lace Blucher Last. Double soles and heels. Water-proof tongue. Chrome leather tops.

$2.39

Send No Money

Just send post card now.

When shoes arrive, pay the postman $2.39 and postage, then try on. If not delighted return them at our expense and we will send back your money at once. Order by number WS1768A. State size. Do not send a penny now.

WAREWELL CO., Dept. WS1768C, Philadelphia, Pa.

Free Circulars for Investors

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address, on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department. The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4–6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7–9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To Invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

Deere & Co., 10 year gold notes to yield 8.40%. Business, farm implements. Founded by John Deere in 1837. Ask for circular No. 51.

Circular No. 50 gives complete information on Federal Farm Loan Bonds. They pay 5% and are tax exempt.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6 per cent. First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for Circular 38.

Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving high average yield of 12¼ per cent.—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 48.

Bonds—questions answered, terms defined. A very valuable non-technical booklet that every prospective bond buyer should have. No. 42.

Selecting Your Investments, Strong Box Investments, Creating Good Investments, are three booklets describing the service and safe, high yield investments of a nationally known investment house. No. 43.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. first Mortgage 20-year 8 per cent. Sinking Fund Gold Bonds are described in detail in Circular 44.

HOME OF INVESTORS BONDS

The New Way to Save

THE new way to save is to buy a bond on partial payments, thereby making your money earn 7% instead of 3%.

Buy an INVESTORS BOND with a first payment as low as $10. Each payment earns 7%. Your money is safe because INVESTORS BONDS are the same investments in which funds of the Madison & Kedzie State Bank, under State and Federal supervision, are also placed.

Post yourself on this new plan! Write today for booklets No. J-113

The INVESTORS COMPANY
MADISON & KEDZIE STATE BANK BLDG.
CHICAGO

(The stockholders of the Madison & Kedzie State Bank and The Investors Company are the same.)

No home should be without Resinol Ointment to be applied to the first bit of itching rash or redness. Its mild, harmless ingredients and its success in healing eczema and kindred ills have made it a standard skin treatment and a favorite with doctors.

Sold in two sizes.
Ask your druggist for it.

Resinol

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MANY readers are writing us with reference to the Disarmament Conference. We would ask all who are interested to urge forward the signing of the resolutions by their churches and the various women's organizations, that the whole may be completed in time.

Miss S. K. P., Yonkers, N. Y., writes: "What are Christian people, not identified with any particular church, to do when they wish to indicate their approval of President Harding's action as to Disarmament? Please given an answer in your next issue."

For Christian people who desire to indicate their approval of the President's course on Peace and Disarmament, we would suggest that they should meet together in groups, and give formal endorsement and forward the same to the Christian Herald. It might be well, in signing, to state that such signatories are Christian people and in hearty sympathy with the movement.

G. W. K., Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "The first real step toward a lasting peace throughout the world has been taken by the United States. President Harding has called a Conference of the Powers to discuss plans for reducing the armies and navies of the world. Some such plan has already been urged in a petition signed by over 20,000 ministers, and I am sure is endorsed by every Christian and right thinking person in our land. These great men who will sit at the Conference in Washington will have one purpose in mind—to make wars such as we have lately experienced impossible. These men will need encouragement. They will need the prayers of every Christian. These we will give gladly; but they will also need some visible demonstration to show that their labors have our hearty endorsement. This can be done in no better way than by displaying the American Flag during the time that this Conference is in session. Let every Christian and American citizen fling to the breeze the American emblem, thus giving silent expression of his prayers and good-will toward the Conference. I can see no better way of bringing this suggestion before the people throughout the country than through the Christian Herald."

Q. J. C., Hopkinton, Mass., writes: "Why go for Limitation of Armament? Why not give a clear testimony for Disarmament, pure and simple—complete, immediate? It is the only safe way, because it is the right way. Do not wait for the Conference. It is easier to do right today than tomorrow. Remember this time that you are dealing not with opinion or policy, but with spiritual law which brooks no compromise. The Leader of men will have the whole heart or none. He bestows His gifts of freedom and power on the sole condition of entire consecration. Go into your closet and shut the door. Then, when you come forth and speak, you will not disappoint us again."

F. A. L., Albion, Me. "Familiar Spirits" are mentioned in several Bible passages. The wizards, sorcerers, necromancers, and other impostors of those days pretended to get information and to make important revelations for their dupes through spirits called from the other world. There are repeated warnings in Scriptures against having any dealings with this class of charlatans. See Lev. 30 : 31, Isa. 8 : 19, etc. The same class of impostors still exists today, although the spread of intelligence and the laws of civilization keep them in check.

Mrs. A. H., Tallahassee, Fla. The condition of unemployment which we are now facing is one of the legacies of the great war. While the world conflict raged, existing industries were driven to greater production and many new industries were started; wages rose everywhere and prices mounted in proportion. Now we are in the midst of the reconstruction, with many industries idle or nearly so, production reduced generally, all prices tending downward, and wages also. It is not surprising that many are unemployed, when we consider the situation calmly. Yet, as statistics show, the country has a smaller proportion of unemployed today than in 1914. National leaders have held a Conference on Unemployment to help relieve the situation, and an early improvement is looked for. Meanwhile, it is the duty of every citizen to do what lies in his or her power to aid in this direction, not by pauperizing the unemployed, but by giving them work. The Bowery Mission Labor Bureau, one of the most useful organizations built up by Christian Herald readers, is doing all that lies in its power in finding jobs for the unemployed, and has been doing so for many months past, but the supply of workers far exceeds the demand.

Subscriber, Cheney, Wash. Write to Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., for the information.

C. W. L., Cedar, Mich., writes: "To a person wishing to put in say $100 a year toward Native Missionary support, to whom would you refer me, so I can get in touch with him or them—either India, Japan, or South America?"

For India write to Rev. R. A. Hume, Ahmednagar, India; for Japan write to Rev. Robert Atchison, of the Japan Interior Mission, Osaka, Japan. For South America, write to Rev. Mr. Bach, South American Mission, Maracaibo, Venezuela, S. A. All three are at the head of very progressive organizations and will be glad to answer your letters. You may wish to divide your gift among them equally, or to send to one field only.

Mrs. W. C., Ocean View, Va. The statement is made concerning the disciples whom Jesus met on the way to Emmaus (Luke 24 : 16) after the resurrection, that "their eyes were holden" that they should not know Him. One commentator expresses the situation thus: "Certainly they did not believe that Jesus was alive, and His company as a fellow traveler was the last thing they would expect. But the words 'their eyes were holden' and another expression in Mark 16 : 12, make it evident that there was a divine operation hindering the recognition of Him until the fitting time." They had had their eyes fixed so exclusively on the glories in prospect that they overlooked the sufferings which the prophets foretold must take place. It was not until Jesus broke bread with them in their home that they recognized Him as their Risen Lord, and then began to reproach themselves with their failure to know Him as He spoke to them on the way

P. J. L., Englewood, N. J., sends the following remembered verses from another old version of the Bible books in rhyme. Although incomplete, it is interesting as showing the loving pains our forefathers took to preserve the memories of the books in their order. The sender writes: "Many years ago, I learned by heart the inclosed verses, and send them to you to see if any one can fill in what I have forgotten."

In *Genesis*, mark the beginning,
In *Exodus*, see Israel sinning.
Leviticus and *Numbers* show
Those laws Jehovah spake below.
In *Deuteronomy* behold
Those laws a second time enrolled;
And here the Pentateuch of Moses
With its great author's history closes.
Next *Joshua* takes the promised land.
Three hundred years the *Judges* stand.
Ruth among the sheaves is seen
Praising God with her sweet mien.
In *Samuel's* book is pictured all
The fortunes of himself and Saul.
Of *Kings* succeed a numerous race
Whose deeds through *Chronicles* we trace.
Next *Ezra* doth God's standard wave,
And *Nehemiah* patriots brave
Who raise the second temple fair
And Salem's holy walls repair.
Next *Esther's* royal name is found
For beauty and for worth renowned.
Job lifts an ancient scroll sublime
Unknown its author, source or time.
Isaiah's lips were touched with fire,
Grief-struck was *Jeremiah's* lyre.
In *Lamentations* low and tender
He mourns o'er Zion's ruined splendor.
In Babylon, *Ezekiel* saw
Visions that filled his soul with awe.
And *Daniel's* pen records so plain
The glories of Messiah's reign.
From sublime *Habbukuk* there flowed
His burden and his lofty ode.
Zephaniah's voice of terror
Proclaimed that wrath should light on error."

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CHANGE OF DATE.—It takes at least three weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

EXPIRATION OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends. For example, Dec. 21 signifies that subscription expires with the last issue of December 1921.

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Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.
Brooks Appliance Co., 498D State St., Marshall, Mich.

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By Emanuel Swedenborg

This book of 632 pages, or any of the following works of Swedenborg, printed in large type on good paper, well bound in stiff paper covers, will be sent prepaid on receipt of 15 cents per book.

Divine Providence.....629 pp.
The Four Doctrines.....635 pp.
Divine Love and Wisdom.....618 pp.

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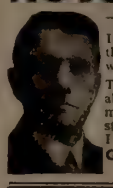
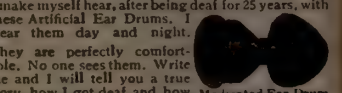
—Every Deaf Person Knows That



I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
6 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

An Amazing Raincoat Offer

Goodyear Mfg. Co., 470-R Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., are offering to send a Goodyear Combination Top and Raincoat to one person in each community who will wear and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today.

THIS GIRL IS A WONDER

Do you want more money than you ever possessed? If so, learn to make nut and fruit bonbons. You can work from your own home; all who sample your bonbons become regular customers. You start by investing less than $10.00 for supplies. Mary Elizabeth started her candy kitchen with $5.00 and has made a fortune. Cannot you do likewise? I will tell you all about the business, and help you start, so you can become independent. Now is the psychological time to make big money, as sugar is cheaper and fine bonbons command phenomenal prices. Write today, ISABELLE INEZ, 47 Morewood Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Adv.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS
CAN SECURE
The Beautiful 1922 Scripture Text Calendar
AND THOUGHTS FOR DAILY MEDITATION
IT IS ALL READY FOR MAILING

DAILY WORDS OF CHEER

THE Scripture Text Calendar for 1922, with its combination of the beauties of art with the daily words of inspiration from the Bible, will, we think, meet with general approval. The art work, including both the front page and the inside pictures, is reproduced in the beautiful four-color process printing.

THE SCULPTOR'S WORK

THE pages showing the dates for each month were modeled in clay by a well-known sculptor, and the reproduction of this bas-relief work adds much to the beauty of the calendar.

COVER DESIGN

A REPRODUCTION of the famous painting, "Master, I Perish," is the principal feature of the cover design of the Scripture Text Calendar. The accompanying reproduction of the front page speaks for itself, although we call your attention to the general consistency of the design and the artistic effect produced by the combination of beautiful colors on the calendar when you get it.

As an adornment for the walls of the home, this famous picture, artistically adapted to the cover design of the Scripture Text Calendar for 1922, is one which speaks eloquently, conveying to the beholder a suggestion of hope and good cheer.

Actual size 16 x 9¼ inches. Every page printed on fine enameled paper in full colors.

TWELVE WORKS OF ART

BESIDES the cover design, the calendar contains a four-color picture for each month. We present herewith a list of these works of art:

JANUARY—Christ Healing the Sick Child.
FEBRUARY—Returning from Jerusalem.
MARCH—The Story of the Good Samaritan.
APRIL—He Is Risen.
MAY—Christ Teaching Little Children.
JUNE—The Son of a Carpenter.
JULY—Christ Going Through the Wheat Field.
AUGUST—Christ and the Fallen Woman.
SEPTEMBER—Jesus Sitting by the Sea of Galilee;
OCTOBER—The Rainbow Promise.
NOVEMBER—The Story of Jacob's Ladder.
DECEMBER—The Holy Night.

By referring to the Scripture Text Calendar you can tell what the Sunday School Lesson will be for any Sunday in 1922—an aid to the busy teacher.

A 200-YEAR CALENDAR

ON THE back of the Calendar is a 200-Year Calendar, by the use of which you can locate the day of the week on which you were born, or any important event in recent history; in fact, the dates within two centuries. A table of the Easter Sundays between 1860 and 1955 is given; also a table showing Standard Time Around the World. These educational features add to the practical utility of the calendar and enhance its value to old and young.

HERE IS HOW EVERY READER MAY GET ONE

We will send the Christian Herald for one year, 52 weeks (new or renewed) and a copy of the Scripture Text Calendar both postpaid for . . . . . ONLY **$2.20**

We will send single copies or extra copies of the Calendar, postpaid, for 35c. a copy. If you are not renewing your subscription just now send 35c. to get a copy of the Calendar. Order now for the quantity is limited. You will be delighted with its beauty and daily value.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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is the finest calendar the Christian Herald has ever offered to its readers. See below how anyone may secure a copy at nominal cost.

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The size of the Calendar is 9¼ inches wide and 16 inches long
The pages are on fine enamel paper with metal top and cord hanger

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A 200-YEAR CALENDAR

ON THE back of the Calendar is a 200-Year Calendar, by the use of which you can locate the day of the week on which you were born, or any important event in recent history; in fact, the dates within two centuries. A table of the Easter Sundays between 1860 and 1955 is given; also a table showing Standard Time Around the World. These educational features add to the practical utility of the calendar and enhance its value to old and young.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD, 65 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
AN · ILLUSTRATED · NEWS · WEEKLY · FOR · THE · HOME ·
· GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER ·

The young generation of Japanese in Hawaii plays with the zest of the American boy—and it's the same game the American lad enjoys

The Japanese Problem in Hawaii

How the Task of Christianizing and Americanizing the Oriental Is Progressing

By REV. U. G. MURPHY

FOR many years, in common with other church workers, I endeavored to harmonize the conflicting reports coming from Hawaii relative to social, moral, racial and religious conditions on the islands. But finally I came to the conclusion that the only way one could get any definite, concrete idea of Hawaiian conditions would be to spend some time there. Hence when the American Bible Society suggested that I might be of some service in a Bible-selling campaign on the islands I lost no time in accepting the offer.

Since I had spent fourteen years in Japan, and several years on the Pacific coast in somewhat close association with the Japanese, it was the idea of the Society that in Hawaii I should do most of my work among the Japanese. I took with me 2,000 testaments in English for the Hawaiian-born of Japanese parentage and the Society had 25 cases of Japanese testaments shipped in from Yokohama.

It soon became apparent that the six weeks I had innocently allotted myself as sufficient to cover the islands would not do at all, and I added two more weeks to the six. Four months would have been much better, and if I try this kind of a job again, I shall endeavor to arrange for more time.

Having been accustomed to work among the Japanese on the Coast, visiting their saw mill, farm, railroad and fish-cannery camps, I thought I would know how to handle the camps I had heard so much about in Hawaii. But I soon discovered that camps in the United States and camps in Hawaii are very different things. On the mainland Japanese camps have Japanese foremen, or bookmen, as they are now called; but in Hawaii the foreman, or "*luna*," is generally a Portuguese, or a Portuguese-Hawaiian; and of all the many race mixtures one finds in Hawaii the Portuguese-Hawaiian is admittedly the worst.

There are several reasons why the Hawaiian-born Japanese boys and girls do not take kindly to plantation labor, but one of the chief reasons is the objection to the kind of *lunas* who oversee the work of the laborers. It is not reasonable to expect the grammar school graduate to be content to be bossed by the type of overseer one generally meets on the average plantation, and there is little hope that the trend away from the plantation will cease until laborers have *lunas* of their own nationality. I found that where work is done by contract both employers and employees are better satisfied, just as is the case on the mainland. Japanese do better work where they are trusted and can arrange their own hours and methods.

AS THE Japanese are handled by overseers of other nationalities, there was no opportunity of approaching them through their own representatives. On the mainland the whole matter is very simple. All I need to do is to notify the bookman as to the time of my arrival, and he attends to the rest. A good audience is generally assured, but this not being possible in Hawaii, I had to adopt other methods of securing a hearing. In fact, if there are methods of securing an audience that I did not employ in Hawaii, I do not recall them now. When a meeting was not possible, I visited from house to house, a very tiresome, slow, though very effective method.

Visiting the camps from house to house, however, has decided drawbacks, as generally both the husband and wife work in the fields. At the wages paid until recently this has been necessary in order to make a living. The children get off early to the Japanese language school, which, until recently when the new law regulating such schools went into effect, opened at 7 a. m. Work in the fields begins at 6 a. m. the year round and continues, with a half-hour rest at noon, until 4:30 p. m. This means that most of the people are away from home all day, except Sundays. Very naturally under the circumstances, visiting the homes cannot be very successful; but somehow I made headway at that kind of Bible evangelism.

I found that even fewer Bibles were in the possession of the Japanese than had been estimated. The workers on the field had estimated that about seven per cent. of the Japanese had Bibles or Testaments when I arrived. I frequently found camps where only one family in 20, and sometimes one in 30, had a copy of the Japanese New Testament. No such condition could be found in any but the most isolated places in Japan, if at all.

Gradually I began to sense the fact that I was dealing with people who had been isolated from their home land so long that they know practically nothing of the progress Japan has made, and being ignorant of the English language, have been left almost untouched by the current of American civilization. Because of the "Gentlemen's Agreement" only a few members of families have been allowed to come to America for the past fifteen years, still further accentuating the isolation and unfamiliarity with the changes that have occurred.

After ten hours in the fields there is very little energy left for anything but the hasty meal, the hot bath and bed. Ordinarily the Japanese are voracious readers, but in the camps in Hawaii I found even newspapers comparatively scarce in the homes. The white man who told me that labor on the sugar plantations is not at all hard, either did not know or was deliberately lying. The labor is hard and in addition the heat and the rain must be taken into account. While many plantation owners are severe in their criticism of the Japanese because of the strike of a year ago, practically all are agreed that they form the best class of laborers obtainable.

I FOUND that in addition to the limited circulation of the Scriptures many localities seemed to have been practically untouched by Christian propaganda. The Buddhist temples exert a powerful influence over the Japanese. The feeling among the few Americans on the islands that the Buddhist priests are using Buddhism to hold the Japanese to their national traits and allegiance is undoubtedly warranted to a great extent. It would seem impossible that any American plantation owner should support the Buddhist temples and subsidize the priests, but I found that this has been done in many places.

If ever a man did a foolish thing it is just that. Buddhism has allied itself too closely with the Japanese national life—the most backward part of the

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
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The Open Mind and the Conference

THERE are many very good people with firm faith in God's protecting power, who are looking forward to the coming Conference as one called to initiate complete disarmament. This is a fundamental error. It is called to consider the problem of such a reduction of armaments as will put an end to the rivalry in land power and sea power, and allocate to each nation represented in the Conference and those that may come in hereafter, the right to maintain only such forces as are necessary for the preservation of peace at home. To accomplish even this will be little short of miracle; but it will be an initial step towards that time when the heavy burdens imposed by militarism will be lifted and the implements of war will be transformed into the appliances of peaceful husbandry.

In his wise and well considered communication to Governor Farrington of Hawaii, President Harding has laid down certain definite principles which he hopes may be observed in the work of the Conference. He deprecates that particular kind of propaganda which has been so extensively resorted to with the evident purpose of prejudicing the Conference and embarrassing its work. He writes: "We have need in these times that men should think deeply. . . . The world has well nigh become a great aggregation of democracies. If democracy is to succeed, it must deserve success, by proving that it can inspire the race of common men to serious, continuous, effective consideration of the problems of common men. . . . The world is looking forward to the gathering of the nations to consider Limitation of Armament and the maintenance of World Peace. If your deliberations shall inspire a larger, a better, a more humane view of the elements which enter into the problem of peace, and at least a measurable disarmament; if you can encourage the ideal of a world permanently at peace; then you will have given a vast impetus to the efforts of statesmen who are presently to consider these problems in Washington."

Regarding the problem of the Pacific, which involves our relations with Japan, he finds it hard to imagine justifications for war in this day and age, especially in view of the world's late unhappy experiences. "The Pacific," he says, "ought to be the seat of a generous, free, open-minded competition, between the aspirations and endeavors of the oldest and the newest forms of human society."

His highest hope is that the Conference may prove "the precursor of an understanding which in our day will insure the peace of the world, the end of the frightful waste of competing armaments and the establishment of peace on earth, good-will toward men." This is a plea for the open mind in the Conference which can not pass unheeded. If the right spirit should prevail in dealing with the problems that come before it, and if it especially excludes propagandism, and with an open mind endeavors to find a way to satisfy the world's desire for peace, such a way, with God's help and blessing, will surely be found.

Concentration on arms reduction by land and sea must be the dominating purpose of the Conference. To accomplish this end it has been created. By a "reasonable limitation" the President explains, "I mean one that will result in something practicable and which there is a real chance to accomplish." All great reforms move slowly.

In the effort to accomplish this supreme task, the Conference will be fortified by the prayers of multitudes in every land under the sun. Not in the memory of any one now living has there been such a furore of prayer as exists today. From thousands of churches and their allied organizations, and from good citizens everywhere, there have come to us assurances of support for the President in his noble effort. It is the church's great opportunity. These prayers, like the arms of Aaron and Hur, who upheld the hands of Moses during a mighty struggle, will strengthen the Father of the Conference and all of his associates. May God crown their worthy efforts with the fullest measure of success!

What Causes War?

IN VIEW of the coming Conference on Disarmament to be held by representatives of the great nations at Washington, some vital questions that underlie the entire subject to be discussed are in order, and answers to them ought not to be impossible, if any practical results worth any thing to mankind are to be the outcome of the discussion.

The causes of war have been often stated to be the ambition of military-minded men or of types like Frederick the Great and Napoleon to make territorial conquest and acquire glory for themselves; or the play by skillful politicians on the narrow nationalistic feeling of the people, falsely called patriotism.

But in reality the causes of war are not to be explained by simply saying a few ambitious men like Napoleon want to exhibit their military genius or find an avenue for their abnormal egoism. The real causes of war lie deeper than that.

The whole human race, as well as abnormally developed individuals, is to blame for the militaristic spirit that has prevailed through the centuries. And the underlying causes for war have been the facts of fear, hate, race prejudice, ignorance of history, and false patriotism, all in the heart of humanity.

No individual or group of individuals, no matter how much gifted with military genius or bursting with ambition could go on with a war program unless the factors of fear, hate, race feeling, ignorance, and national pride on the part of the people as a whole were present, willing to give up everything else held dear, in order to gratify those emotions. The soldiers of Frederick the Great adored him, and were eager to leave wife and children and home and business to fight. They would not have done it, however, simply out of admiration for his military power. They were willing to die in battle because they entertained in their hearts the same feelings he had, of desire for territory and national expansion, and were ready to help him steal Silesia from Maria Theresa. Napoleon's soldiers idolized the Little Corporal and died by the million for him. And yet they would not have done it if they, too, had not had the same false definition of glory that the military genius had.

In seeking the real causes of war we must indict the entire human race. The Cæsars and Fredericks and Napoleons and Kaisers have a deal to answer for in the summing up of bloodshed through the senseless and wholesale murders defined as "love of country." But the people must bear their share. For men have been willing to leave their homes and suffer and die, not because they were possessed by an insane hero worship, but because they have really entertained a belief that war is a glorious thing in itself, and especially so, if in any way what they have called national rights and national glory were at stake.

There can be no hope of putting an end to war until the underlying fear and hate and ignorance and false national pride are swept out of the human heart. Napoleon has been charged up with the sacrifice of multitudes. And rightly. But the multitudes themselves believed as he did, and must bear their share of the guilt. So with all the great armies in all wars of human history. Until recent years the number of pacifists has been very small among the masses of mankind compared with the number who glorified war, and thought it splendid instead of horrible. The human race has believed in war as an *institution*, and has built up around it a most powerful and detailed set of established agencies to maintain it. The human race, therefore, is at heart guilty of the monstrous thing called war. And war will not cease until the heart of the human is changed in its definitions and in its purposes.

The great task of the world is more than can be compassed in any Disarmament Conference, no matter how important and international it may be. If the Disarmament Conference could be turned into a great religious revival that would really convert the assembled representatives into men who loved instead of hated, who had a feeling for mankind greater than their nationalistic ambition, if the Conference could by any possibility be of such a nature that when it was over, the representatives were willing to think in terms of the good of the whole world instead of the individual welfare of their own territory, if the Conference could by any means substitute good-will for fear, brotherly kindness for mutual suspicion, and statesmanship for diplomacy, and international prosperity for narrow patriotism, then the world might well hope that a new day was at hand.

But until the causes of war, as they still exist in the heart of mankind, are removed, all the conferences in the world will not bring peace. The Heart itself must be changed.

Conferences can not do that. Something else is needed.

What?

CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Less Taxes?

MR. TAX-PAYER, have you noticed that a statement from the White House in regard to the Republican Tax Revision bill, says that $1,800,000,000 have been placed on the rich citizens, and $1,200,000,000 on Mr. Average Person. By this revision bill, the taxes of all persons paying the normal income tax are reduced $20 a year, and an additional $8 is given for each child or dependent. All married people making $2,500 or less will escape the income tax, while these with three children can make $3,700 without paying Uncle Sam. "Nuisance" taxes are taken off. Ice cream, soda water, tooth paste, medicine, will no longer levy tribute. After January 1, 1922, railroad trips will be 8 per cent. less on passenger and Pullman. Taxes on tobacco, cigarets, telegraph and telephone, automobiles, admissions and dues musical instruments, estates and capital stock will remain.

Now, if the revision bill had included the wiping out of the war expenses so far as the building of new battle ships and the upkeep of them is concerned, the Mr. Average Citizen might well rejoice a little. The contemplated revision will bring into the treasury as estimated, about $3,000,000,000.

Mr. Tax-Payer, did you ever try to imagine what would happen to a civilized country like ours if the people, including the Average Citizen were spared the taxes on things that the people do not need? Taxation is a vexed question and always has been in the world's history. There has never been a satisfactory plan devised. We say this with all deference to the single taxers and all other economists who have figured out ways and means for lightening the burdens of Mr. Tax-Payer.

But to our minds the tax burdens will never really be lifted until civilization learns the lesson of doing away with unnecessary expenses, including the waste of government administration. When finally all the "nuisance" taxes are listed, it will be found that prodigal waste of the people's money by the ignorant and wicked use of it by the government itself will ease Mr. Tax-Payer more than all revision of existing tax bills.

Our Sunday Evening Home Service

WHEN the Christian Herald began its Sunday Evening Home Services something over a year ago, it had long been convinced of the need of such a movement. We have seen its wonderful growth and have noted with much gratification that the thousands of little gatherings, largely in rural districts, have been a means of stimulating attendance at regular church service, and increasing membership.

A friend who has had experience at these gatherings for worship at home, writes her impressions in a very candid letter, which we believe many of our subscribers will read with interest. She says:

"From week to week I have read with great interest the good programs arranged for Sunday Services in the Home, and have wished that their use might be extended. We read much of the ministerial supply not being equal to the demand of the churches. Why could not the pastorless churches use this excellent program, either alone or in connection with the Sunday school, where that has been sustained? The sermons given are by our very best preachers of the evangelical churches.

"One or more copies of the Christian Herald, taken by such church, would be all that is necessary to install the service, though it would be very much better if many could be induced to subscribe. There is a crying need in our country for the people to do more religious reading. This is important for keeping in touch with religious news, and for sustaining and nourishing Christian life. The many magazines and papers of a secular nature, however good in their sphere, can not supply the spiritual needs of the people. We are nearing the close of another year, when many of the churches are waking to new activities and when most of us are renewing our subscriptions for our favorite periodicals. Let us not forget our vacant churches, and the suggestion here given."

There are innumerable homes in which the Lord's Day would be well rounded out by the setting up of a Church in the house—a Family Altar at which on evening in the week, friends and neighbors might unite in prayer and praise in a service on simple lines. This is what our Sunday Evening Home Service strives to accomplish, and in this effort it welcomes every aid from its readers. If by sending the Christian Herald every week to some one in a neighborhood where such a service is needed, you discover that you have awakened the religious spirit in that home, you may be sure it will go farther and influence other lives.

There could be no better missionary work than this, right here at home and at our very doors. Try it out and see.

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

A Story of a City Church

Instalment Nine **By MARION HARLAND**

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

CHAPTER XVI—*Continued*

JUST one week and two days after the initial shock to Mrs. Wingate's sensibilities dealt by "that reporter girl" and "her insolent brothers," Mr. and Mrs. Haile returned sadly from the funeral of the invalid father of the objectionable trio. A paralytic stroke had completed the wreck of the poor maimed body.

"A blessed release, we say," said Anita to her only confidant. "But they mourn him as deeply as if he had fallen in the flower of his maturity. I shall always be thankful that I went at once to see what I could do for them. They were very lonely until Mrs. Freeman's sister and brother arrived from Albany. They will go back to their home in Brooklyn as soon as they can get ready."

Her voice failed as she swallowed a big sob.

"You are tired out, darling!" The comforter took the drooping figure into his arms. "Fix your mind upon the glorious fact that all is well with him, and that those who love him best will be most thankful for this, when the first agony of separation has subsided into resignation."

She freed herself from the embrace and showed him wet eyes flashing through angry tears.

"At present I am in a very unsanctified state of mind! What do you think Miss Maynard said to me yesterday when she called to collect my dues for the Basket Mission? She had the audacity to quote that has always been to me one of the most precious of uninspired promises: 'Whosoever will observe the wonderful providences of God shall have wonderful providences to observe,' in connection with what she spoke of as 'dear Mrs. Wingate's perplexity. She simply could not endure that those horrid people should continue to spoil her enjoyment of divine worship, yet, as Mr. Ford was luke-warm about it because he had business connection with some of their country cousins, he was at her wits' end. I told her that we will felt with her and I was morally certain that the creatures would be frozen out by her host of friends.'"

"What!"—interjected Stuart—"she had the hardihood to quote those words!"

"Yes! She was astonished at my horror. She went so far as to say that she had felt it her duty to drop a hint to some of the members of the Friday night class that the Freeman boys were not desirable associates. Darling! Are we doing the Lord's work in staying where we must countenance these things?"

Stuart had walked away to the window where he stood, hands locked behind him until she wondered if she had wounded or offended him. At last he turned his face set and grave, but with a smile in the deep eyes:

"'Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him.'"

He bent over her to say it softly to her and left her to ponder the reassurance.

CHAPTER XVII

RUPERT KING'S expedition to the Middle West and California was, as he wrote to his wife in high good humor, a howling success." Letters were exchanged between the two more frequently than had been common of late years. And the tone of them was different from the formal report of home affairs and happenings on one hand and concise recital of travel and business transactions on the other. The first letter received from his wife in Chicago was a distinct surprise, for they had started in coldness that verged upon alienation. The bitter taste of it lingered in imagination and an acute ache far down in his heart for days had robbed his eyes of sleep at night. The "Dear Rupert," with which the letter began was one removed from the "My dear Rupert" of her usual address.

A pleasant summary of domestic and social news was concluded by the expression of a hope that he might have prosperous and safe journey and she was "Affectionately yours, Sara." Epistles of subsequent date were cheerful, chatty and cordial, and arrived three times a week.

He would not, for a while, admit to himself the change they gradually wrought in his mind and spirits—or that life was taking on a different coloring. He had been heartily in love when he married and secretly thought the woman of his choice the most attractive of her sex. He was by nature tactless, and a hard bringing-up had increased native reserve as to the soft sentiments that had no fostering care from the world in which he battled for years for a comfortable living, afterward fiercely for wealth that would give him eminence and power. His wife was his superior in birth and breeding. He would prove to their associates that he was in no way daunted by this fact. At the bottom of his soul there lurked under the bravado which won him the reputation of a purse-proud boor, the desire to make her recognize in him her equal in some respects since he could not be with her in accomplishments and educational advantages.

He found himself taking great pains in the composition of his letters to her, and he could not disguise the gratification the prospect of his return begot in him. He took immense pleasure in selecting for her in San Francisco a superb necklace, and beguiled the tedious miles of the eastward journey by imagining how it would set off the fairness of her beautiful neck.

"See for yourself what I am driving at. I won't trust the thing out of my hands. I shall want it again"

HE HAD what he confessed to his wife on their way home, "the happiest surprise of his life" when, upon alighting at the New York terminus he beheld her hastening down the platform to meet him.

"But you are paler than when I went away," he observed solicitously after a more deliberate survey. "And you have lost flesh. You haven't been sick or anything, have you?"

"A touch of something like spring fever," she observed lightly. "I am all right again."

"Needed somebody to take care of you—eh?"

She nodded gaily.

"Maybe so. You are looking healthy enough for both of us. Not a whit jaded by the nights and days of travel that would have made wrecks of some men. I hope you will enjoy home the more by contrast. The house is swept and garnished for you. That is, the spring cleaning is over and done with. I know how you hate it."

No man in his senses could have wished for a more felicitous home-coming and the ensuing three days left no room for adverse criticism. It was with a full heart that the unromantic man thanked the Giver of every good and perfect gift as he bowed his head in prayer on Sunday morning.

"And a jolly good sermon we had," he said that evening. "I made a point of attending divine service whenever I could when traveling, but found no better preaching than I get at home. I enjoy it all the more because I believe Haile to be as good a man as ever trod shoe leather."

He bore the same happy mood to his office Monday morning. In taking his seat at the desk he saw a letter bearing a special delivery stamp lying upon the top of a pile of mail. Taking it up he read "Personal" in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

"Nothing like making assurance doubly sure!" he muttered on breaking it open.

THE letter was typewritten. The typewriter is considered the safest and deadliest of modern "conveniences" laid to the hand of the assassin of reputation and happiness yclept the anonymous letter-writer.

"Mr. Rupert King"—began the infernal instrument unfolded by the unsuspicious recipient!—"This warning from a sincere well-wisher who cannot bear to see you grossly deceived should have come to you before had I not been foolishly sentimental. After seeing you so radiantly happy at the opera last Friday night, I felt I must leave you a little longer to the enjoyment of your Fool's Paradise. Your adoration of your bewitching wife needed no other advertisement than your eyes and smile. The same performance repeated with variations in church today determined me to act without delay. Your wife (by courtesy) is not singular in her preferences for a pastor to her legal proprietor. I could name at least ten women of like taste and practice. His daily mail equals, if it does not surpass, yours or that of any other multi-millionaire in the city that boasts more of the breed

Continued on page 796

What Has Gone Before

SILAS FORD, the dominant figure in the fashionable Banner Church in New York City, is profoundly impressed while on a visit to Marlinton, a few miles distant, by the preaching of Rev. Stuart Haile, whose ten-year pastorate there has been extraordinarily happy and successful. The leaders of the Banner Church have determined on the resignation of their pastor, and Mr. Haile reluctantly accepts their call because of the larger opportunities for service. The Banner Church makes much of welcoming the Hailes, and stages what its members call the "Unique Demonstration" for the retiring and the incoming pastors. Mrs. Haile finds somewhat trying a lengthy call from Mrs. Wingate, who dominates the women's activities of the church, and a call from Mrs. Wingate's satellite—Miss Maynard, the parish visitor—increases her repugnance to the courting of wealth and social position so evident in the congregation. The pastor insists on devoting much of his time and energies to the poor of the parish, despite the opposition of the church's leaders, who wish him to cultivate those who will add to the social prestige of the church, and they engage an assistant pastor, Anslem Miller. Miss Albertha Briggs, a middle-aged spinster, warns Mrs. Haile that her husband is the type of man "women make fools of themselves over," and advises her to watch his mail. As she is leaving, the caller changes the address on a letter which the postman has just delivered so that it will go to Mrs. Haile. It is from Mrs. Rupert King, a frequent caller at the Haile home, and after telling of her husband's absence, asks the minister to call at her home that evening. Mrs. Haile understands the situation, and effort to cause an estrangement fails. Mrs. Wingate takes offense at the Freeman family, which occupies the pew in front of hers, and induces Silas Ford to go to the minister to ask them to move. Haile declares he will resign rather than do such a thing.

The World News of the Week

What President Harding Expects from the Washington Conference

AS THE day for the convening of the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armaments draws near, President Harding's expectations as to what it will accomplish assume great importance. A letter by the President made public at the White House has warned the public not to expect universal disarmament, and declared: "If we can get a reasonable limitation we shall think great things have been accomplished." Defining "reasonable limitation" and outlining his hopes, he added:

> "By reasonable limitation I mean something practicable that there is a chance to accomplish, rather than an ideal that there would be no chance to realize. It is necessary to deal with actualities; to do the best possible.
>
> "Universal disarmament will be beyond hope of realization; even its desirability at this time might well be questioned. Thousands of years of history recording the wars and controversies of mankind suggest that human nature would require revolutionary organization to make universal disarmament possible. A consideration of the present state of the world must, I think, enforce the conclusion that this is not a hopeful time to undertake that kind of revolution.
>
> "On the other hand, a world with the horrors of recent experiences seared into its mind, and staggering under the load of debt and armaments, has generously justified our hope for a favorable attitude toward the practical effort, the sincere beginning, that we are attempting. The fine spirit in which leading nations have received the invitation to meet and consider these things is altogether encouraging.
>
> "To undertake the impossible and fail might leave our last state worse than our first. The attitude of the nations warrants confidence that we will not fail, but rather that substantial results will be accomplished, calculated to lessen the armament burden, and to reduce the danger of armed conflict. I feel that in such an effort we are entitled to the support of all people who would be glad—as I can assure you I would—to see still more accomplished if possible."

The first meeting of the American delegation to the Conference lasted for more than three hours, and that evening the delegates dined with the President at the White House. In addition to examining the work of the Government's experts and discussing questions of policy, the delegation chose Basil Miles, for several years in the diplomatic service, to be its secretary and approved the arrangements for the use of the Pan-American building as the principal meeting place of the Conference and for the use of part of the new Navy building for offices of the delegations.

The personnel of the French delegation has been announced officially, including Premier Briand as chief, former Premier Viviani as second in rank, Senator Albert Sarraut and Ambassador Jusserand. The British Government continued to delay the selection of its representatives and reports that Premier Lloyd George would come to Washington for the opening sessions refused to down, despite semi-official statements to the contrary. It seemed probable that the delay in naming the delegates was due to the Premier's desire to attend if he could get the Irish negotiations out of the way in time to permit his absence from the United Kingdom.

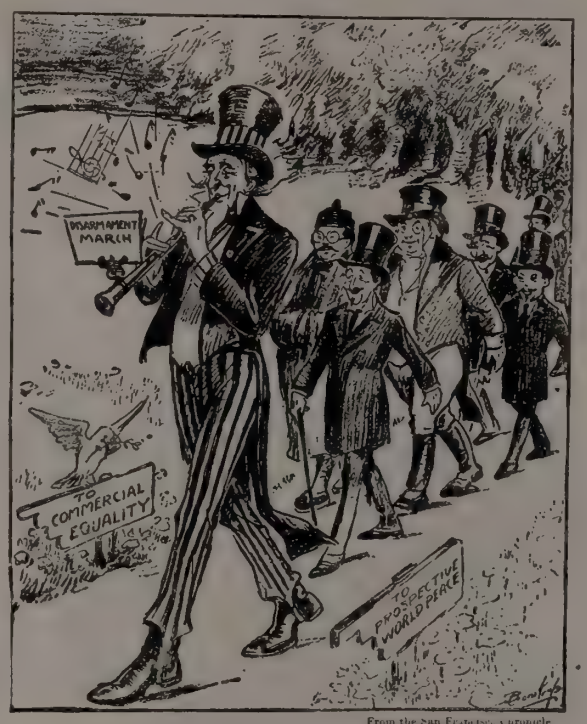
Senate Passes Canal Tolls Bill

SENATOR BORAH'S bill giving to vessels in the American coastwise trade the right of free passage through the Panama Canal—a question which has caused heated Congressional fights and international complications in the past—has been passed by the Senate by a vote of 47 to 37. It was a defeat for the Administration, but one which was softened by the probability that the measure would be held up in committee in the House for an indefinite period. Party lines were broken in the vote, thirty-five Republicans and twelve Democrats supporting the bill, while seventeen Republicans and twenty Democrats opposed it.

Senator Lodge, the Republican floor leader, fought the bill, declaring that its passage was neither the part of wisdom nor sound policy in view of the coming Conference on Limitation of Armaments, to which he is one of the American delegates. He argued that America had the legal right to grant free passage to its vessels, but that even the assertion of a legal right was unwise when it exposed the country to an implication of bad faith in view. Previous attempts to settle the matter by negotiation with Great Britain have failed, and the Senate rejected an amendment to authorize the President to seek arbitration of the tolls question. Senator Underwood, the Democratic floor leader and also a member of the Arms Conference delegation, supported the Borah bill.

Unemployment Conference Closes

PRESIDENT HARDING'S Unemployment Conference, which has been in session in Washington seeking means to improve industrial conditions in the United States, has adjourned *sine die*, after setting up a standing committee which is to continue work until the emergency has passed and which is empowered to reconvene the conference at any time. This



From the San Francisco Chronicle

AN UP-TO-DATE PIED PIPER

committee also is to appoint sub-committees to handle various phases of the problem.

The work of the conference was commended by representatives of both employers and employees, and the session ended without open clashes between the spokesmen for capital and labor, although there were sharp differences of opinion regarding certain reports, especially that of the Committee on Emergency Measures by Manufacturers, the minority asserting that "there must be adopted no policy of wage reduction." A summary of accomplishments showed that mayors' emergency committees have been organized and are actively at work in thirty-one cities; that conferences between federal officials and the heads of great industries have resulted in definite steps to increase work; that the co-operation of great business associations is assured; and that several cities have undertaken steps to advance local public works.

Among the concerns which have taken steps to give employment are the United States Steel Corporation, which voted the expenditure of $10,000,000 in the extension of its manufacturing plants where costs would be fair, and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which plans to spend $2,000,000.

Underwood & Underwood

NOT A LARGE PILE, BUT WORTH $1,000,000 TO ILLICIT DRUG VENDORS

The warfare against "dope" traffickers is unrelenting, and the Federal officials in New York City have seized such large quantities of drugs in their raids that it was necessary to ship this lot to Washington for safekeeping

Senator Knox Dies

SENATOR PHILANDER CHASE KNOX of Pennsylvania, since 1901 one of the most prominent leaders of the Republican party, died at his residence in the national capital half an hour after suffering a stroke of apoplexy. The Senator had returned from Europe only three days before, apparently in excellent health, and there was no warning of the attack which ended his life. For several hours on the day of his death he had been at work at the Capitol in the room of the Senate Committee on Rules, of which he was chairman.

Born at Brownsville, Pa., in 1853, Mr. Knox was named after a famous Episcopal bishop. He began the practice of law at Pittsburgh in 1875, and rapidly built up one of the largest practices in that city. It was in 1901 that he became nationally prominent with his appointment by President McKinley to be Attorney-General of the United States, in which office he made a notable record for anti-trust prosecutions. He resigned in 1904 to accept an appointment as Senator, and served in that body until 1909, when he became Secretary of State in the Taft cabinet. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1916, and was the leader in the Senate fight against ratification of the Versailles Treaty. Recently he had been keenly interested in foreign affairs and was author of the resolution providing the basis on which the peace treaty with Germany was negotiated.

Silesian Decision Ready

A NEW storm has been precipitated by the decision of the League of Nations Council regarding the division of Upper Silesia, even in advance of the announcement of the terms of the settlement. In Germany intense anger was aroused by reports that a large part of the industrial district has been awarded to Poland, and the Wirth government was threatening to resign, which probably would mean the formation of a ministry pledged to oppose compliance with the obligations of the Versailles Treaty and the recent Wiesbaden agreement by which Germany is to assist in the restoration of France's invaded regions. Chancellor Wirth declared that without Silesia's industrial district Germany would find it impossible to meet her Treaty obligations, and Germany protested to France that under the Versailles pact Silesia could not be divided, a contention France denied.

In France there was dissatisfaction over the reported terms of the award because Poland received less than France had contended for, while the British were apprehensive of serious trouble before the decision could be made effective.

Publication of details of the decision was withheld pending exchanges among the Allied governments and the placing of troops to guard against outbreaks, but it was indicated that Poland received the southern portion of the plebiscite district and the industrial triangle was divided, as was the northern portion. There are complicated economic stipulations, some to extend over fifteen years, the execution of which is to be entrusted to a commission.

Railroad Strike Ordered

ORDERS have been issued for a strike beginning October 30 of the five most powerful railroad unions—the Railroad Trainmen, the Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, the Conductors, the Locomotive Engineers and the Switchmen—and the leaders of other unions have announced officially that they will join in the walk-out so as to make the tie-up of the nation's transportation system complete.

The order was issued following an overwhelming vote, said to be upward of ninety per cent. of the union members, in favor of a strike because of the twelve per cent. wage reduction ordered by the Federal Railroad Labor Board effective July 1. Sentiment in favor of a strike had been strengthened by the agitation by railway officials for further wage reductions, and almost at the same time the order was issued the Association of Railway Executives announced its intention to petition for a new cut in wages.

Plans for the strike provide for the division of the country into three groups, with the men of each group to go out at intervals of forty-eight hours, making the strike fully effective on November 5. All walk-outs are scheduled to begin at 6 a. m. standard time. The number of men directly affected by the order of the five big unions was 500,000, but the memberships of the other unions which threatened to go out with them would bring the total to nearly 2,000,000.

As this issue of the Christian Herald goes to press, desperate efforts are being made to avert such a national calamity but with

Continued on page 796

The Opened Fountain

A Sermon by REV. H. C. HOLLOWAY, D.D.*

TEXT—Zech. 13 : 1. "In that day there shall be a fountain opened."

THIS was the joyful announcement of prophecy concerning the atoning death of Jesus Christ. What a beautiful, striking figure! What an impressive picture of the great tragedy of Calvary portrayed under the master pencil of the Holy Spirit! A fountain shall be opened!

The fountain opened is the pierced side and hands and feet and crowned head of our divine Lord, for the sins of the world. It is the sacrifice of the Lamb of God that taketh away sin. See then, how this figure of a fountain sets forth the taking away of sin.

It teaches us the nature of the atonement made for sin. Water is the sign of inward cleansing and spiritual purity. Sin defiles the mind and conscience, renders us odious to God and uneasy in ourselves, as well as unfits us for communion with Him, as those who were ceremonially unclean, were shut out of the Sanctuary. Now, "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" *Therefore* was the Son of God manifested to take away our sins. And as water purifies, so now the blood of Christ cleanses us from sin. He takes away the guilt of sin by the blood of his Cross.

In this the Gospel day, to which reference is made in the text, provision is made to cleanse all those from the pollution of sin who truly repent and believe. When Christ died on the Cross, the fountain was opened. This fountain alone contains the cleansing power for sin and uncleanness. Our blessed Lord has power on earth to forgive sins. The blood of Christ alone can purify the heart and cleanse the soul. There is no acceptance for the sinner, no cleansing for the guilty, no pardon for the penitent, no sanctification for the believer, but in the vicarious sacrifice of the Son of God.

But the blood of Christ is *sanctifying* as well as purifying. It is the divine laver of the believer. It not only effaces the immediate stain of guilt, but it intensifies the heart's desire for holiness. No believer can cultivate intimate communion with Christ and not experience a growing sanctification. It is, therefore, the blood of a *holy* sacrifice, and leaves the marks of holiness whithersoever it comes. How clearly and forcibly the apostle puts this truth! "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will." And John, in his vision of the celestial world, declares, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne."

THE fountain teaches us the inexhaustible fulness and rich abundance of Christ's saving merits. He "tasted death for every man." "His blood cleanseth us from *all* sin." "With Him is plenteous redemption." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." Thus, both as to its nature and extent, the atonement for sin is perfect. It lacks nothing to save the sinner.

Thus Christ, disdaining physical things, appeals at once to the soul with all its yearnings, its depths of despair, its claspings, its infinite outreachings, its disquietude, its longing for peace and love and joy, which nothing can satisfy this side the bosom of God, and says, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." He stands over against whatever hunger and thirst there is in the moral nature of man, and says, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

The fountain teaches us the entire freeness of salvation through the atonement of Christ. It is free to all; without money and without price. It is costless, to us, but of infinite cost to Him. It is the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. The prophetical promise has been fulfilled to a large degree. "I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." Jesus proclaimed in Jerusalem's temple already, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." To the woman at Sychar He said: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well—a spring or fountain of water, springing up unto everlasting life."

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THE vital thought of our Lord is that all whose souls are a-thirst should come to Him; not as a cistern filled up with wisdom from other sources, but to the self-supplied and divine fountain. He is more than a teacher giving instruction on all profound and practical questions. He is more than a worker of miracles, restoring sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, and healing all manner of diseases. It is not simply new truth, or a beautiful model of holy living that Jesus offers. He offers *Himself*. "He gave *Himself*" for the world's redemption. It is from Himself that there flows forth saving and recovering influence; it is from the inexhaustible depths of His own being as the Son of God, that the thirsty race of sinful humanity may draw constant refreshment. He only can satisfy our deepest cravings.

In every human soul is a crying want—a hunger that no such husks as money, or fame, or sensual pleasures, or human philosophies can satisfy. There is a gnawing thirst that grows the keener, the longer it is trifled with. No one can escape the startling truth that he is a sinner; and "the wages of sin is death." We are so weak that we constantly stumble, and temptation trips our feet. Our best resolutions prove brittle withes. The cisterns we hewed out to hold our happiness are shattered. God put within us desires and necessities that nothing outside of Him can satisfy. "Lord Jesus," exclaimed Tennyson's gifted young friend, Arthur Hallam, "I have tried how this thing and that thing will fit my spirit. I can find nothing to rest on; for nothing here hath any rest itself. Oh, thou fulness of all things, I come back and join myself to Thee!"

No good works, no atoning tears, no protracted sorrow, no bodily mortifications, no painful pilgrimages, no costly offerings, no retirement into cell and cloister-life, are required. All needful sacrifice has been made. Christ made it all on Calvary. The Fountain filled with blood, is free to all. And hard by this Fountain perpetually stand the messengers of God, calling in trumpet tones to the sons of men, "Ho, every one that is a-thirst, come ye to the waters." And other voices also call: the voice of conscience and reason; the voices of both the law and Gospel, of Providence and grace, of death and judgment, and the sweet-toned bells of heaven; all unite in bidding welcome these waters of life.

But alas, how many have deaf ears to these voices bidding welcome to these waters of life! Now may the prophet's lament be heard, "who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" "Why do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" Its acceptance must be by repentance and faith in the Son of God.

THIS figure of a fountain teaches us the moral beauty of salvation through Christ. Water is beautiful, but a fountain of water is surpassingly beautiful. All nature teems with objects of beauty. Earth and sky everywhere present them. The shady groves, the green fields and meadows, the blooming flowers, the queenly rivers, the towering mountains in their evening silence, the rainbow, the gorgeous sunset, that sky, that cloud, that coloring, those tints that fade into each other and change even as we behold them; those lines of fire that lie in brilliant relief along the sky, as if some radiant angel had thrown aside his robe of light as he flew, or left his smile upon the cloud as he passed through the golden gates—these are all beautiful. But Nature has no object more strikingly beautiful than a fountain of water. Its soft and liquid flow, its rich fulness, its sweet music murmuring o'er its pebbled bed, its merry laugh, its sparkling purity, its refreshing coolness, its busy haste toward the sea, O how marvelously beautiful! Thus beautiful, what a picture of the moral beauty of Christ and the scheme of redemption!

Our idea of Socrates or Cæsar, of Napoleon or Washington, for distinctness of outline and vividness of impression, cannot be compared with that of Jesus. It is as transparent as the light; it is as unique as it is transparent; it is as radiant with moral beauty and sublimity as it is original. And we may safely say, there is no one thought in the intellect of the world more definite—none which it has grasped with a stronger and fonder hope—than this conception of the personal character of the great Founder of Christianity—Jesus the Son of man, Jesus the Son of God. On whatever side we behold Him, His character is new and wonderful, unlike any other in history. As the Son of the Holy One, incarnate, the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person, there dwells in Him "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." He is God manifest in the flesh—a complete adaptation to our wants and woes, as guilty, helpless sinners.

How compassionate was He, how gentle, how forgiving, how meek, how full of tender sympathy; what a Fountain of love, how submissive to the Father's will, how faultless! A Fountain of moral beauty in this wilderness world of sin!

So also, there is wondrous moral beauty in the plan of redemption *for us*. How amazingly it reveals the divine love, how beautifully it harmonizes the attributes of justice and mercy in the divine character; "mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." How strikingly it displays the dignity and value of the soul! What new capacities for pure enjoyment it bestows! What blessings of peace and love it already provides. This spiritual well-spring in the regenerated soul is the Fountain that never fails.

NEAR the pleasant farmhouse in which I spent some of my earlier life, was a remarkable spring of the purest water. In the silent night, when no eye beheld it, that spring bubbled on, and tracking its way into a neighboring meadow, made a line of living emerald. In the broiling heat of noonday it sparkled on clear and cool, in perpetual stream. In midwinter, when the snow was heaped around it, that spring never froze over; the bushes beside it were fringed with icicles, yet the fountain defied the bitter cold, and the water never failed to satisfy my thirst. Such is the fountain which our merciful Saviour has opened in the heart of every true believer. No matter what conditions of life may be thrust upon the true child of God, the spring of life and love in Christ Jesus will never fail him.

Jesus Christ alone can satisfy you. His comforting presence will soothe the sore spot, and heal your heartaches. His atoning blood guarantees your pardon. His love is the only cure for the wretched selfishness that is every one's besetting sin, and which now so much distresses our war-worn world. Of almost everything we sometimes tire, but what loyal child of the blessed Master ever tires of the fresh spring of the water of life? With joy does he ever draw from this unfailing, measureless well of salvation.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"In the Cross of Christ I Glory," or "Love Divine, All Love Excelling."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—I Cor. 13th Chapter: *The Greatest of Christian Graces.*

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 788, first column.)

Sermon—"THE OPENED FOUNTAIN"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Now the Day Is Over," or "Abide with Me."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

We who have rejoiced in the power of Thy Presence during our worship here together, now crave the Benediction of the pierced hand which we know is raised over us all to protect and bless and heal with its Divine Love and Forgiveness. In Jesus' Name. AMEN.

REV. R. J. Wade, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the Committee on Conservation and Advance of the Methodist Episcopal Church, announces a national conference of the church to consider its world-wide missionary and benevolent interests to be held in Central Church of Detroit, November 15, 16 and 17. The conference will review progress of the world program outlined in the centenary period of five years. Methodists of the United States pledged in the Centenary program $108,000,000, payable in five years, and over $33,000,000 has been paid in the first two years. This will be the greatest gathering ever held between the quadrennial conferences of the Church, and three thousand Methodist leaders from all over the United States are to attend.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., J. A. McAfee, C. C. Albertson, D.D., and R. Braunstein

The Beautiful Gate

SUNDAY. Matt. 6 : 28. "*Consider the lilies.*" To any one who reads the New Testament story of the life and teaching of Jesus, it is abundantly evident how real and constant was the Master's communion with the Father through the outer world. Nature was a spiritual medium. But it was more than a transcript of a will. It was more than a mystic writing. It was more than a wonderfully vital symbolism. Nature, and everything in nature, was a gateway through which the Invisible became visible, and the Eternal manifested Himself in time. In nature He went forth to meet God, and God came forth to meet Him. Natural beauty was a highway, and, as in some royal procession, it was filled with the advancing glory of the Lord: "The whole earth was full of His glory."

It may be well just to pause and say that no one had ever thought and spoken about nature as Jesus did. Our scholars can find no other words to compare with His. Dr. Abbott says they "can not be paralleled either in Hebrew or pagan literature." And Dr. Bosanquet doubts "whether such disinterested apprehension of floral beauty can be found outside, or prior to, Christian intelligence." One is glad to see that crown among the "many crowns" worn by our Lord; but even this crown is brighter than Dr. Bosanquet suggests, for our Lord's delight in flowers was much more than a "disinterested apprehension of floral beauty." The beauty was the outer garment veiling a wonderful Presence. No words can describe the intimacy of the spiritual communion which Christ discovered in the flowers of the field. A lily was an apocalypse; God was manifest in matter. That was the wonder of it, the living thing was alive with God.

And so we are to "consider the lily," and every other lovely thing in nature's world. And we are to reverently stand before nature as though through its splendid roads a King were advancing toward us in royal pomp and glory. We are to assume an alert yet lowly receptiveness, if perchance the King may stop at our door, and may even enter under our roof.

Let me give two quotations, which show two very different men standing before nature in the blessed experience of spiritual communion. And the first shall be from a letter which Horace Bushnell wrote to his wife. He is writing from Lake Waramaug. "I have had some delightful times since I came here, such as I never had before. I never so saw God, never had Him so broadly, clearly out. . . . I never thought I could possess God so completely." Let me add to this sentence another from a letter written at Niagara: "Verily my soul reveled within me today, as never since I was a conscious being, in the contemplation of this tremendous type of God's eternity and majesty. I could scarcely stand, such was the sense it gave me of the greatness of God." And the second man I want to quote is Charles Kingsley, so very unlike Bushnell in many things, and yet so alike in the firm and bracing strength of their spiritual communion. He is writing to a young fellow who has sought his counsel—"Study nature—not scientifically—that would take eternity to do it so as to reap moral good from it. Do not study nature for its own sake, but *as the countenance of God.* Try to extract every line of beauty, every association, every moral reflection, every inexpressible feeling from it— Adore God!"

It may be that some are more expert than others in the spiritual discernment of nature's great Secret, but it is a road which we may all travel; and the more we exercise ourselves the greater will be our gains, and very surely the joy of the Lord will be our strength!

J. H. J.

The Baptism of the Spirit

MONDAY. Matt. 3 : 16. "*The heavens were opened unto Him and He saw the spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon Him.*" If Christ felt the need of the baptism of the Holy Spirit at the beginning of His ministry, how can any minister, missionary, teacher or humble follower of the Master neglect His visit to Pentecost? If Jesus' last words to His disciples were, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high," how can we refuse to obey His command? How few followers today tarry for the reception of purifying power, witnessing power, holy dynamite with which to help blow up the gates of hell, turning the world heavenward! If the apostolic church waited till the promise of Jesus was verified, if they then spake as the Spirit gave them wonderful utterance, spreading the truth of the Gospel throughout the world, is not the lack of this power in many churches in our day the reason why the revival spirit has departed? Is it not a sad fact that a few eccentric professors have frightened away multitudes in the Church from the reception of Pentecostal power? Instead of such fear and trembling lest we should become ridiculed as a peculiar people, why not follow great characters in history, such as John, Peter and Paul, Luther, Wesley and Knox, who obtained promises, powers and victories by obeying the command of Jesus to wait for the reception of power sent down from heaven.

It is said that Mr. Moody, one day during his first revival services in New York City, stopped at the home of a friend and asked for a room in which to be alone for awhile. The friend said "Won't you tarry for dinner with us?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I only wish to be alone for a time." When he came out from that closet room of prayer, his face shone with a new light and his great congregation that evening became awakened as never before. The baptism of spiritual power had come to him and surcharged his soul, changing the whole current of his ministry. Would it not be well for all Christian denominations who admired Moody in life, who delight to remember his triumphant departure into the heavens, to follow his example as he followed Christ, seeking a baptism from heaven, with outstretched arms and upward gaze, as Jesus looked for the dove to descend upon Him?

E. W. C.

The Bridge-Builders

TUESDAY. Rom. 13 : 6. "*Render therefore to all their due.*" Recently several publications have reprinted a poem called "Building the Bridge for Him." The story is of an old man who had safely crossed a "chasm vast and deep and wide," but who had paused on the other side and "built a bridge to span the tide." A fellow pilgrim remonstrated with him for wasting his time, stating that his journey was done and he would never pass that way again, therefore the folly of building the bridge "at eventide."

"The builder lifted his old gray head.
'Good friend, in the path I have come,' he said,
'There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him.'"

This is an epitome of the Christian life—a parable of our expected ministry and service. The true Christian is a builder not only for his own age and safety, but for the safety of generations yet unborn. The idealists of the Church are not only brilliant talkers about the Kingdom but passionate workers at its establishment. With them, as with the Christ they follow, the vision and the task are one. Every good man and woman, every helpful toiler and constructive thinker, every Christian preacher and teacher, every missionary of God's grace and laborer in the vineyard of better things, is a bridge builder. The opportunity and the challenge comes to every one to be a bridge builder and to express life in the highest terms in the interest of the greatest good to the greatest number.

R. B.

The Abundant Life

WEDNESDAY. John 10 : 10. "*I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.*" It is violence to the spirit of the Christ to interpret Christianity as a set of inhibitions. It is a deplorable thing that we have so misinterpreted Him, that in the minds of so many Christianity consists in abstinence from certain things. The jailor at Philippi asked Paul a question which has become classical: "What must I do to be saved?" We are inclined today to change that question by a slight addition and ask, "What must I *not* do to be saved?"

A few Sundays ago, I listened with great interest to a group of earnest Christian young people discussing Sabbath observance. One after another expressed views on the subject, and in all the number not one struck the positive note. All were concerned with the particular things that should not be done on Sunday. It is such interpretations that have given ground for the sneering definition of religion as "a collection of scruples which impede the free exercise of our faculties." It is not the Christ, but our interpretation of Him, that make such definitions possible. The scrupulous keeping of no set of prohibitory laws will ever make a man a Christian. A man may not do ever so many things and still not be right in the sight of God.

Jesus Christ came that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly, or 'to the full,' as Moffatt translates. His mission is not to hamper life, but to cause life to grow and abound. Until we know that fulness of life which He alone gives, we know not what life means.

Paul was right when he told us that "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." The highest liberty, the abundant life, lies in companionship with Him.

J. A. M.

Parched Ground and the Pool

THURSDAY. Isa. 35 : 7. "*And the parched ground shall become a pool.*" In one of the Western States there is a vast desert. There is little water there and what there is is so impregnated with alkali as to make it unfit for use. Travelers cross that desert on their way to mining camps. Not a few have died of thirst. Some years ago it occurred to a man to sink an artesian well in the midst of the desert and erect a wind pump, with a suitable reservoir to store fresh water for the use of travelers. It was an expensive undertaking, but many have blessed the memory of him who made a well in the desert.

The world into which Jesus came was not utterly devoid of love, but kindness was not the rule of most men's lives, and good-will was far from prevalent. At the beginning of the Christian era, there was only one hospital in the world, and that was founded for the purpose of taking care of wounded gladiators in order that they might again amuse the multitude.

Jesus Christ with His new commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; with His benediction upon the lowly, the meek and the pure in heart; with His Golden Rule and His unfailing emphasis upon the spirit of unselfish service, opened a well in the desert. Every modern impulse to philanthropy and every holy passion for the improvement of society may be numbered among the conscious or unconscious effects of Christianity. The parched ground *has* become a pool.

C. C. A.

The Endless Life

FRIDAY. John 11 : 26. "*Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.*" Our life, by God's gracious gift, is immortal, untouched by death, years or the ages of eternity. Christ is our resurrection and life; in us the hope and joy of His glory. Death is but the transition of the cleansed and refurnished soul into the palace of His personal presence. Calvary is the summit where we celebrate the world's victory.

Do we not long for something besides endless years? Must we not have pardon, peace and Christ's likeness when in the heavenly places with Him?

Their brother Lazarus back from the grave, the sisters at Bethany knew that death has no power over the life of Christ's followers. The path of human glory may lead but to the grave, but in Jesus, the path to the grave, by the way of the Cross, leads to glory everlasting.

The Author and Builder of worlds could not be nailed upon the cross against His will, or imprisoned in a tomb. He laid down His life knowing He was able to take it again. Is not the angel of His presence leading His people up their Calvarys, down into the sepulchre gardens as the only route into His celestial heaven? By and by we will be caught up together with Him in the clouds of His eternal glory, and so be forever with our Lord. He Who transfigured death into life will bring you with Him to the Father's house, for where He is there we shall be also.

E. W. C.

"All Things Possible"

SATURDAY. Mark 9 : 23. "*If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*" This is a truism for those who are struggling in the secular as well as the religious world. There is no termination without determination. Neither is there any accomplishment without faith in God, and in work we are doing. As individuals we have not yet realized our possibilities. Collectively, as a Church we have not yet realized them. As Kingdom-builders none of us have gone the limit of our strength and endeavor. Professor James once wrote an essay entitled, "The Power of Man." In this he argued that mankind is living on a very small fraction of its vitality, and that there are buried underground strata of possibilities and power which are never tapped, except in times of great emergency. Robert E. Speer, commenting on the above, said: "This is an absolute truth of experience all through life. In our great crises any one of many forces may unlock these energies and let them loose. And the present needed appeal of the world is to men and women that they should not be content to draw upon these reservoirs in crises alone. The tragic crises come because these powers are not drawn forth and used. The great wealth of nations and of the world that needs now to be unsealed is just the wealth of moral capacity lying dormant within."

In other words, "the Kingdom of God is *within* you." Let us pray for the new and better day for the human race, as though everything depended on God and let us toil for the same end as though everything depended on us. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible."

R. B.

Hidden Personalities

They're as Pleasant to Find as Buried Treasure—or Spring Flowers

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SHE was a girl that folk said I wouldn't like—a girl who was self-contained and poised and more than a bit stand-offish. She was successful—very—in a business way, and ever so sure of herself. And that made her seem even more difficult to get close to.

And yet, when I met her, I wanted to like her. And I wanted to know her well. And so one afternoon when it was all sunshiny and bright and happy out of doors we went for a walk together. And the sky was blue overhead, and the ground felt pleasant under our feet, and the late autumn air was crisp and very clear. And perhaps it was the sunshine and the blue sky, and perhaps it was because we were both young enough to feel the joy of living, but—at any rate—we got to talking and we spoke of large unpersonal things, and of little friendly things, and of decidedly intimate things. And—despite what people had said—I began to like the girl. And by the time we had reached the starting-back-place—which is at the middle of all good walks—I found that I was liking her very well indeed. And—as time goes on—I think that I am going to like her more and more!

Often, it has been proved quite conclusively to me that it's wrong to form an opinion based on someone else's observation or judgment. More than once I've found that, the only fair thing to do is to search out a reason for the whys and the wherefores of life. We can't just decide that folk are pleasant or unpleasant because other people say they are. In all honesty and truthfulness—to them and to ourselves—we've got to get below the surface and know, from our own reactions, what is right and what is wrong!

HAVE you ever gone into the woods in springtime to hunt for arbutus? If you haven't ever done it, you must plan to, sometime, for it's a real adventure! The flowers don't grow in great dewy pink clusters, right out in the open—no, indeed! It's a search that you have to make for them; it's a hunt and a following of vague promises.

Autumn's leaves—the leaves that fall listlessly at this time of year—lie, like a brown carpet, over the springtime woods. Sometimes there's a ruggedness to the carpet—a gaping tear in it. And sometimes, through the tear, a single shoot of green or a glimmer of faint rose color shines through. And when it does, you go up rather softly, and make the gaping tear larger. And then you're quite apt to find the flowers that you're searching for.

It takes quite a while to gather a really large bunch of arbutus. Arbutus isn't as easy to find as the summer flowers that grow openly—with vivid splashes of color—in verdant stretches of meadow land. Arbutus is, before everything else, a shy blossom. It must be sought out, appreciated, and cherished. The finding of it brings a very real glow of joy.

To some folk, perhaps, the woods where arbutus flowers grow would seem dull and colorless and uninteresting. They are, often, at first glance. To some folk the carpet of dead leaves would be a pall—and nothing else. But to some people the dead leaves would seem like a blanket to be turned back softly. To some people the very dullness would hold a certain allure, a certain splendid mystery.

Finding personalities is often like finding arbutus. It's a search, sometimes, and a promise. Sometimes it holds all the romance of buried treasure. Sometimes it's like reading the thrilliest story in the world. Sometimes it's like listening to the sweetest song!

There are people who think that friendliness of the obvious sort is the only real kind of friendliness—that a stand-offish person should be left strictly alone. There are people who say:

"Let her be! If she doesn't want to meet us half-way, we can get along very well without her."

That is absolutely the wrong attitude to take—if you're at all interested in being good pals with everybody. For there are some people who won't take the first step in friendship any more than an arbutus flower can creep out, from under its blanket of last autumn's leaves, to meet you.

Most people, who seem cold and indifferent and a bit too shut within themselves, aren't really unfriendly, or hostile. They're usually only shy—quite tremendously shy. And they are held firmly in their places—as sturdy roots hold arbutus flowers—by almost unbreakable bonds of reticence. . . .

FLOWERS are hidden away, sometimes,
Where only a searcher may find them;
Hearts are hidden away, sometimes,
When there's never a cord to bind them,
To other hearts—so they pine and droop,
In a lonely, forgotten way—
And the glow of them fades, as blossoms fade,
That were lovely, yesterday.

Flowers are hidden beneath brown leaves,
But the leaves may be brushed aside;
And hearts are hidden as far away,
Under hopes and dreams that have died . . .
But the flowers and hearts are found, sometimes,
And the flowers gleam with delight;
And the hearts shine out—like wee, happy stars—
That smile through the dark of night!

SHE was a girl that folk said I wouldn't like. She was a girl who seemed as frigidly apart from me as a small iceberg. And yet it didn't take much—only a walk in the sparkling autumn air, and a little informal conversation—to give us a real start on the road to comradeship.

If I had—and it would have been very easy!—agreed with other people; if I had accepted, in an unquestioning way, the popular consensus, we might never have had our walk and our all revealing conversation. We might have gone on separate ways—forever—without the gleam of friendliness between us. But I didn't want to go by the verdict that other people had given—I wanted really to know for myself. And I did!

It's interesting to pause and wonder, sometimes, what would have happened if some of the great ones of history had been content with the things that were easy to get—that were out in the open. What if Christopher Columbus had been utterly uninterested in a hidden world? And what if Fulton had been bored with the thought of harnessing steam to propel ships? What if Benjamin Franklin had been afraid of the lightning that gave him an inspiration that developed into the finding and utilizing of electricity? What—to bring the idea into our own generation—of the sufferers who would have gone unaided if Madam Curie had been content to let the initial grain of radium stay buried in a great pile of dirt? These are only a very few instances—out of many!

Of course it sounds silly to compare tremendous achievements to the little incidents of our daily life. Steam and new continents and electricity shouldn't be mentioned in the same paragraph—perhaps—with arbutus and personalities. And yet the principles involved are built, in an almost startling manner, upon the same truth.

Friends of mine, don't pass by the hidden things of life—whether they are flowers, or personalities, or—anything. Make your own decisions, follow your own lines of thought. Because, if you do, you'll find that sometimes the greatest pleasure in the world is the keen joy of discovery. You'll find that a hidden flower is more delicate, often, the one that grows beside a much-used pathway. And you'll find that a hidden personality that has lived quite unsuspected in a shy heart is often undeniably dear and worth the finding.

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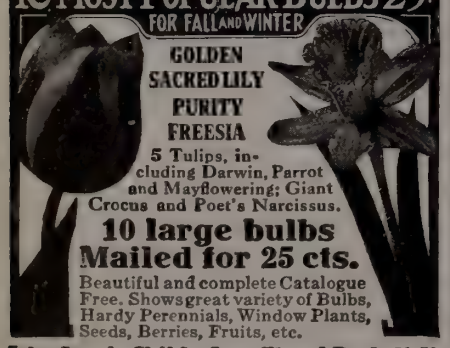

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Paul's Experiences at Jerusalem

International Sunday School Lesson for November 6
Acts 21 : 18-23 : 24

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

ELECTION DAY is only a few days off, when men and women will show where they stand in matters, both moral and political, by the little white, secret ballot. At Jerusalem, Paul indicated clearly where he stood in affairs that were national, moral and religious. At Cæsarea, Paul had boldly declared that he was ready to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus, and it seemed a number of times as if the death of the great apostle to the gentiles would take place, yet at no time did he deviate in the slightest degree from his open allegiance to Jesus Christ.

Startling events followed each other with great rapidity after Paul reached Jerusalem. The entire passage indicated for our lesson study should be read a number of times, even though the general facts are quite familiar. James, the brother of Jesus, must have rejoiced to learn how his half-brother was being recognized even as far away as Europe. The Jerusalem elders and doubtless many other church leaders and workers were present when the graphic story of that third missionary journey was recounted. Many thrilling incidents must have been related which are not recorded by Luke, the historian. Then there was much joy as the offering was counted which had been gathered from many communities by Paul and his co-workers.

Unkind statements had been made about Paul, and the Jerusalem friends thought that Paul could refute them by showing some special zeal as a Jew. Paul was advised to complete the vow which was begun at Cenchrea (18 : 18) and at the same time pay the cost of the vows of four others who were then in Jerusalem and who desired to keep a Jewish custom. The question of a Hebrew breaking entirely with his national religious festivals when he becomes a Christian is still an interesting one. Paul did as he was urged. Most people regard his act as a compromise in non-essentials, that he might gain attention with many for the message concerning his Redeemer.

As is still often the case, the attempt to please did not succeed. Jews from Asia who did not understand the situation, or who deliberately used the occation to injure Paul, stirred up the great crowd which had come to Jerusalem for the Feast of Weeks, or Pentecost. Fanaticism often asserts itself when real religion ceases to have a helpful, controlling influence. The charge was that the temple was being defiled by this would-be teacher who had deliberately brought gentiles within the restricted area of the temple courts. The mob-infection reached quickly to many parts of the city and, to say the least, unholy methods were resorted to in the name of religion.

PUPILS of all ages will be interested in a careful study of the temple area and the temple itself with all the related courts. There was a pronouncement of death to any gentile who passed from the Court of the Gentiles through the Gate Beautiful, which led to the Court of the Women. Even a Roman citizen gentile must not presume on his citizenship for protection if he passed beyond that clearly placed warning tablet. It is interesting to note that today a Jew is barred from the Mosque of Omar, built on the site of the Temple of Herod. In connection with this experience in Paul's life, find out all you can concerning the Nazarite (note the spelling) vow which is mentioned in Numbers 6 : 1–21.

When the shouting, angry Jewish mob became so powerful and violent that the life of Paul was endangered, word was brought to Claudius Lysias, the chief captain and military tribune, whose headquarters were in the Castle Antonia, which had a staircase leading into the Court of the Gentiles. Two chains held Paul fast as he was surrounded by the Roman guard to protect him from the aroused, unintelligible crowd. When Claudius inquired who the prisoner was and what he had done, no clear information was obtained, so the Romans headed for Antonia.

Though the people shouted "Away with him," Paul saw the opportunity of delivering a message for his Master, and asked permission to speak, which was granted by the chief captain. The story of his conversion was then placed before the people who were banked upon and in front of the stairs. The people seemed to listen until Paul mentioned his mission to the gentiles, whereupon the rabble renewed their outcries.

No romance can surpass the thrills of the incidents in the Scripture covered by this lesson. There is an abundance of excitement in the Bible narratives. Paul is now, by special order of Claudius Lysias, tied up with thongs for scourging, in the hope that by use of the "third degree," some confession may be extracted from the prisoner. At Philippi Paul submitted to a beating, though he might have saved himself by declaring his Roman citizenship, as he now does in a most startling manner. The centurion in charge first caught the fact and forthwith the stopped proceedings, and himself went to the chief captain with the remonstrance, "What art thou about to do?" Claudias appreciated the gravity of the situation and immediately sought the bound man for one of the most interesting dialogues in the Bible

READ again, picturing the whole situation, the conversation of these two Roman citizens. The terrified chief captain stopped the proposed cruelty, and he would find a more peaceful way on the morrow to learn the facts from the accusing Jews. Little progress was made even then, for when Paul felt the temper of his audience and saw that all are against him, the situation was saved only by starting a quarrel between the Sadducees and the Pharisees over the mention of the resurrection, which the former sect denied. Now the chief captain was over-concerned for the safety of Paul, and he brought this noted prisoner into the Castle again.

In time of action one can be bold, even when a decision is being made in which right and wrong are involved. The situation is quite different when sitting alone, a prisoner and knowing that all the witnesses are against you. Paul may have seriously questioned, in view of the outcome, if he was right in coming to Jerusalem in face of the entreaty and advice of loving friends at Miletus, Tyre and Cæsarea. It was at midnight in Paul's life that the Lord came to him with another of those blessed night-messages and said: "Be of good cheer: for as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." We are told that "weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning." This time Paul's intense joy came while it was still night. The Lord's declaration is so wonderful—that it brings cheer now, with approval of the Jerusalem trip and Rome assured.

Note also just when this vision came: it was at the beginning of many months of imprisonment; but all the time that Paul would be in Northern Palestine, he could just think back to that night in Jerusalem and say "Rome." He knew that God kept every promise, some time somehow. In our lesson study for October 2, "Paul in Corinth," references were given of other occasions when Paul had glorious visions and messages of approval from his loving Saviour. God always has his own way of bringing needed help. This time it was through Paul's nephew and the now friendly Claudias. That fascinating story is the special theme for the primaries and juniors. Lean hard on the Golden Text: "God is our refuge and strength. A very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear."

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The George Williams Centenary

How a Draper's Clerk Founded a World-Wide Organization

By REV. HOWARD B. GROSE, D.D.

HOW marvelous is the power of an idea energized in a human personality. A striking illustration is found in the career of George Williams, founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, the centenary of whose birth—October 11—has been appropriately celebrated in England and America, and indeed wherever the Association is found—and where is it not?

There were hundreds and thousands of linen draper's clerks in England at the time, but to only one of them came the idea of winning his comrades to Christ and Christian service through the personal touch. And out of this idea developed the work that has girdled the globe, and made the letters Y. M. C. A. stand for human helpfulness and divine blessing on land and sea.

The story of beginnings is full of fascination. A farmer's son in Somersetshire, England, youngest of eight sons, born into a family representing generations of yeomen farmers, his tastes were not for farm life, and on leaving school at thirteen he drifted around for a couple of years, when his father apprenticed him to a draper at Bridgewater. A "careless, thoughtless, godless, swearing fellow" he says he then was. But presently he fell under the influence of a godly minister, Rev. Evan James of the local Congregational Chapel, a young man's man, and was led to give his heart to Christ. That was a great day for minister and chapel and convert, even for England and the world, but only God knew how great. Young Williams not only made the decision to alter his life, but adopted as his motto, "To live not unto himself but to the glory of God and the service of men." In 1838 he united with the church at Bridgewater, and completing his apprenticeship that same year, at nineteen found himself in the employment of Hitchcock and Rogers, a drapers' firm on Ludgate Hill, in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, with £40 a year salary. So far as business is concerned, it may be said at once that he eventually became chief partner of Hitchcock, Williams & Co., and expanded the business until it held a foremost position in the trade.

BUT the young man's interest could not be bounded by trade. In London his first concern was to single out one after another of the young men in the drapery establishment and seek to win them to a life of Christian service. He was a personal evangelist after the pattern in the first chapter of John's Gospel. He established regular prayer-meetings in his small bedroom on the third floor of the building, and these meetings were central in his program, and became the foundations on which the Y. M. C. A. was built. By 1848 Williams and two or three young men who had stood with him from the start found themselves the leaders of a movement that had affected the whole mercantile establishment, from the head of the firm down to the youngest apprentice on the staff of 140.

The simple organization they had formed among the clerks at Hitchcock and Rogers was known as the Young Men's Society. One day, while crossing Blackfriar's Bridge, Williams expressed to a friend, Edward Beaumont, his desire that the Society might be extended to every drapery establishment in London. "All right, you lead and I'll follow," said Beaumont. This led to a call for a meeting on June 6, 1844, at which twelve young men were present. Three were Episcopalians, three Congregationalists, three Baptists, and three Methodists. It was agreed to form an organization "to influence religious young men to spread the Redeemer's Kingdom amongst those by whom they were surrounded." And this was the birth of the Young Men's Christian Association, though that name was not chosen until two months later. The group of twelve has now become the army of more than a million and a half.

From the organization's birth until his death, sixty years later in 1905, George Williams worked incessantly for the Association, despite the heavy demands of his large and expanding business. He went to London without influence or capital and amassed a fortune, but he was never so wealthy that his generosity cost him little or nothing. His donations to all sorts of religious work were on a lavish scale. He spared himself that he might spend on others, living in the most quiet and simple fashion.

Before his death he saw a marvelous development of the institution. The jubilee of the founding, held in London in 1894, was an overwhelming testimony to the place George Williams held in popular esteem and in the affection of the Association membership the world over. Queen Victoria conferred on him the honor of knighthood and he was given the freedom of the City of London, while deputations and messages from all parts of the world greeted him.

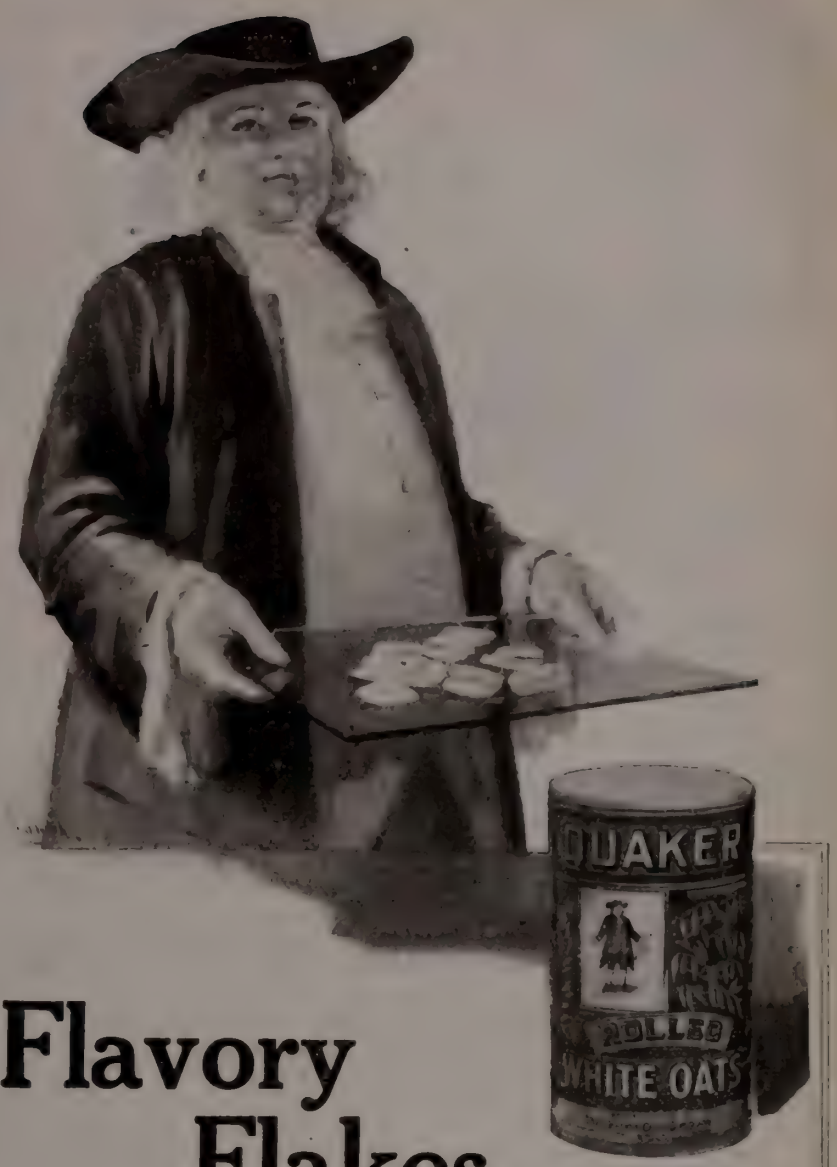
WHEN the Jubilee of the Association's start in North America was celebrated in 1901, Sir George came to this country and was everywhere accorded an ovation. And when in 1905 he attended the jubilee of the World's Conference of the Y. M. C. A. in Paris, he was received with a demonstration of personal feeling and affection rarely witnessed. That same year, in November, he died, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, among the great of England, and not far from that little upper room where the Y. M. C. A. was born. The last message he sent to the young men of America was this: "Watch the adversary, love one another, keep true, fight on, win the battle." At the ripe age of eighty-three he passed to his heavenly reward.

When the founder died in 1905, sixty-one years after its beginning, there were 7,773 Associations, with 722,000 members. Today the totals have grown to more than 9,000 Associations, with over 1,500,000 members. Beginning in England in 1844, the Association movement came to Canada and the United States in 1851, the first Associations formed being in Montreal and Boston. Then it spread to the Continent of Europe, to New Zealand, Australia, and later to the Orient. It has girdled the earth with religious centers for young men, and exercised an inestimable influence for good. Well may the memory of Sir George Williams be held in high esteem.

The growth of the Association in the United States has been phenomenal, the latest figures, including Canada, giving a membership of 935,581 in the 2,195 Associations, and property worth $123,548,900, with 4,608 employed officers. Gains were made during the last year in every line of activity, and Dr. John R. Mott, General Secretary of the International Committee, in summing up the work, says that "in almost every class of the Associations it has been a year of progress."

The war work of the Y. M. C. A., which made it an international factor recognized by all the Allies for invaluable service rendered, is fairly familiar to our people, but the extent of its sphere of service is not so well known. It will surprise many to learn that in addition to their great work at home, the North American Associations are carrying on work in more than twenty countries, while Y. M. C. A. activities under other national auspices bring the number of countries with established Associations up to nearly twice that number. In addition the work among Allied armies and ex-service men still continues in Europe and the Near East and American funds are still financing a work on behalf of more than 2,000,000 such men.

Looking back to that meeting of the twelve, called together by the draper's clerk, and then trying to realize the size and significance of the Association movement in many lands today, we can only say, "What hath God wrought!" And what can not He do still through consecrated and obedient and Christ loyal personality?



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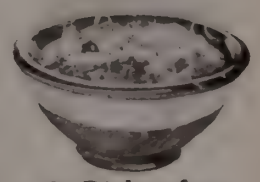

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Continued from page 783

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HOGE MEMORIAL CHURCH (Presbyterian), Columbus, Ohio. Signed by Rev. Richard E. Shields, Pastor, and H. A. Lear, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Bee Ridge Christian Church, Brazil, Ind. Signed by Rev. R. H. Gott, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Christian Church, Jeffersonville, Ind. Signed by Rev. James M. Vawter, Pastor and W. E. Robinson, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation

First Lutheran Church, Grand Forks, N. D Signed by Rev. S. L. Tallakason, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

San Benito Methodist Church, San Benito, Texas. Signed by Rev. J. F. Simpson, Pastor, and members of the congregation.

Lutheran Ministerial Association of Altoona and vicinity, Pa. Resolutions passed at the regular monthly meeting, and signed by G. F. Snyder, President, and F. P. Fisher, Secretary, in behalf of the Association.

Temple Lutheran Church, Altoona, Pa. Signed by Rev. F. P. Fisher, Pastor, G. A. Foster, Lay Pres., W. L. Goodman, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

New Liberty Baptist Church, Beazley, Va. Signed by Rev. A. P. Young, Pastor, and Dea. R. S. Schools, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation. Pastor Young writes:—"Please use your influence with the American delegates of the Conference to have the representatives of the nations who shall compose the Conference to give God, our Heavenly Father, the first place on their program, for no lasting peace can be made unless it is inspired by Jesus Christ and based upon His teachings."

Reformed Church, Fairfield, N. J. Signed by Rev. L. L. Leaver, Pastor, and the deacons and elders, in behalf of the congregation.

First M. E. Church, Mason City, Ill. Signed by Rev. J. F. Wohlfarth, Pastor, and G. W. Warnock, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Friends Church, Damascus, O. Signed by Rev. Isaac Stratton, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Methodist Protestant Church, Uniontown, Pa. Signed by Rev. E. S. Hawkins, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Unitarian Church, Menomonie, Wis. Signed by Rev. A. E. von Stelli, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Hebron Lutheran Church, Leechburg, Pa. Signed by Rev. Edward E. Blint, in behalf of the congregation.

First Methodist Episcopal Church, California, Pa. Signed by Rev. Wm. C. Weaver, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Grace Street Baptist Church, Richmond, Va. Signed by John F. Saville, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Ev. Association Church, Geneva, N. Y. Signed by Rev. C. W. Neuendorf, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Reformed Church, Findlay, Ohio. Signed by Rev. J. B. Rust, Pastor, Geo. Brucklacher, John Ludi, Elders, M. L. Foster and F. G. Brucklacher, Deacons, and members of the congregation.

Brighton Avenue Baptist Church, Allston, Mass. Signed by Rev. P. A. A. Kellam, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

UNITED M. R. P. CHURCH of Northwood, Ohio. Signed by Rev. R. Hargrave, Pastor, and John C. Peoples, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

St. Paul's Reformed Church, Mt. Eaton, Ohio. Signed by Rev. S. J. T. Flohr, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Brayton M. E. Church, Fall River, Mass. Signed by Rev. Philip A. Ahern, Pastor, and H. Bradley, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Baptist Church, Honey Creek, Wisc. Signed by Rev. Ralph Barry, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Big Bend Baptist Church, Big Bend, Wisc. Signed by Rev. Ralph Barry, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Congregational Church, Martinez, Calif. Signed by Rev. N. F. Sanderson, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Williamsburg M. E. Church, So., Williamsburg, Va. Signed by Rev. Lee G. Crutchfield, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First M. E. Church, Globe, Ariz. Signed by Rev. J. R. Carpenter, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Central Christian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. Signed by Rev. E. J. Meacham, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

M. E. Church, Boxholm, Iowa. Signed by Rev. C. A. Holmgren, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Bibb Street Methodist Protestant Church, Montgomery, Ala. Signed by Rev. J. S. Eddins, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Brethren Church, Prairie City, Iowa. Signed by Rev. I. W. Brubaker, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Men's Class, First Baptist Sunday school, Albert Lea, Minn. Signed by Clayton Kemp, Pres., and Frank H. Osborne, Secretary, in behalf of the members.

M. E. Church, Lansdowne, Md. Signed by Rev. L. H. Davis, Pastor, and members of the congregation.

St. John's M. E. Church, Hastings, Fla. Signed by officers and members.

Civic League, Appleton, Minn. Signed by Mrs. F. C. Miller, in behalf of the League.

First M. E. Church, Roseville, Ill. Signed by T. W. Puffer, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Geuda Springs M. E Church, Winfield, Kans. Signed by Rev Ernest A. Hull, Pastor, John W. Beery of the official board, and Noah T. Barnhart, for the Sunday school.

Central Christian Church, Clarksburg, W. Va. Signed by Rev. P. M. Baber, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Chatham Christian Church, Chatham, Va. Signed by Rev. J. B. Easley, Pastor, and Frank Marshall, Elder, in behalf of the congregation.

Sheva Christian Church, Pittsylvania County, Va. Signed by Rev. J. B. Easley, Pastor and J. J. East, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Congregational Church, Groton City, N. Y. Signed by Deacon G. A. Bliss, in behalf of the congregation.

M. E. Church, Brighton, Minn. Signed by Rev. D. Hilikson, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Disciples Church, Elmwood, Wis Signed by Mrs. Emily Lohrie, in behalf of the congregation.

Union Sunday school, Wabossa, Fla. Signed by J. L. Powers, Supt., and C. A. Vandiveer, in behalf of the school.

Lone Elm Church, Lone Elm, Kans. Signed by Rev. H. T. Miller, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Terrace View, Va. Signed by W. A. Parker, L. C. Arthur and G. N. Parker, in behalf of the congregation.

M. E. Church, Fairfax, Minn. Signed by Rev. Richard G. Reinke, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

U. P. Church, East Craftsbury, Vt. Signed by W. B. McClum and J. H. Kendrick, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Dane Street Church (Congregational), Beverly, Mass. Signed by Rev. William E. Jones, Pastor, Charles W. Payne Clerk, and J. Lewis Preston, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Free Methodist Church, Palermo, N. Dak. Signed by Rev. J. L. Bemis, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Presbyterian Church, Eustis, Fla. Signed by Rev. S. H. Moore, Pastor, and Henry W. Bishop, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Cabin Hill United Presbyterian Church, DeLancey, N. Y. Signed by Rev. E. E. Cleland, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Delaware U. P. Church, N. Y. Signed by Rev. E. E. Cleland, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Centenary M. E. Church, Morristown, Tenn. Signed by Rev. W. L. Oliver, Pastor, in behalf of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

Lincoln M. E. Sunday school, Lincoln, Dela. Signed by W. A. Ireland, Supt., in behalf of the school.

Calais Community Church, Calais, Vt. Signed by Rev. Mary Andrews Conner, Pastor, and members of the congregation.

LaGrange Baptist Church, Pavilion, N. Y. Signed by Blanche Wright, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Asbury First Methodist Church, Springfield, Mass. Signed by Rev. Fred M. Estes, Pastor, and Geo. L. Shutts, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Allegheny Conference of the Church of the United Brethern in Christ, assembled in Altoona, Pa., and representing more than twenty-eight thousand members and twice that number of adherents. Signed by William M. Bell, Bishop, and W. H. Spangler, Secretary, in behalf of the Conference.

Cleveland Church, Cleveland, N. Y. Signed by Rev. C. L. Van Norman, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

East Union Church, Dixonville, Pa. Signed by D. N. Barbor, Supt., and Jesse Hadden, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Women's Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church, Lyons, N. Y. Signed by the members.

First Presbyterian Church, Crittenden, N. Y. Signed by Rev. J. L. Hughes, Pastor, and C. H. Kidder, Frank Goeseke, C. D. Silliman, Alton Purdy, William Nehrboss, and Edward Goeseke, Elders, in behalf of the congregation.

Presbyterian Church, Montgomery, N. Y. Signed by Rev. A. C. Stuart, Pastor, Isaac Jennings, Clerk of Session, Harry

Crabtree. Chairman of the Board of Trustees and Daniel C. Brown, Supt. of Sunday school, in behalf of the congregation.

Moravian Church, Nazareth, Pa. Signed by Rev. Paul S. Meinert, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Frankfort Church, Frankfort, Me. Signed by Rev. C. H. Clark, Pastor, and Mrs. Kate B. Scribner, Treas., in behalf of the congregation.

Bethany Church, Sierra Madre, Calif. Signed by Joseph R. Evans, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Church, Manchester, Ga. Signed by R. W. Stephens, Chairman of the Board of Stewards, and M. O. McCord, S. S., in behalf of the congregation.

First Congregational Church, Clintonville, Wis. Signed by Max Stiez, Deacon, in behalf of the congregation.

Norwegian Evangelical Free Church, Wittenberg, Wis. Signed by Rev. L. G. Moland, Pastor, and Ludwig Johnson and Erick Christensen, in behalf of the congregation.

Bethany Scandinavian Congregational Church, Clintonville, Wis. Signed by Rev. L. G. Moland, Pastor, Alfred Rulsch and Ole Halnorsen, in behalf of the congregation.

Bethesda Congregational Church, Navarino, Wis. Signed by Rev. L. G. Moland, Pastor, Julius Hanson and John Lindsten, in behalf of the congregation.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Richmond, Va. Signed by W. Russell Bowie, Rector, and Wm. C. Bentley, Register of the Vestry, in behalf of the congregation.

LAMONT EVANGELICAL CHURCH, Lamont, Wash. Signed by Rev. F. M. Knoll, Pastor, W. S. Schell and G. W. Countryman, Trustees; Mrs. W. W. Shields, S. S. Supt., James E. Snider, S. S. Secretary, and Helen Shields, S. S. Treas., in behalf of the congregation.

Men's Club, North Billerica Baptist Church, North Billerica, Mass. Signed by Leslie W. Gross, Secretary, in behalf of the members.

First Congregational Church, Council, Idaho. Signed by Rev. Silas P. Hagler, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Alberson Sunday school, Alberson, Oregon. Signed by Emily L. Grant, Acting Secretary, in behalf of the Sunday school.

C. M. E. Church, Paxico, Kans. Signed by Rev. A. T. Parker, Pastor, A. Shook, Henry McCutcheon, Henry Bradley, W. L. Officer, in behalf of the congregation.

New Garden Quarterly Meeting of the Friends Church, at Fountain City, Ind. Signed by Elmer Hale, Pastor of Arba, Clinton Reynolds, Pastor of Fountain City, James S. Wonder, Pastor of Williamsburg, Esther Cook, Pastor of New Garden, G. Chamners, Pastor of Webster meeting, and Geo. N. Hartley, Supt. of the meeting, in behalf of the members.

Immanuel Evangelical Church of San Diego, Calif. Signed by Rev. O. D. Wonder, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Graysville Circuit, including four Methodist Churches. Signed by Rev. James Osborne, Pastor, Graysville, Tenn., in behalf of the congregations.

Bethesda Presbyterian Church, Wales, Wis. Signed by Rev. John Hammond, Pastor in behalf of the congregation.

United Presbyterian Church, Canon City, Colo. Signed by Rev. W. Greer McCrory, Pastor, and John Hamilton, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Presbyterian Church, Russell, Minn. Signed by Rev. Jas. Davidson, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Burr Oak, Kans. Signed by Rev. J. A. Templin, Pastor, and R. R. Skeels and A. G. Judy, for the official board, in behalf of the congregation.

First Christian Church, Portland, Oregon. Signed by Rev. Harold H. Griffis, Pastor, and J. F. Faust, Supt. S. S., in behalf of the congregation.

Third Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa. Signed by George W. Rodges, Clerk of the church, in behalf of the congregation.

Presbyterian Church, Abbotsford, Wis. Signed by Rev. J. C. Jorgensen, Pastor, N. S. Parkhill and Owen Hughes, in behalf of the congregation.

Salem Ev. Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. Signed by Rev. H. Fuessner, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Baptist Church, Ellsworth, Me. Signed by Rev. Clarence Emery, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Evangelical Church, Maple Hill, Mich. Signed by Rev. G. Raduchel, Pastor, Harrison Fahner, Pres. of Board of Trustees, William J. Fahner, Sunday School Supt., in behalf of the congregation.

Western Ave. M. E. Church, Chicago, Ill. Signed by Rev. John O. Crawford, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Grace Congregational Church, Two Rivers, Wisc. Signed by Rev. Theodore T. Holway, and Walter W. Clarke, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Sylva Methodist Church, Sylva, N. C. Signed by Rev. Otho J. Jones, Pastor, and members of the congregation.

First Baptist Church, Whitehall, Ill. Signed by Rev. O. A. Carmean, Pastor, and Mrs. E. Camm, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

First Presbyterian Church, Portland, Oregon. Signed by Rev. H. L. Brown, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

KANSAS CONFERENCE of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, representing a membership of eighteen thousand in the State of Kansas. Signed by Cyrus J. Kephart, Bishop, C. V. Priddle and M. L. Robey and F. M. Testerman, Superintendents, and A. L. Deever, Secretary.

Mt. Carmel Church and Sunday school, Springfield, Mo. Signed by Dr. Wm. R. Beatie, Sunday-school Supt., and Margaret Dennis, Secretary.

Second Evangelical Church, Indianapolis, Ind. Signed by Rev. M. L. Scheidler, Pastor, Wm. Heierman, Sunday-school Supt., Ralph R. Scheidler, Pres. Young People's Alliance, Mrs. Robert Bonke, Pres. Ladies' Aid Society, Wm. C. Kick, Secretary Board of Trustees, and Henry Theil, Registering Steward.

Winslow-McConnell M. E. Church, Winslow, Ill. Signed by Rev. Royal Synwolt, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Delavan Baptist Church, Delavan, Ill. Signed by Rev. Louis P. Jensen, Pastor, Nathan O. Caswell and Florence W. Bailey, in behalf of the congregation.

Pilgrim Congregational Church, Cortland, Nebr. Signed by Rev. C. L. Hammond Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Grace and Valley Methodist Episcopal Churches, Osceola, Nebr. Signed by Rev. J. A. Klein, Pastor, Markus Quinn, Chairman of Official Board, and Charles R. Timon, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Dunseith M. E. Church, Dunseith, N. Dak. Signed by R. M. Bickle, in behalf of the congregation.

Mantua Baptist Church, West Philadelphia, Pa. Signed by Rev. W. R. Alexander, Pastor, and Albert E. Miller, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

M. E. Church, Lamont, Okla. Signed by Rev. W. S. Cater, in behalf of the congregation.

Trinity Lutheran Church, Coatesville, Pa. Signed by Rev. Wm. J. Bucher, Pastor and Arthur Moore, Sec., in behalf of the congregation.

Presbyterian Church, Oaks Corners, N. Y. Signed by Rev. Jesse B. Felt, Pastor in behalf of the congregation.

Muddy Creek Baptist Church, Cartersville, Va. Signed by Rev. J. R. Taylor, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Lucy Hayes W. C. T. U., Alliance, Ohio. Signed by Mrs. Rachel H. Rice, Chairman, in behalf of the members.

Church of Christ, Correctionville, Iowa. Signed by M. Ezra Blatt.

First Presbyterian Church, Berwick, Pa. Signed by Rev. Joseph C. Stuart, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Hope Congregational Church, Utica, N. Y. Signed by Rev. Joseph Holden, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Pleasant Plains Union Church. Signed by Rev. S. A. Atteberry, Pastor, Forest City, Ill., R. J. Kreiling, Sunday School Superintendent.

Zaferia M. E. Church, Long Beach, Calif. Signed by Rev. L. L. Magee, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Woman's Missionary Union of the Reformed Church in America, of the Classis of Kingston, N. Y. Signed by Mrs. Edgar Ellsworth, St. Remy, N. Y., Secretary, in behalf of the Classis.

Church of God, St. Louis, Mo. Signed by Rev. W. T. Seaton, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Church of God, St. Paul, Minn. Signed by Rev. C. E. Woods, in behalf of the congregation.

Pilgrim Congregational Church, Oak Park, Ill. Signed by Rev. Ernest Bourner Allen, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Diego, Calif. Signed by Rev. Paul Prichard, and Elder C. M. Read, in behalf of the congregation.

Nespelem M. E Church, Nespelem, Wash. Signed by Rev. Chas. T. Hatten Pastor, and Alvin Barbour, Supt., on behalf of the congregation.

Church of God, New Castle, Ind. Signed by Rev. J. S. Allen, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Central Presbyterian Church, Huntington, L. I. Signed by Rev. Samuel H. Seem, Pastor and Addison W. Sammis, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Individual responses have been received from Strong, Me., Columbia, N. J., Athens, Mich., Shelburn, Ind., Belding, Mich., Pontiac, Mich., Bunker Hill, Ill., York, Pa., Tyrone, Okla., East Weymouth, Mass., Hackettstown, N. J., Altoona, Pa., Manheim, Pa., Lakefield, Minn., Olympia, Wash., Sa Quentin, Calif., Steamboat Rock, Iowa, Mansfield, Wash., Friendsville, Tenn., White Plains, N. Y., Windsor, Ill., Green Bay, Wis., Olnstee, Okla., Seattle, Wash., the Alleghany County Christian Endeavor Union, signed by W. L. Weaver, President, A. H. Wyatt, Secretary; also from Smith Center, Kan., Selin's Grove, Pa.

Other responses will appear in later issues of the Christian Herald.

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THE RICHEST MAN IN KANSAS

is Dr. Charles M. Sheldon's new book.
It is a dramatic story and a test of character.
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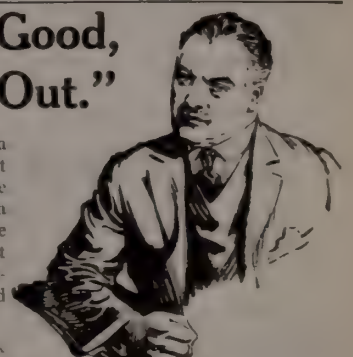
"I Know I Can Make Good, If Only My Nerves Hold Out."



HE had been a successful business man. He had never lost a day from business because of illness. Then came the Great War. His son was wounded. This blow together with the worry over great money losses, by reason of the war, caused a complete nervous breakdown and physical collapse. Because of his natural strength his Nerve Force slowly returned to what it had been. At last he was ready to recoup his losses by exploiting a great new idea. Then the great question presented itself—***"Would his Nerves stand the strain?"***

Millions of people less vigorous than this man need to ask themselves—"Will my Nerves stand the strain to attain the goal of my life?" In many cases the answer must be *NO!!*

The truth is that Nerve Exhaustion is almost a universal malady. Most people are but half-awake, half-alive and half-efficient solely because they lack *NERVE FORCE*. Nine-tenths of all human ailments are due to abused and weakened nerves. Every physician knows this.

What Readers Say:—

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says, "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

Read *NERVE FORCE*, a 64-page book written by Paul von Boeckmann, who for more than 20 years has been an authority on Nerve Culture. The price of the book is only **25 cents,** (coin or stamps).

NOTE:—Within the last 20 years more than a million of the author's various books on Health and Efficiency have been sold throughout the world. The book NERVE FORCE is his greatest success. If you do not agree that it marks the turning point in your life for better health, greater efficiency and more happiness, your money will be refunded with your outlay for postage. Send for the book TODAY.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN, Nerve Specialist
Studio 455, 110 West 40th St., New York

WESSON OIL leaves absolutely no flavor in the food fried in it, save that of dainty crispness. Moreover, it may be used again and again to the very last ounce. It does not matter whether you chance to fry onions at dinner for Tuesday and wish to use the same Wesson Oil for doughnuts on Wednesday. The "taste" of onions will not be transmitted.

After each frying the Wesson Oil should be drained through a fine sieve into a clean can.

Occasionally, it should be put on to heat with some sliced, raw potato to clarify it.

The fat will apparently "boil." When it has become still, and the potato is brown, it may be poured through cheesecloth into a clean receptacle. The potato has the property of attracting to itself the foreign products which have been introduced into the fat by many "fryings."

The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

A LARGE number of letters was laid before the latest meeting of the Prayer League. They embraced a wide variety of subjects, including many acknowledgments of answered prayer, and all were presented in prayer. We give the following extracts:

"I sent you a special delivery letter early in April," writes Mrs. I. A., Ga., "requesting prayer for my mother's restoration to health. Recently I wired you a request for my sister. I write now to advise that both prayers were answered speedily, and I wish to thank all the members for their intercession. Though I am so very grateful, I feel that words are inadequate to express my heartfelt appreciation of God's goodness."

Aged Minister, Canada, writes: "God has answered my prayers so often and in so many and wonderful ways that my heart overflows with gratitude. I know by happy experience God does answer prayer." The pastor adds: "And will you please pray that God will give me a richer baptism of the Spirit and also visit all my family with a rich baptism of the Holy Ghost."

Mrs. J. R., N. H., writes: "I wrote you before that God (praise His name) was blessedly answering prayer. He is continuing His wonderful work. When I look in my husband's face and see the brightness of his eyes and the increased flesh and improved color, I thank God who has done it. My sister is blessed in mind, soul and body, but He seems to have done more for me than for them."

Miss O. W., Va., writes: "Last spring I wrote you requesting the League to pray for the conversion of thirty-three pupils of mine. Since that time twenty-six have made a profession. Please continue to pray for the others."

Mrs. O. M. writes: "I asked prayers for my daughter that she might be cured of a cough; our prayers have been answered, I am thankful to say."

Miss N. E. J., Moore, S. C., writes: "I wish to thank God for helping me in trouble. I feel grateful to Him. We should never doubt His promises."

Mrs. S., Texas, acknowledges answered prayer on behalf of her husband, "who has returned home and through the Gospel message has heard the call to preach. Please pray that he may continue faithful. Also pray for the minister who brought the message to him."

Mrs. J. W. K., Ia., writes: "I wish to acknowledge so many wonderful answers to prayers for which I do sincerely thank God."

Mrs. M. J. C., Oregon, writes to acknowledge a wonderful answer to prayer for "the perfect mental healing of two cousins and for the restored health of a son's wife." She also desires prayer for a friend who has not been able to walk for fourteen years.

We have also acknowledgments of answered prayers from J. B., Indiana, P. McC., Mrs. A. M., E. C., M. L. G and Mrs. E. C. B.

We have received requests from members that prayers may be offered for an old-time revival in the following towns: Danville, Ky.; La Grange, Ind.; Knightdale, N. C.; Weyer's Cave, Va.; Noble's Chapel, Ind.; Pine Bluff, N. C.; Chattanooga, Tenn.; Donnellson, Ill.; Dodgeville, Wis.; Gallupville, N. Y.; Erie, Kansas; Paris, Tenn.

The following general requests have been received from members: healing of self and others, 114; financial aid, 25; conversion of relatives and friends, 125; guidance, 23; spiritual advancement, 32; faith, 19; success, 11; prosperity, 15; peace, 10; reunion of loved ones, 7; heart's desire, 29; vision, 2; forgiveness, 5; that loved ones may be cured of the drink habit, 7; wisdom, 9; happiness, 5; friendships restored, 3.

Free Circulars for Investors

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address, on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department. The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4–6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7–9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To Invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

Deere & Co., 10 year gold notes to yield 8.40%. Business, farm implements. Founded by John Deere in 1837. Ask for circular No. 51.

Circular No. 50 gives complete information on Federal Farm Loan Bonds. They pay 5% and are tax exempt.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6 per cent. First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for Circular 38.

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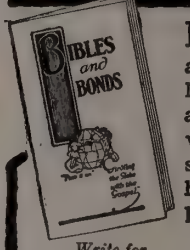

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Young People's Topics for Nov. 6

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Thy Will Be Done—With My Money

E. L. and B. Y. P. U. Matt. 6 : 7–15

"YOUR money or your life" is the demand of a selfish world. Fox's "Book of Martyrs" is nothing like the chronicle of the martyrs of Mammon. The trouble these days is that men and women are not living sacrificial lives, but that they are making sacrifices on the altars of wrong things. Losing one's life for the empty baubles and glittering jewels of paste which the world offers means in the last analysis that everything is going out and nothing coming in. "Your money and your life" is the demand of an unselfish Kingdom, the generous heart of God and an efficient Church. In the energetics of the Kingdom the demand is that we dedicate ourselves, all we are and all we have, which includes our pocket-books.

The request is not "Your's or You," but "You and Your's." We hold the key to the storehouse and if this is a sacred trust we must open the door when the poor and needy seek and knock before the portal of our bounty. Tithing is being stressed more and more these days. It is the new note that is being sounded on an old truth. We are the trustees of life, the stewards of possessions, the custodians of the bounties. Tithing means that a man pays ten cents into the treasury of God out of every dollar God permits him to earn and keeps ninety cents for himself. That is one way to look at the matter. Here is another view of the subject: God gives a man nine dollars for every dollar a man gives to God.

The measure of our life is not what we give but what we have left after we have cast our lot into the treasury. The individual who has nothing to give is poor, but he who has to give and refuses to bestow is poor indeed. The first may still be in grace, but the second is certainly in disgrace. Modern men and women do not need to be told how to make or spend money, but how to spend and share their interest if not their principle. Money is the acid test of Christian life and living. Tithing is Scriptural and obligatory. Giving is an evidence of sincerity and sympathy expressed in practical and efficient terms.

Thy Will Be Done—With My Time

C. E. Matt. 6 : 7–15

TIME, like every good thing, is a gift from God. Together with the theme "The Christian Use of Money" let us consider "The Christian Use of Time." "Time is money," says the old proverb. True. Time is worth more than money. Time is the opportunity we have for living not only for our daily bread, our pleasures and other personal matters, but for the living of helpfulness and service to others. The author spends his time producing a book. Unless it is a good book the author wastes his time. The artist spends his time painting a picture. Unless it is a good picture he wastes his time.

There is plenty of time for personal culture, ministry to others, attending the means of grace and working in the kingdom, but there is no time to lose. We are only sure of the present, the hours called today, the time that is at hand. Tomorrow may not dawn. Then let us make the most of today. Eternity consists of the stuff on which we have spent our time. We prepare in time for eternity. "Count that day lost whose low descending sun has witnessed by thee no worthy action done."

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

J. S., Minersville, Calif. The Christian Herald holds that the coming Washington Conference, in order to be absolutely on safe and sincere ground, should not only acknowledge the divine sovereignty at the outset by earnest prayer that its work may be guided by the will of God, but that the churches should use all their influence to make this clear, and that it should be the burden of their prayers also. That President Harding, as a Christian statesman, takes this view, we can not doubt. In several of his addresses, his personal reliance upon God as guide in his high office has been clearly expressed. Further, it is now planned to have a day of special prayer in the churches with the Conference and its mission in view.

Mrs. D. F., Boulder, Colo., writes: "I read with pleasure the article in the September 3 issue, 'A Declaration of Peace.' We are pleased that you are endeavoring to get the subject of prayer before the praying people of our nation. Your plan will certainly reach many, very many of the churches, but along with your efforts in that direction, if President Harding would issue an official call to prayer, more people would know and heed the call, so I thought that if you would call the attention of the President to the fact of his influence, and the good it would do to proclaim an official call to prayer, that he might do so. I remember when President Lincoln proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer during the days of the war of the Rebellion. Many people believed that it was a great force in deciding the overthrow of slavery. Greater issues are at stake in the discussion of world-wide disarmament."

J. R. L., Glen Sandfield, Ont., writes: "I am in full sympathy with your suggestion to the churches to pray for the accomplishment of disarmament. I wish to suggest that the churches in the United States and in Britain petition the proper authorities in the case, to have the sessions of the Conference opened with prayer. A prayerless conference is not likely to accomplish much. Britain and the United States claim to be Christian nations. Let them prove it in this conference by honoring Christ, by seeking His guidance, and by having each session opened with prayer in the name of Christ."

M. J. K., DeRidder, La., writes: "The Southern Baptist Convention, which met at Atlanta, Ga., in May, 1919, launched a campaign for $75,000,000. Actual subscriptions on this were not begun until December, and in three months' time reached the amount of $92,630,923. These subscriptions cover a period of five years. At a meeting of the Conservation Commission at Chattanooga, Tenn., in May last, the Commission was able to report total cash collections since the campaign began of $25,357,499.46. These funds are intended to care for all work fostered by the denomination, except home expenses of the churches. Southern Baptists in the past twenty years have made a remarkable advance. In 1901 there was a membership of 1,657,996; in 1921 there was a membership of 3,199,005. The value of church property in 1901 was $20,025,344 and in 1921, $97,732,990."

J. M., Olean, N. Y. Jesus promised His followers that whatsoever they asked, in faith, in His name, and in accordance with the Divine will, it would be granted. (See Matt. 21 : 22. Luke 11 : 10. John 14 : 13, 14 and 15:7, James 1 : 6 and 4 : 3, I John 3 : 22 and other passages.) He is the same yesterday, today and forever. It is man's faith that is lacking. Yet we hear of cases even today, in which faith has realized the promise.

Very beautiful is this tribute which H. D. of Nevada, Mo., pays to her Bible Class teacher: "My Bible Class teacher, Mrs. D. Graves, belongs to the first Baptist Church of Nevada, Mo. She has taught Sunday school for thirty years. One class of hers had 14 young ladies in the class, all of whom at different times confessed Christ and became members of the Church. She said she carried them all in her heart and in her prayers. She has read the Bible through thirty-three times accomplishing this by reading three chapters each day and five on Sunday. She seldom misses services or weekly prayer meeting, and always takes an active part in Christian work and its various organizations. She has brought up a family of six children, all of whom are now good and useful citizens. She is seventy-five years old, but still does her own work and finds time to visit the sick."

Evangelist Ray Palmer writes us: "I have recently closed an eight months' campaign in California, having been invited there by the State Board. Many souls were saved. I am planning a campaign for the central and southern states." Evangelist Palmer may be addressed at 701 Tillamook St., Portland, Oregon.

Eva L., Yorkton, Sask., writes: "What do you think of Open Air meetings as conducted by the Salvation Army? Also in what way is a Christian taking such a stand looked upon by Christian churches in America today?"

Jesus taught the multitudes in the open, and we are told by the New Testament record that "the common people heard Him gladly." He urged His followers to seek out even those in the highways and byways. If the Divine Founder of Christianity was an open-air evangelist, and also His forerunner, John the Baptist, surely we need seek no further endorsement of that method of spreading the Gospel. As for the Salvation Army it has done a great work, and it can not be injured in the least by the criticism of people who are wedded to formalism. The writer of these lines knew General Booth and his family circle personally, and their splendid spiritual enthusiasm was not to be confined to church walls, but they had to proclaim the message to the entire world outdoors. We recall the first little contingent of Salvationists who came to America, and how difficult it was for them to obtain a hearing, or even to hold any meetings, until a way was opened with the assistance of the then editor of this paper, who "passed over" long ago. Since that time, we have come repeatedly into contact with the Salvation Army, and have no hesitation in saying that its leaders, its methods and its zeal, which surmounts all obstacles for the work's sake, has challenged our admiration and respect. Like Paul, it has been willing to be all things to all men, if by any means it might save some. The work has been a blessing to multitudes who, under existing social and religious conditions, could not be reached by the churches.

E. B. J., Rahway, N. J., writes: "Where can I find the text, in the Bible, which states that 'we are counted worthy to be co-laborers with Him'?"

The passage you have in mind is doubtless I Cor. 3 : 9 "For we are laborers together with God." See also II Cor. 6 : 1 and Acts 15 : 4, in both of which the idea of Divine co-partnership is expressed.

M. D. S., Cohoes, N. Y. According to the reports of the Internal Revenue Bureau, Washington, D. C., the "luxury bill" of the United States for the year ending June 30, totaled, as estimated, $5,780,000,000 as against $6,450,000,000 in the preceding twelve months. The biggest items were as follows: tobacco, movies and other amusements, candies, motors, furs, cosmetics, musical instruments, sporting goods, certain kinds of wearing apparel, fine carpets and furniture, chewing gum, jewelry, fire-arms and ammunition. In almost all of these classes of goods, purchases were considerably below those of the preceding year.

Sara J., Dayton, O., writes: "One can not but be surprised at the list of natural disasters, storms, earthquakes, tidal waves, floods and the like over the last twelve months. How little these happenings, startling and even appalling as they would have seemed in former days, impress us now! Have we in recent years been so hardened by horrors, so calloused by calamities of man's making, that we can no longer thrill at Nature's sudden outbreaks? Has our civilization so degenerated that we no more sympathize with suffering? If war, with its tremendous waste of life and its wide infliction of suffering everywhere, has blunted human feeling, is it not clinching proof that a world of continually warring nations, however high their civilization might once have been, would soon relapse and become a world of savages?"

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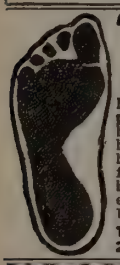

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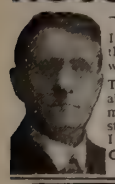

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At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Continued from page 785

than any other city upon the habitable globe.

"If you are so blinded by your infatuation for your divinity as to doubt my statement with regard to her, ask whether she did or did not indite a letter three or four days after your departure for Chicago to the aforesaid reverend lady-killer, addressing him as her best friend and apprising him of the change of your itinerary, which would grant her—and him—a longer holiday in which to enjoy each other's society. Ask also, what use they have made of the 'respite'—that was the word she employed in this connection. Likewise how many letters have passed between the twain since that date. The reverend swain may neglect other 'soul-sick sisters,' as your facetious deacon calls them. He answers this one by return post, and it is rumored preserves the replies in lavender. I do not vouch for the truth of this last rumor. All that I have said beside is gospel truth.

"ANONYMA."

STUART HAILE was in the act of putting a book upon the library shelf and the hall clock had just struck three that afternoon, when a peal of the door-bell and a man's voice in the hall announced a visitor. Haile pushed the book well into place before turning to greet the caller.

"Mr. King! this is indeed a pleasant surprise!" he cried, cordially advancing with outstretched hand.

Instead of taking it, Rupert stood still in the middle of the room and held up an envelope with a threatening gesture.

"I received this this morning," he said hoarsely. "I ought to have brought it to you at once. I waited to weigh the evidence—I would not say the story before confronting you with it. I condemn no man unheard!"

"Evidence! Condemn!"—repeated Haile in abject bewilderment. "I do not comprehend in the least what you are driving at."

King tore open the envelope savagely.

"Come here and see for yourself what I am driving at. I won't trust the thing out of my hands. I shall want it again."

While the other stared, more and more puzzled by his action and language, King sat down at the library table and spread out a sheet of paper creased as by rough handling, and smoothed it angrily.

"Now—read it over my shoulder. It is typed, you see. You will have no difficulty in doing it."

In saying it he struck the paper passionately and swore again under his breath. Haile leaned over the heaving shoulders and read silently and deliberately to the bottom of the page, scrutinized the signature, then as silently went through the hateful task a second time. He stepped back and faced King, who had arisen, putting the envelope back into his breast pocket, buttoning the coat as if he feared an attempt might be made to rob him of it. The action was so significant that Haile could have smiled had his mood been more temperate.

"That letter is a tissue of lies. Let us sit down and talk this over like sensible men. I do not wonder that it grated upon your nerves and temper."

"You mean to say, then," interrupted King, "that my—wife—Mrs. King—did not address you as her best friend?"

"She did! And if she had a brother he could not be a more loyal friend to her—or to you."

"CUT out the last two words!" sneered King. "It did not occur to either of you that the lady has a husband—to befriend her?"

"Women do not, as a rule, class husbands with friends. They have a higher rank. Mrs. King was sorely perplexed with regard to a matter of conscience and consulted me as she would consult her family physician were she ill in body."

"Yes! I am familiar with the cant of 'spiritual struggles' and all that. And as a soul-specialist you congratulated the patient upon the breathing time she would have while the source of her trouble spent another month on the other side of the Continent! The holiday would give you time for regular 'treatment' in the shape of daily visits seasoned with prayers and other endearments after the manner of the profession?" He arose. "The main object of my call today, Mr. Haile, was to request you to confine your visits to my house to such times as I am at home. I will not be a party to a church scandal. There have been too many of them already!"

Haile confronted him with blazing eyes and a white face.

"Do you know that you are insulting me, sir? And casting suspicion upon the name of her whom you have vowed to honor. I demand an apology as my due—and hers."

King laughed harshly. Then followed a volley of profane epithets, culminating in a blow on the chest that sent Haile reeling against the wall. Stamping out of the room, King snatched his coat and his hat, and jammed the latter upon his head just as a powerful hand grasped the back of his neck and propelled him toward the front door. This gained and opened, the assailant quietly dropped the visitor down the steps leading to the street. Two men approaching the house from different directions laid hold of him and assisted him to regain his footing as the sound of the closing door smote his ear.

To be continued

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 786

little immediate prospect of success. Neither the railroad executives nor the union leaders are in a conciliatory frame of mind. Their points of view were summarized in the prediction of L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, that the companies would win "hands down" in a week if the strike came, and in the declaration of W. G. Lee, president of Trainmen's Brotherhood, that it is to be "the greatest of railroad strikes, a life-and-death struggle for the trainmen."

Irish Conference in Progress

FIVE Sinn Fein envoys, headed by Arthur Griffith, have been in conference with Premier Lloyd George and other British representatives in an effort to solve the Irish problem, but if real progress has been made the brief official statements have failed to chronicle it. The endeavor has been to maintain profound secrecy as to the happenings behind the doors of the Premier's official residence in Downing Street and "leaks" of information brought a protest from the Irish spokesmen.

The early sessions were devoted largely to discussion of breaches of the truce in Ireland—neither side is blameless in this—and to a consideration of means to prevent such occurrences. A sub-committee was named to devise better truce arrangements. In these talks, the delegates became better acquainted and there was a lessening of tension which will be of value when the main points of difference are reached. It was apparently the plan of the leaders to attempt an agreement on minor questions before taking up the issues most likely to split the conference.

UNION CHIEF OUSTS HOWATT. The Kansas administration of the United Mine Workers of America has been suspended by John L. Lewis, the international president, and Alexander Howatt and other officers removed because of their failure to call off strikes held to be in violation of agreements. Howatt had attained national notice because of his defiance of the Kansas Industrial Court, created after a mid-winter strike in the Kansas coal fields.

JAPANESE CONSIDER MEDIATION. The Japanese Government will try to induce China to reconsider her rejection of Japan's proposals relative to the return of Shantung to Chinese control, according to intimations in Tokio, and if China remains firm it is expected President Harding will be asked to mediate in the controversy.

NEW CENTRAL AMERICAN FEDERATION IN EFFECT. A new government covering an area of 100,000 square miles and with 4,000,000 constituents came into being when Honduras, Guatemala and Salvador were merged into the Central American Federation. Nicaragua and Costa Rica, which had been included in the plan of union, failed to ratify it, but are expected to join later.

Keystone

FOR MORE WOMEN PREACHERS

Miss Madeline Southard, President of the International Association of women preachers, believes wider service for women in the pulpit would advance the Kingdom

SPANISH WIN VICTORY IN MOROCCO. Spanish troops have surrounded and captured the mountainous Gourougou region, which has been the principal base of operations for the rebellious Moorish tribesmen, according to an official announcement in Madrid. Later the Moors resumed the battle and the Spanish were compelled to relinquish a large part of the ground they had taken.

COLOMBIA RATIFIES TREATY. The Colombian Senate has ratified the treaty with the United States by which Colombia is to receive $25,000,000. The treaty was ratified by the American Senate last April.

TOMB OF ST. JOHN REPORTED FOUND. Archæologists at work in the ruins of ancient Ephesus near the Smyrna-Aidin railway have discovered a crypt believed to be the tomb of St. John the Evangelist, according to a Paris despatch. Tradition long has ascribed his burial place to that city and scholars for many years have been endeavoring to identify his tomb.

TREATY VOTE TO BE CLOSE. Canvasses of the Senate have disclosed that the vote on ratification of the peace treaty with Germany will be close, with the Republicans probably able to muster not more than two or three votes in excess of the two-thirds majority required. Three of the fifty-nine Republican senators are opposed to ratification and only eight Democrats are counted on to vote for ratification, sixty-four votes being needed if a full Senate vote is polled. In view of this fact it was expected the final ballot would be delayed until William E. Crow, of Uniontown, Pa., qualifies as Senator Knox's successor.

"A NEW BOOK WHICH SHEDS A FLOOD OF LIGHT ON THE GREAT PROBLEMS OF THE AGES"

"PROPHECY EXPLAINED"

By DR. GEORGE H. PATCH

IN previous issues of the Christian Herald we told of the Author's purpose in writing this wonderful book, and his method of making the Bible its own interpreter. Today we give a few notable extracts from the book which will show the workings of that method.

The symbolism in Prophecy, which has been found so confusing to many owing to conflicting interpretations, is here explained in accordance with the Word itself, and in a way that will bring light and joy and consolation to innumerable hearts. Our lives here will find a nobler impulse, a new objective and purpose, in contrast with which the passion for wealth, pleasure and worldly indulgence will appear puerile and worthless. The book makes it clear that to seek the Divine forgiveness now, to serve God in loving obedience, to follow Jesus' example and love our fellowmen, are the only things worth striving for.

Outside of the Bible itself, this book gives the strongest reassurance for both the present and the future life, and the highest encouragement to so live here and now that we may spread in other hearts the knowledge of and love for the Kingdom, the goodness of our Heavenly Father, and the assurance of the ultimate triumph of all His plans for the redemption of the world.

There are many very striking passages in Dr. Patch's book that will cause the reader to ask himself: "Why does not the Church devote more attention to Prophecy? Here we have a Christian writer, whose scholarship is evident, who is thoroughly familiar with the Bible, and whose attitude on prophetical interpretation is abundantly fortified by the language of the Word itself. He makes clear to us the meaning of many passages which the great majority of preachers avoid, although we are expressly told to 'Search the Scriptures.'"

Some Notable Passages from the Book Itself

The Amageddon Battle

"As God dried up the Red Sea and the Jordan River for Israel to pass over, so he will dry up a passage across the Euphrates, so that the kings of the east can cross with their armies on their way to the war of the great day of God, the Almighty. They are to meet about Jerusalem to make war against the Lamb, who, as we have seen, will then be in possession of Mount Zion. Har-Magedon is the Mount of Megiddo. The great plain takes its name from this mountain and is the old battlefield on which many desperate conflicts have been fought. It is to be the scene of a slaughter greater than any in the past."

The Sentence Against Babylon

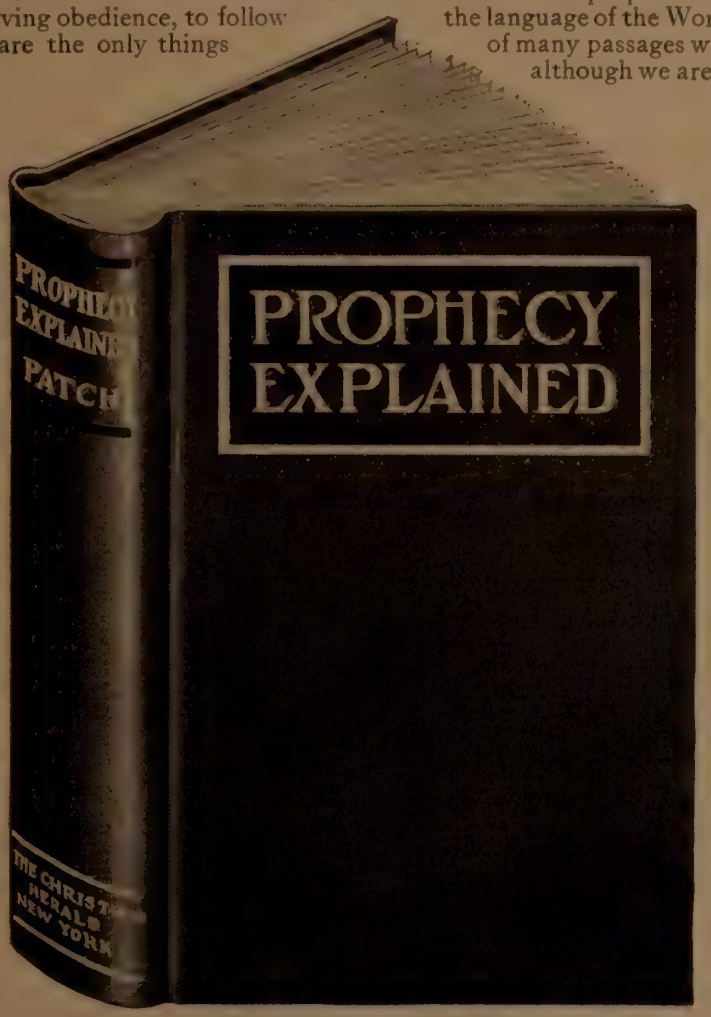
"Babylon has never yet been suddenly destroyed 'as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.' Dr. Seiss says: 'In the time of the apostles it was still a populous place, for both Peter and Bartholomew preached the Gospel there, and there Peter wrote his first epistle. As late as A.D. 250, there was a Christian Church there, and an influential bishopric for many years thereafter. Five hundred years after Christ, there were Jewish academies there, who issued the celebrated Babylonian Talmud. . . . And even to this present hour there is a city in the middle of the area occupied by old Babylon, containing 10,000 people, and which pays to its governor a revenue of 342,000 Turkish piasters, more than $17,000 a year. Shepherds make their folds there, as testified by all modern travelers, and Arabians pitch their tents there. It is not an utter desolation, without inhabitant, and never has been since Nimrod laid its first foundations. The sentence upon Babylon is therefore not yet fulfilled, and can not be unless that city comes up again into something of its former consequence.'"

"The Kingdom of Heaven"

"Jesus told us about the Kingdom of Heaven, not the Kingdom *in* Heaven. We are to pray 'Thy Kingdom *come*'—not to be taken to it. 'Thy will be done *in earth as* it is in heaven.' It is a heavenly—heaven *like* Kingdom, on *earth*. We are told to lay up treasures in heaven, that our reward is in heaven, that our inheritance and citizenship are in heaven, and our names are written in heaven. But Jesus said, 'Behold, I *come* quickly, and my *reward is with me* to give'—etc. We do not go to heaven to get our rewards, he brings them to us. The city in which we hope to have citizenship is '*coming down out of* heaven.'"

"Reigning with Christ"

"Vague ideas prevail in regard to the reign of Christians with Christ. There is no warrant for the supposition that we are to reign, or to live, *on any other planet than this*. We are made 'a kingdom of *priests;* and they reign *upon the earth*.' Neither are we to exalt ourselves, 'neither as lording it over the charge allotted to you.' 'The kings of the Gentiles have lordship over them; but ye shall not be so; but he that is greater among you, let him become as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth *serve* . . . And I appoint unto you a kingdom, even as my Father appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink at my table in my Kingdom; and ye shall sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel.' Our reigning, then, is to be a reign of service and benefaction, and not of self-aggrandizement."



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A very large proportion of the letters received by the Christian Herald deal with Prophecy, showing the widespread desire for greater light on this most vital of all topics. Here is an opportunity for every one who is interested in the prophetical writings to get the light they need. And we feel that they will welcome these revelations, for Dr. Patch is not a sensational writer, nor an alarmist, but a sound and reverent Christian scholar, who diffuses comfort, encouragement and consolation in all he writes.

The Present "Evil Age" and the "Age of Peace"

"The climax of all these economic changes seems to have been reached in the recent world carnage, in which every available invention and device of man was conscripted and made to add terror to warfare, and aid in the destruction of our fellowman and his works. To all who have eyes to see and ears to hear, it must be evident that God is moving as never before and bringing about these tremendous changes for some specific purpose. We have no means of knowing what his purpose is, except as He has revealed it in His Word. From this Word we learn that an age of peace and plenty, prosperity and blessedness, is to come after 'this present evil age,' which is to end in disaster and judgment.

"It is equally evident that all these economic changes must be preparing the world for the conditions which are to prevail in that age of blessing. People will never again return to conditions of savagery or crudity, but will enjoy all the benefits of scientific research and inventive genius, modes of conveyance, methods of communication, hygienic living—everything for the betterment of living conditions, perfected and directed under the rule of the Prince of Peace. The lessons of Part Five are therefore of exceeding interest, as they deal with this grand and glorious age."

"The New Earth"

"That the whole earth is to be melted and dissipated by fire is not absolutely to be inferred from any passage in the Bible. Peter prefaces his statements about the coming of the new heaven and earth by saying that 'the world that *then was*'—(before the flood)—'*perished*,' . . . '*being, overflowed with water*.' But the heavens that *now are*, and the earth'—a *new* heavens and earth after the flood—'have been stored up for *fire*.' A world cleansed by water, and its heaven, or atmosphere, became thereby a *new* heaven and earth. And they will again become new in a similar sense when cleansed by fire. Such a heaven and earth, with Satan cast out of both, would correspond with the new heaven and new earth of Isa. 65 : 17.

"'Fire,' in the Bible, usually means literal fire, but it is also used in a figurative sense—as, 'Let my wrath go forth as fire'; 'He hath burned up Jacob like a fire'; 'I have set a fire in Egypt'; 'I will bring the third part into the fire, and will refine them'; 'I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.' Peter speaks of a fiery trial of Christians, and of their faith being proved by fire. James (3 : 6) says 'the tongue is a fire . . . set on fire of Gehenna.' The recent wars and famines and pestilences have been sweeping like fires—great conflagrations—over the old world. The fires of this lesson are, therefore, probably literal, unless it be that the 'lake of fire' is figurative,

"The passing away of the heaven and earth of Rev. 21 : 1 seems to be the closing up of the millennial age and order, and the beginning of a new order. This is what Paul refers to in I Cor. 15 : 24; '*Then cometh the end, when he shall deliver up the Kingdom to God, even the Father*.' The fleeing away of the heaven and earth of Rev. 20 : 11 seems to imply their embarrassment in that glorious Presence. They fade into insignificance before Him. Psa. 114 : 5-7 is similar to this. 'What aileth thee, O thou sea . . . ye mountains, that ye skip like rams; . . . Tremble, thou earth, *at the presence of the Lord*'. . . When Israel went forth out of Egypt.' That another world conflagration is implied by this fleeing away does not seem consistent with the purpose of His presence, which is to pronounce judgment upon 'the rest of the dead,' 'the *dead*, the great and the small, standing before the throne.'"

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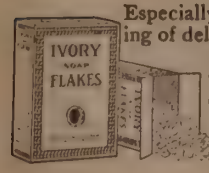

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Not typical British miners, despite their looks, but a group of colliery officials who did emergency work in the pits. Such shifts may be necessary in the United States should a railway strike paralyze the nation's industries as was the case in the British coal strike

When Britain Stopped Work

A Review of the Coal Strike and Labor Conditions in the United Kingdom

By JOHN G. HALLIMOND

(Superintendent of the Bowery Mission)

WHAT a nation-wide strike in one of the great basic industries means was brought most vividly before me during a visit to Great Britain last spring and summer. That visit began when the strike of British coal-miners was at its fullest effectiveness. What a general strike of railroad employees, a tie-up of the nation's transportation system, would entail in the United States can only be guessed at as this is written, but that its effects would be immediately more terrible to the country's life and industries is evident.

When we arrived in England we came upon a condition of affairs absolutely unparalleled in the history of labor. Not a miner was at work, not an ounce of coal was being hewn; stocks of coal at the collieries and wharves were practically exhausted; the use of coal for domestic purposes was abandoned; gas of wretchedly poor quality was being used for cooking, and that under the most vigorous restrictions. As we traveled through the mill districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire every loom in those vast establishments was stilled, and the chimneys were smokeless. We visited Middlesbro, that great mushroom-growthed town of 140,000 inhabitants, and found the huge blast furnaces there were blown out, and sparrows were building their nests in the foundries. And there had been no strike in Middlesbro for over thirty years.

Motoring through Durham county, from Tees to Tyne, we came across thousands of idle men, whose bodies and souls were alike becoming atrophied in the terrible paralysis of non-employment.

In Sheffield the steel city, the Pittsburg of England, 13,000 smokeless chimneys rose in clear outline against a cloudless sky to tell the same story of deadly inaction.

For four months this dispute dragged on until it seemed as if not only this particular industry but the whole fabric of the British commonwealth was hanging over the frightful abyss of bankruptcy and ruin. Then in the end there came what we may call the "big wallop" to the cause of the miners. After a four months' struggle, in which the government, under Lloyd George's astute management, took a part, the miners submitted to a reduction of wages which they had been made to see was absolutely necessary to the resumption of business. But the strike in one way was a blessing in disguise, as it indisputably established the fact that such a disastrous event, costing the community $400,000,000, was an experience which must never under any consideration be repeated. That it should occur at a time when a stoppage of production was the quintessance of folly and a crime against the commonwealth was something to be everlastingly regretted.

HUGE mistakes were made, but the most wholesome kind of lessons were learned. As Mr. Balfour pointed out, in one of his timely addresses during the strike, that, whilst the trades union legislation of 1874 recognized the right of labor to strike, it was never intended that strikes should be used as a political weapon with which to shatter the whole industrial organization and revolutionize the social life of the country.

There can be no doubt that the prolonged discussion convinced many of the leading capitalists of the country that the unrest of labor was very largely a desire for a better and freer life. It made them feel that there must be a closer association between masters and men; that it is to the interests of capital itself that there should be a most frank and open intercourse with labor; that the suspicions of labor should be removed; and the spirit of a real brotherhood should be cultivated.

On the other hand, thinking men of the labor party realized, probably in the lurid light cast by Bolshevik flames in Russia, that the highest and best interests of the workingmen can be secured only when they act in harmony with economic law; that capital is necessary; that foreign markets are necessary; that the world is poor and business can be done only at prices which a beggared world can pay; that real wealth can be produced only by work; that government subsidies are economically unsound and that government in interference with trade is to be avoided at all costs; that the great desiderate of civilization today are ruthless economy, determined and indefatigable industry, and a spirit of brotherhood.

THE proof of the profound change that has been wrought in the minds and attitude of employers is amply proved in the utterances of such men as Lord Gainford, one of the leading coal-owners, Sir William Noble, the philanthropic ship-owner of Newcastle, on Tyne, Sir Robert Hadfield, the ironmaster, and others. It is worth while quoting a few pregnant sentences from the utterances of such men.

Mr. W. L. Hitchens, Chairman of the great Cammell Laird Shipbuilding firm, said: "The fact that wages postulate a willing buyer and a willing seller of labor does not justify the employer in driving the hardest bargain he can. The interpretation of this law must be consistent with the higher moral law of our duty towards our neighbor. It is necessary for employers and employees to come into more intimate contact. I consider employees are often to blame for not exercising more sympathy than they do toward those in their employ."

Sir Robert Hadfield: "Now is the time to meet the workers in full and frank discussion of all the conditions of their common industry."

Sir William Noble: "I desire to urge upon every employer to summon his workers together, setting aside prejudice and suspicion, with a view to bringing them into knowledge of the world facts of economics, which shape and rule the destinies of business as surely and ruthlessly as the climate governs the harvest."

Lord Gainford: "Admire them! (the miners) I admire them beyond all words. What decent man would not admire their consistency, their loyalty to each other and to their leaders, their stubborn determination to stick it out. I'd like to be on the miner's side all the time."

THE desire to establish amicable relationship between the two industrial parties is mutual. Such frank and unreserved advances as I have quoted from representative employers are not likely to be treated with surly indifference on the part of the men. The miners realize the magnitude of the mistake they made in so ruthlessly menacing the third and innocent party of the state—the general public. Mr. Herbert Smith, the sturdy president of the Miners' Federation, at the annual conference at Llandudno, in September, acknowledged, in unmistakable terms, the mistakes that had been made which had caused the leading industries of the country to be paralyzed for several months, had thrown the export coal trade into the hands of foreign rivals, and had inflicted on the colliers themselves, as well as on the community at large, calamitous suffering and loss.

The flaming object lesson of Russian Bolshevism is

undoubtedly impressing itself vividly on the minds of those who hitherto have looked to Marxian Socialism as a panacea for all their industrial injustices, and it is not at all an improbability that the Labor Party will consider it wise to rewrite a considerable portion of their official program. That will certainly be necessary if their hope of having a Labor Government in power is to be realized.

A fact that I feel sure American Christian people will be glad to know is that so many of the Labor leaders in England are earnest Christian men. It is this fact that creates the greatest and most glowing hopes for the future. I had the pleasure of hearing and speaking with several of these men during my recent trip, and I am quite positive of their fidelity and loyalty to the leadership of Jesus Christ.

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Arthur Henderson, who sends a message to Christian Herald readers

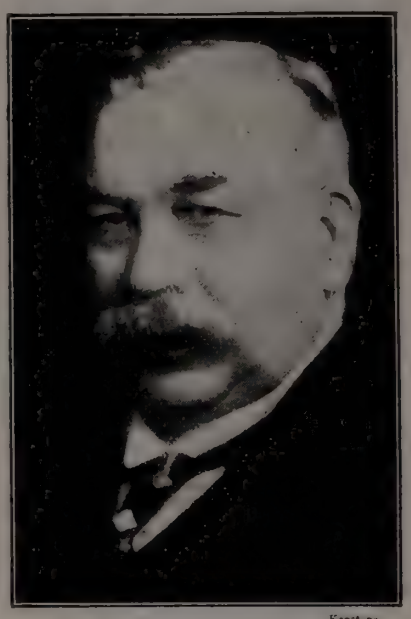
I ASKED the Right Honorable Arthur Henderson, M. P., if I might bring a message from him to the readers of the Christian Herald such as I had just heard fall from his lips at a meeting in connection with the London Mission, held in July.

"Yes," he said, "tell them that I believe that the best way to redeem society, and make a better world is to bring the salvation of Jesus Christ to the individual man."

Mr. Henderson is a local preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and is in great demand in all parts of the country. He is a class leader, and indeed has filled all the offices possible to a layman in the church. During the exciting times of the war and the Peace Conferences in Paris, he made it a point, whenever possible, to return to London every week to meet his class. He is the recognized leader of the labor movement, and was one of the five to form the War Cabinet called into existence by Lloyd George in 1917.

The entrance of the first labor members of the House of Commons is well within my personal recollection. And splendid men they were. Thomas Burt, the Northumberland miner, afterwards a Right Honorable, the doyen of the Labor Movement, and father of the House of Commons! He had his training in Primitive Methodism, and still lives at a great age, a strong and saintly Christian. George H. Broadhurst, the stonemason, an earnest lay worker in Hugh Price Hughe's Church, in Brixton; Joseph Arch, the first leader of the Agricultural Laborers, member for South Norfolk, and called by King Edward "his own M. P."; and John Wilson, the old pilot of the Durham miners, who after delivering a brilliant speech was asked by quite a distinguished M. P. in what university he was trained. He replied, "In the Primitive Methodist pulpit."

And so among past and present labor members of the British Parliament are enrolled such honored names as the Right Hon. Charles Fenwick, George J. Wardle, William Adamson, Walter Hudson, Thomas Richardson, J. H. Taylor, Robert Toothill, S. Finney, J. G. Hancock, S. Galbraith, all Methodists; Right Hon. William Brace, Baptist; while the Right Hon. John Hodge, Lt. Col. John Ward, and many others, have been just as much distinguished by their earnest Christian work in connection with the Brotherhood Movement, the Y. M. C. A., and other active institutions, as they have by their advocacy of the claims of labor.



Keystone

John Hodge, a Christian leader of British labor

IT WAS a matter of great delight to me to sit and listen to two of the younger leaders who are destined to take a great share in the work of reconstruction in the future. One is Ben. C. Spoor, the son of an old school fellow of mine. His father, grandfather, and granduncle were all earnest primitive Methodist preachers, while Mr. Spoor himself has a splendid record in Y. M. C. A. work. He has made foreign affairs a special study, is an eloquent and polished speaker, and if ever, and whenever a Labor Government is a *fait accompli* he is slated as its Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

The other gentleman is John Lawson, M.P., known among Durham miners as "Jack" Lawson. He went down the pit when quite a wee lad, and is now barely forty years of age. But he is a real power in his party. He is a Methodist local preacher, and I heard him make an appeal to his church, in terms of burning eloquence and with cogent logical force, to take its proper place in securing a proper distribution of wealth, and in raising the standard of living for the working class of the nation to a level more nearly in accord with Christian principles.

Besides those whose names I have mentioned there are scores of local leaders of the Labor Movement who are local preachers and devoted workers in the various churches.

That there is in the British Labor Party an element of socialism and communism, even of a somewhat rabid type, can not be denied. That this element would not hesitate to resort to extreme and violent measures if the opportunity occurred is also, unfortunately, true. But such people are in a woful minority. The great mass of people have faith in their Christian leaders, and in the Christian program. They hope, and yearn, and believe, that a day is coming when the affairs of the state will be conducted on the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. They know that the world is never going to be healed by force or saved by violence. Guns, bayonets, strikes, and lockouts are all wrong as means of settlement.

Love, conciliation, co-operation, brotherhood, these are the stars that are beginning to shine, through the murk and mist, in the firmament of labor life in Britain.

Seventeen and Sunday School

Discussing Methods to Reach and Hold the Older Boys

By CHARLES S. KINNISON

IT SEEMS to me, now, that the Sunday school when I was a boy didn't recognize the natural impulses of the adolescent youth. When a boy came to Sunday school he was supposed to shed all the spontaneity that is the blessed charm of youth. No matter what the lesson text might be, he was to listen as attentively as he would to the boy next door telling how he'd seen Babe Ruth knock his thirty-seventh home-run. Should the Sunday school hour not be sufficiently attractive to call him each Sunday, he should come, anyway, as a matter of duty and moral obligation.

And that attitude was one of the main reasons why, when boys reached the age of sixteen and seventeen years, they dropped out of Sunday school. A boy of that age did not have, nor does he have now, any keenly developed sense of moral duty. Pleasure and genuine enjoyment will drive him harder, as they will his father, than plain, colorless duty.

A year ago last spring I reluctantly gave up my younger boys' class—lads of twelve to fourteen years. Any one who has ever taught boys of that age can understand the reluctance at leaving them. Those lads would fight you, if you accused them of being affectionate, yet at that age there is something about them that borders on affection. After Sunday school was out, they'd hang around and exchange grins with me; occasionally, one lad would link arms with me in a confidential "buddy" fashion. And then we'd walk away from the church together, a little gang of us. My adventures with this class were related some months ago in the article "Bending the Twig." I've found since that the "twig" is more pliable then than three or four years later.

When I became the teacher of the older boys, naturally I encountered another problem. No warm smiles of welcome met me. Instead, theirs was the attitude of "show-us-what-you-have." The story had to be proven to them. The younger lads believed in me, and hence believed the thoughts I tried to express to them. They needed no proof. There was none of the "show me." But this difference in attitude is not peculiar to Sunday school classes alone. It's typical of all boys of that difference in age.

ONE of the first things I asked these boys was: "Is your class organized?" I had anticipated the reply, which was: "Sure, we're organized. We got a president, a vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer."

"That's fine. Now, what do these different officers do?" I asked.

"Well—the secretary, he calls the roll, and the treasurer c'llects the money."

"I just dare you to interest me in Sunday School!"

"What about your president and vice-president? What are their duties?"

A sheepish grin from the boy who was president was the only answer to my question. But that grin was enough. I knew then that he was just an honorary officer. And I concluded he must be the most popular member of the class, which proved to be a fact.

Evidently this class had been organized just to give the boys the privilege and sport of voting. If there's any one thing that boys of this age like to do, it is to cast the ballot. Furthermore, they will loudly—too loudly at times—proclaim the merits of their particular candidate. To organize a class is just about the easiest thing imaginable. To make that organization function is something entirely different. But the ability of the teacher to find things for this organization to do, and to see that it does it, is a measure of his ability to hold that crowd together.

The class readily saw the futility of an organization that consisted of officers in name only. We drew parallels between their organization and those made up of men. Gradually, the viewpoint was worked around to theirs, and on that first morning the class decided that their officers must work, if I'd only say what the work should be.

At this point it is opportune to tell how the question of discipline was solved by the organization idea. The most trying part of the hour, as might be expected, is right at the beginning. The boys are full of the spirit of comradeship, and it breaks out now and then, until the teacher has gotten the lads under his control, as a good speaker does.

It was suggested to the boys that one of the most obvious duties of the president was that of acting as leader. He should play the part of the chairman, call the meeting to order and preside until the teacher was ready to take charge. And this was done. It solved the discipline problem. When that young chap would stand up in front of the class, and pound the little table a couple of times, with his fist, the class came immediately to attention. And they gave him attention while he presided.

WHEN dealing with the younger lads, I found it necessary to play the rôle of supervisor; with these older boys I acted only as advisor. They were handled on the basis of self-government, a plan that will always work with seventeen-year-old boys, because it is based on sound boy-psychology. At that

The teacher of a Sunday-School class of boys, at seventeen or any other age, must keep his wits at work. Here's a group worth the best efforts of any real man

age they are self-assertive. They are developing initiative. It is their instinct to begin then to question the absolute authority of adults. They want to have a hand in affairs that concern them. And what a fine instinct that is! It is the trait that develops into the qualities of leadership in adult life.

Thus, the class handles its own affairs. I act only as the teacher of the Sunday-school lesson, but until that part of the hour comes I'm just an ordinary member of the class—sit with them as one of them, and of course, when I want to talk, then, I address the chair first, as they do. The preliminaries last about ten minutes, generally—ten minutes in which the boys have been self-assertive; ten minutes during which they felt they were "running things." It is only natural, that at the end of that time, when I take the floor, the crowd is with me. They are with me as a matter of fair play, if nothing else. At least they give me a fair chance, and that's all any teacher can expect. Given this chance, it's up to him to capitalize it. After the stage has been so ideally set for his entrance, if he is unable to hold the crowd's interest, he has no business being a Sunday-school teacher. He might be able to fool the younger chaps, but he can't bluff his way through when he is talking to boys seventeen years old.

It must be evident that, to hold a class of this age together, you must see them more frequently and for a longer time than the scant hour on Sunday morning. The boys should have the opportunity to get acquainted with you as a man, to see you in a light other than that which filters softly through the church windows. I try to show them that I am capable of doing other things than preaching platitudes at them. It is good for me and good for the boys, if they can see me laugh naturally and open-heartedly. I'm not afraid, furthermore, to give them the opportunity, at the right time, to give me a good-natured "kidding." And all this can be done without the sacrifice of dignity. To do these things is to invite the boy's confidence.

It is not natural for him to look on me as his adult superior. I can't make him do it, nor do I want to. He wants to feel that he is just about my equal. This does not imply impudent familiarity, but rather a relationship of understanding that is most desirable for the man who wants to talk straight to boys of seventeen. I've learned not to be shocked when occasionally one of these older lads will address me, confidentially, by my given name. It is a compliment. It carries with it the thought that there is a mutual understanding of purpose and ideals between us. Isn't that a worthy situation to attain?

As I played with the younger boys, so have I romped and roughed with these older fellows. At some of the sports they're far better than I am. At basketball they'd run me till my tongue hung out, and we gave each other the rough shoulder just to show that we were all in the game. We generally did that on Saturday night. Do you think I had any trouble holding their attention on the following Sunday morning?

It is admitted there is a hazardous element in coming in physical contact with older boys. They may be inclined to think they can "hang it on you." If that spirit seems to flare up once in a while, the remedy is obvious. The necessity for action of that sort will happen only once.

BUT these lads wanted other activities than athletics. They wanted little social parties, and we had them. The girls were there, too. Last winter, we gave a party and the affair was managed entirely by the boys. The president appointed the music committee, another one to look after the decorations, and a third to handle the financial part of it. Our vice-president, as far as is practical, acts as chairman of all committees. The teacher did nothing except try to see that as few mistakes as possible be made. Boys of that age will make some errors of judgment, but as long as those mistakes are not embarrassing ones, I believe they should be allowed to make a few blunders. It teaches them a lesson. As might be expected, a financial mistake was made in handling this affair, and when the time came to pay the bills, there was not enough money. This obviously was an opportunity for the teacher to show what kind of an advisor he was, and it also illustrates the part I think a teacher should play in activities of this sort.

It should be mentioned that all these outside activities were not officially enjoyed by the boys as a "Sunday-school class." They organized a club which met twice a month. One of these meetings was of course for the boys alone for any activity they might devise. One activity of the class last winter lay in helping a needy family. Enough food was supplied to last them a month. And at Christmas, the children of that family were made happy with toys, and warm clothes that the boys of the class obtained from their mothers—clothes that the boys, or their little sisters, had outgrown.

The other meeting was of a social character in which both the boys and girls took part. These parties were always very simple affairs, and were held at the homes of the various members of the class. I tried to attend every one—not to be an overly active participant, but just to be one of the crowd.

The occasion also gave me an opportunity to observe something of the home life of the different lads, information that is certainly very useful at times in understanding the problems of the individual boy. Just as in our public schools, the teacher looks for the peculiarities of the individuals, so should the Sunday-school teacher learn all he can about the members of his class. It is much easier to do that in the public schools than in the Sunday school, because teacher and pupil are together nearly all week and the nature of the work is such that the pupils' mental processes are revealed more definitely.

It is impossible to know a boy accurately when he sees you for only thirty-five or forty minutes on Sunday morning. And if that is all that he sees of the teacher, he doesn't see enough of him. If a man is to get close to a seventeen-year-old boy, and he has to get close to him if he wants to talk religious matters to him, he must have some contact with that boy outside the atmosphere of the church. It means work to do that, but pleasant work. The need of closer contact is stressed because it certainly is beneficial. That is the main idea back of these Y. M. C. A. summer camps. Any man who has ever actively had part in these camps knows that more sound goodness can be put into a boy's heart when he's living outdoors with a two-fisted Christian man as his companion, and sleeping under the stars at night—than can be put into him in any other way.

IT IS probably a fact that I know some of the boys of my class better than their own fathers do. That fact aids me as a teacher, but it proves again the need of closer relationship between a son and his father. I remember one experience of last winter that illustrates the point. Eighteen boys were there that morning. We met in a private room. The folding-doors had been pulled shut. We all understood each other, and the privacy of the room helped. The talk led logically to a point where I might ask: "How many of you fellows have ever had an experience such that you wanted to put your head on somebody's shoulder and tell them the whole story about the thing that was bothering you?"

Every boy raised his hand.

"And whose shoulder do you lean on, then?" I asked.

Soberly, in a quiet sort of murmur, came the reply—"Mother."

"How many of you would like to tell those things to your father first?" I put to them.

Again, every boy raised his hand.

It was not within my province, I felt, to ask these boys specifically why they didn't confide in their fathers, but a little questioning showed that the only reason was that they were not well enough acquainted.

To the general attitude of these boys, there was one exception. And this lad told, with a grin, that he "went to dad first." He explained that they were "pals." And it happened that I had seen this boy and father often enough to know that he told the truth on both points.

Instead of trying to educate these boys merely on Bible topics, I feel that I have a great responsibility and opportunity in trying to teach them a suitable code of "boy ethics." I'm not claiming that Biblical history should not be given its due importance. But it just happens that my own abilities lie in the other direction, and I feel that to utilize them is the proper thing to do.

It is cheerfully admitted that these teaching methods are non-orthodox. Yet (I say it modestly) they are effective. Until mid-summer came, when a large number of the boys left town, the average attendance was seventeen. In some ways that number is too large. Yet it happens that in our little small-town church there are not enough men teachers to allow the class to be split. But if the things I say are sufficiently interesting to bring that many seventeen-year-old boys to Sunday school every Sunday, I'm glad of the opportunity to talk to them.

IT MAY be interesting to know that boys of this age can offer a prayer before their fellows. And please don't have the opinion that these lads who will rise to the feet and pray, are willy-nilly Lord Fauntleroys. I recall that three of them are on the basket-ball team, two are regulars on the football team, while two more are "scrubs."

Their prayers are not paragons of eloquent perfection, nor are they patterned after those of the Sunday-school superintendent. But, for expressing wholesome things worthy of prayer, the prayers of these boys are of the kind that makes me want to be a better man.

It was only moderately hard to get these lad to pray. As might be expected, they said "no" when the idea was first proposed, but when they learned that my idea of prayer was not a mere expression of eloquence, they gradually became willing to offer prayers themselves. It is not my intention to try to create the impression that these boys are eager to pray or that they pray with the same confidence that an adult does. The point is, however, that they can and do pray for very sensible things, before a crowd of boys of their own age. I recall, for instance, that one lad in his prayer asked that all the boys would so live that week that they could look their mothers squarely in the eyes when Saturday night came. That thought showed that at least this one boy was conscious of the temptations which confronted him. He apparently realized his own weaknesses.

It may be interesting to know of a church activity which has been effective in keeping these lads fairly interested in church. Once a month, on Sunday evening, eight of these boys and an equal number of girls of their age constitute the choir. One of the boys acts as organist, and he's a good one. They furnish music that is a welcome change. And their presence in the choir also tends to bring their parents to church. Giving young people of this age something definite to do, giving them a responsibility that is not a colorless one, is a very good way of keeping them interested in church.

The recounting of these experiences with this class is not to prove that I am a good Sunday-school teacher. I'm not at all sure that I'm a good teacher. Sometimes I think I'm not. Men sometimes spend the greater part of their lives seeking the answer to the great question: "Why was I born—why am I here?" On certain Sunday mornings, I find myself asking that question. But thankful I am, that on most of those mornings, I feel that I've found the answer. The answer lies in those eighteen lads who sit in front of me, giving me the great chance—the chance to start them on the right road.

Twilight Friends

By Arthur Wallace Peach

HE LOVED *the dusk whose drooping wings*
About His weary heart brought peace,
And hushed the clamor of the street
Till toil in slumber found release.

So when at dusk a loved one goes
Unheard though sleepless love may hear,
I know Who came and walked with him
To shining dawn beyond the dark!

Fascinating Rivers I Have Seen

By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

On the historic and picturesque banks of the Nile

THERE is something fascinating about any river, even more than about a lake. Where did it start? Where is it going? Of course, literally we can answer these questions. We can trace the stream upward, growing smaller and smaller, to its very source in some mountain lake or some gushing mountain spring, like the Sacramento, which brings luxuriance and vast productiveness to the great valley that bears its name.

Or we can trace its flow the other way, until it loses itself in the ocean that swallows it up as eternity swallows up our little lives. Indeed, much of the fascination of a river is that it is a symbol of life. Even if we do not stop to reason it out, we feel the analogy.

It begins very small, in the merest trickle of water, perhaps. It gathers strength with every mile. It sweeps on with ever-increasing momentum. It ripples over the shallows and glides solemnly over the depths. It sparkles in the sunlight and glooms under the clouds, and at last sweeps on into the bosom of the known and all-embracing. In every mile we see a reflection or illustration of my life and yours, my reader. Thank God that the eternity to which we are hastening is no black ocean of stormy, tumultuous billows, but is illumined by the light of His presence and calmed by His voice who once said to wave-tossed Galilee, "Peace, be still."

However, this is not a sermon but a descriptive article concerning some rivers I have actually seen. I was born on the banks of a great river, the Ottawa, on whose broad bosom the sturdy pines and hemlocks and spruces that grow on ten million acres are borne down to the sawmills of lower Canada and thence distributed in the form of boards and lumber to the very ends of the earth. I take pride in the fact that my father, who died before my earliest memory can tell me how he looked or spoke, was a genuine pioneer on this great river, and its greater mother, the St. Lawrence, on whose banks he died a victim of the cholera which, in 1853, swept thousands of strong men into untimely graves.

He left his cultivated home in Massachusetts, where seven generations of his ancestors had resided, to brave the unknown perils of a pioneer on the upper waters of the Ottawa, living with Indians and backwoodsmen that he might make known the untold forest riches of America's vast timberland. But he had a lovely Christian home to return to after these explorations in the wilderness, and the noblest of Christian women to brighten this home, and here I was born in 1851, near the city of Ottawa, then an insignificant village, called Bytown.

POSSIBLY my love for rivers dates from those earliest days when I opened my eyes on the majestic river that swept by our home, a river which there is three miles wide. One of my earliest recollections is of the great rafts of logs, sometimes twenty acres in extent, which were continually floating by in summertime. On these rafts the lumbermen lived for weeks at a time in their long, slow journey down the river. The logs were assembled and bound together securely, huts were erected on the rafts for shelter, fires were built, and meals prepared while the leisurely current did the work of sails and steam power.

To be sure, the raftsmen were provided with great sweeps—ordinary oars would have been useless—and when they reached the Chaudiere Falls, near the site of Ottawa city, then look out, sturdy boatmen! The roaring, rushing torrent and crushing rocks will test your muscle and your skill to the very utmost, if you would get through safely into the calm waters below.

I have seen many great rivers since, but few more calm and powerful when unopposed, few more angry and raging when tearing past rocks and rapids, than the Ottawa.

Americans may well be proud of having, with one exception, the greatest of waterways wholly within its boundaries—the magnificent Mississippi. But noble as is its sweep of waters, it does not strike the traveler as especially picturesque. Its glories are utilitarian rather than idealistic. It waters a splendid valley, which for richness from its headquarters on the upper Missouri to its debouchement in the Gulf of Mexico, is, I suppose, unsurpassed in all the world for inexhaustible productiveness.

Some people, especially some English travelers, who write their impressions of America after a week's stay on our shores, would say that the Mississippi is typical of the American character—big, productive, utilitarian, turning mud into money, but lacking in beauty, and the idealism of the hills. I deny the accusation, both for America and for the Mississippi. Americans and Canadians are idealists. Their hearts are touched by the cry of hunger as the hearts of no other people, and in their ideals of peace on earth and good-will to men they lead the world.

The Mississippi, too, does not contribute only corn and cotton to our national welfare. It grows roses and stately forests and parks. Its valley is filled with contented homes. It has made possible great cities where a thousand philanthropies abound, and where art and literature flourish.

There are other rivers in North America, too, that disprove the muddy, materialistic views which some foreigners ascribe to us. The Connecticut is one of these. It is lined with colleges and institutions of culture, from upper New Hampshire to its emergence into the sea in Southern Connecticut. Part of my boyhood and all my college days were spent upon its banks. For varied and entrancing scenery, from the Connecticut lakes to the ocean, few rivers can surpass it. In places it roars through narrow gorges as at Bellows Falls; then it quietly meanders through smiling meadows. Here high hills hem it in and contract its waters; there it spreads itself out like a peaceful lake. Here it turns mill-wheels which ten thousand horses could not move; there it makes productive the farmer's teeming acres.

THE St. Lawrence, too, is a fascinating river. It has the most abundant source of supply of any river in the world, emphatically, the Great Lakes—inland seas, rather. It can never run dry. A hundred years of drought would scarcely affect its flow. As one sees the scores of dry river-beds in Europe, the *torrente* of Italy, for instance, where one crosses a mile of arid, stony river bottom that holds not a drop of water in the dry season, he longs for a glimpse of the majestic St. Lawrence, plowing its way between two great nations, decked with a thousand islands, always full to its banks, though seldom overflowing, until it comes to rest in the great gulf to which it gives its name.

A scene on the River Jordan, ever sacred to the hearts of Christians

It must be admitted, however, even by staunch Americans, that Europe's rivers are more picturesque than our own. This is partly owing to the older civilization which has for two thousand years adorned their banks with castles and towers and ivy-grown ruins, and partly because they run their comparatively short courses through innumerable towns and cities of historic and literary interest.

The Rhine, for instance, has no double in America since its every mile tells a story of the past, which goes back to Roman times and before. The Danube, the Vistula, and the Volga, tell a different story but a story of an ancient civilization, of battles lost and won, of dynasties that once flourished, grew old and decayed. Our rivers tell only of red Indians and white pioneers.

One of the mightiest and in some respects one of the most fascinating rivers on which I ever sailed is the mighty Amur. For twenty-two days the little steamer on which I sailed plowed its waters from Khabaroffsk, five hundred miles from its mouth, to Stretinsk, in the region where its chief tributary, the Shilka rises among the encircling hills of Siberia.

At Frankfort-on-the-Rhine, a river every mile of which tells a story of the past

At the beginning of the voyage the river was majestically broad, two miles and a half at least, though it had not yet begun to gather up its skirts for its plunge into the Arctic seas, half a thousand miles away. Through no barren waste (our popular idea of Siberia) does it flow, but much of its course is through flower-decked meadows and sometimes past magnificent natural parks of giant trees.

For two thousand miles we stemmed its torrent, changing two or three times, from a larger ship to a smaller one, as the channel grew narrow and shallow, until, at last, we could go no farther by boat, but had to take a ramshackle branch of the Trans-Siberian railway for Lake Baikal, a thousand miles or so from Stretinsk. No river ever gave me a sense of mightier sweep and power than the Amur, as we were borne on its tide through the future vast empire of boundless Siberia. Doubtless the geographies of 2021 or 2121 A.D. will tell of great cities on its banks, and of billions of bushels of grain garnered from its prairies, and millions of cattle fattened on its lush meadows.

BUT of all the great rivers I have sailed on none has begun to equal the two whose banks are lined by no trees or grass or shrubs. They have nothing but water boundaries, banks of tumbling waves. Yet they are distinct, well-defined, inexhaustible rivers, that do more, perhaps, for the welfare of the world, than any others. I refer, of course, to the Gulf Stream and the Antarctic Current. The one warms and makes habitable the nations of northern Europe; the other cools and makes habitable the dry, equatorial regions of western South America.

Sixty miles wide is the Gulf Stream, pushing its way irresistibly from the Gulf of Mexico up the coast, cutting across the North Atlantic, laving the shores of France, Britain and Scandinavia. Without its warming, vivifying influence, millions of people would die or be obliged to go south, and scores of cities would be uninhabitable. Two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle it keeps the fjords of Norway free from ice the year around, and I have sailed in mid-January, without an overcoat, on these Arctic waters, where the sun had not risen above the horizon for more than a month.

On the other great inter-oceanic river, the Antarctic Current, my cheek has been fanned by the breezes, and my morning bath cooled, by the water of this life-saving cold current which brings life, vigor and energy, and a vast multitude of people, and entices incredible numbers of edible fish and birds to the barren shores of Peru and Chile.

Truly, "God is good to all and His tender mercies are over all his works."

But all the fascinating rivers are not big ones, by any means. Do you remember, dear reader, the little brook where, as a child, with a bent pin and a tow string, you attempted to beguile your first minnow? Do you remember still later when you achieved a real hook and rod and captured your first game fish, a trout or pickerel? I do, and the historic Charles, near Boston, will always have a special significance for me, not on account of Bunker Hill, but because I remember how I triumphantly bore home from its banks a twelve-inch pickerel, too excited even to take it off the hook, for it was my first "real fish."

SOME of the great rivers of history, which I have seen, are not by any means mighty streams. For mere size they pale into insignificance beside the Mississippi or the Nile or the Amur, but what a big place they occupy in literature! The Meander, for instance, which meanders through the green meadows and between the fig orchards of Asia Minor, not far from historic Laodicea and Colossae, a river which gave not only verdure and beauty to historic lands, but a new word to the English language.

The Cydnus, also, is not great in length or volume, but, when widened and deepened, it connected Tarsus, St. Paul's birthplace, with the sea, and made Tarsus at one time the great city of the Mediterranean. Up its channel Cleopatra sailed in her luxurious barge, when she captured the heart of Mark Antony, and world-shaking events occurred on its shores.

The Abana, which still flows through old Damascus making it a garden of the gods, gorgeous with flowers and lovely with its miles of citrus and other fruit trees, is not wide or deep, but, for four thousand years, it has been one of the famous, fascinating rivers of the world.

Here came Abraham, whose "steward" lived in Damascus. Very likely he bathed in the Abana, and he must have drunk of its waters, for Damascus, then as now, had not other water supply besides the Abana and Pharpar.

Here lived General Naaman, who considered the Abama and Pharpar, its nearby companion, far superior to the despised Jordan, until his wise servants persuaded him to try the prophet's prescription.

St. Paul, too, must have drunk of the Abana after he had taken a long walk through the hot "street called Straight," and when he was afterwards concealed in the chamber of the wall from which he was let down in a basket, he must have been refreshed by Abana's waters.

I followed the short course of this famous stream to its source in a great, gushing fountain that springs out of the rocky hillside some twenty miles from Damascus. Surely few rivers, though reckoning their length by thousands of miles, have a longer history.

The Jordan, too, the river of all rivers sacred to Christian hearts, is insignificant if mere size is considered. A brawling stream in its upper courses dashing itself to pieces against jagged rocks, flowing sullenly through dark defiles, broadening out into a muddy, sluggish stream as it makes its way through reeds and rushes and a tangled wilderness where wild beasts lurk, until it loses itself in the bitter waters of the Dead Sea, which in all these centuries it has never been able to sweeten.

Considered simply as a stream of water there are a thousand rivers more commanding, but there is none so fascinating. For here the children of Israel crossed as on dry land when God commanded its waves to stand back. Here John the Baptist preached and warned the people of righteousness and judgment to come, and here our blessed Lord bent His head beneath the waves, which will evermore be sacred, and was baptized of John, that He might fulfil all righteousness. Here the Holy Spirit like a dove descended upon Him, and thenceforth the mightiest river in all the continents gave way and acknowledged that the Jordan was its superior, in the love and honor and fascination it held for every devout heart.

The Churches and Disarmament

RESPONSES to the Christian Herald's proposal that the churches of the United States make their influence felt in support of the program for the coming Conference on Limitation of Armaments continue to be received by the score. Every mail brings additional Peace Endorsement resolutions, and the memorial to be presented to President Harding will be an imposing one.

Arrangements have been made for Mr. Graham Patterson, publisher of the Christian Herald, and Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, editor-in-chief, to present the memorial to President Harding at the White House Executive Offices on November 7, four days in advance of the opening of the Conference. The individual membership represented in the churches and other organizations which have subscribed to the Peace Endorsement resolution published in this magazine already is well over the million mark, as nearly as it may be estimated, and at the rate at which responses are coming in as this issue goes to press upwards of two million American citizens will be represented in the memorial when it is presented to the President to hearten him in his efforts to bring nearer the attainment of world peace.

Below are additional responses from American churches:

FIRST FRIENDS CHURCH of Chicago, Ill. Signed by Homer J. Coppock, Minister and Willard H. Farr, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation: The Pastor writes: "The First Friends Church of Chicago has expressed its approval of President Harding's purpose in calling a conference on the limitation of armaments. As is well known, the Society of Friends has stood firmly against war and all preparation for war for more than two hundred and fifty years. It is therefore with a sense of satisfaction that we note this action and the support given it by the churches. We are earnestly hoping that the movement will continue until by the gradual reduction of armaments only that is retained which is necessary for exercising police power. We will continue to work and pray with you that the Prince of Peace may control all the relations of men and nations."

Peace Endorsement Memorial Will Be Presented to President on November 7

Reformed Church, Hartville, O. Signed by Rev. J. H. Steele, Pastor, and I. O. Girtz, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Grace Baptist Church, Durham, N. C. Signed by Rev. Wm. J. Crain, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

M. E. Church, Albany, Vt. Signed by Rev. Percy Newton, pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

M. E. Church, South Albany, Vt. Signed by Rev. Percy Newton, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation. (Pastor Newton has two charges.)

Pollocksville Presbyterian Church, Pollocksville, N. C. Signed by Rev. J. R. Phipps, Pastor, and Robt. P. Binder and H. A. Creagh, in behalf of the congregation.

First Church of Christ, East Liverpool, Ohio. Signed by Rev. Bert. R. Johnson, Pastor, and Bess M. Davidson, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

M E. Church, Peebles, O. Signed by Rev. G. W. Hazlewood, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Pinole M. E. Church, Pinole, Calif. Signed by Rev. James H. Rogers, Pastor, and Dora E. Ellerhorst, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Rockland M. E. Church, Rockland, Me. Signed by Eugene V. Allen, Chairman, and A. W. Gregory, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

First Presbyterian Church, Belle Center, Ohio. Signed by Rev. Edward B. Shaw, Pastor, and W. M. Torrence, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Church of the United Brethren in Christ, Lewisburg, Ohio. Signed by Rev. M. W. Mumma, Pastor, and A. L. Lietz, Pres. of Board of Trustees, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Church, Bar Harbor Me. Signed by Rev. Chas. L. Kinney, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Church of God, Ofahoma, Miss. Signed by J. W. Bridges, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Watertown Baptist Church, East Moline, Ill. Signed by Rev. J. E. Critchett, Pastor, and Clara Buff, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

M. E. Church, St. Joseph, Ill. Signed by Jesse L. Murrell, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

M. E. Church, Mayview, Ill. Signed by Jesse L. Murrell, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Church of God Dorrisville, Ill. Signed by Rev. A. Bridwell, Pastor, and Deacon Ezra McClusky, in behalf of the congregation.

First Baptist Church, Whitesboro, Texas. Signed by A. B. Ingram, in behalf of the church.

Continued on page 818

Wrestling with the Husband Problem

Some Home Perplexities Caused by the Head of the Household Are Analyzed

By A MERE MAN

I HOPE it has been quite clear to those who have been interested in the problems of an average home as stated by the Mere Man, that it has been impossible to name all of them or even to suggest some of the most important which are very evidently omitted in the brief outline given. But I am not stating the problems that face every family, only a few of those which have come into my own experience.

In speaking of the Husband Problem I do not pretend for one moment that I have named all the things which make a husband a problem in a home. But I am trying to name a few of the things that were most troublesome in my own experience, and it is probable that the same experiences occur in other husbands' lives.

In the first place I hope I have made it clear that I have a real love for my home, and believe in it as the greatest institution in this republic. I fell in love with my wife before I married her, and I have been falling more in love ever since. I don't believe a man lives who thinks more of his wife and children than I do, even if I am only a Mere Man. After saying that, I am ready to make a confession or two. That is what this Problem amounts to.

The first thing that occurs to me to mention in the nature of a problem so far as my wife is concerned, centered around a little matter of my habits as an eater.

I am a very healthy animal and enjoy my meals. But like a good many American men I have come to look upon food as something to be put into the system very much as coal is put into a furnace. And a short time after my oldest son was old enough to observe the way his father did things, I overheard him say to the Girl, his sister, when he did not know I was in the next room: "I wish father wouldn't eat like that. It makes mother feel bad."

That morning, after the children had gone off to school, I sat where I had heard that remark, wondering just what the boy meant, and just what it was that made his mother feel bad. I went over in my mind all the eating habits I had, and finally decided if I had any habits that made my wife feel ill at ease at the table I would try to correct them, for I am one of a few men who have a hearty contempt for any one who cannot change a bad habit as he gets older. I am fifty-five, but I believe any man ought to be able to change his habits up to one hundred. After that, it won't make much difference with the folks here.

THE next time the family was at the table, I started in on a careful system of eating that would be free from criticism, knowing from the boy's remark that I was being observed. The first thing I noticed about myself was a habit I had acquired of pushing my food with my knife in my right hand upon my fork which I held in my left, and then inserting the food that stayed on the fork into my mouth. It was an English habit I had learned from an old English business friend with whom I had visited once when a business trip across the water took me to London.

But as I noticed how often I missed part of the food I pushed on the fork, and wondered at the time why forks were not made with six tines instead of four, I began to think perhaps the English habit could not be Americanized, or at least that I had failed to master it, the same as I never could master chop sticks when I went into a Chinese restaurant in New York.

So I switched over to the United States habit of cutting up my meat with my knife and then shifting the fork over to my right hand. The boy looked rather queer as he watched me, but I never said anything.

Then it occurred to me that I had been getting through my meals ahead of the rest of the family, so I slowed up, and just for the sake of seeing what the result would be I lingered over the toast and sipped my coffee so leisurely that I actually was eating something when all the rest of the family were through.

"You do not seem to be in any hurry this morning," my wife said pleasantly. Then the Boy snickered. And the Girl smiled and I felt foolish, but there was a twinkle in my wife's eye that paid me for the effort it had cost me to slow up.

"No," I said; "business is not rushing particularly just now."

"First time I ever saw father finish last," said the boy.

My wife looked over across the table at me with a grave look, that, as I looked back, brightened into a smile and then into a laugh. It was the same kind of a laugh that she used to have when I was courting her.

"It is healthier to eat slowly," I said, speaking to the boy, with dignity. "Whatever you do as you grow up, take plenty of time for your meals."

I cannot dwell on this item, but enough to say that as I went on, I soon found out what the things were that made my wife "feel bad" when I ate. And really when you stop to think that in most homes at least twice a day all the year around most husbands and wives sit opposite each other to eat food, it does make some difference how they eat it. And if a man can't change a bad habit of eating to please his wife, I am sorry for him, and even more sorry for her.

THE next thing I remember that caused me to be a Problem centered around the item of finances. And this, I learned many times afterwards, is the rock on which many a fair craft of matrimony splits.

I had, of course, from the very first of our married life, paid all the household bills, grocery, gas, telephone, water, clothing, furniture, repairs, insurance, taxes, and everything else that makes a home worth while, and some that don't.

I had also at different times given my wife sums of money with which to buy what I supposed she needed, and for personal expenses about which I had a rather vague vision, calling it in my mind "pin money."

But one day when I happened to be worried a little about my business, my wife timidly asked me for some money. It was an unusual request and I said without thinking of how it sounded to her, "What do you want money for?"

She did not answer me, only looked at me as I had never seen her look before. And I remember I went away to my business, and was unhappy and uneasy all day thinking over that look.

Business took a happy turn that afternoon, and I came home at night feeling better. But the first glance at my wife showed me she had been crying.

That took me up with a short turn and a square hitch. I remembered what I had said to her in the morning when I had asked her what she wanted money for.

And right then and there I called her the old foolish names of our courting days, and begged her pardon for my short word.

"You can have all the money you need," I said. And I pulled out all I had in my pocket and handed it to her.

She smiled through her tears, and handed it back.

"I don't want it that way," she said.

"What way do you want it?" I said, somewhat bewildered.

"I wonder," she replied timidly after her fashion, "why I should have to need to ask you for money. Isn't there some way in which some kind of arrangement could be made——"

She paused, and I did not just know how to go on, but I said I would think the matter out.

AND I did think it out, and we have a definite money plan in our home that we find works for mutual happiness. It may not work in your home, but it does in ours; and this is the story of our home, not some one else's.

I found out after we had had a very frank and loving conference over the entire money matter, that for instance why my wife wanted some money that particular morning was to meet certain obligations she had assumed for her share in the federated woman's club. The women were putting up a club house, and my wife wanted to have a share in the building. There were also coming due certain amounts of money she had felt obliged to pledge on missionary and young woman's association work, and a number of other calls that were within our means, and that meant keeping up my wife's reputation as a social worker.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed to myself as all these things gradually came into my knowledge, "what a grouch and worse I have been all these years. Here is my wife, as much a breadwinner as I am, taking care of the house and the children while I am downtown, cooking the meals, mending the clothes, training the children, working fourteen hours to my ten, and earning money, for it would cost me at least half I earn in my business if I had to hire a housekeeper and a cook and a manager. And I dole out to her a few dollars now and then, and expect her to get along somehow and be humiliated by asking me as a great favor to let her have a little money, as if she had not earned it, just as much as if she were an expert housekeeper and teacher as she really was."

In brief this is the arrangement we made, with some modifications as experience made it necessary to change it.

I had a regular income of about $3,500 a year. Of this amount I turned over to my wife every month enough to meet all the household expenses of living, such as groceries, clothing, and all the items that centered about the keeping of the house as a home. And I want to say right here that she managed the buying and use of all things so well as to cut down considerably most of the items that make up the household expenses.

Over and above all these items I gave to my wife to bank in her own name enough money to provide for all other necessary expenses outside of the immediate carrying on of the family living, so that she would not have to come to me for special occasions, and would have as her own for charitable and church and social work a certain amount which would be within our income and which we found as time went on, varied only a little from the limit we had to set, each of us making the agreement that any unusual expenditure would be the subject of mutual conference.

I wish I had more time to go on with this item. I heard the other day of an old friend of mine who has gone shipwreck on this money question in his home. I think I came pretty near the breakers, but clawed away from the shore just in time.

I FIND as I go on that I have been a problem in my home on account of the easy-going habits I have had in the training of my children. I find on going over all my many failings that I have neglected my children, and as they have grown up I have had little to do with their religious instruction. I have left that to my wife, and perhaps it is better so. But speaking of religion, there is another place where I am sure I have disappointed my family. I have already told you how I got back into the Sunday school life. And nothing I ever did ever pleased my wife more or benefited me more.

But I am quite sure at times when I consider my shortcomings as a Mere Man and a Father and a Husband, that I am a good ways from the religious influence I ought to be. We dropped the Family Altar out of our home several years ago. I know that my wife tries to keep it up in her own way, and when the children were little I know she would always read the Bible to them and teach them their prayers when they were put to bed, while I sat down-stairs reading the evening paper.

I revolve these matters a good deal as the years pass. I know they make problems for the dearest woman in the world.

One thing I am certain about. The cause of many unhappy homes and broken families is absent from ours. We have never been untrue to each other. Whatever faults I may have, that tragedy has never cast a cloud over us. I suppose I am as much of a Problem as most Husbands, but not that kind of a problem, thank the good God.

And the more I ponder over the many things that may contribute to make a Home either heaven or hell on earth, the more I am inclined to think that most of the problems can be worked out, and happiness secured, if love is at the basis of the married life, and a mutual agreement to carry the load of responsibility and privilege together. And God must be there, and religion as the foundation. Of that I am profoundly convinced as the years go by, and my Husband duties become clear.

OF ANOTHER thing I have become sure as the years pass on. I must give more time to the life and plans of my children. I am appalled as I think of the neglect I have been guilty of in letting my children have the fag end of my time and thought. I have devoted to business and to golf and to Chambers of Commerce and to clubs of various kinds and to banquets and to other doings at least ten times as much time and thought as to my wife and children. I am surprised to find as time goes on how easy it is for me to turn over all the part of the home that belongs to the children to my wife.

I have an obligation as a father that I must assume. My wife is the best person in the world that I know and I do not know what would happen if she should be taken away from us. I want to take my place with her in the responsibility of making a Home.

The lack of that quality is, I understand, from recent figures in the Juvenile Courts, the one lack that causes homes to break down. I want to create a home, as much as a business. And my daily prayer now is that so far as in me lies I may do that great thing.

There is an old Arab proverb that to be a full grown man one must do three things! Build a home, write a book, and rear a son. I can never write a book, but by the grace of God I want to do the other two, even if I am only a Mere Man.

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Instalment Ten

A Story of a City Church

By MARION HARLAND

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

CHAPTER XVII—*Continued*

ONE of the men who assisted Rupert King to regain his footing after his dramatic ejection from the Haile home was a stranger. The other was Anslem Miller. As the stranger looked up wonderingly at the house, Miller spoke authoritatively to him:

"Will you kindly call that taxicab?" pointing to a passing vehicle. "I will take him home. He is a friend of mine."

The man obeyed, lifted his hat and walked away. Not until he had gone did King bethink himself that his name had not been spoken by his tactful "friend." Not a sentence was exchanged between the pair. Neither of them broke the impressive silence until they were within a few blocks of the King residence.

"I will try to thank you, Mr. Miller, when I get my wits," said King then. "At present the one idea uppermost in my brain is that perhaps, after all, I only got what was coming to me."

Which morsel of slang was faithfully transmitted to his chief by the mystified assistant pastor.

Mrs. King was not at home, and as the master of the house passed up the stairs to his own room, he ordered that a cup of very strong coffee should be brought to him instead of the afternoon tea usually served at that hour. He had eaten nothing since breakfast, and refused audience to clerks and clients. He was faint with inanition and the tempest of emotion that had swept through soul and mind. Yet when his wife returned, bright-faced and eager in praise of the concert she had attended in company with Mrs. Haile, he was dressed for dinner and reading the evening paper in the library.

THE evening meal was partaken of cheerily so far as the wifely part in the dialogue went. She detected nothing unusual in his manner of listening to her play of fun and fancy. Not until the ceremony was concluded and the two could converse without risk of being overheard was the incident of the afternoon revealed to the horrified auditor. To his credit, be it told, Rupert King did not gloss over the part he had borne in the fateful colloquy:

"Yes? I swore at him—a minister of the gospel—in his own house, a thing no man who had any right to be called a gentleman would ever do. And called him by every vile name in the calendar. When he plucked up courage to answer like a man, I struck him—a blow that would have knocked him down if he had not fallen against the wall. I got my deserts when he put me out into the street. I have made a clean breast of the whole matter to you. It was the only honest thing left to me. I have been insane all morning, if ever a man was crazy. Now you know it all. Heaven help us both! How much truth is there in that tale? I have never caught you in a lie in all the years we have lived together. I am not going back on the word now. I can't help it. I swear to you. I will believe every word you speak!"

She had listened with dilated eyes, and lips compressed into a thin hard line. Laying aside the embroidery she had not feigned to touch for half-an-hour, she came across the space separating them and knelt at his side.

"I will keep back nothing. If I were disposed to prevaricate, your candor would shame me into speaking the truth. I told Mr. Haile that I was very unhappy sometimes, because there was such incompatibility in our tastes and feelings upon some subjects. I wondered if we would not be more contented if we did not try to live together. Don't be very angry with me, dear! I ought to have locked my misgivings in my own heart and not confessed them to a fellow-creature. Oh! pity me when I say that Mr. Hale thought the same, although he handled the matter very delicately. From the first, he was firm in the persuasion that there should be no thought of a separation now or ever. He reminded me of the solemn vow I had made before God and man—the most sacred oath that can bind one human being to another. He showed me that I had no just cause for meditating such a step. He talked of your fine qualities and invariable generosity and indulgence to all my whims.

"What faults you had were superficial, he said, and did not change the real worth of a character that has won the respect of all who know you as you are. Finally, as gently as if he had been dealing with a wayward child—and indeed that is what I am!—he asked if I had done all in my power to lessen the distance between us. That set me to thinking seriously. I never really made a business of self-examination before. You would not care for me any more if you knew what ugly things I think within myself. I vowed again, and with all my soul, to begin a new life, and with God's help to try to be a better woman, a better wife and a more consistent Christian."

He lifted her, weeping, to his breast and petted her as her mother might have done.

"We will work together, little wife!" It was a solemn pledge.

"You would not care for me any more if you knew what ugly things I think within myself"

CHAPTER XVIII

THE June communion at which Rupert King made a public confession of his faith in Christ was marked in Stuart Haile's memory with a white memorial milestone.

Sitting in solitary musing upon the events of the past two months that Sabbath evening, his heart swelled with devout thankfulness.

"Thy way is in the sea and Thy path in the deep waters!"—escaped his lips in the retrospect. The floods of great waters had gone over his soul during the sleepless night succeeding the incidents recorded in the last chapter. He had been sitting just here that night, the Book from which he had read at family prayers on the stand before him and his aching head bowed upon it, when a note was brought to him by his wife.

"It came by special messenger," she had said quietly, but lively solicitude was in her face.

She had stood still beside him while he tore it open. "DEAR SIR": (Haile had held the note so that she could read it with him) "I behaved like a brute yesterday. How soon may I come to beg you to forgive me? Please telephone reply. KING."

The conversation that had ensued laid the foundations of a lifelong friendship. As Haile had surmised rather than divined, the rough crust of the self-made man's nature concealed unsuspected elements of rare excellence. His repentance for the shameful part he had played in the library scene was sincere and thorough.

"The devil entered into me when I read that infamous letter," was his version of the history of what must be an everlasting regret. "I was as mad as if I had been drunk. You brought me to my senses by playing the man when I had acted the rôle of a beast. If you had kicked me down the steps instead of letting me down easy, I believe I should have respected you still more."

HAILE laughed now in recalling it. A smile that grew tender as he recounted to himself the steps by which the honest penitent of his transgressions against his fellow-man had been led, at first through affection and respect for that leader, to a perception of his greater transgression against Him to Whom he owed all that made life worth the living.

"The old, old story!"—mused the minister. His was the richest reward that man can receive in the life that now is—the knowledge that he has been a co-worker with the Redeemer of mankind in saving a soul from death and turning a sinner from the error of his ways.

The change in Rupert had been no half-way reformation. Without being blatant, he had let it be known in private and in business life that he was thinking and acting along a different and higher plane than ever before. When, with the cordial consent of his pastor, he expressed the intention of presenting himself for admission to the Church, the session rejoiced and were exceeding glad.

The church was crowded to overflowing that Sabbath afternoon. It was a goodly line of men and women that blessed the eyes of the shepherd of souls as he recited to them the vows that were to control thought, belief and action.

As he sat in his study that evening, the rosy twilight of a perfect June day softened the outlines of roof and tower. The husbandman who had harvested much golden grain that day, noted it in his diary as a "Midsummer Thanksgiving Day."

Now and then the muffled sound of sacred music arose from the library below. Mrs. Haile was faithful in the observance of "the Children's Hour" no matter how crowded the Sabbath might be with other engagements. Her boy and girl had inherited musical taste and ear from both parents, and the mother had taken pleasure in cultivating the decided talent they showed. The fine "boy-soprano" of Stuart, Jr., had already won for him an enviable reputation in Sunday-school oratorios and concerts. The father hearkened in his reverie, to trio, a duet and solo, that arose fitfully but musically to his ears.

As a familiar air was played on the piano as a prelude to a hymn his wife had written and set to the ever sweet, however old Cradle Hymn, he arose, treading lightly lest he apprise the musicians of his intention, and set the door wide open.

The unobstructed words and air floated up to his seat in the alcoved window:

"Soft the shades of evening fall,
Twilight with its friendly pall,
Folds about earth's beating heart,
Bids the weary day depart.
Through the cool and fragrant air,
Our Father! hear our evening prayer!"

THAT evening, when having seen the happy children to their beds, Anita joined her husband in the library, he referred to the Evening Hymn:

"The weird, sweet old melody has a fascination for me. It was a fitting close to the happiest day I have had in this city. It has been 'round and perfect as a star.' I have worn the quotation threadbare, you may say, but it will bear much usage."

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The Editorial Forum

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Short Editorials on Long Subjects, by Dr. Sheldon

The Unemployed

THERE are three classes. Those who can work and won't. Those who want work and can't. Those who can't work and don't. We can take care of those who can work and won't, and those who can't work and don't. But the problem of furnishing work for those who want work and can't find it is a problem so great that the entire brains of a Hoover are not too much (excuse us, Mr. Hoover, for saying it) to solve the problem.

Much can be done by local authorities, Chambers of Commerce, and churches, and by individual citizens. The Methodists used to boast that they had a man for every church and a church for every man. If the state could boast that there was work for every man and a man for every kind of work, it would mark one step nearer the perfect civilization we say we want.

Meanwhile we seem to have heard several housekeepers say, our own among the number, "With all the cry about unemployment, we can't find any one in the town to come in and do our housework." Wonder how many "unemployed" men might get good jobs in good homes if they were willing to swallow a little pride and learn how to cook and look after a home! We know one minister who has lost his church on account of deafness and is now working happily in an apartment house as a servant. What is the difference between the pulpit and the potato masher? Not any, only more demands from the kitchen than the kirk.

Coal-Miners and Law

A SIGNIFICANT triumph for law and order has been won by the action of President Lewis of the United Mine Workers in suspending the local union of coal-miners in District 14, the district that has been the source of so much disorder and strikes in southwestern Kansas for a quarter of a century. This suspension order is a vindication of the action of the Kansas Industrial Court which tried Alexander Howat, the miners' leader, for disobedience to the court's orders, and he is now serving a six-months jail sentence after a trial.

President Lewis says in his order of suspension: "The joint agreement between miners and operators in the state of Kansas has been trampled upon by individuals who seemingly have no respect for the honor of their organization or the principles of fair dealing among men."

This statement is not the declaration of the operators nor even of the Industrial Court, but it comes from the coal-miners' own national body. The effect of it will be to discredit the lawless leadership of men who have denounced publicly the officers of the law and the law itself in Kansas.

It is interesting to note that out of 33 cases that have come before the Kansas Industrial Court for adjudication where there have been learned counsel on both sides, 31 cases have been accepted without appeal by both sides, thereby sustaining the Industrial Court in its ruling. The Chief Justice of the Kansas Supreme Court is quoted as saying that this record establishes a new court record for the state, and possibly for every other state of the union. In other words the Industrial Court, which has been ridiculed and attacked by lawyers and sociologists, has been sustained in its decisions in 31 out of 33 cases by the very parties, both representing capital and labor, who were most deeply interested in disputing any decision that was in any sense unfair or unjust. The fact that both sides have abided by the court's findings is a triumph for law and order, and also a recognition of the Court's soundness in law.

The Bolshevist Failure

IN HIS very illuminating volume, "The Breakdown of Communism," Leo Pasvolsky puts the whole matter of government by officialdom into one sentence: "Communism is impossible without the application of compulsion in the economic life of the country; but economic production is impossible with the application of such compulsion."

In the long list of experiments made by the human race to produce economic ideals, practically all of them up to date have been failures because they have not taken into account the human element. Laws by themselves cannot produce economic results. Force of government control cannot make men do what they don't want to do, even when the penalty is death. The only form of economic idealism that will ever succeed will be that form which employs in the highest degree the principles of the Golden Rule. Look up the Nash business in Ohio and see how it works practically. Bolshevism has broken down economically because it has scorned the divine element and had no use for the moral factor. No scheme of business by the state or the individual will ever succeed which leaves out of the account the principles of Jesus.

Mental Disease

DR. HORATIO M. POLLOCK, statistician of New York State Hospital Commission, in a recent report says:

"The burden of mental disease is each year becoming heavier. The ratio of patients with mental disease under treatment in institutions per 100,000 of population increased from 118 in 1890 to 220 in 1920. The economic loss to the nation on account of mental disease now amounts to over $200,000,000 a year. As less than one-fourth of those who develop psychoses are cured, no permanent relief can come from treating patients in hospitals."

Here is another case where prevention is better than cure, or attempts at cure. And another score is laid up against that old enemy of the race, Mars. The war has developed in Europe a generation of incapables. Professor de Lapouge says, "In Russia eugenical inheritance may be considered to be entirely destroyed. In France the best of our young men have perished or have become invalids in the proportion of at least 2 to 3."

And yet there are people who have been to college and some who are members of churches who still believe that war is necessary. The human race will continue to destroy itself as long as it goes on trying to destroy the other man.

Where the Money Goes

CHAIRMAN HURLEY of the Chicago moving-picture commission says that the people of this great and glorious republic spend $2,000,000 every day to see the movies. It has been reckoned by financial experts that it costs the people of this country about $90,000,000 a day to live. That would make the spending of money for movies between 2 and 3 per cent.

But the people spend more than twice that for automobiles. The expert says the daily expenditure on automobiles is $4,500,000.

Now add the money spent on food. According to the same authority the people spend daily for food $33,000,000. That makes the ratio to movies 16 to 1.

Clothes is an item—$14,500,000 daily. Only seven times what the people spend for movies.

It would be interesting to know how much the people spend for books and newspapers and music and art.

And Religion is worth something. How much?

Wise Words

OF ALL the Englishmen who have represented Great Britain as Ambassadors to this country no one has been more generally respected and honored than former Ambassador Bryce. His book, "The American Commonwealth," is regarded as a masterpiece of clear understanding of the United States, and the historical perspective in that book is wonderful, especially when one takes into account the fact that an Englishman is writing of a political institution entirely different from the national organization into which he himself was born.

Lord Bryce therefore is a man to heed when he speaks on the question of disarmament, as he recently did in an address made in New York just before leaving for England. In that address he said very plainly and frankly:

> "It has been sometimes supposed that armaments make for peace. They do not. They make for war. The existence of great armaments in a country fosters a large class who know how to make armaments and how to work them. It creates the desire to use the armaments which exist; it keeps the idea of war constantly before the mind of the people; it makes it seem a natural and probable thing and diminishes the horror with which the advent of war ought to be regarded." —*Associated Press Report.*

These are very wise words from a very wise man, a great friend of America, and they ought to carry great weight, and they will. They are not the utterance of a so-called wild and visionary fanatic but the words of a great statesman who sees the thing as it is, and is not afraid to speak the truth.

Professional Amusements

OLD Man Ultimate Consumer was complaining about the expense of sport.

"Look at it—35,000 cranks will spend an average of $3 apiece a day for nine days to see a world series of baseball. A friend of mine is a member of a golf club near Chicago and he pays $750 a year for a golf club membership. I can't understand the craze for such professional amusements. Ten thousand persons lately followed the playing of golf experts on a course. And twenty thousand crowded the race course last week in our little town to see automobile races, where two men lost their lives and each one of the twenty thousand paid over a dollar apiece to see the deaths. At the college football game last Saturday over 15,000 rooters paid three dollars apiece to see the game. And among the students were hundreds whose dads are working their heads off to give their young hopefuls an education."

"Don't get excited," said the Man-Around-Town. "As long as the world stands people are going to spend their time and money on professional sport. We all need excitement to keep us from getting stale and commonplace."

"I wonder," says Old Man Ultimate Consumer.

Sunday School Failures

A QUESTIONNAIRE is being sent out from certain colleges and also from other institutions, asking this question:

"Why are the Sunday schools of the churches of America failing to give the children the right kind of religious education? What is the remedy?"

Our answer would be, They are not failing.

But the parents of the boys and girls who attend the Sunday schools of the churches are failing.

If all the parents of the children who go to the Sunday school were to attend, the churches could not hold the crowd.

If the parents all went it would indicate an interest in Sunday school education that now is almost entirely lacking.

Here is an absurdity. Fathers and mothers all over this country will spend from $500 to $1,500 a year to send a boy or girl through a college.

But ask the same fathers and mothers to give the church $100 a year to provide expert teachers and equipment for an up-to-date school for teaching their children religious truth, and they would be paralyzed.

Yet the Sunday schools are expected to compete with highly endowed colleges and universities and are called "failures" because with unpaid teachers and scanty equipment they do not give the boy and girl first-class religious education.

The parents who bring children into the world are responsible for the religious instruction of their own children before it is the duty of the church to give it.

Because the great majority of parents shirk this duty, the church has to take it up. And the children get about all the religious teaching they ever have, all free, from the church. Most parents never even thank the church for this free instruction.

But many of them are at the present moment criticizing the church because it "fails" to give ideal religious education.

Let the parents of boys and girls give as much for religious education as they are willing to give for secular. Let them put into the hands of the church the money for teaching and equipment that the colleges and universities get from them and see what would happen.

Until they are willing to do that or something like it they have no business to call the Sunday schools "failures."

We would like to see some questionnaires addressed to the fathers and mothers of America, something like this:

"Why are you such failures in giving needful religious instruction to your children? You are responsible for their training towards God. Why do you leave the responsibility to the church? What is the remedy?"

We are tired of all this wholesale criticism of the church and its organizations. Let some of the fault-finding fall on the family, where it belongs.

The World News of the Week

Union Chiefs Reject Labor Board Plan for Averting Railroad Strike

A WEEK of negotiations has failed to remove the threat of a nation-wide railroad strike; but, with the first big walk-out of the union men still a week distant as this issue of the Christian Herald goes to press, hopes of averting such a national calamity remain strong.

The week's efforts to effect a settlement centered in the proposal of the public group of the United States Railroad Labor Board, which suggested the following terms: Immediate reduction of freight rates to absorb the $430,000,000 savings effected through the wage cut made effective on July 1; immediate suspension of the strike order, pending negotiations; withdrawal by the roads of their plan to request an additional 10 per cent. cut in wages. Two conferences between the Labor Board and the brotherhood chiefs in Chicago proved futile, the union leaders declaring that they found nothing in this proposal to justify the cancellation of the strike order and that they could not postpone the strike. They were frankly skeptical that the railroads could be prevailed upon to withhold their request for further wage cuts and stressed the importance of proposed changes in working conditions. Another objection was that the Esch-Cummins act provides no means for enforcing the board's decisions and they asserted sixteen or seventeen roads already had ignored rulings of the board, so that they see no end to what they consider encroachments on their rights.

Following the rejection of this proposal for a settlement the Labor Board issued orders assuming jurisdiction in the crisis and calling on the union leaders and the railroad executives to attend hearings to open October 26 in Chicago. It also directed both parties to the dispute to maintain the status quo until hearings should have been finished and its decision announced, which means in effect that the employees are forbidden to strike on October 30, since the Board's decision will not be ready by that date. In taking this action, the Board had the assurance of backing by President Harding and every agency of the government.

Officials of several other railroad unions which were expected to go on strike at the same time as the "Big Five" unions have refused to authorize a walk-out at present, so that the total membership of the unions for which strike orders had been issued stood at a little more than 400,000 instead of upwards of 2,000,000 as would have been the case had all railroad unions joined with them. Should the 400,000 go out, however, a serious tie-up of the nation's transportation would result.

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BIG RAILROAD EXECUTIVES WHO LEAD THE FIGHT AGAINST THE UNIONS

In this group, snapped at the entrance to the White House at a recent conference with the President, are the executives of America's greatest railroads. The railroad executives and the union leaders have been summoned to Railroad Labor Board hearings in Chicago in a new effort to prevent a strike

Senate Ratifies Peace Treaty

WITH Democrats supplying the decisive votes, the Senate has ratified the treaties negotiated by the Harding administration to end the war with Germany, Austria and Hungary. The German treaty, the first to be acted on, was carried by a vote of 66 to 20, eight more than the required two-thirds majority and a larger margin than Republican leaders had been anticipating. Fourteen Democrats, among them Senator Underwood, the minority leader, joined with the Republicans in support of the treaty, and two other Democrats were paired in favor of ratification. Two Republicans, Senators Borah and La Follette, voted against the treaty and another, Senator Norris, was paired against it.

On the Austrian treaty the vote was the same as on the German pact, while the Hungarian treaty was ratified by a vote of 66 to 17. Little attention was paid to these treaties in the debate, the contending forces centering their oratory on the German pact. The Wilson leaders in the Senate and others who favored the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations or nothing continued their fight to the end; and, strangely enough, were aligned on the final vote with those who had most bitterly opposed the Versailles compact. Senators Borah and Reed, heading the fight against ratification, denounced the German treaty as an instrument so framed as to bring America into the League at some future date, and Senator Borah expressed the conviction that the Harding administration was moving in that direction. Senator Reed twice offered amendments designed to eliminate the Versailles treaty from the German pact but lost overwhelmingly, and all other attempts at amendments were defeated easily.

Conference Agenda Approved

THE agenda for the coming Washington conference has been subject to only one change or addition—and that was the inclusion of the subject of Pacific electrical communications at the instance of the United States—since it was submitted by Secretary Hughes several weeks ago to the governments invited to participate. All the nations except China accepted it subject only to such innovations as the developments of the conference may suggest. China, it was said, proposed topics not included in the agenda, but the nature of these has not been disclosed.

The Japanese ambassador in Washington, Baron Shidehara, presented a memorandum accompanied by verbal observations, in which his government accepted the agenda as a whole, stating at the same time Japan's views regarding it. It had been anticipated that Japan might seek important changes in the list of topics for discussion and Tokio's acceptance therefore caused gratification. The difficult subject of immigration, officials stated, would not be discussed at the conference, since both the American and the Japanese governments consider it a domestic question. Formal announcement of the results of the informal exchanges among the Powers was withheld in accordance with diplomatic courtesy.

Important members of the foreign delegations have been arriving in the United States and have received hearty welcomes in New York, but the main figures in Conference will not come until the eve of its opening.

THEY SEEK TO BRING ABOUT A UNION OF THE CHURCHES IN INDIA

Representatives of the Church of England and of the South India United Church who passed important resolutions looking toward organic union at a four-day conference at Madras. Complete agreement has not been reached as yet, but it is felt the obstacles are not insuperable

Bomb Damages Herrick Home

A BOMB attempt on the life of Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador to France, resulted in an explosion which wrecked two rooms of his Paris home while he was only a few feet distant, but he and the members of his family fortunately escaped injury. His valet, a former soldier who had opened the package containing the explosive and tossed it into an adjoining room when he heard a warning whirr, was injured slightly. The package had been sent the Embassy by mail and excited no suspicions, so that it was merely by chance that Mr. Herrick himself did not open it.

The Paris police, who at once began an intensive search for the criminals, believed the bomb to be the work of French Communists who for two weeks had been conducting a campaign against the execution of two Italians, Sacco and Vanzetti, convicted in Massachusetts of murdering two men in connection with a payroll robbery. The case had passed virtually unnoticed in the United States, but had caused widespread agitation among radicals abroad. Mr. Herrick had received scores of threatening letters and telegrams regarding the case, and "Red" newspapers in Paris made it the occasion for bitter attacks on the "capitalist régime" in America. Ambassador Harvey in London also has received threatening letters and the British authorities took steps to forestall an attempt on his life. In Italy the case has excited the radical elements and in a recent hostile demonstration of extremists before the American Embassy in Rome the police made a hundred arrests before the crowd was dispersed.

Britain's Unemployment Program

PREMIER Lloyd George, in outlining before the House of Commons the British government's program with regard to unemployment and trade, took a broad international view which is deserving of consideration in this country. Attributing the country's economic crisis which has brought the number of unemployed up to 1,750,000 to one thing—the war—he declared peace and a good understandng among nations to be vital, since the commerce on which prosperity is dependent can not be resumed in an atmosphere of hostility.

It is obvious, he said, that neither the exporter nor the importer could build upon "an acrobatic basis of exchange," and he therefore proposed a plan to stimulate international trade by having the government assume part of the risks. It will raise guaranties of interest on loans to traders to 100 per cent., with the maximum for each firm to be fixed by an advisory committee—a plan which means government underwriting of the great business interests.

The government proposes to guarantee the interest on loans to the amount of £25,000,000 to be raised for purposes of carrying out capital undertakings providing employment or for the purchase

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The Things Before and Things Behind

A Sermon by REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXT—Phil. 3 : 13, 14. "This one thing I do forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

THIS is the speech of an old man, and that is the amazing novelty of it. It is an inspiring vision to see men piling up their years, and yet putting fresh fuel upon their enthusiasms, and maintaining a more fervent glow than ever. There is something very kindling in the sight of men who preserve a militant ardor of soul, and who ride forth in old age to slay dragons as bravely and as cheerily, and with as much knightly buoyancy and song, as in the days of their prime. They march forth as to the beat of drums, and the streets of old age are gay with advancing banners. This man Paul keeps wonderful fires of enthusiasm. There is no shortage of fuel. His fires burn as rapturously at fifty as they did at twenty-five. Their glow is as intense at the end of his days as it was in the beginning. It is a great thing, when your own fires are burning low, to get near to the Apostle Paul. His fervor has a strange power of transmitting itself to others, and he shares his heat with those who join his fellowship.

When he writes the words of my text, he is nearing the end of his days. He is in captivity at Rome. It would seem as though his enemies have a right to shout, for they appear to be triumphant. They have broken up his life. They have checked his missionary crusades. He can no longer go about as he pleases, trudging through land after land, carrying the sacred flame of his evangel. He is awaiting trial at Rome. He is to appear before Cæsar, but the Cæsar is the infamous Nero, and the gates of hope are not ajar in that direction. The curfew seems to toll the knell of parting day. How fares it with him now?

Well, how is it with people when they grow older? They are apt to slacken their speed. They are apt to become garrulous, and their garrulousness is inclined to be occupied with famous things which have been, but which will be no more. Old people usually indulge in retrospect and reminiscence. They issue books of recollections, but they unfold no fine programs. They fight old battles over again in words. They shoulder their crutch and show how fields were won. The past becomes their kingdom, and it imprisons them and their soul moves within its boundaries. How then is it with this man who is imprisoned at Rome? Listen to him: "Forgetting those things which are behind!" That is the very opposite posture to that at which we have been looking. It is not the pose of recollection and reminiscence. It is the pose of the forward mind, gazing into futurity with eager, searching eyes. "Reaching forth to the things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." This man's spirit is a cordial at which any downhearted soul may drink and go on his way refreshed and rejoicing.

NOW let us try to turn this man's triumph-song into counsel for ourselves. "Forgetting the things which are behind." What is that but a trumpet-call bidding us refuse to allow the past to become our tyrant? Let us get the force of that word "forgetting." It means to lose out of mind, to neglect, to leave disregarded, to say little or nothing about a thing. Refuse to give the past recognition when it comes to you as a master and would subdue you as its slave. Reject the tyranny!

The past can stretch out a hand and grip the present with a throttling grasp. We talk about the "dead hand" of the past. And the dead hand is not an impotent hand, lying harmlessly upon us; it is cold, and chilling, and deadly, and deadening. It can lie upon us with a touch of blight, and everything withers before it. The past can be the minister of paralysis. And the Apostle calls us to defy the dead hand and to reject its tyranny. What does he mean? What are these things which are behind, and from whose tyranny we can escape?

Well, first of all, there are the sinful things of the past, and we can refuse to permit their deadening tyranny and dominion. Past sin can hold us in present enslavement. Sin can come from a far-off yesterday and proudly claim its inheritance today. For mark how sin works. Every sin we commit stakes out its own claim in the kingdom of our life. Every sin exercises some power of dominion over our habits. Every time we sin, we enter into a larger servitude. Sin is the enemy of our freedom. There is nothing so clutching, nothing so unescapable as the dead hand of an old sin. Now, Paul had these sins in past days; but he refused their tyranny, and he was brought into a condition where he could forget the things which are behind.

HOW did he do it? There is only one way to do it and that is Christ's way. The way to meet the imperious tyranny of a sinful past is to hand it over to Christ. Only Christ can deal with sin-born tyrannies. And He can destroy the deepest and the harshest servitude. That is what He came to do. "He shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sin." And that most surely includes the sins of yesterday, the dragons and the monsters which are born and bred in other days, and which have fattened and grown strong with the disobedience of the years. And Paul had handed over his past to the Saviour, and the Saviour had dealt with it. "Where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound." Such was the transformation wrought by the Lord. Paul looked back upon his past and it seemed to abound in sin; and then in Christ Jesus he looked again and it seemed to abound in grace. The wilderness had been changed into a garden; and the black country unveiled the wonderful love of God.

And in this way we too can refuse to acknowledge the dominion of sin. We can reject its tyranny over our life. Humbly and penitently we can hand it over to the Saviour, and we need not worry about it any more. Refuse to accept the imperiousness of sin, and if in moments of depression it rise against you, quietly meet it with the word, "Christ has died," and it will leave you like some dark bird of the night, flying away before the sweet clear light of the dawn.

BUT there are other things of the past whose tyranny we must reject. We must refuse to allow the spiritual triumphs of the past to hold us in dominion. Can our triumphs be our tyrants? Yes, indeed they can. Can some spiritual conquest of last year put forth a hand upon today and hold me in bonds? Yes, indeed it can. We can be imprisoned by our defeats, but we can also be imprisoned by our conquests. A success may conduce a premature satisfaction, it can incline us to rest and be thankful. We can stay our journey when we are only half way up the hill and we can go to sleep. A spiritual triumph may induce perilous contentment, and in that contentment we may abate our ardor and slacken our speed. And so the good becomes the enemy of the better, and the better becomes the enemy of the best. We pat ourselves on the back, and we say "good," and the good dims our eyes to the lure of the excellent. We go into some inn or hostel of satisfaction, and so we end our journey, and we fall asleep.

Now, all this is the creator of Pharisaism. When a man begins to survey his moral and spiritual attainments, and to do so with satisfaction, the satisfaction easily degenerates into self-conceit. He begins to parade his virtues. He puts them into a window of publicity, and he labels them with his own name. And, like all goods exposed in a shop-window, they begin to soil and to fade. The shady side of Pharisaism is just this public display of moral attainments. "I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortionists, unjust, adulterers, or even as this poor publican. I fast twice in the week. I give tithes of all that I possess." This man's successes are holding him in bonds. His very attainments have become his chains. And that is ever so when we begin to expose our virtues in spectacular display. Fondled virtues wrap themselves around us with the soft constraints of silken cords. It is well to remember that a man can be hanged with a rope that is woven of silk. Our virtues can become our fetters.

And so when Paul refuses the tyranny of the past, he refuses the tyranny of its triumphs. He denied the right of past successes to impose a boundary, and thereby limit or paralyze the forward movements of his soul. He forgets the things which are behind. And what is his second counsel? It relates to "The things which are before." And what does that mean but that we are to explore the horizon for fresh possibilities of new conquests? It proclaims the wholesomeness of the forward-looking mind. We are to explore the horizon for new ventures, for new attainments, for new abilities in divine fellowship, for new capacities of life and service.

BUT now we must see to it that the exploration is thorough and efficient. It is a good thing—indeed it is the only wise thing—to seek some expert in exploration, to look through the eyes of some noble seer, and scan the horizon in his fellowship. It is a wonderful thing to look through the eyes of John Ruskin upon a rain cloud which hangs low and ragged upon the horizon. How the gloom opens out into an apocalypse. And it is equally wonderful to scan the spiritual horizon through the eyes of some one who is a master in the things of grace.

For instance, we can use the eyes of the Apostle Paul. What does he see on the horizon which is concerned for thee and me? Let me read through his letters and see what he is looking at, and then claim it as part of my own inheritance. Or let me look through the eyes of John, the seer whose eyes are made quiet by the power of harmony and the deep power of joy. But pre-eminently let us look through the eyes of Christ.

Let us go carefully through all He has to say about us, and note the things that are before. What does He want me to be, what is the purpose of His grace? What has He in store for me? What range of fellowship, what depth of discernment, what height of holiness, what wealth of freedom, what capacity of service? Let me explore the horizon and let me fill my eyes with contemplation of the glory.

His final counsel is this: "*Reaching forth* unto those things which are before." And what is this but an urgent appeal to use athletic vigor in undertaking new crusades. Let us mark the strenuousness of the words "reaching forth." It is full of vigor. It means to stretch to the uttermost. It is the figure of a runner with the whole bias of his body stretched out toward the goal. That is to be my mood, and my attitude in regard to the things which gleam upon the horizon of my soul. A word like this makes me ashamed of the slackness of my own spiritual endeavor.

For how little of the athlete there is about my running! How little of stretch there is in my posture! How much playing with the thing and how much ease!

THE trouble is we give our strength to our business, and we give our weakness to the Lord. We give our strength to our work, and we give our weakness to our worship. We lay hold of money with both hands, but we touch the Lord with a finger. And yet we are called upon to be athletes in our Father's business.

And this therefore should be our daily vow of consecration—'O God, I will serve Thee with my strength, I will offer Thee the strenuousness of an athletic life. With all my might I will stretch out to the things which are before. By Thy grace I will win the inheritance which shines on the distant horizon. By Thy grace I will!"

And in the carrying out of that covenant, such a man will move from grace to grace, and from strength to strength, and from glory to glory.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Crown Him Lord of All," "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—James 3 Chap. Verses 4 to 13. "Governing the Tongue."

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (See page 807, first column.)

Sermon—"THE THINGS BEHIND AND THE THINGS BEFORE"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Just as I am, without one Plea," or "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Master of All, may our service today teach us to curb our passions that minister to our lower life, help us to overcome the wrong by the prevailing power of Thy might, reveal to us Thy way and make us to be eager to make it ours, and fill our souls with everlasting faith in the everlasting life. We ask it in Jesus' name. AMEN.

*Dr. Jowett's sermons, prepared especially for the Christian Herald, appear in the first issue of each month throughout the year.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., J. A. McAfee, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., and R. Braunstein

The "Far Country"

SUNDAY. Luke 15 : 14. "*He took his journey into a far country.*" This journeying into the far country is usually interpreted as one of prodigality, and even one of profligacy. Here is a young fellow eaten up with vice. He has lapsed into degeneracy. In the most fearful way he has become depraved. He is bankrupt in money and in character. He has sunk almost beyond recognition. We think of his very garments as the symbols of his shame. His garments are torn and defiled. He is in rags, and he is herding with the swine. He is a "waster" of the lowest type. He has gone a long, long way! He is in the far country.

That is how we commonly think of a prodigal who has wandered away from home. But now let me introduce a sentence of St. Augustine's which immeasurably broadens our conception—"The far country is forgetfulness of God." That is a revolutionary way of describing the vagrancy. All the stage setting of our familiar conception is gone. There is no swinish carnality. All is outwardly decent, and yet there is a forgetfulness which is the certain proof of spiritual estrangement. Here is a man who has forgotten God, and, whatever may be his material condition, he is in the far country, far away from home.

And surely this is the universal teaching of the Word of God. There is no more awful word in the scriptures than just this word "forget." It expresses the quintessence of disunion. It marks the culmination of spiritual tragedy. It suggests the uttermost poignancy of the pain of abandonment. Whenever it appears, in any book of the scriptures, it seems to record the climax, the very maturity of alienation. Here is an example from Deuteronomy: "Thou hast forgotten God who formed thee!" Here is another from Jeremiah: "My people have forgotten Me!" That cry is repeated again and again. Here is another from Ezekiel: "Thou hast forgotten Me!" Here is still another from Hosea: "Israel hath forgotten his Maker!" These are only a little handful from a great number. And to all these accusations must be added an equal number of warnings. "Beware, lest thou forget the Lord thy God." There is agony in the words. Forgetfulness is outrage and indignity at their worst. When we forget God we are a long way astray. The far country is the land of forgetfulness.

And when we think about it, is not this true of our purely human relationships, the relationship of man with man? Is there any estrangement worse than this—to be just forgotten?

And God can be absent from our consciousness, and never be missed. We can forget Him for a whole day, and He is never missed. We can forget Him for a whole week, for a whole year—nay, for the larger part of a life, and there is no tragic feeling that something is missing from our ways. Surely, in such forgetfulness we are in the far country! In one of his private devotions, one of those confessions of sin which are so fearfully vital that one feels that if the sentences were broken they would drip blood, Lancelot Andrews uses these words—"I have neglected Thee, O Lord!" It is the awaking cry of a soul which has been in the land of forgetfulness, and the cry is a sign that he is coming back home.

Yes, for that is the other side of all this. When we begin to remember God, we are looking towards home: nay, we are taking the first steps on our return. It may be that the remembrance will fill us with pain, and with sore penitence, and even remorse. "I remembered God, and was troubled!" So said one soul, as he turned again home. But the very trouble is a sign of revival. It is like the aching pain of lost "feeling" returning to hands that have been benumbed with cold. The hands ache, but it means a restored circulation. And when we remember God, communion is being re-established. We are on the way home: we are leaving the far country behind.

J. H. J.

My Mother

MONDAY. Psa. 92 : 14. "*Thou shall still bring forth fruit.*" I am thinking of an Elect Lady who sat in her invalid chair at ninety-three, with veiled eyes and palsied hands; but superannuated? Oh, no! I hear her now, singing in a quavering voice.

"On Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight!"

By the sweet influence of her overcoming faith and patience she was unconsciously bringing forth fruit in her old age. It was more than thirty years ago that she turned the bend in the road; but many a time, climbing the pulpit stairs, I have felt her dear hand on my shoulder and heard her saying just as she used to, "My son, the Lord be with you."

What a heritage! She being dead yet speaketh. I wonder was this in the mind of the Master when He said, "He that liveth and believeth on me shall never die"?

D. J. B.

Faith in Each Other

TUESDAY. Matt. 6 : 9. "*Our Father which art in heaven.*" It is upon the social implications of the Master's teaching that Christian society must be built. We cannot join with our fellow Christians around the world in the Lord's Prayer, and then lightly consider our brother's worth. The great ideal of brotherhood must rest back ultimately on fatherhood. Each time we voice the great prayer the dignity of humanity should be borne in upon our hearts.

Recently I was told of a minister of whom one of his officers said, "It requires all of Mr. A's time to explain his mistakes." Of course such a statement is a sad commentary upon the ability of the minister, but it is an equally sad commentary upon the Christianity of his people, that it was necessary for the preacher to explain his honest mistakes. There is some truth in the thing that we have been told so often, that it does no good to apologize, that our friends do not need the explanation and our enemies will not believe it. Surely we do need among Christian workers greater faith in each other.

Many times I have watched the lead and zinc miners as they worked with sledge and steel. They work largely in pairs, one man holding the steel and the other striking. Their skill is nothing less than marvelous, men striking with a full swing where a few inches to one side or the other would mean mutilation if not death to the man holding the steel. It was fascinating to see them work, many times in almost impossible positions. One day I was watching two very capable miners at work, when, for some reason, the stroke did not fall true and the hand of the man holding the steel was badly mangled. To my amazement not a word was spoken. In silence the men climbed down from the platform and the wound was roughly dressed. All the time we were wrapping up the hand not a word passed between the men. I said nothing, though the procedure interested me greatly. When opportunity came I told the ground boss of the occurrence, and the fact that there had been no explanation and no apology. The man turned to me and said: "If ever you hurt a man in the mine, never apologize. If you do, it will probably mean a fight, for he will then think that it was intentional." The custom seems to me to be an excellent one. And what fine confidence it does show! Church work would be much more enjoyable and would accomplish more for Him if we had just a little more of that confidence in the integrity of purpose of each other.

That faith in each other must come from the Spirit of Christ in our hearts, and from the recognition of the worth of each man based on our common heritage.

J. A. M.

The Best Is Yet to Be

WEDNESDAY. James 1 : 4. "*Let patience have her perfect work.*" If ever we are tempted to think of patience as a mark of weakness, it may help us to remember that Nature is the most patient of forces. All the normal processes of nature are slow. The things which Nature does swiftly are anomalies and they are generally disasters. The Bible has always told us of the patience of God. Think of the ages it required to develop a race of people capable of receiving the revelation of God's unity and spirituality.

Years ago, a man in the Northwest developed a passion to improve the quality of wheat. He began picking out his seed wheat grain by grain, and within a single generation, produced a variety of more vigorous wheat, wheat that resists both heat and cold better than the old varieties, and matures from ten days to two weeks earlier. This is a type of patience, heroic, unconquerable.

God began His process of separation with Abraham. For two thousand years He picked out his human seed until, when Jesus came, there were a few could receive the revelation, a few who responded to His appeal. (Paul was of that "picked" race and of the "picked" tribe of that race.) God is very patient in His process of lifting humanity. He is not through with us yet. His process is incomplete. A better humanity is yet to be. God's patience and ours must work together.

C. C. A.

Faith First

THURSDAY. II. Tim. 1 : 10. "*Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to life through the Gospel.*" The fact of immortality does not rest for its proof upon human reason, logic, departed spirits or the discoveries of science. Neither does the fact of the existence of God. The Bible assumes these greatest truths as being above proof. Faith, the sister of reason, accepts the inspired statement of the Holy Scriptures. Because Christ lived, we shall live also. He says, "Fear not; I am He that was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore." Our Lord's life, words, death and resurrection have brought life immortal to light in the Gospel.

We are to believe His words, His works Himself, if we would know the truth divine. He says, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also. If it were not so, I would have told you." If these words are unworthy of belief, creation is a magnificent ruin, life a mockery, hope a despair, fatherhood a failure. Christ sealed His testimony with His blood; He illustrated immortality by His rising and His ascension into heaven, and by His spirit coming to Pentecost, and by His drawing all mankind unto Him for a score of centuries.

When Jesus finished His mission, He prayed, "Let Me go to the glory I had with the Father, at Home, before the world was." Is not home, home, the cry throughout the universe, the last words of the dying saints? There is no deep, dark river of death since Jesus bridged the stream; what seems death is only transition, crossing over into eternal life. There we will begin a new journey that will never end.

E. W. C.

Preacher and Hearer

FRIDAY. John 14 : 17. "*Even the Spirit of Truth; whom the world cannot receive.*" We take blame to ourselves for our failure to present the truth with an all consuming and convincing zeal. But this does not relieve the responsibility of the hearer for any indifference to spiritual things. O Spirit of God, baptize us preachers with fire and power! Send us to our pulpits, as Moses went to the Egyptian court, straight from the vision of the burning bush with the message "*I-am-that-I-am* hath sent me." Then give our hearers the hearing ear and the understanding heart.

At the close of a recent sermon by an evangelist who is sometimes criticized for his use of the vernacular, he paused in an attitude of utter exhaustion, and uttered the following singular prayer: "My Lord Jesus, I have put in my best licks for You, and I can do no more. You'd think everybody would bow down in repentance and come running to You. But they won't. Some of them will, but more will go away and forget all about it. And if they don't look out, they will sleep on till the last trumpet sounds. You must awake them, Lord! It's up to You. Show them that they are sinners and on the way to hell. I can't do any more. Amen." Whatever we may think about the familiarity of that prayer, we are bound to confess that there was a world of truth in it.

D. J. B.

Exchange and Example

SATURDAY. Col. 4 : 16. "*And when this epistle is read among you, cause that it be read also in the Church of the Laodiceans, and that ye likewise read the epistle from Laodicea.*" If any good thing comes your way, pass it along. If you have an idea, hand it down. If you have read a good book recommend it. If you have heard a good sermon tell it. If you know of any good thing tell others. If you know of failure, write it on the sands of the seashore. If you know of any virtue, engrave it on granite. If you have been blessed, be a blessing.

No one is so impoverished that he cannot give something of help and inspiration to the social fabric in which he finds himself. The man next door needs me, and I need the man next door. The Church needs both of us and we need the Church. Labor needs capital and capital needs labor. The listener wants good preaching and the preacher wants good listeners. The world is dependent. The human race is one family. Studying a bigger map and having a world-wide vision, horizons shall recede and merge into the broad sky of the Kingdom of God.

We are looking and praying and toiling for that Kingdom. But before God can operate man must co-operate. "The greatest word of the next one hundred years will be 'together.'" Isaiah has given us the ideal picture: "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage." The key to the realization of this picture is Christian missions. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel."

R. B.

APPERSON'S

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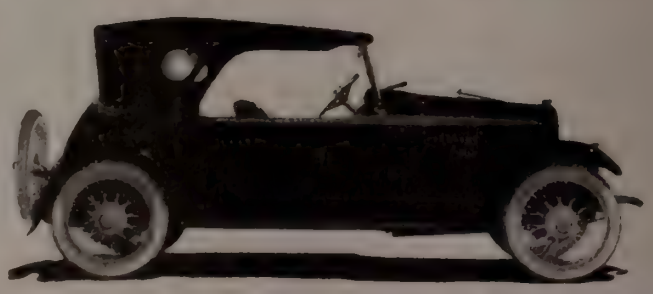

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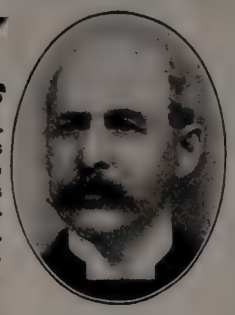

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Apartment Hunting

One Looks for More Than Beauty in a Prospective Home

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

EVERY once in a while we city-dwellers go apartment hunting. It isn't a habit with us, nor yet an attempt at finding amusement. It isn't even a seeking after variety. It's usually a matter of sheer necessity that takes us out on a search for a new home. For city rents have a way of sky-rocketing in the direction of the clouds—and city salaries don't often follow in their lead. And when rents sky-rocket—and salaries don't—it is often a good plan to move!

The city isn't like the country, in the matter of homes. It isn't like the wide, sparsely settled places, where every family owns a comfortable farmhouse and a roomy barn. Neither is the city like the small villages and towns where thrifty young couples buy neat shingle and stucco cottages, on the instalment plan. The city is a crowded place of tall buildings that stand grimly side by side—tall buildings that are honeycombed with small rooms. And some of these small rooms are linked together into suites of one, or two, or three. And these suites of rooms are charitably called apartments. And no matter how small they are or how crowded or how inconvenient or how expensive, there's always somebody who will live in them—live in them gladly.

IT DOESN'T matter how small it is,
Or how dim it is, or how plain it is;
It doesn't matter if all it is,
Is a little room or two—
The walls may be drab—and plain, a bit,
And the chairs and tables may not quite fit
But as long as it's ours, what we call it is
A HOME, for me and for you!

For it doesn't matter how thin the purse,
Or how troubles come (oh, things might be worse!)
When all the love that world can hold—
May live in a room or two,
Things may be crowded of course, and tight,
And the hearth fire may be hard to light,
But how can even a room be cold
When it's home, for me and for you?

When I first came to the city to live I had quite lofty ideas on the subject of apartments. I would insist upon elevators, I thought, and sunshine in every room, and parquet floors, and flower gardens. But after I had spent some time apartment-hunting I found that my ideas had undergone a mighty change. I found that I was inclined to accept fresh air with a deep thanksgiving—and to forget my demands in the matter of sunshine. I found that moderately clean, moderately new floors would do; that parquet wasn't necessary. And as for flower gardens—I discovered that a window-box is as far as the average city-dweller gets—when said city-dweller has garden ambitions!

I HAD always built an ideal of home around an ideal of beauty—sheer, appealing beauty. But, after my first dose (it can be called nothing else!) of apartment hunting, my ideals dwindled away. And I found myself saying, as I viewed a prospective abode:

"*Perhaps* I can do something with this!" Not—"How very suitable this is!" I found myself considering the possibilities rather than the advantages. I found myself looking for comfort and convenience rather than for mere surface prettiness. I found that the newest, shiniest rooms often lacked such things as adequate heat, and wash-tubs, and even cook stoves.

"Almost everybody goes to restaurants, now," more than one agent told me; "hardly anybody gets their own meals at home. So few people care to cook that we've done away with kitchens!"

And so I learned—through my rather bitter experience—to look kindly upon neutral-toned walls. And to plan cretonne hangings and vases and sofa cushions that would bring light to shadowy corners. And to nail up shelves in empty spaces, and to create makeshift wardrobes, and miniature kitchenettes. And I discovered that it was oftenest the plain but practical apartment that I took—rather than the flimsy, beautiful one. For an apartment that is only practical can sometimes be made beautiful, but an apartment that is only beautiful oftentimes can not—by any amount of work or worry—be made practical!

Did you ever hear a boy say—as I did, once—that the prettiest girl at a party seldom makes the best wife? Did you ever hear a man or a woman remark that beauty is only skin deep and that a friend should be valued for sterling worth rather than for decorative qualities? Have you ever chosen a gown or a suit for its strength of fabric, passing by, as you did so, a flimsy bolt of goods with a pleasing color and sheen? Because the principle involved, in all three cases, is the same principle that is involved when one is searching for an apartment.

APARTMENTS, and clothes and friends and husbands and wives—the same rule applies to them all! It isn't surface charm, alone, that counts—it's the possibilities and the worth and the wearing qualities that really matter!

Of course, surface charm can't really be ignored. Appealing prettiness and marvelous beauty can not be passed by. It's only that they must be weighed, in any matter that needs a decision, with the more necessary things.

An apartment can be both attractive and convenient at the same time. It *can* be. Of course it isn't, often, unless one has an all-reaching and elastic purse. And a pretty girl is often as splendid and sincere as her less attractive sisters. And a friend can be good and true without being hard to look at. And I have had dresses that were mighty charming as to color—and that wore like the proverbial iron.

I'm not trying to tell you—friends of mine—that beautiful things aren't good things! You know me too well to suspect me of advocating only ugliness and plainness. But I'm trying to impress upon your minds—as it's been impressed upon my mind—that beauty, to be worth while, must be *beauty—plus.* It must be beauty plus usefulness and convenience.

Perhaps you wonder why I've been talking so hard about apartments. Perhaps you wonder why apartments are so much in my mind this week. It's because—and this is ever so true—I've just finished apartment hunting. It's because, for months, I've been searching for a place in which a home might be made.

I found it, today. It's in the back of a building and it hasn't any view. And the closets aren't all that they should be and it's apt to be just a shade dark. And it's inclined to cost more than it should—although it's less ridiculously expensive than any of the other apartments that I've looked at.

For in the city all dwelling places are so expensive that one cannot help speculating on where the folk who earn what is called "a mere living wage" can possibly live. And one cannot help wondering if the really poor people do live!

But it has a stove that's large enough to cook on—and that has a real oven! And the hall boy says that the water is always hot. And there's a telephone and a fireplace—a fireplace that really burns, that will be fine for pop-corn making on cold winter evenings. And I have a certain print of a wee house with a red roof and a green background of trees that I'll hang where there isn't any window.

And I'll pretend, oh, ever so hard, that it's a view!

How Plain Anne Found a Way to be Pretty—

and a way to have pretty clothes, too!

IT WAS really quite a shame, you know, that Anne couldn't have the right kind of clothes to wear. She was just a simple little miss, thrilled with the thousand longings of youth, dreaming of laughter and beauty—and of love. But somehow she was just *plain*. She was the type of girl who needed pretty, frilly, dainty things to wear—a blue frock with tiny ruffles to do justice to the blue in her eyes, or a gay little dress of pink or red to harmonize with her hair.

But it wasn't her fault that she never had anything to wear except horrid ginghams and calicoes. Folks called her "Plain Anne"—but they didn't know of the golden dreams that surged unceasingly within that curly brown head. Nor did they know of the heartache when those dreams were shattered.

Even now, while the others were at the hay festival, Anne sat in her little room beneath the gables and dreamed. She dreamed on while the stars tried to lure her with their mischievous twinklings, and while the big yellow moon frowned down upon her with the mock worldliness of his many centuries. Somewhere a cowbell began to tinkle and was lost in the melody of church chimes. All the world seemed so sweet and kind and happy—but she was alone, always alone!

"It isn't fair!" she told herself bitterly as out of the distance came a shout of laughter from the merrymakers. "It isn't right!" Why wasn't *she* with them? Why didn't folks ever invite *her* anywhere? Why didn't *she* ever go to picnics and parties like other girls? It wasn't her fault that she wasn't pretty. It wasn't her fault that she didn't have gay little frocks and becoming little hats. She fell asleep that night with a funny little pain somewhere inside—and she dreamed that everything had changed—that she was tall and slender and pretty with a wardrobe full of beautiful things to wear!

When Darkness Precedes Dawn

Then, one wonderful day, Bob came to town. There was a big reception, and everyone was at the station to greet him—for wasn't Bob the son of old Bill Jenkins who had done so much for the folks way back when they had the blizzard? Even Anne was there, and once when she caught Bob's eye as he stood on the platform making a speech to the welcoming crowd, she blushed and felt strangely warm. But Bob did not glance that way again. . . .

In the days that followed, Anne felt more keenly than ever her unattractiveness. She became self-conscious, timid. She couldn't help it—her clothes made her so. How could anyone feel happy and at ease in a faded old dress that didn't fit at all?

Bob and Helen Randolph became fast friends from the very first. Helen was quite pretty, you see, and somehow her clothes always seemed to be made for just her. Anne used to watch them as they passed by her home on the way to a party or to the theater. And secretly she used to picture herself in Helen's place, wearing attractive clothes, walking down Main Street with Bob, gloriously and proudly happy for the first time in her life!

It was just about this time that Mrs. Hampton came from the city with her little daughter to live at Anne's home. She was going to open a smart dress shop in town. She had beautiful clothes—soft, shimmering dresses of silk and crisp little affairs of organdie and taffeta. She had exquisite underthings, so dainty and sheer that Anne was almost afraid to touch them. And her little girl had dresses such as no other little girl in town had—smart, well-made, colorful little frocks that made her look like a little fairy. Oh, how Anne longed for just such pretty things as these!

Mrs. Hampton saw—and understood. Women have a way of understanding one another, you know. "Why don't you make some pretty things for yourself?" she asked one morning. "*I* make clothes? Why, I never sewed a stitch in my life," Anne answered, crimsoning to think that even strangers could see at once that she was "plain." "Neither did I," the other laughed, "until just six months ago when I registered for one of the most remarkable courses in home clothes-making you ever heard about. Now I've finished that Course and I've come here to open a dress shop and make lots of money."

Anne glanced at the open trunk with its mysterious depths of lace and ribbon, its shimmering folds of satin and velvet, its gleam of rich, deep colors. "You—made—those—things?" she asked slowly. Mrs. Hampton nodded. There was a moment of silence—and then with an impulsive little sob of pure joy Anne grasped the stranger's hand and whispered, "Show me how!"

A Dream Come True at Last

That was the beginning. By the end of that week, Anne was enrolled officially as a member of the School of Modern Dress and Mrs. Hampton was busily launched on the selection of interior decorations for her new shop. If she hadn't been so busy, perhaps she would have helped Anne—but after all, the course was so ridiculously easy to follow.

Before two weeks had passed, Anne found out just why she hadn't been attractive—the course told her. She found out that folks didn't have to be pretty to be attractive, and that it was really her unbecoming clothes that made her appear "plain" Why, she was actually wearing the kind of clothes that concealed all her "good points" and revealed the "bad points!" Here was a lesson that told her exactly what colors were most becoming to her, what style dresses and blouses she should wear, how to combine colors and lines so that the dress would make her look positively pretty!

There followed many busy months in which every spare minute was devoted to "the course." Anne found it quite fascinating to study stitches and hems and seams, embroidery and tucking and ruffling. All the methods taught in the course were the newest, quickest and most improved—and she was as thrilled as a child with a new toy when she watched ten yards of material rapidly transformed into tucks or ruffles or plaits in only ten minutes. Why, it would take hours to do it by hand! And Anne found that even the most exquisite braided designs could be made in this new rapid method. Before she realized it, she had learned the modern, up-to-the-minute, simplified way of transforming lifeless material into the most exquisite blouses and dresses and underthings she ever owned! In less than a third the time she had thought possible! For only the small expense of what the materials alone cost!

It didn't take long then before people began to remark how pretty Plain Anne was becoming. They didn't know that the new little brown frock had a lot to do with it—that the little orange blouse she wore with the neat black skirt was exactly the color and style that were most becoming to her. They noticed only the bright new light in her eyes, and the new poise and grace she had suddenly acquired. And they weren't a bit surprised when Bob began to profess a sudden and keen interest in the girl who had been known as Plain Anne.

The Beginning of a New Story

It's really remarkable what a difference clothes can make. Anne's whole life seemed to be changed. The evening she wore her new satin dress, for instance, Bob told her how pretty she looked—*she*, pretty! And then at Helen's party, when she wore a net dress with a tiny lace bodice and huge pink sash, even Mrs. Hampton paused to admire. After the party there was a long walk in the moonlight with Bob, and a strange new feeling of complete peace—of complete happiness. It seemed, somehow, as though there were nothing left in all the world to wish for.

Well, Plain Anne is plain no longer. The little girl who was always alone is now surrounded by friends who admire and respect her. The dream is now a reality. For Anne, they say, is pretty now—or it she isn't pretty she is certainly charming, for she always wears clothes that are just suited to her—clothes with a touch of her own personality added—clothes that in their every line and drape suggest the love of youth and beauty—clothes that are only the more attractive because she made them herself.

Anne and Bob have a smart little dress shop now, right in the heart of the town. They're married, you know—but that's an entirely different story.

What the School of Modern Dress Will Do for You

After great research and experiment, after extensive tests and improvements, a complete course in modern clothes-making has been written. It has been brought up to the last minute. All impractical details have been weeded out. All old-time methods have been replaced. Only the newest, quickest, most practical and easy-to-follow methods of cutting, fitting and sewing have been included—and the complete course is certainly the newest and most up-to-date in the world.

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Secretly she used to picture herself in Helen's place, wearing attractive clothes, walking down Main Street with Bob.

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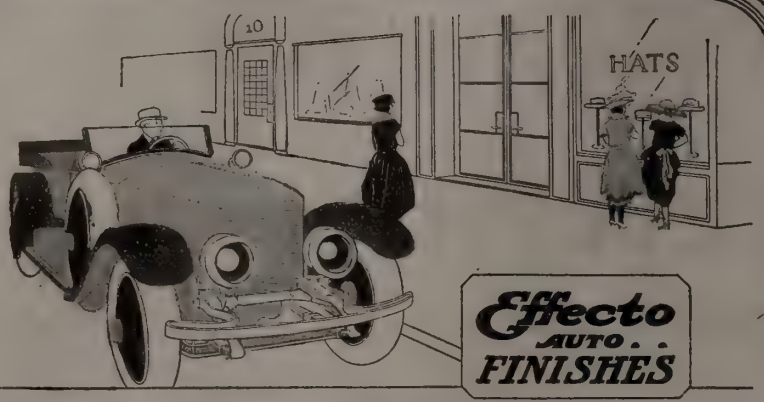

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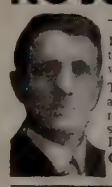

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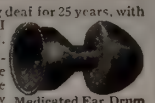

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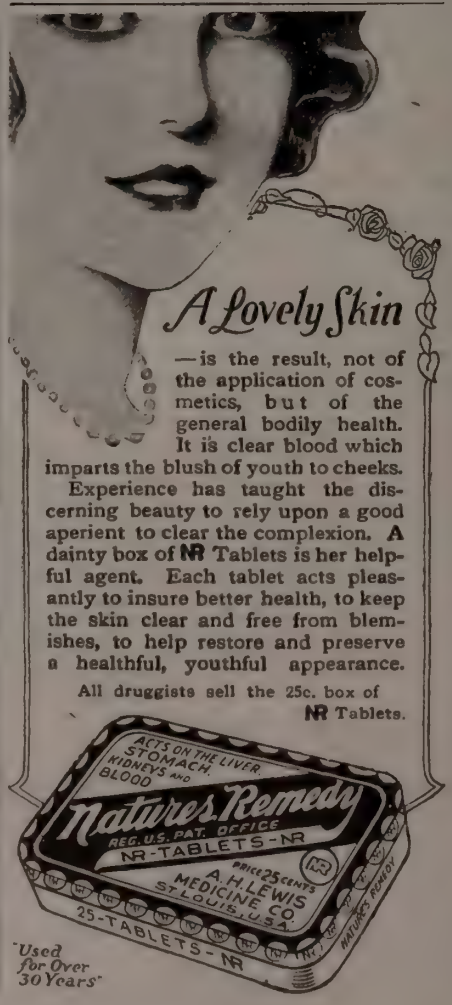

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Continued from page 803

"I should have said it if you had not. It has truly been one of the days that the Lord has blessed. It came into my mind when I heard you read the names of four of your Friday evening class, and I saw the tears spring to Mr. Miller's eyes."

"Dear old fellow!" said Haile affectionately. "He loves the lads as well as I do. I have great hopes for them all. Most of them have their way to make in the world. I remind them frequently that to 'mark time' is as truly to obey their Commander as to obey an order to march on. And Miller backs me up bravely. I have been disheartened times without number, how often and how sorely even you could not suspect, and only the Master knew that those who should hold up my hands in the fight with the world, the flesh and the devil, have so little appreciation of what constitutes the real prosperity of the church."

"I know!"—interposed the wife sorrowfully. "Why, Mrs. Stone told me the other day when I hoped that we should have additions to the church from the older Sunday-school pupils, that 'now that revivals have gone out of fashion in our higher class churches we don't expect as many additions from the young and the gay as we used to have.' I thought of it when I saw that eight out of the twelve admitted as members today were young people, and I thanked God and took courage!"

"Thanked God and took courage!—repeated Haile thoughtfully. "How naturally the words fall into line and what a storehouse of comfort they reveal!"

THE alarum of the door-bell and a bustle in the hall heralded the entrance of three men—all portly, jovial.

First strode Silas Ford, next came Alonzo Dennis, banker; and last in the line, Oscar Evans, stockbroker in Wall Street—all citizens of substance, if not of renown.

Silas enclosed one of Haile's hands in both of his big paws:

"Good evening, Doctor! Good evening!"

The pastor had received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity ten days before, and Silas was punctilious in the use of the title.

"These gentlemen have been dining with me," he continued, when all were seated. "And we were unanimous in the opinion that we ought to call and congratulate you upon the valuable addition to the muster-roll today."

Haile repressed a smile.

"Thank you! Mrs. Haile and I were just saying that we have cause for deep gratitude in seeing such a goodly number of the young enter the service of the Master. I hope it is but the beginning of a great awakening."

"Oh, yes, of course," began Silas, slightly taken aback, when Dennis, who had the tongue of a ready talker, came to his relief.

"What we referred to in particular, Doctor, was the prize you have secured in Mr. King. We ought to have had the 'Hallelujah Chorus' sung today if ever. He is the very last man I should expect to see in the fold of the church. By the way—" chuckling—"MacArthur got off a neat thing about that the other night after the meeting. He said that you 'hoisted King over the fence into the vineyard without wasting time in opening the gate.' Do you know, you are known on the street as 'the fighting parson'? We are proud of you, sir! The story has brought you more reputation in a month than the finest preaching would have earned in ten years!"

The color mounted high in Haile's face and his tone was stern.

"I am more grieved than I can express that Mr. MacArthur should have made a jest of what should be treated with profound respect and reverence by every Christian who has a right sense of sacred things. I am sorry—very sorry!"

SILENCE fell upon the group until it could be felt by the least sensitive. Silas rushed to the rescue of his brother official:

"Ah, we all know MacArthur, and that we can't judge him by arbitrary rule and measure! He is as much gratified as the rest of us by the change in King. I hope he can break himself of swearing! It doesn't sound well in a church member. And he seemed incorrigible. They say he swore at you like a trooper that day."

"Who say?" demanded Haile imperatively.

"Why, folks in general and nobody in particular. Somehow the story took wind and after that the birds of the air, as one may say, carried it hither and yon."

"Very likely Mr. Miller was one of the birds," put in Oscar Evans, who had remained silent until now. "They say he picked up King as he lay stunned upon the sidewalk, and took him home in a cab and put him to bed, then went for the doctor."

"More and more lies!" cried the baited minister. "In the first place the man did not fall to the pavement and was not stunned. In the second place, when he got home he paid and dismissed the chauffeur, said 'good-bye' to Miller, and let himself into the house with a latchkey he took from his own pocket. Who has nothing better to do than to invent and circulate such lies?"

"There, there, Doctor! don't get excited!" pleaded Silas. "Be thankful that we managed to keep them out of the papers. And console yourself by thinking that 'all's well that ends well.' This might have cost you a church and lost us the smartest pastor we ever had. By the way, Doctor, some time I'll trouble you to give me the names and addresses of the four fellows from your Friday-night class who joined today. I may be able to help them along in some way. I often tell young men that they can't do a better thing from more than one point of view than to join a 'live' church. It pays!

"There's Dr. Cameron. Ten years ago he was struggling along making just enough to keep his head above water when I persuaded him to cast in his lot with us. As somebody—Moses, wasn't it?—said to somebody else, I told him, 'Come thou with us and we will do thee good!' And we did! He 'joined' and look at him now! Two or three of us recommended him to one and another of our congregations—at first among the plainer folks, you know, and as he grew in popularity, to some of the upper-crusters. In another ten years he will be rich and fashionable. He had sense enough to take a practical man's advice. That's what I call cold business!"

"Cold business!"—growled Haile when the trio left the room which had seemed to grow narrow and stifling, whereas it had been airy and spacious before they came in. "So cold that I am chilled to the marrow of my bones and to the core of my heart!"

CHAPTER XIX

THE Hailes had leased the cottage in the Catskills for a second summer, and took possession of it in July. In the early part of August they invited Anslem Miller and Mrs. Thursby to occupy the cozy quarters for a fortnight, they having engaged to cruise for two weeks in Northern waters in the Kings' yacht, The Kingfisher.

The excursion was a triumphant success for the entire party. The children were bountifully supplied with books and sports and were speedily upon the friendliest of terms with the seamen. Their parents were free to enjoy to the full the much-needed respite from toil and besetting cares.

"That piano is a new and a surprise gift," Mrs. King informed her friend in one of their after-supper chats in the luxuriously furnished saloon. They sat at ease in lounging-chairs facing each other close to a window through which they had glimpses of the distant shore dotted with lights, with now and then the far-distant beacon lamp of a lighthouse upon a projecting tongue of land and over all the dark blue firmament strewn with stars.

"I had always wanted to have one here," the wife went on, softly, "but knowing Rupert's more than indifference to music, I held my peace. A few

days before we sailed, he told me that he had bought a lot of stuff for the yacht and would I mind going down to look it over. When we got here the first things I saw were these lounges heaped with cushions. Then we strolled down the saloon and there was a lovely piano set within a recess that must have been built for it. I was so overcome that I dropped my head upon his shoulder and cried like a baby. The last two months have been the happiest of my married life and for those I have to bless your husband—surely the wisest adviser that ever a woman had."

"He was only the instrument, dear, and the original soil was good."

"He cleared away the stones and stubble that prevented the sun from reaching that soil," persisted Mrs. King. "To use a Scriptural phrase, 'The Sun of Righteousness!'" She repeated the words tenderly, as if speaking of a beloved friend. "I said it to myself this morning when I saw the sun rise over the sea. 'With healing in his wings!' The figure was never so beautiful to me before."

BY a not unnatural coincidence the talk of the two men who sat upon the deck overhead was in somewhat the same channel. The growing intimacy between them, paradoxical to most of their associates, was daily more interesting to both. They talked now under the kindly stars with the freedom of old friends.

"Mine was a hard bringing-up," King was saying. "I had a stern father who took little interest in me except to beat me when a cruel stepmother told him that I deserved it, and her own son three years older than myself, made up the rest of the family. This boy seldom addressed me without an oath or a blow. He bullied me into a cowardly lick-spittle until I grew so much taller and stronger than he that the tables were turned. I was but fifteen when I was set adrift to earn my own living. For ten years I fought a hard battle with life. Then the tide turned and I had room to breathe. I should have been a dull scholar if I had not discovered by then that money is power the world over. It got me on some way into what is known in a certain set as polite society. I had to learn to dress and act and to some extent, talk the lingo.

"After my good angel—I had one then—threw me into the society of Sara Duncan"—Haile admired the man in his soul as he saw him raise his hat instinctively—"I made it the aim of my life to secure a footing upon her level. She was very kind to me from the first, and I began to hope by-and-by that she knew what I felt and wanted. When I found out I loved her I vowed a mighty vow that she should be mine.

"When the opportunity came I told her that I loved her distractedly and that if she refused me, I would blow my brains out—and I meant every word of it!"

A long silence followed. King breathed hard and fast.

"Let that pass!" he continued. "I can see now as if a bandage were stripped from my eyes what a cad and cur I made of myself in trying to prove that I could afford to despise the accomplishments that made her courted and popular. I was sometimes madly jealous of her music and books and tried to hide this. But there! what is the use of raking up what is past and gone. I hope devoutly forever. There's one thing that troubles me, Doctor, that worries me more than you can think. I mean this inveterate habit of swearing. You who probably never let slip an oath in your life cannot judge charitably of a fellow whose daily speech has been peppered and salted with them for forty-odd years."

"'Set thou a watch before the door of my lips that I sin not against Thee.'" quoted the other. "Thus prayed a man who had the same habit."

"I wonder," said King after a short pause, "if I shall ever be able to express one-tenth of what I feel with regard to my obligations to you for all you have done for me. I had, as you know, no religious training in my youth. One text recurs to my mind again and again, —'So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast before Thee.'"

HE COULD not see Haile smile, but he heard the tremor in the voice that said: "Dear old fellow, never mind about that! All will come right in time."

For a long minute, the swish of the yacht through the water and the pulsing of the engines were the only interruptions of their reverie. When King spoke again, it was in a lower tone and a different key.

"I do not know if you ever heard that there were twin babies born to us the second year of our marriage—twin girls, Sara and Agatha. I named one, and my wife the other. They lived but ten months, and died within a week of each other. A year later there was a boy, whose birth nearly cost his mother her life. He was but a day old when he died. She had him baptised 'Rupert.' For years we never spoke of him. We could not. The girls would be six years old by now. The boy would be four."

Haile laid his arm over the broad shoulders and felt them heave.

"They *are* six and four years old! The 'always beholding the face of the Father' makes them wiser, but not older. They are safely kept for you. You will know one another when you meet."

At this moment a brilliant burst of music came from below. The prelude glided into a more stately measure—a familiar air, at once recognized—

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep."

The captain had signaled slow-speed and the words of the last verse arose distinctly to the ears of the two men who leaned over the guards above the open windows.

"And such the trust that still were mine,
Though blasting waves swept o'er the brine,
And though the tempest's fiery breath
Wake me from sleep to pain and death,—
Secure in ocean's cave with Thee
The Germ of Immortality,—
Peaceful I'd lie and sweetly sleep
Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

To be concluded

Methodism's Gains in a Decade

DR. H. K. CARROLL, the statistician of the churches, whose annual presentation of the conditions of the various denominations has been prepared for the Christian Herald and published in its columns and also wide-spread throughout the religious and secular press, for many years, has just completed a review of Methodism in America, during the decade from 1911 to 1921. This was prepared specially with a view to the decennial Methodist Conference held in London, England. Dr. Carroll shows that a net gain of 1,255,091 members has been made by all divisions of the Methodist Church in the United States in the last ten years, despite great losses suffered during the war.

"Nineteen nineteen was the hardest year the churches of America have known," Dr. Carroll writes, "at least since the Civil War. Methodism in most of its branches suffered, with the evangelical denominations, actual losses. The Methodist Episcopal Church suffered most of all, losing 43,262 in 1918 and 59,987 in 1919—103,249 in two years—and the conditions were even worse if we leave out foreign missions fields, for the net loss in this country alone in 1919 was nearly 70,000. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, lost 16,404 in that year. In 1920 the tide turned for all evangelical churches, heavy gains succeeding the losses.

"Considering the heavy losses in the previous two years it is remarkable that the total net increase in members and probationers of the Methodist bodies of the Western section has been 1,255,091, exceeding the increase of the previous decade, 1900–1910, by nearly 282,000. The percentage of increase is also greater. For the decade ending in 1910, it was 15; for the past ten years, nearly 17. The net increase of Sunday school pupils for all Methodist bodies (in the world) for the ten years is 1,289,036."

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Why Enter the Ministry?

By REV. CHARLES E. WARD

Pastor of Park Church, Toledo, Ohio

HERE is another contribution to the current discussion concerning the decreased attendance at theological schools. Dr. Ward has made a special study of recruiting candidates for the ministry and his conclusions are worthy of the most serious consideration.

NOT since the day of Saint Peter has so much been said about the lack of Christian ministers. In an editorial paragraph in a leading religious weekly, it was recently stated that there were thirty thousand pastorless churches in the United States. In the national councils or conferences of the leading religious bodies this is a much discussed subject.

Careful survey of the facts discloses that the vast majority of the thousands of vacant pulpits in America today have been vacant through most of the years they have existed and are doomed to remain so. The number of churches showing capacity of growth and willingness to pay a living wage, that are without ministers, is not appreciably larger than ten years ago. Of course, it goes without saying that the living wage has risen.

The greatest cause for alarm in the present situation arises from the unwillingness of young men to consider the ministry as a life calling. An appealing letter sent out by the Dean of a prominent theological seminary last spring stated that the decline in candidates for the ministry among three leading denominations to be 31 per cent. since last year!

The reasons for the present unwillingness of young men to enter the ministry are several. The one most emphasized just now is the economic. The Inter-Church World Movement, leading secular and religious publications, the daily papers, have all shared in a wide publicity of the fact that the Church, one of the largest business concerns in the land, paid an average wage to its employees of $937 per annum! Magazines have published articles under such headings as: "Suffering That Less Than Living Wages Causes Ministers' Wives and Children," until young men who are half awake may well pause before considering such a calling. Here are some of the facts concerning the living a young man may expect in the ministry: One per cent. receive $4,000 or more; 7 per cent. receive $2,000 or more; 84 per cent. receive less than $1,000; 13 per cent. receive less than $500.

We can not hide these facts from wide awake young men who might consider the ministry as a life calling. The year book of a certain denomination reveals the fact that the average salary paid by that denomination in 1920 was just $12 larger than in 1890. If the young man in high school or college looking forward to some form of Christian leadership as a life-work could see relief from such a situation he would not be deterred. But the willingness of the Church to permit the continuance of such an economic situation discourages possible candidates for her leadership. One of the glaring advertisements of the Inter-Church, for example, was: "52c., How Would You Like a Raise Like That?" Below this large headline it was stated that the minister was paid on the average just fifty-two cents more per church member per year than thirty-four years ago!

However, I think too much emphasis has been placed on the economic factor. We have talked too much of wages in connection with ministerial shortage.

ANOTHER reason for the lack of candidates for the ministry today has been the emphasis of the Church over the past decade that a man may do the will of God just as well in any other legitimate and needed field of endeavor as in the ministry. Men have proclaimed that God calls men to be butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers just as truly as He calls men to preach the Good News.

Let us follow the reasoning of the college man brought up on this theory: "If I can do the will of God by being a Christian business man just as well as being a minister of Christ, why should I consider the ministry? By applying my genius, education, and foresight in some legitimate business, I can ride in a limousine by the time I am middle-aged, and by the time the frost gets on my hair I can own a winter home in Florida. Furthermore, I will not be the butt of ridicule in the movies or the funny paper, and my friends will not look upon me with half contempt and pity because of my poverty." If one can do the will of God just as well outside Christian life-work as in, it is argued, why make the sacrifice demanded by such a calling?

A third reason for the present scarcity of candidates for the ministry is that the Church has been talked down too much. Who wants to cast in his lot with a failing institution? The Church has never passed through such a period of severe criticism. Stones have been thrown from those within and without. The lodge man does not "knock" his fraternity, but the same man will lambaste his church.

And the Church deserves better at the hands of society than it is receiving today. If we could wipe out overnight what present-day civilization owes to the Church, she would be appreciated more! Furthermore, this criticism has been mainly destructive; it has often fallen to the level of a peevish old woman's complaining. The truth would compel an honest man of vision to state that the Church of Christ was never more efficient, never more awake, never so needed as today. But the young men who might enter the ministry are filled with the sarcastic, bitter and unfair criticism that has been hurled at the Church by carping critics. They feel that to enter its ministry would be to share at once this attack.

WHAT is the remedy for such a situation? It is partly psychological. The decent laborer will render better service when he is encouraged than when he is flogged. Let those who believe in the Church, in spite of her faults—and she has many—talk up the wonderful achievements she has brought about. For she has accomplished more in the last century than in the previous eighteen! Let the criticism be positive and helpful; any fool can find fault. If the leaders in pulpit and pew and editorial room will launch a psychology campaign telling the good points of the Church there will come forth leaders to man our pulpits.

The Church must solve the problem of a living wage for its employees, or deserve the scorn of big business and the cry: "Hypocrite!"

A part of the remedy of the situation lies in honoring the ministry as the men who minister deserve. Sixty-five American chaplains were killed or wounded during the war; others received decorations for brave and distinguished service. That is typical of the bravery and willingness to sacrifice found in the ministry. There is too much of a spirit of pity and half contempt felt for the minister today. And the average man in the pulpit isn't looking for pity! Let the young man who would consider the call to preach the Good News feel that he will be taken at his true value.

There is too little willingness on the part of church members to have their own sons take up the work of the ministry or the mission fields. We want the Church to live and serve, but we are selfish enough to want the other man's son, rather than our own, to assume the ministerial or missionary tasks. We think too much in terms of money wages! As Rev. Hubert C. Herring has said: "There is no one so overpaid as the minister, for love is the highest wage of life." And where else can a man possess a deeper consciousness of God's approving love, or the lasting affection of his fellow men?

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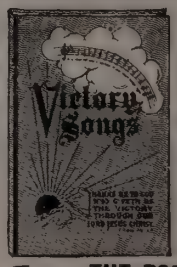

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Paul Before the Roman Governor

International Sunday School Lesson for November 13
Acts 23 : 25 to 24 : 27

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

IN LESS than two weeks after Agabus had prophesied in Cæsarea that Paul would be bound in Jerusalem, Paul was back in Cæsarea, a prisoner of Governor Felix. Events had moved very rapidly. After the plot against Paul had been discovered by his nephew, the night journey from Jerusalem was started and Paul was safe in the midst of a guard of at least 470 men. It is an open question as to when those forty sworn assassins began to eat and drink, because they had declared they would do neither till Paul had been killed. Their attack was really against God, and under such circumstances failure is the only result. As for Paul, the great ambition of his life was in process of realization—he was on his way to Rome, though he must go to Cæsarea first and tarry there two years.

Five days after the arrival of Paul the accusing Jews from Jerusalem with their Roman lawyer, Tettullus, came to wreak their vengeance on the man who had escaped them in Jerusalem. These cold, deliberate charges were now made: (1) Sedition, stirring up the Jews throughout the Roman Empire; (2) sectarianism, ringleader of the Nazarene sect; (3) sacrilege, profaning the temple.

As Tertullus made his points the attending Jews, with Ananias, the high priest, wagged their heads in approval. The governor then beckoned to Paul, probably with a nod of the head, and the great logician began his address and defense. Paul riddled the charges of Tertullus and showed Felix that all his statements could be easily verified, as the whole thing had taken place within the past twelve days, since he had come to Jerusalem. Paul again made major use of the opportunity to declare that he is of the Way of Jesus Christ, and once more insisted on his belief in the resurrection. Felix evidently knew the truth of the case, but played to the Jews, fenced for time and continued the case till Lysias should come down.

IN THE providence of God, Paul was to have a vacation from public work for two years. He surely needed the rest after his hard work at tent-making, traveling, preaching, enduring persecutions of many kinds, caring for the churches, all of which had been nearly continuous for the years since the beginning of his first missionary journey. Special liberty was given to Paul and his friends had access to him. Luke certainly was with him.

During these two years Luke doubtless wrote the Acts, and also worked on the Gospel of Luke. There is no record of literary work by Paul, but he surely thought many things through and had the material in mind for writing Ephesians, Philippians and Colossians, which went forth from the Rome prison. The classic illustration here is Bunyan, who wrote his great "Pilgrim's Progress" while in Bedford jail.

Felix hoped for the usual bribery, but in this he was of course disappointed. Paul must have had access to some money during these two years, but he would not spend it unlawfully to gain his liberty. Ramsay thinks that Paul came into possession of his patrimony at this time and used it for some prison comforts, or the churches may have sent gifts to Paul, as they did on the second and third journeys. You will find the chapter "Paul at Bay" very illuminating in Robertson's "Epochs in the Life of Paul."

To appreciate the statements of Paul when he had that private audience with Felix and Drusilla, there must be a background of history. Governors and kings can have unenviable family histories, and those of Felix, Drusilla, Festus and Agrippa II are cases in hand. All know how horrible was the death of Herod I after he had killed James the apostle to please the populace (Acts 12 : 23). Drusilla and Bernice were daughters of this Herod and Agrippa II was a son. Felix had enticed Drusilla from her former husband, though at the time of the lesson she was only about 18 years old. Bernice repeatedly lived in marriage relation with her own brother Agrippa II. Herod the Great, who slaughtered the innocent children at the time of the birth of Jesus, was the great grandfather of this infamous trio—Drusilla, Bernice and Agrippa II. Knowing Paul as we do, no question is raised in our mind as to how he would speak before such people. Paul was as direct and clear as when John the Baptist said to Herod the Tetrarch (a great uncle of Drusilla), "It is not right for thee to have thy brother Philip's wife." Every sermon and Sunday-school lesson should be applicable to the special needs of the present audience. There is a judgment which faces every one and Paul declared that fact. No wonder that Felix was terrified.

BEFORE just such an audience Paul "reasoned of righteousness, and self-control and the judgment to come." He had been invited to the palace by Felix and his Jewish wife, Drusilla. Doubtless Paul made many direct and personal statements of fact to this couple which are not recorded because of the private nature of the occasion. He had to speak or stand condemned at the time of his own judgment when Christ the Judge would ask him about the message uttered in the private interview at Cæsarea. When that time came, Paul would be undisturbed; but not so with the governor and his wife. Felix, who was terrified, sent Paul away with the statement that he would seek him again at a "convenient season." The fear of Felix was evidently unrelated to penitence. Where fear does not lead to faith, as in the case of the jailer at Philippi, there is a hardening of the heart which makes a greater wall of defense against the next appeal to do right.

The prisoner is the free man, rather than the governor. Paul had declared in verse 16, "Herein I also exercise myself to have a conscience void of offence toward God and men always." Such a condition helps to produce peace by day and sound sleep by night. Further, there is a wonderful assurance against the time when each shall give an account of the deeds done in the body and all thoughts, words and actions shall be brought in review. Paul now used the word "conscience" with a far different meaning than when he was a persecutor of the Jews. Before Agrippa (26 : 9) he said, "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." If our conscience does not make decisions which are in close harmony with the moral and spiritual teachings of the Bible, there is something serious the matter with that conscience. Just because we permit ourselves to think a thing right does not make it right. The conscience that makes good decisions today may decide wrongly tomorrow. However accurately our watches may run, we verify them when we find the absolutely correct time. Even so we must always check up on conscience by continuously going to the absolute Truth, even God.

"Go thy way" is still a subterfuge to avoid giving up the wrong of today. The sense of pain indicates the need for some remedial action and not for an opiate to deaden the consciousness of that pain. "*Now* is the acceptable time: behold *now* is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6 : 2.

We would be glad to learn what proportion of Sunday schools are using the International lessons and which the graded lessons. Will you tell us which is your choice?

"What a healthy, pink color your skin is, my dear."
"Oh, I am eating Yeast Foam."

Why more faces glow with a clear natural color

Skin impurities often come from ill health

YOU should know that skin specialists no longer expect external treatments to relieve skin trouble. Acne, pimples, blackheads, boils, are now known to be indications of lowered vitality, due usually to the absence in the ordinary diet of vitamine, food's vital essence.

Scientists everywhere have confirmed each other's findings that yeast is the richest source of the much needed vitamine. While present in some other foods it is not found in many of the commonest foods. Potatoes, meat, fish, some breads, many cereals, all fats, sugar, syrup, do not contain the life-giving essence known as water soluble vitamine. Many vegetables possess it, but boiled as they usually are, this vital element is often peeled or soaked away.

Physicians now know that there are many physical disorders that actually originate within the body due to errors in diet and deficient nutrition—vitamine hunger. Most skin disorders are now considered deficient diseases. They occur mostly among those who are subject to minor languors and need building up in general.

Many have built up their general physical condition and cleared their skins by eating one to three cakes of Yeast Foam a day. You, like thousands of others, will find Yeast Foam effective because it is the right treatment. It gets at the cause of the trouble and removes it.

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Small Bond Investments

American Security Houses Now Welcome Purchasers with Limited Funds

By C. R. LEAKE

IT IS only recently that the bankers of this country have come to realize the necessity of offering high-grade bonds in small denominations. The reason for such a change, of course, was that business required capital and the small investors' funds were badly needed. The majority of recent bond offerings have been made in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Abroad, for years, the small investor has known the advantage of accumulating sound investments. Our bankers during the same period neglected the man or woman with a few hundred dollars for investment.

In the first place there was always plenty of money to finance business and trade ready at hand. Families of wealth and large corporations were always in the market for worth-while securities yielding a fair interest return. Secondly, there was no great object in spending large sums to develop and educate a class of investors who could invest a few hundred or a few thousand dollars at the most each year. Therefore funds of small investors could not compete with those of the wealthy for safety or return, and they have had to be content with the savings banks or with buying real estate mortgages.

Today the opportunity is offered to large and small investors alike. The soundest kind of bonds may be bought in small denominations with the knowledge that there is every likelihood of our always enjoying a ready market in "Baby Bonds."

Reputable bonds firms and banks which maintain investment departments are competing today for the business of small investors, who have recently taken a very important place among bond buyers.

THESE conditions deserve careful consideration. They offer an opportunity for thrift and all the benefits to be gained by a sound and systematic savings plan. If we can not arrange to invest as much as $100, $500 or $1,000 at a time we are offered the chance to buy these same high-grade securities on the partial-payment plan, in some cases as low as $2 a week. The far-sighted will start immediately, if only in a small way.

The prosperity of the United States, the return to better and more normal times depends in a very large measure on the success of the nation's bankers in placing sound securities in the hands of a large and ever-increasing number of investors. It is not only very smart business on our part but a real duty to practice thrift in this country as widely as possible. It will not only benefit every individual who has a definite savings plan which includes a sound and profitable plan for investment but it will restore business confidence and greatly help to prevent future business depressions.

Too much stress can not be laid on the importance of selecting a reputable investment house. The very best of them now maintain at considerable cost departments which are both willing and anxious to give courteous treatment and sound advice to each individual making inquiry.

NOW for a word concerning the Investment Department of Christian Herald. As has been stated before both to advertisers and to readers our first thought in maintaining it, is that it may prove to be a real service to our readers, to direct and help if possible in the selection of a reliable bond house, and continually to point out the dangers of investing without proper advice. We will accept the advertising of only those houses which we believe to be perfectly reliable and only those that confine themselves to the offering of sound government, municipal, public utility and and first mortgage bonds and well-rated preferred stocks.

You will note that we have been running regularly a list of Free Investment circulars. This financial literature is published by some of the best banks and investment houses in the country. We have special arrangements with these concerns to supply these booklets to all readers of the Christian Herald who wish to devote time and study to the investment field. You not only get these circulars free but the advantages of especially equipped investment departments devoting their whole time to the study of safe investments. They can not afford to make mistakes in giving advice and in selling you securities as they depend for their profit on your continued satisfaction with both the securities being offered by them and their helpful service. Safeguarding your interests is the first consideration of an investment banker as the business of the small investor is not profitable unless a regular customer is made of him.

Free Circulars for Investors

A number of interesting and valuable investment circulars have been published recently by the leading banks and investment houses which are in a position to serve Christian Herald readers.

As a convenience to you, we have arranged to furnish any of these circulars free to our readers. Simply check this list and write your name and address, on the margin, or write us asking for them by number. Address Financial Department. The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bond Opportunities—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4–6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7–9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To Invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Standard Gas & Electric Co., 6 per cent. gold notes, at a price to yield nearly 10 per cent. are described in Circular 28.

Deere & Co., 10 year gold notes to yield 8.40%. Business, farm implements. Founded by John Deere in 1837. Ask for circular No. 51.

Circular No. 50 gives complete information on Federal Farm Loan Bonds. They pay 5½ and are tax exempt.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6 per cent. First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Send for Circular 38.

Foreign Bonds—opportunities for obtaining Foreign Municipal Bonds with yearly drawings at par giving high average yield of 12¼ per cent.—Danish Internal Loans, Norwegian and Scandinavian Bonds. Booklet 48.

Bonds—questions answered, terms defined. A very valuable non-technical booklet that every prospective bond buyer should have. No. 42.

Selecting Your Investments, Strong Box Investments, Creating Good Investments, are three booklets describing the service and safe, high yield investments of a nationally known investment house. No. 43.

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Missionary Progress in Venezuela

REV. T. J. BACH, of the Scandinavian Alliance Mission, writes to the Christian Herald from Maracaibo, Venezuela:

"Your recent letter, together with your check for $86.50, were received by this last mail, for which I wish to thank you. May our heavenly Father richly repay you and the Christian Herald friends for remembering this mission field of the most neglected part of the Neglected Continent. Our number of missionaries has recently been increased by three new workers, so we hope soon to be able to put up new mission stations. The work of the Lord is spreading more and more and the demand for Bibles and Christian literature is growing every day.

Some of the pupils in Missionary Bach's Sunday School at Maracaibo

"We have now a modern day school with four teachers. The membership in our Sunday school is constantly growing, and last week seven new members were proposed for our Christian Endeavor Society. We have some new members added to our church nearly every month. Our Spanish Evangelical paper: 'La Estrella de la Mañana' is gaining new fields. It has always been published without any denominational color, and we are now planning, together with other missionary societies in Venezuela, to make a union paper of it, so that it will serve all and do more effective work for Christ.

"We continue to give a helping hand to the lepers. Every month I go to a little out-station, about fifteen miles away. The last time I was out there I had two rather unpleasant surprises. After the service was over, I went outside to shake hands with those who could not find room inside and without my knowing it, a leper placed his hand in mine. I noticed that parts of his fingers were missing. On my way home the same evening, while riding alone in the forest, about eleven o'clock, a shot was fired at me from behind, but it pleased God to protect me. Our industrial work is prospering also; we have now given work to eight girls."

SAFE BONDS paying 8.10%

MANY FEATURES of attractive interest to investors are embodied in a new issue of Secured Sinking Fund Gold Bonds by Standard Gas and Electric Company.

These bonds are heavily secured by successful industries with a wide geographical diversification, the earnings of which have shown a steady increase over a long period. Sinking Fund provisions for the retirement of the Bonds are unusually complete. Denominations $100, $500, $1,000.

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 805

of materials for manufactures. £10,000,000 is to be allocated for the assistance of relief works, forestry and land drainage and £300,000 is to be appropriated to help former soldiers emigrate to the Dominions, as 60,000 already have been enabled to do. A fund for workers' dependents is to be established, but the Premier declared relief work is unsatisfactory and the dole system worse, since they do not get at the roots of the unemployment problem.

Charles Back in Hungary

THE former Emperor Charles has engaged in a new attempt to reseat himself on the throne of Hungary, and after an airplane flight from Switzerland has begun a march on Budapest in which he has the support of several thousand soldiers. His troops were said to have been victorious in the initial fighting with the forces loyal to the Horthy government near Budapest, and it was reported the Horthy régime had fallen.

The Allied ministers in Budapest presented a joint note giving warning that no member of the Hapsburg family would be allowed to rule in Hungary again, and at the same time the members of the Little Entente—Jugoslavia, Czechoslavakia and Rumania—were threatening to invade Hungary to oust Charles from the throne should his adventure succeed.

PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT OVERTHROWN. A revolution in which the crews of warships in the harbor of Lisbon took the lead and were joined by the Republican Guard has overthrown the Portuguese government and a new Nationalist ministry has assumed control. Among the several prominent men reported slain by the revolutionists were Premier Granjo and Admiral Machado dos Santos, founder of the Portuguese Republic and at one time its president. The government has been unstable and there had been seven changes in the Premiership since January 1.

IRISH PARLEYS CONTINUE. Representatives of the Sinn Fein and of the British government have continued their negotiations, but have not yet reached the vital questions. A communication from the Pope to King George expressing hope that a settlement would be reached, to which the King replied cordially, evoked from Eamon de Valera a message to the pontiff bitterly assailing British policies and denying that Ireland owes any allegiance to the King. The attitude thus expressed threatened to cause the collapse of the parleys.

TWO FAMOUS PAINTINGS SOLD. The Duke of Westminster has sold Gainsborough's "The Blue Boy" and Reynold's "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," two of England's most famous paintings, to a firm which intends to bring them to America. The total price was £200,000—normally almost $1,000,000—of which it was figured £170,000 was the price of "The Blue Boy."

AMERICA HONORS BRITAIN'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR. The Congressional Medal, America's highest military award, voted to Britain's unknown warrior as a tribute to British soldiers and sailors who died in the World War, has been placed on the grave in Westminster Abbey by General Pershing. The ceremonies were simple but impressive, and occasioned an exchange of pledges of international friendship. King George is to confer the Victoria Cross on the American unknown soldier who is to be buried at Arlington Cemetery on Armistice Day.

TRINITY RECTOR CHOSEN. Rev. Dr. C. Rochford Stetson, of St. Mark's Church, Washington, has been chosen as rector of the famous Trinity Church in New York City, to succeed Bishop William T. Manning of the Episcopal Diocese of New York. For several years preceding 1911, when he went to Washington, he had been vicar of Trinity Church.

GERMAN CABINET RESIGNS. The Worth ministry in Germany has resigned as a result of the Supreme Council decision regarding Upper Silesia by which Poland received a considerable portion of the plebiscite area. The situation in the Reichstag was confused and there was delay in forming a new ministry, since several of the parties had not determined on their policy.

Young People's Topic for Nov. 13

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Bible Examples of Personal Evangelism

C. E., B. Y. P. U. and E. L.
See Matt. 4 : 18–22; Matt. 9 : 9. 10; John 1 : 1–51

LET the leader read all of the above references. These Scripture passages contain the program of Jesus which is the program of His followers. The function of the Young People's Society is to promote the social life by some recreation and healthful play, to visit the sick and shut-ins and bring gifts of cheer and comfort, to study missions and promote them with money and publicity. But above all the function of the Young People's Society is the winning of souls, interesting others in the church, introducing the world to God and Jesus Christ and the fellowship of their redemptive purpose. All other interests and activities and programs and methods are contributory to the main purpose of evangelism, saving souls, regenerating individuals and transforming by this regeneration the status of society and creating a new social fabric. Jesus was sent into the world to save souls. "Even so send I you," He said to His disciples. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel."

Read the first chapter of John's Gospel and learn how one man was found by Jesus. What did he do? We are told that he went and found his brother. Andrew did a great thing when he found Peter. After that Peter did a great thing when he preached the great sermon on the day of Pentecost. The way the Christian Church began is the way it must be continued: One person found another and that other person immediately went forth to find another.

Jesus alone can save the world, but Jesus can not save the world alone. "Ye are my witnesses." Try the method of the disciples. Interest your chum in the society to which you belong. Make it a rule to bring some one with you to the next meeting. Strange as it may seem, the reason why our societies do not grow is because we are lagging with the invitation. Of course young people ought to come without being asked, considering the advantages of membership. But human nature is built that way. The lament of the outsider is "No man careth for my soul." The cry is not audible, folks do not wear their hearts on their sleeves, they often have the mistaken idea that the church is for the favored few. The church is not a social club, but a fellowship, a brotherhood and a neighborhood of hearts sympathetically united in a co-operative endeavor in the interests of the greatest good to the greatest number. There are many miracles for which God alone is responsible, but there are co-operative miracles that depend on God and man working together. It is our high privilege to be co-workers together with God. "The Son of Man came to seek and to find the lost." The last, the least and the lost are our objective and our only objective. To save souls, that is our task and our only task.

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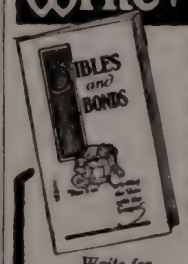

Write for Booklet 7

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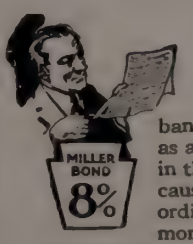
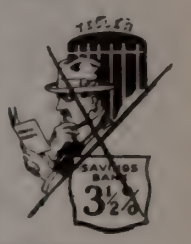


Do you know what happens when you deposit money in your savings bank? Simply this; your money is in turn invested by the bank at a higher rate of interest than the bank pays you. By investing *direct* in securities such as a bank holds, you not only get the safety of money in the bank, but you double your interest income, because you are pocketing the commission that your bank ordinarily earns. By investing in Miller Bonds, your money will earn a full 8% instead of 3½ or 4% in the bank.



You will find Miller Bonds a thoroughly safe investment, because they are backed by first mortgage security, and are issued only on income earning, non-speculative, fireproof properties in prosperous localities. An ample Sinking Fund provides that all payments will be made regularly. There are people in your locality who are already investing in Miller Bonds. Ask us to put you in touch with them.

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MAR.—Story of the Good Samaritan.
APRIL—He is Risen.
MAY—Christ Teaching Little Children.
JUNE—The Son of a Carpenter.
JULY—Christ Going Through the Wheat Field.
AUG.—Christ and the Fallen Woman.
SEPT.—Jesus Sitting by the Sea of Galilee.
OCT.—The Rainbow Promise.
NOV.—The Story of Jacob's Ladder.
DEC.—The Holy Night.

International Sunday School References

And a Cheering Scripture Verse Each Day

By referring to the Scripture Text Calender you can immediately tell what the Sunday School Lesson will be for any Sunday in 1922. A cheering scripture verse is given each day and the verse for each Monday is the Golden Text in full for the preceding Sunday.

200-Year Calendar

By the use of which you can locate the day of the week on which you were born, or any important event in history and the Easter Sundays between 1860 and 1955. A Table shows the standard time around the world.

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The Churches and Disarmament

Continued from page 801

First Christian Church, Wakarusa, Ind. Signed by Elmer Bauer, in behalf of the church.

Quantico, Md. Charge—(3 M. E. churches) Signed by Bev. J. M. S. Van Blunk, pastor in charge, and T. A. Melson, President Official Board, in behalf of the congregations.

First German Baptist Church, Bessie, Okla. Signed by Rev. Geo. Bornschlegel, Pastor, and John Bitz, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Kern Park Church of Christ, Portland, Oregon. Signed by Rev. J. F. Ghormley, D.D., Pastor, W. W. Garvin, Clerk; and H. E. Hall, Chairman Official Board, in behalf of the congregation.

Prosperity Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, Fayetteville, Tenn. Signed by Rev. M. T. Ellis, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

MONMOUTH M. E. CHURCH, Monmouth, Me. Signed in behalf of the congregation by George W. M. Keyes and C. B. Boyd.

The A. M. E. Zion Church, Portland, Me. Signed by Rev. S. G. Spottswood, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Fulton St. M. E. Church, Elizabeth, N. J. Signed by Rev. Roland L. Luerich, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Evangelical Lutheran Church, Greencastle, Pa. Signed by Emmert Sheely, President, and Fred Z. Zeck, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Swedish Mission Church, Foster City, Mich. Signed by Rev. J. E. Ekstrom, Pastor, and S. J. Peterson, Chairman, in behalf of the congregation.

Berea M. E. Church, Berea, Ohio. Signed by Rev. S. E. Sears, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Christian Church, Charleston, W. Va. Signed by Rev. R. W. Lilley, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Wilmington, Dela. Signed by Rev. S. E. Wicker, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Evangelical Reformed Church, Wausau, Wis. Signed by Rev. H. H. Kathmann, Pastor, and Richard Flatler, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

First M. E. Church, St. Cloud, Minn. Signed by Rev. Geo. E. Tindall, Pastor, Rev. Wm. E. Peterson, Assistant, and members of the congregation.

First M. E. Church, Waite Park, Minn. Signed by Rev. Geo. E. Tindall, Pastor, and members of the congregation.

First M. E. Church, Sauk Rapids, Minn. Signed by Rev. George E. Tindall, Pastor, and members of the congregation. (Pastor Tindall has three pastorates.)

R. L. Wheeler Memorial Presbyterian Church, South Side Omaha, Nebr. Signed by Rev. Robert L. Wheeler, Pastor, John E. Spencer, Associate Pastor, Wm. S. Heller, Clerk, and members of the congregation.

Bixby Baptist Church, Bixby, Okla. Signed by Rev. D. E. Gambrell, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Lawrence M. E. Church, Lawrence, L. I., N. Y. Signed by Rev. Martin O. Lepley, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Presbyterian Church, Cape Vincent, N. Y. Signed by Rev. Arthur T. Cort, in behalf of the congregation.

Emanuel Church of Evangelical Association, San Francisco, Calif. Signed by Rev. John S. Geipel, in behalf of the congregation.

New Haven M. E. Church, Fleming, Colo. Signed by Rev. Ray H. Pierson, Pastor, Wm. Kuhler, President of the Board, and E. L. Ketchum, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Avon Congregational Church, Avon, Conn. Signed by Rev. J. W. Moulton, Pastor, and S. J. Hamilton, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Church, Polloksville, N. C. Signed by Rev. M. W. Hester, Pastor, Karl Chadwick, F. H. Foy, and B. F. Simmons, Stewards, in behalf of the congregation.

Congregational Church, Red Beach, Me. Signed by Rev. Emeda Sage, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Church of God, Yarnell, Wis. Signed by Sigel Hunter, Mrs. D. H. McLean, W. C. Libbey, C. E. Shrock, and other members.

First Presbyterian Church, Cambria, Wis. Signed by D. Evans Jones, Pastor, and J. A. Sanderson, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Church, Montverde, Fla. Signed by Rev. John P. Gaines, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Methodist Church, Clermont, Fla. Signed by Rev. John P. Gaines, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Fayette Baptist Church, Fayette, Me. Signed by Rev. E. P. Kimball, Pastor, and Mrs. H. E. Sturtevant, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

METHODIST CHURCH, Kim, Colo., also the Methodist Church, Branson, Colo. Signed by Rev. Geo. E. Turrentine, Pastor, and Roy Ethridge, Steward, in behalf of the congregations.

Sage Union Sunday school, Hemet, Calif. Signed by D. Earl Brubaker, Supt., Nellie Hunsaker, Secretary, and W. H. Dinsmore, Ass't. Supt., in behalf of the Sunday school.

M. E. Church, Fort Lupton, Colo. Signed by Rev. I. L. Morgan, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

W. C. T. U., Trenton Union No. 1, Trenton, N. J. Signed by Mrs. L. A. Huston, Pres., and J. F. Thompson, Secretary, in behalf of the members.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Grace M. E. Church, Zanesville, O. Signed by Mrs. C. F. Wearing, Mrs. Chris. Rittberger, Mary A. Bolin, Mrs. Laura McKinney, and other members, and forwarded by Mrs. H. H. Dreibelbis.

Judson Memorial Baptist Church, Minneapolis, Minn. Signed by Rev. Mark F. Sanborn, Pastor, and Claire L. Wilson, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Atlanta, Ga. Signed by Rev. Karl L. Reisner, Pastor, Wm. B. Ahlgren, Secretary, and other members.

First Christian Church, Washington, D. C. Signed by Rev. A. B. Kendall, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

United Presbyterian Church, Oskaloosa, Iowa. Signed by Rev. W. J. Stewart, Pastor, and R. A. Robeson, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Island M. E. Church, Skamokawa, Wash. Signed by Rev. Henry J. Harding, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Dorchester Temple Baptist Church of Dorchester, Boston, Mass. Signed by Rev. Otis W. Foye, Pastor, and Chas. A. Campbell, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

South Dakota Conference Free Methodist Church, in session at Wessington Springs, So. Dak. Signed by C. M. Goldie, Secretary, in behalf of the conference.

Mead United Brethren Church, Mead, Colo. Signed by Rev. L. W. Biddle, Pastor, and L. E. Corn, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Congregational Church, West Barnstable, Mass. Signed in behalf of the church, by Dr. John W. Birchall, preacher of the day.

First Congregational Church, Centerville, Mass. Signed in behalf of the Church, by Dr. John W. Birchall, preacher of the day.

Waterloo Church of the Brethren, Waterloo, Iowa. Signed by Rev. A. P. Blough, Pastor, and A. B. Zuck, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Ohio Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, Assembled in Tiffin, Ohio, Oct. 4–6, representing a church membership of almost 34,000. Signed by Rev. Samuel Z. Beam, Stated Clerk, in behalf of the Synod.

Church of God, Enid, Okla. Signed by A. L. Bradshaw, in behalf of the Congregation.

Evangelical Church, Van Horn, Iowa. Signed by Rev. D. D. Wendel, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Carrmonte U. B. in Christ, Dayton, Ohio. Signed by Rev. H. G. Clark, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Willoughby Ave. Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Signed by Rev. Louis Wolferz, Pastor, and Edwin H. Finken, of the Board of Trustees, in behalf of the congregation.

Men's Brotherhood of the Third Lutheran Church, Springfield, Ohio. Signed by Rev. F. E. Leamer, Teacher, Rev. A. W. Steinfurth, Pastor, and M. E. Metcalf, President.

M. E. Church, Dodge City, Kans. Signed by Rev. P. H. Chappelear, Pastor, W. E. Rose, and Carl Van Ripe, S. S. Supt., in behalf of the congregation.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Winchester, Kans. Signed by J. E. Curry, Chairman, and A. O. Carson, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

M. E. Church, Winchester, Kans. Signed by Rev. Geo W. Krebr, Pastor, and H. A Ferris, Supt., in behalf of the congregation.

First M. E. Church, Huntington Park, Calif. Signed by Rev. A. L. Baker, Pastor, and Orville Jones, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Mayer Circuit, Ev. Association, Mayer, Minn. Signed by Rev. R. M. Mueller, Pastor, and by the officers and members of the congregation.

First Baptist Church, Fenton, Mich. Signed by Harold B. White, Charles Wortman, Ray Burdick, and others.

Ohio Valley Federation of Young People's Societies (with a membership of between 500 and 600) of East Liverpool and vicinity. Signed by Bess M. Davidson, Secretary.

Phenix Woman's Auxiliary of the Phenix Presbyterian Church, Phenix, Va. Signed by Mrs. F. M. Ryburn, Pres., Rev. F. M. Ryburn, Pastor, and Bessie R. Berkley, Treas. and Secretary.

Sabina Methodist Protestant Church, Sabina, O. Signed by Rev. F. B. Gilhousen, Pastor, and W. B. Gallaher, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Classis of Michigan, of the Reformed Church in America, met in regular session in the Bethel Reformed Church of Grand

Rapids, Mich. Signed by H. Vruwink, Chas. Stoppels, and R. Meengs, Committee on Resolutions.

Duck Creek Union Sunday School, Bixby, Okla. Signed by J. W. Davis, Asst. Supt and Mrs J. C. Deloe, Secretary, in behalf of the school.

Duck Creek Baptist Church, Bixby, Okla. Rev. C. A. Waymire, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Church of God, Robertsdale, Pa. Signed by Rev. John L. Williams, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Littlefield Memorial Free Baptist Church, Rockland, Me. Rev. Oscar M. Stuart, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Church of God, Richmond, Ind. Signed by Rev. Thomas Duckworth, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Mass. Signed by Rev. R. M. MacDonald, Pastor, and George Jack, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Church of God, Coushatta, La. Signed by E. M. Hand and J. M. Coody, Deacons, in behalf of the congregation.

Church of Christ, New Philadelphia, O. Signed by Rev. M. O. Johnston, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

First Christian Church, Albany, N. Y. Signed by Rev. R. G. English, Pastor, and Catherine Parvis, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Holy Neck Christian Church, Holland, Va. Signed by Rev. W. M. Jay, Pastor, and R. C. Norfleet, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Rifton M. E. Church, Rifton, N. Y. Signed by Rev. Grenville E. Kerr, Pastor, and John P. Hull, President of the Board of Trustees, in behalf of the congregation.

Fourth St. M. E. Church, Aurora, Ill. Signed by Rev. W. W. Aylesworth, D. D., and H. C. Dimond, Secretary, in behalf of the congregation.

Cottonwood Friends Church, Emporia, Kans. Signed by Rev. Clinton L. Nellis, Pastor, and Orilla E. Stanton, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

United Evangelical Church, Le Mars, Ind. Signed by Rev. J. J. Arnold, Stilson, Iowa, for the congregation.

Preston Charge, Nebr. Signed by Rev. H. M. Schuerman, Pastor, Falls City, Nebr., in behalf of the members.

Lutheran Church, Clarksburg, W. Va. Signed by Rev. W. Roy Hashinger, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Summit Church, Bridgewater, Va. Signed by John T. Glick, Elder, in behalf of the congregation.

St. James Lutheran Church, Portland, Ore. Signed by Rev. W. E. Brinkman, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

VERMONT CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Vermont, Ill. Signed by Rev. Fred Wilson, Pastor, J. Ross Arnold, Clerk, and W. L. Derry, Chairman of Board, in behalf of the congregation.

Brainard Church, Granada, Minn. Signed by Rev. S. T. Dunk, Pastor, members of the official board and members of the congregation.

First Congregational Sunday school, New Haven, Mich. Signed by Roy D. Carl, Supt., in behalf of the school.

M. E. Tabernacle, Butler, N. J. Signed by Rev. Thomas I. Coultas, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

Osseo Baptist Church, Osseo, Mich. Signed by Rev. W. G. Mason, Pastor, and Mary L. Turner, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Locust Baptist Church, Locust, Mich. Signed by Rev. W. G. Mason, Pastor, and Charles S. Hale, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Union United Presbyterian Church, Sparta, Ill. Signed by Rev. J. R. McIlroy, Pastor, and Harry B. Clark, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Preston United Presbyterian Church, Preston, Ill. Signed by Rev. J. R. McIlroy, Pastor, and D. C. Townsend, Clerk.

First Congregational Church, Chappaqua, N. Y. Signed by Dr. Dow B. Beene, Pastor, and officers and members of the congregation.

Warrenton Presbyterian Church, Warrenton, N. C. Signed by Rev. J. M. Millard, Pastor, and E. A. Skillman and J. J. Crinkley, Elders, Clarence E. Skillman and W. R. Strickland, Deacons, in behalf of the congregation.

W. C. T. U., Wakefield, R. I. Signed by Mrs. Eunice B. Clarke, President, and Mrs. Jennie F. Smith, Secretary, on behalf of the members.

Congregational Church, Bangor, Mich. Signed by Rev. J. S. Hamilton, Pastor, and Chas. C. Love, Clerk, in behalf of the congregation.

Corinth M. E. Church, Maine. Signed by Rev. F. W. Brooks, Pastor, in behalf of the congregation.

These resolutions were also adopted by a large number of citizens of Kansas, resident in McLouth and vicinity; and we have individual replies from Alger, Mich.; Braintree, Mass.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Gentry, Ark.; Corvallis, Ore.; Camadea, N. Y.; West LaFayette, Ind.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Saugatuck, Mich.; Chohasset, Minn.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Wheeler, Mich.; Increase, Miss.; Harrison, Ark.; Muncy, Pa.; Hibbing, Minn.; Claremore, Okla.; Thayer, Mo.; Tionesta, Pa.; Clinton, Ia.

$100.00 YOU CAN WIN! Name These Objects

Fascinating Picture Puzzle Contest — Fifteen Cash Prizes — Open To All Costs Nothing To Try

Fifteen cash prizes as shown below will be given to the fifteen persons sending in the best prepared and nearest correct list of names of objects in the picture beginning with the letter "C." The person sending in the best prepared and nearest correct list will receive first prize; the one sending in the second best list will receive second prize, and so on.

Look closely at the picture. There are all kinds of objects that begin with the letter "C." Nothing is hidden. You do not need to turn the picture upside down. This is not a lottery or guessing contest or a trick puzzle. It is a test of skill in finding names of objects beginning with the letter "C." All objects to be named are shown clearly in the picture.

THE PRIZES

Winning Answers will receive prizes as follows:

	If No Book Is Ordered	If $3.00 Order Accompanies List	If $5.00 Order Accompanies List
1st Prize.....	$20.00	$300.00	$1000.00
2nd Prize.....	10.00	150.00	500.00
3rd Prize.....	5.00	75.00	250.00
4th Prize.....	5.00	50.00	125.00
5th Prize.....	5.00	30.00	75.00
6th Prize.....	3.00	20.00	50.00
7th Prize.....	3.00	15.00	40.00
8th Prize.....	3.00	10.00	30.00
9th Prize.....	2.00	10.00	20.00
10th to 15th Prize.....	2.00	10.00	20.00

(In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be given.)

NOTE—In the event the winner of the first prize fails to win the full $1,000 by not having purchased a book, the balance of this prize money shall be divided proportionately among the remaining prize winners who have purchased books.

Reference: Any Bank in Chicago

Here Is The Plan:

In order to win a first prize of $20.00, you do not have to send a cent with your list of words. But we have arranged it so you can win three, ten or twenty-five times that amount simply by taking advantage of our big special sale of books. Two of these remarkable bargains are here described. Either of them is easily worth to you for your own use one-half more than our special sale price. At the same time either of them would make a handsome Christmas gift that any of your friends would prize highly.

WIN $1,000.00 If your answer wins first prize and if you send us a $5.00 order you will receive the Grand Prize of $1,000.00 instead of $20.00; second prize $500.00; third prize $250.00; etc. (See third column in the list of prizes.)

WIN $300.00 If your answer wins first prize and if you send us with your list a $3.00 order you will receive $300.00 as your prize instead of $20.00; second prize $150; third prize $75.00, etc. (See second column in the list of prizes.)

Everybody can enter this contest, men, women and children. Start right now to examine the picture closely; then write your list and send it in without delay. Amusement, instruction and the chance to win a big cash prize—all these are offered by this great contest.

Observe These Rules:

Don't Delay! This Contest Closes November 30, 1921

1—The person sending the best prepared and nearest correct list of names of objects appearing in the picture, beginning with the letter "C," will win first prize. The one sending the next best list will receive second prize, etc.

2—Write your list of names on one side of the paper only and number them 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address at the bottom of each page. If you wish to write anything else, be sure to use a separate sheet.

3—This **ends November 30, 1921.** All answers must be received in envelopes bearing post-mark not later than November 30, 1921.

4—Persons who live in Chicago or employes of the D. B. CLARKSON COMPANY are not permitted to participate.

5—Only such words as appear in the English dictionary will be counted. Where the plural is used, the singular cannot be counted and vice versa. Do not use hyphenated, compound or obsolete words, or words formed of two or more words. These cannot be counted.

6—Words of the same spelling can be used only once even though used to designate different objects. The same object can be named only once; however any part of the object may also be named.

7—All answers will receive the same consideration whether or not accompanied by an order.

8—Any number of members of the same family may compete, but not more than one prize will be awarded to one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.

9—In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize of equal value will be awarded to each of those concerned in the tie.

10—The following well-known Chicagoans, will act as judges of the contest: **Opie Read, Author; Hon. Frank Comerford, Member Chicago bar, appointed Special Prosecutor in "Red" case; Frank Hays, Cashier, Lake Shore Trust & Savings Bank.**
It is understood that participants will accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.

11—The announcement of the prize winners and correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to all who purchase books.
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Webster's Home, School and Office Dictionary. Our Price.....	3.00
World's Greatest Music Book, over 1,000 Songs with Music. Our Price	1.50
Movy-Dols. Our Price.....	.50
UP-TO-DATE Practical Letter Writer. Our Price.....	1.00
The "U" Book. Our Price.....	1.50
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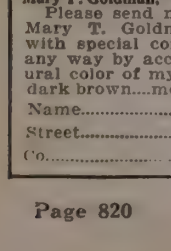
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Fill out coupon carefully — enclose a lock in your letter if possible. Trial bottle and application comb come by return mail. Full sized bottle at your druggist or direct from us. Refuse cheap substitutes—which will spoil the future beauty of your hair.
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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

L. J. H., Haverhill, Mass., writes: "I have been a subscriber to the Christian Herald for thirty years or more, and thoroughly approve of all its work. The plan for extension of Christian work in China, as given in the paper for September 24, is fine, and I wish some such plan might be used for our children here in America. With all of our splendid means of education, and our churches, how many of our boys and girls go out into the world at eighteen years of age (and some younger) to earn their living and battle with sin, without being fitted for anything in particular, and with no knowledge of God, except to use His name in profanity! There are heathen and worse among our own people. America certainly needs improving, morally, socially and economically, as well as China. When the heathen come to our shores, they find comparatively few living up to Christian ideals here in so-called Christian America. The indifference among our people seems to me to be appalling. Can nothing be done to make America the Christian nation she has the reputation of being, and to save our young people as well as older ones, before they go to reform schools and prisons, instead of afterwards?"

You have hit upon a problem which is taxing the best minds in our land today—the moral and spiritual training of the young. We need a Home Mission arousal, and there are indications that it is coming.

C. R. McC., Golconda, Ill., writes: "As a subscriber to your paper for many years, I would urge you through your columns to begin now to ask your people to observe Watch Night as a season of prayer for revival all over the world."

Mr. W. D. Keyes, Wilkinsburg, Pa., sends in the following suggestion, providing for a change in the Creed, which has no doubt occurred to many other persons: "I have felt for years that the time had long gone by when the so-called Apostles' Creed should have been corrected, and the expression, 'the Holy Catholic Church' replaced by the all-comprehensive term, 'the Church of the Triune God,' which would emphasize the Trinity of the Godhead and could be conscientiously used by all consistent Christians throughout the world, in all ages, while the present expression is not understood, is misleading and distasteful to many good people now in, and coming into the Protestant churches everywhere. The term, 'the Holy Catholic Church' was arbitrarily placed in the creed by the authorities of that Church under Pope Julian in 395 A. D., at the suggestion of a very popular Cardinal in Rome, and is perfectly all right for Roman Catholic people everywhere from their standpoint, but has no proper place in Protestant literature or practice, and should have been changed in the very beginning of the Reformation."

The Christian Herald has frequently been asked as to the meaning of the passage in the Creed, and the uniform reply has been made that the word "catholic" in that relation means "universal."

Rev. J. W. Wells, San Jose, Calif., writes: "I rejoice very heartily in your effort to have the 200,000 Protestant churches put themselves on record in favor of disarmament of the nations; but large and powerful as this may be, even if all of them respond, it is nevertheless but one group of citizens who will speak. Lately I wrote and had some strong resolutions passed by my G. A. R. Post, ("Sheridan Dix," of San Jose,) which the local papers used, and the local agent of the American Press sent out over the country, asking that 'our government' take the lead in urging the disarmament of the nations. It passed unanimously. This is also a group movement, and there are other groups doing the same thing. But as I see it, this is not sufficient. In some way we ought to be able to organize and get an informal vote of all registered voters throughout the country. The organization, once in running order, could be kept up indefinitely to meet any emergency that may arise. As it now stands, a mere handful of interested parties determine the policy and the laws to be made and declare in their own press all over the country that they are responding to Public Opinion—'the will of the people.' Let us have a 'People's Parliament, or a People's Advisory Council, with local state and national officers, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., with the very ablest and best men and women of our country to represent us, and to lobby for the people's interest. It should be composed of citizens—registered voters—of all political parties, non-partisan, non-sectarian, and open for all citizens. This organization could fill the gap between now and the time when we will have an amendment to the Constitution, giving us National Initiative, Referendum and Recall, similar to that which they have in Switzerland. With such an organization in working order, we could have the known will of the people on any vital subject in less than a month. We need it now as never before, if secret diplomacy is not to dictate the future of this and every other country. Petitions with millions of names attached pleading for this or that from our servants in office, have been sent, and they have thrown them into the waste-basket. The people themselves should take hold and make an uncompromising demand that their mandates shall be obeyed."

Our correspondent—a retired minister and Civil War Veteran—makes a proposition in his letter which deserves consideration. We submit it to the readers of the Mail Bag, inviting a brief expression of their views.

Mrs. C. E. B., Due West, S. C., writes: "In a class of old ladies, in Sunday school today, some of them stated that they heard a minister (a converted Jew) state in his sermon, that 'Christ never preached to any except Jews.' I asked if he gave any Bible references, and they said, 'No.' Will you please help me to answer and explain this?"

While it is true that the earthly ministry of Christ, covering a period of some three years, was conducted within a very limited area and mainly to Jewish audiences, He spoke in language that was applicable to the whole world. In this sense, therefore, His ministry was not confined to the Jews, but reached out to all the Gentile or non-Jewish population, not only in Judea but throughout the world. There are several passages that might be quoted to illustrate this. See John 10: 16, 17: 18-21, Mark 16: 15, 16, Matt. 28: 19. Other passages might be quoted which also show that His ministry was universal. If the preacher you mention meant that the whole effort was confined to Jews and intended only for Jews, he was clearly mistaken. There were many nations represented in the Holy Land at that time—men from Rome, from Greece, from various parts of Asia, and other countries, many of whom must have either heard the voice of the Divine Preacher or come into contact with His teaching at some time or other. His teaching is not to be measured in a limited territorial sense, but should be regarded as He meant it to be, as applicable to the entire race of men.

Reader, Peoria, Ill., writes: "Is it not time for the door to begin to open? What would Jesus do at such a time as this? The world is not a fit place for Christian people to live in any longer, neither were the cities of the plain."

It is true that wickedness abounds in the world today. But it is also true that the great body of God's faithful people is larger than at any time in human history. Christian people must face the situation by living close to Christ, and working more energetically than ever to win souls. The solution of all the world's troubles is in God's hands, and He will solve them in His own time and way; but meanwhile the faithful must work, and watch, and pray. To give up in the midst of the struggle would be recreancy in the worst degree. When His time comes, He must find every faithful one at his post, working for the advancement of the Kingdom, no matter at what odds.

M. S. R., Pulaski, N. Y. In the Lord's Prayer, the word "trespasses" instead of debts is regarded simply as a variant, and as carrying practically the same meaning as "debts." The presumption is that Luke (in Chapter 11) made certain changes in the expressions of the prayer in order to make its meaning clearer to Gentile hearers. In Matt. 6: 14, 15, the substitution of "trespasses" has justification, according to authorities.

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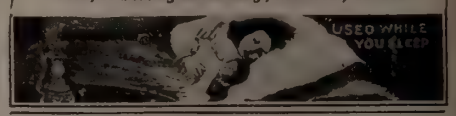

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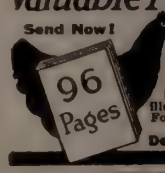

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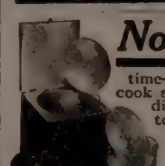
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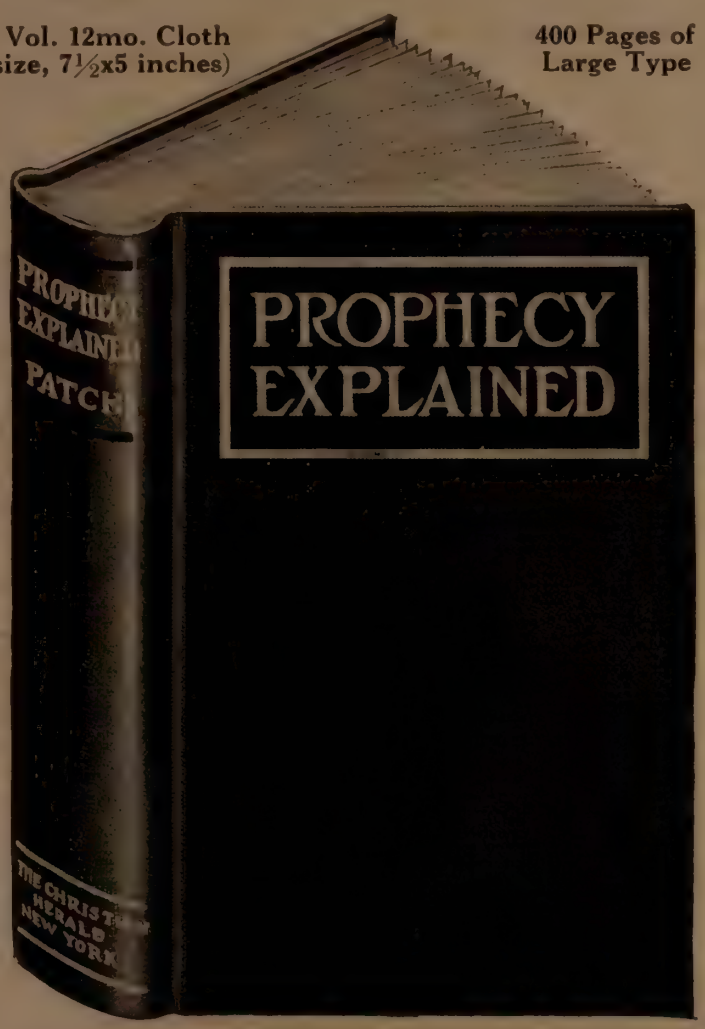

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"The passing away of the heaven and earth of Rev. 21 : 1 seems to be the closing up of the millennial age and order, and beginning of a new order. This is what Paul refers to in I Cor. 15 : 24; '*Then cometh the end, when he shall deliver up the Kingdom to God, even the Father*.' The fleeing away of the heaven and earth of Rev. 20 : 11 seems to imply their embarrassment in that glorious Presence. They fade into insignificance before Him."

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By W. R. INGE

(The Very Rev. Dean of St. Paul's, London)

AS THE Washington Conference on Limitation of Armaments opens, the hopes of the world are centered on lasting peace. Dean Inge, one of England's most eloquent and most scholarly clergymen, herewith presents a moving arraignment of the cruelty and futility of war and a plea for reconciliation among the nations. In expressing his detestation of war, he is finding words for the sentiment of a great part of the British people; and it is this sentiment, shared by the people of every land, which gives the strongest ground for the expectation that in Washington there will be some definite accomplishments toward permanent pacification.

IN THE early part of the war a young English officer on the night preceding his death in battle, wrote in his last letter to his father: "Having been about all night digging, I was shifted to make room for some other company. I advanced to a cemetery to defend it, and stayed there most of the day. It is a beastly thing to have to do, digging trenches among graves and pulling down crosses and ornamental wreaths to make room. One feels that something is wrong when a man lies down behind a child's grave to shoot at a bearded German who has probably got a family, anxiously waiting his return at home. It was a miserable day, wet, and spent in a cemetery under those conditions. There was a large crucifix at one end. The sight of the bullets chipping Christ's image about, and the knowledge of what He has done for us and the Germans, and what we were doing to His consecrated ground and each other, made one feel sick of the whole war or sicker than before."

The men at the front felt that something was wrong and often said so in plain words, like this poor boy. I think most of us feel it now. We all learned in our childhood Southey's poem about the Battle of Blenheim, with the child's unanswered and unanswerable question, "'And what good came of it at last?' said little Wilhelmine." We knew it, of course, and I never met any one who wished for war, with Germany or any other country; but we were told that the country must fight, that there was no help for it. The people of all the other belligerent countries were told the same thing, and so millions of men, who a week before were absorbed in their peaceful work and play in their quiet homes, with their families around them, were hurled against each other for four years of scientific butchery. We need not now apportion the guilt. It is as Europeans, as Christians, as civilized men that we are all called to penitence, a penitence in which we may find the path to reconciliation.

THE young officer's words recall that unforgetable paragraph in Sartor Resartus. "There dwell and toil in the British village of Dumdrudge some five hundred souls. From these, by certain natural enemies of the French, there are selected during the French war say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge . . . . has trained them to crafts, so that one can weave and another build, another hammer. Nevertheless, among much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away at the public charge, say to the South of Spain, and kept there until they are wanted. And now to that same spot in the South of Spain are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending. . . . The word 'Fire' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcases, which it must bury and shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel?"

The war, while it lasted, seemed to have been caused by the deliberate wickedness of an abstract demon called Germany. The Germans were more or less honestly persuaded that similar abstractions called Russia and England were the criminals. Now it seems to most of us that we were all stark mad together. The chief obstacle to penitence is indeed the suspicion that none of the parties concerned was responsible for its actions. The utter futility and folly of modern war had often been demonstrated. Wars are waged, I suppose, for territory or for plunder or for trade. As for the first, nothing weakens a country more than unwilling subjects. The Poles have been an unmitigated nuisance to the three empires which partitioned their territory, and it has yet to be proved that we should not be much better off if we could clear out of the Turkish Empire. As for indemnities, I have it on good authority that Bismarck declared that if he made another successful war one of the terms of peace would be that Germany should pay a large indemnity to the losers.

As for the tropical possessions, let any one estimate the value to us of the tropics and all the negroes who inhabit them, and compare the total with what the war cost us. A sane man does not pay £10,000 a year in fire insurance for a haystack.

I CAN NOT admit that to demonstrate the economic lunacy of war is to appeal to low motives. That is sheer cant. National bankruptcy means wide-spread unemployment, starving children with pinched faces and legs like broomsticks; it means civil war and revolution; it means the relapse of civilization into barbarism, since it is the most highly educated classes—as we see everywhere in Europe—who are first ruined.

Well, perhaps the business community will not again make the mistake of thinking that war can ever be good business. Even the press, I am told, has found that it is very bad business from its point of view. But the liability to attacks of war fever is so great, and the irrationability of human beings so intractable that we can not rely only on appeals to common sense. The moral appeal must come first, if for no other reason, because the war spirit makes a successful appeal to the idealist, as well as to the self-regarding. As Canon Grace says, it was the moral effect of an obscure monk's self-sacrifice which brought the bloody games of the Coliseum to an end.

And the emancipation of the slave was won, not by proving that free labor would produce more sugar and more cotton than the cowhide lash, but by persuading public opinion that slavery as an institution involved horrors which were an outrage on humanity and an insult to God.

The moral appeal just now must mainly take the form of penitence and the spirit of reconciliation. Europe has deep cause for penitence. Do we realize these two things: first, that the relations of civilized mankind all over Europe and its colonies had become so close, that this war was at least as much a civil war as the chronic wars between the various cantons of ancient Greece? And, secondly, that after a century of growing humanity, a century which prided itself on safeguarding the rights of the lower animals to decent treatment, the nations of Europe were no sooner locked in the death-grapple than horrors and atrocities were committed, which ten or a hundred or even two thousand years ago would have been thought incredible except in savage warfare!

IF THIS seems to you too strong, let me quote a few sentences from the "Republic" of Plato in which Socrates lays down what seemed to him to be reasonable and practicable rules for the conduct of war between Greek states. I have just said that the civilized world is quite as much bound together by common traditions and habits and convictions as were the Greek states, so that the comparison is a fair one.

"Do you think it right," asks Socrates, "that Greeks should enslave Greeks, considering the danger that all Greece is in of barbarian conquest? Clearly, no Greek should make a slave of another Greek. Then we must abstain from spoiling the dead or hindering their burial. Neither shall we offer up trophies in the temples of the gods, fearing that the offering of trophies taken from kinsmen may be a pollution. Again, we shall not devastate the land of Greek enemies, nor burn their houses, without injuring the next harvest."

This is pagan war-morality, 2300 years ago. Think of this, you who have seen northeastern France! And now it is widely assumed that if there is another war, each side will try to exterminate the women and children of the other by poison! I can not altogether account for this outbreak of diabolism, but while such things are done and justified, the less we talk about progress the better.

This reversion to savagery is not mainly the result of the new inventions. It is as easy to murder a child with a spear or club as with a bomb. But until seven years ago such things were not done.

In part, no doubt, these horrors are the result of the elaborately engineered propaganda of hatred which all the belligerents employed, knowing that the average man needs some incitement to kill his fellow man. This is one of the most devilish parts of the whole business. The soldiers were told untrue stories of the outrages committed by the other side. Furious hatred and indignation were artificially stimulated. Even religion was freely dragged in. One side appealed to their good old ally, God; the other represented the war as a "struggle between Corsica and Calvary." Alas, the spirit of the Corsican was not hovering over one army only. So the minds of the belligerents were systematically poisoned by their own governments, and the deadly spirit of hatred thus generated has been slow to subside.

To quote Canon Grace again, "Long after Nature has hidden with her kindly cloak the ghastly evidence of inhuman strife, the unseen spirit of war-engendered hate continues to embitter the national heart, exciting rancor in the defeated and arrogance in the victorious, poisoning in both the natural wells of fraternity and peace."

And then we think of the peace. The victors had to consider whether they wished to

AMERICA'S DELEGATES TO THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE
Left to right: Elihu Root, Senator Underwood, Secretary Hughes and Senator Lodge

make an end of war, knowing as we all know, that another war in our time would destroy our civilization utterly; or whether they wished to make a vindictive peace which the losers would think themselves more than justified in tearing up at the first opportunity. If we wished the former, we ought to have offered to the Germans terms which they themselves would have thought unexpectedly generous, and then to

By Nelson Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

THE SHOUTS HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

have said to them, "Now we have given you no excuse for plotting revenge; join us in establishing a league of nations and universal disarmament and let us all help each other to gather up the fragments that remain."

We say that the Germans showed no sign of repentence. Did we make it easy for them to repent? The human heart is like water; it freezes at a certain temperature and melts under the influence of warmth. The Christian method is to overcome evil with good. It does not always succeed, but the opposite method, of driving out devils by Beelzebub, invariably fails.

So far as I can gather from those who have lately traveled in Germany, the Germans are rather less bitter and fierce than we should be if we had met with the same treatment. But I should not like to build upon this. The French are leaving no stone unturned to provoke a violent militaristic reaction in Germany; they may have terrible cause to regret this suicidal policy. But I have no wish to discuss politics. I merely point out the obvious fact that if one of a pair of gamblers won and exacted full payment of a heavy stake, and then said: "Now we will play for love for the rest of the evening," his proposal is not likely to find favor with the loser.

My own opinion is that the peace threatens civilization with worse ruin than even the war.

It is an appalling state of things, and what should our feelings be when we turn from our Bibles to the visions of the prophets and the promise of the Incarnation. "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." The crowning title of the coming deliverer in Isaiah's prophecy was, the Prince of Peace, "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end." "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

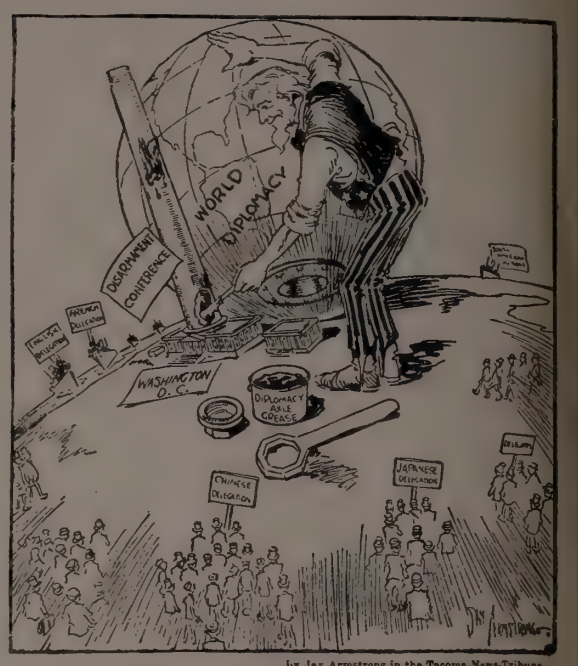
The happy vision seemed to be near its fulfilment in the Angel's song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Alas, another passage in the Gospel comes to our minds: "If thou hadst known even thou, in this day, the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."

BUT if it please God, it is not yet too late. The gate of repentance is not yet shut. We have all sinned and suffered together; we may all repent together. We may help to bear one another's burdens, not only by relieving the necessities of those who are suffering most, but by bearing one another's moral burdens.

We English are a continental people, and some of us, in our reaction from the hatred fostered during the War, and our shame at having given way to the absurd idea that every one who has the misfortune to be born between the Rhine and the Vistula has a double dose of original sin, have rushed to the other extreme and speak as if the Germans were amiable and injured innocents. That will not do at all. They have as much to repent of as we have; indeed I think much more, but we must help them to show their best selves by showing them our best selves.

Justice, common-sense and good-will are the qualities which are needed; not sentimentality. The spirit of civilization would say to us all, "Sirs, we are brethren, why do ye wrong one another?"

We are brethren, we Europeans; if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. We have discovered this to our great cost in the economic sphere; we must learn it also in the moral sphere. We can not afford a humiliated, embittered and desperate Germany any more than a triumphant, militaristic Ger-



by Jay Armstrong in the Tacoma News-Tribune

WASHINGTON, THE NEW AXIS IN WORLD DIPLOMACY

many. The harmony of the European symphony needs the best tones of all its members; and who, after all, are the typical Germans—Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Beethoven, or the Slavs, Nietzsche and Treatischke, and the Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain?

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father in Heaven forgive your trespasses."

"Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."

The Shadows We Cast

They May Be Larger and More Impressive Than We Think

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

HE WAS a small man—slim and boyish and a trifle stooped. He would have fitted into any crowd without drawing the attention of a soul; when he walked into a hotel lobby or a great railroad station or a drawing-room he passed quite unnoticed. So commonplace he was, in appearance, that he was often almost ignored—sometimes entirely forgotten. One never thought of him as a distinct personality—he was just "among those present" and nothing more. Indeed, he had never made any particular impression upon me until one evening when we met—quite by chance—at a reception. And because I was a stranger in the place and he, also, knew very few people, we settled down into a corner to talk. For an acquaintance, even a casual acquaintance, is a veritable haven of refuge in a room full of alien folk.

Quite by chance we sat down together in a corner that was lighted softly yet brilliantly by a number of candles. And also, quite by chance, the man placed himself so that he was between a row of the candles and a wide white expanse of wall. And so it happened that his profile, as he talked earnestly to me, was thrown in bold relief upon the wall. And as he moved and spoke and gesticulated the profile shifted and became a massive, exceedingly impressive silhouette.

It fascinated me, that silhouette. There was something powerful about it—a latent virility that I had never suspected in the man's face. The line of the forehead was a high, noble one; the nose was well chiselled; the chin firm and splendidly high. Covertly I glanced from the shadow of the face—just as covertly I glanced back again. And I was surprised to see that as a portrait it was decidedly accurate. The man's forehead was good and so was his nose. The chin was a chin to be proud of.

It seemed curious to one that those good points had passed unnoticed—that I had ever thought him commonplace or neutral or one of the crowd. The silhouette upon the wall showed lines of purpose and ability and idealism. I found that I was making new comparisons as I watched it—that I was forming new opinions.

I found that I was more interested in the man's conversation—that I was almost eager to know his thoughts upon many a subject. When we got up finally to leave the corner I felt that I had made a new friend. And though the man was actually as undersized as ever—though he was just as stooped and boyish—I was conscious of his place in the world, of his character and his individuality.

THE shadows we cast—they're often a great deal more revealing than we imagine. They show things that we are able to hide by a shade of expression or a smile or a flicker of eyelashes. Sometimes they hold great disappointments and sometimes, as in the case of the man, they are wonderfully reassuring!

Oftentimes we can't help being a bit negative—a shade commonplace. Oftentimes it's shyness that keeps us down in a fixed place—occasionally it's the strength of environment that binds us with heavy chains. But even shyness and environment and a hundred and one other problems that confront us are unable to limit or curb the shadows that we cast.

The shadows, mind you, don't have to be silhouettes thrown upon a plaster wall or a blank screen. They can be other, more detached, things. They can be less tangible. As in the case of Clara White:

Clara White was the plainest sort of a girl. And apparently the most ordinary. And yet the shadow that she cast was a magnificent one.

It all happened during the great war, when Clara began to write letters. Letters to soldiers and sailors, they were; letters to boys who were decidedly lacking in families and home ties. The letters were not flirtatious notes, or shallow compositions, or indefinite bits of writing—they were warm, throbbing ties that, I believe, held many a man close to his faith in the best things of life. Utterly personal, they were and yet so gloriously impersonal that they didn't ever assume the proportions of an adventure. They were the reflections of a spirit—they were the shadows of a soul—the soul of all good women, rather than the soul of one girl!

All through the war Clara White wrote her letters. And when the war was over she kept on writing, until she knew that her correspondents were safely home. And then—the need being over—she stopped. And the boys never knew her. But I am sure that her memory will ever be enshrined in their hearts.

With the need over, Clara White stopped writing. But it was not long before other needs came to her. There was a girl missionary in a far-off province of China—a lonely girl struggling with a great and difficult task. There was a physician who was living among the lepers. There was a young man working his way through a certain theological seminary. And there was a woman—tired with life's battle—who spent the long days in a wheel-chair by an open city window. These, and many more, came to know Clara White through her messages. And every one of them loved her with a sincere and touching devotion. If they had met her they might never have known her hidden beauty, the unsounded depths of her mind, the reaching out of her personality. But the shadow that she cast told her story—told it in a more detailed way than she herself could have expressed it.

WE ARE not—many of us—able to help in as definite and concrete a way as Clara White was able to help. And yet there are means by which we can cast our shadows to a great and glowing advantage. We can gain the admiration and esteem and—best of all—the love of many people by the splendor, the truthfulness, the sincerity of the shadows that we cast.

Whether we mean to or not we are bound to cast shadows. Just as a person placed between a light and a blank wall can not help making a silhouette, so we—placed between the light of circumstance and the wall of life—can not help projecting shadows. And sometimes the shadows that we project are very much to our credit—and sometimes, regrettably, they aren't. But—whether they're to our credit or not—they can't be ignored or successfully concealed.

Sometimes very few people will notice the shadows that we cast—but that's because they aren't observing, not because the shadows aren't in plain sight for the world to gaze upon. And sometimes the shadows are so compelling that a multitude will pause to look at them. Sometimes the shadows may fall close to us—and stay there through all of the years. And sometimes they will travel thousands of miles—will cross oceans and mountain ranges and desert wastes.

Clara White's shadow traveled many thousands of miles, and is still traveling. And—God willing—it will continue to travel for a number of decades. But there are other shadows—silhouettes with much of power and glory and sweetness—that have fallen like a benediction upon neighboring walls, and near-by lives. And they have as much value—of a different sort, perhaps, but just as real—as the shadows that go out on great missions and knightly quests.

Where the God Hari Set His Feet

A Visit to One of the Most Sacred of India's Holy Places

By REV. W. B. NORTON, Ph.D.

WHEN the Hindus give up their foolish notions about their gods, they will think of their present teachings just as the Greeks and Romans under the teachings of Christianity finally came to think of their old mythology. The stories of what the gods did and said will still be used as illustrations to point lessons in morality and wisdom. Not a little of this habit of illustration has been and still is used by Christian ministers. To slip from the actual worship of the gods into a poetical sentiment in regard to them is the easy and natural way for a people to pass from mythology to reality, from legend to history.

This process is now going on in India. The better educated among the Indians who still cling to the Hindu religion and yet who can not fail to see its absurdities under the light not only of Christianity but of science are beginning to explain these absurdities by the allegorical method. In fact Lajpat Rai, one of the modern living apologists for Hinduism who is well educated in Western science, literature and history as studied at Oxford, England, and at Columbia University in the United States and is active in the political nationalist movement in India, urges that this method of the evolution of thought will be sufficient to maintain a faith in the old religions of the Vedas while still accepting the results of the most advanced Western science.

Those who believe in the certain ultimate triumph of Christianity—and I am one of those who do so believe—regard the change of belief in the literal power and presence of the gods to a mere poetical sentiment in regard to them as evidence of the disintegration of the old idolatry. No great people can guide their lives through the maze of temptations such as is common to men or face the certainty of the grave and eternity supported only by the imaginings of fancy. There must be something as solid as the Rock of Ages for their feet to rest on. In Hardwar we find this strange mixture of superstitious faith in the ancient legends on the part of the many and an attempt on the part of the few to explain by legend the Hindu love of the beautiful and romantic in nature.

THE word, Hardwar, is pronounced as though divided and spelled Hur-draw and means "the door of Hur." It is the door through which the god, Hari, Har, or Hur, is believed by the Hindus to have come from the summits of the snow-crowned Himalayas into the vast plain of the Ganges. The bathing place in the Ganges River at Hardwar is said to be the exact spot where the god placed his feet when he made the first step after coming down the mountains. It is one of the most sacred of the many sacred resorts of India, and aside from its heathenish practices is as charming as river and mountain can make it.

We made the trip from Roorki to Hardwar, a distance of nineteen miles, by automobile, traveling all the way on the bank of the Ganges canal, one of the triumphs of British engineering skill in making provision for the irrigation of millions of acres of agricultural land and insuring a vast population against the possibilty of famine, even though the monsoon should fail in certain years.

The building of the canal, which draws its water from the Ganges, was attended by the difficulties which follow when modern science comes in direct antagonism with an ancient superstitious faith. It was the same kind of a conflict which Galileo met when he discovered proof that the world was round and moved around the sun, while the church held to the ancient belief that the sun did the moving while the world stood still.

When the Hindus learned that mother Ganges was to be desecrated by British unbelievers, a great outcry was made. Disaster to the canal project was predicted. When a bridge was to be built over the Ganges at Cawnpore the priests said the river would rise and carry the bridge away on her bosom. So serious became the opposition and so apparently sincere was the belief in the impending danger that ten princes of native blood called on the British authorities, promising that if the canal would be abandoned they would repay all the expense the government had incurred. After all offers had been rejected by the British, who had the material interests of the people at heart and who felt as do fathers and mothers that they must do some things the children can not at present understand but will be thankful for hereafter, the day came for opening the gates of the canal and letting in the water from the Ganges. It was said that 500,000 gathered to witness the ceremony. The priests had promised the discomfiture of the sacrilegious British. The people waited with expectancy. The gates lifted. The sacred water of the Ganges obeyed the law of gravitation and flowed into its artificial channel with eagerness and grace. No harm came. The canal was a complete success. With consternation and finally with dismay because of shattered faith in the priests and even in mother Ganges herself, the disappointed Hindu multitudes uttered a despairing wail and departed for their homes. The multiplication of such scenes in railroad, factory, water system and city illumination is among the factors which are working for a truer interpretation of nature as servant and not master of men.

WHEN we reached Hardwar and were proceeding with American directness and speed to visit at once the bathing pool and the fakirs, tap, tap, tap went a cane sharply on the stone pavement. The Hindu protector of the sacred places pointed first at the pavement, then at our feet, and then gestured with his cane, making it plain without our understanding his words, that our shoes could not touch that particular spot. We learned by inquiry of a missionary who could understand the language that the place was holy and no one could pass over it without taking off his shoes. Moreover, we learned that we could not pass over it at all, because it led directly to the bathing place for women which no man, Hindu or Christian, could approach. As far as seeing the bathing was concerned, the prohibition was no hindrance, for the women were bathing in full view of every one. The women covered themselves from head to feet with thin white saris of cotton or muslin as they went in and came out of the water. It was an attempt, although a rather unsuccessful one, at modesty. No woman, it was said, could bathe with her face covered, as in purdah. A certain Rajah, whose several wives practiced purdah, keeping themselves always veiled, paid for the privilege of having his wives bathe without uncovering their faces the sum of 3,000 rupees a day and a gift of 5 rupees apiece to every holy man in addition to special offerings he might make at the various temples.

One of the queer sights which, it would seem, would be too much even for persons usually credulous was the practice of having men standing in the Ganges with nets fishing up the pieces of jewelry and other offerings which the women had thrown in as tribute to the gods. One could see a woman devotee throw in her offering and see the man stand in the water and fish it out. We were told the fishers paid well for this privilege.

FEEDING the sacred fish was another curiosity. A priest would throw into the water balls of food, looking like moth balls, and the fish would jump out of the water for them. Then the fish would swim in shoals until the surface of the water looked like solid fish. Of course, it was the privilege of any one to buy the food and the flowers as offerings by which merit would be acquired and store laid up in heaven.

The sacred bulls and cows mingled with the throng. You could rub them on their noses, if you wanted to pet them, but no one would dare to harm them in the least. They had the right of way, as they do everywhere in India. In going over a narrow bridge which leads to an island my wife had hard work in crowding between two of these sacred animals, for holiness does not diminish their bulk.

Naked fakirs were present in large numbers. Some were sitting, receiving the homage of the pilgrims who were paying money to the fakirs and receiving from them amulets or other cheap trinkets whose worth had been increased by their being blessed. One woman we watched was well dressed in a sari of spotless white richly embroidered and of fine texture. She had a sweet, pure face and seemed most devout. She made an offering to one of the fakirs, received her trifling gift in return and moved away with a look akin to rapture. I will not assume the omniscience to judge her heart or determine the way in which God will judge her evidently sincere intentions. I would not wonder if she received more of the divine favor than the skeptic who witholds all worship except that bestowed upon himself.

A holy man on a raft anchored in the Ganges River at Hardwar

MANY were carrying water away from the Ganges to take it to their home for sacramental purposes. Some had small bags around their necks which it was explained contained the ashes of their dead relatives which they were to scatter on the surface of the Ganges. The priests mingled freely with the people and instructed them for a price, as to the proper methods of worship and the order in which the various shrines were to be visited. The priests all wore saffron-colored robes and a consciousness of the value of harmony of attire was apparent in some of them, for they carried saffron-colored umbrellas and wore slippers of the same shade, while others went barefoot and either were without umbrellas or carried those of ordinary black or white.

A shrine was pointed out to us way up the mountain-side which it was said Rudyard Kipling had visited when he was here. We were told that we could see his autograph, if we would make the climb. It was interesting, but the hour was late and we could not stay long enough to make the ascent. Pilgrims are sent on this and a dozen still more difficult climbs, after paying a fee for the suggestion, by which they acquire merit.

The population varies from 25,000 to 500,000 according to the importance of the festivals celebrated, but ever and always the bathing places are filled and long lines of pilgrims are seen on the highway, as we saw them, going and coming, some of them walking hundreds and in exceptional cases thousands of miles, for it is an opportunity coveted by every Hindu to bathe at least once in the waters of the holy Ganges.

This is to due to their belief that whoever dies on its banks, and drinks of its waters before his death, is exempted from the necessity of returning into this world and beginning a new life. When, therefore, a sick person who lives near the Ganges has been given up as hopeless of recovery by his physician, his relatives hasten to carry him to the banks of the river in order that he may drink of the holy water or be bathed in its waters before he dies.

Naturally such scenes do not make a cheerful impression on the spectator, particularly one from the Occident who is interested in pointing out to India's crowded tens of millions the true road to salvation.

Several Christian missions are maintained at Hardwar, and the workers there carry on vigorous campaigns of preaching, personal evangelism and tract distribution. Although the town is not large, it is a strategic center of great importance to the missionaries because of the number of pilgrims who make up the continual procession and who, if they can be reached by the missionary efforts, will carry the message of Christianity back to remote villages.

At the spring equinox one of the largest fairs of all India is held at Hardwar, and every twelfth year there is a gathering which draws pilgrims and traders by the hundreds of thousands. To many of those who have painfully made their way in years past to such assemblages, the pilgrimage has been a source of grief instead of benefit, for medical authorities have held that these assemblages were a potent factor in the spread of cholera, which formerly took such a heavy toll in India.

The Editorial Forum

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Armament or Disarmament

THE Conference on Limitation of Armament will be of very little practical value to mankind, if the personnel of the Conference come together in a spirit of mutual suspicion and distrust. The one greatest factor in war has been fear. When fear is wedded to suspicion it is almost impossible to work against prejudice. It is therefore the hope in the hearts of the people who really want war to cease, that at this meeting of the great nations all the delegates act as if the purpose of the Conference was an honest attempt on the part of their respective countries to do away with unnecessary war armament.

The delegates and representatives will be under tremendous pressure from the military and diplomatic forces to present national claims to territory, or even extension of military equipment on account of conditions that each representative will emphasize. But it would be the greatest irony of history if a conference called to discuss the ways and means to curtail war expenses should degenerate into a struggle on the part of the countries represented for MORE power to meet a feared future.

That such a thing is possible is shown by the editorials already appearing in journals published in America, England and France. Here is a quotation from a recent interview credited to a French statesman: "Germany is and always will be a standing menace to France. We cannot relax our vigilance against our old enemy. We need and must have an increasingly powerful military equipment to guard the future."

Then why not call the coming conference by the right name and say "The ARMAMENT Conference." That is what it will be, unless the real object of it is constantly emphasized.

The diplomats and militarists have ruled statecraft so long that it is difficult for other kinds of people to get a hearing. The average American citizen, the man who works for a living and does not know any more about diplomacy than he does about golf, is sick of paying Mars's board bills and wearing his cannon-balls around the ankle every day as he walks down to the shop. It is time he had a hearing. If the delegates at the Conference table were made up of average plain citizens like John Jones, the man on duty at the fire station drawing eighty dollars a month, and Henry Robinson, the mail carrier who works for the government for almost enough to pay his grocer and the landlord, the Conference would not last long, and when it was over there would be some real disarmament.

Really the first thing to disarm is the man who will try to crowd up to the table and intimidate the representatives with the century-old talk about the need of "preparation," and "hereditary enemies," and "national honor," and who will inject "fear" and "suspicion" and "jealousy" and even "hate" into the discussion.

For our own part, here in the United States for more than a quarter of a century there has been a steady propaganda going on to create a spirit of ill-will against Japan. That spirit will sit close at the table of discussion unless the spirit of good-will prevails. It is altogether probable that within the last twenty-five years more lies have been told about Japan's warlike intentions towards the United States than about anything else except the true state of things in Ireland. Fear and distrust and hate have been sown and the crop has been prolific in more militarism and more cannon balls around the legs of John Jones and Henry Robinson.

Yet Japan, at the last meeting of the League of Nations held in Geneva, sent in this recommendation:

"No peace can last without cultural bases, without the national co-ordination of the cultural heritage and outlook of each people with the rest—the co-ordination that will do away with ignorance and prejudices.

"But as we look critically into the prevailing education in each nation we see all sorts of old prejudice still wittingly or unwittingly inculcated into innocent souls. The education of people, we dare say, is still predominantly influenced by national egoism. So long as this egoism is allowed to persist, all other efforts toward peace and understanding, we are afraid, will be of no permanent value.

"We cannot, therefore, too strongly insist that without an international organization of educational influences, which shall effectively counteract all the hidden forces tending toward imperialism and militarism, no league of nations can possibly attain its object."

It is, of course, probable that the average diplomat will put his tongue in his cheek and sneer at this as a part of Japan's national scheme to hoodwink the nations as to her "sinister" intentions. But John Jones and Henry Robinson, who still have some faith in mankind's honesty of purpose, will take such statements as expressing the best mind of Japan.

One of the great questions therefore that ought to be asked and answered before the Conference sits, is this:

Are the plain people of the world going to have something to say about the results of the Conference?

Are John Jones and Henry Robinson going to have some influence in the discussion, or is it to be led by the same old crowd of war-makers and fear-makers and hate-makers?

Is the Conference going to be dominated by those who make a living out of war, or by those who lose their living by it?

Human Side of Big Problems

FEW men are qualified to go right to the heart of a big public problem as Secretary Hoover did a few days ago in a message to a national conference of editors of business publications in Chicago. He told them that the most direct way to deal with the great problems we are now facing is to regard them as human questions and not as they affected mere material. "We are dealing," he wrote, "with questions of railways, farms, shops, and of instruments of commerce and industry, but in the background of every person's mind there is the fact that we are dealing not with mechanical things, but that we are concerned with the problems of men, women and children."

Applying these principles, we find that far above the matter of wages and earnings in public importance is the fact that a strike which, overleaping the bounds of the interests immediately affected, would inflict suffering and hardship upon multitudes who have neither voice nor power in the case, would make in the highest sense a "human problem" of the kind whose injustice must be apparent to all. There can be no right to strike, or to grant irresponsibility, when a nation's welfare is involved. This policy, it is explained, is wholly outside of any question of the merits on either side. It is simply to assure the country that if the roads and the men are bound to strike, it must be seen to that the innocent are not made to suffer. And this is dealing with the problem in its purely human aspect, which is the only way to set matters right and to avert injustice.

AN APPEAL

To the Members of the Christian Herald Prayer League

THE Bowery Mission is greatly in need of funds. The regular work of the Mission has been so widely extended during recent years that a largely increased expense has naturally been incurred. In addition, there has arisen, somewhat suddenly, the overwhelming task of providing for the great host of needy and destitute, but thoroughly deserving, unemployed men who are now daily and nightly clamoring at the Mission doors.

Never has the spiritual work of the Mission been more marvelously blessed than it is at the present time.

The Mission is the central clearing house of the Christian Herald Prayer League. Meetings are held every week evening and twice on Sunday, and at each meeting you are remembered in prayer. Many thousands of you have sent in special requests for prayer, which have been held up at the Throne of Grace at the services, and many, very many, have received direct and bountiful answers.

The Midnight Bread Line that has saved untold lives in the past, but which, owing to bundance of employment, became unnecessary during war time, will be opened again on Thanksgiving morning. This is imperative and inevitable, and it involves the Mission in huge expense. Out of gratitude for blessings received through the Prayer League will you not help this work of feeding your starving brethren by sending in a money contribution?

If every member of the League would give the small sum of fifty cents ample funds for carrying on the work for another year would be forthcoming.

Money orders and checks should be sent to the Treasurer, Christian Herald, Bible House, New York City.

JOHN G. HALLIMOND,
Superintendent.

Horseshoes

THE old game that used to be played behind the barn with cast-off horseshoes is being revived and it looks as if the man whose bank account will not permit him to join a golf club might now get his exercise and his fun out of his own back-yard, in a reasonable amount of time, and at a nominal expense.

All that is needed is four horseshoes, a piece of ground forty feet between the pegs, a neighbor who will throw with you, and a spare hour in the afternoon or evening. If you want really to enjoy the old game get a pair of standard shoes, costing $5 for four. They weigh just two and one-half pounds apiece and are made of iron that will not bend or break. The pegs should stand eight inches above the ground and incline one inch each towards the other. The game may be 21 or 50 points, according to agreement. Nothing counts unless it is eight inches from the peg. The nearest counts one point. Leaners do not count any more than shoes that lie within the eight-inch distance. Ringers count three. A ringer thrown by your opponent neutralizes a ringer of your own.

And the game is on! That is, it is if your neighbor is the kind that wants to play. No great expense. No long trips to the golf grounds. No dues. Just horseshoes. And the exercise just what you need. Come on! Let's have a game!

The New Order

TO THOUGHTFUL minds it must be increasingly evident that our appreciations of life and its meaning and purpose, are undergoing material changes. Recalling the old existence of only a few short years ago, we feel at once the pettiness, incompleteness and unworthiness of it. The eyes of our understanding have been opened and our vision enlarged.

How narrow now seem the old conceptions of many things! We thought and spoke of that which was deemed so far off, but which seems now near at hand—of vague possibilities that have since suddenly become actualities. Our own little circle absorbed us; now we feel that we belong not to ourselves, but to all humanity. World-brotherhood we looked upon as a distant dream, hopelessly unrealizable; now we feel the throb of it in the air about us, and know that it is no longer a chimera but a very real thing, although yet formless and unorganized.

We have witnessed the miracle of old nations being reborn in a day and of age-long traditions being flung like wornout garments, into the rag-bag of Time, and we ourselves, feel that we are becoming a part of the new order of things. Our estimates of other people are different now—mostly higher, and assuredly more generous than before. We would be ashamed now to look some of our old convictions in the face and acknowledge them as ever having been ours.

We seek, by a kind of subtle analysis, to interpret the meaning of these changes and we find them less exterior than interior—they are largely within ourselves. Looking about us, we note the same tensity of thought and purpose, the same consciousness that a new road has opened for men to travel, a highway that leads to larger liberty and nobler life. Yet not without struggle, since all progress is purchased through hardship and strain. In the multiplied consciousness, we become aware that it is not expansion of a group of individuals, or of a single nation, that is involved, but of all nations. Everything will be changed when the world is once more at peace. Nor can the hearts of men remain unchanged. That this, as well as other developments, will be among the results of the great struggle, is borne in upon thoughtful minds with the force of deep conviction.

After the mighty wind that rent the mountains and brake the rocks, after the earthquake, and after the fire, was heard the "still, small voice." The Christian world is listening today to the Voice that is calling the nations back to God.

MARSHAL FOCH has brought no wine with him from France, and says he will drink none while in the United States. He seems to have more respect for American law than a shocking number of Americans.

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Instalment Eleven

A Story of a City Church

By MARION HARLAND

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

CHAPTER XX

I HAVE nothing to say of the early-Victorian minister's wife. The goody-goody books of that period canonize her as 'the Nursing Mother of the Church,' and she may have deserved the title. My contention is that the active pastor's wife of the twentieth century is an ecclesiastical solecism. Not that I advocate the celibacy of the clergy. If ever man needed helpmeet and housemate it is the preacher. He should be cherished and cosseted and built up—not in 'the most holy faith' alone, but in body and spirit. His wife should have no more to do with his professional duties than a lawyer's wife has to do with his suits and trials, or a doctor's wife with his cases. If I had learned this cardinal truth thirty years ago I should now be a wealthier if not a happier woman."

Thus discoursed Mrs. Barrows, five years older than when we last had the pleasure of seeing her—years that had been kindly discreet in registering the passage of time over her head. Buxom and brisk she was still, albeit there were silver stipplings in her brown hair.

She had taken advantage of a November storm to "treat herself" to a whole day with her friend and confidential crony, Mrs. Stuart Haile. There was no danger of interruptions from callers; Esther had taken her luncheon to school with her, and Stuart Jr. would pick up his at the "Prep" where he was fitting himself for college. Doctors Barrows and Haile would attend the monthly meeting of the clerical club to which both belonged. While Mrs. Barrows talked, she busied herself with crochet-needle and thread in cushioning a table-scarf.

Mrs. Haile sat in a rocking-chair, her head laid against the cushioned back, her feet resting upon a stool. The trim ankles were crossed, the hands rested idly, one upon the other, in her lap. The whole attitude in one of her temperament and habit expressed utter weariness of body and depression of spirit. Mrs. Barrows spread the table-scarf over her knees and pulled the pattern straight. The patient needed diversion rather than counsel. She cast about in her mind for a lively bit of gossip.

"I called upon Mrs. Stenson last week," resuming crochet-hook and thread with the conversation. "I have seen her but once before since the Doctor's death. Her sons have rented for her a nice apartment in Ninety-fourth Street not far from the Drive. One of them lives with her. You have heard, I suppose, that twenty-five members of the Banner Church presented her with a portrait of Dr. Stenson, painted by Wiley. It hangs in the drawing-room directly opposite the door. The painting is fine, of course, but the frame, my dear, is the principal feature of the picture. It is of light wood, highly polished, and between the outer and the inner edges of the upright sides of the frame is a strip of burnished copper about four inches wide, upon which are engraved the names of the donors. I refrained from looking at the poor dear as I stood with Mrs. Stenson before the atrocity. She met the situation bravely. 'I would have preferred that it should be in my sitting-room,' she said, avoiding my eye as she spoke. 'But Mr. Ford, who superintended hanging it, said that the givers particularly requested it should be just there.'

"Under the picture hangs a smaller frame containing a typewritten poem by Albertha Briggs. It is surrounded by an illuminated border in black-and-gold. My evil genius ordered that I should meet Miss Briggs in the hall on my way out. She stopped me and asked if I had noticed her 'little testimonial to the great and good man who has left us.'

"'The illuminated border is not my composition,' she said. 'It was executed by a promising young artist, a protégé of mine. The committee saw to it that he was well paid for it.'

"The whole affair was unspeakably grotesque and consistent throughout. I must add that Miss Briggs took time to inform me that 'Mr. Wiley never touches brush to canvas for less than a thousand dollars.'"

MRS. HAILE arose suddenly, pulled the footstool to the side of her friend, sank upon it, resting her elbows upon the broad cushioned arm of the easy-chair, her chin between her palms. The eyes, wide and wistful, looked imploringly into the benign face bent toward her.

"It is all, as you say, unspeakably horrible and inconsistent with the whole tone and policy of that church. Those whose names are inscribed upon that tablet insult the dead and the living. Mr. Ford told me of it yesterday. But let that pass!"

Mrs. Barrows took both of the trembling hands into one of hers and with the other stroked the flushed cheek.

"Precious child!" said her heartsome voice. "You are not yourself today. What has happened? You have told me sometimes that I was like an elder sister to you. Let me be more to you now. Sit down comfortably in my lap. Yes, I mean it! —and be for an hour or so as 'one whom her mother comforteth.'"

Anita yielded to the loving violence that drew her to the offered resting-place. She told her story with the simplicity and directness of the child her friend had asked her to be.

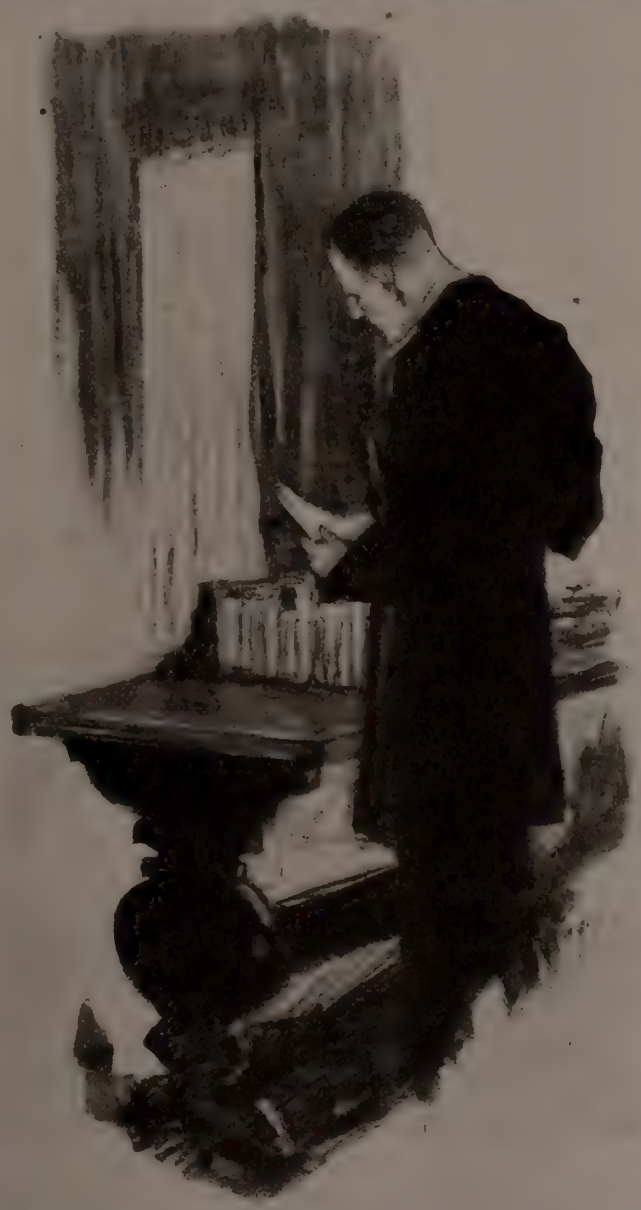
"You and Dr. Barrows have known, as no others ever can, what a disappointment our experience in this church has been from the first. There is no need to go over the earlier chapters of the story. Mr. Ford's errand last evening had to do with the Friday evening class for Bible Study which Stuart has now conducted for five years. It was a marked success from the beginning. The class was recruited constantly—not from our parish alone, but from young men and lads who were not in the habit of attending church anywhere.

"The class met for the first winter in Stuart's study in the Church House. By the third winter it was necessary to provide more commodious quarters, and since then, they have met every week in the chapel. But far more gratifying than the growth of his audiences was the fact that every Communion season there were accessions to the church from this body of young men. There is now an average attendance weekly of two hundred, and forty have become communicants.

"Highly gratifying, all this, you will say. But listen. You know, better than any woman outside of our parish, that my office as one of the vice-presidents of the Woman's League for Christian Unity—save the mark!—has been from the first the veriest sinecure. I have conscientiously attended the regular meetings, have listened courteously to the proceedings, never by any chance opposed the rulings of the established leaders of the Association; and always voted with the majority. It is needless to say that it often cost me an effort to do all this. It irked me, not a little, to become a cipher on the wrong side of the principal numeral. In one of our earliest conferences with you and your husband you helped me to the title of 'Leading Lady' for the President of the League. She was re-elected to the office for the tenth time at the first meeting of this season. She will continue to hold it as long as she lives.

"In her sovereignty she is supported by the powerful backing of what irreverent youths style the 'middle aislers.' You know the class, and I won't waste words in describing them. Mr. Rupert King, with whose somewhat remarkable history you are familiar, may be called a recalcitrant member of the guild. That is because he obeys the dictates of his own conscience and not the behest of the ruling powers. You have met the Kings several times here, I think?"

"Certainly I have, and with great pleasure," Mrs. Barrows rejoined. "He is the man who, your Mr. MacArthur says, was nearly kicked into kingdom come. What a scurrilous tongue Mr. MacArthur has!"



Stuart found the letter there when he came in an hour later

ANITA made a gesture of strong disgust.

"Scurrilous is just the word. You might add 'blasphemous' without exaggeration. Mr. King's conduct has been most exemplary ever since he united with the church. His attachment to Stuart is pathetic, and I have no dearer friend in the world than his wife."

"She is indeed a lovely woman in every way," Mrs. Barrows said. "I hope her baby is thriving. Mr. King could not have given a stronger proof of his devotion to Dr. Haile than by naming his son for him."

"The baby is doing well, thank you. He is now a year old and is as promising a boy as I ever saw. But"—with a half-apologetic smile—"if you switch me off upon that track we shall never get to the pith of my communication—and a very bitter pith it is. As I began to say, it so happened that Mr. King, wishing to see Mr. Miller, called at the Church House one Friday night, winter before last. Mr. Miller's study was dark, but the door leading into the larger room was ajar and the lecture was in mid-progress. Mr. King sat down and heard it to the end. When the class was dismissed he waited to see Stuart and expressed a desire to be enrolled among the students. 'These lads are getting just the education which I never had, and which I miss to this day,' he said. 'Give a fellow a chance, won't you?' To this, of course, Stuart could not consent, and he had some difficulty in making Mr. King understand that it would at once impart a flavor of patronage to this branch of work if it were noised abroad that a millionaire had taken a fancy to it. But it was agreed that Mr. King should come early every Friday night and sit in the dark inner study with the door ajar. This he did regularly and last year, after the transference of the Class to the chapel, he would ensconce himself in a dark corner of the gallery, arriving and departing unseen. His interest in the enterprise grew and strengthened in time. He sent anonymously through Mr. Miller's hands money for a Christmas treat for the boys, including fruits, confectionery and Christmas cards.

"On the Fourth of July he lent his yacht to pastor and assistant requesting them to fill it with 'the boys' for an excursion down the Bay, upon the express condition that Mr. Miller, Stuart, our children and myself should go along and be considered the hosts of the festival. Mr. King's name was never to be mentioned. Nearly a hundred availed themselves of the privilege and enjoyed it hugely. But what gave us the most devout gratification was that ten of the students came for their first communion in June and twelve in October.

"One would naturally suppose that this would have been hailed by the church as a sign that the work of the Lord was prospering mightily. You may imagine, then, what a disagreeable shock we had when two of the elders observed to Stuart that 'while these accessions added to the numerical strength of the church, they did not increase its material prosperity nor augment its reputation in the public eye.' Stuart did not conceal his sorrowful amazement at the remark.

"MEANWHILE Mr. King's interest in the Friday night meetings increased steadily. At the first of the autumn meetings there was displayed a new set of stereopticon views which he had ordered from the Far East during the summer vacation. But now comes the climax

Continued on page 829

The World News of the Week

Unions Cancel Order for Nation-Wide Railroad Strike

THE success of the United States Railroad Labor Board in averting the threatened nation-wide railroad strike may well inaugurate a new epoch in the settlement of industrial conflicts, for the cancellation of the strike orders issued by the "Big Five" brotherhoods was due to recognition of the rights of the public, as expressed through the government.

The viewpoint of the union leaders was expressed by L. E. Sheppard, president of the Order of Railroad Conductors, who said the strike was called off because of "the growing public opinion that the strike would be against the Labor Board, and consequently the Government, and not against the railroads. It was evident also that the entire Washington administration was opposed to us and that we have had little chance of gaining our objectives. . . . Under such circumstances there was nothing to do but to annul our orders for the October 30 walk-out."

For a time it appeared the Chicago conferences in which the Labor Board, the union leaders and the railway executives participated would be unsuccessful. The railroad executives refused to abandon their announced intention of seeking further wage cuts, but they did give assurances that no carrier would seek changes in wages or working schedules except through the legal agency of the Labor Board. This assurance, together with a Labor Board memorandum announcing that its policy would be not to take up for consideration any request for further wage cuts until it had finished with the matter of rules and working conditions for that class, formed the basis of settlement accepted by the union leaders. Under this policy it probably will be several months before the Labor Board is ready to take up the question of wages again; in fact, it was suggested nothing could be done before next July. Another factor which had weight was the extensive preparations the Department of Justice had made to ask courts all over the country for injunctions against the strike.

There was great relief throughout the nation that the strike had been averted and the removal of the threat of a paralysis of transportation facilities serves to stimulate the resumption of normal industrial activities.

International

IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE FIGHT TO AVERT A RAILROAD STRIKE

Members of the United States Railroad Labor Board: (left to right) Horace Baker, representing the railroads; Albert Phillips, labor; G. W. Hangar, public; O. O. Wharton, labor; Ben W. Hooper, public; Samuel Higgins, railroads; and Chariman Barton

Wirth Again Heads German Cabinet

THE Parliamentary crisis in Germany due to the Upper Silesian decision has been adjusted with the formation of a new cabinet in which Dr. Joseph Wirth retains the post of Chancellor. The majority of the ministers in this "Cabinet of a Predicament," as it has been dubbed, are the same as in the "Cabinet of Fulfillment," which Dr. Wirth formed in May to carry out the terms of the Allied ultimatum, the most important changes being the retirement of Dr. Friedrich Rosen as Foreign Minister and the dropping, for a few days at least, of Walter Rathenau as Minister of Reconstruction. In its first appearance before the Reichstag, the new ministry won a vote of confidence by 230 to 132, with the support of the Majority Socialists, Independent Socialists, Centrists and Democrats.

The Republican flag over the Reichstag building was flown at half-mast as a sign of mourning against the Silesian award, and Chancellor Wirth, in again taking office, declared "the most urgent, but withal the most painful, task" of the government would be the execution of that award, which he termed a great injustice to Germany and contrary to the text of the Versailles Treaty. He announced that this view would be communicated to the Allies and that his ministry would assert that "the rights of Germany upon the territory which has been torn from us have suffered no prejudice through the state of affairs which will be created by force—" a statement which foreshadows new troubles over Silesia when Germany has regained her strength. The note sent to the Allies, however, contained a formal acceptance of the decision, which also has been accepted by Poland.

Beer Regulations Issued

REGULATIONS which permit the prescribing of not more than two quarts of wine or two and one-half gallons of intoxicating malt liquors at any one time for medicinal use by the same person have been issued by the Internal Revenue Bureau. This maximum surely was quite as generous as the most ardent of wets could desire, since no limit was fixed as to the number of prescriptions an individual may obtain. If physicians are willing to write prescriptions and the licensed pharmacists, who alone are permitted to make sales, are willing to fill them the thirsty person may get all the wine or beer he can hold.

The issuance of the regulations had been held up for several months in the expectation that Congress would pass a bill banning the use of wine and beer as medicine. The House and Senate were unable to agree on the final terms of this measure as the result of clashes over amendments to prevent the search of property and dwelling without a warrant and the bill has been shelved while other legislation is being disposed of. Friends of prohibition hoped the "liberality" of the new regulations would startle Congress into a realization of the necessity for prompt passage of the measure, to avoid flooding the country with beer and wine.

There also was comfort for the prohibitionists in the fact that most of the states have laws which will block or drastically limit the prescribing of beer or wine. In only nine states will the new federal regulations be fully effective.

Harding on the Race Question

PRESIDENT HARDING, in an address at Birmingham, Ala., in connection with that thriving city's celebration of its semi-centennial, made some studious observations on the race question in the United States and offered a "suggestion of the true way out" well worth careful thought by the people of both races.

"Politically and economically," Mr. Harding said, "there need be no occasion for great and permanent differentiation for limitations of the individual's opportunity, provided that on both sides there shall be recognition of the absolute diversity gence in things social and racial. When I suggest the possibility of economic equality between the races, I mean it in precisely the same way and to the same extent that I would mean it if I spoke of equality of economic opportunity as between members of the same race. In each case I would mean equality proportioned to the honest capacities and deserts of the individual.

"Men of both races may well stand uncompromisingly against every suggestion of social equality. Indeed, it would be helpful to have that word 'equality' eliminated from the consideration; to have it accepted on both sides that this is not a question of social equality, but a question of recognizing a fundamental, eternal and inescapable difference. We shall have made real progress when we develop an attitude in the public and community thought of both races which recognizes this difference.

"Take the political aspect. I would say let the black man vote when he is fit to vote; prohibit the white man voting when he is unfit to vote. Especially would I appeal to the self-respect of the colored race. I would inculcate in it the wish to improve itself as a distinct race, with a heredity, a set of traditions, an array of aspirations all its own. Out of such racial ambitions and pride will come natural segregations, without narrowing and rights, such as are proceeding in both rural and urban communities now in Southern States, satisfying natural inclinations and adding notably to happiness and contentment.

"On the other hand I would insist upon equal educational opportunity for both. . . . Racial amalgamation there cannot be. Partnership of the races in developing the highest aims of a humanity there must be if humanity not only here but everywhere, is to achieve the ends which we have set for it. . . .

"Just as I do not wish the South to be politically entirely one party; just as I believe that is bad for the South and for the rest of the country as well so I do not want the colored people to be entirely of one party. I wish that both the tradition of a solidly Democratic South and the tradition of a solidly Republican black race might be broken up. Neither political sectionalism nor any system of rigid groupings of the people will in the long run prosper our country."

ADMIRAL BEATTY AND HIS AMERICAN WIFE

Lord Beatty is in the United States as the guest of the American Legion convention in Kansas City, and as a member of the British delegation to the Arms Conference His wife is a daughter of Marshall Field of Chicago

Charles Fails to Regain Throne

THE second attempt of the former Emperor Charles to regain the Hungarian crown has ended in failure quite as inglorious as that which terminated his previous adventure. Constantine has succeeded thus far in remaining on the throne of Greece despite Allied opposition, but the efforts of his Hapsburg imitator to play the kingly rôle in a style dear to the writers of romantic fiction has resulted only in making more certain his permanent exclusion from power.

Alighting from the airplane in which he had fled from Switzerland in violation of his pledges, Charles and the former Empress Zita were greeted by a group of loyalists who had assembled in western Hungary for the coup. In the absence of certain important figures in the plot, the former Empress, who was credited with being the impelling power behind Charles, foresaw the failure which was to come, but even then success was not impossible had Charles advanced promptly on Budapest instead of wasting time in festivities. Meanwhile, the government collected its forces and Admiral Horthy, the Regent, declined to surrender his power as he had been expected to do, whether out of personal ambition or a sincere desire to avoid for his country the warfare which Charles' accession would entail.

Charles weakened, permitted a retreat and then was forced to surrender ignominiously. Plans were made to punish his advisers severely, but for the royal adventurer no worse penalty than a return to exile was discussed.

Where to send him remained a problem. Switzerland will have no more of him and his followers and the Allies are unwilling to domicile him in any country from which he may have ready access to Hungary. An island refuge outside Europe was suggested but there was a disinclination to dignify him with a St. Helena. He was held a prisoner in Hungary pending a decision and the Hungarian government demanded his abdication and recognition of the complete cessation of his dynastic rights. Charles refused to surrender his claim to the throne, and the government was placed in a dilemma, for the ancient Hungarian constitution provides no way for deposing a king.

The nations of the Little Entente were maintaining a threatening attitude, and

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The Last Breakfast

A Communion Sermon by REV. FRANK E. HENRY, D.D.*

TEXT—John 21 : 23. "Jesus then cometh and taketh bread and giveth them, and fish likewise.

THE Disciples had gone to Galilee as Jesus directed. They returned to toil as of old before the Carpenter called them—back to their fish and their farms. Here they had been waiting to see Him again, anxious but expectant. They were undecided as to their future. All was a blank before them. Their only hope lay in Jesus' words to the women at Easter dawn, "Behold I go before you into Galilee."

For this they had turned their faces homeward. But they found Him not. In the desert places east of the Lake they looked for Him—there where their Lord's bounty had multiplied the bread and the fish five thousand fold: but they did not see Him. On the Sabbath in the synagogue they listened for the Voice that had thrilled the thronging multitudes in other days; but the droning intonation of the scribe fell dull and lifeless on their ears instead. On the shore of the sea made sacred by His call to discipleship, they waited at sunset among the fishermen, gathering for the night's work. Here Jesus had resorted at evening, knowing that many would be found ready to listen. With yearning eyes they searched the crowd, looking for that familiar Face; but they did not find Him. They spoke softly, one to another, half-listening, hoping to hear the familiar words, "Verily, I say unto you." But he He did not speak. They waited in the deepening twilight till the last boat-load had left the beach, till the last farewell had been waved by wife or mother, wishing good luck to her fisherman.

Disappointed, almost resentful, Peter bursts out at last, "I can stand it no longer. We might as well go to work, too. I go a-fishing." The others answer in chorus—for were they not fishers before they became His followers?—"We also come with thee."

THROUGH Peter's soul surged the resolution to take again the task of his youth and manhood. The quickened memory of a thousand glad days and nights on Galilee beat upon his brain, keeping time with the lapping of the waves on the side of the boat. The fascinating sea, the lure of the wild and the water held him in thrall. These last years he had traversed repeatedly the land from Galilee to Judea; he had walked wearily through Samaria and the regions beyond Jordan. His feet were sore and his body tired. Here, how soft the watery path! How unwearied the wind that was ever ready to take them up and down. Welcome the sail and the sea!

But the other memories mingled with these—of that day when first the Master had taught the fisher lads from his boat, shoved out from shore—of that night when he sought to go to the Lord on the water and was sinking till the touch of power thrilled him and lifted him from the waves that were clutching at his feet. But that Hand had lost its grip, for the nail had pierced it; that Voice that had lured him from home and led him for three years abroad—had he not heard it broken and pleading from the cross, as he skulked in the safety of darkness round Golgotha? To be sure, the Risen Lord had come to them in the upper room at midnight, but when day came He did not appear. May it not have been but a vision? The women might have deceived themselves and the rest. John had been too credulous at the tomb. Now that they were back home again and his hand on the oar and the net, how different it all seemed. The meaning smiles that his old neighbors had given him the past day or two now recurred to him. To think that a hard-headed business man should have been such an easy mark for a visionary! Well he was back on the job at last and he would not leave it again for another such will-o'-the-wisp!

No fish were to be found in this first stopping-place, so up with the anchor and out with the sail, for the wind was rising. Another favorite place would surely yield them reward for their labor.

Nathaniel was growing weary in the unaccustomed hours. For he had been wont to work in his vineyard and among his trees, by day. Night was the time for sleep! When the net was let down again—his awkward assistance, hindering, rather than helping—he fell into a doze. Dreams of his gardens and fields floated before him. The fig tree was in flower again, and he sat beneath it in the heat of the day. Then came Philip, his friend, and slowly in the dream the face changed and a Stranger spoke to him.

"Follow Me! Greater things than these shalt thou see." Through the years he had followed faithfully. And, oh, the gardens he had seen! the orchards he had looked upon! His little plot was a boy's playground compared to the forest of fig-trees at Jericho.

A ROUGH hand on his shoulder roused him. "We are moving again. Help us hoist the sail." Soon they settled for another try. Nathaniel could no longer sleep. He thought of his neglected fields and his trees under the hands of hirelings. He loved them each as a shepherd loves his sheep. Why had he left them? Three years wasted! They were gone forever. But he would return tomorrow to his home and take again his land. Soon he would recoup his losses of the seasons. He would have so good a crop that the barns already built would not hold his harvests—for had he not observed the skillful ways of the south? Yes, he would tear down his barns and build greater—what was that? Did some one speak? "Thou fool!" Ah, he remembers He looks guiltily around, but the men are all intent on their work.

Again the boat is moved. This time the oars are manned, for the night wind has fallen. "Once more," commands Peter. "If this is a failure, we will return"

"It is well," answered John and settled to his task of holding the net. It seemed dull work tonight. How different from the old days. Then the romance of the starlit waters stirred his boyish soul to dreams. Now the smell of the fishy boat smote his nostrils, grown accustomed of late to the fragrance of flowers on far-off hillsides and the piney smell of mountain-tops. He shut his eyes to hide the ship, and he could see their crimson beauty and the green branches. He seemed to hear gentle words in the soft flapping of the idle sail, " . . . lilies of the field . . . in all his beauty like one of these . . . " Ah, that Voice! If only he might hear that Voice again. The last terror of that midnight blackness at noonday, when the soldiers had crucified his Lord, was not the darkness nor yet the quaking earth, but the breaking Voice. "Forsaken! forsaken!" "Nay, Lord," he had hastened to cry, "Nay, dear Master; here are we, Thy mother and Thy beloved." How could he be happy if never again that Voice should sound in his ears.

"THAT night they took nothing," so we read. How swiftly, almost abruptly, the story leaps forward. They took nothing. What if they had? What disastrous success it would have been. What a happy failure was theirs instead. When we labor long and conscientiously but unsuccessfully, let us not despair. The end is not yet for us—nor for them.

What a failure is ours when we go a-fishing nowadays without Christ. Even as the Disciples put their trust in strong rowers and swelling sail, in boat and net, yet failed of their fish till Jesus came; so disciples of the present, trusting to attractive churches and good-fellowship, eloquent speech and fine music, but leaving out the spirit of Christ, we fail to catch fish, to make converts.

Other boats on Galilee may have caught much that night, but those fishermen were not Apostles. Other organizations than the church today social, fraternal, patriotic succeed with these attractions, and these alone. But we are His disciples. The churches need all these attractions, even as the Apostles had their boat and net, but they required one thing more. So we need the presence and power of the Lord. "Without Me, ye can do nothing," He said. With prayer and prayer-meetings neglected, with Christ-like love and sacrifice forgotten, we can not hope to save the world. We can maintain a company of fearful, faithful disciples; but to win the world we must fellowship with our Lord, must heed His commands.

All night they had toiled. But each time they lifted the net it was found empty. It seemed useless longer to fish. Homeward, Peter turns the ship. Listen! What was that? A Voice, strangely familiar, comes from the shore in the misty dawn.

"Children, have ye aught to eat?"

So, today, one might hail a fishing party, "Boys, have you caught anything?" And they answer Him, "No!" I can hear the mingled irritation and disappointment in Peter's exclamation, mounting almost to anger. But hear!

"Cast the net on the right side of the boat and ye shall find." There was such a tone of assurance in the words that the tired men were led to obey.

"They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." Something warmed John's heart. Was it the memory of another draught of fish, when the Master had given a like command? As they stooped to lift the net, weighed down with the great catch, John whispered to Peter as they worked together, "It is the Lord!"

JOHN was keener in perception, but Peter was quicker in action. Stopping only to gird his fisher's coat about him, Peter leaped into the sea. Gone his care for fish! Lost, his interest in boat and net! Let others, if they wished, land the catch!

What words of confession, what assurance of forgiveness, were exchanged between the disciple and his Master, we do not know. Too sacred are such scenes for the world's common gaze. But we know that complete reinstatement was Peter's.

The other disciples came in the little boat, as we read, "dragging the net full of fishes." Then Jesus saith unto them, "Come and break your fast." In the breaking of the bread, as to the men at Emmaus, He became known to the rest.

This meal together by the lakeside reminded them, as it may well remind us, of the other meal in the upper room. How strangely the same, yet how strikingly different. At the Last Supper the bread was mingled with the wine of sacrament. At this, their last breakfast, the fish of their daily toil was substituted. The Supper was a ceremonial, the breakfast a necessity. The one was served in a guest-room, about a table, the other on the beach. Night was dark then, with the shadow of the crucifixion; now the day was brightening in the light of the Resurrection. At the Supper they were heavy-hearted, overwhelmed with foreboding. Breakfasting, they were happy in their hope for the future. That evening led them to the mount of death—Calvary. This morning would lead them to the mount of glory—the Ascension.

Another contrast and another similarity. As Peter stood by the fire drying his wet garments, doubtless there comes the memory of that other morning, when he warmed himself by the fire and a cock crew. That was in far Jerusalem; this is Galilee. With shame came the words of his cowardly denial. But the same Jesus turns His eyes on a new Peter.

Come the words, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these?" At that other meal in the upper room he had boastingly asserted, "Though all else fail, not I." Here by the lake, there is no such false assurance. "Thou knowest. I dare not say." Came the reply, "Feed My lambs." Not as a fisherman but as a shepherd he was now to be commissioned. By easy steps Jesus leads Peter upward. First simple tasks, beginner's work—"Feed My lambs." Next the more difficult, "Tend My sheep." Last and hardest, "Feed my young sheep." So He commissioned His disciples anew as they broke the bread together, and Peter accepted his task and carried it on to the end.

We, too, come again to break the bread in Jesus' name. Our Lord speaks to us as to Peter, "Do you really love Me?" We answer falteringly, conscious of repeated failure, "Thou knowest." To us in our humility, He speaks again "Feed My sheep."

*Pastor, Central Avenue Congregational Church, Great Falls, Mont.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited.

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"More Love to Thee, O Christ!" or "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—The Bread of Life, John, chap. 6: verses 32 to 40.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(see page 828, first column).

Sermon—"THE LAST BREAKFAST"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Take the Name of Jesus with You," or "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Thou with whose Blessing this service began, end it now, we beseech Thee, with Thy mercy, and send us away filled with praise for the things that last forever, with joy at the thought of the coming week's work, with peace of heart because our sins are forgiven, and with undying faith in Thy healing power for all the broken-hearted. In Jesus' Name. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., J. A. McAfee, C. C. Albertson, D.D., R. Braunstein, E. W. Caswell and W. S. Stranahan

Valiant Souls

SUNDAY. Jer. 9 : 3. "*Valiant for the truth.*" Let me turn to that page in the Pilgrim's Progress where Mr. Valiant-for-truth is introduced to us. "Then they went on, and just at the place where Little-faith was robbed, there stood a man with his sword drawn, and his face all over with blood." Then said Mr. Greatheart, Who art thou? The man made answer, saying, I am one whose name is Valiant-for-truth. I am a pilgrim, and am going to the Celestial City. Now, as I was on my way, there were three men did beset me, to wit, Wild-head, Inconsiderate, and Pragmatic, drew upon me, and I also drew upon them. So we fell to it, one against three, for the space of about three hours. They have left upon me, as you see, some of the marks of their valor, and have also carried away with them some of mine. Great odds, said Mr. Greatheart, three against one. 'Tis true, answered Valiant-for-truth; but little or more are nothing to him that has the truth on his side. Then said Greatheart to Mr. Valiant-for-truth: Thou hast worthily behaved thyself; let me see thy sword. So he shewed it to him. When he had taken it in his hands, and looked thereon a while, he said, Ha, it is a right Jerusalem blade. Yes, it is so, said Valiant-for-truth; let a man have one of these blades, with a hand to wield it and skill to use it, and he might venture upon an angel with it. Thou hast done well, answered Greatheart, thou hast resisted unto blood, striving against sin. Then they took him and washed his wounds, and gave him of what they had to refresh him; and so they went on together."

Well now, what does Mr. Valiant-for-truth get out of it all? Let it be confidently said that noble valor has great inheritances. It is a favorite saying of every valorous soul that "nothing ventured nothing is won," and making bold excursions for the truth they are continually enlarging their estates. It is not difficult to mention some of their gains.

In the first place it is the valiant man who has the visions. There is a fine receptiveness to truth in souls who are her brave defenders. The truth they love continually unfolds itself in more delicate grace and beauty. To befriend the truth in a contest is to behold our ward in richer glory. God never gives visions to cowards, and for the simple reason that they would not be able to receive them.

And for a second thing: the valiant man makes open doors where the timid and despondent folk are lamenting that there are none. The folk who have no courage are usually believers in luck. And so they hang about waiting for the lucky chance. "It is all a matter of luck"; and so they loiter on the road, waiting for the mysterious magician who carries the lucky bags and the magic keys; for "you never know when he will come, and open unseen gates into realms that are rich in fine gold."

Yes, but what timid, loitering souls call luck is the prerogative of valiant souls. Opportunities come to the heroic. They find them or they make them. It is so in every sphere. It is so in business. It is so in science. It is so in exploration. It is so in religious enterprise. Doors open to the march of the brave. Closed doors are like the iron gate in the prison at Jerusalem; when certain steps were heard "it opened of itself." The way to the open door is to be valiant for the truth and press forward.

And for a third thing, valor brings the entire being into healthy harmony. I mean that a brave spirit draws every faculty into its train. It marches in wholeness, that is in holiness. A fine heroic purpose sends an inspiring bugle-call through every dormitory in the soul. Timid little sallies, faint-hearted ventures, are not big enough, not robust enough to rouse the slumbering powers, and the slumberers sleep on. We timidly aim at little things, and only little things come out of it. But set yourself to some heroic venture, and all your faculties are out of bed and in your ranks in a trice. There's nothing like a clean, brave, lofty purpose for bringing life into bracing unanimity.

Best of all, far away the best, Mr. Valiant-for-truth always has his great Companion on the road. Christ dearly loves the companionship of the heroic soul. If one may say it with reverence—how He must have loved Paul, and Stephen, and Peter. He inspired their ventures, and loved them for their venturesomeness.

J. H. J.

A Christian Land

MONDAY. Psa. 33 : 12. "*Blessed be the nation whose God is the Lord.*" We are accustomed to say that Columbus discovered America in 1492; but in recognition of divine wisdom and goodness it must be added that Columbus, who sailed under the patronage of Rome, was not at that time permitted to effect a settlement in this country. Had he done so we should now have a Papal civilization. There was a lapse of more than a hundred years between the discovery of America and the settlement of our coast. In that interval history was making; and God with fan in hand was sifting his threshing floor.

One event of that period must needs be mentioned; the nailing of the ninety-five theses to the chapel door at Wittenberg in 1517, which sent the thunders of the Reformation rolling around the world. This helped to make the men who were needed for the pioneer work of our country, Puritans, Huguenots, hither they came at the divine call! They were proper men to carve out the destinies of a great nation. So far as in them lay, they formulated a Christian nation, founding it upon the principles of law and justice set forth in the Word of God.

Let us rejoice in our continuance as a Christian nation thus far. It is for us to say whether refugees from persecution in other lands shall take issue with that fact or not. "God of our fathers, be the God of their succeeding race!" On our loyalty to the principles thus taken by our forefathers from the divine oracles and laid down as the foundation of our constitutional life depends the welfare of our nation and its prosperity under the smile of God. D. J. B.

The Fulfilment of the Law

TUESDAY. Rom. 13 : 10. "*Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: love therefore is the fulfilment of the law.*" It greatly enhances the value of these words when we consider that they were written by Paul, who was Saul of Tarsus, one who boasted that he had been a Pharisee of the Pharisees, and who had gone, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, asking letters that he might persecute them at Damascus. The words were written by one who, from his youth up, had been taught that it was the supreme obligation of every man to obey every jot and tittle of the law.

The word for law undoubtedly refers to the Mosaic law, and for Paul that stood as the summary of all that God required of man. In the things specified in the law, man could find out all those things which he must do. If a man would know what the Lord required of him, let him turn to the law. Peace with God lay in compliance, down to the minutest detail. Thus the Jew tried to serve God. The full obligation which man owed his Creator was observance of the law.

It was indeed a daring step that the great missionary to the Gentiles took when he made bold to say that the fulfilment of the obligations to God was to be found in love, not as a theoretical quality of the heart's attitude toward God, but in the love that works no ill to his neighbor. It was a bold step for him to take; a step few are willing to take with him, so have we elaborated, and added to, and misinterpreted the Gospel of our Lord and Master. Are we willing to say that the essence of Christianity is love toward our neighbors; that when we have in our hearts that love for our fellows which is like unto that love which prompted the Christ, we have fulfilled our obligation, not alone to man, but to God?

But we must ever remember that the love which Paul so exalted is the result of Christ in our lives, the first fruit of the Spirit. J. A. M.

The Miracle of Silence

WEDNESDAY. Matt. 27 : 12. "*But when he was accused of the chief priests he answered nothing.*" Among the many prophetic descriptions of the approaching Messiah there is no stranger one than this: "He shall not strive nor cry aloud." It would seem the prophet had prevision of the methods by which Christ, when He came, was to inaugurate His Kingdom. In nothing is Christ more godlike than in His restraint. In the crisis of His life, He refused to meet railing with railing. Majestic, kingly, self-contained. He answered bitter and angry accusation with silence. It was not a time for speech, but for suffering, for quiet witness-bearing.

There are times when we need the courage of silence, when silence is the best answer to criticism. The enemies of Nehemiah invited him to converse with them. But he would not even discuss the matter. There are times when silence is the weapon with which to conquer the distemper of complaint. Our souls are often tempted to cry out against delay in providence, against the impenetrable mystery of hope deferred and love forsaken, against what seems to us like the deafness if not the enmity of God. It is at times like this His voice is heard, "Be still and know that I am God."

Mystics make much of what they call the inward silence. It is simply the consciousness of power, the assured conviction of a right relationship to God. James Martineau's saying is profoundly true, "God has so arranged the chronometers of our spirits that there shall be a thousand silences between the speaking hours." C. C. A.

"The Manuscripts of God"

THURSDAY. Matt. 13 : 52. "*Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the Kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.*" There is a glory in the commonplace. It is a revelation of God, as much as the spectacular. The sunshine of a June day is as potent testimony to His might as the storm of a January day which serves as a minister of His majesty.

This is the supreme function of art, to see the glory in the commonplace. Going through life, thinkers and creators, the fashioners of our ideals and standards, study the manuscripts of God and have ears attuned to His voice. There are jewels in the mire and lilies in the muck. "In the mud and scum of things, there, something always, always, sings." There is nothing commonplace in the world. There are poetic potentialities and romantic possibilities even in the lowliest of persons. There are sleeping faculties and dormant energies in uncouth laborers and stevedores. There are rock-like qualities in vacillating Peters and staunch defenders of the faith in wavering Thomases. Jesus saw disciples, apostles, missionaries of His Gospel in fishermen and taxgatherers, and seeing the best in them and building on these foundations, He gave impetus to the Kingdom of Heaven with their lives. All nature, human and otherwise, has a purpose and fits in the plan of God. The world is a treasure house of great personality and divine potencies. It is a vast library from the violet hidden beneath the hedge to man, groping his way to the throne. R. B.

Ministering Spirits

FRIDAY. Heb. 1 : 14. "*Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them that shall be heirs of salvation?*" Only a little speck of the universe can the human eye behold. Worlds and beings are on every side of us beyond our ken. How little we know of the Infinite; yet we can criticize, doubt, deny and speculate as though all wisdom was ours.

Faith is the eye that scans the vast distance and beholds something of the wonders of God's worlds and beings. We see angelic forms, ministering angels attending us throughout all the journey to our heavenly life. We associate angels with our own departed loved ones, who together accompany us during the years of time. "Angels of light, coming to guide the pilgrims of the night." They are with us, but often our dull eyes do not perceive them, and our deaf ears do not always hear the melody of their hushed voices.

How beautiful to dwell in a world surrounded by those who love us still and delight to comfort and help us on our way to join their company. Like the hosts of the stars, they smile upon us in our night of trial and sing songs of joy to woo us upward. God has angels in His family; He would not live alone; He loves His children and delights to have them love and help each other. What an ideal is this for the social life of earth. Our God lives to create and bless His creatures. He lives in the beings of angels, saints and men more than in spaces, worlds and kingdoms.

E. W. C.

The Blessing of Work

SATURDAY. Mark 16 : 7. "*But go your way; tell his disciples and Peter, that he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall you see him, as he said unto you.*" Peter's legacy seems to have been chosen for himself, in the form of work. After his denial, and the frightful remembrance of it that came with the crowing of the cock, "he went out and wept bitterly." Later, he finds consolation in work. His old occupation as fisherman is to lure him again, and the scene by the lake, was to furnish one of the fondest revelations of the Christ, who died on the Cross, but who still lives. Besides, there came to the disciple who denied his Lord and who wept bitterly over his denial, a reassuring word: "Go tell my disciples, and Peter." And in the triple injunction soon to follow, Jesus was to impress on Peter his true work, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep!"

It seems a strange thing to be talking to rough, blundering Peter, about tending little, helpless lambs. Was it because Peter always wanted to do the big thing, to head the most spectacular undertakings, that the Lord was so anxious to impress upon him the quiet routine of Christian service? Peter is given to understand the lesson, which also comes to the Church of today, that the risen life of Jesus Christ can bring newness of life to a weary world only through continuous, patient service in duties and tasks that often seem humble and small. Thus it was that the old churchmen understood this lesson when they chanted—"Laborare est orare." ("To labor is to worship.")

W. S. S.

At the Sign of the Golden Calf

Continued from page 825

of his beneficence and, so far as we know, the beginning of the great tribulation.

"To the left of the pulpit and at the head of the right-hand aisle are five pews which once were known as the poor widows' seats. Latterly they were let out in separate sittings and being generally considered undesirable, were sparsely occupied. Mr. King, having noticed that most of the pastor's class were scattered promiscuously through the side-aisles and in the galleries, conceived the idea of providing the new communicants with permanent sittings in that block of pews. He entered into private negotiations with the church-master and conducted these so cleverly that those who had sittings there were induced to exchange them for other and better places somewhere else.

"The new communicants were then informed that a friend who did not wish his name to be known had rented four of these pews and asked as a personal favor to one who was warmly interested in them that they should fill them regularly as if they belonged to themselves. You may be sure the young fellows closed in delightedly with the offer and, Sunday after Sunday saw them in the places assigned to them. While most of the young men were composed of clerks, book-keepers, etc., they were without exception respectable in appearance and correct in deportment.

"As this arrangement was effected without publicity or bustle, it was a surprise to the entire congregation when, on the last Sunday of September, the hitherto sparsely-settled pews were filled with ranks of black-coated youths whose faces were strange to most of the beholders. Nor was this the worst of the exhibition. Many of the lads had fine voices and all loved to sing. The volume of sound that broke against and swelled above the galleries on that first Sunday as the congregation arose for the first hymn was astounding to the unprepared audience. The 'sound of many waters' was as nothing by comparison.

"'A musical Niagara,' Mrs. King called it afterward. Before I left my pew I was seized by Mrs. Stone who sits directly behind me. 'Where in the world did that crew come from?' she said. 'And what does it all mean?'

"I may say that Mr. Miller was equal to the occasion. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, he hurried down to the ranks that were waiting to speak to him.

"'It was good to see so many of you here this morning, boys,' he said, 'and to hear you sing in such good time and tune. But put a little less power into your lungs next time. Don't raise the roof, and give the organ and choir a chance!'

"Of course this was greeted with a laugh that was an additional offence. But the admonition had the desired effect in the afternoon and upon subsequent Sundays. I am not quite sure what a phalanx is, but no other word comes to me at sight of those rows of recruits all standing 'at attention' while Doxology and hymns are sung. Miss Maynard was constrained by her ever-present sense of duty to make me a visitation early Monday morning.

"'Poor, dear Mrs. Wingate was so shocked,' she said, 'that she dropped into her seat at the third line of the Doxology, and was barely able to remain throughout the service, and I heard so many unpleasant remarks before I left the church that I had no heart left in me. One stranger, evidently a lady of refinement, said that she didn't know this was a mission church, and Miss Briggs actually overheard another say that the rows of young men so plainly dressed reminded her of a ragged regiment. And it cannot be denied, dear Mrs. Haile, that they are a discordant feature in a refined congregation!'

"THE unfortunate church-master who had let the pews could only plead in extenuation of the blunder that Mr. King had rented them for particular friends and paid for them in advance. In short, our friend Mr. King had blundered egregiously in his zeal. Complaints and inquiries have poured in upon Stuart like a flood. The last wave was a violent remonstrance from a committee of two, Messrs. Ford and Dennis, who waited upon their highly esteemed pastor last evening.

"'The plain English of the matter is that the whole affair is a nuisance and must be abated, or at least mitigated,' was Mr. Dennis' way of summing up the case against Mr. King and the unfortunate pastor.

"And from Mr. Ford—who has the kindest heart and the hardest head in the world—'I say, can't the "ragged regiment" be transported to the gallery and some of the gallery-pew-ites take their high seats in the synagogue?'

"Naturally the discovery that a multi-millionaire is the chief agent in bringing about the calamity is some mitigation of the nuisance. But, as Mr. Ford represented, 'it is not right that the Banner should suffer loss of prestige on that account.'

"There, my dear, you have the whole story—not in a nutshell, but in a bomb-shell, that may explode at any hour. I have thought over it and prayed over it, and I am ashamed to say, cried over it, all of last night, and the path before us is as blind as ever.

"For, as you and every one who knows him must acknowledge, my husband's knack, or talent—some call it genius—for attracting and managing young men is remarkable. The inception and phenomenal growth of this Class for Bible Study is but one evidence of this. In the seven years of our residence here he has received and accepted many invitations to preach in universities and address college societies. It is hard to see why through this, which should be an engine of great good, such discomfiture has come upon him."

Mrs. Barrows chafed the chilled, quivering fingers with her warm hands.

"Sit still, darling child!" as Anita offered to rise. "I am cuddling you in my heart of hearts as I never did before—and you have always been as dear to me as if you were my own daughter. This nasty business—no other term just fits it—will work out all right in the long run. Stand in your lot and wait on the Lord—'wait, I say upon the Lord.' One text has haunted me while you were talking. 'Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.' Command and promise join hands there. Obey one and don't forget the other. You may tell Stuart when he comes in that I left this watchword for him, too. Here comes Norah with the tea-tray!"

CHAPTER XXI

THE soothing effect of what some stigmatize as "Woman's Tipple" betrayed itself in the eyes and voices by the time the tea equipage was removed.

Anita touched briefly and brightly upon the banned topic:

"You have not forgotten what is known in our family as 'The Frozen Freeman Episode.' It does me good to turn a clean leaf in the ugly story. The two boys whose 'antics' marred the Leading Lady's enjoyment of the welcome-home anthem, all unconscious of their misdemeanor, joined the Friday evening class that very week, and were regular attendants for that and two succeeding seasons. We invited them to dinner about once a month and became really attached to them. If Stuart's influence had anything to do with the resolution of both brothers to become students of divinity after their graduation from the University, it was exerted unconsciously. They are now in Brainerd Hall which is, as you know, the largest Theological Seminary in Pennsylvania. Both young men will be licensed next June and are likely to do well in their chosen profession. Stuart was invited to preach the Commencement sermon at Brainerd Hall last year, and had most satisfactory interviews with his former pupils."

Mrs. Barrows nodded approval, then glanced out of the window.

"But my precious child! it is time

Puffed Rice

Like Snowflakes

in their texture—

Like nut-meats in their taste

Puffed Rice is a bubble grain—puffed by steam explosion to 8 times normal size.

The grains are flimsy, flaky, crushing at a touch. The taste is like toasted nuts.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat shot from guns. Over 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. Every granule feeds.

No foods like these

These are Prof. Anderson's inventions - the only cereals with all food cells broken.

No other process so fits grains for food.

All the elements in the whole grain are in this way made available.

Thus whole grains are made tempting so that children revel in them. They eat them morning, noon and night, between meals and at bedtime.

When the best foods for children are the foods they love best, should they not be served in plenty?

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

The supper dish—Puffed Wheat in milk

The Quaker Oats Company *Sole Makers*

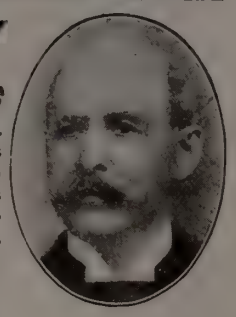
W. L. DOUGLAS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

$7.00 & $8.00 SHOES

SPECIAL SHOES HAND WORKMANSHIP $10.00 STYLISH AND DURABLE SHOES $5.00

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES



The best known shoes in the world. They are sold in 107 W.L.Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W.L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the sole of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits

W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

BOYS SHOES $4.50 & $5.00

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas shoes with his name and retail price stamped on the sole are worn by more men than any other make.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

If not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Catalog free.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
165 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

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The little matter of 15c will bring you the Pathfinder thirteen weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is a cheerful illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for people everywhere; an independent home paper that tells the story of the world's news in an interesting, understandable way. Now in its 29th year. This splendid National weekly supplies a long-felt want; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to know what is going on in the world, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is reliable and wholesome; if you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, strongly, briefly, entertainingly—here it is. Splendid serial and short stories and miscellany. The Question Box Answers YOUR questions and is a mine of information. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. The Pathfinder, 216 Langdon Sta., Washington, D.C.

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Easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. You can learn the scale in an hour's practice and play popular music in a few weeks. You can take your place in a band within 90 days, if you so desire. Unrivalled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music. The portrait above is of Donald Clark, Soloist with the famous Paul Whiteman's Orchestra.

Free Trial You may order any Buescher Instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

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THIS *85c* ONE-QUART

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Stew Pan

40c with coupon

Limited time offer

Once you use this "Wear-Ever" Stew Pan, you will never be satisfied with ordinary utensils. You will go to your nearest dealer and get other "Wear-Ever" utensils until you have a complete "Wear-Ever" kitchen equipment. That is why we are making you this special offer.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
Dept. 34 New Kensington, Pa.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
Dept 34 New Kensington, Pa. (or if you live in Canada) Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Enclosed find 40c (in stamps or coin) for which send me prepaid 1-quart "*Wear-Ever*" aluminum stew pan. (Enclose 60c for stew pan and *cover*.) Money to be refunded if not satisfactory. Offer expires Jan. 31, 1922. Good only in U. S. and Canada.

Name .....

Address .....

I was thinking of going home. I left orders that a taxi should be sent for me, should the storm continue, as it does unquestionably. And you have not told me yet what was the burden of Mr. Ford's talk last evening."

Mrs. Haile clasped her hands despairingly:

"It took him an hour to unburden himself. The purport of his communication was that something must be done and that quickly."

"'The church is growing, Doctor,' said Mr. Ford. 'That cannot be denied. But it is losing caste, if I may be allowed the expression. We are not gathering in "representative men and women." This is what Mrs. Ainslie, who is one of the cleverest women I know said to me on Sunday. From what I can learn of Mr. King's change of attitude his seems to have been one of the old-fashioned conversions that we seldom hear of nowadays. Indeed, they may be considered an anachronism—that was just the word she used—in the modern church. "This is not a mission church, Mr. Ford," said she, "and it should be run upon different lines from those introduced by Mr. Miller and sanctioned by Dr. Haile."

"'And others are saying and thinking the same thing. It is the old story over again,' Mr. Ford went on to say, 'trying to make bricks without straw.'

"WHEREUPON Stuart turned upon him like a wounded lion. I can think of no other figure that suits the case. 'This travesty of religion has gone on long enough and I, for one, will stand for it no longer. The Church of God on earth is made up of sinners who have turned from the error of their ways and become redeemed souls saved by the blood of Christ. My soul sickens at the words "representative men." There was but one "representative man" among the Twelve Apostles, and he was the treasurer, Judas Iscariot. St. James tells us that some of the breed attended religious assemblies in his day and received the same treatment from the worshippers of the Golden Calf that "representative men" of today get. They wore golden chains and tailormade robes and were seized upon and escorted to places well up the middle aisle. The poor man in ready-made clothes was shunted into a corner near the door.

"'The Church as instituted by the Master was built upon the foundations of the apostles and the prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone. The soul of the mechanic and seamstress and beggar is as precious in the sight of Our Lord as that of the millionaire and woman of fashion. There are still—and I thank God upon every remembrance of them—churches in this and in every other city throughout the land in which old-fashioned conversions are the rule and not the exception. In them is to be found the saving sort of so-called Christianity. You speak the truth when you say that ours is not a mission church, but it is the shameful truth.'

"With that he went out of the room and I heard him slam the study door after him, leaving me to get the poor stunned men out of the house as decently as possible. Neither of us slept an hour last night, and the prospect is as gloomy today."

The motherly friend condensed the wealth of longing sympathy and desire that swelled her great heart into a few parting words:

"'Wait on the Lord. Be of good courage and He shall strengthen thy heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord.'"

As Mrs. Haile opened the front door to let her friend pass out after good-nights had been exchanged, the postman handed her a single letter. She read the superscription under the hall lamp. It was for her husband, and in the upper left-hand corner was the printed address of Brainerd Hall.

She smiled affectionately, "Ah! one of the dear boys!"

Then she laid it upon the library table and—but this she did not know—upon the exact spot where Rupert King had spread out and smoothed down with his angry fist the creases of the odious anonymous letter.

Stuart found the letter there when he came in an hour later. Having shaken the sleet from his overcoat and hung it up in the hall, he entered the library and was making for the fire upon the hearth when he espied the letter.

He took it to his wife who had donned a gown that he liked, and wore her brightest smile in announcing that dinner was waiting for him.

The letter was from the trustees of Brainerd Hall Seminary. It contained a formal request that he would accept the chair of Pastoral Theology in that institution, made vacant by the death of Rev. W. S. Pritchard, D. D.

. . . . . .

SIX *months later. Extract from a letter written by Lawson Freeman to his sister:*

"Our president gave us a delightful surprise on Commencement Day by announcing that the chair of Pastoral Theology in Brainerd Hall Seminary had been endowed with a sum, the interest of which will double the salary of the present incumbent.

"The munificent gift comes through a New York banker who is the agent of a friend of the seminary, whose name is unknown even to the president. The agent added as the only message transmitted through him 'that it is a thank-offering.'

"Of course conjectures run riot. The president suggests that the donor may be a former student of the seminary. This strikes me as highly improbable. There are few men in the profession who can afford to make a thank-offering of such magnitude. We 'Freeman boys' know of one multi-millionaire who obeys conscientiously the injunction not to let his right hand know what his left hand does, and who has, moreover, abundant reason to be thankful to the 'present incumbent.' This theory is probably as wild as the president's idea of a millionaire minister. If there were any truth in it, Dr. Haile would be likely to suspect it at least, and he assured me today that he has never had the slightest intimation of any such intention on the part of any man living. That would seem to establish the absurdity of our theory.

"Dr. Haile looks ten years younger than when he entered upon the duties of his office last January. As we prophesied, he is winning golden opinions from students and faculty, filling the niche as if he had been measured for it!"

THE END

EVERY church, large or small, should develop a mailing list of every member of the congregation, and then divide the list two ways—active and inactive," says Homer Buckley, well-known layman of Chicago. "Special letter-mailing should be sent to the inactive list from time to time urging their attendance at services, calling attention to special sermons, musical programs, meetings, etc.

"In every community there are people not affiliated with any church in particular. These names should be listed and invitations issued from time to time by letter or by card, inviting their attendance at special or regular services.

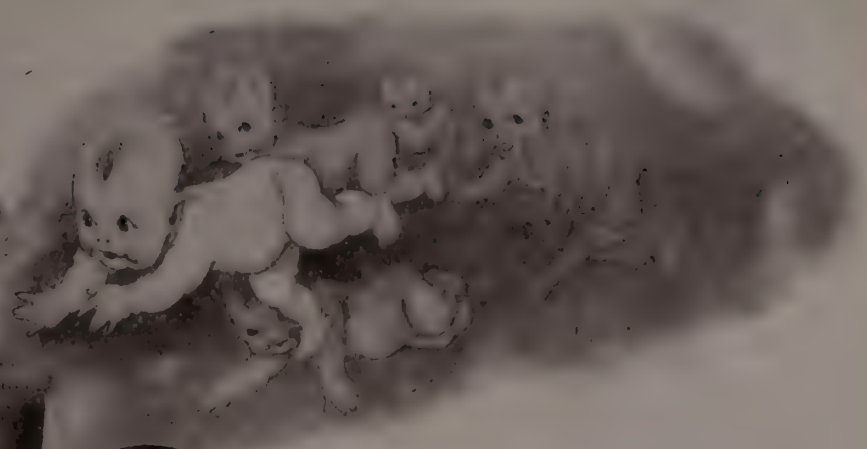
"It has been my privilege to serve as a member of the Publicity Committee of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club—a non-sectarian organization, holding a religious and inspirational Sunday Service in Orchestra Hall, in the downtown business section of Chicago.

"The average attendance at these Sunday evening services is 2200.

"The Chicago Sunday Evening Club has been conducting these services for ten years, and was organized primarily to provide a place for the strangers in the city—guests at hotels, etc.—to spend Sunday evening.

"Intensive methods of publicity have been employed and important among these have been direct mail methods. Every hotel guest in Chicago on Sunday morning finds an invitation in his mail-box inviting his attendance at the Sunday evening service, with name of speaker, subject and musical program.

"At different intervals letters are sent to boarding-houses, rooming-houses, within a mile radius, with cards of invitation enclosed, for distribution among the roomers and boarders—those in particular without any church affiliation invited to attend. This has proved very effective."



Protection!

SHE has the calm and tranquil confidence of the woman unafraid. The dependable steel traction fingers, reaching down through the treacherous skidways, making her ride safe and pleasant, are symbolic of the intelligent, loving care that protects her and the life within her keeping.

This protection against *skid shock* is one of the most important of safeguards during the weeks and months of suspense, of nerve tension, when shock is the greatest of dangers.

The motorist who fails to put on *Weed Tire Chains* when the going is slippery is not only inviting disaster to women in his own car and in passing vehicles, but he is also jeopardizing the future generation.

Even the woman pedestrian is not immune from *skid shock*. The car with chainless tires, on slippery streets, may dash upon the sidewalks without a moment's warning.

Skid shock lasts long. Many women victims of skid shock never recover from it. Merely witnessing a skidding accident may cause *skid shock* with consequences equally serious—and lasting.

For their own well-being, for the health and happiness, perhaps the very lives of those for whom they make such great sacrifices, women should insist upon the use of *Weed Tire Chains*.

This appeal was prompted by an eminent New York physician. Reprints sent on request

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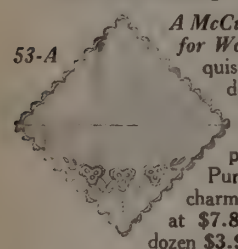
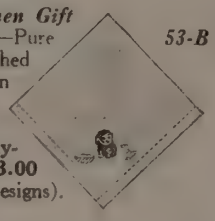
Christmas Special



53-A *A McCutcheon Linen Gift for Women 53-A*—An exquisite Madeira model, delicately hand-embroidered and hand-scalloped on a superior quality of Pure Irish Linen. A charming gift. Special at **$7.80** a dozen. Half dozen **$3.90.**



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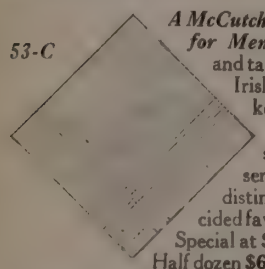
A McCutcheon Linen Gift for Children 53-B—Pure Irish Linen hemstitched and embroidered in quaint designs that children love—animals, birds and play-scenes. Special at **$3.00** a dozen (in assorted designs). Half dozen **$1.50.**



53-C

A McCutcheon Linen Gift for Men 53-C—"Cord and tape" model, Pure Irish Linen handkerchiefs of correct size. Hemstitched, conservative, yet very distinctive and a decided favorite with men. Special at **$12.00** a dozen. Half dozen **$6.00.** *53-D*—A Hemmed Cord Model in a good quality of Irish Linen at **$7.80** a dozen; half dozen **$3.90.**

THESE lovely handkerchiefs, boxed and prepaid, will be sent to any part of the United States immediately upon receipt of your order. Give the mails plenty of time to deliver your gifts by ordering early.

Have you received your copy of our Fall and Winter Catalog No. 53? If not, send for it today. Mailed free on request.

James McCutcheon & Co.
Fifth Avenue
New York
ESTABLISHED '8[illegible]

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 826

there still was danger that they might take military action against Hungary.

Briand Wins Victory

PREMIER BRIAND, as he comes to America at the head of France's delegation to the Conference on Limitation of Armament, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has back of him a substantial majority in the Chamber of Deputies, a majority won after an uphill fight in which only his political generalship saved him from overthrow. His enemies based their vigorous attack against him on domestic questions, but the Premier adroitly shifted the issue to foreign matters, demanded that he either be retired or be allowed to go to Washington with a mind free from worries over maintaining a Parliamentary majority, and then won the vote of confidence by 381 to 186. It was a decisive victory and is expected to permit the Premier to prolong his attendance at the Conference.

In the Senate the debate over the vote of confidence was perfunctory, marked by expressions of the greatest good-will toward the United States and President Harding's efforts for the limitation of armament, and the Premier won by 301 to 9.

The question of Premier Lloyd George's attendance at the Conference remains in doubt as this is written, the critical stage of the Irish negotiations threatening to compel his staying at home.

It was made known in Washington that the American government has a real plan for the limitation of naval armament for presentation to the Conference. This plan has been worked out carefully on the basis of reports by naval experts and has engaged much of the time of the American delegation. Its nature and scope were kept secret, but officials were hopeful it would form the foundation for an agreement to reduce naval expenditures, although they are ready to give full consideration to the plans which other Powers may offer.

HOUSE CENSURES BLANTON. Representative Thomas L. Blanton of Texas was censured publicly by the Speaker of the House for causing the insertion of objectionable matter in the Congressional Record, a resolution of censure having been adopted by a vote of 293 to 0. A resolution to expel him from the House lacked only eight votes of the required two-thirds.

HOUSE PASSES DEBT REFUNDING BILL. The House has passed by a vote of 199 to 117, a bill giving to a commission of five, one of whom is to be the Secretary of the Treasury, full power to arrange for the refunding of the $10,000,000,000 owed by foreign countries to the United States. Senate leaders promised prompt action on the measure.

UNUSUAL CHURCH MERGER ARRANGED. Nearly the entire membership of the Eastern Classis of the Hungarian Reformed Church in America numbering 15,000, has entered into an agreement to affiliate with the Episcopal Church. The Hungarian Church of which the Classis is a branch dates back to the Reformation.

PRINCE OF WALES STARTS FOR INDIA. The Prince of Wales has left England aboard the battle cruiser Renown for an eight months' tour of India and Japan. There has been much unrest in India recently and his mission in that country which includes visits to many cities has aroused some apprehension. In Japan he will return the visit of the Japanese Crown Prince to Great Britain.

NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE DEFEATED. The state-wide recall election in North Dakota has resulted in a defeat for the Non-Partisan League and the ousting from office of Governor Lynn J. Frazier, Attorney-General William Lemke and John N. Hagan, Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor—the "Big Three" of the Industrial Commission. R. A. Nestos, an independent, was elected governor by a majority of about 10,000 out of 200,000 votes. The League was planning to contest the validity of the election.

TWENTY-THREE PERISH IN CANADIAN FLOOD. Twenty-three persons lost their lives, fifteen were seriously injured, and a dozen are missing as the result of the destruction of the mining town of Brittania Beach, near Vancouver, B. C., by a mountain flood.

SOVIET OFFERS TO ACCEPT OLD DEBTS. The Bolshevist government has made a new bid for the recognition of the Allied Powers by offering to recognize the old Russian debts, incurred up to 1914, under the condition that "Russia be given certain privileges making possible the practical fulfillment of those obligations." The holding immediately of an international conference to consider claims and to work out a final treaty of peace was proposed to the Allies and America.

FRANCE AND MUSTAPHA KEMAL AGREE. The French government has announced its ratification of an agreement with the Turkish Nationalist government at Angora by which France is to withdraw from Cilicia, the boundary between Turkey and Syria is drawn, and France receives economic advantages including a concession for the operation of the Bagdad railroad from the Mediterranean to the Tigris River and a ninety-nine year lease on certain mines. This involves a further divergence in French and British policy, since Britain still upholds the Constantinople government.

IRISH NEGOTIATIONS AT CRISIS. Pending a statement by Premier Lloyd George before the House of Commons and a threshing out of the Unionist opposition in Parliament to the course of the Irish negotiations, meetings between the Irish and British representatives were deferred. It was anticipated the Premier would defeat the opposition easily and that the parleys would be resumed at once, although the negotiations have been near a breakdown. Success in averting a break appeared to hinge largely on Ulster's willingness to co-operate with Southern Ireland.

KING ALEXANDER RETURNS TO BELGRADE. King Alexander of Jugoslavia has left Paris, where he has been living for several months, to return to Belgrade. Since the death of King Peter several weeks ago there had been much uncertainty as to the succession owing to the belief that Alexander preferred private life in Paris to the dangers and worries of being the ruler of a Balkan state.

AN AMERICAN "TANK" OF THE AIR

This giant monoplane not only is armored to afford protection against enemy bullets but carries thirty machine-guns. What a deadly argument for disarmament!

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Cool mornings and hot cakes served with delicious Mapleine Syrup. Syrup made with Mapleine is better—it is clear, golden, delicious—economical, too. And so easy to make—*just add ½ teaspoon Mapleine to 2 cups granulated sugar dissolved in 1 cup boiling water.*

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Also flavors desserts, pudding sauces, pies, and makes delicious icings, frostings, cake fillings, ice cream, candies. The flavor does not cook out or freeze out.

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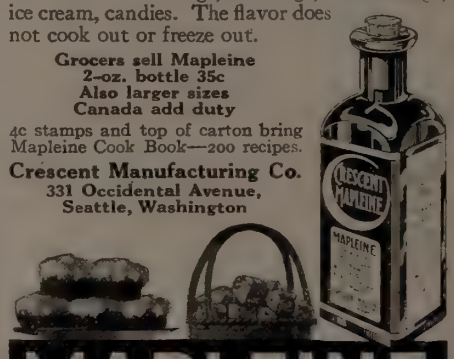

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Solid brass; handsome, durable and compact. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. Guaranteed five years. Complete with 8-ft. cord and plug **$5**

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BRING YOUR FRIENDS WITH YOU!

Dr. Sandison's Personal Letter To You

DEAR FRIENDS:

A few days ago, Mr. Patterson, the President of our organization, invited me to write a personal message to our readers. I gladly agreed to do this.

Several years have passed since I last had this opportunity. I recall with a good deal of pleasure the old days, when I used to write frequently. You can never know how much your kindly responses helped your Editor. With such letters from such a constituency, I felt as one who could face any ordeal—and conquer. I seem to feel again the clasp of those hands that had helped us up the "Hill Difficulty," and with whose assistance we climbed even the most stubborn peaks.

Then came the war and the shock to civilization. The Church seemed paralyzed. Missionary work halted in semi-collapse while the conflict raged. Industrial upheaval followed the war, and general depression. But God has been good to us. Our beloved land is coming out of all the turmoil with courage and hopefulness. We have the greatest reasons for thankfulness.

As for the Christian Herald itself, it has passed through these trials safely. Like a good, staunch ship it has weathered the storms and is as fit and ready for service as ever. And with your aid, it is doing the best kind of service in these eventful months. The Churches of all denominations are making it the vehicle for expressing their approval of the Armament Reduction Conference, and have poured in letters showing that all the congregations are alive to the great opportunity and that God's approval and leadership must be sought for the movement, to assure its success.

We want you with us in these and other undertakings which are so closely related to the world's happiness and the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ. In the past, we can recall many of the glorious Campaigns in which we fought side by side with the steadily growing number of our readers. Today we have enterprises on an even larger scale. In China, we have reconstructive and orphan work after the great famine, also a beautiful orphanage for girls in Jerusalem, and missionary connections all over the globe. Our home field too has wonderfully widened. Churches of every denomination are co-operating with us in the signed Memorial Resolutions to President Harding in favor of Disarmament and World Peace. The movement in the Church is epochal and can not fail to inspire the Conference.

We want you and your friends with us, heart and soul, in all of these enterprises. We want you and the new members you can bring into our Family Circle, to be more than ever a power for righteousness not only in our own land but throughout the world.

You know the Christian Herald and its conductors and contributors. You know Pastor Jowett, Dr. Sheldon, and the long line of other spiritual leaders whose Gospel ministry is given through its pages. And I feel sure that you will respond in the right spirit when I ask you —each of you individually—to WIN ONE new reader at least for the Christian Herald this year. Send in any new subscriptions with your own on the blanks below. This is why I have headed my letter with the invitation

BRING YOUR FRIENDS WITH YOU!

Cordially yours,
George H. Sandison.

The Christian Herald will please your friend 52 times a year

The Christian Herald in its constantly expanding treatment of news matters ignores as much as possible the fleeting episode with glaring headlines and, instead, tries to present to its readers the essence of the week's developments as they contribute to the permanent history of the times. In other words, Christian Herald news columns attempt to report and interpret world happenings in terms of their real importance instead of the more or less fictitious value placed on them in the daily press. So, then, if you depend on the Christian Herald for your information of the world news you are certain to get the grain after the chaff has been discarded.

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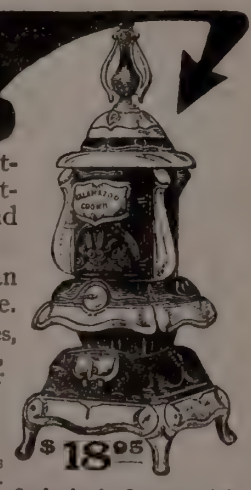

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Young People's Topics for November 20

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

The Coodness of God

B. Y. P. U. and C. E. Psa. 34 : 1-10
(Thanksgiving)

"I WILL bless the Lord at all times," says the Psalmist in the opening words of our reference. Thanksgiving is not a date on the calendar but an attitude of mind, a state of the heart, a principle of viewpoint. God and goodness are synonymous and God is good all the time because God never changes.

The topic might lead us into the realm of the metaphysical, philosophical and theological and therein we might flounder in our definitions and interpretations concerning the nature and attributes of God. The best and sanest way to understand God is through the perfect revelation He has made concerning Himself in the person and teachings of Jesus Christ. We know that Jesus Christ was a good man in that He had no sin. Just for the present that kind of goodness is not our theme. Our theme is the goodness of Jesus in His relationship to others. This may be understood when we review His sympathy, mercy, love, gifts, brotherliness and co-operation. The attitude of Jesus toward the world of men and women has always been the attitude of God to the world since its creation.

God, however, was misinterpreted and misrepresented all through the ages as many incidents of history, church and secular, have shown. But "God is love." God has always loved the world. God does love the world. God shall always love the world. His demands are not difficult. His precepts are not hard; His commandments are not a yoke. This is also the testimony of history. Those who do God's will are in harmony with God's purpose and those who do not God's will cause a break in the harmony. Sin always breaks the harmony. Obedience always makes melody. Suffering and misery are not the fault of God but the result of our refusing to play the score which God has placed before us. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Naturally. The reason was that Sisera was against the stars. Obedience to the law of fire gives us heat and comfort, disobedience gives us devastation and pain. Abuse of privilege makes for destruction. Intelligent use makes for efficiency and peace. Shakespeare was right when he wrote:

"Men at some time are masters of their fate:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

A Surrendered and Victorious Life

E. L. Gal. 2 : 1-7

THE above exposition covers anything we may say concerning the topic of "A Surrendered and Victorious Life." The present theme, reduced to a word, is "Conformity." The logic of the unrest and unreason of today is lack of conformity to the will of God. It is rebellion against the best ideas and ideals for humanity. It is a lack of patriotism in relation to the values of the kingdom of God as given in revelation.

It would be a profitable few moments for us could we review the pageantry of the world's conformers to the truth of God as revealed in Jesus Christ. Wherever and whenever men have adopted the principles of Jesus, lived true to "the distinctive ideas of Jesus" there you find peace and harmony. The solution for the world's perplexities, politically, commercially, socially, and internationally, is conformity to the teachings of Jesus Christ, individually and collectively. Christianity has not failed but it has been found difficult and therefore not tried. Our message to the world is: "You have tried all kinds of schemes for betterment and you have experimented with all manner of so-called panaceas; now try the rules and regulations of Christianity as given by Jesus Christ."

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Paul Before the King

International Sunday School Lesson for November 20
Acts 25 : 1–26 : 32

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

POISE is a great quality to possess, so that the right-living person is unafraid in the presence of either God or man. A direct, conscious interview with God was not an unusual experience for Paul, and such a man could assuredly stand boldly in the presence of earthly rulers. Before Felix and Drusilla this prisoner at Cæsarea had freely declared the facts in his life, and two years of study into the deep things of the spiritual life had but strengthened him in his convictions and his purpose to be a witness for Jesus Christ on every possible occasion.

Festus has taken the place of Felix as governor. The Jews at Jerusalem lost in their first attempt to use him as a tool that they might take the life of Paul by the execution of another plot to waylay him. The new governor insisted that the further trial must take place at Cæsarea, so the accusers, with new charges and distorted evidence, made the journey northward. Paul offered a general denial. Festus doubtless understood matters clearly; yet he was ready to play into the hands of the Jews, if possible, so he suggested to Paul that the case be adjourned to Jerusalem. Then it was that Paul, seeing the hopelessness of the situation, used his right as a Roman citizen by making his appeal to have the next sitting of the case take place at Rome. "I appeal unto Cæsar," said Paul and the scheming enemies were completely foiled. The governor then had no choice, but must bow to the distinguished prisoner with a reluctant amen—"so let it be."

The protection of the law under a good government is a great blessing to the individual citizen. Those who have had legal matters to attend to in non-Christian lands have often had troubles rather than either benefits or justice. In America, the basest criminal, however poor, is defended by a lawyer of recognized ability, and sentence is pronounced only after due process of law. We are also citizens of a spiritual kingdom where the rights of every one are both recognized and protected. There is the fullest justice for each; and where judgment must be pronounced no mistake is made. When we sin and are penitent we have the Son of God to plead for us, "And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," I John 2 : 1.

GOVERNORS have their troubles. The man in high position generally needs our sympathy: For example, think of him when sentence of death is about to be carried out and the family and friends of the convicted importune for pardon or postponement. If he declines he is called brutal and unfeeling. Festus had on his hands a prisoner whom he believed to be innocent of the charges against him and who had appealed unto Cæsar. Moreover he did not know what to write Cæsar when he sent the man to Rome. Fortunately King Agrippa II, with Bernice, his sister, came to Cæsarea and Festus could lay Paul's case before him. There is no need to turn to fiction for a dramatic setting; it is found right in our lesson for today. A prisoner having been kept two years and frequently accused during that time, is called upon to speak on a most formal occasion in the presence of a governor, a king who is living incestuously with his sister, and that sister present too—and all "with great pomp."

The occasion was another great opportunity for Paul and he rejoiced in the privilege of once more telling his life story, which of course must include that of his wonderful conversion when nearing Damascus. Paul was always at his ease among men—and why not? He had the most important message to deliver that they could hear anywhere. He believed supremely in the efficacy of the Christ to cleanse from sin.

Think of the natural approach of a salesman who has a big article to dispose of. Would the man who has a steamship, a bridge or a three-mile-long tunnel to sell come haltingly into the presence of the prospective customer? If any man would put up a "front" it is the agent of a great concern. With boldness and assurance we can go about our life-work of introducing others to Jesus.

The subjects of Herod Agrippa and Festus might hear a command and do as they pleased, but not so with Paul and his King. "Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," said the court preacher.

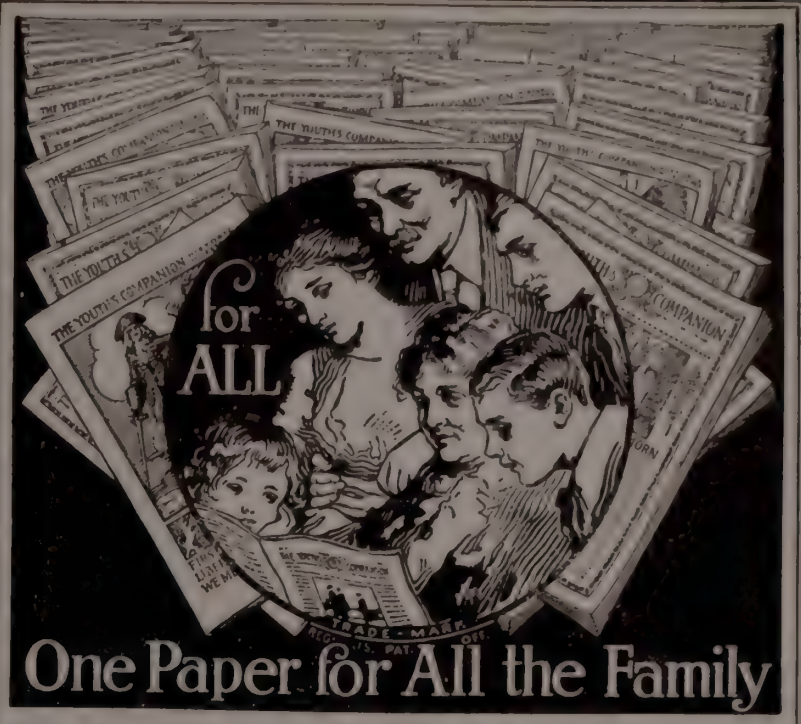
Few living men have made a deeper impression upon life today than has Rev. F. B. Meyer, D.D., of London. The night before he sailed for his homeland this fall, he addressed a Sunday school meeting in Newark, N. J., and so eager were people to hear him that the large church was packed and about 500 failed to gain admission. The spiritual value of his messages are beyond calculation. He said in one of his books, "I urge young people especially to seek from God the vision of what life may be, and then obey it, because when they catch God's vision, they will always find Him responsible for the outworking of His plan." Dr. Meyer has written character-study books on a number of the great men of the Bible, and one of the most helpful is recommended to all who are studying these lessons on Paul; it is entitled, "Paul a Servant of Jesus Christ." Concerning this book the author wrote in the Preface: "Of the many sacred biographies I have written, this has been by far the most interesting."

PAUL, though a prisoner, did not merely address his audience, but he talked personally about individual salvation to the king, who certainly needed it. Position in life does not change the fact that "all have sinned." Festus was a close listener, too, for Paul also made the message personal to the governor, who, in a loud voice, interrupted by calling the speaker "mad." Paul was encouraged by the very interruption and boldly personally addressed Agrippa, saying, "I know that thou believest the prophets." Whether the king intended the reply to be a sneer or not, Paul, with all seriousness and aroused feeling of concern, offered the prayer that Agrippa might be a Christian, whether with little or with much persuasion. When Agrippa stood before Christ the Judge he could not plead as an excuse for the staying of judgment that no one had ever told him the truth about the essentials for salvation, and when Paul came before that same Judge he would be guiltless with reference to Festus, Agrippa, Bernice, Felix, Drusilla and countless others, whether in high or low station in life.

Taking his theme from Acts 26 : 28, P. P. Bliss wrote that ever-helpful song, "Almost Persuaded." It has sung many into the Kingdom as they faced the truth of the third verse:

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost"—*but lost!*

Those who sat in the royal seats that day at Cæsarea rendered their decisions concerning the Christ, whom Paul represented. Every reader of these lesson studies is faced with the same necessity. Christ speaks to you as He did of old, "Whom say you that I am?" The verdict must be right or the individual faces the continuous consequences. In turn, each teacher can help the pupils to render their personal verdict, in view of all the evidence: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!"



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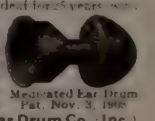

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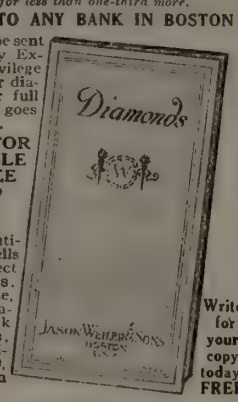

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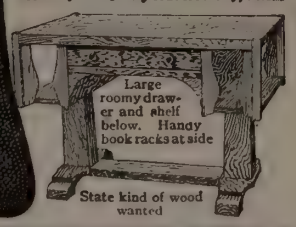

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

F. G. M., Corvallis, Oreg. The passage in I John 2 : 15, refers to love of the world, its riches, honors and pleasures, its snares and its temptations—the lusts of the flesh, the pride of life, the selfish gratifications, the foolish pomp and splendor with which it allures. A man, however, may love the world in the sense of loving his fellowmen, but that is a different proposition. To have a wide compassion for our fellows and a desire to help them is not the carnal love of which John wrote, but the opposite. "He who is born of God," writes one commentator, "turns to God; he who is of the world turns to the world; the sources of love to God and love to the world are irreconcilably distinct." Throughout His teachings, Jesus emphasized this. He prayed for His disciples, not that they might be taken out of the world, but that they might be kept free from its temptations, and given strength to overcome the world. See also Rev. 3 : 21. To your other inquiries, we would answer (1) the words attributed to Napoleon have been widely published and are generally accepted as genuine. (2) Write to your Congressman in Washington for information about progress of the Education Bills.

Rev. G. B. Cooke, Mathews, C. H., Va., would be grateful to any reader of this paper who could send him a copy of the verses beginning:

"Stay, jailer, stay and hear my woe;
He is not made that kneels to thee."

E. C. S., Lebanon, O., writes: "In your paper of September 17, under the heading: 'Why not try it?' you tell of a meeting held in Hyde Park, London, at which representatives of many religions were present, including most of the leading Protestant denominations, together with Catholics, Unitarians and Quakers. The Friends, or Quakers, are a Christian or Protestant church, and while their numbers may not be so great as some other churches, yet their faith and belief are strong in all the essentials of the Christian faith. Through Christ alone we have access to a throne of grace, and the forgiveness of sin. I am an old subscriber to your magazine, and read and like it very much."

Miss C. L. Y., Meriden, Conn., writes: "We read the statement some time ago by General Bliss in the Christian Herald, and think he is right in holding that the responsibility for the peace of the world rests on the shoulders of Christians. The lives of my parents are to me certain proof of the truth and power of the Christian religion. If Christ can save and keep in righteousness, health, peace and happiness one person through a long life (my mother is nearly eighty-nine years of age) He has power to save the world. I feel that I owe a very great debt to the world. No doubt thousands of Herald readers of like experience realize the same heavy weight of responsibility. But what can an atom in the universe do to help the world? The Christian atoms must co-operate, and lead, and insist that the spiritual principles of Christ shall rule the world. The time is ripe for America to show her Christianity, the moment of the ages having come, when we must insist on Christ's commandment of brotherhood being extended from individuals to nations. We hope America's leadership in a wise disarmament policy will be followed by all nations, and a long step forward will have been taken in leading the nations to Christ, the only hope of the world for permanent peace."

M. L. M., Deerfield, N. H. The passage in John 14 : 30, "The prince of this world cometh," etc., refers to the same satanic power which has been designated as the "prince of the power of the air," "the adversary," "the tempter," etc. He always comes with hostile intent, but his effort to tempt Christ, proving wholly unavailing, shows what the Saviour meant when He used the phrase "and he hath nothing in me"—that is that Satan had nothing of his own in Him "nothing of sin on which to fasten as a righteous cause of condemnation." The next sentence is essential to the completeness of the sense of the whole paragraph. Having characterized the attempt of the evil one it is as though Jesus had said, "but though the prince of this world, in plotting my death, had nothing to fasten upon, I am going to yield myself up a willing sacrifice, that the world may know that I love the Father, whose commandment it is that I give my life a ransom for many."

L. G., New York, writes: "I have been greatly interested in the story of the 'Little Maids of Palestine,' in the Christian Herald Orphanage in Jerusalem. Are your subscribers to have an opportunity to send them Christmas gifts this year, as they had on a previous occasion? I feel that there are many who, like myself, would be glad to help make Christmas a happy and memorable time to those helpless little waifs of the great war, who have come through great tribulation, losing parents and home."

As the same suggestion comes to us from several sources, we are glad to comply. A Christmas offering for the little maids—there are thirty-seven of them in the Orphanage—will be accepted from those readers who are interested. We will suggest to Mrs. Vester, the Superintendent, that every contribution have a separate acknowledgment, which she will mail from Jerusalem direct to the donor. All contributions should be addressed to the Christian Herald, Bible House, N. Y.

J. B. W., Fruita, Colo., writes: "Your mention in the Mail-Bag of September 17 regarding the keeping of the Passover by the Samaritans, at the present time, came to my notice today. Some months since, the Geographic Magazine published an article written by a traveler in Palestine, wherein he describes the keeping of the Passover by a few Samaritans. They went up into a neighboring mountain, led by an aged and feeble priest, and in the presence of a number of onlookers, the traveler among them, observed the ceremonial. The author appeared certain that no others in Samaria attempted to observe the Passover that year, and from the feebleness of the priest, the mere handful of participants and the unsettled condition of the surrounding country, he doubted if another attempt would be made to observe the feast the following year, or perhaps ever."

M. R., Covington, Ky. The outlook in the unemployment situation is now more hopeful. The action of the Unemployment Conference in deciding to stimulate activity in the building trades, looks to the expenditure in the near future of $10,000,000,000 in new construction. Labor costs and the price of materials on the one hand, and maximum production on the other must both be considered. This plan it is estimated would give work to about 2,000,000 men for the better part of two years, and would have the double advantage of dealing effectively with the housing problem and with unemployment simultaneously.

A. T., Brockport, N. Y., writes: "The effort of the Christian Herald to mobilize the influence of the churches of our country and bring it to bear upon the Disarmament Conference, is surely worthy of the support of all who desire to line up on the side of humanity, who hope for the cessation of war, and who are even yet looking forward to that 'Federation of the world,' which, thus far, has been only a poet's dream. If, however, we would do our utmost to promote right action at the Conference, why limit our effort to the churches of America? Will the expression of opinion on the part of one people, no matter how strong that expression may be, carry sufficient weight to be conclusive in the Conference? Do not the leaders of other peoples need to feel the same influence we are seeking to develop, even more than our own? Can not the Christian Herald start a similar movement among the churches of England, France, Italy and all the other peoples who will participate in the Conference, so that the representatives of each nation shall feel the weight and urge of the sentiment of its own people, and there shall roll up from all directions such a tide of public opinion that nothing can resist it?"

Interest in the Disarmament Conference is by no means confined to the American churches. We have news of a strong movement in the British churches and their allied organizations, with the same end in view. These will no doubt be forwarded to the Conference by the British delegates. The Continental churches, though largely of another faith, may also be heard from through their delegates.

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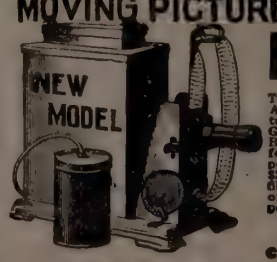

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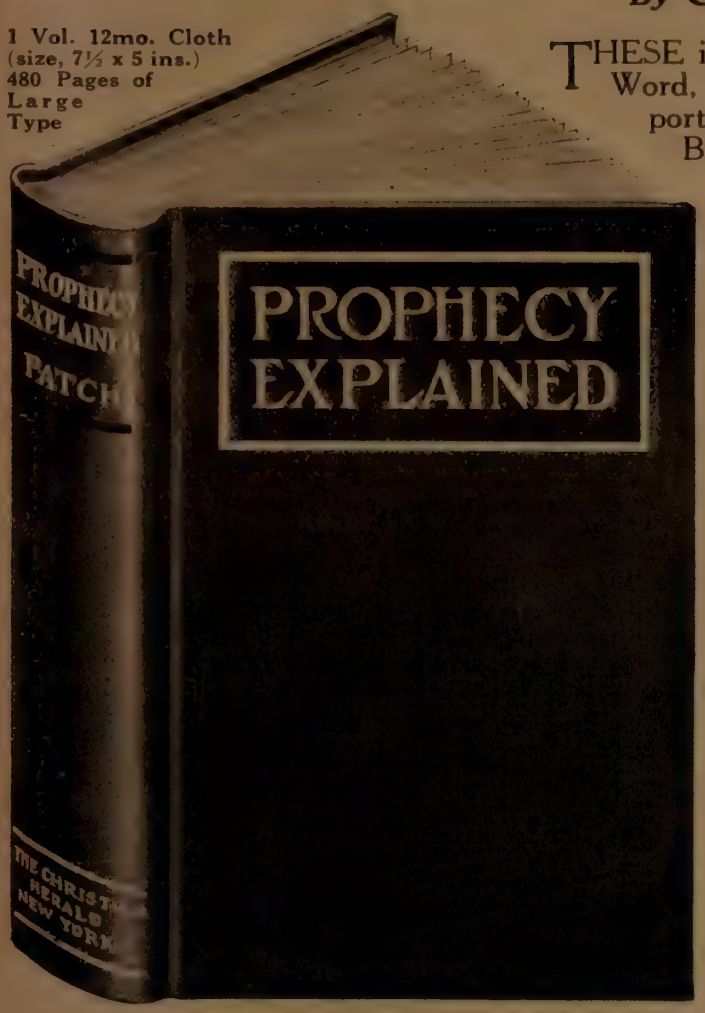

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Put a Prop in Prohibition

Some Plain Statements on Laxity in Enforcement and the Responsibility for This Situation

By RAE D. HENKLE

THERE was another change in the head of the prohibition enforcement machinery in New York a few days ago and the metropolitan newspapers turned many a witty paragraph on the extremely attenuated term of any man who comes into the territory of big bootlegging profits with any idea of really enforcing the law. The fact that in the last year and nine months there has been a pretty constant procession of enforcement directors moving in and out of New York's prohibition headquarters is regarded not so much a crucifixion of the very fundamentals of law and democracy as a good joke on the "fanatics" who are trying to "put over on us" a law which the part of New York does not like.

On the announcement of the most recent shift in directions one of the wealthiest and best known of our local bootleggers—as certain prominent journals might aptly phrase it—was quoted something in this wise: "Him? The bigger they are the harder they fall! We'll get him!"

So, as can be judged, the life of a national prohibition enforcement officer in one of the outstandingly "wet" spots is not exactly a long round of pleasure. He takes chances with comfort, reputation, and even life itself. He is certain to lose the former under the strenuousness of his activities. His reputation, no matter how impeccable, will be smirched by calumnies, usually baseless. And another's life, to the man who weighs it against the profit in a barrel of whiskey, is worth less than the bullet in his pistol.

Now, because Congress couldn't stop its splitting of hairs over technicalities and its quarreling over "personal liberty," the bars are down for wine and beer, and just so much additional burden has been placed on the men who are trying sincerely and conscientiously to enforce the constitutional prohibition of intoxicating liquors. It is another case of the ell that grew into a mile. With no limit beyond the physician's discretion to prescribe the consumption of malt and wine there is grave danger of the whole ideal of prohibition being so thoroughly emasculated and flaunted as to make it unrecognizable.

THESE are all things that the average man and woman knows. What is the cause, however, and what is the remedy? Does it lie in the suggestion of the editor of one of the big denominational temperance organs?

"On several occasions recently," this journal says, "prohibition and police officers in the discharge of their duty have been fired upon by bootleggers. Unfortunately some of these belligerent bootleggers have been taken and lodged in jail; they should have been lodged five feet under ground."

Commenting on an arrest in which there had been sharp fighting the publication continued:

"This is not good policy. Such incidents should be dealt with according to the code of the Texas Ranger. We would be the last to advocate the unwarranted use of weapons by officers, but a bootlegger is worth a lot more to the country dead than alive."

Granted the latter premise, have the people of the United States reached the point where one of its religious agencies is justified in thus publicly appealing to lynch law? Is it necessary that we resort to lawlessness to combat lawlessness? If so, what is the American future?

It seems to this writer that there is much more logical solution to the problem and one that at the same time is simple as A-B-C. Here it is in a sentence: Demand that prohibition be enforced!

We demanded that prohibitory legislation be passed, and it was. Somehow or other we regarded our job as ended then. Well, it isn't over—far from it—and won't be for a long time to come, even with the utmost enthusiasm in carrying it forward. Demand now that prohibition be enforced!

Any man who follows politics locally can find an analogy to the situation. In every community there is a certain small group of men who are "in politics." They give all or most of their time to politics because they find it pays either in money or pride—perhaps both. And, because they give the best part of their time to it they have things pretty much their own way. The chances are you never appeared at a party convention when conventions were in fashion, never helped select the delegates, and took only a passing interest in the result when the shouting was all over and the newspapers told you the nominees. In these days of primaries the chances are you adopt the line of least resistance and accept with a slight mental reservation or two the choice of nominees advanced by the party leaders. It is a safe estimate to say that this analysis of political activity is applicable to eighty per cent. of the American people. This eighty per cent. is perfectly willing to let the twenty per cent. who have some pecuniary or other direct interest in politics choose the public officials, and then it objects because there are crying evils in the administration of law or corruptness in the conduct of public business.

This isn't a hollow tree in a moonshiner's camp but a hiding-place aboard a ship which is coming into the port of New York with contraband goods in its hold.

THAT is exactly the situation with reference to the enforcement of the eighteenth amendment today. There are too many theoretical prohibitionists and not enough who believe so thoroughly in the principle that they will go out and fight for it.

There is no reason to mince words in saying that large numbers of church members are scoffing at and disobeying the prohibition law and thus are conniving at and encouraging mob violence, murder, bribery and anarchy. Dismiss for the moment the question of how good church members these individuals are. I know some who are in the best official standing, yet they see violations of the law under their very noses and persist in regarding the occurrences as none of their particular business and, in some cases, as a bit of a joke.

A few days ago a man of standing in his church and community was sitting by my desk and we were talking about prohibition enforcement.

"It is astonishing," he said, "how openly liquor can be bought. I was at dinner the other evening in the——restaurant, and the waiter served a party at an adjoining table without the least effort to disguise the fact that it was a whiskey highball he was serving."

"What did you do about it," I asked.

"What could I do about it," he countered.

"Did you speak to the manager," I inquired.

"That would have done no good and I would have been laughed at for my pains," he explained.

"Did you mention it to the policeman on the beat?"

"And be hustled along by him?"

"There is a prohibition enforcement officer in the town. Why didn't you go to him the next day, tell him what you saw and that obviously liquor was served in the place as a matter of routine. He might have thanked you for the information."

My acquaintance hesitated and had the grace to blush faintly.

"I know," he answered presently. "I should have done one, or all these things. But you know how it is. I didn't want to cause a disturbance there, and it would have put me out a good bit to go to the enforcement office. Besides, what good would it have done? They might have scared this place into selling under cover for a few days, and then things would have drifted back into the same old way. It's no use."

He was a prohibitionist, but not when it interfered in the slightest with his sense of dignified demeanor in public or the routine of his life in the office. There are probably twenty-five million other people like him in the country.

THE sale of alcoholic liquor for beverage purposes in the United States is against the law. It is a felony. Murder is a felony. If you see another man commit murder or conspire to commit murder and do not exert your utmost efforts to prevent him, you are held before the law and your conscience as a compounder of crime. You are not excused because you were too busy to bother about it or were fearful of some annoying publicity or personal inconvenience. Precisely the same principle applies in the enforcement of prohibition, and no amount of sophistry and specious arguments can get away from it. It is every man's business, whether he is a police officer or not, to see that the laws are enforced.

One of the greatest problems the United States has to face today is this one of law enforcement—prohibition or any other law. This is no alarmist call, but the fact remains that regard for law generally is suffering from a serious form of anemia. The nation that fails to enforce its laws is on the first stage toward collapse. And the less resistance it shows toward this tendency to laxity the faster will be its decline. Its self-respect goes first and then follows the contempt of the rest of the world.

Already Great Britain and the European continent where the next big prohibition fight will develop are looking at us with their tongues in their cheeks. The comic journals and many of the newspapers and serious reviews are finding little of serious portent in our prohibition protestations.

"Certainly," is the tenor of their comments. "We could have a prohibitory law, too, if we were willing to enforce it like you do. Over here, however, we are used to enforcing our laws."

They have been watching the United States in the last year and three-quarters. We engaged, with what appeared to be remarkable unanimity, in a great moral, economic and social reform incomparable in history. We engaged in it after a campaign of education and preparation extending across half a century and with the eyes of the world upon us, sceptically, it must be admitted, for the most part.

Is there a pride in our strength of purpose, in the righteousness of the cause, in our ability to go through successfully with a job, that will compel us to effect the reform to which we have committed ourselves before the world? A nation's pride is something. Is it more worth while to go to war to resent a slap on the cheek than to gird ourselves and fight to protect a name for sobriety, moral cleanliness and civic decency?

When Marshal Foch, commander-in-chief of the Allied Armies, reached this country for an extended tour he announced that so long as he was in the United States he would be a teetotaler. Marshal Foch comes from a wine-drinking nation. He comes from a people that look on wine as they look on water: as a part of their daily routine. Yet he will not touch alcoholic drink, in public or in private, so long as he remains on these shores. He says frankly he expects to obey the law of the land.

IS THAT an example that will shame any number of Americans into an attitude of observance of the law that they, themselves, helped to frame and place in the Constitution?

A group of us were sitting together the other evening when the conversation drifted around, as it invariably does in New York before an evening is over, to prohibition.

"I really am surprised," said one of the group, "at the amount of drinking around the club these days. No one there would ever suspect we are living in prohibition days."

That started a discussion on the whole question of law observance which eventually came about to this specific club and the reasons for a condition that all of the members had noted with growing concern.

"Tell us frankly why you don't do something about it," we urged the man who brought up the topic.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "You know how it is. I—" and he stopped for a moment. "Yes," he continued emphatically, "I'll tell you. I haven't the moral courage to make an issue of it. It is a sorry confession, but it's the truth. The men in the club are all my friends. I like them and I think most of them like me. If I started something and tried to prevent their 'locker system,' or deprive them of their drink by some other means they would make it so uncomfortable for me I would have to resign from the club. I have belonged there for nearly twenty-five years and it is a second home to me. I don't drink. I believe in prohibition. But I haven't got the nerve to start trouble because of it."

This man is a lawyer of some prominence. He is a substantial citizen and an officer in his church. And five out of this little group of seven sympathized with him and agreed that it would require more moral courage than they possessed to go into their club and single-handed begin a fight for law enforcement.

That is the attitude that confronts the entire enforcement machinery of the government. Do you think for a moment that if the nearly fifty million enrolled church members of the United States were actively determined that prohibition legislation be enforced there would be any question of its enforcement? You know well what would happen. The country would be as dry as the famed Sahara desert before the end of a month.

Most of these observations have been written from the viewpoint of the larger centers of population. How much different are conditions in the smaller communities? How many places are there in your village where liquor can be obtained? The Christian Herald receives letters every week from good men and women telling of conditions in their towns and asking what can be done to drive out the "blind pig," the "speakeasy," the secret still and occasionally the open bar. There is nothing can be done from the office of the magazine but refer the inquirer to the nearest enforcement officer and urge prompt and cordial co-operation with him in his efforts to wipe out the plague spots. Commercialized law debauchery is not the problem in the smaller community that it is in the cities because the opportunity for large money profits lies alongside the large money supplies and they are found in the larger centers. A canvass of smaller towns in all sections of the country, however, shows conclusively that the problem is there in just the same ratio of criminal possibilities. The danger is present and it is as menacing to the morals and the moral consciousness of the citizenship.

IT IS safe to say that at no time in the history of the temperance fight has there been a more deft, and consequently a more insidious propaganda in favor of liquor than is under way at this time. Billions of dollars can be made by the liquor interests and the men behind them if the law can be emasculated by legislative action, or if the public by a continued apathy consents to its becoming a dead letter. For certain types of men that lure of gold blinds them to every other thought. It is the task of the right-thinking people now to see that these billions of dollars continue to flow in increasing volume into the savings banks, into home properties, into better food, more thorough education, more good literature, more home and foreign missionary support and more healthful recreation instead of into the coffers of the distiller and the dishonest politician who unfortunately still exists in some places.

Wayne B. Wheeler, legal representative of the Anti-Saloon League, in a strong appeal for support in the enforcement fight, says:

"The liquor interests refuse to obey the law and patriots must not surrender to lawlessness.

"Thirty wet organizations are working to defy, repeal or weaken the enforcement code.

"A minority in the United States Senate is willing to use the un-American filibuster to prevent the vote of the majority for law-enforcement legislation.

"Many people do not yet realize that in scoffing at and disobeying the prohibition law they are encouraging anarchy, mob violence and murder.

"The sensational news item about the violation of law is still given more publicity than the facts about the good results of prohibition.

(The Christian Herald is now planning for an early number a comprehensive article on the wonderful results of prohibition.)

"The work yet to be done is essential to final victory. The public must be educated to reverence law, to sacrifice for the public good, to condemn lawlessness, to require a higher degree of efficiency and integrity in its public officials and to take as large a hand in their own government as they do in their private business."

In connection with the next to the last paragraph in Mr. Wheeler's appeal it is interesting to note that out of all the great newspapers in New York City, only two have been supporting the cause of law enforcement so far as the law applies to prohibition. These two are the *Evening Mail* and the New York *Evening Post*. The attitude of all the rest ranges from frank and outspoken opposition to enforcement and encouragement to lawlessness, to a cynical amusement that attempts should be made to enforce prohibitory measures. The great mass of the people of the city are mentally so constituted that they prefer to let the newspapers do most of their thinking for them, so it is not strange that New York should be provoked to cheers by each successive announcement of the failure of the latest enforcement director.

NEW YORK, moreover, is not alone as an example of American citizens applauding law-breaking. There is the same attitude in your town as there is in New York, but because it is not so strongly manifested numerically it cannot produce so much noise.

The best part of it all is, however, that the liquor claque in itself is a small minority. It makes itself heard only because the people who are thinking straight are taking it out in thinking and hesitate like my friend of the club, to come out in public, applaud the officials who are doing their duty and make the weight of their influence felt.

The story is going the rounds in New York of one of the most eminent jurists in the country who attended a very "wet" dinner at a New York hotel a few weeks ago. The jurist was one of the most flagrant of the offenders at the dinner during which some $30,000 worth of contraband liquor was consumed between evening and morning. The occasion was semi-public and the circumstances seem to be well known. Yet he continues on the bench and large numbers of persons arrested for violation of the liquor laws are coming before him constantly for arraignment and trial. In fact a few days after the event in New York the newspapers of the country published quite long dispatches quoting him on his veneration for the law and the passion that possesses him to make it respected to the last comma and period.

The great majority of the American people want prohibition. They want it honestly and earnestly. They can have it if they are willing to inconvenience themselves to get it. The results so far recorded for which the eighteenth amendment is responsible are so big and vital to the future of the country that no normal thinking person can contemplate the possibility of a return to the booze days.

We know, as confidently as we can know anything mortal, that the prohibition amendment is in the Constitution to stay. But we know something else with almost equal certainty: Its effectiveness will be nullified if the good people of the country continue their failure to assert themselves with regard to it.

Beer and Wine Regulations Soon to Go

By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

THE Church and the temperance people of the nation need not get panicky or even uneasy about the decision of Secretary Mellon to allow beer and wines to be dispensed as medicine, as this ruling, manifestly against the spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, will be but short-lived.

The Senate in a test vote recently declared against this proposition by a vote of two to one, the House having previously protested by at least a three-fourths majority. And the action by the compromise committee of the House and Senate in the supplemental Volstead bill seems sure to be adopted by the Senate just as soon as a vote can be taken upon it, which certainly will be before the present Congress, elected upon a dry platform, shall have ended its session.

The leading druggists of America are protesting against being made partners of the bootleggers, and the Medical Association of America has declared against the use even of spirits as a medicine, which is allowed by law, because its members say that other remedies which have no habit-forming danger will do just as well as alcohol. And the leaders in the great national Surgeons' Convention, in Philadelphia, the other day, said that the medical profession was in danger of being dragged down into the mire of dishonor by being thus linked with the bootleggers in their attempt to dispense intoxicating drink.

The beer and wine question has been fought out in nearly every state in the Union in the legislatures and in the local contests, as well as in the sessions of Congress. And beer and wines have been thrown out by the votes of the people. This is not a new question forced upon the public, but one that has been fought for a quarter of a century, up to the present. Beer and wine could not be saved in this conflict, because the men that made the beer for the saloons owned eight-tenths of the saloons themselves, and wine and beer are counted by science, as well as by the moral reformers, to be very dangerous beverages which deserve to be cast out with the strong spirits.

There never was a sublimer piece of sarcasm than for members of the United States Senate and editors of newspapers to fret about the putting of the Fourth Amendment against the Eighteenth Amendment, and the filibuster which prevented the vote and the elimination of wine and beer through the supplemental Volstead bill illustrated the disloyalty of those leaders to our free institutions, when they knew that the action of the Senate would be for the prohibition of beer and wine. Our republic, in a constitutional way, has ordered the destruction of the liquor traffic, and it is time for newspapers and political leaders and those who prize their appetite for drink more than they do the public good, to surrender to the voice of the people and obey the voice of God.

The Church and the Motion-Picture

Films Can Be Made Which Carry the Gospel Message

By JAMES K. SHIELDS

Author of "The Stream of Life"

SIGHT is the most precious sense. We pity the one who is blind more than the one who is both deaf and dumb, because the most direct and the most traveled way to the soul is through the gateway of the eye. We would rather see the person, than to hear some one tell of him; to behold the scene, than to hear it described.

The phonograph faithfully records the sound, the cinematograph, the appearance. They obey strictly the laws of science; they know neither good nor evil. Each is faithful in recording that which is presented to it to record.

Unfortunately, greed has seized upon the moving-picture machine and has monopolized its use to such an extent that the Church has allowed itself to become prejudiced against an instrument which holds the greatest possibilities of spreading abroad the fundamental principles and teachings of the Gospel.

Can the Gospel be preached through the moving-picture? Undoubtedly there are multitudes, and among them the best people of the world, who are ready to say emphatically, "No! it belongs to the devil." But, let us not be too hasty.

A six-reel motion-picture was shown in a prominent Broadway theater in New York City at the noon hour to men every day for a week. The audience was composed of perhaps fifteen hundred to two thousand men of every creed and nationality.

The story had been written and filmed with a dominating purpose of visualizing the need of every man and woman to have faith in God in order to meet the crises that of necessity come into every human life. A musical score had been fitted to the picture and lent interpretation to the scenes; many old, familiar songs and hymns being used.

As the last scene faded out, the lights were turned on and a minister stepped quickly to the platform and with uplifted hand said: "Just a minute, boys, before you go. In the last hour and a half you fellows have had to take stock of your spiritual possessions, and a lot of you are short and you know it. How many of you feel that you would like to have some one pray for you before you leave this house?"

Instantly, without a moment's hesitation, eight hundred men raised their hands. On the preceding day, at a similar hour and under similar circumstances, five hundred men did the same thing. This minister said, after witnessing these scenes: "There is not a man in the world, bishop or evangelist, who can take a mixed audience composed of just the ordinary crowd of men who throng Broadway and in an hour and a half produce in them a state of mind that would lead eight hundred of them to ask for prayer."

THIS same picture had been shown to an audience that filled to its utmost capacity and standing-room one of the largest churches in Des Moines, Iowa. At the close a plea was made for a surrendered life and responded to by twenty persons. Then a plea was made for parents to establish a family altar, such as had been portrayed in the story before them, and the fathers and mothers of fifteen different homes responded by standing up together. This was followed by still another appeal for a greater activity in Christian service on the part of those church members who had been indifferent, and scores of people arose all over the house.

After showing it in a large church in Springfield, Mass., on a Saturday night, the pastor of the church related how on the succeeding Sunday morning one of the leading business men of that city came to him and said, "Well, pastor, after seeing that picture last night, I re-established my family altar this morning after a lapse of ten years."

Scores of similar experiences could be related.

Now let us turn to testimony from another source. One of the largest moving-picture distributing corporations, hearing of this picture requested that they might review it, looking to its national distribution. They were frankly told of its strong religious appeal, but insisted and said, "We want better pictures, pictures with a real message." It was rejected, however. After admitting that the photography was beautiful and the action good, the manager added, "But, the—thing is preaching at you all the time, and people do not go to the theater to be preached at, they go there to be entertained." He was told that such a criticism was one of the strongest testimonies to the real purpose of the picture yet given.

YES, the moving-picture can be made to preach, and to preach acceptably and effectively and even powerfully. This does not mean that it will take the place of the living preacher, for it never will, but it does mean that it can be used by the church in reaching with a real message multitudes that do not now attend the House of God.

A wealthy Chicago layman said, "If there are twenty-five such pictures I would equip my church with the best projecting machine on the market, and, instead of my pastor looking around on a Sunday evening with a magnifying glass to find the members of his congregation, the ushers would need the magnifying glass to find places to seat them, and they would go away inspired to a nobler living."

All too long has the church neglected to appropriate and develop the greatest agency ever known for drawing together large numbers of people and putting it into the service of the Kingdom.

In advocating pictures for church services, we wish to be understood that such pictures must be made from the Church's point of view. Second-hand pictures will not answer, and by second-hand we mean those pictures that have run their course through the regular theaters and then, after they are no longer a financial asset, have been expurgated by cutting out immoral or suggestive parts. Some splendid week-day reels, for the purpose of entertainment, undoubtedly can and have been secured by this method, but the Sunday evening picture must be a Gospel picture; it must radiate an influence and carry a message of divine truth and drive it home. It must be prepared in the same spirit with which a minister prepares his sermon—to do good and not to make money, must dominate the heart of the writer.

Neither preacher nor writer, however, will succeed who expresses his thought in a dry and uninteresting manner. Mediocrity will not be forgiven in the church any more than in a theater. The picture should arouse the memory of the best and the sweetest things in life. It must be purged of all that is melodramatic and unreal. It must portray those things that can happen and do happen; it must be presented in modern dress and experience. Such pictures can and should have the widest range of wholesome humor, deep pathos and true love. The church picture, from the standpoint of artistry and execution, must be the equal of any to be seen in the picture palace downtown.

THE organ, the greatest of all musical instruments—once looked upon by church folks as the "devil's own"—never came to its best until it entered the sanctuary to thrill and inspire the people with its divine melody in its interpretation of spiritual aspiration. But who, having heard the organ and the cinematograph working together in perfect harmony, has not felt that they are as naturally wed one to the other as the bird's song is to the springtime? And they will yet be working together for the glory of God.

We have our preaching evangelists, and our singing evangelists, and we will one day have our picture evangelists, men and women who will, with the same divine consecration, pour the heart of the Gospel into simple stories and great dramas for the screen that will draw and grip the hearts of thousands and millions that the preaching and singing evangelists can never reach because of their physical limitations.

How often have you said, "I wish everybody might have heard that sermon." Visualize it and the multitudes may see it and feel its power and get its blessing. Do you object?

There are, of course, many difficulties in the way of a moving-picture in the church besides that of the natural prejudice on the part of many people. Second-hand machines, second-hand operators, and second-hand music will have to be encountered by those who pioneer in this kind of service, and most of the things that go wrong will be blamed upon the picture, rather than upon the way in which it is handled.

Then again, greater than the difficulties of producing church pictures of the right kind, is the problem of distribution. The theatrical exchanges naturally do not want them; there is no money in them in comparison with the kind that they are in the habit of handling. The non-theatrical exchanges see more money in pictures of another kind.

The number of churches, however, that are catching the vision of the possibilities in motion-pictures is increasing rapidly, and the production and distribution of gospel pictures will in time become a distinct department of Christian service and activity. When the Church wakes up to its real opportunity, our congregations will not be slipping away to the Sunday night theater and picture-house, but will be looking forward with pleasure and inviting their friends to join them in a beautiful and uplifting service in their home church.

Our Readers Farthest North

FROM a mission station only a few miles from North Cape, the northernmost point of Europe, came the above photograph from the Christian Herald's readers nearest the North Pole. It was sent by Mrs. Einar Dahl, whose husband stands at the right in the picture. At the left is Rev. Mr. Dehli, a Lutheran pastor from Christiania, who belongs to the same mission. The others in the picture are members of a Finn family of the type among which the Dahls labor. Mrs. Dahl writes:

"I should have written long ago about my subscription to the Christian Herald. I feel that I cannot give it up. I wonder if you have any other subscribers in this corner of the globe. My husband and I live on an island called Ingo, which has only a few hundred inhabitants. We are just a few miles from the North Cape and we have been engaged in Christian work among the Finns. This family lives in Alten, eighteen hours by steamer from Ingo. They have a tent and a little house, but most Finns live in mud huts, in which goats, dogs, babies and grown-ups are to be found in one grand mix-up. The Finns have herds of reindeer. These they slaughter, sell the venison and use the skins for making moccasins and other articles.

"We met the Finns at a conference in Troniso in 1919. My husband spoke to them through an interpreter, and when he told them of our purpose and showed them on the map how far we had come and convinced them that we were interested in them they became very much excited and enthusiastic. They are a very emotional people and fond of gay colors. When I told this family that I wished to take their photograph they ran instantly for their gay shawls. I'm sorry the colors can not be seen—bright red, blue and yellow."

In the Black Hours of Ismid's Fall

An Account of the Heroism of American Women in Asia Minor

By ESTHER LOVEJOY, M.D.

WHEN the wreck of the city of Ismid was taken by the Turkish Nationalists under Mustapha Kemal at the beginning of July, the story was flashed around the world by wireless from the warships of the nations standing off-shore umpiring the game, but the story of Dr. Mabel Elliott and her nurses, Mrs. Mabel Powers, Miss Leila Priest and Miss Griselle MacClaren—four American women—and nineteen native girls stationed at the American Women's Hospitals on the hill beyond the city, has not yet been told.

It is nothing new for Ismid to fall. Like many other cities in this ancient land, it has been rising and falling for ages. It was the old Necomedia and rose to great power as the capital of Byzantium, and fell and rose again, and after many centuries of "ups and downs" under different conquerors and rulers, finally fell into the hands of the Kemalists.

Of course, there was a massacre. The fall of a city without a massacre would disappoint the proudest traditions of the country—and the Turk is not alone when it comes to maintaining traditions. Do unto your enemy as he would do unto you, and do it when you get the chance. This is the prevailing idea. Let him be robbed and murdered—cut off root and branch. This is always pious and patriotic, and sometimes profitable.

On this occasion the Greeks had their innings first. About twenty thousand Greek soldiers had been stationed at Ismid. These had been withdrawn to strengthen the Brousa front and the small force left was unable to hold the city when it was attacked by the Kemalists. What was to be done? The usual thing. Get away with the valuables. (One American woman saved her bath-tub at considerable risk—it was her most precious possession.) Then, burn, sack, massacre the enemy inhabitants of the city, and evacuate. It was reported that the refugees had been given arms to protect themselves and that they believed in prevention.

NO OUTSIDER can pass judgment upon these things. Self-preservation is a primal law. It is a case of safety first and the survival of the one who strikes the swiftest, surest blow. A dead enemy does no immediate damage. He does not lie in ambush and stab you in the back. Therefore, from the standpoint of those vitally interested, the Greeks merely took the necessary and time-honored precaution in the evacuation of the City of Ismid.

There were between thirty and forty thousand Greek and Armenian refugees to be gotten safely away before the Greek troops withdrew. Many of these had suffered deportation during the earlier years of the war, and had returned after the armistice when Ismid was occupied by the British forces and seemed about the safest place in the country. These unfortunate people had witnessed massacres over and over again. Suffering and humiliation had been their daily portion during their exile; these experiences seemed about to be repeated; naturally they were terror-stricken and ran through the streets toward the wharfs on the water-front, screaming and praying and expecting every minute to feel a knife at their throats.

But all was quiet in the heart of the city. By the light of the burning buildings, the refugees were crowded, packed and jammed onto the Greek boats in the harbor, after which the Greek troops embarked and steamed away and left Ismid, the old city of Necomedia, to the Kemalites, a new force of military conquerors.

Then the Chetas (Turkish bandits) came down from the hills to glean, as it were, and finished up any stragglers they were able to find along the way. These Chetas are interesting gentry. From time immemorial refugees from falling cities have been in the habit of swallowing the family jewels. This practice has added zest and variety—class as it were—to common highway robbery and murder, for no enterprising Cheta feels that he has done a good job unless he has gone through the internal organs of his victim in search of loot.

ABOUT a year ago, the American Women's Hospitals and the Near East Relief Committee adopted a co-operative scheme for the purpose of conducting a medical relief center. Trebizond was tentatively agreed upon as the field of operation, but owing to the military activities of the Bolshevists and the Kemalists in that region, the plan was changed and Ismid was selected because it seemed so safe and peaceful, and the need for work was very great on account of the large number of exiles and refugees who had gone there after the armistice.

Dr. Mabel E. Elliott of the American Women's Hospitals was appointed director of this work. She is a beautiful woman, slender, strong and straight in stature, with a serene cast of countenance and snow-white hair—it is whiter now than when she came to this country three years ago. She is used to deportations, abductions, evacuations and massacres. She was in charge of a hospital at Marash during the Turkish siege in January and February, 1920. The city was finally taken by the Turkish forces, and the people with whom she had been working were scattered to the four winds—but her work was not lost. It was spread broadcast by the disaster. She had not wrought with brick and stone, but with plastic human materials, and the refugees who had had the luck to serve with her found within themselves fountains of wealth of which they could not be robbed, but upon which they could draw and give to others and grow richer themselves in the giving.

ISMID is a city of Asia Minor at the head of the Gulf of Ismid, an inlet forming the eastern extremity of the Sea of Marmora, and is fifty-six miles southeast of Constantinople. Since its possession is essential in any attempt to advance on the Turkish capital from the Asiatic side, it was a prize highly desired by both the Turkish Nationalists and the Greeks in their recent fighting. The scenes attending one of the captures of Ismid and the heroism of a group of American women engaged in relief work there are graphically described by Dr. Lovejoy in the accompanying article.

The young women belonging to Doctor Elliott's training class for nurses did not suffer the usual fate of refugees. They were not obliged to beg and live on charity in the refugee camps, or submit to even even greater humiliation. They had more than common labor and sex value. As soon as it was found that they were able to care for the sick, they were called to serve in the different towns where Fate had placed them. Four of these girls were taken to Beirut, and before they had been in the city forty-eight hours they were called for service in the Syrian hospital.

The American Women's Hospitals is the center of an important hospital and dispensary service. In the general hospital there are eighty beds for medical and surgical cases; there is a separate trachoma hospital where one hundred and twenty-five little girls are treated for this painful, eye-destroying malady; typhus and other contagious diseases have been prevalent during the winter and spring months; there are refugees camps and small-pox and tuberculosis camps besides the dispensaries where thousands of people were treated monthly.

THIS hospital stands upon the hillside above the harbor. It was within sight and hearing of the confusion and carnage incident to the battle and evacuation of Ismid. But in spirit it stood five thousand miles apart—an American refuge for the sick and injured regardless of religion or nationality. There are no separate wards for Greeks and Turks and Armenians. There they lie in one big ward with their gun-shot wounds and broken legs, and the American flag floats over them. They look alike to the woman in charge. They are alike. They all belong to the human race. They have plenty of time for reflection, and if they had any sense of humor they would see what jokes they have made of themselves, but the history of warfare would seem to indicate a shortage of humor and reason in the makeup of mankind.

In one of the sacred books of some religion or other, and it seems to me that it is the Koran, there is a prophesy of dire calamity. Punishment is to be visited upon certain sinners and after passing through generations and generations of every grade of degradation, they finally reach the abyss where they are ruled over by women. The prophesy has been fulfilled, and strange as it may seem, these poor fellows who have taken all the grades have fallen so low that they actually like the change.

The American Women's Hospital is manned by women. It has an atmosphere. It reflects the serene and saving grace of the American woman in charge. During the recent trouble every woman was at her post. Even the native girls in training only six months maintained perfect discipline, caring for the sick and wounded, friend and enemy alike. They did not flee for their lives, but when the last boat was leaving and their duty was done then they withdrew in order like good soldiers.

THE following letter written by Dr. Elliott on July 4, to one of her nurses gives a vivid description of the evacuation of Ismid:

"Dear Anne:

"All this time and no letter from you, but we've been through a bad time. I'm so glad you got out—that is one reason I was so anxious for you to go. It is no worse than I expected it would be if the Greeks left, in fact so far it has not been so bad—only the strain, the madness and the work! And I knew you were not well enough to go through with it.

"In the first place, Madame Nicolirare, the Colonel's wife, went from bad to worse, and I was determined I would save her if I could. I stayed up until four-thirty two nights running and several nights made midnight calls. Finally she went entirely bad and that night I did not go to bed at all. She died at four, and we had an awful time. He went to pieces and screamed so loud that everybody thought a massacre had been started.

"On top of all this the Eleventh division got their orders to move out and take the refugees with them. Later it was decided to leave the refugees here and send three thousand new men to protect the town. The new men came and the old division, bag and baggage, moved out. They marched around the gulf to Bardazag a week ago Thursday. It was so hard to see them go—our nice friends! Doctor A. came for the last time on Tuesday and brought his violin and played and played as he never had played before.

"The plan was for the eleventh division to form the left wing of the Brousa front so the entire division crossed straight over on the Brousa-Bardazag Road, but the Turks met them at Bardazag, artillery and everything from Adebazar, Sabange and the whole Ismid front, and what is more they held them and they didn't get by. There were eight gunboats in the harbor besides the Kilkos. Friday it was fairly quiet, but all day Saturday and Saturday night there were great fires between Bardazag and Dermarderine, and the big guns and all the

Miss Priest and members of the nurses' training class at Ismid

rest of it were going at a great rate.

"Sunday morning our little game began, as was to be expected, with only three thousand soldiers in the town. It broke out on all sides of us. They were fighting between here and our water source and on the hill across from our picnic place. Soon the Kilkos began to shell, and it shook things up, I can tell you. They shelled on all sides and back of the town. The Turks had trenches at Ratched Bey's place where we were working our tractor, and the shells did more plowing in one hour than the tractor did in a week. Wounded were being brought in every few minutes and we had our hands full. The shells passing over the hospital and in other directions shook the place so badly that we had trouble threading our needles in the surgery. Mrs. Powers arrived Friday. It seemed strangely like old times. Just like Marash. You know we went through the siege of Marash together and along she comes from Serbia just in time for the Ismid show. Perhaps she is the one. Is it possible that she attracts the evil eye?

"About noon the Greeks landed three thousand marines to help out, and in the early evening the commandant signaled the general across the gulf that Ismid was falling and to send help. He came over with three regiments. Monday we heard that the Turks had been massacred, and the Greek general had given the refugees forty-eight hours to get out. Refugees had been pouring in from Adebazer and Sabang, and it looked as though the whole world was made up of refugees. The streets were jammed, the roads were jammed and the cemetery at the foot of our hill was jammed with these frenzied people. The Turkish population was pouring down from the Turkish quarter as terrified as the rest. Later we verified the report of the massacre. It was only too true.

"About two o'clock an American destroyer came down. Jimmie Crutcher was on board. By this time all of our people were getting their pitiful little bundles together. Boat after boat was coming in and they were beginning to load on the refugees. Varsinig left that night. People were continually coming and going and again and again, as at Marash, I heard the despairing question, 'What shall we do now, doctor?'

The Ismid Hospital, formerly a Turkish school, where American women performed heroic service

"I TOLD our girls to sit tight and I would let them know when to go to the boat—and will you believe me, Tuesday morning every girl was in uniform, cap and all, and on duty at seven. Inside the hospital those girls were attending to their duties as though nothing was happening. They were not even looking out of the windows, and on the streets there was a screaming, screeching mass of humanity. Our workers came as they were directed to do, to the place where Miss McClaren was posted, gave the lists of their relatives, got their tickets and went back to their jobs. By supper time we expected to be left with one worker besides Omar (he was a Turk on my pay-roll). Who do you think the other worker was? Poor, faithful old Hagop! He said, 'Doctor stay, Hagop stay'—and that settled it.

"All this time people were coming asking for their sick relatives and I was discharging all I thought would be accepted on the boats. Others were bringing in sick relatives they could not take with them. We had to put a double guard on the small-pox camp, which by the way, we moved up the hill on Friday. This was no small job, I can tell you, with all the disinfecting that had to be done. If some of those people with the small-pox had escaped and gotten on the boats the disease would have been spread broadcast.

"At dark the last boat in sight left the docks and still hundreds of people were there waiting to get off. Pello drove the truck until five o'clock and then went down with his family to take his chances. Other boats came in and people came down to them in droves, pushing, jamming and screaming. Our girls waited on the dock until midnight before they were jammed aboard the last boat, and I could not go down to say a word to them. There was so much to do. In addition to all the other work, a new baby arrived—a fitting climax to the whole tragic business."

THE tragic picture would have been incomplete without the birth of that baby. The dramatic unities were preserved. Fate arranged a perfect setting. The poor little mother was a refugee. Her husband had been killed by the Chetas; her family had fled and at midnight when her baby came, the room was lighted by the burning homes of her people.

From the general hospital we walked down the hill to the Trachoma hospital and attended the morning clinic. One hundred and twenty-five little girls are cared for at this place. Seventy of them were standing in line. Without a whimper one after

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The Thanksgiving Spirit

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"WHAT does Thanksgiving mean to you?" I asked a certain small boy who is very dear to me. And then, as I saw that he did not quite understand, "What do you think about, first, when somebody speaks of Thanksgiving?" I explained.

The small boy's face became suddenly rapturous. His eyes were saucer-wide, and filled with light.

"I think about dinner," he told me, "turkey, 'n' cranberry sauce, an' punkin pie. I think o' nuts an' rais'ns an' mixed fruit." He sighed ecstatically.

I could not help laughing at him. "And then," I added, "I should imagine that you'd be apt to think of an overcrowded stomach and—perhaps—a headache!"

The small boy looked at me with nothing of comprehension on his face.

"Oh, no," he said, "nothin' like that. Thanksgivin's a *happy* day!"

NEXT I went to the business girl. She works very hard, does the business girl—she has little time to herself. And she looked up almost impatiently, from her note-book, at my question.

"What does Thanksgiving mean to me?" she asked answering my question, Yankee-fashion, with another —"What does Thanksgiving mean to me? Oh, I reckon it means a day away from the office—that's all! I reckon it means sleeping late in bed, and catching up on my mending, and getting a chance to read a good story. I reckon it means a holiday—a *holiday!*"

I am afraid that my face was a trifle shocked, as to expression. For the business girl was even farther away from the real spirit of Thanksgiving than the small boy.

"Is that all that it means?" I asked. "Doesn't it stand for anything else in your heart?"

The girl did not even glance at me again. She was making swift little dots and dashes in the aforementioned note-book. But her voice—just a bit preoccupied—answered.

"I'm afraid that there's nothing else in my heart," she said. "I'm not much of a sentimentalist, you know. Holidays are just holidays to me—and nothing more. I'm," she turned hurriedly toward her typewriter, "I'm ever so sorry to disappoint you!"

IT WAS to the man of affairs that I next spoke. He is a professional man—swamped in matters of state and politics. He is also a rich man; so rich that folk say he counts his millions by the tens.

"When Thanksgiving Day comes around," I ventured a trifle shyly, "what do you think of? What are your reactions?"

"Thanksgiving?" he queried, "Bless my soul—it's almost here, isn't it? I must send for tickets to THE football game! I always go to THE football game. And I must remind my secretary to make out a check for the Mission, and for the newsboys' dinner—I think that every one should obey some charitable impulse on Thanksgiving Day. Don't you? And I must order my own dinner at Delmonico's—I always give a party to my closest associates—a man who is in politics must make use of every little occasion."

"Then," I asked, bluntly, my shyness forgotten, "then Thanksgiving is only a little occasion to you? To be made use of—in a political and social way?"

The man of affairs looked at me rather blankly.

"Of course one should make use of everything that can be used," he said. And then—"But I do send money, you know—quite a lot of money, to the poor. You heard me mention a check for the Mission and for the newsboys' dinner, didn't you? My secretary takes care of all that!"

I wanted to say something—something about an impersonal sort of charity. But I didn't. Doubtless many poor people benefit by the man's generosity. It is he who misses the great thing—the greatest thing! For how can he know anything about the joy of giving?

GIVE us, dear God, true hearts that pray,
In thanks to You upon this day;
Give us brave souls that understand;
Give us kind eyes, a friendly hand,
A bit of love, a snatch of song—
To help earth's tired ones along!

God, let our feast, today, be spread
With food of tenderness, and bread
Of faith . . . And let our glasses flow
With pity. Let our table glow
With fellowship, and gentle fun,
And let us bow our heads as one.

Dear God, upon this day of days,
We bring to You our humble praise;
And ask that You may point the road,
That leads, at last, to Your abode.
Grant us ideals, and splendid goals;
Grant us true hearts and patient souls!

A SMALL boy, a business girl, and a man of affairs! I had talked with all of them, and had been disappointed in each one. Of the three I think that the small boy had come nearest to appreciating the day. And so with a feeling of desperation, almost, I went to call on the lady that people call the Friendly Lady. They call her the Friendly Lady because, though she lives alone, her doors are always hospitably wide. And because her slim hands are always stretched out to help the needy. And because her lips are always smiling and her eyes are always full of understanding and, if need be, of tenderness and pity.

To the Friendly Lady I went. And I found her, quite marvelously, alone—for she is seldom alone.

"Always at this time of year," she said softly, "I get to thinking of how much I have to be thankful for, and of—"

I interrupted.

"And of what Thanksgiving really means!" I said.

The Friendly Lady smiled gently.

"And of what Thanksgiving really means," she repeated after me; "of the spirit that lies behind the day. I get to thinking of the *real* things of life—the *real* blessings. I get to thinking of our Pilgrim ancestors and of the goodly heritage that they left us."

"The goodly heritage?" I questioned.

"Yes, the goodly heritage," answered the friendly Lady, "the heritage of home—and of all that home stands for. Of the homes that they fought to make, and that they thanked God for.

"We, today, are getting very far away from the Thanksgiving ideals of home and of home-making. We are getting too sophisticated—as a people—to bow down and give thanks for the bread and the meat that the Pilgrim fathers—by their bravery—have made possible for us. We are becoming absorbed with the thought that Thanksgiving is a day to be given over to amusement and over-eating!

"Thanksgiving is really God's gift to the people of America. The Pilgrims recognized it as such and the President of the United States usually says something of the sort in his Proclamation—which very few of us ever trouble to read. It is a day when every hand should be stretched out in bounty—when every heart should be raised to the Father on high. It is a day of harvests—mental and spiritual and moral. It is a day of feasts—and the feasts should be composed, in part, of things other than turkey and mince-pie. The feasts should be feasts of love and righteousness!"

Peter and the Angels

The Story of a Boy's Faith

By ELIZABETH EMMETT

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

"WHERE'S Dad?" Peter stood at the door of the kitchen, his feet planted far apart, his hands thrust against his hips where vainly he searched for the pockets owned by bigger boys.

Peter's mother looked out of the window, instead of at him, until he repeated his question in a voice made shrill by impatience. Then she turned.

"I've told you so many times, Peterkin. He's fighting dragons."

"Big dragons?" persisted Peter.

"Monsters," she said.

For a minute he digested this, and then: "Does he have to fight 'em all the time, every single minute of the time? Can't he leave 'em for a minute and come and see me?"

His mother shook her head. "If you leave dragons for a minute, they'll leap on your back and down you."

Never before had Peter's eyes failed to fill with interest at dragon details, but now his eyes were cloudy, his mouth drooped in dissatisfied lines.

"What's the good of having a Dad if I can't see him?"

Into the eyes of Peter's mother crept a look of sorrow, seldom allowed ascendency in his presence. Before she could answer he turned sulkily away.

"I don't believe I've got a Dad!" The bitter doubt was flung across his shoulder. "Tony Ragelli said I didn't, and Katie Smithers said 'course I didn't if I'd never seen him, and Tad Winters said 'fore they'd believe it I'd got to show him to 'em."

It was out, all the torment of his soul. His initiation into school life had been a trying time. First, the taunt flung at his hair. Bonnie, his mother called it; but the youngsters called it red. Six battles had Peter fought because of it. The vanquished had then assailed him with a taunt that touched heart instead of temper. The question of Dad, or no Dad, was not one to be settled by fists. He had brought it home and flung it at his mother.

SHE pushed her work from her, raced after him, caught him on the steps of the dingy tenement. For the first time in his life, Peter shook her hand from his shoulder, but she swept him into her arms, carried him into the house and into the tiny bedroom.

"Peter!" Even his young heart recognized the solemnity of her voice. He ceased to struggle, and listened. "Dear, if you open your heart to Doubt, he'll crowd out Faith; and only Faith brings happiness. Doubt is harder to fight even than dragons. Repeat after me now, 'I believe in Dad.'"

Just one tear splashed down on Peter's little red head. He felt it and was made uncomfortable. His lips quivered, but Doubt already had one foot across the threshold of his heart.

"Did you ever see him?"

A smile glistened where tears had been. "Oh, yes, I've seen him, dear." Like one chanting a hymn of faith she added: "And I shall see him again. Some time he'll come to us."

Peter let pass unheeded the prophecy, heard so many times. He was out now for facts.

"What does he look like?" he demanded.

For answer she walked with him to the glass over the bureau.

"See those eyes?" She pointed to Peter's own. Big eyes they were, whose grayness deepened in certain lights to a tinge of greenish brown. Peter saw them, but what of that?

"They're just like Dad's." She hugged him so closely he squealed, and she eased her clasp a little. "You're just like Dad all over, every bit of you. This forehead; this beautifully straight nose, and this chin that can stand for both obstinacy and strength. Even this cleft in your chin."

Peter stared into the big grave eyes, felt of the beautifully straight nose, and placed a rather grimy finger against the cleft in his chin.

"Does he love you?" he probed, unaware of cruelty.

Proudly the little woman flung back her head. "Yes, he loves me, Peter."

"Then why are your eyes so cryey? And why doesn't he come and kiss the tears away?"

"He'll come when he can. Until then, have faith. It's nothing to believe in things you see and understand. That's not faith, Peter. And love without faith is a worthless love."

Peter began to feel ashamed, and looked it.

"I'll tell 'em so," he declared stoutly. "Next time they say I haven't got no Dad I'll show 'em faith."

"Dad's own boy," she crooned, as she began to divest him of his splendor. "We mustn't get a wrinkle in them until Sunday"

HE TOLD Tad Winters about it the next day. Tad sort of backed away without saying much. But Katie Smithers jeered.

"We know you've got a Dad now. We know all about him. Tad's sister told us."

Tad jerked her arm. "And she told you not to blab it," he scowled. "You just git out now or I'll punch your face."

Katie retreated to a safe distance; then called gloatingly:

"Oh, Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, your Dad's in prison. That's where he is."

Tad wouldn't look at Peter. He looked at Tony Ragelli instead, and Tony looked at him. Peter looked at both.

"Where is prison?" he asked.

Tad replied indefinitely: "Oh, way off there, somewhere."

"As far off as heaven?"

Tony stepped into the breach. "I'll show you if you want me to. 'Tain't so very far if you walk fast. I've been over there. But you can't git inside."

The bell rang before Peter could question more. He did his sums wrong and had to stay in recess. When school was over and he started out with Tony, they walked too fast to talk. He didn't care much about talking, now that he was going to see Dad.

But there were high walls all around the grounds, and two great high gates in front. Tony pointed to a big building, set in back of the iron fence.

"He's locked up in there," he said, "and he can't get out."

Peter listened. There were dragons there, he knew. Maybe they would roar. But all was quiet behind the iron gates.

Tony nudged him and they started home. Somewhere within his little body was a dreadfully big ache. If Dad couldn't get out, and he couldn't get in, there didn't seem any chance of seeing him ever.

He did not tell his mother of the visit. She would not like it, he felt. So he told her about the sums that wouldn't come right, and let her think he had been kept after school for them.

She was singing quite a lot lately. Peter liked to hear her sing, and as any mention of Dad brought a white look to her face and a trembling to her lips, he left her to her singing, and pretended to do examples while he pondered on a way to get Dad through those gates.

RATHER slowly he went when the time came for her to read his bed-time story. He brought the big Bible and turned the colored pictures listlessly.

"Do you love Jesus?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, dear." Her answer was not perfunctory, but as sincere as if his question had been, "Do you love Dad?" And then she explained to him:

"When sorrow comes, we have to have some one to cling to; some one to comfort us when the heart cries out in the dark."

Peter threw his arms about her neck.

"There ain't nothing in the dark to frighten you, Muvver. I'm always there, you know."

For a minute they snuggled closely together. Then she turned to the big book again.

"What shall I read to you, Peter?"

"Something about angels," he said. And she turned to the story of Easter and the resurrection.

Peter interrupted once. "Was it a very big stone?" he asked, when she read that the angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled away the stone.

"So big one man couldn't move it," she answered.

Peter didn't listen to the rest. He was thinking. Those iron gates, he remembered, rested on two large stones. Perhaps if the angels would roll them away, Dad could open the gates and come out.

He went again to the prison, and again; but he went alone. For some reason he didn't want Tony or any one with him while he stood quietly before the big gates and watched for Dad. Often his feet ached with the cold, and his hands were blue. Only the big eyes glowed with warmth.

One of the officials began to notice him.

"Who are you?" he asked one day.

"I'm Peter; Dad's Peter. Do the angels ever come here?" he asked in turn.

The officer's tone grew very gentle. "Not very often, I'm afraid, Peter. Did you expect to find them here?"

Peter shivered a little in the March wind. "I only wanted 'em to roll those big stones away, so's Dad could get out."

The officer bent closer. He put a big hand under the cleft in Peter's chin and turned the face upward. "What is Dad's name?" he coaxed.

"Just Dad," said Peter, and turned his mournful eyes away to look again through the gates.

"He must have some other name."

Peter shook his head. "That's all my Muvver calls him—just Peter's Dad. But once I heard her crying in the night and saying way down soft, like she thought no one would hear, 'I want you so, my very dearest, I want you so.' But when I crept up close to her and asked her was she calling me, she said, 'No, Peter, dear, go to sleep.' Perhaps that's his name. Is there any one in there called My Very Dearest?"

The big man lifted Peter up and looked at every feature, nodded once or twice as though to confirm a growing belief, and set him on his feet again.

"They're known by numbers, instead of names, most of them in there, Peter, but I'll look around and if I find one who once was called My Very Dearest, I'll let you know. You tell me your whole name so I can get word to you."

Peter put his hands behind him, turned his toes out, and recited his full name and address, as his mother had taught him to do.

"I thought as much." Something seemed to please the man. His voice was gentle, but not nearly so pitying when he said good-by.

"Come again," he invited. "Perhaps—there, there, kiddie, run along. It's getting late."

PETER was uncomfortably aware of that fact all the way home. His talk with the officer had kept him many minutes longer than common. Muvver seldom scolded. Nearly always she was gentle, but when she said "Stand in the corner, Peter, for ten whole minutes," Peter's little heart sank to the toes of his stubbed-out shoes. Ten minutes was such a long time for a little boy to keep still in a corner, his face pressed against the wall.

He stubbed his toes more than common tonight. Somehow he didn't want to go home. More than ever, he wanted Dad. He guessed all boys, no matter how much they loved their mothers, wanted a Dad to chum with now and then.

Very softly he entered the house. Nobody was in the kitchen. He went into the bedroom. His mother lay upon the bed, a letter pressed against her cheek. Peter noticed that her eyes were mistily soft, but he hadn't time to notice more before he was caught up in her arms.

"Peter! Peter!" He pressed her lips to stop their trembling, and she kissed each finger, then clasped them in her own. "Peter, would you like to be spanked by Dad?"

Peter cuddled down beside her. His whole body quivered with ecstasy. To be spanked by Dad, instead of being stood in a corner by Muvver! Would he like it!

"Oh, you bet," he gurgled. "Can I be, Muvver? When can I be?"

"Perhaps—I don't know—just when, Peter—but maybe, soon."

Even then Peter dared not tell her of his visits to the prison. But he pondered all the evening. In the night, long after he was supposed to be asleep, he groped his way across the bed to her.

"Muvver." He whispered very softly, for if she were asleep he did not want to waken her. The readiness with which she gathered him into her arms showed him that she, too, was wakeful.

"Have you been talking with the angel, Muvver?"

Even in the darkness he seemed to know that she was smiling as she whispered back:

"Oh, Peter, dear, I think I've talked with God."

IT RAINED the next two days and Peter could not go to the prison, but the third day he was there. The officer was there, also.

"Seen any angels yet?" asked Peter.

"Not yet, Peter, but—" he beckoned him closer and lowered his voice in a confidential way, "Last night I thought I heard a rustling."

Peter's eyes grew bigger. "Their wings," he volunteered. "I've heard 'em sometimes when Muvver turns the pictures in the Bible."

"I thought it might be that," agreed his friend.

Peter had another question.

"Did you find any one called My Very Dearest?"

"I didn't like to ask. Names like that are to be whispered soft-like; not tossed around in my rough voice." The dreary look crept back to Peter's eyes, and the other hastened on: "But I found one who said he was Peter's Dad."

"Honest?" The little hands clutched the irons of the gateway. "What does he look like?" Eyes and voice demanded proof.

The officer smiled, plucked the cap from the little red head. "Just like you, Peter, only some heavier. But you'll take on heft in time, no doubt; and then you'll look just like him."

"Are his eyes like mine?"

"As like as four peas."

"Is his nose straight?"

"Your own is no straighter."

Peter gulped down a great sigh of satisfaction. "That's him," he said. Eyes were shining now. "Could he spank me, do you think?"

"Easy as could be. Like to be spanked, kiddie?"

Peter hung his head. "I've never been," he confessed. Then a sudden passion seized him. He kicked his stubby shoes at the gate, banged his fists upon the stones. "Things'd be different if I could get Dad out," he stormed.

The kindly laughter was hushed in the big man's throat. His voice sounded almost gruff as he pried the little fingers from the bars and turned Peter about.

"Run home now, kiddie. You don't want to get to cussing when maybe there's angels round. If it wasn't for maybe disappointing you, I'd tell—there, there, run along home. And if I was you I'd sort of talk to the angels. Maybe they can do something."

"Muvver talks to God," said Peter, "and He can't seem to get Dad out." Then he started home.

THERE were new shoes awaiting him, and a little gray suit.

"Hurry, Peter, and try them on," urged his mother.

Peter noticed that her face had the same shining look it wore the night she had pressed the letter close. Her eyes, too, were misty; a soft mist that somehow looked like gladness.

"You've been talking with God again," he challenged.

She caught up the little gray suit and the shining new shoes and laughed her way into the bedroom.

"Peterkin, Peterkin, kick off those stubby shoes," she commanded.

In less than ten minutes he stood before the glass and studied the new Peter produced by the gray suit. He wasn't sure he liked himself as well as in the worn and patched knickers he had just kicked off. But his mother covered him with kisses.

"Dad's own boy," she crooned, as she began to divest him of his splendor. "We mustn't get a wrinkle in them until Sunday," she explained to his unspoken question. "Sunday is Easter, did you know it, Laddie?"

Peter hadn't known it. A wondrous light dawned in his eyes. "That's the day the angels rolled the big stone away, isn't it?"

His mother nodded. A light, like the light in Peter's eyes, shone in her own. "The day of resurrection from the dead," she whispered softly. "The beginning of a new life."

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High Hopes for Arms Conference

Leaders of Foreign Delegations Express Optimism as to Outcome of Washington Deliberations

WASHINGTON now is the focal point of the world's interest, for there the leading statesmen of the world are beginning the deliberations which will affect directly for better or for worse the peoples of every land. What a happy result if the Conference on Limitation of Armament and on Pacific and Far Eastern Questions—the most notable gathering of statesmen and diplomatists ever held in the New World and one which it is hoped will go down in history as the beginning of a new and better era in international relationships—is able to lighten definitely the burden of maintaining great armies and navies which has strained the backs of the citizens of all civilized nations! What a disastrous blow to the cause of international conciliation if the sessions end without real accomplishment!

As the Conference begins the men who are to be the leading figures in its momentous discussions are expressing confidence that it will be a success. If the delegates bring with them from abroad anything of mutual distrust and jealousy, that fact is carefully concealed. Never did a great international conference begin in such a spirit of willingness to seek the common good, in such optimistic determination to consult together with open minds to do everything possible to minimize the possibilities for war.

This spirit was admirably expressed by Senator Carlo Schanzer, the president of the Italian delegation, in giving the pledge on his arrival in Washington that Italy would "never hesitate to give all her support to any proposal which may eliminate future conflicts and assure peace.

"We feel convinced," he added, "that the Conference will reach a substantial conclusion and that the friendly relationship between the United States and Italy will be consecrated by even closer links of friendship.

"Italy is anticipating with the greatest interest the work of the Conference and wishes that its great finality may be fulfilled, assuring the world of the maintenance of peace and the reduction of armaments. Only thus will it be possible to reduce the heavy burden which oppresses the budgets of every country.

"Peace is for Italy the supreme ideal; not only peace with her neighbors, but also the general peace of the world.

"Of course, Italy has the duty of safeguarding her national interests and her security, but this does not prevent her from being opposed to any new war. When we remember that the economic system of the world must form one block we understand that any war today represents an economic disaster, not only for the countries which are called to fight, but also for every other country. War means destruction of wealth, paralyzation of industry, and interruption of international trade."

A LIKE pledge was given in Washington by Prince Iyesato Tokuwaga, president of the Japanese House of Peers and one of the three principal Japanese delegates to the Conference: "We hope that the Conference will turn out to be very successful," he declared, "and all of our delegates wish and are determined that we shall do our very best not only for our own country but also for the peace of the world."

And Arthur J. Balfour, who will head the British delegation until such time as Premier Lloyd George is able to adjust domestic affairs so as to permit his coming to Washington, declared, as he started for America: "I am going with earnest hopes, with confident hopes."

IN NEXT week's issue of the Christian Herald, Dr. Charles M. Sheldon will present the first of a series of articles on the proceedings of the Conference, written from Washington and containing his analysis of the composition of the Conference and the prospects of accomplishing the work for which it was called together. Dr. Sheldon's intimate contact with all the important movements in recent years looking toward international peace and his extended acquaintanceship among statesmen of all the countries represented will make these articles of very high value.

A day or so earlier, in speaking before the Pilgrims' Society in London, Mr. Balfour had said that if the delegates met in the belief that the world could be made enormously better but not expecting that every evil could be removed by the stroke of a wand, and determined firmly not to separate without having done something great for mankind, he was sure they would be able eventually to congratulate themselves that the efforts started by President Harding would be brought to a happy and fruitful conclusion. No conference, he said, ever met under better auspices.

On the same occasion a message from Premier Lloyd George told of his keen desire to attend the Washington Conference and added this assurance: "For summoning it, the world owes President Harding a debt of sincerest gratitude, and we shall do our utmost to insure its success."

PREMIER BRIAND, before starting from France as the chief of that nation's spokesmen, declared that France was going to Washington in the interests of world peace. In Europe, he asserted, she was making great efforts for peace by the exercise of her patience, and in the United States she wished to make efforts of the same kind to insure that the peace of the whole world should be kept. He outlined the two great questions involved in the Conference as those of equilibrium in the Pacific and of disarmament, and declared France would not take a combative position but, going among friends, would seek to clear away differences.

Public opinion in France was less optimistic regarding the success of the efforts to reduce armament, particularly on land, than was public opinion in other countries, but no people would rejoice more keenly than those of France to see some arrangement made which would permit the disbanding of armies without endangering national security.

The other governments participating in the Washington gathering—China, Holland, Belgium and Portugal—are earnestly desirous of a reduction of armaments, but in that phase of the discussion they are to have no part, since it is felt the chances for an agreement will be improved if only the five great powers participate. But in the discussion of Pacific and Far Eastern questions they may contribute to an adjustment of points of difference and thus help to clear the way for a final settlement which would make the Washington Conference the greatest boon to humanity.

The Editorial Forum

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The Dreamer

"WHAT is the crowd all about?" asked the Dreamer as he stood on the edge of an enormous crush in the big city.

The Old-Timer looked at him in pity.

"Don't you know this is a military parade, and we are turning out to honor the Heroes of War?"

"Oh," said the Dreamer, "I see. But I thought we were going to discuss world-wide peace, and universal disarmament. Why at this particular time is War being glorified?"

"You are mistaken," chipped in the Man-About-Town. "The crowd is not glorifying war. It is only honoring those who fought and won."

"But I wonder," said the Dreamer, "if it is true yet, after all the years of War's horrors, that what we call militarism is, after all, a powerful thing with the multitude, and entices it and charms it, in spite of the agony and wrong of it."

"It does look like it, doesn't it?" said the Minister. "I wonder sometimes, with the Dreamer, what the crowd would do if Jesus came to the city. Would it decorate the streets in His honor and turn out in such a mass as this?"

"Of course, it would not," said Old Man Ultimate Consumer. "Because in the first place, Jesus would not permit any such display in His honor."

"And yet militarism, as the world has always known it, is somehow alluring to the mob. Its trappings, its glory, its pomp and style rouse the imagination," said the Old-Timer. "And it will always be so."

"Let us fervently hope not," said the Dreamer. "Let us hope the time may soon come when the crowd will turn out as great as this to honor Literature, or Science, or Art, or Music, or Labor, or Religion."

"It is an empty dream," said the Man-About-Town. "It will never come to pass."

"I don't know about that," said the Dreamer, speaking stoutly. "There are signs of a change against War and Militarism on the part of the masses."

"Yes, like what we see here today," said Old Man Ultimate Consumer, with a sneer.

"In spite of all we see," said the Dreamer, as he turned and went away, his face uplifted to the sky and his lips trembling in prayer.

Wanted—A Joshua!

THAT was a memorable day on which Joshua gathered the tribes of Israel at Shechem, and sought by his plain and sturdy eloquence to wean them away from strange gods and evil ways. He recounted the wonderful deliverances God had wrought for them as a nation, and how He had finally brought them into a fruitful land, as He had promised, although they had not proved deserving. They had adopted the vices and the heathen worship of the alien races, and now they had come to the parting of the ways. They must decide as a nation for righteousness or sin. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve," was Joshua's summons, "the gods of your fathers who fell into idolatry and suffered for their wickedness, or the true God! . . . But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord!" With united voice they pledged obedience and a solemn covenant was made.

Our land today needs a Joshua to lead our people back to God. In a very remarkable address at the recent World Conference on Christian Fundamentals, held in Denver, Colo., Dr. Don O. Shelton, president of the National Bible Institute, reviewing the drift of modern civilization, showed how this nation, in every step of whose early beginnings the leadings of a gracious providence were discernible, had within a single generation drifted far away from its moorings. He charged that we have come a luxury-loving people, indifferent to the Church and its spiritual teachings. Among the marks of this decadence are the prevalence of crimes of violence and dishonesty, the increase of suicide and the prevalence of divorce. Impiety and impurity, he declared, are conspicuous in our great cities. Even the high standards of business have deteriorated, while the Lord's Day is given over to pleasure and feasting, and Jesus and His Gospel are largely ignored.

If such an indictment were true in so overwhelming a degree as the speaker implied, then we would be coming perilously near to the condition of those nations of the past of whom it was written that they had "forgotten God." That it is fortunately true only in part, any one watchful of the spirit of the times will concede.

But it is a gross error to conclude that because the Gospel battle-line may have its vulnerable spots, therefore the whole front is in danger. We believe that never were conditions more hopeful for the Church's fidelity and ability to perform its great mission, than today. We have witnessed its war against intemperance; its splendid charities; its ever-widening efforts in the mission field at home and abroad; and the faithfulness of its leaders, who are striving with might and main to spread the message of salvation everywhere.

To lose courage and confidence now, would be folly and wickedness. He who sees the hearts of men will give a full harvest to his faithful workers. Not to spread discouragement and dismay, but rather to energize and strengthen in every way possible the Church in its work, should be the mission of all true men who have the nation's spiritual welfare at heart. Like Joshua, they will find success along the lines of hope and encouragement.

Possible, Think?

SUPPOSE the railroad strike had been fully carried out and the railroad workers to a man had stopped all work.

Suppose there had been no break among the different railroad unions, and literally the roads had been deserted by every engineer, fireman, signal man, dispatcher, telegrapher, shopman, freight handler, switchman, trainman and helper.

Even under that condition it would not have been such a national disaster as some would have us believe.

There are thousands of able men in this country who could learn to handle a locomotive with six months' experience. The common use of machinery in the last ten years by thousands of men who are driving high-power automobiles has given to the country a habit of using mechanical power. And as a matter of fact, it requires more skill, and often more courage, to guide an automobile through the streets of a crowded city like New York and Chicago, than it does to run an express train over a track all permanently laid between New York and Chicago. There is really more danger of accident and loss of life in driving down Broadway or State Street with an automobile than in driving an express engine on a track protected by signals and a block system and sent on its way by a train dispatcher who looks after the safety of the entire train while the engineer directs the steam and the air-brakes and runs by order.

The old rule of the locomotive engineer's apprenticeship used to be six years' firing before sitting on the engineer's seat.

There are plenty of men now who could master the use of an engine in six months.

And for that matter, all other railroad work could be learned with far greater rapidity than was true ten years ago.

Not Discussed

IT IS quite certain that at the Conference in Washington, a large number of topics will be taken up and discussed.

Among these will be the situation in the Pacific, the relations of China to Japan, of the forces in India and Egypt to Great Britain, the preponderance of military need on the part of France, owing to her fear of Germany, and a great number of questions concerning the limitation of what will be defended as absolutely necessary defenses.

All this, every one who is watching the discussion, will allow will be a part of the program outlined by the different nations.

The one thing that will not be discussed, in all probability, will be the one thing that would do more to bring practical results than anything else.

That one thing is the spirit of mutual good-will between the nations.

The Diplomat at this point will sneer and take up his hat and go out.

The Politician at this point will shrug his shoulders and light a cigar.

The Militarist will say: "Nonsense!"

The average second-rate statesman will say: "Impractical and visionary!"

The real statesman will give the thought a place in his mind, but he will say finally that the thing is too ideal and that the delegates would not understand it and certainly would not spend the time discussing it.

And yet, will real war ever cease, and militarism ever perish until men's hearts are right towards one another? What keeps the great armaments going at the cost of bankruptcy for the world?

Is it not the spirit of fear and hate and suspicion and ill-will on the part of mankind?

Why should the one thing that will remove these passions be the one thing that will not be discussed at the Conference?

Is the human mind incapable of grasping a fundamental idea? Is it true that after 2,000 years of Jesus we are still so stupid mentally and morally that we will not use His statesmanship to bring peace?

Will the Conference discuss everything except the main thing?

We hope not.

"Bread Upon the Waters"

A BROOKLYN business man, with something of more than worldly philosophy, has just discovered how to make charity pay, and incidentally he has found a new idea in advertising. Every afternoon he gives away several hundred pennies to the children of the district in which he lives and does business. He deals in old iron, brass, pumps and stationary engines. He doesn't forget the babies either. The little folks of the neighborhood have designated his gifts as the "pay-off—" and if even an infant in arms appears at the window, it is sure of a penny or two at least.

This odd way of doing business, which many are disposed to laugh at, is reckoned by the principal person interested to be a "good investment." Years ago, as he explains, there was a good deal of petty thieving around his old business place; but now every child is as watchful of its benefactor's interest as a paid detective. They are like an invisible police, constantly on the alert to save their patron from loss. In a single theft some years ago, 400 pounds of brass were stolen; but nobody could take a brush or a tool from his establishment, and get away with it now. His generosity has accomplished two things: it has made the children understand what they never knew before, about the value of honesty; and it has let the business man know that there are ways in which money may be spent, without splurge or ostentation, and yet give a good return.

Why Grow Old?

ONE of the most painful sights in this good old world is the sight of a disagreeable Old Man. Next to that is a disagreeable Old Woman.

If one is going to grow old, why not choose a good way to do it?

Instead of being a grouch, why not make up your mind to be a smiler? Instead of being disagreeable, why not increase the list of your friends by your good nature and good company?

Instead of being a pessimist, who, as a friend of the editor said, will not use a life-preserver thrown to him because it has a hole in it, be an optimist and believe the world is not all going to the bow-wows just because there is one dog in the block who occasionally disturbs your slumbers?

There are certain things men and women can do to keep from growing old disagreeably. Here they are:

Do something outside your regular business.

Play with young folks and love little children.

Eat less and exercise more.

Teach a class of boys in a Sunday school and pitch horseshoes with your neighbor next day.

Learn to cook a good meal so as to help out when the hired girl leaves.

Keep up with good reading, and keep interested in the real news of the world.

Stand by good causes and believe in the ultimate triumph of God.

Pray every morning to be kept from being disagreeable and thank God at night that you are not yet in a hospital or a jail.

Say "Good morning!" in your happiest tones to the family when you get up and don't be afraid to thank God for your breakfast.

There are a good many other ways to avoid a disagreeable old age. We can not help the unavoidable increase of added years. We can avoid making those years painful and burdensome to ourselves and others.

TO THE long list of public men who have fallen at the hands of assassins has been added the name of Premier Hara of Japan, a statesman whose rise from humble rank to a dominating position in the Japanese government must have inspired every true advocate of democracy in Japan with new hope.

The World News of the Week

Estimates of Federal Expenditures for Year Are Cut to $3,940,000,000

THERE is good news for the taxpayers—and who escapes being taxed in some form or other?—in the announcement by President Harding that the expenditures of the federal government for the year ending June 30, 1922, now are estimated at $3,940,000,000 instead of $4,034,000,000, the figure of August 10. The new total was presented in connection with the transmission of estimates of supplemental and deficiency appropriations amounting to nearly $188,000,000. The saving of $94,000,000 amounts to almost $1.00 per capita, even though the figure does not seem impressive after years of appropriation totals running far into the billions.

When the Secretary of the Treasury submitted the estimates to the House Ways and Means Committee months ago, the total expenditures for which provision should be made out of current revenues was placed at $4,550,000,000, which was described as "a substantial reduction in current revenues and expenditures below the fiscal year 1921." Heavy slashes were made at once in the estimates in the Administration's economy campaign, and now another cut has been effected so that, counting a reduction of $170,000,000 provided for out of public debt receipts, the aggregate reduction for the year will be $609,000,000 or nearly $6.00 per capita.

The Senate has been at work on the new revenue measure and has made many changes in the bill as passed by the House. With all committee amendments to the bill disposed of, it was counted on to yield a revenue of $3,250,000,000. The Smoot manufacturers' and producers' sales tax amendment, over which there had been much controversy, was rejected by a vote of 43 to 25; but Senate leaders indicated that this proposal, calculated to produce $253,000,000, might be adopted later to provide a bonus for veterans of the World War.

THE ARRIVAL OF AN AMERICAN FOOD TRAIN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MOSCOW

Refugees from the famine-stricken districts of Russia were quick to surround it, and many of them carried the provisions supplied by American generosity only a few paces from the track to start their cooking

The American Legion Convention

WITH Marshal Foch, General Pershing, General Diaz, General Jacques and Admiral Beatty as guests of honor, the American Legion convention in Kansas City was a most enthusiastic gathering. But the tremendous ovations accorded to the outstanding fighting leaders of France, America, Italy Belgium and Great Britain were not tributes to militarism, as was demonstrated when the convention unanimously adopted a resolution indorsing the idea of an international agreement for the limitation of armament.

One of the questions which excited the greatest interest in the convention sessions was a resolution assailing Ambassador Harvey for his speech in London in which he declared the motives for America's entrance into the war were "fear and selfishness." This resolution, which termed the Ambassador "unworthy to hold any office whatsoever in the gift of the American people," was tabled by a vote of 576 to 444 and a substitute resolution of milder tone decrying the Harvey utterance was adopted. The Legion went on record, with only one dissenting vote, in favor of a bonus for war veterans.

Hanford MacNider, of Mason City, Iowa, who rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and won several decorations for bravery, was elected National Commander. The next convention will meet in New Orleans.

Prospects for Irish Peace Gloomy

AFTER several days during which it appeared a collapse of the negotiations for an Irish settlement might occur at any time, little progress had been made and the situation remained critical. Official reticence as to what is transpiring at the sessions in Downing Street still is maintained; and even in appearing before the House of Commons to down the Unionist opposition to his policy Premier Lloyd George gave no suggestion as to how the many difficulties were to be solved.

For a time there was a show of optimism due to reports that the Ulster problem might be settled by the holding of a plebiscite in the Counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone, in which the Catholics claim a majority but which now are included in Ulster, as to whether they should be included in the North or in the South Irish government. That Ulster would agree to such a proposal was doubted, and the Premier repeatedly has declared himself against any coercion of Ulster. Sir James Craig, the Ulster Premier, discussed the situation with Mr. Lloyd George in London, but stood firm against the concessions which the Premier sought from him.

From the House of Commons Premier Lloyd George, by a vote of 439 to 43, received a mandate to continue the negotiations with the Sinn Fein, after he had given warning of the tremendous cost in blood and in treasure which a breakdown of the parleys would mean. He promised that the government would hazard all to resist concessions which might weaken the Empire, but declared he could not remain in office until he was allowed to do everything in his power to bring about peace.

The Thanksgiving Proclamation

THAT the American people "can do no less than hold our nation the willing instrument of the Providence which has so wonderfully favored us," is the keynote of President Harding's proclamation designating November 24 as Thanksgiving Day. The proclamation says in part:

"That season has come when alike in pursuance of a devout people's time-honored custom and in grateful recognition of favoring national fortunes it is proper that the President should summon the nation to a day of devotion, of thanksgiving for blessings bestowed and of prayer for guidance in modes of life that may deserve continuance of Divine favor.

"Foremost among our blessings in the return of peace and the approach to normal ways and industry. The year has brought us again into relations of amity with all nations after a long period of struggle and turbulence. In thankfulness therefore we may well ascribe to the hope that Providence was manifesting approval to the things we have done, the aims which have guided us, the aspirations which have prompted us.

"We shall be prosperous as we shall deserve prosperity, seeking not alone for the material things but for those of the spirit as well, earnestly striving to serve others, asking before all else the privilege of service. As we pause to render thanks anew for the exceptional, wonderful gifts we have received, we should remember that compensation and welfare shall be granted in ever great measure to all who are in sympathy to contribute the most unto others. Their hands will be strengthened, their purposes strengthened, to answer to our prayers.

"Ours has been a favored nation in the bounty which God has bestowed upon it. Throughout a year of tremendous strength, during which we have our part as well as we were able, left us comparatively unscathed. It is for us to remember that we have been thus favored, and what we answer as our duties to other nations we will be called to render in humility and in sincerity of purpose, in prayerfulness and watchfulness.

"We have been enabled not only to preserve in national power and consequence as part of a plan whose wisdom we cannot question. This knowledge we can do no less than hold our nation the willing instrument of the Providence which has so wonderfully favored us. Opportunity for very great service awaits us if we shall prove equal to it. Let our prayers be raised for direction in the right paths. Under God our responsibility is great to our own dead, to all men afterward, to all posterity and in God's own justice."

MARSHAL FOCH, THE GUEST OF AMERICA

The veteran French general who led the Allied armies to final victory here is seen with Ambassador Jusserand. The Marshal received a great ovation at the American Legion convention in Kansas City

Japanese Premier Assassinated

FRIENDS of Japan all over the world were grieved by the death of Premier Hara, who was stabbed in the breast in the Tokio railway station while on his way to Kioto to attend a political meeting. The assassin was a nineteen-year-old youth, the son of a former member of the minor nobility, but whether his act was due to a conspiracy or to insanity was in doubt.

The Premier, who was sixty-seven years old, was counted one of the ablest and most liberal of Japanese statesmen, a champion of non-militaristic policies and an advocate of cordial relations with the United States and Great Britain. He had been Premier since 1918, when his Cabinet replaced the Terauchi ministry, and in May, 1920, he was confirmed in office by an overwhelming victory in the general elections.

His career was a remarkable one, for he was a commoner and lacked the aristocratic family connections generally so essential for political success in Japan. Brilliant work as a journalist led to his introduction into the Foreign Office and he was vice-minister for a time in 1895. He attracted the notice of the powerful Prince Ito and joined with the Prince in 1900 in forming the Seiyu-kai party, of which he was president at the time of his death.

The death of the Premier came at a critical time in Japanese affairs, for the Mikado is incurably ill, mentally and physically, and a reorganization of the Japanese Court is being sought. It also may have an important influence on the Washington Conference, as the Japanese delegates must follow the directions of their home government and the new ministry may alter the policies already determined on.

Charles Starts into Exile

THE former Emperor Charles is like Napoleon Bonaparte in one respect as he goes into exile—it is a British ship that carries him. With the former Empress Zita, he was taken aboard the British monitor Glowworm for the journey down the Danube, and even before the ship had cast off those of his former subjects who had escorted him were scrambling unceremoniously aboard their train without an effort to brighten his last hours in the country over which his family had reigned for centuries.

The Portuguese government has signified to the Powers its willingness to give him a domicile, under guard, in Madeira, about 600 miles southwest of Lisbon, from which island he

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Crowning the Year

A Thanksgiving Sermon

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

TEXT—Psa. 150 : 6. "*Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.*"

NOW it came to pass that on a certain day the Minister went forth into his parish among his people to find out, if possible, how many of them had a spirit of ingratitude, and also how many were ready and eager to give thanks for something which made life worth having.

And as he met one and another of his people he put to each one, regardless of rank or condition, this question:

"The Psalmist saith, 'Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.' That sentence includes all living creatures. As one of God's children, what reason have you to praise the Lord? For what are you thankful in this year of the Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-one?"

If, as occasionally happened, the one questioned replied that he was not thankful for anything, the Minister did not record his answer, as he was not seeking material for a "Thankless" sermon, but for a "Thanksgiving" one. But to his pleasure, and also som what, perhaps, to his surprise, nearly all the people in his parish were grateful for some special thing, and these the Minister noted, as he passed along, to weave them into the fabric of his discourse for Thanksgiving Day. And here, as he recorded them, are the answers he received, and a brief note describing each one who made answer to the Minister's direct inquiry.

FROM a *Teacher*, employed in one of the city grades:

"I am thankful because in my school I see, daily, boys and girls of several different nationalities growing into good Americans. Their parents have, in many cases, been of a lawless, or dangerous character. But these children do not know nor care for the old countries where father and mother were born. They will, in time, come to love and respect this country and our flag. I have in my school, Bohemians, Italians, Hungarians, Austrians, Greeks and Germans. And as I watch their growing interest in this country, and as I have the rare privilege of training and shaping their thought and conduct, I can not help being thankful to the Lord that I have been called into this great position as a teacher.

"I do not receive a very large salary. My name does not appear in the society columns of the Sunday paper. But there is a very deep and true satisfaction every day of my life in the thought that by means of the public school of this country I am privileged to shape the characters of those who are to help make, as I believe, a better and happier United States than we now have. Truly, I feel like saying, for myself, 'Praise the Lord!'"

FROM a *Tired Housekeeper:*

"It is true that when night comes I am, generally, a very tired woman. It is impossible for us to secure good help in the kitchen or for the work of the house, and the burden of it falls on me. There are little children to clothe and feed and watch over. There are three meals a day to prepare and all the varied and continuous work necessary to keep a home neat, attractive and economical. And there are times when I confess I feel like complaining that I am so narrowly shut up to this routine and drudgery.

"But when I stop to think of what a home really means to the value of a nation, and what would happen to my husband and children if I selfishly neglected my home duties, then I feel like saying with a full heart, 'Praise the Lord!' I am indeed thankful that I am a mother, that my husband and children love me, and I know that none of my toil is wasted or useless, for it is being done to maintain as an enduring institution, a Home. I am thankful to be a Homemaker, not a mere Housekeeper, 'Praise the Lord!'"

FROM a *Retired Minister*, a member of the Pastor's parish:

"I am, outwardly, a useless old man. My work in the Church, of which I was for many years pastor, is over. I am living as a pensioner on the small allowance which my denomination apportions me. My wife is living, but she is very feeble. Our two children died in early years of scarlet fever. Nearly all our companions and friends are dead or living in other places, and we are very lonesome, my dear wife and I, as we live in two small rented rooms, with almost no callers and very little human friendship from younger church members.

"And yet, we are very thankful for God's mercy and for the power of the Cross and for the future of the Church which we love above all earthly things. We have fought our fight. We hope we have kept the faith. We are waiting for the summons to come Home. But as long as we wait here in the flesh, we will praise the Lord for His goodness, for our share in His triumphs, and for everlasting life. 'Praise the Lord!'"

FROM a *College Boy*, working his way through school:

"I am very thankful that I am well enough to work to get an education. I don't have much time for dances and social functions, and I am really not able to stand the expense, and sometimes I get pretty blue thinking it over. But on the whole, I am happy in the main thing, for no matter what else I miss of college life, I am at least getting what I came for, and after all, I have no cause to whine.

"Really I can say in reply to your question, I am thankful that I am able to earn a large part of my college expenses as I go along. I have an idea that some time, if I ever have a son of my own, I will rather brag to him about the way his Dad did it. Because I notice most of the fellows in my class are being supported by their father's money. I am rather proud of my own earnings. 'Praise the Lord!'"

FROM a *Business Man*, suddenly sent to the hospital where he has been an inmate for several weeks after a serious operation:

"I have never been seriously sick before, in all my life, and this is a new experience for me. At first I could not understand it and I refused to be reconciled to it. My business seemed very important. It has been very much neglected while I have been here, owing to incompetent clerks and an ignorant partner. My operation has cost me a thousand dollars and my hospital expenses will be several hundred. But as I have been lying here, suffering great pain most of the time and worrying, I regret to say, over my business, to the extent of retarding my recovery, I have gradually come to feel ashamed of myself when I call to mind the many kindnesses of God.

"My wife and family have been heroic helpers during this experience. The Church has sent me flowers and messages of good cheer. Through the wonderful skill of the surgeon and the faithful care of the nurses, I am alive and will recover. Thanks be to God for His goodness. I still have the best things of life, even if my business has suffered seriously. For I have learned on this bed of pain lessons I never learned when I was well. 'Praise the Lord!'"

FROM a very *Old Woman*, who has been a chronic sufferer from muscular rheumatism for over twenty years:

"Yes, I know how I look, all bent over, as I sit here in this chair to which, I have been confined for almost a quarter of a century. I can't shake hands because my fingers have turned backward at the joints. Look! Like claws of some ugly bird, only worse. And my head is twisted on my neck and my back is crooked, and I can't control my lip muscles.

"Yes, my children are all gone and I am an inmate of this Old Ladies' Home where the kindness of our Church sent me. And I am all alone in the world, without a relative that I know.

"But my heart is full of thanksgiving. And in reply to your question, the reason for it is my faith in the goodness of my heavenly Father and my belief that some time I shall be living in that other world free from rheumatism and disfigurement and pain.

"Won't it be wonderful when I am as beautiful as an angel! It makes me laugh out loud at times, when I imagine it. People here think I'm a little off. But I know it is only my joy that I am anticipating. Oh, I have a great deal to be thankful for! 'Praise the Lord!'"

FROM the *Richest Man* in the parish:

"A great many people in our Church envy me for my wealth. And some, I am quite sure, dislike me for it. But many others think that if they were as rich as I am they would be very happy and contented.

"But as a matter of fact, at this Thanksgiving season, it is not the amount of money I own that gives me the most gratitude. I don't mind saying that I enjoy the power money gives a man, and I am just beginning to understand the joy that comes from giving money to good causes. But when it comes to expressing my thanks to God for something, I certainly would not dare to say, 'Praise the Lord! I am the Richest Man in this parish!' That would be blasphemy. What I would like to say is that I am thankful for all the things my riches can not buy—the love of my wife and children, the friendship of a few men who are my friends for other reasons, and the confidence that my business associates have in me. I know perfectly well that if I should lose my human friendships, all the money in the world could not purchase happiness for me.

"So I am ready to say, 'Thanks be to God for the things even my large wealth can not buy. Respect, confidence, friendship, yes, the home love which I do have, are my real reasons for thanksgiving. 'Praise the Lord!'"

FROM a *Negro* whose work is connected with the digging out of the sewer manholes of the city sewer system:

"Yes, sir, it does look like a dirty mean job. And you're right. It haint no flower garden. No, sir. But I'm happy. I haint grumbling. I'm well, and I got an appetite and I earn the money to feed the appetite; yes, sir.

"What am I thankful for? Well, sir, I heard you yourself say once that if all the men that do my work of cleaning out the city sewers and flushing the manholes was to quit, and no one else would do it, the whole city would go to rack and ruin, and sickness and death would visit all the homes.

"Ever since I heard that, I say to myself every time I lowers myself into this manhole to clean it out: 'I'm the biggest man in this here town, I am. The Mayor haint in it with me. I run this city, I do, not the big men on the avenue. I keep 'em all from pestilence and death, I do!' So that's the reason I'm thankful, sir. I'm such an important individual! The city could get along without a lot of folks. But it can't get on without me! No, sir! 'Praise the Lord!'"

FROM a *Young Man* dying of cancer:

"At first I thought I should go mad when the doctor told me. And I know there's no hope for me. It's too far along. And I did want to live.

"But I have had a vision of God's mercy and I am thankful for eternal life. And then, I never told you, but I have not lived a clean life, no. But Christ has forgiven me, and I am happy in all that. 'Praise the Lord!'"

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Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Blest Be the Tie that Binds," or "O Day of Rest and Gladness."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Thanksgiving for Blessings.—Psalm 65: verses 9 to 13. Also Psalm 66: verses 16 to 20.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 847, first column.)

Sermon—"CROWNING THE YEAR"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"My Jesus, I Love Thee," or "Bringing in the Sheaves."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

O Light of the world, lighten my world! Redeemer of all the people, may I call Thee mine! So when Thy hands of blessing are held out over the multitude, may I feel their healing power laid on my heart, that with Thy blessing given me, I may share it with the whole wide world. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., W. D. Stranahan, D. J. Burrell, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., E. W. Caswell, R. Braunstein and H. Hepburn

The Home Field

SUNDAY. Luke 8 : 39. "*Return to thine house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee.*" There is no wonder that this man longed to follow his Lord and to be one of his body-guard wherever He went. The Lord had just delivered him from a dreadful bondage. His life had been in foul possession. It had not been his own. He had moved under an inward and devilish constraint. He was the poor slave of an invisible tyrant, and it was as though a mysterious sort of hypnosis pervaded every faculty and limb in body and soul. "And oftentimes it had caught him; . . . and he was kept bound with chains and in fetters." And the Lord Jesus came his way, and He entered into that disorderly life and commanded peace. He entered that den of beastliness, and by the word of His power He brought purity and serenity and harmony. The poor distracted man was found "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind." The quiet sentence affects one like a serene and beautiful evening after a stormy day. It is like "some sweet summer's morning after a night of pain."

No wonder he wanted to go with Christ wherever Christ went! What could be more fitting and more likely? Yet, with all the grace and graces of simple love, the Lord discountenanced it. "Return to thine own house!" He was bidden to go quietly home and tell his folk what had happened, and to witness that the great happening was the doing of the Lord. No foreign field for him! The home field! And a very quiet bit of the home field! He was turned away from the publicity that he coveted, and sent to serve in obscurity.

I think it very frequently happens, when men and women have been redeemed by Christ, that they are filled with a strong and even passionate desire to enter some prominent sphere of service. It is not that they are proud and lifted up, and therefore seek exalted places. They are of quite lowly disposition, but their passionate gratitude drives them to seek some public ministry in the field of the Kingdom. And so they turn to the pulpit. Or they look towards the missionary's calling. Or, if it be not so far away, it may be a piece of public work at *the other end* of the town in which they live. And God says, "No, nearer, still! Not even at the other end of the town! Go back home! Go back to your own kindred! Go back to your own little circle of friends, and be My witness! Go back to your own workshop or office, and tell your mates what great thing the Lord hath done for you!"

I remember that one of Spurgeon's congregation went into his vestry after service, and asked to be allowed to join in Christian work. "What are you?" said Spurgeon. "I am an engine-driver." "Is the stoker converted?" "No." "My dear fellow, that is your piece of work!" His main opportunity was on the engine platform where he earned his daily bread.

It is not that the home work is the easier. There are some kinds of home work which are far more difficult than any which can be found in foreign lands. To speak to one's brother about Christ—is that easy? Or to one's friend? Or to one's work-mates? When we set about that sort of service we have to break through all manner of reluctances, and reticences, and conventions; they just bristle around us; and that kind of warfare is for men of violence who will take the Kingdom by storm.

And so these homely places are the homes of glorious service. Indeed, some of the greatest missionaries have never left home, and their names are high in the honor roll of the warriors of the Lord. Yes, I do not forget the two lines of our familiar hymn—

"Thou hast thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home."

But all the same, I have known some mighty fine giants at home! J. H. J.

The Real Strength

MONDAY. Haggai 2 : 4. "*Be strong, all ye people, saith the Lord, and work, for I am with thee.*" The prophet's main exhortation was, that the people again undertake the building of the Temple, already commenced but abandoned, owing to opposition. He did not urge his hearers to be swift as a cure for their delay; or hopeful, as a cure for their depression; or happy, to tune up their energies; or courageous, to meet their enemies; or energetic, to perform their tasks; but to "be strong," for strength is the basis and inclusion of all the rest.

His earnest words were heeded and the temple was pushed on to completion. The strength needed by the church today is not so much the strength of money, nor of influence, nor of talent, nor of numbers, nor even equipment. The real strength which should be earnestly sought is power untold, and two-fold; the power of spiritual resistance, and the power of spiritual achievement. We should count the cost when we take up the Christian life. If we have carefully thought out all it involves, and have deliberately taken our stand, we are not likely to lose our bearings whichever way the winds may blow. Thrown suddenly into companionship with those who are unworthy, brought face to face with some question of honor, we are not likely to lose our steadfastness if we deliberately choose the right. And our life usefulness is just as strong and active as it is ready to meet these temptations—"strong in the Lord." Good intentions are not stable enough to be depended on. Make sure that you really believe in the high ideals you cherish, and that they are the highest attainable, and then stand like a rock!

How can such strength be found and kept? Only through Christ. Pray earnestly and even in weakness thou shalt be made strong and—"As thy day, so thy strength shall be."

"Make us strong, O Lord, that we,
Helpful, true and kind may be;
Every day a kindly deed,
By the Master's spirit led;
Some one helped along life's way—
Strong for this, O Lord we pray!"

W. S. S.

To Whom Shall We Go?

TUESDAY. John 6 : 68. "*Thou only hast the words of eternal life.*" Tell me, where else I could go to find such gladness as I find in Him? The mis-lived past is blotted out; the future is all bright before me.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live!

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him."

I live in Him! He is my treasure-trove. Take His love out of my life, and you leave me in a sunless world. Sun, moon and stars have all gone out! No Gospel, no manger, no Cross, no open sepulchre, no Golden Rule, no sacerdotal prayer, no vision of the Father's house, no knitting severed friendships, nothing to make life worth living here and no hope of a happy life further on!

Ah, no; blessed Lord and Master, we will not go away from Thee. To whom could we go? Thou only hast the words of eternal life. D. J. B.

What Is a Saint?

WEDNESDAY. Rom. 1 : 7. "*Called to be saints.*" What is a saint? We all know how the world defines the term. In common use, only the perfect are entitled to it. Sometimes we apply the word in derision to those who make a pretense of piety. In common honesty, however, we owe it to ourselves to ascertain the Biblical meaning of the word.

Who are the saints in the Book? Many are imperfect. Not a few are sinful. But they all want to be better, they strive to be better; in order to achieve holiness they are willing to be separated from those who have no such aim. They are men and women who are conscious of a call to "leave their low-vaulted past." They obey that call, that voice, that vision. Some obey it more promptly and more constantly than others. But the consciousness of being called to higher things is the mark of the saint.

If this be true, is there one of us who cannot qualify? Are we not all saints who seek to follow Christ? To be sure, we are in various stages of perfection, but we are on the way! We are in the process of making. God's hand is on us for good, and Christ is not ashamed to call us brethren.

Let us remember whom Paul called saints. Wherever a soldier or a slave or a shop-keeper or a peasant or a poor man or a rich man or woman professed the Christian faith, Paul called that person a saint. There were saints in Cæsar's household. There were saints in Corinth and in Ephesus. There were saints in Pergamos, "where Satan's seat was." There were Old Testament saints. There were saintly souls even among those who had never received the written revelation. God has not been without His witness in any day or among any people.

Possibly this, after all, is the best definition of the term saint—God's witness. And every one of us may be this by the help of "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." C. C. A.

Growing in Grace

THURSDAY. I Pet. 3 : 18. "*But grow in grace.*" Growth is the principle of nature in all realms, physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual. We grow by use and decay by disuse. The well man grows in health and stature; the sick declines. Of two seeds planted, only the one having the germ of life grows. The sun melts wax but hardens clay. Our attitude towards the Gardener of the soul is vital to development. We may attract the good, repelling the evil, or become more and more sensual like the Evil One.

First pure; then peaceable, gentle, merciful—all the flowers of the graces may adorn our lives. No marble mansion is more real than the building of noble character. Christ the Architect, the Master Builder, is also the Inhabitant, with us of the soul structure. He liveth in me, fashioning all into His likeness, for our life is hid with Christ in God, bound to His throne by the golden chain of faith, united with Him as the branches in the vine.

We lose our life for others in order to find it, for did not Stephen find his life in Paul, and Jesus in a world of sinners saved? Martyrs grow in grace rapidly when they surrender life for the truth as it is in Jesus.

Grace is divine favor, the joyful experience of the Christ-life in the soul, growing out of the animal into the spiritual. Grace develops into glory in the culmination of character. The Old Testament portrayed grace in pictures; the New Testament illustrated it in Him, Who, full of grace and truth, poured forth from His lips the living waters of life. Grace is mercy and truth kissing each other; God the Father and His children in loving embrace. E. W. C.

The Evangel Flame

FRIDAY. Acts 2 : 47. "*And the Lord added to the church daily, such as should be saved.*" The text speaks of the long ago. We apply it to the present time. The Church is still at work with power. Pentecost may never repeat itself as it did on that great day when Peter preached. But Pentecost, Reformation, Revival, are the most important current events of the hour. The Lord is still "adding to the Church, daily, such as should be saved."

We no longer travel by stage-coach, but we are traveling. Old-time methods are giving way to new-time methods. The times have changed but God has not changed. Men have changed in many ways but "Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, today, forever." The first-century passion is revealed in the twentieth-century program. Perhaps we are not saved by the same process, but we are certainly saved by the same power. The Evangel Flame is still the Evangel Flame, warming our hearts, melting our wills, softening our hardness, making pliable our human clay, fashioning it after the Divine pattern, into the likeness of Jesus.

In the last analysis, the Church is not a denomination but an inspiration, and we think not of any Church in particular but the Church in general. In the words of Beecher it is "the organized compassion of God." It is in the words of Phillips Brooks, "a company of good hearts bound together in love." It is the magnificent brotherhood and Christlike love that draw men and nations in co-operative endeavor and mutual sympathy, in the interest of the greatest good for the greatest number. R. B.

The Tempted Soul

SATURDAY. I Cor. 10 : 13. "*God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation make a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it.*" Flee then to God each time you are tempted. By prayer, maintain the lines of communication between yourself and the throne.

There are three guards standing over against our lives. The first is "God is faithful"; the second "He will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able"; the third, "He will make a way of escape."

Temptations are always present—personal; if resisted, the soul is not sin stained; every time one resists, the soul is on the road to victory; each time temptation comes, a choice is necessary. But God is present to help us choose the right.

Tempted soul, put God to the test! The testings of life do not come because God is angry with you; but there is something that the Devil desires, and if we would consider the temptation is in a way, a kind of tribute, we would realize what James means when he says: "Count it all joy when you fall indo diverse temptations." The one who does not suffer temptation is dead. There is pardon for every sin, balm for every hurt, clothing beautiful, instead of our rags. There is warmth to cheer our cold hearts, a rock upon which to build. He is all this and more. And is His willingness, ability and readiness not to be met by a responsiveness on our part? H. H.

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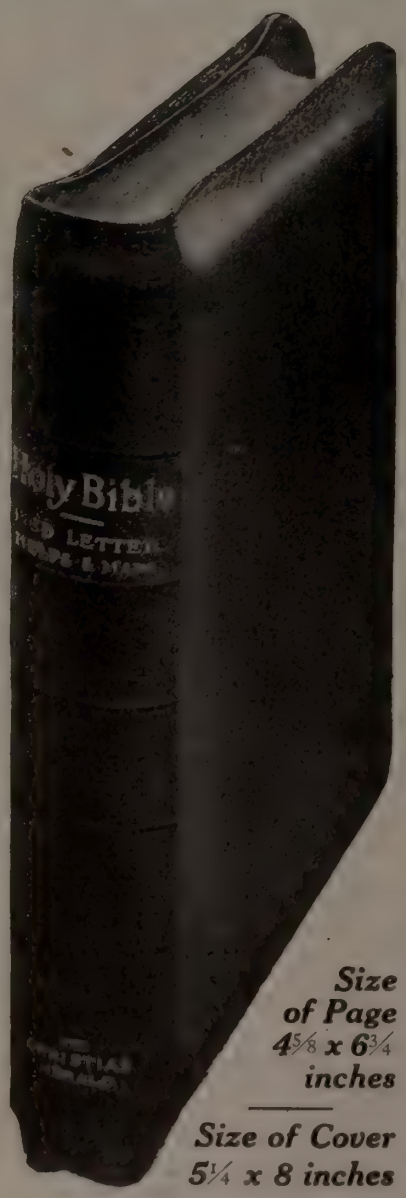

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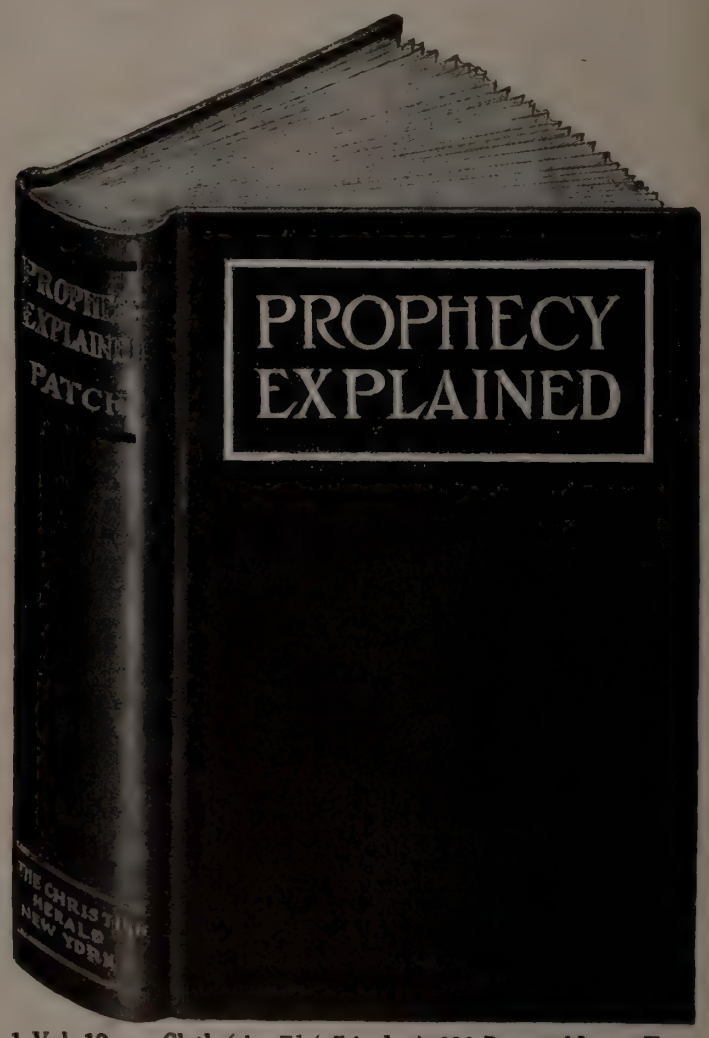

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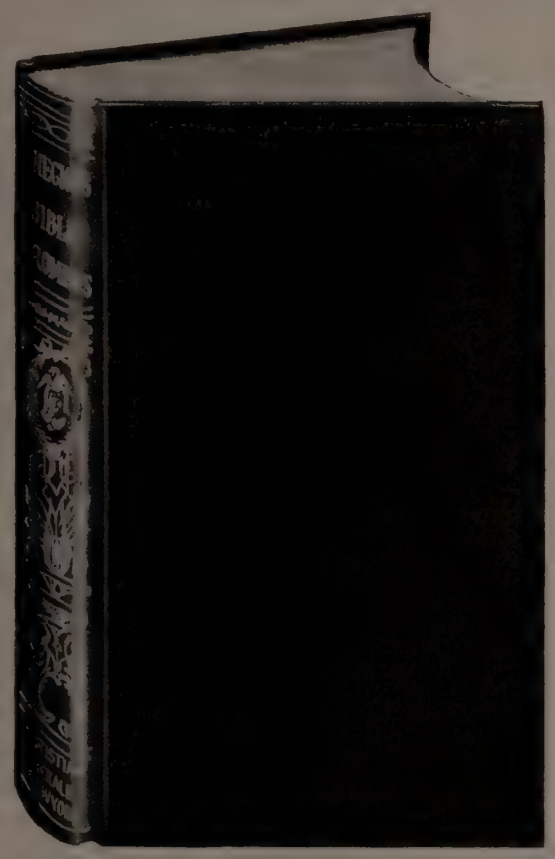

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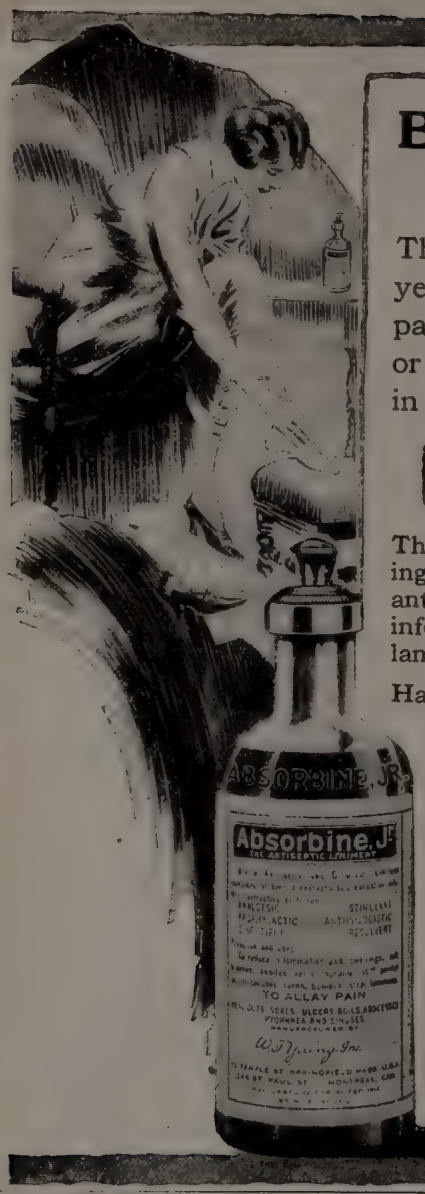

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Telling the Bible's Story

How You May Use Narratives to Vitalize the Sunday School Lesson

By EDNAH FARRIER

STRANGE how, having forgotten all else that has transpired in the classroom during a long and monotonous day, the school child will remember a story the teacher used to illustrate an otherwise unflavored fact, or to "fill in" a recitation period. Strange how, in later life, an otherwise dry-as-dust lecture or sermon is made to recur in the mind of an adult by the same token.

The successful teacher is the one who can vitalize the lesson with a story which brings it down to the every day life of the pupil. For the most part the Bible is written in narratives. It is civilization's richest store of narrative material, and he who would expound it must learn to relate narratives. It seems we never tire of them.

Over in the dimmest recess of the Sunday school room Mr. Jones is surrounded by a breathless circle of boys. Through the repressed bustle of the activities of the other classes, his quiet, well-modulated voice is holding them spell-bound. The secret is obvious. He is telling a story. Jones is very seldom forced to rely on a "bear story" either. He tells the story that is the prescribed lesson for the day. But he *tells* it. And the boys listen.

Jones has found the art, whether natural or acquired, of story-telling. It is one of the oldest arts in the world, but only recently has the discovery been made that its prerogatives are for more than a favored few. Any one can learn the rules and attempt to practise them, and for the Sunday school teacher no quality, aside from sincerity, is so effective in presenting the lesson.

AMONG good story-tellers for children Miss Sara Cone Bryant is considered an authority and in her book "How to Tell Stories to Children" she stresses the importance of physical surroundings. Miss Bryant insists that one of the essentials in bringing story-teller and audience together is to have the teller assume a position that will enable her to tell the story to *all* of the children and not just the few in the line of her vision. The listeners should sit in a semicircle and the teller in the center. There must be space enough between the story-teller and the auditors so that they will not have to crane their necks to see her. The audience should also sit so that the light will not shine directly into the eyes. These suggestions may at first sound trite, but observation will prove how often they are *not* carried out, even in the most up-to-date Sunday school rooms.

As to the actual telling of the story, Miss Bryant and Marie Shedlock are among those who have set down the simplest and sanest rules. They agree on the few fundamental precepts which, put into practice by even the novice at Sunday school teaching, are sure to prove invaluable guide posts. First of all, say these authorities: *Use simple language.* This does not imply "talking down" to the class, but a use of clear English the terms of which are familiar ones in the life of the boys and girls. *Close logical sequence* is a point not to be forgotten by the teacher who has to deal with original material, often confusing in its order of event and construction. *Talk toward a point.* Don't let the story drift along by itself, but build it up gradually in the direction of the climax.

With these precepts in use, the Sunday school teacher—whether one who has taught for years or is just beginning—can not help but make the story as interesting as Jones does, providing there is added to them the precept on which all story-tellers base their final success, namely, forgetting yourself and *living* the story as you tell it.

Two don'ts may also be applied with effect. Don't moralize—let the point carry itself, or bring it out by questions. Remember Henry Van Dyke's prayer: "Grant, Lord, that I may never tag a moral to a tale and that I may never tell a story without a purpose." The second don't is this: Don't fail to gauge correctly the mental caliber and experience of your audience. People like only that which they know.

Dr. Richard G. Moulton, who is himself a delightful story-teller, gives a few lights on the preparation for the telling of a Bible narrative. First of all, says Dr. Moulton, the narrator should saturate himself with the story as given in the text. When he has properly assimilated it, the play of his imagination may be used in its rendering, for he must "move through the scenes of the narrative with the outlook and emotions of the men or the children of today."

Since the Bible story is so simple in outline it is often helpful to add to it details as to the thoughts of the characters in connection with the incidents which are told. The story must not, however, be overloaded with fictitious events or descriptions untrue to the time of the story. For example, the story of Rebekah may be made more attractive by suggesting, or letting the children suggest, the thoughts of Rebekah as she comes to the well before performing her courteous act for the old servant.

Likewise the method of subtraction should be used in omitting details or events for which the young person is not in sympathy. Examples such as the attempted sacrifice of Isaac or a full description of David's sin will occur to the mind of the teacher. Dr. Moulton also suggests concrete ways of making the story more real—pictures, curios, costumes, map-drawing, picture-tracing and the stereograph.

With older children, or with younger ones when the story is simple in language and outline, the narrative may sometimes be presented practically in the language of the Bible with telling effect, if the teacher knows how to make it live by the manner of the telling. A settlement worker found this particularly effective with a group of Jewish girls, and after a few stories had been told in Biblical language she found herself able to hold her audience easily by a sympathetic reading of the narrative from the Bible itself. It was then only a step for the girls to read the stories for themselves from their copies of the Bible.

A special committee on story-telling reported to the Playgrounds Conference that it is important to tell a few good stories, interesting stories and stories that mean something, rather than to tell many stories. What recommendation more ably fits the job of the Sunday school teacher? Here also is an argument for repeating the most important and interesting lessons many times during the year.

Perhaps one of the pupils may tell from the platform in story form the particular lesson which has proved the favorite of the month.

The simplicity, candor, richness of material, and religious purpose of the Bible story should make every Sunday school teacher convinced that she has at hand a means of powerful appeal to children of all ages. The old attitude of some teachers, causing children to shy at Bible stories when labeled as such, has changed with the new Sunday school psychology. But much is yet to be learned about the joy and delight for the child in the well-presented Bible story.

An eight-page bulletin containing in brief the philosophy and principles of story-telling, lists of stories for various ages, and suggestions for "story-playing" has been issued by Community Service, New York City. In his book "Manual of Stories" William Byron Forbush offers a list of Bible stories classified under the characteristics which they chiefly emphasize, as well as a parallel list of non-Bible stories. The Sunday school teacher armed with such sources of information and with a willingness to make the lesson as attractive and as useful as possible to the pupils will have little chance for failure.

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Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck

International Sunday School Lesson for November 27
Acts 27 : 1-44

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

A HALF-HOUR of lesson study cannot exhaust the subject for today. It is one of the richest in subject material of all in this six months' course on the Life of Paul. Acts XXVII is the classic sea chapter of the Bible. There is action all the way through. The chapter makes many exact geographical and nautical statements. There were 276 on that grain ship from Alexandria, Egypt, to Italy. Regardless of the supposed importance of the passengers Paul was the greatest and his presence related the others to recorded history. With him were Dr. Luke and Aristarchus, who may have obtained the privilege of accompanying the prisoner to Rome only by classing themselves as his slaves. The centurion in charge was named Julius, of the Imperial soldiery; the captain and owner appear by title only.

Classes of boys can be fascinated by the nautical items of the journey. One of the fullest accounts, involving all questions of seamanship, will be found in James Smith's "Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul." This book may be obtained in some public libraries. Those who have Sir William Ramsay's "St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen," will find sufficient material in his chapter on The Voyage to Rome. The start was made at Cæsarea, on a ship which took them to Myra. Ramsay dates the embarking on August 17 and the transfer at Myra September 1. The prevailing winds at that season were such that the ship had to go to the westward and above the island of Cyprus. The exactness of each statement, as proved by extraneous facts, produces a a deep impression concerning the accuracy of the Bible. If you know of a doubter, have him study Acts XXVII and verify all the items by reference to geography and navigation. He will land safely at Malta, declaring as Paul did, "I believe God."

At Myra the centurion transferred his precious prisoner to a grain-laden ship which was en route to Italy, having started from Egypt. Ships of Paul's day could not sail by tacking at will, but had to wait for favorable wind and weather. There was even a closed season, during which there was great danger for any vessel to leave port: this was from September to November. You will observe that "The Fast" is mentioned, which means the Day of Atonement, and this occurred on October 5 in 59 A. D.

FAIR HAVENS, CRETE, was reached with some difficulty. Paul, a frequent traveler, though a landsman, advised that due patience be exercised in the interest of safety of both life and property, and that the ship should now be securely tied up at that port. The captain and the owner, however, decided that Phoenix, about forty miles distant, would be the better winter port, and they were further encouraged "when the south wind blew softly." A start was then made for a supposedly short run almost before the wind. Scarcely had they left Fair Havens when a tempestuous, opposing wind rushed down upon them, and a memorable, historic run began.

Young people, especially, should be taught much from the words, "when the south wind blew softly." They want to do something against which they have been well advised by those of maturer minds and of far greater experience; but they can't take "No" for an answer. They are determined to sail on regardless, and when some favoring circumstance appears close at hand they sail away, often to their own speedy destruction. The south wind cannot blow softly very long at certain seasons of the year. Putting forth under such circumstances indicates that the captain is not worthy of his office. Many headstrong young people suffer as wrecks on the shores of life.

Under the lee of Cauda, Paul doubtless helped draw the little water-logged, trailing boat on board. Luke here uses the personal pronoun "we." Bands were placed about the vessel amidship to help meet the heavy strain of the one big mast. Pointing close up into the wind, with the little canvas that would hold, they were driven sideways for fourteen days. The supposed nearness of the African Syrtis caused them to lighten the ship in every way that was possible, by casting equipment and cargo overboard.

Relative values is a subject of vital importance at all times, and not only when a ship is in distress on the high seas. Life is always rated above cargo. Regardless of the importance of landing a valuable load, whether of freight or passengers, the captain will turn aside to respond to a S. O. S. call or to rescue just one man who may be sighted in distress in some little boat. Then when storm comes, and the ship is in danger, cargo of great value will be cast overboard, if that will aid in saving the passengers on the vessel.

Each of us must consider carefully and constantly with reference to the weight that we are carrying on our voyage of life. Our cargo should, even now, be worth while, or go overboard at once. It is foolish to expend energy and exclude other things, to carry that which will not pay well in the end since there are so many worth-while things that we can ship. When a man, speaking of his activities, says "I am loaded to the limit," it would be advantageous for him to look carefully over his manifest. It is prudent to have a reasonable margin of safety at the Plimsoll mark. It is always common sense to lighten your ship for safer sailing. You can at least drop overboard such things as worry, anger, fear and hate.

JUST one passenger can have a tremendous influence on an entire ship's company. Leadership is easily noted among the passengers every time you cross the ocean. Some one on board seems to become the center of the social or religious life, and their influence will count for good or ill with many who are ready to have their idle time directed by some strong one. Two remarkable tourists can be here placed in contrast—Jonah and Paul. Jonah was endangering the lives of all and the ship could not be saved while he was on board. Paul became the saviour of no less than 275 others and meanwhile he had been their encourager. It is safe to say that Paul's personality was dominant for good on both of those Mediterranean ships.

Paul was not concerned for his own safety. He had been assured by his Heavenly Father when at Jerusalem that he must bear witness also at Rome. One such promise was enough and Paul just trusted implicitly. He was, however, eager for the lives of his close friends and sailing companions. For all these he petitioned Almighty God. Angels can bring divine messages to God's children any time and any where. "Yes" was the answer to Paul's petition. Then Paul, though a prisoner-passenger, assumed the position of acting captain and with wonderful results. The heaven-sent message was repeated to all and they were advised to take food. It is thrillingly interesting to observe that public thanksgiving was given to Jehovah on that non-Christian ship before the meal was served. Thanksgiving Day in the United States is rich with meaning and joy, but for the Christian, every day is a day of both thanksgiving and of thanksliving. Every Sunday must also be a day of special giving of thanks and paying of vows.

The story of the landing on Malta is graphically given by Luke, the most significant statement being "All Safe!" That is always the cheering message when we are sailing according to the promises of God.

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Other new discoveries

Science also finds that starch deposits do much damage to the teeth. They gum the teeth, get between the teeth, ferment and form acids. Modern diet is very rich in starch.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva, to digest those starch deposits. But this needs frequent stimulation, else it is too weak.

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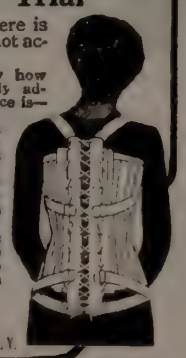

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Peter and the Angels

Continued from page 843

It was early Saturday morning that Peter saw his mother had something on her mind. She always stroked his little red head in just that manner when she was preparing him for a test of courage, or the facing of a disagreeable duty.

"Great, big man—" She always called him a big man at such a time, too—"could you do a dreadfully brave thing to help Mother?"

Peter waited for more details before committing himself.

"Mother's got to go away. See, dear, how bare the cupboard is." Peter did not need to look. He knew its bareness well enough. "Mother would like to see good things in that cupboard Easter Sunday, and to get them she's got to go away. She won't be able to get back until late, very late tonight. Will you stay here?"

"All alone?"

IT WAS a lovely thing to be brave, Peter knew it. But he couldn't help his toes curling up with terror at the thought of staying in those rooms alone at night, when big shadows swooped down upon a fellow from all corners.

She tried to reassure him.

"As soon as it gets dark, Mrs. Brown will come down and light up. And don't you touch it, Peter. And she'll come and stay with you after Mr. Brown has had his supper, but he doesn't come home until eight, you know. Will you stay here and fight dragons until that time?"

Peter could do no more than nod. When he spoke, he wanted his voice to sound brave, but his toes hadn't yet uncurled. He trotted around, following every step of his mother while she got ready, and partly forgot his fear in curiosity when she took a gold chain from the bureau drawer. Peter knew that chain. He had sometimes been allowed to hang it about his neck. It was to be his some day, he knew.

"I'm just going to borrow it," said Peter's mother. "I'll get it back some day for you, Laddie, but we've just got to have something in that cupboard. Supposing some one should come here Easter?"

"Angels?" questioned Peter, and Peter's mother smiled.

He felt dreadfully brave after she had left—until the big shadows swooped down upon him. He was fighting them valiantly when Mrs. Brown came down. She wasn't a bit like Mother, and he was almost glad to have her go again. But there are lots and lots of queer noises when a boy's alone in a house. Maybe 'twas just the rustling of angel wings he heard. He got out the big Bible and turned the pages until he came to the picture of Easter morning.

"It was very early in the morning, before the sun was up, that the angel came and rolled the great big stone away."

He tried to tell the story to himself, just as he had heard his mother tell it, but the sound of his voice breaking the stillness of the room hushed him into frightened silence.

To make his toes uncurl he thought of Dad, bravely fighting dragons behind those tall locked gates, and those stones that were much too heavy for Peter's strength. Oh, why wouldn't an angel come and help!

"I don't believe there is an angel." He almost said it, but Mother's words came back to restrain him, and he winked rapidly lest he should see Doubt, more fearful than any dragon, advancing upon him.

"Maybe there is," he admitted hurriedly. "Maybe I've just missed 'em. Maybe they only come in the morning."

TOMORROW morning he would get up early and go to the gates of the prison. He did not know just how he was going to get out without awakening Mother, but he would have faith. She said, with faith a person could do 'most anything.

Though he had intended to refuse to go to bed until she came home, when Mrs. Brown came down he requested to be helped at once with the buttons. He couldn't get up early until he'd been asleep; therefore, he prepared for sleep at once, laid the new suit across the chair, placed the new shoes beside it.

But when he crawled into bed and screwed his eyes together, sleep wouldn't come. He grew peevish and was tossing about and banging pillows when his mother came. He only half responded to her kiss as she crept into bed beside him.

"What time is it, Muvver?" he asked shrilly, and was dismayed at her answer.

Nearly 'leven! He never had been awake as late as that. There was nothing to do now but stay awake, and so be ready at the first signal of daylight. He propped his eyes open and stared where he knew the gray suit was. First thing he knew, he was winking desperately. Guess his eyes were full of cinders. And then—then——

Why, it was morning, a very gray and early morning, but light enough to outline the suit and shining shoes.

He wondered if he could climb over Muvver without wakening her. Cautiously he raised himself on one elbow. Her place was empty! She, too, had been prompted to rise early. He could hear her now in the kitchen. That was the oven door that clicked. She was making preparations for some one—angels, maybe.

Peter's little soul was almost extinguished by the wave of bitterness that swept over it. Faith! See what it had brought him. He buried his little red head in the pillow and wished that Muvver never had asked him to be a big man, because big men don't cry. Big men fight. Peter's fists doubled. He was good at fighting.

Straightway he got out of bed. He wasn't even particular about doing it quietly. He was going to get into that new suit and those shining shoes, and he was going to the prison. If he hurried dressing and ran all the way, he could get there while it was still early morning.

He neglected some of the buttons, and it was a dreadfully rumpled little red head that he jammed his cap upon. He would need his coat, too, and that hung from a high hook. He dragged a chair across the room and climbed upon it. With the coat in his arms he looked across to the window, drew the chair over to it, and looked out. It was quite a drop for a little fellow. So he told himself. But, if he landed on his coat—maybe the cap would help some, too. He threw both out, shut his eyes, and jumped.

When he picked himself up, one hand was bleeding and there was a hole in his stocking, but the new suit was intact. He crowded the cap on his rumpled hair again and ran. His desperate hurry made it seem a long, long way this morning. The coat was heavy, too, carrying, but he liked the swagger of the new suit.

WHEN the high fence and the stone buildings back of it loomed in the distance, he half closed his eyes and counted fifty before widely opening them again.

There stood, unchanged, the two huge stones, and the iron gates upon them, fast closed. Nowhere was there a sign of angels. Maybe he was too early. He leaned against one of the stone pillars, pressed his face against the bars and looked and looked.

Easter came early. It was a blustering day, and the sun had not been up long enough to warm the earth. A chilliness succeeded the warmth produced by running. The wind cut through his shoulders and he shivered, but still he clasped the iron rails.

A quarter of an hour passed, and Peter turned away. He put his coat on then and buttoned it. The new suit mattered not. There weren't any angels. He didn't believe there was any Dad, either.

He hung his little red head as he said this to himself. He remembered that he had promised his mother never to say such a thing again. Hastily he made amends. "I believe in Dad."

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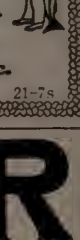

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he whispered, "I believe in Dad." And back he turned to the gates.

A car went down the road. Peter did not turn, though the blast of the horn quivered in his ears. The car turned, came back, and stopped by the curbing. A friendly voice called, "Peter."

Peter slowly looked around.

"Waiting for Dad?" his friend asked gently.

Peter's lips almost said, "I don't believe I have a Dad," but he gulped quickly and transposed his thoughts.

"There ain't any angels, are there?" he asked.

"Now, now," cautioned the other, "don't you go to losing faith in angels, Peter, just as I'm beginning to believe in them. They've been flying round this old place for weeks. Like to get in there where Dad is?"

Peter had no need to answer. He was picked up and whisked away in the car. He thought, at first, they were leaving the prison. The road wound around, branched from the main road. A gate was opened in silence. They were within the walls.

A little shiver passed through Peter as he thought of Muvver on the outside. Would he be able to get out to her again? He remembered what Tony Ragelli had told him:

"It's dead easy to git in, but you have to whistle to git out."

HIS eyes were big with speculation as they stopped before a building The officer went in and came out with another man. Peter did not know him, but the stranger walked right up to the car and said, "Peter, Peter."

Peter drew back, then heard a voice say sorrowfully:

"Dad's a hungry man, Peter. Can't you give him a kiss?"

"Are you Dad?" His eyes devoured the face drawing closer to his own. His lips quivered, and further softened to a kiss.

"But if you're hungry," he said a minute later, "you'd better come right home. Muvver's cooking lots of things."

The officer motioned Dad into the car. "I'll take you home. Now, Peter, shut your eyes, and don't open them until I say the word."

Peter hid his face in Dad's coat until told to look. And, lo, the angels had been there. The gates were open. They were on the outside.

Now Peter's heart began to trouble him because of Muvver. Did she think he was still sleeping? Had she missed him yet?

She had, just ten minutes ago, and had searched all through the tenement. Her face was white, and from her eyes had fled the look of misty gladness.

"Muvver," he shouted shrilly, "Dad's killed all the dragons. He's come home to stay."

Peter's shout drew her attention to the car and to the man who leaped out and ran up the steps with him.

"I got my pardon, honey. I told you I'd be with you at Easter."

The little woman crept into his arms.

"My Very Dearest!"

Twice she said it. And the light in the eyes of Peter deepened. He whispered to the angels:

"I thought that was his name."

Crowning the Year

Continued from page 846

FROM the *Minister* himself, after taking these answers to his question into his study to look them over:

"What am *I* thankful for?

"For the prospect of an awakening world to the power of Jesus. For the signs in the Church of a spiritual baptism such as the Church in America has not known in a century. For a growing sense of the value of men, so that selfish ambition and ignorant nationalism shall no longer create the horrors of war; for the promises of God's Word that His truth shall prevail; for the presence in the White House and around the Cabinet table of Christian men who are not ashamed of their faith; for the abiding love of fathers and mothers which all the hotels and apartment houses in the world can not kill; for national prohibition, which all its enemies can not make a failure; for a response to the Gospel preaching and the growing respect for the Bible. And a thousand other things in human life."

And the Minister, as he paced his study reading over the human documents he had found in his parish, suddenly broke into a hymn of praise:

"For all the blessings of the year,
For life and love and friendship's cheer,
For work and faith, for endless days,
We give to Thee, O Lord, the praise.

"For truth that conquers falsehood's might,
For wrong defeated by the right,
For the Unchanging Christ who stays—
We give to Thee, O Lord, the praise.

"For Home and Church and Native Land,
For daily task and working hand,
Our grateful anthem we upraise—
To Thee, O Lord, is all the praise."

And with this song upon his lips and in his heart, the Minister went into his pulpit with his Thanksgiving sermon and those who had come in with thankless hearts went away saying:

"After all, life is good! God is good. I will no more be ungrateful. 'Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord!' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul! And forget not all His benefits!'"

In the Kitchen of the Zoo

A VISIT to the kitchen of a big zoological garden will convince anybody that the man who takes several hundred assorted animals to board has plenty of work to do.

The hardest as well as the most important thing about such work is to find out just what will agree best with each individual boarder. As there are few creatures more easily upset than wild animals in captivity, the task is by no means easy.

The kitchen is apt to be in a basement under one of the animal houses. Here a hot fire burns a good deal of the time while food simmers in double boilers and bakes in the ovens. One oven is always full of brown bread for the bears, great square loaves over a foot in diameter and about three inches high. It is almost as solid as a rock, and made of whole wheat, bran, graham flour and molasses, and the bears thrive upon it.

With the exception of the polar bears, the bruin family does not get meat at the zoos. For variety the bears have huge cakes of rice mixed with eggs and milk.

A zoo of fair size will use from 150 to 200 pounds of fresh meat a day. Beef is the only kind of meat used, and almost all of it is served raw. The mere cutting of it is quite an undertaking. The big joints for the lions, tigers and animals of that class do not take long. But there are dozens and dozens of little pieces about the size of a man's finger which are cut from the lean portion and put in the big cages for eagles, vultures, owls and other flesh-eating birds.

They are not thrown in carelessly either, but are placed one by one along the branches used for perches, and here and there on the rocks or other objects in the cages, far enough apart to prevent danger of two birds coming into conflict over them.

Kegs and baskets filled with chopped vegetables, all kinds mixed up together, turnips, carrots, potatoes, are served every day. Some of them were chopped more finely than others. The tapirs, for instance, get a great mass of these vegetables cut almost as small as the diced vegetables served on our own tables.

Monkeys are the only animals that care for onions. They are the only animals, too, which get cooked meat. The monkeys have a great deal more variety in their food than any other zoo boarder. They eat bananas, bread, cooked potatoes—a great many things not favored by other zoo folks.

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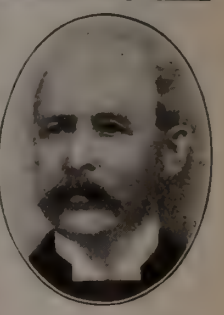

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A Pagan Priest's Ingenuity

A Fight Against the Peyote Religion in the Southwest

By REV. BRUCE KINNEY, D.D.

AMONG some Indian tribes of the southwestern United States the followers of the Jesus Road are severely persecuted. Sometimes physical violence is used. At other times the most subtle influences are brought to bear upon the faithful Christian; he is ostracised, reviled, denied his tribal rights, and in other ways made to feel the sting of hate.

White Bull had been a faithful Christian for many years. He had been educated at the government school and was generally considered one of the most intelligent and faithful Christians of his tribe. After a time he was made an interpreter for the missionary whose church he had joined. He was sent to Washington several times to represent his people before the government.

During these years he had been repeatedly persecuted in petty ways, but none of these things moved him. On more than one occasion he had been threatened with bodily injury, unless he participated in the heathen customs of his tribe. Through it all he had stood steadfast. We thought him tried and proven. Then the mescal or *peyote* religion came from the south and swept many of his tribe into its toils.

THE *peyote* is the dried flower of a certain kind of cactus. When eaten it has a profound narcotic influence upon its victims. It induces various hallucinations and, in proportion as used, has a permanent stultifying influence and exercises other baneful, physical and moral effects. Our best scientists have thus far been unable to find any really beneficial use whatever for it.

This religion is more subtle than other Indian religions because, when it enters a tribe where Christianity has taken hold, the *peyote* priests erect their altars, use the Bible and profess to pray to Jesus. They claim that the *peyote* is the Indian way of finding and coming into communication with Jesus. They also claim medicinal qualities for the *peyote* when the religious claims will not attract. Many an Indian has taken *peyote* as a medicine only to find himself addicted to the drug and committed to the religion before he realizes it.

White Bull's wife was not as staunch a Christian as he, and her family were heathen. She became very ill and her family insisted that she should try *peyote*. White Bull would not allow it. The contest went on between White Bull and the parents of the wife for some weeks. Finally, the parents of the wife declared they knew of *peyote* cures of persons similarly afflicted and insisted that if White Bull did not give his consent, he did not love his wife and they would take her away from him and also rob him of his children. Such action would have had the support of the tribal customs.

IN DESPERATION White Bull consented to the use of *peyote* on condition that they would not ask him to participate in the worship. The *peyote* priest was sent for and pitched his tent near the house of the sick woman. He was informed of the conditions and agreed to them. It would cost a great deal, but the husband was willing to pay if it would heal his wife and preserve his family.

For hours the priest went through his incantations over the woman. At length he came to the husband and told him that he could do nothing because the spirits would not believe that the husband wanted his wife cured unless he himself came into the tent and told them so. White Bull demurred, but at length at the renewed insistence of his wife's parents, went into the tent on the stipulation that he himself should not partake of the *peyote*.

Again the incantations proceeded, but without avail, and the husband was informed by the priest that the spirits had said they would do nothing for the woman until her husband showed his sincerity by eating some *peyote*. After much argument and delay, he yielded on condition that he should be required to eat but one bean. Again the ceremonies proceeded, but only to be held up once more by the priest telling the tortured husband that he could do nothing until he had eaten at least four *peyote* beans. After more threats and arguments the poor husband again yielded.

WITH our knowledge of this man's former faithfulness we have no doubt but that he would have utterly refused in the beginning if all these demands had then been made. He could have stood any suffering or deprivation of rights as long as those things touched only himself and not his wife and family. But for their sakes he yielded a little at a time until he realized that he had disgraced his Lord. His real manliness now came to the front in that he at once told all the facts to his pastor and to me. He did not attempt to add to his disgrace by denying or minimizing his offence, and desired to make such reparation as was possible. How many white Christians would have acted as well? Many would have sought to deny or palliate their sin or would have endeavored to lay the blame on some one else.

We tried to show White Bull how he had betrayed his Lord; that it was not a question of many or few *peyote* beans eaten but of compromising himself and his Saviour by countenancing that false religion at all. He admitted it all and hung his head, then looked up with sad face and tear-stained cheeks and asked, "But if you had been fixed as I was, what would you have done?"

That question is too hard for me, so I pass it on to you. Under all those circumstances what would you have done? Do you honestly think you would have done any better?

White Bull's family is happy again. The *peyote* did no good, but the wife was fully restored to health by other means. She, too, has lost all faith in *peyote*, either as a religion or a medicine.

In the Black Hours of Ismid's Fall

Continued from page 841

another stepped up before the doctor and had her eyelids turned inside out and the inner surface treated. The pain must have been excruciating, but no complaint was heard.

Trachoma is part of the price this country is paying for deportations during the World War. The refugees returning brought this dreadful infection with them. It is a chronic disease of the eye-lids, very painful, readily transmitted from person to person, and frequently leads to blindness. Two American women, one doctor and one nurse, have contracted the trouble while on duty in Constantinople.

It was hard to sleep at Ismid. The night was so still. The only sound that broke the silence was the occasional passing of the Turkish guard, the reassuring tolling of the time on the United States destroyer anchored off shore, and the howling of the jackals in the hills. Four bells had just sounded. It was two o'clock. The door stood ajar. A faint gleam of light fell across the floor. The "Lady with the Lamp" was passing. It was no phantom figure from the post haunting familiar scenes, but our Lady with the Lamp, the living, moving prototype of the woman whose service to the sick in this very land, three generations ago, blazed the way for the women of all the world.

NEGROES are reported as owning 2,000,000 acres of land in the United States, and property valued at $1,250,000,000. Sixty years ago they were ignorant and penniless slaves; from which it would appear that hard and faithful work can still achieve miracles.

The "Bad" Little Boy

How His Teacher and Mother Brought About a Transformation

By RUTH LINING MILAM

ONCE two young girls taught a kindergarten, in which there was a little boy five years old. His name was John Fleming Atthaway.

John Fleming Atthaway had golden curls that might have been a halo for his delicately molded face. His fair coloring, his clear, round eyes, gave him the look of one of Raphael's angels.

But—John pinched the child next to him; he pulled the brown curls of the little girl who sat across the table from him; sometimes he bit his predecessor in the marching line.

"Oh," said the teacher named Alice, "did you ever know five-year-old boys got so bad?"

"Well," answered the one the children called Miss Margaret, "I'm going to see his mother."

So Margaret went to see John Fleming Atthaway's mother, who lived on the second floor of a super-exclusive apartment that tolerated her child because of her super-super-bank account.

It was a spindly legged, gilt-chair sort of place, with prim cushions and gossamer curtains, and waxed floors as shining as early dewdrops.

"Mrs. Atthaway," plunged in Margaret, the formal greetings over, "I've come to ask you to allow John to have a pet."

Mrs. Atthaway regarded her curiously a moment, as though she thought the young teacher had asked for a zoo in her parlor.

"Why," she answered coldly, "John despises animals. The nurse tells me he chases cats and dogs when she takes him for his walks, and throws stones at them."

"I imagine he does," agreed Margaret, "but if he had a pet of his own to care for, if he came to know that animals really are alive just as he is, and feel pain just as he does, I'm sure it would develop consideration for them."

"But my house—ugh! A pet! What a muss!" Mrs. Atthaway shivered daintily.

"Mrs. Atthaway," Margaret was frankly direct: "does your boy—does your boy's happiness—mean anything to you?"

"What has a pet to do with this?" The hostess was both angry and amused.

Patiently Margaret explained to the mother just the sort of tendencies her boy was exhibiting.

"Why, what a little boor! My son—impossible!"

"Mrs. Atthaway, I did not visit you this afternoon to tell you John is a bad boy, or ask you to punish him, or to criticize him in any way. I came to see if, both of us working together, we might not benefit John a great deal. I came to ask you to let your little boy be what he really is—a normal boy."

RELUCTANTLY, the pet was allowed to enter the home. John's behavior steadily improved, though it left much to be desired.

He had something to talk of now with the other children, and that drew them together more cordially. It was a natural, normal activity, just as their various pleasures were. He did not sulk so often, nor pinch and bite. Through the simple activity of caring for a little tan and black pup he had learned the meaning of life and feeling. His imagination had touched upon the experience of other living things and mitigated his desire to torture.

By frequent tactful visits, Margaret persuaded Mrs. Atthaway to allow her child half of the small, latticed back porch for his own. A swing and little climbing ladder were put there, and a narrow box of earth in which John planted peas, and eagerly tended the young vines.

Each day he had a story to relate about his garden. He was becoming one of the children most responsive to the kindergarten lessons with a sole exception.

That exception was a large one. It undermined the harmony of the whole class. In plain language, John wanted to "boss"—in diametric opposition to the foundation principle of the kindergarten, which is democracy.

At last one day, in despair, Alice asked, "John, why do you want Mary and Felix and Helen—all of your classmates—to do your way every time, and scream and shriek when they refuse?"

John answered without blinking: "'Cause when I grows up I wants to be a soldier."

NOW the girls had the key, the underlying explanation, of his misconduct. From somewhere, somebody, John had gotten the idea that soldiers are meant to rule the universe. He had added this to his already formed ideal of being a soldier when he reached manhood.

Margaret and Alice did not preach at little John. They were wise enough to know that preaching at children is like shooting at birds with an unloaded gun—only a lot of clicking and no results.

But they did tell stories and play games. The stories were about knights and soldiers who were brave and *kind*, and always seeking to *serve* other folks.

There were stories about Washington's kindness and humility, and some of the kindly things and the brave things our American soldiers did in France.

When the stories were finished the children dramatized them, acting them after the fashion of small children, a very little meaning a great deal.

Then the transfiguration had reached John's heart, and John became kindly and eager to serve, where before he had had been cruel and eager to hurt.

A great deal of trouble and detail!

Yes. But is it not worth a great effort to make of a small boy a big man who will serve his country and his associates for the greater good of all?

And one thing is certain in childhood, indisputable as the rising of the sun in the east. If the child is denied the natural and normal expression that is good for him, he will find his own means of attaining the unnatural and abnormal, and the bad thing the child does is bad for every one of us.

The Greatest of Charities

By KATHARINE F. REED

TO ME the most beautiful of charities is the adoption of a little child.

"Yes," you say, "it's all right if you know the parents, but supposing, as the little one grows older, dreadful, inherited tastes develop? What a calamity to be the adopted mother of perhaps a criminal! I certainly never could endure that situation."

And I answer: "Then in such a case the greater the charity. Any man or woman who, *knowing* that the child has probably inherited fearful vices, willingly adopts it, in spite of this, and does his or her utmost to save it for the Kingdom of Heaven, has performed the greatest of charities. Surely when even in the face of these possibilities the adopted parent is yet able to open his arms to the poor little unfortunate, with the conscientious hope of winning its soul—then I say this act is heroic and savors of the Christlike spirit. Such a one will surely have the help of God's presence in the undertaking."

Perhaps those of us who supported a "war orphan" for a year, felt we had performed a noble act. It was noble as far as it went, but did it go far enough? Suppose we adopt one such as this—a poor, degraded bit of humanity, whom nobody wants, one who has a questionable parentage and ancestry—there's your charity!

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."

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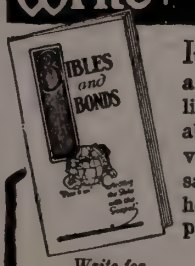

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REV. O. ROCHFORD STETSON
who has accepted the rectorship of the famous Trinity Church in New York. His salary will be $15,000 a year and residence

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 845

will find it difficult to embark on another adventure in Hungary. Even in that isolated place, the problem of his support is an embarrassing one, for the former monarch left enormous debts in Switzerland and most of the family jewels which were in his possession have been sold. The cares of a King even in exile are not light

NEW DEMOCRATIC CHAIRMAN CHOSEN. Cordell Hull, of Carthage, Tenn., a former member of Congress, was elected chairman of the Democratic National Committee at a meeting in St. Louis, succeeding George H. White, of Ohio, who retired after strong opposition to his retention of the chairmanship had developed. Mr. Hull's election was the result of a compromise, as he was not closely allied with any of the candidates at the San Francisco convention.

PRESIDENT HARDING IS 56. President Harding's fifty-sixth birthday on November 2 did not afford an occasion for a holiday at the White House, although hundreds of congratulatory messages were received, many of them from abroad. If anything, the President worked just a little harder than usual that day and his list of callers was long.

GERMAN FINANCES IN BAD PLIGHT. With German marks, worth four to the dollar before the war, selling at 240 to the dollar and still declining, the finances of Germany were threatened with an entire collapse and officials saw no way of averting the disaster. The government was constantly issuing new notes which further depreciated those outstanding, and German leaders were saying that Allied and American credits furnished the only hope of the country.

CHINA DEFAULTS ON DEBTS. Default by the Chinese Government on the principal and interest of loans obtained in the United States has caused Secretary Hughes to send a note to Peking calling attention to the gravity of the situation. China's financial position probably will form one of the most important Pacific and Far Eastern topics at the Washington Conference, since the international consortium plan for providing new loans still is pending.

INDIA TO CONTINUE "CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE." The all-India Congress Committee, consisting of 200 delegates, which met at Dehli, has voted to continue the policy of "civil disobedience," including non-payment of taxes and complete non-co-operation as advocated by Mahatma K. Gandhi, which already has caused much embarrassment to the British régime.

Can There Be Health Without Internal Bathing?

A PROFESSOR in a medical college was delivering a lecture to his class. Beside him stood a large anatomical chart of the human body. Pointing to the colon (the large intestine) the professor said, "That, gentlemen, is the cause directly or indirectly of 95 per cent of human illness."

What did the professor mean? He really meant that it was the waste matter and excretions that accumulate in the colon that do the harm. This waste is bound to accumulate, because we of today neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided.

This waste matter is extremely poisonous. And the blood passing through the colon absorbs the poisons of the waste and carries them throughout the entire system.

What's the result? You are "Auto-intoxicated" or self-poisoned. You may not know so, but you feel the effects. Your liver is sluggish. Your appetite is poor. You feel dull and heavy. You have slight or severe headaches. Your sleep does not rest or refresh you. In a word, you are only about 50 per cent efficient. And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form the illness will take.

Under the conditions of modern life, nature needs a physiologically correct aid in eliminating the waste from the colon. The ideal means, as science has found, is in the use of the Internal Bath. By a certain, distinctive system, warm water is introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure and sweet. Internal Bathing as recommended by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, the eminent authority, makes all the difference in the world in the health of man and woman. Every person who would keep blood pure, heart and blood pressure normal, nerves relieved and mind keen, should take up Dr. Tyrrell's method of Internal Bathing.

In his booklet called "The What, The Why and The Way of Internal Bathing," Dr. Tyrrell gives some interesting and valuable information on the subject. The booklet may be had free of charge and obligation by addressing Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, No. 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mentioning Christian Herald. A post-card will do.—Adv.

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Keep the little white jar of Musterole handy on your bathroom shelf and you can easily head off croupy colds before they get beyond control.

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Young People's Topics for Nov. 27

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Life Sketches of Great Adventurers

B. Y. P. U. Matt. 7 : 15-21

FOR the spirit of adventure portrayed in a lucid way and for a thrill in reading, get C. K. Harrington's book, "Captain Bickle of the Inland Sea." Captain Bickle was the master of the famous ship, the Fukuin Maru, in Japanese waters. Fukuin Maru means "Gospel Ship," and a gospel ship it was in every way, and Captain Bickle was the missionary. The inhabitants on the shores of the Inland Sea were Buddhists and very naturally opposed to the religion of Jesus Christ. Captain Bickle approached his work, not with a rosy anticipation of immediate success, but resting on the promise—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, and lo, I am with you always."

Christ in the Holy Spirit was with the Captain of the Fukuin Maru, and soon a little church was established. "I will work day and night, as God may give me strength, for ten years without looking for visible results" was his determination. This determination won. Captain Bickle established numerous Sunday schools and gained church-members in sixty-five towns, and Christianity was established in more than four hundred settlements. Three years ago the Captain went to his reward. He being dead, yet speaks in the lives of those to whom he brought the light and the new environment he created.

Christian Progress Among the Immigrants

C. E. Isa. 43 : 1-7

"CHRISTIAN AMERICANIZATION" is a vital topic of the day. The world is coming to our shores and with it comes not only the worst but the best from all lands. Our task is the same as that of the missionaries in the foreign field—to eliminate the bad and build up the good. We may not be able, all of us, to take an active part in the teaching and training of our new neighbors, in so far as institutional work and civic classes are concerned, but we can help in this task by the promotion of home mission study, the raising of funds and the betterment of our own lives and communities in order to make them more Christian and more in harmony with American ideals. The foreigner is imitative. What he sees in this, his adopted land, he thinks must be right. Let us make right the things he sees.

Strangers in a strange land, here for better advantages, they may be our problem and sometimes our despair, nevertheless it is incumbent upon us all to make them intelligent and comprehensive of our modes of living and manner of thinking, so long as we live and think like Christian men and women. "All we are brethren" and the wise are to help the not so wise and the strong are to help the weak. This is the Christian ideal and an ideal we can happily say the Church has adopted for promotion. Much has already been done for the foreign born in the congested centers, and the night school, social center, Y. M. C. A and Y. W. C. A. and wide-awake churches, are doing real and efficient work under the slogan "Americans All." Read the inspiring and romantic stories in "Old Trails and New" by Coe Hayne. It is a tale of friendliness and helpfulness and brotherliness that convinces one that the Gospel is still the message for this age not only for the remaking of an individual but for the rebuilding of a nation on nobler lines. As Professor Cummings said, "The true foundation of democracy is in the character of the people."

The Goodness of God

E. L. Thanksgiving Meeting

SEE topics for November 20 under B. Y. P. U. and C. E. By way of addenda to the exposition treated under above date or B. Y. P. U. and C. E. we offer the following: Read the One Hundred and Third Psalm.

The Psalmist counts over some of the blessings for which our soul should bless the Lord. Are we thankful for "all His benefits"? The word means "acts" "works," "dealings," and therefore we are not to forget God's dealings with us. "Surely he hath not dealt with us according to our sins." God gives and forgives.

If we are thankful to God, we will show it in our lives. Thanksgiving calls for thanksliving.

"Thanks be to God to whom earth owes
Sunshine and breeze,
The heath-clad hill, the vale's repose,
Streamlet and seas,
The snowdrop and the summer rose,
The many voiced trees."

The Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

AN EVANGELIST and his wife from Illinois request prayer that God will open the way so they may have six weeks of study in some Bible School in order to be better prepared for service.

P. E. W., of Tennessee, asks for the prayers of the entire Christian body to help him overcome the unfortunate habit of drink. He says: "I am now out of a position and out of funds on account of drink, but I am praying day and night to be rid of the curse and I ask you all to help me."

R. S., Philadelphia, Pa., asks that a cripple who has no hope of getting better and who has written a book may be successful in getting it published so as to help him make a living.

Mrs. E. L., of Illinois, writes: "Pray that my son who has been a persistent cigarette smoker and who has decided to give it up may be given the strength to overcome this evil."

Mrs. A. W., of South Carolina, asks that her husband, who had given up alcohol for one year and who has now returned to his old habits, may be reconsecrated to his Lord and Master.

Miss E. M. G. and mother, of Connecticut, are praying earnestly for their brother and son, who has an uncontrollable temper and is most profane and abusive with his tongue. This has caused great unhappiness in the home. Pray that he may overcome these bad habits and that happiness may be restored to the home.

Mrs. E., of Wisconsin, asks for the return of her niece who has gone astray and her parents know nothing of her location. Please pray that the clouds of darkness may be removed.

Mrs. L. R. J., of Virginia, asks prayers for a mother of six children who, it is feared, will lose her mind because of trouble. If she does not get better the children will have to go to an orphanage. Please pray that this may be averted.

Mrs. S. F. Y., of Illinois, wishes to return thanks for what God has done on behalf of a member of her family. She is still waiting upon the Lord for the answer to another prayer.

Mrs. A. R., of Hamilton, N. Y., prays for a revival and that the right man may be sent them for a pastor. There have been sixteen other requests for revivals throughout the country.

Among general requests are the following: for health, 144; financial aid, 19; for the Holy Spirit, 25; for guidance, 27; for conversion, 98; for peace of mind, 12; for employment, 10; for consecration, 16. There are also 56 acknowledgments to prayer.

Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Thousands of Mothers have thanked me

My Baby Book has really met with a perfectly wonderful reception. It seems as though most of my time for weeks has been spent in reading and answering thousands of delightful letters from mothers thanking me for the help which the Book has been to them.

And most of these letters make special mention of Kora-Konia which my Baby Book advises for all kinds of skin irritation such as prickly heat, diaper rash and teething rash.

Kora-Konia is one of the more recent products of the Mennen laboratories, but personally I think it's the finest thing they make. I am using it constantly in my clinical work and it just makes my heart glow the almost miraculous way it relieves the little tots, restoring inflamed creases of chubby flesh to a healthy pink, and driving away the angry rashes which must torture a baby so.

Kora-Konia is a wonderful healing powder having the peculiar virtue of clinging to the skin for hours, forming a velvety film which protects the skin while it heals it. It is antiseptic and should be used on little cuts and bruises.

Of course, Kora-Konia doesn't take the place of Mennen Borated Talcum which is as necessary as safety pins, but I do wish that every mother in this country would get a box of Kora-Konia at once and learn what a beneficent preparation it is. Druggists sell Kora-Konia for 35c. and 50c.

Lovingly,
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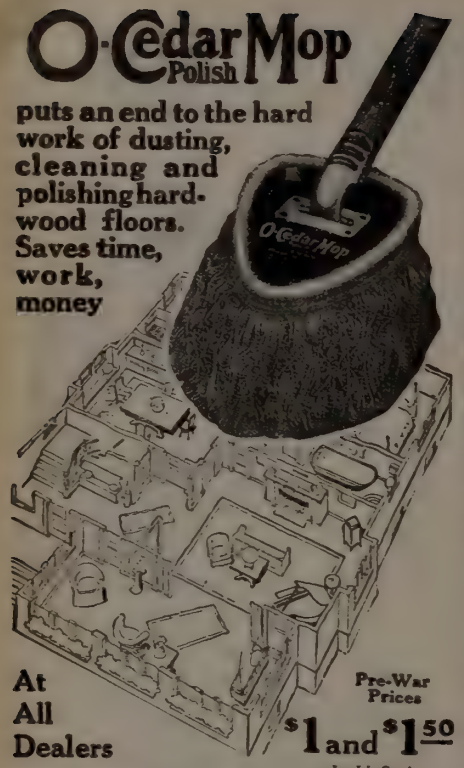

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

OUR attention has been called to the fact that in our acknowledgments of contributions for Chinese famine relief, a gift of $14.00 was credited to R. C. Roe, Texas, whereas it should have been credited as follows: "Maybell Roe,, $4.00 R. C. Roe, $5.00, R. W. Roe, $5.00. We also find that we failed to include a gift of $25.00 from the Northminster Chinese Sunday School of Baltimore, Md., and the Chinese Christian Service of Baltimore contributed $162.48, which was not properly credited. We are glad to make these corrections.

Pastor Paul Kanamori, the great Japanese Christian evangelist, writes to the Christian Herald telling of a happy reunion of his family at which Mrs. Kanamori and all the children were present, and which was held to celebrate his return to Japan after two years of absence. He is now preparing a spiritual appeal with which he hopes to reach at least 100,000 Japanese. The great burden of his prayer is that it may be made an entering wedge which will result in giving the Gospel message to the whole nation of sixty millions.

A. Q., Phoenix, Ariz., writes of the Disarmament Conference: "The great meeting is endeavoring, in the same path as the League of Nations, to do some great thing for the welfare of the human race without taking counsel of God. No man or number of men ever will do what it is attempted, except the one Man, Christ Jesus. If the limitation of armaments means simply a few less guns or vessels, then I for one shall not say a word for it. . . . Let the Church pray, and the Christian Herald and all preachers preach, until Christ with peace comes to rule the whole earth."

The Church and its allied forces are not only praying that the Conference may, from the very outset, seek to be led in accordance with the Divine will, but that it may be made the means of inducing the leading nations to avoid war, to reduce materially their costly armaments and to settle their differences by means of peaceful arbitration. Its immediate aim is by limitation of armies and navies to lighten the oppressive burdens, and further to bind the co-operating nations to adjust their differences by arbitration. The purpose is one which should commend itself to all right thinking people. Human power can not of itself bring about world peace, but it can work in line with God's purposes.

Miss R. H., Kansas City, Kan. The history of the origin of speech is largely speculative. Gen. 2 : 19 is held by some authorities to indicate that speech was coeval with the creation of the first human being, and that he was endowed with reason and the capacity of vocal utterance or expression. Many writers have endeavored to trace the beginnings and growth of human speech and the origin of languages, but few agree. Trench, in his notable little volume on "The Study of Words," holds that "God gave man language, just as He gave him reason and just because He gave him reason, for what is man's word but his reason, coming forth that it may behold itself? He gave it to him because he could not be man that is be a social being, without it."

"Troubled Soul," St. Louis, Mo. Remember that even Jesus Himself was "tempted in all things as we are." In your hours of trial, keep on praying, and you will be delivered from the tormenting thoughts that assail you. Never forget that God hears and answers the prayer of the faithful heart. He does not suffer us to be tempted beyond what we are able. We have sent your letter to the Prayer League and they will make it a subject of special appeal.

Reader. We can not conceive of a minister of the Gospel using the phrase, "If there is a God," as the expression of his own personal doubt. It is quite possible that it may have been used in some way to illustrate the condition of a soul in doubt and travail, or as an expression wrung from some one in sore trouble and groping in the dark. Rather than run the risk of doing him an injustice, why not ask him personally how he intended these words in his sermon to be understood and applied? If he is a Christian pastor, he will willingly explain. As to your other question, we have no personal knowledge of the facts, so can not discuss them.

Mrs. C. M. J., Bronx, N. Y. The passage in Matt. 5 : 25 refers to the settlement of disputes over matters that are cognizable by law, but without going to court about it. The advice is to agree quickly on a settlement, as, when once in the hands of the court, you may lose much more than you bargain for. The object of Jesus in giving this advice was that they might learn to settle their disputes privately and as between brethren in the faith, instead of stirring up bitterness by a legal wrangle.

I. S. H., Winterset, Ia. If a book is worth reading, it should be read thoroughly, so as to be rightly understood and appreciated. We have no commendation for the lightning reader who disposes of a book of 240 pages in 40 minutes—six pages to the minute—whether he be bishop or layman. Some people can glance through a book and get at the object of the writer at express speed; but it is the virtue of a good reader that he is thorough, and gives intelligent attention to the author's argument or narrative. One who "skips" all but the action of a story may easily grasp a general impression of a book in the time you mention, but he can hardly be said to have read it.

C. C., Chicago, Ill., writes: "Having read with interest your article on disarmament, I agree that church members should pray for peace. But the Bible says, 'faith without works is dead.' So why should not this great nation, with its forty million church members take the first step toward bringing about peace? All thinking people realize that there are two things which cause nearly all wars: protection of foreign interests and protection of foreign trade. There is probably not more than one person out of every ten thousand who has foreign interests. These investments are not only a great expense to the mass of the people, but are one of the most active causes of war. So why can we not withdraw our national protection from those investments after giving the investors a limited time in which to dispose of their interests, as government protection was withdrawn from the liquor traffic when we found it a detriment to the welfare of the people?"

J. B. S., Woodstock, Ill., writes: "Why are not the catechism and Apostles' Creed taught more generally in the Sunday schools? There is scarcely a child who has been taught the Catechism and but few can repeat the Creed, yet these are the fundamentals of all Christian faith and belief. We read a great deal about the Home Altar being overthrown, but the Church does nothing to keep up the Home Altar. Life is so full of work, worry and trouble, that the head of the household has little time to think, and formulate a prayer for morning or evening sacrifice. What I would like to suggest is this: Let the Christian Herald get up a Family Prayer-book, giving a short prayer, prefaced by a Scripture verse, for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and for both morning and evening, with form for saying grace at the table. Then let it carry the Catechism into every household where it goes, prefaced by the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer. It should be published like a pocket testament, small enough to be carried in one's pocket. I think many would be pleased to have a Prayer-book to help them out at Family Altar worship, for there are few that are able to formulate a morning and evening prayer. Of course, the book should be undenominational, so that all Christians can use it. Next to the Bible, it would be the greatest book sent out of that great house, that has done so much good throughout the world."

J. R. G., Blooming Glen, Pa. The only remedy to prevent the use of slang among the little folks is to take no paper into the home that makes slang a feature. There are fortunately some dailies and weeklies that are comparatively free from this disturbing quality, and which print articles that will entertain and instruct the youthful minds without vulgarizing them.

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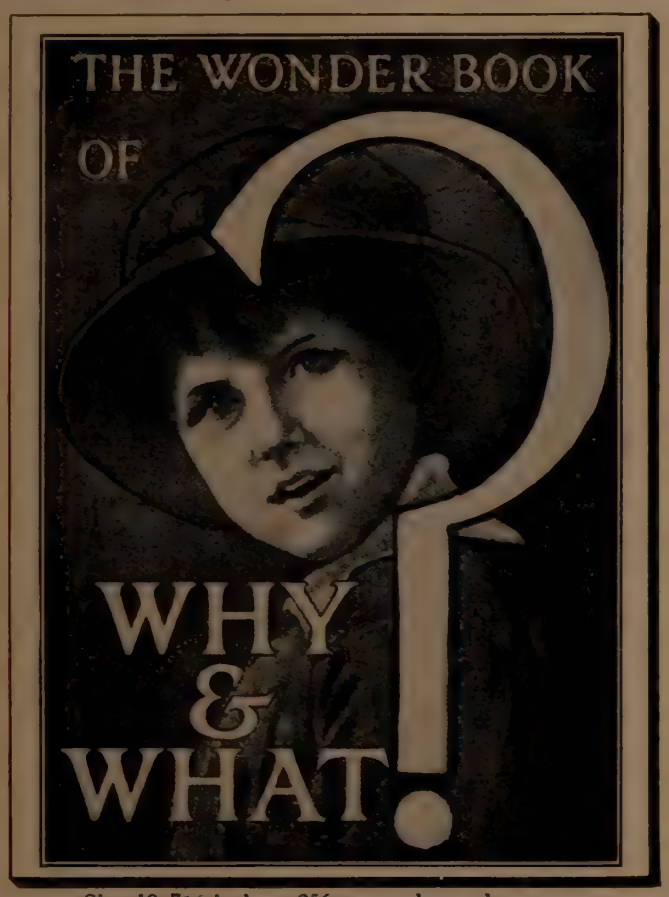

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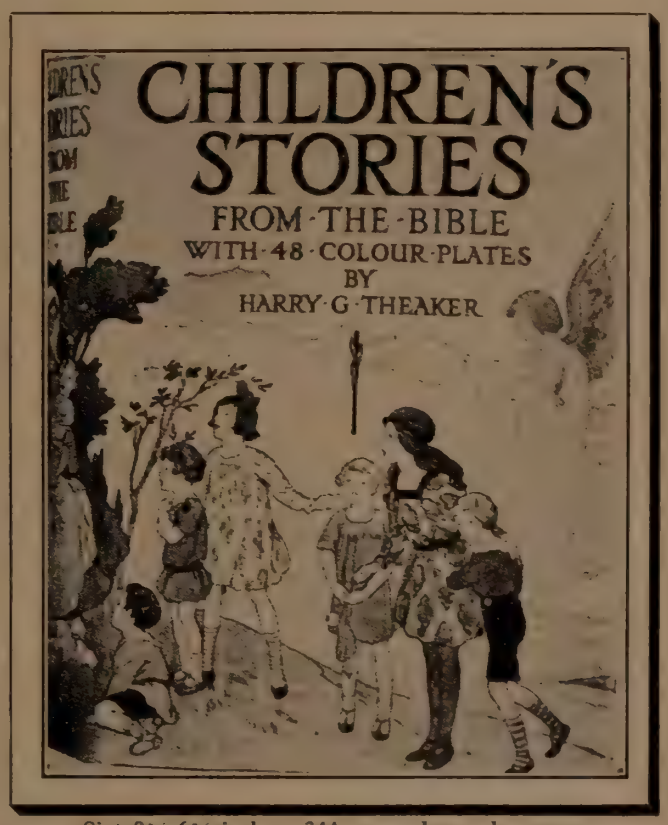

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How Pins and Needles are made
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How we get our Clothes
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How we Move and Work
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Machinery, Wonders of
Mountains, How Formed
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What are Comets?
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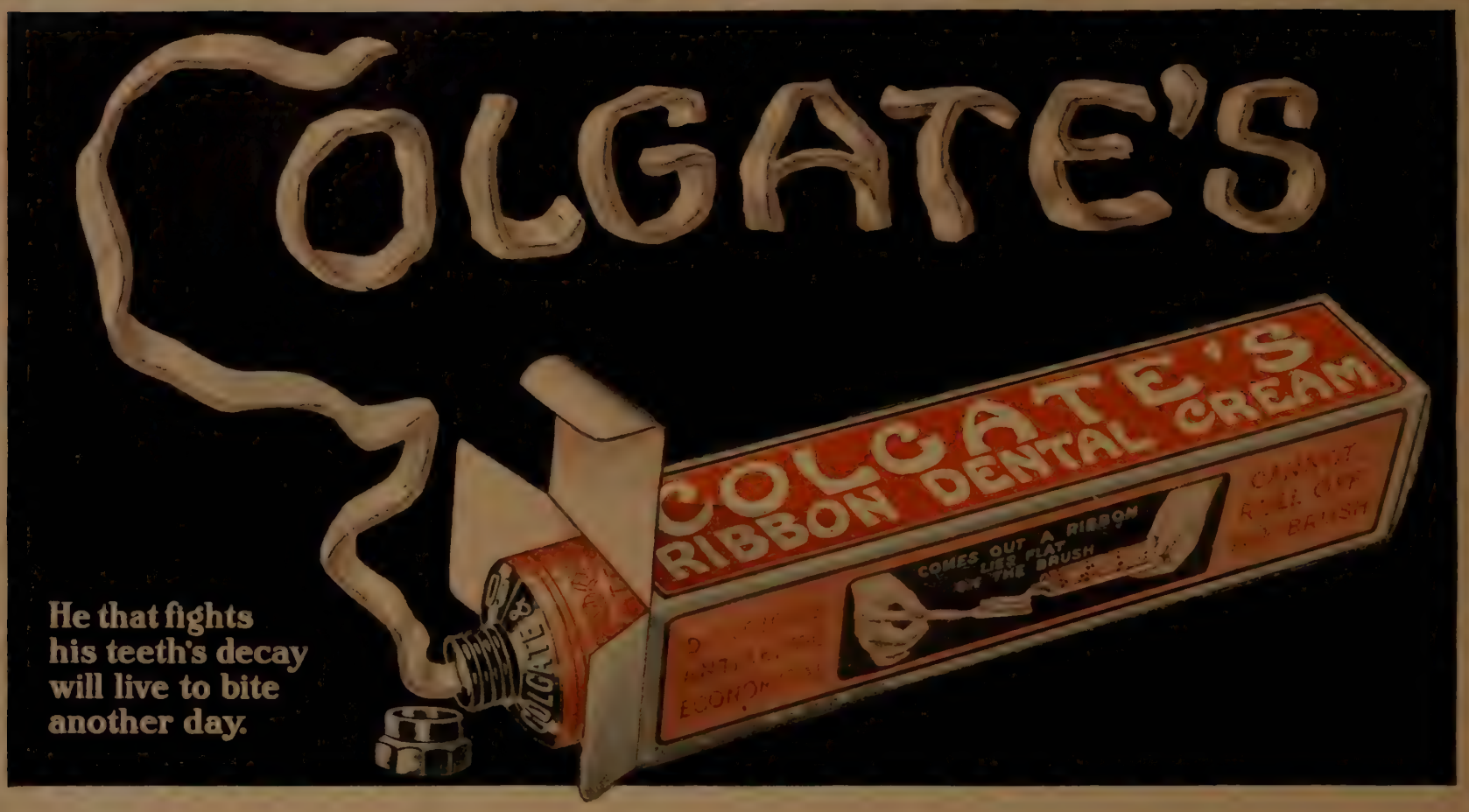

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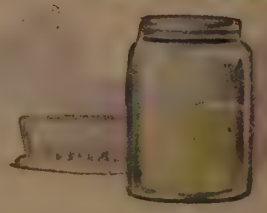

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THE·CHRISTIAN·HERALD
(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
AN·ILLUSTRATED·NEWS·WEEKLY·FOR·THE·HOME·
·GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER·

"CONTENT with what we have, we seek nothing that is another's. We only wish to do with you that finer, nobler thing which no nation can do alone. I can speak officially only for the United States. OUR HUNDRED MILLIONS FRANKLY WANT LESS OF ARMAMENT AND NONE OF WAR."—President Harding addressing the Opening Session of the Washington Conference.

A New Day for the World

America's Proposal at the Opening of Washington Conference Blazes Way for Human Method of Dealing with Human Needs

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

IN COMPANY with a large number of newspaper correspondents and also of notables from many lands I was unable to secure a seat in the conference chamber at the first meeting of the Conference on Limitation of Armament and Far Eastern Questions, but I did get near enough to the door to catch what I like to believe was sufficient to the real spirit of the historic occasion, and to compare my impressions with those of the fortunate few who were present.

And it is an astonishing fact that the one point which all made, the one thing which created the most comment was the marked difference between this Conference and the one at Paris.

The Conference opened with a prayer by Dr. Abernathy, a Baptist minister, and the Presidents! own pastor. What could be more natural or more to be expected! And yet several of the delegates from foreign countries expressed great astonishment that if a prayer was offered it was not offered by some great ecclesiastic or at least with greater formality. It was very noticeable, however, in spite of this very small quantity of criticism, the gathering seemed to accept the prayer as a most NECESSARY part of the Conference. It would not have opened in the right way without a prayer.

Then the proceedings went forward without any unnecessary formality or delay. The President's address of welcome was a noble utterance, anticipating in its language the immediate challenge laid down on the table by Secretary Hughes.

There was no gilded hall surrounding the delegates. No tapestries nor ancient paintings. There was a big business-like U-shaped table around which the delegates of the different nations sat in a very business-like way, and a green rug on the floor, very plain and office looking.

It is worth while to remember what was the important sentence or the group of sentences in the President's address. As for example:

"The United States welcomes you with unselfish hands. We harbor no fears; we have no sordid ends to serve; we suspect no enemy; we contemplate or apprehend no conquest. Content with what we have, we seek nothing which is another's. We only wish to do with you that finer, nobler thing which no nation can do alone. I can speak officially only for our United States. OUR HUNDRED MILLIONS FRANKLY WANT LESS OF ARMAMENT AND NONE OF WAR."

WITH those words the President for the American people voiced the feeling of the people. And he was followed in a remarkably business-like statement from the Secretary of State, openly and without concealment, proposing to the other powers to cut the navies by a regular and systematic reduction in a proportion measured by the respective naval units of each country represented in the Conference.

Under the American plan there would be a ten-year naval holiday, with the United States, Great Britain and Japan scrapping at once sixty-six capital ships, aggregating 1,878,043 tons. The United States would scrap thirty vessels, aggregating 843,740 tons; Great Britain nineteen, aggregating 583,375 tons, and Japan seventeen, aggregating 448,928 tons. Within three months after the conclusion of an agreement the United States would have eighteen capital ships, Great Britain twenty-two and Japan ten. The tonnage of the three nations would be 500,650, 604,450 and 299,700, respectively.

In detail the American project is as follows:

That for not less than ten years competitive naval building shall by agreement cease as between Great Britain, the United States and Japan.

That all capital ships, building or planned, shall be scrapped and a few, recently placed in the water, be destroyed within three months of ratification of the agreement.

That older ships also shall be destroyed, reducing the British battleship force to twenty-two, the American to eighteen and the Japanese to ten, each ship to be retained being specifically named.

That during the agreement no capital craft shall be laid down except under a detailed replacement scheme, which would provide for ultimate equality of the British and American fleets and for a Japanese force at 60 per cent. of the strength of either of the others.

That all other naval craft shall be similarly provided for in the same ratio, specific figures for the aggregate tonnage in each class being stated.

That no capital ships hereafter laid down shall exceed 35,000 tons.

That the life of a battleship shall be fixed at twenty years and that ships to be replaced shall be destroyed before the replacement vessel is more than three months past completion.

That no battleship replacement whatever shall be undertaken for ten years from date of the agreement.

That no naval building of any character shall be undertaken in any of the three countries on foreign account during the life of the agreement.

That no combat craft shall be acquired except by construction, and none shall be so disposed of that it might become part of another navy.

That naval aircraft shall be disregarded in the scaling down processes, as a problem incapable of solution owing to the convertibility of commercial aircraft for war purposes.

That regulations to govern conversion of merchant craft for war purposes shall be drawn up, because of the importance of the merchant marine "in inverse ratio to the size of naval armaments."

THIS method of doing business without the customary diplomatic sparring and formal proceedings known to all diplomatic circles in Europe for centuries took away the breath of the foreign delegates. As one of the large London dailies said, commenting on the first day of the Conference: "It was the climax of a week of moral wonders." The simple fact that out at Arlington, at the burial of the Unknown Soldier the President of the United States had led the great multitude in saying the Lord's Prayer, seemed to stun some of the high and mighty from overseas. The plunging at once into the subject by the Secretary of State bewildered the foreign delegates. They were expecting the regular diplomatic and European tactics, to occupy at least the greater part of a week before anything vital was suggested.

But if these men only knew Secretary Hughes as I knew him when we were students together in Brown University, they would not have wondered at the way

International

THEY SPEAK FOR FRANCE AT THE ARMS PARLEY

Left to right: Albert Sarraut, Minister of Colonies; Premier Briand; and former Premier Viviani

International

ITALY'S CHIEF DELEGATES AT THE CONFERENCE

Left to right: Senator Albertini; Senator Schanzer, head of the delegation; and Ambassador Ricci

he proceeded to get down to real business. For one of the characteristics of the Secretary as I remember him was an impatience with mere formality and a readiness to go right at the task in hand without wasting time or words.

"Gentlemen," he seemed to say, "we have met to discuss limitation of armaments, not to compliment one another. Let us therefore discuss limitation of armaments so that you can get home in some sort of decent time without running up too big a hotel bill or getting so tired of the whole thing that you will want to adjourn without really doing anything."

That is the way the Hughes I knew in Brown was in the habit of acting, and I, for one, was not at all surprised to see him act that way the first day of the Conference. But to nearly all the delegates from abroad his proposal fell like a "bomb" in the midst.

"Good!" I found myself saying. "I am in favor of bombs of that sort. Let them fall in large quantity, until the old diplomacy and delay and sparring of the European method is smashed to smithereens." This is not Paris nor Europe, but the United States, and this Conference is not servilely copying any custom made sacred by the old world, but we are acting like ourselves, and beginning a new day for the welfare of mankind.

IT IS not possible for any one who was in Washington during the day of the first meeting of the Conference to express in any written report of the occasion the feeling of the people all over the city. I said I did get near enough the door to catch something of the real spirit of the day. But it was when the people came out of the beautiful Continental Memorial Hall that one could feel the emotion that had been aroused by what had been said and done. There was astonishment, wonder, visible excitement, awe on the faces as they turned almost instinctively towards the sky. An expectant eager crowd of the people, the common people, met the other people coming out, with question and exclamation. The scene outside the Hall was to me fully as dramatic as that inside. For the presence of that waiting crowd where I stood was an indication of the deep interest the people felt in the Conference.

Continued on page 875

President Welcomes the Peace Resolutions

THE Christian Herald Peace Endorsement Resolutions which were sent in by the thousands of churches and hundreds of thousands of church members were formally presented to President Harding a few days before the first sitting of the Washington Conference. The story of that presentation, as it impressed Mr. Patterson and the Editor-in-Chief, may be of interest to the readers of the Christian Herald, who responded so wonderfully to the appeal for the action on the resolutions which flooded the office of the Herald, and are still coming in.

Your Editor-in-Chief has had difficulty in getting interviews with crowned heads, and with English editors. The red tape that is wound around the approaches to a throne and a foreign newspaper is really so long and so full of knots, that it is almost useless for the average citizen to do much more than unwind a few miles of the tape and wonder if the crowned head or the editor ever had any visitors anyway.

But the approach to the President of the United States is so simple that it is astonishing! There was only one quiet individual in an anteroom to whom we had to go with the simple statement that we had an appointment to see the President at 12:45. He instantly consulted a little slip on his small desk, nodded affirmatively and motioned us to go into a waiting-room where the President's secretary sat. There were only three or four persons in the room, but there was an air of quiet leisure and an absence of all hurry, or any hint that this might be the President's busy day.

Evidently he was interested in the calls that preceded our appointment for it was 1:15 when the secretary quietly motioned us into the President's room. I could not help thinking it was more than some of my business friends would have done, when the President said to us as we came in, "I am sorry to keep you waiting!"

Having never before had a President of the United States apologize to me, I was somewhat embarrassed, but as soon as I recovered myself, I proceeded to present the resolutions sent in so numerously by the churches, and to tell the President that the large collection of names could without doubt be duplicated by the Protestant churches in America. I pointed out that this was no formal ecclesiastical document we were presenting, but the voice of 26,000,000 American church members, pleading for an end of war, and also assuring him that the prayers of all the Christian people of this and every other land were going up as never in all the world's history, that the Conference he had called might, under God, result in the beginning of the end of Mars' reign among men.

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Mr. Graham Patterson, publisher of the Christian Herald, and Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, editor-in-chief, photographed as they left the White House after presenting the Peace Endorsement Memorial to President Harding

PRESIDENT HARDING stood during the interview, with a deeply interested and serious look on his face, and when the presentation was over, he said:

"There is no question in my mind that what you say about the desire of the Protestant Church members for world-wide peace is true; and it is also true that the Greek church and the Catholic and every religious body desires the same thing. I am confident of this, but I am glad to have this visible token of the fact."

Then, after a pause, he added, with even growing seriousness:

"What you say about the praying of Christian people for peace, and for this Conference, that the result prayed for may come, means very much to me."

With these words in our mind, we were tremendously impressed with his evident heart conviction.

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

The President, is to my mind, a very handsome man in the best use of a word that has sometimes been abused. He stood up with a straightforward look in his eyes that was exceedingly attractive. I found myself wishing that I could have a game of horseshoes with him; but at the same time I had a sort of suspicion in my mind that he would perhaps beat me at it.

At any rate, it did not seem absurd to think of such a thing, and it did seem quite impossible to me in the case of the Archdeacon of St. Paul's, when I was his guest a few years ago. I felt a similar embarrassment once in the presence of Queen Liliokulani, who, even after her deposition, impressed me with an overpowering sense of royalty. But under any other circumstances, I am sure that President Harding would have impressed us with the fact that he is a genial and real man, a fine type of American citizen, representing the country's best ideals and not afraid to call himself a disciple of the Carpenter.

The particular subject that was being considered was of necessity of a very serious character, and was so treated by him. Indeed, I carried away, with me—and Mr. Patterson entirely shared my feeling—the impression that the President was carefully following every word of explanation concerning the resolutions by the churches and conferences, and weighing the effect of it all on the public conscience, and after that, its weight with the action of the Conference itself.

After the President's few choice and telling words in reply to the presentation, Mr. Patterson spoke of the pleasant fact that Mrs. Harding was a regular subscriber to the Christian Herald, and asked for the privilege of presenting to her as a member of the Herald family a copy of the Bible, Red Letter edition, bound in covers of olive wood from the Mount of Olives. The President's face lighted up with real pleasure, and with a smile of thanks, he accepted for Mrs. Harding, the Bible, adding again, "There can be no question concerning the feeling of the religious bodies of the world on the question of war."

THE entire presentation covered only a few minutes. As we were leaving the building, an interesting event occurred in the presentation of another memorial of the same character as the one the Christian Herald readers submitted.

Madam Kaji Yajima, a Japanese woman over ninety years of age, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Japan, was ushered into the President's room to present a petition signed by 10,000 Japanese women asking for disarmament. This interesting woman had traveled with her secretary over 8,000 miles to present this petition to the President. The condition of the President's schedule allowed her only a few minutes; but her errand was accomplished and the voice of the Japanese mothers and daughters was added to the other human voices all around the world, crying out for the beginning of the end of war.

Truly, we thought as we left the White House grounds, it is a fact that the entire world is groaning and pleading with the nations to disarm and end war's terrors. For the resolution that we had offered virtually representing 26,000,000 church members, and the Japanese petition were, after all, only two out of multitudes of voices being raised all over the globe, and united in a growing volume of protest against the wickedness and stupidity of militarism after all these centuries of the Prince of Peace.

The impression we received from the few minutes we were in the President's room was that of a man who understood, as well as any minister of any church, the real feeling of the Christian people of America, and that so striking an impression of that feeling from such representative religious bodies was a fact that should have and must have great weight in the final results reached by the Conference. At the present writing, as the Conference is opening, there is an undoubted feeling on the part of the people—including even those who do not call themselves Christian or idealists—that something is going to result from the deliberations of the nations assembled here in this country, that will be the beginning of the end of war.

For this great event we call on every reader of the Christian Herald to pray daily. You have responded wonderfully to the appeal for the resolutions. Let us believe in the power of prayer. It is the people's Conference, and it begins to look now as if the peoples of the world were going to have something to say. If the church of the living God fails at this point, it can have little hope to prevail over the devil. But it cannot fail. It will not fail.

The United States has pointed out the way in unmistakable fashion, and surely no government will dare to reject such far-reaching proposals.

A sewing-class in the pleasant basement of the church is of benefit to the members and to the church in many ways

Civic Activities of the Church

Its Possibilities for the Promotion of Better Citizenship Are Great

By MARTHA CANDLER

WHEN social investigation shows that there is steady and constant helplessness in the community, distress based on underfeeding, homelessness, poor housing and unemployment, the church with a social center development turns instinctively to the use of its resources for their alleviation. In an economic crisis, such as that from which we are just emerging, many churches have turned to Emergency Housing, Welfare Loan Work on a large scale, and the operation of Employment Service Centers.

St. Mark's on the Bouwerie, New York, did an outstanding piece of work along this line last winter. Between December 25, 1920, and April 20, 1921, it extended relief for the almost unprecedented unemployment situation by throwing open the chapel as dormitories, establishing a bread-line, and opening an employment office. Figures which show the accomplishments during this period of time follow:

Housing: 23,000 men were provided for during the period mentioned; i.e.: they were provided with a cot and blankets, and two meals a day, breakfast and supper, making a total of 46,212 meals.

Jobs: 2,343 men were placed in positions, most of them permanent.

Clothing: A ten days' drive for clothing resulted in over 9,000 pieces of clothing being distributed, many men thus being put in position to get jobs for themselves.

Field Kitchen: 73,000 men were fed in St. Mark's bread-line from a field kitchen maintained for a period of 103 days. 146,000 cups of coffee were served, 73,000 pieces of bread (¼ loaf) and 73,000 pieces of coffee-cake.

Nearly $7,000 was spent on this work, 100 cents of every dollar going for actual relief, as voluntary labor on the part of the men themselves maintained the kitchens and fumigating plant, and kept the premises in perfect order.

Self-mastery talks conducted three nights a week were of great help to the men, many of whom were ex-service men, and came in a spirit of rebellion and bitterness against the existing conditions which had forced them into a position of even temporary helplessness. Special nine o'clock services were also held on Sunday evenings and were a great moral and spiritual help to the men.

HOUSEHOLD arts instruction, infant feeding for young and foreign mothers, better supervision of the local motion-picture theaters and other commercial recreational centers come within the range of church civic activities. No church should underrate the power that it wields in forming public opinion in recreation matters. If the community has no adequate up-to-date ordinances governing these things, the church should assume the leadership in framing such legislation as will meet the needs.

"It is also good," says Henry E. Atkinson, in "The Church and the People at Play," "to know the men who own places of public amusement, and are responsible for their administration. A great deal may be done through personal contact. If the dance-hall proprietors, managers of pool rooms, owners of motion-picture shows and others who are furnishing public amusement know that the church people understand the needs of the community and know who is responsible for the kind of amusement that is being furnished, they are very apt to feel that they are accountable to the community for their attitude as well as their actions."

The truth of this statement has been proved many times over in the case of motion-picture houses in small towns. Only recently in an Eastern town, a fringe of disreputable little gambling-houses masquerading under the guise of billiard and pool-rooms, have been "reformed." When two owners confessed their inability to clear out the "old gang," the community organization offered to take over the places outright and retain the former owners as managers over an experimental period. Spectators' seats replace the gambling tables. Weekly ladies' nights fill them to capacity, and the general atmosphere of the "clubs" is one in which no father would object to his son going for a clean game.

THE country is not lacking in the opportunity for churches to take the same sort of leadership, if they are ready.

"I have never suspected," says Rev. Silas E. Persons, of Cazenovia, New York, "that it is my appointed duty as a minister to dictate to the present generation of young people as to the kind of harmless recreation they should enjoy. The fashion changeth and play is play. The company being proper there is little choice in the kinds of recreation. I like to teach a boy to have the four indispensable virtues of good sportsmanship: nerve, skill, courtesy and fairness. That training ought to help him to play fair in the bigger game of life, in the market, in the arena of politics, in the parliaments of men, never flinching, never losing temper or unbridling tongue, never playing false to competitor, to state, to God."

"They use it for good just as they used to use it for evil," was the judgment of one of the "converted" managers of the community venture just mentioned. "And you wouldn't believe that many of 'em are the same fellows. They know I got my duty to do, now, and *they respect me and the rules!*"

There is a constructive citizenship venture! The church Boy Scout group, the Girl Scout group, the weekly class in Red Cross home nursing taught in the church basement are others on a lesser sort. If it comes within the scope of the church social activities to operate the weekly or the nightly moving-picture show, its citizenship-building opportunities here should not be overlooked. It has been pointed out that the "movie" of the right sort exerts a wide influence along three lines: It adds enormously to the general store on information and to general intelligence; it has a marked influence on raising the standards of home life and every-day personal conduct; it raises moral standards.

IT IS no longer difficult to obtain pictures desirable for church congregations. The National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, provides reports and lists of such films. The Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 22nd Street, New York, will also supply a list of the agencies now handling non-theatrical films. The Community Councils of the State of Michigan are in more than one city operating local circuits, which operate from some convenient center of the county by motor van, and show in a different rural church every night. In Bay City, Mich., a city of 60,000, such a circuit provides "movies" in eleven churches weekly, being booked for every night and three afternoons of the week. A strict local censorship is maintained.

But, most significant of all is the fact that the great commercial producers themselves have begun to feel the demand of the social center, the Y. M. C. A., and the church groups for pictures which are clean, sane and constructive and free from glaring sensationalism. Gripping, legitimate drama, high-grade educational and news features may now be procured through the regular commercial distributors. At least one of the largest of these has started a special department where programs more carefully selected than those supplied to their regular patrons, are made up.

Continued on page 872

The Mother's Club is a good citizenship function of the church, which needs wider development

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

RAE D. HENKLE
Managing Editor

DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

The President and the Churches

WE CONGRATULATE the Christian Churches of America on the cordial and gracious reception which their Memorial Resolution, approving his course in calling the International Conference for Disarmament and Peace, received at the hands of President Harding. The presentation by the editor and publisher of the Christian Herald, which took place at the White House on November 7, was a memorable event, and one that deserves to be recorded in the annals of the thousands of congregations who, with their pastors and church officials, were represented on the great scroll, which assured the President of their enthusiastic support, and their earnest prayers that his efforts and the work of the Conference might be crowned with success.

All the denominations were in the movement, and in a number of instances, conferences representing large groups of churches and a membership running up into the hundreds of thousands. The vast individual membership of all of the churches signing the Memorial can only be estimated in the millions.

For this magnificent response, and especially for the fine spirit of co-operation which resulted in one of the most remarkable illustrations of church solidarity we have ever known, the Christian Herald desires to express its highest appreciation. May the Memorial inspire the President and his associates in the great task they have undertaken. And may the united prayers of these millions of godly men and women, church members, together with those of pastors, and laymen, bishops and elders, hold up the hands of our Christian President until victory is won.

It is a glorious thing for the churches to participate not only in the formation of public opinion, but to give inspiration to the leaders and promoters in an event which has now come to be regarded as the most momentous Conference of Nations the world has ever known.

For the first time in history, the people will be heard through trusted representatives, and the age-old methods of diplomacy will be compelled to recognize the people's demands. Through no channel can these demands be made with such hopes of successful results as through the allied membership of the churches.

The Stupid Human

EDWARD A. STEINER, just back from a trip through Central Europe, says that one of the strongest impressions he brought back with him was the depressing feeling that people were very stupid. In spite of the terrible lessons which the war was supposed to teach those who had suffered so terribly from it, the people generally, in all the war-smitten countries, were apparently just as selfish and narrow and even military as they were before. The word STUPID was the only word Dr. Steiner could find to express the mental attitude of the masses.

And as he added, "There seems to be a scheme of things to save men from sin, but none to save them from stupidity!"

Of course, he meant by that the great and serious truth that nothing short of a complete overturning of all a man's mental and moral processes and a real new birth could ever change this prevalent stupidity into a sane and wholesome look at life.

There is no salvation for the human race except the kind that Jesus taught. His principles taken into the real soul of man will save him from stupidity and everything else that gets in the way of human progress and peace.

What Is Practical?

THE idealist is constantly being charged, by the hard-headed people, that his idealism is not practical.

Let us look at that a minute.

The hard-headed man would concede that money is very practical. Yet all the power of money could not stop the great war.

He would also concede, of course, that commerce is very practical. Yet all the commerce of the world never stopped the hate and ill-will.

Science is very practical our hard-neaded friend will concede. But all the science of the world had no power to stem men's passions.

Literature, music, art, architecture and culture generally are very practical, yet they had no influence to stop the war or mitigate its horrors.

Ecclesiasticism, or formal religion, is very practical. What more practical than a $5,000,000 marble cathedral? Yet all the cathedrals of Europe with all their elaborate practical rituals had no influence.

The only thing that could have prevented the war was the presence of good-will in men's hearts instead of hate.

This is an ideal. But if it is the only thing in the world that will do what money and commerce and science and culture and formal religion can not do, it looks to the idealist as if he were the most "practical" man on earth with his idealism.

Having eased his mind of his logical conclusion, the idealist will now resume the game of horseshoes.

Viewed from the Mountain-Peaks

GEORGE BRANDEIS, at eighty, is today regarded as one of the clearest-minded intellectual figures in Europe. Always a keen observer of the progress of world events, he has reached that period of life when, in rare individualities, the vision is enlarged and the judgment quickened so that it may estimate the progress of nations and continents. In a notable interview in the New York Times, he gives a critical estimate of present world conditions, which has equal application on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Europe is finished!" he declares. "America's day has come. Europe is bankrupt." The continental nations are overflowing with hate toward each other. "If a man thinks differently from another, that other hates him. It is ridiculous!" In England, too, it exists, though in less degree, and he adds that even in America there is hostility towards those that are foreign-born. His plea for tolerance is none the less impressive because it is implied. "With Europe unbalanced and half mad," thinking of nothing but hatred, America has the opportunity to show a finer spirit—the spirit of tolerance and good-will.

There is a capital sermon in these reflections by the broad-minded octogenarian. America is now at the same stage of development, he tells us, which Florence, Venice and Athens had reached before they blossomed forth as makers of world history, asserting a powerful influence in human progress. "I see no ground for supposing that there is any reason why America should not become, as they did, a great center of art and learning."

One more thought, greater perhaps than all the rest, is suggested by the venerable critic. He said he did not believe, as some do, that domination by the United States would mean "that the world is to pass through an essentially materialistic era." Those who expected nothing from America but materialism would find themselves mistaken. The race for wealth and commercial supremacy, he felt assured, would not be her objective.

Clearly, he had in mind America's ideals, her efforts to guide the nations to peace and international friendship, and to hasten the time when the burdens of all peoples would be lightened, and when costly and destructive wars would become a tradition of the past. This we take to be the burden of Brandeis' message, the unspoken but implied tribute to America's high purpose in her ministry to the nations.

Lead Us This Day

A Prayer to the Tri-une God for Divine Aid to the Nations at the Disarmament Conference

By CHARLES HALL DAVIS

In all Thy Majesty and Power
Reveal Thyself in this dread hour,
O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Life,
Whose Will alone can end our strife!
Stretch out Thy mighty arm to save;
And, in Thy strength, make weaklings brave!
Proclaim Thy rule in every land,
And guide us with Thy righteous hand!
Almighty God of Gods, we pray;
Thy power display!
Thy power display!

In all Thy glorious sacrifice,
Made that poor fallen man might rise,
O Son of God and Son of Man,
Impress all peoples with Thy plan!
Teach us that he who rules must serve!
Grant that ambition may not swerve
Our hearts from what Thy life has shown,
And help us make the world Thine own!
Incarnate Son of God, we pray;
Teach us Thy way!
Teach us Thy way!

In all Thy tenderness and love,
With Pentecostal fire, remove,
O Holy Spirit, from each soul
The lust for power, the love of gold.
Endue the Nations with Thy grace,
That seeks not power nor wealth nor place!
Implant in each the Holy Ghost;
And save us, Lord, else are we lost!
O Holy Spirit, hear, we pray!
Extend Thy sway!
Extend Thy sway!

In Power and Sacrifice and Love,
Thy Majesty and Influence prove,
O Tri-une God of all the earth!
Regenerate, with a new birth,
The creatures in Thy image made;
And in their need, give them Thy aid!—
Depending on Thy promise, Lord,
We cry, as taught by Thy own Word:—
"Our Tri-une God, to Thee we pray:
Lead us this day!
Lead us this day!" AMEN.

Drinking Boys

IN a press report published in the New York papers there is an account of drinking and drunken high-school boys at dances.

The press report says: "After a dance given by Pleasantville High School, girls reported to their mothers that the breaths of their partners were so strong with liquor that they were afraid to dance with them. The girls also told their parents several boys were unable to stand, and rolled about on the lawn of Red Men's Hall, Lynnwood, where the dance was held."

The scene of this occurrence was Atlantic City, New Jersey.

The Editor of the Christian Herald would like to know from the readers of this article if they know of similar conditions in their own high schools? How wide-spread is such an occurrence? Do you know of any such conditions in your own town among your own high-school boys and girls? Or is such a disgraceful and serious moral slump true only of high-school boys in Atlantic City? The editor does not want replies from those who do *not* know of such moral degeneracy, but if any reader knows of similar drinking in high-school circles he would be interested to hear. Do your young people ever mention such affairs in your hearing? Or is this Atlantic City story a description of a condition that is very rare and practically unknown in other high-school circles? We are asking for information.

Harvey's Fundamentals

IN a recent speech made in London, Ambassador Harvey, discussing remedies for the world-wide industrial unrest and disorder, says:

"We must face the issue squarely and manfully, as benefits our race. The first fundamental principle that we must recognize is that economic laws are superior to legislative enactments."

Is this all the remedy that the Ambassador to the Court of St. James's has to offer the world for its human passion? Is this all he can find as a "fundamental" remedy for the sin of the world? Is this all he can find as a way out of strikes and hate and unemployment, and disorder in the world?

We wonder when any American statesman will be born in America big enough to say that only the statesmanship of Jesus will cure the world of its ills?

We wonder when any Ambassador to Great Britain will have the vision of the Master? We wonder when, in order to "face the issue of human disorder squarely and manfully as befits our race," the "fundamental" question is not "economic or legislative enactments," but a change of the human heart from wrong to right, and from hate to love, and from selfishness to service?

There is only one "fundamental," and that is Love to God and Man. That will settle the human disorder. Nothing else will.

THE international conference at Washington was opened by prayer to Almighty God for its guidance. Each session will recognize the existence of a Higher Power in this way. The churches of the nation spoke and the diplomatists heard.

The World News of the Week

Armistice Day in Washington a Solemn Occasion

THE line of humanity six wide and like a living ribbon winds all the way from the Capitol building to the Congressional Library, and even at times part way around it. Many in that line have been waiting long before dawn for their look at the casket of the Unknown Soldier whose body has been brought from the soil of France to receive the homage and respect of an entire people.

When night of that day has come, the stream of living life is still there slowly and silently flowing up the Capitol steps to view one dead body. And all night the procession goes in around the casket, surrounded by mountains of flowers from the ends of the earth, while a tribute of roses placed by the President and a simple white ribbon placed by Mrs. Harding mark the respect of the nation.

It is early next morning, November the eleventh.

The great ones of the earth gather at the Capitol building to escort the body of this young and unknown man who died in France, his face toward coming freedom for young men from war's horrors, and the parade, as it was misnamed, begins. What a parade! It is not a parade, it is a silent march that makes the oldest go back in memory to President Lincoln and to President Grant, and President McKinley. But this is different. So different that there is not room for comparison.

The President of the United States on foot walks by the side of General Pershing. Ex-President Taft walks with his associates of the Supreme Court. The entire House of Representatives and Senators are in the silent march, walking, for the first time in American history that such an impressive tribute has been paid. Red Cross workers, war nurses, veterans of the Civil War, foreign delegations, military bodies of different army and navy divisions, all are in the silent march from the Capitol to the White House, and from there out to Arlington where the last impressive words are said, but memory will cherish more the sight of that march than of any spoken tribute by orator or correspondent.

The one moment when this silent march is broken is when ex-President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson come, seated in an open carriage, drawn by two horses, and driven by a negro driver. Mr. Wilson looks old and gray. Mrs. Wilson is in mourning costume. All eyes are on these two, as the silent march goes on slowly, so slowly, up Pennsylvania Avenue.

And then the rule of the day supposed to be strictly observed is broken. It is to be the unbroken rule that no cheers or demonstration shall mar the solemnity of that silent march. But cheers do break out at the sight of this man. He bows to them now and then, but I see Mrs. Wilson once with an imperative gesture rebuke a noisy group standing on a fire-escape at a corner. It stills the group, but farther up the line of the silent march the cheering breaks out again.

But who shall describe the march in all its significance! The venders of flags and toy balloons reaped a sorry harvest for their intended profiteering. No flags were sold, and I did not see one even waved except those carried in the march by the organizations, and they were so heavily draped with mourning that their folds hung about the staff. The great crowds that lined the entire distance on the famous avenue looked their silent disapproval on the flag venders until even their money-seared souls caught the meaning of no sales, and they finally slunk away. It was the most significant moment of the day to me. Is this a day for the waving of flags or the blare of brass bands or the shouting of the war captains! Nay! Verily it is the day of all days for the American people to keep still and bow their heads in all humility as this dead body of a young man slain by the greed and selfishness and diplomacy of mankind marches like a specter of the past and a warning of the future before their sight!

And as the silent march ended at Arlington and the vast multitude silently went back to the city, I could not help praying that this dead boy might be the last boy slain by any war in which America would have to fight. And it seemed to me as the crowd surrounded me that day that I was not alone in that prayer, but that in the silence ever of the largest number of human beings I have ever seen present at any person's funeral, if that silence could have been broken at Arlington the heavens about that most beautiful spot would have been vocal and redolent with a prayer that it might never occur again, such a day for such a ceremony!

Sleep well, O Unknown Soldier! Your waking will not be with War's trumpet. Rather with the sweet call of that One who said he had all power in heaven and on earth.

They sounded taps at the grave.

But over it the angels sounded the Resurrection!

And the time will come when heaven and earth shall join in sounding over the young men of the world the note of a peaceful and unwarlike death.

C. M. S.

President's Declaration Against War

IN HIS *eloquent tribute to the unknown American soldier at the Armistice Day services at Arlington Cemetery, President Harding uttered this moving plea for barring war from the stage of righteous civilization:*

"The loftiest tribute we can bestow today—the heroically earned tribute—fashioned in deliberate conviction, out of unclouded thought, neither shadowed by remorse nor made vain by fancies, is the commitment of this Republic to an advancement never made before. If American achievement is a cherished pride at home, if our unselfishness among nations is all we wish it to be, and ours is a helpful example in the world, then let us give of our influence and strength, yea, of our aspirations and convictions, to put mankind on a little higher plane, exulting and exalting, with war's distressing and depressing tragedies barred from the stage of righteous civilization.

"There have been a thousand defenses justly and patriotically made; a thousand offenses which reason and righteousness ought to have stayed. Let us beseech all men to join us in seeking the rule under which reason and righteousness shall prevail.

"Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart, and mind, and soul to this fellow-American, and knowing that the world is noting this expression of the Republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be vain. There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare."

Democrats Make Gains

DEMOCRATIC leaders found cause for satisfaction in the results of the November elections in various parts of the country, for they marked a reaction from the low mark recorded for the party a year ago and inspired optimism for a decided increase of Democratic strength in the Congressional elections of 1922. In Kentucky, the Democrats regained control of the Legislature, although their majority in the Senate is slight, and the Republican governor has two years more to serve. In Maryland the Democrats elected William S. Gordy, Jr., to be State Controller by a plurality of 18,000, were assured of control of both houses of the legislature by increased majorities over the last session, and made a clean sweep on the Baltimore city ticket.

The only gubernatorial election was in Virginia, where State Senator E. Lee Trinkle on the Democratic side defeated Henry V. Anderson by a plurality of more than 60,000. The Democrats gained a seat in Congress by carrying the Ninth District for the first time in twenty years.

New York City reelected John F. Hylan, Democrat, as Mayor by a plurality of 417,986, the incumbent receiving 754,874 votes to 336,888 for Henry H. Curran, the coalition candidate. Virtually every office in the city was won by the Democrats by record-breaking pluralities. The Democrats made a net gain of twenty seats in the State Assembly, but that body remained safely Republican with 95 Republicans and 55 Democrats. On the only state-wide contest, Judge William S. Andrews, a Republican, was elected to the Court of Appeals by 70,000 plurality.

The liquor issue was a prominent factor in the New Jersey election, the Republicans standing for strict enforcement of the state prohibition act while the Democrats demanded its modification or repeal. The Democrats gained votes in the legislature, but fell short of obtaining control, and the Republicans will have a majority of twenty-eight in the Assembly and nine in the Senate.

Railroads Press for Wage Cuts

THE narrow margin by which a nation-wide railroad strike was averted has not deterred railroad executives from going ahead with their plans for further cuts in wages and announcement has been made of the intention of the railroads all over the country to post immediately notices of wage reductions. Virtually all the roads have joined in the movement and the number of workers to be affected, if the petitions are granted, will be 1,650,000, according to the latest estimates of the working forces.

Speedy action by the United States Railroad Labor Board is to be sought, and company officials denied that the Board had entered into a tacit understanding not to take up further wage cases until next July. They believed it would be possible to obtain consideration of their petitions in February or March at the latest. Union leaders were ready to combat the new proposals and threatened that the strike vote would be revived and put into effect if necessary.

Thomas DeWitt Cuyler, chairman of the executives' association, stated that action "will be taken upon the understanding that concurrently with such reduction in wages the benefit of the reduction thus obtained shall, with the concurrence of the Interstate Commerce Commission, be passed on to the public in the reduction of existing railroad rates, except in so far as this reduction shall have been made in the meantime." The executive committee of the association conferred with the Commerce Commission in Washington regarding the situation.

Ulster Rejects Compromise Plan

AFTER sufficient progress had been made toward an Irish settlement to permit the putting into writing of compromise proposals representing the suggestions discussed at the London conferences and approved by the British cabinet, a new crisis arose through the refusal of Ulster to make the concessions asked of her. The Ulster cabinet declared that "certain fundamental principles are involved in the suggestions which under existing circumstances are impossible of attainment" and declined to join in a formal consultation until modifications had been made. The Ulster officials, however, are to submit counter-proposals and it was hoped these might furnish a basis for further discussions.

Under the compromise scheme of the conference, Ulster would retain her present Parliament, with all its powers conferred by the act of 1920, but through its legislature would be linked with the All-Irish Parliament. The reserved services kept by the Imperial Parliament—customs, excise and income taxes—would be transferred to the All-Irish Parliament, which thus would have fiscal autonomy, but the imposition of customs duties on goods passing between Britain and Ireland or between North and South Ireland would be forbidden. Ulster

Continued on page 873

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A BIG SEND-OFF FOR A SHIPLOAD OF MISSIONARIES TO INDIA

The Salvation Army chartered the liner Calypso to send a large party of missionaries to India, and a huge crowd assembled at the dock at Hull, England, to cheer them on their Gospel mission

The Happy Householder

A Sermon by REV. CHARLES MELANCTHON JONES*

TEXT—Psa. 127 : 1. "Except the Lord Build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

"THE Psalm of the Happy Householder" is what we may properly call the scarcely more than a hundred words which go to make up Psalm 127. Read it thoughtfully and prayerfully, again and again, and note its charming theme its striking figures, and its earnest challenges to home-makers, and notice how very up-to-date is its vital message.

Here is a paraphrase: "If Jehovah is not the greater architect of the house, the human builders are toiling in vain. If Jehovah is not charged with the safeguarding of the collective homes of the community, the civic guardians are a vain reliance. Diligence in providing for hungry households is a vain fever, without spiritual trust which both feeds and refreshes. Dedicated children are the glory and joy of the Heavenly Father, and the security and comfort of earthly parents."

The first claim of the Psalm of the Happy Householder is that the Divine Carpenter not only built the worlds, and built His Church, but wants to help build the human nesting-place. "Every house is built by some man, but he that built all things is God." The fierce light of social corruption and criticism are beating upon the home, and its safeguards and even its very existence are in danger. It is very certain that all that is wholesome and helpful and reliable in our civilization comes to us through the heritage of a godly household life, which we are in the way of letting go so easily. And we have been so willing to admit that the most precious and beautiful object-lesson the Christian religion has presented to heathen communities has been the missionary's home, but are we prepared to congratulate the backward races upon the happy householders we have been presenting them, while all the time we are deconsecrating the once so holy and happy households of the Homeland?

THE next claim of this Psalm is that the Happy Householder not only calls in the Divine Carpenter to help plan his home, but associates this Divine Counselor with city guardians in securing a safe community of homes. For the householder comes to realize that the most wakeful watchman is impotent, unless the entire municipal machinery back of him is inspired by the principles of that civic service which belongs to a "city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

The wakeful watchman may, at his best, bring an occasional evil-doer to punishment; but he is practically powerless to keep out the insidiously harmful vapors which steal in by day and by night, past his unnoting nostrils; or the more deadly moral miasms which no ordinary civic safeguards have yet evaded or excluded. The man of the house and the mayor of the city will have to wake up mightily, if they once really commit this matter to the Divine Master of Assemblies, for once God gets going by genuine communal provision and commission, He will do a thorough-going job.

Meanwhile it should never be forgotten that it has been Christian light and life, poured with heroic persistence into darkened and degenerate homes, communities, and countries, which has brought sanitation and social purity to many erstwhile putrid and poisonous centers of population. In a word, "good citizenship" is really Christian citizenship, which means the welfare of a city sought by all its high-minded people, according to the principles of our Heavenly Father, without favor to selfish pleasure or privilege, and with provision for the most intelligent and spiritual satisfactions.

The third claim of this Psalm is that the Happy Householder works without worry. This is the last of a three-fold vanity, where the unworthy course is supposed to have been taken. Here they are: "vain" the irreligious home-maker; "vain" the ungodly city caretaker; and now, in effect, "vain" the unspiritual bread-maker! This last Luther graphically expressed by the deprecation: "It is in vain that ye arise so soon, and so long thereafter sit up, making and eating your bread of anxiety; for God gives it to you really sleeping." There is an old saying that God gives his best gifts in the night.

Very vivid is the description the Psalmist gives of the stress and distress of the strenuously impatient life, which ignores the Creator's provision for rest and true recreation. Far too many persons of fairly good intentions actually mortgage the vitality of unborn children, and break down prematurely their own capacity for usefulness to their family and to society, by undue work, by excessive worry, and above all by the utter absence of worship of the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

THE fourth and last claim of this Psalm is that the Happy Householder cherishes the children. One most suggestive figure is that of the child and the arrow. It was the custom of a tribe in the Orient to hang up a bow and arrows over the door of the home where a boy had just been born, to show that a new defender had been added to the home.

A writer has spoken thus beautifully of this arrow-figure: "An arrow is small, but often it has proved signally effective. Two kings, Ahab and William Rufus, were slain by arrows. It travels far, and who can foresee the future of the child? It needs to be made sharp, as the child needs education. It should be pure, and depend for its effect on its sharp point and correct aim, and not on concealed poison." And to all this so well said, we may add, how dangerous is the child-arrow in the hands of a trifler! For far too many in our modern life revive and justify an ancient experience: "As a madman who casteth firebrands, arrows and death, so is he that deceiveth his neighbor and saith, Am not I in sport?"

Many deadly things have been condoned in the college student, in young society people, and in sporting juveniles, if only they can assert that they were merely in fun. But back of this seeming innocent rashness we can usually find the dens and commercial devisers of vice, the gambling field or table, caterers to the so-called sporting world, demoralizing and debauching the young people of our amusement-mad period.

TWO most impressive personal pictures illustrate how it may be made true, in the largest sense, "that children are a heritage of the Lord," and that "as arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are the children." They both connect with the same noble minister of righteousness, and he was able to place them both in the front firing line in the great war against wrong.

One Sunday night Lyman Beecher preached a sermon with telling effect upon young men, focussing all upon the insistent theme, "You belong to God!" One of his hearers was a member of the old intellectual aristocracy of Boston, and the claim of the preacher was in contravention of the traditions of the blueblood and brains of the Hub. But so masterful was the message of the minister that night, that the young scholar went to his room to cast himself prone on his face in mortal conflict with life's greatest question. He challenged the God who claimed him, crying out: "O God, if indeed I do belong to Thee, then take me: but make me able, when I see a wrong, to resist it; and when I see the right, to do it!" It proved a remarkably successful prayer of consecration, for through a lifetime, Wendell Phillips manifested signal ability, not only to interest delighted throngs in "The Lost Arts," but to arouse and inspire regard for the lost virtues of society.

The other story relates that one evening, after the same preacher had been talking very tenderly and simply to his congregation about the love of Christ, his young daughter Harriet followed him into his study and climbing into his arms told her father that she had that day decided to give her heart to Jesus, and her life to His service. His voice broken with emotion, this noble old spiritual archer exclaimed: "Then is a beautiful blossom unfolded in the garden of God to-day!" And who is able to estimate the influence of these two so diverse but marvelously effective arrows, the peerless orator and the soul-stirring writer, workers and victors in the same contest with the "sum of all villainies?"

IS IT not a fair corollary from the argument of our psalm, borne out by the two illustrations from the ministry of the same noble preacher, that the spiritual archer may direct to highest aims other arrows than his own flesh and blood? He may and should indeed endeavor to direct his own kindred, as in the case of Lyman Beecher's gifted daughter; but his privilege is far wider, as when employing the gifted son of one who was himself evidently not a spiritual archer.

And so it has often come to pass, that many a childless Christian worker has been able to use effectively a whole quiverful of arrows, borrowed, and most gloriously directed!

*Thirty-seven years in the Baptist ministry, now with the University of California.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"In the Cross of Christ I Glory" or "O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—"The Beauty of Righteousness." Psalm 112, Verses 1 to 10.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 867, first column).

Sermon—"THE HAPPY HOUSEHOLDER"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," or "From Every Stormy Wind that Blows."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

May there be no dismissal from Thy presence, O Gracious One, because we depart from one another, but may Thy benediction mean to us not a farewell until we meet again, but a daily companionship with Thee, from whom we pray we may never depart. In Jesus' Name, AMEN.

Questions for Sunday School Teachers

By Frank H. Williams

DO YOU ever stop and take an unbiased look at your work as a teacher? Do you ever try to analyze your work and see whether or not it is coming up to the mark?

There's nothing like being honest with oneself, particularly in Sunday school work, and so it might be profitable for the majority of Sunday school teachers to ask themselves the following questions and to answer them candidly and honestly:

Am I setting a good example to my pupils by being prompt in attendance at all sessions?

Am I setting a good example to my pupils by the way in which I occupy my time on Sunday when not at church services?

Do I scold my pupils for failing to prepare their lessons when I, myself, give but little study to the lessons and generally prepare them in a hurry at the last minute?

Do I teach the lesson or do I teach things which appeal to me as being more interesting? Isn't any failure on my part to follow the course of lessons a distinct failure on my part to co-operate with the other teachers and the executives in making the school as efficient as possible?

Do I interest myself in my pupils outside of school activities or do I come in contact with them only for the short period of the lesson hour once a week?

Am I regular in attendance at meetings of teachers or am I inclined to neglect such gatherings?

Do I follow up absentees the way I should?

Do I telephone to absentees, write letters to them or go to the trouble of making personal calls at the homes of those who are absent for more than one Sunday?

How many new members have I personally, by my own efforts, added to the class in the last six months? In the last year?

Couldn't I very easily do considerably more than I am now doing toward securing more members?

Do I ever look up former members of my class who have graduated and who since graduation have drifted away from Sunday school and church? Wouldn't it be the right thing for me to look up some of these and to try and get them back into the Sunday school and church?

Do I try to "show off" before my class by using big words and vague references to "high brow" people and things, or do I always try to make the things I say just as clear and simple as possible?

Am I really a teacher, getting the meat out of all the lessons and giving the pupils something which will help them in their daily lives, or am I simply a memory trainer instructing the pupils in memorizing Golden Texts, names, dates and so forth?

If I were a pupil in my own class what would be my candid opinion of myself as a teacher?

Wouldn't the candid answers to these questions help YOU to be a better teacher?

Why not answer them?

Do it NOW!

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., R. Braunstein, H. P. Hoskins and E. W. Caswell

His Sovereign Will

SUNDAY. Matt. 6 : 30. "*Thy will be done.*" I wonder if it would be true to say that in the vast majority of lives these words are associated with dark experiences and gloomy resignation. The words recall unwelcome things, things we should have liked to push away, to shut the door upon them and lock them out. "Thy will be done." The words suggest unhappy things, things which drew many tears. There was the nipping of the blossom in the springtime; our little one was taken from our breast. "Thy will be done!" There was the breaking of the aspiring column before it was crowned with finished lily-work. Our boy or girl was missing from the circle. "Thy will be done!" There was that startlingly sudden onrush of a winter's blast into the quiet autumn-time, and the ripening grain was spoiled. "Thy will be done!" Unhappy things like these rush back into our minds when we use the familiar words. They are linked with the sorrowful season, with the bleak, cold, wet November days, and rarely with the bright sunny days of June. But why the night and not the light?

In my old church at Carr's Lane, the congregation were one Sunday singing the familiar hymn, "Thy Will Be Done." It is a dolorous hymn; the bird is singing, but its note is somewhat mournful, and it sings in a drippingly wet wood in a cold and clammy twilight. And all the verses are alike; they all move in sorrow, and they are sung in sunless places. Well, in the congregation that day, Mr. Fred Smith was worshipping. The hymn depressed him. He knew it was all right for the dripping grove, but he knew it was also all wrong for the sunlit hill; and he wanted to lift his wings and fly through the sunshine as well as the shade. He went home and wrote another hymn, in the same meter, and of the same mold; but he filled it with bright and delightful experiences. Perhaps I may have space to quote two or three verses.

"O God, not only in distress,
In pain, and want, and weariness,
Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
Thy will is done!

"But oftener on the wings of peace,
And girt about with tenderness,
Thou comest, and all troubles cease,
Thy will is done!"

Well, I think we must try to marry the two hymns, so that in fellowship they may cover life's sunshine and life's shade. But in this meditation I want to dissociate the will of God from any severe and exclusive attachment to the somber and the grievous. Let us think of God's will not merely as something to which we have to be resigned, but as the minister of light and delight, which we can welcome in rapturous mood.

The psalmist must have caught a kindling glimpse of the brighter will when he said, "I delight to do Thy will, O God!" And that other psalmist was mindful of the sunny seasons when he said, "The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart." In the Psaltery, the birds are often mournful and moaning. There is many a songless bird. Nay, I'll take back that last sentence, for when I consider it more closely, I can not remember a psalm which is like a songless grove. The bird may begin in complaint, and for long the moaning note may prevail; but somehow it escapes from its thraldom and finishes singing in the sunshine. It may begin with—"Hear my voice, O God, in my complaint." It will finish with—"The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and all the upright in heart shall glory!"

So I repeat my counsel. In our conception of the will of God, let us not forget our Junes even though we remember our Novembers. Let the wedding day be recalled as well as the funeral. Let all the years of blessedness be reviewed, as well as the clouded days at the end.

"Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just,
And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill, can only trust
Thy will is done!

"For high above all earthly ill,
Thy purer wisdom worketh still;
And we would wait and trust, until
Thy will is done." J. H. J.

Jesus Still Leads On

MONDAY. Heb. 2 : 10. "*The Captain of their salvation.*" It is recorded that when Saladin, the bold leader of the Moslems at the time of the Third Crusade, was on his death-bed he bade his attendants hang his shroud upon the outer walls of his palace and cry aloud, "This is all that remains of Saladin the Great who hoped to conquer the world!" Not so did Peter and his companions interpret the shroud and napkin in the empty sepulcher of Christ. To them it meant that he had conquered death. No more did they say, "We go a-fishing." They were now to be fishers of men. With their faith thus fortified they were prepared to face all danger in the service of their living Lord.

So do we find strength and courage in the assurance that our Leader lives and from His high place blesses those who follow Him. Labor on! Your labor is not in vain in the Lord. Because He liveth we shall live also. Wherefore, let those who have entered into the fellowship of this glorious hope seek the things which are above where the ever-living Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. D. J. B.

Our Debt

TUESDAY. Rom. 1 : 14. "*I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians; both to the wise and to the unwise.*" Paul's sense of indebtedness arose from a consciousness of having come into possession of that which the world stood in need. A graduate of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, having finished his hospital interneship, visited China. One day, as he walked through the narrow streets of a crowded city, he saw so many people who were in need of medical and surgical assistance that his heart went out to them, and he said, "Am I not needed here more than in America?" There is no doubt Canton needed him more than did Philadelphia.

When he returned he said to the men of his university "If you will back me up, I will go to China." They backed him up and he went not only to practise the art of healing but to be one of the founders of a medical college from which hundreds of well-trained young Chinese doctors and nurses have been sent out to bless their land. "Joe" McCracken—idol of the football field—is proud and glad to be a servant of the Great Physician. He is paying his debt even as Paul paid his.

Dr. Andrew Hall is doing similar work in the Philippines. The Mission to Lepers is in some respects the most striking example of the application of this rule of indebtedness to the world. The men and women who support it, the physicians and nurses who minister to the lepers, might all say, "We are debtors, both to the clean and the unclean." All such workers are opening wells in the desert. C. C. A.

The Sufficiency of God

WEDNESDAY. John 8 : 58. "*Before Abraham was, I Am.*" The word for God among the Crete Indians is "Maneto," and the root is "ma." which is our "am." One of the most remarkable things in the world is that the word for God in the darkest lands among the lowest peoples is "am." God never gave himself a name but once. When he commanded Moses to go to Pharaoh and tell him to let the people go, Moses said, "And when Pharaoh asks me who sent me, who am I to say sent me?" And God said, "Tell him I AM sent you"? "I AM," said God to Moses, "this is My name through all generations."

Now what is God? Are you in darkness? "I Am the Light." Are you hungry? "I Am the Bread." Are you thirsty? "I Am the Living Water." Are you orphaned? "I Am thy Father?" Are you as a sheep astray? "I Am the Good Shepherd." Are you friendless? "I Am the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Are you weary? "I Am the Shiloh, the Rest-giver." Are you lost? "I Am the Way." Are you bewildered? "I Am the Truth." It is as though God had given us a blank check, with the privilege of filling it out according to our needs. "Our sufficiency is of God."

"Are the consolations of God too small for thee?" asks Eliphaz of Job. Surely in the light of our text, that question cannot be asked today. He who has put his trust in God, has found the all-inclusiveness and all-sufficiency of God, not only as a seeker of the truth as it is on the printed page, but one who has tested God and found him true in every walk of life. "The promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus our Lord." Whatever our wants, God in Christ supplies them. R. B.

When God Calls, Who Questions?

THURSDAY. Numbers 11 : 29. "*Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets.*" Out of the groups set aside by Moses were seventy men, chosen to be prophets or exhorters. While these seventy men were attending an important meeting of consecration at the Tabernacle, a young man came rushing, all red and winded, into the meeting and spouted, "Eldad and Medad are exhorting in the camp." Thus the ancient record bears witness that the Lord often ordains others than recognized ministers to bear witness to His Name. These rude lads, probably brothers, sons of toil and lovers of men, had not been invited to join the prophetic group; they had not been "authorized" to preach. But they were preaching.

We can imagine the shocked expression on the faces of the authorized prophets. Even Joshua said: "My lord Moses, forbid them." But Moses knew they were not as jealous of his reputation as of the reputation they expected to make for themselves. He smiled wisely and said: "Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them." Then he hurried out to shake hands with Eldad and Medad and so the meeting broke up. From then till now ecclesiastical circles have been shocked by the unconventional ways in which the Lord carries on His work. If we Christians were all preachers like the Moslems the true faith would go forward by leaps and bounds. H. P. H.

Glimpsing the Hereafter

FRIDAY. Phil. 1 : 21. "*For me to die is gain.*" Paul knew whereof he affirmed. He once went prospecting among Paradisaical glories. He saw and heard wonderful things too sacred for him to describe. He obtained personal knowledge of the contrast between earth and heaven. It is not true that mankind has never seen any one who returned from the "undiscovered country." Did not Moses and Elijah appear to the disciples at the Transfiguration, and did not the Christ come from the glory He had with the Father before the world was? We have seen messengers from the immortal realms; but how many refuse to believe their story, and would not, even if their friends arose from the dead today!

The great Apostle, in the body or out of the body, was present with the Lord. He knew then that to die was gain; that when the earthly tabernacle is dissolved, we have an eternal building in the heavens. He added to the testimony of Jesus, who said, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."

The Heavenly Father corroborated this testimony when He said, "This is My beloved Son; hear ye Him." How foolish to be so dull as not to believe the message of those who know the truth and tell the truth, that to die is to see and know the King in His beauty, and the whole family of God who have been gathering home through all the ages of the past. Death is but the dropping off the clothing of the body and putting on eternal vestments. It is the opening of book the second of the volume of life. We know that the acorn dies that the oak may live; that life comes out of death; that the Tree of Life is rooted in the grave and spreads its branches everywhere and forever. Though the great gain cannot be fully expressed in human language, the fact that the shadowy ghostly scene of death becomes illumined with angelic light, with resurrection radiance, is enough to fill the whole world with hope. E. W. C.

Searching After God

SATURDAY. John 17 : 3. "*This is life eternal: that they might know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.*" In the golden age of philosophy there were four famous schools by the banks of the Ilyssus in Athens. There were the Gnostics, who professed to know everything; the Agnostics, who said they knew nothing and were proud of it; the Stoics, who felt themselves in the irresistible grip of Fate and resolved to make the best of it; the Epicureans, who believed in nothing beyond the present life, saying, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."

In the wisdom of our time, there is nothing better than was afforded in these ancient schools. Ask of them what you will concerning the hereafter, and "there is no voice, nor answer nor any that regardeth." You will find among our modern philosophers no more illustrious name than that of Herbert Spencer, who defined life as "a definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external coexistence and sequences." These are high-sounding words; but how do they help us? Put over against them the definition of life given in the Master's sacerdotal prayer: "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." By this we are given to understand that life is godliness, and that it is attained by faith in Jesus Christ who came into the world to bring us into harmony with God. This is simplicity itself: yet it far transcends the wisdom of man. And why not, since "the wisdom of man is foolishness with God"? D. J. B.

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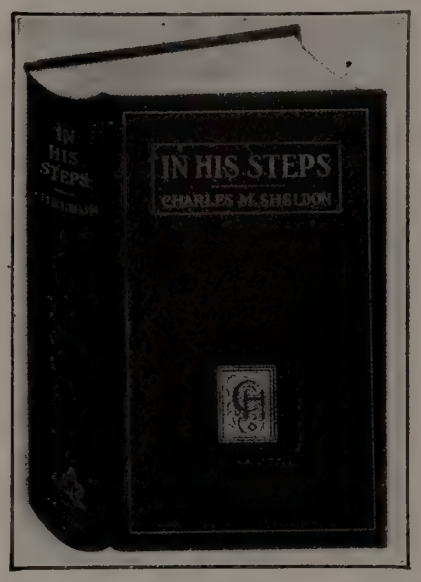

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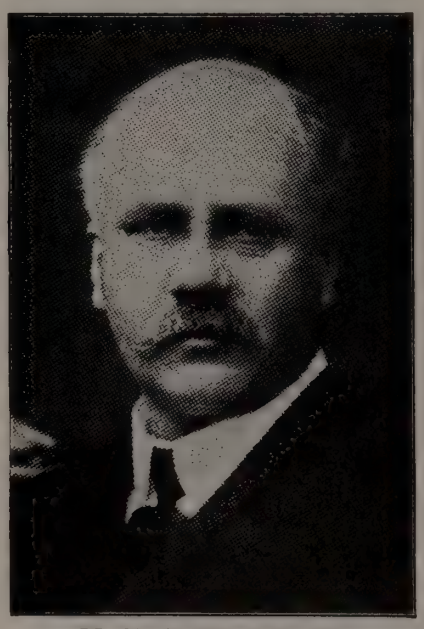

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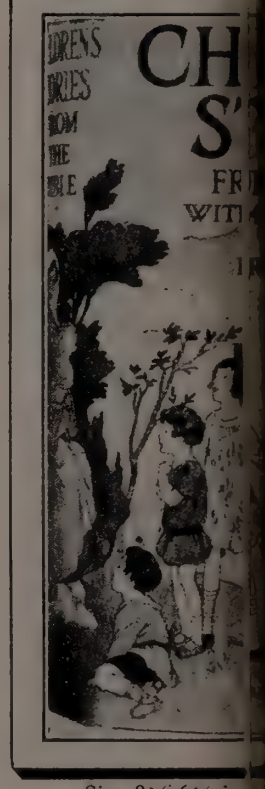

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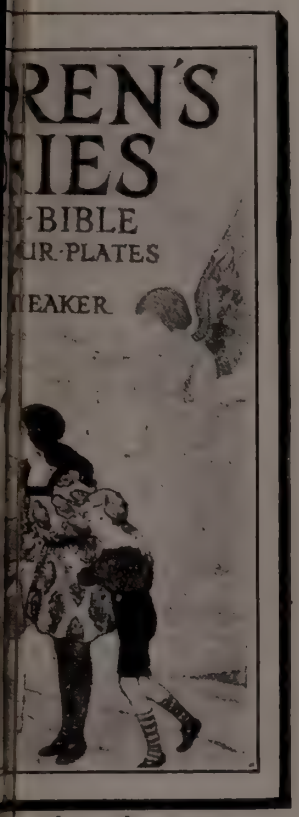

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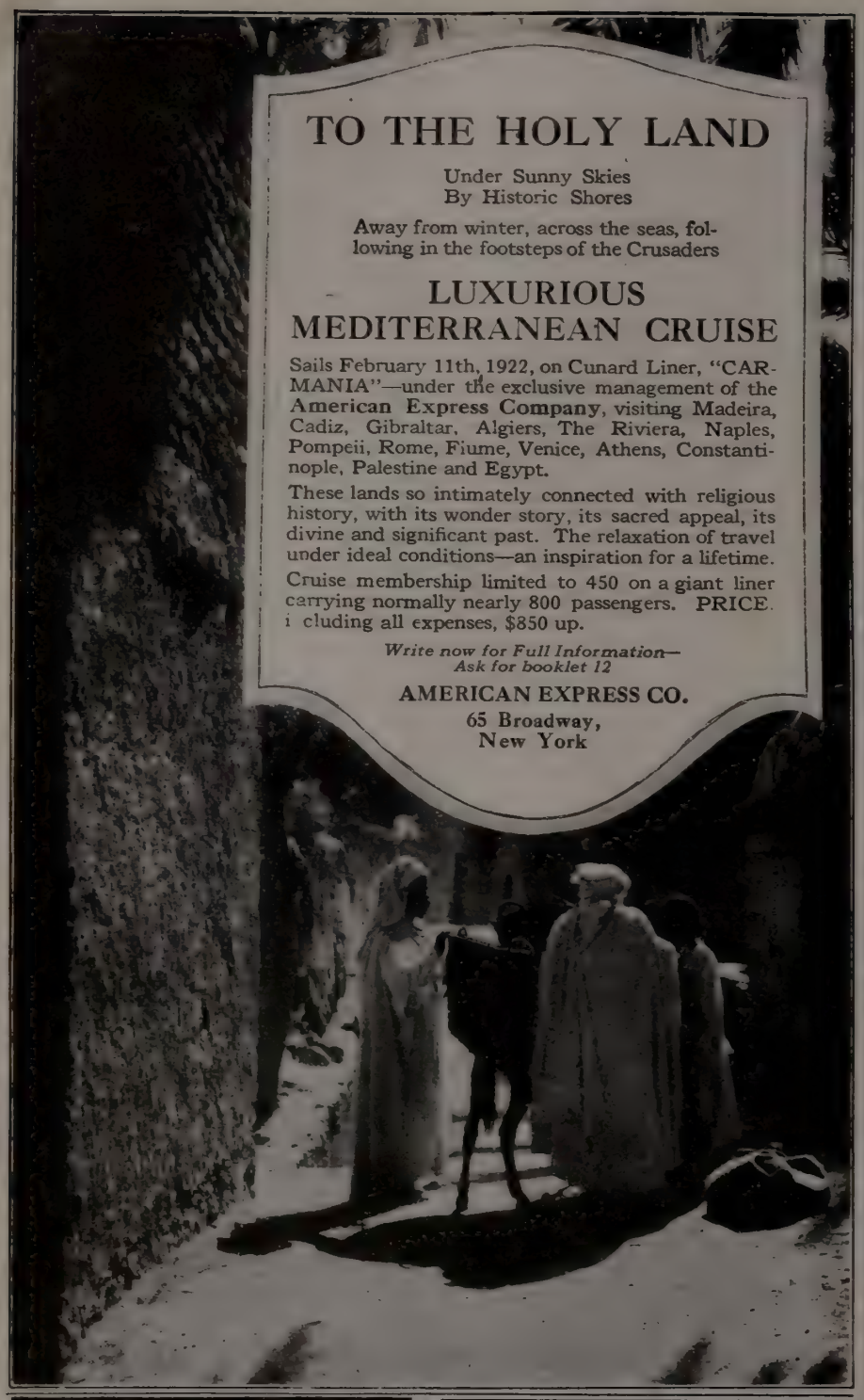

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A Month Until Christmas

And Just How Are You Going to Use the Time?

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN you read this article it will be just about a month before Christmas. The city shops will be beginning to glitter with scarlet and green; and gift suggestions will be laid about in tempting array upon many a counter. There will be gold things and silver things—some of them utterly useless—for the wealthy. And there will be wee dainty handkerchiefs, and strings of beads, and other charming trifles for the people who haven't so much money to spend.

And, in the country, where there aren't department stores and the like, folk will be beginning to pop corn and snuggle bits of sewing out of sight when any of the family comes, unexpectedly, into the room. And they'll be going out to stately forest places to choose the tree—standing slim and tall and straight in all its pride and glory—that will one day be chopped down and brought in on a bob-sled. And that will be covered, eventually, with wonderful ornaments of tinsel and gilt!

Yes — when you read this article it will be only about a month before Christmas. And those of you who are housewives will be thinking in terms of dinners and holiday guests. And those of you who are children will be thinking of presents and holly wreaths. And those of you who are past the three-score-and-ten milestone will be thinking of other Christmases gone by. And those of you who are young will be thinking of what to give "him"—or "her." And perhaps, and very shyly, of the meaning of mistletoe! And, underneath it all, I'm sure that everybody will be thinking of the first Christmas—and of what came to pass in a certain stable room when a star shone with a pure, triumphant light, over Bethlehem!

Yes—we'll all, every one of us, have Christmas thoughts in our minds and Christmas dreams in our hearts—now that it's 'round about the first of December. But just how will we be planning to use the weeks between now and the twenty-fifth? That's the really important thing to consider!

TO SOME folk Christmas is—before anything else—a season of giving. To some folk Christmas wouldn't be Christmas unless it meant the bestowing of many tissue-wrapped packages. And it's all very sweet and pleasant to be such a person—if you give in the right way. For there are two kinds of givers—thoughtful ones and selfish ones.

I know a woman who is a selfish giver. She is selfish in two ways—first, because she gives gifts so that she, alone, may enjoy herself—and second, because she has a way of shopping very fussily at the last moment, when stores are overcrowded and sales people are over weary. I have seen her go out on the day before Christmas with a yard-long list and I have heard her talk like this to a tired clerk:

"No—that won't do. It's a shade *off*. No, you *must* get that other box down—I don't care if there are a great many other people waiting—I was here *first*."

And then I have heard her turn and murmur to a fellow shopper, "I'm foolish, I suppose, to buy such an *expensive* gift for Annabelle. She always gives the *cheapest* presents! But, my dear, you know—" And so on.

Such giving is not really giving at all. It's almost making mock, I think, of the Christ Child's birthday!

That's selfish giving. But I know another woman who is a thoughtful giver. She always finishes what buying she has to do three weeks before Christmas—she never enters a store after the fifth of December. She chooses simple things for her close friends—although oftentimes her presents are bits of her own handiwork—but the major part of her giving is to those who will give her no gift in return, except the great gift of love! For most of her presents go to folk less fortunate—less blessed with worldly goods than she is. Most of her presents go to the poor and to the needy.

"How Jane will enjoy this warm frock," I have heard her say, and, "These gloves will keep Johnny's hands warm, I know! *Oh, isn't Christmas the most glorious time of all?*" That's rather different, isn't it, from the woman who gives in terms of expensiveness and cheapness!

NEVER the sound of a cross voice raised,
And never a frown or tear;
That's the way to prepare for the day,
When Christmas time draws near.
Never a present tossed aside,
With a scornful shrug or a sigh;
Not a regret or a need to fret,
When Christ's birthday time draws nigh.

Happiness and a smile or two,
And kind words in a loving tone;
That's the way to prepare for the day,
To make it our very own.
Never a thought of "What it's worth,"
Or "what will they give to me";
But with eyes as bright as the candle light
That shines on a Christmas tree!

THERE is a certain little girl who is very dear to me, who, a few weeks ago, went to a hospital to undergo a serious operation. She is only a child and I have no doubt that she was terrified at the thought of the ordeal that lay before her. But do you know what she did, last of all, before going into the room where she was to face the most critical sort of a situation? She had her mother and her daddy take her to a store so that she could buy a number of great calico stockings.

"I'll fill them," she said, "when I'm getting well. For the little children in the slums, who won't have very much of a Christmas!" What do you think of that?

I'm going to tell you more about this little girl later, perhaps, when she's much better. Just now, I can't. For she's making such a splendidly brave fight that we who love her don't want to talk—much.

Just about a month before Christmas you should, if you're the right kind of a giver, have your plans all made. You should realize that only gifts that go with a bit of heart in them are worth the giving—that duty presents, or presents that stretch beyond the limits of a sensible purse, are never worth while. You should know that the kind shopper never overtaxes clerks and store-keepers on the last feverish days—that the good hostess and housewife never makes her holiday preparations a burden and a bore.

A bore and a burden! Those two words should never be used in the same sentence, or in the same paragraph, or on the same *page*—with that blessed word Christmas. For Christmas is a glory day, a happiness day, a splendor day. Christmas thoughts and Christmas deeds and Christmas expressions should be in keeping with the sheer beauty of it!

Christmas—all of the symbols that stand for it radiate beauty. The mistletoe and holly—the fragrant evergreen, the vivid wreaths. And last of all—but, oh, not least of all!—the reverent pictures that come into our minds and hearts when the season makes its approach. The pictures of a shining midnight sky, and of the reverently waiting shepherds, and of the expression that looked out of Mary's proud eyes! It is the thought of these pictures that should keep us always kind—that should keep us quite unflurried.

You should know that the Saviour—whose day Christmas is, and always shall be—wants you to find happiness and to bestow it.

Paul in Melita and in Rome

International Sunday School Lesson for December 4
Acts 28: 1-31

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

ST. PAUL is a name which is perpetuated in many places and buildings. St. Paul's Cathedral in London is sought by many residents, and there are few travelers passing through the chief city in England who do not visit that wonderful piece of architecture. To worship in St. Paul's on a Sunday morning is a special delight which will never be forgotten by those who have had that privilege.

The island of Melita (Malta) is unusually rich in the number of places and buildings bearing the name of the prisoner en route to Rome, who was shipwrecked there in A.D. 59. First, there is St. Paul's Bay, where the 276 found refuge after the grain ship had foundered. The Cathedral of St. Paul is reputed to be on the site of the home of hospitable Publius. Piazza San Paolo is the name of the chief square of Citta Vecchio, the capital of that island, which, like the island of Cyprus, is a British possession. There are a number of statues of Paul in the city.

A residence of only three months has left an age-long impression for good. Paul, as usual, was busy doing good while there. His special introduction made a startling impression on the natives. As Paul was taking his place with others in gathering fire-wood, a viper, a venomous creature, was seen fastened to his hand. The people looked for the usual result of a serpent bite, and were quick to condemn Paul on hearsay. After shaking off the viper, this man just kept on gathering more sticks, and was ready to perform a miracle of kindness for those who had uttered their snap-judgment concerning him.

When Publius extended hospitality for three days, Paul accepted. It might be that even rich men would be in need. It soon became known that the father of Publius was seriously sick. How opportune that Dr. Luke was among the guests! But it was not the medical physician who ministered unto life that day. The case may have been beyond the power of medical skill to effect a cure. Not so when it came to the exercise of divine healing power. The Great Physician, at the prayer of faith and laying on of hands by the Apostle to the Gentiles, healed the fever-stricken and greatly weakened man. Then others came with their sick folk, and it may not be too much to say that when Paul left Melita, there was not a sick person on that island. He richly repaid their generous hospitality.

MANY details are to be found in this closing chapter of Acts, which, for lack of space can not even be mentioned in our lesson study, but which are very informing. It is always advantageous to read both the lesson text and the context a number of times, say at least three. The most interesting reading will be after you have made your careful lesson preparation, gathering all the information from every possible source. Now as you read the chapter once more, each sentence becomes rich with discovered, related facts and spiritual meaning.

The final lap of this journey to Rome was the last on which the exact goings of Paul can be followed. Another grain ship from Alexandria was boarded at the end of the three months' ministry. Paul sailed away with the good-will of all, and with many things which these new-made friends put on board for his special comfort. A stop of three days was made at Syracuse, on the island of Sicily. There is an interesting story about Damon and Pythias that centres here, which, no doubt, can be found in any encyclopedia. It is a good incident of real friendship and can lead up to the facts about the Best Friend. Under full sail, the Castor and Pollux entered the Bay of Naples. (This was the privilege only of a grain ship from Egypt.)

SEVEN days in Puteoli were seven days of opportunity for Paul to tell that the Messiah had come. The centurion was very kind to Paul, and well might he be, since Paul had saved his life when on the Mediterranean. Doubtless the reason that Paul had such privileges as he enjoyed for the two years in Rome was due in large measure to the report of Julius, who had learned to know the worth of this Hebrew during a close intimacy of nearly six months. Traveling with any one is quite sure to lead to a knowledge of personalities.

One hundred and thirty miles is the distance from Puteoli to Rome, where Paul was eager to arrive. To preach in Rome had been his prayerful request for some years. When the way was not clear for him to continue from Corinth to Rome on the third missionary journey, he prepared that didactic epistle to the Romans while in Corinth, in which the Golden Text for today is found, Romans 1: 15–16, "I am ready to preach the Gospel to you also who are at Rome. For I am not ashamed of the Gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth: to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

WORD of Paul's arrival in Italy reached certain brethren in Rome while he tarried at Puteoli. When the centurion with his prisoner, Paul, and the two companion-slaves, Luke and Aristarchus, reached the Market of Appius, on the great Appian Way, forty-three miles from the golden milestone in the Forum at Rome, the welcoming group from the Imperial City on the Tiber came to meet them. The record of that meeting is very illuminating as Luke says, "whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage." Prayer always produces courage. No one can really pray and worry at the same time: certainly not if they "cast all their anxiety upon Him who careth for you."

Some reader may say, "But my circumstances are so different." It should be noted that Paul was between a shipwreck and a prison. The title of a recently discovered book is very appealing: it is "Paul the Dauntless," by Basil Matthews. This title fits Paul perfectly. The book is especially for young people, but of keen interest for adults too. Any young person who has traveled with Paul during these six months of Sunday School lessons, would be glad to rejourney with their hero and gain additional information about him, the places visited and the customs of the first century.

The end of that long journey enabled Paul to begin the real work for which he had longed to reach Rome. It was not for the sake of adventure but to preach the Gospel. Within three days after arriving he was able to assemble his first audience of Jews, and to them he told the truths of Christianity with the purpose of winning converts to Jesus Christ. Other meetings were held in his own hired house during the next two years. The preacher was not discouraged because some disbelieved. He could constantly do personal work, for he always had some soldier close at end, in fact chained to his wrist. Paul was highly regarded by these guard-companions (Phil. 1: 13) and converts were made (Phil. 4: 22). It is great to know how to use well our waiting years, days, and even hours.

RUSSIANS predominate in the foreign-born populations of New York City and Philadelphia, according to Census Bureau statistics. Of New York's 1,991,547 foreign-born white citizens 479,765 are Russians, and of Philadelphia's 397,927 foreign-born white citizens the Russians number 95,285. Pittsburgh, with a total foreign-born white population of 120,266, also has a large number of Russians—13,837.

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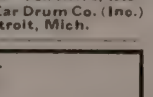

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Civic Activities of the Church

Continued from page 863

The church which is helping to bring such things about is exercising its good citizenship functions. "Civic spirit," according to one definition, however, is "a true appreciation of the meaning of the city and the country, and a sense of duty and devotion toward the commonweal." And as the church progresses along the path of public service it gets an enlarged conception of its social responsibility, and that of every one of its members. The current events club, the debating society, the winter-long courses of lectures on social science subjects, the church forum association, are all working consciously or unconsciously toward this end.

ONE of the churches of New York which has maintained among its many sorts of activities, a public forum for several years, has recently started university extension courses in subjects held to be vital at this time. A fee of $2 covers registration in a ten weeks' course. (Incidentally the registration fees cover the expenses of the course given by professors from a nearby University.)

And it is not only the city church that is broadening the scope of its usefulness in these ways. Through enlisting the co-operation of the State University, more than one rural church in New York State is holding university extension courses in agriculture in its basement every winter. Churches in other states are doing the same thing.

In Wisconsin last year one rural church enlisted the co-operation of the University in furnishing speakers on various agricultural topics for the monthly meetings. Talks on "The Extermination of Weeds," "How to Make the Old Orchard Pay," and "Rotating Crops" were followed by a social program and refreshments, and there was always an opportunity for the asking of questions concerning the problems of the farm. A woman home demonstration agent visited the center once during the winter, and returned for the big Get Together day resulting from the meetings, which was held in June, with talks and demonstrations on farming and home problems interspersing the athletic games, stunts, singing, and special numbers on the program.

This is the church of which some one recently said: "It has healed all the sore spots, and buried all the old grudges of the community, and has created such a strong spirit of good fellowship and co-operation that the people are solidly *for* it in anything it wants to do!"

Will not the millennium be infinitely nearer when every church has such a reputation outside its own congregation?

Young People's Topic for Dec. 4

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Thy Will Be Done—with My Plans

B. Y. P. U., C. E. and E. L. Matt. 6 : 7–15

THIS is our last study in the Lord's Prayer in so far as our topics are concerned. May we determine to continue our studies unofficially and make its ideals the controlling ideas of our lives. We have studied the energetics of the kingdom in its relationship with our money, pleasures, time and talents. And we have studied our relationship to the will of God under the same topic headings. We are now discussing that relationship in the matter of our plans and programs. In other words, what shall our attitude be toward the will of God, in the weeks, months and years that are ahead?

Have you a map of your life? Jesus had such a map. Did He not speak about "His Father's business"? Paul had such a map. He "determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Abraham Lincoln had such a map. Standing in a slave market when a young man he vowed to strike slavery a death-blow. Sir Philip Sidney had such a map. He wrote to his brother, "If there are any good wars, I shall attend them." Charles Kingsley had such a map. On the evening of his birthday, when he was twenty-one, he wrote: "I have been for the last hour on the seashore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth, and the sleepless sea, and stars, I have devoted myself to God, a vow never (if He gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled." Raphael had such a map. Admiring a picture that inspired him he said, "I too, can be an artist." Balzac had such a map. Desiring to be an author his father said that writing either led to pauperism or it made a man a king. "Then I shall be a king," was the answer.

So we might continue indefinitely with our illustrations of planned lives and mapped ambitions. Says Bishop McDowell in "Letters to men": "We must close the moral gaps in our lives. We must give life at once the direction and tone it should keep until the end. We must always be attending and meaning to attend the good wars for humanity. In youth, manhood and age we must be about our Father's business. Then through the swift years life will always be good and always better and 'the best always yet to be.'"

The key thought of all great history, noble biography and splendid achievements is the thought suggested by our theme, the fact that men and women who have thought deeply, labored heroically and accomplished greatly, were men and women of definite plans and consecrated purpose, not in a selfish desire to promote personal ends, but rather to render service to environments and posterity. They are those of whom Emerson spoke when he spoke of those "Who rather than to slide into cautious graves, chose to forget themselves into immortality"; the men and women concerning which another grateful writer penned the words, "Who we build our love around, like an arch of triumph as they pass us on their way to immortality and glory." Of us all, no finer things than these can be said.

Mission Notes

DR. LEVI B. SALMANS, of the Good Samaritan Medical Mission, Guanajuato, Mexico, writes to the Christian Herald: "Dr. Louis Klopsch took great interest in my work here in its earlier years. It was quite an experiment, in a line in which no Mission Board had ever believed before. After thirty years of this experiment, many Boards are now going into the use of this arm of the service for Latin America, where so-called modern medicine is known and practiced. The Church has been exceedingly slow in learning the character and needs of the medical missionary work, and even yet the lesson is not half learned. Dr. Harry Farmer, who visited us here, remarked that we had reached the highest development yet demonstrated to the Church of the evangelistic possibilities of medicine."

Mrs. Fred C. Markert of the Canary Welfare Association, Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, Canary Islands, writes: "During the little more than a year since the Welfare Association was established, we have had the privilege of entertaining in our Rest Home eight foreign missionaries and several native workers. Besides our Rest Home, we have a home for the children of white missionaries." Mrs. Markert and her husband are doing excellent work. At the Mission there are Gospel services every Sunday morning and evening, aggregating an annual attendance of 6,837.

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 865

would have representation in the All-Irish House of Commons in proportion to population and would be protected in the Senate, perhaps receiving half of the Senators. Ulster objected to this All-Irish Parliament proposal because under it Ulster might suffer from injurious taxation and would be dependent upon the All-Irish Parliament for the division of revenue.

Britain to Begin Paying Interest

THAT Great Britain has made arrangements to begin paying the interest on her $4,000,000,000 debt to the United States was announced in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He said that in the next year two half-yearly payments of £25,000,000 each—normally a total of $250,000,000—would be made. For three years no interest has been paid, so that on November 15 about $600,000,000 was due at the rate of 5 per cent. which the loan bears, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer assumed that this deferred interest would be funded with the rest of the debt.

In his address he advised against discussion of the interallied indebtedness on the ground that it did not conduce to friendliness of feeling between the United States and Britain and that much harm had been done by suggestions for a cancellation of debts. "Our attitude toward our debts," he said, "is what it has been always: What we owe we shall be prepared to pay. We shall meet our obligations, however hard and difficult the circumstances may be at the time."

The economy campaign of the British government has been less successful than that of the American. It had been estimated that there would be a surplus over ordinary expenditures of £177,000,000, of which £80,000,000 was to go to the debt sinking fund, leaving a net surplus of £97,000,000. But the costs of the coal strike, the railway settlement and other extraordinary items more than wiped out the £97,000,000, and a slump in tax receipts made heavy inroads into the £80,000,000, so that the government will have to borrow £60,000,000 to make good the sinking fund obligations. The one comfort the Chancellor offered was that the situation might have been worse.

Pastors Work as Laborers

AN UNUSUAL experiment has been tried in Boston in an effort to bring about a better understanding between Church and labor. The pastors of seven prominent Boston churches donned overalls and went to work for a day as union laborers on building construction jobs, driving teams, carrying hods, wielding trowels, and doing other manual tasks—all in a cold, driving rain which added to the severity of their test. Each received a union card and had an excellent opportunity of getting the viewpoint of his fellow laborers.

Labor leaders of Boston reciprocated by speaking from the pulpits of twenty-five Boston churches on the following Sunday, so that the congregations also participated in the process of mutual education. The experiment was arranged by the Greater Boston Federation of Churches.

MARINES GUARD MAILS. So many robberies of registered mails have occurred recently, entailing the losses of huge sums, that 1,000 United States marines have been detailed to guard mail wagons and postal cars until a permanent armed force attached to the Post-Office Department is organized. These guards are stationed in the twelve Federal Reserve centers and in Los Angeles, because the large money shipments in those cities have been particularly tempting to the bandits.

SENATE PASSES TAX BILL. The tax revision bill has been passed by the Senate by a vote of 38 to 24, after prolonged consideration, and has been sent to conference between the House and Senate. Two efforts to include the soldiers' bonus proposition in the measure were defeated.

REV. DR. J. P. PETERS DIES. Rev. Dr. John Punnett Peters, professor of New Testament in the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., and rector emeritus of St. Michael's Episcopal Church in New York City, died in a New York hospital on his sixty-ninth year. He was a noted Hebrew scholar and archaeologist, and discovered and began the excavation of the site of ancient Nippur.

ANATOLE FRANCE WINS NOBEL PRIZE. To Anatole France, the French author, has been awarded the 1921 Nobel Prize in literature, worth about $40,000. He is the fourth Frenchman to receive the prize since its foundation in 1901.

SUBMARINE TAKES FIRE UNDER SEA. Twenty-two men aboard the United States submarine L-6 escaped death only through a desperate fight when the craft burst into flames while submerged ten fathoms. Seven men suffered injuries from smoke and flames before the submarine reached the surface for a fast fifteen-mile run, still afire, to the submarine base in Los Angeles Harbor.

THE JORDAN TO SUPPLY ELECTRIC POWER. British officials have approved plans by which the waters of the Jordan, the Yarmuk and other rivers of Palestine are to be harnessed to supply electric power to be distributed throughout the country. An agreement has been signed to grant such a concession to a company which will co-operate with the Zionist organization.

NEW JAPANESE PREMIER TAKES OFFICE. Baron Korekiyo Takahashi, who was minister of finance in the cabinet of the late Premier Hara, has assumed office as Premier of Japan, all the ministers of the Hara cabinet retaining their posts. In addition to holding the Premiership, Baron Takahashi will serve as minister of finance and acting minister of the navy for a time. He is regarded as a liberal and an opponent of militaristic policies.

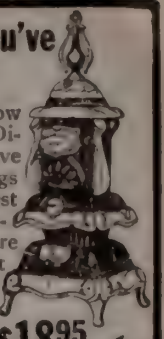
GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN TREATIES IN EFFECT. The exchange of ratifications of the peace treaties between the United States and Germany and Austria has been completed. A draft of a proclamation declaring this country at peace has been submitted to President Harding by the State Department for early promulgation.

POLISH PRESIDENT OFFERS RESIGNATION. General Pilsudski, president of Poland, offered his resignation because of opposition to a plan of his ministers for the incorporation of Vilna in the Polish state. His resignation was not accepted, however, and he later decided, in view of persistent opposition in the Diet, not to press the bill putting Vilna into a middle Lithuanian state, as he wished.

IN MANY South American cities, rat-catchers are a part of the municipal service agencies, acting under the Board of Health, and are employed as cities in the United States employ street-cleaners. The rat-catchers use gas to kill off the rodents, which are numerous even in the better hotels and newer buildings. A returned Y. W. C. A. secretary describes the method in Buenos Aires:

When rats become too obstreperous, a report is sent to the health board and the men are sent out with their small gassing machines, to which a hose is attached. Holes are bored in the floors of the building, the hose is inserted and the gas is pumped through. Sometimes the rats escape and are caught; sometimes they are asphyxiated quickly and die where they are. When there are a great many rats in the walls four men are employed working at the four corners of each room, so that the rodents will have little chance of escape from the poison in any direction.

Here Are Prices You've Been Waiting For



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The Scripture Text Calendar for 1922, with its combination of the beauties of art with the daily words of inspiration from the Bible, will, we think, meet with general approval. The art work, including both the front page and the inside pictures, is reproduced in the beautiful four-color process printing.

The size of the Calendar is 9¼ inches wide and 16 inches long. The pages are on fine enamel paper with metal top and cord hanger.

TWELVE WORKS OF ART

Besides the cover design, the calendar contains a four-color picture for each month. We present herewith a list of these works of art:

JANUARY—Christ Healing the Sick Child.
FEBRUARY—Returning from Jerusalem.
MARCH—The Story of the Good Samaritan.
APRIL—He Is Risen.
MAY—Christ Teaching Little Children.
JUNE—The Son of a Carpenter.
JULY—Christ Going Through the Wheat Field.
AUGUST—Christ and the Fallen Woman.
SEPTEMBER—Jesus Sitting by the Sea of Galilee.
OCTOBER—The Rainbow Promise.
NOVEMBER—The Story of Jacob's Ladder.
DECEMBER—The Holy Night.

You can only appreciate the general excellence of the design and the artistic effect produced by the combination of beautiful colors by sending for the calendar itself.

As an adornment for the walls of the home, the famous picture, "Master, I Perish," artistically adapted to the cover design of the Scripture Text Calendar for 1922, is one which speaks eloquently, conveying to the beholder a suggestion of hope and good cheer.

By referring to the Scripture Text Calendar you can tell what the Sunday School Lesson will be for any Sunday in 1922—an aid to the busy teacher.

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On the back of the Calendar is a 200-Year Calendar, by the use of which you can locate the day of the week on which you were born, or any important event in recent history; in fact, the dates within two centuries. A table of the Easter Sundays between 1860 and 1955 is given; also a table showing Standard Time Around the World. These educational features add to the practical utility of the calendar and enhance its value to old and young.

Here is how every reader may get one

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

65 BIBLE HOUSE NEW YORK

The Miracle of Chinatown

And Other Marvelous Transformations Wrought by Evangelistic Work

By ARTHUR J. SMITH

NEW YORK'S Chinatown, mecca of sight-seers and maelstrom of evil, is undergoing a great change. Heathen idols and shrines have been destroyed, the real temple to Confucius has been closed, and a Christian "Mayor" has been elected.

All this has not happened overnight; it is the result of years of patient work by two heroic men—thirty-four years for the Rev. Huie Kin, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and thirteen years for the Rev. Lee To, pastor of the Methodist-Baptist Mission. Nine years ago we of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City engaged these men to go out on the street corners and give the Gospel to their people there, assuring them that we would help them in every way we could. We sent cornetists to draw the crowds; we secured police permits for the meetings, and rendered further service when needed.

We do not claim that all our friends in Chinatown have become Christians. We do claim, however, that some of the leaders have been won for Christ, and many of the people have their faces toward the Cross. They have discovered that Confucius cannot comfort, help, or save them. They have seen many of their people who had sunk into degradation and sin transformed by the Gospel of Christ, and have said, "This is what we need and what we want."

Rev. Lee To is now the center of interest and a figure of vital importance in Chinatown. "Every mountain-top of privilege is girdled by the vales of lowly duty," and no one knows this better than Lee To. When he first came to Chinatown as a missionary about thirteen years ago, he found his people in the midst of moral degradation, ambition as their king, and bringing down upon the heads of their progeny all the attendant evils of a selfish life. Mr. To's progress was slow. Finding it almost impossible to draw the people to his meeting-place, he went to the street corner, assisted by our Committee, and little by little won a hearing. His converts did not number more than ten or a dozen a year, and these few left the vicinity almost immediately, seeking better environment; their leaving and the influx of others only intensified his problems, but he was dauntless.

Although it was evident that Lee To was getting a strong hold on Chinatown, the most hopeful would have hardly dared predict that he would become head of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, or "Mayor of Chinatown." Every Chinaman in America is automatically a member of this Association, or of a similar organization which centers in San Francisco. It is not only a benevolent association, as the name indicates, but it is also a source of counsel and authority in legal matters, and its head is looked to for guidance in anything that concerns the lives and welfare of the members. There is still a great deal to be done. He was not elected "Mayor" because the electors were Christians, for the majority of them were not; but because through his consistent Christian life and sterling principles he had won their confidence as a leader. They are loath to accept Christianity for themselves, but they like it in Lee To; they like his justice and compassion, and their approval is a good omen for the future.

Rev. Huie Kin, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, said he felt sure that the open-air work had much to do in bringing about the great change which has taken place in Chinatown, which has been referred to by some Christians in the city as a real miracle of grace.

IT WAS night on the lower East Side. A man with malice in his heart, his brain filled with an insane desire—the desire to kill—had come all the way from Russia to avenge a wrong. He was avoiding the lights, yet he was watching the crowd. While seeking his enemy he came upon a group of men on a street corner listening to a speaker. Suddenly, his attention was arrested by an expression of the speaker concerning the forgiving love of God. He listened—he was strangely moved—he wondered if there was anything in this for him, and when the meeting was over he followed the speaker to the little mission house and there he told his story. He was led to put his trust in Christ and told that he must love and forgive his enemy; and when he left the mission house that night he went out to seek the man who had wronged him, but this time not to kill him but to lead him to Christ.

Some years ago a murderer was apprehended by the commonwealth of New York, convicted and executed at a cost of about $100,000. It cost the Evangelistic Committee of New York but three dollars to conduct the meeting in which this would-be murderer was saved. A miracle of grace took place in this man's life and the Empire State was probably saved a large sum.

A clergyman who had been unfrocked by his church for heresy heard one of our evangelists in a street meeting, and at the close of the meeting approached him and told him his story, and finally said, "You have removed all of my difficulties today. I can go back to my church and ask to be reinstated." His trouble was scepticism and unbelief. The Gospel message had removed his difficulties and changed him from a doubter to a believer.

In 1905 we placed a fully equipped tent in the heart of a Neapolitan and Sicilian district in Little Italy, a section estimated then to contain about sixty or seventy thousand Italians with only three churches, and for five years prosecuted an aggressive campaign in the district, in meetings in the tent and in the open-air. A church resulted with a membership, just before the war, of 800. Two groups of anarchists were disbanded. Some of the members of these bands were converted and taken into the church. The leader of one of the bands, who was also the editor of an anarchistic newspaper, was so greatly changed that he was elected an officer in the church and is now devoting his entire time to Christian work.

EARLY in the work on Canal and West Streets, a man came into our tent so intoxicated that he had to be supported as he sat on a chair. Something in the meeting arrested his attention and reached his heart, for the man was sobered and mightily moved. He was taken to a lodging-house where he was kept for the night, and later taken to a Christian home for intemperate men where he heard more of the Gospel story. This man was wonderfully saved. Later he went to a missionary training school in Chicago, where he worked his way, was graduated with honors, went out to the Far West as a missionary pastor where he labored with great success. The change in his life was a miracle of grace.

A fight between two gangs occurred in one of our tents in an Italian district one night. The two young women conducting the young people's meeting were obliged to climb a six-foot picket fence to reach a place of safety. One of the young women was almost killed in the fight. At the close of the season one of the gangs was reached and organized into a Bible club and related to a church in the neighborhood.

During the late war, the pastor of the church received a letter from France forwarded by the Red Cross, which was taken from the pocket of a soldier in No Man's Land. It was stained with his own blood. In the letter he said, "I have been over the top seven times; we have just been ordered over for the eighth time: I don't expect to come back. I remember the tent and the things taught in the tent and am not afraid." He did not come back to us, but he went on to meet his Lord. A miracle had taken place in his life—from a gangster he became a devoted follower of Jesus Christ.

Wanting "To Be Somebody"

The Story of a Colored Girl Who Sought Opportunity

By EMMA J. WILSON

Founder of Mayesville Institute

ONE morning last November, a poor colored woman came to the Industrial Institution at Mayesville, S. C., on the early train and brought a girl with her. I asked what I could do for her. She said she had brought her niece to school, as her husband did not want her in the house with him. The girl was not kin to him and for that reason he very often would drive her away, and she would go out and stay with whoever would take her in for the night. The poor thing was really an outcast and the aunt said she knew that the girl couldn't stand up long, wandering around from house to house. So she brought her to the Mayesville Institute in the hope that we would take her in. The girl's mother and father were dead, and the aunt was unable to do anything for her.

I told her I didn't see how we could take the girl, everything being so very high and funds for our work being short. They both began to weep bitterly and the woman begged piteously that the girl be allowed to remain. Lillian, the girl, said to me: "Just let me stay; I will do anything you want me to do. I want to be in school; I want to learn my book and to cook and sew." Then her aunt said she would do what she could by furnishing part of her clothes. The girl was her dead brother's child, and she did so much want "to be somebody!"

Then I called in a number of the teachers and told them the story. They said they couldn't give her money to pay board with, but they could give her articles of clothing, which they have done. It was for me to decide whether to trust God and take the girl, or to let her go. The latter seemed a very hard thing to do, so I told her I would take her and do the best I could by her; and if the time came when I couldn't keep her any longer, I would let her know.

Lillian is about fourteen, and is entirely dependent. We have to provide everything for her. She is anxious to be a dressmaker and we are trying to obtain a scholarship for her. The fee is $75 for the year. She works and likes to work; but to let her study successfully, we don't put too many duties upon her.

The first Sunday after coming to Mayesville, Lillian went to Sunday school and she said, "I have never been to Sunday school before." During our week of prayer, she asked for prayer that she might become a better girl. She said "I want to live for the Master and want Him to make me what He would have me be."

Lillian is a very good girl, and promises well in her work and her studies. She always says she is very anxious "to be somebody."

OUR work at Mayesville was founded in 1882, and during the years that have passed we have had several hundred conversions. We have a strong Y. M. C. A. and a Y. W. C. A., which are doing most excellent work in moulding character. We have taken the greatest care to instil in our children the love of God and the Gospel of Salvation, in addition to the secular training. It is having its telling effects not only in the school, but in the homes of these people as they grow up.

Then there is the case of Clarence, who was brought to us by his father, who is a minister—a good man, but with no fixed pastorate and very slight means. He was a widower when he brought the boy to us, some two years ago. He wanted him to work his way through. The father has not been able to do anything for him up to the present time. Clarence is now about fourteen and I never saw a brighter little fellow. He doesn't care a great deal about studies, but only his trade. He says: "I just love brick mason and farming. And, Miss Wilson, you'll be proud of Clarence, yet." He is certainly a very great help to us.

We have fourteen boys and girls, all unsupported, in addition to our regular students, and would be glad to hear from any friends who might be interested in helping them. Since the law has been passed that all children in South Carolina should attend school, hundreds have applied to us for admission. The value of a Christian education, combined with industrial training, is well illustrated at Mayesville.

A New Day for the World

Continued from page 862

And it was not an exception that on the faces of men and women there were tears of thanksgiving that the opening of the Conference had been marked by spiritual power. As one said who had felt it in a most astonishing degree, "I felt as if at last a new day had dawned for the world. For I had been witnessing, not a repetition of the old wornout discredited diplomatic intrigue, but I had been viewing and hearing new voices that were bound to make themselves heard through the clamor of selfish national interests."

No matter what the final outcome of the Conference may be, that first day was a new day in the history of international deliberations. It marked the passing of the secret scheming of politicians acting under concealment and planning to gain the advantage by moving the eternal pawns of suffering humanity on the diplomatic chess-board. It marked the beginning of the end of old-world treaties and bargains, and it blazed the way to a human method of dealing with human needs that cannot be set aside for selfish or narrow ambitions of any country without incurring for that country the well-merited scorn of mankind.

Over all the deep and unreportable significance of this new day for international relations rose the words of the prayer of the morning:

"We pray for clear vision, or we grope blindly for the light and lose our way. We pray for the forward look, or we shall be overwhelmed in hopeless pessimism. Out of the depths we cry unto Thee, O God! Save us, or we perish!"

But the world will not perish if in the spirit of the President's most noble utterance we make up our minds that as a nation, we of the United States, continue to want "less of armament and none of war."

The first day of the Conference was a foregleam of a new day for America and the world.

"ASK Mr. Foster" has been variously adapted. At a conference of farmers held at one of the schools in Topeka a dozen of the young ladies were selected to be guides and helpers for the guests, to answer questions and to make them feel at ease while in the school. They wore white badges with the legend "Ask me." The "Potato King of Kansas," waxing eloquent over his possessions and achievements, rather depreciated the necessity for school training and told the audience that in fact he had brought his son with him to the school to select a good, healthy, country girl for a wife, and at least a dozen had anticipated this visit and had bebadged themselves, "Ask Me."

A PRESBYTERIAN missionary was working in Canada and coming to a cabin asked the good woman if there were any Presbyterians in her neighborhood. The woman looked in amazement for a moment and then assured him that she did not know but if there were any Jock had their hides nailed up out on the shed.

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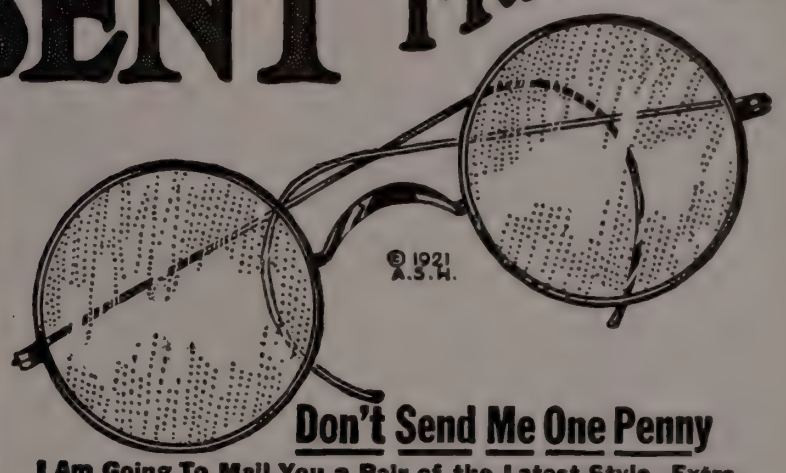

Don't Send Me One Penny

I Am Going To Mail You a Pair of the Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, "Sight-Improving" Spectacles Absolutely Free of Charge

I want you to take a good look at the spectacles in the above heading. Notice their size and shape. Compare them with the glasses you or your friends may be wearing right now.

Notice the extra-large round eyes in these latest-style "sight-improving" spectacles. The glasses are as large and as round as a silver dollar, as you can see in the above picture; and completely cover every part of the human eye so you don't have to look over the tops of them or squint your eyes under them like you have to do when wearing the old-style small-eye spectacles for sale at stores.

These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye "Sight-Improving" Spectacles Have Taken the Country by Storm

Thousands of spectacle-wearers from Maine to California have quit using the old-style small-eye egg-shaped glasses and are now wearing the latest-style extra-large round-eye "sight-improving" spectacles—which have practically taken the country by storm—and I am going to send you a pair of these up-to-date glasses complete in a very neat and handsome 10 karat gold-filled spectacle frame, to try fully ten days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

You Can Wear These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye "Sight-Improving" Spectacles for Far or Near, for Reading or Looking Away Off in the Distance

As soon as you get them, I want you to put them on your eyes no matter how weak they may be from age; sit down at your fireside these cold wintry nights and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye-pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

You Can Use Them When Out Hunting, Driving or To the Movies If You So Desire

If you like to go out hunting occasionally, put on these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles, go out into the woods some bright sunny morning and you will be delighted to find how greatly they help you in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game.

Or if you are fond of going to the movies once in a while, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen look just as clear and as plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles.

Seeing Is Believing

Now I realize that it may be hard for you—or any other spectacle-wearer whose sight has become greatly weakened from age—to believe that these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles will again bring back to you the absolutely perfect sight of your younger days.

But you know the old saying "Seeing is believing" and I positively will not accept one single solitary penny from you until you have seen these latest-style spectacles and have found them more sight-improving to your own eyes than any spectacles you have ever bought anywhere at any price before. That is the reason why I am only asking you to fill out and mail me the coupon below, and I will immediately send you a handsome 10 karat gold-filled pair of the latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles by mail, all charges prepaid to try fully 10 days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

Cut Out this Coupon on this Line

AMERICAN SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 10, 55th & Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I have read your liberal offer and want you to send me by mail all charges prepaid a handsome 10-karat gold filled pair of your latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, "sight-improving" spectacles complete with an up-to-date leatherette spring-back pocket-book spectacle case which you are offering on ten days absolute free trial.

I am going to try them out for reading or looking away off in the distance, for far or near, indoors or outdoors and in every way you have mentioned above, and if I find them all you claim them to be after a 10 days trial, I will pay you your advertising price of $2.85 and no more. I want you, however, to distinctly understand that if I do not find them to be right up-to-date in every respect or if they do not restore the absolutely perfect vision of my younger days, I will return them to you without a cent of pay as I don't intend to keep them unless they are much better than any spectacles I have ever used before and even then I positively will not pay for them unless I consider them a bargain at the advertising price of $2.85 which you are asking for them and you will have to take my word as final in this matter. **Be Sure and Answer the Following Questions:**

How old are you? Ans...... *How many years have you used glasses (if any) Ans.*.....

Name.....

County.....*Post Office*.....

R. R......*Box*.....*State*.....

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MRS. J. J. G., Mylam, Ala. The accepted theory regarding the authorship of the first five books of the Bible is that Moses collected, arranged and left to his successors records which, after his death, were woven into the continuous narrative we now possess. There are scattered throughout the five books expressions that were obviously not written by Moses, yet the use of which in no wise impairs the historic serviceability of the narrative, so that even conceding they were inserted after his death, they can not be regarded as out of place. As to the thirty-fourth chapter of Deuteronomy, it is quite evident it must have been written subsequent to the death of Moses. Josephus, the Jewish historian, however, held that Moses himself, by prophetic inspiration, before he ascended Mt. Nebo wrote the account of his own death and burial.

A. B. D., Sandersville, Miss. 1. Your request has been sent to the Prayer League. 2 We regret that the poem you quote is not in our collection.

Mrs. C. D. R., Reelsville, Ind. The verses in Isaiah 35 : 8, 9, 10, have frequently been discussed. "The way of holiness," otherwise "the way of the Holy One," is held to refer to the way leading the redeemed back to Jerusalem, both the *literal* and the *heavenly*. Christ at His coming will be the Leader on the Way for which reason it is called also "the way of the Lord." Not the iniquitous, even though rich and mighty, shall travel that road; but to the simple wayfarer, who has found life a struggle, but has not yielded to sin, the way will be clear and open, and he will be safeguarded against danger or straying. The return of the ransomed to Zion is pictured as being accompanied by singing and joy and great gladness.

Mrs. J. H. F., Logansport, Ind. The Constitution of the U. S. guarantees freedom of religious worship, and this right is extended to all religions alike. As to encouraging a person to unite with any particular church, that must be regarded as a matter for the individual conscience. It is not supposable that any one would advise another to unite with a church, or accept a religion in which the adviser does not believe.

This letter, addressed to the Bowery Mission, has been sent to the Mail-Bag, whose readers will find it of special interest. A. H., Lodi, Calif., writes: "I will introduce myself as a sinner saved by grace. Our Lord found me on the street, like so many others that have gone astray. Yesterday evening I went to the Mission (Peniel) in Stockton, Calif., and being somewhat early, I went into the library. There I took up a copy of the Christian Herald and read an account of how the Bowery Mission feeds the hungry and the down-and-out, and I felt that I should have a part in that work, because I had gotten many pieces of bread when I was hungry. My Lord did not let me perish. I am praying that many souls may be saved in the Bowery Mission. Please let me know if you receive this letter and the draft of $100 enclosed."

This gift to the Bowery Mission, from an unexpected quarter, will be applied in feeding the hungry and homeless men and lads of the Bread Line. It represents much sacrifice on the part of the giver.

B. J., Germantown, Pa. It can not be definitely stated in the absence of full statistics, how many women are in the pulpit today. The Disciples of Christ have nearly a hundred women pastors, according to "The Bible Today," the first woman pastor having been ordained by that denomination forty-seven years ago. There are fifteen in the State of Illinois and eight in Kansas.

A. L. P., Independence, Kans., writes: "In traveling through the country, I am surprised at the great number of open wells, and wells with only a trap-door or loose cover, which are a constant source of great danger to the lives of children on the farms and in villages. As I believe that this is partly due to thoughtlessness on the part of the farmers, would it not be well to publish a warning against this danger, as many children may lose their lives from this cause?"

The suggestion is a good one. Wells in the condition our correspondent describes are a positive danger, and should be properly guarded.

Dr. H. D. Prowd, Superintendent of Foreign Missions at Turrialba, Costa Rica, writes: "We are in receipt of your letter of August 19, with check of $47, for our work in Costa Rica. There are eight mission stations: Turrialba, Siquirres, Germania, Pocora, Parismina, Cairo Branch, Cuba Creek and Cedar Creek. We have also two new places to enter, where the people are crying for the Gospel. To many of these places we have to go on foot over bad and dangerous roads and through rivers, to reach these people. The peasantry of the country are very poor. While there is the spirit of earnestness, their earning capacity is so low that it forms an almost insurmountable barrier. We pray God's blessing upon all who think of us in these far-away places."

Q. J. C., Hopkinson, Mass. It is a dangerous business to judge others. "God alone knoweth the heart." We are not to be judges. As for the various charities and benevolences you mention, they are, all of them we believe, consecrated in the true Christian spirit. Jesus Himself first fed the hungry multitudes and then preached the Gospel to them and they "heard him gladly!" With regard to the Disarmament Conference, we are hoping and praying that it may be divinely guided. We have within the last few weeks received from thousands of churches and from large conferences—the whole representing several millions of church members—a fervent endorsement of the movement to minimize wars and to reduce armaments. These people are appealing to God to direct the Conference in accordance with His will. It is true that without Him we can do nothing; but with faith and obedience to His will, what mighty good for humanity may not be accomplished?

Mrs. W. F., Brooklyn, N. Y. The right to read the Bible in the Public Schools, which has long been a disputed question, will shortly be tested in the U. S. Supreme Court by the Presbyterian Synod of the State of Washington, according to the New York Tribune. That publication states that one of the main arguments in support of the right will be that the enactment and enforcement of state laws for bidding the Bible to be read in the schools has resulted in an increase of crime. It will also be shown that the prohibtion is a violation of the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, and that the exclusion of the Bible on the ground that it is a sectarian book can not and should not be maintained.

Mr. A. C. Harte writes from Jerusalem to the Christian Herald: "Yesterday evening I had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Vester of the American Colony. I found them much concerned concerning the Christian Herald Orphanage which the Colony has carried on since its inception. The Orphanage is small, but the work done is of an exceptional character. The children seem to be happy, and though they have much work and study, there always seems to be an atmosphere of joy. The Orphanage is not only a happy home but it is also a good and practical school. When the girls leave it, they are fitted to do well the kind of work that must be done in this country, and which they can secure. I hope it will be possible for the Christian Herald and its readers to continue the Orphanage as it is, and to extend it so that at least a hundred girls can be taken care of at one time. You will be glad to know that the Jerusalem Y. M. C. A. is making good headway. Without a membership canvass and with very limited accommodations, the membership numbers 287. October 18 we formally opened a new conference hall and began our autumn and winter program. I am confident that if we had good teachers for commercial and industrial branches, our membership would soon pass the five hundred mark. One of the features of our work is the library. We are really proud of our good beginning. We would appreciate it, if you could give us an autograph copy of 'In His Steps' for our special Jerusalem alcove."

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for Speed *and* Safety

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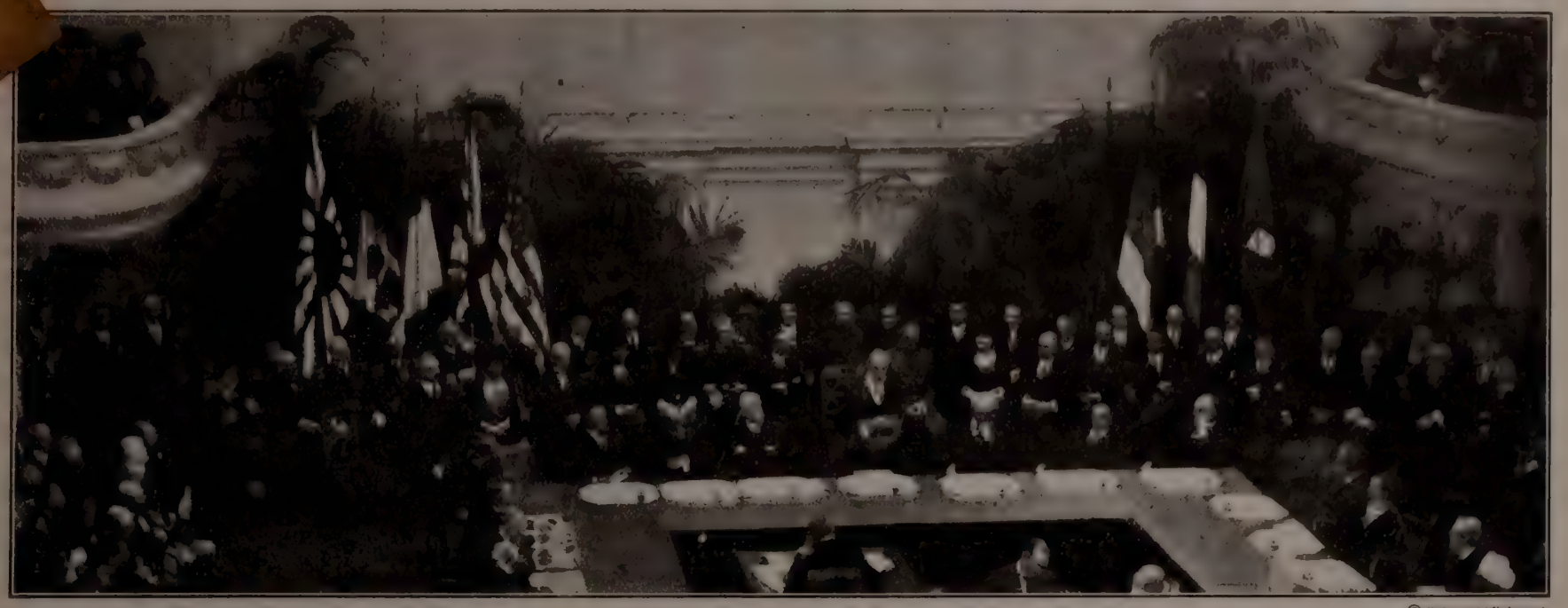

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The scene at the opening of the Washington Conference, with Secretary Hughes on his feet to deliver the address presenting America's epoch-making proposal for the limitation of naval armament

A Triumph for Practical Idealism

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

BY THE time this article can be printed in the Christian Herald, its readers will be in possession of all the things said and done on the important second day of the international Conference on Limitation of Armament and on Pacific and Far Eastern questions. But I am taking it for granted that certain impressions of an eye witness to that gathering would not be old news to our readers, and some things seen and heard will not be found in the daily press.

I was impressed at the very first look at the hall where the session was held with the simplicity and lack of formality that were a part of the entire atmosphere of the occasion. Only two pictures on the walls. No tapestries or ancient works of art. No signs of red tape, or officialdom. For all a stranger could judge it might just as well have been a gathering of folk to attend a popular lecture or musical. There was chatting and social interchange in an animated manner up to the hour of calling the Conference to order. The walls of the hall were pure white with only two splashes of color on the front where the flags of the allies were grouped. The table was arranged in a U shape, around which the thirty-five delegates sat, Mr. Hughes with Mr. Balfour at his left.

Just as the chime clock was striking eleven Mr. Hughes with one blow of the gavel called the Conference to order, and without any delay announced that the order of the day was the hearing of the different representatives in reply to the proposition he had made on Saturday relative to scrapping a considerable part of the navies of the world. He said there would be no reading of minutes of the previous meeting and an absence of formality in order to get at once to the business for which the Conference was called.

It may be said right here that the foreign delegates who are used to the regular tiresome diplomatic delays of the old world are really greatly taken with Secretary Hughes's manner of sweeping old parliamentary and time-consuming practices into the waste-paper basket. If they only knew him as I had the privilege of knowing him for two years in Brown University they would have known that no man living has less use for the nonessentials of diplomacy or mere formality. I would as soon expect Mr. Hughes to waste time on a golf course giving a lecture on how to hit the ball before he drove off as I would to see him talking several days about how to disarm before he told how.

And the delegations from abroad, having had Sunday and Monday to catch their breath, evidently also had caught Mr. Hughes's spirit, and in order, beginning with Mr. Balfour, they stated their acceptance of the proposal made by the United States, with modifications which would be discussed and worked over in the separate committees.

It is not necessary for me in this article to go over the speeches that were made that morning. Our readers have long since read the details and additional history since. But a few impressions I received at the meeting as it went on will not be changed, no matter what the Conference may finally do.

The one thing which Mr. Balfour said that stood out, to my mind, above all the clever phrases he used, was simply one sentence; "Secretary Hughes has made idealism a practical proposition."

"At last the professional statesmen are beginning to recognize that idealism can be very practical," I could not help saying as Mr. Balfour uttered this sentence. And it is significant that this one sentence provoked the largest cheering of the day. Mr. Balfour might have gone farther and said that "practical idealism is the only thing that will end war or any other human trouble."

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The Advisory Committee of the American delegation, in which you will find several familiar faces

AN INTERPRETATION was made in French after each speaker, and this procedure tended to let down the strain with which the delegates were followed. And after the British statement was made which accepted in the main the proposition of America for reduction of naval arms, Japan rose in the person of Admiral Kato.

It was my impression that Japan's statement was the most concise and straightforward of all. And the concluding sentence, in which the interpreter, speaking in English with the clearest and purest English used by any speaker, was very loudly cheered:

"Japan assures the United States that she has no designs for offensive war and welcomes this proposal to make a beginning for world peace."

Then followed Italy, and last, France, Premier Briand speaking with great animation and more oratorically than any others. After a few words from Secretary Hughes announcing the work that would be taken up by committees and also that the next meeting of the Conference would be at his call, another momentous gathering of the nations was added to the one of Saturday, the twelfth of November. And perhaps in some ways this was even more momentous, if less dramatic than the first, because it was the expression of the powers in response to the challenge which America has flung out to the whole world in the name of the people, and not in the name of the diplomat.

It may seem to some of the readers of the Christian Herald that too much stress may have been laid in these articles on the Conference, upon diplomacy as compared with the moral sentiment and power of the people. But I do not think any one could be present at this meeting of the world powers and miss the main point. It was not a secret session. The plain common people were in that hall Tuesday morning, November 15. And there is no doubt in my mind that militarism has been feeling, as it never before felt, the mind and passion of the common people of the whole world that war is a wicked and wasteful thing and that we are beginning to pull its teeth and pare its claws, preparatory to cutting off its head.

Any one who has listened to the tremendous applause going up all over this country since Mr. Hughes proposed to actually scrap $600,000,000 worth of battle-ships for the United States alone has listened to the applause of the people. And in this case there is no question in my mind that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

MY SEAT happened to be near that of Mr. H. G. Wells, the English author of The Outline of History. The first articles Mr. Wells wrote about the Conference before it met were decidedly pessimistic as to any good results coming from the meetings. So I ventured to ask him as we were going out, "How about being optimistic now, Mr. Wells?"

He laughed good-naturedly and said, "Well, I think I am somewhere in between."

I ventured to ask him if he had ever before known in all history of a President of any country asking an audience to join him in the Lord's Prayer, as President Harding did at the services at Arlington at the burial of the Unknown Soldier.

He looked quickly at me with a very bright, comprehensive look and said instantly, and with emphasis: "No. That would make a new line in history."

Let us hope that when Mr. Wells writes the next chapter on the history of the United States he will put in more than one line on that fact. For to my mind the difference between this and all other world conferences to discuss international affairs is a tremendous difference, measured by actual recognition of moral and spiritual forces by both President Harding and Mr. Hughes.

After the Conference adjourned I met Mr. Bryan, who at one time, after Japan spoke, was on his feet in the press section waving his hand, and looking as if he would like to say "Hooray!" I never saw any one more jubilant.

I met Mr. Balfour and told him that we felt confident the 26,000,000 church members of the United States wanted not only limitation of armament but disarmament. He smiled that winning smile of his which takes away the impression one has had of Matterhorn iciness, and said with real feeling, "Fine! Good! Very Good!"

I met Mr. Root, and, after him, Senator Lodge, who, when he heard I was from Kansas, said that the best apples he ever ate came from Kansas, for which of course I felt grateful, even if what he said had nothing to do with Mars or the sons of Mars. For when a Massachusetts man says anything in praise of Kansas, I take it he has been impressed with something, even if only apples.

I MET Secretary Hughes and tried to tell him in one sentence how much the people were in sympathy with his practical beginning, and when I told him, presuming on our acquaintance in the old University days when we were in and out of each others' rooms almost daily, of the mission of the Christian Herald to the President with the Resolutions of the churches and what the President had said on receiving that resolution, he said in his old warm-hearted manner I used to know, "Fine! Fine!" If he had spoken an oration he could not have conveyed to me more clearly the feeling he had of power that came to him from a knowledge of the way the American people, the Christian people, feel about limitation and disarmament.

I find myself praying tonight as I pen these words, all too feeble to express what I feel, that a volume of prayer will roll across this war-weary world and rise to heaven on wings of supernal hope as new chapters are being written in earth's great book. They *are* being written. They were written in the two hours I spent in that hall today. And please God that history shall not be completed until the Prince of Peace Himself shall write the last word, and when He is through He will write "Finis," not to the book of man's life on earth, but the END of war's annals in man's sorrowful but hereafter happy life. It is an idealist who is writing, but a "practical" one, Mr. Balfour.

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CHINA'S SPOKESMEN IN THE DISCUSSION OF FAR EASTERN PROBLEMS

Left to right: General Wang, Dr. M. T. Laing, Admiral Lee, Dr. Alfred Sze, Dr. Wellington Koo, Dr. C. T. Wang and Admiral Tsai

A Japanese Woman's Prayers for Peace

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

NEVER before in the history of the world, according to the almost common consent of thoughtful people of many different nations, has so much interest been shown in any historical event as the Limitation of Armaments Conference called by President Harding. As the Conference settles down to work this impression grows in intensity. Washington is throbbing with something far greater than even the war fever and excitement which filled it during the entire war period. There is an indescribable atmosphere about the event and all it stands for which the most gifted newspaper correspondents are powerless to picture even in the most gifted use of newspaper language. The event transcends journalism. It rises above even the extraordinary efforts of the press to describe its many-sided, tremendous importance for the welfare of mankind.

And when the immense quantity of newspaper accounts has been weighed calmly, it will be found that many tons of it have been made up out of surmises, guesses, imaginings, brilliant writing about non-essentials, smart reports of sayings and doings that were not worth saying or doing.

But there will be some events that will survive and be worthy of a place in high history. And among them all will be the story of the coming to the Conference of Madam Kaji Yajima, founder and president of the Japanese Woman's Temperance Union, and a personality revealing in a most astonishing manner the power of Christ to reach any soul of any race or tongue.

Mr. Patterson and I had just come out from the President's room where we had presented to him the resolutions from the Christian Herald readers praying for world-wide peace, when Madam Yajima with her petition came, to speak, as she said to me afterwards, not alone for peace from war, but to break open the heart's of God's children in every land to the spirit of God.

Could anything be more significant than the human fact that this woman born in Japan, now over ninety years old, president of the Japanese Woman's Christian Temperance Union, should come over 8,000 miles to this country, for the express purpose of seeking, at a time of historical crisis of the human race, an opportunity to impress on the world its need of prayer?

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Madam Kaji Yajima (seated), and her secretary, with the Japanese women's peace petition

MADAM YAJIMA is the first Japanese woman to receive a certificate for teaching. She has made this long journey at her own expense, using money given to her by her students to make comfortable her old age. Probably every delegation to the Conference has its expenses paid by the country from which it comes. But this old woman, who seems to breathe the spirit of peacefulness in her whole personality which eastern persons have, to a degree hardly known by the western people, sacrifices her ease and comfort and gives her all to this human cause to prove to this selfish old world that all the heroes and heroines are not military.

The petition which she brought to President Harding contained the original signatures of over 10,000 Japanese women which she obtained only a few weeks before she came. She said, "I could have obtained 100,000 names just as well, if I had begun to ask for them sooner."

Listen to this human miracle born in the country that many military men and even many American statesmen and politicians have believed has been plotting to make war on the United States. And that belief is still held by scores of so-called shrewd journalists and some men high in public life here in Washington. But hear Madam Yajima:

"I have faith that the Conference will be the foundation of peace. The Japanese women do not like war, and all who believe in God ought to join hands and make this world the Home of God.

"I have come to this country at this time as a free individual, not in any official capacity, nor even in the representative capacity as a messenger of my country.

"I know no other language than my own, but God knows every language and I have come to pray with my American sisters.

"My countrymen and women are supporting me with their prayers. I want everyone to PRAY for world peace."

I think that is as significant and tremendous a statement from this saint of God, born in Japan, and reared on its soil, as any utterance that will be made at the Conference.

I think it is, because I believe that the power of prayer that sways this ninety-year-old Japanese

Continued on page 891

The Wife Problem Confesses

Her Shortcomings in the Privilege of Making a Real Home Are Analyzed

By A MERE MAN'S WIFE

I WANTED my husband to write this article on the Wife Problem, but he said he did not think he had any. I know better, and so does he when he remembers the past. I will say this for him, however, that his memory is short when it comes to recalling the disagreeable things in our married life.

Indeed, after reading over some of the things he has said about me, I am inclined to think he has given the impression to the general reader that his wife is almost an angel, without faults, and that he is the one who is most to blame if anything goes wrong in our family.

I want to assure the reader of this confession, for that is what this statement really is, that the Wife of the Mere Man is far from an angel, and that at times she is quite sure she is a Problem, to her Husband and her children and her friends. And I think you will agree with her after listening to this plain account.

Starting out with the usual assumption that men don't understand women, and women don't understand men, I think they know enough about each other to live together peaceably and miss the tragedy of separation if certain conditions are observed by each. It frightens me, when I think back over the years of our married life, to see how more than once we might have gone over the brink into disaster, as so many others have. The one thing that has always saved us, of course, has been the real love each of us has had for the other. It was a love that was based on mutual respect and friendship and companionship. Otherwise we would have run the risk of breaking the most sacred tie that men and women make when they promise to liye together in the home life.

WE BEGAN our married life very happily. When the children came they were welcomed as gifts of God. They are beautiful children, and we believe they are growing up to be useful, happy and worthwhile.

But as I look back over some of the years, I think a part of the problem I have been for my husband has centered about the children and their training. I was brought up to be very strict in my religious life. My husband is in many ways inclined to be easy-going when it comes to forms and ceremonies. But these things have always meant a great deal to me, and I have, I am quite ready to confess, made too much of them. This has gradually led to a drawing away from a common sympathy in religious matters which has been a real source of sorrow to me. I am not stating this as a fault on my part, but simply as one of the things in our married life where we have not walked hand in hand.

I think I can truly say that I have seldom given my husband any trouble over money matters, as he has told you, and we have a systematic and workable financial plan for the household of which we are somewhat proud; and inasmuch as it works practically and saves a lot of friction, we miss those breakers into which so many families go shipwreck. Only I think it was true that in the first few years of our married life I did worry my husband a good deal, because I did not know much about his business affairs, and supposed he was making more money than he really was, and I talked a good deal to him about a better house for the children's sake, and said a good deal about new furniture and things of that sort, because although I was brought up very strictly in a religious way, I was also born with a great desire for costly things.

I lived for years, however, with a humiliating sense when it came to the thought of asking my husband for money direct, and seldom did it. I brooded over it a good deal, and many times during that period, when he thought I was moody and reserved, without reason, and he needed cheering up on account of business reverses, I was secretly going over in my mind his injustice and niggardliness in the way he kept his business matters from me, and most of all in the small way he doled out a few dollars now and then to me in a condescending way, as if I had not earned it, but must have a little for "pin money."

I THINK it was this habit more than any other that led me after a while into a habit of "nagging."

I never liked that word, but it is in the dictionary, and it describes exactly, as no other word does, the thing that I did that made more problem than any other for my home.

The other day I was reading the account of the divorce proceedings in our district court. We have the reputation, I am sorry to say, in our part of the United States, of having more divorces to the number of married people than any other county in the state. And the reason given in the account I was reading, as stated by the judge of the court was "Peevish spouses, and nagging wives!"

It brought me up, to use my husband's term, with a "short turn and a square hitch."

And also with a bound of something like terror in my heart as I recalled a scene that very morning, at the breakfast-table, like this:

Family seated as usual. Father and mother opposite each other at the round table. The oldest boy at his father's right. The younger boy at my left. The girl at her father's left. The girl said grace in the old Moravian form,

"For these and all thy gifts of love
We give Thee thanks and praise,
Look down our Father from above,
And bless us all our days."

THEN we said the Lord's Prayer together, and almost immediately I began:

To the younger boy: "Go back to your room and put on a clean collar. How often have I told you never to come to the table with a dirty collar."

The younger boy, getting up sullenly: "I couldn't find any. I think they are in the laundry."

"Of course you have some. You don't look. Or you don't put them in the drawer where I tell you to."

Husband opposite says, with a worried look: "Oh, Mary, let the boy eat his breakfast. The collar isn't dirty enough to notice. I don't see but what it is clean."

"That's because you never notice anything. Go up to your room and don't come back without a clean collar."

A moment's silence as the boy goes up-stairs and we hear him pulling his room to pieces hunting for collar."

Wife to Husband, who has been eating hastily, and as if it was a task to be gone through somehow:

"I suppose you are going out to play golf as usual this afternoon. You never think of MY happiness. Cooped up here all day. No change, no variety. Nothing but housework all the time."

The Mere Man, talking back: "Well, what do men have to do all the time but work. Women don't know what work and worry are. We need a little recreation once in a while to earn the money you women spend."

"And precious little you men give us to spend." (That shuts up the Mere Man.) "Well, you did find a collar, didn't you?" (This to the boy who comes back flushed and rebellious, and sits down to finish his cold toast.)

To the Husband, who is wiping his mouth, preparatory to leaving the table: "I wish you wouldn't get egg all over the napkin. I don't see why you never can learn to use your napkin properly."

"I don't either," Husband says, trying to be funny. "I had the nap on me brushed the wrong way when I was a boy."

THE girl looks worried and says, "Don't worry, Mother. You're tired out with the heat."

"No, I'm not. I'm tried out with your father's careless habits. They drive me distracted."

"They'll drive me to drink," Husband says getting reckless.

"Well, I suppose you are going out to golf as usual this afternoon."

"Yes, I am. Don't be unreasonable, Mary. I need the exercise. And you won't miss me."

"Well, all I can say is that men are a selfish lot. And you don't mean to say you are going to wear that old hat down town! It is a positive disgrace."

"I can't find the other one."

"No, you can't find anything. You're as bad as a child."

"Good-bye, Mary, if I don't see you again!" Husband goes off, trying to be funny again, but making a dismal failure of it as I do not respond to his humor.

Then I hear the Older Boy, who has kept silence all through the meal, say to the girl, out in the hall, as they put on their things to go to school: "I wish mother wouldn't spoil breakfast every morning by nagging father so. I wonder why she does it."

"I don't think she is well," the girl says in gentle apology for me.

"But it isn't fair," the boy protests as they go out. "Meal-times ought to be happy times. Instead of that, ours have come to be almost torture. I don't see why mother wants to act so, nagging all the time."

THERE it was! That dreadful word, "nagging!" The cause of more divorces than any other one thing, according to the district court judge! "Nagging!" And I was doing it! Making meal-times a torture! Driving a good if sometimes careless Husband to drink! Even if he did say it, not meaning it. What was I coming to?

I sat there thinking over all the breakfasts I had "spoiled" for the family, of all the times I had greeted my tired husband at the end of the day with a "peevish" manner and a "nagging" fling that had driven him up to his den or out to the Club, and I sat there in front of the day's work in my home with a feeling of terror in my heart.

"If I don't see you again!" Those were my husband's words as he left me. Of course he did not mean it. But what if the time should come when he would! How long would any Mere Man, not an angel, stand the "nagging" wife! The Mere Man! MY Man! The only man I had ever loved and to whom I had committed all that is dear to woman, kind, true, honest, hard-working, without bad habits which many men have, worried over business affairs, needing a little recreation now and then, living, as I well knew, for no other purpose than to give me and the children a happy and comfortable home!

And here I was, "nagging" him, venting my ill-humor on the best and dearest, and doing it in the very presence of the children dragging the skeleton out of the closet, and scattering its bones around the breakfast-table! Horrible! I remember how I felt that day in my revulsion over the habit I had acquired, and vowed with large and emphatic searching of my heart that never again would I offend the family circle by "nagging"—at least not at the breakfast-table.

BUT, bless us, you may be sure I did not cure myself that quickly. I remember that when my husband came home that evening, I was ready to cast myself into his arms and ask his forgiveness, but do you know what held me back? He had actually forgotten all about the scene at the breakfast-table and greeted me with a great shout as he came in: "Well, what do you think Mary! I made Number Seven in ONE! Just hit the ball once and she rolled into the cup just like a marble! ONE! Think of that, sweetheart! Never been done before on Seven in the history of the Club! Whoopee! Well, what do you think of that! ONE!"

He was so pleased and taken up with the wonderful thing that had happened that I could not find any opening for a solemn confession of wrong-doing. Besides I do not understand the game of golf and do not see why it is any great thing to get excited over just to knock a ball into a hole. But he couldn't have been more excited and pleased if he had made ten thousand dollars in one day.

But when I did find a fitting time to tell him how I felt, and ask him to pardon me for the habit, he made light of it. And when I asked him if he ever thought of leaving home and never coming back again, he said that he had sometimes given it a thought, but he never liked the pie at the restaurant and didn't think he could stand it for a regular thing!

OF COURSE I have not named over all the things that have made me a Problem to my Husband and my home. There are many things no doubt, that enter into the history of every family to make tragedy or comedy or experience that either shatters the beautiful structure of Home, or builds it up. I have only hinted at one or two things in my own case.

Of one thing I am certain, and that is that Husband and I have not been guilty of the sin that so many have committed, in being untrue to each other. One of my school-girl friends wrote me a few days ago one of those heart-breaking letters that come in a lifetime, telling of the "other" woman who had wrecked her home and happiness. After reading it, I laid the letter in my lap, and my heart went out in a prayer for mercy for her and her children, and then I could not help thanking the good God that He had spared me that horror, in giving me a husband who was, with all his faults, a true and loving companion.

And as we journey on together, I am beginning to learn that while my husband is not perfect, and while he is not an angel, and while there may be many other men more learned and better looking, and more careful about how they use their napkins at the table, as far as my husband goes, I ought to be grateful, for he knows how to forget and forgive and bear and forbear, and I do not care to exchange with any other person I know. For I am a very happy Wife living even with a Mere Man—and what more need I say to you?

Black Magic of the North

Where a Belief in Witchcraft Still Lingers

By FLORANCE SUMMY

The grave totem of the chief of the Bear clan

THAT any of Uncle Sam's people could, in this enlightened age, believe in witches and subject those accused of such practices to punishment by torture, is difficult to believe; but such customs prevail today in parts of Alaska, despite the efforts of the missionaries and the civilizing influence of other white people.

Though the superstitions and weird beliefs vary slightly in different localities of Alaska, fundamentally they are the same, and the practice of witchcraft among the natives is considered the most deadly of sins.

In the Bering River district, where the facts for this article were gathered, a native family, after experiencing a series of misfortunes, decides that some one possessed of an evil spirit, is bewitching them. Either a man or a woman may be a witch, and the manner in which they are believed to cast their spells is especially grewsome.

The sorcerer obtains a bit of cloth from some garment which his prospective victim has worn next the skin. At the darkest hour of the night he creeps into a cemetery and digs down into a grave until the body or skeleton lying therein is exposed—an easy matter in most northern burial-places where the dead are left near the surface.

The witch can direct his black art to any portion of his victim's anatomy merely by the placing of the bit of cloth, the natives believe. Should he desire accident or disease to a hand, he places the fabric in the fingers of the corpse. Should he prefer the loss of mind, the cloth goes over the skull; and to cause death the cloth is laid over the heart.

After the grave is covered again, it is believed that the spell begins to work, and as the bit of cloth rots slowly away, the victim manifests whatever misfortune the enchanter has willed. There is but one way in which the doomed one can avoid his fate: the malefactor must be discovered and made to unearth the cloth before it has entirely decomposed. Hence comes the witch-doctor, who used to be held in such honor and reverence by the tribes of the North.

EDWARD JOHNS, a dealer in furs, who, having lived in Alaska nearly thirty years, is an authority on the manners and customs of the Thlingets, tells of an interesting experience he once had in the village of Yakutat. As it had been a fine summer the natives had made many canoes, and one old Indian of influence, whom the white men called Ned, had completed four himself. The constant friction caused by the handle of the curved knife used in hewing had bruised his hand so that blood-poisoning set in, and in spite of all the remedies known to the tribe and to the white men at the trading-post, the hand refused to heal. Finally Ned declared that some enemy had "witched" him; and, being a rich man, he sent to a neighboring village for a noted witch-doctor who lived there.

The witch-doctor was a magnificent looking brute, well over six feet tall, which is an unusual height among the Thlingets. His hair, in accordance with the custom for witch-doctors, had never been cut, and in addition to his own matted mane, he had attached to his head the hair of half a dozen of his wives who had preceded him into the spirit world.

The doctor heard Ned's story, looked about him for a few days, and after being presented with one hundred and fifty pairs of blankets and a sum of money, he agreed to go into a trance and discover the evil one who had cast the spell on Ned's hand. The place selected for the trance ceremony was the largest and oldest lodge in the village. It was built in the ancient Indian style, with a low platform running around on the inside of the walls, and a primitive fireplace in the hardened earth square in the middle. The entrance to the lodge was egg-shaped, with an oval door that hung on a peg and slipped into place automatically.

EVERY Indian in the place was summoned to appear on the night appointed, but no white men were allowed to witness the ceremony on pain of death. Mr. Johns tells of his futile scheming in order to be present, but he finally had to content himself with peering through a crack at the back of the building.

The Indians squatted on the platform about the fireplace in absolute silence. The fire burned low and the dim light of the seal-oil torches flickered on the tense, expectant faces. Suddenly the muffled rhythm of the Indian drums broke out and at the same moment from behind a partition at the back, a terrible figure sprang to the center of the room. Stark naked, except for the strings of bones and beads and knives that were wound about him, the witch-doctor stepped with grotesque movements about the dying fire, his eyes gleaming in his painted face, his matted hair flying.

With increasing energy he continued his slinking, fantastic dance, until perspiration fell in streams from his glistening skin; then as the drum-beats died away, he crouched low over the glowing coals making passes with his hands and rattling the beads and bones with movements of his muscular body. Finally, with a deep groan, he fell over backwards in a trance.

This cataleptic state lasted for thirty minutes, during which time there was not a movement or sound from the waiting tribe. Then without warning came a wild cry. The witch-doctor sprang to his feet, and with a lightning-like gesture pointed to a poor old Indian huddled in a far corner, who was known as Tinook. The witch had been discovered.

THREE powerful Indians sprang upon him, and while the rest of the tribe taunted him, Tinook's hands were tied behind his back. His long hair was made into a loop and his head drawn back as far as possible and tied to his hands. This is known as the "witch tie." The unfortunate man was then bound to a post in the middle of the lodge and sentenced to be left there without food or water until he confessed himself a witch.

"There were but five white men in Yakutat at that time, including the Swedish missionary," said Mr. Johns, "and the Indians in and about the village numbered over a thousand, so we were powerless to attempt the release of the wretched Tinook. We tried to smuggle food and water to him, but without success, although we did persuade the guards to free his head. At the end of the ninth day, when Tinook, though almost in a dying condition, still maintained his innocence, one of the white men obtained permission to speak to him alone. He urged the poor old fellow to make a false confession in order to save his life, and gave him a small piece of cloth from one of Ned's shirts. That night Tinook was carried to the graveyard by the missionary. When the two returned, the whole village was assembled on the beach. Tinook stood up before them all, raised his trembling, thin old arm, and cast the bit of cloth into the sea. The ebbing tide took it far out into the dusk, and the spell, according to the Indian belief, was broken.

"Strangely enough," continued Mr. Johns, "Ned's hand healed up after that, but poor Tinook's life was made so miserable that he left on a sealing schooner, and was gone for two years.

"The witch-doctor, in this case, as in many others, was very shrewd in his selection of a witch. Tinook was old and with few friends, but he was possessed of a wife. She was a young and handsome squaw for whom he had paid two sea-otter skins when she was but five years old. Ned had two wives already, but shortly after the departure of Tinook on the sealing schooner, Mrs. Tinook went to live in Ned's lodge as the favorite wife of that old rascal."

The tribe did not always send for a witch-doctor to locate evil ones, according to Mr. Johns. At times, when the Indians were on one of their periodical sprees and full of the fiery native brew called "hootch," their favorite amusement seemed to be the selecting and torturing of witches.

THERE used to be a lonely graveyard on the Bering River many miles from the Indian village. This burial-place was riddled with re-opened graves and so much fighting and killing resulted because of the natives' belief in the spells cast in this way, that the white men of the country were forced to take action. The store-keeper at the trading-post, who had won the confidence of the tribe by marrying the chief's sister, solved the difficulties by having all the bodies exhumed and cremated. After this was done, he sent his own launch over to the burial-ground and the ashes were placed aboard with great ceremony and brought to the trading-post. They were buried again in a deep hole directly under the windows of the store-keeper's residence, while he made a solemn vow that he would always keep watch and see that no one disturbed the ashes.

A grand potlatche (feast) which lasted a week followed these rites. Quantities of "hootch" were drunk; many yards of calico and great numbers of blankets and numerous canoes were given away by the relatives of the deceased to insure peace for the departed ones; for these Indians believe that the Northern Lights are the spirits of the dead who are restlessly hovering overhead awaiting the time when their relatives on earth can give a potlatche to secure their repose.

It was in 1898 that the government was appealed to to put an end, if possible, to the trouble caused by the faith in witch-doctors and the fear of witches. The capital at that time was at Sitka, and the officials decided they would first prove to the Indians that the witch-doctor has no power. A notorious member of this profession was arrested and confined in the jail. According to belief, all the power of the witch-doctors centered in their long hair, so the word was sent out among the tribes that on a certain day the doctor would be taken out in front of the barracks and shorn of his locks.

The Indians, muttering angry threats, gathered from all parts of the country, and as the officials expected an uprising, the appointed day found all the soldiers at the barracks fully armed and lined up on the parade-ground. A chair was placed in the middle of the square, and the witch-doctor, arrayed in all the grotesque finery of his profession, took his seat and defiantly shook back his long hair. He made a speech telling the white men what every Indian already firmly believed, that the first man to cut a lock of his hair would fall dead. While the Indians waited in perfect confidence for this event to take place, the Captain of the marines laughingiy took up the shears and said if such were the case he would have the first cut.

A hush fell on the assemblage. The Captain lifted a black mass and slowly severed it from the doctor's head. He held it up, waiting a moment and then there burst from the disillusioned tribes a long, wonderingly disappointed "Ah-a-a-ah!" The doctor was turned over to the fort barber who cut the remainder of the hair, ran the clippers over it, and then to show how little the white men regarded witch-doctors, he painted the bare pate a brilliant crimson.

This did much to banish the native faith in the power of the witch-doctor, but the belief in evil magic continues among them to this date.

ONLY two years ago a double tragedy, with witchcraft as its foundation, took place at the Indian village of Chilcat on the Bering River. For Alaska, this section is thickly settled by white people, and nearly all the Indians are educated. The head man of the village, John Black, had up to the time of the tragedy, been considered one of the most enlightened Indians in the North. He owns a fine home, has his own launch and can read, write and figure as well as many of his white neighbors. John Black's wife, Klidart, had been ailing for many months with that scourge of the Northern Indian, consumption. As

An old Indian wood-carving representing the torturing of a witch by pulling her hair out by the roots

everything the white doctor and the natives could do failed to restore her health, she died.

John Black and Klidart had an adopted child, a queer little fellow, whom everyone called "The Wild Boy," because of his spells of wandering off into the woods for days at a time with no food and only two wolf-dogs for companions.

After Klidart's death the Wild Boy returned from one of his forest journeyings and told the natives that his foster-mother had been bewitched. At the time John Black's brother and another young Indian named Jacklo, were in love with the same girl. It was in October, after the fishing season had closed, and there was little to do and much drinking of "hootch." It finally came to the ears of the white people that Jacklo was accused of being a witch and that the Wild Boy claimed to have seen Jacklo feeding his foster-mother the ground-up hair of a dead squaw, just before her death, and that later on, he had seen Jacklo burying something in the graveyard at night.

The white people smiled over this fantastic tale, little dreaming that the natives of this day would give credence to a child's nonsense. It developed afterwards, however, that Jacklo, coming home from hunting one rainy October night, was set upon by John Black's brother and other natives. They insisted on his giving himself up to suffer the witch's punishment—starvation—for the crime of using black magic on Klidart. When they attempted to tie him, Jacklo, who was a powerful Indian, fought his way through them. Shots were fired and the brother of John Black fell dead. The next morning the rain-soaked body of Jacklo was found lying face down on the beach with several bullet holes in his chest.

Investigation by the local authorities revealed little, as the natives simply stated that Jacklo was a witch. The bodies of John Black's brother and Jacklo were, strange to say, buried in the same grave. Today a white picket fence surrounds the double grave, but while a marble slab "all same white man" distinguishes Black's portion of it, directly along side is stuck a rude piece of drift-wood which marks the resting-place of the unfortunate Jacklo.

A totem over the grave of a chief's son

JUST previous to this last incident an old squaw was tortured for days before the authorities heard of it. There had been a series of deaths in the village, and the old woman, who was visiting from another tribe, was accused of being the cause of the misfortunes. She was tied with the witch tie, and her hair was pulled out by the roots according to a method in vogue among the natives. As a final touch to the punishment the old woman's body was beaten with a spiky bush called "devil-club," until lacerated by the sharp thorns. She was then dipped repeatedly into the salt water. She stoutly maintained her innocence, however, and was rescued from her tormentors, who were forced to pay a sum of money to her people as damages.

The missionaries are doing everything in their power to free the people from such superstitions and to let in the light, but it is a difficult task to eradicate beliefs which have been handed down from generation to generation for many centuries. Even those who long have been in contact with the white man, who have attended the white man's schools and who have adopted his ways of life in great part, so that they would seem to have passed beyond such primitive modes of thought, are unable to shake off the lurking fears of their people.

And so it is that with memories of the mission-school days only a few years distant, the little Indian mother, caught out after night-fall, will hasten along, glancing fearfully at the Northern Lights that play above her native mountains. She blows out quick breaths towards the heavens to ward off any evil the bad spirits may wish her, and clasps tightly to her breast the little brown baby laced snugly onto his small seal-skin crib-board, from which dangles a "devil-charm." This is a hollow disk made of woven spruce roots, inside of which rattle tiny stones or shot, to keep away the black magic of lurking witches.

An Investment in Americanism

It Gives the Italian Cobbler a New Idea of Our Country

By JOHN F. COWAN

HE WAS just an Italian cobbler, thumping way at the crippled shoes of Americans, in his stuffy, smelly little shop around the corner on the alley. Schoolboys scuffed in and out in quest of new half-soles to wear out sliding; and busy fathers sidled in with queer, hurried grunts, to collect the family cobbling and pay the bills. Sometimes Gugliami whistled and hummed snatches of tunes as he hammered and stitched away from early morning until late evening; for he was glad to earn macaroni and rent and American clothes for the half-dozen Perricotis whom he sheltered in a basement in the South End—"dagos," the American children stigmatized them.

But this was not what was troubling Gugliami on the particular morning when I found him songless and whistleless, face overcast and eyes desperate. He was not worrying that he, also, was only a "dago," a kind of necessary evil endured by the community, because shoes would wear out, and because American men no longer stooped so low as cobbling shoes. I had often stopped a moment to chat with him; he seemed so wistfully eager to have a word with some American, beyond the curt monosyllabic and hyphenated: "Half-sole, heel, patch, how much? Umph!" He tried so pathetically to smile when I ventured my uncertain "Bon Giorn'!" but I could see there was no smile in his usually merry heart.

"Too mucha toothache?" I said interrogatively, placing my hand over my jaw by way of reinforcing my pidgin-English."

He shook his head sadly and heaved a sigh.

"Bad luck?" I tried again; "Not enough work; people no gooda pay?"

"Pay alla right," he reassured me; "too mucha work. Meester, I trouble my boy."

Ah, that was coming close to a father's heart. I had just settled with the friendly policeman for a street lamp that my own boy's ball had broken. So I nodded encouragingly and put my hand on his shoulder; for was he not, after all, just a fellow man, an American in the making?"

"What about the boy?" I wanted to know. I really did; that boy was going to be a voter along with mine.

"Dissa way, meester," he tried to explain, gesticulating with his hammer with a sweep that threatened my eye-glasses. "Oldest boy, Thomasio, he not mean bad—but not can understan' school, and heem play de hook', one time, two time, t'ree time. Dissa morn' polis say me mus' come court—no, no, no! boy heem no steal; no rest; but judge mus' send heem p'rental school, an' wanna speak me how much mon'."

HE SIGHED again, a helpless sort of sigh, his hammer poised in one hand and pegging awl in the other. I partly visioned the situation and thought I saw an easy way to help. "And you have not the money?" I asked with a reassuring smile.

"No, no, no! I gotta de mon; but I no gotta de speak Anglice. I not understand judge. Mebbe he queek mad; say 'Get outa here! Ten days.'"

I stood helpless and dumfounded. It was an entirely unexpected angle of the matter. "B-but," I gasped as I saw the overwhelmingness of such a situation to an alien to whom the English of the judge would be jargon, but who was sensitive to the quick about displaying his ignorance; "see here," I blurted out; "why don't you take some friend with you who speaks better English? See the Italian consul."

"I speak Tony, the padrone. He say, 'Five dol.' Alla mon' I mus' pay keep boy p'rental school. Whatta do? Fiva dol not can."

Another angle! It was not money the man needed. It was not friends of the kind whose services could be bought, to help him untangle the riddle of the judge's demands; it was friendship of another sort—something to bolster up his confidence and give him a boost along the way of Americanism. But—half a day from the office, in such a trifling matter that a minute ought to clear up!

Something made me see myself in his place—a stranger in Naples, *my* son in trouble with the police, no American consul at hand, no powerful American friend who spoke good Italian?

"Gugliami," I said, taking the plunge while my courage was good, "if an American friend should go to speak to the judge for you—if I could go—"

Before I could finish he seized my hand and kissed it. "You go? No—oh, too mucha good! Too mucha kind! Plenty trouble! The saints will reward you."

"Yes," I assured him, swallowing hard to keep down a grudging pang at the prospect of all that time taken from my crowding office tasks. "Yes; get ready, Gugliami, and we will go. This summons says nine o'clock."

IT WAS a trembling yet trustful little Italian cobbler whom I led into the big, solemn court-room. He almost froze fast to me as we approached the bench. The dreaded judge of the juvenile court who looked like an ogre to him, was a neighbor of mine, and the story was soon told and explained to the anxious father. The boy, too, was taken into our counsels, and soon the whole tangle was straightened out. America was not some powerful, despotic, ruthless juggernaut bent on crushing the ignorant and helpless; but a big, just, kindly, brotherly nation that wanted to help alien fathers like him to make the best of their boys.

Thomasio had got beyond the control of the hard-working, puzzled little man, and had "played de hook" from school once too often. A year under the firm guidance of the paternal school would cure him of some of the false notions of freedom in America that he had absorbed from the street gang.

So, for my begrudged half-day from a busy week, I had the satisfaction of leading out of the court-room a father whose face was wreathed with happy smiles, and who was babbling at me as he went back to his cobbling:

"You too mucha gooda fren'. American before I hate. Not understan' America. Now understan'. T'anka gooda fren'. American alla same saint."

After all, it was a small investment to bring forth such a return—not Gugliami's thankful praises; but an understanding mind that was healed of bitterness and resentment and despair, of realizing the dreams of democracy that had brought him to this country. Just a small investment of personal friendship; that was all.

The Old Mother

By J. CORSON MILLER

SHE sits in the dim-lit chimney-corner,
Where a sleepy tea-kettle moans and sings;
While her knitting-sticks are tenderly 'twining
The odds and ends of remembered things.

A cat toys playfully there at her foot-stool,
With a ball of worsted as white as her hair,
So carefully combed away from the forehead,
The dear, white brow, as pure as a prayer.

Life roughened her hands in the labor of loving,
Those hands that move so busily still,
As over them falls, like a benediction,
The sunset's kiss from the distant hill.

The old mother knows what the clock is saying,
Each friendly picture speaks from the wall;
And, lo, with twilight, the ghosts come flitting,
For Dad and the children have heard her call.

She sits in the dim-lit chimney-corner,
Where a sleepy tea-kettle moans and sings;
While her knitting-sticks are tenderly 'twining
The odds and ends of remembered things.

Mark sat down upon the edge of the bed. His chin lifted and sharpened with sudden purposefulness

The Extra Baby

A Charming Two-Part Story

By CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

CHAPTER I

THE Rev. Mark Newell took his wife's' faded blue gingham apron from its hook behind the kitchen door and tied it awkwardly about his expansive, vestless waist.

It was Monday morning. The clock on the shelf over the sink was striking its last clanging note of nine. Two chairs were pushed away from the oilcloth covered table that stood between the windows, two empty plates and two drained milk glasses spoke mutely of hurried breakfasts and subsequent disorderly retreat. Through the doorway, which stood wide open to the fragrant June morning, the minister caught a glimpse of a matronly figure spreading white garments upon the parsonage green that joined that of the church-yard next door. He rolled up the sleeves of his striped shirt and attacked the dishes. Mark Newell hated washing dishes. But the sexton's wife couldn't do everything. The more he could do to help, the more time she would have to devote to Nellie and the ba— Nellie and the Twins!

"*Twins!*" he whispered to his incredulous heart. "Twins!" he reiterated, striving to rivet the amazing fact into his stunned consciousness. "Last night two children—this morning four! Four children to feed and clothe and educate. Four children to lead, surefootedly, along that narrow upward, rock-bound path. *Four children!*" He faced the sobering reality with a sinking heart.

To the minister it seemed a year since the night before when Nellie had hung her apron behind the door and turned, patiently, to examine his coat and inspect his handkerchief. He recalled vividly now, after the interminable night what had entirely escaped him then—the weary sag of her shoulders, the cramped smile upon her dauntless lips, the wistfulness with which she followed him to the front door. He remembered now, with a stab of guilt, that she had swayed through the narrow doorway that led from the kitchen into the tiny hall; that she had grasped at the dingy old chenille portiers that always seemed to apologize to the front of the house for bringing the kitchen so intimately into the family, and that she had kissed him rather hurriedly at the door and turned immediately toward the scarred, uncarpeted stairs.

NELLIE was up-stairs now. She would remain up-stairs in the front bedroom just off his study, so long as they could afford to pay the sexton's wife. A shadow fell upon Mark Newell's face. He tossed back a lock of thick, graying hair that had fallen over his high, placid brow, and plunged his hands into warm suds.

When the dishes were finished, Mark took the milk and butter to the cellar. How had Nellie ever managed those cellar stairs so many times a day! Well, next summer they would surely have a refrigerator.

He returned to the kitchen and whisked the crumbs from the bread-plate still standing upon the table. There was never anything but crumbs left on the bread-plate. He draped the dish-cloth in a sodden string over the dish-pan and began sweeping the floor.

How was Nellie ever going to manage with two babies? How could she possibly duplicate each tender ministration? How would her body—frail since the grief of little Matthew's death—satisfy two hungry, nuzzling little mouths? He didn't know. And yet he did know some way, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that she would do it. He had read that in her face an hour before when she had whispered, drowsily blissful, that God had sent Matthew back to her and with him the sister they had always wanted.

For a few thoughtful moments the minister paced back and forth through the shabby little hall, with its worn runner and dilapidated hat-rack, cumbered with coats and caps and umbrellas. Suddenly he remembered his apron, which, although he did not know it, was ludicrously incongruous against the fine spirituality of his rather massive, masculine face. The neighbors would soon be coming in. He fell to bringing a semblance of order out of a chaos of misplaced books and papers in the small living-room.

As he worked, a puzzled smile overspread his countenance. What would folks say? Friends would begin to tip-toe to the door as soon as the friendly, intimate little town awoke to the amazing news. He visualized the women, bare-headed, some stiffly aproned, with a package in their hands or something hidden beneath a snowy napkin. He knew that the flicker of a smile would lie far back in their eyes; knew also that a flame of warmth would sweep toward him from their loyal hearts. There were fine folks in Centreville; fine folks.

IN HIS haste to make ready for probable visitors, he snatched a handkerchief from his pocket and flicked the dust from the library table in the center of the room. Never until that moment had he realized the possibilities of utter destruction that reposed in successive sets of small sticky fingers, venturesome toes and nibbling teeth. Nellie had managed, somehow or other, to hide most of those scars. Well, it wouldn't be long now before they could have a new table—and some new chairs. Not immediately, of course, but before long. Something would turn up. One never knew what a day would bring forth. Yesterday, for example, he had never so much as dreamed of twins—which reminded him of Nellie.

He paused on the stair-landing to listen for significant sounds from the room above. None came. The quiet of the first floor seemed to merge there with the stillness which descended from above, distilling a sense of peace which permeated every crevice of the little house. He crept silently upward to his study and from the open door gazed into the bedroom.

Nellie was sleeping profoundly. Her blond hair streamed backward in silken undulations over a pillow scarcely less white than the face that pressed against it. Her straight, dark lashes rested lightly upon cheeks drained of color, but still rounded with the firm, oval contour of unexhausted youth. Her dark brows, which contrasted so sharply with her light hair, were smoothly serene. Upon her countenance there lingered the afterglow of a smile. Within the curve of her arched arm, which emerged, white and rounding, from a primly decorous nightgown, two bundles nestled. In that moment Mark Newell realized the absolute inevitability of twins! His brows contracted anxiously. What could be the meaning of that extra baby?

Tip-toeing to the bedside, he bent close to the tiny faces. Feature was like feature, contour identical with contour, coloring matched coloring. Pauline, however, was a miniature of Paul. There was an intangible fineness and sweetness about her, lacking in the more sturdy countenance of the boy, just a breath of difference as between the feel of silk and fine linen or the note of a robin and the song of a lark.

THE ringing of the doorbell summoned him downstairs. At the front door stood an unemotional middle-aged couple from a neighboring village. They wished to be married. After the ceremony was over the minister pocketed the fee with a prayer of gratitude and bounded up the stairs. Every extra dollar meant additional rest for Nellie.

This time his wife was awake. He found her, raised slightly upon her elbow, trying to quiet the twins, who were weeping together in a maddening duet. When Mark entered, she fell back upon her pillow. Tears of weakness gathered beneath her half-closed eyes. The nurse entered hastily and took the babies to an adjoining room. Mark patted Nellie's shoulder, straightened her pillows and, moving to the window, raised the drawn shades to the bright morning sunlight. A sob shivered through the silence.

"Mark dear," came a voice, struggling with the hysteria of exhaustion, "please—I can't *b-bear* any more light!" She covered her eyes with tightly pressed fingers. "I can't *stand* this awful red wall-paper another minute!"

He bent over her comfortingly. Her arms flew upward and fastened tightly about his neck.

"If I have to lie here days and days and look at this paper—" She bit back her sobs until her body quivered. "It's silly and I'm so ashamed, Mark—but I can't breathe! It smothers me. I—I can feel it—even in the dark. It's so red and so hot and so stifling!"

Mark sat down upon the edge of the bed. His chin lifted and sharpened with sudden purposefulness.

"Listen, Nellie," he soothed. "You shall have new wall-paper! You've stood this red nightmare long enough. I've just had a wedding—while you were asleep." He drew a folded bill from his pocket. "We'll put this five dollars away in the old sugar-bowl. No matter what happens, we won't touch it for anything but wall-paper. I'll take this off myself. The bare wall will be better than this!" He stabbed the hideous red scrolls with defiant eyes.

Nellie blotted her tears with the mended sleeve of her nightgown. Her lips were red and quivering. "But what will the Ladies' Aid say?" she questioned dubiously. "It's almost new and it's good for years and years. If only the committee had asked me—Of course, I'm awfully foolish, dear—maybe, if I try——"

Mark clasped her in his arms, savagely protecting. "Never mind the Ladies Aid!" He felt her thrill to the masculinity that vibrated through his deep-toned voice. "We'll pay for it ourselves—so what *can* they say?"

"But the money, Mark, where will we get the money?"

He set his jaw resolutely. "Well, I guess five dollars will buy paper. If we can't get enough together soon to hire a paper-hanger, I'll put it on myself! I'll paint the walls; I'll—I'll do something!"

Nellie relaxed slowly into the pillows.

MARK went into his study and closed the door. Although it was his day of rest, he began preparations for writing his Sunday morning sermon. Every hour saved would mean that much more time for Nellie. But his sermon went badly. He felt suddenly bereft of spirituality, submerged in a tremendous overpowering wave of materialism. Punctuating his phrases were two little faces, two tiny mouths, four outstretched hands. His train of thought was criss-crossed with doubts and questions. Finally, he leaned back in his chair and calmly faced the fact that they couldn't possibly afford that extra baby.

However, since the baby was an adorable, irrefutable human fact, it *had* to be afforded. His inelastic salary, which was all the little church could afford to pay, must be stretched to include it. "O God," he cried in the bitterness of his heart, "why must I be a little man in a little church!" And for a long time he sat motionless, staring with eyes that did not see, at a black-and-silver motto over his desk which read—

"Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Finally a smile, born of his meditations, disbursed the gloom of his countenance. It was extremely simple after all! He would merely take enough out of his own mouth to feed the extra baby. He ate too much anyway. And he would take enough off his own back to clothe its rosy little body. It was all foolishness, he decided, to feel that just because he was a minister, he must be dressed up all the time. It would be a kind of game he could beat himself at a hundred times a day—if only Nellie didn't notice. The difficulty was that Nellie always noticed.

He leaned further back in his chair, rested his finely shaped head upon his upturned palms and stared at the ceiling. In meditation he began to trim unnecessary margins from his own life. It was almost startling to find so many things he could do without—things which even Nellie wouldn't notice. There was butter, for example. A grown man didn't need butter. Butter only made him eat more bread. And there was coffee. He was the only member of the family who drank coffee. The mere thought of giving up coffee made him wince. Still, eliminating that three times a day—if he could—meant a considerable saving in sugar and milk. At least, he would try.

As for other unnecessary things, it would be only a matter of forming an abstemious habit. It wouldn't be long until he could, with a wave of his hand, refuse the extra chop, the second helping, the last spoonful that meant comfortable repletion. But, he reminded himself with a chuckle, the two older boys would probably gobble up everything he left. However, they would not always be insatiate. Surely, they would be filled up by the time there was a high-chair at his other elbow.

MARK strolled to the window and stood with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, gazing down into the quiet street flanked on either side by unpretentious old-fashioned houses. Presently his eyes narrowed into humorous twinkles. He strode through the door that connected bedroom and study.

"Say, Nell," he began abruptly. "What did you do with that old suit—the one with the seat of the pants worn through?"

"It's in the garret, dear. I'm saving it to piece into a quilt. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered lightly, "only I'm going to wear it around the house."

"But, Mark!"—she gasped.

"Well," he explained. "I can't see why a builder of character should be any more dressy than a builder of houses. Barring glaze and fringe and no seat, that's rather a good suit, isn't it? What's the matter with wearing overalls and a jumper over it? Good clothes," he added ruefully, "are so expensive. You see," he explained, "when the weather gets warmer, all I'll need will be the overalls. That will leave me a good suit for second best and I won't have to buy a new one this spring."

He bounded toward the garret stairs while her widened eyes were still grasping at the possibilities of the scheme. "That was an easy one to put over," he told himself as he delved into the camphor-scented trunk.

Meanwhile, with eyes closed resolutely against the offending red wall-paper, Nellie lay in the semi-darkness and faced the future years. The smell of lilacs and the twittering of birds drifted in through the open window. She lay very still while memory led her back over the aching treadmill of washing and dressing little bodies, of scrubbing and cooking and sewing and patching. As plainly as though they were before her, she beheld the inadequate rooms of the little house, cluttered with toys and nursing-bottles and small garments. Her weak body almost felt the ache of housecleaning, the utter exhaustion of canning and ironing. Her imagination even evoked the odors of eternally simmering kettles of broth and cereal, and, in anticipation, her will stiffened to meet the icy nights, the mumps, the measles, the whooping-cough.

The bundle against her side stirred. A thrill of exultant motherhood throbbed through her veins and lifted her, in spirit, above the sordidness of the immediate years to those green fields that lay just beyond middle age when the children would be grown and there would be neither weariness nor poverty. Nothing mattered for the present, so long as she had her children and Mark—Mark who was the Keeper of a Light, Mark, whose splendid faith she must never allow to become overshadowed by material burdens.

"Any way," she exulted, drawing Pauline close, "I'm going to have new wall-paper!"

BUT she didn't have new wall-paper. One evening, when the babies were just a week old, the sacred five dollars in the old sugar-bowl on the top shelf in the pantry, was requisitioned for a new pair of shoes for Luke. It was queer about boys' shoes. One day they were; the next day they were not.

After the lad had thrust the five dollars into his pocket, together with the money they had saved by not having meat for three days, and had gone off whistling down the street, Mark looked at his wife's eyes, which were very bright, and at her mouth, which was very smiling, and said, confidently:

"You won't have to wait long, dear. Something will turn up soon."

And Nellie looked at her husband's hair, which was getting more silvery than she liked to admit, and at his broad, comforting shoulders, which were sagging a bit toward the front, and answered lightly;

"Oh, I don't mind about the *wall-paper*, Mark dear!"

Mark sauntered into his study and closed the door. "Thank God!" he sighed devoutly.

And in the next room Nellie was resting upon her elbow gazing passionately into space. Beneath the pillow was an unused handkerchief that had been

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Pastry-Shop Cakes

There Isn't a One of Them Worth a Slice of Home-Made Bread

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT WAS a pastry-shop with a long, shining glass counter covered with rows and rows of trays. Some of the trays were lined with rich black eclairs, and some of the trays were filled with plump golden brown cream-puffs, and some of them were dotted with buttony looking macaroons. There were lady-fingers, piled high in platters. And there were fruit tarts that seemed to be almost lacquered, so shiny they were. And there were proud layer-cakes that fairly oozed mocha filling and candied cherries.

It was a delectable sight, that long shining counter—a delectable sight and an indigestible one! It fairly made the mouth water. And it also made the pocket-book groan—it suggested vague extravagances and indulgences. It was exotic and alluring. And, because the owner of the pastry-shop was quite aware of its allure, he had placed—in the back of his store—a row of neat white tables. And there he served tea and coffee and chocolate with his eclairs and mocha cakes and macaroons.

Many factory girls—young undernourished things who should have been eating hearty food—came to the pastry-shop for their luncheon. Little clerks dropped hurriedly in for a cream puff and a cup of tea at noon-time. They thronged the place, and their voices chattered ceaselessly about dresses and hats and "gentlemen friends" while their eyes roamed eagerly over the crowded counter. One could not help comparing them to moths—slim, bright-winged, darting things—moths that drifted lightly, with each movement bringing their fragile bodies nearer and nearer to the candle-flame. But that—that is a different story!

I WAS passing by the pastry-shop one day, at about one o'clock, on my way back to the office. I was walking briskly with the Sensible Girl—who is really so pretty that folk scarcely expect her to be so evenly balanced as she is. I was walking briskly, but something about the glitter of the place, something about the busy hum of conversation that seemed to surround it, brought me to a stop in front of its broad, polished window. And as I glanced in I was able to understand why so many girls lunched there. For the freshness of the frostings, and the pretty colorings, and the dainty froth of each separate Charlotte Russe was a distinct invitation.

"I don't believe," I said, thinking aloud, "that I ever saw so many pretty cakes before. Don't they look appetizing and—good?"

The Sensible Girl—whose name, quite appropriately, is Jane—answered me. Her tone seemed just a trifle abrupt and out of patience.

"They look pretty, yes," she answered, "and appetizing, too! But every one of those highly colored confections is just so much—*fluff*. I wouldn't give one slice of my mother's home-made bread for the lot of them!"

I smiled at Jane's vehemence. And then—though I thoroughly agreed with her—I decided to lead her on a bit.

"Why, dear," I expostulated, "what do you mean by talking that way? How can you think of comparing plain bread with fancy cake?"

The Sensible Girl tossed her head. And the color flared up in her smooth cheeks, making her prettier than ever. And, when she spoke, her voice was even more vehement than it had been.

"Common sense," she said, "ought to tell you the answer!"

I persisted.

"But I don't want common sense to tell me," I argued, "I want *you* to tell me!"

ALL at once Jane was laughing, good-naturedly. Taking my arm she hurried me past the tempting array in the window—the cakes that crowded each other for first place, upon the counters.

"Come away," she told me, with mock earnestness, "I can see that this place is exerting a dangerous influence over you!" And then—"You know perfectly well what I mean when I compare cake and home-made bread. You're only trying to tease me!"

I admitted to the truth of the accusation.

"But," I added, after I had made my admission, "Go on. I like to hear your way of expressing yourself!"

The Sensible Girl looked at me sharply, to see if I were joking. Having satisfied herself as to my sincerity, she did express herself. As follows:

"Those cakes," she said, making a gesture back in the general direction of the pastry-shop, "looked wonderful. I'll grant that. And awfully good. It made you want to have some—just seeing them on the counter. And yet, more than one piece would have made you ill. And if you ate them meal after meal, day after day, week after week—" she paused expressively. "Well, you'd be a wreck physically, I'm afraid. Pastry-shop confections—pink sugar, and green icing, and jelly, and whipped cream—in too large quantities, would be ruinous to anybody!

"But," her voice had softened, "but with mother's bread it's very different. Mother bakes great fragrant loaves of it—she browns it to a golden color in a big oven. She mixes the dough from a recipe that's been a family secret for generations. And the result is something really worth while—really nourishing and strength-building.

"Mother's bread—it wouldn't make the showing that those pastry-shop dainties made. But you could eat it and enjoy it at every meal for years. You'd never get tired of it. You'd never get ill from it. You'd never get too much of it!"

MANY things in life are like pastry-shop cakes. So are many people. Attractive and colorful and pretty—sweet to the cultivated taste and pleasant to look at! And yet a trifle difficult to digest and decidedly harmful if taken too often, or in large quantities. You know things like that—and people like that, too.

And as for a mother's sort of bread—its wholesome, pure characteristics are everywhere, too. Not so flashy, perhaps, as the pastry-shop products but with better wearing qualities, by far. I can't help thinking that, in the long run, there are more bread folk and bread things than there are pastry-shop people and ideas.

Friends of mine, keep close to the bread folk and the bread customs. This is the age of fussy things and indigestible things and—often—of unwholesome things. And there are some among us that would call home-made bread unfashionable. But don't you mind what anybody says. Old-fashioned or not, it's good for you. And those things that are good for you are always the best things.

It's good for you—bread. Real baked bread is good for the body, and mental and spiritual bread is good for the mind and for the soul. It's better than all of the prettiness and surface sweetness in the world, because it's made with a sound purpose and firm principles.

Pastry-shops, with their crowded windows and their shining counters, are delectable sights. There's no getting away from that. But there are more delectable sights.

Take, for instance, a smiling woman with kind eyes and a sunny face. And put her in a picture with all clean blue kitchen walls, and shining aluminum pans and pots and kettles. And make her hands busy with firm, pleasant smelling dough that she's kneading. And, under a checkered napkin, put a loaf or two of fragrant home-made bread. And then you'll have a sight that's far more pleasant than the window of any pastry-shop.

The Editorial Forum

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The Moral Decline and the Remedy

IT IS a question whether at any time in history, war and its attendant influences have made such havoc with the morality of the nations as is seen today. In our own land, we need to be told the truth about our moral decadence. The wealth, the carnival of extravagance, the mad race after doubtful pleasures, accompanied by the startling decline in morals and in those observances that mark a sober and progressive people, are regarded by many as legacies of the war, which like a foul inundation left its marks of degeneracy on all sides.

Other lands, too, have felt the same influence in varying degree. In the recent Church Congress in England, the Bishop of Guilford told his audience that "the crumbling of public morals, unless arrested, would mean the death-knell of the nation." Another speaker dwelt on the growth of moral depravity and sex perversion since the war. The Bishop of Birmingham, who presided, gave a more cheerful estimate of the moral condition of the country. The need had come for the Church to put itself more definitely into the very heart of national life and demand the observance of the principles of Christian civilization. There, as here, the Church had been almost in despair over its inability to reach the seat of the trouble and deal with it successfully.

In the course of the discussion of public morals, several questions were raised which showed how thorough those English divines had been in their search for cause and effect. There was no cynicism in their treatment of the case. The equal standard for the sexes, they bluntly declared, was "being met by leveling down and not leveling up." Divorce had increased, and many other evils had come with the new freedom. Taken as a whole the discussion was of a nature which would have been inconceivable in earlier days.

Are we here in these United States in any better plight? We, too, hear on every side lamentation over the decline of public morals. We have the same experience with the revolt of the youth of the nation against the principles which their fathers and mothers observed. We have had in the changes of the last few years the rising flood-tide of forbidden pleasures, accelerated by the influence of evil pictures, the wild whirl of extravagances, the weakening of the marriage tie, the augmentation of divorce facilities, the decline of the Family Altar and the gradual sapping of the influence of the home. Never was the Sabbath so widely disregarded, and this despite the earnest efforts of the churches.

This national moral decline calls for heroic treatment. The real and only remedy is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which has the power to check the tide of degeneracy. To our pastors belongs the duty of calling the people back to their true moral and spiritual moorings and of sounding a warning. We commend this course to ministers of all the denominations. Every true Christian man and woman can help in this crusade, which is so vital to all, and especially to the youth of the nation. Here is an opportunity for the Prayer Leagues and for the revivalists to take up the grandest task in their lifetime.

Public Opinion

WE ALL know that there is such a thing, but we do not all know what a power it really is. The fact has been demonstrated lately in very emphatic ways. The proposed railway strike failed to come off because the railway men felt the force of public opinion against them. In their own announcement when they called off the strike, they gave witness to the power of public opinion by saying that they knew the public sympathy was not with them, and the strike could not succeed without it.

But the power of public opinion has been shown in a more wonderful manner in the events that are already history, centering around the Disarmament Conference. I use the word "Disarmament" because that is what the people want, and that is what this conference will lead to in the end. There is no question that the President and Secretary Hughes have listened more to the voice of the people than to the voice of the professional militarist or diplomat. It is a splendid fact that these two men are members of the church, and both of them believe in prayer and are not ashamed to read their Bibles and pray.

On that account they have paid attention to the convictions of the Christian people of the United States. When these men are convinced that 26,000,000 people in this country hate war and want it to stop, that volume of public conscience has tremendous weight with them. They are not men trained in the camp or the secret chambers of the diplomat. They are men who have been brought up in the circle of family altars and the atmosphere of the church and the Bible School. And the public opinion of those who have been trained as they have been has had a powerful influence on them.

Thank God, oh, Christian Herald readers, that Christian men are having the lead in these history making deliberations at Washington! Public opinion is a potent force in making history. Let us create all we can of the right kind. In the end it will end war.

Call It What It Is!

NOW that everybody is agreed that an offensive war is forevermore out of the question, why don't we officially recognize the status of our military establishment and call it by its right name?

We herewith submit to the President and to the Congress the suggestion that legislation be enacted immediately abolishing the offices of Secretary of War and the War Department and the Secretary of the Navy and the Navy Department. In their stead let there be created the office of Secretary of Defense and a Department of Defense to supersede them and to take over direction of all our military activities—land, sea and air.

With a reduced army and a reduced navy the thought of a little more administrative economy would appeal strongly to the American people. If we still need a certain number of cabinet jobs for the faithful of either party let the surplus place, and the money saved by its abolition, go to a Secretary of Education.

Isn't a Department of Education as important in our scheme of national life, anyway, as both a War and a Navy Department?

The Deadly Banquet

"WITH a few exceptions, the leading military delegates to the Peace Parley have been ill a good part of the time since coming to America, due to the excessive banqueting provided by welcoming organizations." Associated Press.

Here is food (pardon the word, but it comes in as pat as butter) for reflection. Behold these doughty warriors who won the war, who met the enemy and it was theirs, who were not afraid of seventy-twos nor machine guns, nor gas, nor dropping bombs, but who now are being mowed down by the deadly banquet. It is a sight to make Mars himself lay down his knife and fork, and surrender unconditionally and emetically.

These invincible warriors whom nothing could terrify, now look over the top (of the table), with fearful glances as they behold the array of destructive forces in no man's land—raw oysters, thick salads, fat and questionable meats, vegetables camouflaged to look like something else, puddings, ices, drinks, hot and cold, all in solid formation ready to make their deadly assault all along the line, and invest (excuse the plain term) the interior defenses of the enemy. Truly the pie is mightier than the sword, as these mighty heroes discover to their sorrow. They were impervious to hard-tack and goldfish of the battle-field. They could endure the stern hardship of the forced march and the horrors of the trenches. But they fall back before the banquet, and capitulate to the after-dinner speeches.

It is a most serious situation. For the banquet is an American institution, and no real event in the United States can come off without it. Our guests from overseas must feast before any real business can be done in the Arms Conference.

But let us hope the banquet will not kill them all off before the real business that brought them here is completed. Unless, indeed (and here is a happy thought), we could succeed in getting to the banquets all those foreign delegates who are so military that they will block any move looking towards disarmament, and then, in the name of him who first invented roast pork, let the caterer do his best (or worst). Let the table groan first in anticipation of the groans that will follow. Stack high and spread broad all the indigestibles, and cover the cloth with bombs of gastronomic and unknown perils, and leave the results to an already ruined digestion and a defeated and cowed stomach. Aha! We begin to see some use for the American banquet after all!

But when it comes to the after-dinner speeches, that is another matter. There are some weapons, like poisoned wells, that civilized warfare should not be permitted to use, and the speeches after the banquet only add to the horror of the occasion. Let the banquet do its deadly work. That is enough without adding anything more. C. M. S.

A Fitting Proclamation

AS THIS morning I turned the leaf of the Christian Herald calendar to November, I was deeply impressed with the opening text:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." (Luke 2 : 14.)

At once it came to me: What a fitting text, or motto, to set out in letters of gold on the wall of the great hall in the Pan-American building, in which the Conference on Limitation of Armament meets. A wonderfully impressive and appropriate testimony for Christian America to give to the chosen representatives of the nations of the world, met there to carry out the spirit of this great declaration. DAVID C. BELL.

Saratoga, Cal.
Nov. 1, 1921.

Is Human Life Lengthening?

RECENT reports from statisticians, insurance actuaries and other sources, record an unusually large proportion of old folks now living, who have already passed far beyond the "allotted span" and are still hale and hearty. Little more than a decade ago the average life was rated several degrees shorter than today. In a single district in New England, the number of those who have passed the eightieth-, ninetieth-, and some even the one hundredth-year mark, is far beyond what it was a generation ago.

It is well known that there are many of the active and successful business and professional men of our great cities have reached a ripe old age which formerly would have entitled them to retirement and ease. Today, they work with as keen an enjoyment of the busy life as men of fifty. Sixty years ago, Dr. Stephen Smith was the first President of the Health Department of New York City. He was the founder of the American Public Health Association, which has done valuable service in spreading the laws of sanitation and right living. Dr. Smith, whose ninty-ninth birthday will be celebrated in February, has made a lifelong study of longevity, and has written much upon the subject. Well poised, alert and smiling, he is as active as most men not half his years. His rules for attaining old age are few and simple: "Work, and keep out of the easy-chair; don't eat much meat; drink milk; get plenty of sleep, and if you feel like a nap after meals, take it outdoors." He wholly abjures tobacco, tea, coffee and stimulants with a vigor that reminds us of Dr. Parr's famous secret recipe which he left to his heirs, who found it to consist of a single line of solemn warning, which read: "Abstain from all life pills."

How to account for continued activity in old age, which seems to laugh at the idea of a cozy chair near the fire, toward which our grandfathers invariably gravitated after sixty—certainly at seventy—is not an easy matter. Doctors will tell you that it is largely due to increased knowledge of hygienic laws, better food conditions, progress in sanitation. Others will assert that long life is an inheritance. Psychologists will find increased longevity the outcome of temperamental changes which gives ease and energy to both mind and body.

Possibly all of these may be contributary causes. Yet there are instances in which this line of reasoning proves wholly unsatisfactory. God's gift of a ripe old age comes so palpably as a blessing to those who love His service, and whose whole being is attuned to it, that we are more than disposed to believe that in the great majority of cases, if fully investigated, this would be shown to be the true secret of the "length of days." We ourselves have known quite a few fine old patriarchs who had spent themselves in doing good, and to whom the exercise had given an inward joy that had invigorated the limbs, and was reflected in the face, lending it almost the expression of youth. It was surely to such as this that the promise was given: "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation!"

The World News of the Week

Cut in Freight Rates on Farm Products Is Ordered

THE appeals of the farmers, the group hit first and hardest in the process of deflation, for lower freight rates, have been heeded by the railroads, and the Association of Railroad Executives has decided on a ten per cent. reduction in freight rates on all agricultural products, the first nation-wide cut in freight rates since the period of Federal control. Through a special arrangement with the Interstate Commerce Commission, the usual thirty-day requirement for new rate schedules is waived, and the lower rates become effective at once. The cut applies in all parts of the country, except on traffic moving wholly within the New England district, where the position of the carriers is said to be particularly weak, and the saving to shippers is estimated at $55,000,000 a year.

The railroad officials fixed the period for which the lower rates are to hold at six months, by which time they hope the Federal Railroad Labor Board will have decided the wage cut cases so that additional rate cuts may be made. If wage reductions are denied, they said the new agricultural freight rates would be terminated automatically.

It was stated that the railroads had not yet taken up for consideration the question of lower passenger fares, as it was felt that cuts in freight rates would have a greater influence in stimulating business recovery. But should the Labor Board grant the reduction of $300,000,000 to $400,000,000 annually in wages for which the railroads now are pressing with all their strength, it was believed part of this saving would go to reduce passenger rates.

Income Tax for Rum-Runners

A QUEER sidelight on the "big business" of rum-running comes in the declaration of Frederick J. Kopff, Assistant United States District Attorney in Brooklyn, that more than $50,000,000 is due the Government in 1920 income taxes and penalties from the twenty-five or thirty big bootleggers in New York City. This estimate, enormous as it seems, does not include the taxes and penalties on the undeclared income of hundreds of smaller dealers, and it would be a bold statistician who would attempt an estimate of the total of these illicit transactions.

Several of the cases involving large sums are being investigated, but action has been taken as yet in but one case and in that the officials have demanded that a Brooklyn contractor pay taxes and penalties of $1,635,797 on alleged undeclared income. Reports on four other cases have been forwarded to Washington and it was declared that each involved a sum as large or larger than the one in which the demand has been made.

These actions, it is to be noted, may be settled by the payment of money, and are merely for income-tax frauds. There is no prosecution for violation of the nation's prohibitory laws. When the rum-running operations are conducted on a scale so gigantic, it's hard for the lay observer to figure out why criminal proceedings against the rum-runners do not result in convictions and heavy sentences, and why the national government should seem to regard the collection of taxes as of more importance than the punishment of bold offenders against the prohibitory enactments.

Methodists Urge Greater Service

LEADERS of the Methodist Episcopal Church have been holding in Detroit a momentous national conference from which they derived fresh enthusiasm and inspiration for a world-wide militant campaign in behalf of Christianity. The list of speakers was a most distinguished one, and all united in a determination to bring about the most extensive religious movement in the history of Methodism.

The belief that in Christianity is to be found the cure for the world's ills, so often expressed at the conference, was well summarized by Bishop Thomas Nicholson, of Chicago, in these words: "What the world needs today is more religion, not more legislation. More religion is needed in Congress, in industries and business and in the home. The labor problem can be settled only by the Christian religion, because satisfaction and contentment are matters of religion."

Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, of Boston, declared the work of the Centenary Movement had merely begun. "The present hour must be a new Calvary where once again we will take up the burden of the Cross and Christianize the world," he said. Bishop McDowell emphasized that the "success of the Church's world campaign rests upon our willingness to surrender ourselves entirely to Christ. We have never had an hour like this; we are 'passing through a bit of destiny.'" President Harding sent a message expressing the heartiest sympathy with the spirit and purpose of the meeting and telling of his own deep interest in the Centenary Movement.

The conference was followed by a meeting of the Council of Boards of Benevolences to apportion funds for each of the boards in carrying out the Church's program.

$4,500,000 for Foreign Missions

DETERMINATION to move forward steadily in all lines of the church's activities was shown in the budget just completed by the Executive Commission of the Northern Presbyterian General Assembly at sessions in Atlantic City. The appropriations total $14,000,000, an increase of $2,000,000 over last year's budget.

The growing interest in foreign missions was emphasized by a grant of $4,500,000 for that work, the largest mission grant in the church's history. It is a million dollars less than Dr. Arthur J. Brown, General Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, had asked for the carrying out of the Board's plans, but represents an increase of $500,000 over the previous year, and will permit the putting of 125 additional missionaries in the field next spring. The church now has 1,600 missionaries enrolled, and finds that the example of Americans in good deeds has so impressed foreign peoples that they are in a more receptive mood than ever before to the Gospel message.

The appropriation for church erection was doubled and the program for the year includes churches, homes and hospitals. The Board of Temperance and Moral Welfare is to receive $20,000 more than last year, but is expected to receive large sums from other sources which will be used in co-operating with prohibition enforcement officials.

Reports of the work of the New Era Movement were most encouraging and Dr. William H. Folkes, general secretary, said 280,000 new communicants could be traced to its influence, and that it was largely responsible for the increase in general income from $5,000,000 a few years ago to more than $12,000,000 last year.

Diplomatic Relations Being Resumed

STEPS are being taken toward the resumption of full diplomatic relations with the German Government, and as a preliminary President Harding has sent to the Senate the nomination of Ellis Loring Dresel to be Charge d'Affaires at Berlin. Mr. Dresel has been the American Commissioner in Berlin and conducted the negotiations for the peace treaty, but previously was without formal diplomatic status. He has organized an Embassy staff and also has arranged for the filling of consular posts, so that as soon as he receives authority Americans will take over the government's property which has been in the custody of Spanish consuls.

The German Embassy in Washington is being prepared for occupancy, and Baron Edmund von Thermann has arrived in the American capital to take charge of the arrangements. The immediate appointment of Ambassadors is not expected, as the German Government is having difficulty in finding a man of outstanding ability who also has enough money to finance the conduct of the Embassy with marks worth less than half a cent each.

Anti-Beer Bill Passed

THE conference report on the supplemental Volstead bill, which outlaws beer and forbids the use of wine except for sacramental purposes, has been adopted by the Senate at last and the bill has been sent to President Harding, the House having acted some time ago. The final vote was 56 to 22, twelve Republican and ten Democratic Senators voting for the rejection of the conference report.

The bill was first passed several months ago and prompt action on it was desired in order to head off the issuance of federal regulations for the medicinal use of beer and wine in accordance with a ruling by A. Mitchell Palmer just before he gave up office as Attorney-General. But the question of prohibition enforcement methods was dragged in, and the House and Senate were unable to agree on amendments, so that the bill was held up. Meanwhile the Treasury Department had issued extremely liberal regulations, which dry leaders feared would open the way for all sorts of violations of the law, but those regulations now are superseded by the action of Congress.

Internat'l

MANY THOUSANDS STAND AT ATTENTION AS THE BODY OF AMERICA'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER IS LAID TO REST

A general view of the solemn exercises at Arlington Cemetery, in which President Harding, the members of the Cabinet and of Congress, and other high officials of the United States and of foreign countries paid their tribute to the nation's hero dead

Irish Parleys Delayed

THE negotiations for peace in Ireland have reached a stage where little progress has been evident and Premier Lloyd George's efforts have been centered on reaching an agreement with the Ulster government on the concessions to be made to Southern Ireland in the interests of Irish unity. There were no official meetings between the Sinn Fein and the British representatives during the week, but the Irish envoys were kept informed regarding the progress of the negotiations with Ulster.

Sir James Craig, the Ulster premier, has accepted an

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Reality and Mystery

A Sermon by REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXT—John 3 : 8. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: and so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

LET us try to get the feeling of the happenings on this eventful night. It is the month of April. The land is beginning to be fragrant with the treasures of the spring. And there is a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a member of the acknowledged spiritual aristocracy of the Jewish people. He had been moved by the words and deed of one Jesus, a Nazarene. Again and again he had sought more intimate knowledge of this mysterious Being, and he had thereby incurred the contempt of his fellow-believers. He was stirred with disquietude. Some inner chord in his spirit began to vibrate like an Aeolian harp when touched by the fingers of the wind. The little he knew made him eager to know more. He would dearly like the privilege of personal communion. But the menace of his sect was heavy and immediate. He was timid. He was not ready for courageous venture. Truth was luring him, but he was not yet a fearless crusader in her quest. He would follow her under the cloak of the night.

So, when the darkness had fallen, he left his home and went through the quiet streets. He went down the roadway outside the city gate and crossed over the brook Kedron. He climbed the slope of the Mount of Olives to the camp of the Galileans where Jesus lived. He sought out the tent of the Nazarene, and the two drew apart in the moonlight and walked away among the olive trees.

Their conversation probably lasted all through the night, and yet the record given to us is less than three hundred words. What we are told is like the stakes which are erected across moorland tracks to indicate the way, and we can discern the road of their intercourse. Their conversation wound through mystery after mystery. And again and again Nicodemus broke into the words of the Master with the wistful plea, "How can these things be?" "How?" "How?" "How?" Again and again his intellect faltered and the mystery of things plunged him into bewilderment.

Toward morning a wind breathed through the olive trees and set all the leaves a-whispering. And the Lord caught hold of it and made it the messenger of the truth. "The wind bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." It is reality, though it is a mystery. Its presence and movement are certain, although its secrets are undisclosed. The wind is a minister of vitality, even though its origin and its destiny can never be traced. It impresses itself upon us with firm assurance, yet it brings no luminous satisfaction to the intellect. "The wind thou hearest is a reality, trailing clouds of mystery"! "Thou canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." Nicodemus felt the breathings of the morning air, although he had no knowledge of its birthplace or its grave.

SO IT is with the things of the spirit. The Great Teacher told this disquieted Pharisee that there are momentous happenings in the world of the Spirit, and their reality is not in the least degree impaired by the absence of a rational explanation. We can be sure of the wind even though we can not explain it. We can be sure of spiritual realities even though reason limp and loiter on the road. In a word, we can have experience long before we have explanation. We can have a spiritual reality before intellectual clarity. We can have life before light. We can be sure of the wind, even when reason has not put its mysteries into bonds.

Now, this is not a disparagement of the intellect. We do not disparage things by placing them in their appointed rank and order. We do not disparage the fruit of a tree when we place it in the autumn time rather than in the spring. I do not disparage the alphabet when I say that a child can talk long before he knows that the alphabet exists. It is just a matter of grade, and order, and succession. And when it is said that in the realm of the Spirit we can have happenings which are impressive before they are expressive, that life can have communion with realities before intellect has made her survey and begun to offer explanations, we are only proclaiming the divine order, and we are saying that the loitering intellect does not impoverish my assurance because of its delay.

Reality and mystery! The two are wedded together continually. It is even so with love. Love is a tremendous urge of reality of which the reason itself can offer no explanation. And sometimes, when reason makes a venturesome attempt to explain it, the result is always grotesque. Love itself is a glorious reality. We can be perfectly sure we are in love even if the philosopher is dumb.

NOW, we are perfectly ready to acknowledge this order and experience in such things I have named. But a certain unwillingness arises when we turn to even greater matters of the spirit. When we direct our minds to the supreme spiritual realities we are inclined to argue that things are unreal, unless the intellect can unravel their secrets and present them in luminous understanding. In these matters we talk and we reason as if reason were the only faculty of assurance. We argue as though intellect were everything. We speak as if we have no other power of apprehension. But we have many powers. We have powers of intuition. We have higher sense perceptions which give us mystic sight, and taste and touch. That was the Master's teaching to Nicodemus on this eventful night. He told him he could have assurance of spiritual reality long before he had powers of understanding.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," or "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 67. *God's Blessing Invoked for the Nations.*

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 887, first column.)

Sermon—"REALITY AND MYSTERY"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"How Firm a Foundation," or "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

Father of the mercy we have received, and which we would feel for all who need it, make the meeting of our thought to be in keeping with the trysting place of Thy friendship, tender and true and glad, because we need Thy companionship to make our earthly loves and hopes complete in Him who rounds out all human experiences. In Jesus' Name we ask it. AMEN.

The recognition and acceptance of this teaching would bring a great emancipation to many distressed and bewildered lives. They are giving undue ascendency to the reason. Shall I say they are making life a monarchy, and they are placing reason on an unshared throne; when life is purposed to be a republic, with many powers in honorable office, and all sharing in holy sovereignty. There are intuitions, there are discernments, there are finer senses, spiritual instincts; there are powers affectional and spiritual, as well as rational; and reality can impress itself upon these with such imperative compulsion that I am able to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "I know Him in Whom I have believed." "The wind bloweth!" I know it! I hear it! I feel it! I may not be able to tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; but I know it; nothing can impair that final sense of real experience.

NOW, let us take the Master's teaching to some commanding mysteries which are nevertheless commanding realities. Take what we call the *mystery of Reconciliation.* Is it a mystery? Yes, is it also a reality? Yes. What is this reconciliation which is both reality and mystery? I wrote that question upon the paper before me on Tuesday morning. It was a gloomy and a heavy morning. Swift, massive, storm-clouds were moving across the skies. Pelting rain and hail were falling. And then, in a moment, the clouds broke as if some powerful hand had torn a jet-black robe, and the sun shone through.

And that, I think, is the Scriptural figure of the spiritual happening when a man is reconciled to God. The clouds break, and the sun shines through! "Ye were once darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." There is the darkness of guilt. Clouds of alienation roll between us and the Lord. And then the clouds are riven, and in the bright shining there is a glorious sense of at-one-ness with the Light of life. We are conscious of rectified relationships. The soul is bathed in the friendly light of God's countenance. The ministry of forgiveness leads into the treasures of peace. "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth and the time of the singing of birds is come." Well, may I not know this reality of reconciliation? May I not be sure of it? May I not be as certain of it as Nicodemus was certain of the warm wandering air of the spring-like April dawn? My soul is sure. I know!

But then intellect comes along, or reason, if you prefer the name, and she challenges the experience. "Now let us test it," she says, "let us lay it all out in ordered analysis. Let us present it in the form of propositions. Let us see it in the form of a syllogism." Intellect says to me, "How can these things be?" I answer her challenge, "the wind bloweth, and I hear the sound thereof." "Yes," answers the intellect, "but whence doth the wind come, and whither does it go?" And I can only go a little part of the way in company with the reason. I say to her, "God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son . . ." Reason impatiently answers, "Yes; but how, why, what, when?" And the questions of the intellect are not forbidden. She is not pursuing an unwarranted quest. She, too, is on the Father's business. But she soon puzzles me. She soon brings me to the frontiers of mystery where the darkness seems impenetrable. My understanding falters and I have no key and no clue. But here is the blessed counsel of the Lord—Reconciliation does not loiter until my intellect can explain. I can exult in the sunshine of God's countenance, long before I can evolve a theory which will satisfy the intellectual schools. Some day reason will light her lamps along every road, and every place will be luminous with understanding.

LET us take the teachings of the Lord to the *mystery of the new creation.* This was the mystery which staggered the mind of Nicodemus, as he walked on the Mount of Olives with his Lord. There was reality and there was mystery; there was mystery, but there reality. What is the statement of the mystery? It is stated that life can shift its heredity. We are told that life can find another and a vital ancestry. The Master teaches that man can become related to a new Adam who is Christ the Lord. Let us state the mystery with the uttermost candor. The stream which flows from Adam's spring can be stopped, and a new stream can flow from a new fountain, and you and I can be found in the new succession. There are two lines of heredity, the Adam line and the Christ line, and a life can be transferred from one to the other. Life can find a new origin. It can have a new birth. It can flow in amazingly new issues. It can be born again in Christ.

That is a mystery? Yes, indeed. But then there is a mystery about the first birth. What do we know about it? How much do we know about the mystery of life? We know nothing! What can reason tell me about that mysterious germ of life which followed some appointed way of detachment, and formed itself into a separate whole and now is known as thee and me? What does reason say about it? I call you to witness that the explanation is only a statement of the mystery. It darkens counsel with words. It is a lamp without light.

But the presence of the mystery need throw no suspicion on the reality. And as it is with the first birth, and with the mystery and element of life, so it is with the second birth and the mystery of the new creation. The intellect may not be able to ransack the treasury and dispossess the secrets. But it is none the less real. A man knows when his being is flooded with new life. We know it in richer fulness of being. We know it in new avenues of relation. We know it in new discernments. We know it in new delights. We know it in new griefs. We know it in the new goals and the new roads to reach them. We know it in new points of view and in new outlooks. We know it in new correspondences with God, and man, and the natural world. We know it because we have a new heaven, and a new earth. "The wind bloweth where it listeth"! There is reality indeed. How can we doubt it?

MYSTERY? Most certainly there is. And reason comes along and challenges our experience. How can these things be? How? How? How? Trace the circle in intelligent understanding. I can

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*Dr. Jowett's sermons, prepared especially for the Christian Herald, appear in the first issue of every month.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D.D., H. Hepburn, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., and R. Braunstein

Road-Makers

SUNDAY. Heb. 12 : 13. "*Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way.*" Is there anything more wonderful than a well-made road, especially a road which hesitates at no eminence, but lays bonds upon it, and opens commerce and communion between distant places? I remember one such wonderful road climbing with a sort of easy laughter over the Maritime Alps. I remember another road which begins on the Dalmatian coast and subdues the fierce mountains which rise between the coast and Montenegro. But we need not go far away for wonderful roads. A noble road crossing some broad plain is extraordinarily impressive; it stretches away like a narrowing piece of white robbon, and is lost on the horizon, where it suggests the unknown and the infinite.

Horace Bushnell had a fascinating interest in roads. It would probably be true to say that next to his passion for theology, it was his dominant passion. And he connected the two in his thought, and the one ministered to the other in the service of interpretation. He was always planning how roads should be made between this place and that place, or through a new piece of territory with which he had become acquainted. But he was something better than all this. He was a noble road-maker in thought and life. He was a pioneer in bold, firm, venturous thinking, and in any fearless way of living which his thought demanded. Any disciple of Bushnell knows what a great road-maker he was over perplexing and difficult ground.

But we are all road-makers. There may be no aim and purpose in it, and we may be unconscious of our work. Nevertheless, we are making roads. We cannot help it. Every step we take is the making of a track, even if it be only like an uncertain trail through a forest. But everybody goes the same way many times; acts become habits, and what was once a thin trail becomes a broad and open road. Yes, we are busy road-making; every day and every hour we are at the work. What kind of roads are we making? Is there anything impressive and majestic about them? Do they suggest dignity and strength? Are they straight or crooked? Can we describe them as fearless roads, going right abroad? Or are they wriggling and deceptive roads, stopping dead at the hill, or slinking away I know not where? Are we making rough roads, full of loose sharp flints, or smooth roads, where the stones have been gathered and every thorn removed? What sort of roads are we making?

Why ask the question? Because somebody is following on, and will use our roads. And perhaps the one following on is lame, or only a poor walker, and the character of the road is of infinite concern. Lame, I say. Perhaps lame in will and purpose! Or lame in desire and self-control! Or lame in affection! And the lame one is perhaps your own son, *and he is coming down your road!* What about it? Is it all right? Is it safe for the son and the family? Is it safe for anybody and everybody else? Will they stumble on your road? Will they get astray? Will they be pilgrims of the night, or pilgrims of the light? Do the roads lead into the darkness, or into the dawn? "Make straight paths for your feet," somebody is just behind! Make them scrupulously straight, and put your best into them, "lest that which is lame be dislocated."

I was once walking with a good American through one of the streets of New York which was in a terrible state of disrepair. "How is it?" I asked. And my friend replied, "The stuff that ought to be in that road is in the contractor's pocket!" The corruption in character had worked itself out into the street. And so it is; the roads we make are no better than ourselves. J. H. J.

The Man with the Spade

MONDAY. Psa. 119 : 105. "*Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.*" It used to be said that the date assigned to the Pentateuch must be incorrect because the art of writing had not been discovered in the time of Moses; but along came a man with a spade and, from among the ruins of Tel-el-Amarna, he produced satisfactory evidence that kings were corresponding with one another long before Moses was born.

It used to be said that the story of the Exodus was unreliable because an event of such importance would surely have been recorded in contemporary annals, while no such record was found. Then came the man with the spade and, excavating among the ruins of Thebes, he found not only an account of the Exodus but the mummied Pharaoh of the captivity!

It used to be said that the story of the overthrow of Babylon was false because it affirmed that Babylon fell in the reign of Belshazzar, while other records made it clear that Nabonadus was king at that time. But along came the man with the spade and inscriptions were unearthed in the valley of the Euphrates which showed that Nabonadus, while absent on an Eastern campaign, had placed the government in the hands of Belshazzar, under whom the city did fall.

The fact is that, if the assaults upon the historicity of the Scriptures are to be successful, a permanent injunction should be placed upon archeological research; for this man with the spade is a most disconcerting friend of truth. D. J. B.

Individual Influence

TUESDAY. Josh. 23 : 10. "*One man of you shall chase a thousand.*" This is the promise of the wise to him who would do good and yet for lack of confidence does not enlist in the ranks of holy service and helpful ministry. The only thing to do is to try to do one's best. God always blesses our best. One of the memorable things the Master said was, "She hath done what she could." When we do that, God blesses our attempt, even as he multiplied the loaves and fishes—a little store, but sufficient for the feeding of the multitude, under the divine benediction.

A friendly touch on the shoulder together with some kind words transformed the drunkard Gough into a champion of temperance. The determination of one young woman to abstain from the use of sugar in her tea, thus doing her humble bit to lessen the traffic in human blood, caused Sir Fowell Buxton to become an earnest advocate of emancipation. "It made me think," were his words. The driver of an Irish jaunting car, refusing to join Thomas Guthrie in a hot toddy, though he was wet and chilled to the bone, sent Guthrie into the arena to fight for sobriety among men, and made him the enemy of the liquor traffic. And so the record runs and leaps from great epoch to great epoch and from turning-point to turning-point in Kingdom extension and righteous progress.

The Divine Artificer, working by human instruments, prepares those instruments by means under His control, the electric touch of the Holy Spirit acting through the most simple causes, awakening dormant energies and rousing latent abilities.

It is possible for everybody everywhere to be identified with God in renewing the mind of the world and recasting the thought of men into finer shapes and after a nobler pattern. We may not be able to do much, but we can do something, and, by the help of God, the little we may do now shall at last spell much for the coming generations. In the work of the Kingdom there are no little consequences, though great achievements may have sprung from the humblest beginnings. R. B.

Through Struggle to Triumph

WEDNESDAY. I Pet. 4 : 12. "*Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery fire which is to try you.*" Peter realized that in the world we must have tribulations, being partakers of Christ's sufferings, but that when His glory shall be revealed, we may be glad with exceeding joy.

It is said that there are three mountain ranges between Joppa by the Sea and the City of Jerusalem. After reaching the first summit, the traveler enjoys glimpses of the spires of the sacred city. But the roadway leads down again into the second valley, where struggle and conflict are endured in order to climb the next range of hills. Here a nearer vision greets the eye. Then, after the third valley is passed and the last range reached, Jerusalem appears in full view.

Is not this an illustration of our pilgrimage from this world to that which is to come? After the summits of attainment have been reached, Jerusalem the Golden appears to the vision of the eye of faith. But another Valley of Humiliation, persecution and suffering must be passed through before we ascend to the Mount of our Transfiguration vision, where, communing with the Christ and the angelic visitors, we would wish to remain in the heavenly places, building tabernacles of rest and bliss. But the valley below again is before us, where devils are to be cast out, miracles performed, sufferings endured and victories won, that we may become perfect in Christ Jesus. At last we ascend the Delectable Mountains, where the Celestial City appears in full view to the hopeful Christian traveler.

Our Christ, who overcame the world, had to traverse the dark valleys during the three years of His wonderful ministry, and at last had to enter His Gethsemane and climb His Calvary before He arose upon the last summit on Easter morning and ascended from Olivet. Is it not the final victory that counts? In the valley, we learn to lean upon God, and come to know of His great power to deliver us from all evil and enemies. We learn that without Him we are nothing; with Him, everything. Then we behold the beatific vision of the King in His beauty and the glory that awaits immortals. E. W. C.

Trouble and Its Remedy

THURSDAY. II Cor. 12 : 9. "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*" How is it possible for us to keep trouble from our hearts, when it is constantly knocking at every heart, and tribulation and sorrows are beating upon us? When cherished hopes are broken, and the heart in which we had confidence is unresponsive to our appeals? When the road of life is rough and steep and the outlook is appalling; and yet, it must be possible, for our Lord has commanded us not to be troubled.

Do you fear in some unguarded moment you may be caught by the tempter and your face be turned away from the Cross to the world and an unholy ambition ruin the possibility of a victorious life, or, that you may lapse in holy endeavor, and under the power of spiritual atrophy, drift away from God? Christ is not baffled. He knew these dangers when He issued His imperative orders against fret and worry. Nor does He desire you to fear that yours will be a wasted, a worthless, a fruitless life. He promised His Holy Spirit as companion and guide, and the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace. So, backed by omnipotent power we need not be afraid.

We naturally shrink from difficulties and testings, and very frequently we endeavor to escape them, but how much better to go to God for grace and strength to learn to be conquerors through Him that has loved us. H. H.

The Method of the Master

FRIDAY. John 17 : 19. "*For their sakes I sanctify myself.*" The tyranny of nature determines the plan by which it must be overcome. The tyranny of the waters determines the shape of the boat. The tyranny of the wind determines the shape of the sail. The tyranny of sin determines the plan by which it must be conquered. It is a self-forgetting, sacrificial, giving-of-self plan that shall at last usher in the reign of righteousness on the earth. Sin overcomes man by sacrificing man. Christ overcame sin by sacrificing Himself.

John Wesley laid down a rule for Christian living when he spoke of "all of a man all of the time." It calls for the application of the whole Gospel for the whole world by all of a man all of the time. Jesus gave us the supreme precedent when He said, "For their sakes I sanctify myself." History and experience have proven that up to date there is no other method than that of the Master, no other plan than that of Christ's program, no other solution than the giving of self.

Whatever honors we may gain from the schools and from the world, there is nothing to compare with the Master's "Well done," given when we have "done well."

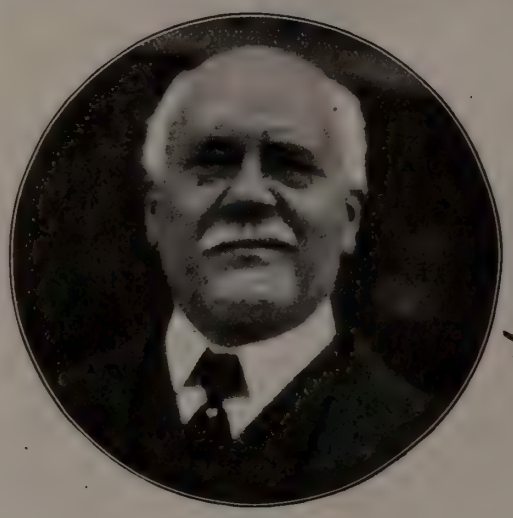
The college of consecration is the school of the prophets and of the disciples of the Kingdom of God. The Kingdom of Heaven shall no doubt come by many ways and devious routes, but never unless those ways and routes lead through our modern Gethsemanes and our daily Calvaries. R. B.

The Fullness of the Fatherhood

SATURDAY. John 14 : 9. "*Philip saith unto Him, show us the Father.*" Among the mountain fastnesses of the Godhead lies the vast ocean of Divine love, invisible to man. Christ, the River of life, flows forth from the bosom of that sea, bringing the Father's life-giving waters to the thirsty souls of this world. He that hast seen and known Me hath known the Father, He assures us, for the waters of the river are the same as the infinite ocean. He who is planted like a tree on the banks of this River will bring forth his fruit in his season. These waters will be in you a well, springing up into everlasting life.

Our Heavenly Father so loved His children that He sent forth this River as a part of His own glorious being, that men might know God through His only begotten, beloved Son. We know that the inexhaustible fountain supplies the everlasting river of life as it encircles the universe. Everything liveth whithersoever the river cometh. The River of our Lord's salvation puts to our lips its healing waters, so we may taste and see that God is our gracious, loving Father, who longs to fill all hearts with all His fullness.

It is then that we become a channel of blessing and usefulness, a branch of the great River, flowing everywhere among men. It is the one element of love in God, in Christ, in man; as Jesus said, "I am in My Father, and ye in Me and I in you." Christ is the Father manifested in the flesh and we are to become like Him; becoming more and more like the Father and the Elder Brother, who enters every door that faith opens to Him, revealing the wonders of the Fatherhood of God. E. W. C.



Dr. Charles M. Sheldon

The Mind of the World

THE mind of the world was never in a more fluid state than it is at this, the end of 1921. It is ready to run into any mold. Whether this mold be good or faulty depends on the predominant currents of thought. The only way these currents can be controlled is through the press and the platform, and of the two, the press is the great outstanding influence.

When this fact is squarely faced it is plain what a tremendous responsibility rests on a magazine or newspaper that undertakes to reflect the movements of the times. And no publication can reflect the world's thought without at the same time guiding it into one mold or the other.

It is the pride of the Christian Herald that it is consistently molding for good.

THE year 19 termine ho Prohibition can big decisions t and women wh fight. It is up to see that Amer but we must loo Christian Herald about condition forcement office impartial investi on getting the sometimes hurt.

COMING

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in Washington to get the very best, the most authentic and the most colorful accounts of the proceedings of the great International Conference on Limitation of Armaments. Already you have read the first of a series of articles which Dr. Sheldon is sending to us and which will tell in his inimitable way the proceedings from the viewpoint of the man who wrote "In His Steps." These will be supplemented by articles from other writers of importance approaching the Conference from other standpoints, and by articles giving authoritatively the views of the heads of the various foreign delegations on the problems constantly developing. We have in hand now such statements by Dr. Alfred Sao-ke Sze, Chinese Minister to the United States, and Mr. Shidehara, Japanese Ambassador.

The attitude of the Church and the co-operation of Christian Herald readers with the real leaders of the Conference will have an influence that will be felt in the world for generations. Your sympathy and support will go far toward making this effective.

You remember, of course, the articles that have appeared in the last few months on the homey questions that arise with husbands and wives, and their sons and daughters, signed by "A Mere Man." The "Mere Man's" common-sense handling of delicate questions, his very human philosophy and his keen grasp of human nature have attracted wide-spread attention to him. You never could guess who is hiding under this nom de plume and we are not going to tell you—at present—more than that it is one of the best known writers in the United States, and that in coming weeks he is taking up for discussion some of the most vital problems in the social life of today.

Among the men and women whom you can count on as contributing to your information and entertainment in the next year are such people as Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, Dr. Worth M. Tippy, Roger Babson, Martha Candler, Miss Alice Robertson (woman member of Congress), Senator William E. Borah, Edgar J. Banks, Wayne B. Wheeler, Mrs. Abby Gunn Baker, Annie Hamilton Donnell, and others of equal prominence.

Miss Alice Robertson

Three Book-Length Stories

THREE new serials will appear during the year—all of them wholesome, appealing and decidedly Christian Herald stories. They will be supplemented by a liberal collection of the best short fiction obtainable.

At a National Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in Detroit in November, one of the subjects for discussion was "Is the Church leading thought in America today?" If it isn't, why not? A group of the most brilliant men in the Church—ministers and laymen—will answer that question through the Christian Herald the coming year. They will tell the price it must pay in money, in program, in unity of action, and in consecration to the newer ideals of Christian service. It will be a powerful series of exceptional articles.

Adventures in far places are not confined to the professional explorers. No group of men in the world have more varied and fascinating experiences than missionaries and Dr. W. B. Norton is contributing a collection of pages from his notebook, liberally illustrated, as only one feature of our plan to keep you in touch with men, places and affairs the world over.

ONE of the fea be the estab Altar conducted ginning with the A short, simple morning or eveni for every day in only a few minu tion in the averag help set up the homes too, doin missionary servic such homes the scription to the explaining your should follow th by Dr. Sheldon.

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Three Principal Objectives

IN ITS constructive editorial efforts for 1922 the Christian Herald has three big objects in view, in addition to its broad primary purpose of promoting Christian citizenship.

1. To counteract a growing tendency to lower standards of thought and action by interesting the youth of the country in the work of the Church and the agencies for moral and social development along healthy, sane lines.

2. To prosecute actively the cause of disarmament, world peace and international brotherhood by every consistent means.

3. To encourage and promote the spirit of Christian Unity, and to make of the Church a more living entity in the lives of the American people. We want your support in these efforts.

Dr. J. H. Jowett

COMING

DURING the last year or so hundreds of letters have come to us from parents and pastors regretting a tendency toward lower moral standards and lessened interest in the Church and its work on the part of young people. What is the reason? Are the parents and pastors, or the young people themselves to blame, or both? We have set for ourselves the interesting task of answering these questions in a number of articles which are right to the point, and are written by men and women who know what they are writing about. There is little of theory in them, but plenty of plain facts about life in its present-day aspects and the currents in amusements, sports, literature, social activities and business that have a distinctly demoralizing effect on the youth of both sexes. It's a big job to keep the rising generation happy and headed right; to give them joy without jazz. Leaders like Daniel E. Poling, Margaret Slattery, P. C. Claxton, Jane Addams, and Barclay Acheson can do it. We believe the series will be the most valuable from every standpoint that we have ever published.

Amos F. Dushaw made another trip to Palestine last summer and has just now returned with a portfolio filled with new photographs. He knows every foot of the Holy Land and most of the prominent figures in its contemporary life. Before he left New York we told him to keep his eyes and his ears open for us and he has come back with a fascinating story of the new Palestine. He will describe for you the railway development, the new waterworks systems, sanitary measures, colonization plans and the other forms of modern civilization that are expected to make the land of the Bible a great commercial and agricultural state. It provides a new conception of the country that is the center of Christian interest.

What do you know about the government? What does it do for you? During the year you will have a liberal education in its little known functions in articles for the most part by the members of the President's cabinet or writers selected by them to tell you of activities that mean something in your every-day lives. They will give you some surprises in the explaining where the money you pay in taxes goes to.

Old Friends and New

THE whole world is close to us today. We are only a few hours from Tokio, Calcutta, Buenos Ayres or Constantinople; and we cannot be complete citizens of the world until we know and understand these neighbors of ours. In our special articles and world news we tell you week by week what they are doing and thinking in all important things.

Dr. Jowett's delightful ministry will lead in the first issue of each month and eminent preachers like F. B. Meyer, Bishop William A. Quayle, R. A. Torrey, James M. Gray, Peter Ainslie, S. Parkes Cadman, D. J. Burrell, Edward S. Young, Hugh Black, Charles L. Slattery, Joseph A. Vance, W. A. Sunday and Edgar DeWitt Jones will give their best discourses. Dr. Samuel D. Price will continue his remarkable expositions of the Sunday School lesson, and our greatly beloved Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor, will represent us in a tour of the new states of Eastern Europe, during which he will tell us of the changing religious conditions he finds. Margaret E. Sangster, who is smiling at you from this page, will make you smile with her and cry with her all the year.

Miss Margaret E. Sangster

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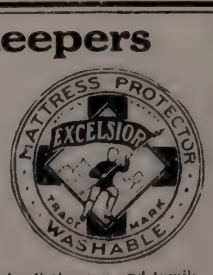

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The Extra Baby

Continued from page 883

thrust beyond too easy reach. The mellow light from the shaded lamp fell upon her bare neck and quivering shoulders. "Father!" she sobbed, through clenched teeth, "You've just got to help me not to see it!"

She fell asleep, finally, after having diverted her mind by inventing small economies which even Mark wouldn't notice. She had tried, as she lay there, to shut out of her mind the new lines that were cutting too deeply into Mark's face. Probably, she thought, he wasn't eating enough. Men were funny. He would be all right as soon as she was cooking again, and the time would not be long. Already she felt a tide of new vigor rising against the tremendous drafts so soon to be made upon her endurance. Life was marvelous, she meditated drowsily. It was a game to be played jestfully; a goal to be achieved gloriously. "No matter what happens, I'll keep it a romance!" she whispered to her heart, turning her face jealously against the blight of drudgery and poverty that threatened its beauty.

CHAPTER II

THE Spring the twins were five years old the Ladies' Aid Society repapered the front bed-room. After the furniture was moved back and the inexpensive new curtains hung at the windows, Nellie locked the door, drew a rocker into the center of the gray and rose room and sat down, with nothing in her hands and nothing in her lap. At the end of an hour and ten minutes she took her darning-bag and slipped into the study where her husband was tinkering with the old typewriter.

"Mark," she said quietly, "I feel like a dove looks. I've never been so happy in all my life!" She drew a chair near his desk and began a patiently determined attack upon a mass of cavernous holes. After a while she said, "Mark, I've been thinking about Luke."

The minister looked up quickly. "About Luke?"

She threaded her needle before answering. "College," she said. "We can't avoid the issue much longer—either he goes or he doesn't go."

Mark leaned back in his chair and strummed his fingers upon the table. "Yes, I know," he said. "Well," he added presently, with the air of a man who stakes his life upon the throwing of a dice, "he goes!"

"That's the way I feel, too," said Nellie, "only—how?"

They measured glances for a full minute.

"I don't know," Mark said finally. "All I know is—he goes."

"We've always gotten through some way," Nellie conceded.

"It's a lot of fun—doing the impossible," said Mark. "Besides, I have a plan."

NELLIE'S keen brown eyes rested speculatively upon him. "So have I," she announced. "What's yours?"

"They need a man at the general store nights."

Nellie gasped.

"Why not?" he asked seriously. "Folks stood for overalls; now they can get used to a grocer's apron."

"But Mark, dear, filling oil-cans and weighing butter?"

Mark's jaw was set stubbornly. "They need a man. My job is to do all the good I can to all the people I can—including my children." He smiled. "Perhaps when I find how tired folks are by Saturday night I won't preach so long Sunday morning."

The work dropped from Nellie's hands. Her eyes softened as she gave them wholly to his countenance which seemed aglow from an inner light.

"Your Sunday morning sermon is the shortest one you ever preach," she said tenderly.

"And I've got another idea," Mark continued with repressed enthusiasm. "The farmers need help. I'm going to give them Mondays and every spare hour. I can plow and pray at the same time. I'll take what I earn in produce. That will cut our bills tremendously. Moreover," he added seriously, "I'll be getting experience that will come in handy when we get our farm."

"My plan isn't nearly so spectacular," Nellie laughed. "I thought if Luke went—when Luke goes," she corrected, "I would take the school teachers to board. "They could have his room. Junior is willing to sleep here on your couch."

BUT her husband wasn't listening. His keen mind had seized upon an idea which he was following with narrowed eyes and a half smile.

"The Old Man on Hate Hill is sick, they tell me up town," he announced suddenly. "His stable boy is taking care of him. Nobody else will work for him for love or money. The bugs are eating up his potatoes and his garden's full of weeds."

"Why don't the neighbors help?" flashed Nellie.

Mark shrugged his shoulders. "Because," he said dryly, "they've been enmeshed in the spirit of his own warped soul. They say if they offered, they'd only be cursed from the door."

"As if cursing would hurt them!"

Mark's eyes twinkled. "I'm going to take a can and a stick and go after those potato bugs!" he announced. "He can't order me off the place, because he's in bed." His shoulders shook with amused anticipation. "Putting something over on the Old Man will be great sport!"

"Has he got a shotgun?" demanded Nellie seriously.

Mark shook his head. "He'll lie there and sizzle! His crafty old mind will be inventing vituperations against the time when I shall have saved his potato crop and come to talk to him about his soul. There's where he's going to get left. This time I'm working for his body."

"Who's getting his meals?"

"The boy."

Nellie sniffed. "Let's leave a basket on his door-step at night—like they leave babies!"

A silence fell between them. After a time, Nellie said, "Are you really in earnest, dear, about the store and the farms?"

He nodded his head.

AND thus it happened that one amazing autumn morning Mark and Nellie and Junior and the twins met with the neighbors and the grocer and some of the pillars who had assembled upon the ramshackle station platform to see a tall, flushed lad in new clothes start away to college.

"God knows how they're going to do it, with everything so high!" murmured the grocer as the minister and his wife bade their eldest son good-bye.

And only God knows how they did do it. But some way, between them, God and the minister and the minister's wife and the lad, who tended furnaces at dawn, they did it. Moreover, before Luke was graduated, Mark, Jr., a giant of a fellow, with his mother's ardent eyes and his father's lust for souls, outstripped the village educational facilities and he, too, was sent away.

Thereafter, at the parsonage, the days lengthened and the nights shortened. A man and a woman took life by the throat and bent it to their wills. Muscles never sagged; determination never weakened, and in spite of drudgery and fatigue the years went zestfully. Always, barely a pace ahead of their trudging footsteps, marched the illusive fulfillment of their hopes. The gleaming black satin gown and aigretted hat of Nellie's secret dreams, deferred year after year, from spring until fall and then from fall until spring, remained untattered from much longing. The new typewriter and encyclopedia, the dining-room chairs and the library table were for the time being only pushed into the background of their desires. In the immediate present, there was always an orphan in India, or somebody without underwear, or an unsuspected need that came to light before the fire on the parsonage hearth.

"It isn't as though we were giving these things up for keeps," commented

Mark one evening as he followed Nellie's sober glance toward the cavernous sugar-bowl, which they had just emptied, "We're a bit pinched just now of course, but it won't last forever. Some day we'll have plenty of money."

"I know, dear," said Nellie. "That's why I don't mind doing without now—some day we'll have everything. And when we get it—" Her words died into an ecstatic sigh.

MARK was sitting with his feet on the fender of the kitchen stove. He glanced up quizzically from the paper he was reading. "Well," he inquired idly, "when we have plenty of money, what will you buy first?"

"The first thing I'll buy," she answered after a moment's meditation, "will be a five-pound box of candy—one with a pink bow perked on top." Her eyes were wistful.

Mark leaned a little forward in his chair and stared at her face which was beautifully flushed with the effort of her imagination.

"What else?" His tone was tinged with tenseness.

She thought a moment. "Underclothes," she laughed, "enough to last from Monday to Monday without washing in between."

A silence fell between them.

"It's perfectly idiotic, of course," Nellie went on presently with heightened color, "but I hope some time we'll be rich enough so that when we have company for dinner we can have—well, things that are not absolutely necessary for food. Olives and parsley, you know, and oodles of cracked ice and salted nuts. I'd like to feel sufficiently wealthy just once to cut up a whole lemon for garnishing without feeling like I'd robbed a mite box!" She flung her husband a half-smiling, half-serious glance.

To be concluded

A Japanese Woman's Prayers for Peace

International

WOMEN ADVISERS TO AMERICA'S ARM'S DELEGATIONS

Left to right: Mrs. Katherine P. Edson, of California; Mrs. T. G. Winter, Minnesota; Mrs. Eleanor Franklin Egan, New York, and Mrs. Charles S. Bird, Massachusetts

Continued from page 878

woman is the power that will finally put an end to war around the world. It will not be the power of the diplomat that will prevail, but the power of just such faith in God as is shown in Madam Yajima.

THAT power has already been shown by the opening of the first meeting of the Conference by prayer by Dr. Abernathy, President Harding's own pastor in Washington. And if I mistake not, that same power is going to hover over this gathering in ways that men's stubborn and unspiritual natures cannot resist.

I do not know just how to account for the fact that I have happened to be present at several gatherings where Madam Yajima has spoken. I have gone to gatherings where I might meet persons of influence and commanding personality. And at several of these she has been the most honored and distinguished guest. As one woman, a leader in society circles in Washington, said, "I did not know a word of the language that old woman used, but never in all my life have I felt so awed and moved at the hearing and sight of any human being." This woman was not a church woman, but she could not refrain from this astonishing testimony.

What could that influence be that this woman of the world felt so deeply? What could it be but the power of God moving on her unspiritual life?

AT THE last meeting where I happened, if that is really the word I should use, to hear this wonderful personality, she spoke her regular message through her missionary interpreter, Mrs. Topping, who has been in Japan nearly all her life, and the chairman of the meeting thanked her in behalf of the assembled audience for her words. But it was a business group of men with a very important program to carry out, and the chairman had finished his remarks and had evidently paused in the transaction of the business of the day to take it up at the Madam's departure. She, however lingered. And after a moment of significant silence while we waited to resume the day's task she said, speaking through her friend:

"I did not come to this country simply to present to your President a formal petition for peace from my countrywomen. My real object in coming was to be near the praying people of America. And I would like to be permitted to pray with you now."

I cannot recall any moment in any revival service or church gathering that was more shot through in an instant with divine power than this one.

This messenger of God spoke five and six times each day for several different days during the sessions of the Conference. The effect of her peaceful presence on audiences large or small or upon individuals was instant and commanding. With her was her secretary, Miss Morinja, who is the Japanese worker among the children, and editor of their W. C. T. U. paper.

And so I say that among the influences that will determine in spite of them, some of the results reached by the Conference delegates, will be the influence of Madam Yajima. Her prayers and the prayers of her countrywomen joined to those of the praying women and mothers of this and other lands are going to make history. "With God, all things are possible."

The young lady, who is 2½ years old, plays every night. She will have acquired a fondness for music by the time she is ready to take music lessons. It's a good idea, don't you think so?

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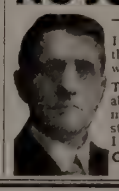

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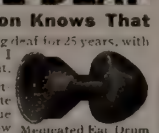

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Paul Writes to a Friend

International Sunday School Lesson for December 11
Philemon

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

FOR two years Paul was a prisoner in Rome. Chained to a guard, he could still choose his residence, and in this respect had a measure of freedom. Being a prisoner does not seem to have interfered greatly with Paul's purpose in coming to Rome. These two years represent his first imprisonment. Then he was released for a time. Meanwhile he had much to do. The care of the churches which he had founded pressed heavily upon him. Doubtless he received representatives from many of these new organizations or believers.

We know that he wrote four letters during these two years which will always have place in the greatest literature of the world. These were Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians and Philemon. All are extremely rich in helpful teachings, as they come from the mind of Paul through the Holy Spirit in these maturing years of his life. Youths can dash off lengthy essays which never get into print, but it takes a man of experience to write such a letter as the one to Philemon, or the Gettysburg Address of Lincoln.

Among those who came under the blessed influence of Paul when in Rome was a runaway slave, named Onesimus, who belonged to Philemon, a friend of Paul, residing in Colossé, about 100 miles east of Ephesus. This man was converted under Paul's teaching, and after his spiritual transformation he was ready to go home to his master in Colossé. Such a willingness indicates how genuine was the conversion. In imagination we can hear Paul and Onesimus talking over the next step, and they reach the same conclusion quickly.

Then Paul shows his great heart as he, in "big brothering" the slave in the flesh but the free man in Christ, says, "I will write a letter to my old-time friend and you shall carry it with you." Philemon is that letter. By studying Col. 4 : 7–9, and Eph. 6 : 21 it will be noted that Tychicus and Onesimus evidently carry all three letters at the same time. They were transporting incalculable values.

There are two facts about this book that need to be noted. In pronouncing the name, accent the "e," which is long. In the Greek it is the long e (eta) and not the short e (epsilon). The other fact can be brought out by an incident that occurred one day in Princeton Theological Seminary. Dr. Purves named a verse in Philemon and a classmate caused a roar of laughter by saying "Professor, what chapter, please?"

THIS great, little letter will bear the closest study. It is rich from the standpoint of literature, social relations, honesty and friendship as well as from the deep religious teachings that are so prominent. Read it at least three times, as was suggested last week. No less than seven persons are named in the opening section, 1–3. Timothy is with Paul in Rome, and five others who are his co-workers there are named in verse 23. Then the home circle in Colossé is presented as Apphia, the wife, and Archippus, the son, are mentioned. There must have been a group of worshippers who gathered with Philemon, since we read: "and to the church in thy house."

Big-hearted, generous Paul, without appealing for any personal sympathy, tells his far-away friend how Onesimus has found joy and peace in believing. This new convert would have been helpful to Paul, but he was unwilling to keep the slave from his owner without due permission. Paul begs for restoration of relationship rather than any punishment, however much it might be deserved. If Onesimus stole from his owner when he left Colossé, that amount is to be charged to the account of Paul, who expected soon to follow Onesimus and Tychicus. In fact he asks that a bed be made ready for his hoped-for early arrival.

The Bible does not tell us of the response by Philemon when he read the letter, but there could be only one answer. A noted English preacher was heard delivering a sermon from this book. He pictured Tychicus handing the letter from "Paul the aged" to Onesimus, who read it with marked agitation and emotion. Then he said eagerly, "Where is Onesimus?" He did not say, "Where is my runaway slave that stole when he left me?" Tychicus replied, "He is awaiting your pleasure without." The Christian greeting and full pardon were all that Paul could have desired and when the "church in the house" had its next meeting, it was Onesimus who gave the account of Paul and his work in Rome. It is also safe to conclude that the better service rendered by the returned slave, now a Christian, made Philemon believe that it was worth while to "be a little kinder than necessary."

A phrase, frequently used in jest, has a rich illustration in the act of Paul and the situation of Onesimus—"When a feller needs a friend." Is there some one in your immediate neighborhood, or even in the membership of your Sunday School who right now needs some friend, such as Paul was? People rush to the help of a drowning person, but they frequently let some one stumble on in the pathway of life when friendly encouragement would give them courage in their honest desire to reestablish themselves in ways of right. A look can lift up, a hand can hold up, and to walk at their side makes them bold as they go surely onward.

KNOWING something of the Christian Herald Family, the writer has in mind those who are often called "shut-ins." There are many who are advancing in years and less active than in former days; some are invalids, though young in years. In such circumstances it is easy to think that the horizon of life is becoming narrower. This lesson just lifts such people to the consciousness of heights of privilege with an ever-enlarging view of opportunity. "Shut-ins" they may remain from the physical standpoint; but they can watch the work of Paul the prisoner at Rome, and think about the outreach of shut-ins. We can see that staff meeting in prison, as Paul frequently, if not constantly, called together even those named in Philemon. When in the Roman prison the second time, he wrote II Timothy, and we have named the four letters that he wrote during the first imprisonment. He kept up the contact with his beloved churches and friends.

Paul regarded his letters as weightier than his presence (2 Cor. 10 : 10). This is an unusual contrast and few have literary ability such as Paul possessed. Most everyone can write an interesting, helpful letter, can write just as they would talk. Simple description, short sentences and small words are most effective. Only those who are away from home and their beloved Sunday School can appreciate the pleasure and benefit in receiving a letter from the teacher, superintendent or even the pastor—busy man that he is. Letters of tender, loving invitation have led many to accept Jesus as their Saviour.

Labor relationships are made prominent in this letter. The progress of righting the wrongs of slavery is also a subject for class study and discussion. It is a long distance from the unquestioned institution of slavery as found in Philemon, to the great Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. The very sentiment of abolition of the slave trade is attained in the process of Christian education. This old world has still very much to both learn and do, that men may be free indeed.

The Boy in the Later Teens

Enlisting Him as a Christian Worker Through the Sunday School

By F. GEORGIA STROUP MORRISON

IF THE Sunday School board has wisely considered the boy's salvation as of more importance than its promotion program, the older teen-age boy has the same teacher who won his heart at the beginning of the teen years. Little by little he will have opened his heart to disclose to the sympathetic teacher his inmost secrets.

The wisdom of letting the boy keep the teacher he knows and likes will be shown by the large percentage of the class which will decide for some definite Christian work during this important period. The ministry, the mission field, all forms of church activity, are crying for recruits, and if these recruits are to be won in the needed numbers, the young men of the nation must dedicate their lives.

These workers can not be obtained if the boy drops out of Sunday School before he reaches the later teens, for it is at this period that he decides what he is going to do with his life. In any town the interested person will be struck by the large amount of "God's raw material" that is seen on the street corners on Sunday morning instead of in the Sunday School.

How can we get these older boys into the Sunday School? How can we hold them? How can we get them to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. How can we get them into the Church? How can we get them to dedicate their lives to definite Christian work?

The boys seem to attend fairly well until the teens are reached. They have been promoted regularly up to that time and have accepted it as a matter of course; but at the age when the gang spirit makes him clannish the boy will accept his teacher as one of the gang and give a loyalty that is for life. Then woe betide the board that promotes him to another class, for he will become a disturbing factor that the school will latter see drop out of attendance with a sigh of relief.

So it is well to promote both teacher and boy through the teens. Then send the teacher back and let him bring another class through the rapids. Repeat the process until the teacher grows too old—and the age limit can't be set by graying hairs.

TO STRENGTHEN the boy in training and interest, give the class president a place and a vote on the Sunday School board. He'll attend and some of his suggestions will reveal the reasons for lack of interest among the boys. He will be the "missing link" between the older people and their viewpoint and that of his crowd. Also he will become interested in Sunday School problems and later, when teachers are needed you will find volunteers with definite ideas. They will understand the value of the teacher training class and be ready to take its work, and the next few years will see a sufficient number of trained young men for the boys' classes.

If the boys are to be interested in the Sunday School, they must be given a program that will challenge the very best there is in them. How often a Sunday School board will deplore the fact that such and such classes will not come for the opening exercises, but do come for the class work. Why won't such boards awake to the fact that the class interests the boys and the opening exercises do not? The only way they can be made to want to attend Sunday School is to make it interesting. If we want to get and hold the boy we must cater to what he wants.

Try putting the different classes in charge of the opening exercises. There will be variety and "something different," and the most cynical boy will be attentive after he has found how hard the thing is to do. The programs may not be as "finished" as though presented by the regular officers of the school, but some good raw material will be getting training.

There are many ways of getting the new boy into Sunday School, but they can all be summarized by saying, "Keep everlastingly after him." Let the teacher invite him; let the membership committee ask him; send him cards; ask him again, ask him once each day by appointing or asking for volunteers for each day. Sometimes the boy whom it takes two years to get will become one of the strongest class workers.

THE boy is naturally religious and may be induced to accept Christ if the matter is presented tactfully from the boy's standpoint. First, recognize the fact that the boy is a perverse human being—who of us is not?—and when everybody is doing a thing, he prefers doing something else. Therefore do not wait until the general decision day of spring to get your boy of the late teens to make a public confession.

During the summer, write and talk to your boys who are already Christians and ask them to pray for those members of the class *by name*, who have not made their confession. Ask them to meet with you to pray for the others. Have definite prayer lists and use them continually.

Then in the fall, a few Sundays after school has begun and the boys are full of new plans, new studies and new friends, tack a "NO INTERRUPTION, PLEASE!" sign on your classroom door. Choose Romans 10 : 9-10 for your text and talk to your class. Have your Bible in your hand and use other references as you are led. Be Christ's mouthpiece; let Him have your tongue for that day. *Preach* to your class the strongest evangelical sermon of which you are capable. If you desire, have your pastor present, but ask him to stay in the background unless called upon. Close your talk by asking that every head may be bowed. Then pray as you've never prayed before.

Ask that all heads remain bowed for a few moments of silent prayer. Then ask for the hands of those who have already given their lives to Christ. Note, in your mind, the upraised hands. Ask how many will join you in asking for a closer walk with God. Then ask how many will make a public confession by acknowledging Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour by raising a hand. Close the class with prayer, or ask the pastor to lead.

Through the winter, lead your lessons towards church membership. Show the importance of the Church to the world, to civilization. Show the world's debt to the Church. Show its part in the community, what it really is, what it stands for, what it tries to do. Then some Sunday in the spring prepare a number of questions touching the points that you have been emphasizing all winter.

Give these questions to members of the class for discussion and you will find the boys fair-minded enough to see the world's obligation to the Church.

The next week see each member of the class who is not a church member and ask him to become one. Answer his questions fully, so he may be fully intelligent in his decision. Talk with his parents if he wants you to. Then give your list of names to your pastor.

Decisions for life-work must be individual. Stress life-work at different times in the class, the different kinds and their needs and opportunities. Ask the boys individually, in private conversation, their aim in life—what they expect to give to the world, the reward they expect. Discuss different phases of life-work and then pray with the boy that God will direct his life to the work that will mean most to the world.

The older teen-age boy is God's greatest responsibility to every Christian, for at this period his earlier decisions are cemented or destroyed. Greatest of all, he is at the age when it is possible to take special training and still have long years to use it in God's service.

May the Church recognize her duty to the boy of the later teens.

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The Blessedness of Faith

A Woman's Sermon by a Minister's Wife

TEXT—John 20 : 29. "Because thou has seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

WHEN the disciples of Christ met together on the evening of that first wonderful Easter day, Thomas was not with them. People who stay away from meeting on Sunday forego a privilege of communion with their Lord and very likely miss a special blessing, as did Thomas. But Thomas, at this time, was too deeply plunged in grief and despair to have the heart to go anywhere. The dear Master, whom, despite a cold, phlegmatic temperament, Thomas had most devoutly loved—so devoutly, indeed, that he had once expressed himself as willing to meet death with him, if need be—was gone. His tomb had been rifled and the precious clay borne away, to what profanation no one knew. That rock-hewn sepulcher, even though empty, bounded the horizon of doubting Thomas. The story of Mary Magdalene he regarded as the fiction of a woman's overwrought fancy. The assertion of his fellow-disciples, that they had seen the Lord, he discredited, declaring, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails and put my finger into the print of the nails and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe."

But when seven days had passed and the world's second Christian Sabbath had come, the disciples were again together and Thomas was with them. Suddenly, without warning and without visible entrance, an ineffable Presence stood among them. It was He, oh, it *was* He, with whom they had walked and talked and supped, familiar, yet different, the earthly etherealized, spiritualized, the mortal clothed upon with immortality. With that divine omniscience which knoweth what is in the heart of man, with tender rebuke, but with infinite patience and fathomless love the Presence, turning to Thomas, said, "Reach hither thy finger and behold My hands and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into My side and be not faithless but believing." Thomas waited not to make the test, needed not to make it now. In a rush of faith, in a rapture of joy, with outstretched hands he cried, "My Lord and my God." Jesus said unto him, "Thomas, because thou hast seen Me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

THE tribe of Thomas is a numerous one. His spiritual descendants may be found in all parts of the world today. They say, "I must see, I must handle, I must understand, or I will not believe. My reason must be satisfied before I can accept." They forego the blessedness of faith for the realism of sight. They cast aside the greater to take up the less.

One fancies, perhaps, the experience of those disciples whom Christ, when upon earth, called to Himself. It must have been a wonderful thing to have heard His gentle voice speaking one's name and saying, "Follow me"; to have felt the reassuring touch of His hand; to have looked upon His "human face Divine." They knew Him in the flesh; they walked with Him by sight; they were singularly favored. But centuries since that wondrous Being ascended to His Father, the children of men, as clearly and definitely, have heard His call to follow Him. It may have come in the whirlwind of some great religious awakening, or in the still small voice of that inward monitor named conscience, through the influence of a Christian home, or by the example of a godly friend; but it *has* come, with an all-compelling power and, responded to, has brought inconceivable happiness.

> "Tongue can never express
> The sweet comfort and peace
> Of a soul in its earliest love."

Indeed the blessedness of faith is something beyond the power of language to make known. It is something that can be felt, but never, in its fullness, can be told.

The giving of sight to the man born blind was a wonderful achievement. It seems to us that none who witnessed it could have failed to recognize the divinity of the man called Jesus, or acknowledge Him Lord of all. It seems to us that those who beheld this marvelous deed were blessed far above the common lot. But a mightier work than this is wrought daily in our own materialistic age, nineteen hundred years later, when the sin-obscured spiritual vision of men and women, touched by the finger omnipotent and bathed in the fountain drawn from Immanuel's veins, becomes as the brightness of noonday.

We imagine what it must have been to have enjoyed, personally, the friendship and companionship of Jesus. We picture to ourselves that favored home in Bethany, where He was often a most welcome guest. We think of Martha, the good housewife, so anxious and careful for His material comfort, of Mary, sitting at His feet, eager to learn of the eternal verities, and of the young man, Lazarus, their brother. Jesus loved them all and they, in turn, cherished for Him an adoring affection. Happy indeed was the lot of the household at Bethany. Yet this same Jesus whom they crucified says, in reference to every home in the world today, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me." If only one has faith enough to lay hold upon the promises—faith like every other faculty grows stronger by exercise—then may he realize the unseen to be as real, as vital, as satisfying, yea, far more so than the things which are seen. Then may he know as an ever-present companion and helper and comforter the Friend above all others.

AS WE have stood beside the newly made grave of one who was dear to us, dearer perhaps than our own life, we may have thought of the raising of Lazarus and pictured the joy of his sorrowing kindred, as by the compelling word of Christ, he who was dead became alive. We may have thought, If only Christ were here today! Then, as a voice out of Heaven, reaching an inner perception to flesh and sense unknown, has come the convincing assertion, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live." If, in our thoughts of them, our loved ones are forever in the tomb, it is the stone of our own unbelief that is keeping them there. Faith declares that they shall come forth. It will not be now, but *it will be*, for the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. One can wait patiently for a certainty.

In many ways, and especially after His resurrection, against that rapidly nearing time when they would no longer be strengthened by His physical presence, our Lord sought to confirm His disciples in their faith. Then, suddenly, as He talked with them, He was taken up and a cloud received Him out of their sight, and left them gazing up into Heaven. It was the end of sight. They had reached the realm of faith, in which henceforth they must walk.

The few incidents and comparisons which we have noted might be many times multiplied. They but faintly intimate the blessedness of faith, the richer experience of those who have believed rather than seen. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

We have not seen, but we believe. "We believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and earth and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord. We believe in the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting." *We believe.* Lord, help our unbelief and grant us to know, in full measure, the blessedness of faith, the supreme joy of those who, not having seen, have believed.

MODERN recipes call for accurate measurements. But every housewife has some old, favorite recipes which she has used for years—perhaps her grandmother used them before her. These old recipes invariably call for "butter the size of an egg" or "butter the size of a walnut."

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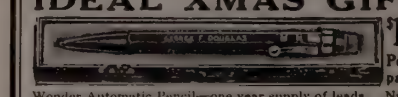

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Earned $472 With Her Auto-Knitter

Mrs. A. L. Heggen is the wife of a Minnesota farmer. She does all of her own housework and cares for her two boys, aged two and four. "Yet with all this," she writes, "I have found time to make 1824 pairs of socks, for which I have received $472.25."
This money has helped to furnish their little home, provide many articles of clothing and purchase a number of good books and magazines.

Has Earned $247 In Spare Hours

The Auto-Knitter is now helping to pay for Mrs. Utz's farm home, in Kentucky. Here is part of her letter:
"I soon had my machine paid for, and I have been working right along in my spare time. In all, I have earned, as near as I can figure, $247, with my Auto-Knitter. Since the first of January I have taken in $72.50 which has helped to tide us over."

Has $400 Bank Account Made by Auto-Knitting

Things were looking bad for Mr. Nathaniel, of Massachusetts. The mill where he was employed was only running part time. He investigated the Auto-Knitter and ordered a machine. Now read what he has to say:
"In the five months I have had the machine I have made 2,000 pairs of socks, and have $400.00 to my credit in the bank. I earned this amount by making socks on the Auto-Knitter, both for the company and for my own customers."

Cleared $100 by Auto-Knitting in Spare Time

"I started right in," writes Mrs. Strunk, of New York, "devoting every spare minute to knitting socks. Once every month I ship the socks I have made to the company. After a couple of days I receive my check and as much replacement yarn as the socks weigh. I work only in spare time, but I cleared about $100 in a year, with which amount I bought a nice Jersey cow."

Made $1150 in 11 Months

Mrs. Frank Unger, of New York, needed extra money badly. Finally she saw an Auto-Knitter advertisement and later secured an Auto-Knitter. Mrs. Unger writes:
"My standard socks have always been cheerfully accepted and paid for by the Company. I have knit over 7,000 pairs of men's half hose. I have had my machine eleven months and have made $1150 out of the socks I knit. With this money we have made the first payment on our home and plan to pay the rest the same way. The people who laughed at me at first now wonder at my luck."

Earned $110 in 4 Months at Auto-Knitting

"No one but the owner of an Auto-Knitter," writes Mrs. W. J. Colson, of Nevada, "can imagine how much pleasure it is to be able to earn spare-time money without going out of your own home. All the money I made out of the Auto-Knitter goes into the bank, as my husband makes money enough to keep the family. I have not as yet decided what I am going to purchase with it, but I assure you that it will come in real handy some of these days. My bank book shows $110 that I have made with my Auto-Knitter in a little less than four months."

$500 Clear Profit From Spare Time Work

When Mr. Ward Butler of Illinois, was married he had just $30.00—and no regular job. Things were pretty hard until he learned about Auto-Knitting. His spare-time earnings made it possible for him to get a start in life. Now, he is in business, farming for himself. "Since purchasing our Auto-Knitter," Mr. Butler writes, "we have made up 2500 pairs of socks, from which we realized over $400.00, and a thousand corset covers, which profitted us $150.00. So, totaling it all up, our machine has made us over $500.00 clear profit. I can trace my start directly back to the Auto-Knitter."

How These 7 People Earned $2979 —in Their Spare Time—At Home

Men and Women Everywhere Are Now Turning Spare Hours into Welcome Dollars In a Pleasant, Profitable Home Occupation.

HOW often have you longed for some way to make money right at home; some means of turning your spare time into cash? You are seeking not the sort of work that brings a little "pin money" now and then, but some steady employment that will pay well for your odd time. You must have work that does not interfere with your household duties or regular occupation.

And here is your opportunity.

Read the testimony set forth on this page. Here are the true experiences of actual people—men and women who are regularly turning spare hours into welcome dollars. Mothers, with young children to care for, and a little time to spare, devote it to this work. Women with a round of household duties are earning money in spare time to buy fine furniture, clothing, pretty dishes; and all of the things so dear to woman's heart. Men, whose incomes have not kept pace with the cost-of-living, add to their earnings by evening work.

Housewives, school teachers, shopkeepers—people in almost every walk of life—are making money at the new, fascinating occupation—Auto-Knitting.

A Paying Home Business

Most of the people who take up Auto-Knitting use the Auto-Knitter largely to earn money in spare time—but many have found knitting socks more profitable and pleasant than the work they were doing, and now give their entire time to the occupation. You simply knit standard wool socks and we pay you for knitting them. Every time you send in a shipment of standard socks, made on the Auto-Knitter, you promptly receive a check to cover, together with yarn to replace that used in knitting the socks. You are your own employer. You work as much or as little as you please. Every minute you put in at the machine means money for you—money of your very own, that you can do with as you please.

And you don't have to go away to work! Women need not leave house-work and babies. Men are no longer obliged to put in "over-time" at factory or shop in order to earn "extra" money. The Auto-Knitter solves the problem.

Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary. Nor is mechanical training essential. Inexperienced persons can learn to turn out standard "Olde Tyme" Wool Socks with the Auto-Knitter. These socks have the real "home-made" quality. Yet the machine operates many times faster than even the most skilled hand-knitter.

Send Your Socks to Us

The beauty of the Auto-Knitter home-work plan is that you never have the least bit of trouble disposing of the standard socks that you make on your Auto-Knitter. We enter into a contract, agreeing to take all the standard socks you knit and send to us, paying for them at a fixed guaranteed price per pair.

This contract does not restrict you at all. You can work for us as much—or as little as you please. If you wish to work up a home trade, selling the socks to local stores, or direct to your friends and neighbors, you are perfectly free to do so. But we are always ready to take as much of your standard output as you care to send, paying you good wages—on a piece-work basis—for the time you put in.

The Auto-Knitter is a practical, efficient machine, which weighs about 20 pounds, and can be readily clamped to any ordinary table. It makes the entire sock—top, body, heel and toe—without removing the work from the machine. And so fast does the Auto-Knitter run that it has been aptly termed, "Better than a hundred hands."

Write Today for Our Liberal Offer

You have read the fact stories of seven people. And these are but a few of the folks who have met success with the Auto-Knitter. Incomes from the machine are being used to furnish and pay for homes, to buy clothes, pay off mortgages, educate children, build bank accounts and bring many little comforts and luxuries that the owners otherwise could not afford.

These people owe their success to the fact that *they made up their minds to act!* They determined to find out just what we have to offer. Think what they would have lost by dilly-dally and delay. Suppose Ward Butler had said: "I'll write to those folks some day" and forgotten? Would Mrs. Frank Unger have her new home today if she had said, eleven months ago: "I won't send the coupon; I'm afraid I'll *never* be able to run an Auto-Knitter." How would Mrs. Heggen have bought fine furniture, clothing and books if she had been content to say: "I won't write to the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company. My housework and two little boys keep me busy. I haven't enough time to devote to the work."

But these people didn't make excuses. They wanted to turn spare time into money—just as you do today. They filled in and mailed the coupon—will you follow their example?

You owe it to yourself to get the facts. Just write your name and address in the space below The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 812-K, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.—(Adv.)

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 812-K, 630-632 Genesee St.,
Buffalo, New York.

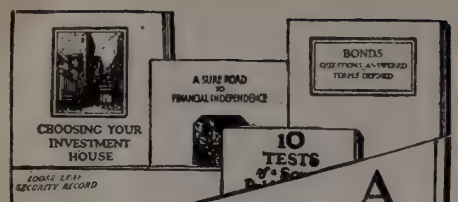
Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto-Knitter. I enclose two cents postage to cover cost of mailing literature, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

C. H. 12-3-21



A Library of Investment Information

TO AFFORD investors a simple explanation of the elements of safety to be looked for in the selection of securities, the technical terms used in bond descriptions, the various types of bonds, etc., we publish a list of booklets and circulars which comprise a rather complete library of investment information, presented in non-technical form.

Some of these publications are listed below. We shall be glad to send copies upon request.

Mail this coupon to our nearest office

Please send the following booklets checked:

- ☐ Choosing Your Investment House.
- ☐ A Sure Road to Financial Independence.
- ☐ Bonds — Questions Answered — Terms Defined.
- ☐ Ten Tests of a Sound Public Utility.
- ☐ How to Judge Municipal Bonds.
- ☐ Loose Leaf Security Record.

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 885

invitation from Premier Lloyd George for an informal discussion of the situation, and both houses of the Ulster Parliament were summoned to an emergency session, opening on November 29, to hear a report on the negotiations and to deal with the transfer of various governmental services from the Imperial Parliament to the Ulster Parliament. There was little sign of yielding on the part of the Ulster spokesmen, but efforts to find a compromise acceptable to Southern Ireland, Ulster and the British government were continued energetically.

CHARLES REACHES MADERIA. The former Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary and his wife, Zita, have arrived at Funchal, Madeira, aboard the British crusier Cardiff, to begin the life of exile decreed by the Allied Council of Ambassadors. The question of their support has not been settled, and suggestions that Britain should make an annual grant to them have brought vigorous protests from the London press.

FIGHTING NEAR KIEV. A revolt of Ukrainian peasants has assumed considerable proportions and there has been heavy fighting between the insurgents and Soviet troops in the neighborhood of Kiev. Rebel reinforcements have been hastening to the scene and one peasant band advancing on Kiev from the south was commanded by a woman who has displayed aptitude for military affairs.

$1,500,000 GIFT TO SCHOOL. A. W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, and R. B. Mellon, his brother, have given to the University of Pittsburg a fourteen-acre tract in the educational center of that city which they had acquired at a cost of $1,500,000.

CONFEREES FINISH TAX BILL. Senate and House conferees have finished their report on the tax revision bill, the third rewriting which the measure has undergone, and plans were made to rush the adoption of the conference report, which the four Democrats on the committee refused to sign. One point of difference between the two bodies was settled by the House voting to accept the maximum income surtax of fifty per cent. favored by the Senate, although Administration leaders had favored a compromise on a lower figure. The conferees fixed the corporation income tax rate at 12½ per cent., the figure in the original House bill.

SLAVS AND ALBANIANS END DISPUTE. Both Jugoslavia and Albania have promised, as the result of a hearing before the League of Nations Council in Paris, to end the state of warfare which has been maintained in certain border districts for several months, and to accept the boundary line laid down by the Council of Ambassadors.

TWELVE DIE IN ARKANSAS STORMS. Twelve persons were killed and thirty injured by two tornadoes which struck in widely separated districts of Arkansas on the same day. Eight of the fatalities were in a single family.

LARGER STARS THAN BETELGUESE. Prof. Albert A. Michelson, of Chicago, who created a sensation by his announcement that the star Betelguese measured 300,000,000 miles in diameter, has discovered that there are several stars larger than this. Antares, a star in the constellation Scorpio, was named as one of these and while its exact size has not been determined the experiments indicate that it is considerably larger than Betelguese.

RIOTING IN BOMBAY AS PRINCE LANDS. Riots in the native quarter of the City of Bombay marked the arrival of the Prince of Wales for his tour of India, but the procession in his honor was not interfered with. Serious disorders in India have continued and 700 Moplah rebels were reported to have been killed in an unsuccessful attack on the Pandikkad post, in which the rebels used artillery.

CAPTOR OF JEFFERSON DAVIS DIES. Colonel Charles Tracy Hudson, who commanded the cavalry detail which captured Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, on May 10, 1865, has died at his home in Brooklyn. For forty years he had been an employee of the New York Custom House.

The Bible and Your Children

By FLORA G. BRENT

ALL children like stories, and it is easy to get them interested in the Bible, history or any other literary material if it is told entertainingly in language they can understand. Teaching the Bible is one of the duties every parent should perform diligently and untiringly. From this the child secures the great truths, the fundamental laws of life, and a wealth of historical knowledge. In this great book there is a liberal and practical education.

How well I remember when a child the family scriptural reading and prayers we had each night before going to bed. My grandmother was leader and how I dreaded the monotonous humdrum reading from which I never gained any knowledge. A few verses were read here and there throughout the Bible. There was never any connection so far as I could see in these selections. A few words and sentences sometimes held my attention, but not sufficiently to impress me. The long prayers which followed were a welcome opportunity to snatch a nap or to play peek-a-boo through my fingers with my two sisters, who disliked this part of the day as much as I did.

I grew to womanhood convinced that scripture reading and prayers at the family altar were as much a part of the daily routine as eating, that it was every parent's duty to set aside part of the day for this purpose. I also knew that the methods used in my home were not practical for small folks.

NOW that I have a family of my own, I, too, hold family prayers but not as my grandmother did. I hope here I have profited by my childhood experience. I would feel deeply hurt if I thought my little ones dreaded this, the most beautiful and holy part of the day, but they enjoy it, and are always glad when the hour comes.

Instead of the usual scripture reading I tell them a Bible story, painting the scenes as vividly as possible. Some times we take a character and imagine how he looked, talked, acted, and was dressed. After hearing the story my little ones eagerly take part in the picture characterizing. We locate the country and cities on the map, and give vent to our imagination as to the setting. I try to make the teaching practical, so that it will serve them in every day life.

Each night after I have put the children to bed I prepare my story for the next night. I am so thankful that my children crowd eagerly about me each night and listen attentively to the story.

Children are easily interested. Just mention story telling to them and see what an interested, open-mouthed, open-eyed group will gather about you. One will not have to worry because Johnny is whittling with his knife or because Mary and Ellen are holding a silent conversation on their fingers. Make the Bible study entertaining and you have begun a spiritual education which will be their guide all through life.

Free Investment Circulars

Interesting and valuable investment literature published from time to time by the leading Banks and Investment Houses are now available for Christian Herald Readers.

As a convenience to you we have arranged with these Financial concerns to send direct to you these Investment circulars. Write us asking for them by number or simply checking list and write name and address plainly on the margin. Financial Department, The Christian Herald, 99 Bible House, New York City.

Conservative Bonds—Current bond circulars, describing recent issues of high-grade bonds, with full details of security, yield, etc. Ask for Circular No. 1.

Public Utility Securities—Circular No. 2, describes a variety of public utility bonds and preferred stock issues, well secured and offering a high yield at present prices.

Real Estate Bonds—Several booklets issued by investment houses in different sections of the country present the advantages of real estate bonds and notes—the oldest and basic form of investment. These issues yield 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. Ask for Circulars 4–6 for city real estate bonds, and Circulars 7–9 for farm mortgages and bonds.

Partial Payment Investing—This method enables investors to buy sound securities by making payments monthly until the bond or preferred stock is fully paid for. Meanwhile all interest or dividends accrue from the time the investment is begun. Ask for Circular 11.

To Invest $25 or More—Two-year time deposit certificates paying 6 per cent., and 5 per cent. certificates payable on demand, secured by first mortgages, can be bought in multiples of $25. Ask for Circular 13.

Liberty Bonds—Circular No. 14 describes the various issues of Liberty Bonds and the remarkable investment opportunities they offer at the present time.

Farm Mortgages—details also circulars regarding 6 per cent. First Mortgage Farm Loan Certificates issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000.. Send for Circular 38.

Selecting Your Investments, Strong Box Investments, Creating Good Investments, are three booklets describing the service and safe, high yield investments of a nationally known investment house. No. 43.

How Henry Wilkinson Became Rich—Booklet 52 is the story of the man who was satisfied with Safety and a Fair yield on his investments. Persistence, Patience and sound judgment made him financially independent.

Choosing Your Investment Banker—Recently issued by a well known Investment House. It is the first and most important step to successful investment., Request Booklet 53.

Service to the Investor—Booklet 54 gives details of the service offered to investors by the investment department of one of the largest banks maintaining thirty offices throughout the country.

Booklet 55, The Investment. A booklet which you will read with interest. It contains full information concerning a strong and safe type of investment.

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Write for our pamphlet "Saving Made More Profitable" showing results of systematic saving and investment and list of securities offered on our Partial Payment Plan to yield 8% or more.

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ON the first of each year we issue a booklet concisely describing the high grade securities—municipal, utility and industrial—which we own and offer to investors.

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Our investment recommendations for 1922 include a long list of sound and safe investment securities, which may be purchased for cash or on our easy Ten-Payment Plan.

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Advantages in Bond Investments

Attractive Features Are Offered to Investors, Large and Small

By C. R. LEAKE

WHEN considering the investment of money, there are attractive features of many splendid bonds which deserve more than passing attention. In the first place, a bondholder is the creditor of the corporation and not a shareholder, therefore he is not subject to the passing of dividends. In other words, if the earnings of a corporation for a given period are insufficient to meet the payment of dividends on its capital stock its directors are apt to vote against the payment of dividends to its shareholders, one of the main considerations being the protection of the creditors of the corporation and the bondholders constitute the principal creditor.

There are, of course, good sound reasons for investing in stocks at certain times, especially during periods of low money rates and industrial prosperity, as good stocks are always marketable and yield higher returns than bonds during these times. For the past two years high-grade bonds have presented very attractive features both to the large and to the small investor, and that will be true for some time to come.

As pointed out before in financial articles in the Christian Herald, some of the best bonds may be bought in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, and through certain investment houses on the partial-payment plan, so that they are now available to all of us. The interest return still is high, many good bonds yielding 8 per cent., but business shows signs of improvement and money is easier, so that the time is not far distant when 7 per cent. or even 6 per cent. will be the average return obtainable.

THE sinking-fund provision has been made a feature of the majority of bond issues offered to investors during the money stringency following the war. This provision was adopted by many corporations to attract capital because the sinking fund created a stronger financial structure. For years mortgage houses, in making real-estate loans, have insisted upon the sinking-fund provision, as it goes a long way toward insuring the repayment of the loan by the borrower and is a strong talking point to be used in selling the bonds to investors.

Real-estate mortgage bond issues usually are made to mature in from two to ten years, so that after the first year the borrower pays, in addition to the fixed interest, a definite amount of the loan. Industrial issues are offered for a period of years, but the sinking funds provide for a retirement of a portion of the bonds yearly, to be bought back in the open market. This outlines the general practice in sinking-fund issues, although slight variations in details occur. In the case of real-estate bonds the investor may select any maturity up to ten years; in the latter case the corporation purchases a number of its bonds from investors holding them. The announcements offering the purchase generally take the form of advertisements stating the date upon which the bonds are to be retired, and the amount. Notifications direct to the bondholders are not a general thing, as this is a part of the service offered to customers by responsible bond houses.

The sinking fund is a strong influence in assuring a market and stabilizing the price of the issue.

During the life of both types the total equity behind the entire bonds originally issued remains the same to secure the ever-decreasing number of outstanding bonds. As a rule it is agreed that no further bonded indebtedness is to be assumed by the borrowing corporation until the entire issue is retired.

IN POINTING out to you this splendid feature of many bond issues offered recently it is not our idea to detract from the safety of bonds not issued with a sinking-fund provision but merely to explain a plan that is becoming more and more popular with our bankers and investment houses in arranging new issues and refinancing.

A convertible bond in most instances is a junior lien and therefore not the most conservative type of investment. Those who are accustomed to trading in stocks find attractive possibilities in this type of bond. There are three different types—bonds convertible into common stock, those convertible into preferred stock and those convertible into other bonds. Generally the conversion privilege extends over a certain period of years during the life of the bonds, or for the entire life. Convertible bonds are exchangeable at the option of the holder, and no conversion need ever be made unless the owner of the bonds desires to make the exchange.

There are so many splendid bonds at attractive prices and high yield that are considered most conservative today that for the present we do not advise the purchase of convertible bonds. We wish again to point out the importance of choosing a reputable investment house, because it is a fact that the safety of investments you make depends largely upon the firm with which you do business.

WHAT is a municipal bond? Every city is in effect a gigantic business enterprise, conducted, in theory at least, according to the laws that govern less public corporations. When any corporation desires officially to extend the field of its endeavor it is permissible under the law for it to borrow money for the purpose, issuing its written promise to pay. And so in the case of a city or town, when it desires to make some large economic improvement, it may borrow money and issue its promise to pay in the form of bonds—pledging as security public works such as schools, waterworks, electric light plants, etc. Suppose you were to be asked to invest in the securities of some city or town, how could you be sure that such an investment would be safe?

There are three methods of assurance: one is to leave the matter to the judgment of some bond house with an unquestionable record. Another is to be guided by state laws which prohibit Savings Banks investing in any but certain municipal securities. The third is to make personal inquiry concerning the status of the bond issue in question.

It would seem to most of us that this type of bond has a much higher degree of safety than corporate bonds, yet there are many factors to be considered in determining the safety of a municipal issue. This is particularly the case with small municipalities which have felt the effect of a boom, or are preparing for one. Most bond houses pay large salaries to experts who can accurately judge the value of a bond issue for small cities and towns. These men are not swayed by the natural enthusiasm of the eager townsman but make a most searching inquiry not only of the visible security behind the issue itself but as to the population, the character of the citizens, the progress made since its incorporation, its railroad and water facilities, the political character of the administration issuing the bonds, even whether or not there is a tendency toward municipal ownership. These are some of the things a prospective bond purchaser should know if he desires to be sure of his investment.

If you ask your bond house about it you will be able to obtain the minute statistics, because a reliable house can not afford to be other than absolutely sure of the issue itself. Such a house will have found means to ascertain all about the tax valuation of the city, town, county or school district in question and this valuation will include all taxable property and assets which may be owned in the form of waterworks, lighting plants and available sinking funds. We are not recommending the bonds of foreign cities.

THE negro population in New York is greater than in any other city in the world.

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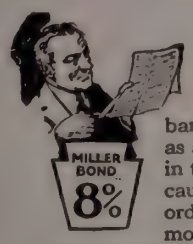

Do you know what happens when you deposit money in your savings bank? Simply this; your money is in turn invested by the bank at a higher rate of interest than the bank pays you. By investing *direct* in securities such as a bank holds, you not only get the safety of money in the bank, but you double your interest income, because you are pocketing the commission that your bank ordinarily earns. By investing in Miller Bonds, your money will earn a full 8% instead of 3½ or 4% in the bank.

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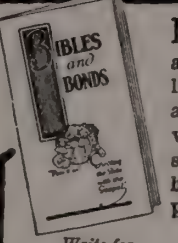

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Bible House, New York

Young People's Topics for Dec. 11

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Points in the Pledge We Are Likely to Neglect

C. E. and B. Y. P. U. Luke 9 : 57–62

THE story of those who would follow Jesus Christ after personal aims had been attended to. What has that to do with our pledge? This, a pledge, is a vow of loyalty, fidelity, consistency. We have promised to do certain things and it is our word of honor that is at stake if we fail. The points we are prone to forget are the loyalty and fidelity that is expected from us. This involves many things. Some of them are: Attendance at the meetings of the society, the earnest preparation of the topic, lending our assistance in making our organization efficient, putting first things first. We may not be able to do very much, but everybody is able to do what he or she *can* do. "Every little bit helps." "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed." That is to say it has humble beginnings. It is resultant from apparently insignificant and seemingly unimportant circumstances. The instances which might be adduced to prove on what small points large results hang are innumerable. Says a recent writer:

"In science, in politics, in education, in religion, there are no little things. Great minds have always recognized this fact. The whole realm of nature asserts it. From a small variation of temperature in the upper regions, storms and hurricanes result. A slight change in the direction of the earth's axis would alter the character of the seasons and send us back into the glacial period of perpetual ice and frost. So with the mysterious providences of human life which affect the subtle springs of our higher nature. There is no chance occurrence in either the natural or spiritual world."

The pledge of the B. Y. P. U. and C. E. means that we seek the New Testament standard of Christian Experience and Life. And there is no way of knowing the New Testament standard unless we read it. Herein we find the final word on every vital subject. It speaks with the final words of authority of the sacredness of the Sabbath Day, about helping others in the wide field of world evangelism and about being faithful to the duties to which we are assigned. Hear what others have to say about pledge-keeping, which in our case is obedience to New Testament principles and procedure:

"A Christian must be a profitable servant, an effective soldier, a loving savior. Group strength is the only form of strength sufficient to solve the problems or overcome the evils of the world. An isolated man is impotent."—Charles Jefferson.

"The only perfect example of a sober mind is Jesus Christ. It takes 'a sober mind' to keep a pledge amid the many downpullings of life. Let us keep close touch to him who will help us think and act soberly." Quoted from Young People's Service, which also states:

"The Young People's pledge is not an unchangeable one. It may vary with the local societies, but the pledge originally written is the one desirable, and generally recommended. Your pledge should be a prominent feature and in accepting new members should be signed by them. It ought to be read at every meeting, or, better, should be learned and recited in concert at each meeting. Many of the younger members have never heard the pledge."

Epworth Herald Day

E. L.

MAKE this a Good Literature Service. Here are some topics for discussion: "Christianity and Good Literature." "Our Denomination as a Publishing Medium." "The Holy Spirit and Current Events." "Can the Doctor, the Lawyer, or the Teacher Afford to Neglect Reading Along the Lines of Their Profession?" Have this question discussed briefly and then by the laws of the same logic have it discussed whether the Christian can neglect to read the Church papers.

Here is an outline: The Church paper furnishes three things to its readers—Food, it brings nourishment for one's spiritual life and quickening and inspiration to the mental life; air, it brings a Christian atmosphere into the home and discusses current events from the Christian standpoint; exercise, it incites the powers and energy of the reader to activity. The opportunities for service are laid before the eye and an outlet for capabilities and energy is suggested. It induces in the reader the will to work. (This outline is borrowed from the Good Literature Day folder of the M. E. Church.)

The Prayer League

ALL *Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.*

IT HAS been a time of bountiful answers to prayers, and fifty-two members of the Prayer League have written in to acknowledge the granting of their petitions. For the encouragement of others, an Ohio member says: "I thank God that He *does* hear and answer us. A backslider (never thoroughly converted) in rebellion against God—I was convicted of my sins and, in deep remorse of conscience for my unfaithfulness and broken vows, determined to return to my Father's house if He would forgive me and help me to get back; from henceforth to give willing obedience; to abide in Him and He in me. Now having the assurance of His presence and communion with Him, I can not doubt His love. It seems a miracle that His Spirit has thus quickened mine and taught my heart to love Christ and His Church. May the healing power of grace continue to abound toward me and all whose lives are as unsatisfactory as mine was."

W. L. C., Florida, writes: "I am thankful for Divine healing of a weakened, leaky heart when the physicians gave me up to die. The faithful compliance with the prescription as recorded by James 5 : 14, 15 gave me if possible a better heart than I ever had, about four years ago. I am now in my eighty-fifth year and I have a sister in her eighty-first year who has paralysis in her left side. Please pray for her healing for His name's sake and glory."

V. E. G., New York, writes: "I wish to acknowledge many wonderful but certain answers to prayers offered in the League for me. I have been seriously ill since a year ago last March. I gave my case into God's hands and reminded Him that as His child, I trusted everything to Him, for He was responsible for my care. I was living alone, having retired from teaching after forty years' work in the public schools of Massachusetts. The very day that I broke down so as to be unable to take care of myself, God sent my niece to visit me. She couldn't stay to care for me, because she had two little children at home, so she proposed taking me home with her and caring for me instead of for her mother whom God had taken to a Heavenly Home. Now I have a home with this niece and God surely led me here."

A. B., Pennsylvania, writes: "I desire to give public expression of my gratitude to God for healing a recent serious affection which deprived me of my sense of hearing. He heard and answered prayer and sent quick relief, for which I praise His Holy Name through our Lord, Jesus Christ."

The following general requests have been received from members: For health, 232; conversion, 154; financial aid, 37; forgiveness, 13; faith, 28; bad habits, 18; reunion, 4; reconciliation, 15; employment, 15.

Reality and Mystery

Continued from page 886

only trace an infinitesimal part of a segment, the rest of the track is closed. How does God renew thy spirit by relating it to new springs? Thou canst not tell. How does God renew the perverted will? Thou canst not tell. How does God refresh the jaded emotions? Thou canst not tell. How does God recreate the prostituted affections? Thou canst not tell. How does God rekindle the smoking and smouldering conscience? How? How? How? And intellect can not get the answers which make the circle luminous.

And therefore intellect is inclined to say, "It is all delusion, pathetic and tragical." But she would not so speak of the first life. Her inability to explain does not discredit the experience. Life precedes light. "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." One thing I know, the wind is blowing! I hear it! I feel it! I am sure of it! But whence it cometh and whither it goeth, I can not tell, I can wait: "Now I know in part, but then shall I know, even as also I am known." Meanwhile "for me to live is Christ."

Let us take the counsels of the Master to another mystery, the *mystery of divine companionship*. And what is that? It is enshrined in the promise of the Master, "I am with you all the days." Here is a Friend who is always on the road. What kind of a road? Every sort of road. Through the green pastures and by the still waters! By the steep and rugged paths of righteousness! Through the valley of the shadow of death! Through landscapes crimson with the rose of Sharon! Through the trackless desert where the carrion eagle screams! Along the shining way to the marriage altar! Along the dripping way to the grave! The Friend is on every road.

And that Presence is to millions of people a wonderful reality. They have the impressive sense of a strong and chivalrous Companion. "But warm, sweet, tender, even yet a present help is He." He brings comfort when the roads are flinty. He bathes the bleeding feet. He imparts strength for fine ventures. He gives courage when the horizon is gloomy with the menace of the cross. "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee."

HE IS the great Friend on the road. Is it a reality? Yes, indeed. "Did not our hearts burn within us when He talked to us by the way?" Is it a mystery? Yes, indeed. But reason stands abashed if she seeks to explain away an earthly friendship. And the simpler the friendship, the more difficult it is to give it intellectual analysis. And so with this supreme Friendship of the Lord. My understanding can not trace its means and its processes. Its treasures can not be transferred to any intellectual laboratory. It passeth understanding. But the wind bloweth! I hear it! I feel it! I know it! "And His that gentle voice I hear, soft as the breath of even." "I know Him Whom I have believed."

Honor the experimental faculties of your being as well as the faculty of reason. Give high place and office to your instincts, your intuitions, your affections, your faith, your hope. Follow the path of the noblest assumption. Fling yourself in the way of your faith, and follow it with the strength of a consecrated venture. Offer your life to the Saviour-hood and governance of Christ. Do it as a sacred act of dedication, do it as a simple act of will. Let it be as an act in which you solemnly surrender your life to the highest. And you shall surely hear the wind that bloweth where it listeth.

THE phenomenon of red snow has attracted much attention from visitors to the Rocky Mountain National Park, and scientists offer an unusual explanation. It is that the great masses of color are due to countless billions of a tiny organism, which have the power of movement and growth and possess characteristics of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. This microscopic plant is essentially an Arctic species and is found at high altitudes.

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How many objects in the picture above begin with the letter "B"? For instance there is a boy, broom, basket, etc. and all the other objects are equally clear. See who can find the most. Fifteen cash prizes will be paid for the 15 best lists of words submitted in answer to this puzzle. The person sending in the largest and nearest correct list of words shown in this picture starting with the letter "B" will win first prize; second best, second prize, etc.

Right after dinner this evening, gather all the members of your family together, give each of them a pencil and a sheet of paper, and see who can find the most "B-Words." We venture to say you will never have as much fun. You will be surprised to find how large a list of words you can get after a few minutes' study. Sit down and try it—then send in your list and try for the big prizes.

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If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges, you will win $20.00, but if you would like to win more than $20.00, we are making some special cash prize offers during the Big Advertising and Booster Campaign, whereby you can win more than $20.00 by sending in an order for one or two of our "No-Seam" Hot Water Bottles.

Here's the Plan If your answer wins first prize and you have purchased ONE of our $3.00 Water Bottles you will receive $300 at your prize, instead of $20; second prize, $150; third prize, $75, etc. Or, if your answer wins first prize and you have purchased TWO hot water bottles (in all $6.00), you will receive $1,000 as your prize, instead of $20; second prize, $500; third prize, $250, etc.

Although it is not necessary to send in an order with your answer, yet every home should have one or two of our "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bottles. In case of sickness they are indispensable, and the syringe attachment makes it doubly useful. Made of the highest grade red rubber, molded in one piece; it has no seams and will not leak.

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5th prize...	5.00	30.00	75.00
6th prize...	3.00	20.00	50.00
7th prize...	3.00	15.00	40.00
8th prize...	3.00	10.00	20.00
9th prize...	2.00	10.00	20.00
10th prize...	2.00	10.00	20.00
11th prize...	2.00	10.00	20.00
12th prize...	2.00	10.00	20.00
13th prize...	2.00	10.00	20.00
14th prize...	2.00	10.00	20.00
15th prize...	2.00	10.00	20.00

In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any person residing outside of Minneapolis, who is not an employee of the W. M. Rubber Co., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by December 30th, 1921.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use hyphenated, compound or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural, but where the plural is used the singular can not be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. The same object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "B" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. There will be three independent judges having no connection with the W. M. Rubber Co., who will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following three registered Minnesota school teachers, now teaching in the public schools of St. Paul, Minn., have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition: Miss Mable Claire Kline, Miss Meta Goetsche, Miss Laura Johnson.
9. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not a W. M. Rubber Bag is purchased.
10. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person purchasing a Hot Water Bottle.

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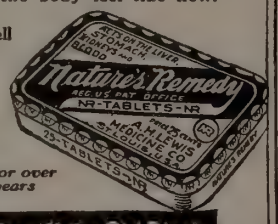

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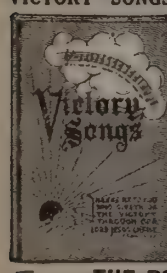

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with the lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MISSIONARY WILLIAM C. TERRIL, of the M. E. Mission, Inhambane, East Africa, writes to the Christian Herald: "You will be pleased to know that our work for the lepers at Inhambane will soon be enlarged. A year or two ago, I reported to you that two lepers had undergone treatments with chaulmoogra oil and after two years were discharged. It will be three years, the coming Christmas since they were dismissed from the camp, and to the present there has not been the least signs of the disease returning. This has so encouraged us that we have now ten lepers in the camp undergoing the treatment. The estimated number of lepers at Inhambane is 20,000. Nothing is being done for them, other than what our Mission does, and then for ten only! The others are running the streets and roads. Another problem at Inhambane is the aggressiveness of the Moslems. The leaders have learned from Christian missions how to reach the African. In Mohammedan worship there is no singing, except perhaps once a year at the feast of the birth of Mohammed. Yet to reach the African, they have now adopted singing as part of their religious worship. Also in Mohammedan teachings there is no provision for the education of women and girls. Yet, because Christian missions have schools for women and girls, the Moslems are opening schools for that purpose."

W. M. L., Weaverville, N. C. Your lines on the Bible books are excellent, and we regret that they did not reach us sooner. Unfortunately, the subject has now been announced as closed.

B. E., San Antonio, Tex., writes: "Total disarmament is one of the best means to secure the longevity of any nation. The Scriptures herein referred to might be written out and used among those interested also among the delegates to the Armament Conference, and probably most of them are from so-called Christian countries similar to our own. Disobedience to God will shorten life. God is against warring and against preparing for war; Gen. 4 : 8–12; Gen. 9 : 5, 6; Gen. 42 : 22; Exod. 20 : 13, 21 : 12, 14; Lev. 24 : 17; Num. 35 : 16–34; Deut. 5 : 17; 19 : 11–13; II Sam. 12 : 9–12; II Sam. 16 : 7, 8; 21 : 1; I Kings 2 : 5; 32, 33; 5 : 3–5; I Chron. 22 : 8; 28 : 3; II Chron. 16 : 9; Psa. 5 : 6; 9 : 12; 20 : 7–9; 33 : 16–18; 37 : 14, 15; 44 : 6; 51 : 14; 55 : 23; 59 : 7; 68 : 30; 139 : 19, 20; 140 : 1–13; 147 : 10, 11; Prov. 1 : 10–19; 12 : 6, 7; 21 : 31; 29 : 10; Eccles. 9 : 18; Isa. 1 : 15–17; 2 : 3–5; 3 : 25; 15 : 9; 17 : 12–14; 21 : 2–4; 26 : 21; 33 : 1, 15, 16; 34 : 1–3, 5–8; 36 : 5; 49 : 26; 59 : 1–4; Jere. 2 : 34; 48 : 14; Ezek. 9 : 9; 16 : 38–41; 22 : 1–6; 24 : 6–11; 30 : 21; 32 : 27; 33 : 25–29; 35 : 3–11; 36 : 18; Hosea 1 : 4, 7; 4 : 1–3; 6 : 7, 8; Micah 4 : 3; 7 : 1–3; Nahum 3 : 1; Hab. 2 : 12; Matt. 5 : 21, 19 : 18; 22 : 7; 26 : 52; Mark 10 : 19; Luke 18 : 20; Rom. 1 : 28–30; 3 : 9–15; Gal. 5 : 20, 21; James 2 : 11; I Pet. 4 : 15; I John 3 : 12, 15; Rev. 13 : 10; 16 : 5, 6; 21 : 8 and 22 : 15."

J. M., Cleveland, O. The popular movement among the churches in support of the Conference is by no means confined to the United States. Word has been received that the Christian Churches of China are praying for the success of the Peace and Disarmament Conference; that 300,000 Christian converts in Japan are also praying with the same object in view, and that in Switzerland, France and Italy the Protestant Churches especially are doing the same. They want "nothing short of universal peace," and in their petitions earnestly emphasize the desire that the outcome of the Conference may be in line with the teachings of Jesus, and that they may prove a mighty help in establishing the Kingdom of God on earth.

A. M., Solomon, Kan. You are doing well. A Teachers' Bible would help you greatly in your class work. In the Christian Herald every week you will find the regular International Sunday School Lesson discussed in advance for the use of teachers. Why not get your class in line with a host of other Sunday School classes, who are studying the life of Paul—one of the most remarkable lives in New Testament history.

E. S., Chicago, Ill., writes: "Perhaps in your widely read paper you could call attention to the training other than mental that our children and young people receive. Many of our youth are doing well in every way. Some are doing nobly! Some, in their renunciation of the world, have the spirit that glorified the martyrs. But we also have the unstable, the worldly, the selfish, even, alas! those who are dishonest, undutiful and immoral. Would such conditions exist among the young, if they were taught in the impressionable years, when we have them under teachers in our public schools, the seven virtues: fortitude—for the young sometimes have bitter trials—hope, patience, purity, veneration for everything that is good?"

It is only too true that the present system of education, as a whole, does not tend to develop moral and spiritual character in the young. This is being much discussed today, but thus far no adequate remedy has been suggested.

A Subscriber in Harbor Springs, Mich., sends us a very interesting letter, from which (although he says he does not intend it for publication) we make—with his permission we hope—a few extracts. He asks: "Have we as a nation and as individuals been wasteful? Why should there be 5,000,000 people out of employment? 'There's a reason.' Millions and millions in gold coming to us from Europe, and Uncle Sam doing some hard scratching to meet necessary expenses. Did we manufacture, sell or furnish war material to our neighbor nations? While international law does permit this, yet is it right? Then what about international law? Is it based on God's law? If not, is it any wonder we are paying a penalty? War is even worse than senseless waste. I believe the leading nations could compel peace if they all wished to do so. It seems to me the calling of a Peace Conference is a hopeful sign. Let us hope that something may be accomplished, and that Christian people might have a clearer vision and more reliance on God. Surely we would not be asking amiss to pray for His presence at that Conference. May His Spirit hover over it and guide it in all its deliberations. Honest convictions from an honest heart should not give offense to honest people. In all my life, I have met only two men who said they made no mistakes, and would you believe it, one of them was a Presbyterian minister, and I was a member of his congregation? I told him he had made one mistake—in saying what he did."

J. M. R., Jacksonville, Fla. Washington at Valley Forge, and Foch on the battlefields of France, during the crisis of the great war, both demonstrated in the fervency of their prayers their firm trust in divine direction. History relates how Washington frequently sought the seclusion of the woods for his devotions. Foch, as correspondents have written, was on his knees "alone with God" sometimes for an hour. By the power of prayer both received strength and faith that the right would triumph. Both represented the highest type of the praying soldier. David was probably the greatest praying warrior known to history. See his wonderful prayer and song in II Samuel, chapter 22.

A. W. H., S. Car., tells of an outing which should contain a suggestion worth the attention of Sunday school superintendents. She writes: "One summer day recently, one of our Sunday schools went in a body of four hundred by a special train, to the orphanage of their denomination. Each family carried a large basket of dinner. They spread it out at the orphanage grounds, fed all the orphans, and left the surplus of the dinner, which was enough for all the inmates, for supper. A class of our young men has a fund in the bank for the poor. They have recently paid a nurse, in a poor home, during sickness."

A., Petersburg, N. J., writes: "Where I live is three miles from any church, and often the weather is inclement for walking the six miles. It is then that the Home Service and Meditations in the Christian Herald are my solace. For three years, rain or shine, wet or dry, snow or mud, the weather has rarely kept me from trudging the long jaunt to the Sunday and midweek service."

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Let us get together. Let us mould the steel-jacketed bullets of public opinion that will pierce his thick skin; make him realize that he must consider the rights of motorists and pedestrians.

Maybe he has a conscience and the thick hide is thoughtlessness. Maybe he has only a sense of fear. The bullets can reach that too.

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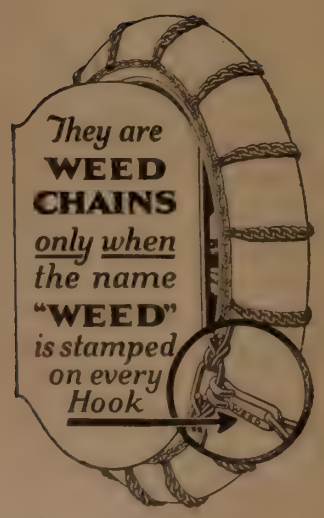

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AN · ILLUSTRATED · NEWS · WEEKLY · FOR · THE · HOME ·
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The chiefs of the various delegations to the Washington Conference—Left to right are: John W. Garrett, Secretary General of the Conference; J. H. A. Van Kernebeek, Holland; Alfred Sze, China; Arthur J. Balfour, Britain; Charles E. Hughes, America; Premier Briand, France; Senator Schanzer, Italy; Baron de Cartier, Belgium; Prince Tokugawa, Japan; and Viscount d'Alte, Portugal

Conference Impressions

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

IN a great international gathering like the one at Washington, it is inevitable that every variety of mind should be present and that every possible angle should be shown towards the questions discussed. The pessimist is there ready and eager to throw cold water on all the program and prophesy failure to all negotiations, loud in press and with talk to prove that nothing would come of nothing.

The idealist is there, declaring that the millennium had come and all that is necessary now is to hold a love feast and buy a ticket for home, so as not to spend Christmas in a foreign land.

The cold and calculating diplomat is there with his European education and his utter disdain of any ethical or spiritual values, ready to bargain and negotiate and gamble and cheat and lie and intrigue, with no faith in any man's integrity or any nation's honesty.

The press correspondent is there not in a majority but a good minority of instances making copy for his paper where no news exists, and writing surmises and inferences and guesses one day that are promptly disproved the next.

The narrow-minded nationalist is there ready to ruin the entire program of world peace if only his country and his interests and his false patriotism can be advanced.

But all through this tangle of sorry human passion and selfishness and narrowness, there was and is and will be a vision in men's hearts of a better world at some time to be redeemed from national jealousies and national stupidity.

THE atmosphere of the Conference was, from the very first day of it, charged with more than human longing for national honor and rights. The prayers of Dr. Abernathy at the opening of the first open meeting expressed a great longing for divine leading:

"We pray for clear vision or we shall grope blindly for the light and lose our way. We pray for the forward look or we shall be overwhelmed in hopeless pessimism. Out of the depths we cry unto Thee! Save us or we perish."

That does not sound like a godless beginning. That is not repetition of the Paris meeting.

The first important fact that many of the overseas visitors have not realized is the fact that the two men who are perhaps more than any others responsible for this Conference are not diplomats or schemers, or selfish nationalists. But they are two sincere, honest, plain-spoken Christian men, each a member of a Church, each one born and brought up in a Christian home where the Bible and the Family Altar and the Sunday School, and the Church and faith in God and Prayer were as much a part of their daily thought as their daily bread.

This fact, true of President Harding and of Secretary Hughes, is a fact which has been overlooked and ignored. But when one is taking account of forces that move men it is tremendously important to reckon on personality and character. Men like the President and Mr. Hughes, owing to their training and education, will not act from the motives that sway the professional diplomat or intriguer, versed in the old-world methods of secrecy and subterfuge and selfishness. They will and do act from higher motives and with faith that these higher motives will in the end win over the other. And as the Washington Post truly says:

"Mr. Harding will give the greatest consideration to public opinion throughout the country, and he is known to feel that the Conference is, in a sense, to be the expression of a crystallization of public opinion, rather than a series of arguments drawn up in the old way by training statesmen." (Post, Sept. 14, 1921.)

THAT this is true has already been shown, I believe, in the conduct of Conference affairs, and as time goes on with its inexorable measurement of history, the public generally is reaching the conclusion that this Conference is to take account, as the Paris gathering never dreamed of doing, of the feeling of the people. If nothing else distinguished the Washington gathering from the Paris, this one fact alone would count for the utmost as of the greatest bearing on final results.

The one great conclusion which I have reached in my stay at the Conference is that this is, of all times in the world's history, the time for nations and individuals to exhibit generosity, faith in the reality of a better world and the intelligence to make this a better world practically.

It is a crime against the welfare of the human race to be pessimistic right now.

It is stupidity, in the light of history, to say that war can not be relegated to the scrap-pile. A world that has liberated the slave, abolished the manufacture of drink in a nation of 110,000,000 people, and abandoned duelling, vice segregation and legalized gambling to a large degree, has brains enough to cease killing.

It is a time for the vision of peace to shine forth, not in a fool's paradise where only angels live, but in a real world where men of passions live and nations obsessed by national glory or greed do exist. But not to make impossible to practical realization of a Brotherhood. That vision I find I have after being at the

International

Here you see the battery of camera men snapping the notable group shown at the top of this page

Conference. I certainly did not catch it from the diplomatist or the war profiteer. You can not make me believe it is only a fond dream.

May the good Lord save us from writing hysterics instead of history at the Conference. There will be no danger of that if the vision splendid is His and not obscured by us.

(Appended Are Some Short Chapters from the New World's History Being Made by the Conference, as Viewed by this writer)

Chapter One

SECRETARY of State, Charles E. Hughes, by his direct, straightforward proposal at the first open meeting of the Limitation of Arms Conference to scrap the navies of the world and inaugurate a ten years' naval holiday hit professional European diplomacy a blow such as it has never had in the history of international deliberations. It stunned the foreign delegates and it took them all day Sunday and Monday to collect their minds. Old traditions were shattered. To the amazement of those accustomed to the regular procedure of programs at military debates the United States actually started business at the first session. The action of Mr. Hughes made new history for diplomacy, and opened up the long-dreamed-of vista of actually getting something done.

Chapter Two

New history was made when at the next open conference—attended, not by professional diplomats in a majority, but by the common citizens of the republic in greater numbers—the invited powers of Great Britain, Japan, Italy and France accepted in substance the proposal of the United States to begin a reduction of the world navies. Whatever after-history may be written, it is true that at that memorable gathering on the 15th of November, agreement was pledged to a beginning of limitation of armaments. And from that general agreement the nations can not recede without bearing the shame and contempt and righteous indignation of the world.

Chapter Three

Difficulties which the diplomatic world have been saying were insuperable, especially between China and Japan, are going to be faced in a new spirit. In reply to a direct question made by the Editor of the Christian Herald to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of China, Dr. Chung Hui Wang, the Delegate with Dr. Wellington Koo, and the Chief Senior Delegate at the League of Nations, whether the difficulties between China and Japan were insurmountable or impossible of friendly settlement, he said with great deliberation and with profound feeling: "They can be and they will be settled on a friendly basis to the mutual satisfaction of both countries. We want it to be so. All China asks is an open door for equal opportunity for commercial and industrial happy growth. A way must be and will be found without war and without conquest."

This is not the language of diplomacy, it is the language of common sense and, even more, of international friendship. And this Conference has opened the door to such advances of the nations for mutual helpfulness. Gradually it is dawning even on the minds of the nations jealously protecting their own rights, that the best way to enjoy their own rights is to respect the rights of others. This has not been the law of the old world, it is the new law of the world that we believe will be.

International

Japan's chief delegates—Left to right: Baron Shidehara, Admiral Kato and Prince Iyesato Tokugawa

Chapter Four

The overwhelming sentiment of the people is on the side of reduction of armament. The people will be increasingly impatient with any course taken by the Conference to block an actual reduction. If the final agreement is reached to have a ten years' military holiday, at the end of that time there will be educated a public sentiment that will not permit the construction of any more engines of war. New History, indeed, is this that the nations contemplate, not alone the paring of the claws of the beast but the final cutting off of its head.

Chapter Five

Perhaps the most significant chapter in this new history has been written by moral and spiritual forces. The first session of the Conference was opened by prayer by a minister of the Gospel. The two men most responsible for the action the Conference has already taken are members of a church and have been brought up in the atmosphere of the family altar and a faith in prayer and the teachings of Jesus. THE MORAL AND SPIRITUAL PUBLIC OPINION OF THE CHRISTIAN PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES HAS INFLUENCED PRESIDENT HARDING AND SECRETARY HUGHES MORE THAN ALL THE DIPLOMATIC AND ECONOMIC FORCES OF THE OLD OR NEW WORLD, TO TAKE THE ACTION THEY HAVE TAKEN. It is a new atmosphere that the old world of militarism is now breathing. And, thank God, this atmosphere, we believe, has come like a very breath from heaven itself to sweep away the poisonous gases that were choking and stifling the life out of civilization.

This Conference has not brought in the millennium. But it has at least drawn aside the black curtain that war has dropped for so many centuries in front of it and given to heart-broken humanity a sight of what may be behind the pall of the century-old Devil who has sat on his throne until he has grown intolerable to the human race. At least it may be safely said Mars is discredited today as he never was before. His glory is passing. His size will soon require him to get a smaller waist measure for his next suit of military togs. And when the next great painter of History shall be given an order to draw his picture it will not be put in the frontispiece of the world's histories as it always has been, but it will be somewhere near the end, as Peace, and Industry, and Art, and Science, and Education, and Agriculture, and Religion, crowd Mars off the page into the small appendix where in the future he will be catalogued with those other heroes of the past, Duelling, Segregated Vice, Slavery and Drink. If a man who lived five hundred years before Christ was born had the vision to say the time would come when nation would not make war against nation any more, it is to the shame of the present-day men if they can not have the same optimism and faith. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

The Conference Gets Down to Details

THE Washington Conference has reached the middle stage when little actual progress is to be observed by the public—when, with the committees hard at work on the details of the great agreement which is to come, surmises as to maneuvers for selfish advantage, hints of international jealousies and conflicts, and the utterances of skeptics and pessimists are ladled out in the guise of news until fears are engendered in the minds of many that the Conference will fall far short of its high goal.

It is a natural stage. After the tremendous events of the opening days of the Conference when Secretary Hughes offered his epoch-making proposals for a drastic cut in naval armament and Great Britain and Japan accepted that proposal in principle, there must come a period of apparent inaction; the general propositions which he laid down are worked out into specific understandings and the naval ratios for nations not included in his plan are determined. All this takes time. Even more time-consuming is the task of devising a settlement of Pacific and Far Eastern questions, a matter far more complicated than that of settling the naval ratios of Britain, Japan and America but closely linked with it in the maintenance of world peace. It is the stage when discouragement is easy, but it is the necessary precursor of the final stage when results are apparent, progress seems rapid and agreements are announced which will exercise a tremendous influence on the future development of civilization. So, amid all the cross currents of comment, it is well to remain confident of the outcome and to disregard the petty surmises of the day.

One of the tangible developments of the week was the adoption by the Conference of a resolution embodying the general principles to be observed in the investigation regarding China. It was drafted by Elihu Root, and has as its purpose the reaching of a complete accord on the Far Eastern question through the adoption of a common line of action and policy among the nations with regard to their future attitude toward China. As finally amended it read:

"It is the firm intention of the powers attending this conference hereinafter mentioned, to wit, the United States of America, Belgium, the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands and Portugal:

"(1) To respect the sovereignty, the independence and the territorial and administrative integrity of China.

"(2) To provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself effective and stable government.

"(3) To use their influence for the purpose of effectually establishing and maintaining the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations throughout the territory of China.

"(4) To refrain from taking advantage of the present conditions in order to seek special rights or privileges which would abridge the rights of the subjects or citizens of friendly States and from countenancing action inimical to the security of such States."

This formula touches in general terms most of the principles for which China had asked in her "bill of rights," presented earlier to the Conference, but does not provide in detail for the settlement of the specific problems with which she is confronted. It was regarded, however, as being broader, clearer and more precise than any prior international agreement, understanding, alliance or accord on the subject of China; and it was considered probable that it would supersede the Root-Takahira and Lansing-Ishii agreements between the United States and Japan and might render unnecessary the continuation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

ANOTHER important development was Premier Briand's explanation of France's position regarding limitation of armaments on land and his announcement that France soon would cut her term of military service from three years to eighteen months, which would mean a decrease of 50 per cent. in the strength of her forces under arms. He declared France could do no more than this, because of the menace of renewed German aggression, to which he devoted a considerable portion of his speech and because of the unsettled state of Europe. He expressed France's earnest desire for peace, told of the nation's great sacrifices, and pleaded for moral disarmament, terming it as essential as physical disarmament.

The Premier said that for France to go farther in disarming would be impossible, unless the Allies and the United States were willing to share the danger with France and put at her disposal all means to secure her safety. That would enable her to adopt a different policy, but she did not expect such pledges.

In reply, the spokesman of the different governments gave assurances to France that she did not stand alone and declared that when France, as defender of liberty, was in danger she could count on her friends.

A desire on the part of Japan to obtain an increase in the naval strength proposed for her by Secretary Hughes has caused much discussion, but a final settlement has not been reached. The Japanese desired to have a navy 70 per cent. as strong as the navies of Great Britain and of America, instead of 60 per cent. as proposed by Mr. Hughes, but with the British delegates supporting the American proposal there were indications that Japan would accept the lower figure.

Because of the illness of Baron Shidehara, one of the principal Japanese delegates, Vice-Foreign Minister Hanihara was added to the delegation as a fourth member. Mr. Hanihara had been the chief adviser.

A great part of the press comment of the week was devoted to a discussion of naval demands which France was expected to make. According to these guesses, France was to insist on having a navy equal in capital ships to that of Japan, although that would mean authorizing her to go ahead with the construction of warships during the ten years of the naval holiday, and equal in submarines to the navies of the United States and Britain. British alarmists at once began a loud outcry against such terms for France, declaring that the one power against which France could be building was Great Britain, and one eminent British publicist even went so far as to serve a solemn warning that that was the way to get a war. That age old rivalries between British and French were reviving was sadly apparent in the newspaper thrusts exchanged over the naval proposals, despite the expressions of greatest good-will by those in official capacities.

Premier Briand has returned home, his great purpose in coming to Washington having been accomplished when from that focal point of world interest he had made his brilliant exposition of France's military necessities. As he left America, there was renewed discussion of the coming of Premier Lloyd George if the sessions are prolonged.

Doctoring India's 315,000,000

A Missionary Travels 520 Miles to Get a Physician for One Call

By REV. W. B. NORTON, Ph.D.

NEARLY everybody is ill at some period in life and, whether sick or well after one is started on life's journey, every one needs a physician's help in being ushered into this world. It is safe, therefore, to say that to care adequately for the bodies of the people of India a physician's assistance is required at some time or other for each of the 315,000,000 who make up the population of that vast empire.

Can they obtain such help? No. A recent issue of the Indian Witness, a paper published in Lucknow, declared that investigation showed more than 80,000,000 to be beyond the reach of medical aid; that it would require forty times the present number of dispensaries and hospitals to supply the need of rural India; and that in one area investigated 31,221 out of the 49,761 deaths had occurred without the dying person receiving any medical attention whatever.

Will it help your imagination to know that if the state of Iowa was as poorly cared for as is India there would be only one hospital and five doctors for the entire state? There isn't a town in the United States without at least one doctor, most of them have more than one, and some have too many for the health of the doctors and the people. If any one chances to meet with an accident in even a comparatively small American city, he is straightway carried to a hospital. And, if there is no hospital near in which a bone might be set or a major operation performed, there is the railroad with frequent trains by which the patient can be whirled to the nearest city.

In India we have American missionaries working in places where there is no doctor at all, Indian or European, and others where there is no hospital within traveling distance for a person seriously injured or sick. I know this from experience, for I spent six weeks in the jungle where it took 520 miles of travel to get a physician and return him to his station, and where the nearest hospital—and that a very poorly equipped one—was 130 miles away. Because of this lack I will carry the results of my injury all my life, whereas with a competent physician and surgeon and hospital treatment the permanent ill-effects would have been slight. But I am not now thinking of myself so much as of the missionaries whom I had to leave in the jungle to face the same possibilities or perhaps worse emergencies at any time.

IT IS not easy for the comfortably situated dwellers in America to understand or visualize the life of the missionary in the jungle. Two accounts of my accident were printed in my home church paper in America. One stated that I was being well cared for in the "hospital in Sironcha," and the other referred to me as writing from "a hospital cot in Muttra." While not a suggestion of such a situation had been made in the note I sent, the editor no doubt took it for granted that any one needing surgical treatment would be placed in a hospital. The fact is there is no hospital for Europeans either in Sironcha or Muttra. The only hospital bed I had in Sironcha was in the bungalow of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and the "hospital cot" from which I was supposed to be writing in Muttra was in the parsonage.

Bullock carts of the type used in evangelistic touring among the villages. It would have required twenty days to complete the 520 miles of travel for a doctor in such vehicles

The physician nearest to Sironcha lives at Chanda, 130 miles distant. Why not call him by telephone? The answer is simple—there is no telephone. Why couldn't the doctor, after he had been reached, run down quickly in his own automobile and bring with him the necessary silver wire for fastening together my broken knee-cap? Doctor though he was, he had no automobile, and civil surgeon in government employ though he was, he had no silver wire, and said he wouldn't dare operate if he had because of lack of experience.

The result was that the missionary had to travel the 130 miles four times, going and coming and returning the doctor to his home, a total of 520 miles for the sake of one preliminary visit. Had the accident occurred before last Christmas, the date of the arrival of the first automobile at the missionary station, the trip must have been made in a bullock cart consuming five days each way or twenty days in all at the swiftest possible speed.

On a former occasion one of the women of the missionary staff was seriously ill for four days before a physicain could be called, the illness finally resulting in her death.

WITH so many physicians in the United States, some of them Christian men with a serious purpose in life, why does not Sironcha with its splendid opportunities for service have a resident physician? It is not that such service can not be paid for. The only answer lies in the unwillingness of a competent man to heed the call. There is a hospital building in Sironcha with a dispenser and a nurse at work, with natives coming daily for medicine, advice and any possible treatment, but no physician.

A letter from America asked the question, "Can white men really live in India?" My answer is that they can, but they need capable physicians and surgeons when they are ill or meet with an accident, and proper supplies with which physicians and surgeons can work.

I asked the Indian dispenser, who is not a physician, but is the sub-assistant to the civil surgeon of Chanda, and a distributer of medicine, what a native would do for a fellow native, if one should have a fractured patella. "Oh," he said, "he would burn a ring around the knee and let it go at that."

I know of nothing more essential to an Indian's happiness than a sound knee-cap, for his favorite pastime is sitting on his haunches with his knees thrust out prominently in front of him. Every form of work in the shop or on the bungalow veranda is done in a squatting position, the toes sharing with the hands in work, holding boards, cloth, or any other material. Even in cutting meat the knife is held in a piece of metal with the toes keeping it in place while the meat is drawn toward the butcher against the knife and thus cut into the desired size. Some pieces of meat, especially where a bone must be cut in two, are cut in the American style, but the principle is well established in India that the toes must do their full share of toil, a task made comparatively easy by the absence of shoes and by the ability to sit in a jack-knife attitude for an incredibly long time. For this a sound patella is a prime requisite.

One of the appeals it is hard for any missionary to resist is that for medicine and care in case of illness among the natives. Miss Naylor, superintendent of the evangelistic work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the Sironcha district, and the only missionary continuously in charge in the jungle for an area covering 1976 villages, finds that everywhere she goes the cry of suffering falls on her ears. At one place on one of her trips 150 persons came to her with some physical ailment, asking for help. "If I could dispense medicine and treat those who are ill who come to me," she said, "I would be crowded with calls all of the time I am itinerating."

WHILE I was in Sironcha a little Hindu girl about eight years of age, who had been terribly burned, was brought to the mission by her parents for treatment. The child had convulsions soon after her arrival and the parents insisted they must take her back to their home to die. "We broke caste by bringing her here," the mother said, "and if she dies here she will die out of caste. If we take her home her caste can be restored."

Accordingly the little sufferer was lifted on to the heads of her parents on a bed of rope and carried to the village three miles away. The next day the parents sent word the child was better and they wanted to bring her back to the mission, where Miss Fales was acting as nurse. Before accepting her

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Natives inspecting the automobile, to them a new and awesome means of transportation, at a stop for water on the jungle road. It was this car which made the long run to get a doctor

A Country Parson's Job

It's So Big a Many-Sided Man Is Needed

By H. D. RANNS

The country church, small, plain, unpretentious, but a tremendous force for good

IN THESE latter days we hear a lot about "Back to the Land" movements. All sorts of people tell us that the salvation of this North American continent depends upon an increase of the numbers of country dwellers. Many of these people who are extolling the glories of the country live in the city and write from a safe distance. Sometimes the man in the country smiles at them—a long-drawn smile. Who shall blame him? For whatever he believes about the matter himself, he comes to doubt much of the armchair advice about the country. It reminds him too often of the city office, its glaring electricity and pale men with green shades over their eyes. And he is not convinced.

All the same, despite the rant and cant associated with much writing about country life, no thoughtful man can fail to realize that there is a genuine boom in country life values. The "hayseed" talk is old stuff. The country dweller today is no "hayseed." He is obtaining an increasingly good return for his hard work, and the standard of his life is rightly being raised. He knows his value better than formerly and that makes all the difference. Less and less is he going to be "only a farmer."

All of which means that the institutions and persons which exist to serve the farmer and promote the well-being of country life are bound to become increasingly important. Agricultural organizations, schools and churches and the men who man them, must matter tremendously in the development of that country life movement which promises to bring the countryside into its own.

The country parson today is very much a personage. For one thing, agricultural journals are taking quite a little notice of his work, telling him what sort of man he ought to be and what kind of work he should be busily engaged in doing. The fact that they criticize him only shows his importance. Men do not flog dead horses. They bury them. Neither do they criticize dead institutions. All they need is the burial ceremony. So the fact that criticism of the country parson is in the air only serves to show that his work is beginning to be taken seriously.

In this article I do not want to criticize or to defend him. My purpose is rather to describe him and his work from the inside. I want to try to answer the questions as to whether the country parson has a worth-while job and is he doing his job? Does he justify his existence?

Without more ado, here goes for the story of his doings, as one country parson knows that story. After that the fair-minded reader must judge for himself or herself.

TAKE first the background of his work. By and large, that background is the same as that of the people whom he serves. It is a tale of the open country that he learns to love, of the beauty of field and sky, the joy of the setting sun, of the silver moon, of the still earth, of blends of brown and blue and gold, of cattle-grazing and rural scenes, in fact the whole panoply of God's outdoors. In this country scene his lot is cast and between country church and schoolhouse and farmhouse and his study his time is spent. His motto is "I serve," and the story of that service covers a wide range of activities, if he be the live wire I know many to be.

The very indefiniteness of the man's job is one of its most exacting features. A country parson does not have to punch his time on a clock. To that extent he is a free agent. But if he is a conscientious man, his work is like a woman's—it is never done. There is always some task to tackle, some church arrangement to be made, some sick person to see, some one in need who telephones for help or information and is never denied, some business or correspondence connected with the three or four appointments on his charge, some community enterprise to be helped or charitable organization to have the benefit of his aid, to say nothing of innumerable calls on his time from his denomination for the larger work of the church. But because he has no stated hours except on Sunday, thoughtless people rush to the conclusion that he has such an easy time and that being a parson is a refuge for lazy incompetents.

Not long ago a certain friendly farmer said to his preacher, "Do you keep a diary?"

The preacher wondered whatever the man meant. "Why do you ask the question?" he replied.

"Because Mr. Blank said the other day that a preacher had a soft snap, only working on Sundays. I told him what I could, but thought then I would ask you whether you kept a diary and would you let me see it?"

That particular preacher was rather sensitive on that subject, for he had a conscience and was working hard for his people.

"I don't keep a diary," he answered. "I would not have time to enter it up regularly if I did. But you can tell Mr. Blank that if he prepared even one sermon a week into which he put his best thought, if he made one-tenth of the calls expected on a large charge, if he were a president of an educational society, chaplain of a number of lodges and secretary of various rural institutions, a member of farmers' organizations, interested in everything that pertains to rural life and anxious to serve in all community doings, was obliged by his position to keep abreast of the latest information on Sunday School work, missionary work, temperance activity, social service and the literature of the world's progress—you can tell him from me that he would find seven days a week hardly enough to compass his work."

THE fact of the matter is that the country parson's job in these days is so big that it takes a many-sided man to fill it. Many of them are not filling the bill. That much must be allowed. These men preach a sermon on Sundays, visit a few people during the week and preach again the following Sunday. Thus they pursue the even tenor of their way. These men lack vision. They are the failures of the country ministry. The colleges of the past have a lot to answer for in producing that kind of preacher. Even in agricultural provinces and states—where you might think they ought to know better—men are trained apparently on the assumption that they are going to be city pastors. Perhaps 20 per cent. will be—what about the other 80 per cent.? Many of them, being young and adaptive, will learn. Others, being young and not adaptive, never will, and their country parishes will meander along with half a preacher. Which is greatly to be deplored.

However, I think it is safe to say that this type of country preacher is diminishing in numbers. The influence of the country preachers in so many of the great farmer organizations, where they are earnestly and eagerly striving to get a square deal for the farmer and to help him to help himself to juster and more spacious living conditions, this influence is an indication that the modern country preacher is concerned about the life among which he lives.

Not long ago I went to a country school fair. It was held out on the great prairies in a modern consolidated school. That day there were exhibitions of school work that would have done credit to a city school. Then there were contests and sports and speeches, all the paraphernalia of a school fair. In the midst of it all, doing anything that came to hand, fetching and carrying, superintending sports, presiding at the gathering, keeping everything going with a swing, was the country parson, genial, energetic and capable. A graduate of one of the best Eastern universities, an athlete and a man with an infectious personality, he was the leader of that community in all that was good. And many a laborer is getting a bigger salary!

That is one picture. Here is another. An epidemic has broken out. It is winter time, deadly cold and the snow piled high. The country parson of whom I am thinking had worked for days taking good things out to scattered patients on the prairies, going into homes where neighbors would not venture. In one he would pray with a dying man or woman, in another try to cheer those who were struggling with the dread disease, to another he would bring a nurse where her presence meant life and hope, and so would spend his days—until he got sick himself. Many a country preacher has proved a hero as much as any soldier on a battlefield—without the glory!

SOME of these things are the high spots of the job. The daily round and the common task mean travel by buggy or car or sleigh over country roads, a call here and a visit there, fraternizing with the farmer on his farm, talking of crops and cattle and church affairs, of the children and their concerns, of the community and its doings, taking a group of boys in Boy Scout Work, helping in a farmer's organization meeting, giving a speech or lecture here and there, arranging for social gatherings and entertainments, joining in a temperance campaign, and incidentally writing letters and preparing sermons and addresses.

The climax of his week is his Sunday. Some of his parishioners are apt to think that Sunday is his whole week! They remind one of the Scottish parson who fell into a bad hole and a laborer said there was no need to worry, "you're no wanted 'till the Sabbath." Well, I know plenty of country parsons who can give a good account of their week-day work, but any minister worth his salt knows that the Sabbath is his opportunity and his burden.

For many country preachers Sunday is a hard and exacting day. There is no eight-hour regulation for him that day. One country preacher I know starts out in the morning, drives twelve miles and preaches in a country schoolhouse; then departs and preaches again at two p.m. and at that appointment conducts a congregational Bible class in addition; then leaves hurriedly for another service at four o'clock and finishes with a big service in the country town in the evening.

At these services he has poured out his soul. He knows his people with an intimacy and understanding impossible to the city parson. During the week he has moved among them and knows their faults and failings and their virtues and strong points. If he is a "live" preacher he stands in a unique relation to them, and knows it, their mentor and friend. So on the Sunday he brings the gospel of long ago into the actualities of today, showing its application to their needs, revealing Jesus of Nazareth as the Friend of men and women and children of the soil of today. It is a great thing to do and with passion and glow he does it.

Taking it all in all, the country preacher likes his job for the open-air life, for the privilege of knowing honest-to-goodness men and women at close range, for the opportunity of social and religious work (to make a distinction where really there is not one), for the chance to serve God and man—he likes it for these things. Now there are some things about it he does not like. And his dislike is emphatic. I am going to try to indicate one of them rapidly.

NOW the country preacher did not start in on his job with the idea of making a fortune. But—you see there is a "but"—he does want a square deal and often he does not get it. He comes to know the high price of everything except preaching. Now with all his good qualities, the farmer—or, at last, some of him—does not realize that other men than himself need a fair return for their labor, that it is true even of a preacher that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

One of the troubles is that the farmer himself in many ways lives a different life than his preacher. Many of the staple necessities of his life he raises, while the minister has to buy them with hard cash. And the farmer is very apt to figure on the money *he* needs to spend and to declare that because he easily lives on such an amount—usually a very small one—the minister should do the same. The farmer may put money aside, but the preacher—he belongs to Heaven! Unfortunately, as many ministers have found in recent years, they are living on the earth at a time when living was never anything like so high. With living two and three times as high—even butter and eggs and meat from his parishioners' farms—the preacher's salary has often remained almost stationary. That is one honest "grouch" many rural preachers have. A country parson's job is too crucial in these days for him to be hindered and hampered by a starvation wage.

And yet, even though economically it is not rated as high as a brakeman's, I maintain that a country parson's job is a big one. I wonder what you think.

The Extra Baby

A Charming Two-Part Story

By CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

Part Two

CHAPTER III

IT WAS the year Luke was g aduated that one of those amazing things that never happen—happened. The Old Man on Hate Hill died. And he who had never, to any one's knowledge, given so much as a cup of cold water to a human being, left his cash balance in the bank, which amounted to eighteen hundred and ninety-six dollars and twenty-seven cents to the Rev. Mark Newell. In a drawer of his desk his executor had found a sealed envelope addressed to the minister. When it was delivered, Mark and Nellie, pale with agitation, locked themselves in the little study to read and re-read it.

It was a shocking epistle, a bitter, snarling laugh of a letter that tripped daringly along the coping of blasphemy. Mark read it aloud while Nellie listened guiltily, but, nevertheless, with an unholy flutter of appreciation about her palpitating heart. The money had been left to him, the minister, so the writer explained, because it gave him, an atheist, the satisfaction of partly making up to a minister of the gospel for the "stinginess of a congregation of hypocrites who paid for blood with husks." He knew about the blood; he knew also about the husks. From his hilltop he had watched the smug procession filing by to the parsonage with salving offerings of specked apples, potatoes that threatened sprouts, of pork, when they butchered and were filled to repletion—and the fagends of their time and love and service.

In a burst of scathing wrath he snapped his dying fingers in the face of a community who had reviled him as ungodly; a community that did not love their neighbor as they loved themselves; that did not love their neighbor even as they loved their dogs. There wasn't an "honest Christian in the whole bunch of psalm-singing hypocrites!" Who but the minister had trudged up the hill to keep life in his body and hope in his soul? Religion that wasn't the dominie's brand wasn't worth a cuss. Toward the close of the letter his bitterness softened. He honestly wished he had been able to believe that God was Love. He thanked the minister's wife for the fresh bread and the broth and the puddings.

"What a Christian he would have made," sighed Mark, as he finished the letter.

NELLIE dabbled her eyes with a corner of her white apron. "It's simply too good to be true."

"My dear," Mark remonstrated, "it's just one of those things, in God's providence, that are good enough to *be* true!"

"I know," she admitted. "You've always told me there were green fields far away. Mark dear," she demanded suddenly, aglow with anticipation, "how will we spend it—what shall we buy?"

They pondered the question until long after midnight. Flushed of face, with heads close together they bent for fleeting happy hours over pages filled with figures and the scribbled lists of their heart's desires. Finally, on their tip-toes, lest they wake the twins, they crept to their bedroom.

"Nell," said the minister as he wound his watch and hung his vest over a chair by the bedside. "I couldn't have stood seeing you go without things much longer. It wouldn't have been so bad," he admitted, "if you had complained a little once in a while."

Nellie was dabbling cold cream into the hungry pores of her skin. "I wonder how I would look in one of those stunning plush coats?" she meditated, glancing sideways into the mirror at the shapely lines of her figure. "Your pajamas are hanging in the closet, darling. I suppose if we're going to the city tomorrow, I'd better put up my hair."

"Wasn't that a funny idea the Old Man had about the church people?" ruminated the minister quizzically.

"Umm," said Nellie, through a mouthful of hairpins.

"You know, I've an idea—he was beginning to see the light before he went," Mark hazarded thoughtfully.

"Well, I love him, anyway!" exclaimed Nellie.

"Eighteen hundred and ninety-six dollars and twenty-seven cents!" mused the minister.

His wife lowered her gaze before the light that burned like a living flame in his deep-set eyes.

"Just think," mused Nellie as she turned down the bed covers, "this time tomorrow night I'll have a black satin dress and a coat and a hat and you'll have your new typewriter and a filing cabinet and an overcoat, and the twins will have—oh, *Mark!*" She did not finish the sentence for a sudden convulsive choking in the throat. Covering her face with her hands, she dropped abruptly to her knees upon the threadbare carpet and bowed her head upon the snowy folds of the sheet.

Mark stood gazing down upon her for a moment from the opposite end of the room. Then, very quietly, he turned out the light and knelt humbly at the other side of the bed.

THE following night the lights in the parsonage living-room burned late. Paul and Pauline, having finished their lessons, waited in that tense expectancy which precedes the night before Christmas.

"Gee, I wish they'd come!" yawned Paul. "I'm going to ask Dad to give me his old typewriter."

"Won't it be heavenly to see Mother dressed up?" murmured Pauline into her knitting. "Mother's a good looker," she remarked with feminine superiority. "It'll be fun to watch the choir when she walks up the aisle Sunday morning in her black satin. I get so mad sometimes when I see everybody but Mother dressed up. It's a good thing she doesn't mind."

They came finally, bursting into the door like a fresh breeze. The minister's hat was set at an almost ungodly angle above a glowing face from which all trace of weariness had been expunged. Wisps of golden hair strayed wilfully from Nellie's close-fitting hat. Her radiant face was smudged with sooty shadows, but her body was vibrant with new vigor.

"Oh, darlings!" she exclaimed, tumbling an armful of small bundles on to the couch. "We've had the time of our lives! Open the packages!" She paused a moment seemingly embarrassed. "We didn't get any of the *big* things we meant to get. We—we just looked around. We'll go back next week and buy them. It will be more fun that way. These are just some little things we bought for you children."

"But, Mother dear!" exclaimed Pauline, all her beauty-loving feminine soul in her eyes. "surely you got your dress? And your hat?"

Nellie evaded her daughter's accusing gaze.

"Yes, dear, but not the satin. I looked too much like a duchess," she laughed, blushing. "I got to thinking how uncomfortable I would feel sitting beside Aunty Saunders who doesn't have clothes enough even to keep her warm. So I bought a blue serge. It's in that long box."

Pauline lifted the plain blue frock from its tissue wrappings in silence. "Did you get a coat?" she asked tonelessly.

"I found a beauty, but I'm going to think it over a few days. The saleswoman was a peach. She told me to keep it on and look at myself a while, even though I didn't buy it."

"What kind of a typewriter did you get, Pa?" demanded Paul eagerly.

"I looked at several, son. I find that by sending my old one to the factory——"

Paul groaned. "What *did* you get?" he plead.

"Oh, your Father had a glorious time buying thirty-five cent magazines!" Nellie laughed. "He's always wanted to go to a newsstand and carry off an armful of expensive monthlies—and now he's done it! Moreover," she teased, "he spent a dollar and a half for a necktie."

"Say, Ma, where's that five-pound box of candy?" demanded Paul suspiciously.

His mother placed her hands upon his shoulders and faced, him, smiling guiltily. "Son," she said evenly, "I just couldn't spend all that money for candy. It seemed wicked when—when you wanted books so badly. So I got a few caramels—and your books are coming by post tomorrow." She turned toward her daughter who was preening before a mirror above the hatrack in the hall. "Pauline, dear, do you like your tam?" Her eyes sparkled. "There's a lovely surprise coming for you tomorrow!" Her eloquent glance brought a glow of anticipation to the girl's soft face.

BUT the weeks sped into months and still there was no return trip to the city. The scribbled pages of items and figures that had littered the study desk for days were finally torn to bits. The unspent remainder of the legacy, which had been deposited in the savings bank, was finally definitely dedicated to the education of the twins. Paul must have technical training. Pauline must have the crude edges rounded off.

"It will be only a drop in the bucket," mused Nellie one night as her plump fists kneaded bread dough, "but I guess we can manage the rest. I've always been ashamed to tell you, Mark, but that night when the twins came I was dreadfully rebellious! I couldn't understand why we had to have *two* babies at once. But see how beautifully it has all worked out. We've managed with the babies and now we'll have help with their education. And I'll tell you something else, Mark." No trace of reservation clouded her eyes as she turned to face him. "Ever since Pauline was born, she's been my luxury—like flowers in winter. I haven't minded anything so long as Pauline kept on blooming. But, Mark, if ever our poverty cuts her deeply; if ever she looks at me and says to herself, 'Poor Mother!'—I'll—I'll die!"

"She won't," said the girl's father. He leaned against the wall beside the table, with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets. His face was thoughtful. "So that's the reason for the extra baby!" he exclaimed to himself, "to keep Nellie going." Well, hadn't he always known that back of the providence of the God they served, the God of sparrows and lilies of the field, the God who moved in such mysterious ways His wonders to perform, there had been some unfathomable reason for those arduous, abstemious years of toil and sacrifice? Pauline had been, all unconsciously, white hyacinths, as it were, for Nellie's starving soul.

"Thank God for potato bugs!" he mused devoutly.

BUT alas! The little legacy was never spent as they had planned, for Paul and Pauline. It went, in small, anguishing amounts at first, to buy back strength for their mother's spent body and overwrought nerves. And, having started, it flowed in an appallingly steady stream, seemingy as a grim tribute to the thousand

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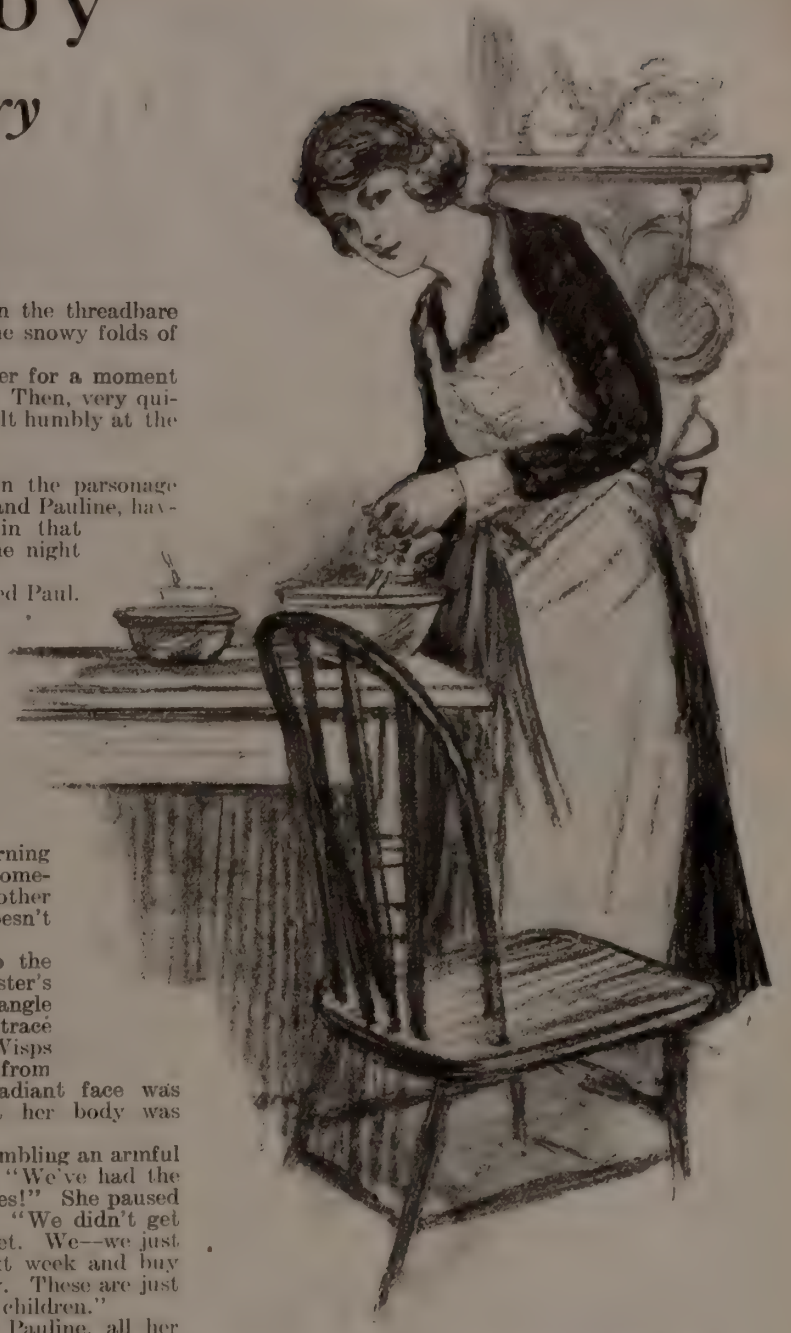

Nellie came home to a household presided over by a competent new mistress who had graduated from high school and settled down to the deadly monotony of a small town without so much as an audible sigh

The Editorial Forum

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RAE D. HENKLE
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DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

Where Is Your State?

THE National Prohibition Enforcement office has just issued a statement showing the measure of co-operation it is obtaining from the various states through the local police, judicial officers and the press, in its fight to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment.

Is your state among these where improved jury conditions are found:

Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Nebraska, Illinois, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Oregon, Massachusetts, Arkansas, North Carolina, Texas, Arizona, Wisconsin.

Or is it among these where co-operation of officials or a favorable attitude by the press are reported:

Texas, Arizona, South Carolina, Tennessee, North Dakota, Delaware, Arkansas, Montana, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Mississippi, Oregon, New Jersey, Nebraska, Illinois, Iowa, Connecticut, Kentucky, Maine.

In some of this latter group it is made plain that no assistance is being obtained from the public officials but the newspapers, as in New Jersey for instance, are "outspoken in upholding the Eighteenth Amendment." This summary of national conditions, however, leaves entirely too many states either officially hostile to law enforcement or indifferent to it. This hostility or apathy, whichever it may be, can only be corrected by public sentiment.

Make your public officials and your newspapers know how you feel on the question. When they know you want law enforcement, you will get it.

At Famine's Table

A STRANGE banquet was served in one of the leading New York hotels a few evenings ago. Over 300 men and women, who had paid $10 apiece for the pleasure of sitting at the guest table, found themselves facing a menu such as they had probably never encountered before. Sitting in gold lacquered chairs, they ate from bare kitchen tables, each guest having a bowl, a spoon and a cup. Every one waited on himself. The dinner consisted of soup, a piece of brown bread and a cup of cold coffee! The diners were told that it was identical with the rations supplied to famine victims throughout the vast area of Russia where starvation now reigns. Further, every guest's individual $10 fee, it was explained, would provide food for 180 starving Russian children, and the whole dinner fund would feed 90,000 children.

Mr. Hoover's American Relief Administration has the big task before it of feeding 1,200,000 Russian children this winter. Even then, not half the needy little ones will be reached, and none of the adults. It is the hugest problem of its kind. Bringing the food into Russia is attended with many difficulties, and one may imagine the further troubles that are encountered in reaching the needy ones in their homes.

The Relief Administration has established warehouses, stocked with foodstuffs, at central points in each section where the child-feeding forces are working. It has established free child-feeding kitchens where the little ones are dealt with in masses. Every American has an opportunity to aid these Russian children and also to make it possible for the adults to be fed by buying Food Remittances calling for food worth $10 and up to $500 delivered to any designated person in Russia. The plan is a development of the Food Drafts which proved so successful in the feeding operations last year in Central Europe.

Know the World

JOHN R. MOTT, General Secretary of the International Y. M. C. A. in an address a few days ago sounded a note which the Christian Herald has been stressing insistently and which should strike a responsive chord in the heart of every American.

"In every way in their power," he said, "the churches must further international thinking, international planning, international fellowship and international action. The churches of America and of other lands are summoned to bear on international relations the principles and spirit of Jesus Christ."

American insularity is a thing of the past. Our interest in the world at large is now more than a picture-book interest to be satisfied completely by a stereopticon lecture by a returned missionary. We have a very definite responsibility in the propagation of Christian American ideals. Our evangelical missionaries are the strong advance guard of the army we must put in the field, but they cannot carry the burden alone. The medical missionary and his associates, the educational and industrial missionaries are strong in support, but two more things must be done. First, we must be represented in foreign countries by commercial travelers and diplomatic and consular agents who live clean, wholesome, Christian lives and do business on Christian principles. All too frequently this type of man is not selected for foreign service. Second, the American people must be brought to the point where they take a keen, intelligent interest in world affairs and be able with sure judgment to pass on questions constantly arising that are of tremendous importance in mission development, trade expansion, political relationships and moral and ethical movements.

Needless Expense?

FROM my window in my hotel during my stay in Washington, reporting a small part of the great Conference, I have a full view of the National Capitol. It is truly a building that every American citizen ought to be proud of. It is a stately, beautiful structure, that has no superior in the matter of architecture. By day it attracts by reason of its majestic proportions, and by night, illuminated by the electric flood of light that comes from an unseen source, it is a thing of graceful outline as it shines white as lace frost, from its hill-top situation towering over the city, and reminding the citizen that he is a citizen of no mean country. Also during the days of the Conference, a most wonderful display of searchlights has streamed from the Congressional Library clear over the Capitol dome and across the entire heavens, ribbons of all the colors of the solar spectrum, reproducing the effect in a most wonderful manner of nature's display in the far north.

All this display is welcomed by the visitors as a token of the welcome the United States extends to them, and which Washington in particular wants her guests to feel. And the average American citizen does not feel like saying anything about the expense of such displays, even if every night several hundreds of dollars are flung into the sky along every one of the colored streamers that vie with the Aurora Borealis.

But while that is true, I have been wondering if it was really necessary for any city or nation at a time when men are walking the streets (some 6,000 here in Washington alone and hundreds of thousands in the big centers of New York and Chicago), to make what seems to me needless expense for display in the name of hospitality or welcome.

As for example, the towers of jewels near the Pan-American Building, where most of the sessions of the delegates are being held.

Counting the cost of the towers of jewels and the colored illumination from the Library, the entire display of light is equal to 9,950,000,000 candle-power. Some light for a *candle*, our grandmothers would say! And the expense of all this modest candle-light would be $250,000. But the press naively says that this expense is being taken care of by the military electric machinery already installed, so that the actual cost will be ONLY $30,000! We wonder who paid for the original machinery that cost $250,000! We suppose the naval and army officers paid for it out of their salaries. We never knew before how patriotic they were!

But $30,000 spent by the taxpayers for a display of candles that Abraham Lincoln never had in his log cabin seems to be to raise a number of questions. I take for granted that a large number of readers will be provoked at any criticism of this sort. But meanwhile there will be 1,000 men in the Bread Line around the Bowery Mission this winter. Wonder how many cups of coffee and loaves of bread $30,000 would buy!

C. M. S.

P. S.—At the time of his inauguration, President Harding requested that this special illuminating system designed to usher in his taking of office be not used, as he wished to have simplicity and economy to mark his inaugural. It looks to me that what was good enough for the President then is good enough for the foreign visitors here now.

Praise for China Relief

To the Editor of the Christian Herald:

We wish to congratulate you and your able assistants for the prompt, economical and businesslike manner of carrying out your recent relief enterprise in China. The large amount contributed shows not only the generosity of the readers of the Christian Herald, but also proves their unbounded confidence in your methods, knowing that what they give will reach its destination with the least possible outlay of expense.

The issue of September 24 is a wonderful number and gives your readers a glimpse of the stupendous task which you undertook and which in spite of great difficulties you were able to carry through to such a successful termination. We feel that we voice the sentiment of every reader of the Christian Herald when we say that we heartily thank you, and pray that you may be spared many years to continue your efforts for the uplifting of humanity.

Mrs. H. E. W.

Oakland, Calif.

A Good Precedent

WHAT is probably the first test of the power of the Motion Picture Commission in the state of New York to discriminate between the good and bad movies, has just taken place. It is of such general interest that we commend it to the attention of Christian Herald readers. Application was made to the Commission for a license for the public use of a certain picture. After due consideration the license was refused. An appeal was taken by the distributing corporation, and the case came up for a hearing in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court to determine whether the picture was or was not a fit subject for exhibition in public. The picture in question was exhibited to the court, which, after a brief discussion, decided to sustain the action of the Motion Picture Commission in refusing a license, upon the ground that the picture "is of such a character that its exhibition would tend to corrupt morals and incite to crime."

This picture, it should be explained, was made nearly a year ago, and large sums have been expended in preparatory work. Its suppression means a loss of $200,000 to the producing corporation. But it also means that the public is entitled to the fullest protection from any exhibition that would tend to degrade public morals or stir evil impulses in the hearts of youth.

The whole case is a typical one as showing that in every state which has a Motion Picture Commission, appeal by public-minded citizens against the exhibition of immoral or crime-breeding movies has here a precedent which they might follow to advantage.

It is only just to add that the leading distributors are honestly seeking compliance with the law in respect to the elimination of objectionable pictures. Conditions have so changed that any public movement against bad movies may now choose the proper channels through which to express itself with reasonable hopes of success.

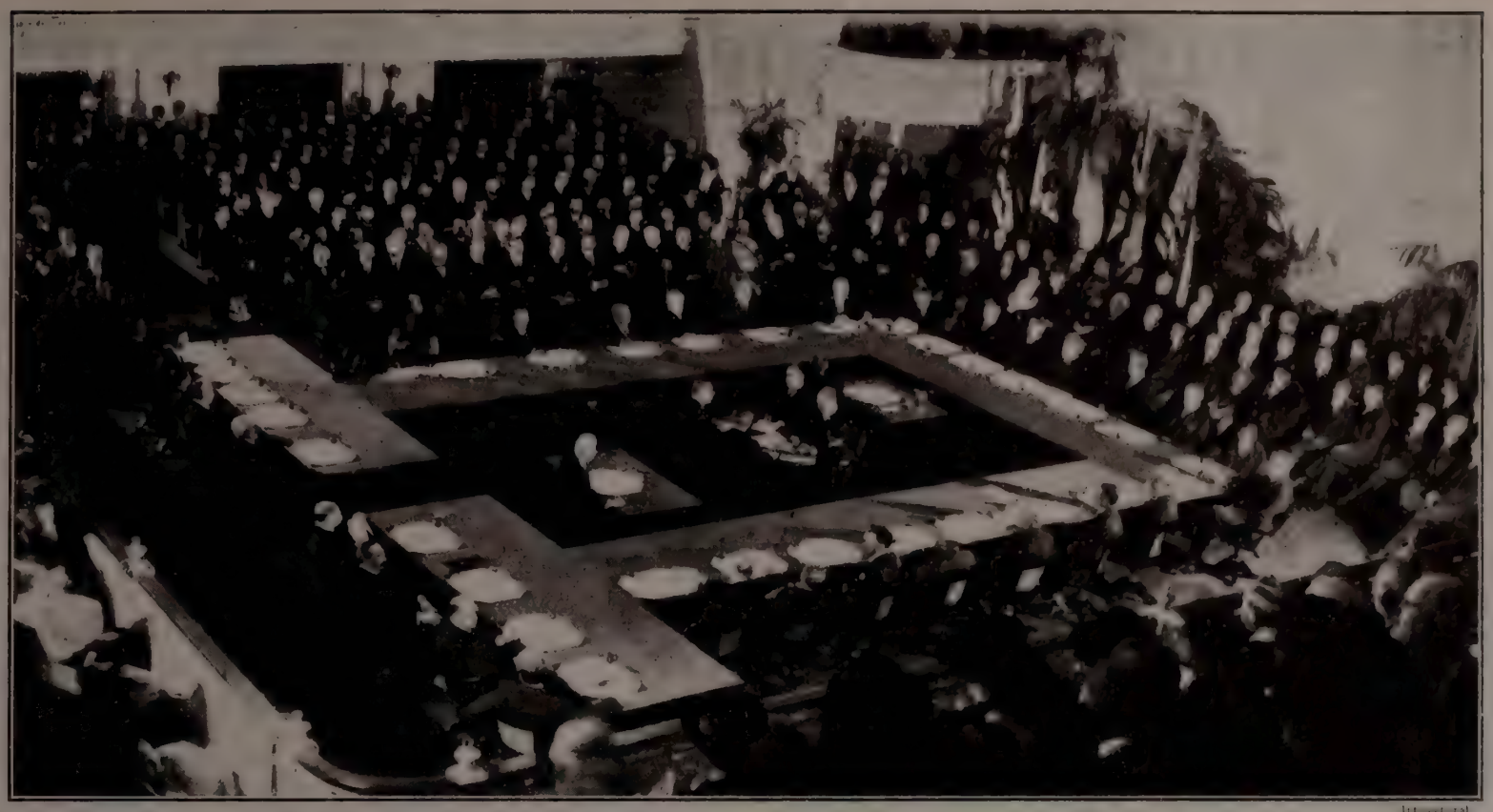
A Word to Our Readers

YOU have had time to read in last week's issue our annual prospectus, setting forth the strong array of helpful and attractive features which will appear in the Christian Herald during the coming year. Never have we been able to present a program combining so many features of national and world-wide interest. Never till now have we had the unusual conditions and the new opportunities our nation is facing today. Not in all the past years has there been such a loud and clear call to Christian service as that which is now sounding in the ears of God's people throughout the whole world

We believe our readers are duly appreciative of these wonderful opportunities. We know their high sense of duty, individual and collective. The best way to show your appreciation is to begin by sending in your renewal of subscription *TODAY*. Many readers have responded in these last few weeks, and we are hopeful that the great majority will follow their example, and render substantial help to our subscription department by sending in their renewal NOW. Delayed subscriptions mean doubling the work of our subscription force, while renewals now help us wonderfully in keeping matters straight, and give assurance to every subscriber of getting the paper on time and without missing a single copy.

And if you can send along an additional subscription for some friend or acquaintance, whom you want to have as a member of our Family Circle, so much the better. There is room enough for all, and a warm welcome awaits any one you may bring along as a new member and subscriber.

We are sure that you understand the situation and we thank you in advance for any co-operation you may extend to us at this busy season, by helping us in the way we have suggested.



A history-making scene—Around the table in Washington to discuss limitation of armament. To the right at the head of the table are Secretary Hughes and the American delegates, with the French spokesmen at their right and the British at their left

The World News of the Week

Special Session of Congress Closes; Anti-Beer Bill Signed

THE extraordinary session of Congress convened by President Harding last spring closed its work the day before Thanksgiving, allowing its members just twelve days of vacation before the opening of the regular session on December 5. Although Congress has been at work continuously, with the exception of one recess of three weeks, since early in the Harding administration, several important measures failed of passage, among them the Fordney-Penrose tariff bill, the bill providing for the funding of railroad obligations, the foreign debt refunding bill, the "truth in fabric" bill, the Capper bill to repeal the guarantee clause in the transportation act, the Alaskan railway bill and the bill for the revision of the laws, the first since 1878. The new session, therefore, will have plenty to occupy its time.

The last act of the Senate was to pass, by a vote of 39 to 29, the tax revision bill, in the form in which it finally came from the conference committee. Six Republicans joined with twenty-three Democrats in voting against the measure, while one Democrat voted for it. In the five hours of debate which preceded the final vote even those Senators who bore the greatest responsibility in framing the bill expressed themselves as dissatisfied with many of its provisions, but declared it preferable to the act it replaces. Predictions were made that the measure would be amended materially within a short time. The chief feature of the bill is a reduction of $70,000,000 in taxes for this year and an estimated reduction of $835,000,000 for 1922.

Fifteen minutes after its passage by the Senate, the tax bill was signed by President Harding, who had gone to the Capitol to expedite matters. While there he also signed the maternity bill and several other measures of lesser importance. The anti-beer bill, which automatically nullifies the federal regulations recently issued to permit the use of beer and wine as medicines, was signed by the President at the White House. This bill was characterized by R. A. Haynes, prohibition commissioner, as marking "a new step forward in the enforcement of prohibition," and he declared no embarrassment was anticipated from the provision imposing penal liability upon officers searching dwellings without search warrants.

In the House's "good-bye," Representative Mondell, the Republican floor leader, listed the emergency tariff act, the budget act, the revenue act, the peace resolution, the anti-beer law, the maternity law, the immigration restriction act, the veterans' bureau act, the farm loan act, the packers' control law, the grain exchange futures law and the good roads appropriation of $80,000,000 as enactments which would give the session a high rank in history.

Porto Ricans Assail Governor

THAT Porto Ricans are conducting insistent agitation for independence from American sovereignty, following the example of the Filipinos, was emphasized by several incidents in connection with the return to the United States of E. Mont Reily, Governor of the island, for a stay of several weeks. In the few months of his administration the Governor has come into sharp conflict with certain leaders in the insular legislature, one big point of disagreement being his refusal to permit them to dictate appointments. He announced some time ago that he would not appoint agitators for independence to office, and since then the fight has grown more and more bitter.

Fire was discovered in the cargo of the Tanamo, the ship aboard which the Governor was returning, two days after leaving San Juan, but the ship was able to reach New York under her own power, although much damaged. There were strong suspicions that the fire had been set by enemies of Governor Reily, as he had received threatening letters, but Porto Rican leaders ridiculed such suggestions. A crowd of several hundred Porto Ricans had assembled at the pier for a demonstration against Mr. Reily, and secret service operatives spirited him away to prevent an attack.

Later a cablegram demanding the immediate removal of Governor Reily and signed by thirty-nine of the fifty-eight members of the Porto Rican Assembly was sent to the island's commissioner in Washington for presentation to President Harding. He was accused of arbitrary and unjust acts and of embarking on "a policy of aggression against Porto Ricans not personally addicted to him" on the "pretext that the President of the Senate and members of the majority party were enemies of the United States."

The Governor declared that the trouble was due entirely to a few persons who seek secession from the United States and that the people of Porto Rico as a whole are the most loyal, faithful and patriotic he has ever known.

Japanese Regent Named

CROWN PRINCE HIROHITO has been designated Regent of Japan because of the failing health of his father, the Emperor Hoshihito, who for some time has been suffering from a brain malady. Despatches from Japan had indicated that a reorganization of the Japanese Court was being arranged, but the announcement that the Crown Prince had become the titular head of the nation came as a surprise to the great mass of the Japanese people, since the government has discouraged any discussion regarding the Emperor's health and few bulletins regarding his condition have been issued.

That the change will have a merely nominal effect, for the immediate present at least, is the expectation of those in close touch with Japanese affairs. The Emperor Hoshihito, although possessing great and very definite powers, has been in no physical condition for a considerable period to exercise them and the real direction of the nation's affairs has fallen into the hands of a small ruling group. The Crown Prince has only recently become of age, and because of his youth it is expected that he will not try to assume the actual leadership at an early date. His tour of Europe, a precedent-breaking event which aroused great opposition in Japan, has given him a more intimate insight into foreign affairs than was possessed by any of his predecessors, and those who came into contact with him on that trip spoke highly of his mental abilities, so that he may be expected in time to attempt the exercise of his powers in an effective way.

The reign of the Emperor Hoshihito, which began on July 30, 1912, was not a happy one, despite the great progress which the nation has made, for the Emperor has been ailing almost constantly and the burdens of state have borne heavily on him. Rumors of his death have been circulated recently, and official statements have given little hope that he ever can regain his strength.

Irish Parleys Seem Near End

WITH Ulster loath to accept the proposed All-Ireland Parliament and the Sinn Fein sticking at swearing allegiance to the British Crown, many of those best informed regarding the progress of the negotiations for peace in Ireland were predicting an early end to the conferences in London. A final break had been averted thus far and the Ulster Parliament had yet to declare its attitude, but hope of adjusting the many points of difference was slight.

The Sinn Fein envoys returned to Dublin to consult with Eamonn de Valera, head of their organization, for the first time in several weeks. It had been assumed that the Sinn Fein would agree, if Ulster consented to Irish unity, to swear allegiance to the Crown, but this proved to be an error, and the idea of the Sinn Fein delegates was that their association with the states of the British Empire should be by treaty, as would be the case with a foreign power. No party in Britain was prepared to accept such terms.

There was a fresh outbreak of violence in Belfast which threatened to cause a suspension of the truce, and in a series of bomb outrages and clashes twenty-six persons were killed and several scores wounded. Each side accused the other of being entirely responsible for the disorders and the situation daily became more and more strained.

League Substitute Broached

THAT President Harding had suggested informally to some of the foreign delegates to the Washington Conference a continuing series of international conferences out of which may develop an "association of nations" has been made known in official circles in the national capital. The delegates with whom the matter was discussed gave their general approval to the idea, but the entire matter still is in indefinite form.

This move represents an endeavor by the Administration to carry out the plank in the Republican platform advocating an association of nations for conference and a world court, as a substitute for the League of Nations. This association would form a looser arrangement and necessitate far less machinery than that provided under the League Covenant, and probably would take the form of annual conferences of the leading nations to discuss the troubles of the world, the gathering to be along the general lines of the present Conference, but on a broader scale.

It was suggested in the comment on the Harding overtures that the present Conference would be able

Continued on page 914

Heaven, the Land of Completion!

A Sermon by REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.*

TEXT—I Cor. 15 : 53. "This mortal must put on immortality."

MORTALITY and immortality; mortal and immortal—these words are often on our lips and slip glibly from our tongues. But what do they mean? Is existence, cut short or continued, the only meaning we attach to them? Does immortality simply mean indestructibility?

Perhaps that is the superficial meaning we give the words, when we do not stop to think much about them. Mortality—that is something fragmentary, transient, incomplete. Immortality—the unending, the abiding, the complete. Is not this the true significance of these terms? One denotes the incomplete, the other the complete; one the beginning, the other the fruition; one the bud, the other the flower.

Let us look at the immortal life, the future life, in its true relation as the completion of this fragmentary existence which we begin here. This thought of the future life as the life of completions, the life which gathers up into one whole the fragmentary ends of things, will in the first place be most helpful to us in understanding the mysteries of life and death.

"If everything stood still, or if things only moved around in a circle, it would be a dreadful and a dreary thing to live," says a noted preacher. But we rejoice in life because it seems to be carrying us somewhere, because its darkness seems to be rolling on towards light, and even its pain to be moving on toward a hidden joy. We bear with incompleteness, because of the completion which is prophesied and hoped for.

But it is the delay of that completion, the way in which, when we seem to be all ready for it, it does not come—this is what puzzles and distresses us. You watch your plant growing, and see its wonderful building of the woody fiber, its twining of the strong roots, its busy life-blood hurrying along its veins. The dignity, the beauty, of the whole process is in the completion which it all expects.

Some morning you step into your garden and the deep red flower is blazing full-blown on the stem, and all is plain. The completion has justified the process. But, suppose the plant to have been conscious all the time of the coming flower, to have felt its fire already in the tumultuous sap, and yet to have felt itself held back from blossoming. Not today! Not today! each morning as it tried to crown itself with the glory toward which all its tendencies had struggled. Would it not be a very puzzled and impatient and unhappy little plant, as it stood wondering why its completion was withheld, and what delayed its flower?

HOW often would such a thought as this still our anxious doubts and fears! There is no mystery like the mystery that surrounds the grave, the darkness there is fathomless. On every other subject men have grown wiser as the ages have rolled on, but upon this subject, from the side of science and philosophy, at least, there is not a glimmer. Men have been dying at the rate of one every second for centuries past, and yet, apart from the Bible, the world knows no more concerning the minute that follows the last breath than when Adam breathed his last. No gleam of speculation has come from the glassy eye of the dead man, no word of advice from his palsied tongue, and all we can say today from any other standpoint than the Bible is the old wail of Job: "Man dieth and wasteth away. Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

But here comes in the Bible intimations and the Christian's hope that this life is the vestibule to the glorious temple beyond, that this is nothing but the bud at the most, that the flower is unfolded beyond. What a door of reasonable expectation and glorious hope does this key open, and, my friends, it is the *only* key that opens any door of the Future. If there were other keys, you might well be careless about this one, but there is no other and this fits every ward in the mysterious lock—the thought of the *completions* beyond.

In this thought of the future life as a life of completions, the Bible truth of the resurrection becomes intelligible. We have often worried our minds with details and grown confused with minor distinctions concerning the resurrection which were of comparatively little value, and have thus lost sight of the great central truth that the spiritual body, with which we should in the resurrection be clothed, would complete and satisfy and fill out all our longings. The most unwholesome and grotesque speculations have been indulged in as to how the particles of the body would come together and assume their proper place in the resurrection day. But these are the fancies of the poet and the theologian. Paul, who wrote about all the direct teaching there is in the Bible concerning the resurrection, never indulged in any such crude theories. Read over again the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians with this clue in your hands—the resurrection is the beginning of the perfect, complete life, in the perfect and untrammelled spiritual body, and see if there is not a new significance in these verses. How his hot, impetuous, eloquent words follow one another, all centering in this one grand idea—that the imperfect shall be merged into the perfect, the incomplete into the complete, the partial into the whole.

Listen to them: "It"—this body—limited, circumscribed, bound down—this body, full of aches and pains, and weakness—this body—"is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality; so when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

NO PETTY details here, no quibbling about the how and when, but this glorious truth held to, as the shipwrecked mariner holds to the life-line, that completeness and satisfaction await us at the resurrection—incorruption for corruption, immortality for mortality, glory for dishonor, power for weakness. That is always the Bible idea of the spiritual body.

The two Greek words which the Apostle uses in II Corinthians carry out this thought: "If our earthly house of this tabernacle, this tent, were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." One is a tent, a mere temporary, insecure dwelling—that is the nature of these bodies of clay. The other, the spiritual body, which we shall occupy, is the house, the substantial, permanent complete dwelling, eternal in the heavens.

The shipwrecked sailor does not care so much *how* he gets to shore if he only gets there, and finds health and home and happiness. I do not so much care *how* I am raised—that interminable question on which so much breath has been wasted—if I know that in my spiritual body I shall be complete in Him.

"If we die wasted with consumption"; it has been eloquently said, "if we die with limbs and features swollen and distorted with dropsy, if we die on the battlefield with limbs mangled and broken; if we die of old age, full of weakness and decrepitude, or if we die with intellect shrouded with delirium, so that friends can scarcely recognize the one beloved; if these, and a multitude of other divers accidents befall us, are we to enter those worn-out, diseased bodies again, and bear them through eternity?" Nay; "this vile body is to be changed that it may be fashioned like unto Christ's most glorious body." "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we are also to bear the image of the heavenly!"

LET us thank God and take courage as we think of the completions that await us! Here we feel our limitations at every step. In all our plans and our work, we come, as it were, suddenly against a solid blank wall which there is no getting over or through or under. That is our limitation. We must stop, leave our work undone, our plans unexecuted, our designs incomplete.

For a generous, eager spirit, I think this is the hardest trial of life. It is not that sickness and pain are so hard to bear, though these are a sore tribulation. But the fact that he cannot do what he would, that he has found his limitation, that his life must be incomplete, that is the thing that cuts us to the heart. "So much to do, so little done!"

We need to tread reverently and humbly when we are talking about these high things of the future; but it is no presumption for us to say that heaven means completion, perfection, and we may safely carry out that thought as far as we will.

Mr. Isaac Taylor, in his "Physical Theory of Another Life," has thus sketched reverently what we may expect may be the perfection of the spiritual body:

1st, an enlarged power of mind over matter; such as shall enable one to move at will through the physical universe.

2nd, a *direct* perception and knowledge of all the facts of that universe.

3rd, a perfect memory.

4th, the power of incessant mental activity.

5th, the power of exact utterance—in other words, a perfect language.

6th, the body a perfect instrument and servant of the mind.

In other words, this is only saying that the imperfect shall be made perfect, the incomplete complete, and God all and in all.

YES, that is Heaven! The dwarf shall attain his full stature; the cripple shall be made whole; the blind shall see; the diseased shall attain perfect health; the young, full maturity; the aged, perpetual youth; the clouded mind, clear mental vision. What is this but saying that we shall be made complete? We speak of the blind. But we are all blind. Some can see more than others; but there are many things in the material universe, how much more in the spiritual, to which all our eyes are sealed. The horizon of the longest sight is only a little ways off. *There we shall all see.*

We speak of the cripple; but that word is used only in the comparative degree. We are all cripples. The roundest and strongest only reach the limit of speed and endurance a little later than the one whom we pity as the cripple. We speak of the healthy and diseased; but again this is only a comparative matter. Some can endure a little more, run a little faster, last a little longer. In some the blood sparkles with a ruddier glow; that is all—the seeds that bring senility and decrepitude and death are in every one.

There, the inhabitant "never saith, I am sick"; *there*, labor is no exertion, thought never wears out the brain cells, years never write in wrinkles, travel never tires, courage never flags. We sing and take comfort in singing, "There is rest for the weary"; but it is a greater comfort to me to think there is no need of rest, because there is no weariness; no night, because there are none tired and sleepy; no hospital, because there are none sick, and because sorrow and sighing have fled away!

This completeness, crowned by the conscious presence of God the Father and Christ the Elder Brother, is Heaven!

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By," "Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 46: *The Divine Sovereignty.*

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation—(See page 909, first column.)

Sermon—"HEAVEN, THE LAND OF COMPLETION!"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—These may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"From Every Stormy Wind That Blows," or "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

Benediction—By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, to be read aloud:

May the best we have ever asked for our own good be granted to all present today, and to the absent ones, wherever they are. Make our meeting gracious with thought of others, tender in the hallowed emotions of worship, sweet as the ointment that Mary poured out on the Saviour's feet. And may we go to the day's work refreshed with the restfulness of Thy presence. AMEN.

UNDAUNTED by lack of numbers, five young Christians in the copper-mining town of Valdes, Alaska, organized a Christian Endeavor society, which met in a tent on the beach. Soon increasing numbers necessitated a move to a larger tent and then to a log cabin. A Sunday School was started, a reading-room opened, and finally a church was established. The Endeavorers put in thirty-four days erecting a relief hut half-way across a twenty-five mile glacier on which several men had perished, and in stocking the hut with food, fuel and sleeping-bags. Many have found it a place of refuge, indeed. And all of this from the beginning made by only five!

*Founder of the Christian Endeavor organization.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D. J. Burrell, D.D., and R. Braunstein

Rejoicing Amid Suffering

SUNDAY. II Cor. 12 : 10. "*I have pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake.*" This is one of the strange paradoxes of the apostle Paul. He takes the most unlikely and unfriendly things, and he brings them into vital union. You can find them everywhere throughout his life and teachings. Words like these: "Having nothing, yet possessing all things"; "We glory in tribulation"; "When I am weak, then am I strong." It is like the marriage of two quite opposite personalities. It is like marrying summer and winter, or midnight and noon.

The New Testament is full of the strains of this extraordinary kind of joy. Let us listen to just one of the strains. Here are two men, at one time fishermen at the lake of Galilee, and they have been witnessing to the resurrection of their Lord. They have been arrested, and they have been scourged. With their backs still bleeding, they are going forth into the world again. Now then: "And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name!" That is the Lord's beatitude in action. But where does such joy come from? Where are its springs?

It surely is a very extraordinary kind of rejoicing! What do these men and women find in their dark experiences which makes them sing like nightingales in gloomy woods? Do they make any discoveries in the darkness which explains their joy? Yes, that is the secret; they have some supremely precious findings which make reproach and persecution seem like nothing. What do they discover? They have the wonderful joy of discovering God in more and more of His glory. The dark places become the home of vision. They find their eyes in the night, and they penetrate the veil of the darkness and see the Lord. Here is one of them; he is surrounded by men who hate him; they are gnashing upon him with their teeth; the stones are even now in their hands with which they will destroy him. How now? "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and *saw* the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." That is a typical discovery of apostolic life. The blocked road is wedded to the open heavens. When the apostles are shut in by the enmities and antagonisms of men, their spiritual culture becomes more intensive, and the fruits of the spirit appear in amazing strength and glory.

But there is another discovery which they make in their darkness. They have the joy of discovering other souls, and winning them to the Lord. There are some folk who are only found through the medium of dark experiences. If we never suffered they would never be won. The revelation made through suffering becomes a constraint which they can not resist. What I mean is this: we see some man's noble bearing under reproach, and the splendid testimony lays its grip upon us. A brave and radiant endurance makes conquests of many men who would be unmoved by words spoken in sunny circumstances. It is the encircling gloom which makes the testimony glorious. I verily believe that Stephen's magnificent bearing in the night laid hold of Saul of Tarsus and would not let him go. Saul never got away from it, and it colored his thought and life to the very end. When he himself was stoned at Lystra, a young fellow was looking on, and looking on with awe-inspired admiration, and the constraint won him to the Lord. It was in the nighttime that Paul discovered Timothy, the strong and vital comrade in the labors of his latter years. No wonder he gloried in tribulation.

And surely it is in antagonism that we discover the joy of battle. To be hit, and yet to go at it again! Is there no deep joy in that? To be stoned in Lystra, and yet to go back again! Coming out of the hospital and voluntarily going straight back to the front. With that sort of courage there goes a strange joy, and it is the joy of the Lord. J. H. J.

The Changing and the Abiding

MONDAY. I Cor. 7 : 31. "*For the fashion of this world passeth away.*" When I recently visited Herkimer, New York, the place of my birth, and where I preached in the beginning of my ministry, I found that the home of my childhood and the church of my choice had given place to other structures. I also ascertained that relatives and acquaintances of my early days had nearly all passed away. Standing almost alone in the busy town, a flood of memories rushed in upon my mind. The rose leaves of former friendships were refreshingly fragrant. The loving-kindness of those who had led me to the Saviour, who had trained and educated me in the Christian life in my young manhood, was a sweet-smelling savor to my spirit.

I realized that no changes of seasons, places or years could make any change in the love and devotion of the followers of Him Who is the same yesterday, today and forever. Though the temporary home is dissolved, how grand to know that the permanent residence is prepared, a building of God, eternal in the heavens. Paul and the beloved John had actual knowledge of the Celestial City. They had been caught up into the heavenly places. It is the city of the "No-Mores"—no more death, sin, sorrow, separation, night, wars or evil.

There, in the church triumphant, whose walls are salvation, whose gates are praise, whose choirs are angels, whose congregations are from all races, kindreds and tongues of the world, how glorious must be the family life of the infinite Father!

So the Christian pilgrim exclaims—

"Beyond the sunset's crimson bars,
Beyond the twilight and the stars,
Beyond the midnight and the dark,
Sail on, sail on, O happy barque,
Into the dawn of that tomorrow
Where hearts shall find the end of sorrow
And love shall find its own."

E. W. C.

Workers with God

TUESDAY. II Cor. 6 : 1. "*We then, as workers together with him.*" "*We are workers.*" It is not possible to conceive of Christian men and women as not being busy. The shirker, slacker, idler and drone are the abnormal items in a normal scheme of things. The word "work" was an important one in the vocabulary of Jesus. "My Father's business" was a fine phrase of His teaching. To be a consistent Christian, a true follower of Jesus Christ, calls for sound thinking and strenuous toil.

Edward Everett Hale said, "The greatest word of the next one hundred years will be 'Together.'" It is a great word in business and in religion. It means co-operation and that means team-work. In unity of purpose and agreement of goals lies the strength of our Christian labors. "We are workers *together* with Him." It is the will of God that we forget self and selfish interests, and so labor that we shall be helpful to the greatest number. This takes us at once beyond the border of our provincial plans into the wider fields of God's eternal purpose for the world. "The world is our parish." Let us study bigger maps.

A young man entered a florist's shop. Taking an American Beauty rose out of a jar, he said: "See what God has made." The clerk of the shop went into the rear and shortly returned with a wild rose, fresh and pink as it had that morning been plucked from its native soil. Said the clerk, "See what God has made." Then he took the American Beauty rose and said, "See what God and man have made together." God made the forests, but He never made a farm or a garden. Man with God has done that. God made the quarries, but He never made a cathedral. Man with God has done that. The same truth holds in the religious world, in that while man has done some very great things, it is impossible for him to do anything worth mentioning, without the raw materials—the first impulse—as given by God. We are workers together with God, honored as His partners, blessed as fellow laborers. R. B.

Helping God's Plan

WEDNESDAY. Col. 1 : 16. "*By Him were all things created.*" It has pleased God to arrange all things in *genera;* "each after its kind"; and here is where we become laborers together with Him. We can not originate a *genus;* but within generic lines we can develop better things. This is as far as development can go. There is not a single fact to show for godless evolution or for any "origin of species" apart from a creative fiat.

A wise man named Burbank plants a vineyard. He fences it and fills it with vines. Ask him to create a vine or even a grapeseed, and he will smile at you. Let him call in all the scientists on earth, and their combined wisdom can not do it. But he can prune his vines and graft them cleverly, and produce a better vine and a more succulent grape. This is real "evolution," which rests not on guesswork but on established facts. And so far forth Burbank is a laborer together with God.

At evening a boy, sitting at the window and looking toward the west, says to his father, "I wish God would let me help Him." "What would you like to do?" "I would like to help Him paint His sunsets." The boy grows up, studies art and puts a sunset on canvas. The miracle is still God's; but the artist, in painting the sunset, has paid a glowing tribute to the miracle; and thus, according to his ability, has become a laborer together with God. D. J. B.

The Christ Ideal

THURSDAY. I Cor. 7 : 20. "*Let each man abide in the calling wherein he was called.*" How happy the man who, by prayer and faith, ascertains God's plan of life for him and is willing to accept the plan and specifications, following the Christ ideal. What an honor to be called to a service by the Infinite One, which means, at the end of life here, a throne and crown of life eternal! We are therefore, not orphans, but children of the everlasting Father. Abraham accepted the call and founded a nation. Moses hesitated because slow of speech, but when the divine Spirit said, "I *Am* that I *Am* is with you; I will be with thy mouth," he became the leader of Israel.

More than a century ago the Spirit of God called a youth, saying, "Go, preach my Gospel." Young Matthew Simpson replied, "I never can, for everybody says I am ungainly as a declaimer. My voice is thin and squeaky; I can't commit anything perfectly to memory, and, what is worst of all, it will break my poor mother's heart." Finally, under deep conviction, he went to his mother with the story. She said, with glowing eyes and bounding heart: "My dear son, I have been waiting to hear you say that ever since you were born." Bishop Simpson blew the trumpet of the Gospel with an eloquence that often caused vast congregations to rise to their feet and shout with glory.

How can a person refuse the call of God to service, to honor, glory and an immortality of bliss? He who guides the bee, the birds and planets, will not fail to lead us safely who are but little lower than the angels. Each follower of Christ is chosen for a special service by Him. Who knows what you can do when aided by His almighty power. E. W. C.

Life Further On

FRIDAY. Eccles. 1 : 8. "*All things are full of labor; man can not utter it.*" The Suez Canal, which we credit to de Lesseps, was originally projected by Pharaoh Necho, who wrote of "binding the Sea of the Rising Sun with the Sea of the Setting Sun." The Mont Cenis Tunnel, which we reckon as one of the notable achievements of modern times, was originally conceived in 200 B.C. by Hannibal, who having led his legions to the foot of the Alps deliberated as to whether he should "climb over them or dig under them." The trans-Siberian Railway, which is the crowning glory of Russia, was projected by Alexander the Great during his campaign for the conquest of the world. It is obvious that no high purpose fails; but always the future must be reckoned with.

Let our cloud-capped towers vanish into thin air so long as the Valley of Achor is a door of hope. The incompleteness of life argues for a life further on. We shall climb the last mountain on our journey, with the prayer of Moses on our lips: "Let thy work appear unto thy servants and thy glory unto their children: let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." Though not permitted to enter the Land of Promise, we may from the heights of Nebo behold its fields all dressed in living green. D. J. B.

The Principle of Sacrifice

SATURDAY. John 17 : 10. '*For their sakes I sanctify myself.*" If self-preservation be the first law of nature, self-sacrifice is the first law of grace. Without sacrifice on the part of God, there would have been no Gospel to preach, and without sacrifice on the part of the preachers through the ages, the Gospel would never have had such a wide influence. Without sacrifice on the part of the rank and file, there would be no Gospel lived. It costs much to be a follower of Christ, but costs much more not to be His follower.

There are four contributions which every Christian is asked to make for the establishment of the Kingdom. They are: the preaching of the Gospel with lip and life to every creature; a personal witnessing to Christ as the Saviour; prayers for laborers to enter the vineyard of ministry and service; sending of gifts, to make it possible for others to go into the field of noble endeavor. In other words: Preach, Reach, Pray and Pay

Christianity was founded on sacrifice. It can only be propagated by sacrifice. We can not, dare not, exclude Calvary from our plans and programs. If our faith is rich, it is because we have poured into it the costliest part of ourselves. It can be said of any great institution that it is the life of some man, or woman, group of men or women, who poured out their lives in sacrificial thought and endeavor.

The Son of God died for the continuity and perpetuation of Christianity. If we would reign with Him, we must suffer with him. Calvary precedes resurrection; the Cross comes before the crown. R. B.

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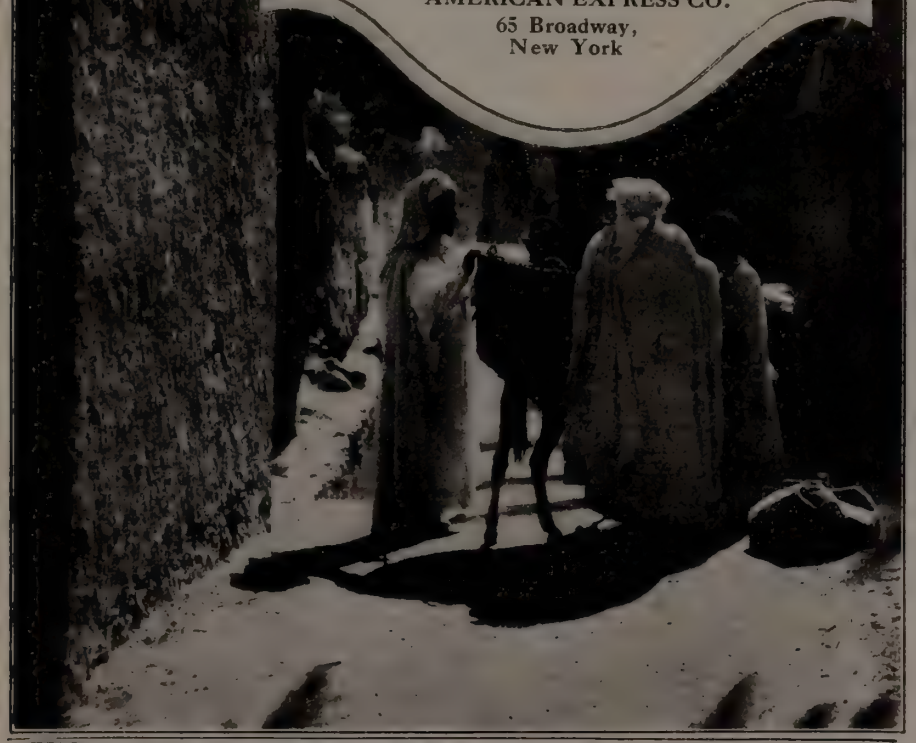

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SAMPLES FREE

A Small Girl—and a Lesson

Proving, Once More, That "a Little Child Shall Lead Them"

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned in one of my articles a small girl named Henrietta. I told you very little about her—I limited myself to a brief paragraph or two—but, if you will remember, I said that I would tell you more of her at a later date. This is the later date!

At the time that I mentioned her, Henrietta was very dangerously ill—she was lying in a narrow hospital bed, trying to recover from an extremely critical operation. I did not like to say very much just then, for we who cared for the child were talking very little—and praying a great deal. But now—now I can talk as much as I want to. For Henrietta's daddy has just told me that she is making the most splendid progress—that she is getting well faster than the most optimistic doctor dared hope.

I told you in that article, a few weeks ago, something about the way Henrietta spent her last hour before going to the hospital. I told you how she went, with her mother and father, into a great department store to buy gift stockings—empty gift stockings of colored tarleton. And I told you how she said when she was questioned:

"I'm going to fill them for the little children on the East Side—who won't have very much Christmas. I'll have plenty of time to fill them while I'm getting better!"

It is a significant thing that Henrietta did not mention the possibility that she might not get better. For Henrietta could give lessons in optimism to many a grown-up. But, there—I'm getting ahead of my story!

> FRIENDS of mine, Henrietta is going to spend Christmas away from home. She will be in a Boston hospital on the Holy Day, swathed in her plaster casts. And so I am going to make a suggestion to you. And you may follow it—or you may not.
>
> I am going to suggest that—if you're not too very busy—you write a tiny greeting on a postcard and address it simply to "Henrietta." And that you send it, in care of me, to the Bible House. And, though I will be unable to acknowledge the receipt of the postals to all of you, I will forward them, very carefully, to her.

IT WAS when the great epidemic of infantile paralysis swept over this country that Henrietta's trouble first came upon her. She was stricken suddenly, one day, and for many weeks her life hung by a thread. That the thread was allowed to remain intact was almost a miracle—many children, less sick than she, did not stand even a chance of recovery.

I cannot help feeling that God kept her because of the place she was destined to fill—the lesson that she was to teach.

So she got well—partly. Her child mind became normal, and the fever left her, and physicians began to talk with great enthusiasm. But the infantile paralysis is an insidious enemy that sometimes refuses to go. It left Henrietta with great reluctance—and it left its mark upon her. For when she was pronounced well her two legs were very badly crippled.

Of course it meant braces and wheel-chairs and expert medical attention. It meant the unceasing care and vigilance of a devoted mother and father. It meant vast expenditures on "new" doctors and nurses and cures. And that was all that it did mean. For few people have dared even to dream of a cure for the disease that has always done its best to destroy childhood.

At first Henrietta's mother and father did not tell the child how serious her condition was. When, at last, they tried to tell her they found, to their great surprise, that she already knew. And that she had known for some time. But she had kept her silence bravely, never even whispering a complaint—never breathing a single word of bitterness or resentment.

New York City—which is Henrietta's home—is a curious place. The people who live in New York are not very "folksy"; they know appallingly little about the art of neighboring. One may live next door to a celebrity—or a criminal—and never know it. But in Henrietta's case it was quite different. Somehow the folk who lived near her came to be acquainted with her—somehow other folk, who lived farther away, heard about her. There was something in her sweetness of character, in her strangely adult view of life, that attracted people.

You who have children—and you who haven't any—will be able to count the number of years back to that great epidemic. You will know that it wasn't a long time ago—when counted by years. But counted by the friends that Henrietta has made it was a very long time indeed. For she has made many friends, and some very remarkable ones.

There are artists, writers, and poets in her little intimate circle. Great novelists and dramatists have given her private readings. Great humorists have made life brighter for her. World-famous musicians and world-famous ministers have played for her—and prayed for her. And all because God had put a spark of something rather wonderful into her soul!

I have known Henrietta for some time. And I can think of no one who looks on life more beautifully than she does. She sees the romance and the adventure and the wonder of everything. Out of her wee allowance she gives to the charities—she raised money for Mont-Lawn last summer, and for the China Famine last winter. This week she sent a dollar for the Bowery Mission.

WHEN tidings came of a great doctor who made little crippled bodies whole again, Henrietta's father and mother had almost reached the end of hope. They had tried so many doctors—and with such a burning lack of success! It seemed almost unbelievable that anything could be done. But they took the final chance and traveled with her to Boston, where the great doctor performs marvelous operations.

The doctor is a busy man. He cannot undertake to cure all the children who come to him, for he can do only a certain amount of work. But after he had talked with Henrietta for ten minutes, his mind was made up.

"This child must be helped, if possible," he said; "she is *worth* helping!" And almost immediately he bade the eager mother and father make preparations. And the upshot of the matter was that Henrietta, today, is lying in bed with great plaster casts encasing her small body, and with wedges at each knee joint, and with a frame that might have been built for the Spanish Inquisition, pulling this way and that!

I'm not going to say any more about Henrietta. It's about her influence that I want to speak—about the lesson that she taught. I want to tell you how a certain prayer meeting asked God to protect her, because one of its members was one of her friends. And of how, in a publishing office, there was a prayer for her. And of how, when any of her chance acquaintances feels cross or blue, the thought of her is like a gentle rebuke. I want to tell you how she has, quite unconsciously, preached the gospel of selflessness and good cheer. And how her small, nearly broken life has proved again, that "a little child shall lead them."

Paul's Last Words

International Sunday School Lesson for December 18
II Tim. 4 : 6-18

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

TO BE able in old age to write such a letter as Paul sent to Timothy is worth all the cost of suffering and toil involved. The great letter-writer with whom we have kept close company since last July goes on from spiritual strength to still higher spiritual strength as his years increase. As Jesus began His great work of training the disciples and apostles for constructive Kingdom-building after His year of popular favor, so Paul has men like Titus, Mark and Timothy in mind as those who must be well equipped to become Christian leaders in great centers and carry on the work. He writes to them that they in turn may be "thoroughly furnished unto every good work."

After being under guard for two years, Paul was released. Professor Ramsay suggests that the full time had elapsed within which witnesses from Jerusalem must come to Rome and appear against Paul. Either none came or their testimonies were not able to substantiate the charges. It will be remembered that Felix, Festus and Agrippa were personally ready to free Paul after they listened to the charges and rebuttal. The imprisonment at Cæsarea and Rome had already been costly to the imperial government. Then there had been an expensive journey to Rome, as well as the cost of the heavy guard placed about Paul from Jerusalem to Cæsarea. Paul's appeal to Cæsar was justified and he at length became a free man once more.

The letter to Titus of Crete and the first epistle to Timothy of Ephesus were written after being released from Rome. From these pastoral letters it is known that the apostle again became an itinerant preacher and overseer, or bishop. Reading these two letters, you will find that he went at least to Greece, Crete, Ephesus and through Troas on the way to Macedonia. He evidently planned to spend the winter at Nicopolis in Epirus (Titus 3 : 12).

MEANWHILE conditions for the Christians in Rome and throughout the Roman Empire had been become extremely serious. The terrible persecutions under Nero reached their height and the life of a Christian became a mere plaything. Some of the awful events are described in your Roman histories and encyclopedias. Paul, by reason of his aggressiveness, was a marked man, and after being arrested, was taken to Rome a second time. Now his condition was decidedly different than on the former occasion, when he dwelt for two years in his "own hired house" and had the utmost freedom of utterance. By reason of persistent tradition, the traveler to Rome today is shown that underground cell where Paul was confined in the Mamertine prison. Now there is a door in the wall for the entrance of the pilgrim; but in Paul's time, the only entrance for light or for the prisoner was through a circular hole in the roof.

If Paul was killed in A. D. 66, and if he was born about the time of the birth of Jesus (say B. C. 4), he was 70 when, from his place of misery, the second letter was written to Timothy. Winter was close at hand and the cell stones gave no warmth to the old evangelist, enfeebled by his hardships which covered many years. He greatly needed his cloak which he had left at Troas (4 : 13). But more than that eagerly desired garment he wanted the warmth of the love and friendship of his spiritual son Timothy, and of Mark also. This reference to John Mark will have a rich meaning, if you will turn back to the lesson studies for August 7 and 21. The man whom he had deserted at Perga could not have rejoiced the heart of Mark more by any other message; but Mark was worthy of this full restoration to friendship and partnership. Without question, both Timothy and Mark hastened to reach Paul that they might minister to him in things material and spiritual, according to their utmost ability.

Some errands of mercy cannot be put off. While hurrying to Rome, they talked with great sorrow over the fact that when Paul had his hearing or trial, not a single friend was with him except the Best Friend, who never fails any one. Where Dr. Luke was just then is not explained, for he was with his beloved friend at the time when Paul wrote this letter to Timothy. Picture Paul, standing alone with and for his Lord (vs. 17), preaching once more the Gospel of salvation through Christ. But though these two friends hastened, Paul's earthly days were ended before they could reach Rome. Because he was a Roman citizen, Paul did not receive indignities at his death, but was released from further earthly service by the executioner, as the head was severed from the wornout body at one stroke of the sword.

These are days when, by means of the talking-machine, a man's voice is heard after he leaves the earth. Many have been listening with special attention during the past months to the songs of Caruso. How Timothy must have cherished that last letter from his great-hearted friend who had discovered him at Lystra about nineteen years before! Surely when he reached Rome he sought out the prison cell and the place of execution and reread thoroughly, tearfully and thoughtfully this precious epistle, which has become so helpful to the whole Christian world. There are places where books have an added meaning.

TURN now to II Timothy and read the entire epistle. It will take only ten minutes, but you will find encouragement and instruction to last a life-time. Some of the verses are especially rich with meaning, such as 1 : 7-12; 2 : 3, 4, 15; 3 : 16; 4 : 2, 5, 7, 8. Choose others for yourself as you again read II Timothy. Commit those special verses to memory if you have not already done so. This letter is especially valuable, because it is written from his last prison; everywhere it is more than courageous, it is bold, it is ringing with declarations of victory! From no book in the Bible are texts taken more frequently at the time of the ordination and installations of ministers and church officers.

"What is success?" is a good question to ask at all times. Was the life of decapitated Paul a failure? His own declaration is the best answer. He said, with a ring of triumph, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." Nero might order an execution, but that event would merely release him from earth's responsibilities to receive the eternal riches from his Heavenly Father. For him to live was Christ and to die was gain.

Paul's thoughts were on the goal. Those who look for Christ at the goal can run the last lap with added strength. Not Paul's record but his relationship to his Lord made him sure of the crown of eternal life, with all its attendant blessednesses. Paul rejoiced in the fact that his heavenly possessions would not deprive any one from receiving similar joys. The highest and best things are "for all those who love His appearing."

It seems very fitting that, as we conclude these studies in the life of Paul, we should devoutly weigh the rich meaning of the apostolic benediction, which is Paul's prayer for each of us as well as for the Christians who were at the time in Corinth: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all."

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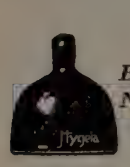

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The Extra Baby

Continued from page 905

times when Nellie had smiled when she wanted to weep and lashed herself on when her body cried for rest and did without that others might have. It was turned over in heart-sickening sums to physicians who introduced specialists and to specialists who recommended a sanatarium.

And finally, after many uncertain months, when Nature had demanded what human nature had denied, and the physical scales were adjusted once more to life and work, Nellie came home to a household presided over by a competent new mistress who had graduated from high school and settled down to the deadly monotony of a small town without so much as an audible sigh.

Then, one day, Fate, that sardonic croupier of life, gave his wheel a spectacular spin and when it stopped, with the whole community looking on breathlessly, Pauline, who, in spite of blight and drouth and chilling winds, had never for an instant ceased her blooming, became the bride of one of the wealthiest and most worthy young gentlemen in the vicinity. With youthful stateliness she had walked up the dingy aisle of her father's little church, to the music of soaring organ notes that were like heartbeats under tulle. Her lips were parted in a rapt, incredulous smile as she was led by stalwart magnificance past her mother and her brothers in the familiar family pew.

The next evening, after the last crumb of the meager wedding-cake had been devoured, the last colorful bit of confetti swept from the brick walk, the boys returned to school and business, Mark and Nellie found their way out into the fragrant rural stillness that brooded over the little town. The spring evening was opalescent and alluring. The sun had set. Dusk was blurring the trees that arched the broad roadway that traversed the length of the town. Before them, glimmering in silver streaks between the trees, the river shimmered. Arm in arm they strolled past friendly groups who beckoned from porch and garden as they continued slowly downward toward the water. Their meditations blended in profound silence. Mark was the first to speak.

"As soon as the wedding expenses are cleared up, we'll be on easy street, Nellie. Since the older boys insist upon helping Paul, we can think now of ourselves."

Nellie tightened her grasp upon his arm. "What will we ever do with all our money!" she exclaimed.

"By the first of September the bills should all be cleaned up. Then we can begin on some of the things we've wanted all our lives," he said.

THEY reached the river, sat down upon a fallen tree and talked until darkness prompted them to turn and retrace their steps. When they were within sight of the parsonage again, Nellie's voice, a trifle strained, reached him through the darkness.

"Mark," she said, "would you mind very much if we didn't begin on the clothes and furniture until, say, October or November?" She hurried on breathlessly. "There are things I can't tell even you, dear, but Amelia Crofton, poor girl— The judge's wife and I are trying quietly to get her away—before Thanksgiving. You don't mind, Mark?" she questioned anxiously.

He did not reply at once, then, as though startled from a reverie he answered: "Of course not! A few months won't make any difference. I was just thinking," he concluded, "that perhaps we had better give ourselves a little leeway—say, until the first of January. That would give us a chance to help a little toward the memorial tablet and do something for the new hospital, before we thought of ourselves."

When they reached the parsonage, which was dark and lonely and noisily quiet as a last year's bird's nest, they drifted into the dining-room where Pauline's unpacked wedding gifts made a multicolored splash of sophisticated splendor against the drab and sordid background. For the hundredth time they went over them all, from the plated pickle-fork, a gift from the butcher's wife, to the chest of silver, from the family of the bridegroom.

Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, just as the stentorian clock in the kitchen struck eleven, Nellie flung her arms fiercely about Mark's neck and fell upon his shoulder, sobbing.

"Why, Nellie!" he exclaimed, enfolding her trembling figure within his powerful grasp, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she sobbed, clinging tighter. "Nothing—only I'm so *h-happy* about Pauline!"

CHAPTER IV

AND at that very moment, while the mahogany clock on the mantel of a reception-room in a hotel a hundred miles away was chiming eleven silvery notes, Pauline Ronaldson, who had just returned from a concert, gazed into her husband's eyes and whispered. "Don, dear, I feel in my bones that Mother is weeping!"

She flung her apricot-colored cape over the back of a capacious chair and draped her lithe figure against its ingratiating folds. Her eyes were glistening and there was a tremulous twitching about the corners of her tender mouth.

"That's a foolish hunch, darling," said her husband.

"But, Don, they always do cry—don't they?"

"How should I know, sweetheart? Possibly she is. She never struck me as being that kind, though. She went through the ceremony and reception like a thoroughbred—why should she weep now?"

"Silly!" Pauline laughed unsteadily. "That's why. There's room for you in this chair," she suggested coquettishly.

"Your mother's a corking good sport," remarked Donald presently. "I feel awfully sorry for her, cooped up in a dead little town with no money——"

Pauline's blond head raised itself from his shoulder. She sat erect, looking at him with eyes that blazed in sudden defense. "Don," she began evenly, growing a little white about the lips, "if you love me, never, never, *never* even *think* pity for my Mother!"

"Why, what's the matter?" Donald exclaimed.

Pauline gulped. "The loveliest thing about Mother and Dad and the only thing that made being poor and having to scrimp along bearable, *was not being sorry for ourselves.*" Her blue eyes lighted with enthusiasm. "Of course you couldn't know, but Dad and Mother have always lived a thrilling adventure. They've done the funniest things all their lives and been perfectly serious over them. Dad has dressed like a bricklayer and worked like a farmer and acted like a parson, and Mother's even taken in washing——"

"No!" interrupted Donald.

"Yes, really!" Pauline nodded vehemently. "To earn extra money to slip into the boys' letters when they were in college. She took school-teachers to board and when she thought nobody was looking, she slipped their clothes into the tub back of the washboard. When they were ironed, she wrapped them up in packages and the teachers never suspected who their laundress was. It was very exciting for Mother. If she had thought anybody ever knew, it would have been drudgery—and it would have killed her."

DONALD felt her heart racing against his shoulder. "That's great stuff," he conceded.

Pauline started to speak, then flushed painfully and fell silent.

"Don't mind me, Duck," encouraged Donald, squeezing the hand that lay in his.

"Well, you probably won't understand, Donald," she went on reluctantly, "because you know nothing about being hungry, but I've always had a perfectly absurd feeling that Dad has always wanted every bite I ever ate! You see, there was never any more than just barely enough to go around." She lowered her eyes. "If there had been one less of us you see? I suppose they—well—they never thought of—twins," she explained, flushing. "I always felt,

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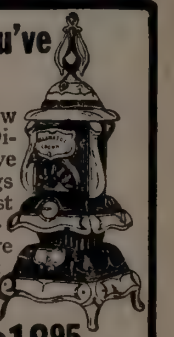

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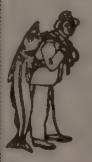

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among so many boys, that I was the odd child. Since I've been older, I've felt that, since I was the extra baby, so to speak, it was up to me to make myself either excess baggage or — good measure."

Donald grinned. "Great dope!" he exclaimed. "Well, things will look up for them now. The boys are getting on. You've got a meal-ticket. They'll have everything for themselves."

Pauline smiled with wordly sophistication which contrasted charmingly with her inexperienced youth.

"Mother and Dad will never have anything all for themselves, Don," she exclaimed. "If they ever get an extra dollar ahead, they'll have a perfect gorge buying Bibles for the heathen or mending the washwoman's roof."

"But what are they going to do eventually? Your Father can't preach forever. Is there an Old Preachers' Home, or something?"

PAULINE shrugged her shoulders. A puzzled frown puckered her brow. "Oh, God's going to take care of them," she said, half smiling. "They have absolutely terrific faith. It's queer how it works out, too," she conceded, venturing a furtive glance at her husband's profile. "I never could understand it, but when Dad took to locking his study door and Mother got busy in her room—the queerest things began to happen!"

"Honestly?" Donald was serious.

"Cross my heart!" declared Pauline.

"But what's the hallucination—what do they think is going to become of them?" Donald asked soberly.

Pauline's eyes bubbled with merriment. Her tone, as she answered, was like that of one who speaks of visionary children. "They're going to have a little farm and raise pigs and chickens and have a cow. Why, Dad's already got a collection of old hoes and rakes in the cellar."

"But have they any money saved toward it?"

"Not a sou!" Pauline exclaimed.

"Then," demanded Donald, "where is it to come from?"

"Why—from God, of course."

"I see," said Donald quietly.

After a long silence Donald spoke. His voice seemed to have become tangled about his Adam's apple.

"If your father wasn't so cock sure God was going to give him his farm I might do it myself."

PAULINE sat upright, her passionately earnest eyes riveted upon his face.

"Last year," Donald continued, without looking at her, "when Uncle Henry's estate was settled, they wished a little farm on me. I've got a man there now farming it on shares," he explained. "Your father might let the man run the place until he was ready. Then, if the congregation got peevish—or anything."

Pauline caught her breath sharply. Her newly ringed fingers went up to her throbbing throat. The reflection of a dawning light gleamed in the depths of her luminous eyes.

"Donald," she said slowly, "I believe I begin to see—how things—work out!" She trailed her fingers across her brow. "I've always thought there was something frightfully mysterious about God, But—why, Don—isn't it all simple?" she gasped. "It's just through ordinary people, like you and me."

She leaned back and closed her eyes for a second and in that instant her winged imagination traversed the blackness of the night without and stole noiselessly through the locked front door of the distant parsonage, up the uncarpeted stairs, past the open study door and on through into the bedroom where she dropped to her knees beside the spent figuros of her father and mother, who lay quietly, side by side. She was aroused, presently, by Donald's voice, thoughtful, but matter-of-fact.

"Of course, it's simple," he was saying, "So long as ordinary people—like you and me—don't put sand on God's slide."

And he bent and kissed her.

A hundred miles away, in a still gray bedroom, a woman emerged suddenly from sleep. She sat up, opening heavy eyes, and spread her arms out eagerly to the darkness.

"Oh, Mark—Mark, dear!" she whispered softly, "I dreamed that Pauline had come back to us!"

For Church Union in Canada

By REV. E. RYERSON YOUNG

AN IMPORTANT step toward the consummation of union between the Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches in Canada was taken by the Joint Union Committee, which met in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, on October 24, when a Standing Committee on Legislation was appointed to consider measures necessary to give effect to the union of the negotiating churches and to prepare bills for submission to the Parliament of Canada. This committee consists of fifteen members—six Methodists, six Presbyterians and three Congregationalists—with the Hon. N. W. Rowell, K. C., ex-President of the Privy Council of Canada, as the convenor.

A Standing Executive Committee also was appointed, consisting of ten Methodists, ten Presbyterians and five Congregationalists, with the Rev. Dr. G. C. Pidgeon, of the Presbyterian Church, as the Chairman. A Committee on Co-operation also was appointed which will extend its work to colleges, publications, Sunday School work, and all boards of the three churches.

An interesting and important feature of the conference was the presence of representatives from the General Council of Local Union Churches of the West, Rev. T. A. Munro, Rev. John Reid and Rev. C. B. Lawson, who presented a statement of the working of these union churches and suggested methods for further union. The Council of Western Union Churches was asked to send three members to the sessions of the Joint Executive Committee on Union as corresponding members.

At the opening session of the conference, statements were made by the leaders of the various denominational delegations to the Joint Union Committee. Rev. Dr. Hugh Pedley spoke for the Congregational Church and declared its readiness to proceed with union. Rev. Dr. Chown, General Superintendent, spoke for the Methodist Church and reviewed the progress of the negotiations. Dr. Pidgeon did not disguise the fact that in the Presbyterian Church there was a strong minority against union which was determined to maintain the Presbyterian Church. But, he declared, the delegates were instructed to co-operate with the negotiating churches to the utmost limit.

The Union Committee then proceeded to business and followed the plan suggested in appointing committees. The Committee on Legislation appointed a sub-committee, of Hon. H. W. Rowell, Angus MacMurchy, K. C., and John T. Field for the purpose of engaging a legal firm and preparing a bill of incorporation and all other necessary legislation for the proposed United Church of Canada. The Committee on Co-operation will speed up the work of drawing the various parts of the workings of the churches together. The amalgamation of the Sunday School papers has already been partially achieved.

The following figures will show the strength of the two largest negotiating churches:

	Presbyterians	*Methodists*
Property value	$26,334,848	$44,178,371
Annual givings	9,554,593	11,311,259
Church members	350,674	400,789
S. S. pupils and teachers	318,819	470,399
Ministers' stipends	2,513,993	2,711,077
Missions and social service	1,274,510	1,160,563
Women's Missionary Society	401,543	476,103
Education	119,183	103,181
Pension schemes	132,474	425,628
Ministers	1,606	1,820

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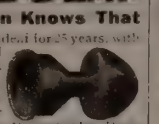

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 907

to accomplish little toward a reduction of armaments on land, and that the next international gathering might well be convened to deal with that problem. There also will be need for further international exchanges on Pacific and Far Eastern problems, since changing conditions in China render it impossible at this time to say the final word regarding her problems. The list of subjects which might be treated with advantage by such a series of conferences could be elaborated almost indefinitely.

The President's overtures along this line have purposely been kept free from discussion of details, in order to reduce to a minimum the probable causes of complications. But the response so far has been encouraging, and further developments will be awaited with the greatest interest.

International

GOVERNOR E. MONT REILY

whose administration of Porto Rican affairs is being attacked

PRINCESS MARY TO WED BRITON. Official announcement has been made of the engagement of Princess Mary, only daughter of the British King and Queen, to Viscount Lascells, son and heir of the Earl of Harewood, one of richest of English peers. The Princess is twenty-four years old, while her fiancé, who was wounded three times while serving in the trenches, and who won several decorations for bravery, is thirty-nine.

AMERICAN TROOPS LEAVE RHINE. Reduction of the American forces along the Rhine has begun with the return to America of eleven officers and 600 enlisted men, who sailed from Antwerp. The wives of eighty-two soldiers who had married in Germany accompanied the party.

SIXTY-FOUR BRITISH PRISONERS PERISH. The death from suffocation of sixty-four out of 100 Moplah prisoners who had been crowded into a closed railway coach, an incident recalling the tragedy of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta, has created a sensation throughout India and intensified the opposition to British rule. British officials have begun an inquiry and have issued statements deploring the loss of life. The Moplah revolt has continued to spread, and 15,000 men are under arms and defying the British forces in area of 3,000 square miles.

NEW JERSEY DRY LAW UPHELD. The New Jersey Supreme Court has upheld the constitutionality of the Van Ness prohibition enforcement law, which had been attacked because it provided summary arraignment before a magistrate without a jury. The court ruled that this provision was a proper exercise of the police power of the state.

RAILROAD RATE INQUIRY ORDERED. The Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered a general inquiry to determine whether any further reductions on railroad rates could be required.

Young People's Topics for Dec. 18

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Conscience: Teaching It, Quickening It, Obeying It

B. Y. P. U. and C. E. Prov. 20 : 27; Acts 4 : 13-20

THE dictionary defines "conscience" as one's inmost thoughts, the moral sense or consciousness within oneself which determines right and wrong. And the word "conscientious" is defined by Crabb as the possession of moral intelligence, the perception of right and wrong. The word must not be mixed with that other word so often used in its place, when we say that we have "scruples." A conscientious man is so altogether, but a scrupulous man may have only particular scruples. A conscientious man does nothing to offend his conscience, but a scrupulous man has often his scruples on trifling or minor points. The Pharisees were scrupulous without being conscientious; we must, therefore, strive to be conscientious without being over-scrupulous.

For a very satisfactory definition of "conscience" we may take the words of the author of Proverbs: "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord," that is to say, "the Christian spirit, or conscience is lit up by the Lord, illuminated by the divine light." Or in other words, there is no conscience worthy of the consideration of the earnest student that is not shaped by the teaching of the Gospel and influenced by its precepts and examples of righteous character and conduct. An individual may do a certain thing and that action be fundamentally wrong and out of relationship with the highest ethical standards of thought and action; nevertheless the individual responsible for the deed may defend himself with the plea that his conscience dictated the act. It is a question not of conscience, but the quality of conscience.

Paul, before his conversion had a certain kind of conscience. He was under the impression that he was doing the correct thing when he breathed out threatenings and words of condemnation against the Christian Church. But after his conversion he changed his mind and he said, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." Another phase of the trained Christian conscience is found in the second reference wherein is recorded the words of Peter and John, "For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

And obeying that sort of conscience—that compels one to speak the things which are seen and heard—is the glory of the church at home and abroad. No soul can go amiss in the realm of duty who has heard the voice of God and who has been made restless by the desire to be up and doing to make the world better.

The Ten Commandments in the Life of Today

E. L.

HAVE the Ten Commandments read in unison. Request each member to give a brief reason why, in his or her opinion, the Ten Commandments are valid for the life of today. Contrast these principles of Christian ethics with the principles of pagan ethics. Give this topic plenty of preparation and make this meeting notable by the thought that we get out of a meeting exactly what we put into such a meeting. It would be an evening of great profit if you would ask your pastor to take charge, and busy no doubt as he is, he will be glad to assist you with his mature counsel and knowledge of the subject.

Doctoring India's 315,000,000

Continued from page 903

again the mission sent a Bible woman to find out what the parents had done to the child. She found they had acted on the assumption the child was possessed of the devil, had rubbed a fowl up and down her back and then let the fowl go so as to carry away the devil. (The priest no doubt had chicken for dinner that day.) The mother had rubbed a yellow powder over the child's face, which the little girl said hurt her, while what the missionary nurse did made her feel better.

The Bible woman explained to the idolatrous parents they were not only doing wrong but were hindering the chances for the recovery of their little daughter, but offered to intercede with the missionaries to take her back. So after sending a messenger to know if she might return the parents came back, bringing the little girl again over the three miles of road. After eight days of incessant care it was found the burn was too deep for human healing, and the little girl was relieved one night by death. The parents said the mission could bury her as a Christian, but it was thought best not to do so and the parents took the body away.

"When she was with me," the mother said, "I told her to pray to Jesu Christi, for Miss Fales had said, if she prayed to Jesu Christi He would help her bear her pain." This her mother said she had done notwithstanding her performance of heathen rites.

PERHAPS the thought of what the missionary may suffer from lack of proper medical care may impress, the dweller in the United States more than the neglect of the Indian, because the missionary came from America and is of the same stock as those who read these lines. But I want to assure you that the missionaries themselves talk much less about the privations they suffer because of lack of medical and hospital care than they do about the distress of seeing the great multitudes who must meet the diseases of a tropical climate, bear the pains of motherhood or pass through the days of helpless childhood unaided by competent skill or the inventions of modern science and often positively injured by the incantations and treatments born of superstition.

In the issue of the Indian Witness to which I have referred was an editorial on "The Art of Healing," in which were these sentences:

"Medical missionary work in India and Burma deserves attention. Investigation shows that over 80,000,000 of the population are beyond the reach of medical aid. Under present conditions they must live and die without such care. Even where government hospitals and dispensaries are established under the care of subordinates the common people are suspicious of them because of unfair and dishonest practices towards those who are too poor or are unwilling to offer bribes. The waste of child life is appalling. The difficulty in medical missions at first was that doctors were given so many other things to do, educational and evangelistic, that they could not give their best to the relief of suffering. Even now there are capable and worthy physicians who are overburdened with cares not related to their principal effort."

The editorial gave encouragement by saying that "recently there is a decided change in sentiment and purpose" and held out hope that in time there will be adequate medical staffs who can devote their entire time and skill to the one work for which they have especially fitted themselves. But at the time that was written the war had reduced the number of English medical missionaries holding degrees from British institutions so that there were eighty-three fewer than in 1914. Hence there is a louder call than ever for reinforcements. Concerning the Indian Christians of one denomination statistics were presented showing that the increase in the percentage of deaths from influenza and other diseases during the years 1915–1919 was 100.5, while the increase in church membership for the same period was only 20.3 per cent. Such data, said the editor of the Witness, should convince Christian people that they are facing one of the greatest problems ever placed before the church.

ONE of the medical missionary contributors to that issue, Dr. Hugh H. Linn, of Vikarabad, Deccan, corrected one idea which has prevailed extensively in America and that is that only women physicians can have access to Indian women because of their seclusion in zenanas. Dr. Linn said that physicians and ministers are excepted classes and are allowed to see women in purdah, the ministers of course being of a faith approved by the man of the household who must grant the privilege.

"I have found," he said, "that the purdah system does not hinder the medical man from seeing the strictest Mohammedan lady when she is really sick and needs help. They excuse themselves by saying that the doctor and the priest are not excluded from seeing any of their women; purdah does not hold with them. I have often been called to see and examine Mohammedan ladies of the better class, as well as of the poorer classes, and have even performed operations for them that would have been quite impossible had they held to their rules of purdah." It might be said, perhaps, in explanation that Dr. Linn is in south India where there are fewer women in purdah than in north India, and where the rules of purdah are less strictly kept.

The government of India has established some fine, large and well-equipped hospitals and the idea may prevail that these are sufficient for the need and that only prejudice keeps the native Indian from availing himself of the medical help offered. From personal testimony of missionaries and others I can say that multitudes are constantly being turned away from these hospitals because there is no room. I know of one particular case where a man tried for three months to get into the hospital in Calcutta for a needed operation, only to give up in despair, because it was said there was no room.

No ministry in the jungle can be more beneficent than one which will point out the real nature of disease and supply skillful and rational treatment for its remedy. Government officials live in the jungle to care for its forests, build its roads and collect the taxes. Why should not some American physicians be willing to volunteer their services for the still higher task of healing the souls and bodies of men, women and children?

OF THE 6,448,366 farms in the United States, 4.1 per cent. were operated by women last year, there having been 261,553 women whose occupation was classified as farming, says the report of the Joint Congressional Commission of Agricultural Inquiry. The total land area in farms on January 1, 1920, was 955,676,545 acres, the report shows. Men operated 929,878,145 acres, or 97.3 per cent. of the total farm acreage, while women operated 25,798,400 acres, or 2.7 per cent. The average size of the farms with women operators was 98.6 acres, while the average for the farms of men was 150.3 acres. Of the 6,186,813 men, 3,737,326 were owners, 67,762 were managers, and 2,381,725 were tenants. The 261,553 women farm operators were distributed as follows: 187,769 owners, 763 managers, and 73,021 tenants.

HOW IT WORKS. "The door to success must be a revolving-door."

"Huh?"

"If you don't dive in quickly somebody will have you out on the sidewalk." —*Houston Post.*

SUBMITTED. After a young lawyer had talked nearly five hours to a jury, who felt like lynching him, his opponent, a grizzled old veteran, arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said:

"Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument."—*Life.*

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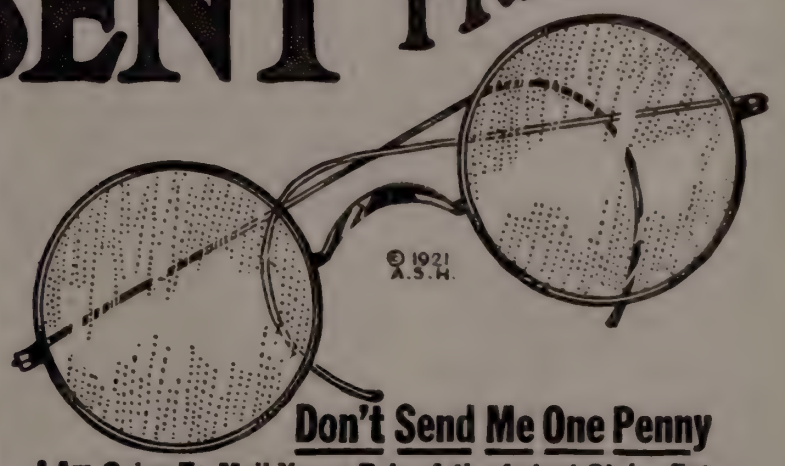

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Or if you are fond of going to the movies once in a while, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen look just as clear and as plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles.

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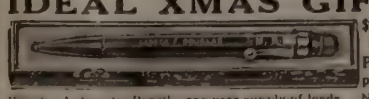

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any questions addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

READER, Pennsylvania, writes: "Recently I read in the Christian Herald where a reader in Peoria, Ill., asked: 'Is it not time for the door to begin to open? What would Jesus do at such a time as this? The world is not a fit place for Christian people to live in any longer.' I often wonder if a great deal of the trouble does not lie with the Christian or so-called Christian people themselves. How very few are living up to what the name Christian really means? How many of our homes, where boys and girls are being brought up, have the Christ-like spirit taught by example or precept, by the parents whose names are upon the church record? Really this to my mind is a serious issue and in many instances it is very hard to discern which really are sheep and which goats, so many times they are to be found feeding upon the same worldly pasture. We know what Christ said about lukewarmness. Let's get closer to Him and learn of Him and live like Him, and very soon that sinning brother, neighbor or friend will be anxious and willing to yield his life to Christ. Let us go to Him with all our cares, worries and troubles, and He will solve them for us, as He did for the Israelites in the wilderness when they were willing to trust Him alone, first, last and always."

Our correspondent's well-meant remarks are deserving of consideration. We should help to awaken the Christ spirit in others, but we are not to judge them. God alone knoweth the heart. Many a soul is won to Christ through kindly encouragement, helpful acts and a good example, who could never be drawn by harsh criticism and the assumption of superiority.

A. J. B., Johnstown, Pa. The whole Conference was publicly placed under Divine guidance in the prayer at the opening session. It should not be forgotten that the Conference's aim is the reduction of armaments to a peace footing. The Conference can not usher in the millennium; no human power or combination of powers could assume to do that. What it is doing bravely, and with faith in God to make it a success, is to make war more and more difficult, to lighten the heavy burdens imposed by naval and military rivalry throughout the world, and to draw all the nations closer together in bonds of friendship and mutual co-operation. The nations are rejoicing at this auspicious beginning, and Christian people everywhere share this hope and see the hand of God in it. They regard it as a very substantial step toward peace and are praying that it may lead in that direction, under God's blessing.

Reader, Nashville, Ark. Esau's sin was that he "profanely flung away his spiritual privilege for the gratification of his palate." It was done wilfully and recklessly. (Gen. 25 : 34). To the Jewish mind, the sin of Esau was a terrible and far-reaching one, casting away eternity for a trifle, and the right of primogeniture, which involved the privilege of being "ancestor of the promised seed and heir of the promises." It was little wonder that Esau, on realizing the true character and extent of his sin, "found no place for repentance." "But," writes one commentator, "had he sought it with true penitence and tears, he would have found it. (Matt. 7 : 7). His tears were those of vain remorse, not of true repentance."

Pastor E. H., Big Fork, Mont. Your inquiry has been submitted to a reliable authority, who writes: "There is no Jewish court in New York, from a legal standpoint. Occasionally it comes to pass that Jewish cases, relating to their worship in the synagogue and other things connected with it, are so complicated that the Judge of the court calls to his aid a rabbi, and one or two prominent Jewish business men. But there is certainly no Jewish public district court."

A. R. M., Freeport, Ill., writes: "When husband and I began housekeeping, we neglected family prayers, although reared in homes where they were never omitted. Recently, we took up the custom of our parents, and I can not tell you sufficiently the change for the better that took place in our lives. One can not pray God 'that the words of my mouth and meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight,' and then nag each other, or speak of people in an unkind manner. The confession in the presence of our family helps us, and one is wonderfully strengthened by the knowledge that we are obeying our Master, who gives us strength for every emergency."

Rev. D. J. Jenkins, Charleston, S. C., writes: "Please accept our thanks for the gift to our Orphanage from one of your subscribers, which you so kindly forwarded to the Jenkins' Orphanage here, an institution which has done so much for little orphan and destitute boys and girls. We have trained more than 3,251 during the thirty years of our existence, principally on voluntary contributions. We knew the Christian Herald long ago, and also that veteran, Dr. Klopsch, who was the Founder of the Christian Herald Children's Home at Nyack. When we met him in New York in 1892, he took us up to the Home, where the Jenkins' Orphan Band enjoyed two of the pleasantest days of their lives. Somehow, we feel as if we have a claim on the Herald and its many readers. The Editors know us and the struggles we have been making for thirty years. Our 30th anniversary celebration occurs soon, and any gifts your readers may send to the Christian Herald, in aid of the 'black lambs,' will be greatly appreciated."

J. A. W., Wayne, Nebr., writes: "All over the corn belt states, we are having to get our corn crop husked the best way we know how, as laborers will not touch it at the price for husking. The women, old and young, are compelled to go to the fields. We simply can not get corn huskers. I think, with Paul, 'that if any would not work neither should he eat.'"

E. F. B., Los Angeles, Calif. Jacob's struggle with the angel at the brook Jabbok was that he might obtain a spiritual blessing. He had come to regard his vision at Bethel as an experience which should urge him to greater confidence in God, and greater courage to ask for blessing and protection. He was now almost on the border of the promised land, and it was not improbable that, at the very last moment, as he was about to enter, he would encounter the strongest opposition. The all-night wrestling at Jabbok, "until the breaking of the day, was, as the Scripture account declares, no dream or phantasy of the excited brain, but a reality. It was to win from this strong spiritual contestant the crowning blessing, that Jacob struggled, and would not let him go until he gave it. Having that final assurance he was satisfied to be temporarily disabled, for through the graciousness of his opponent, he was now assured not of safety alone, but of the validity of the inheritance. Some commentators hold that the shrunken sinew and subsequent lameness were to keep him mindful of that strange experience. They remind us that, in the greatest of our spiritual victories, there is always some reminder to keep us humble. Josephus, the Jewish historian, wrote of this: "for his (Jacob's) sake, it (the sinew of animals) is not eaten by us"; not because this observance is founded upon the law of Moses, but simply as a traditional custom which honors Jacob's memory.

D. MacK., Brockton, Mass., writes: "As an old subscriber, and a constant reader of the Mail-Bag, I want to congratulate Rev. J. W. Wells on his suggestion for a People's Parliament or a People's Advisory Council, centrally located, with city, state and national headquarters, where one could properly express his true political sentiments, unhampered by the corrupting influences of the modern politician, and his henchmen. Then the average American citizen could express his political sentiments in no uncertain way, not only on disarmament of nations, which is vital, but on all important political issues that concern our very existence." Letters in the same vein of approval have been received from Mrs. J. A. L., Santa Barbara, Calif., Emily S. B., Los Angeles, Calif., Rev. H. G., Cincinnati, O., and others.

M. J. H., New York City. In many different ways, the Conference has been made to realize that the eyes of the world are looking toward it, and that hearts everywhere are praying that its labors may not be in vain.

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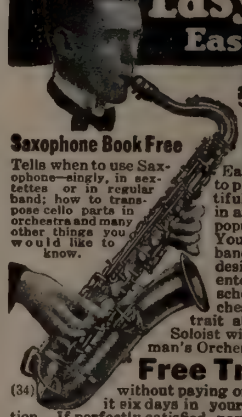

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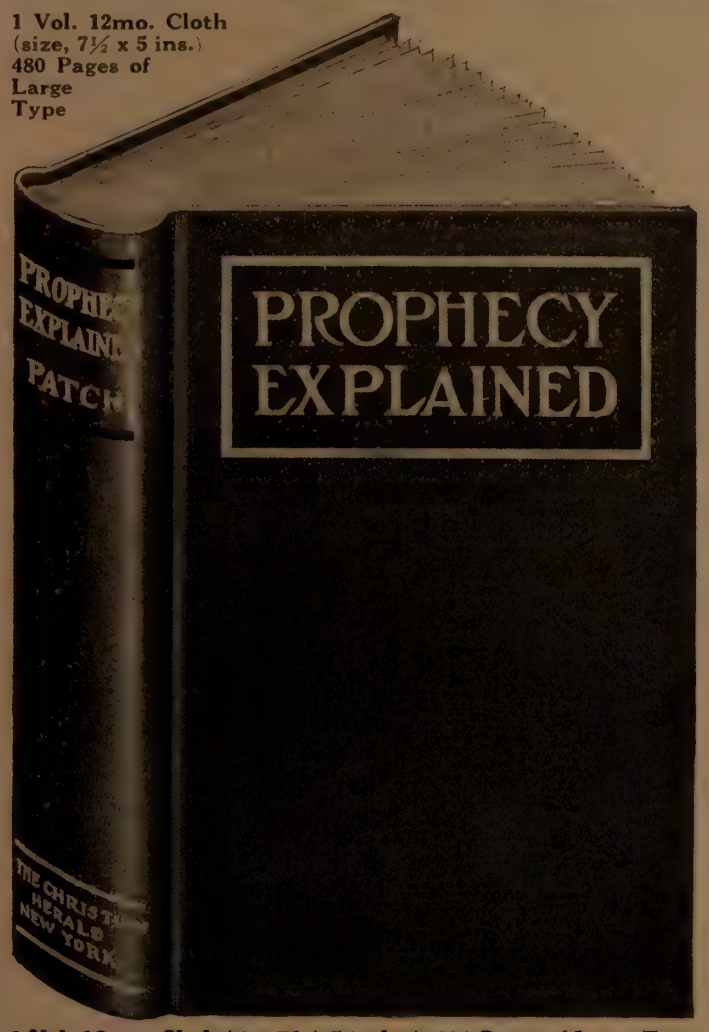

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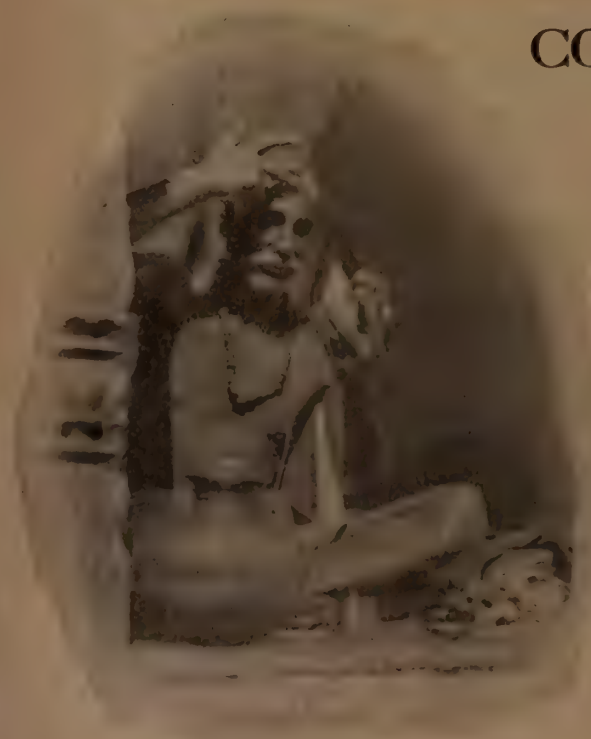
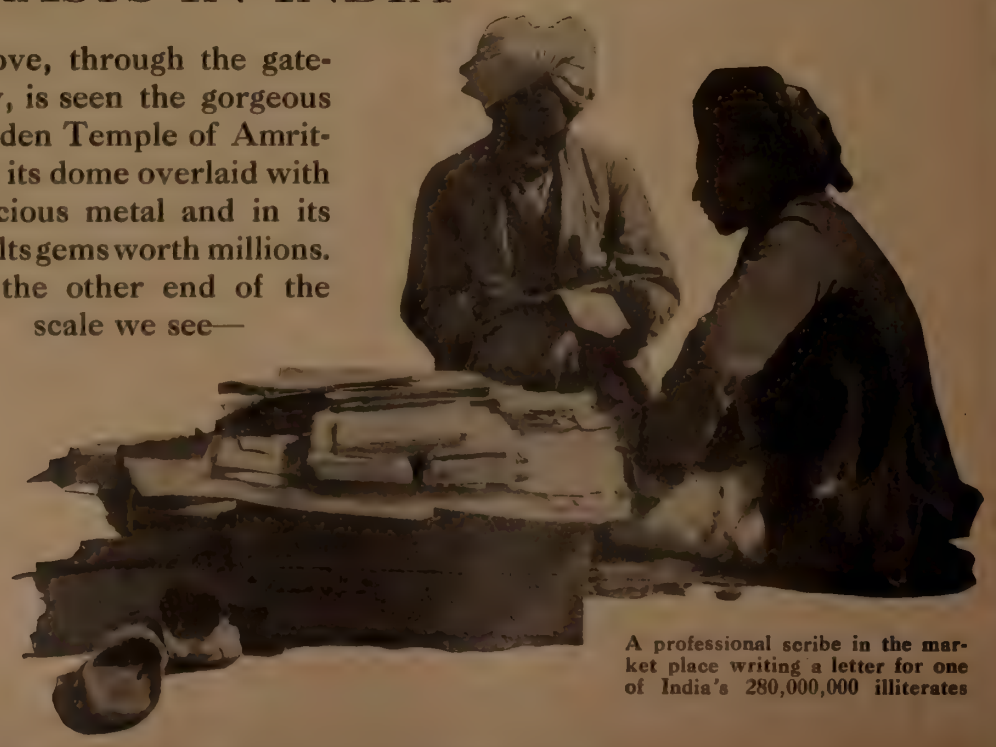
CONTRASTS IN INDIA

Above, through the gateway, is seen the gorgeous Golden Temple of Amritsar, its dome overlaid with precious metal and in its vaults gems worth millions. At the other end of the scale we see—



A mendicant "holy" man putting on his caste mark



A professional scribe in the market place writing a letter for one of India's 280,000,000 illiterates

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THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD
(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
AN · ILLUSTRATED · NEWS · WEEKLY · FOR · THE · HOME ·
· GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER ·

Austria's first Inter-Society Total Abstinence and Prohibition Committee, meeting around the famous table at which the Austrian Cabinet in 1914 approved the ultimatum to Serbia which precipitated the World War. This room is in the palace of the President of Austria, and President Hainisch, who is chairman of the committee, is seated at the right at the head of the table. Mr. Hinshaw is the third from the right in the photograph

Austria's President a Prohibitionist

By VIRGIL G. HINSHAW

(Chairman of the National Committee of the Prohibition Party)

I WAS sitting only a stone's-throw from the Capitol steps in Washington, D. C., in the office of Dr. Clarence True Wilson, General Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

We were discussing the subject of World Prohibition and were naming the countries easy and difficult of access. Finally Dr. Wilson said: "Austria is an interesting field. Its President, Dr. Hainisch, is a Prohibitionist."

From that moment the name of the Austrian President dwelt upon our minds. Could it be possible that old, conservative Austria, ruled by the Hapsburgs for over four hundred years, had produced a President who took such a stand? If so, Austria should be investigated, we agreed.

Two months later found me in Vienna. By the help of the American Embassy, through Mr. Eugene Shoecraft, I was soon in the President's Palace holding my first interview!

Large of frame, tall, dignified, yet pleasant in manner, the President possesses that politeness so characteristic of the Austrian, and immediately puts one at ease. He is quick to understand, decided in opinion, and ready in retort. One could easily imagine, if he judged from pictures, that he was sitting beside Carranza while interviewing Dr. Hainisch.

"I stand for the prohibition of all intoxicating beverages," said the President, emphatically. "This position is nothing new with me. My early teachings were such that I could not well do otherwise. My mother gave me three kronen each week from the time I was a small boy till I reached manhood, to abstain from the use of alcohol and narcotics. I saved the money and bought a house with it, and now when I take my friends to that house I tell them that it is my Drink-smoke-house.

"Austria should do something of a bold nature in order to extricate herself from debt," he continued. "We have issued fifty-six billion kronen of paper money. Our chief assets are a fertile soil and an earnest, industrious people, ready always to work. If we can add to these virtues the virtue of sobriety, with the savings that will result therefrom, we will be a hundred per cent. better able to meet the world's demands and to put Austria on her feet."

THE President is not content with precept alone. He is ever emphasizing noble example. It appears that a party of Americans, some fifteen in number, including the mayor of a great city, some men of finance, others of the American Legation, recently invited him out to dinner. Liquors were served in quantities and all imbibed freely except Dr. Hainisch. When the dinner was over all agreed that the President of Austria had proven himself the best American citizen of any present.

Again the President continued:

"MY MESSAGE to America is this: Stand by Prohibition, enforce the law, because in proportion as you enforce it, there will be a decrease in criminality, pauperism, insanity, and the other things that make for ill in human society."—*President D. M. Hainisch, of Austria.*

"America can help us very much in the dissemination of facts about alcohol. Just a little American money will go very far in Austria. Make no mistake while you are here. Get representatives of all classes into the Prohibition organization; get the Jews, the Catholics, the Protestants, the Socialists, the Laborers, the Employers, the Farmers, and the Men of Business! It will require the united efforts of all to make the movement a success!"

These words were typical of President Hainisch; he is true to principle and broad in his sympathies.

Not only is the President of the Republic a prohibitionist, but the leading political party, the Socialist Party, in its last national platform, declared for total abstinence, and named Prohibition as the ultimate and inevitable solution of the liquor problem.

When I arose to leave after two hours of conversation, the Chancellor of the President's Cabinet, Mr. Lowenthal, said to me: "That table is where the Austrian Cabinet sat for two days in earnest discussion when they delivered the ultimatum to Serbia which started the great World War. The seat at the head of the table is where sat the Prime Minister who controlled the proceedings."

I asked him if I might not sit in that seat for a moment, and the President said, "Yes, but please understand you must sit there in meditation of thoughts of peace and not of thoughts of war."

I promised him, and then occupied the chair for a minute.

With President Hainisch acting as Chairman, we formed a Committee representative of different groups; among them were Anton Holzl, prominent leader of the Socialist forces in Parliament; Dr. Joseph Longo, President of the Agricultural School, also in charge of the education of the Hainisch family, and of Elizabeth, daughter of Crown Prince Rudolph, son of Joseph; four hospital physicians, including

the treasurer of the Austrian Medical Association; the leader of the Blue Cross; the head of the Catholic Abstinence Association; and the Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Austria.

THE Committee asked of the American branch of the World Prohibition Federation six million kronen. Two of the constituent bodies of the Federation—the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and the Prohibition Foundation—were gotten in touch with and the money quickly provided. Now comes the surprising part of the transaction.

Six million kronen before the war represented one million two hundred thousand dollars, whereas now it equals only two thousand dollars.

While only a trifle to the American, two thousand dollars is a vast sum to the Austrian. Let us cite a few examples in order to show the power of the American dollar in Europe at this time.

After going to fourteen hotels, I finally located a room in the Hotel De France upon the Ring, a reputable place. My room for two weeks was fourteen cents a night in American money. I sat one morning at breakfast in the dormitory of the Agricultural College when a student entered, who had just lost his parents. He was unable to continue school for the lack of funds. I inquired the cost of sending him to school for a year and was informed that twenty-seven thousand kronen, if paid in advance, would provide him for a period of ten months with board, room, books, and incidentals. I looked up the exchange rate and discovered that this could be purchased for nine dollars of American money. Needless to say I purchased it and gave it to the young man with the understanding that he work for one hour each day for total abstinence and prohibition.

With these rates of exchange in mind, it will doubtless be interesting to know how the six million kronen appropriated for temperance work will be spent. Nine hundred thousand kronen, or three hundred dollars, will pay the salary and traveling expenses of Prof. Longo, for two-thirds time, plus the salary of one full time stenographer, plus the cost of stamps and envelopes, and certain literature. Nine hundred thousand kronen, or three hundred dollars, will pay the expense of printing six hundred thousand copies of *Der Abstinent*, a monthly publication. The same would cost in the United States three thousand dollars.

Six hundred thousand kronen, or two hundred dollars, will pay the salary and expenses for a year, of a man to organize the universities and colleges of Austria. One million, five hundred thousand kronen, or five hundred dollars, will be used for the purchase and running expenses of an auto truck to be used for the transportation of wax demonstrations of the bodily organs, showing the effects of alcohol.

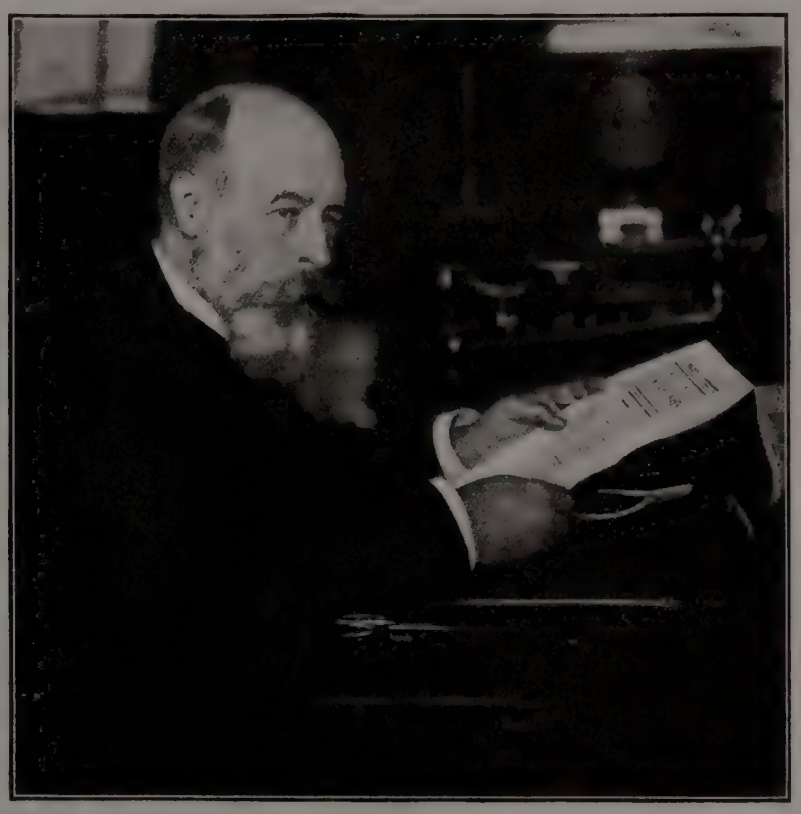
We still have left two million, one hundred thousand kronen to be spent as the wisdom of experience may suggest.

WHEN the work of organization was completed, the President invited us down to his palace in order to have a photograph taken of the Committee. We sat around the famous table, ten in number, where sat the Austrian Cabinet after the murder of the heir to the Austrian throne, when they delivered the ultimatum to Serbia. Many thoughts passed through our minds as we sat there. This same table was used only seven years before for a conference by a reactionary Cabinet of one of the oldest of the world's monarchies to plunge the world into the worst war of all the ages. Since that time eighteen million graves of fallen heroes had been dug. Thrones had toppled and crashed. Kingdoms had fallen.

What had become of the famous history-makers who sat around the table upon the occasion of such moment? Count Sturgkh, the Prime Minister who governed the proceedings that were to spread such a canopy of horror over the earth's domain, was later shot in a Vienna hotel by a man who now holds a conspicuous place of leadership in the Austrian Parliament. Count Berchtold, minister of foreign affairs, died in exile in Switzerland; Count Tizra, Prime Minister of Hungary, was killed in Budapest; Minister Bolinske for Bosnia, is in exile in Poland.

Certainly these are endings worthy of the picture of world catastrophe and ruin, of devastation and death. Judas sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver and then went out and hanged himself. These men had unwittingly been indirectly the executioners of one-sixteenth of the mature male population of the globe, and the despoilers of one-sixth of the world's wealth. Where were they now? In ignominious graves; in exile.

Truly a new day had dawned. This same table was now being used by the head of the Austrian Republic for the organization of the first Inter-Society Total Abstinence and Prohibition Committee, of which the President is executive head.



Dr. D. M. Hainisch, President of the Republic of Austria, who since early boyhood has been an ardent prohibitionist, and who today is leading this reform movement in his country

WHEN the picture had been taken, I turned to the President and asked, "Will you not please give us a message for the American people?" He readily assented and dictated the following expression to which he added his signature:

"*MESSAGE TO AMERICA Through the World Prohibition Federation:*

"My message to America is this: Stand by Prohibition, enforce the law, because in proportion as you enforce it, there will be a decrease in criminality, pauperism, insanity, and the other things that make for ill in human society.

"I regard the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution of the United States of America as one of the greatest and most far-reaching pieces of legislation ever enacted by any nation of the civilized World.

"We are thankful to America for the help she is giving us in the providing of food for starving children, and we thank the World Prohibition Federation with its constituent bodies, including the Methodist Episcopal Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and the Prohibition Foundation, for the help they are giving us in the furnishing of means for the dissemination of facts relative to intoxicating liquors.

"We realize more and more that the world is one great family. Let us pull together and help one another when help is needed.

"Sincerely,

"D. M. HAINISCH."

Succeeding with Religion in Business

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MR. WILLIAM J. STITT, at first glance, is all business man. As he sits at his broad desk in the center of the busy office of the Joseph Adler Glove Company, he is almost appallingly impressive. But at second glance one can not help noticing the kindliness of his face—the sympathetic twist to his mouth and the humorous sparkle of his eyes. It is after the second glance that one realizes that Mr. Stitt is a business man—plus.

I have always found that the folk who have really made good are loath to talk about themselves. And Mr. Stitt was no exception to the rule.

"But what," he asked me, "can I say to you? I never give interviews—never!"

I explained.

"The Christian Herald," I told him, "is publishing a series of talks with the big men of our country on religion in business. Many people do not believe that there *is* any religion in business. And so we—"

Mr. Stitt interrupted.

"I never give interviews," he said, "but—well, I'm going to, this once. I'm going to because of my respect for the Christian Herald and because—" he hesitated slightly—"because I want to do everything in my power, always, for the furtherance of The Kingdom. Don't think that I'm just talking for effect—please—" He paused again, and then:

"I was a very young boy when I went to work for Mr. Adler," he told me. "He was a Jew—but he was broadminded enough to be willing to let his Christian employees follow their own religious bents.

"I started to work for Mr. Adler—let me see—forty-seven years ago. I went to the office on my first day with a very proud feeling in my heart and the advice of the best mother in the world upon my soul. 'Always,' my mother told me, 'through the whole of your business career, be brave enough to sail under true colors. Don't ever pull down your flag!'

"It was my mother's advice that gave me the courage to refuse to drink, to smoke and to use unpleasant language. It's hard for a boy, sometimes, when he doesn't do these things. The other fellows are quite likely to make fun of him—to call him a sissy. I remember sitting at my desk, perfectly silent, as I fought some of my hardest battles! And I remember how the other boys would say to me—'Oh, it's all right, *now*. You can be as good as you want to, *here*. But wait until you're a salesman (being a salesman was the common objective of every boy in the office) then you'll have to be a *regular* fellow!' I used to worry secretly about that—wondering if I'd have to pull down my flag to keep from being a failure!

WILLIAM J. STITT

"Eventually I did get to be a salesman. I was taken out of the office and put upon my own resources. I had to meet buyers, other salesmen, the heads of great firms. And some of them—most of them—wanted to introduce me to card-games and to drinks and to other forms of so-called amusement I had so long avoided.

"It was difficult sometimes to remember my mother's advice. But I never allowed myself to forget. And, as time went on, I found myself rising to the position of head salesman.

"The morals that I, as well as my associates, had expected to be a handicap had been of surprising value to me. I discovered, to my intense astonishment, that the men who had wanted me to drink with them were the ones who bought my goods. They drank with other men—but when they bought they came to me. Instead of sneering at the colors I sailed under, they respected them!

"The step from salesman to something better was not slow in coming. It was marked with big triumphs for the firm and smaller, more personal ones, for me. I worked hard and enjoyed every moment of my work. And today—" Mr. Stitt laughed, but his glance, as it swept the busy office, was eloquent—"today I feel almost satisfied!" He paused a moment, and then—

"It doesn't at all follow," he said, "that a business man need—in the pursuit of a career—lose sight of his religious life. He can put much more into his work if he has the solid foundation of a Christian life and a home church back of him. I am one of the trustees of my church—and I have never, in all the years of my business, been too crowded for time to take the active interest that such a position requires. I have raised a family on the same principles that my mother gave to me. And I have endeavored—with all that's best in me—to make those principles the underlying fact of the firm that I head!"

Through the Open Door

An Interview with China's Delegates in Washington

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

THE average American citizen who thinks he understands everyday matters fairly well does not pretend to understand the intricate web of politics and policies called by the easy name of the Far East. Neither does he pretend to be able to define exactly what is meant by "the Open Door," as China and the public, especially the newspaper public, uses that term.

And it is hardly necessary for the Editor of the Christian Herald to tell his readers that as far as he is concerned he is innocent of a great quantity of inside knowledge that belongs to the history of the troubles that exist between China and Japan. This article is not a treatise on the political situation that at the present moment engages the attention of students of Oriental policies. I confess the thing is too intricate for my feeble mind to grasp in its true outlines, and I am perfectly willing to leave it to Mr. Wells and other historians who can put into a single sentence the entire policy of a whole nation, covering calmly any number of centuries and as many policies.

This is the story of seeing two men who, more than any others in the Conference at Washington, so far as China is concerned, know more about its real history and its ambitions and purposes and aims than any other two men, unless it is Colonel Harvey and Mark Sullivan. What these two newspaper men do not know about any world subject is perhaps worth knowing, but not when they are writing or speaking. At any rate they will not care to criticize the historical statements in this article, because there are not going to be any. Nothing but about two very interesting men of China and what they think about—but it will be plain what they think about when we get to it.

IN VISITING the official embassies of the Chinese and Japanese representatives during my stay in Washington I was always impressed by the total absence of any signs of ostentation or officialdom. On the other hand I was struck with the general air of freedom from all gilt braid and fancy uniformed attendants. I do not recall seeing any Japanese or Chinese clothed in any garments that were national in appearance, and I am sure I never saw any officials or doorkeepers who for one moment equalled the gorgeous doorkeeper I remember seeing once at the portals of the London Times some years ago, and past whom it was difficult to get unless one had a previous appointment to meet the third assistant reporter of court news. As to seeing the editor or proprietor himself, that could not be accomplished without a signed letter of endorsement carried on one's person and written by the Lord Chief Justice or some equally august and well-known person. Matters may be different in the Times now that Lord Northcliffe himself is an editor and proprietor.

The Chinese Ambassador to the British Empire, Dr. Wellington Koo, has his official residence in Washington during the Conference on Massachusetts Avenue, a long ways from the center of the city. But for that matter so do the Japanese Ambassador and many of the other diplomatists. It took me nearly an hour's brisk walk to reach the embassy of Dr. Koo, and as I had no letters of introduction and his secretary had told me over the Ambassadorial telephone he was facing at any moment a most important conference, I went up the steps with some doubt, but with great admiration for the wonderful iron grilled door, with its serpents of Æsculapius forming the center decoration so strikingly that I looked instinctively at my finger-ring, which bore the same sign of the medical corps of our own country, and I could not help wondering why a Chinese official residence was marked with a Greek symbol.

BUT when I had presented my card to the door usher—and by the way he was the nearest to an official I had yet seen and wore a "swallow-tail" evening suit and was an Irishman!—I found myself in a large entrance which was too large for a hall and not big enough to be called a "parlor." I put my coat and hat down on a very handsome marble table some six feet long, because I saw other hats on it, and I noticed as I did so that the pedestals of the table—one could not call the supports legs—were also of Greek design; in fact, they were grotesque imitations of satyrs, and I could not help wondering where the furniture had come from.

The Irish major-domo in the evening clothes had taken my card somewhere, and while I waited I noted again the democratic freedom of the entire embassy. There were perhaps a dozen different persons, Japanese with Chinese, Americans, one officer, the only man in uniform in sight, two servants sweeping the floor and stair railings, and doing it very leisurely, and half a dozen men evidently in waiting like myself. All the hats on the table except mine were bowlers, and I felt a little relieved when another man came in and put a soft hat down by the side of mine.

I had waited perhaps five minutes when an exceedingly wide-awake and smiling young man came running down the broad stairs at the end of the waiting-room and called my name, getting around the "Shel" part of it admirably. I rose, and he said he was the Ambassador's secretary, and if I would come up-stairs he would see me. As I went up the stairs with the Secretary he said, still smiling—and he smiled constantly as if life were one grand song and there were no such thing as a closed door on him—"The Ambassador will be glad to meet any one from the Christian Herald. In fact all of us feel under the greatest obligations to the Herald for what it has done."

THAT was a good enough introduction for any one, and I thanked him as well as I could and felt like asking him if he had been married last night, he looked so supremely happy; but he suddenly left me to go up another broad flight of steps where he said Dr. Koo's office was, politely ushering me into a real "parlor," and as he did so introducing me to a tall, interesting looking man, whose name I did not get, but he looked all right. After eying each other a few seconds the man said, speaking such good English that I wished I had a dictionary to pick out a few good words in reply, "I understand you are representing the Christian Herald of New York. I wish to say for my people that we deeply appreciate all you have done for us in the great famine."

That was a good enough opening and I made reply that we appreciated the lasting friendship of China, and could say as a country that we had never tried to exploit—I pulled up at that point, not knowing just to whom it was I was talking, when the Secretary came running down the stairs still smiling as if he had just got word that his rich uncle had died and left him a fortune, and said Dr. Koo would soon be down.

"Oh!" he said, just as any one might say it, "I am afraid I did not make very clear the name of the Chief Justice." And he introduced him again and this time I caught the name of Dr. Chung Hui Wang, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of China, the Senior Delegate to the League of Nations and the member sitting with Dr. Koo and Dr. Alfred Sze at the Washington Conference. I may say here that a public program of the Conference gave Dr. Wang's name as Hui Wang Chung. But all I know about it is that after the Chief Justice and Dr. Koo had gone I remained to talk with the smiling Secretary who seemed to have nothing else to do but smile and be perfectly agreeable, and I asked him to write me down the names of the Chinese delegates, and he wrote the name of the Chief Justice just as I have put it down. The Secretary ought to know if anybody, and I am inclined to think the printer of that program got his spelling from the Irish doorkeeper in the dress-suit.

THE Chief Justice seemed so friendly that awaiting the coming of Dr. Koo I ventured to ask him a number of questions, displaying several volumes of ignorance of Chinese in the asking, but in reply to my asking just what China meant by the "Open Door" he said with great earnestness: "The open door that China wants is simply equal opportunity with all nations to develop her resources of commerce and industry without being exploited by any other nations." He went on to say that the United States had never sought to interfere with China's sovereignty, and for that reason was held in the highest esteem and friendship by all the people. Then I asked him if he considered the problems that confronted China so far as Japan was concerned to be insuperable, or if they could not be met in a spirit of friendly co-operation.

It was a direct question and the Chief Justice might not have wished to answer it in the presence of some of China's Jingoes, for she has her Jingoes as all nations have, but he said gravely and with the deepest feeling: "I believe these differences can be and will be met to the mutual satisfaction of China and Japan. They must be solved by the spirit of good-will."

Dr. Koo came in at that moment, the smiling Secretary by his side. His greeting was, I felt at once, extended to the entire Christian Herald family. "Tell them it was a magnificent expression of your sympathy to our suffering people, your contribution to the famine. We shall never forget it."

Dr. Koo is a strikingly handsome man, of commanding look and one would not mistake the statesman. He asked me to pardon him if he withdrew to make a very important engagement with a conference committee, but before he went out he said again the same thing he had said about the Christian Herald and its contributors. "We of China feel the utmost friendship for America for what you are and for what you have done."

I LINGERED, as I have said, for a few minutes with the glad young Secretary. He seemed to have absolutely nothing on earth to do but make himself smilingly agreeable to me. The duties of his office, if he had any, rested as lightly on his young shoulders as a wedding rose on the lapel of the bridegroom's coat or the orange blossoms on the brow of the sweet young bride. I felt certain as I lingered that he *must* have been married last night or at least was engaged to some charming Chinese graduate of Vassar or Smith where the old type of China is passing into the new type of a new world.

And I could not help again comparing as I had before, the difference between the men of the East and the West. For at all the embassies of the Oriental delegates I visited there was an air of leisure and of calm that we of the West do not seem to understand or express. I wonder if it is because they are so deep settled in the fact of their centuries-old solidity that they have such an atmosphere of not being in a hurry. Dr. Koo and Dr. Chung Hui Wang were soon to go into a very important conference meeting where matters of tremendous meaning to China would be discussed. But they both appeared to me to be no more concerned and no more in a hurry about it than if they had a summer's day in front of them to choose which out of a dozen ways they would spend it.

I at last managed to bow myself out of the embassy and reluctantly shook hands, I think for the fifth time, with the genial Secretary. I felt sure he was the right young man in the right place.

I hope the readers of the Christian Herald will not think this article is too lightly written. I am not in the mood after my interview with Dr. Koo and the Chief Justice of China to feel gloomy about the Open Door or the Far East or the Pacific or anything else. The smiling face of the Secretary rises before me, and somehow I cannot help feeling that God is in His world working among the nations, bringing them together in ways they themselves do not know how. At any rate as I walked away to my hotel, I found myself saying, "He hath made of one blood all nations that be upon the face of the earth." China and Japan. "With God all things are possible."

Wide World

Mrs. Alfred Sze, wife of China's minister to the United States, who is one of her principal delegates to the Washington Conference, and their two-year-old daughter Betty

Christmas in the "Department House"

Toddlekins Does Her Bit to Brighten the Day

By IDA ALEXANDER

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

THE soon-to-be Christmas was with Toddlekins as she was being put to bed. Thoughts of it hovered around her, as they had done for weeks.

"It's goin' to be the icy Christmas ever was!" prophesied Toddlekins.

"Icy! Not much, in California!" disagreed Ben, his hands in his pockets.

"Nice," elucidated Esther. "You knew what she meant, Ben."

But Toddlekins was talking again. "Icy Christmas!" she cried. "Know what I wants Santa Claus to bwing me?"

Everybody knew and nobody said. Their attention engaged, Toddlekins went on.

"I want a doll—a weally, twuly doll, 'at goes to sleep, an' wakes up, an' talks, an' says its prayers——"

"Some doll," interrupted Ben, in an undertone.

"All full o' clothes," went on Toddlekins, "an' openin' an' shuttin' eyes. 'Nen I wants a wockin' horse—a great big, one 'at Benny can wide on."

She smiled ingratiatingly over at the hostile Ben, and he smiled back.

"An' a new hat wiv a fevver, an' a coat—all fur 'wound it—an'——"

"Toddlekins," sighed Mrs. Grayson, "you'll break the bank!"

"An' there ain't any bank," added Ben.

"Santa Claus have got banks," smiled Toddlekins. "Maybe he keeps 'em over in the department house."

"Apartment house, you goose," corrected Ben, in his superior manner.

"Sh! S-h-h!" they cautioned him. "That's the cutest thing she says."

The mention of the apartment house had centered the interest of Toddlekins on that.

"It's a awful icy house," she went on, "winders, an' winders, an' winders, way up. But I like my lady's winder best. She have flowers, an' a bird, an' —an'—everyfing. You fink Santa Claus will bwing her somefin' icy?"

"I shouldn't wonder," Esther cheered her.

"Naw," put in the disagreeing Ben, "he won't go there at tall. He don't go where there's no babies."

Toddlekins pondered that with a drooping lip.

"I want my lady should get somefin'," she said. "Can't she get somefin' if she haven't any baby?"

"Well, maybe," Esther allowed.

"Maybe God'll send her a baby, way, way down from Heaven—in a basket—wiv a turkey——"

Toddlekins' head was nodding, her thoughts becoming confused. She lisped out her sleepy prayer after her mother, and that was all.

Mrs. Grayson put her in bed and marshalled the others out of the room—one, two, three, four—and Toddlekins made five! "Such a lot of children!" people said. The cottage seemed to be overflowing with them.

In Toddlekins' brain a daring project was born. She would take her lady over a present her very own self!

AT LAST the four others were tucked away, like Toddlekins. Mrs. Grayson picked up the little clothes, looked ruefully at Ben's worn shoe, sighed a little, smiled a little, and sat down to wait for Mr. Grayson. He was working late, these nights. Five little children meant early work and late work for both father and mother.

Mrs. Grayson's fingers stitched busily at a dress for Toddlekins' doll. Some of the other things might fail to materialize. But the doll was a sure-to-be thing. Not exactly as ordered would that doll be. It would not talk, it would not know its prayers. But at least it could be "full of clothes." Night after night, the mother worked that it might be.

The dress was finished and still Mr. Grayson did not come. The mother put the dress away with the other things and wandered to the window.

"There are always accidents!" she worried. "I never really rest till Frank is safe at home."

Her eyes turned from the street to the apartment house across the way. Here and there a light shone out. But most of the windows were in darkness.

The window of Toddlekins lady flung out its brilliant light, defying passers-by to make much of the drooping figure at the window. Mrs. Grayson knew she would be there before she looked up. She always was there at night—late, late. However tardy the home-coming of Mr. Grayson might be, the return of the one Toddlekins' lady watched for was later still. Never had Mrs. Grayson seen that light extinguished before her own.

"I wonder who she watches for and why," she thought. "Perhaps she just likes to sit at the window and look into the night. I used to, when I was young as she. It might be that she's lonely—no little child to keep thoughts and fingers busy; no planning how to make a Christmas. Of course, she wouldn't have to plan. The managing, planning days are over for the ones who live in that 'department house.'"

THE apartment house towered over the little cottage, even as the incomes of the inmates towered over that of Mr. Grayson. All around the few cottages tall buildings had sprung up. The cottages, indeed, but awaited the settling of the estate of a hale old man of eighty-four. Once the fingers of the opinionated owner released their clutch on the cottages and life, the heir-at-law would make haste to tear them down, and replace them with tall, fine buildings, such as those with which the neighborhood was sown.

In the meantime the Graysons continued to twine their nasturtiums and sweet peas over the shabbiness of the place, to rejoice in the reasonable rent, to live up to their knowledge that the evil thereof is sufficient unto the day.

People looked askance at the cottages, incongruously set in the near-fashionable neighborhood. The occupants of the apartment house looked down upon them literally and figuratively. There was nothing between them, not even common humanity, one would have supposed. Mrs. Grayson had tried a nod and a smile at first. But they had not been returned. So the kind eyes under the shabby bonnet had learned to look another way.

The rollicking, rosy children, too, were an anomaly in the neighborhood. Children did not grow freely in the atmosphere. The big apartment house across the way boasted but two children, and they not in the same family. But they might have been, so closely they held together, so sedately they played their games, so entirely they ignored the little flock across the street and followed in the footsteps of their elders. They never had been heard to laugh, seldom known to smile.

"I think they're sissies," avowed Ben, belligerently. "Know what they did when their ball came this side an' I pitched it back? Didn't say thank you; didn't even smile."

"They never smile," said Sue, wistfully. "Oncet when you was all off at school, an' Toddlekins asleep, I smiled at the girl. But she never smiled back."

"Aw, what you want to go smilin' at them for?" queried Ben. "They're stuck-up sissies. They never smile back. They——"

Toddlekins beat the tray of her high chair to demand attention.

"Oncet my lady smiled at me!" she declared for the hundredth time. "She did! She did! Her mouf got wide as wide! It was pretty near a laugh. That was the time I turned the summerset."

They laughed with and at Toddlekins. But nobody informed her that the near-a-laugh smile was not in the nature of friendly overtures. Toddlekins had held it so from the first. And ever afterward the lady had been her lady.

She never had smiled again. Her face was not much given to smiling, if Toddlekins had but known. But Toddlekins did not know, and she waited patiently for the time when her lady should beam upon her again.

A WEEK before Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson held a round-up meeting on the Christmas question. Mrs. Grayson brought out her worn and often-altered list. The heads of father and mother bent together over it. The last was first. Toddlekins' name headed the list.

"She wants such a lot," said the mother, with a smile and a sigh. "Every day she thinks of something else. Of course she's just a baby."

"Just a baby, God bless her! I wish we could get her every single thing she wants," said Frank Grayson.

"Well, we can't. But she'll be satisfied, I think, Christmas Day. I've made change after change for the doll. Little girls like dressing and undressing them. And I've made Toddlekins herself a coat trimmed with fur, out of that old one of mine. I'll show it to you, after. It's pretty dark, but I can't help it. It's brown, and she wanted old rose, like the child across the street. Still——"

"She'll like it when she gets it—probably better than the other. Ben still holding out for skates?"

"Yes. All the boys have them. And, of course, he wants them, too. I'm afraid, though, he'll be sorry later that he didn't keep to the baseball outfit. He's the greatest one for baseball."

"I used to be when I was his age. I like a good game yet."

Mrs. Grayson's smile was as wistful as it was caressing. "Poor Frank! I wish you ever had a chance to go."

His answer was reassuring. "Pshaw! I never think of it. I'd rather the youngsters had a good Christmas than to see every game for the next twenty years. If we could add the outfit to old Ben's skates, it would be baseball enough for me."

"Maybe we can. The others aren't nearly as voracious as Toddlekins. Esther wants books and work-box—they're cheap. Sue, a dolly, of course, and a set of dishes. Robbie wants skates. But he's too little. I'm not willing for him to have them. I haven't really sifted down his second choice. I'll do it tomorrow. All the presents for home have been sent and the outside things are ready. I made them all and they really cost very little. And I've both dollies in and nearly dressed. It's just these presents for the children—and—candy—things for the stockings—tree—dinner—it's kind of alarming, even yet."

"We'll get through," he cheered her. "Lay in all you can this week. Then I'll get all I can advanced Christmas Eve. You meet me and we'll spend it quick as winking!"

"It'll be awfully hard for me to get off Christmas Eve. It's such a busy day. I hate, too, to leave the children alone."

"Esther and Ben'll look out for them. We couldn't lug five youngsters through that crowd, even if we didn't have to consider—the car fare."

Both laughed a little over that, then sobered up again.

"We do have to watch every cent, if we want a nice Christmas," said Mrs. Grayson in apology to her husband and herself.

"Sure thing. But then it's worth it."

"Yes, it's worth it. But I wish——"

SHE did not finish the sentence, but turned into the little dark sitting-room. She gazed out of the unshaded window to that other one across the street. The window was wide. Toddlekins' lady still sat beside it, her arms thrown out like an imprisoned bird seeking a way of escape. But Mrs. Grayson did not see that. The luxurious room impressed itself upon her, the jewels that flashed at the woman's wrist and throat. One of those—just one—and Toddlekins and the rest could have their will for once. The mother swallowed a sip from Envy's bitter cup.

"You were saying you wished something, dear," Mr. Grayson reminded her when she went back to him.

"I was wishing that we could have some of the over-abundance that lies across the way; just once to breathe freely; to be able to get all we wanted, without having to pay so dearly for it, before and after. Oh, just once! I suppose it's awful of me. I know it's awful of me. But I can't help wishing, Frank, that—just for once——"

She broke off with a shamed, apologetic attempt at a laugh.

Mr. Grayson patted his broad knee invitingly. "Come, let's thrash it all out," he said, "and be done with it."

She shook her head. "No," she told him, as Toddlekins sometimes did, "I'm bad now. Wait till I'm good again. I'm pretty sure I'll be desperately good again in a minute."

And it was not much more before she was able to smile into his patient eyes.

"I'm a wretch!" she said. "I don't know what came over me, envying Toddlekins' lady, with all the blessings that we have."

"Every one has their off days," he allowed. "You don't have many, you little mother, you!"

"You don't have any."

"Don't I, though? I remember one time, years ago, feeling dreadfully aggrieved because I couldn't have a checked suit like Cham Thayler had."

"A checked suit?"

"Yes, I wouldn't be found dead in it today—nor alive, either. But, just at the time, I certainly felt hardly used."

"Poor Frank!"

"Poor Frank!" he scoffed. "Rich Frank! Do you realize, woman-child, that we have about five million dollars worth of boys and girls—six, I guess, for we can't put Toddlekins in at less than two."

"We couldn't put any of them in under two. And Toddlekins surely ought to be six. I don't love her a bit better than the others, but she's the dearest thing. I wish we had written all her cute sayings down. They'd nearly fill a book. She's always talking about her lady. I guess that's what put her in my mind. She does look inviting, too, in all her pretty dresses. Toddlekins builds on the time that she'll vouchsafe her the second smile."

"Now, there's an argument in favor of our opulence, or her lack of it. Fancy any one being poor enough to have only one smile for Toddlekins!"

"Yes, that's poverty, the genuine article. Ours is only make-believe," smiled the mother, her own bright self again.

THE days passed on, each with some little happening of its own. There was the day Robbie fell down and hurt his knee in a way to threaten the devastation of a doctor's visit, till the mother worked wonders with witch hazel; the morning Ben came home, bloody and triumphant, from one of his frequent pitched battles; the afternoon that Toddlekins wailed, and would not be comforted, because her lady had failed to smile at some particularly enticing somersaults; the time Esther watched a cake for her mother, and allowed it to burn up—a cake all full of butter! But each little tragedy worked its own way out, or gave place to another one and was forgotten.

Christmas Eve came at last, with California sunshine to hallow the gracious time. It was well that they had the sunshine to give a cheerful look to things, for the day did not begin propitiously.

Mrs. Grayson had decided, almost at the last moment, to add a knitted scarf and cap to each doll's outfit, saving thereby the bagatelle of two "boughten" hats. It rushed her and threw her calculations out. Esther had to be pressed into service. Ben and Robbie were squabbling. Sue was out of sorts and Toddlekins no better.

"Dear me," the mother sighed, "I'll never get through in the world!"

She worked all morning, shut in her own room. Disturbing sounds came to her, but she did not pause. Presently one little scarf and cap were finished, and at last the other.

"Now for the tree!" thought the mother.

The tree, gaunt and bare, stood in the locked living-room. It gave no promise so far of the glittering wonder it was soon to become. Mrs. Grayson attacked it feverishly, while Esther kept the children out of the way. But Fate was against her. Callers came; packages came; this, that and the other thing interrupted. The time to meet the father drew near and the skeleton branches of the tree mocked her. She gave it up at last and called the womanly Esther.

"I can't get it finished, Esther," she said. "And I must be off soon to meet father. I don't know what to do. Do you think you could do anything with it?"

Esther nodded solemnly and re-assuringly.

"Me an' Ben will get it all trimmed while you're gone," she promised.

"But are you sure you can do it? You've never even helped before."

"I'm sure. The very top is done. That's the worst part. Me an' Ben can do the rest—easy."

"But what about the children?"

EVEN Esther stood nonplussed at that. The three little ones must not see the tree until it broke upon them in dazzling glory.

"Well, I don't know," she finally admitted. "We could get it most finished while Toddlekins is asleep. But what about Sue an' Robbie?"

The mother thought a moment.

"We could let them go over and play with the Grant children. They'd love that. I can take them as I go and explain to Mrs. Grant. With them out of the way, and Toddlekins down, you'll have a clear field. Poor child, I hate to leave it on you, but I don't see what else I can do."

"We'll love it, me an' Ben," Esther assured her. "We know just where things go. We'll get it done in no time."

She was nervous, though, about her responsibilities, as she watched the shabby bonnet bobbing along on the way to the cars.

"We have to be careful as careful," she warned Ben. "And we have to make time in case we get interrupted."

"Aw, who's goin' to disturb us? We got all afternoon. First off, you've got to get that kid down an' out o' the way."

Toddlekins, standing on the step beside them, watching her mother and the others vanish, was not in the most tractable frame of mind.

Continued on page 928

When Winter Comes

His Love Is Near, to Keep Our Souls From Doubt and Fear

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN winter comes the earth seems still—forgotten is life's springtime thrill, forgotten is the summer's glow, and autumn's leaves, beneath the snow, have turned a sullen, tired brown. All nature wears a pallid gown; the trees are dark and in the sky a thousand toneless clouds float by.

When winter comes, the birds fly far to where eternal summers are, and little beasts creep into rest, in places that remain unguessed, 'til warmer sunlight calls them out. The world seems still—no song or shout is on its lips; it almost seems as if the way the moonlight gleams upon the ice and frost and snow is like a whisper . . . shadows go, like little ghosts, across the dark of country lane or city park.

When winter comes folk seem to fear the cold and quiet—they draw near to fires burning warmly bright, to pleasant rooms, and soft lamp-light. When winter comes they close their doors and count their goodly harvest stores—they make their curtained windows fast against the fury of the blast.

Then is the time of apples red, of popcorn white and warm, instead of pink ice-cream and lemonade! Then is the time to make a raid on pantries stacked with walnuts black. . . . When music rests upon the rack of the piano—when old books are taken from forgotten nooks. Then is the time of indoor play, the good old games of yesterday in which the young and old can mix. Then is the time to mend, to fix the broken chair or closet shelf! When winter comes you find yourself with half a hundred things to do that have been waiting long for you.

The days are short—the hours speed by. It seems as if the very sky is pledged to fill the world with night—as if the clock is never right!

SOMETIMES I think the snow that flies, the rain that sweeps, the wind that cries, is like a hint to us that there are forces in the earth and air that we will never understand. Sometimes I glimpse a Master hand in some gigantic storm, I see His message in each ice-bound tree. Sometimes I think that winter comes with sounds as loud as hostile drums—and sometimes like an army creeps upon a silent land that sleeps.

When winter comes I like to look upon some frozen pond or brook. I like to feel that life still goes forever free—that water flows beneath the surfaces so still. I like to wonder what can kill the movement and the utter peace that never asks for a release, that blandly waits until the sun shall whisper—"Winter time is done!"

Perhaps each little forest place where violets bloom in spring, must face a moment of complete despair—perhaps when frost has filled the air a million leaves feel keen distress—when winter comes to them I guess that they must know, in some strange way, that they have reached a final day. I wonder if the roses go to sleep, in peace, beneath the snow? Or if they sometimes doubt and fear—and if they sometimes fail to hear the reassurance in the breeze that blows among the garden trees?

We know our sorrows. Who can span the depths of fear that comes, who can in all sincerity point out a soul that never knew a doubt? When winter comes the flowers go. . . . When winter comes to us, we know that we must be upon our way. And then it is that every day seems all too good and sweet and full—and then it is we feel the pull of earth and earthly ties and then we feel the joy of living, when that joy is almost at its close! I wonder if each flower knows what lies beyond—or if they die and never know the springtime sky will smile upon their glad rebirth? For flowers bloom again, on earth. And lives will bloom again—He knows, who gave a triumph to the rose!

When winter comes the sad ones sigh, and say: "Another year gone by!" The sad ones groan—"We're growing old—" and shiver in the bitter cold. The sad ones cry, "I wish the sun would always shine—when summer's done, we feel that life is finished, too!" The sad ones are all wrong—they do much harm with their vague discontent, they make us feel that winter's sent to bother us, they make us feel that every snowflake comes to steal earth's loveliness. It is not so—the roses bloom beneath the snow, and warm sap flows in every tree, a part of life's great mystery.

There is no death! Each springtime tells the tale again—each flower swells the gladsome chorus, every brook is like a chapter from the Book of Life. The winter comes with rest because God wills—and He knows best!

I wish that all the things that grew would teach their lesson—ever new—to eyes grown sure and ears grown wise. But we have only human eyes and human ears and human hearts. We sometimes crush the hope that starts unreasoning and half afraid. Doubt is the debt that we have paid and shall forever pay, I fear—until our souls can learn to hear the silent word that comes to all when winter casts a snowy pall.

When winter comes with freezing sleet we try to guide our halting feet across the road—some of us slip, some of us lose our faulty grip upon the solid things, some fall—and cast their sorrow on us all.

But some there are, when winter's here, who seem quite competent to steer a steady course, who walk with care, who lift life's gauntlet—take Fate's dare. And they go briskly down the way and never falter day by day. The sleet and ice hold hidden snares, smooth spots are waiting unawares beneath each small deceptive drift—they take the pathway with the gift of joyous song upon their lips. They never make the slightest slips—and walking steadily and fast they scarcely know when winter's past.

When winter comes the earth seems still—but, just beyond each purple hill, are cozy homes from which the smoke of fires curl—the winter's cloak of white just seems to make each home the cozier to folk who roam. They know that good cheer waits inside, that love and happiness abide together where the hearth is gay with warmth and cheer from day to day.

Forgotten is the summer's gleam, the springtime is a far-off dream—the vivid dress of autumn lies, a vision 'neath enchanted skies. The trees are dressed in drab, the scene, save only for the evergreen, is etched in brown and black—but, oh, the colors live beneath the snow!

When winter comes, the birds fly far, but every song is living, far more perfect in our memories. We dream of opal summer seas and topaz sand and daisy fields and all the golden harvest yields.

When winter comes we may be sad—but God would rather see us glad. And He would rather have us meet the seasons kneeling at His feet in utter thankfulness and praise. He gives us all our yesterdays and our tomorrows—let us know He loves us when he sends the snow!

Let us have winter pictures, too. Our souls may see the skies of blue, the roses and the fields of grain—the silver sheen of summer rain. And let us hear the breeze, the roar of waves upon the rock-bound shore—the bird that sings, the bee that hums—when winter comes, *when winter comes!*

The Editorial Forum

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A Message to the Churches

THAT the great leaders of the Church are beginning to accept the view that we are living in a time of fulfilment is evidenced by the steady increase in the output of prophetic literature. One of the latest publications is a notable volume by Bishop Charles D. Williams, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a thinker and writer of wide experience, who, in discussing "The Prophetic Message for Today," boldly challenges the attention of the Church to facts and interpretations that have an immediate bearing upon the world changes in years of crises. "If ever the prophet was called upon to give the largest interpretations of the will of God, and make the widest application of the message," writes the Bishop, "it is *today*. If ever the Christian Church were challenged to recall and fulfil in its broadest terms the original divine Commission—which is her only reason for existence—namely 'to disciple the nations' and 'save the world,' instead of merely to disciple individuals . . . it is *today!*"

He goes even further than this. He holds that the Lord is even now seated in judgment upon our whole world order, and that that order is "condemned and doomed." "We must restore the moral and spiritual sub-foundations of society if it is to stand solid and secure," but we forgot our foundations. We were so absorbed in material values that we lost our sense of moral and spiritual values. Art and literature waned. Their stock was low in the spiritual market. Education sank into the mere handmaid of industry. We put our chief emphasis on the technical. Efficiency, not culture or character, was the paramount end. Religion was for the most part handed over to women and children, and was regarded as of no serious concern to the practical man. The "business man" was king; the commercial conscience supreme. The Church was to be a strictly "limited liability" corporation. Religion must have nothing to do with politics, industry or business. It could deal with sentiments and emotions, and look after the minor moralities; perhaps also the home and family life, and it might concern itself with charity, rescue and relief work. It could run ambulances and take care of the victims of our social and industrial system; but never a word was it to utter about justice and righteousness in the larger relations of life, least of all about a possible Kingdom of God—a heavenly civilization on earth. The practical men of the world virtually said to the preacher: "Keep the attention of the masses on the world to come, and they won't bother about the wrongs and injustices of their present world. Tell them everything will be made up to them in heaven. That will keep them quiet and submissive."

This the outspoken Bishop presents as a fair picture of what he conceives as the average business man's conception of the place and function of religion in life—a conception which he admits the Church, for the most part, accepted willingly. The result has been the loss of its power and dignity. This he assigns as the reason why multitudes deserted the Church, both among the masses and classes. This, he submits, illustrates the practical materialism of the age. Above all, it was the accumulated horrors and human misery, wrongs and injustices growing out of the social and industrial system, which made the multitude give up their faith in a good God—*who cared!*

Bishop Williams, while applying this characterization to the Church, does not claim that it applies to every pulpit. It was, however, the dominant note; and statecraft took the same view and created its large armaments, its armies and navies. It is some satisfaction to know that there were churches true to their mission; but in the majority, the spiritual and the ideal were overborne by the material and commercial. To these conditions he attributes almost all that is wrong in our social and industrial life.

And what is the lesson which the Bishop draws from the situation he has described? He cites Herbert Hoover's declaration that "nothing less than a spiritual revival can save the industrial situation," and he thanks God that there are signs of the Church's awakening to the suggestion and answering the challenge. He points to the great and growing chorus of church councils and conferences here and abroad, in favor of giving Christendom a common voice—that of a united Church, delivering a whole Gospel to the whole world. He regards new world alliances for international friendship, and conferences on unity, and similar movements as indicating that the Church is preparing to focus her scattered moral forces upon a wrecked industrial system and a shattered world order, that she may proclaim everywhere the whole Gospel and the whole prophetic message of Jesus. And he urges all ministers to unite in this aim and object that the Church may be unified and may fulfil her divine Commission as the restorer of the foundations of civilization. Surely such a message deserves the fullest consideration.

Help Prevent Overtime Work

THE renewal season is here for the great majority of Christian Herald readers. Tens of thousands of subscriptions will be received in our counting room in the next few weeks, most of them in the last week of the year.

May we suggest that you can aid us greatly and relieve the employees in the subscription department of the necessity of after-hour work, if you will forward your renewal and such new subscriptions as you are including with your renewal, at as early a date as possible.

As you will have seen in our announcement in the December 3 issue, some wonderful things are coming in the magazine of 1922 and we want to be sure your name is entered promptly so you will not miss a single number.

Forgotten Civilizations

IN THAT old library of Nature, the earth, man is constantly making new discoveries. True, they may not always be new in the strictest sense, yet they are new to the age in which we are living. What the archeologist brings to light from the secret repositories of the soil, but for his enterprise might have passed undiscovered to the end of time.

Our American universities have distinguished themselves in archeological fields in recent years. Yale, Chicago University and the University of Pennsylvania have each done notable work. And now Harvard, which has pushed to the fore in little over a decade, has added to its laurels through a surprising find in Ethiopia—no less than the discovery of the lost civilization of that ancient land. This, which was accomplished by the expedition under Professor George A. Reisner, now returned to the United States after accomplishing its work, includes several features probably unparalleled in the recent history of professional research. The expedition, through a surprising series of fortunate surveys, succeeded in discovering and allotting to their respective place in Ethiopian history, no less than twenty-six generations of monarchs, besides unearthing much material relating to a civilization which seems to have been long ago utterly lost to the world.

The story of Professor Reisner's work reads like an Oriental romance. He found that Gobel-Barkai, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, was identical with Napata, the ancient capital of Ethiopia. A group of pyramids was found, which proved on investigation to be the tombs of twenty kings and fifty-three queens who lived and reigned in Ethiopia between 640 to 250 B.C., as the inscriptions revealed. Some few miles distant from Napata still other pyramids were found, and here it was discovered that the tombs were those of men who had been mighty conquerors in their day; four at least of whom had ruled over Egypt as well as their own land. Their ancestry was traced from Libyan nomads, who had come from Egypt and invaded and settled in Ethiopia about 900 B.C. One of the most distinguished of this line, Plankhy, an early adventurer, had invaded and conquered Egypt, and that country, together with 2000 miles of Nile Valley, remained under Ethiopian rule during five reigns in succession.

It would be difficult to estimate the importance of this impressive addition to both Egyptian and Ethiopian history. Significant also as a new instance of Bible confirmation is the discovery of the burial chamber of Tirhaqua (or Tirhakah), King of Ethiopia, mentioned in Isa. 37 : 9 and also II Kings 19 : 9. According to the archeologists' interpretation of the inscriptions and the estimate of the artistic work found in these royal tombs, we must revise our preconceived notions about Ethiopia and its civilization. Here are indications of a high culture of the arts and crafts, of excellent portrait work, carving, and other skilled workmanship including wonderful statuary. Of the education, literature, laws and social customs of this long-vanished age, we know nothing, although the recent discoveries may yet tell us much. Evidence was found that these royal tombs had been looted centuries ago. So weak is human nature that it spares nothing, not even that most enduring of all material things of man's creation—a pyramid!

The Huge Costs of Strikes

OUR whole nation from the President, Cabinet and Congress down to the humblest citizen, is striving to lead the world away from war with its frightful waste of human life and the universal impoverishment it imposes. Next to war, as a source of waste and suffering, comes the strike. Up-to-date statistics gathered from all parts of the country by several of the Departments in Washington, reveal the startling fact that the strikes, lockouts, shut-downs and voluntary idleness of a single year have caused a loss of $4,000,000,000 to American labor. This huge sacrifice means privation and suffering in countless homes to young and old. It means the hard burden of poverty self-inflicted, and the greater part of which could have been avoided. In one strike alone—that of the New York Garment workers—the loss to the operatives and their dependent families is estimated at $750,000 to $1,000,000 a day!

We have boards of Mediation and Conciliation, and we have other organized bodies, yet these seem to have been ineffective at the crisis. We have not yet hit upon a safe and reliable method of averting strikes and the losses they entail, but we have faith to believe that this will yet be accomplished and that the industrialism of the future will not be harassed and torn by wasteful warfare between workers and employers, where the interests of both sides are equally vital. They should be capable of adjustment, and it is a reflection on our civilization that we have not had some means of settling these quarrels long ere now.

Arbitration should be adopted in all trade disputes and it should be made compulsory. The workers should have an equal voice in all questions submitted to the Arbitration Board, and they, above all others, would be the greatest gainers by the adoption of a system that would make strikes unnecessary. Then there would be an end to the loss of millions through strikes, and to the kind of industrial warfare which, no matter which side wins, always inflicts the heaviest loss on the worker, who is least able to bear it.

Six Men

WORLD-WIDE fame and renown that will live through the ages await the half-dozen heroic souls who have been chosen to make the attempt to scale the topmost peak of Mount Everest, the highest in the world. It will be a feat the accomplishment of which will bring some gratifications that no other could possibly present—not even the conquest of the poles. From the highest peak in the world they will see wondrous sights stretching out on every side, vast, limitless, impressive. Their equipment, should they be able to use it, will bring to the eyes of the world photographs of rare value, with apparently endless mountain ranges such as no human eye has ever yet gazed upon. They will be able to bring us from that tremendous elevation of over 29,000 feet, facts which the scientific world will be glad to welcome. But who can describe the perils and hardships of such a climb! Although they are now in camp high up toward the summit, the last peak will not be adventured until the coming summer. It is a task so full of danger that one shudders to read this description which the Manchester Guardian gives:

"The last 6,000 feet will be of vertical height and the last two miles of horizontal distance. Six thousand feet is about the height that you walk of an afternoon from Zermatt up the track to the little Mettelhorn. Of course the going on Everest will be different; how different is expressed by the fact that when the reconnoitering party reached its highest point this year, the longed-for point two miles away and 6,000 feet higher was quite beyond its power to reach. It will be a tough job for the six and success will not come without much toil and pain; it may not come next year at all. But in a world full of tough jobs, pains, fatigues, uncertainties of victory, what a golden job for any mountaineer to get to try the strength of his youth.

How would you like to be one of the six who are to throw all there is in life into the scale in this perilous climb? To all of us, at some time or other, life has its hills. Pilgrim had his Hill Difficulty, and we too have our steep grades to conquer, our dangers to undergo, and we have to acquire skill and knowledge in order to reach the summit. All who win the prizes of life have to climb, to face strenuous effort and accept self-denial as a part of the regimen. These chosen six men, brave, strong, accustomed to exposure, are typical of all who face the great struggle which comes in every life of endeavor. Let us hope that the climbers may conquer Everest's loftiest peak, and return to tell the world how it feels to stand on the one spot of rock that is nearest to the sky. *That* will be a story.

The World News of the Week

Japan's Plea for Increase in Naval Ratio Delays Agreement

JAPAN'S insistence that she must have a navy stronger than that allotted to her in the proposals of Secretary Hughes has delayed an agreement on the limitation of naval armament by the Washington Conference, after it had appeared that phase of the gathering might be settled in a comparatively short time and the way cleared for the delegates to devote all of their energies to a solution of the Far Eastern and Pacific questions. Japan has presented formally a proposal that her fleet should be 70 per cent. of the strength of the fleets of the United States and Great Britain, instead of the 60 per cent. originally proposed; and has been seeking, though in vain, to find a basis of calculation which would convince America and Britain of the justness of her demands. The facts upon which Secretary Hughes based his terms have stood the test of thorough study by the naval experts, and it was predicted the acceptance "in principle" of the American proposals would be followed by an acceptance of the proposals in detail.

It was suggested that Japan wished to delay a final agreement on naval ratios in order to use concessions on that subject for trading purposes in the settlement of Far Eastern questions, an attitude which is in thorough accord with diplomatic traditions, but scarcely in accord with the spirit which should be dominant in the Washington Conference. Another factor to be considered was the political effect in Japan of the scrapping of the 35,000-ton Mutsu, her newest fighting ship, the cost of which has been so great that each Japanese peasant feels he had made sacrifices for her construction. The Japanese delegates have fought hard to retain the Mutsu, but have encountered the firm declaration that Britain and America must have corresponding increases in naval strength if that is permitted.

Progress has been made toward working out a basis for China's future which would end many of the encroachments on her sovereignty. As a step in that direction a resolution was adopted providing for an investigation of China's courts by an international committee of jurists which is to report within a year on the advisability of withdrawing the foreign courts of assenting powers—which would mean the abolition of extra-territorial rights. All the countries represented at the Conference, except Japan, have agreed to the withdrawal of foreign post-offices in China on January 1, 1923, under certain conditions, and the Japanese delegates are expected to agree to this date as soon as Tokio has been consulted.

The Chinese delegates sought to bring the question of the return of Shantung to China, on which Japan and China had been unable to agree, directly before the Conference, but failed to accomplish this. Negotiations between the Chinese and Japanese delegates were arranged, however, and they began a new attempt to solve this troublesome question, with the delegates of the other Powers keeping an eye on their progress.

The fact that the Washington Conference, in the first four weeks of its sittings, has not achieved a definite solution of the great problems it was convened to consider, should not cause discouragement. The issues being discussed are so momentous and so complicated that delays are inevitable. The delegates in Washington continue to be optimistic that great accomplishments will be recorded.

But in the widening of the scope of the Conference to take up details of minor importance there is danger. Major decisions need to be speeded up somewhat. Along this line Stephen Lauzanne of the Paris Matin, writing in the New York Times, gave a pertinent warning:

"Now, one thing is certain. It is that this Conference will be a success only if it can achieve its aim quickly. The Conference will be a success only if it deals with great lines, not if it wants to settle minor details. The Conference will be a success only if it is over before Christmas, not if it drags along for six months. So that we may say that all the people who are delaying the Conference have the secret purpose of wrecking it, and all the people who want to speed it up have the avowed purpose of making it a real success. And we may say also that the people who will have wrecked the conference will have to bear the responsibility of it before their own nations and before the nations of the world.

"It is no use, in public sittings or in conversations from five to seven before the assembled members of the press, to put your hand on your heart, to lift up your eyes toward heaven and to declare: 'America has given us a great example. We share the lofty ideals of America,' if, in private sittings, you have only silence for answering America's suggestions, and if you deluge America's proposals under a flood of fantastic demands."

The American people will be slow to believe that any delegates wish to wreck the Conference.

Underwood & Underwood

METHODIST BISHOPS GATHER FROM FOREIGN LANDS

They have come to the United States for a notable series of church gatherings. Standing, left to right, are Bishops Blake of Paris, Smith of India, Bast of Denmark; seated are Bishops Nielsen of Austria, Oldham of South America, and Welch of Korea

Against Philippine Independence Now

THAT independence should not be granted to the Philippine Islands "until the people have had time to absorb and thoroughly master the powers already in their hands" was the key recommendation of Major-General Leonard Wood, now governor-general of the islands, and W. Cameron Forbes, former governor-general, in reporting on their six months' investigation of conditions. "We feel," the report states, "that with all their many excellent qualities, the experience of the last eight years, during which they have had practical autonomy, has not been such as to justify the people of the United States in relinquishing supervision of the Philippine Islands, withdrawing their army and navy and leaving the islands a prey to any powerful nation coveting their rich soil and potential commercial advantages."

The investigators found that the Christian Filipinos generally desired independence, but under the protection of the United States, while the non-Christians and the Americans desired a continuation of American rule; but they did not consider the government reasonably free from those underlying causes, such as lack of confidence in the administration of justice, which result in the destruction of government. The people, they thought, were not organized economically nor from the standpoint of national defense to maintain an independent government. Another criticism was that the efficiency of the public services had fallen off, due to the too rapid transfer of authority to untrained officials, and to the injection of politics. The commission, however, attributed these failures to lack of experience, found the young generation full of promise, commended the decorum of the legislative chambers, and in general was optimistic regarding the capabilities of the Filipinos.

An increase in the powers of the governor-general and the nullification of insular legislation diminishing his authority also were urged, in order to avert a situation which would leave the United States in a position of responsibility without authority.

A CHURCH WHICH LETS ITS LIGHT SHINE

Oxford Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia recently has installed this electric sign, twenty-four feet in height and two and one-half feet square, to emphasize its welcome. Below the sign itself is an electric bulletin board, ten feet wide, for the display of special invitations

Lambeth Proposals Rejected

IN THE first official answer to the much-discussed Lambeth proposals, the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, closing a four-day session at Syracuse, has decided against acceptance of the plan put forth by the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America for the reunion of the churches of Christendom.

The Lambeth proposals, which were promulgated by a conference of Anglican bishops from all over the world in August, 1920, provided in essence for a reunion of the churches on the basis that priests of the Roman and Greek Catholic Churches would be accepted as priests of the Anglican Church if their own communions would reciprocate, while it was asked of the Protestant Churches that they should allow their ministers to submit to reordination by Anglican or Episcopal bishops.

The Methodist bishops declared their Church cannot accept a program which would appear to invalidate their own ministry, which has been so visibly blessed of God. They took cognizance of the wording of the Lambeth proposals that reordination was to be considered merely as a form and not as impugning Protestant orders, but felt they could not agree to a theory which did not require reordination of Roman and Greek priests.

The bishops conveyed their appreciation of the offer of the Lambeth conference, expressed belief in the spirit of fellowship and the spiritual reunion of Christendom, and agreed as to the necessity for co-operation. Their reply was extremely cordial in tone, calling attention to the similarity in faith and practice between the Methodist and Anglican churches, yet was a firm rejection of union on any such conditions. That other Protestant Churches will return similar replies is scarcely to be doubted.

New Railroad Rules Issued

THE United States Railroad Labor Board has handed down a decision promulgating 148 new working rules to govern the employment of the six federated railroad shop crafts which is expected to mean an annual payroll saving of $50,000,000 to the carriers. The new rules affect 400,000 workers and in general are more elastic than the provisions of the national agreement which they replace, widening the classification of the work to be performed by the various crafts so as to make possible increased efficiency and economy. One of the great complaints of the railway executives has been that because of unreasonable classifications it often was necessary to detail several men to a job which could easily have been completed by one man.

An important phase of the decision is that it recognizes the "open shop" as applied to the railways by providing for representation for non-union workers, but it was explained that the effect would be more theoretical than practical, since the large majority of the employees is unionized and the principle of col-

Continued on page 930

The Peace Christ Gives

A Sermon by REV. EDGAR DE WITT JONES. D.D.*

TEXT—John 16 : 33. "These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

WAS there ever a stranger peace conference than that one of the upper room in Jerusalem nineteen centuries ago? How far removed and how different that assembly from those famous peace conferences where the victors in battle have dictated terms to the conquered foe! Such councils have usually met in palatial rooms, flanked by the imposing spectacle of earthly power and glory. Pomp and pageantry have always been in evidence when nations have assumed the rôle of peace-making. How difficult it is for peace to emerge from an atmosphere of war! Fuss and feathers smother; sword and saber intimidate; the Kingdom of Peace can not be taken by violence.

Gathered in the room in Jerusalem was a group of plain, simple men, and with them their Teacher, Companion and Friend, met together for the last time ere the great storm broke. The shadows were long and deep in that room, and they fell darkly across the little company who, for nearly three years, had been partakers of a great privilege. These men were anxious now, and nervous. They were filled with apprehension of impending peril. The signs and tokens were ominous; a tragedy seemed confronting them; but just when and how and where, they knew not. Yet, there was One in that room upon whom no shadow fell. He was calm, clear-eyed, composed and serene. He sat there talking with His friends simply, tenderly, intimately. Surely no man ever spoke as Jesus spoke that night in the upper room. Such a conversation there never was before or since, and toward its close Jesus said: "These things have I spoken unto you that in Me you might have Peace."

What things? Why, the great utterances that had preceded this statement. There are many of them and they distinguish His conversation that last night as stars of the first magnitude distinguish the heavens on a January night. Listen to the music of these words:

> "Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you."
>
> "Ye are my friends, if you do the things I command you."
>
> "If ye abide in Me, and my words abide in you, ask whatever you will, and it shall be done unto you."
>
> "This is my commandment, that you love one another, even as I have loved you."
>
> "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

JESUS' phrase, "My peace," is distinctly interesting and thought-inciting. What is the peace which He intimates is unlike the peace the world gives? I daresay most of us are mistaken as to the nature of Jesus' peace. When we think of His peaceful life, is it to dream that His days and years were such as the poet Wordsworth spent in the lovely Lake region of England, quietly, serenely? If we have so thought, we are in error. Nothing could be farther from the truth. For at least three years, the years of His public ministry, Jesus lived amidst untoward conditions and in almost constant controversy and opposition. He was subject to numerous disturbing and disagreeable experiences. His own family were unsympathetic with His mission. His kinsmen made His work more difficult and were critical of much that He said and did. He was never free from the inconveniences of poverty. After His public ministry began, He seems never to have known the comforts of a home He might call His own and to which He might retire for rest and reflection. His oft-quoted words—"the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay His head"—are not poetry nor rhetorical figure but soberest truth. The leading churchmen of His day, who should have been His friends and supporters, were His bitterest enemies. They regarded Him as a heretic, an impostor, a dangerous fellow-countryman. His was the heart-breaking experience to have the good He did attributed to the power of evil. His chosen disciples gave Him a great deal of trouble, often disappointed Him, sometimes embarrassed Him, and made His rugged way more rugged still.

Yet, despite the annoyances, the turmoil, and the strife in which Jesus lived, "the peace that passeth all understanding" reigned in His heart. However turbulent His surroundings, inwardly He was at repose. It was this inner peace that made Him conqueror over outward unrest. He lived in harmony with the Father's will. Thus He moved amidst the distractions, the disappointments, the conflicts and controversies of His day, calm, serene, self-possessed, at peace with God. The peace of Jesus, therefore, was an inward experience, not an outward environment, certainly not freedom from the burdens of life. The way He took was often painful, but His walk was one whose steps were in perfect alignment with the will of the Heavenly Father; hence perfect peace flooded His soul and set his life to Heavenly music.

THE world in general regards peace as an end, rather than a means. It conceives peace to be the cessation of war, stoppage of conflict, restoration of law and order. It stakes everything on outward calm. This is desirable, to be sure, but the bitter truth is that real peace is not attainable by mere outward adjustment. Moreover, peace, enduring peace, is not simply the ending of one order that has been weighed in the balance and found wanting; it is the beginning of a new and better order in which justice, righteousness and brotherhood must prevail. Alas! it is only too true that we are all to a greater or lesser degree afflicted with the worldly idea of peace. We stress outward things, and look for the coming of the Kingdom through exterior processes. The world as yet has failed to make a lasting peace. Time and time again, great peace councils have, by the very terms of peace the victor sought to impose, sown the seeds of future wars.

> "Great Captains with their guns and drums,
> Disturb our judgment for the hour.
> But at last silence comes—"

Yes, silence comes, and just about the time when sober reflection and careful judgment are replacing the fever and excitement of war, great captains disturb our judgment again—disturb it with the roar of cannon and the loosing of the dogs of war upon a helpless society. The world professes to love peace, brotherhood and justice; but conquerors and victors are quick to make sure that the balance of power is on their side, and that armies and navies big enough to keep the peace are in training and ready for action.

Few of us are free from the opinion that outside favorable conditions are able to produce of themselves inward repose. We imagine, for instance, that the possession of sufficient wealth to protect us from the annoyances and anxieties attendant on meager incomes and heavy outlays would produce a peace, where now there is only distraction and anxiety. That it might help accomplish this is freely granted; that society as a whole ought to be protected from the fear of poverty, as well as the handicap of it. Yet, even so, the most generous provisions, the most ample safeguarding of this kind, can not of itself produce inward calm. There are many living amid physical conditions that are favorable to rest and recreation who are inwardly in a constant state of turmoil and strife. Tribulations of one kind or another await the sons of men everywhere, and await us despite wealth, genius and even godly living. These are inescapable; but they are conquerable. Jesus overcame them, and the same power that enabled Him to overcome, He assures us, will enable us also to overcome. It is the inner peace that counts. Given the inner peace and the ideals and teachings of Jesus, and the result is a peace such as the world can not give, because it does not possess it.

WHY is it that society is slow to accept Christ's peace? Why is it that individuals are prone to turn elsewhere for power, only to meet disappointment? Is it because we do not understand the nature of His peace? Possibly; but a better explanation is that we are not willing to receive His peace on the simple terms He offers it. The peace of God is not given without conditions, even though it be freely given and given to all men. "These things have I spoken that in Me you might have peace." Ah, yes, the things that were spoken during that conversation at the table—we must not forget them. They are all-important; they are fundamental. Summarized, these things are as follows: "Abide in Me," "Let My words abide in you," "Love one another even as I have loved you," "Keep My Commandments," "Bear much fruit," "Bear witness," "Ask and ye shall receive," "I have given you an example that you should do as I have done to you," "Be of good cheer." The peace of Jesus Christ is an inward rest; but it is more, it is a way of life in which love, justice, mercy, forgiveness, find radiant demonstration!

"When He called upon men to follow Him, to share His baptism and drink his cup," says W. E. Orchard, "He was not mocking them with impossible ideals. He was asking them to be as He was, to live for the same ends, to undertake the same task. Jesus invited men to His own ethical and spiritual level. The blunting of this call by the declaration that Jesus can never be followed by mortal men is responsible for the low state of Christian discipleship."

Candor compels the admission that the world's idea of peace is still influential in the churches. Here, too, the emphasis is largely on outward conformity, the dependence on ecclesiastical and doctrinal regularity. These have been only too often the weapons of Christendom, to enforce uniformity and promote appearance of solidarity. The various denominations, after the fashion of nations, have their "war parties," their "jingoes" and their "dollar diplomacy." These powerful elements have been intent on preserving traditional ideas and time-worn methods, by recourse to sectarian armament and threat of ex-communication or brand of heresy and stigma of unorthodoxy. Thus has the cause of Jesus' peace been betrayed ofttimes in the house of the Master. *Sectarian disarmament must take place among the Christian denominations before the Church can ever have an influential voice and great prestige in the Peace Councils of the world.*

The world is partial, prejudiced and class-conscious in its gift of peace. It exalts some by pulling down others. It enriches a few by impoverishing many. Jesus gives His peace to all who will accept Him. He draws no circles, builds no walls. His gracious invitation to peace, power and plenty is inclusive and all-encompassing.

JESUS' gift of peace is Himself. He had nothing to give the world save Himself, and greater gift than self no one can give. The world balks at giving self; it bestows favors, offices, emoluments. Jesus gave Himself in His death on the Cross. Dying there amid darkness and degradation, He made peace, individual peace, possible for the least and lowliest of earth. There are many theories of the Atonement and followers of Christ may never be fully agreed; but the glorious fact of the Atonement itself is not disputable nor under debate or question. Says St. Paul—"He is our peace!" By His death on that central Cross, Jesus led the way for enduring peace, not only between God and man, but between man and man. The peace councils of the world have not yet learned the way of the Cross. Their way is still the way of the sword.

Jesus' gift of Himself is also a gift of life, the life of His free and victorious Spirit through which He abides in every heart that accords Him room. Whoso possesses the peace of Christ will never know the necessity for anything better or more satisfying. His is the peace that passeth all understanding.

O hosts who know only the world's peace! Go get ye to the upper room and there learn the peace that is pure, just and holy—the peace that Christ gives to all, the peace for which a war-scourged world waits; for without His peace, all plans and programs of disarmament will be but as some fair dream which vanishes with the morning and can not be recalled.

*Minister, Central Christian Church, Detroit, Mich.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun," or "My Faith Looks up to Thee."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 39, Verses 1 to 7 inclusive. "The Brevity of Life."

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation: (See page 925, first column.)

Sermon—"THE PEACE CHRIST GIVES"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Come, Thou Almighty King," or "Now the Day Is Over."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Refresh our souls by the service we have held here. O our Father, may Thy Benediction crown the meeting with grace, mercy and peace, for ourselves and all we love, both now and evermore. We ask it in Jesus' name. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., J. A. McAfee, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D. J. Burrell, D.D., and R. Braunstein

The Shortest Road Known to Man

SUNDAY. John 4 : 21. "*Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem. . . . God is Spirit.*" This conversation took place at Jacob's well. And Jacob was not forgotten. "Our father Jacob gave us the well." But I wonder if they recalled something more intimate in the life of Jacob than this gift of a public well. I wonder if they remembered his mystic experience at Bethel. The wandering fugitive awakes from a troubled sleep in which strange things had been happening. "Lo! God is in this place, and I knew it not." He discovered that God's world was bigger than he had suspected, and that the overshadowing wings were brooding over the stone-heaps at Bethel as surely as over his father's house.

And yet, in spite of Jacob's discovery, and all it meant, and in spite of the honor which his descendants paid to their father Jacob, this woman at Jacob's well was still imprisoned in the limiting sense of hallowed locality, instead of living and moving in the bracing freedom of a consecrated universe. "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say that in Jerusalem men ought to worship." And our Lord became her teacher. He gently removed the imprisoning veils. God is not merely a Samaritan God, limiting the rains of His grace to Samaria; nor is He merely a Jerusalem God, hiding His favors further south. God is Spirit, and His home is not here, or there, but everywhere. If the woman had gone to Bethel she would have found that the mystic ladder was still there. And the ladder is still at Bethel, and it is also in Wall Street and the Strand. God is Spirit, and the world is His home.

How far, then, is it to God? How long is the road? Is there some far away Mecca to which pilgrims must turn their feet? Or is there a priestly altar at the other end of the town? Or is there a long, bleak, heavy road called Legality? Nay, all these are long roads, and weary souls would faint before they got to the end of the way. The real road to God is shorter than an arm-stretch; nay, shorter than a hand's-breadth. This "way" has this strange characteristic; it is entirely without distance. You no sooner begin to walk it than you are there. You turn to the way and you find yourself at the goal. You have come to God; you have arrived. This is sureiy what St. Augustine means in his wonderful words—"Do not conceive of long journeyings. When thou believest then thou comest; for to Him Who is everywhere, men come by loving, not by traveling."

And therefore if God is the great Father-Spirit there is no need of any struggling to find Him. We need not set out on burdensome pilgrimages. There is no necessity that we should call as to some one afar off. There are no "heavenly steeps" to climb to bring the Lord Christ down. We need not turn to height or depth. "A present help is He."

What serenity, then, ought to characterize the true believer's life! Indeed, this should be the Christian's royal distinction in the world. There ought to be a most outstanding register in our lives that we have got *somewhere*, and that Somewhere is God. As far as this fundamental thing in life is concerned we have arrived. Our Life is at rest, and therefore ready for progress. J. H. J.

The Church as a Sanctuary

MONDAY. Ex. 25 : 8. "*Let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell therein.*" The first church building was a tent or tabernacle, where the Divine Spirit was worshipped and communed with by the congregation. David said, "Shall I live in a house of cedar and God dwell in tents?" He therefore gathered wealth, that his son Solomon might build the temple at Jerusalem.

Is not the church the edifice where the spirit of God especially meets with His people in worship, prayer, praise and song? It is true that in our Lord's conversation with the woman at the well, he declared that it was not necessary to go to Jerusalem to worship; that God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Jesus, having failed to secure a hearing in the temple or the synagogue, gathered His audiences by the seaside or in the mountains. "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst," said Jesus. Every place is sacred where the soul meets the Saviour.

But we must not forget the assembling of ourselves together in the church, which is the recognized place of worship for the whole community. The building itself is ever pointing upward towards the home of the Infinite. It is like a city set upon a hill, that can not be hid. Christ is called the Head of the Church, "who holdeth the seven stars in His right hand and walketh in the midst of the seven candlesticks, which are the churches of the living God." Solomon's words were true when he said, "Behold the heaven of heavens can not contain Thee; how much less this house I have builded."

The church building is where the Christian meditates and communes, prays and sings, as he listens to the words of life from the preacher. Here the sinner finds the Saviour; here the great realities of life, death and eternity are presented. Here the still, small voice of God is heard, giving comfort in sorrow, hope in despair, peace in turmoil and restoration to the fallen. No wonder the Psalmist cried out: "I would dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life!" "I would walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generations following."

We should cherish the church where we first learned to lisp "Our Father, Who art in heaven"; where we first began to taste and see that our Lord is gracious; where we have partaken of the ordinances of baptism and the Holy Supper; at whose altars we have stood in wedded union, founding the home which is the source of the church and the nation. The church building is a sermon in stone, a silent preacher of the Gospel of Christ to every passer-by. E. W. C.

Loyalty to the Church

TUESDAY. Acts 4 : 14. "*And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing.*" The reader is familiar with the dramatic details of the Bible story of the man who was healed at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. As the preachers stood before their accusers, they practically stood alone as far as human assistance was concerned; with the exception of the man who had been restored to health and strength we read, "And the man who was healed stood with them." There were many things he might have done had the age been different and he in other circumstances outside of his poverty and obscurity. But he lived in his own day and stood in his own environment. There was only one thing he could do and that he did nobly. He stood before the judges of Peter and John, not saying a word; nevertheless the fact that he had been lame for forty years and now was thoroughly whole had its own eloquence and potency. So, "beholding the man . . . they could say nothing."

In the last analysis, the Church is judged, not by what is says or promises, but by what it does and accomplishes. The great argument for the Church is emancipated womanhood, conserved childhood, nobler manhood. It is the elimination of slavery and the liquor traffic, the introduction of a new and better social order and an educated conscience in the realm of righteous living and moral conduct. Stand by the side of your pastor and the leaders of your Church. Give them the morale of your presence, whether you are able to say or do little or much. Lend yourself out to their support. Give them the boon of your moral backing. Every man or woman counts. Here is a fine resolve: "I can't do much, but I can do something. What I can do, I ought to do. What I ought to do, with God's help, I will do!" R. B.

Invisible Wealth

WEDNESDAY. Luke 22 : 15. "*A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.*" Among the pictures prompted by Herbert Kaufman, there is one called "Content." A Chinese beggar is shown coming to the king. With the beggar are his two small sons. He asks for money. This the king promises to give and with it all that heart could desire. There was only one condition. The beggar must give in return one-half of his visible wealth. This he readily agrees to do, for he feels sure that he has no wealth. The king then mentions the payment in detail, and the first item is one of the lads. In the end, of course, the beggar goes away from the court with an arm around each boy, content with that which he has.

Though we may not possess many things, yet if we but figure up the visible wealth vouchsafed to us, we shall be surprised and thankful. Even more surprised and thankful we may be if we stop to consider our invisible wealth. The finest of all invisible riches is the capacity to know and love God. Though we may not be able to lay up stores in this world, we can all be "rich toward God." How much better, how much finer, how much more satisfactory, that is! For this wealth safety deposit boxes are not necessary. This thieves can not break through and steal. This wealth no man can take away from us. J. A. M.

Our Divine Companion and Friend

THURSDAY. Rev. 3 : 20. "*I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me.*" I have in my study a remarkable book called "The Ten Theophanies," by an author whose name is not unfamiliar in the annals of lighter literature. As his life was wearing to its close he felt a consuming desire to present his view of the unveiling of God. The book, which was written with a hand growing feebler and feebler, was finished at length in full view of heaven. Here are its concluding words:

"Try to bring home to yourself this Friend of mine, who is God yet man, and man yet God. He is ever lovingly near, in the unlimited prime and plenitude and power of his everlasting grace. The man who is writing these lines can not see them for happy tears. He trembles because unable to contain, while yet unable to express, the thought *Immanuel*, God with us! And now, awaiting the appearing of our Lord, let me sound His praise; the blessed and only potentate, King of kings and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, to Him be honor and glory everlasting!"

His labor of love was finished; the pen dropped from his trembling fingers; a new theophany had burst upon the writer's soul. He was in the midst of the beatific vision, at home with God! D. J. B.

On Holy Ground

FRIDAY. Ex. 3 : 5. "*Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.*" Moses was standing, not in the temple or the sanctuary. It was not on ground made sacred by ceremony or blood of bulls and goats. His feet were not on the ground made precious by tombs or dust of broken altars. He was standing in the field where he watched over the flock. It was the ground over which his daily toil carried him that was holy ground.

God who "ever lives and loves" is continually present with us, glorifying all of life; yet we see and feel Him not. By the rush of the day and the crush of the hour, He is crowded out from our minds and the consciousness of His presence, which should be our strength, becomes weak and is lost.

In his book, "Marks of a World Christian," Professor Fleming asks this question: "What does the world need more than a contagious conviction of the character of God?" Nothing can so put courage into sad hearts, hope into desolate lives, brightness into downcast eyes, zeal into weary minds, faith into faltering spirits, heat into love grown cold, and meaning into all of life, as can the conviction of the character of God —that character revealed in Christ. It is that faith, which is the conviction in things not seen, that inspires and vivifies life.

Like God's servant of old, if we but turn aside we shall hear God speaking unto us, and we shall know that the ground upon which we walk as we go about our work of the day is holy ground. As Mrs. Browning tells us, it is only our blindness that hides Him.

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

J. A. M.

The Day of Inspiration

SATURDAY. Job 32 : 8. "*But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.*" Job speaks of inspiration and so do many others of the glorious past and we are agreed. The question arises whether we can speak of inspiration in the twentieth century and whether, without controversy, humanity is inspired in this age as formerly. Certainly the man or woman of faith can be eloquent in his or her declaration that the wires of inspiration are not grounded, and that connection with the throne of God has not been discontinued. The pulse of the world is beating in tune with the melody of God's grace.

Of course there are exceptions, but the proposition, in the main, stands true. We are working toward the goal of world-wide prohibition. Inspired men and women are striving to bring that blessed state into being. We are nearing the goal of reduction of armament everywhere. Inspired men and women are dedicating their lives for that purpose. The word "brotherhood" is looming larger and larger upon the horizon. Charles Edward Bushnell, writing on the theme, "Inspiration to Date," says among other things that it takes as much inspiration to live up to the Ten Commandments as it did for Moses to interpret the mind of God in their production. And it takes as much inspiration to live up to the innumerable boons of the past, by way of burning ideas and flaming ideals, as it did for those who gave them birth and impetus.

Therefore, the evidence points to the fact that we are inspired to live up to our heritage of the Divine revelation, in view of the splendid results already realized. Inspiration shall never cease so long as God lives. God still breathes upon the face of the earth. "The voice of the Almighty God when He speaketh," finds the response everywhere. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." R. B.

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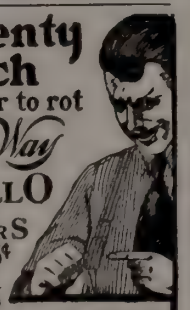

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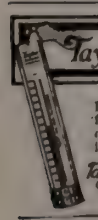

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Christmas First-Times

A Glimpse into the Origin of Some of Our Holiday Customs

By A. PRINTZLAU BOWEN

THEY are always so interesting, those first-times of things way back in "Once-upon-a-time," and humanity always has and always will be interested in their origin.

At this season of the year our thoughts turn to the long-ago Christmas and its customs.

We are told the first traces of the festival are found around the time of Emperor Commodus, 180–192 A.D., and that in the reign of Diocletian a churchful of Christians gathered to celebrate Christmas was burned by order of the Emperor.

The beautiful Christmas carols were manger-songs at first, telling the story of the Christ Child's birth. Many of the later ones have the characteristics of folk-songs and preserve curious legends. It was in the eighteenth century that Charles Wesley wrote the well-known "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," then known as: "Hark, How the Welkin Rings." Christmas carols still exist in France, Germany and Italy, and the famous "Boar's Head" carol, found in a collection of carols printed in 1621, is still sung annually at Oxford College.

The first Christmas card originated in London some seventy years ago, but was a long time in winning popular favor. The card bore the simple greeting, "Merry Christmas," written in ink. Later, embossed greeting cards with interesting pictures appeared, many of these bearing a likeness of Robin Red Breast, as in England he is called "The Saviour's Bird" because of the legend of his red breast.

Candles, too, have their Christmas significance. The adherents of the Greek Church call Christmas the "Feast of Lights." The custom of burning candles at Christmas-time is derived from the Roman Saturnalia, when they were not only used for illumination but were also exchanged as gifts in token of good-will.

The burning of candles was also one of the incidents of the Feast of Dedication, which was observed about the same time of the year as the Saturnalia and the Yule, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth of December. Somehow it seems easy to imagine that many a bright glowing candle twinkled into the darkness of that first Christmas night in Palestine, all unintentionally proclaiming that He, the Great Light, had at last come into the world.

THE setting up of the first home Christmas-tree takes us back to the eighth century, when St. Winfried was a missionary to the Scandinavians. He tried to show the people that the Druid priests had made them worshippers of trees only and not of the living God. One Christmas Eve he hewed down a mighty oak tree around which they had gathered to offer a human sacrifice. As it fell a young fir tree seemed to appear miraculously beyond it and St. Winfried said:

"Here is the living tree, with no stain of blood upon it, that shall be the sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Call it the tree of the Christ Child. Take it up and carry it to the Chieftain's hall. You shall go no more into the shadows of the forest to keep your feasts with secret rites of shame. You shall keep them at home, with laughter and songs and rites of love. The thunder oak has fallen, and I think the day is coming when there shall not be a home in all Germany where the children are not gathered around the green fir tree to rejoice in the birthnight of Christ."

The custom of decorating Christmas-trees dates back to the ancient Teutons, who were sun-worshippers. They considered the spreading of a great tree to be symbolical of the sun rising higher and higher in the heavens, and the decoration of our tree is supposed to be symbolical of the sun tree. In this explanation, the lights represent the flash of lightning overhead, the apples, oranges and balls symbolize the sun, moon and stars, while the candy and toy animals represent the sacrifices made to the sun god.

But a far more satisfying interpretation of the tree and its decorations is this: The tree itself represents the Christ, who was the beginning of a new life in a world dark with heathenism; the lighted tree symbolizing the Light of the World—the Tree of Life—while the silver and gold star reminds us of the One which led the wise men to Him; the cross His sacrifice; the heart His love; and the anchor our hope.

The first Christmas box was bestowed so long ago we fail to find the origin of that custom, but long, long ago the Catholic priests held masses for almost everything, and if a ship went to the West Indies they had a box on board under the protection of some patron saint. This box held money and other valuables put in by the sailors in order to secure the prayers of the Church. At Christmas these boxes were opened. In England the day after Christmas is known as "Boxing Day" and from a custom of the well-disposed to assist the deserving, it degenerated into a nuisance, as many began to consider it a right that those who were more favorably situated than they should contribute cash or some other present to their Christmas box, regardless of inclination.

We may think that our grandmothers, or at the most, our great-grandmothers, made the first mince pie, but such is not the case. The early Christians made and ate mince pie and plum pudding at Christmas. The contents, which of course every one knows are very rich and fragrant, symbolize the rich gifts brought by the wise men to the Christ Child, and the aroma the fragrant frankincense.

THE first Santa Claus undoubtedly was St. Nicholas, who was the Bishop of Myra about the year 300. It is he who is credited with first climbing to the chimney top and dropping a gift. He had expected the gift, a coin, would fall to the hearth and eventually be found by the friend he wished to have it, but it happened that this friend's daughter had hung up a pair of stockings there to dry and the coin fell into one of these. The legend goes on to say that the coin was found and used as a dowry for this friend's eldest daughter and that St. Nicholas never failed to drop a coin into the stockings that were hung up thereafter, whenever a daughter of the house was about to marry. The date of the Bishop's death, December 6, is observed in many countries, and doubtless the closeness of the two celebrations has confounded St. Nicholas's Day with Christmas.

The first kiss given beneath the mistletoe was not a matter of jest, but was a sincere pledge of friendship. This custom, too, has come from the Scandinavians. In paying honor to their god Thor, they built great fires called Yule fires. The higher the flames towered the more pleased was Thor supposed to be. It was soon discovered that trees upon which mistletoe had clung burned the brightest, and they took this for a symbol that Thor considered those trees the best for his people to burn in his honor. The quantities of mistletoe clinging to these trees sapped their vitality and they consequently were drier and burned better than those filled with sap.

And so, as time progresses, Christmas customs will doubtless change somewhat, although it is safe to say they will always retain sufficient of their first-time significance to keep inquiring minds wondering as to their origin.

Christians of the East and of the West may still observe Christmas on different dates, and follow more or less pagan customs in its celebration, but the true spirit of the day will continue to permeate it all: and of whatsoever race or creed he may be, the joy-giver will still find the fullest measure of happiness—for Joy to the world became a living reality that first Christmas night, through God's own joy in giving His Best Gift to us.

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The Visit of the Wise Men

International Sunday School Lesson for December 25
Matt. 2:1-12

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS" is the greeting which will be spoken in every part of the world today. It will have the richer meaning when given and received by those who personally know Him whose birthday is being observed. In no part of the world will there be greater cheer than in the countries recently non-Christian, where the joy and power of Christ's life have so changed conditions that earthly homes have become a veritable heaven on earth.

Many have toiled hard for weeks preparing for Christmas, either in commercial circles or by performing love-deeds in the home. These days of labor have had their own measure of joy when the worker has wrought for Christ's sake. Now comes the day which is peculiarly His, and this year it is doubly so since the accepted anniversary of the manifestation of the Incarnation, December 25, falls on a Sunday, the constant anniversary of the resurrection of the body of our Lord from the grave. Surely this will be a most joyous Christmas, as untold millions celebrate the birthday of Jesus and join in gladsome worship.

The review of the life of Paul, following our studies for the past six months, is also in order since this apostle is a rich fruitage of obedience in accordance with the example of Jesus Christ and His command, "Go ye into all the world.' Jesus came to save men and to show them how to serve mankind. The Review Sunday can be used to great advantage by fastening facts, which have been recently studied, in the memory, and also by making, as thoroughly as possible, a character study of Paul. Written examinations are always to be regarded as opportunities rather than tasks. Further, it clarifies matters greatly when one's thoughts are reduced to writing. It is urged that every reader write an article on some such subject as "The Life and Works of Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles." Prepare at least 1,200 words, which is about the number given each week in these two columns of our lesson study. These articles can be submitted to the teacher, superintendent, or pastor and they would be read with pleasurable interest.

THE birth of Jesus is always a fascinating study: there are new angles of vision, new impressions and a greater tenderness of feeling toward child-life. The specific subject this year, "The Visit of the Wise Men," presents just one of the related incidents. In these lesson-studies the reader is constantly urged to become familiar with the whole setting. You will be helped now in reading in Matthew, Luke and John. The chronology of the events is set forth in any Harmony of the Gospels. Such a book will be valuable in studying the lessons for six months beginning with next October, and should be found in every Bible student's library.

While the story of the Wise Men is usually told as a part of the Christmas story, it is generally held by Bible students that these men did not reach Bethlehem until more than 40 days after the Babe had been placed in the manger-cradle. According to Jewish law, Mary took the child Jesus when she went to the Temple in Jerusalem to offer the sacrifice required at the time of purification subsequent to child-birth, and also to present the offering demanded when the first-born son was redeemed (Luke 2:22-24, Lev. 12). The law demanded five shekels for the redemptive money and a lamb for the purification, and this every Jewish mother was eager to provide, if at all possible. If the legal requirement could not be met, owing to financial difficulties, there was a gracious provision whereby "a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons" would be accepted. In Luke we read that Mary offered the substitute. Had the Wise Men already presented their gifts, sufficient of these would have been sold in order that the primary law might be met and recourse to the substitute avoided.

Fascinating stories have been interwoven with the Bible facts concerning these Wise Men. Van Dyke has given us the "The First Christmas Tree," "The Spirit of Christmas" and "The Other Wise Man." Many re-read Dickens's "Christmas Carol" each year, and you will also enjoy these stories of Van Dyke. Then there are those brilliant fourteen chapters, Book First, in Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ." Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar are depicted as coming from countries far separated, and journeying together till they come to the place under the Star "where the young child was."

"Following the Star" has been a supreme service, and the blessed reward is always similar to that experienced by the Wise Men—victory in the quest. Where there is failure or difficulty en route, the cause can be often traced to an experience like that which befell the three pilgrims at Jerusalem. They had come, God-guided, to Jerusalem. There they decided to inquire of men rather than to continue the journey as the star would continue to indicate. They experienced delay while they asked their questions in the Holy City. The scribes, in reply to Herod's command, searched the prophetic records and said Bethlehem of Judah. The slaughter of the innocent children is closely related to this very visit of inquiry.

AFTER obtaining word about Bethlehem, the Wise Men renewed their pilgrimage. As they went forth from Jerusalem, wending their way past Olivet, they again beheld their guiding beacon in the heavens, and we read "they rejoiced greatly when they saw the star." That star led them directly to the Christ-child, and when they saw Him, they presented their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Do we yet understand the real meaning of Christmas? It is not in what we receive but rather in what we give, and especially what we give looking for no return to those who might otherwise have no cheer on this blessed day. We are rich in joy and we say "Merry Christmas" because "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have eternal life." "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for it is He that shall save His people from their sins." (Matthew 1:2).

It is right that He whose birthday is being celebrated should receive your gift. You have provided thoughtfully and bountifully for others. What are you giving today at a real cost and in love to Him, your Saviour and very Best Friend? First he wants YOU. If it is not already a fact, let another incarnation be produced in your heart, as you take Him and can know the meaning of Paul's words, "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

Then the Servant of mankind seeks your help in establishing the Kingdom of Heaven. At no time in the history of the Church has there been so great need for young men and women to enlist in life service for and with Jesus Christ.

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Christmas in the "Department House"

Continued from page 921

"Don't want to go beddy-by-by," she protested, shaking her curls.

"You gotta, whether you want to or not—pretty pronto, too," said Ben.

Esther dropped down on her knees and brought her face to a level with Toddlekins' own.

"You lie down like a good girl, Toddlekins. In a little time, then, it'll be night. An' guess who comes! Santa Claus!"

Toddlekins smiled at that. "Goin' bwing every one somefin'?"

"Sure. All kind of nice things."

"Goin' bwing my lady somefin'?"

"I—guess so."

"Less'n you lie down right away, an' sleep a long time, he won't bring your lady one single thing!" threatened Ben.

The lip of Toddlekins drooped at that. But it was potent to work their will. She allowed Esther to lead her away with no more words. Esther threw the window wide, pulled the shade down and tucked Toddlekins away in her little white bed.

"Take a good long sleep," she said, as she kissed her.

BEN'S threat, however, so successful in getting Toddlekins to bed, had anything but a soporific tendency. The awful penalty for wakefulness did but induce it. Toddlekins couldn't go to sleep. She shut her eyes tightly; she covered her head with the bed-clothes.

"Santa Claus fordet my lady if I don't sleep," she cried and became wider awake than ever.

No little four-year-old ever battled more faithfully; no little any-year-old ever failed more ignominiously. Toddlekins surrendered to the inevitable at last.

She knew now that Santa Claus would slight her lady. But at least she should not go entirely presentless. In Toddlekins' brain a daring project was born. She would take her lady over a present her very own self!

She slipped from the bed and felt around in the half darkness till her little tin bank rested in her hand. She searched for ribbon and tissue paper to make one of the wonder packages like her mother had sent away. She could find neither.

Yet a Christmas present must look Christmasy. Toddlekins knew that. Not for nothing had she lived in a Christmasy household. She was obliged to content herself with red berries, at last. The house was overflowing with red berries and wild cherry. Toddlekins bound them artistically on the bank with white string.

The perilous part of her undertaking was yet to come. Even with her mother and two of the others away, detection was almost certain. And yet she would try.

She stepped out cautiously. The house was very still, the doors all closed. Toddlekins breathed more freely. She would have been more at ease still, if she had but known what a powerful ally she had in the all-engrossing tree.

Unobserved she gained the street—the street she never had crossed alone in all her baby life. But she was going to cross it now. Her lady's face looked out at her from the holly-decorated window. Toddlekins waved an encouraging hand to her as she started across the street.

HALF-WAY across, a car flashed around the corner—swerved—stopped. But Toddlekins lay, a little white heap in the dust of the street. She did not hear her lady's cry, did not know that her feet flew to the rescue.

"Give her to me!" she cried. "Her mother isn't home. I saw her go away."

The young man answered gently—much more gently than he usually spoke to Toddlekins' lady.

"I'll carry her up, Maida. You ring up the doctor."

The doctor had come and gone. The glancing blow would do no hurt beyond a probable bruise.

Toddlekins, ensconced in her lady's lap, felt that she had conquered the world. Still her lady did not smile. The tears were wet on her cheeks as she rocked back and forth. Her lips quivered now and then. Old, sad memories were knocking at the heart of Toddlekins' lady.

The young man watched them both with moody, unhappy eyes. Looking up, she met them.

"Isn't she dear, Roy?" she cried. "Isn't she inexpressibly dear? When you struck her—"

She paused, shuddering.

"I know. There wasn't a second to spare. I think I—prayed. I know I thought of little Roy. He'd have been about her size."

"About her size," echoed Toddlekins' lady.

IT DID not seem strange to them to mention the name forever put away, never spoken between them. The boy seemed very near to them. Even little dead children may come forth at Christmas time.

"Oh, what a Christmas it might have been for them!" she cried after a moment. "And they seem so happy. Christmas Eve, too."

"Santa Claus is comin' to our house," broke in Toddlekins. "He's comin' to our house, sure pop! He's comin' tonight when we is all asleep. An' he might hitch a auto to his reindeer, Benny says. He's goin' to bwing me a doll—a weally, twuly one as can talk an' say its prayers. An' loads an' loads o' fings. I can hardly wait. He comes way at night. He goes everywhere. Fink," an old memory made Toddlekins pause, wincing, "you fink he'll come to you?"

"I—don't—know."

"O-h-h!" cried Toddlekins, remembering, "I had my icy bank for a present for you. An' it got losted when I fell down."

The lady held her closer. "Darling!" she said.

"But maybe you won't det nothin'," worried Toddlekins. "Benny said you wouldn't, if I didn't go to sleep. An' I couldn't go—"

The baby mouth quivered.

"Why," cheered the lady, "I shouldn't wonder if Santa Claus came here, Benny, or no Benny. We've—kind of forgotten Christmas lately, Toddlekins. But—Christmas never forgets us! We may go back and begin all over again. That is the blessed part of it."

She spoke musingly. The shadow of grief and the growing apart that had followed it lay on her beautiful face like a cloud. But breaking through it was something at which the man took heart and spoke eagerly.

"Maida, would it be possible, dear, the beginning again—trying once more—bearing and forbearing? Loving and trusting—doing our best?"

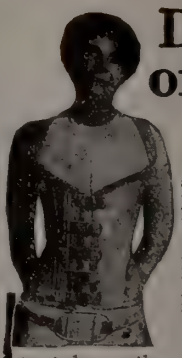
For a long moment she gazed at him, then held out her hand. And the smile on the face of Toddlekins' lady shone like a glory to the man and to the child.

A LETTER of cheer comes from H. W. H., Dewar, Iowa, in which he says: "My good mother passed on about a year ago, among the evergreen hills of Vermont, almost 97, a direct descendant of the Baynton who came over in the Mayflower, and strong in the Pilgrims' faith in God. She took the Christian Herald for many years and would send us her paper after she read it. At last when her dim eyes could no longer see the printed pages, she arranged for the balance of her subscription to come to us—with the request that we continue taking the paper when she was gone. Revering her memory and considering the Christian Herald *indispensable* I shall continue to take it."

Mr. Oliver Harden, Newark, N. J., writes: "I like the Herald because it gives several editorial utterances on current events by men *who know*. I can not tell you what I dislike about it because it meets my needs—as does no other paper."

Mrs. B. L. P., Walworth, N. Y., writes: "I am helped immeasurably by its sermons and daily Scriptures. It takes a high standing on all vital questions of the present time."

Mrs. L. J. C., Adrian, Mich., strongly praises the "Sunday Service" with its "simple Gospel and good old hymns."



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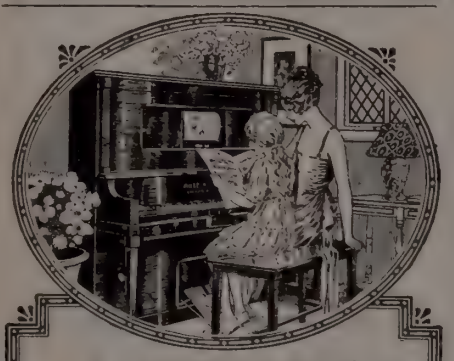

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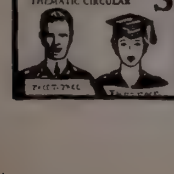

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Country Children Unhealthy

Investigation Reveals Facts Which Demand a Speedy Reform

By F. A. COLLINS

THE average city-bred child is stronger and enjoys better health than his country cousin. Although food is more plentiful as a rule in the country, its children are less well nourished than those in the city, even in the crowded tenement districts. Despite the fact that the country child has an unlimited supply of fresh air he has weaker lungs and suffers far more than the city child from all kinds of throat and lung troubles.

An immense volume of information has been collected regarding children's health conditions, both in the country and in the city, by the Teachers' College of New York, which completely upsets the opinions commonly held on the matter. To make the comparison fair, country children were examined in many localities, while the investigations of city children were made in New York City, including the congested tenement districts where children live more closely packed together than anywhere else in the world.

The actual figures come as a great surprise. It has been found, for instance, that 48 per cent. of country children have defective teeth, while among the children of the city the proportion is 33 per cent. It is generally supposed that the child which breathes the fresh air of the country is freer from throat troubles than a child who lives in a city flat. The percentage of country children suffering from bad tonsils is 28 as compared with but 16 per cent. among city children. In the country 23 per cent. of the children suffer from adenoids while only 12 per cent. of city children have this defect. Five times as many country children have ear troubles as city children. Eye defects again are twice as common in the country as in the city.

The most surprising discovery in these investigations, however, was in the case of feeding. Although the country child lives near the food supply, and is commonly supposed to have an abundance of all kinds of food, it is found that 16 per cent. of country children actually suffer from malnutrition as against only 7 per cent. in the city. The death rate among country children is five times that of city children.

The health of the country child is seriously menaced, to begin with, by impure water. The water supply away from cities and towns is often contaminated. The barnyard and the cesspool often are badly placed in regard to the well, spring, or brook which supplies the drinking water. The water drunk by New York children for example is protected against impurities by every device known to modern science.

Another serious menace in the country is bad ventilation. The homes in the country often are closed tightly against the cold, and the inmates must breathe bad air day and night. More attention is paid as a rule to ventilation in cities, even in the tenement districts. There is generally less knowledge of lung and throat diseases in the country than in the city and infection is more likely to be spread.

IT IS obvious that country children, and grown-ups as well, are much more exposed to unfavorable weather condtions than the city dwellers. The school boy or girl walks long distances in extremes of heat and cold. Once in the school-room the children must sit for hours, often with wet feet and clothing. To protect themselves against the exposure the country children wear too much clothing indoors and on going out are more liable to chill. The school-room as a rule is badly ventilated. The health of the children is further menaced by such careless habits as drinking from a common cup or dipper. All these conditions tend to lower the country child's vitality, to make him liable to catch cold and to develop disorders of the throat and lungs.

The quality of country food and its effect on general health as revealed by these investigations is very surprising. It is a mistake to suppose that food is less pure and nourishing in cities. As a matter of fact the country food is found to be less wholesome even when compared with the supply in the tenement districts of New York City. There is less variety of food in the country than in the city, and the diet is much more monotonous. Country food is cooked with less care, and the knowledge of its exact nutritive values and of the importance of balanced food rations is far less on the farm than in the city.

The city child again receives much more medical attention. The care of babies, to begin with, is better understood in cities. The country mother often brings up her child exactly as her great-grandmother did, with no knowledge of the advance of modern medicine.

The problem of the country school is attacked with intelligence and energy today by the Teachers' College of New York. It is not generally realized that this institution furnishes one of every six trained teachers east of the Mississippi River and one in seven of the trained teachers of the entire country. The reform is directed by interesting teachers and school supervisors in the work, and by organizing schools, community leaders and other social workers in the country. These workers are especially trained to go throughout the country and develop methods of education and community feeling. The improved health of country children is one of the first results to be sought through this movement.

Stressing the Church's Invitation

By ELIZABETH WILLIAMS SUDLOW

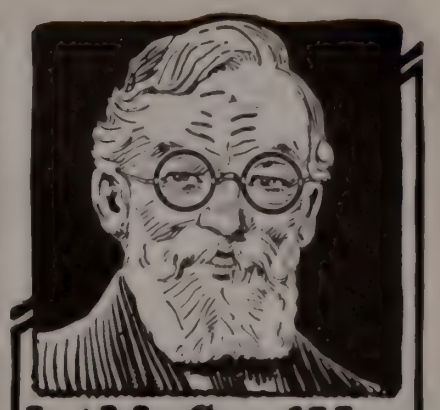
SUNDAY, November 13, was designated Go-To-Sunday-School-and-Stay-for-Church Sunday by the various schools of Dallas, Texas, and on the preceding Saturday the message went over the wires into the homes of more than 175,000 persons.

A religious census had been taken a little earlier which brought to the Sunday Schools information on practically every person in Dallas. When the census cards were turned in to the various churches each pastor and Sunday School superintendent sent out a multigraphed letter to each family for whom they had cards, and urged them to attend the Sunday School and to stay for the preaching services in that church Sunday, November 13, with whatever personal touch the pastor and superintendent desired to put into it. Then each name on the card was assigned to departments and classes so that each member of the household was visited before the special day, and given a specific invitation to attend a department and class.

On Saturday the members of a general committee took the telephone book and called every telephone in the city, saying this: "Don't forget to come to Sunday School and stay for preaching tomorrow morning. Tell everybody. Bring everybody."

The superintendent of each Sunday School gave a number of the family cards to members of a special committee to call the telephone and say this: "Don't fail to be present at Sunday School and stay for preaching tomorrow."

By this method five distinct invitations were extended to every family in the city to come to Sunday School and stay for preaching—the general printed invitation, the special letter from pastor and superintendent, the personal call from the teacher or a member of a certain class, the general telephone call, and specific telephone call on Saturday.



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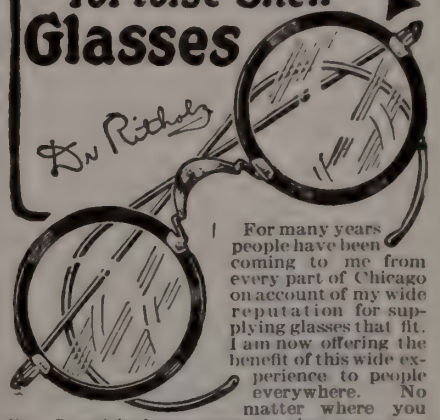

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Warwood, Wheeling, W. Va.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Jan. 2, 1921

Dr. Ritholz,
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Dear Sir:—Received glasses O.K. and I am more than pleased with same. Had my eyes fitted by 3 opticians, but none gave me satisfaction. The ones I got from you I can read the smallest print for hours without feeling the least little effect.

Yours truly, Geo. Stacrzl.

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 923

lective bargaining and union recognition is retained. Leaders of some of the principal unions indicated that the decision was satisfactory in the main.

Irish Reject British Terms

THE negotiations for peace in Ireland have been in a stage so precarious that an open rupture, with a renewal of warfare as its inevitable result, would have occasioned no surprise at any time. Ulster has returned an emphatic "No" to the terms proposed for its inclusion in an All-Ireland Parliament, but allowed a week for the submission of entirely new proposals. The receipt of Ulster's reply was followed at once by a conference of the British and Sinn Fein representatives in London to seek a new avenue of settlement, but the atmosphere was gloomy, since Sinn Fein spokesmen declared they were unwilling to alter their attitude regarding the unity of Ireland and allegiance to the British Crown.

The British government nevertheless submitted the draft of alternative proposals to the Sinn Fein envoys, who at once sent it to Dublin for consideration by the Sinn Fein Cabinet. This scheme would create in Ireland a dominion, with Ulster having the option of joining or standing aloof. The Sinn Fein would be required to give their allegiance under a form to be decided. A concession to Southern Ireland would be the creation of a boundary commission to rectify the division which now includes many Sinn Feiners in Ulster.

The Sinn Fein declined to accept the British government's new proposals, thus virtually destroying the last hopes that a basis of settlement might be found, but at least one more meeting between the British and the Sinn Fein representatives was in prospect. Each side appeared to be anxious to avert a final break but to see slight basis for a continuation of the negotiations.

Mission Budget Large

THE magnitude of the foreign missionary enterprises of American churches was illustrated forcibly by the budget for the coming year adopted by the Methodist Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, at its annual meeting in New York. The total of the appropriations was $5,409,912, a figure large enough to command the highest respect even in the realm of huge industrial concerns, and of this sum $4,466,805 is authorized for work in foreign fields, $600,000 goes for board obligations and $343,107 is for administration.

More than $14,000,000 was paid into the general funds of the church during the year ended October 31, according to the report of Rev. R. J. Wade, exclusive of $1,216,202 pledged in estate notes and which cannot be realized at once. He said that subscriptions recently had been far in excess of those for the corresponding period of last year, a fact which he interpreted as showing a revival of religious sentiment and a decided improvement in business conditions.

Rev. Dr. Titus Lowe, of Omaha, Nebr., was elected corresponding secretary of the Board to succeed Dr. S. Earl Taylor, who resigned August 1 on account of poor health and who now is in Arizona. Dr. Lowe was a missionary to India from 1903 to 1908, and although one of the young men among the church's leaders, there was a strong movement to make him a bishop at the last general conference.

The Reparations Problem

HOW Germany is to make the reparations payments totaling 640,000,000 gold marks, exclusive of sums paid in kind, due January 15 and February 15, has been causing much worry in European official and financial circles. Germans have declared that they see no way of raising the large sums required, and even in the Allied countries many financiers believed that insistence on payment would bring about a collapse of the German financial structure already in a precarious condition.

The Reparations Commission, after a visit to Berlin, issued a statement that Germany could and must pay, but that did not prevent wide-spread discussion, especially in the British press, of the advisability of granting a two-year moratorium to her. This evoked violent protests from the French editors, and in place of a moratorium they suggested a receivership for Germany, with the Allies administering the Rhineland, in order to obtain their reparations dues.

A note sent by the Reparations Commission to Berlin warned the German Government of the serious consequences which a default would entail, and expressed a belief that Germany's difficulties were financial rather than economic, due to the failure of the German Government to take timely steps to balance the budget and the consequent expansion of the issue of paper money. It declared Berlin must try to "obtain the necessary amount of foreign exchange, either from their own nationals, who notoriously have such foreign exchange at their disposal, or from foreign lenders." Dr. Walter Rathenau, former minister of Reconstruction, was in London trying to arrange a loan of £50,000,000, but without great prospects of success.

THOUSANDS HEAR SERMON BY RADIO. There has been held in New York City the first service of what was termed "The Radio Church of America," with a "congregation" estimated at anywhere between 25,000 and 125,000, parts of which were as far distant from the preacher as Baltimore, Hampton, Va., and Fort Sheridan, Ill., listening in with the aid of wireless telephony. The service, which is non-sectarian and includes a sermon and music, is designed particularly for patients in hospitals, men aboard ships, and the thousands of amateur wireless operators.

HEAVY LOSSES IN VIENNA RIOTING. Demonstrations against the high cost of living in Austria held in front of the Parliament building in Vienna developed into riots in which fashionable hotels were looted and stores and banks wrecked. Order was restored after several hundred arrests had been made and property losses amounting to upwards of a million dollars had been caused. The outbreak was attributed to Communist agitation.

CONGRESS BEGINS REGULAR SESSION. The first regular session of Congress in the Harding administration opened on December 5, and the program before it is so heavy that it is expected to be at work continuously until next summer. One of the first measures to be taken up was the foreign debt refunding bill.

RANKING THE BIBLE FIRST. An impromptu canvass of the seniors of Goucher College, Baltimore, gave the Bible an unchallenged first place in a list of the girls' favorite ten books. It had been expected that only secular literature would be listed, but sixty-eight of the 103 girls placed the Bible first, none listed it last and only seven failed to mention it.

STUDENTS FORM PURITY LEAGUE. Seniors of New York University have formed a Purity League, the objects of which are to inculcate proper respect for womanhood and to discourage gambling, drinking, smoking and the use of violent language. Its president is the captain of the University football team, and many prominent students are members.

DR. A. H. STRONG DIES. Rev. Dr. Augustus Hopkins Strong, noted Baptist clergyman, theologian and author, and from 1872 to 1912 president of Rochester Theological Seminary, died at Pasadena, Calif., at the age of eighty-five.

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Young People's Topic for Dec. 25

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Following the Star: What Do Men Find?

C. E., E. L., and B. Y. P. U. Matt. 2 : 1-12 (Christmas Meeting)

THE Star of Bethlehem still is shining. And all men are Wise Men if they desire to follow its gleams. One of the finest things any person can say is, "We have seen His star in the east and are come to worship Him." But a finer thing than merely saying that beautiful sentence is to really worship the Christ in every detail included in the meaning of the word worship. The sky of the east has never been without its stars. They have risen, shone and disappeared. The sky of human renown has had its succession of rising and setting luminaries, the stars of giant intellects and genius; yet quickly have they passed away and their glory been dimmed by other appearing orbs. The Star of Bethlehem, however, is still shining, a beacon light and guiding glow for pilgrims of earth's devious and distracting route from the cradle to the grave.

It is no marvel that the Star of Bethlehem has never set when we pause to consider the boons and blessings that men have found because they followed its beckoning. It is not possible to detail all that the birth of the Christ has meant to the world through the centuries since first angels sang their advent Anthem to expectant but nevertheless startled shepherds. As John Edward Bushnell said: "We cannot review them now, but we clasp them together into one noble bundle and call it 'The Christian Conception of God and human life.' We have a way of arriving swiftly at a conclusion when we say, as even the outside world does, of a matter: 'It is unchristian,' or we say of a man's conduct: 'It is unChristlike.' We say of a nation's misdeeds: 'It is a disgrace to Christian civilization.' One of the most recent tributes to Jesus Christ has been the saying of the scoffers themselves, 'Why did not Christianity prevent the world war?' It is always so. If any crime is committed, the scoffers say: 'Why did not the Christian religion prevent it?' The same question is never asked of any other institution or society. It is a tribute and not a criticism. The very question shows that these things are opposed to the teachings of Christ, and that if His religion prevailed they would never be."

When men follow the Star, what do they find? They find a standard of life, an idea of behavior, an ideal for conduct, a plan for normal procedure, a program for shaping the thought and action of the world. They learn how to lift the nations from the limited sphere of neighborhood to the far-reaching realm of brotherhood. They find the answer to life's puzzling questions, the solution to the soul-riddles of bewildered humanity, the guiding principles that shall eliminate selfish greed and reduce if not do away altogether with the implements of war, and they discover the method of changing spears into plowshares and swords into pruning-hooks. They find the impetus to a nobler science, a more efficient educational system, and the inspiration that changes medicine from a mere profession into a ministry of helpful service and gracious healing.

There is stowed away and carefully guarded, somewhere in Europe, a measuring rod by which the other measuring rods of the world are tested to the smallest fraction of the smallest unit. In cases of doubt they must be placed beside it. Christianity is our measuring rod when we are in doubt concerning the items of character and conduct which we must face day by day, in the give and take of the market place, drawing-room, social centers and the remotest corners.

The Prayer League

ALL *Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.*

THE Christian Herald Prayer League extends a cordial invitation to Christian people throughout this land to unite with the League in praying.

(1) For a World-wide Revival;

(2) For the International Conference, now in session in Washington, that it may be led in all things according to God's will, and that its earnest efforts in behalf of the peace and well-being of all the peoples may be crowned with success.

Mrs. J. D. L., Texas, writes: "In these perilous times of such big things, things that affect nations, with starving people and a world rushing headlong into unkindness and selfishness, I am almost ashamed to ask you to enter with me into a season of prayer for the return to our arms of my stepson. I have looked after him since he was six years old, suffered and prayed for him while in France. He has always loved me until this past year when he has grown cold, until one month ago he began taking his meals away from home. We were always so congenial and companionable. I know God is interested and will hear, for He has answered many wonderful prayers for me. Therefore, again I ask for this boy's return to me."

Mrs. R. W. writes: "Will you please pray that our churches here in Hurley, S. D., may have a real Holy Ghost baptism? The pastors are discouraged, preaching almost to empty churches while the places of amusement are packed."

Revivals are asked for in St. Paul, Minn.; Wortendyke, N. J.

Mrs. W. B., of Ohio, asks that through our columns we urge our readers to hold watch night meetings for world-wide revival.

A Reader, North Carolina, writes: "We need revival in our town, oh, so badly. Not a revival to bring members into the church, but a revival of the church members. So many of our supposed-to-be-leading church members indulge constantly in drinking and gambling. It is next to impossible to get a young man to lead in anything pertaining to God's work. I think the trouble is that the mothers are not willing to pray enough. Some think ten or fifteen minutes a day sufficient. Therefore, please pray that we may have such a revival as will sweep the whole town and community and will bring us humbly to our knees before the Throne of God, and that our young men will be unafraid to stand up and confess Christ before men."

C. C. C., of Minnesota, writes: "My wife and I ask an interest in your prayers that we may receive strength from God at this time as our hearts are sad over the loss of a son. We are so lonely without his company although we know he has gone Home to rest."

B. M., of Illinois, writes: "I am accused of a crime of which I am innocent. Please pray that the truth will be found out. All my friends are against me. Also pray for spiritual blessing for my family and church."

Jennie L., Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "Pray that I may be able to remember Scriptural texts and to quote them correctly and that I may have courage to pray in public and testify for my Saviour without the fear of people. Also that I may be instrumental in winning souls for Christ."

We have received the following individual requests: for healing, 162; guidance, 15; reunion, 5; forgiveness, 3; conversion of relations and friends, 125; blessing, 21; peace, 12; courage, 1; heart's desire, 52; financial aid, 33; positions, 13; mental advancement, 5; happiness, 5; spiritual advancement, 2; and for relatives and friends, that they may be cured of evil habits, 13.

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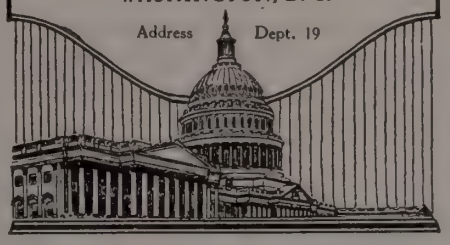

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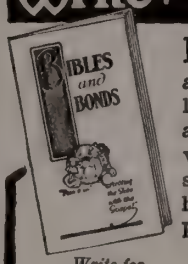

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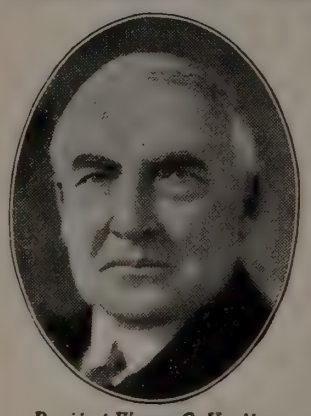

President Warren G. Harding

William Lyon Phelps, A. M., Ph. D., professor of English language and literature, Yale University, says:

"I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women; but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible.

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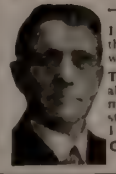

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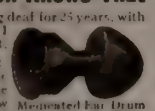

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

THE following five questions and the answers are of special interest at this time and we commend them to the attention of every reader of the Christian Herald:

1. *When is "Watch Night"?* It is the last night of the old year, and is so called from the custom of "watching" the old year out and the new year in. A watch night gathering is a meeting ostensibly for the same purpose.

2. *Are "Watch Night meetings" common?* Yes, there are many such meetings, but comparatively few like those of the old revival days of a half century or more ago, when God's people met, not for a "social" hour, but to humble themselves before God, confessing their sins and the sins of the church, and imploring His forgiveness and continued favor; also earnestly beseeching His presence in revival power. When these and similar meetings died out the spirit for revival also died out in the church at large.

3. *Is it possible to revive the old type of Watch Night meetings?* It is, and the need is great. There should be such a meeting in every evangelical church; or if not in every church, at least in one or more Christian homes in every community. Two years ago there were hundreds of these meetings, and a year ago thousands. This year the number should be tens of thousands.

4. *How should a Watch Night meeting be conducted?* The place is immaterial—whether church or home. The hours are immaterial—whether two or three hours or all night; the number of persons is immaterial, "for where two of three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." The matter of vital importance is that the Holy Spirit be the recognized Leader of the meeting, and that those who gather for "prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving," be "agreed" in the Lord. All bickerings and jealousies and divisive issues must be confessed and put away; then God will pour out His Spirit.

5. *"What can I do?"* First of all, pray and ask others to do so. If you are a pastor, get the matter on the consciences of your people. If need be, open your own home to a meeting. You can do something. God will show you the rest.

Mr. Guy Mahorney, a reader of the Christian Herald in Hartford City, Ind., sends the interesting story of Rev. Charles Little, who for fifty years has been pastor of the Wabash Presbyterian Church, and who recently delivered his forty-ninth anniversary sermon. Only a few members are now living who heard his first sermon preached. Dr. Little comes of a long line of ministerial ancestors. He has officiated at the marriages of more than 1700 couples. He is greatly beloved by his congregation, who, when he wished to retire from the active ministry a few years ago, urged that he remain at his post during the rest of his life.

Mrs. E. H. H., Kansas City, Mo., writes, apropos of the discussion over proposed changes in the Creed: "May I suggest another, to be included in the declaration of the fundamental doctrines and teaching of Jesus: 'He ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, *where He ever liveth to make intercession for us*, and from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.'"

A. B. C., Boulder, Colo. The passage in Deut. 22 : 5 is believed to have been directed against certain abuses which were common in the heathen temples of the nations with whom the Israelites came into contact. Disguises were assumed at certain times in these temples, women equipped in armor, and men in colored feminine attire, worshipping at the heathen shrines. The whole system was corrupt and offensive, and hence it is described in the Jewish ordinances as "an abomination unto the Lord."

Mrs. L. B. H., Fabius, N. Y. The opening prayer at the Conference in Washington was made by a Baptist minister of that city, Rev. Mr Abernathy, who was chosen by the President for that particular occasion. The prayer, which was exceedingly appropriate, was one to which all the Christian Churches and congregations could readily subscribe, being undenominational and recognizing in the fullest measure the need of Divine guidance in all the work sought to be accomplished.

Lena K. S., Firth, Idaho, sends these suggestions about the Altar Service in the Home: "Undoubtedly there are many mothers who would like to have family worship in the home, but do not have the co-operation of the fathers, so they let day after day go by without giving to the children the spiritual advantage of this home service. In one home, father is a business man and claims he can't wait for the hour of service which means so much to his wife. She, however, rolls into the drawing-room the baby-carriage containing the ten months' old Betty, seats herself in a big easy chair upon the arm of which climbs the boy, aged four. All three (for Betty joins in) sing from the Sunday School song book a song which is familiar to the boy. The mother reads a little story with a lesson in it, from John Martin's Book, the Junior Instructor, or the weekly Sunday School paper. Boy and mother on alternate mornings pray, thanking God for family, home, clothes, food, friends and fun, and asking Him to help them to be good folks all day long, for Jesus' sake. Then mother reads aloud a portion from the Bible, and the boy invariably listens, in fact, asks for it if mother starts to read it to herself. If mothers start this custom when children are tiny, they will avoid the embarrassment and awkwardness occasioned by beginning when the children are at a more sensitive age." These practical hints to mothers could be made available in many homes.

D. S. D., Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "In your issue of November 5, you present the proposal of Rev. J. W. Wells of San Jose, California (1) for a People's Parliament at Washington, D. C., to watch our regular Congress and to lobby for the people, and (2) that we take informal referendum votes of all American citizens to inform Congress as to what we wish done, until (3) our national Constitution has had an Amendment added providing for the national initiative and referendum as we now have local and state initiative and referendum in city charters and state constitutions. You request that your readers discuss the proposal. In reply to proposal two, the question arises, who will furnish the immense sums of money to take the referendums, which would be as expensive as regular election referendums? The men of wealth do not want any referendums held except by the United States Chamber of Commerce which already takes referendums from the local Chambers of Commerce everywhere. Unless the government takes the referendums and pays the bills, the only referendum now possible is the postal card referendums which various reform societies tell us to send to our home Congressman or Senators when issues arise in which we are interested. In reply to proposal one, it would cost as much to elect and maintain a second parliament to watch our regular Congress as it costs to maintain the present Congress. Who will pay the bills? There are now representatives of all sorts of societies with offices in Washington so that there is now an informal parliament in existence. Why not support them and their work, such as the Anti-Saloon League, the American Union Against Militarism, the Popular Government League, the Farmers' National Council, etc.? Also why not get non-partisan preferential primary laws in each state and then, at the primaries, elect men who will not be merely the tools of reactionary interests? Let your readers get copies of the American Issue, Labor, the Searchlight, the Farmers' Forum, and similar organs and see what is now being done in Washington As regards the third proposal, every American citizen should unite in working for an Amendment to our National Constitution providing the national initiative and referendum, especially as requiring that all military and naval appropriations, all declarations of war, all conscription and sedition laws, be submitted to the people for a vote before becoming laws."

J. E. Gramps, Fort Plain. Chain letters, when they contain a threat or prediction of evil for non-compliance, should receive no attention. Compliance should be voluntary to be of any real value.

W. A., North Berwick, Me. You doubtless refer to Ezra 7 : 21, which contains all the letters in the alphabet excepting J.

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The Holy Night

By Margaret E. Sangster — Painted by Feurstein

The shepherds knelt before the Babe,
And, silver-sweet on high,
A great star cut a gleaming path,
Across the midnight sky!

And Mary's face was wan and pale,
But, oh, the way she smiled!
As angels, straight from Heaven, sang
Their praises to her child!

Perhaps the shadow of a cross,
Lay on her heart that night;
For — as she touched the Baby's hand —
Her eyes, with tears, were bright!

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The Light of Christmas

Margaret E. Sangster

I saw a mother on the street, today,
Who held a shawl-wrapped baby to her breast;
I watched her, and I saw a faint smile play
Across her face—(so wan it was, and white!)
And then I saw her eyes, great, sad eyes, rest
Upon the baby's face. And, oh, the light
That lay in them was wonderful, and sweet.

On Bethlehem there shone a star, one night,
A silver star that swept across the land
With radiance like song. A Baby hand
Reached from a manger, like a groping flower;
And, kneeling at another Mother's feet—
(So pale she was—but, oh, her eyes were bright,
As like a queen she met her proudest hour!)
The wise men laid incense, and gold, and myhrr.

I saw a mother on the street, today,
Who held a shawl-wrapped baby to her breast;
And as I watched I saw a faint smile play
Across her face—and, in the eyes of her,
I saw a light like flame. It burned away
All dread and bitterness. Ah, she was dressed
In rags—but, oh, the rags were glorified!

I watched her, and the light swept, like a tide
From her proud gaze into the soul of me.
And I could see across that busy street
A glowing star of silver mystery,
And as I watched my heart knelt at her feet!

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Uncle Sam's Christmas-Tree

Surely America Has Many Reasons for Being Grateful and Happy

By RAE D. HENKLE

WHEN Uncle Sam has a minute or two of leisure to sit down and look over the parcels on his Christmas-tree he is going to be a very satisfied and happy chap. If he is at all retrospective—and who is not at the holiday time?—he is going to pat himself on the back and say with a bit of self-congratulation:

"What a poor fool I was last Christmas to think that the world was all wrong, that nobody loved me, and that I might just as well crawl into my hole and cut the lines that tied me to the rest of the world."

Because a year ago he was just about in the depths of despondency. His morale was at zero. He was practically friendless and he was alone. His Christmas packages from his family and neighbors were ironic flings at his hopeless, helpless future.

But what a difference a short year makes! Without a too-great optimism he can say to himself in the language of the doughboy: "Oh, man! I'm sittin' on the top o' the world."

From Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and the islands of the seas is coming a chorus that sounds like "For he's a jolly good fellow," and even the folks at home are casting doubt on the reliability of the old adage about the prophet being without honor in his own country. The big American family has decided that, after all, Uncle Sam is not a bad fellow and that while he may have his faults in common with the rest of the world, he is a big, warm-hearted, clean-minded, unselfish, strong-minded, clear-visioned, hard-working, earnest, idealistic sort of person. It intends, by these eulogistic adjectives, to have the rest of the world understand that it is glad to claim him again and that America once more looks to the future with a confidence and assurance that events have caused to be sadly lacking in the last three years.

NEVER in more than nineteen hundred years has Christmas been more completely an era of "Peace on Earth" than in this year of 1921. This may be attributed to three main phenomena: The world has regained its sense of proportion; it has acquired a new, if still rudimentary, sense of brotherhood and responsibility; it has been convinced that quarreling doesn't pay.

Supplementing these conclusions are others less fundamental and more transitory but none the less effectual in bringing toward a successful ending the efforts of the American Government to negotiate a basis of permanent peace. If Uncle Sam found on his Christmas-tree nothing more than the agreement among the principal powers for a limitation of armament and a formula for the settlement of disputes that arise in the Pacific basin it would be an occasion for rejoicing, for with them would go a saving of hundreds of millions of dollars every year to be translated into a reduction of the tax burden and an assurance that at the point of greatest potential danger the possibility of sacrificing the best of the country's young manhood on the altar of war had been eliminated.

Surely there is reason for a happy Christmas!

Beyond that, however, the calling of the Washington Conference and the skill and humanness with which it has been conducted have placed the United States on a new and firmer plane in the regard of the peoples of the world. A year ago, with the repudiation of the League of Nations, the stock of American goodwill was far below par in the international market. It is not an exaggeration to say that we were left virtually friendless. We had been in the position of Big Brother to humanity, and suddenly we became anathema as a miser-hermit. We may still be looked on in some quarters as a miser gloating over his gold while the mortgage on the poor widow's home is being foreclosed, but that attitude is being abandoned where common sense has a chance to assert itself. In its place has come an appreciation of the fact that we have a world vision and the energy and ability to realize it. And while we realize it for ourselves we are lightening the burdens and clearing the war-laden atmosphere that surrounds the nations with which we are in contact.

Last Christmas we were legally and technically at war with Germany and Austria. On the 1921 Christmas-tree Uncle Sam finds two parchment rolls embodying treaties of peace with Germany and Austria, so that we can say with official sanction: "We haven't an enemy on earth."

THIS same element of peace also has affected the relations of Great Britain and Ireland, and an end to the centuries-long antagonism between the two islands is in sight, provided a small group of trouble-making Americans of Irish descent are able to restrain their hatred of England and encourage the efforts of the peacemakers on a basis of a free Irish state. We might even go so far as to suggest that the Washington government, as an act friendly to Great Britain, might officially suppress those few hybrid Americans, who with their money and their voices are endeavoring to overthrow all the work of the negotiators who labored for months to bring an accord between Ireland and the British crown. It would be a Christmas present worth while if the country could be freed from the fulminations of the irreconcilable Irish agitator.

In his home relationships Uncle Sam has had a very happy year, particularly happy because of the relief from the depression that could be felt all about him twelve months ago. Part of this depression was due largely to psychological causes, such as the uncertainty that followed the Presidential election and preceded the installation of the new government in power. Much of it, however, was actual and physical, due to the liquidation of war industries, readjustment of business on a decreasing price level, conflicts between capital and labor in every part of the country, buyers' strikes, closing down of factories, and similar economic disturbances.

In the year that is just closing there has been a marked improvement all along the industrial line. The war influence has been overcome to a great extent in the struggle of reconstruction. The perennial tug-of-war between the organized employers and the organized employees resulted in some unsettled weeks, but sober councils prevailed, and there is growing slowly a conviction in the minds of both capital and labor that the public has an interest in their problems that cannot be entirely disregarded. The public this year said in unmistakable terms that it would tolerate no strikes and no lockouts that compromised the rights of the people.

LABOR, for some years past, has gone about appar-

ently with the feeling that industry is a gold-filled bank to which it alone should possess the key. Capital, recovering somewhat from the blows it received from the big stick in the days of the "malefactors of great wealth," felt the time was ripe for it to destroy bodily all labor organizations. Here was a stage all set for a stupendous economic war, and then the public said: "Stop it! Both of you are partly right and partly wrong. What you want is a little of the Golden Rule in business."

And that is what industry is thinking today. More businesses than ever before in the nation's history have begun seriously to study the question of human relationships in the factory. The result has been astonishing to some of the students if not so surprising to the "idealists" who urged them on to the study. The example of the factories where some of the Golden Rule principles have been applied has been felt in every direction and has been a large cake of leaven in a heavy loaf of misunderstanding, distrust and animosity. Responsible labor leaders are thinking now in terms of "let's get together." Responsible employers with a sense of duty to the country, are thinking more of their workers in terms of human beings than as cogs in a machine for grinding out money. There still are employers of the reactionary type who see in a factory hand only so much potential wealth for themselves. And there still are labor leaders who see in capital an excuse for anarchistic and communistic agitation. Both types, fortunately, are more and more in the minority, and they will be placed in control if the President's plea for an arbitration board is granted.

The inevitable development of this breaking down of distrust and mutual recognition of the indispensability of both money and labor in industry, has been an increase in employment and an increase in production. Labor has gained and so has the employer. In this complex modern industrial life where we are all wheels within wheels a slip of one cog affects the operation of the whole machine so that the perfect meshing of the two main gears means safety, contentment and better prospects for the public at large.

NEXT to a more tolerant attitude on the part of employers and employes, the new revenue measure passed by the Congress as a temporary makeshift has influenced for the better economic conditions. Admittedly the bill is a makeshift. It was passed to fulfil party pledges, but it has eased the burden of taxation on both corporations and individuals, and will permit the former especially to proceed with expansion plans without facing an annual tax bill that in many instances was almost confiscatory. The temporary expedient made no effort to adjust the tariff on a comprehensive scale. That remains for this session of Congress to undertake, but there is evidence that the problem of tariff revision will be approached with broader vision and less intensive partisanship than ever before in the history of revenue legislation. Heretofore the Congress has been governed by the insular view that limited their thought to the protection of home industries from competition with foreign importations. The party in power continues to be a protectionist party, but in common with the rest of the country it sees the necessity of foreign trade, both import and export, and recognizes that in the field of international commerce tariff walls can be erected by two countries as easily as one. Unless all the signs fail, this attitude will largely govern in the formulation of the next revenue bill.

In the class with physical and economic improvements Uncle Sam will find under his tree a vastly extended and improved system of public roads which are serving two main objects—quicker and cheaper transportation between urban and interurban communities, and the extension into rural sections of some of the cultural advantages of the towns. The good-roads movement has penetrated into every state and encouraged by federal appropriations and engineering support the state and county authorities are pushing construction with great rapidity.

Morally and socially the year has been one of marked advancement. The most important new package on the tree undoubtedly is the Smith-Towner maternity bill, which introduces the American people to a type of social welfare legislation long advocated by groups of men and women who have had wide experience in sociological problems. The United States has been extremely backward in undertaking work of a kind that European governments long ago included among their responsibilities, but with the passage of the maternity bill there is reason to feel that the pleas of the advocates of effective child labor laws, old age pensions and improved public health measures will not fall on completely deaf ears.

THE demand for more public-school facilities, especially in the rural districts, and for a higher grade and more numerous teaching staff, has been partially met. More school houses have been built than for several years past but, unfortunately with little federal assistance. The value of a schoolhouse adequately equipped, in comparison with a war ship, has been pretty thoroughly impressed on the American mind, and there is an excellent prospect that a few of the hundreds of millions to be saved from naval construction programs will go into better education.

Prohibition has had another year of trial and another year of justification. Despite difficulties of enforcement in many communities there has been noticeable, especially in the last few weeks, a strong reaction toward strict law observance. The enforcement officials are finding more sympathy from the public, the newspapers as a class are finding encouragement of bootlegging unpopular, and violators of the law are finding jurors and judges less lenient. Altogether it is a rather unhappy Christmas for the man who makes his living as a booze vendor, but a happy one for Uncle Sam in the assurance that his law will be obeyed.

There has been a decided forward movement during the year in Christian Unity. While no figures are available it is known that more interdenominational mergers have been completed in the form of union churches than in any other twelve-month. Not only have these churches taken an important place in the rural and village communities, but they have appeared in increasing numbers in the cities where neighborhood conditions have made it advisable for several organizations of different denominations to combine their activities in one large organization for more efficient handling of the spiritual and social problems that were demanding solution. It all indicates a growth of sectarian tolerance that is not only pleasing Uncle Sam but is delighting the big broad-minded religious leaders of the country.

Superintendent Edmunds Discovers Why

By ANNA PRINTZLAU BOWEN

IT SEEMED to energetic, black-eyed Richard Edmunds, Sunday School Superintendent of Grace Church, that the Junior department was lacking something vital. Just what it was he could not determine. He had listened to the teachers expound the lessons, and was satisfied with their efforts; he knew they were attending to the social side of their duty. He and Mrs. Edmunds were discussing the matter Saturday evening.

"I can not understand it," he declared. "Take Miss Brown's boys, for instance, every last one of them is determined to be the robber in that Good Samaritan story we are to dramatize."

"It *is* strange," sympathized his wife," but doubtless it is because they are at the super-strength-admiration age."

"That's just it—they don't distinguish between real and superficial aspirations—and they should by this time."

Mrs. Edmunds refrained from replying, for her admirable husband quickly delved into a pocket, brought forth a clean white handkerchief and lustily blew his nose—a sure sign that he was deeply moved, and preferred to reason the matter out alone.

Sunday morning he felt more optimistic, having had a good night's rest. The Junior boys occupy room number one, and the girls, room number two during study period, the two departments facing each other through assembly. Running the length of these two rooms is the Primary department, the three rooms separated by sliding doors.

"Have you seen a lost note-book anywhere?" the Librarian asked Superintendent Edmunds, after he had given her a new list of readable books to inspect. "I'm sure I left it here on my desk, but it certainly is not here now."

"Yes, I have seen it—in fact I am the guilty party. I had to refer to it at the last Board meeting, and I distinctly recall leaving it there. I will get it for you immediately—sorry to have inconvenienced you."

"Not at all, Mr. Edmunds, I am in no hurry for it, but I need it to take home."

EVERY member of Grace Church knows that official business is usually transacted in the Primary room, and in a few moments the Superintendent was there looking for the note-book. On the opposite side of the wall, directly in front of the official desk, is the Junior Superintendent's desk. It happened that Miss Brown was standing beside it, reviewing the Good Samaritan story, as Superintendent Edmunds searched for the note-book. He had forgotten she was replacing the Junior Superintendent for the day, and something she said caught his attention, and he listened as she proceeded with the story.

"Now you tell *me* what the story is about," she requested the boys.

"Why—why it's about a man who—who was goin' somewheres and—and—"

"Aw, get out, you," came a voice behind the speaker. "It's about an old Jew who got soaked by some robbers who didn't even have a r'volver."

"They was awful brave, wasn't they Miss Brown?" added a third.

"Well—yes, in a way. Perhaps we better say they were very bold. But what happened after the robbers left the poor Jew all bruised up?"

"Oh—nothin' much. A fellow came along and let him ride his mule to the hotel. Prob'ly he was tired ridin' anyway—wouldn't you rather walk th'n ride a mule, Miss Brown?"

"Yes, and who paid for the Jew's supper?"

"Did he eat any, Miss Brown?"

"Why—why, of course, we are not sure about it, but doubtless he did. Who did you say paid for it?"

Superintendent Edmunds, listening at the desk, suddenly blew his nose.

"Oh, the fellow with the donkey paid it," came a listless reply.

"Yes, the man we call the Samaritan paid for the Jew's supper and room. Don't you think that was real kind of him?"

"Prob'ly he was a'nother rich Jew."

"No—he wasn't a Jew—he was just a good-hearted man. Now turn to your lesson study and remember to come early tomorrow evening for rehearsal."

Again Superintendent wanted to blow his nose—but refrained, and hastened to deliver the Librarian's note-book. Before rehearsal, Monday evening, the Junior Superintendent and Miss Brown were discussing the adaptation of the boys and the characters in the story. "It's the funniest thing," she confided, "most every one of my boys wants to be a robber—wouldn't you suppose they would prefer to be the Samaritan?" Just then Superintendent Edmunds arrived.

"Good evening, folks—where are the boys?"

"Outside—disputing over their ability to fill the rôle of robber."

"Well, let's get them in—and get busy."

SOON every one was ready. "Now let's see," reflected Superintendent Edmunds aloud to the assembled group, "we have to have a rich Jew, a Priest, a Levite, a brave-looking Samaritan, and about three sneaky and mean robbers. Of course there must have been two anyway—one wouldn't dare to go alone, for robbers are always cowards at heart. But we wouldn't have had any story if those sneaky fellows hadn't been too lazy to earn a decent living in a decent way. Probably it was about dusk when this all happened, for a robber hardly ever dares show his face by daylight. But we've got to have some one to be robber just the same. Who will volunteer?"

The room was suddenly very quiet, save for a few shuffling feet as a few front-seat Juniors settled themselves into "not me" attitudes. Again Superintendent Edmunds wanted to blow his nose, and refrained.

"Well, then we will begin with the Samaritan. Somehow I think that Samaritan fellow must have been a regular doughboy sort—not afraid of anything he considered to be right, don't you? Of course it would not have taken much courage for a big strong fellow like him to assist a sick friend, but you know the Jews considered themselves above the Samaritans, and did not care to associate with them. You know how that makes a decent fellow feel, even if he is big enough to not get mad over it. But just the same, when he saw the Jew needed a friendly lift, he hastened to give it. Sort of a boy scout too, wasn't he? Now who is going to be Samaritan in our play?"

Six of the nine Juniors raised a right hand.

Again Superintendent Edmunds *wanted* to blow his nose.

"Well, now—that's fine, but you can't all be the Samaritan. We have to stick to the story, you know, and that means we simply *have* to have the robbers, too."

An hour later, the boys having been dismissed, the Superintendent passed the nine on his way home.

"Gee—you fellows don't think anything about us two guys what have to take the sneaky old robbers' part," blurted one.

"Aw, buckle up and don't be a ninny," advised the to-be-Samaritan.

And this time Superintendent *did* blow his nose good and hard.

A Prayer

By WILFRED J. GOREHAM

I COME to Thee, dear Lord, and pray
That Thou wilt guide me day by day.
Guide my thought, and guide my tongue;
Guide my footsteps as I run
This race of life, which soon must end.

This earthly life is brief, indeed;
And when I see my brother's need
I pray, that I may have the power
To sow the seed, which in this hour
Shall lead him to have faith in Thee.

Japan and the Conference

An Interview with Ambassador Shidehara

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

MY EARLIEST imagination, whenever China was the subject of talk or question, filled in the outlines of any picture of that country or its mysterious people with hoary antiquity. I had a vivid notion that all its buildings were gray with moss and all the men wore long white beards. I pictured the people as buried in a contemplation of the past and living in that past more than in any present.

The same notion also held true of Japan, although perhaps not quite so pronounced. But in any case I never could picture the Japanese people as being quite modern. And until lately I have had difficulty in thinking of Japan or of the Japanese people as I think of other countries or people.

With more or less of this old feeling still clinging to me I approached the Japanese Embassy building one morning. And I must confess that in spite of my United States bringing-up, which bade me stand in no awe of ambassadors or kings, I could not quite shake off the feeling that I was about to mingle with the high and mighty. I ought to have come up those broad steps at the corner of Twentieth and Dupont Circle with a bolder stride if I had only remembered that I had been asked over the telephone to meet Mr. Shidehara, Ambassador Extraordinary from Japan, at noon, promptly. For this making appointments by telephone did not seem to me quite real. We order meat and groceries and ice and coal and a number of things at our house by telephone, but it was a new custom for me to consider meeting Japan's Ambassador that way, just as if it were no more than calling up the daily paper and asking what the score was.

I was ten minutes early, and said so to the young American clerk or attendant or whatever he is called, who asked me very pleasantly if I had an appointment with any one. I said I had with the Ambassador, Mr. Shidehara, but it was not until noon, and I would, of course, wait.

But the young American took the card to a young Japanese sitting at a small desk, and he at once rose and greeted me very pleasantly, and said that Mr. Shidehara was holding a very important conference with Baron Kato, the head of the Japanese delegation, and with others of the party from Japan.

I of course remarked that I was ahead of my time, and also that if my coming was inopportune I would wait for some other appointment. At that the young Japanese with a very polite bow left me and went into the room where the conference was behing held, and immediately came out and ushered me into a small room which seemed to have been just newly furnished. There was a very modest desk with only an ink-well and a pad on it, one picture on the walls, a short sofa, three chairs with carved dragon backs, a modest rug, and, as near as I can remember, that was all.

I HAD just made this inventory when Mr. Shidehara came in. I was somewhat expecting, from my rather vague imaginings, to see an old man covered all over with the garments of diplomacy. Instead of that I faced a young man, with a head of the finest black hair I have ever seen. (Inasmuch as most of mine is gone, the only envious moments I ever have are when I meet a man like Mr. Shidehara.) His eyes also were of that brilliant black, not the coal-black sort that have once had fire in them and have gone out, but the kind that still glow with a fire back of them, friendly and warm.

He did not seem to be in the least sort of a hurry or to have anything to worry him on his mind. Indeed, I may say here that he seemed so interested in the question that is now before all the world that he stayed in the little room for half an hour answering the most pointed questions with the greatest frankness and good humor.

I asked him if he had hope that the Conference for Limitation of Armament would really arrive at conclusions that would satisfy the people. His answer was immediate and tremendously serious and open:

"I am greatly optimistic about it all. The time has come to do something for the welfare of mankind."

"Suppose," I said, "that the United States should propose to Japan and the other nations that not a single additional battleship ever be built and not another dollar be spent on military equipment, would Japan agree to that proposal?"

He leaned forward and his black eyes took on a tremendous aspect of consent as he said, "Yes, and we would even go farther."

"Then," I said going one step ahead, "do you have hopes that this great world conference is going to be the first historical step for mankind leading up to world-wide peace?"

"I most certainly do," he said at once. "What possibility is there that your country could ever be attacked by any foreign power? For over one hundred years you have been without a single hostile soldier on your soil" (repeating a sentence he had used in a recent public utterance). "And war must soon be too expensive for the world, to be carried on."

"Is your attitude that of Japan's people in general?"

He smiled again, that smile not of the diplomat but of the statesman, as he said: "We have our Jingoes as"—I think he was near to saying "you have yours," but he was too polite to say it, and went on—"a part of the people who try to create ill-will and keep alive the fear and suspicion. But the great number of Japan's population want peace and an end of war."

I MENTIONED the interesting fact of Madam Yajima, that wonderful women, ninety years old, President of Japan's W. C. T. U., who had presented to President Harding the petition of 10,000 Japanese women asking for world peace.

And again the black eyes glowed as he said, "Yes, they want war to cease." And after a moment as he looked earnestly at me:

"Japan does not want war. And we are not looking for it. Japan is willing to pay the price for peace. All we want is a chance to live. We have a population of 60,000,000 crowded into a space no larger than one of your small states. We want a chance to live, but we do not want war."

Now I am not skilled in the arts and wiles of diplomacy or double dealing and do not know the animal when I meet him. But if Mr. Shidehara was saying all these astonishing things to me so diplomatically that he did not mean what he said, but just the opposite, then I take off my hat and keep it off before the most colossal exhibition of falsehood disguised as truth that the annals of mankind can boast.

But I do not entertain and never did, the suspicion and fear of Japan that have been fostered and kept alive by sensational writers and professional war-makers in this and other countries. The thing to emphasize now is the growing conviction that so far as Japan's representatives are concerned they are openly for a cessation of war and even for the abolition of it. I, for one, would hesitate to cast one atom of doubt upon their sincerity. And my interview with the Ambassador made me feel as I felt after seeing Mr. Sze, the Chinese Minister. The same spirit seemed to shine out of the faces of these two men. I could not detect a single sign of double dealing or diplomacy in either of them. I believe they keenly sense the feeling of mankind.

AND I believe no man ever voiced a personal conviction more truly than Mr. Shidehara did when he said solemnly as I rose to go:

"Dr. Sheldon, I know that the whole world, the people of all the world, want war to cease. And Japan is going to do her part to bring it about."

Whatever the great gathering does at the last, I shall never forget that parting word of the Japanese Ambassador. He spoke deliberately. He spoke as a representative of a great people. And I believe he also spoke as an individual, voicing the cry of a nation that with all the rest of us has built up a war machine only to find that it is a monster that will destroy its builder if the builder in the end does not destroy it.

From my room as I write I have a magnificent view of the national Capitol dome. It glows with the electric light thrown on it, a thing of beauty and of hope. It looks at times like a frozen thing built up by unearthly hands against a black sky. But oftener it seems to me as I stand at my window, never tiring of the wonderful sight, it glows with a promise of the light of world Peace against a background of stars, and shining all through the night when all the other lower and meaner lights of the city have been extinguished.

If more than two thousand years ago a man was bold enough and optimistic enough to say that "nation would make war against nation no more," surely we who live today ought to cover our heads with shame if we do not have the faith to believe that it can and will come to pass. And if at this time in world history the light should go out that has been kindled by the United States as the place of human freedom, then truly the darkness will prevail over mankind.

But the last thing I saw as I put out the little light in my own room was the Capitol dome glowing majestically, and there was one star directly over the dome that was shining with a radiance that was not borrowed from the earth.

BETWEEN the Capitol building and the White House, Washington presents the most astonishing contrasts between the magnificent and the squalid. Perhaps not more in quantity than any city, since all cities are made up of the slum and the boulevard. But in matter of sharp outline, what for example, could be more startling than the shaft of the Washington Monument and the Congressional Library as I see them from my window, and the old brick saloon that once was, in all its repulsive brazen front, standing at the corner of Tenth and E Streets, and is appropriately used now for selling junk. As the white marble shaft and the dome of the Library, owing to the position which they take from my room, seem to be built close by the side of the junk shop, the whole thing emphasizes the contrasts that Washington is constantly throwing up before the eyes of the visitor, and especially if he is keeping in view as he walks about, any of the history of this city which has seen and made great chapters of human joy and sorrow.

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Admiral Baron Kato, head of the Japanese delegation

On the way to the Chinese Legation some of these thoughts came trooping in to my mind, and as I passed the corner of Tenth and E Streets I happened to call up a a little bit of history not always told in the school text-books, and I turned and went into the junk shop where from the Tenth Street door I could see the front of Ford's Theater where President Lincoln was shot. I wanted to see if the thing was still standing in this old saloon that was there on the night of April 14, 1865.

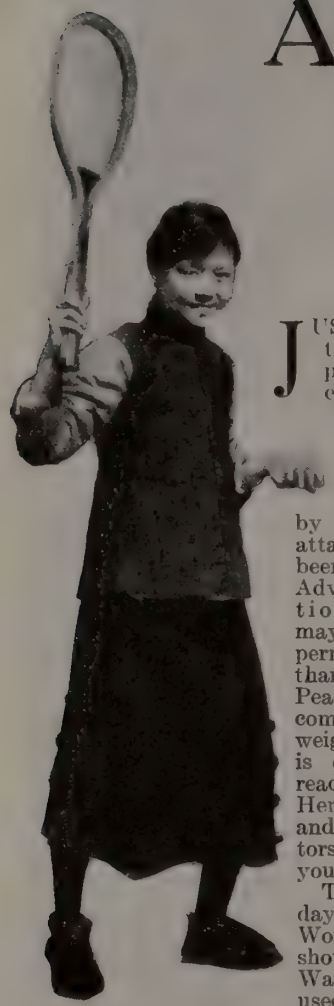
It was still there, and I felt a thrill of memory as I worked my way through piles of old iron to where it was. A gaudily painted post near what was once the bar of the saloon, and the words on it in large and different colored letters: "Where John Wilkes Booth took his last drink."

These are the words inscribed on that old saloon post, and for more than forty years in the capital city of the United States, on the *outside* of this same saloon, were the words painted in bold letters, "John Wilkes Booth took his last drink here fifteen minutes before he shot Abraham Lincoln." And the astounding thing about it all to me, as I recalled it all, was the fact that the words were an advertisement of a saloon, not intended to warn the young men of a danger or even to mark a historical spot.

Continued on page 945

A Great Adventure in International Friendship

By ABBY GUNN BAKER



"Come on to tennis" at Yenching College, Peking

JUST at this time when the entire world is pulsating with interest in the Washington Conference, and when Christian people everywhere are praying that it may devise a way whereby World Peace may be attained, a movement has been started which is an Adventure in International Friendship that may mean more toward permanent world peace than all Conferences or Peace Leagues could accomplish, no matter how weighty. The Adventure is one in which every reader of the Christian Herald will be interested, and I am glad that the editors are going to let me tell you the wonderful story.

The story began in the days at the close of the World War, or perhaps I should say that the World War was one medium God used to help the Great Adventure. At all events it was the war which sent people who had never traveled beyond the confines of their native lands out in the highways and byways of many other countries. It led everybody, even Americans, to realize that other lands than their own had ways and customs and institutions which were to be desired.

When the soldiery of the Orient went forth to take their part in the World War, the fiery ordeal brought to them a comprehension of world conditions of which they had never dreamed. East Indian soldiers went back to India to wipe out the curse of caste and to raise the standard of India's womanhood. The Japanese acquired a growing sense of what Christian civilization meant and of what Christian education could mean to the womanhood of Japan. Soldier, student and statesman went back to the old and hoary land of China with a growing conviction that China could never become one of the great nations of the world with an illiterate womanhood.

What was the result when soldier, student and statesman went back to Lucknow and Madras, to Peking and Nanking, to Yokohama and Tokyo with this new vision, this new realization of the possibilities of womanhood? What was the result in lands where for millenniums woman had been regarded as a chattel or a plaything, valuable and protected in a home of wealth, valuable but a mere beast of burden in a home of poverty, and where whether in homes of wealth or poverty custom and superstition held her in the inexorable grip of ignorance and illiteracy?

THAT God was in the Great Adventure, that God had used the war to waken the men of India, China and Japan to the need of education for the women of their lands, there can be no question, for from Madras to Peking, and from Peking to the Japan Inland Sea the women of the Orient, with swift-running feet and outstretched hands, met the new standard the war had created for them. They, the secluded women of India, the eager-eyed daughters of Japan, the illiterate, famished women of China pressed forward and pleaded that educational opportunities be provided for them. That God was in this Great Adventure could not be denied.

For more than half a century He has been moving toward this end in every mission field His Church has established in all the lands of the Orient. Who could doubt that He is in the Great Adventure when we recall that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the Oriental woman who has received any but the most rudimentary education has received it in the mission schools of our denominational mission stations? These splendid mission schools—and splendid they are no matter how small, for they have a record of faithfulness that can not be surpassed—have been laying a sure foundation for the great Adventure.

A group of earnest men and women in Great Britain and America heard the cry, the demanding cry, of Oriental women who for ages had struggled in the darkness of ignorance, but who had caught a glimmer of the light. It was the bitter cry of the Long Denied, and it could go no longer unheeded. In response to the call which came from these women of the Orient through the missionaries, this group of men and women determined in the very days when the Great War was beginning to rock the world, in 1914, to unite in a concerted interdenominational effort to give the women of the Orient schools of college grade; schools which would offer to the girls of those lands the same educational advantages that were enjoyed by the girls of Great Britain and America, and would train hosts of Christian leaders, without whom these vast peoples can not be evangelized.

The group of men and women interested, in England and the United States, selected Madras in South India, as one city in which the Great Adventure should be launched. At the college which was established there is a striking example of what real Christian unity can accomplish. The story will be given you in some detail. Twelve mission boards united in starting this college, which was called the Woman's Christian College at Madras. The boards of Great Britain were those of the Church Missionary Society; Church of England Zenana Missionary Society; Church of Scotland, Women's Association for Foreign Missions; London Missionary Society; United Free Church of Scotland, Women's Foreign Mission; Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, Women's Auxiliary. The American and Canadian boards were the Congregational Woman's Board of Missions; Women's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Women's Board of Foreign Missions, Reformed Church in America; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada; Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, General Synod, Lutheran Church.

THE Woman's Christian College at Madras was opened, in July, 1915, in an old harem which belonged to a Mohammed gentleman who was willing to lease it. The first class numbered forty girls, Hindus, Christian, Syrian, Anglo-Indian—all so eager, so happy that they could be there. So marvelously has God led! His first good gift to the college was Miss Eleanor McDougall, the trained and skilled teacher from the faculty of London University. She came as President of the school at its very beginning. Other able educators joined her, Edith Coon, M.A., from Mount Holyoke faculty; Mabel Dibell, M.A., from Oxford College, Ohio; and Olive Sarber of the University of Chicago. There also were three teachers from Great Britain.

At the opening of the second year seventy-two girls came up for admission and by that time the school had outgrown its quarters, and by the third year there was no possibility of continuing it in the old harem. What they were to do for larger quarters, they did not know. There are but few opportunities to purchase large properties in India, but just at that time Miss McDougall was told of a wonderful opportunity to secure an estate which would provide the necessary building and a campus for the college. On the banks of the Cooum River, on a street called College Road, though there was no college on all its length, was a great rambling building called Doveton House, in an estate of ten acres, and it was offered for sale for $20,000. Miss Dougall and the other members of the faculty examined the property eagerly. It was exactly what they needed, but $20,000 seemed as unattainable as twenty million.

A demure student of Isabelle Thoburn, College, Lucknow

Where could $20,000 come from unless God opened the windows of Heaven and sent it down to them? The time in which they could have an option on the property was limited, and one afternoon Miss McDougall and another member of the faculty walked sadly through the grounds of the estate, and with almost breaking hearts decided that it was an impossibility. With heavy hearts they returned to the college. As Miss McDougall entered the hall she saw lying on the table a letter with an American postmark. She opened it and read: "I have some wonderful news to tell you; from the estate of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller we are to have help for our Union Christian Colleges, and when you have found a place for the Woman's Christian College at Madras we will send you $25,000 to purchase the property. It can be cabled if needed." Did not God open His Windows of Heaven and send that money?

Of course Doveton House was purchased, the extra $5,000 was spent in equipment, and every year since the college has continued to grow in numbers and influence. Every graduate has gone out a strong, true Christian young woman, and who can measure the power they will exert as the wives and mothers, as teachers, doctors, editors, reformers, and leaders in education and evangelism?

SOME time after the Woman's Union Christian College was established at Madras a committee was formally organized for the purpose of securing co-operation through the women's mission boards of the evangelical denominations of the United States and Canada in their efforts along educational lines for the women of China, India and Japan. From these boards a joint committee on the Union Christian Colleges for the women of the Orient was formed. Seven colleges were accepted by the co-operating boards, as follows:

Ginling College, Nanking, China.

Yenching College, Peking, China.

Woman's Union Medical College, Peking, China.

Woman's Christian College, Madras, India.

Union Missionary Medical School for Women, Vellore, India.

Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India.

Woman's Christian College, Tokio, Japan.

The story of these colleges is as remarkable as is the story of the Union College at Madras. After the American Boards went into the co-operative plan, it was felt that a personal investigation must be made of the colleges. Miss Ellen F. Pendleton, President of Wellesley College, was asked to go to the Orient to make a study of the colleges in Japan and China, and did this work most

Ancient costumes but a modern occupation—a typewriting group in Woman's Christian College, Tokio

thoroughly. She made a careful study, not only of the present standard of the colleges, but their future possibilities. It is significant that upon her return Miss Pendleton gave the colleges she visited her unqualified endorsement. Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of Boston, whose efficient service in missionary enterprises of all denominations has given her an international reputation, was chosen as chairman of the Building Fund Committee, and to her resourceful brain the success so far attained in the enterprise is very largely due.

Both Yenching and Ginling bear the old classic names of the Chinese capitals—Yenching stands for the ancient name of Peking; Ginling for that of the old capital, Nanking. Ginling was founded as one of the Union Christian Colleges in 1915, and is supported by five of the co-operating boards. Thirteen denominations in China placed girls who were attending their schools in Ginling College the year after it opened. It has far outgrown the old palace; the house of Li Hung Chang, with its lovely grounds, where the school was started, and thirty acres have been secured for the new buildings, which they expect to erect for the eager girls of China.

IF I only could tell you of the fine Christian service these girls and the girls at Ginling are doing, you would feel that the colleges are well worth supporting. Smith College is Ginling's American sister college, and the girls at Smith have given substantial proof of their friendship.

The other college in China—Yenching—is at Peking. It was started in 1905, but it was not until 1920 that it became affiliated with the University of Peking and came under our co-operating mission boards. It is called the College of Arts and Sciences for Women of the Peking University. It has a new campus of thirty acres adjoining the University grounds. Mrs. Crane, the wife of the former American Minister at Peking, was so pleased with the work of the college that she gave several scholarships. Wellesley is the sister college of Yenching.

The third of the colleges for Chinese girls under our mission boards is the North China Union Medical College. How sadly it is needed in a land where there is but one doctor to every one million two hundred thousand persons! The college was established in February, 1908, in two rooms of the Methodist Mary Porter Gamewell School, with two students. Last June its graduating class numbered twenty-one, and when the school opened this fall twenty-seven young women, several from Yenching College, were among those who entered to prepare for the medical profession.

The Union Missionary Medical School at Vellore, India, is the one with which the name of Dr. Ida Scudder is indissolubly connected. It was started in in 1913, but was not formally opened until August 13, 1918. The government gave a "whole hill" for the site, two hundred acres, and promised one-half the support of the school if six girls could be found who would enter when the school was opened. Sixty-nine girls applied for entrance, and every year since there have been many more applicants than can be admitted. Baptists, Congregationalists, Dutch Reformed and Lutheran Churches co-operate here. One hundred and fifty girls were turned away last year.

THE sixth college in this group is one that for many years was the pride of the Methodist Episcopal Board—the Isabella Thoburn College at Lal Bagh, Lucknow, India. Its history reads like a romance. How the hand of God has guided that school! It started in a mud-walled room in a bazaar at Lucknow, with six children in 1870. It struggled into grammar-school grade with many pupils, and then in 1886 Miss Thoburn secured $10,000 and bought Lal Bagh, a nine-acre estate upon which she added building after building. In 1910 the Hazzard Memorial Building was erected, with many new pupils. In 1915 one of India's terrific cyclonic storms razed the main building, and for a time it seemed as though the college had received its death blow. In the college Jubilee Year, 1920, however, $100,000 was raised by friends in America and India.

Just then the government decided to establish a great university for men at Allahabad, which is to be the Oxford of India, and the Isabella Thoburn College was made the Woman's Department of the University. This opens up vast possibilities for the women of India, and our American Presbyterian and Methodist co-operating boards seized it gladly by making the Isabella Thoburn one of its Union Christian Colleges.

The last of this group is the Woman's Union Christian College of Tokio, Japan. It was opened in the spring of 1918. Japan has thirty-three government universities for her sons, but only one school of college grade for her daughters. It was not surprising, therefore, when the Union Christian College was opened, that one hundred girls came up for the entrance examination, nor that last year more than three hundred girls applied for admittance. Unfortunately, there was not room for half that number. The college began its career on rented ground and in rented quarters, but twenty-four acres in one of the best suburbs of Tokio have been secured, and the Imperial Household of Japan has given the first building. The opportunity for the girls of Japan in this Christian College at Tokio is limitless. Vassar College has become the sister college to Tokio, and Mount Holyoke has adopted three sisters—the colleges at Madras, Vellore and Ginling.

I CAN almost hear the Christian Herald readers saying, "But how, *how* is all the money to be secured to build and equip seven great colleges?" That is really the best part of the story, for it shows that the Great Adventure is a human need that is met through Divine help.

As many of our readers know, Mr. John D. Rockefeller has created a fund called the Laura Spelman Memorial Fund to be used for purposes in which Mrs. Rockefeller was interested. None of the colleges have had more than a start. When they were taken over by the co-operating mission boards, the problem of housing and equipping them was carefully, and prayerfully, considered. It was found that at the very lowest estimate it would require $3,000,000 to purchase land and erect the buildings for the seven institutions. Where the $3,000,000 was to be obtained was a matter of earnest consultation in the Joint Committee. At last the project was laid before the Trustees of this Memorial Fund, who gave the subject thorough study and, after hearing the reports of the colleges, including Miss Pendleton's statement, they made a generous proposition to the committee.

The proposal was that if the Joint College Board would raise $2,000,000 of the amount required, the remaining $1,000,000 should be given from the Memorial Fund. The offer was eagerly accepted by the Board, and about $500,000 has already been raised, and with the check of $250,000 from the Memorial Fund has gone to the field. The need for the full $3,000,000 is imperative and immediate with the colleges which must build, and for that reason Mrs. Peabody and her committee have put in motion a plan whereby the full amount may be pledged this winter.

There is to be a concerted effort throughout the United States to raise the $1,500,000 required, by what is to be called a "College Day." Through the churches, college clubs and other fraternal organizations, and men and women individually, the campaign will be carried on vigorously. The money can be given in any amount, from one dollar upward, to help in the Great Adventure. Committees are organized in many of the States, and a systematic plan is inaugurated.

In a hundred different cities College Day will be observed by a union morning prayer meeting, to which the women of all the churches of the town will be invited. This will be followed by a luncheon at the leading hotel or some other commodious place, and at which the money or pledges raised for the colleges will be turned in. In some cities the college clubs and alumnae groups will give a College Day Tea in the afternoon of College Day for the purpose of raising funds. A pageant has been written which can be given for a popular evening entertainment wherever that is desirable, and a beautiful illustrated lecture can be furnished.

This is the story and this is the plan to make the Great Adventure in International Friendship a living reality.

Christmas Eternal

That Lives and Flourishes, All Through the Year, in Kind Hearts

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE season of good cheer—of light and laughter and holly wreaths. The season of happiness, of old faces that smile softly through the mist of emotion and young faces that fairly twinkle with mirth. The season of snow and sleighbells and Yule logs and Christmas-trees. But most of all the season of *giving!*

On the first Christmas Day it was God who gave. He gave the gift of His only begotten Son—a royal gift, a splendid gift, and a supreme gift! He gave His Son to the world and as that Son lay in a lowly manger, wise men came to His baby feet with other gifts. Gold, they brought, and frankincense, and myrrh—the most precious tribute of that time. Gold and frankincense and myrrh meant wealth, then. But the wise men offered them, not for their intrinsic value, but because they wanted to give of their very best.

That was how it all started, years ago. And the custom has come down to us—and to all other Christian countries—in many pleasant ways. In many deeply religious and significant ways, too. Of course, Santa Claus has his place—a merry picture of imagination—in many childish hearts. And there are some folk who say that his chubby, rosy-cheeked image has done much to banish the sanctity of the season from the hearts of our little folk. Well perhaps they are right! But I can only quote what my grandmother, whose name I bear, once said to me.

I HAD gone to her, crying—a small girl with a broken ideal. With the tears streaming down my round cheeks, I had sobbed out the bitter truth—that one of my schoolmates had told me there was no Santa Claus. It seemed to me that all magic was dead, at that time—that there was no wonder or thrill, any more, to living.

With a smile on her gentle face my grandmother had lifted me to her black satin knee—she always wore rich black—and had smoothed the tangled hair from my forehead.

"Yes, it's quite true, dear," she told me, "that there isn't any *living* Santa Claus. There isn't any red-cloaked, white-bearded man who brings gifts to children. Santa Claus is only a charming make-believe. But you mustn't be unhappy! For Santa Claus lives in every soul—as a spirit of good-will and kindness. Santa Claus is a symbol of Christmas eternal that lives in all happy hearts!

And I can't think that Santa Claus—remembering my grandmother's silver voice, as she spoke—can really harm the little folk who love him. Even if he is only a figure of imagination. For he stands for the same things that are sacred in our souls—the ideal of good cheer and kindness.

SOME people think that giving is only a Christmas institution—that can sometimes be stretched to cover birthdays and wedding anniversaries. But that is a rather terrible thought to have. God didn't give His only begotten Son for the purpose of setting apart a gift day—He sent Christ to the world to make people better and sweeter to each other, and gentler and tenderer.

The wise men didn't bring gifts to the Holy Babe's feet to establish a gift-day precedent, either. They brought the gifts because—in the fullness of their hearts—they wanted to give. And to give bountifully. And we, who are prone to give gifts on Christmas, and who sometimes ignore the joy of just everyday giving, must get their point of view—if we can!

I'm not telling you, friends of mine, that you must daily shower people with expensive presents—putting them under an uncomfortable obligation and yourself under a great expense. That isn't what I'm trying to say. There are so many ways of giving that don't mean presents, at all. There are ways of giving joy and good cheer—ways of keeping bright the spirit of Christmas Eternal—that have nothing to do with bought presents. There are letters that bring gladness with them, and chance smiles that brighten dull lives. There are words of hope and wisdom, and friendly handclasps and wee bits of heart-warming mirth. And they are gifts in the very realest sense of the word!

The joy of giving—the profound pleasure of bestowing something—be it a present of great worth or only some little thing of no particular value—is a gift in itself. It's a gift from the God who gave us the Greatest Gift of All. Imagine how really terrible it must be to get no joy out of giving—just fancy how dull and cheerless your life would be if you had never given a present to anybody!

There's no one in the world who is too poor to give gifts. For the gifts that are most glorious—that most endear folk to their friends and acquaintances—are the gifts that don't cost anything. The gifts that are a part of you—the smiles and the handclasps and the good fellowship that I mentioned before!

THE most Christ-like man I know—a minister whose name is familiar to all of you—is one of the most inveterate givers that I have ever known. He always seems to be giving things to people—his pockets are an all-year-round Santa Claus pack. But though his friends delight in his thoughtfulness, it isn't the presents or the bulging pockets that make them glad to have him for a guest. It's his kind smile and the understanding look in his eyes and the love of everybody that radiates from his soul, that makes the atmosphere of a room seem better and sweeter and cleaner after he has entered it.

Giving gifts—it's a blessing and a privilege. It started—really—at the manger bed centuries ago. And it's come down to us through the ages with a redoubled pull at the heartstrings.

There's a little verse in my mind that has been a legacy to me from some school reader, I think. It goes like this, in part—

"The memory of a kindly word that's long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower sent lovingly,
The gleam of a sudden smile, or a sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of a hand, the tone of cheer,
That hush that means: I can not speak, but I have heard
The note that bears only a verse from God's own Word.
Such tiny things we hardly count as ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown scant sympathy.
But when the heart is overwrought, oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things to make it well?"

This verse is faulty, in spots. The meter isn't always as good as it might be, and the rhymes aren't perfect. But the thought in back of it is so splendid that—if it's carried in a heart—it will mean that Christmas Eternal is dwelling there, also.

And the heart in which Christmas Eternal lives is a gift from God, Himself.

A Stolen Christmas

A Delightful Story of the Season

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

"CAREFUL now, John," said Mrs. Mary Gray as her big, tall husband stood on tiptoe and leaned over to fasten a small object on the very top of the Christmas tree.

The object was a gilt paper angel blowing a silver trumpet on which were the words, "Glory to God in the highest!"

John fastened it securely, after several trials. He then came down to a perpendicular, and stepping back, gave a deep sigh, and said:

"How do you like it, Mary?"

"Lovely! Beautiful! Splendid!" said Mary, using up three of her best adjectives at once.

"Well, I hope it will do," replied John soberly.

"Of course it will do. What makes you talk so!" said Mary with a tone of reproach.

"Well, you know it is so different from what it used to be. There are no happy surprises for the children any more. Rob has been teasing for that gun for two months, and he knows he is going to get it. And Dorothy picked out that speaking doll two weeks ago, and she knows what it is. And Paul opened the package containing his automobile when it came up the other day. There's not much fun getting Christmas presents any more. It's an old story by the time you have them."

"You old growler," said Mary. "You are tired. Let's go into the library and rest. The tree itself will be a surprise, won't it? The children don't know about that."

"I hope not," replied John as Mary and he went out and shut the door.

THEY passed through the sitting-room into the library and sat down on opposite sides of a reading table, and Mrs. Gray looked a little anxiously at her husband.

"You don't begrudge the work of giving the children a happy time at Christmas do you, John?"

"Of course not. You wouldn't think so if you saw me getting that tree. I wanted one thing that I got myself, instead of buying it, and you know what a job I had getting it from Fisher's Cove. I believe the children will be surprised when they see it. But it doesn't seem quite natural to light it up in the morning."

"We must, though. We promised them their presents in the morning. You're sure you didn't forget anything?"

"Pretty sure," replied John gravely. "Want me to go over the list? High-class repeating rifle for Rob. Automatic speaking, singing and walking doll for Dorothy. Real gasoline toy engine automobile for Paul. Two pounds of assorted candy for each. Then there is the warship, exact copy of the Kansas, with real guns and powder, for Rob and Paul together. Football and head-gear for Rob. Reflectoscope for Paul. Card-case for Dorothy, and two bottles perfumery. 'The Bandit of the Sierras' for Paul. Complete china tea-set for Dorothy, with electric lamps for table. Besides what you hung up for me and what I hung up for you."

"John," said Mary coaxingly. "What was that queer-looking bundle you hung on the big limb near the window? Was that for me?"

"You're as bad as the children," said John laughing. "What do you want to know for?"

"I can't wait till morning, John; tell me."

"No, ma'am. I won't do it. Can't you wait a few hours? It's almost eleven now. The children will be awake in six hours and we will all come down together. That's the plan isn't it?"

"Yes. Oh, well, I can wait. It's something pretty, I hope."

"I hope it is," said John anxiously.

"BECAUSE, John, you remember last Christmas you got me that patented dishwasher that broke everything into bits when you turned the handle."

"That was because I read the directions wrong and turned the thing backwards," said John hastily.

"Well, I hope you have got me something lovely this time. I have yours."

"What is it, Mary? Tell me."

"You're as bad as I am. No, sir. You'll have to wait. There's one thing I feel sorry about. I wish you hadn't got that gun for Rob. I'm in mortal terror he will shoot himself or somebody else."

"Of course not. If he is going to be an American citizen he has got to learn how to handle firearms. He may be a brigadier-general or an admiral some day."

"I hope not, John. Besides, I have been wondering a little lately if guns and warships are appropriate Christmas presents."

"Oh, pshaw, Mary. Anything is appropriate if you have the money to get it. The main thing about Christmas time is getting something. The bother is to know what to get. The gun won't hurt Rob any more than the candy."

"You got too much of that. Just think, John, two pounds apiece. And Uncle Terry always sends in such a lot of candy every Christmas."

"Oh, well, we can give some of it to Lizzie. She never has enough. Or else send it out to the poor-farm."

"Oh, John!" broke in Mary, wringing her hands and crying hysterically. "Tell the man it is our *tree*, our *tree*, our Christmas *tree* that's gone"

"Yes, that's what we will do," said Mary.

"Well," said John as he rose, yawning, "let's have one more look at the tree before we go up."

He and his wife went to the door and opened it. John turned on the electric light and he and Mary stepped into the room.

AT FIRST they could not grasp the plain fact. John rubbed his eyes and opened them again. Mary ran forward with a sudden cry, and then stood still in the middle of the room.

The Christmas tree was gone, and everything that had been hung on it and placed at its foot! Not a thing was left except a few broken strings of pop-corn, two or three wax candles, a shred or two of gaudy tinsel and bits of evergreen. The tree itself was simply gone, and Mary ran forward to the big window that opened on the side veranda. It stood wide open, and other fragments of the tree and its trimmings were littered on the broad window-sill. In the middle of the sill, resting calmly on its side, was the gilt paper angel and its trumpet, the only thing left behind intact.

"John, oh, John, some one has stolen our tree!" cried Mary as the full enormity of the event became clear. She ran to the open window but John was there before her. He leaped out upon the veranda. Bits of evergreen and small strings of popcorn showed which way the thief or thieves had gone, straight across the lawn, out to the middle of the road, and there the trail ceased.

"They had a wagon!" gasped John.

Mary had followed to the edge of the curb.

"Quick, John! Run in and telephone to the police station. They may catch them yet. Oh, to think of our Christmas——"

John was already in the house snatching at the receiver.

DID you ever have to telephone to a fire station that your house was afire and you wanted the department to hurry up before the house was burned to the ground? Then you can sympathize with John Gray on this Christmas eve as he waits what seems to him like a whole hour before he hears a lazy voice say, "Yes, this is the police station."

"Say! Send a man or two right out here quick. Someone has stolen our Christmas."

"What!"

"Send some one right out here quick. Our Christmas has been robbed, stolen, do you hear?"

"Yes. Stolen! What has been stolen?"

"Christmas!"

"Christmas what!"

"Oh, John!" broke in Mary, wringing her hands and crying hysterically. "Tell the man it is our *tree*, our *tree*, our Christmas *tree* that's gone."

"Tree!" roared John. "Christmas tree. Some one has stolen our Christmas tree. Do you get that?"

"Free?" came over the wire.

"No. Tree! Tree! Christmas tree! Send some one right out here will you?"

"Out where?"

"Out here!"

"Where is it?"

"Oh, give him the name and number, John," Mary cried again.

"John Gray. 719 Plymouth Avenue. Come quick, won't you?"

"All right. Be out there with the patrol."

JOHN hung up the receiver and turned to Mary. She had sunk into a chair and was sobbing. At the sight, John began to recover some of his wits.

"Don't cry, Mary. The police will get them. They can't have much of a start."

"But who could steal a Christmas tree? It might be some prank of the Raymond boys."

"No, I don't believe they would do that. Besides, you know Raymond never lets them stay out after nine o'clock and here it is nearly midnight."

"What shall we do? How can we keep Christmas? To think of all those presents——" Mary broke down again at the thought.

"I hope the six-shooter and the warship will go off together and kill 'em," said John vindictively and ambiguously.

"And there was your present to me," said Mary with a groan. Now I shall never get it."

"Maybe you will. I can get another."

"Oh, why couldn't you go down town and buy some more things!" cried Mary suddenly starting up.

"Too late," John replied gloomily. "Besides the stores are all closing up. And more besides. I haven't the money to buy any more six-shooters and real toy automobiles."

"But what will the children do?" asked Mary desperately. "Here we are without a single thing for them. It will break their hearts to have a Christmas and no presents."

"Maybe we could borrow a few of the Morgans. They always have stacks more than they need."

Mary was about to reply indignantly to this levity on John's part when the patrol rushed up. Two officers came in and John and Mary answered questions and showed them the place where the tree had stood, and where they were sitting when it was stolen, and where all traces of it had ceased in the road.

AFTER the officers had examined all the evidence and had departed, after solemn promises to do all in their power to catch the guilty, John and Mary heard the clock strike the half hour.

"We shall never see that tree again," said Mary calmly. "Now what shall we do? We must have something for the children. I am going to make some candy."

"It's half after midnight," said John.

"I don't care. I can make some from mother's recipe, in the chafing-dish."

Mary went out into the kitchen, and John, after standing irresolute a minute, went up-stairs.

He peeped into the boys' bedroom as he turned on the hall light. They were sleeping peacefully, and on Rob's placid face there was anything but the warlike look of a brigadier-general or an admiral.

Mr. Gray turned out the light, and went on up another flight of stairs to his den. He sat down to an old desk and pulled out various drawers and took out half a dozen articles, wrapping each one up carefully and marking them with the children's names. He gathered them all up and came down-stairs with them.

Mary was busy over the chafing-dish.

"I've thought of a plan," said John, spreading out the articles on the table. "You put the candy in their stockings and one of these in each. Then we'll hide the rest somewhere and ask them to find them after dinner. There's that Chinese god Colfax sent me last year from Tientsin, and the little box of Japanese water flowers that has never been opened, and the Fairy-tales Graves sent us from Tokio. I've been keeping them for rainy days, and the children have never seen them."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Mary with enthusiasm. "Oh, John, you are the brightest man except when at the telephone. I never knew you to get a message straight. But what shall we tell the children about the tree?"

"Tell them the truth," said John wisely. "The excitement will keep them from thinking about their loss."

THAT was the strangest Christmas the Gray family had ever spent. Before five o'clock three children were sitting up wide awake. Rob whispered to his brother.

"I know what they've got. A tree. Father tried to sneak it into the barn two nights ago, but I saw him. Let's go down and turn on the light before father and mother wake up. I want to see my gun."

"And I want to start my automobile," said Paul, hastily climbing out of bed.

"And I want to wind up my doll and hear it cry," said Dorothy.

The three white figures stole down-stairs with no more noise than that made by Rob as he fell over a rug in the hall.

They opened the door into the parlor and turned on the light and stared. Instead of a beautiful tree they saw the well-known furniture of the room and nothing else, except three stockings hanging from the parlor mantel.

Their astonished exclamations awakened their parents.

When they came down the matter was explained. The boys looked very sober. But as the family sat down to breakfast, Dorothy relieved the seriousness by leaving her place, going over to her father and saying:

"What if those wicked men had shot you and mother. That would have been even worse, wouldn't it?"

"I believe it would, for us," said John Gray with a laugh which changed into a half-sob when Dorothy put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

They were still at breakfast when their nearest neighbor, Mark Raymond, came in.

"Just reading about your loss in the paper! It's the meanest thing I ever heard of. But I've found one of the things. I was out early and saw this bundle lying close in by the curb in front of my house, and it has your name written on it, Mrs. Gray."

"Oh, my present!" exclaimed Mary. It was the queer-shaped package she had asked John about. She hastily cut the string and unwrapped the package.

"What is it?" she said when it was uncovered.

"It's a combination towel-rack and shaving-mirror and——"

BUT that was about as far as John got. Everybody roared, Mark Raymond with the rest. Rob got hold of the combination and tried to work it, and something caught his fingers and pinched them. They they all roared again, except Rob. Mary laughed until she cried. When they could not laugh any more, Mark Raymond rose to go.

"Well, no use to wish you folks a Merry Christmas. You seem to be having one all right."

"We've got one another," said Mary, looking mischievously at John. "I don't believe any other man in town is like mine to buy his wife a towel-rack and shaving-mirror combined."

John looked a little disturbed at first, then his face cleared up.

"Same here, Raymond. My wife is different from all the rest. She can take a joke even when it isn't meant."

Raymond looked at Gray with hesitation. Then he spoke suddenly.

"Say, Gray, can you—would you and Mrs. Gray go to church this morning if you had an invitation?"

"Church!"

"Yes. You see I belong to the Brotherhood at Strong's Church. You know Strong. Well, he is holding a Christmas morning service. Lots of good music and a short sermon. Mr. Vinge plays the organ. The English have Christmas Day services in their churches, and everybody goes."

John Gray looked undecided.

"Oh, I don't know. I'm not much of a church-goer, as you know, Raymond."

"That's the reason I'm asking you," said Raymond with a smile. "Be delighted to have you come. Both of you."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Gray. "Lizzie will get dinner. No one has stolen our turkey. I saw it go into the oven. And I like to hear Strong."

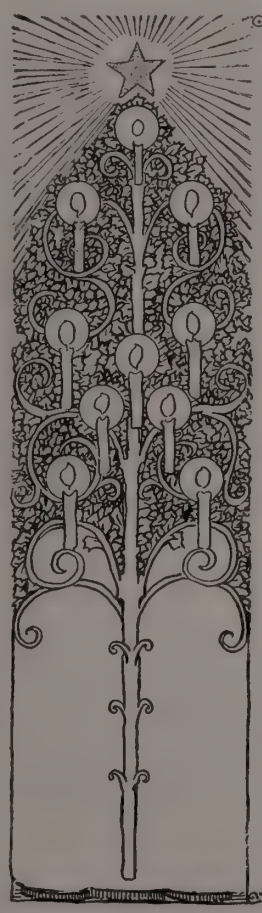
Rob spoke up eagerly. "Did you say Mr. Vinge is going to play the organ?"

"Yes," said Raymond.

"I want to hear him," said Rob, who was music-loving in spite of his warlike proclivities. "Can't I go?"

"Me, too," chimed in Paul.

"I won't stay here alone. I want to go," said Dorothy.



A Christmas Prayer

ACROSS the floor of my room shine the rays of the morning star. Soon, O Christ, it will be dawn, and the world will waken to celebrate once more the day of Thy birth. Here, on my knees, I ask a boon—for myself—for all men.

Teach us to pray, not selfishly, but that we may know contentment.

If the drifting days bring unhappiness, the sorrow of separation, grant that we may meet them with the knowledge that Thou art love.

Give us youth in our hearts.

Grant that we may walk the days with love towards our fellow-men, like unto the Divine love that Thou hast towards us.

Teach us to be humble—to play our part where we stand, doing the most we can with what gifts Thou has given unto us.

Grant unto us the gift of good cheer, so that we may bring light and happiness into the lives of others.

Grant unto us, also, the gift of giving, not waiting for the material things of this world, but that we may give of ourselves—a perfect sacrifice before Thee.

Give us respect for our elders.

Grant unto us the gift of charity.

Give us the gift of loving kindness and patience, that we may be tender with those dependent upon us; little children, and those friends of mankind, the dumb animals.

Make us loyal to thee, and to those whom we serve, and who would serve us.

Teach us that we may be truthful to our best ideals, for if we are fair to ourselves, we can be false to no man.

In the name of Thy Son, I pray this Christmas morning, sure in the knowledge that Thou wilt harken unto me, and grant my prayer. AMEN.

"We'll all go," said Mary decidedly.

"I don't care," said John, laughing. "It's a queer Christmas to start with and might as well be queer to go on with. I never went to church on Christmas in my life."

"Won't hurt you," said Raymond much pleased. "Sit with my folks. We are all going."

SO AN hour later John Gray and his wife and their children were in church with their neighbors, the Raymonds.

John Gray felt a little bewildered. But he had been more or less bewildered since he opened the parlor door to find the Christmas-tree stolen. As the service went on, the beauty of it crept in upon him. The church was trimmed with wreaths, and up near the pulpit was a tree, shapely and benignant, with no presents on it, but lighted with small electric lamps and tinged with white. Vinge, the blind organist, sat at his beloved instrument. What melody flowed out of it! The Christmas glory flooded his keys.

John glanced at his wife. Her face was wrapped with tender feeling. "Glory to God in the highest," sang the children's choir. The fresh, young voices were fragrant of Bethlehem and the nativity. Gray looked along at his children. Rob, the warlike, was lost to all the world, his boyish face upturned to catch all sound, his eyes fixed on Vinge, his soul caught in the meshes of that blind man's harmony. Something choked John Gray. What if some time his boy should be a great organ player! What fine children God had given him!

His glance came back to his wife. What a lovely face she had. What a beautiful mother she had always been. How devoted to her husband. How proud of him in spite of his awkward blunders and his many faults. He quietly reached for her hand, and thrilled at the clasp of her warm, firm fingers. She smiled at him and then together they listened to Phillip Brooks' most beautiful hymn, "O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie——" and again a little later in the service they joined their voices with the congregation, as they sang,

"Angels from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth——"

Then the sermon touched them. Even the children could understand it, it was so simple, and so clear in telling what Christ meant to the earth.

WHEN the service closed in a quiet moment of worship, the people rose silently and went out. At the door Gray exchanged greetings with several friends, and as he walked along home, said to his wife:

"Say, Mary, I liked that. Wonder why the churches in America don't have Christmas Day services more generally."

"It meant more than I can tell, to me, John. Somehow I feel younger and happier. Doesn't that seem queer, when all our presents are stolen except mine?"

They both laughed.

"We have each other," said John gently.

"And the children," said Mary.

"And the children," said John.

After dinner, the children hunted for the other articles their father had hidden. They were simple things, saved for rainy-day use, but they were real surprises. On going near the big window in search for her present, Dorothy discovered the gilt angel with the trumpet. It had lain peacefully there during all the excitement.

Mrs. Gray put it on the mantel over the clock. Later in the day while the children were out in the kitchen cracking some nuts Rob had stored in the barn last fall, she said to John, "I believe that angel has something to do with our happiness. Doesn't it seem strange to you, John? It was a dreadful loss, but we don't seem to be feeling so dreadful about it. After all the boys never got the gun or the warship. And they don't seem to feel so very bad."

A SHOUT of laughter came from the kitchen, where some of the Raymond children were visiting with the Grays and showing them their presents. And they could hear Dorothy say in a tone of superiority—"But that's nothing. We had a burglar in our house last night."

"It does seem strange," said John. "The police just phoned up that they can get no clue to the robbery. It's been a very queer Christmas. Mary, what were you going to give me in exchange for the towel rack?"

"Go up into your den and find it," said Mary slyly.

John went up, two steps at a time.

On his writing-desk he found it. A photograph of his wife framed in an old gold, oval frame which had belonged to her mother.

When he came down he was met by Mary at the foot of the stairs.

"Oh, John, do you like it? And it's a surprise to me, too. I thought it was gone with the rest. But when you went through the window I saw my present to you on the veranda, and saved it for a surprise. Do you know another woman in town who wouldn't have told?"

"No, I don't. And I don't know another like you in any way." And John kissed his wife, who actually blushed for happiness.

LATER in the evening as the family sat in front of the fire eating nuts and apples, Mrs. Gray asked Dorothy to go into the library and bring a box she would find on the big table.

When it was brought in, Mrs. Gray asked Dorothy to open it. Faded tissue-paper wrappings came off. And there lay an old-fashioned doll dressed in India muslin, with quaint ribbons under a Converse hat. Dorothy was overcome. Mary whispered to John—"Bessie's doll. I haven't had the heart to give it to any one until today."

A tear fell on John's hand as the memory of their first child crep into the firelight and softened the glow of that new Christmas. Later when the children were asleep, Dorothy hugging the India muslin doll up to her cheek, John said to Mary as they came down and sat by the fire again.

"After all, we have had a beautiful day, Mary. We have one another."

"And the children," said Mary.

And the firelight flung a flame a little higher than the rest so that the trumpet of the gilt angel stood out very clear with the words, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

Then there stole into the hearts of John Gray and Mary Gray, his wife, at the close of that blessed Christmas Day something more like the Peace of God than they had ever known. The Child Christ meant more to them than He had ever meant. And in their hearts they both yearned for a better life, glorified by Him Who is the peace of those whose hearts are restless and the joy of those whose hearts are sad.

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
Editor-in-Chief

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Editor Emeritus

Help Russia's Starving

ON ANOTHER page of this issue of the Christian Herald will be found an advertisement of the Russian Famine Fund. It is authorized by a large committee of American men and women of prominence, among whom will be found representatives of all creeds and all nationalities. They are united in this appeal by reason of their deep sympathy for millions of starving peasants in the great Volga basin—peasants who have had a year's crop failure and who now are in a condition where only American charity can save them from death.

The famine in Russia is one of the worst in history. It is comparable only with the great catastrophe which descended on China a year ago and which the readers and friends of the Christian Herald did so much to relieve. Available surveys show that millions—some estimates place the number at 15,000,000—people are directly affected by the food failure. President Harding called attention to the tragedy in his annual message to Congress and urged a governmental appropriation to assist in the relief efforts which are now in progress.

Administration of the money collected by the Russian Famine Fund will be in the hands of the American Friends' Service Committee which made such a wonderful record of relief the last two years in Central Europe and which is a member of the European Relief Council brought into being largely as the result of Herbert Hoover's efforts. The Friends' are now on the ground with their representatives spread all through the famine district. They have pledged themselves to take under their care and carry through the famine period a minimum of 50,000 boys and girls. How many more they can add to this number depends on the willingness of the American people to back them up with contributions. A dollar will save one of these children for a month. They are asking the people of this country to place $5,000,000 at their disposal. That doesn't seem such a huge sum to spend for human life.

It is interesting to recall that the readers of the Christian Herald, provided the first international relief that ever went into Russia when this magazine sent a cargo of flour to combat the serious famine in that country in 1891.

We believe you will want to have a large part in saving the children of Russia today. It is a desperate need. If your heart prompts you to help. send your contribution in any amount, no matter how small, to the Christian Herald.

It will be forwarded to the treasurer of the national committee and be made available at once for the work of the Friends in the stricken district. All contributions will be promptly receipted for.

International Good-Will

ONE of the most astonishing things about the Washington Conference was the constant use of terms that conveyed the idea of friendship and good-will. Of course, the pessimist and the professional diplomat understood that all those expressions were the usual language of diplomacy and really meant nothing when it came to real feeling of the delegates towards one another. In other words these pessimists would say the delegates smiled at one another but kept their daggers conveniently concealed under their sleeves ready to use them when any one's back was turned.

But it is a monstrous thing to charge all humanity with deceit and double dealing. If anything was clear at the beginning of the Conference, it was the absolute sincerity and humane desire of President Harding and Secretary Hughes. Could anything be finer than President Harding's sentence in his address of welcome to the Conference when he said, "We only wish to do WITH YOU that finer, nobler thing which no nation can do alone." And what could any one wish for more than Secretary Hughes' impassioned sentence to the delegates, —"If you desire, most ardently and wholly *desire* peace, the peace will be enduring!" And what could any one ask for more clear, even to Germany, than Premier Briand's appeal in the last speech he made in New York just before leaving for France, when he said, "I am quite sure if all men of good-will joined in endeavor, the fear that weighs on the world at the present time would be determinedly dispelled. Gentlemen" (and he was speaking to Germans), "France is lying in wait for any gesture of GOOD-WILL on the part of Germany."

If a Frenchman could say that to Germans, and really mean it, is it not at least some hint of a new spirit coming into international relations? And is it not the most tremendous need of the nations at this Christmas season to create and maintain the spirit of GOOD-WILL? For after all, that will do what no diplomacy or even statesmanship will do at the present time in the world's eventful making of history.

The New Era in Ireland

ON BOTH sides of the Atlantic the news that the long dispute over the status of Ireland is at last definitely settled, has been received with genuine gratification. After months of negotiation—which at times seemed far from hopeful—a satisfactory conclusion was reached and an Agreement signed by representatives of the British and Irish governments on December 6, in the historic room at No. 10 Downing Street, London. It officially recognizes the "Irish Free State" as the title and designation of the newly created government. It will enjoy the same wide privileges and powers as are exercised in the Dominion of Canada, the Australian Commonwealth, the Dominion of New Zealand and the South African Union. It will have its own parliament to enact its laws, and its own Executive. It will bear the same relations to the Imperial parliament and government as the group of four governments already named. It will exercise supreme control over its own finances, accepting, however, responsibility for its proportion of the British National War Debt. The "Irish Free State" will also give reasonable guarantees to the Unionist minority. The new state will still be a loyal part of the British Empire, accepting certain imperial obligations; but in its own domain and over its own affairs, its authority will be complete.

Ulster is left to choose between union with the "Irish Free State," or retaining her own status, and agreeing to rectification of her frontier.

Thus passes one of the most trying periods in both British and Irish history. The Agreement is regarded by the British people and press, and by the people of the new "Free State" as in many senses the greatest historic document in a thousand years. That a satisfactory conclusion was reached is due to the spirit of conciliation which led to concessions on both sides, and also to the conviction that the time had come for redressing ancient wrong, and recognizing the validity of Ireland's claim for self-government.

The Irish people have now their great opportunity. With their brains and characteristic ability, we shall expect to see them take hold of the work that lies before them in the best spirit. Ireland has been a factor in the development and progress of other lands, including our own. With harmonious councils and good leadership, the "Irish Free State" can look forward to an illustrious future among the progressive peoples. Now that the long strife is ended, let us sincerely hope that all antagonisms will be forgotten, and harmonious relations firmly established.

The Need of Revival

IN a recent national gathering in Manchester, England, the Christian Herald's valued contributor, Rev. J. H. Jowett, gave expression to the general hope and expectation of a wide-spread revival. The need of an outpouring of the Holy Spirit is felt there—as deeply as we here in America feel it—to be the "one thing lacking," and for which the whole of Christendom is earnestly praying. "I am waiting," he said, "for a vessel long overdue, coming across the mystic waves, that is not freighted with triviality and frivolity. I am looking for a vessel coming across those waters, which shall be to me an argosy of light and truth."

There are thousands of earnest ministers of the Gospel in this expectant attitude. Some are looking for a prophet. Rev. William Pierson Merrill is one of the watchers in our American churches. "If once there shall be a deep and fervent desire," he says, "to see the truth of God and to know the right, *the prophets will come*. It is our place to be ready whenever they appear."

Our churches are praying for revival. Our Prayer Leagues and other Christian organizations are beseeching the Throne for a great baptism of the Spirit. In countless homes earnest men and women are pleading for a time of general awakening and refreshing. Never were so many prayers ascending as now. Shall we not keep on praying until the answer comes, through our very importunity?

Remember the Watch Night of Prayer (Dec. 31) the Week of Prayer (Jan. 1-7) and make the coming year a whole year of daily prayer for the conversion of the world. If all of God's people do this, the revival will come.

The New Christmas Spirit

IT SEEMS, this Christmas, as if a breath of angel song, wafted from across the centuries, is creeping into our souls. The heart of the world is growing kinder and softer—as the hearts of men grow in the light of a shining star. The glorious message of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," is taking on a new and splendid meaning.

From the blood-drenched battlefields, from the horrors and doubts of war, we have come to a newer understanding of the Power and the Glory. A conference of quiet men—thinkers rather than fighters—is even now planning for the peace of the human race, and for the prosperity of nations. The sword is being laid by—the plow is again being lifted in eager hands. Love and pity, brotherly kindness and helpfulness are stirring in all hearts. We can not help feeling that song will again sound on weary lips; that flowers will grow where trenches have been; that workmen will learn content, and that rulers will know only worthy ambitions. We feel that the earth is ready to throw away the chains of an ancient bondage.

On this Christmas—with a new hope arising like the dawn—we can feel the same exultant thrill that the shepherds felt as they knelt at the Holy Child's feet. And we can feel that the Holy Child was not born in vain!

The President's Message

TO THE average reader, Presidents' messages, with occasional exceptions, have a marked similarity. Mr. Harding has the fortunate faculty of investing his messages with human feeling. In the message of December 6th to Congress, there are many passages of this character which give it a deeper interest than is usually accorded to statutory official documents. He opens by disavowing any purpose of a world-restoration program; that he regards as the business of the nations immediately concerned, and they must work it out for themselves. But we are ready to help them through the struggle, and will do so unselfishly.

It is not our purpose to discuss the various propositions of the message in rotation, but rather to indicate those points which illustrate how strongly the President has at heart justice and the common good.

While recognizing as indisputable the right of labor to organize, he takes the view, which the Christian Herald has repeatedly emphasized, that in a considerable proportion of the troubles that arise between labor and capital, when strikes occur, the involuntary sufferers are the non-participant public who have no means of protection.

In another paragraph we are reminded of the President's phrase: "The pyramid of our society, which he evidently regards as a structure that can not have a more substantial basis than the soil, as "the farmer feeds them all." He advocates the promotion of farmers' markets, not only that the producer may receive better rates for his labor, but to lighten the cost for the ultimate consumer.

There are other outstanding features in the message that give evidence of a close and conscientious study of public affairs. He suggests that Congress push reclamation work on the 20,000,000 acres of government domain still unallotted, and that the question of providing farms for our returned soldiers be given serious consideration. He also urges greater energy in home-making legislation, and believes it possible to conduct such work "without injurious competition with established activities." He has a word of encouragement for the American relief workers among the famine sufferers in Russia, and recommends an appropriation to supply 10,000,000 bushels of corn, and 1,000,000 bushels of seed grains for spring planting in the famine areas.

Leading problems that call for congressional action are discussed in the message. Finance, refunding of our war loans, the merits of a flexible tariff, the freight rate problem and others, receive attention. The subject of taxation he will take up in a future message.

He evidently considers it well to wait for further developments before discussing the Disarmament Conference. But he does not let the opportunity pass without expressing the strongest hope for the Conference's work. "It is easy to believe a world hope is centered on this capital city," he says in conclusion; "a most gratifying world accomplishment is not improbable," clearly suggesting that he has the strong expectation that this government will have the satisfaction of knowing it has furnished at least the basis or foundation for world peace, although we must wait patiently for the full accomplishment.

The World News of the Week

Peace Envoys Sign Agreement Creating "Irish Free State"

THE long months of negotiation between British and Irish peace envoys at last have been crowned with success through the signing of an agreement creating the "Irish Free State," marking one of history's greatest triumphs for the principle of settling conflicts through negotiation instead of resort to armed force. The agreement was reached after the Sinn Fein Cabinet had rejected what was considered the final offer of the British Government, and at a time when the public expected at any moment an announcement of the rupture of the parleys.

Facing a return to a state of warfare, the envoys joined in a last despairing effort to find a solution of the centuries-old conflict. The British representatives conferred, submitted their decisions to a full meeting of the British Cabinet, and then held a four-hour session with the Irish delegates, at which they offered certain modifications in the proposals previously rejected by the Sinn Fein Cabinet. Late that night, after earnest consultations, the Sinn Fein spokesman returned to No. 10 Downing Street, and after three hours of further discussion, in which it was made plain the British Government was offering its ultimate concession, they signed the peace agreement, the first paragraph of which reads:

"Ireland shall have the same constitutional status in the community of nations known as the British Empire as the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa, with a Parliament having powers to make laws for the peace and order and good government of Ireland, and an Executive responsible to that Parliament, and shall be styled and known as the Irish Free State."

But the signing of the agreement does not insure peace in Ireland. It has yet to be ratified by the Dail Eireann, the Sinn Fein Parliament. The Sinn Fein Cabinet is divided as to acceptance, and Eamon de Valera, titular head of the Sinn Fein, has issued a statement denouncing the agreement as "in violent conflict with the wishes of the majority of this nation" and in this stand he is supported by two members of the Cabinet. It was believed in London that the Dail Eireann would ratify despite his opposition, as it has appeared for several months that de Valera had lost the actual leadership, but his following may be strong enough to cause much trouble. The British Parliament and the Sinn Fein have been summoned to meet on the same day to pass on the agreement. Ulster's consent is not necessary to put the pact into effect, but Sir James Craig, the Ulster Premier, advised against hasty action and made a trip to London to clear up with Premier Lloyd George points regarding which he was in doubt.

Two of the questions on which the peace envoys had the greatest difficulty in reaching an agreement were the status of Ulster and the oath of allegiance. The latter problem was solved by a special form of oath in which the members of the Irish Parliament swear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State and to be "faithful to his Majesty King George V, and his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

As to Ulster, it is provided that the Government of Ireland act of 1920 is to remain in force so far as the northern Parliament is concerned should she refuse to accept the agreement, but there is a stipulation for the creation of a special commission to determine the boundaries for northern Ireland. Since Ireland is treated as a single entity, provisions also are made for the co-operation of the two Irish Parliaments in establishing certain safeguards if Ulster declines to enter the Irish Free State. Neither Parliament will be permitted to make laws endowing any particular religion or to impose any religious disability.

A representative of the Crown in Ireland is to be appointed in like manner as the governor-general of Canada; the Irish state assumes responsibility for a share of the public debt of the United Kingdom; it is authorized to organize a military defense force and to undertake its own coastal defense, but is to accord harbor and other facilities to the British forces as stipulated in an annex, and in time of war or strained relations is to allow such defense facilities as the British Government may require.

Congress Resumes Work

RECOMMENDATIONS for a flexible tariff and for legislation to regulate labor disputes were two of the high spots of President Harding's message to Congress, delivered in person to a distinguished assemblage, which included not only the lawmakers and high officials of the American Government but the statesmen from Europe and the Orient who are in attendance on the Washington Conference.

In urging that a way be found to make the tariff flexible and elastic, so that rates may be adjusted to meet unusual and changing conditions which cannot be anticipated exactly because of disturbed economic conditions all over the world, the President suggested

The Appropriation Pie

(Courtesy of Labor)

United States Appropriations, 1920

I.	Past Wars	$3,855,482,586	68%
II.	Future Wars	1,424,138,677	25%
III.	Civil Departments	181,087,225	3%
IV.	Public Works	168,203,557	3%
V.	Research, Education and Health	57,093,661	1%
	Total	$5,686,005,706	100%

(Figures furnished by Dr. Edward B. Rosa, of the United States Bureau of Standards)

The data for the fiscal years 1921 and 1922 are not yet available.

the extension of the powers of the Tariff Commission to permit a scientific and wholly just administration of the law. To surmount constitutional difficulties, he proposed that the President be authorized to proclaim higher or lower duties to meet conditions which Congress may designate, and promised to exercise this power only on recommendation of the Commission. This involves a revolution in American tariff practices, but the comments of Republican leaders showed there was a strong chance of the President receiving the authority he requested.

Mr. Harding's labor proposals evoked immediate attacks from Samuel Gompers and other union leaders, despite the fact that he gave only a general outline of what he wished to accomplish. Declaring that "it is not desirable that a labor organization shall be permitted to exact unfair terms of employment or subject the public to actual distresses in order to enforce its terms," the President added:

"As we have great bodies of law carefully regulating the organization and operations of industrial and financial corporations, as we have treaties and compacts among nations which look to the settlement of differences without the necessity of conflict in arms, so we might well have plans of conference, of common counsel, of mediation, arbitration and judicial determination in controversies between labor and capital. To accomplish this would involve the necessity to develop a thorough-going code of practice in dealing with such affairs. It might be well to frankly set forth the superior interest of the community as a whole to either the labor group or the capital group. With rights, privileges of immunities and modes of organization thus carefully defined, it should be possible to set up judicial or quasi judicial tribunals for the consideration and determination of all disputes which menace the public welfare.

"In an industrial society such as ours, the strike, the lockout and the boycott are as much out of place and as disastrous in their results as is war or armed revolution in the domain of politics. The same disposition to reasonableness, to conciliation, to recognition of the other side's point of view, the same provision of fair and recognized tribunals and processes ought to make it possible to solve the one set of questions as easily as the other. I believe the solution is possible.

"The consideration of such a policy would necessitate the exercise of care and deliberation in the construction of a code and a charter of elemental rights, dealing with the relations of employer and employee. This foundation in the law, dealing with the modern conditions of social and economic life, would hasten the building of the temple of peace in industry which a rejoicing nation would acclaim."

Four-Power Treaty Arranged

A TREATY putting into the discard the Anglo-Japanese alliance and pledging the United States, the British Empire, France and Japan to respect each other's insular possessions and dominions in the Pacific Ocean and to have recourse to mediation in case of disputes concerning those possessions has been negotiated at the Washington Conference and has been initialed by the representatives of the four Powers. The formal signing of the treaty by the United States is subject to the making of a convention with Japan concerning Yap and other mandated islands in the Pacific, but Senator Lodge announced that the negotiations with regard to this were almost concluded.

The treaty is of such great importance that its terms deserve careful reading. Its four articles are as follows:

Article 1. The high contracting parties agree as between themselves to respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the regions of the Pacific Ocean. If there should develop between any of the high contracting parties a controversy arising out of any Pacific question and involving their said rights which is not satisfactorily settled by diplomacy and is likely to affect the harmonious accord now happily subsisting between them, they shall invite the high contracting parties to a joint conference to which the whole subject will be referred for consideration and adjustment.

Article 2. If the said rights are threatened by the aggressive action of any other power the high contracting parties shall communicate with one another fully and frankly in order to arrive at an understanding as to the most efficient measures to be taken, jointly and separately, to meet the exigencies of the particular situation.

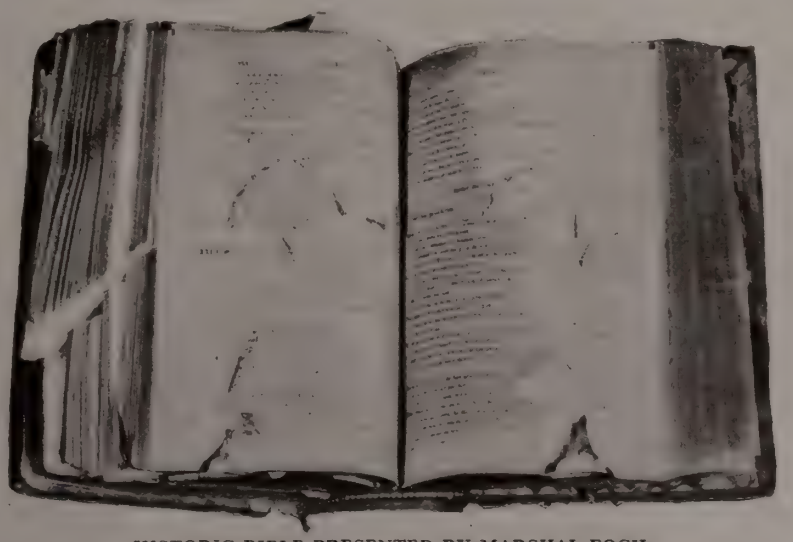
Article 3. This agreement shall remain in force for ten years from the time it shall take effect, and after the expiration of said period it shall continue to be in force subject to the right of any of the high contracting parties to terminate it upon twelve months' notice.

Article 4. This agreement shall be ratified as soon as possible in accordance with the constitutional methods of the high contracting parties, and shall take effect on the deposit of ratifications, which shall take place at Washington, and thereupon the agreement between Great Britain and Japan which was concluded at London on July 13, 1911, shall terminate.

Senator Lodge, in announcing the negotiation of the treaty, called attention to the fact that it did not affect questions within the domestic jurisdiction of the Powers and declared that "no military or naval sanction lurked anywhere in the background or under the cover of these plain and direct clauses."

Comment among Senators of both parties indicated that there probably would be no great difficulty in obtaining the votes necessary for ratification, although some Senators have announced their determination to wage a hard fight against the treaty.

Progress has been made toward a settlement of the Chinese problems, although much remains to be accomplished. In committee a resolution was adopted pledging the nine powers represented not to enter into an agreement or understanding, either individually or collectively, which would impair the four Root principles which form the basis of the discussions regarding China. Little progress has been reported in the negotiations between China and Japan for the return of Shantung to China.



HISTORIC BIBLE PRESENTED BY MARSHAL FOCH

It was the pulpit Bible of the Protestant church in Rheims, and was one of the few objects in the structure to come through the German bombardment. The Marshal presented it to the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, at a reception in his honor, in recognition of the aid given by the Protestant Churches of America to the people of France's devastated regions

Budget Report Presented

THE first report of Charles G. Dawes, Director of the Budget, which has been sent to Congress by President Harding, estimates the expenditures of the

Continued on page 946

A Mother's Christmas Dream

A Sermon by REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.*

TEXT—Luke 2 : 19. "And Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

IN ONE of Robert Herrick's quaint poems of the Nativity, he addresses the Star of Bethlehem:

"Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
Lies He the lillie-banks among?
Or say if this new birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew-light? Thou canst clear
All doubts and manifest the where.
Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through
To find Him out?"

And the Star answers:

"No, this ye need not do,
But only come and see Him rest,
A princely Babe on's mother's breast."

A mother with a Baby in her arms. Behold, the mystery of life and immortality brought to light!

The day is breaking over the hills of Bethlehem. In a low-browed cave sits Mary—as mothers have been sitting ever since the foundation of the world—dreaming, wondering, and whispering to herself, "I have gotten a man of the Lord!" Will her dreams come true or will they vanish into thin air?

What are these "things" that Mary has been "keeping in her heart," and on which she "ponders" now? They were, no doubt, the things that had been intimated to her by the angel of the Annunciation (Luke 1 : 26-35). And, by the same token, they are the deepest mysteries of our Christian faith.

The angel had said, "Fear not, Mary; the Holy Thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God!" By the "overshadowing of the Highest" she knew the stupendous fact, though she could not comprehend it. Let others doubt the virgin-birth of Jesus; His mother could not.

As a daughter of Israel she must have been familiar with the oracles; and surely the words of Isaiah would come to her: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel," which, being interpreted, is God with us. (Isaiah 7 : 14.)

Ask Mary now, "Is this your son?" Her answer must be, "Aye, born of my travail pains and very flesh of my flesh." Ask Joseph standing by, "Is this your son?" His answer must be, "Nay; by the divine overshadowing I am his foster-father only." Then ask God and, lo, the heavens are opened as He answers, "This is My beloved Son; the long-looked-for Seed of Woman who is come, to bruise the serpent's head. Hear ye Him!"

And on this the mother with knit brows sits musing. Who can comprehend it? "Great is the mystery of godliness; God manifest in flesh; the angels desire to look into it!"

THE mystery deepens as Mary calls to remembrance the further word of the Annunciation. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus." Why Jesus? "Because he shall save his people from their sins." But how is salvation possible, save by the shedding of blood? For it is written, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins."

A shadow falls over her, the dim shadow of a Cross! She recalls the prophecy, "He shall be wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities—he shall be led as a lamb to the slaughter—he shall make his soul an offering for sin!"

And to the heart of this fond mother the forecast is like the piercing of a sword. (Luke 2 : 35.) To know that the little lad on her bosom is destined to be "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"—this is sorrow's crown of sorrows for her!

Then she remembers how the angel said: "Behold, the throne of David shall be given unto him"; and her soul is quieted within her.

So here is great David's greater Son, "whom kings and prophets longed to see and died without the sight." The little hand that lies so helplessly and trustingly upon her breast, though it be pierced with agonizing pain, will ultimately wield a scepter; "His kingdom shall be an everlasting kingdom and His dominion shall be forever and ever!"

This is the golden thread of ancient prophecy—the Via Dolorosa leading ever to a throne—"for unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace."

AS THUS the Virgin Mother ponders on the things "kept in her heart," a group of rusties, a-tiptoe, are gazing in at the doorway. Then come the shepherds with their marvelous tale:

"We were abiding in the field last night, keeping watch over our flock, when lo, the angel of the Lord came upon us and the glory of the Lord shone round about us; and we were sore afraid. And the angel said to us, 'Fear not, for behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!'"

She must surely have listened to this wondrous tale with a far-away look in her eyes. Her vision is now thrown upon the larger screen of the future. She sees the armies of the world upon their knees. The lion and the lamb lie down together and her little Child is leading them.

So Mary's faith outruns her wonder. She lifts her eyes, dimmed still with foreboding tears, and humbly, gratefully, devoutly whispers to her Lord: "Behold thy handmaid; be it unto me even as thou wilt!" The horizons of her vision roll onward to the Golden age—

"When peace shall over all the earth
Her ancient glories fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing,
'Glory to God in the highest;
On earth peace, good-will to men!"

And now, as this handmaid of the Lord—so highly favored on earth, more highly in heaven—pursues her ministry among the ministering spirits there (Heb. 1 : 14), does she behold the Christmas joys in countless homes of Christendom and add this to the other blessed "things" that she still and forever keeps in her devoted heart?

"God rest ye, all good people,
Upon this happy morn;
The Christ of all good Christians,
Was of a woman born."

AT THIS happiest season of the year we shall do well to ponder on the great verities which were hidden in the heart of Mary on

Continued on page 945

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"O Little Town of Bethlehem," or "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—"The Nativity: The Angels' Song." Luke 2, verses 8 to 18.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 943, first column).

Sermon—"A MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS DREAM"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Jesus, the very Thought of Thee," or "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come!"

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Our Blessed Lord and Saviour, speed us on our way as we thank Thee for the Blessing of this hour of Worship. Plant the seed of Thy Truth in good soil. And make real to us, we pray Thee, Thy presence, for we need something more than the human to inspire our human weakness. Grant it to us, we beseech Thee, O Lord. AMEN.

*Dr. Burrell is pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church (Ref.), New York City.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., E. W. Caswell, J. A. McAfee, D.D., D. J. Burrell, D.D., and R. Braunstein

Poverty and Wealth

SUNDAY. Rev. 3 : 17. "*Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; I counsel thee to buy of Me.*" You might think this is an indictment of the men of the world, men who have sold themselves to Mammon, who have made piles of money, and who have been utterly careless as to how they made it. They are swaggering about with an air of attainment. They are surrounded with material extravagance. They are gorgeously dressed, and costly jewels blaze about them. They are loud, and garish, revelling in mere parade, and *they live away from their souls*, and have no communion with God. And they think themselves rich, and they are famed for their riches all over the country-side! And yet—they are entered in the register of God as wretched, and miserable, and blind, and poor.

But although the word of our Lord applies to the poor rich, whose poverty is clothed in splendor, it is not immediately of these that the word is spoken. It has reference to men and women who are professing Christians, members of the Church, people who claim to hold a great faith, and label themselves the friends of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are the folk who try to make the best of both worlds. They give an arm to Mammon and an arm to Christ, and they go swaggering along as the friend of both! Nay, that last sentence is altogether wrong. It describes what no one has ever seen. You cannot go down the road arm in arm with Mammon and Christ. You have got to desert the one if you go out with the other. And that is what these people were trying to do. They were trying to have two lovers, and they took them out in turn. At one time they gave a little attention to Christ, and at another time they gave all their interest to Mammon. It was a zigzag sort of living, and it filled the days with patchiness and compromise.

But it turned out, in the case of these Laodiceans, as indeed it always does, that in a dual fellowship of this kind Mammon receives the tribute of passion, while Christ only gets a tepid devotion. Our hot ambition sides with Mammon, and we give our lukewarm respects to the Lord. Mammon really owns us, but we throw an occasional coin to Christ.

But the strange thing is this: these Laodiceans believed that the dual fellowship was answering famously, that they were prosperously exploring two mines, piling up treasure on earth and piling up treasure in heaven. Indeed, they imagined that they were just as rich on the side of Christ as they were on the side of Mammon. It was a sorry delusion; but then Mammon is great in the use of opiates, and he puts our better judgment to sleep. He hypnotizes us, and we call dross fine gold, and we esteem rags as fine raiment, and we look upon dead words as vital fellowship, and we regard "going to Church" as life in Christ. It is a tragic delusion, but millions have been possessed by it. Their eyes were held, and they thought themselves to be millionaires, while they were miserable paupers.

The Lord calls upon these Laodiceans to end the dual fellowship. He pleads with them to stop these blighting compromises, to turn from these wandering delusions to reality, from a living death to the life indeed. Our God is the only home of enduring treasure. In Him we find gold without alloy, as "gold tried in the fire." And what is this but the splendid currency of divine communion? And in Him we find "white raiment," without spot or stain. And what is the white raiment but the garment of His righteousness, the garment of our salvation? And in Him we are to find "eye-salve that we might see," the restorer of perverted sight, the corrective of our delusion.

We can buy these blessed treasures of the Lord. Buy them? What money have we to offer in exchange? We are poor; what are our means of barter? What does the Lord ask of us? Who is the Asker? It is the Lover of our souls. And what does He seek from us? He seeks our love. "My son, give me thine heart." That is all. We give ourselves and we gain God. J. H. J.

Life's Three Great Crises

MONDAY. Psa. 130 : 1. "*Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee.*" In the life of the average man there are three possible crises of a spiritual character. These are the experience of human helplessness, of human loneliness and of human failure. The first takes the form of a consciousness of utter futility. Some of the most despairing cries which have ascended to the heavens have come from men and women who confronted the apparent impotence of the strongest life. An Alpine climber who lost his life on a snowy height left this message: "It is very cold up here and the clouds shut out the view." This was the verdict of disillusionment. Then much of life is inevitably lonely. We face great decisions alone. Sorrow isolates us from our fellows. At last we go out of life alone.

More acutely still there may come to us the sense of failure. Whoever accomplished all he set out to do? Only one has been able to say, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." Professor Huxley once wrote to a friend: "I suppose all we can hope to do is to make our mark and pass on." Perhaps it is not necessary that we should make our mark. Jesus never said anything about having made His mark, but He made it nevertheless. So here are three possible crises in experience.

What has Christianity to say to us in times like these. To the helpless there is the assurance, "Underneath are everlasting arms." Underneath what? Underneath *us*. Underneath *our* weakness, underneath *our* need. To the lonely there is the assurance that God is our Comrade. Sometimes we are more alone in company than in solitude. And sometimes in solitude we are conscious of a companionship that earth could never give. "The tabernacles of God are with men." Christ's name is "Immanuel"—God with us. To the soul that confronts apparent failure, Christianity speaks with extraordinary emphasis. We are assured that we work with God when we work for Him and "our labor is not in vain in the Lord." The work is not ours but His, and He shall see the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.

C. C. A.

The Divine Comforter

TUESDAY. II Cor. 1 : 3. "*The God of all comfort.*" The Gospel of comfort is blessed to burdened souls. How many multitudes are under loads of toil and sorrow too great for happiness, inquiring, "Where can we find relief and courage to endure as good soldiers of Jesus Christ?"

Faith in Christ pierces the clouds, letting in the sunlight of the Divine Presence, bringing rest to the troubled spirit. To realize that our Lord lived the life we are living, a wanderer without a home, hunted and persecuted by evil men, who sought His life, that He is touched with the feelings of our infirmities, having been tempted and tried as we are, and that, at last, He died to save, comfort and redeem sorrowing, sinful millions, brings blessed peace to the heart. When Christ left this world, He sent down His Holy Spirit to be our Comforter and companion, that we might not suffer alone. The Spirit unfolds to the heart the treasures Christ bequeathed to men. He gave His all for us; His garments to the soldiers, His mother to John, His blood for our cleansing, His peace for our comfort, His body to the tomb for the resurrection hope of the world. He gave His wounds, for our transgression, His home for our abiding-place, His love for our everlasting joy. O what a comforting Friend, Who "loved me ere I knew Him."

We cannot fully solve the problems of evil, of wars, of calamities of pestilence and famine, but we may know the cure of comfort while these horrors prevail. We do not despair of God when He comes with all His riches to our rescue. We must feel our need before we will send for the Captain of our salvation. He is the God of eternal comfort. Other comforters go down to dust at last, while He is alive forevermore. If your life is hid with Christ in God, all is well always.

E. W. C.

To the Glory of God

WEDNESDAY. I Cor. 10 : 31. "*Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.*" Christianity is not a creed to be accepted, a ritual to be performed, or a philosophy to be adopted. Christianity is a living, vital, throbbing thing—a life to be lived. Until we so conceive of it, we have not come to a knowledge of its import or importance.

Religion has been defined as the " consciousness of the universe—that it is infinite, eternal and that it is all God's." Such would not be far wide of the mark as a definition of Christianity. To see the relation of the things that we are doing from day to day with the whole plan of God is not easy; yet Paul implies that it is possible. It does require real insight to see the connection between the minutia that goes to make up life for most of us and the cause of Christ. Yet it can be done.

The man who has learned to live out Paul's injunction, that whatsoever a man does, he is to do for the glory of God, has learned one of the great secrets of life; he has learned how to live. The secret is not one easily discovered; the lesson not one easily learned. It was through the bitterness of many an experience that Paul learned the lesson. You and I may find no easier road, but until we have learned so to live, we know not how to live as we should. J. A. M.

Humble Beginnings

THURSDAY. Matt. 13 : 31. "*The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed.*" Beginnings are always interesting. Not unlike the humble origins and seemingly insignificant beginnings of nature's wonders are the values and ideals and standards of the Kingdom of Heaven. Speaking of his conversion, Savonarola says, "A word did it!" Christian literature is replete with similar incidents, illustrative of the "word in season to him that is weary," and the deed done to him that is needy, "for His name's sake." The great reforms and splendid emancipations of the ages found their birth in obscure environments and commonplace surroundings.

Genius knows no geography and talent has no limitations. The muse is often fed on a crust and the college president finds his first schooling in the furrow of the plow. Christian ministry is not a matter of dimension of one's sphere, but a matter of consecration to one's task.

There are leaders for tomorrow's crusades in every town and hamlet. The John Wesleys and the Martin Luthers who will rebuke the errors of the next half century are now the youth in our little Sunday Schools and farm homes tucked away in the hills and valleys of this broad land.

The deed that is good and helpful, done in the corner of your environment shall be felt in every corner of this wide world. He who does good never knows how much good he has done. The little seeds planted now shall express themselves in the coming years as a potent harvest. The effort that seems most in vain, the task that seems the most hopeless, shall be blessed and multiplied by Him who blessed and multiplied the loaves and fishes twenty centuries ago. R. B.

The Thankful Spirit

FRIDAY. Eph. 5 : 20. "*Giving thanks always for all things to God.*" This preacher was true to his text. He never says much of his hardships and sufferings. When he does mention these, they are incidental. But the mercies of God, the blessings he received, the promises he had proved true—these he often mentions. Three hundred years later than Paul lived John Chrysostom, a good and brave man who preached very plainly against iniquity of all kinds. The empress was not a good woman, so she schemed to have him falsely accused and banished. He died an exile from his home. Thirty years later his body was brought back to Constantinople for burial in the imperial tomb. Chrysostom's motto was, "Praise God for everything!" When he was driven from home, when he was a stranger in a strange land, his letters would often end with that doxology, "Praise God for all things!"

Where did Chrysostom get his motto? From Paul. And where did Paul get his rule of life? From Christ. In the institution of the sacramental supper it is twice recorded that Jesus "gave thanks." The shadows of the Crucifixion were gathering around Him, yet He gave thanks. It would be well if we were always thankful. We could change the weather to suit ourselves, for however cold and dark the days and nights, it would always be warm and bright in our hearts. Riches and poverty, comfort and discomfort, are more dependent upon the mind than upon circumstances, just as peace and strife are interior and experiential, rather than external and circumstantial. There is no darkness on earth that God and we working together cannot make bright.

C. C. A.

The Wheat and the Tares

SATURDAY. Matt. 13 : 30. "*Let both grow together until the harvest.*" It is good for the wheat that it should grow in the same field with the tares. True, the children of the Kingdom are thus exposed to temptation, and oftentimes led away into worldliness and evil ways. But in the school of discipline, the nerves and sinews of character are made strong. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life."

It is good also for the tares that they should grow together with the wheat: for, through the influence of the children of the Kingdom, the children of unbelief may be led to better things. Root them out? Oh, no! "A certain man had a fig-tree planted in his vineyard; and he came seeking fruit thereon, and found none. And he said unto the vine-dresser, 'Behold I come seeking fruit these three years on this fig-tree and find none. Cut it down! Why doth it cumber the ground?' But he answering said, 'Let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it. If it bear fruit, well; but if not, then cut it down.'" Behold, this is the patience of God! D. J. B.

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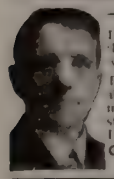

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The Revolt of Jeroboam

International Sunday School Lesson for January 1
I Kings 12:1 to 13:6

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.

FOR the next nine months the lessons will complete the general course in the Old Testament which began in October, 1918, and was resumed in April, 1920. We start now with the dividing of the Kingdom after the death of Solomon, and the last lesson of this quarter will cover the ending of the Northern Kingdom in 721 B.C. by surrender to the Assyrians. The second quarter will be concerned with the Southern Kingdom to the overthrow of Jerusalem in 586 by the Babylonians. In the third quarter of this year the lessons will follow the general title "The Exile and the Restoration." These studies are most important to the Bible student, as they deal with portions of the Bible which are less familiar to most people. Some persons have such a limited knowledge of the Old Testament that many of those books are almost unknown to them.

By even a reasonable amount of study the content of these lessons, together with the context, can be mastered and much pleasure experienced, whether you are a teacher or a pupil. Study hard enough to become enthusiastic. Recently a teacher was heard to say on the platform of a county Sunday School convention, that no longer did she fear to face any class, since she had completed a course in teacher-training. She had learned how to study her lesson and also to impart the essential truths. Now she is eager to teach. Some lessons in the present nine months' course deal largely with history, while others are centered about such great persons as Elijah, Elisha, Jonah, Daniel, Esther, Nehemiah and Ezra.

It is presumed that every one in the great Christian Herald class of over a million readers has a good-sized print Bible—one that you can enjoy reading without any eye fatigue. Then each one can have a Sunday School lesson leaflet or quarterly which you receive from your own Sunday School. If you are not an attending member you should become a member of the Home Department of some Sunday School—the agreement is to study the lesson for a half-hour each week. Helps are always needed in making a careful study of each lesson, and you will find much profit in a careful study of Tarbell's Teachers' Guide, Peloubet's Notes, Arnold's Practical Commentary of the Sunday School Lessons, Snowden's Sunday School Lesson Book and Torrey's Gist of the Lesson. Many purchase at least two of these volumes. If at the end of the year you will address the writer, whose name is found at the top of the page, he will give you the name and address of some missionary who will be glad to receive these books as your gift for his use next year. Other books for your Sunday School library will be named later. Remember, you cannot give out to your class what you do not first put into your own mind; therefore, there is the necessity for constant study. A good-sized map of Palestine, as related to the Old Testament, is regarded as invaluable for both personal study and class work. Such a map, printed on muslin can be obtained through the Book Department of the Christian Herald. As you familiarize yourself with the geography of Bible lands, your Bible study is greatly assisted.

SAUL, David and Solomon had each reigned forty years. During the close of Solomon's rule there were many evidences of national weakness. Though there was the great, new Temple at Jerusalem, spiritual things did not always come first. The people were already conscious of the oppression of taxation. This was just as Samuel predicted, when the people asked for a king that they might be in style with the surrounding nations (I Samuel 8:10-18). Before the death of Solomon, there had been a revolt instigated by Jeroboam. It was soon repressed and the would-be ruler fled to Egypt. He had meanwhile been encouraged concerning future successes, as the prophet Ahija tore a piece of cloth into twelve parts and gave ten to the temporarily thwarted young man.

Following the death of Solomon, there was a great gathering of all the people to Shechem. (Learn how to pronounce every Bible name accurately. Begin with Shechem, which is rarely given rightly, even by preachers: the first "e" is long as in the word "she") Nablous is the modern name for this Samaritan center. Rehoboam, a poor successor to Solomon, was the man put forward by the administration for coronation as king. He showed that he lacked the wisdom prayed for by Solomon (1 Kings 3:4-9) when he gave the coarse reply to the delegation from the people who were looking for some kindliness from headquarters. To be sure, Rehoboam conferred before making reply, but the absolutely right answer in some matters is so clear that there is no occasion for a conference.

After the king had acted it was the people's turn to express themselves, and this soon took place. There had been growing lines of cleavage between the northern and southern parts of the Kingdom. There was a large amount of tribal jealousy, and it was especially acute in the important tribe of Ephraim, (just north of Judah) in whose leading city of Shechem the all-Israel gathering had assembled for the coronation. There were ten tribes to the northward of Judah which had grown very restless by reason of the heavy taxation demanded to maintain the unduly extravagant household of Solomon, and also to erect the magnificent temple in Jerusalem. They had just been informed that worse conditions confronted them, and that scorpion hurt would succeed the blows from the lash. The cup of patience and submission was full to overflowing. Then the cry of revolt was raised; an unsuccessful attempt to defeat the setting up of the Kingdom of Israel was made. Jeroboam had returned from Egypt and the Divided Kingdom began with Rehoboam reigning over Judah and Jeroboam over Israel.

JEROBOAM made his serious mistake in putting the security of his kingdom before exact obedience to God. The command had been given that all Israelites were to go to Jerusalem for the three Jewish feasts each year, and it was thought by the new king that if those from the Ten Tribes did this, they would become loyal in time to the Jerusalem king. The expedient of establishing two centers of worship in the Northern Kingdom was resorted to and golden calves were set up in Bethel, just twelve miles north of Jerusalem and seventeen south of Shechem, and in Dan, in the extreme northern part of the Kingdom. This was idolatry and gross disobedience. It should be noted that the Northern Kingdom was destroyed 135 years sooner than the Kingdom of Judah, which continued to worship at the God-directed place.

A few minutes of memory work will prove helpful in all further Bible study in which the Twelve Tribes appear collectively or individually. Learn the names of the twelve sons of Jacob in the order of their birth: Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulon, Joseph and Benjamin. Note that there are no tribes called Levi or Joseph, but there are tribes called Ephraim and Manasseh, names of the two sons of Joseph. Now observe as you study your map, that on the eastern side of Jordan you have the tribes Reuben, Gad and half of Manasseh. Learning these names and relating them to the map will prove a helpful supplemental Bible study, for the individual, the class or the school.

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A Mother's Christmas Dream

Continued from page 942

that first Christmas day. The mystery of the Incarnation? Aye; deep and inscrutable as ever, but to all truth-lovers as simple and as marvelous as the love of God. Let old John Tauler sing it:

"There comes a galley laden;
A heavenly freight on board;
It bears God's Son, the Saviour,
The great undying Word.

"And proudly floats that galley
From troubled coast to coast;
Its sail is love and mercy,
Its mast, the Holy Ghost.

"Now earth hath caught the anchor,
The ship hath touched the strand:
God's Word in fleshly garment—
The Son—steps out on land."

Or shall we ponder on the Atonement? A mystery deeper still! Let old Robert Southwell sing it:

"As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was by sudden heat
That made my heart to glow.

And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe, all burning bright,
Did in the air appear.

'For this,' quoth He, 'on fire I am,
To work men to their good;
So will I melt into a bath
To wash them in My blood.'

With this He vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away;
And straight I called unto mind
That it was Christmas Day."

OR SHALL the Conquest of our Lord engage our Christmas thought? If so let us ponder it as the deepest mystery of all. Verily, God's ways are not our ways! That eleven men should be called from fishing-boats and toll-booths to lead a campaign for the conquest of the world, and should lead it so successfully that hundreds of millions are now following in their train, this is the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes! Let us hear it from the lips of an unknown minstrel who sang to our fathers long ago:

"When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, in that fair citie,
Angels sang with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria!

The King is come to save mankind,
E'en as in Holy writ we find,
Wherefore this song we have in mind,
In excelsis gloria!

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to thee solace,
In excelsis gloria!"

Summon your hearts, beloved, to ponder on these things. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his wonderful works to the children of men! The dream of the Virgin Mother comes true. The fulfilment of the Annunciation message grows clearer every day. The child of Bethlehem is unveiled. The Lamb of Calvary is exalted. The King draws near! Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good-will toward men!

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and let King of Glory enter in!

Japan and the Conference

Continued from page 935

Within this old saloon for nearly half a century were photographs of Booth and an inscription over one of them read, "The handsomest man in Washington had a drink here fifteen minutes before he killed the ugliest." Can history find anything under the sun to illustrate better the devilish nature of the liquor traffic!

BUT I did not mean to stop so long in this sordid spot. Let us hasten away from it out to the corner of Nineteenth and U Streets. A good brisk walk of over a mile from the White House. Here stands the Chinese Legation, on a quiet and beautiful corner.

I went up to the Chinese Legation without any introduction, and as I opened the door into a handsome hall there was not even a single liveried or gold-braided servant in sight. But an old negro woman who was at work in the front of the hall asked me if I wanted to see any one. She was so pleasant about it that I said boldly that I would like to see the Chinese Minister if he was at liberty. She asked me to be seated in a small but beautifully furnished drawing-room while she took my card somewhere, and before I had time to ponder on the lack of formality a fine-looking, attractive man came in and greeted me very warmly and began at once to express in the finest English I have heard since I first came to this city, the exceedingly great obligation the Chinese people were under for the wonderful (I am using his own phrase) helping hand the readers and contributors of the Christian Herald had extended to China during the famine.

And then I understood I was in the presence of the Chinese Minister, Mr. Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, a man with a wide vision of the needs of humanity, and one who had the courage and the conviction to talk about them.

For after he had repeated with emphasis his feeling of gratitude for his suffering people, which he said they shared with him so that the name of the Christian Herald was known better than any other American name, I put to him this direct question:

"What are your feelings on this great conference? Are you willing to tell our readers what you believe is the attitude of China towards the rest of the world, including Japan?"

His answer was positive.

"I am an optimist," he said. "And I believe with all my heart that the time has come for all the nations to adopt an economic basis for national life instead of a military basis. Only in that way can any of us live. As to Japan, I believe the way will open to clear away all the difficulties that have been created between us."

I THINK I have never seen a human being express more sincere and heartfelt conviction than Mr. Sze expressed in that sentence. And then he went on to say:

"Look at China herself. Not military in her thought or practice. Rome, Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, all those old military nations have perished. My country, the most defenceless and unprotected all through the centuries, has survived, and has the promise and prospect of living longer than any military nation on earth. It is because at the bottom there is in the Chinese character a sense of justice. And of fair play. Yes, you may quote me to your readers and to the world as being very, very hopeful of the final outcome of this conference, and you may be assured that China comes to it with no other desire except to help, a solution of all these vexed questions, so that when the conference is over we shall have a less warlike and unbrotherly world."

What could the Christian people of America ask for more positive than this!

I came away from the quiet corner of Nineteenth and U Streets feeling so heartened that I walked back as far as Pennsylvania Avenue, and not caring, after that meeting, to go by the corner of Tenth and the Avenue, I went around by the white shaft that stands like a beautiful finger pointing into heaven, saying to myself:

"There is a human brotherhood. It is beginning here even among the sordid and dreadful relics of the past age, and by the grace of God it shall 'cover the earth some time as the waters cover the sea.'"

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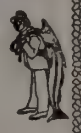

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The World News of the Week

Continued from page 941

federal government for the year ending June 30, 1922, at $3,967,922,366, exclusive of postal expenditures paid from postal revenues. The total actually spent for the year ended June 30, 1921, was $5,538,040,689, so that the results of the economy campaign instituted by the administration are becoming apparent. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923, the expenditures are estimated at $3,505,754,727, representing still further saving, but yet more than $150,000,000 in excess of the estimated revenue under the provisions of the new revenue act.

In making up the budgets, Mr. Dawes paid no attention to reductions in expenditures which might result from the Washington Conference. One computation was that the cost to the taxpayers of all factors relating to wars and the maintenance of armed forces totaled no less than $2,900,000,000 annually, leaving the cost of the government, as estimated for 1923, for civil purposes not much in excess of $600,000,000.

Only five of the items intimately connected with wars give the following tabulation:

	1923	1922
War Department.	$369,902,107	$389,091,406
Navy Department	431,754,000	478,850,000
Pensions.....	252,350,000	258,400,000
U.S.Vets' Bureau..	455,232,700	438,122,400
Int. on pub. debt..	975,000,000	976,000,000
Total.....	$2,484,238,809	$2,539,463,806

Canadian Liberals Win

CANADA'S general election, the first in the Dominion's history in which women voted on terms of equality with men, resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the Conservative party, which for several years had been in control of the government. The Liberal party will have 120 seats in the new Parliament; the Progressive or Farmers' party, with its strength in the western provinces, 62; the Conservatives, 50; and Labor and independents, 2. Premier Arthur Meighen, who had held office since July, 1920, was defeated in his home district in Manitoba, and nearly all the members of his cabinet also lost their seats in Parliament in the general overturn.

The main issue in the election was the tariff, the Conservatives standing for revision upward to protect Canadian interests and using the existing emergency tariff in the United States as an argument in favor of retaliatory measures by Canada. The Liberals advocated substantial reductions in duties and a longer free list in order to lower the cost of living, with the duties on British goods one-half the general tariff, and the Progressives also demanded lower tariff rates.

W. L. Mackenzie King, the Liberal leader, was elected by 1,000 majority in a district normally Conservative and will be called upon to form the new ministry.

Church Unity Covenant Proposed

THE Commission on Unity of the Congregational Churches has issued a call for a covenant of church unity, declaring its readiness to confer with representatives of any other churches "concerning realignments or unification of our respective forces and ministries."

"At this time," says the call, "when the leading nations of the world are entering into a covenant of ten years for the readjustment of their military forces for the sake of keeping the peace of the world, shall not the churches of Christ do likewise?"

The objectives for combined action proposed by the call are:

1. The fellowship of the members of any church in and with the members of all churches.
2. The mutual recognition and utilization of the ministry of the different churches for common needs and service in all.
3. The offering thereby of larger fields and greater incentive to enter the ministry to our young men, as well as limiting the number of ministers required for effective home service, when one may be better than two or more.
4. More gradually, but possibly within the period of this ten years' covenant of peace, such consolidation or combinations of the educational institutions and their means of the different communions might be brought about as would prove advantageous for the best education and fellowship in their studies of the ministry of the different churches.
5. Any philanthropic, social, mission or federated work of the churches.

BISHOP NICHOLSON HEADS ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE. Bishop Thomas C. Nicholson, of Chicago, has been elected president of the Anti-Saloon League of America for a term of two years, succeeding Bishop Luther B. Wilson, of New York, who declined reelection because of new church duties. New vice-presidents elected were Josephus Daniels, Bishop W. N. Ainsworth, Bishop A. R. Clippinger, and Rev. S. H. Brooks. Rev. A. P. Baker, general superintendent; Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel; S. E. Nicholson, secretary; and Foster Copeland, treasurer, were continued in their offices.

GUATEMALAN GOVERNMENT OVERTHROWN. The government of President Carlos Herrara in Guatemala has been overthrown by a revolution, and a commission consisting of three generals has assumed control pending elections for a new Congress and new President. The coup was accomplished almost without bloodshed, only three persons being killed in the fighting between the revolutionists and the police of the capital city. Herrara had been in power since April, 1920, when he ousted President Estrada Cabrera, who ever since has been held in prison. Guatemala is one of the three states in the new Central American Union.

SCORE PERISH IN WRECK. More than a score of persons perished when two passenger trains on the Newtown branch of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad collided head-on at Woodmont, Pa., and the wreckage caught fire. One estimate placed the number of deaths at twenty-seven, but the exact toll of the wreck, attributed to one train crew's violations of orders, probably never will be known, because of the condition of the débris.

REPRESENTATIVE FLOOD DIES. Representative Henry D. Flood, of Virginia, who had been a member of the House since 1901 and had attained a position of leadership on the Democratic side, died at his home in Washington as the result of a heart attack, after an illness of several weeks.

RIOTING IN CHICAGO STRIKE. A strike of packing-house employees in Chicago has been accompanied by serious rioting, the worst outbreak coming when crowds of strikers and strike sympathizers, estimated to number from 50,000 to 100,000, which had gathered in the stockyards district were dispersed by the police. In the hours of disorder one death occurred, two persons were injured probably fatally, and twenty-three others were injured. Nine of those injured suffered from bullet wounds. A thousand extra policemen were sent to reinforce the five hundred already on duty in the district, and restored order. Minor outbreaks occurred in other packing centers.

Young People's Topics for January 1

By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

E. L. The High Calling. (The Heavenward Challenge) Phil. 3 : 14.
C. E. Better Christian Endeavor Societies (Consecration) I Cor. 15 : 57, 58.
B. Y. P. U. Better Purposes. (Consecration) I Cor. 2 : 2.

THE above topics are all a summons to greater zeal and activity in the next twelve months. We are to make New Year's resolutions. Not alone is the dawn of a New Year a challenge to our endeavor, but every day dawns with its challenge for living the best life. Every day begins a new year. Every day is the first day of the next three hundred and sixty-five. Every day is a holy day and every day is doomsday. There is no time like the present, because the present is all we have to be sure of. One of the finest sentiments we can utter is: "Lord, for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray; keep me, my Lord, just for today."

Let us remember that we can never have full strength, full knowledge, full truth, but day by day. We crave completeness, but God can not give us this without spoiling His own plans for the human race. We are on the way, not only in transit, but also in process. If we are strong today, we shall be strong tomorrow. If we are faithful to the immediate duty, we shall be faithful to the wider obligations. Men act in great, wide movements as they act in narrower movements. An individual will never influence a wide circle until he has learned to influence his own environment. The big things that are being done today out on the frontiers, are not being done by stored but current power. So long as the current flows the light shines. So long as the wheels turn, the machinery moves. So long as things need to be done, they will be done by men and women who are already doing.

Amos R. Wells in his little book, "Reaching Up and Out," contributes this thought: "Back of all we think or say or do there is the ideal, the perfect, the possible thought and word and action. Of that beautiful thing our thought or word or deed is only the shadow, often a sadly grotesque shadow. When we write a letter, it is a parody of the letter we might have written. When we greet a friend, it is a mocking echo of the true hail of comradeship. When we perform a task, we are merely practicing for the authentic achievement." Life is practice, never achievement. Life is trying, never perfection. But the Christian, the only true, authenticated optimist says with Browning:

"I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive. What time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send His hail,
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In His good time."

The door of nineteen hundred and twenty-one is closed. The door of nineteen hundred and twenty-two is open. If that open door has "Opportunity," written on one side, it has "Responsibility" written on the other side. Pausing to lament over the failures of the past will be injurious to the interests of the future. Enter the New Year not only for God but with God, in earnest prayer and sincere preparation. We face the next year, not with the thought that there are so many months, weeks, days, or hours, but with the thought that there are privileges and opportunities and responsibilities crowding the moments, challenging our manhood and womanhood and the plans and programs we hold as kingdom builders and civilization finders of God's eternal purpose.

"Another year is but another call from God
To do some deed undone and duty we forgot:
To think some wider thought of man and good,
To see and love with kindlier eyes and warmer heart,
Until acquainted more with him, and keener eyed
To sense the need of man we serve
With larger sacrifice and readier hand our kind."

While Death Plays Santa Claus

GAY colored lights—glittering tinsel—the laughter of children—the tree—Home—*and off there in the Volga country people are starving to death.*

Holly and mistletoe—bulging stockings by the fire in the living-room—red and white candy canes—little packages tied with red and green ribbons—Mother—*and off there in the Volga country the nurses are separating the babies who are going to die today from the ones who won't die until tomorrow.*

Dad carving the turkey and spilling gravy on the tablecloth—the family laughing at Baby as she sucks the drumstick bone—teasing Mother because she didn't put enough sugar in the cranberry sauce—*and off there in the Volga country they're eating bread made of dried grass and ground-up horses' hoofs.*

While our lights are gay and our homes are filled with Christmas cheer—Death plays Santa Claus.

Off there in the Volga country millions of people are dying of hunger while we say "Merry Christmas" and celebrate the birthday of Jesus Christ.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MANY of our readers in their letters express their gratification at the news of the Family Altar revival. W. G. S., Dorranceton, Pa., writes: "We must worship God in spirit and in truth, and not in formal prayers. If you can get this conviction fixed in the minds of those who are to erect the Family Altar in their homes, you will make things move. God does not want mere lip worship. He wants the heart. He says, 'Give me thine heart and I will give thee a Kingdom.' We have had Family Prayer in our home for 29 years and we love it. When God meets us, He is our Heavenly Guest. The spirit of prayer is the very soul of religion. Without it, religion is like a room in zero weather without a fire."

U. McG., Gwinner, N. D., writes: "I have been an interested reader of the Christian Herald for some time and wish to assure you that your weekly sermons and Daily Meditations have sure been a comfort and pleasure to me. I am writing to you to secure your co-operation in the organization of a Home Altar and regular worship and explanation of the Bible, etc. Please advise me where modern hymn books may be secured. Other information and advice on the subject will be appreciated also. Would it be advisable to invite friends and neighbors?"

When the Family Altar services are begun in the Christian Herald next month, the way will be made clear to all who desire to join in the movement. If any friend happens to be your guest by all means invite that friend to share in your Altar service, which will be very brief and simple

C. H. M., Saluvia Pa. writes: "How can people expect to go to heaven when they do not keep the Sabbath holy and obey God's laws? When I was a boy there were no Sunday trains. Furnaces were stopped over the Sabbath. Now if they have improved them so that they can't stop, better do away with the improvement. Enough can be made in six days. Of course there would be a loss. All Sunday work is done to make more money. God has given us six days, and we are not satisfied, but take His day too. Giving large gifts to good causes will not undo the sin of doing business on the Lord's day and compelling men to work, thus depriving them of the chance of keeping the Sabbath right."

Mrs. E. C., Gentry, Ark., The passage in Psa. 84 : 6: "Who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well," is held by the old translators to mean "the valley of tears," or "valley of weeping." Some authorities point out that the reference is to the mulberry tree, or the balsam shrub, and that the phrase may be justifiably rendered the "valley of the tear-tree." The concluding words, "make it a well"—are held to imply that ordinarily the place is dry and sterile, and that its only moisture is found in tears and weeping. As "weeping" signifies dejection, "a well," in contrast, symbolizes overflowing comfort and gladness.

Mrs. L. C., Vicksburg, Miss. Many have found the passage you indicate, Luke 11 : 4, in the Authorized Version, a stumbling-block; but it is readily explained by standard commentators. God tempts no man, although, by the withdrawal of the Holy Spirit, the individual may be left open to the attacks of the tempter. Satan was the tempter of Jesus (Matt. 4 :1). See also Job, chaps. 1 and 2, where Satan is shown as the tempter of the patriarch. The only sources of temptation are the world, the flesh and the evil spirit. With regard to the passage in the Lord's Prayer, it has long been a subject of discussion and some ancient authorities make it read "Leave us not in temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." There are other variants in the Prayer, so that one may feel free to choose among them. See further texts on the subjects in Rev. 12 : 9; John 8 : 44; II Cor. 11 : 3; I John 3 : 8; Mark 1 : 13; Luke 4 : 2; Acts 5 : 3; Matt. 26 : 41. It can be set down as a general principle that God tempts no one to commit sin, but He does test our faith in Him and our love for Him by trials.

Mrs. S. J. M., Winfield, W. Va. Mr. Wells's book has little value from a scientific viewpoint. He has touched on problems wholly beyond his reach. His historic review, however, is interesting and profitable reading, and his humanitarian spirit is strongly marked. Leaving his speculative philosophy aside, what he has written concerning modern civilization and the "mind of mankind today," the folly and wickedness of war, and the need of a great spiritual inspiration for the world—these are the proper themes of the book. We learn that he has made a number of changes and modifications in the latest edition, some of which affect his conclusions on recent world developments considerably.

Frankness is admirable, even though it may hurt a bit occasionally. We like the spirit of frankness in the letter of Rev. W. O. Hart of Lincoln Academy, Kings Mt., N. C., in which he writes: "In your Mail-Bag for Nov. 19 was a proposition from one of your readers for the Herald to make up a Family Prayer-book having a passage of Scripture, the Apostles' Creed and a short prayer for each of 365 days, also a form for saying grace at the table. I feel inclined to ask you to consider if that would not be an unwise thing to do. Would it not encourage people in selfish neglect of the rightful claims of God upon them? Helping them to virtually say to God, 'My private affairs are the most important; I have scarcely any time to give to you.' They mumble bastily through the form for grace at the table, then rush through the prescribed readings for that day, hurling the prescribed prayer at God as if to say, 'That will do for you'; then rush off to business. God wants us to talk to Him in our own words, both in acknowledging His many mercies and blessings and in prayer for the things we really need. To me, the reading of a prayer to God from a book that was written by some one a way in the past is an abomination and distasteful to God. In my boyhood home father often said, 'Prayers and provender hinder none.' Even when we were farming and the busy season was on, we would have the same devotions after breakfast, each one reading a verse in turn, through the chapter. Sometimes father would say a few words about a verse of special interest, then we would all kneel while he praised God with thanksgiving, and prayed for the things that were on his heart to ask for. The farm was well worked and crops gathered in season, for God prospered us. Four words in Genesis always thrill me; 'Enoch walked with God.' If he had merely hurled a prayer-book at God, would He have been so delighted as to have taken him to heaven to be forever with Himself without the pangs of death?"

It is a question which has two sides. We teach the little, lisping child to pray, and we also need to teach some of those who, though having reached the stature of manhood and womanhood, are not yet able to frame even a simple petition for themselves. While we do not believe in the use of formal prayers, yet, if even these will unseal the lips and break the silence, they are better than none. But our correspondent is right in his protest against printed formal prayers, which can never meet a real spiritual need. Prayer is a great spiritual privilege, which increases in power, value and attractiveness with the using. And the real prayer is that which springs spontaneously from the heart, and finds fervent utterance at the lips. That prayer is heard.

Giles B. Cooke (a retired minister of the P. E. Church), Mathews, C. H., Va., gratefully acknowledges receipt of answers to his inquiry in the Mail-Bag from a number of friends, all of whom sent copies of the poem sought for.

Rev. H. M. Mentzer, Pastor of the United Brethren Church of Valley View, Pa., writes of the recent visit of Evangelist John Goode of the Bowery Mission: "We were delighted to have Mr. Goode with us. He served us splendidly. He impressed us anew with the 'Riches of God's grace' in the redemption of the human soul. Extend our best regards to him." His letter conveys the church's offering, and adds: "Accept this as a token of Mr. Goode's service, and for the needy cause to which you will apply it."

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The Scripture Text Calendar for 1922, with its combination of the beauties of art with the daily words of inspiration from the Bible, will, we think, meet with general approval. The art work, including both the front page and the inside pictures, is reproduced in the beautiful four-color process printing.

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JANUARY—Christ Healing the Sick Child.
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MAY—Christ Teaching Little Children.
JUNE—The Son of a Carpenter.
JULY—Christ Going Through the Wheat Field.
AUGUST—Christ and the Fallen Woman.
SEPTEMBER—Jesus Sitting by the Sea of Galilee.
OCTOBER—The Rainbow Promise.
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Boys and Girls—Make your own Christmas Candy at Home

It's great fun—easy to make and costs little. Read how to do it.

What some authorities say about Karo and Dextrose

Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, noted writer on foods, says "Karo is one of the most valuable of all energy foods for growing children. It is unusually palatable, and its heavy dextrose content makes it an ideal food for little human dynamos in short dresses and knickerbockers."

* * *

Dr. William H. Porter, great food authority, says that dextrose "develops increased resistance to fatigue, and a greater capacity for sustained mental and physical effort. The nervous system shows more stability. Children seem to develop a better color, as well as an increase in the appetite, and in the capacity for assimilating food."

* * *

Give the children all the Karo that Nature tells them to eat—on well-done pancakes, spread on sliced bread, or made into pure home-made candies. It will make them sturdy and robust, and more active for work, play or growth.

NO festival was ever so beautiful as Christmas. It's the time, as every boy and girl knows, when the Fairy Queen makes her robe of the shimmer of the silver moonbeams; when the Frost King writes his pictured message in feathery crystals on the window panes; when the North Wind strikes his lyre of pendant icicles, and elfin music tinkles through the woodland.

Christmas is the wondrous time of giving—of expressing love and affection in the little token, freighted with golden wishes and tender sentiment.

And it is the time of feasting—of enjoying the good things that many people must consider luxuries at other times.

Of all the good things for the Christmas celebration there is nothing that's enjoyed more than delicious candy. For Christmas really wouldn't be Christmas without candy.

With Karo, the Great American Syrup, the most wholesome and appetizing candy is now within the reach of all.

You can make delicious Chocolate Fudge, Peanut Brittle and Caramels with Karo, that will just melt in your mouth, and make everyone in the family wish that Christmas came once a month, instead of once a year.

And there's lots of fun making these delicious confections—seeing how nicely they "come out." You could not have more wholesome candy—at any price—and the cost is but little.

Here are the recipes for making Chocolate Fudge, Caramels and Peanut Brittle. From your grocer get the kind of Karo indicated in the recipe. Read the descriptions below about the three kinds of Karo—all three kinds make delicious candy:

Chocolate Fudge

3 cups Granulated Sugar
3 tablespoons Cocoa
1 tablespoon Mazola
¾ cup Milk
1 teaspoon Vanilla
¼ teaspoon Salt
2 tablespoons Karo, Blue Label

Cook together sugar, cocoa, Karo, Mazola, salt and milk until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Set aside until cool. Add vanilla and beat until it creams. Pour into oiled pan and cut in squares

Peanut Brittle

1 cup Karo, Blue Label
1 cup Brown Sugar
2 teaspoons Mazola
2 tablespoons Water
1 cup Shelled Peanuts

Boil sugar, Karo and water until it is crisp when dropped in cold water. Just before taking from fire add Mazola and nuts. Pour into tin oiled with Mazola.

Karo Caramels

2 cups Granulated Sugar
1¾ cups Karo, Blue Label
½ cup Milk
¼ cup Mazola
1 teaspoon Vanilla
1 cup Chopped Nuts

Cook sugar, Karo, milk and Mazola until it forms a firm ball in cold water. Remove from fire, add vanilla and nuts and pour into pan oiled with Mazola.

FREE The beautifully illustrated Corn Products Cook Book of 64 pages—containing splendid recipes for candy making. Sent free with a booklet that every parent should read. Tells all about the wonderful value of Karo; explains the meaning of Dextrose and why children thrive on it. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. A, Argo, Ill.

YOUR PROTECTION

Do not be deceived by cans containing syrup that might look like Karo. The name "Karo" is on every can of original Karo—look for it and be assured of full weight cans and highest quality.

BLUE Karo

The standard table syrup for pancakes, hot biscuits, waffles, etc. Also for cooking, baking and candy-making. Light brown color, delicious flavor—a heavy-bodied syrup.

RED Karo

The ideal syrup for every use—for cooking, baking, candy-making and preserving. Because of its honey-like appearance many prefer it as a spread for cakes, biscuits, breads.

GREEN Karo

Flavored with highest grade real maple sugar. Very moderate in price—absolutely pure. The makers of Karo are the world's largest users of the highest grade maple sugar—over a thousand tons used annually.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

An Illustrated News Weekly for the Home

The Sunset of the Year

$2.00 A YEAR

DECEMBER 31, 1921

5c A COPY

A Sermon — inspired by a Weed Chain Advertisement

The Slip-Shod Driver

TEXT: — *"And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country; and there wasted his substance in riotous living."* LUKE 15:13.

WHY did the prodigal go into the far country? To escape home standards and the influence of his father's God —to leave behind the restraints centuries of love and wisdom have formed to steady those who live in slippery places. More terrible than any automobile is a carelessly driven life—the higher powered, the more terrible. The wisdom of God and man combine to form the many linked safe-guards that home and religion seek to throw around each life. These are the tire-chains. The man who is leaving these out of his life is leaving the "tire chains in the locker". He is a slip-shod liver. *Put on the tire chains.* ¶The slip-shod liver "comes recklessly out of the side streets" . . . of life. He "cuts the corners" of others' rights. He disregards the rules for making and keeping the honest life, the true home, the square business, the clean city and nation. He "Let's 'er go so long as he gets by with it". Drive carefully. For example, when a man marries the finest girl in town (as we all do) and so prevents any other fellow from making her a good husband, it is up to him to give her the very best husband any girl has. So, *Put on the tire chains and run carefully.* ¶"The slip-shod driver never inspects his brakes and steering gear." That is, heedless men or women never really consider their own lives carefully, never inspect their self-control—either as to their ability to direct their lives into sane courses or to say and act "No" when they ought to do so for their own good and that of others. One of the primary things in true, sane living is, "*Know thy self.*" And a second, "*Control thy self.*" ¶Again, "The slip-shod driver does not give signals." He goes over the road as though his were the only car on the way. So the slip-shod liver has no time for conventions, for what people will think, for the peace and quiet of other lives. Often by this breach of the rules of orderly society he puts lady friends in embarrassing positions and, at times, starts uncalled for scandals that wreck reputations and homes. He may get men companions, dependent for their standing on their reputations, into positions that class them with rakes and social outcasts. Possibly no wrong is done or intended, but conventions are violated—the proper social signals are not given—and sharp tongued critics do the rest. In this way, misunderstood and misrepresented, many lives have been wrecked, more yet have been injured. Respect the forms of right conduct. *Give the signals.* ¶"*The greatest menace*"—are the talented men and women of high position or "good family" who are so intent on their own wilful way that, claiming all the prestige which their position gives, they sneer at laws and customs that they should respect and obey, and run amuck with pleasures and passions, or grasping and greed. The greatest menace to America today is LAWLESSNESS of one type or another on the part of her own citizens. ¶THE REMEDY—is the endless chain of interlinked self-control under the laws of God and man—voluntary upholding of law because everything else is lawbreaking; voluntary doing right because everything else is wrong; voluntary being wise because everything else is foolish.

RESIDENCE 321 S. MOORE STREET — TELEPHONE NO. 799

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
ALGONA, IOWA
B. M. SOUTHGATE, MINISTER

Oct. 28, 1921.

American Chain Co., Inc.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Dear Sirs:-

I am enclosing a brief summary of my 30 minute Sermon on "The Slip-Shod Driver". I gave out copies of your ad in the morning as an ad of the Service. We had an unusually large audience, especially of automobile men. The sermon was very effective. I thank you for your assistance.

Cordially yours,

B. M. Southgate

The *Slip*-Shod Driver

THE *slip*-shod driver leaves Weed Tire Chains in the locker when careful drivers put them on their tires. The *slip*-shod driver comes recklessly out of side streets; the *slip*-shod driver cuts corners; the *slip*-shod driver never inspects his brakes and steering gear; the *slip*-shod driver does not signal before turning or stopping; the *slip*-shod driver does not give a warning signal of his approach.

Help us concentrate the light of a condemning public opinion on the *slip*-shod driver—*the greatest menace of motoring.*

Help us forge an endless chain campaign for motoring safety for everyone.

Show this advertisement to all *slip*-shod drivers you meet and ask them to spread its doctrines to others in their class.

Reprints of this advertisement will be mailed on request.

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THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CHAIN IN THE WORLD

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(IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED WORLD OUTLOOK)
AN·ILLUSTRATED·NEWS·WEEKLY·FOR·THE·HOME·
·GRAHAM PATTERSON, PUBLISHER·

Four Square with the Law

How You Can Help in Making the Eighteenth Amendment Fully Effective

By ROY A. HAYNES

(National Prohibition Commissioner)

ROY A. HAYNES, of Hillsboro, Ohio, is a militant prohibition commissioner. He is obtaining an increasingly effective enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment because he is fighting for it, and he has imbued his associates in the enforcement service with a new fighting spirit.

We asked Mr. Haynes to tell the great body of Christian Herald readers how they could hold up his hands and assist him in the great work he is doing. Here is his answer on this page. There surely is some suggestion in his article that you, as an individual, may adapt.

YOU have asked me in unvarnished words to express my opinion of what church people can do to assist my department in the enforcement of the Prohibition Act. I welcome this opportunity of presenting to the Christian citizenship of our land my views on some of the most helpful ways in which assistance can be rendered in making the Eighteenth Amendment more effective. The problem is not a small one and there are many angles from which it may be attacked.

First, let us consider the propaganda that has been most insistent against this law, the avidity with which many newspapers seize upon any items that may tend to discredit the law or its operation and the prominence given to any incident that may seem to reflect upon the success of Prohibition. Some editors even seize the faintest pretext to write unfavorable editorials. Each occasion of this kind is a challenge to an intelligent Christian citizen to write the editors of such papers, plainly setting forth his own views and stating the facts as he sees them. Most papers will gladly publish such letters, and even where they are not published the editor is apprised of the fact that public opinion is on the side of law enforcement.

Dickens, in his inimitable way, holds up the negative Christianity of one of his characters whose religion was largely a protest against the failure of others. I am persuaded that it is not quite enough to denounce the public official who is recreant of duty in enforcing the law, but we should go further and give encouragement and support to those officials who are giving their best efforts to make the law effective. And we should go further than public utterance or private expression: We should be willing to act as witnesses for the Government when the facts of violation are in our possession. It would also be well for our citizens interested in law enforcement to attend the courts, giving moral support to the Government officials. It is too frequently true that the friends of the bootlegger throng the court rooms and the friends of the law are conspicuously absent.

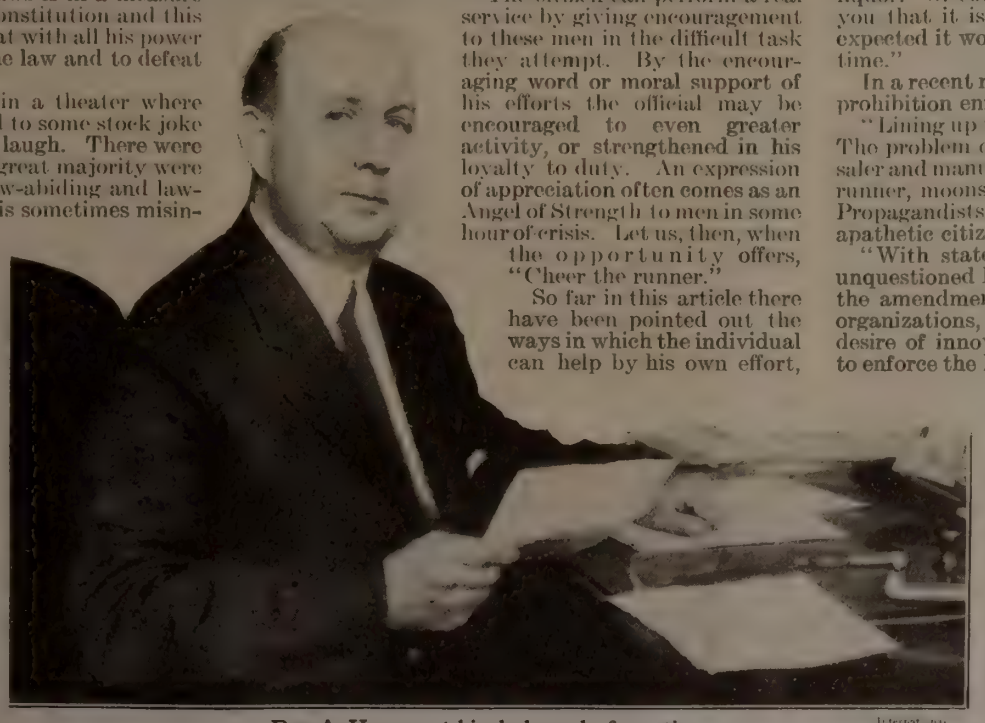
WHILE I have never made a specific appeal to the public, nor asked private citizens to report liquor violations, yet it is true that there are many citizens who do not hesitate to inform public officials of the violations they observe, thus rendering a service that might be difficult to accomplish otherwise. I do not pretend to speak for others, but I hold for myself that each citizen who is the recipient of great blessings under our Constitution and laws is in a measure a guardian and defender of that Constitution and this law, and that it is his duty to combat with all his power any effort being made to nullify the law and to defeat its purpose.

A friend of mine was recently in a theater where one of the stage characters resorted to some stock joke on Prohibition in an effort to get a laugh. There were a few who found it funny, but the great majority were silent. The silence of the great law-abiding and law-upholding majority of our people is sometimes misinterpreted by newspaper men and public officials as either disinterestedness or disapproval of the law, therefore, at this time it would seem most appropriate that we find expression for our principle, and in every way possible put ourselves on record for the law, in conversation, both in private and public places.

I do not mean to obtrude our views where unwelcome, but I do mean that our conversation and deportment should be so pronounced that there can be no question as to where we stand. It is to be regretted in our country that the custom of showing disapproval by hissing the actors has died out so that the cheap and tawdry type of an actor can with impunity cater to the lowest and most obnoxious elements of our citizenship, while the more refined and patriotic elements can only sit in disapproving silence.

NATURE was not kind to me when athletic ability was given out, so it was that I found myself on the side-lines or on the bleachers when college sport held the stage of interest. But, I refused to be a mere silent spectator—my motto was: "He serves who only cheers the runner." As the years passed, I have become more and more convinced of the truth of that motto.

In no fanciful way is it true that the enforcement of the law today is a contest between the official who is doing his duty and the criminal combination that attempts to defeat the purpose of the law for its gain, and the Government agent is in the thick of the fight. He is subjected to the greatest temptations on one hand and to abuse and villification on the other hand. He is held up to scorn and derision by the enemies of the law publicly, while he is cajoled and flattered, or offered bribes in private. These men are subjected to the severest tests by the unconscionable enemies of the law in a continuous effort to break down their moral fibre and loyalty to duty.



Roy A. Haynes at his desk ready for action

The citizen can perform a real service by giving encouragement to these men in the difficult task they attempt. By the encouraging word or moral support of his efforts the official may be encouraged to even greater activity, or strengthened in his loyalty to duty. An expression of appreciation often comes as an Angel of Strength to men in some hour of crisis. Let us, then, when the opportunity offers, "Cheer the runner."

So far in this article there have been pointed out the ways in which the individual can help by his own effort, unassisted by the team, if I may use the term, or by the organized effort of social, civic or religious nature. There are many of these organizations for the promotion of Christian citizenship and civic righteousess that offer as great opportunities today as at any other time to invest one's money, time or talent in a very effective way. Indeed we see today the wonderful results that are being obtained in almost all parts of the world through the Red Cross, the Missionary Societies and the Social Service organizations of the country. They articulate the Christian humanitarian impulse of the people. So, the humanitarian and patriotic impulse of this country is today organized into societies for the promotion of Law Enforcement, Americanism and Good Citizenship. These nonpartisan and nonsectional organizations are the unmistakable means whereby the Christian citizen may express his loyalty to the Constitution and express his desire to make the Eighteenth Amendment respected and revered throughout the land.

SO THIS is the call for good Americans to rally to the cause of Law Enforcement through individual and collective effort, but it is not the frantic call to rally to a dying cause; it is rather an appeal to Christian citizens to do their duty toward their country, to take their places for the Constitution and the laws of this great land; to arise to the privilege of citizenship and make a definite contribution of their ability in the triumph of a great cause.

Let us not be discouraged. The Constitution will stand. Americanism will prevail over every attempt of anarchy or treason. Let us not lose patience with or faith in the American people, but let us rededicate ourselves to the great task of today in the spirit that triumphed in the past, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are now in." With that spirit and motive, we shall find, no matter where we serve, that our experience will be similar to that of one of our great Federal judges who recently wrote:

"But my colleague, Judge ——— and I have been enforcing the law and I am proud to report that, comparatively speaking, in ——— the law is respected and our experience shows that it can be enforced. You would expect that this would be one of the most difficult centers in the United States, but among the crooks in the underworld ———has the reputation of being a place to avoid in the traffic in intoxicating liquor. Of course, we have plenty to do, but I assure you that it is not anywhere near the burden that I expected it would be, and it is getting lighter all the time."

In a recent review of the problem and purpose of the prohibition enforcement office, I said:

"Lining up the problem in groups, we found: First—The problem of the dishonest brewer, distiller, wholesaler and manufacturer. Second—The smuggler, rum-runner, moonshiner with their confederates. Third—Propagandists. Fourth—Last but not least, the apathetic citizen.

"With state directors of keen minds, strong will, unquestioned loyalty, surrounded with men who hold the amendment as sacred, we have constructed new organizations, impelled not by the spirit of change or desire of innovation, but with an underlying purpose to enforce the law in the most positive and direct way.

"The aim of the department is constructive enforcement on a straightforward, high-minded basis, and instructions to directors and agents are to adhere strictly to the law. Directors in every state are conferring and cooperating with United States and state attorneys for the purpose of operating fully within the law, and information in our possession justifies the statement that enforcement results of constructive character are being secured in a degree highly satisfactory, all conditions considered, and the newly organized enforcement work may be expected to increase in efficiency and results with each succeeding month."

The Renaissance in Old Town

And How It Brought a War Memorial of Service to All

By MARTHA CANDLER

"NOTHING changes in Old Town," I ruminated as I walked down the Big Road toward Aunt Lindy's. The shut-up houses with all their front shades drawn looked just as I had last seen them not so long after we went into the war. The same dogs came out to sniff at me. The same board, I noticed, was missing from the bridge over Winding Creek.

"Even a World War would fail to touch the narrow, self-centered population and stir it from its stagnated ruts," I decided somewhat bitterly, but a little further out the bitterness all went out of me. Russet apples, bursting with fragrant sweetness, lay thick in the orchards on both sides of the road. The corn shocks in the fields were pure gold, and asters and golden-rod ran rife along all the fence-rows, while here and there a flaming maple was glorified in the pure orange of the afternoon sunlight. And awaiting me would be Aunt Lindy, one of Nature's choicest philosophers.

She saw me and came down through the rows of horsemint and marigolds to meet me, her well-remembered figure as unchanged as all the rest. When she had pushed me into her big cushioned chair on the sunny side of the spring-house, she told me of all the hundred and one homely things she knew I would like to hear—the preserves, the amount of honey her bees had stored up for her, the wren that always came back to build in the lilac bush. And as I listened, with eyes on the serrated ranks of the autumn-clad hills; I seemed wrapt around with a sense of well-being I had not known since that day—

As she reached over and silently touched my hand, we each knew what was in the other's mind.

"I want you to go with me tomorrow to the dedication of the Community Church and Social Center," she said finally. "It's our war memorial, and I'd just been wishing you could get here for the big day. I s'pose you came on the night train, and haven't seen it yet? Well, that's all the better."

"But Old Town—a Memorial Community Church!" I could scarcely believe it. There were six churches before—"one of every kind," Aunt Lindy had once remarked. Each one had been conducting its own war work when I had left just at the time when the war had begun to be the "rage" in Old Town, with knitting and patented stitch-holders, food conservation, uniforms and all the costly fixtures with so much competition among the little groups that dear "Mrs. Deacon Potts" had meekly said that the folks in the Poor House scarcely knew what to make of things, being suddenly reduced from a surfeit of attention to just what the Baptist Missionary Society could do for them at odd times.

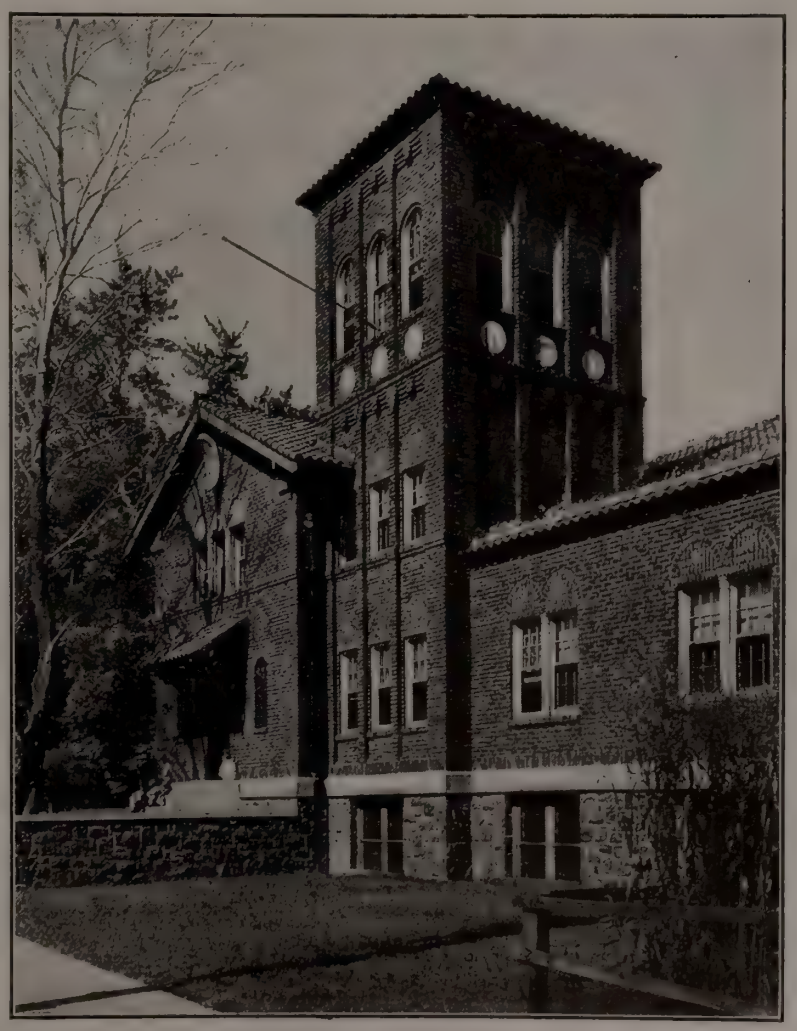
BUT that was all before Bobby Evans, Mayor Evans's son, the Jones boy and Jimmy Turner had gone marching off. It was of these three only sons that Aunt Lindy went on to speak as she told the story of the community memorial.

"You surely recall Jimmy Turner's father," she said at last, "even if you never saw Jimmy. He come on from the North somewheres to take charge of the Methodist Mission over across the railroad tracks. He had a lot of ideas about brotherhood and sociableness and the like. You know how Old Town would take to *that*, with all its cliques and clans and not much else! This 'un not playing because that one played, and the like!

"Some got pretty hard down on him and called him downright meddlesome when he went and got the Federal Government to agree to send in a demonstrator to show the farmers how to farm scientifically. They was to pay half if the county would pay half. Well, the county commissioners got as mad as blazes and sent him word they would see him—you know where—first, that their farmin' methods was good enough for their fathers before them and was good enough for them, and that he'd ought to have stayed in the North where his new-fangled ideas was appreciated, and not come tryin' to foist them on honest folks that would have to foot the bills.

"He taught the mill boys wood carving and carpentry and gardening, and they was all crazy about him. I liked him, too, from the first I saw him walkin' past my gate here on them there 'hikin' trips' he took the boys on. The way he took off his hat, if he had one on, and bowed to me with all his white hair a-blowin' in the wind, you'd a-thought I was a queen and no less. Sometimes he'd walk by alone when I was inside, and I'd watch him through my scrim curtains. He always had a shinin' look on his face and stepped along triumphant-like, remindin' me of the place in the Bible where it tells about Moses when he walked and talked with God.

"Once he got up a dramatic show among the boys. He went to Mayor Evans and wanted to get free use of the Court House to give it in, that bein' the only place big enough for gatherin's after the Town Hall was condemned and closed up and the wind blew over the Chautauqua building. Old Nancy's Henry that works in the Court House said it was something awful the tongue-lashing that Evans give the old gentleman. Told him he didn't have a thing to do with the Court House, and if he did, he'd charge them as much as anybody else, he would! Said he didn't hold with fillin' mill hands full of stuck-up notions, and makin' them think they owned the earth—the mills are outside the city limits you know, so he could talk independent. And most of the town sided with him. And the boys had to go ahead and have their shindig as best they could in the empty rooms over the undertaker's where they have their club room. I could have cried.



Not Old Town's new building, but the Neighborhood House at Englewood, N. J., one of the best examples of a community center for a small city

"THAT very day I saw him comin', and stepped out, real impulsive-like to speak to him and tell him not to pay no attention to Old Town's set ways. But bless you, I couldn't say a word.

"'How beautiful your sweet peas are,' he says with that beatific smile of his, and went. That wasn't long before Jimmy Turner come on from his college to stop with his father a spell before going to war. After he come, I'd see the two of them walking past every day, arm in arm, the boy so fine and straight and tall, and his father lookin' up at him, so proud-like.

"Then them three boys went, with most of us at the depot to see them off, laughin' and cryin' while the brass band played 'Dixie' and 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' After that, one by one, seems like most of the other boys come of age and went. Gradually, Old Town stopped prancin' in the harness and settled down to the long, anxious strain. Things weighed heavy. Most of us hated to look in the dailies that come from the city on the noon train, or at the Old Town Star, and hated not to. Then Widow Young over across the creek got the word about her son. One day not so long after that, handbills was scattered about announcin' that a 'sing' would be held in the Court House that night, and urgin' everybody to be there, and sing the songs the boys were singing 'Over There.' Seems like everybody was there. Mis' Green, the Methodist organist, played on the piano, and everybody joined in the songs.

"Then Mr. Peabody, the Episcopal clergyman, got up and suggested everybody paying special tribute to the memory of Eli Young. 'We all remember him,' he says. 'Every man, woman, and child remembers how he used to come up Main Street mornings on his way to work, rain or shine, always radiant, always happy, always with a cheerful word for everybody. We know that's the way he went out to meet the enemy and do his final duty, the same as he did his every-day duty. Now, let's pay silent tribute to his memory for a moment, then join in singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic!"'

"'Tears were streaming down our faces as we all sang that final 'Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!'

"We sat silent after that, nobody feeling like talking, or singing anything else. Then Lawyer Jones got up. 'Brethren,' he says—he used to be a Baptist deacon and I guess he forgot it wasn't prayer meeting—'we have paid tribute to our fallen hero. In our hearts we are all thanking God for the boys that are still safe. But there is something else you do not know and I feel that you ought to know it if I can tell you without violating confidence.' He turned to the corner where Mr. Turner had been sittin' all evening with a question-like motion, and as Mr. Turner nodded back I noticed how terrible white he was.

"'It's about Jimmy Turner,' Lawyer Jones went on 'There was a dangerous trip to be made right through into the enemy's lines and that boy volunteered to make it. All of us here with sons in the service (he looked toward Mr. Evans and old man Hathaway) hope our boys would have done the same thing if they'd been there, and we are proud of Jimmy Turner having done it.' Somebody in the back of the house started to cheering and he had to stop for a minute.

"'What I was goin' to say, though,' he went on, 'is that that boy was asked to leave a written statement about any property he might own before going. The only thing he had in the world was a hundred dollar Liberty Bond and—' he had to stop for a minute his voice suddenly got so husky—'he sent that to his father here to start a fund for an Old Town Community Center. He knew that had been his father's cherished dream. He wanted the gift to be anonymous, but I think it will do us good back here in our safety and ease to know what he wrote about it's taking a World War to get us acquainted with our neighbors and teach us the simple meaning of friendliness. "Us boys know." Them was his last words. He hasn't been heard from. Word may come any time of his safety but—'

"Just then everybody turned to the door. There outside stood Bill Robbins, the night operator from the depot, motioning to Mr. Turner to come out. He looked hot and excited as if he'd run all the way. Ever'body was astir, recallin' how he had gone in person at three in the morning to take the word to Widow Young and break it easy-like. Some tried to hold Mr. Turner back, but he got up, pushing them aside and walkin' out, erect but totterin'. He shut the door after him. After what seemed a long time, he come in and, holdin' back the people crowded around to condole with him, he drew Lawyer Jones and the Baptist preacher into the little jury room. Directly somebody come and took Mis' Jones in, and we all sat around and waited. You know how it is when you're in a house a-watchin' with somebody while they are waitin' for a loved one to pass on. Well, it was like that. I was plum sick at heart for the old man.

"AFTER what seemed like ages, Preacher Willitss come out to the hall to telephone and we found out it was Lieutenant Laurence Jones and not Jimmy Turner that the telegram had told about. Bill Robbins had thought that Mr. Turner would be the best one to break the news 'Killed in action,' the message had said, and Mis' Jones, not being so strong, had fainted away back there in the jury room Directly the doctor come and they took her away in the automobile, Mr. Turner and Mr. Willitss goin' along with Mr. Jones and his sister. The rest of us stayed, sorter huddled together. Mis' Green started to play the Battle Hymn again, but choked and broke down when she tried to lift the tune.

"Then old 'Skinflint' Billings, you remember him, got up and cleared his throat. He said he reckoned

it was correct that it took a war to teach folks some things. Said right out loud that he'd never known before how much he'd missed from not having a son, and that his sorrow was greater than these others', because no matter how much they were called on to give up, they could give to the great cause with joy and pride, and have their memories left to them. 'Not having a great possession to sacrifice,' he went on, 'I want to give of the small possessions that I have!' He was always called the richest and stingiest man in the county.

"'I want Jimmy Turner and our boys if they do come back to be able to say that we have been worth the sacrifices they have made so freely for us, and—' his voice got so low you could hardly hear him, 'and, if they don't come back, let us believe that they are invisible witness to the manner in which their mantles fall upon us.

"'I want us now,' he said, 'to pledge ourselves to build this Community Center he wrote about, and to make it a Living Memorial to the spirit of service which exalted our boys. Lets us make it a place where we may all serve each other and the community at large, and prove the democracy they marched forth to establish. I herewith pledge my property at the corner of Main and Depot Streets as a building site. How many are with me?'

"That is the site the Old Town Improvement Association has been trying to buy for ten years, and has offered him ten times its value for, and that the town has tried to condemn and buy for a public park. I guess you come on the night train, so you didn't notice the change in it, new building, grounds all laid out, and all.

"Evans got up and said he'd give two thousand. Then Mis' Evans pulled on his coat-tails, and when she could stop cryin' whispered something to him, and he got up and made it three thousand. Mis' Evans, you know was always the leader of the Monday Twenty set, that's Old Town's Four Hundred, and the most snobbish woman in town, they said. Mis' Anderson pledged a thousand for the Colonial Dames, and Miss Lawrence five hundred for the Daughters of the Confederacy. The Girls' Patriotic gave five hundred. Even Henry, who rings the Methodist bell and janitors the Court House, give ten.

"I PROMISED fifty myself." Aunt Lindy took up her narrative after we had silently watched the last rays of the sunset fade, and she had moved our chairs in and put the kettle on over the bed of live coals in the kitchen fireplace. "Part of it I'd saved for a rainy day, and the rest I'm making by baking cakes and selling them in Maxwell's grocery.

"We surely did see the Glory of the Lord that night. Stayed till early morning just talkin'. It was old man Billings himself who said the whole town ought to get as much out of the Community Center as the mill boys got out of the rooms over the undertaker's store. It was Mayor Evans proposed, meek and humble-like, that so long as the idea was a long-cherished one of Mr. Turner's, why not move his mission work into the Center and make him resident host.

"Why not build an auditorium in the Community Center!" somebody else suggested, "and use it for Sunday afternoon union services," the location being about the most convenient one in town for most folks. Everybody liked the idea, some beginning to talk right away of a pipe organ and all such that could be put in later.

"No, Jimmy Turner was never heard from. We waited a long time, then put the gold star on our service flag for him. When we told Mr. Turner about the happenings there that night, he was pleased and deeply touched. But doin' an honor to him is something like tryin' to put God in your debt. He always pays you back a hundred-fold. He said it had come to him after thinkin' it all over that the Community Center ought to be a regular Sitting-Room and Parlor for the whole county, and not just for the village, and that if there was no objection, he would like to see a room set aside special for country women so they could rest and brush up after their shopping, or lay their children down for naps. Then he said the social meeting-rooms ought to be put at the disposal of men from out over the county when they come to town to court or county business or anything like that. You'd have thought he'd hated the county officers after the way they'd treated him, now, wouldn't you?

"WELL, tomorrow, as I say, is the dedication. There's going to be music and speeches, and a procession of all the little children in town, dressed in white and carrying flowers, will be followed by the bearers of the memorial tablet that is to be placed above the platform in the big auditorium, in memory of the boys of the town and county that fought in the war. We'll go together."

Twilight had deepened into dark as we sat over our empty teacups, with the room lighted only by the flickering of the dying fire, and we remained silent until I suddenly remembered that I must be going.

"The same Old Town," I said aloud to myself as I went home down the fragrant lane lighted by the newly risen moon. "The same—but reborn into a new spiritual consciousness." And I was very small and very humble and very apologetic for the judgment I had uttered, as I turned my face upward to the unmoved and infinite majesty of the heavens and stood still until it seemed to me that the glory of "Old Man" Turner's boy, and the Jones's boy, and the Evans's, and all that other radiant company there with him whom I had lost, shone down upon me and would be shining down upon us all on the morrow which was to be Dedication Day.

"Us Boys Know!" were the words that came back to me as I walked on.

The Village Bethel

By ARTHUR L. SALMON

IN EVERY English village we are accustomed to look to the church for romance and beauty and for historical or other association. Apart from its spiritual significance, the church stands as the local landmark, the memorial, the place of ancient and reverend remembrances. Visitors come to it; artists love it; without it, the village would seem empty. But this old sanctuary, built when men gave of their best in wealth and in craft, has its companion, we may say its rival, not only in the local inn but in the village Bethel. Sometimes there is friction; sometimes there is a more or less full harmony of working and of purpose; but the Bethel is always there, a contrast and in some sense a protest.

It is rarely beautiful; visitors do not ask for its key, artists do not sit to sketch it; it stands by the roadway, bare, simple, uncompromising, with its walls of white or yellow-wash and its single gable, beneath which is inscribed the year of its erection. At times, when more substantially built, we see on its lower slabs the names of donors, who have thus purchased a few years of enduring remembrance. There are exceptions, but it is frequently to this unpretentious structure that we must look for the most active village life of the Sunday.

Partly, the plainness and lack of adornment are the result of poverty; partly, they spring from an innate puritanism; sometimes, it may be, from defective taste, from the lack of any impulse that craves the beautiful.

Within, there are naked walls, perhaps relieved by a few garish texts; there are wooden benches; there is no pulpit, but a low platform with table and chair at the head of the room. In larger villages, of course, the building may be of more pretence; its pews may be comfortably cushioned; there may even be an organ and perhaps a choir. But we are thinking now of the more humble Bethel that is just one advance from the rude unceiled barn.

ONE may ask oneself naturally: What is the force that impels the village-folk to come to this bare and cold room, rather than to the alluring and soothing parish church. The church has an immemorial tradition behind it; the forefathers of the village and hamlets lie in its graveyard; the villagers of today usually come to it for their baptism, their marriage, and to the graveyard for their burials. They go to the parson for relief in want, for blankets and soup; but they go to the Bethel for their worship.

At times, it is true, in places where the questions between Church and Dissent are not bitterly contended, there may be a divided interest; it is by no means rare for a villager to attend his church at one service and his chapel for the other. Such a division may even be heartily approved by the clergyman, if he feels that the chapel gives something which is a little outside his own activities. A wise man will be often tolerant of these wanderings. But in many cases the village folk go to the Bethel only, and find there the only center of their social life.

There are reasons undoubtedly for the preference, and they are not always theological reasons. For one thing, as a rule we may say that the preacher at the Bethel speaks the villager's own language; the parson does not. Even when they have a settled pastor at the Bethel, he is nearer to the social condition of his people; but in small places the services generally are conducted by "supplies," local preachers, at times even by the villagers themselves. Now and then a student from a Dissenting training-college may come, but he is not often greatly appreciated; the folk like to hear their own tongue, their own colloquialisms, their own rugged yet expressive local accent and phrase. They also like dearly to be allowed to lift up their own voices, not only in the hymns which they shout more loudly than would seem becoming in a church, but also at special times in words of extempore prayer or possibly expounding the Scripture.

We must above all remember that the Bethel is usually extremely homely in every sense of that word. The people can shake hands and talk together before or after service; they do not feel stiff and constrained. They understand and do not resent the familiarity with which God is sometimes approached in the prayers; the lack of reverence sometimes evident does not jar upon them. They also can sit where they like and are not awed by the presence of "the gentry."

The villagers like the church to marry and bury them; they can not overcome an old partly superstitious regard for the validity of the church offices; but they come to the Bethel for their daily needs, because it is their own creation. They have a voice in its management; they partly control its purse. The Bethel understands them and caters for them. Also, they are not above the feeling of rivalry with other Bethels that may be near. In some villages we find not only Methodists but Baptists and Congregationalists, each with its own small chapel, and each sometimes in accordance only on the one point of opposition to episcopal claims. There is less of the anti-Church bitterness now, but there is still some in quiet parts.

Agreeing in this, the chapels can yet differ widely and wonderfully on disputed points of doctrine, and are not above sensations of jealousy towards larger or richer congregations. One does not like to be outdone by the other; if the Baptist Ebenezer has a new coat of whitewash, the Methodist Zion must varnish its benches, and the Congregational Bethesda will repaint its texts. Occasionally a shining light in one of the congregations may go wrong, perhaps misusing the chapel funds; and there is so keen a flutter in the rival dove-cotes, that if one were cynical one might take it for joy. It may not exactly be joy, but it is intensely human; and the strength, as also perhaps the weakness, of the Bethel its dominant unveneered humanity.

Passing along the country roads on a summer's day we can hear the loud, hear y singing, perhaps led by a harmonium, bu in any case often painfully discordant. The folk love it, and we must not criticize. The strident shout of the preacher comes to us. When he prays, it sounds as if he were angry; he thinks it a proof of faith to demand things imperatively from God. "Lord answer prayer!" shouted once a Bryanite of a West-Country village, "answer prayer, or I'll tear up the bench!" It seems like a blasphemy; it was really a frenzy of untutored earnestness. The people understood such modes of praying; it did not shock them; they could reply with amens and hallelujahs.

There were children inside, hot and tired and fidgeting, furtively munching green apples or sucking sweets; to them it is all a weariness. But there are elders who are drawing comfort from it. There are strong men facing difficulties in their daily walk, and seeking here for the word that shall lighten and strengthen them; there are lonely women feeling that this, which we may find so discordant, brings them a message of peace.

We pass by the Bethel ourselves; it is not for us, and we pass on gladly to the church of quiet beauty among its whispering trees. Its fine old liturgy appeals to us; its atmosphere soothes and touches, its dim light has reverence, its antiquity speaks of long generations who have worshiped here and brought their troubles here before us. But for all this we must not condemn the Bethel or those who worship there. At most, we may regret, not censure. For this, too, has its appeal to human hearts, human joys and human sorrows.

Little Boy Blue

By JULIA WOOD REA

LITTLE Boy Blue,
Oh, little Boy Blue,
We're patiently waiting
And longing for you.

We know it is lovely
In Babyland, dear,
With skies always sunny
And nothing to fear.

But see, we have fashioned
A soft little nest,
And there's no safer place
Than your dear mother's breast.

We're sure life will hold
For you many things sweet,
And paths be made smooth
For your dear baby feet.

Little Boy Blue,
Oh, Little Boy Blue,
We're patiently waiting
And longing for you.

Apple Blossoms and Pumpkins

An Agricultural Romance of the City

By AMY BRUNER ALMY

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

AS EARLY as February, Joan Trundle, who had lived in department-store atmosphere ever since she was a big-eyed, gypsy-like stripling of a cash-girl, was transferred from the aluminum pots and kettles to the garden section in the basement of Markensheimer's palace-emporium.

Now, at last, without her having been aware before that anything had been lacking in her life, Joan came into her own. The brilliant-hued marvels of vegetation upon the seed packages fascinated her strangely; and even the touch of a hoe and a spade, brought a tingle of enthusiasm to her.

In short, by the middle of March, Joan had come to look at everything from the view-point of gardening. And, because Timothy Rudd, of the haberdashery, was the most upstanding young man of her acquaintance, she began to tinge even him with rusticity. Most persons would not have thought Timothy Rudd the least bit countrified, for he left nothing unsaid as regards perfection of attire. He was tall with an athletic slenderness, and there was such a boyish charm about him that he was openly admired by the feminine three-quarters of Markensheimer's. The men, too, said that he was "straight goods." He had sold neckties and worn perfect ones himself for more than a year at Markensheimer's. He reciprocated the admiration of the girls with an impartial friendship attitude which quite disarmed any intended designs upon him—or, rather, this *had* been true until the past few weeks, when he seemed to have taken a fancy for Miss Doris Ingles, a veritable picture-beauty, and a painted one at that, new to the millinery department.

It was the middle of a slow afternoon, when a sleet-storm lessened the crowd of shoppers. Joan, happening to look up between sales, saw Timothy Rudd standing near the office-cage. The air in the basement was thick and close. She had just been thinking about Timothy, wondering how such a sort of a man could see anything really attractive in Miss Ingles, when the next instant, by a mischievous trick of her mind, she seemed to see the faultlessly dressed Mr. Rudd in blue overalls and a gray-striped shirt, wiping his forehead with a blue polka-dot handkerchief. She could almost smell the warm, new-mown hay——

"Goodness' sakes, silly!" Joan muttered to herself, "I've got country on the brain." Then, "Fine, thank you, Mr. Rudd!" she responded to Timothy's greeting, as he passed down the aisle. She turned to Mr. Pitkin, head of the department: "It's awfully close down here today, isn't it? Don't you think it would be a good idea to ask for a couple more boxes of those big red and blue handkerchiefs? Any one that's got real work to do, needs them, such as mowing lawns—or haying."

"Good idea, Miss Trundle. You're certainly up on gardening. We're making the manager sit up and take notice. He told me this morning that the receipts from these two weeks have been more than they were all last spring. It's *you*, I reckon, Miss Trundle."

"Oh, no, it's the combination, I guess. I do rather like this sort of thing. You see, Mr. Pitkin, when you come right down to it, it's like touching something—well, you might say something bigger. I rather believe that country life isn't half bad."

"You're right, it isn't," responded Mr. Pitkin. "I myself was brought upon the farm. Weren't you, too?"

"Me? No, I wasn't. So far as I know, we've always been town-folks. Father and mother were both clerks. When father died, mother went back to the store. She was sick a good deal, so I began working into it. Before mother died, we were in the country a few months—we liked it fine."

THE spring-time that the immense plate-glass windows of Markensheimer's heralded with such éclat and promise of verdure, seemed, at first, when Joan reached her home that evening, a very chill and shrunken thing. Home was a tiny room on the sixth story back, with scarcely space enough to turn around in. A battered and scuffed brown leather trunk, occupying a bulky share of the room, held all her possessions. It was a skylight room. "Just that much extra thrown in," Joan was accustomed to assure herself, "no unsightly views, air enough for one, and, since it's cheap, chance to save for some other day." Where the slanting of the roof shortened the wall, and cut an angle from the room, it boasted a window, a little more than a foot deep, and more than a yard wide, which caught, angle-wise, a generous view of the sky and the roofs.

Just outside of Joan's room was the stairway leading up to the roof. It was narrow and steep; at its top was a trap-door opening out upon the roof. Mrs. Withers, the landlady, had called Joan's attention to the advantage of such ready access to the roof, saying that likely she could have it mostly to herself. Some years before, the lodgers had made an attempt to fix up a playground on the roof, but as no one had had the time to watch the children, the plan had been abandoned.

Often, since the fall, when she had taken her room, Joan had climbed the steep stairway to her aerial domain. She had carried up a rickety chair, and, propping it up against one of the tall chimneys, she had indulged herself in the feeling of solitariness, and bigness, and freedom, that this sole possession gave her.

"A model garden, I should say! Quite an expert! Now, tell me what to do. I want to get busy right away"

"It's clammy, and a bit chilly, but it *is* spring anyway," Joan said that evening, as she propped up her slanting window. "It's high time to polish my plate-glass on the sky side." She mounted to the roof, and washed and rubbed her window till it glistened. Then she looked about her. Yes, it was spring even upon this dilapidated, smoke-begrimed lodging-house! It entered, crisp and tonic, into the heart of Joan.

It was garden time; you could tell it by the smell of the air, odorous, through the tincture of city smoke, with the hint of new things growing. How fine it would be to have a garden of her own in the country, and live there all the time! "If I only lived a little further out," she thought. Suddenly, she gave an exclamation. Her gaze fastened upon one spot upon the roof. It was where the low parapet of the back of the tenement formed a corner with the higher part of the building. "I'm going to have a garden right up here on top of the roof!" she said aloud. "A garden of my own!"

When Joan's eyes had fallen upon the large shallow galvanized pan that had once served as a sand-pile for the children, she had instantly realized its agricultural possibilities. The tray measured some nine feet by twelve; it was half full of sand, covered with a deposit of dusty mold and the heavy smoke from many chimneys. If it were built up another foot by a board frame, and filled in with rich earth, it would make a promising garden. Before she went down to her room—she remained on the roof until the stars had come out—she had decided to make a garden on the roof.

IF JOAN had been planning to lay out several acres in a garden, she could not have found the details more exacting. After having won over Mrs. Withers to the point of tolerating her garden, she looked into the question of soil, and studied pamphlets on gardening. Finally, a pile of black, scientifically mixed soil was dumped down in the back yard of the tenement. In spite of the six stairways, Joan was determined to succeed. However, after working four evenings, she had disposed of only one-third of it.

Joan was on her knees packing down the earth with an old tin shingle when she became aware of a faint, paddy sound upon the roof behind her as of some one walking. She could see nothing: she heard the multiple, subdued hum from the city below, and the flutter of sparrows against one of the chimneys. She would have to hurry, for night was coming quickly, and she wanted to carry up several more baskets of ground.

"Jo-o-nee!—Jo-o-nee!" An odd, long-drawn-out whistle!

Joan rose quickly, stretching out the kinks in her knees. The call came again: "Jo-o-nee!—Jo-o-nee!!!"

"Who's that? Who are you? How did you know that's my name?" Joan called boldly into the vacancy.

"Oh, that's where I ventured a guess, Miss Trundle," came the answer from behind the chimney, and Timothy Rudd stepped into the open. He was garbed in blue overalls and a gray flannel shirt. His tawny hair caught the glint of the waning sun.

"My, but you startled me just for a moment, Mr. Rudd!" Joan cried. "I didn't see you land."

"Well, I didn't use my biplane this time, Miss Trundle. You see that window over there—yonder—the companion-piece to this one of yours? That's where I live——"

"You—room there! I didn't suppose—" Joan was becoming embarrassed—"I supposed you lived somewhere else."

"I don't. I live right over there, and I've been living there for a year; consequently I happen to know what you have been doing these evenings. A model garden, I should say! Quite an expert! Now, tell me what to do. I want to get busy right away."

"Oh, but you don't have to, Mr. Rudd!" said Joan, feeling very grubby and very happy.

"I insist," answered Timothy, picking up the two empty baskets and starting for the trap-door.

"If you insist, perhaps—well, you may, and you're awfully good," said Joan, following. "But, just imagine, Mr. Rudd of the neckties!"

"Now you listen here, Miss Trundle," Timothy said, turning to look back at Joan behind him on the narrow stairs, "this isn't a matter of neckties—I'm in my native element now—plain farmer." They both laughed, and Joan yielded.

TIMOTHY was Hercules that night: when they heard the tower-clock of the Old Town, across the river, strike eleven, Joan was packing down the last basket of earth, and Timothy was mopping his face with a big blue handkerchief.

"How can I ever thank you enough, Mr. Rudd?" Joan asked, stretching herself up to breathe in the magic of the night that lay softly all about the roof.

"This surely is a fine night, Miss Trundle!" was Timothy's answer.

"It *is* beautiful," Joan said, breathing deeply.

"It's more beautiful on the roof—than anywhere I've ever been—excepting, of course, the country. It's high, and misty-like, and with the lights shining, and all, it's—it's like an orchard of apple-trees in bloom!"

"Say, now, it really is! But, who ever would have thought of that—apple-trees in blossom!" Timothy gave a long low whistle. "Why, do you know, I could never have thought of that myself!"

"Well, but, Mr. Rudd, the principle *is* the same!" Joan said, insistently.

"If that doesn't beat all! An orchard with apple-blossoms, in the country! Well, then, how would you like to see some real blossoms, Miss Trundle? How would you like to go with me some Sunday to see an orchard loaded down with blossoms—a whole mile of trees?"

"Would I like it? Oh, I'd love to go!"

"And see here, please don't think that I'm getting fresh, and that I'm going to bother you just any old time. I won't. But I really would like a taste of your garden. I get hungry for the real stuff, such as radishes and peas, you know. And pumpkin! Say, what wouldn't I give for a real pumpkin! I mean the kind I'm used to. I suppose you're going to raise them?"

"Why, yes, I was planning to make room for a couple of them. Don't you think that there'll be room?" Joan asked seriously. "If they're a success I'll give you a whole one—a pumpkin for Thanksgiving!"

"That *is* some promise, Miss Trundle, and you can count on me for appreciating it. Do you mean it? I sure want it bad enough."

"I do mean it! For Thanksgiving—if you don't bother—much."

"Oh, of course, I won't. And what about the radishes?"

"I'll ask you over for a picnic-supper when the lettuce and radishes are up—sure!"

THE last week of April was blossom-time even in the city. Timothy and Joan took the train, not merely to the suburbs, but to the real country.

Blossom-time and youth! A mile of orchard, undulating hills, sloping gently into hollows, all white, and pink, and deeper pink, with plum, and cherry, and apple.

"Oh, I knew that it was lovely," Joan cried, "but I never dreamed that it was anything like this!"

They were seated on the fallen trunk of a dead apple-tree, on the highest summit of the orchard, in the innermost sea of fragrance. "It's beautiful!" Joan repeated dreamily. She had taken off her neat little blue straw hat. Her dark hair lay in soft, fluffy, tendrils over her white forehead; her dark eyes were deep with happiness; she was rosy, too, as a pink blossom.

"Yes, it sure is beautiful," said Timothy, taking in Joan and the orchard with one long, satisfied look. "Now that I think of it, it reminds me of your roof—only it's a great deal finer, of course."

"Well, you needn't tease. When you don't have anything better, the roof *is* fine!" Joan shrugged her shoulders determinedly. "I always knew that the country was worth while. I lived there once for three months with my mother."

"Tell me about it."

Joan told him about those long-remembered months, and about her mother, and naturally, with it all, more about herself than she had intended to tell. It followed then, that Timothy told Joan that he had been born and brought up on the farm. He was the only child. When he was sixteen his father died. The farm was mortgaged; he had worked hard for a couple of years trying to clear the place, but it had proved, with his youth and inexperience, impossible. Then they had come to the city, so that his mother, who was not well, might have medical care. He had clerked three years before he had come to Markensheimer's. A little less than a year ago his mother had died. These were the facts he told, yet it was even more the things he did not tell her, that revealed Timothy to her.

"And so, you might have been a farmer! I mean, you came so near being one," Joan said with a hint of wistfulness.

"Do you wish I were?"

"N-n-o, but it wouldn't be bad—do you think it would?"—she looked up quickly.

"No, it sure wouldn't be. Sometimes I do wish that I was back."

They were silent a while listening to the birds, for though it was the middle of the afternoon, they were pouring forth a jubilant chorus of early morning. Suddenly, a vagrant breeze sent a shower of petals over Timothy and Joan; then, another gust came snowing down upon them.

"Look out, Joan!" Timothy cried. "Your hair is all white!"

"Yours, too, Mis-ter –oh, Timothy –like snow on —a pumpkin!"

Laughing, they helped one another up, and walked on through the orchard; they were young, they had only themselves to talk about, and they were in the midst of all that spring loveliness, so it was no wonder, that, for that day, at least, Joan felt that she knew Timothy through and through. As for Timothy—Joan wondered what he might be thinking of her.

THE evening of that first picnic, Timothy climbed over the low parapet of the roof and brought his own dry-goods box to sit on. Joan had made bread-and-butter sandwiches; there were cheese and crackers; but, the crowning feature was a large blue bowl lined with tiny-leaved, curly-tipped lettuce, and half-filled with diminutive radishes. Though neither one of them had ever heard of ambrosia and hymettus honey, they tasted it that evening. The dingy roof of the sagging, worn-out lodging-house; the gaunt, straight chimneys with double chimney-pots; the sleepy twitter of drowsy sparrows; the slender rind of the new moon, pendant and watching; the earthy smell of the freshly watered vegetable patch; Timothy playing on the mouth-organ just for the foolish pleasure of the thing —"the way they do in the country"—Joan listening as if she heard a harp.

The garden lay, like all gardens that night, shadowy and indistinct.

"Are you remembering about the pumpkin, Joan?" Timothy asked when it was so late that they both knew that they had to say good-night.

"To be sure, I'll remember. They're there now, plain as can be—two of them—real pumpkins. You can feel for yourself."

"Well, they are, sure—regular marbles." Timothy's hand closed over Joan's.

"Pumpkin for Thanksgiving, Joan! And say, Joan, you were right, it does seem like an orchard of apple-trees in blossom!"

"It—really—does."

That night, when Joan descended to her skylight room, she was certain that she was going to raise that pumpkin no matter what happened!

There were two other picnic nights, one when the peas were ready to garner, the other, when there were enough string beans to fill two saucers. Each time before they parted Timothy spoke about the pumpkin.

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Always the Same

And Yet—Like Most Good Things—Always New and Worth While

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"IT'S the same thing over and over," I heard a cynic say, a few days ago, "just the same thing over and over—this Happy New Year stuff! Resolutions made just to be broken—debts paid, just so it's possible to run up other bills! Oh, the whole idea of it is nauseating—simply disgusting! Why can't folk be honest with themselves—if not with other people? Why can't folk just admit that they're bad and have no ideals—or anything? Why do they have to talk, just for the sake of talking, about turning over new leaves and writing on a clean, white page?"

Cynics always annoy me. There is so much in this huge world to be thankful for—so much to be glad about! Cynics who persistently—and consistently—look upon the dark side of things, should be isolated. Just as people with contagious and disagreeable diseases are isolated. Cynics—who are always finding out unpleasant things about their neighbors, who are always picking flaws in human nature—should really be shunned. At least, that's the way I feel. Perhaps my feelings made my voice a trifle cool as I spoke.

"But," I said rather slowly, "don't you think it's a fine trait—just wanting to be better? Just wanting to make resolutions and turn over new leaves? Just wanting to write a fresh life story on a clean, white page? Don't you?"

The Cynic made a noise deep down in his throat that sounded like a snort of derision. It was a most disagreeable noise. It matched the expression in his eyes, the hard look about his mouth.

"No, I don't," he told me, "because, underneath, it isn't really honest."

"Then," I was beginning to be just a shade angry, "then you don't think that good intentions are honest?"

The Cynic shrugged.

"*Hell is paved with good intentions!*" he said in his most annoyingly cocksure tone. "There's no getting around *that!*"

I was silent. But my silence did not denote that I was in agreement with the Cynic. Only I realized the utter futility of arguing with such a person!

I DON'T know who it was that first said hell was paved with good intentions. But I have heard the phrase often, and I have resented bitterly every word of it. Some good intentions may never come to anything—some may go a-glimmering, like will-o'-the-wisps, in the dark of evening. But some of them make a deep impression, even though they don't come to anything in the end. And some of them last and have splendid results.

It would be quite impossible to figure out the number of wonderful deeds that are the direct result of resolutions and good intentions. Every progressive movement, every lofty aim, every far-reaching reform is the outgrowth of some noble resolve. Even Cynics must realize that—though they won't admit it!

Just at present, in Washington, there is a great Conference going on. It is a meeting that is directly built upon good intentions—that has, for its foundation, the resolutions of clever, earnest men. That Conference is for the purpose of ending war—of making peace a firm and lasting thing. And though it may come to nothing (despite the fact that the whole world is praying for its success!) no one can say that those intentions and resolutions were not honest things! No one can dare to say that they were not worth while—that they have not made men and nations better and richer for being uttered. They have given the weary earth a glimpse of what may be—a glimpse of a coming era of joy and prosperity and happiness. Who would dare to say that they are paving-stones for hell? If anything they are stepping-stones to God's own heaven!

NEW YEAR'S DAY, to me, always seems like the neatest, most restful day in the year. It's like a house newly swept and garnished—a house in which there are no dusty corners or faded draperies or musty boxes of trash. It's like a house with crisp, freshly ironed curtains at each window, and a flower growing in a jar and a ruddy fire on the brushed hearth. It always seems like that to me because—of all other times—it's the season of order and law and tidiness. It's the season when hopes are renewed—when doubts are swept into the discard. When new resolves—which people, despite the cynics of the world, really mean—are hung like fresh curtains in the windows of every soul.

"I always like to wear a new dress on my birthday," a quaint little old woman once told me, "and I always like to wear a sprig o' holly on Christmas. And, on New Year's Day, I always like to wear a smile!"

On the New Year it's pretty nice to wear a smile. It goes with the clean, splendid feeling of the time. A smile is—to New Year's—what holly is to Christmas. It's the best way to start the New Year right.

Starting the New Year right doesn't—as the Cynic so callously pointed out—always mean ending the New Year right. It's only a matter of resolutions and dreams and hopes. But it's certainly better to start it right—even if those dreams and hopes don't come true—than it is to start it wrong. Resolutions, even if they're not kept—good intentions, even though they're destined to be broken—are better than *nothing at all!*

Yes, it may be the same thing over and over this—to quote the Cynic—"this Happy New Year stuff." It's just the same thing over and over and over. And yet—in this unsettled world, in these troubled times—it's always a blessing and a relief to make cheerful plans and to see bright visions. Always just the same it is—but, like most good things, it's always new and worth while!

A Prayer

GOD, let me start the New Year right.
Let me have dreams as fair and bright
As sunshine. Let new hopes arise,
As I look out, with happy eyes,
Upon the dawning day; and let
Me strive to do, without regret,
The harder tasks.
God, let my hands
Be kind and gentle. Sorrow stands
In every year, a saddened ghost . . .
Let me help those who suffer most,
Let me have pity for their pain,
And teach them to know joy again.

God, let my resolutions be,
A step, in all sincerity,
Up to your heaven, let me know
Intentions that will thrive and grow
Until they come to some good end!
Make me, dear God, a better friend
A better help-meet, and an aid—
Let the small stories I have made,
The smaller verses, and each line
That I have penned be wholly thine!

Dear God, upon this day I ask
That you will make each little task
I have a something worth the while!
Give me the heart, always to smile
In trouble's face—to meet with fear
In gallant ways . . .
On this New Year,
Give me your strength and courage, then
Grant me your blessing, God. AMEN

The Editorial Forum

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
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DR. GEORGE H. SANDISON
Editor Emeritus

The New Spirit in the World

IT IS beyond question that the formal adoption of the Four Power Pacific Treaty by the Washington Conference will be accepted as one of the greatest of historical achievements. Not only has it the fullest approval of the masses of the American people, but peace lovers in all the nations realize that it is the first important step toward world pacification. It is hailed by the leading London newspapers as indisputably "the greatest event in constructive statesmanship of our time, and fraught with powers for good so large that they can not yet be readily estimated."

In his address in the Conference, Senator Lodge very happily expressed the new feeling that has been awakened among the nations. "I devoutly believe," he said, "that the spirit of the world is such that we can trust to the good faith and higher purposes which the Treaty embodies and enshrines. Agreements of this kind, I know, have often been made before, only to fail. But there has been a far-reaching change in the mental condition of men and women everywhere. . . . The spirit of the world is no longer the same. . . . We appeal to the men and women of the nations to help us sustain it in spirit and in truth."

Speaking for the French republic, ex-Premier Viviani said: "The peoples of the world began to ask, what will be the outcome of this Conference? Is it to end in idle talk, or will it result in either right or light issuing out of the Conference? I think the answer has been clearly given; the Conference has been a success and the peoples of mankind can at last believe in the progress of civilization."

Prince Tokugawa, for his nation, announced that "Japan will rejoice in this pledge of peace upon the Pacific Ocean." Senator Schanzer, for Italy, expressed "full confidence that this great agreement may represent the most firm and lasting guarantee for the safeguarding of peace in the Pacific." For Holland, Jonkheer Van Karnebeek said: "In my country, this treaty will be received with sympathy, because in that country it will be felt that it constitutes and embodies an endeavor to promote peace and tranquillity in those far-off regions neighboring the Netherlands' possessions. We feel that it is an endeavor which may be a new and happy beginning in the world's history."

And so, all around the circle of the Conference, the representatives of the various governments, China included, gave eloquent testimony to the fact that the treaty and the principles it represented were the best assurance that could be desired for beginnings of future peace, or what Secretary Hughes, in his closing remarks, aptly described as "the assurance of tranquillity in this war-wearied world."

Let us take courage and hope that still greater progress may be accomplished before the Conference reaches the limit of its task.

The Evangelist and His Mission

SINCE that episode in the days of the apostles when Philip the Evangelist was sent down to Samaria, where a great ingathering of souls was harvested, there has been an almost continuous chain of evangelism throughout the world. As we look at the records of comparatively recent times, we find that wherever evangelism has had a fair hearing, it has awakened multitudes of sinners and started them on the heavenward way. One readily recalls the luminous career of Finney, the splendid work of Moody and Sankey, of Philip Phillips, of William Taylor, of Chapman and Alexander, and a host of other soul-winners. These were the brave spirits who were inspired to light the Gospel torch in the dark places, and who, when the Church itself needed reinvigoration, proved to be equal to the emergency.

How the apostles themselves appraised the work of the evangelist may be gathered from Paul's classification in Eph. 4 : 11: "He gave some to be apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers"; also in II Tim. 4th chapter, wherein the same authority defines the wide scope of the evangelistic activities. In those days the office of the evangelist was one of such importance that it was above that of the pastor and teacher. He had a special task to face, and by no means always an easy one. When Philip went down to Samaria, he found himself facing audiences to whom Christ had not been yet proclaimed. And we are told "the multitudes gave heed with one accord, and there was much joy in that city over the good tidings he preached, and many were converted and baptized." One need only read the whole of that eighth chapter of Acts to have before him the picture, vividly outlined, of hundreds of other evangelistic triumphs down through the centuries, in all of which Gospel illumination by men spiritually trained to the performance of this work, was indispensable.

Evangelism today is kept more or less in the background. Why should this be so? There are in this land hundreds of consecrated, experienced men, many of them of high ability, and all with real talent and with records of good work accomplished, souls won, and church membership strengthened. Evangelism has rarely failed to do its work, wherever it has had a fair trial. We know there are many pastors who prefer to be their own evangelists, and this is proper and laudable, though not always wise. We might also question the wisdom of discrediting the value of the trained evangelist's work, as some churches and ministers seem disposed to do on the ground that it is ineffective. In every center of population there is need for the specialized methods of trained evangelism just as there was need for Philip in Samaria.

We bespeak a kindlier feeling between the evangelists and the ministers, a broader tolerance, and the recognition of the fact that the one is just as much a part of the mechanism of the Church as the other. It is the absence of this spirit of brotherly co-operation which keeps pews empty when they might be filled.

The Farmer's Critics

"I DON'T see what you have to complain about," says Mr. City Man, as he looks out over the handsome quarter section of Mr. Farmer. "You have a beautiful lay of land here, fresh air, good food, nature's beauty to beguile, rural delivery, a concrete road to town, good neighbors, fresh milk twice a day, a good wife and a good reputation. Why are you making such a fuss right now when the country is recovering from the war and everybody is beginning to buckle down to business?"

"What you say, Mr. City Man, is true, and a lot more about my farm, and my surroundings and all. I am not complaining about those things. But look here. I'll admit that when wheat was $2 a bushel, I foolishly held on, thinking it would go higher. And I will also admit many other foolish things that the Farmer does all the time. But look at my condition right now. I can't afford to buy coal at the price I have to pay in my township, and my corn now is worth only 20 cents a bushel." (In some of the Western corn and wheat States the farmers in large sections are using corn for fuel on account of the price of corn making it cheaper by the bushel for fuel than coal, owing to the low price of pork to which the corn might be fed.)

"And that is only one item in the farm problem. The most serious thing is the way the young men are leaving the farms of this country. Take my own boys, for example. One of them has just been graduated from college. His mother and I are naturally proud of him. And rightly so. Of course we wanted him to go to college, and we don't begrudge the money it cost to send him. But now that he is through, he doesn't want to come back to the farm. He says he can make twice as much working in a garage in town or getting a position as foreman in an engineering plant. Well, you see the problem. His mother and I are getting on in years, and we can't keep up the hard work much longer. We have another boy just out of high school, and he says nothing on earth will keep him on the farm if he can get a job in town. I prophesy that by 1925 there will not be a farmer under forty years old in this country. The City is calling too loud with its movies and its bright lights and its companionship and its eight hours a day compared with ten, twelve, and fourteen on the farm.

"And let me tell you, Mr. City Man, it will be a serious day for you if all the young men leave the farm for the city. What laws or economic adjustments can change the longing of the young men for city life? Tell me that. Has Mr. Hoover a remedy? Has any one yet? For after all, that is the first problem facing the farmer. He produces $22,000,000,000 worth of new wealth every year in this country. And the agricultural wealth is computed at $80,000,000,000. That is more than is tied up in railroads, manufactures and mines. Mr. City Man, what is your solution of the Farmer's problem to keep the young, educated, brainy men on the farm?"

The Farmer is waiting for Mr. Hoover or some other City Man to answer.

Homes or Rents

MORE than half of the homes in the United States are rented, according to a recent census. The figures cover the year 1920, when 54 per cent. of homes were rented, 28 per cent. were owned clear of mortgage, and 17 per cent. were mortgaged.

These ngures include farming communities as well as towns and cities. In round numbers there were 24 million homes, of which 11 million were owned by their occupants, 13 million were rented, 6½ million were free from incumbrance, and 4 million were mortgaged. The proportion of mortgaged homes increased in all cities of over 100,000 except four, and one of those was Kansas City, Kansas, a State which according to the brewer has suffered so tremendously from prohibition.

The difficulty of owning homes is partly due to the fact that houses themselves have been so difficult to build. Materials have been out of the reach of the average pocket-book, and thousands of would-be home builders are living in flats and apartment-houses and hotels because they cannot afford to build even a modest home. Even with the extortionate rentals common in many localities, the cost of rentals, at least for the immediate outlay, has not been so far beyond the salary or wages as actual building would be.

Nothing tends more for self-respect and the integrity of family life than to own a home. Out of a large proportion of divorces in a certain county in a Western state the greatest number of unhappy families lived in hotels and apartment houses. The happy natural normal life of a family is in a house standing on a piece of land owned in fee simple by the family. There is the roof tree, the associations of the family circle, the ties of the home-coming. No rented place can have the same attachment or sentiment. A man can live in a hotel without loving it. But he cannot live in his own unmortgaged home without feeling for it a sentiment that is different from the ownership of almost any other thing called property.

Wicked Editorials

A FEW newspapers in this country preceding and during the Washington Conference have persisted in their editorial columns in throwing cold water on the entire gathering, discrediting the motives of even President Harding and Secretary Hughes, and trying to create the old atmosphere of suspicion and hate and fear that have been the cause of war for centuries.

Such a use of the press at the present time in the world history of honest attempts to get the nations to talk over matters in friendly conference, is nothing short of wicked. Why any owners of newspapers or writers of editorials could so prostitute their talents for such a base and unworthy use of them is beyond comprehension. If there has ever been a time when all men of all parties and creeds and faiths should unite to create a spirit of good-will and optimism, and to dispel the clouds of fear and ill-will that have hung over mankind for so long, now is the time to do it.

It may be true that some of the foreign delegates came to Washington with sinister designs and ulterior purposes to defeat the plan of limitation of arms. It may also be true that old-world diplomacy is still in evidence, and is being used at this meeting. But it is also true that never before in the history of international relations have more people of all nations been more eager for something to be done to make a beginning of the end of international distrust and hate.

And it is also a tremendous fact that so far as America is concerned this country has no sinister designs and does not try to use the old-world methods of intrigue and deception. To insinuate, as the wicked editorials have done, that the whole thing is popular politics on the part of the President and the Secretary of State is to throw contempt on the most sincere and honest convictions that men like President Harding and Mr. Hughes ever had.

Men who write editorials of the type that have discredited the Conference in advance and as the proceedings went forward, are in a minority in the field of journalism, we are happy to believe. As a rule, the press of America has been optimistic of results, and has tried to create the atmosphere of good-will and international fellowship. The exceptions have been, therefore, all the more conspicuous. And we believe the word "wicked" is not too strong a word to characterize an attempt, made from whatever motive, to question the motives of the Conference and condemn the actors in it of bad faith before the results of the Conference could possibly be reached. If the pen is mightier than the sword, it must not be used as the sword is. It must be wielded with moderation and not with malice.

The World News of the Week

Conference Agrees on Naval Ratios; Yap Dispute Settled

WITH the signing of the four-Power treaty for the maintenance of peace in the Pacific basin, preceding which America and Japan had reached an accord as to the prolonged Yap controversy, and with the giving of Japan's assent to the five-five-three ratio of naval strength proposed by Secretary Hughes, a good part of the business of the Washington Conference has been accomplished. In general there remains for the delegates only the task of untangling the Chinese knot. In the last analysis the peace of the Far East depends on a satisfactory solution of the Chinese problem. In the Root formula a set of principles for the working out of China's future has been adopted, but thus far there has been an acceptance of general principles only, and the details for putting them into effect are to be determined. The questions involved are so many and so complicated that no one expected a solution to be found for all of them at a single conclave.

There was little delay in settling details of the naval ratios for the United States, Great Britain and Japan after the Japanese Government had announced its acceptance of the Hughes proposal. Japan had desired all along to save her giant new battleship Mutsu, and this was arranged by allowing corresponding increases in strength to the other powers. Instead of scrapping the Mutsu, Japan will scrap the Settsu, an older ship; the United States will complete the Colorado and the Washington, now 90 per cent. ready, and will scrap the North Dakota and the Delaware; Britain will construct two new battleships not exceeding 37,000 tons according to American standards of measurement, and on their completion will scrap four battleships of the King George V type. This will give Japan 313,300 tons of capital ships; the United States, 525,850; and Great Britain, 582,050, the larger British figure being deemed fair in view of the fact that several of the ships she retains are of old types. For replacement purposes, the maximum tonnage of capital ships is: America, 525,000; Britain, 525,000; Japan, 315,000.

It was agreed that there shall be no increase in fortifications and naval bases in the Pacific, including Hongkong, but this restriction shall not apply to the Hawaiian Islands, Australia, New Zealand, the islands of Japan proper and the coasts of the United States and Canada.

Before the Pacific treaty was signed by the representatives of America, Great Britain, France and Japan, an agreement had been reached between the United States and Japan regarding Yap and other former German islands north of the equator, held by Japan under League of Nations mandates. By this pact, America obtains all the rights and privileges of League members in all the mandated islands held by Japan, is to receive a copy of the annual report on their administration, and is to have a voice on all modifications of mandate terms, but assumes no responsibility in the matter. On the island of Yap, the United States is to have the same opportunities as Japan or any other nation in all that relates to cables and wireless service, is to have the free operation of the Guam-Yap cable, and reserves the right to establish any wireless station she may wish should the Japanese wireless station fail to give ample and free service.

Throughout her mandated islands, Japan pledges herself to insure complete freedom of conscience and worship, and to give to the missionaries full freedom for the carrying out of their work. Several clauses of the League Covenant were embodied in the agreement, among them prohibtions against fortification of the islands, military training of the natives, and traffic in intoxicants.

Similar treaties are to be negotiated with the British Empire and with other countries holding mandates, in order that American rights may be protected.

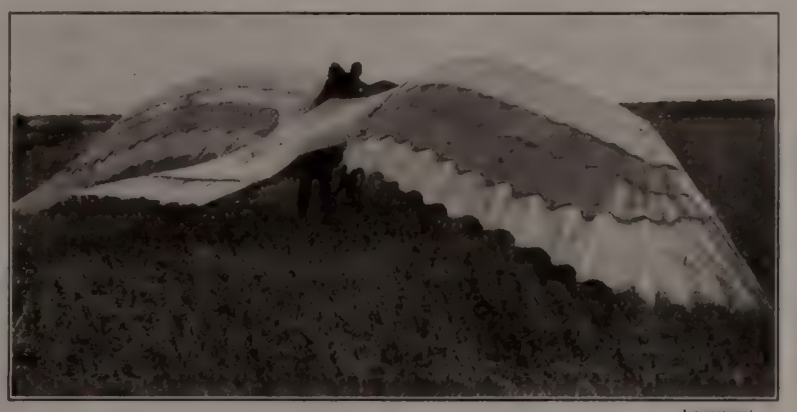
Britain Ratifies Irish Pact

THE British Parliament has ratified by large majorities the peace agreement creating the "Irish Free State," but as this is written the Dail Eireann has failed to act after nearly a week of debate. In the British House of Commons the "die-hard" motion to omit from the King's address the phrase approving the treaty was defeated by a vote of 401 to 58, which is accepted as ratification; and in the House of Lords a similar amendment was lost by 166 to 47. Three days of debate preceded the voting, but at no time was there doubt that Premier Lloyd George would be victorious.

The Dail Eireann discussion of the treaty was conducted in private and centered largely on whether the Sinn Fein envoys had exceeded their powers in signing the treaty without referring the final draft to the Dublin cabinet. Eamon de Valera was criticizing the methods of the envoys, while Michael Collins and the other delegates were defending their conduct vigorously and insisting on full acceptance of the treaty. One big purpose in the private sessions was an attempt to compose the differences between the leaders, so that the Dail Eireann might present a solid front in whatever course is decided upon. Advocates of the treaty were confident that they could command a majority for ratification.

Sir James Craig, the Ulster Premier, denounced the terms of the peace agreement as a violation of pledges to Ulster and in particular assailed that clause which provides for the establishment of a commission to review the boundaries.

ONE of the most interesting features devised for the Christian Herald begins in next week's issue when the first "Family Altar" appears on the page of Meditation. The Family Altar is under the personal supervision of Dr. Sheldon, who will provide a foreword and the daily program for each week. Your friends will be glad to know of this plan to increase interest in the home devotions.



IMITATING THE HAWK'S WING IN A FLYING DEVICE

Motorless flying apparatus, of which this is an interesting type, has been developed to a high stage in Germany recently, and some of these gliders have made flights of considerable length

Germany Asks Delay on Reparations

CHANCELLOR WIRTH has informed the Allied Reparations Commission that the German government has been unable to obtain the credits necessary to pay in full the reparations installments due in January and February and has asked for an extension of the time limit for payment. His request for delay is limited to these two payments, but his note admits a realization that "similar difficulties will arise in connection with subsequent payments," so that it forces attention to the general policy of reparations. The most he could promise was 150,000,000 or 200,000,000 gold marks, which is only a fraction of the amounts coming due.

The German government has been attempting to obtain a loan in England to tide it over this period, but its emissaries could find no London bankers who were willing to undertake such a loan in view of the shaky condition of German finances. The Reparations Commission has the power to grant a delay in payment, but it was believed it would refer the matter to a conference of Allied Premiers and be guided by their decision. A meeting of Premiers Lloyd George and Briand has been arranged at which they will discuss not only the reparations question but various other European problems which are pressing for solution.

HANGING A NEW SET OF BELLS IN A RUINED CHURCH

Though the battles which raged over the site of their village left only fragments of their church belfry in place, the people of the village of Clery on the Somme River in France have hung a new set of bells in the wreckage to inspire them with hope for the day when their village shall be reconstructed and the bells summon them to worship in a new church edifice

A Church Plan for World Peace

A WORLD peace program for the Protestant Churches of America has been formulated by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, through its Commission on International Justice and Good-Will, and was adopted at the Council's annual meeting in Chicago. Among the suggestions for the establishment of a world peace system to replace the present war system are the outlawing of submarines, bombing planes and chemical warfare; no quibbling about the Panama Canal tolls treaty; withdrawal from Hawaii of large naval forces and a halt in the building of great naval bases in the Pacific; the release of France from the payment of debts to the United States incurred after America's entry into the war; and the repeal of anti-Chinese legislation not dealing with immigration.

The Commission also suggested that it was time for the churches of America to extend to the Christian of Germany the hand of Christian fellowship and proposed the sending of a communication expressing a desire for renewed friendship and co-operation in the common task.

A message from Arthur J. Balfour, head of the British delegation at the Washington Conference, called for the help of the churches in maintaining peace. "It would be vain," Mr. Balfour wrote, "for statesmen to diminish armaments and contrive treaties of conciliation in a world determined to fight. Even the unforgetable horrors of war will not prevent nations rushing to mutual destruction. More is required and that 'more' the churches must help to provide. It is not that I desire to see the churches take any corporate share in current political controversy. The churches have a higher mission, for it is their supreme duty to raise the ideals of the community and to create the atmosphere in which these ideals can flourish."

Schism in Greek Church Threatened

A SCHISM in the Greek Orthodox Church is threatened as the result of the election of the Most Rev. Meletios Metaxakis, exiled Metropolitan of Athens, to be Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, a position which makes him the spiritual ruler of almost 200,000,000 souls. The meeting of the Grand Synod, which was held in Constantinople, the Patriarch's seat, resulted in an overwhelming majority for Archbishop Metaxakis, who has been in America since March. He was a supporter of former Premier Venizelos, and after the return of King Constantine to power in Greece more than a year ago was driven from the See of Athens and a new Metropolitan was installed.

The Greek government has decided to ignore his election, according to semi-official announcements in Athens, this action having been taken after the Cabinet had heard protests by two Metropolitans of the Holy Synod against the methods by which the Archbishop was elected. Athens newspapers predicted that the new Patriarch would be summoned to appear before the Greek Church Synod in Athens to answer charges of illegally occupying the throne and thereby provoking a schism among the Greeks in the United States.

The Sublime Porte has notified the

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Perils and Triumphs of the Chestnut

A Dissertation on Old Friends and Their Abuses

By
REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

I WILL leave it to the philologists who specialize in slang, to determine the connection between the edible fruit of the genus castanea, beloved of small boys and Italians, and the twice-told tales and twenty-times-told jokes of the after-dinner table and the platform. Even the modern dictionary recognizes this accommodated use of the chestnut.

Why has the spreading chestnut-tree come to stand for the upas tree of the forum? While the slang philologists are about it, let them explain to us if the individuals contemptuously spoken of in some circles as "nuts" and "nutty" receive these opprobrious appellations because of their unhappy repetitions of the witticisms of others. These terms bring the whole delicious nut-tree family into disrepute, when their products are thus derided and applied to certain undesirable citizens.

Not to linger on these profitless speculations, let us turn to the different kinds of chestnuts (there seems to be no other universal name for them) which are heard by one whose pathway often leads him to public meetings or public dinners. The stories which certain orators use are so venerable that they deserve more respect than they receive, if judged only by their years.

For instance, almost from my earliest infancy, I seem to have heard of the selfish man whose daily prayer was,

> "Bless me and my wife,
> My son John and his wife,
> Us four and no more. Amen."

It is generally and wisely ascribed to some anonymous petitioner, "you know the man who always prayed—etc." But I have heard a speaker who boldly claimed acquaintance with him. "I *knew* a man who always prayed—" I heard still another speaker so audacious as to ascribe the prayer to "my dear old uncle who always used to pray—etc." How any one could have so little pride of family as to ascribe such a petition to his avuncular relation, I found it difficult to understand.

Equally popular with inveterate raconteurs the world around is the tale of the individual who was driven nearly stick, stark, staring mad by having the man in the hotel room above him drop only one boot, while he waited anxiously for the other one to come down with a dull thud. I have heard a lady in Germany tell the story with gusto, in her own tongue; she told it about a Teuton, too. I have no doubt if I understood Russian or Coptic I should hear that the same man lived on the Steppes or on the banks of the Nile. One of these venders of the antique in literature has even been known to describe his own torture while he was waiting for the second boot to fall.

ANOTHER old favorite with after-dinner speakers is the story of Daniel in the Lions' Den, with the addendum that at least a post-prandial speech could have no terrors for the old prophet as it had for the speaker. The first time I heard this introduction, many, many years ago, I applauded vigorously, for the speaker was a real wit, whose first name happened to be Daniel. Since then my enthusiasm for this pat and modest introduction has diminished each year.

However, let us not deride the chestnut-vender. His hearers are far more to blame than he is, for some in every audience are almost sure to applaud him, and he would be more than human who could resist a sure-fire introduction.

Indeed, all such stories would have died a natural death centuries ago, except for the hearty approval of the people who listen. I venture to say that there are few audiences in America that will not "give a hand" to the hoariest witticism ever uttered, even to one of the three original jokes said to have been copyrighted by Adam. Why shouldn't they be repeated? If they give surcease from grief and at least momentary joy to a wearied audience, should any one scoff? For you and me to object with any effect, supercilious reader, would be to reduce the sum of human happiness and of oratorical complaisance.

Some hand-blisterers, however, are not perennial. They live their little day and die like the butterfly, but, while they live, they are exceedingly active, flitting from platform to platform.

Such was the story of the fisherman who always caught the largest trout, though he conscientiously weighed every one in the presence of his fellow fishermen. When a baby was born into the family, it was found to weigh forty pounds on the same scales. It is years now since I heard that story, though for a time it averaged a new appearance every three months.

The same is true of the maiden by the sad sea waves who could not get her lover to come to the point of proposal, because, as he averred, he couldn't speak plainly on account of sand in his mouth. Her advice, often with a profane adjective, was to swallow it and get some sand into his system. That, too, was a great favorite for a time, and I even heard a minister rehearse it on an ecclesiastical occasion, leaving out the profanity. This time it didn't "bring down the house," perhaps for lack of the vulgar spice, which seems to add vastly to the popularity of a story on the part of a crude section of the gallery.

Why it is that a big, big D, or even a little one, should add pith and point to an old anecdote, I can not understand. It seems to me a coarse, intrusive word, and yet I have seen otherwise sober audiences go into fits of convulsive laughter because of the introduction of a word that consigns some one or something to perdition.

If a clergyman yields to the temptation to use the word in an address, putting it between inverted commas, to be sure, it becomes, to some, excruciatingly funny. Certain women novelists, too, bid for popularity by sprinkling their stories thickly with profanity. Sometimes they overdo it, as a proficient in the art has told me, because they do not know how a man really swears. To me, if I may intrude my old-fashioned, orthodox opinion, such rough-neck writing is full of hideous blots, and is, at the best, a cheap bid for the doubtful honor of a best seller.

THIS diversion, however, has little to do with my subject. Speaking once more of after-dinner speeches, I am glad to record that the man who is "too full for utterance" does not deliver himself as often as formerly, and that many speakers in these days, even after a full meal, do not find it necessary to tickle the ribs of their hearers with a joke of any kind.

After all, unless one is a Chauncey Depew, a Job Hedges, or a Kendrick Bangs, it isn't necessary to do so, for most of us have no humorous reputation to maintain.

An ancient story or witticism is a dangerous blunderbuss in spite of the explosions of laughter with which it is usually greeted. It is loaded at both ends. If the audience should happen to be critical and it should fall flat, it will take the speaker long to recover his equilibrium. The recoil of a pointless joke or one that the audience might possibly regard as pointless, or too aged, is a serious affair. It almost knocks the orator over.

To a sensitive speaker, the very presence of a single person who has heard his moss-grown story before is appalling. That person, like the ancient mariner, seems to fix him with his glittering eye. The speaker would give all his lecture feet to back out, but it is too late—he has begun the story, his friend recognizes it, and he must go on to the bitter end though he knows that after the lecture the friend will slap him on the back and cry out, "Old boy, that story is just as good as the last time you told it!"

Yet these remarks apply only to the shy and self-conscious man. Many a lecture of the old Lyceum days and of the modern Chautauqua days, improves on repetition. "Acres of Diamonds" sparkle more brightly the oftener they are exhibited, and the thousandth time the lecture was given, I understand people fought for an opportunity to buy tickets, though many had heard the lecture more than once before.

I once heard Wendell Phillips lecture on "The Lost Arts," and it suffered not at all from its several hundredth repetition.

John B. Gough, too, would "talk mit his coat-tails," and grow excited in his denunciations of Demon Rum, and his eulogies of *aqua pura*, for the thousandth time, with never a sign of embarrassment on his own part or weariness on the part of his audience.

The truth is, many auditors enjoy an old lecture or play better than a new one, because they know just where the laugh or the tear comes in. In the same way many of us non-musical folks would confess, if we dared to tell the truth, that when the classical soloist lets us down, we enjoy "Annie Laurie," "The Suwanee Ribber," or even "Old Black Joe," just because they are old, better than a selection from the new opera that is all the rage in highbrow musical circles. Of course, we don't often dare to admit this, or to confess that we regard "Comin' through the Rye," as an oasis in the desert.

COMING from Iceland on a little ship, one of our fellow travelers insisted on frequently telling us at the table, how he fell off his pony on the lava-strewn trails, because of some obstacle over which his steed stumbled. He always prefaced his oft-repeated tale by saying, "I saw it coming. I knew it was there."

That is one of the charms of an old song or an old lecture. We can see its beauty, its fun, or its pathos coming. We know it is there, and we are never disappointed. We have the pleasure both of anticipation and of realization, and in my school days, which pleasure is the greater, though often debated, was never settled.

Indeed, some speakers have a delightful way of taking us into their confidence by distinctly, though unintentionally, indicating that a good thing is coming. Dr. Edwards A. Park of Andover was the greatest pulpit orator and the greatest teacher I ever knew. In the classroom, whenever a witty illustration or quaint thought struck him, his face would light up, a smile would draw the pucker strings of his lips, and we were all ready to doubly enjoy the *bon mot* or the epigram that was coming, even though a dozen classes before us had smiled at the spot in the same lecture.

Former President Taft is one of the most engaging speakers in the country, and not a little of the joy of hearing him comes from the pleasant little chuckle that emphasizes his best points. Though he seldom repeats himself, yet you may have heard him make the same point before and have heard other orators enlarge upon it, but the underscoring of his benevolent face and audible smile is irresistible.

Far from this is the practice of the conceited orator who evidently bids for applause, and who pauses significantly when he makes a point and waits complacently for you to cheer.

The chairman of a meeting whose duty it is to introduce the speaker of the evening has the hardest time of all to avoid "vain repetitions" of the castanea variety.

"The speaker needs no introduction."

"It is a great honor."

"It is the highest privilege of my life," etc., etc., etc.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old introducer. There are nothing but chestnuts in his hand to throw at the audience.

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A Greeting to the New Year

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

1. Glad to see you, New Year! Can I do anything for you?
2. You say "Yes"? When shall I begin?
3. Six days ago? Can't call them back; can I?
4. What would you like most, New Year?
5. "A clean, unselfish, serviceable Christian character"? Please say that again. It sounds like a big order.
6. Can't use me for much unless I am that kind of a person? Let me think it over. Perhaps I was a little hasty in asking if I could do anything for you.
7. You don't mean I have to be perfect? Or a saint? Anything of that sort? No? But you have a large use for saints? Plenty of room if I want to qualify?
8. Is it going to be easy to be good this year? Just as easy as it was last year? Thank you.
9. Will it be worth while to live a real Christian life? Won't it be rather slow? Won't I lose a lot of fun trying it? You say, "Try it and see"? I believe I will.
10. I *do* want to amount to something, New Year! Do you think I can? You do? If what? If I really reckon God in my life? A God of justice and love and purity and eternal values. Yes, I see that if I don't have Him, I don't have anything. New Year, give me God in my life. Then I can do something for you.

Our New Year's Sermon

The Perishable and the Imperishable

By REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.*

TEXT—I Cor. 3 : 12, 13. "But if any man build on the foundation gold, silver, costly stone, wood, hay, stubble . . . Each man's work shall be made manifest . . . because it is revealed by fire."

THE dawn of another year reminds us of the real aims of a swiftly fleeting life; a life which has yet to be tried and approved or disapproved in another world than this. There the conventional standards and arbitrary usages which prevail here have no place. There our nature will be probed to its depths; our faith, conscience and character will decree our fate.

The starry spirits that deck the firmaments of Paradise differ in the degrees of their excellence. One man's life-work will go for little or nothing; another man's will shine resplendently. It is a solemnizing reflection that labor which is low in nature and faulty in execution dwarfs the soul of the laborer and unfits him for the immortality beyond the grave. It is an equally consoling reflection that labor which is done from pure and lofty motives and with fidelity, adds luster even to the ransomed spirit.

The Homeland toward which we hasten is a democracy of holiness, but those who dwell within its precincts range from spiritual infancy to spiritual maturity on the one hand; multitudes who have barely obtained an entrance among the blessed, on the other; multitudes who have already achieved distinction through sacrificial service stand next to the Throne itself. Such is the gist of the Apostle's searching argument. It does not limit the Everlasting Mercy, yet neither does it presume to dim the Everlasting Righteousness.

Surely there can be no greater disappointment beyond the grave than to see our life's efforts dwindling before our eyes because the penetrating fires of divine judgment find in those efforts nothing worthy of preservation. Much that men reckon valuable, for which they ceaselessly contend, is doomed to extinction. Much which they despise will be treasured as an enrichment of eternity. To face the future under the burden of a betrayed past is mortifying enough to kill the sweetest bliss. I am afraid that, contrary to some sentimental views about Heaven, those who enter it as objects of compassion rather than of merit, may have to wait for their consummation and undergo the discipline they avoided while on earth.

THE question gains in seriousness and importance because each recurrent year is filled with golden opportunities that do not return. Their gracious benefits must be absorbed as they pass, or we shall find ourselves belated, undone, and destitute when we approach the inevitable hour. Many in this generation misuse their probation. While they are busy with the secondary things of life, the great moments of the soul are forfeited.

Yet God's overtures to men and women are specific, not promiscuous; conditioned, not unqualified; terminable, not continuous. His call has its predetermined periods. Though there is no predestination of human choice and action which cancels our moral freedom and responsibility, the tenure of every individual life is so planned that the sum total of privilege to which it is entitled goes along with it. The Lord has numbered our years and fixed the point at which our tides ebb and flow.

The optimism and buoyancy of youth, the vigor and sagacity of maturity, the reminiscence and mellowness of age, are alike provisions of the Creator. He intends them to equip us for the greater life of an imperial goodness; to contribute in their several ways to the inheritance of the saints in light. We can damage youth by excess, corrupt maturity by selfishness, and pollute age by covetousness. But we cannot recall these seasons of the soul. They are as rigid as spring and summer, autumn and winter.

And he is the wise husbandman who sows to the spirit in the spring of his years, that he may reap life eternal after the frosts of age are no more. The easy-going habits of the sluggard, the waste and ruin of the prodigal, will come back upon them in dire confusion and distress. Time and tide wait for no man. Infinitude is not at his disposal here. What he is and what he does must be achieved quickly, and with jealous conservation of the flying hours. We cannot pass from mud to marble, from stone to steel, from gold to jewels until we have rightly interpreted and strenuously enforced the intentions of our being. Challenge the todays, and the tomorrows will confess that you have not lived in vain.

THE Apostle names two classes of building material which are at our disposal—the perishable, and the imperishable. Evidently we must be discriminating as well as alert. Some opinions, ideals and convictions are to a man's character what the valuable metals are to coinage and what marble and porphyry are to palaces. They adorn and solidify human nature. Other opinions, ideals and convictions are to a man's character what hay and stubble are to constructive building—synonyms of frailty, destructibility and impermanence. A wise selection of "saving truths" which shape and sanctify all life, hallowing its motives and elevating its commonest habits, is more than a personal fancy—it is *an imperative obligation.*

Of course, one can build far more expeditiously with wood and reeds than with granite and gold. Primitive people put up their huts and shanties in a few days. But they frequently disappear in a night. The fires which break out in Japanese cities, where the houses are chiefly flimsy bamboo, plastered over with paper, spread with such rapidity that the householder calculates on rebuilding his house every four years. No insurance company will assume any such risk in the Mikado's Empire.

This sort of work reminds you of the minds inflated with pride, the hearts big with carnal ambition, the souls fed on the husks. Sacred realities, fine occupations, self-forgetting zeal, are lost upon people who wear the cap and bells, and haunt the voluptuous dance or the scenes of unsafe pleasure. The grand outbreaks of prophecy and song, the thrill of the gospel that redeems a race, the majesty of its ambassadors, the epochs that have transformed the human story; what are these to traffickers on hay and stubble? Truly they have their day and cease to be.

But the religions, the moral and the intellectual realities on which we rest, as on a rock—the Church, the State, and individual well-being—have required herculean effort and ageless processes. Like the great cathedrals of northern France, the lasting elements of civilization are the result of countless pains and sacrifices. There is nothing in the Bible, in its literary progenies in the highest art or music which has not been wrestled for as Jacob wrestled with the angel at the brook Jabbok.

Cling to these venerable verities. Allow no imitations to displace them. Cunning shams, painted frauds, glazing lies and specious deeds are only fuel for the flame. The faith, hope and charity of Christian living; the teachings of the prophets and apostles of Christian history, the prayers and communions of Christian experience survive all changes and ordeals; they emerge purified and resplendent as the diadem upon a queenly brow.

EVERY one permitted to enter 1922 should cultivate the spiritual insight which perceives whether character is rightly founded and directed. Avoid as you would a pestilence the egotism which poisons life. Self-exaltation and self-aggrandizement are gross offenses against soul-building. They seduced even celestial spirits, for by the sin of pride, the angels fell from their first estate. Ask yourselves, when applauded by your fellow men, if they would praise you did they but discern the secret springs of your boasted conduct. Beware of the lure of popularity. Its enchantments have spoiled many an otherwise commendable person. Rubbish takes the place of the fine gold of a spiritual incentive, when we are content to be men pleasers instead of being well pleasing to God. And the time will come in a moral evolution when the disfigurements of self-will and self-adulation shall stand out like leprosy on a fair skin. Let men discover your good works, and they will glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

All of us have to contend against mixed motives. They are elusive antagonists, swarming in like the flies of a summer noon. Yet they need not be countenanced, nor become a part of us, unless we deliberately foster them. Search your hearts with the candle of the Lord, and these hidden microbes which devour your inward substance will not tarry. For the best service we can render is the service which is inspired by lasting motives of honor and sincerity; motives which ask for no reward except that of an approving conscience and the Father's "Well done."

In character construction, give preference to those truths which your heartfelt experience guarantees. No man, however faultless superficially, can communicate what he has not received, or shine in his own light. It is the reality which God makes vivid to the human soul that illuminates it and radiates from it to other souls. What we have deeply felt, not what we have occasionally heard or assented to in a commonplace way, is the life blood of faith and duty. You attend schools and colleges, you read the Christian Herald, you listen to glowing accounts of the wonderful treasures of God's storehouse in Bible and Church; but their instructions are no more than a tale told to be forgotten until they are absorbed in your being, and dearer to you than fame or fortune.

It is a matter of repeated observation that the constant

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* Pastor Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn.

Our Sunday Service at Home

The Christian Herald Sermon is now read in many Homes as a Sunday Evening Service, a simple form of conducting which is outlined below. Neighbors should be cordially invited

Order of Service

Opening Hymn—"All Hail! The Power of Jesus' Name," or "Jesus Shall Reign Where 'er the Sun."

Invocation—"The Lord's Prayer"—all join.

Scripture Reading—"A Song of Praise to God for All His Blessings." Psalm 96.

Dr. Jowett's Sunday Meditation (see page 958, first column).

Sermon—"THE PERISHABLE AND THE IMPERISHABLE"—To be read aloud by the head of the household or his substitute.

Requests for Prayer—these may be offered by any of those present who feel led to do so. The requests may be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in New York, for submission to the Prayer League.

Closing Hymn—"Nearer to Thee!" or "My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

Benediction—by Pastor Charles M. Sheldon to be read aloud.

Our Father, as the New Year opens, we crave a Blessing from Heaven in order to do our work on earth. Fill our hearts with love, our minds with knowledge, and our hands with mercy to others, that we may be richer when we meet than when we came. We ask it through Him who for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich. In Jesus' Name. AMEN.

The Daily Meditation

By Revs. J. H. Jowett, D.D., C. C. Albertson, D.D., E. W. Caswell, D. J. Burrell, D.D., I. D. Lyttle, and R. Braunstein

The Opening Gate

SUNDAY. Acts 12 : 10. "*And when they were past the first and the second ward they came into the iron gate.*" I am always deeply interested in the progressive steps in Peter's deliverance. He was bound, and in prison, guarded by quaternions of soldiers. And the weary prisoner was asleep. And behold, the angel of the Lord appeared in the prison, sent as the minister of deliverance. First he woke the prisoner: "the angel smote Peter on the side." Then he lifted him to his feet; "he raised him up." Then the chains fell away from his limbs like ropes of ice which have been touched by a finger of flame. So far was the prisoner freed. Then began the march to a larger freedom. It was deliverance after deliverance. They passed through the first ward, through all its confining bonds. They passed through the second ward, through all its grim antagonisms. But there was still the iron gate. That was the terror, the last, gloomiest, and most unscalable barrier between the prisoner and his freedom.

I can well imagine Peter thinking, "Yes, so far so good; but what about the iron gate? The chains are gone, the first ward is passed; the second ward is passed. But the iron gate. . . ." If the startled man had any such doubts and fears, they were all misplaced. The angel who began his deliverance did not leave his work half done. No, God's deliverances do not mock us with a partial and ungenerous freedom. His liberty is not stingy. It is always "glorious freedom." And so the angel led the apostle from the inner cell, through all intercepting restraints, to the freedom of the outer street.

Yet, in spite of all examples as to how the Lord deals with men, is it not true that when we have experienced a part of our promised deliverance, we are doubtful and fearful as to whether we shall ever get to the end of the gloomy and embarrassing road? We are quite ready to admit that we have been marvelously helped; the Lord has been wonderfully gracious unto us, but . . . ? Our chains have fallen away, but . . . ? We have been taken through the first ward, and the second ward, but . . . ? And that "but" means that we have got our mind fixed upon some iron gate which we are approaching. What about that? That will be the great test. We fear we shall never get past it. That is how we think and speak, even when our great Saviour is leading us through deliverance after deliverance. Let us listen to one or two of the fearful.

"Yes, I believe I have been led out of death into life, out of darkness into light. I believe I have been born again, redeemed by my Saviour's death, recreated in my Saviour's life, delivered into the privileges of a realm of whose glories I have never dreamed. But . . ." It is the iron gate! The dear soul is beginning to wonder what is going to happen when the freshness of the creative moment is left behind. When he is face to face with the old temptation, how then? Why, the good Lord in whose wonderful mercy thou wast raised from the dead, and in whose vital grace thou art beginning to live—the Lord who smote the chains from thy limbs, and led thee through the first ward, and the second ward, will be with thee at the iron gate, and the thing thou fearest shall be as a cobweb on the road.

Here is another of the fearful. "Yes, God has been marvelously good to me. Even at the graveside he visited me, and in His deliverance I found peace. But . . ." The iron gate! "How shall I go back to the empty house and take up all the old work again, which we used to do together? I shall never be able to do it." Oh, yes, you will be able to do it in the present help of your great Deliverer. The Saviour who has led you past one ward in the dark experience will lead you through another and yet another. The gates will open as you arrive. You will not be left groping in a dark passage, with your trembling fingers bruised and broken by contending with an iron gate. The iron gate will open of itself, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Is not this the word of our Deliverer, "I will not leave you desolate?" And is not this His word, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee?" Our Greatheart will go with us all the way. He will perfect our deliverance, until the last obstacle has been passed—until the day dawns and all shadows flee away. J. H. J.

Onward or Backward

MONDAY. II John 1 : 9. "*Whosoever goeth onward and abideth not in the teaching of Christ, hath not God.*" The sixteenth century was the period of discovery and exploration. The seventeenth was the age of Puritanism. The eighteenth marked the rise of Methodism. The nineteenth was characterized by the wide diffusion of democracy. The twentieth is dominated by the spirit of progress. How proud people are of being regarded as advanced thinkers! In the name of progress much has been done and is being done that profoundly affects the thinking and the lives of us all.

There were those in the closing years of the first century who took progress as their watchword. There were some Christians who in the name of progress were about to put Christ into the background, professing to have outgrown Him. To such these words of the text were written; to all such they apply. It is a positive and emphatic assertion that whoever, in the name of progress, forsakes the doctrine of Christ, not only fails of progress, but is in danger of losing that without which progress is impossible, namely, the sight and sense of God.

Christianity was not designed for the people of any one age. It is an eternal Gospel, as well adapted to the twentieth century as to the first or the tenth. But there are certain features of it which should commend themselves to the thinkers of an age eager to go forward, an age which passionately seeks freedom. The message of Christianity is first of all a message of emancipation. Then it is a message of readjustment. And it is a message of courage and hope. The Gospel offers us a wide horizon. The free man, the believer who has experienced emancipation and readjustment shall "dwell on high." The high place does not mean promotion, preferment, precedence, but a place of clearer, wider, more piercing and penetrating vision. Our soul's life depends upon keeping step with Christ. It is only as we stand at His side that we are safe in strength and sure in hope. C. C. A.

The Only Way

TUESDAY. Heb. 10 : 20. "*By a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us.*" Jesus lived sacrificially and we also must live sacrificially. "Dying we live," is the motto of the college of consecration—giving up, forgetting self, doing the hard thing, not because it is hard and not for the sake of the doing, but because there is no worthy goal, no great achievement, no wonderful consummation, by any other path or way or route. The philosophy of these materialistic days is, "We must make a living; be practical; succeed." But the answer is always the same, as given by the best minds: "The only way to live successfully the life that yields the richest rewards is by service and ministry in behalf of others." The world still cries: "We must live! We must live!"

True, Paul does write to Timothy: "Take heed to thyself." He means that Timothy should take heed in order to be efficient to serve well. Selfishness consists not in looking out for No. 1. Alfred Lyman gives us the three greatest maxims in the world. The first is Greek, the second Roman, and the third Christian. They are: "Know thyself," "Control Thyself," "Deny Thyself." These three form the method of "Taking heed to Self." They come in the order named: Self-knowledge, self-mastery, self-sacrifice—in other words: Intelligence, morality, service. Yes, we must live; but we must so live in order to help others to live better. The preparation is sacrificial living, and the goal is the kingdom in our midst. R. B.

The Love That Covers Past Sins

WEDNESDAY. Eccles. 3 : 15. "*And God requireth that which is past.*" How blessed it is to know that the past is under the atoning blood of Jesus! Our sins are blotted out as a thick cloud, because He paid our debt; all we owe to the law of God. Our past failures are redeemed; our protested notes are endorsed by the King; we have entered into partnership with eternal wealth.

How many dwell needlessly upon past weaknesses, sin, sorrow, and shame! They would be made stronger by forgetting the things that are behind and pressing on with hope of achievement in present and future fields.

Our Heavenly Father says, "Fear not; thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth; my kindness shall not depart from thee; with great mercies will I gather thee. No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." Though the Eden of the past seems lost, the glory of present triumph and the promises of future victory are Paradise regained.

We must not linger around the old ruins of Sodom or Pompeii. There is no inspiration in destruction, except in warnings to escape unto God's mountains of holiness. The dust of years will not obliterate the deeds of evil, but Christ will hide them under the deep waters of pardoning love. We can thus be saved from mourning over lost opportunities, by improving every one of the present moments. The Gospel of grace is the only hope to the soul in its deepest despair. The voice that is ever whispering on the wild billows: "It is I; be not afraid," will bring to the heart infinite calm. E. W. C.

The Master-Key

THURSDAY. James 1 : 6. "*Let him ask in faith, nothing doubting.*" The pilgrims, in Bunyan's allegory, on their way to the Celestial City were given over to despondency when they found themselves in Doubting Castle. They had been beaten by Giant Despair with a crab-tree cudgel, and they feared lest the Lord had forgotten them. On Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued thus until almost the breaking of day. Then Christian, as one amazed, broke out into this passionate speech: "What a fool am I, to lie thus in a dungeon when I may walk in liberty! I have a key in my bosom that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Hopeful said, "This is good news, my brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try." And, as he turned the key in one door after another, they flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful came out into the light of day.

A willingness to believe—not blind credulity, but a rational faith, founded on evidence and backed by the authority of Scripture, is a key that will solve the honest doubt of every thinking man. Pluck the key out of your bosom, my friend, and try! D. J. B.

In "The King's Highway"

FRIDAY. Rom. 8 : 14. "*For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*" What a wonderful thought is that set forth here by the Apostle—"led by the Spirit." Men are usually led by someone or something, whether they are conscious of it or not. Even the leaders, humanly speaking, are themselves led.

Here is a man who is led by an ambition. He starts out in life determined to reach the top. The ambition may not be the most worthy, and he tramples upon others in order that he may reach his goal. Another is led by an ideal that is as lofty as the ambition of the other is low. His ideal is his guiding star, and in the efforts put forth to attain unto his ideal, he is kind and courteous. In between these two are the various things that lead men, some upon the straight line, others upon a tangent.

But life's great steadying principle is that of being led by the Spirit. I sometimes fear that many a good man or woman makes the mistake of trying to lead the Spirit. God has pointed out to us the path He would have us take, and we say "O Lord, why must it be this way? Cannot I take this other path?" And often we allow the strong wind of our own desire to meet the tide of God's commands, and when as a result we have tempestuous waves, we begin to talk about the crosses we have, when as a matter-of-fact we have made the crosses ourselves.

There are not several right courses in life—there are not even two: there is *one right way* and that is the "King's highway of Holiness." And no man can walk this way successfully unless he is led by the Spirit of God. Conversely, the one who is led by the Spirit of God must needs be led aright. He is a "joint-heir with Christ," and by the Spirit is being led to ultimate glory "together with Him." I. D. L.

Triumphing Over Weakness

SATURDAY. Isa. 23 : 33. "*The lame take the prey.*" Some who have achieved greatness were born blind, deaf and dumb, like Helen Keller. Her patient, persistent teacher, Anne Sullivan Macy, taught her first to spell "water," as water was poured into her hand. Afterward she learned the name of everything she touched. When Helen Keller was graduated from college, she delivered a beautiful address upon happiness, repeating at the close, the 23d Psalm. Love for learning, determination to overcome all hindrances, wrought this miracle of attainment.

When Phillips Brooks told Miss Keller about God, she said, "I have known Him for some time, but did not know His name." We therefore know that the Divine Spirit can communicate with the soul even without the bodily aid of sight, hearing and speech.

Endeavoring to make the best of yourself should be the motto of all who are handicapped by environment, limited or dwarfed or crippled in bodily powers, or hampered by heredity. Homer, Milton and Mathewson were companions in blindness, but they "took the prey" of victory in the battle of life. Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Harriman triumphed over poverty; Lincoln, Lloyd George, Booker Washington and Edison arose from obscurity to the loftiest summits of fame. Necessity becomes the mother of achievement; the will to win trusts in the supreme power of God. Out of weakness we are made strong; the lame leap as the hart, the blind see, the dumb sing. It is thus one may even glory in infirmity, knowing that if we are faithful, we shall be like Him who is perfect in symmetry and holiness. E. W. C.

Elijah the Tishbite

International Sunday School Lesson for January 8
I King 17 : 1-24

By REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D.D.

SUDDENLY, without any previous mention, Elijah is introduced as one who is in conflict with Ahab, the king of Israel. Ahab is the representative of all that is away from Jehovah, and Elijah is God's man.

Years had passed since Jeroboam led Israel into sins of idolatry. The scheme of centralized worship at other places than Jerusalem had worked all too well. At this time in the history of the Northern Kingdom, many were omitting the recognition and worship of Jehovah, and were not only worshipping Baal, but often practised the licentious rites associated with that worship.

When Israel came out of Egypt, God had expressly told them not to intermarry with the surrounding tribes. Ahab not only disobeyed in this respect, but in marrying Jezebel, whose father had been a priest of Baal, he became a patron of that cult, apparently cooperating with Jezebel as she made iniquity and idolatry popular. The public worship of Jehovah became so scanty that Elijah had the idea that he stood quite alone as an outspoken adherent of the only living and true God; but in this he was mistaken, for there were seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Ahab and Jezebel, with the prophets of Baal and of the groves, became insolently outrageous in their excesses. Then God planned a revolution that would tend to call the people back from their wickednesses unto Him.

Elijah was made the ambassador of God to deliver a startling message to Ahab, which would produce the utmost consternation. In no country are dew and rain more essential than in Palestine. Baal was regarded as the god of agriculture. A challenge was uttered, as well as a prophecy declared, when Elijah suddenly appeared before Ahab and stated that there would be no moisture for king or people except as he shall call for it. Did Ahab suddenly realize the evil of his way, and that he had brought calamity upon his people, or was he so sure of the power of Baal, with reference to harvests, that he was unmoved by the prophet's words?

DURING the three years and six months before Ahab again saw Elijah, he had time for meditation. Whatever he may have declared to Jezebel, he found that dryness was an increasing condition. Declarations are often quite otherwise than facts. Many make all sorts of statements concerning their beliefs; but if these are contrary to the teachings in God's Word, the individual creed is not credible. It can but be eternally disastrous when people believe things that are not so. Ahab tried to be an eclectic, taking what he chose from different religions. Others follow this plan today, and it as catastrophic now as then. Salvation is through Jesus Christ alone, and "other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid," that will stand the storms of life, and then be adequate at the Judgment Seat.

Since we are to have four lessons (not counting that on Elijah in Naboth's Vineyard) with Elijah as the central human character, it would be helpful to read now I Kings 17 : 1 to II Kings 2 : 12. Then look up references to Elijah in other parts of the Bible. You should always compare Scripture with Scripture. Note especially Christ's statement about the widow and Elijah in Luke 4 : 25. Dr. F. B. Meyer has written a very helpful biographical, expositional, devotional book entitled "Elijah and the Secret of His Power," which is worthy of a place in your library.

Elijah in the Old Testament has often been compared with John the Baptist in the New Testament, and Elisha with Jesus—as he was always going about doing acts of kindness for individuals and looking after little, helpful details. With Elijah there was a tragic act and then a retirement into some wilderness seclusion; he does not remain constantly in the public eye. Elijah is like Christ, however, in this, that he must suffer with his people. When the rain ceased to fall and no dew came during the night, it affected the man who had declared the drought.

After he had boldly been God's servant as His messenger, he further obeyed by going to Cherith, probably east of the Jordan. There God continued His constant care. It is blessed when we learn that our heavenly Father can provide for us wherever we may be on God-sent errands. It is in accord with the way in which God deals with us: "abundantly," and "my cup runneth over."

The year or more at Cherith was doubtless a praying time and one of getting extremely well acquainted with God; these require both time and purpose. Meanwhile the brook began to narrow. A stone is above water today which was wet yesterday. Elijah did not understand, but he could trust, and when the water-course was stone-dry his beloved Father gave the next order for his implicit obedience.

THERE are always others in this lonely world who need the help we can render through the bountiful and ever-loving God. Then Ahab was sending searching parties everywhere, and one may have been coming very close to Cherith. It might have been harder for Elijah to leave a flowing brook, but had he failed to obey, he would no longer have been fed.

When we are fully obeying God there is absolute safety though that journey take one into the enemy's country. Be sure when you are in the midst of a sinful surrounding that you are investigating for God, and not for the sake of any mere personal curiosity. Zarephath was in the territory where the father of Jezebel was king. Surely Ahab would not seek for him there!

The widow at the gate of the city attracted Elijah's attention, after his journey of about 90 miles from Cherith. He asked for water first, which could not be denied. This approach paved the way for the tremendous demand, which appeared brutally cruel, as it reversed the principle of "Women and children first." There is a wonderful amount of human kindness in this world, and few show it to a greater degree than when this widow obeyed the command of the stranger. Her obedience brought wonderful blessings during the months that followed. After sharing with another, the meal and oil lasted till the drought was broken. God's power of multiplication is equally great today, and many need to pray with a very literal meaning "Give us this day our daily bread." It keeps God uppermost in our minds when we must go to Him constantly for our necessities. When the son died, the man of God was right there in the home to pray the child back to life. It was with intense joy and thankfulness that Elijah could say to the prostrate mother, "See, thy son liveth!"

The attention of superintendents is called to two suggestive vest-pocket books: "The Superintendent's Helper," and "The Superintendent's Guide." They will assist a superintendent in preparing his program well in advance of each Sunday.

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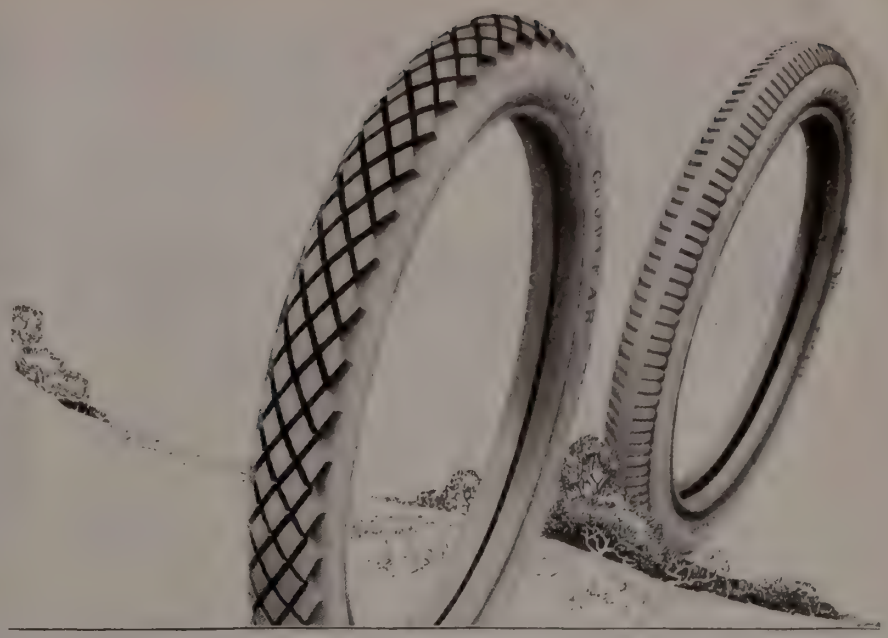

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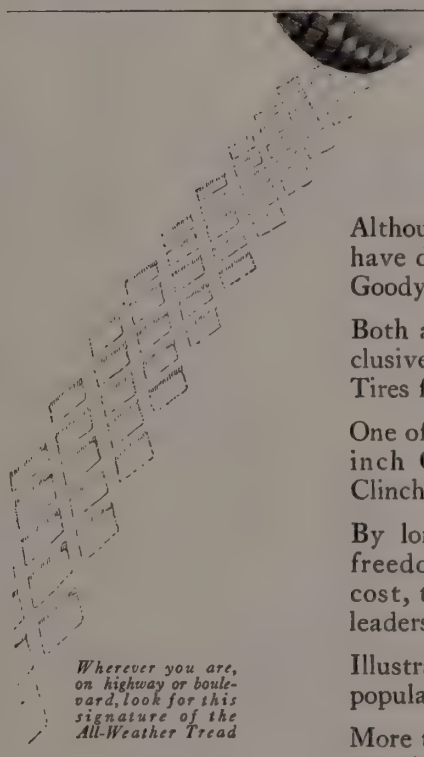

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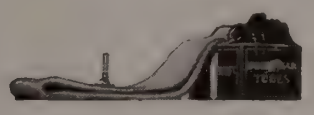

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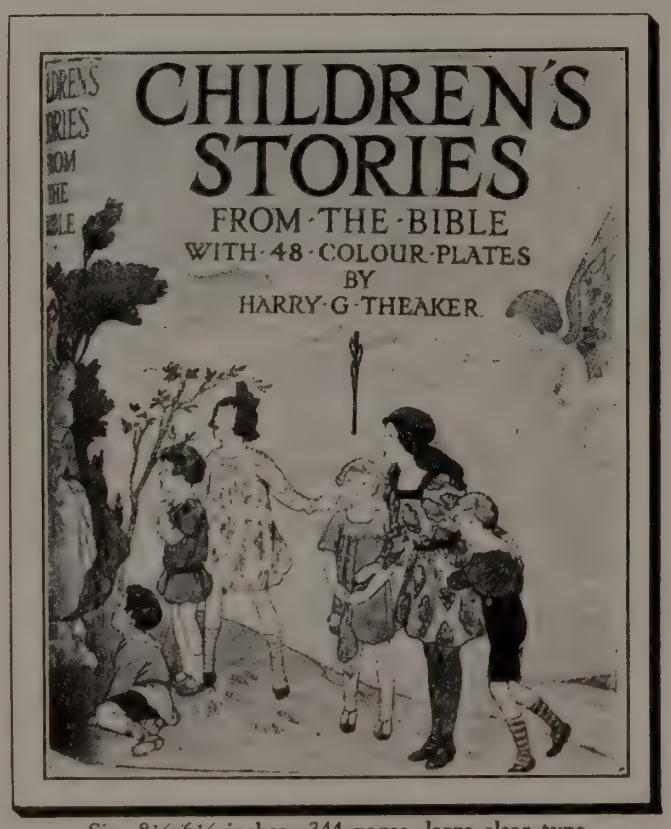

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Perils and Triumphs of the Chestnut

Continued from page 956

The ordinary book reviewer makes great use of them also. He has certain adjectives that he can not get away from. He must not displease the publisher if he can help it, though the feelings of the author are not of so much account. So he works "brilliant," "striking," "suggestive," "well worth reading," or else he gives up in despair, quotes the publishers' comment on the jacket of the book, or a few lines from the preface, and lets it go at that.

The author, who, to tickle his vanity, subscribes to a clipping bureau, pays five dollars for a hundred paragraphs and then finds that fifty-one of them are quotations from the publishers' jacket, does not feel that he has received his money's worth. Even the east wind of a stinging criticism from a reviewer who really reviews, is preferable by far to the soft, southern breezes of prosy, repetitious commendation.

I AM fully aware that there is a difference between the well-known chestnut which the dictionary describes as "a worn-out joke," and the repetitious catchwords of the political arena and the campaign stump. Yet they are near relations. I think the campaign stump must at least be the remains of a decayed chestnut tree, so much use is made of the same old damnatory word or phrase to kill off the opposite party.

Sometimes a phrase or a nickname or a cartoon, by incessant repetition, seems to injure permanently the reputation of a good man. Nast's cartoon of James G. Blaine as the tattooed man, covered on every inch of his body with the dollar sign, would not have done much harm if it had been reproduced only once. It would have gone the way of most cartoons and soon have been forgotten. But it was so persistently, and, as it seemed to Mr. Blaine's friends, so malignantly repeated, that some financial error was bruited abroad as a crime. Very likely this cartoon, together with "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," oft-repeated, defeated the great statesman in his aspirations for the presidency.

Vice-President Fairbanks was the most warm-hearted and genial man in public life whom I ever knew. Yet some one who perhaps had taken a miff at him, some one, possibly, who could not obtain an undeserved office, called him the "iceberg" or the "icicle." He was cartooned over and over again as an enormous stalagmite covered with ice or some other incrustation, to which his unusual height and erectness added some verisimilitude. I presume half the people of America who never knew him to this day think of him as an abnormally, cold, stern man.

At a public dinner which he gave in those pre-prohibition days, the caterer to whom he entrusted the details of the dinner, furnished, as was then the custom, cocktails for the thirsty, though without the knowledge or approval of Mr. Fairbanks. However, the ungodly found in this instance a chance to scoff at a man of temperance professions, and "Cocktail Charlie" with direct references to the Vice-President, rang from every vaudeville stage, and one of the few strict teetotalers in public life was set down by many as a wine-bibber and a hypocrite. Even his own denomination denied him deserved ecclesiastical honors. Another baleful example of Satanic repetitiousness.

Such examples might be multiplied, of course. An eminent British statesman and ecclesiastic when asked by an *enfant terrible*, "Please, sir, why do they call you Soapy Sam?" replied, "Because, my dear, I am so often in hot water, and always come out clean."

After all, not every statesman is so fortunate when tagged with an unpleasant name or characteristic, however undeserved. If a man is spattered often enough the mud sometimes sticks. The devilish innuendo, iterated and reiterated, however meatless the chestnut or insignificant the chestnut vender, not seldom injures a man's reputation long after his deeds have passed into history.

All chestnuts are not cant, but it is not far from the truth to say that all kinds of cant are chestnuts. The war has given us many examples of this. "Red-blooded young men," is a conspicuous example. We are given to understand by many writers and speakers that returned soldiers have a different kind of blood corpuscles than before they went into the army. It is ruddier. They need a different religion and code of ethics preached, or at least a different presentation of the old truths, because they are now "red-blooded."

How hard this phrase has been worked of late! One would think that these young men had tasted gore as well as seen it. We have always supposed that white corpuscles were quite as important as red—indeed, that they were the real soldiers within the human corpus, that rushed to the defence when one was sick or wounded.

Another similar popular and overworked piece of cant is "a man's man," or, as it is still more offensively put at times, "a he-man." Many seem to forget that patience, kindness, and consideration for others are even more characteristic of a true man than are strength and assertiveness; in other words, that white corpuscles are quite as important as red.

Yet there is a good side to repetitiousness. There are sound chestnuts as well as mouldy ones. Even as in the days of the prophet, education is still "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little and there a little"—and most of it the same line and the same little, over and over again. The wily advertiser understands this, if the rest of us do not. He insists on telling us, "eventually—why not now?" and by repeating it so often, that "eventually," becomes "now."

If we were reminded only once that we need a biscuit, it would make little impression; but the ten thousandth time we are told the same story, we really begin to think we do.

ONE sign of a great speech, a great poem, a great thought, is that repetition can not spoil it. It can not become a chestnut. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech has been quoted and repeated oftener than any other during the last fifty years, but it only shines the brighter for its many rehearsals. The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount never grow wearisome from repetition. The Lord's Prayer is every day on the lips of tens of millions but never becomes stale.

A minute particle of radium will continue to give off emanations for a hundred years and yet show no diminution.

So it is with all the greatest words of the greatest men. Their radiating influence is inexhaustible. The emanations from such literature and such men really educate us. I would rather forget all I learned from text-books in my college days, than forget the influence and words of half a dozen teachers. They were not all great scholars; they knew little about modern psychology and pedagogy. They often indulged, very likely, in repetitions. But they had great souls, and something from their souls entered into their pupils' lives.

A modest man hesitates to give advice to teachers and parents. He is quite sure, too, that advice of any kind is seldom taken. But since education must be line upon line and precept upon precept, why not take your lines and precepts, O teachers of youth, from the greatest recorded thoughts and drive them into young minds?

The re-re-reading of the old reading books, which we almost learned by heart, in the district school, helped mightily to put some good literature into a former generation of boys and girls. The old Bible at family prayers and in the village church helped us still more. The repetitious precepts, the unwearied training backed by the godly example of Father and Mother in the home, have made more great men and women than any other influence.

Do I hear the flippant cry out at my moralizing—"Chestnuts!" "Old stuff!" "I've heard that before!"? No, not chestnuts, but radium. Down to the third and fourth generation such influences give out their light. Time can not wither them nor customs stale. In them lies the hope of America for the centuries to come.

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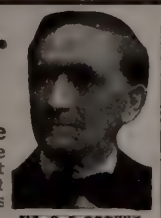
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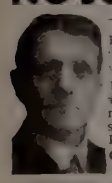

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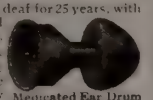

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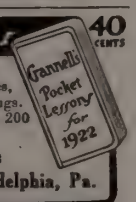

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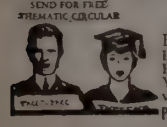

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By REV. RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Organized Methodist Young People

E. L. (Mission Study) Psalm 1

THIS is the day when mission study and missionary work are being stressed more than ever before in the history of the Christian Church. This is in harmony with the dictum of the Master: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Christianity is the religion of the forward look, the expansive program, the wide vision. Therefore every movement within the Church is a forward movement. "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward" is not only an Old Testament phrase but the New Testament ideal. As Epworthians we are of the army of the New Testament program and the exponents of the extension of the Kingdom of God to uttermost regions. Unless we think in terms of missions, we do not think in terms of Christianity. The prevailing idea and passion of Jesus Christ was the evangelization of the world. Therefore that passion and idea should sway every true disciple. Cognizant of this tremendous fact we shall organize our chapters as missionary societies.

There is much latent power in the membership of the Epworth League, but it is power that needs to be organized. Power can only be directed through a properly organized mechanism, for without it short circuits result. Jesus organized the disciples into the apostolic group. He had a "system," and sent out His workers two by two to win others.

Having organized your mission study class and your missionary work, there is one other thing to do. That is vitalize. Life must be imparted to that organization of parts called the mechanism of your chapter. Life imparts life. Your life, your brain and brawn, your muscle and tissue life will give life to your organization. But Christianity is "the Life of a Man," the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself. There will be as much life in your organization as there is life in its membership. The Epworth League is so much plus the personalities of its members. Organize. Have a system. Put life into the League.

Utilizing Opportunities

C. E. and B. Y. P. U. Gen. 41 : 14-40

THE world's need is the individual's opportunity. We live in a needy world. The world needs most of all the message of the Christian Church. Christians have what the world needs. One of the phrases we hear from the pulpit and platform and read in the pages of the press is: "This is the day of opportunity." Indeed it is. It is more of a day of opportunity than we imagine. Now the question arises, are we alert to our opportunities and, being alert, do we utilize them? Rest assured that the reason some churches and some young people's societies are successful, known as strong churches and societies, is that they have discovered opportunities for doing good and are meeting these opportunities with efficient service and ministry.

"Get Together." That is the slogan. "Study Opportunities." That is the motive. "Meet the Needs." That is the program. Turn this meeting into a forum. Let some discuss local opportunity for kingdom building. Give your pastor the floor. Then study ways and means for meeting outside need. Give your missionary secretary the floor. Have a Church Night with an attractive program. Invite everybody. Render music. Give recitations. Serve refreshments. Pack a box for some home or mission. Make others happy. Share your possessions. Divide your blessings.

Perhaps some opportunities are gone. Opportunity—one certain kind of opportunity—knocks but once at the door. Other opportunities are on the way and are going to knock. Somebody said "Time flies." No. "We go. Time stays." There is plenty of time to do, to be, what we ought to do and be. But there is no time to spare if we are going to put ourselves on record in an age of "doing" and put the stamp of our personalities on the day of "opportunities to do good."

The Perishable and the Imperishable

Continued from page 957

hearing of holy truth without any set effort to obey it arrests a man's religious and moral development. The pulpit and the religious press depend on a faithful and obedient public mind. They need breadth, inspiration, evangelical passion. But so do you, or you will not believe, though one arose from the dead to persuade you.

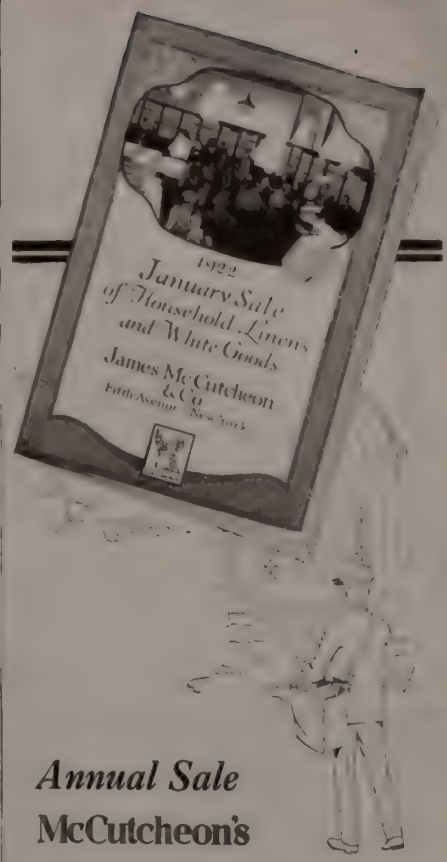
LASTLY, no man or woman should begin this year of our Lord without the resolution that others shall be better for our presence here. The question at once arises in what do you deal? Hay and stubble, stuff for the bonfire, or gold, silver and costly stone? It is useless trying to make others better than we are ourselves. *Our actual attainments* in heart and brain, in goodness and in love of truth, *are the exact boundaries of our influence.* If parents, children, husbands, wives, relatives and friends are to be zealous, devout, and joyful, these virtues and graces must pass through us to get to them.

We cannot manufacture the principles which produce character in those who are dear to us. The materials of the temple of God, which temple you and your dear ones are, or should be, are not found on earth; they are found in heaven and are transferred to us by the Spirit of holiness. They proceed from the heart of Deity. They are manifested in our Blessed Lord. They are engrafted in human souls by His redemptive grace in the Spirit. Family peace and sanctity, the protection of the household, the right training of its children, and all social betterment must be brought about through men and women who have serene loveliness of temper and purest devotion of life. They will not trouble about fads and fringes—things that perish in the using—or temporary pursuits which lead to nothing. Then wisdom is seen in their filial fear and loving gratitude. They display the superior sense which fixes on the imperishable things that Paul mentions. Every evil way will be shunned. They will walk in the way everlasting.

This may alone bring the race to that millennial peace for which the world is wearily waiting. Could the golden age have been ushered in by fervid rhetoric and the resolutions of conferences, it would have arrived centuries ago. It is not here yet, and it will not be here until the nations learn that they must rend their hearts and not their garments, and turn from their perishable policies to the imperishable Word.

Meanwhile, man piles his Babels to the skies, and decorates the fabrics of his making with all sorts of deluded hopes. But the cities change and his splendors decay. The One remains through whose Incarnate Being heaven's light forever shines. Faith in Him will enable you to view the frivolous gauds of life with healthy contempt. No trials and afflictions can be lost upon those for whom He is supreme. They will live nobly and well. Years succeed years and memories lengthen, but to be threaded on a chain of holy love and work. Thus do you conquer the art of living and build the larger temples for the soul upon the foundation which stands sure, because Christ is its Corner Stone. Thus do you extend the influence for the right which will be in others a leaven and a power.

Build, build now, build ever, and build with the gold of holiness, the silver of service, the precious stone of love. The Lord will perfect and illuminate this building. AMEN.



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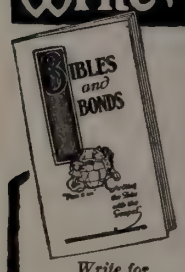

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD : BIBLE HOUSE NEW YORK

Apple Blossoms and Pumpkins

Continued from page 953

"Oh, I'll keep my part of the bargain, see if I don't," Joan said.

"Well, if you can raise a pumpkin in that old pan on this roof, you deserve a farm."

"You'll see that I'll do it," Joan said with conviction.

"What makes you so sure?" Timothy asked admiringly.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't always pay attention to things, but when I really do want to do a thing, I think about getting just that one thing. That's the way it is."

"I wish I were so sure," Timothy said, but he did not explain what he meant.

THAT evening there had been a flaw in their companionship: it was the thought of Doris Ingles. Joan had seen Timothy with her three times lately, on the street—as, of course, he had a perfect right to be. Though she hoped that she was sensible enough to know that she had no claim on Timothy, still, since that day in the orchard, it had hurt her to see him with Miss Ingles. She hated that kind of impudent beauty.

The very next day, Joan saw Timothy and Miss Ingles come out of a café too high-priced for her to patronize. Both of them spoke to her. Something seemed to tighten up inside of Joan. Perhaps if she had not known how fine and sincere Timothy was she would not have cared so much.

July was hot and dry. One's mouth always felt full of dust. Everywhere, lawns and gardens were drying up. Joan's garden, too, began to shrivel and turn yellow. Every evening she carried water up the steep stairway from the hall below, nevertheless, in spite of all that her garden seemed more parched than before.

"This garden has *got* to be a success," she said to herself one evening, with a grim determination. "That pumpkin has to grow!" There was only one now, and it was twice as large as a base-ball. "It's got to be a success for the principle of the thing—and for Timothy's sake, even if he should forget." She had decided that she was not going to ask Timothy over again, for two reasons—there were no more garden delicacies to serve him; and he seemed completely wrapped up in Miss Ingles, who was more stunning than ever. Joan had seen Timothy on the street that very day, alone; he had looked haggard and worried, and he had tried to avoid meeting her; she, like a stupid, had pretended that she had not seen him. Perhaps—it really might be—he needed her. However, the garden was hers, and she was going to keep her promise.

Would it never rain? Would relief never come? The basement was stuffy and sickening in spite of electric-fans.

IT WAS the middle of July when Joan checked in for vacation. She had not realized how tired she was. All that first day she lay upon her bed, only dragging herself out to her meals and to the roof to water her garden. The next day she ached in every nerve and she could not eat, yet she carried water to the roof. The day after, she stayed in her room, too tired and dazed to try to get up. Here, Mrs. Withers found her and told her that she was sick. Joan listened stupidly, then said thickly, "I must get up and water the garden."

"The garden! Nothing! Why, child, you can't do it—you're downright sick!"

"Oh, I must!" Joan answered weakly. "I'll get up right—now—" But, with the attempt, she lay back trembling. "I guess I'll have to rest a while—I've got to water it—"

"You won't do no such thing! That garden's a crazy thing, and always was!" scolded Mrs. Withers. "You're just all wore out dragging water up to it. Let it dry up. You rest. I wouldn't be so foolish as to waste strength on such nonsense. Lay still," she repeated, as Joan started to get up again. "You listen to me. I'm going to tend to that garden myself. I'll water it good and plenty. I used to help make garden when I wasn't bigger'n a grasshopper. Good and plenty!" she reiterated, leaving the room.

Mrs. Withers did water the garden, grumbling all the while: "Fancy me doing such an outlandish thing, and me dead tired all the time with everything! You'd think that pumpkin was a piece of gold—fancy me—" There was a wide outlook though it was, for the most part, of many unkempt back-yards; there was a wholesome bigness; and so, as Mrs. Withers bent over the little roof-patch, she found herself remembering a certain unpainted, slanting-roofed cottage surrounded by a rambling garden; she saw a half-dozen children clamoring about a gentle-faced woman. "Dearie me," she sighed, "it's a long time since I've thought of home!"

Joan remained in bed a whole week, not ill with a real fever, though just on the border-line of one. Mrs. Withers looked after her a little each day, and each evening, herself thin and shriveled as a dry weed, she mounted to the roof and took care of the garden. Later, she would come down and assure the sick girl that her garden was doing fine.

"And the pumpkin?" Joan would ask eagerly.

"Doing beautiful, Joan." Then Joan would smile rather wanly and take another long rest.

THE morning that Joan returned to the store, Mr. Pitkin told her the news: Mr. Rudd had left Markensheimer's, and nobody knew why he had left, or where he had gone.

"Where *could* he have gone!" Joan exclaimed inanely.

"Well, they say he's left the city—" It was to be hoped that there was no reason—that is, none derogatory to his character.

"Oh—oh!" came like a faint, checked sob, from Joan.

"In fact, he's disappeared. I always liked him. We all did, but it's that kind, popular and good-looking, like him, that go wrong sometimes," Mr. Pitkin said wisely. "He was a likely fellow, though."

"It's too bad," Joan said wearily.

When Joan reached home that evening she wanted to throw herself on the bed and indulge her misery; instead, she clenched her hands and went to the roof. Timothy was gone! Gone without a word! The moon hung again, like a thin rind, but tonight it was hard and empty. Joan thought it all out, but she could come to only one conclusion: for whatever reason he had gone, or wherever he had gone, there could be no fault attached to his going. And yet, if he had only told her he was going!

Before the end of September Joan had changed to fine china and glassware. Likewise, she harvested her beans, which she carefully put into her empty smelling-salts bottle.

There were disagreeable rumors abroad now about Miss Ingles, who, however, met all insinuating glances with a cold stare, which made her even more arrogantly handsome. Next, the suggestion was afloat that Miss Ingles might know of the whereabouts of Timothy Rudd, should she care to tell. One day Miss Ingles failed to appear as model for the latest fall creations—no questions were to be asked.

Thanksgiving was three weeks away when a heavy frost settled down hoar-white upon the roof. The pumpkin-vine turned black; the pumpkin glistened like a pot of gold in the sharp morning light Tenderly Joan lifted up her treasure and carried it down to her room.

Not a word from Timothy, not a sign to indicate where he might be. Had she, Joan, been foolish to think that Timothy would care anything about the pumpkin—or—about anything else?

Thanksgiving was still two weeks away. As Joan stepped out of the store that evening she had to brace herself against the cutting wind and the swirling blasts of snow. She was about to take the car when a fur-clad lady stepped out of a waiting cab and beckoned to her to stop. Joan could scarcely see for the flurries of snow. The woman seized her by the arm and began to speak, harshly—then Joan saw with surprise that it was Doris Ingles—"I want to know whether you are fool enough to believe lies about Timothy Rudd!"

"No," said Joan, slowly, "I don't

believe one of them. I know Timothy Rudd. He's square—"

"He is, count on that, and decent clear through—no thanks to me either—the kind you can't spoil—he's *straight*, Joan—" Miss Ingles' hand shook on Joan's arm—"I wanted you to know it, that's all."

"Oh, thank you—" but before Joan could say more, Miss Ingles had disappeared into the storm.

THANKSGIVING came. No Timothy. Joan's dinner at the restaurant choked her. The pumpkin was in her room unclaimed. When the twilight began to sift through her skylight, she peered through, across to Timothy's old window. It was a blaze of orange-gold from the setting sun—like a pumpkin of flame—a glow of promise! "Oh, why am I always so hopeful, just to be disappointed! And yet—he *said* he would remember."

She climbed the narrow stairway again. Even November had its glamor. It made her blood tingle.

Then, suddenly, from behind that gaunt gray chimney came the call that had first brought Timothy—or—*was she dreaming in the dim twilight!*

"Joan!—Joan!"

"Timothy!" Joan cried, trembling. "I didn't expect to see you here—I've been looking for you—I mean—Oh, I'm glad to see you, Timothy!"

Timothy was good to look at, standing there in the lingering light. The touch of the outdoors was upon him—of the sunshine and the wind, and of a man's work in the fields.

"Why, you are—you must be a farmer!" Joan exclaimed, taking his brown, extended hand.

"Thank you, I *am* a farmer. Now, I've come back to town. I've been lucky, too, in getting back to my old room."

"O-oh," said Joan, giving a little jump, and swinging herself upon the parapet. "Have you?"

"Yes, Joan," Timothy answered, seating himself beside her. "I had to come back purposely to see about the pumpkin."

"I have it! I'll go and get it—it's in my room—" Joan started to jump down from the wall.

"No, Joan," Timothy said, holding her back, "don't bother about the old pumpkin!"

"Then—you don't care—"

"Oh, but Joan, I *do* care." Timothy took Joan's hand, unresisting, in his. "That's all I have been caring for, for a long time, Joan. That's what I have been wanting to tell you. You don't know what the promise of that pumpkin meant to me. When I saw you keeping at that garden, with all the odds against it—just an old dirt patch on a roof—and my knowing that you were trying to make a bit of country out of it, why the very thought of it, kept me up. It—you—it's hard to say it, Joan, but your keeping at that garden, and my knowing that you cared for it, and all that it stood for—why, you and that old garden saved me from going terribly wrong, Joan. I've been a fool—"

"*No*, Timothy, please don't say that!"

"But I was, Joan. I came near going to pieces. That's why I picked up and left, short, without saying anything to any one—I just had to leave to get my bearings. Later, I sent word to Hedge, at the office, so that if any one wanted to send me word, they could find me. And, it seems, some one did want to write. Here, read this." He handed her a letter.

AS JOAN read, her face became suffused with happiness. "Oh, Timothy!" she exclaimed; "they want you back as head of the department! I'm proud of you, and glad, *glad*, Timothy!" Her eyes were shining.

"I'm not going to accept."

"Not going to take it! Why not?" Joan asked, puzzled.

"Because I'm going back to the country. I'm going to be a farmer, Joan. It won't be a big farm—only eighty acres with pasture included, and it won't even be mine. I'm going to rent it. I'm to take possession in January. That won't be long, Joan. There's a little white house on the place, and a good well. And there's a clump of apple-trees behind the house—not a very big orchard, of course."

"It will be fine, Timothy!"

"I'll have to work hard, and I won't look spruce, like a city fellow, like I used to, you know. But, Joan, this is what I am cut out for, and what I can do best. I've been wanting to do it for a whole year. When I saw how you stuck to that garden—that measly little thing—I got desperately hungry for the country. It was then, when I was longing to get back on the farm, that I came to know that there are some things that it doesn't pay to do, and that there are some kinds of girls one had better let alone, even if they don't seem all bad. I began to get sick of the thought of anything but what's just downright simple good—seeing you, Joan, made me want the real things, the true things of life. But, Joan, this is the queer thing about it, when I got to the country, I began to long still more for the town—and then—then I knew that it was just *you* that I couldn't get along without—that is what I want to tell you—I've loved you ever since you said that this old roof was like apple-blossoms. I—Joan, will you come with me to our farm?"

"I want to—more than—anything."

"We'll go in January—some time we'll have a farm all our own—I wouldn't want you to work too hard, Joan—"

While the November night gathered thick and shadowy about the worn old chimneys, and the stars came out one by one, Timothy and Joan saw in vision their own white cottage set in the heart of a fragrant orchard; they saw, too, through their happiness, pumpkins shining like gold in the frosty field.

The World News of the Week

Continued from page 955

Allies that Archbishop Metaxakis, being of Hellenic nationality, is ineligible to be Patriarch according to the Ottoman Constitution and that the Turkish government therefore will refuse to recognize his election.

Since coming to America the Archbishop, who is fifty years old, has organized the Greek churches in this country into a body independent of the See of Athens, with which they formerly were in direct connection; has established a Greek theological seminary in New York City; and has labored to stop the new martyrdom of Christians in Asia Minor.

CHURCH UNION DEFERRED. Efforts union of Presbyterian and Reformed minations have met with a reverse, ing to a report of a recent Rich- onference issued by Rev. Dr. Clarke, of Nashville, editor of terian Advance. It was Clarke explained, that one be satisfied with nothing plete union in one church, group favored closer rela- not think it best for the various churches to surrender their autonomy. It was voted therefore to refer the proposed constitution to the separate committees for action and meanwhile the churches will continue to cooperate under the plan of the Council of Reformed Churches.

J. M. CURLEY WINS BOSTON MAYORALTY. Former Mayor James M. Curley was elected Mayor of Boston by a plurality of a little more than 2,000 in a four-cornered contest in which 160,000 votes were cast. Municipal campaigns in Boston are supposed to be on non-partisan lines, and Mr. Curley, who formerly was a Democratic member of Congress, had as his nearest opponent John R. Murphy, a Democrat, who was labeled the "good government candidate."

$20,000,000 VOTED FOR RUSSIAN RELIEF. The bill appropriating $20,000,000 for the relief of famine sufferers in Russia, to be disbursed through the American Relief Administration, has been passed by the House by a vote of 181 to 71. Senate leaders planned to speed the passage of the bill.

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1. It costs nothing to enter. Anybody not connected with this company or a relative of any member of our organization may compete.
2. Number words 1, 2, 3, etc. Write only on one side of paper. Place your name and address on each sheet.
3. Use only words found in English dictionary, no obsolete, hyphenated or compound words count. Use singular or plural, not both. Do not use same word more than once, even to designate entirely different objects.
4. List having largest, nearest correct list of visible objects shown in picture beginning with "D" wins first prize, next, second, etc. Nothing else counts.
5. Do not name any object more than once. Any part of object may be named in addition to object as a whole.
6. Only one prize to a family, or to member of group working together.
7. In event of ties duplicate prizes will be paid to each tying contestant.
8. Three well known men, none having any connection with this company, will act as judges and each contestant agrees to accept their decision as final. These are the judges:
   Mr. G. G. Struthers, Cashier, Union State Bank
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   Mr. Geo. F. Womrath, Bus. Agt. Mpls. Board Education
9. All answers will receive equal consideration whether accompanied by purchase or not.
10. At the close of the contest a printed list of the correct "D" words and the names of the winners will be sent to all contestants who make purchases.
11. All answers must be mailed before post office closing time February 15th, 1922.

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$1.00 One full size box of De Do Face Powder [white, flesh or natural (brunette)] Prepaid for $1.00

$2.00 One each of large jars of De Do Night Cream and Day Cream. Prepaid for $2.00

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First prize	$20.00	$500.00	$1,000.00	$2,500.00
Second prize....	10.00	250.00	500.00	1,250.00
Third prize.....	5.00	125.00	250.00	625.00
Fourth prize....	5.00	75.00	150.00	375.00
Fifth prize.....	5.00	50.00	100.00	250.00
Sixth prize.....	3.00	40.00	80.00	200.00
Seventh prize...	3.00	30.00	60.00	150.00
Eighth prize....	3.00	20.00	40.00	100.00
Ninth prize.....	2.00	15.00	30.00	75.00
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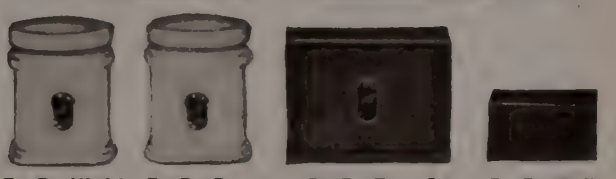

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OUR MAIL-BAG

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters, nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MRS. H. A. ODON, Ind., and many other readers who have written us about the need of a simple Family Prayer Service for daily use, will find their desire gratified in the Christian Herald. In next week's issue we begin the publication of "The Family Altar," which includes a very simple home daily Service, such as can be adapted to the needs of any household and which will take very little time. We believe this short Service will be cordially welcomed in a great multitude of homes and that it will be a means of blessing to many. Tell your friends about it, and invite them to begin the New Year by setting up the Family Altar and uniting in the nation-wide Praying Circle of the Christian Herald.

Missionary I. L. Shaver, of the M. E. Church (South), Hiroshima, Japan, writes to the Christian Herald: "Missionaries in Japan during the past forty or fifty years have been teaching the Japanese to observe the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship. Missionaries have preceded business men as the Gospel has preceded trade and commerce in almost all the countries of the world. But today, many business men and athletes from Europe and America come and, disregarding the law of the Sabbath and violating the teachings of the Christian missionaries and of the Word of God, carry on business, play games and attend social receptions on the Sabbath Day. We have had examples of this recently here in Japan. A party of business men and women from the western part of the United States attended a reception given by the Japanese in Kobe on a recent Sunday, instead of attending a religious service at a Christian Church to which they had a special invitation. And in Hiroshima, on Sunday, November 6, a baseball team from a certain university in the Northwest, according to previous arrangements, played a game of ball. We who are engaged in Christian work out here regret very much that such things occur, and pray that men coming from America to Japan in the future may reverence God, respect the teachings of Christian workers, and remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

G. F. B., Akron, O. When in doubt concerning the propriety of any course of action—as to its being right or wrong—the best advice we can give is to let it severely alone.

C. M. A., Conde S. D. writes: "I would like to know why it has in so many instances become necessary for the Church to resort to inventions of men in order to entertain people and draw them to the places of worship these days. Has the old Gospel lost its power or isn't it preached from the pulpits of the average church? Christ said: 'If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto Me.' What the Church needs today is to get back where the early Church was—get more life and less of all that will hinder the work of the Spirit."

J. W. W., Newark, N. J. writes: "Reading an item in The Christian Herald of 5,000,000 unemployed, it seems strange that the motion-picture houses should be getting rich. They are run mostly by foreigners, and Christian people attend them on the Sabbath. This is only one of the many drawbacks Christian people are up against. There are enough pleasures without these motion pictures being allowed on the Sabbath. I think if we had better mayors, this could be remedied. But the mighty dollar is the cause."

Mrs. G. L., Rexville, N. Y., writes: "I like your paper very much and would be lonely without it now. In last week's paper there was a plea for help for unemployed men in the city. It seems to me it would be better to help them to find employment. The country is very short of laborers. Farmers would hire a good many men if they could get them. They could give good board and a good bed and wages, according to what the men could earn. We want no men that want to lie in bed until breakfast is ready, and then work until 5 p. m. at $3 or $4 per day. Farmers have to rise before daylight and work until dark or after. Men with a desire to earn their living would be very welcome in a farming community, for here in our neighborhood in the past week, women have helped to cut corn and to make up help enough to fill silos. There are potatoes to dig, and men with no experience at farming could surely dig and pick up potatoes. If men would leave the 'bright lights' of the city behind and be willing to work hard for what they eat and wear, this country would be much better off."

A Reader in Little Rock, Ark., writes: "Please let me know through Our Mail-Bag if a book has ever been written exposing loan sharks. We have two breeds here—the three-ball shark and a lower breed that lends to colored people only. The lower breed will lend a negro say $10 for one month, for which they charge $3.75 interest. It is seldom that a negro can get $10 together at the end of month. As a matter of fact, the lender is in hopes that he can not, as he would prefer that the negro raise the $3.75 interest. Some negroes have been known to pay as much as $100 or more in interest, and finally get to the place where they can't raise the interest. Then the loan shark will go to their homes and take every piece of furniture from them. The negro lenders pay the city of Little Rock $50 a year and the three-ball sharks $600 per year. The latter charge 10 per cent. a month on loans. Do you think it possible for me to get information from some of the leading citizens as to the City License and the amount of interest charges?"

It should be possible to deal with these people through the District Attorney of your city. There are laws for the curbing of usury, and if you can submit proper evidence in legal form, he will know how to apply the remedy. The City License Bureau will probably be able to give you the information you want as to the license and loan regulations in other cities. We know of no book on the subject. Let us hear how you succeed.

J. J. S., Corsicana, Tex., writes: "Some years ago I received from you the book, 'Forty Future Wonders.' I have been much interested in its pages, and still think the interpretations of the prophecies as therein explained, to be the best I have read. Will you please tell me if there are any late notes from the Rev. Baxter?"

Mr. Baxter passed away several years ago. As far as we know, he left no unpublished literary work. As you, like many others, are deeply interested in prophecy, we would advise you to get an early copy of Dr. Patch's new book, "Prophecy Explained," which is just being issued by the Christian Herald. It is the most enlightening and edifying work on prophecy we have ever had the opportunity to issue, and will be in wide demand.

G. A., Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes: "With no desire for controversy, and with some hesitancy in advancing an opinion contrary to what is characterized as the general interpretation, the writer feels impelled to give a version of I Peter 3 : 19, 20, differing from that given in your issue of Aug. 20, in reply to M. H., Coffeesville, Miss. By Isaiah 47 : 7 and 62 : 1 it would seem that we are to understand that those who are bound by sin are in a sense captives, therefore in prison. To proclaim liberty to the captives was one of the motives of our Saviour in coming to this earth. But in I Peter 3 : 20 is pointed out, what we all know to be a fact, that those in darkness—imprisoned by sin, so to speak—are not always willing to be set free, and reference is made to the antediluvians, that the same was true in their day—that only a small number accepted freedom. This version of these passages is based on what is regarded by some as an almost infallible rule, that Scripture should be interpreted by Scripture. The writer believes the two verses from I Peter are thus in harmony with the general trend of Gospel teaching."

A. F. C., New York City, writes: "Prohibition is part of the Constitution and can not be nullified, but seems to be difficult of enforcement, especially in this locality. To me, that is because the law is unessided. The maker and the seller of liquor are penalized, but not the buyer or the drinker, without whom the first could not be. If the user were held equally responsible and guilty with the seller, I think we would be much nearer real Prohibition than we are now. Why is this inequality of punishment for equal guilt?"

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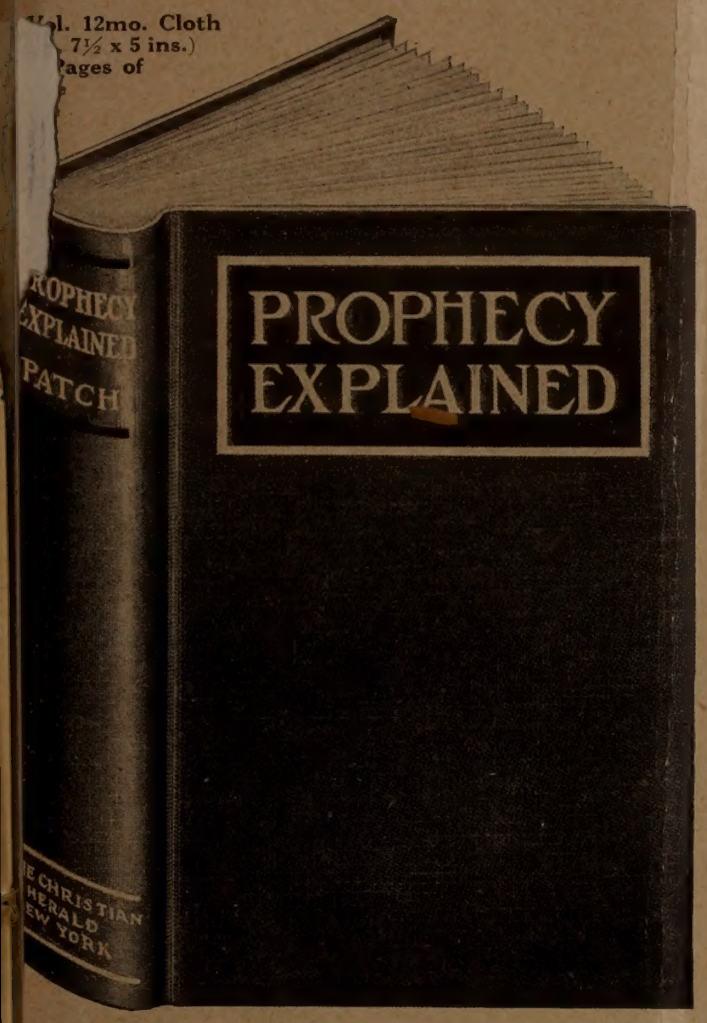

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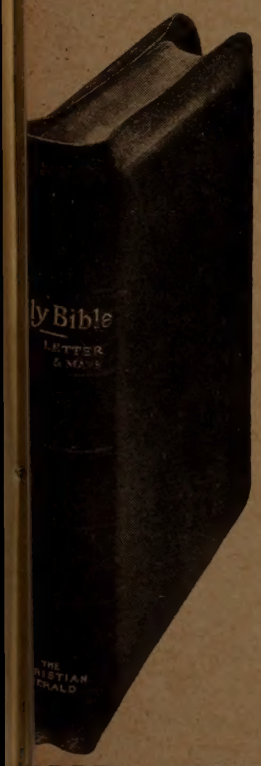

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